Colonel Jack

by Daniel Defoe

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The History and Remarkable Life of the truly honourable Colonel Jacque Commonly call'd Colonel Jack

by Daniel Defoe

With the author's preface, and an introduction by G. H. Maynadier, Ph. D.

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INTRODUCTION

Smollett bears witness to the popularity of Defoe's Colonel Jacque. In the sixty-second chapter of Roderick Random, the hero of that novel is profoundly impressed by the genius of the disappointed poet, Melopoyn, the story of whose tragedy is Smollett's acrimonious version of the fate of his own first literary effort, The Regicide. Melopoyn tells Random that while waiting in vain for his tragedy to be produced, he wrote some pastorals which were rejected by one bookseller after another. A first said merely that the pastorals would not serve; a second advised Melopoyn to offer in their place something "satirical or luscious;" and a third asked if he "had got never a piece of secret history, thrown into a series of letters, or a volume of adventures, such as those of Robinson Crusoe and Colonel Jack, or a collection of conundrums, wherewith to entertain the plantations?" Smollett probably wrote this passage some time in the year 1747, for Roderick Random was published in January, 1748. It was twenty-four years earlier—December twentieth, 1722—that Colonel Jacque had been published, or, to give it the name set forth by its flaunting title-page:—The History and Remarkable Life of the truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, vulgarly called Col. Jack, who was born a Gentleman; put 'Prentice to a Pickpocket; was six and twenty years a Thief, and then kidnapped to Virginia; came back a Merchant; was five times married to four Whores; went into the Wars, behaved bravely, got Preferment, was made Colonel of a Regiment; came over, and fled with the Chevalier, is still abroad Completing a Life of Wonders, and resolves to die a General. Surely a book for servants, readers of our time will be apt to think on looking at this title-page; and yet Colonel Jacque is found to-day in many a gentleman's library. This is no reason, though, why it should still retain considerable popularity in Smollett's day. In less time after their appearance, some books which live forever in literature have been forgotten by the great mass of readers. What was it now that kept Colonel Jacque popular a quarter of a century after its publication?

It can hardly be the story which maintained its popularity, for the inorganic tale is of the simplest kind. Jacque, like Captain Singleton, and Moll Flanders in her

childhood, had almost no knowledge of his parents. He was brought up by a woman who was well paid for taking the child off his parents' hands—a woman who, though seemingly an abandoned character, nevertheless showed the boy kindness. When he was about ten, she died. Then followed the chequered career sketched in the title given above. Jacque, trained by a comrade as a pickpocket, became in time a thief on a larger scale, but not a thief quite destitute of good feeling. After he had robbed a poor woman of Kentish Town of 22s. 6½d., his conscience was never easy till he paid her back the money, a year later; and through all his criminal life, he remembered that his foster-mother had told him he came of gentle blood, and accordingly should remember always to be a gentleman. The hope of being a gentleman was before him, even when he was kidnapped to Virginia and sold into bondage. There he became such a favourite of his master that in time he was able to set up as a planter on his own account. From Virginia he returned to England, and thence, after the unhappy matrimonial ventures mentioned in the title, he went back to Virginia, where at last he married the wife whom he had previously divorced.

Nor could the character of the hero have had much to do in keeping Colonel Jacque popular. In spite of his matrimonial achievements, in spite of the affection which he rouses in his American employer and his slaves both, Colonel Jacque is without any attraction which a reader can perceive to-day. Like most of Defoe's characters, he is without fine feeling; he is always looking out for the main chance. His chief interest is commerce; he is a typical "Anglo-Saxon" trader. There are thousands and thousands of such clever, prosy, cold-blooded business-men in the United States to-day, and in the British colonies, and in the United Kingdom. Though Defoe's biographers are divided as to whether or not he shared their mercantile cleverness, there is no doubt that Defoe was heartily in sympathy with such men; and his interest in recounting Colonel Jacque's commercial ventures shows him to have been what I have already called him—the Yankee trader of the Queen Anne writers.

It was the story of Colonel Jacque's successful trading, no doubt, which had a large

part in sustaining the popularity of his History. But even more important in this respect, was that which we have seen to be the vital force in all Defoe's fiction—circumstantial vividness. This is less striking in the later pages than in the earlier. The vividness ceases to a large extent after Jacque goes to America, for Defoe did not know America so well as he knew his England. Yet even when the scene shifts to the further side of the ocean, Defoe makes no blunders; nothing impossible occurs; his geography is correct. In Colonel Jacque, perhaps more than anywhere else, we see that interest of Defoe's in distant British possessions which made him, as I have said, one of the "imperialists" of his time. Even so, what vividness there is in the American scenes is too largely commercial. Not many people, other than small traders or would-be traders, could ever have read with interest such a paragraph as the following:—

"With the sloop I sent letters to my wife and to my chief manager with orders to load her back, as I there directed, viz., that she should have two hundred barrels of flour, fifty barrels of pease; and, to answer my other views, I ordered a hundred bales to be made up of all sorts of European goods, such as not my own warehouses only would supply, but such as they could be supplied with in other warehouses where I knew they had credit for anything."

Very different are the earlier pages which deal with Jacque's adventures as a poor criminal boy in England. Here Defoe was on ground that he knew thoroughly. Sir Leslie Stephen[1] has observed that Defoe passed beyond the bounds of probability when he made his hero, an almost elderly man writing his memoirs in Mexico, remember the details of his boyish thieving with marvellous exactness. Barring this improbability—one by the way which you are not aware of while you read the scenes in question, for you do not know how long a time will elapse before the hero begins to record his experiences—the verisimilitude of the first part of Colonel Jacque could not be surpassed. Moreover, in picturing the life of the poor, neglected boy, Defoe is unusually sympathetic. And so in the early pages of Colonel Jacque,

more than anywhere else, is found the power of the story, the secret of its popularity when Smollett was writing Roderick Random, and the secret of its appeal to readers to-day. Lamb was hardly overstating the case when he declared, “The beginning of ‘Colonel Jack’ is the most affecting, natural picture of a young thief that was ever drawn.”[2]

At the end of the second volume of Colonel Jacque will be found two of Defoe’s earlier political satires:—The True-Born Englishman and The Shortest Way with the Dissenters. The former, the most celebrated piece of verse which Defoe wrote, was published in January, 1701. The circumstances which led to its publication are set forth by the author himself in his autobiographical sketch of 1715, An Appeal to Honour and Justice.

On the first of August, 1700, according to his statement, there appeared “a vile abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, written by one Mr. Tutchin, and called The Foreigners; in which the author . . . fell personally upon the King himself, and then upon the Dutch Nation. And after having reproached his Majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of Foreigner. This filled me with a kind of rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle which I never could hope should have met with so general an acceptance as it did; I mean The True-Born Englishman.”

The reason for Tutchin’s pamphlet was that William III., never loved by the English, became less and less popular after the death of Queen Mary. A Dutchman, he was supposed to have the interests of Holland more at heart than those of England. This supposition was strengthened by the fact that he took no Englishmen into his confidence as he did his old and trusted Dutch friends. These, naturally, shared his unpopularity, especially the Duke of Schomberg and the King’s favourite minister, William Bentinck, created Earl of Portland, both of whom are mentioned by Defoe in his True-Born Englishman.

Defoe, in this reply to Tutchin's pamphlet, sought to prove that the king and his foreign friends had as good right to the esteem of the English as any patriots in the history of the country. In the first part of the "poem," as Defoe called his satire, he showed that William, with his Dutch blood, was as much entitled to the name of Englishman as any of his subjects, who came of mixed British, Pictish, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman blood. In short, Defoe made the English out a hybrid race, and with excellent good sense showed that their national vigour was due largely to their being so. Much of what he said might well be said to-day of the people of the United States, as for instance, the following from Defoe's explanatory preface:—

"The multitudes of foreign nations who have taken sanctuary here, have been the greatest additions to the wealth and strength of the nation; the essential whereof is the number of its inhabitants. Nor would this nation ever have arrived to the degree of wealth and glory it now boasts of, if the addition of foreign nations . . . had not been helpful to it. This is so plain, that he who is ignorant of it is too dull to be talked with."

The other side to Defoe's picture (and there was another side then as now) is shown in verses which, with a few changes, would likewise be applicable to the United States to-day. Defoe is trying to prove that even with lapse of years the English race remains hybrid.

"And lest by length of time it be pretended The climate may this modern breed have mended, Wise Providence, to keep us where we are, Mixes us daily with exceeding care. We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she Voids all her offal outcast progeny. From our fifth Henry's time, the strolling bands Of banish'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands Have here a certain sanctuary found: Th' eternal refuge of the vagabond, Where, in but half a common age of time, Borr'wing new blood and manners from the clime, Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn, And all their

race are true-born Englishmen."

In the second part of the satire, Defoe tries to describe the nature of the English, their pride, and their ingratitude to their benefactors. Among the stanzas in which he hits off the faults of his countrymen, the following, more true than grammatical, is among the most forcible:—

"Surly to strangers, froward to their friend; Submit to love with a reluctant mind; Resolved to be ungrateful and unkind. If by necessity reduced to ask, The giver has the difficultest task; For what's bestow'd they awkwardly receive, And always take less freely than they give. The obligation is their highest grief; And never love, where they accept relief. So sullen in their sorrows, that 'tis known, They'll rather die than their afflictions own: And if relieved, it is too often true, That they'll abuse their benefactors too; For in distress their haughty stomach's such, They hate to see themselves obliged too much, Seldom contented, often in the wrong; Hard to be pleased at all, and never long."

Defoe's satire was a success. Written, as it is, in rough verse, at times little better than doggerel, it is yet always vigorous and interesting. To-day, after a lapse of two hundred years, no verse from Defoe's pen is so readable. That it was effective in accomplishing the purpose for which it was composed, is proved by the fact that the people, taking the satire good-naturedly, experienced a revulsion of feeling towards the king and his Dutch friends. It was natural that the piece should bring Defoe the increased regard of the king, whose favour he had already to some extent enjoyed. "This poem was the occasion of my being known to His Majesty," Defoe wrote in his Appeal to Honour and Justice; and "I was afterwards received by him."

Concluding the second volume of Colonel Jacque will be found the ironical Shortest Way with the Dissenters, which placed Defoe in the pillory and in prison. It was written in 1702, the first year of Anne's reign, when the strong Tory influence in the government seemed likely to bring back the persecution of Nonconformists which

had ceased in the time of William. From the early summer, when Dr. Sacheverell preached at Oxford a most inflammatory sermon against the Dissenters, High Church feeling against them grew stronger and stronger. Finally Defoe decided that the best service he could render them was to show the views of the High Church party in all their extreme savageness. The result was the pamphlet, The Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church, which appeared on the first of December, 1702.

Defoe was so successful in imagining High Tory sentiments in his pamphlet, that it was received with indignation by the Dissenters themselves and with acclaim by the extreme Churchmen. “I join with” the author “in all he says,” wrote one of them,[3] to a friend who had sent him the pamphlet, “and have such a value for the book, that, next to the Holy Bible and the sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have.” Naturally there was a storm when the truth was discovered and the High Tories found out that what they had praised was ironical. They were immediately shamed into declaring the pamphlet a dangerous libel, intended to stir up the Dissenters to civil war. Defoe’s bookseller and printer were accordingly arrested, and a reward was offered for his apprehension. He gave himself up, was tried, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, and to go to prison for the Queen’s pleasure. How Defoe converted his punishment in the pillory into a triumph, and how profitably he employed his time during his imprisonment, have been already told in the introduction to Robinson Crusoe.

G. H. Maynadier.

AUTHOR’S PREFACE

Sir,—It is so customary to write prefaces to all books of this kind, to introduce them with the more advantage into the world, that I cannot omit it, though on that account ’tis thought this work needs a preface less than any that ever went before it. The

pleasant and delightful part speaks for itself; the useful and instructive is so large, and capable of so many improvements, that it would employ a book large as itself to make improvements suitable to the vast variety of the subject.

Here's room for just and copious observations on the blessings and advantages of a sober and well-governed education, and the ruin of so many thousands of youths of all kinds in this nation for want of it; also, how much public schools and charities might be improved to prevent the destruction of so, many unhappy children as in this town are every year bred up for the gallows.

The miserable condition of unhappy children, many of whose natural tempers are docible, and would lead them to learn the best things rather than the worst, is truly deplorable, and is abundantly seen in the history of this man's childhood; where, though circumstances formed him by necessity to be a thief, a strange rectitude of principles remained with him, and made him early abhor the worst part of his trade, and at last wholly leave it off. If he had come into the world with the advantage of education, and been well instructed how to improve the generous principles he had in him, what a man might he not have been!

The various turns of his fortunes in the world make a delightful field for the reader to wander in; a garden where he may gather wholesome and medicinal fruits, none noxious or poisonous; where he will see virtue and the ways of wisdom everywhere applauded, honoured, encouraged, rewarded; vice and all kinds of wickedness attended with misery, many kinds of infelicities; and at last, sin and shame going together, the persons meeting with reproof and reproach, and the crimes with abhorrence.

Every wicked reader will here be encouraged to a change, and it will appear that the best and only good end of an impious, misspent life is repentance; that in this there is comfort, peace, and oftentimes hope, and that the penitent shall be returned like the prodigal, and his latter end be better than his beginning.

While these things, and such as these, are the ends and designs of the whole book, I think I need not say one word more as an apology for any part of the rest—no, nor for the whole. If discouraging everything that is evil, and encouraging everything that is virtuous and good—I say, if these appear to be the whole scope and design of the publishing this story, no objection can lie against it; neither is it of the least moment to inquire whether the Colonel hath told his own story true or not; if he has made it a History or a Parable, it will be equally useful, and capable of doing good; and in that it recommends itself without any introduction.—Your humble servant,

The Editor.

THE LIFE OF COLONEL JACQUE

Seeing my life has been such a chequer-work of nature, and that I am able now to look back upon it from a safer distance than is ordinarily the fate of the clan to which I once belonged, I think my history may find a place in the world as well as some who I see are every day read with pleasure, though they have in them nothing so diverting or instructing as I believe mine will appear to be.

My original may be as high as anybody’s for aught I know, for my mother kept very good company; but that part belongs to her story more than to mine. All I know of it is by oral tradition, thus: My nurse told me my mother was a gentlewoman, that my father was a man of quality, and she (my nurse) had a good piece of money given her to take me off his hands, and deliver him and my mother from the importunities that usually attend the misfortune of having a child to keep that should not be seen or heard of.

My father, it seems, gave my nurse something more than was agreed for, at my mother’s request, upon her solemn promise that she would use me well and let me be put to school; and charged her, that if I lived to come to any bigness, capable to understand the meaning of it, she should always take care to bid me remember that I was a gentleman; and this, he said, was all the education he would desire of her for

me; for he did not doubt, he said, but that, some time or other, the very hint would inspire me with thoughts suitable to my birth, and that I would certainly act like a gentleman, if I believed myself to be so.

But my disasters were not directed to end as soon as they began. It is very seldom that the unfortunate are so but for a day; as the great rise by degrees of greatness to the pitch of glory in which they shine, so the miserable sink to the depth of their misery by a continued series of disasters, and are long in the tortures and agonies of their distressed circumstances, before a turn of fortune, if ever such a thing happens to them, gives them a prospect of deliverance.

My nurse was as honest to the engagement she had entered into as could be expected from one of her employment, and particularly as honest as her circumstances would give her leave to be; for she bred me up very carefully with her own son, and with another son of shame like me, whom she had taken upon the same terms.

My name was John, as she told me, but neither she or I knew anything of a surname that belonged to me; so I was left to call myself Mr. Anything, what I pleased, as fortune and better circumstances should give occasion.

It happened that her own son (for she had a little boy of her own, about one year older than I) was called John too; and about two years after she took another son of shame, as I called it above, to keep as she did me, and his name was John too.

As we were all Johns, we were all Jacques, and soon came to be called so; for at that part of the town where we had our breeding, viz., near Goodman’s Fields, the Johns are generally called Jacque; but my nurse, who may be allowed to distinguish her own son a little from the rest, would have him called captain, because, forsooth, he was the eldest.

I was provoked at having this boy called captain, and I cried, and told my nurse I would be called captain; for she told me I was a gentleman, and I would be a captain, that I would. The good woman, to keep the peace, told me, ay, ay, I was a

gentleman, and therefore I should be above a captain, for I should be a colonel, and that was a great deal better than a captain; “for, my dear,” says she, “every tarpauling, if he gets but to be lieutenant of a press smack, is called captain, but colonels are soldiers, and none but gentlemen are ever made colonels. Besides,” says she, “I have known colonels come to be lords and generals, though they were bastards at first, and therefore you shall be called colonel.”

Well, I was hushed indeed with this for the present, but not thoroughly pleased, till, a little while after, I heard her tell her own boy that I was a gentleman, and therefore he must call me colonel; at which her boy fell a-crying, and he would be called colonel. That part pleased me to the life, that he should cry to be called colonel, for then I was satisfied that it was above a captain: so universally is ambition seated in the minds of men that not a beggar-boy but has his share of it.

So here was Colonel Jacque and Captain Jacque. As for the third boy, he was only plain Jacque for some years after, till he came to preferment by the merit of his birth, as you shall hear in its place.

We were hopeful boys, all three of us, and promised very early, by many repeated circumstances of our lives, that we would be all rogues; and yet I cannot say, if what I have heard of my nurse’s character be true, but the honest woman did what she could to prevent it.

Before I tell you much more of our story, it would be very proper to give you something of our several characters, as I have gathered them up in my memory, as far back as I can recover things, either of myself or my brother Jacques, and they shall be brief and impartial.

Captain Jacque was the eldest of us all, by a whole year. He was a squat, big, strong-made boy, and promised to be stout when grown up to be a man, but not to be tall. His temper was sly, sullen, reserved, malicious, revengeful; and, withal, he was brutish, bloody, and cruel in his disposition. He was, as to manners, a mere boor, or

clown, of a carman-like breed; sharp as a street-bred boy must be, but ignorant and unteachable from a child. He had much the nature of a bull-dog, bold and desperate, but not generous at all. All the schoolmistresses we went to could never make him learn—no, not so much as to make him know his letters; and as if he was born a thief, he would steal everything that came near him, even as soon almost as he could speak; and that not from his mother only, but from anybody else, and from us too that were his brethren and companions. He was an original rogue, for he would do the foulest and most villainous things, even by his own inclination; he had no taste or sense of being honest—no, not, I say, to his brother rogues, which is what other thieves make a point of honour of; I mean that of being honest to one another.

The other, that is to say, the youngest of us Johns, was called Major Jacque, by the accident following: The lady that had deposited him with our nurse had owned to her that it was a major of the Guards that was the father of the child, but that she was obliged to conceal his name, and that was enough. So he was at first called John the Major, and afterwards the Major; and at last, when we came to rove together, Major Jacque, according to the rest, for his name was John, as I have observed already.

Major Jacque was a merry, facetious, pleasant boy, had a good share of wit, especially off-hand-wit, as they call it; was full of jests and good humour, and, as I often said, had something of a gentleman in him. He had a true manly courage, feared nothing, and could look death in the face without any hesitation; and yet, if he had the advantage, was the most generous and most compassionate creature alive. He had native principles of gallantry in him, without anything of the brutal or terrible part that the captain had; and, in a word, he wanted nothing but honesty to have made him an excellent man. He had learned to read, as I had done; and as he talked very well, so he wrote good sense and very handsome language, as you will see in the process of his story.

As for your humble servant, Colonel Jacque, he was a poor, unhappy, tractable dog,

willing enough, and capable too, to learn anything, if he had had any but the devil for his schoolmaster. He set out into the world so early, that when he began to do evil, he understood nothing of the wickedness of it, nor what he had to expect for it. I remember very well that when I was once carried before a justice, for a theft which indeed I was not guilty of, and defended myself by argument, proving the mistakes of my accusers, and how they contradicted themselves, the justice told me it was a pity I had not been better employed, for I was certainly better taught; in which, however, his worship was mistaken, for I had never been taught anything but to be a thief; except, as I said, to read and write, and that was all, before I was ten years old; but I had a natural talent of talking, and could say as much to the purpose as most people that had been taught no more than I.

I passed among my comrades for a bold, resolute boy, and one that durst fight anything; but I had a different opinion of myself, and therefore shunned fighting as much as I could, though sometimes I ventured too, and came off well, being very strong made and nimble withal. However, I many times brought myself off with my tongue, where my hands would not have been sufficient, and this as well after I was a man as while I was a boy.

I was wary and dexterous at my trade, and was not so often catched as my fellow-rogues—I mean while I was a boy, and never after I came to be a man; no, not once for twenty-six years, being so old in the trade, and still unhanged, as you shall hear.

As for my person, while I was a dirty glass-bottle-house boy, sleeping in the ashes, and dealing always in the street dirt, it cannot be expected but that I looked like what I was, and so we did all; that is to say, like a “black-your-shoes-your-honour,” a beggar-boy, a blackguard-boy, or what you please, despicable and miserable to the last degree; and yet I remember the people would say of me, “That boy has a good face; if he was washed and well dressed, he would be a good, pretty boy. Do but

look; what eyes he has; what a pleasant, smiling countenance! 'Tis a pity. I wonder what the rogue's father and mother was," and the like. Then they would call me, and ask me my name, and I would tell them my name was Jacque. "But what's your surname, sirrah?" says they. "I don't know," says I. "Who is your father and mother?" "I have none," said I. "What, and never had you any?" said they. "No," says I, "not that I know of." Then they would shake their heads and cry, "Poor boy!" and "'Tis a pity," and the like; and so let me go. But I laid up all these things in my heart.

I was almost ten years old, the captain eleven, and the major about eight, when the good woman my nurse died. Her husband was a seaman, and had been drowned a little before in the Gloucester frigate, one of the king's ships which was cast away going to Scotland with the Duke of York in the time of King Charles II., and the honest woman dying very poor, the parish was obliged to bury her; when the three young Jacques attended her corpse, and I, the colonel (for we all passed for her own children), was chief mourner; the captain, who was the eldest son, going back very sick.

The good woman being dead, we, the three Jacques, were turned loose to the world. As to the parish providing for us, we did not trouble ourselves much about that; we rambled about all three together, and the people in Rosemary Lane and Ratcliff, and that way, knowing us pretty well, we got victuals easily enough and without much begging.

For my particular part, I got some reputation for a mighty civil, honest boy; for if I was sent off an errand, I always did it punctually and carefully, and made haste again; and if I was trusted with any thing, I never touched it to diminish it, but made it a point of honour to be punctual to whatever was committed to me, though I was as arrant a thief as any of them in all other cases.

In like case, some of the poorer shopkeepers would often leave me at their door, to

look after their shops till they went up to dinner, or till they went over the way to an alehouse, and the like, and I always did it freely and cheerfully, and with the utmost honesty.

Captain Jacque, on the contrary, a surly, ill-looking, rough boy, had not a word in his mouth that savoured either of good manners or good humour; he would say “Yes” and “No,” just as he was asked a question, and that was all, but nobody got any thing from him that was obliging in the least. If he was sent off an errand he would forget half of it, and it may be go to play, if he met any boys, and never go at all, or if he went, never come back with an answer, which was such a regardless, disobliging way that nobody had a good word for him, and everybody said he had the very look of a rogue, and would come to be hanged. In a word, he got nothing of anybody for goodwill, but was, as it were, obliged to turn thief for the mere necessity of bread to eat; for if he begged, he did it with so ill a tone, rather like bidding folks give him victuals than entreating them, that one man, of whom he had something given, and knew him, told him one day, “Captain Jacque,” says he, “thou art but an awkward, ugly sort of a beggar, now thou art a boy; I doubt thou wilt be fitter to ask a man for his purse than for a penny when thou comest to be a man.”

The major was a merry, thoughtless fellow, always cheerful; whether he had any victuals or no, he never complained; and he recommended himself so well by his good carriage that the neighbours loved him, and he got victuals enough, one where or other. Thus we all made a shift, though we were so little, to keep from starving; and as for lodging, we lay in the summer-time about the watch-houses and on bulkheads and shop-doors, where we were known. As for a bed, we knew nothing what belonged to it for many years after my nurse died; and in winter we got into the ash-holes and nealing-arches in the glass-house, called Dallow’s Glass-house, in Rosemary Lane, or at another glass-house in Ratcliff Highway.

In this manner we lived for some years; and here we failed not to fall among a gang

of naked, ragged rogues like ourselves, wicked as the devil could desire to have them be at so early an age, and ripe for all the other parts of mischief that suited them as they advanced in years.

I remember that one cold winter night we were disturbed in our rest with a constable and his watch crying out for one Wry-neck, who, it seems, had done some roguery, and required a hue-and-cry of that kind; and the watch were informed he was to be found among the beggar-boys under the nealing-arches in the glass-house.

The alarm being given, we were awakened in the dead of the night with “Come out here, ye crew of young devils; come out and show yourselves;” so we were all produced. Some came out rubbing their eyes and scratching their heads, and others were dragged out; and I think there was about seventeen of us in all, but Wry-neck as they called him, was not among them. It seems this was a good big boy, that used to be among the inhabitants of that place, and had been concerned in a robbery the night before, in which his comrade, who was taken, in hopes of escaping punishment, had discovered him, and informed where he usually harboured; but he was aware, it seems, and had secured himself, at least for that time. So we were allowed to return to our warm apartment among the coal-ashes, where I slept many a cold winter night; nay, I may say, many a winter, as sound and as comfortably as ever I did since, though in better lodgings.

In this manner of living we went on a good while, I believe two years, and neither did or meant any harm. We generally went all three together; for, in short, the captain, for want of address, and for something disagreeable in him, would have starved if we had not kept him with us. As we were always together, we were generally known by the name of the three Jacques; but Colonel Jacque had always the preference, upon many accounts. The major, as I have said, was merry and pleasant, but the colonel always held talk with the better sort—I mean the better sort of those that would converse with a beggar-boy. In this way of talk I was always

upon the inquiry, asking questions of things done in public, as well as in private; particularly, I loved to talk with seamen and soldiers about the war, and about the great sea-fights or battles on shore that any of them had been in; and, as I never forgot anything they told me, I could soon, that is to say, in a few years, give almost as good an account of the Dutch war, and of the fights at sea, the battles in Flanders, the taking of Maestricht, and the like, as any of those that had been there; and this made those old soldiers and tars love to talk with me too, and to tell me all the stories they could think of, and that not only of the wars then going on, but also of the wars in Oliver's time, the death of King Charles I., and the like.

By this means, as young as I was, I was a kind of an historian; and though I had read no books, and never had any books to read, yet I could give a tolerable account of what had been done and of what was then a-doing in the world, especially in those things that our own people were concerned in. I knew the names of every ship in the navy, and who commanded them too, and all this before I was fourteen years old, or but very soon after.

Captain Jacque in this time fell into bad company, and went away from us, and it was a good while before we ever heard tale or tidings of him, till about half a year, I think, or thereabouts. I understood he was got among a gang of kidnappers, as they were then called, being a sort of wicked fellows that used to spirit people's children away; that is, snatch them up in the dark, and, stopping their mouths, carry them to such houses where they had rogues ready to receive them, and so carry them on board ships bound to Virginia, and sell them.

This was a trade that horrid Jacque, for so I called him when we were grown up, was very fit for, especially the violent part; for if a little child got into his clutches, he would stop the breath of it, instead of stopping its mouth, and never troubled his head with the child's being almost strangled, so he did but keep it from making a noise. There was, it seems, some villainous thing done by this gang about that time,

whether a child was murdered among them, or a child otherwise abused; but it seems it was a child of an eminent citizen, and the parent somehow or other got a scent of the thing, so that they recovered their child, though in a sad condition, and almost killed. I was too young, and it was too long ago, for me to remember the whole story, but they were all taken up and sent to Newgate, and Captain Jacque among the rest, though he was but young, for he was not then much above thirteen years old.

What punishment was inflicted upon the rogues of that gang I cannot tell now, but the captain, being but a lad, was ordered to be three times soundly whipped at Bridewell, my Lord Mayor, or the Recorder, telling him it was done in pity to him, to keep him from the gallows, not forgetting to tell him that he had a hanging look, and bid him have a care on that very account; so remarkable was the captain's countenance, even so young, and which he heard of afterwards on many occasions. When he was in Bridewell I heard of his misfortune, and the major and I went to see him; for this was the first news we heard of what became of him.

The very day that we went he was called out to be corrected, as they called it, according to his sentence; and as it was ordered to be done soundly, so indeed they were true to the sentence; for the alderman who was the president of Bridewell, and whom I think they called Sir William Turner, held preaching to him about how young he was, and what pity it was such a youth should come to be hanged, and a great deal more; how he should take warning by it, and how wicked a thing it was that they should steal away poor innocent children, and the like; and all this while the man with a blue badge on lashed him most unmercifully, for he was not to leave off till Sir William knocked with a little hammer on the table.

The poor captain stamped and danced, and roared out like a mad boy; and I must confess I was frighted almost to death; for though I could not come near enough, being but a poor boy, to see how he was handled, yet I saw him afterwards with his

back all wealed with the lashes, and in several places bloody, and thought I should have died with the sight of it; but I grew better acquainted with those things afterwards.

I did what I could to comfort the poor captain when I got leave to come to him. But the worst was not over with him, for he was to have two more such whippings before they had done with him; and indeed they scourged him so severely that they made him sick of the kidnapping trade for a great while; but he fell in among them again, and kept among them as long as that trade lasted, for it ceased in a few years afterwards.

The major and I, though very young, had sensible impressions made upon us for some time by the severe usage of the captain, and it might be very well said we were corrected as well as he, though not concerned in the crime; but it was within the year that the major, a good-conditioned, easy boy, was wheedled away by a couple of young rogues that frequented the glass-house apartments, to take a walk with them, as they were pleased to call it. The gentlemen were very well matched; the major was about twelve years old, and the oldest of the two that led him out was not above fourteen. The business was to go to Bartholomew Fair, and the end of going to Bartholomew Fair was, in short, to pick pockets.

The major knew nothing of the trade, and therefore was to do nothing; but they promised him a share with them for all that, as if he had been as expert as themselves. So away they went. The two dexterous young rogues managed it so well that by eight o’clock at night they came back to our dusty quarters at the glass-house, and, sitting them down in a corner, they began to share their spoil, by the light of the glass-house fire. The major lugged out the goods, for as fast as they made any purchase they unloaded themselves, and gave all to him, that, if they had been taken, nothing might be found about them.

It was a devilish lucky day to them, the devil certainly assisting them to find their

prey, that he might draw in a young gamester, and encourage him to the undertaking, who had been made backward before by the misfortune of the captain. The list of their purchase the first night was as follows:—

1. A white handkerchief from a country wench, as she was staring up at a jack-pudding; there was 3s. 6d. and a row of pins tied up in one end of it.

2. A coloured handkerchief, out of a young country fellow's pocket as he was buying a china orange.

3. A riband purse with 11s. 3d. and a silver thimble in it, out of a young woman's pocket, just as a fellow offered to pick her up.

N.B.—She missed her purse presently, but, not seeing the thief, charged the man with it that would have picked her up, and cried out, "A pickpocket!" and he fell into the hands of the mob, but, being known in the street, he got off with great difficulty.

4. A knife and fork, that a couple of boys had just bought and were going home with; the young rogue that took it got it within the minute after the boy had put it in his pocket.

5. A little silver box with 7s. in it, all in small silver, 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d. pieces.

N.B.—This, it seems, a maid pulled out of her pocket, to pay at her going into the booth to see a show, and the little rogue got his hand in and fetched it off, just as she put it up again.

6. Another silk handkerchief, out of a gentleman's pocket.

7. Another.

8. A jointed baby and a little looking-glass, stolen off a toy-seller's stall in the fair.

All this cargo to be brought home clear in one afternoon, or evening rather, and by only two little rogues so young, was, it must be confessed, extraordinary; and the major was elevated the next day to a strange degree.

He came very early to me, who lay not far from him, and said to me, "Colonel

Jacque, I want to speak with you." "Well," said I, "what do you say?" "Nay," said he, "it is business of consequence; I cannot talk here;" so we walked out. As soon as we were come out into a narrow lane by the glass-house, "Look here," says he, and pulls out his little hand almost full of money.

I was surprised at the sight, when he puts it up again, and, bringing his hand out, "Here," says he, "you shall have some of it;" and gives me a sixpence and a shilling's worth of the small silver pieces. This was very welcome to me, who, as much as I was of a gentleman, and as much as I thought of myself upon that account, never had a shilling of money together before in all my life, not that I could call my own.

I was very earnest then to know how he came by this wealth, for he had for his share 7s. 6d. in money, the silver thimble, and a silk handkerchief, which was, in short, an estate to him, that never had, as I said of myself, a shilling together in his life.

"And what will you do with it now, Jacque?" said I. "I do?" says he. "The first thing I do I'll go into Rag Fair and buy me a pair of shoes and stockings." "That's right," says I, "and so will I too;" so away we went together, and we bought each of us a pair of Rag Fair stockings in the first place for fivepence; not fivepence a pair, but fivepence together; and good stockings they were too, much above our wear, I assure you.

We found it more difficult to fit ourselves with shoes; but at last, having looked a great while before we could find any good enough for us, we found a shop very well stored, and of these we bought two pair for sixteenpence.

We put them on immediately, to our great comfort, for we had neither of us had any stockings to our legs that had any feet to them for a long time. I found myself so refreshed with having a pair of warm stockings on, and a pair of dry shoes—things, I say, which I had not been acquainted with a great while—that I began to call to my mind my being a gentleman, and now I thought it began to come to pass. When we

had thus fitted ourselves I said, “Hark ye, Major Jacque, you and I never had any money in our lives before, and we never had a good dinner in all our lives. What if we should go somewhere and get some victuals? I am very hungry.”

“So we will, then,” says the major; “I am hungry too.” So we went to a boiling cook’s in Rosemary Lane, where we treated ourselves nobly, and, as I thought with myself, we began to live like gentlemen, for we had three pennyworth of boiled beef, two pennyworth of pudding, a penny brick (as they call it, or loaf), and a whole pint of strong beer, which was sevenpence in all.

N.B.—We had each of us a good mess of charming beef-broth into the bargain; and, which cheered my heart wonderfully, all the while we were at dinner, the maid and the boy in the house, every time they passed by the open box where we sat at our dinner, would look in and cry, “Gentlemen, do you call?” and “Do ye call, gentlemen?” I say, this was as good to me as all my dinner.

Not the best housekeeper in Stepney parish, not my Lord Mayor of London, no, not the greatest man on earth, could be more happy in their own imagination, and with less mixture of grief or reflection, than I was at this new piece of felicity; though mine was but a small part of it, for Major Jacque had an estate compared to me, as I had an estate compared to what I had before; in a word, nothing but an utter ignorance of greater felicity, which was my case, could make anybody think himself so exalted as I did, though I had no share of this booty but eighteenpence.

That night the major and I triumphed in our new enjoyment, and slept with an undisturbed repose in the usual place, surrounded with the warmth of the glass-house fires above, which was a full amends for all the ashes and cinders which we rolled in below.

Those who know the position of the glass-houses, and the arches where they neal the bottles after they are made, know that those places where the ashes are cast, and where the poor boys lie, are cavities in the brickwork, perfectly close, except at the

entrance, and consequently warm as the dressing-room of a bagnio, that it is impossible they can feel any cold there, were it in Greenland or Nova Zembla, and that therefore the boys lie there not only safe, but very comfortably, the ashes excepted, which are no grievance at all to them.

The next day the major and his comrades went abroad again, and were still successful; nor did any disaster attend them, for I know not how many months; and, by frequent imitation and direction, Major Jacque became as dexterous a pickpocket as any of them, and went on through a long variety of fortunes, too long to enter upon now, because I am hastening to my own story, which at present is the main thing I have to set down.

The major failed not to let me see every day the effects of his new prosperity, and was so bountiful as frequently to throw me a tester, sometimes a shilling; and I might perceive that he began to have clothes on his back, to leave the ash-hole, having gotten a society lodging (of which I may give an explanation by itself on another occasion); and which was more, he took upon him to wear a shirt, which was what neither he or I had ventured to do for three years before, and upward.

But I observed all this while, that though Major Jacque was so prosperous and had thriven so well, and notwithstanding he was very kind, and even generous, to me, in giving me money upon many occasions, yet he never invited me to enter myself into the society or to embark with him, whereby I might have been made as happy as he; no, nor did he recommend the employment to me at all.

I was not very well pleased with his being thus reserved to me. I had learned from him in general that the business was picking of pockets, and I fancied that though the ingenuity of the trade consisted very much in sleight-of-hand, a good address, and being very nimble, yet that it was not at all difficult to learn; and, especially, I thought the opportunities were so many, the country people that come to London so foolish, so gaping, and so engaged in looking about them, that it was a trade with no

great hazard annexed to it, and might be easily learned, if I did but know in general the manner of it, and how they went about it.

The subtle devil, never absent from his business, but ready at all occasions to encourage his servants, removed all these difficulties, and brought him into an intimacy with one of the most exquisite divers, or pickpockets, in the town; and this, our intimacy, was of no less a kind than that, as I had an inclination to be as wicked as any of them, he was for taking care that I should not be disappointed.

He was above the little fellows who went about stealing trifles and baubles in Bartholomew Fair, and ran the risk of being mobbed for three or four shillings. His aim was at higher things, even at no less than considerable sums of money, and bills for more.

He solicited me earnestly to go and take a walk with him as above, adding that after he had shown me my trade a little, he would let me be as wicked as I would; that is, as he expressed it, that after he had made me capable, I should set up for myself, if I pleased, and he would only wish me good luck.

Accordingly, as Major Jacque went with his gentlemen only to see the manner, and receive the purchase, and yet come in for a share; so he told me, if he had success, I should have my share as much as if I had been principal; and this he assured me was a custom of the trade, in order to encourage young beginners, and bring them into the trade with courage, for that nothing was to be done if a man had not the heart of the lion.

I hesitated at the matter a great while, objecting the hazard, and telling the story of Captain Jacque, my elder brother, as I might call him. “Well, colonel,” says he, “I find you are faint-hearted, and to be faint-hearted is indeed to be unfit for our trade, for nothing but a bold heart can go through stitch with this work; but, however, as there is nothing for you to do, so there is no risk for you to run in these things the first time. If I am taken,” says he, “you have nothing to do in it; they will let you go

free; for it shall easily be made appear, that whatever I have done, you had no hand in it."

Upon these persuasions I ventured out with him; but I soon found that my new friend was a thief of quality, and a pickpocket above the ordinary rank, and that aimed higher abundantly than my brother Jacque. He was a bigger boy than I a great deal; for though I was now near fifteen years old, I was not big of my age; and as to the nature of the thing, I was perfectly a stranger to it. I knew indeed what at first I did not, for it was a good while before I understood the thing as an offence. I looked on picking pockets as a kind of trade, and thought I was to go apprentice to it. It is true this was when I was young in the society, as well as younger in years, but even now I understood it to be only a thing for which, if we were catched, we ran the risk of being ducked or pumped, which we call soaking, and then all was over; and we made nothing of having our rags wetted a little; but I never understood, till a great while after, that the crime was capital, and that we might be sent to Newgate for it, till a great fellow, almost a man, one of our society, was hanged for it; and then I was terribly frighted, as you shall hear by-and-by.

Well, upon the persuasions of this lad, I walked out with him; a poor innocent boy, and (as I remember my very thoughts perfectly well) I had no evil in my intentions. I had never stolen anything in my life; and if a goldsmith had left me in his shop, with heaps of money strewed all round me, and bade me look after it, I should not have touched it, I was so honest; but the subtle tempter baited his hook for me, as I was a child, in a manner suited to my childishness, for I never took this picking of pockets to be dishonesty, but, as I have said above, I looked on it as a kind of trade that I was to be bred up to, and so I entered upon it, till I became hardened in it beyond the power of retreating. And thus I was made a thief involuntarily, and went on a length that few boys do, without coming to the common period of that kind of life—I mean to the transport-ship, or to the gallows.

The first day I went abroad with my new instructor, he carried me directly into the city, and as we went first to the water-side, he led me into the long-room at the custom-house. We were but a couple of ragged boys at best, but I was much the worse. My leader had a hat on, a shirt, and a neckcloth; as for me, I had neither of the three, nor had I spoiled my manners so much as to have a hat on my head since my nurse died, which was now some years. His orders to me were to keep always in sight, and near him, but not close to him, nor to take any notice of him at any time till he came to me; and if any hurly-burly happened, I should by no means know him, or pretend to have anything to do with him.

I observed my orders to a tittle. While he peered into every corner and had his eye upon everybody, I kept my eye directly upon him, but went always at a distance, and on the other side of the long-room, looking as it were for pins, and picking them up out of the dust as I could find them, and then sticking them on my sleeve, where I had at last gotten forty or fifty good pins; but still my eye was upon my comrade, who, I observed, was very busy among the crowds of people that stood at the board doing business with the officers who pass the entries and make the cockets, &c.

At length he comes over to me, and stooping as if he would take up a pin close to me, he put some thing into my hand, and said, “Put that up, and follow me downstairs quickly.” He did not run, but shuffled along apace through the crowd, and went down, not the great stairs which we came in at, but a little narrow staircase at the other end of the long-room. I followed, and he found I did, and so went on, not stopping below, as I expected, nor speaking one word to me, till, through innumerable narrow passages, alleys, and dark ways, we were got up into Fenchurch Street, and through Billiter Lane into Leadenhall Street, and from thence into Leadenhall Market.

It was not a meat-market day, so we had room to sit down upon one of the butchers’ stalls, and he bid me lug out. What he had given me was a little leather letter-case,

with a French almanac stuck in the inside of it, and a great many papers in it of several kinds.

We looked them over, and found there was several valuable bills in it, such as bills of exchange and other notes, things I did not understand; but among the rest was a goldsmith's note, as he called it, of one Sir Stephen Evans, for £300, payable to the bearer, and at demand. Besides this, there was another note for £12, 10s., being a goldsmith's bill too, but I forget the name. There was a bill or two also written in French, which neither of us understood, but which, it seems, were things of value, being called foreign bills accepted.

The rogue, my master, knew what belonged to the goldsmiths' bills well enough, and I observed, when he read the bill of Sir Stephen, he said, "This is too big for me to meddle with;" but when he came to the bill £12, 10s., he said to me, "This will do. Come hither, Jacque;" so away he runs to Lombard Street, and I after him, huddling the other papers into the letter-case. As he went along he inquired the name out immediately, and went directly to the shop, put on a good, grave countenance, and had the money paid him without any stop or question asked. I stood on the other side the way looking about the street, as not at all concerned with anybody that way, but observed that when he presented the bill he pulled out the letter-case, as if he had been a merchant's boy, acquainted with business, and had other bills about him.

They paid him the money in gold, and he made haste enough in telling it over, and came away, passing by me, and going into Three King Court, on the other side of the way; then we crossed back into Clement's Lane, made the best of our way to Cole Harbour, at the water-side, and got a sculler for a penny to carry us over the water to St. Mary Overy's stairs, where we landed, and were safe enough.

Here he turns to me; "Colonel Jacque," says he, "I believe you are a lucky boy; this is a good job. We'll go away to St. George's Fields and share our booty." Away we went to the Fields, and sitting down in the grass, far enough out of the path, he

pulled out the money. “Look here, Jacque,” says he, “did you ever see the like before in your life?” “No, never,” says I; and added very innocently, “Must we have it all?” “We have it!” says he, “who should have it?” “Why,” says I, “must the man have none of it again that lost it?” “He have it again!” says he. “What d’ye mean by that?” “Nay, I don’t know,” says I. “Why, you said just now you would let him have the t’other bill again, that you said was too big for you.”

He laughed at me. “You are but a little boy,” says he, “that’s true, but I thought you had not been such a child neither;” so he mighty gravely explained the thing to me thus: that the bill of Sir Stephen Evans was a great bill for £300, “and if I,” says he, “that am but a poor lad, should venture to go for the money, they will presently say, how should I come by such a bill, and that I certainly found it or stole it; so they will stop me,” says he, “and take it away from me, and it may bring me into trouble for it too; so,” says he, “I did say it was too big for me to meddle with, and that I would let the man have it again, if I could tell how. But for the money, Jacque, the money that we have got, I warrant you he should have none of that. Besides,” says he, “whoever he be that has lost this letter-case, to be sure, as soon as he missed it, he would run to the goldsmith and give notice that if anybody came for the money they would be stopped; but I am too old for him there,” says he.

“Why,” says I, “and what will you do with the bill? Will you throw it away? If you do, somebody else will find it,” says I, “and they will go and take the money.” “No, no,” says he; “then they will be stopped and examined, as I tell you I should be.” I did not know well what all this meant, so I talked no more about that; but we fell to handling the money. As for me, I had never seen so much together in all my life, nor did I know what in the world to do with it, and once or twice I was a-going to bid him keep it for me, which would have been done like a child indeed, for, to be sure, I had never heard a word more of it, though nothing had befallen him.

However, as I happened to hold my tongue as to that part, he shared the money very

honestly with me; only at the end he told me, that though it was true he promised me half, yet as it was the first time, and I had done nothing but look on, so he thought it was very well if I took a little less than he did; so he divided the money, which was £12, 10s., into two exact parts, viz., £6, 5s. in each part; then he took £1, 5s. from my part, and told me I should give him that for hansel. “Well,” says I, “take it, then, for I think you deserve it all:” so, however, I took up the rest, and “What shall I do with this now,” says I, “for I have nowhere to put it?” “Why, have you no pockets?” says he. “Yes,” says I; “but they are full of holes.” I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in; nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes. I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for, being a poor naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries. And now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold, all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was in four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone a while, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand. Then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, “I wish I had it in a foul clout;” in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the

kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep I knew not what to do with it. If I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom. But then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a heap of brick-bats, or stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frighted; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head that if I fell asleep I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money, which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so that I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell. At last it came into my head that I would look out for

some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big was this discovery, as I then thought it. I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile End that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide any thing there; and I thought the people eyed me as it was, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile End, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I came a little way in the lane I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought. At last one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there I put my hand in, and found (as I thought) a place very fit, so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost. There could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity. I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one. Then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion. Then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently. Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again. Then I came away in despair, crying and

roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times. The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, and had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I halloed quite out loud when I saw it; then I ran to it, and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what; much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about, and knew not what I did; but when that was over I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as savourly as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

It would tire the reader should I dwell on all the little boyish tricks that I played in the ecstasy of my joy and satisfaction when I had found my money; so I break off here. Joy is as extravagant as grief, and since I have been a man I have often thought, that had such a thing befallen a man, so to have lost all he had, and not have a bit of bread to eat, and then so strangely to find it again, after having given it so effectually over—I say, had it been so with a man, it might have hazarded his using some violence upon himself.

Well, I came away with my money, and having taken sixpence out of it, before I made it up again I went to a chandler's shop in Mile End and bought a halfpenny roll and a halfpenny worth of cheese, and sat down at the door after I bought it, and ate it very heartily, and begged some beer to drink with it, which the good woman gave me very freely.

Away I went then for the town, to see if I could find any of my companions, and resolved I would try no more hollow trees for my treasure. As I came along Whitechapel I came by a broker's shop over against the church, where they sold old clothes, for I had nothing on but the worst of rags; so I stopped at the shop, and stood looking at the clothes which hung at the door.

"Well, young gentleman," says a man that stood at the door, "you look wishfully. Do you see any thing you like, and will your pocket compass a good coat now, for you look as if you belonged to the ragged regiment?" I was affronted at the fellow. "What's that to you," says I, "how ragged I am? If I had seen anything I liked, I have money to pay for it; but I can go where I shan't be huffed at for looking."

While I said thus pretty boldly to the fellow comes a woman out. "What ails you," says she to the man, "to bully away our customers so? A poor boy's money is as good as my Lord Mayor's. If poor people did not buy old clothes, what would become of our business?" And then turning to me, "Come hither, child," says she; "if thou hast a mind to anything I have, you shan't be hectored by him. The boy is a pretty boy, I assure you," says she to another woman that was by this time come to her. "Ay," says the t'other, "so he is, a very well-looking child, if he was clean and well dressed, and may be as good a gentleman's son, for anything we know, as any of those that are well dressed. Come, my dear," says she, "tell me what is it you would have." She pleased me mightily to hear her talk of my being a gentleman's son, and it brought former things to my mind; but when she talked of my being not clean and in rags, then I cried.

She pressed me to tell her if I saw anything that I wanted. I told her no, all the clothes I saw there were too big for me. “Come, child,” says she, “I have two things here that will fit you, and I am sure you want them both; that is, first, a little hat, and there,” says she (tossing it to me), “I’ll give you that for nothing. And here is a good warm pair of breeches; I dare say,” says she, “they will fit you, and they are very tight and good; and,” says she, “if you should ever come to have so much money that you don’t know what to do with it, here are excellent good pockets,” says she, “and a little fob to put your gold in, or your watch in, when you get it.”

It struck me with a strange kind of joy that I should have a place to put my money in, and need not go to hide it again in a hollow tree, that I was ready to snatch the breeches out of her hands, and wondered that I should be such a fool never to think of buying me a pair of breeches before, that I might have a pocket to put my money in, and not carry it about two days together in my hand, and in my shoes and I knew not how; so, in a word, I gave her two shillings for the breeches, and went over into the churchyard and put them on, put my money into my new pockets, and was as pleased as a prince is with his coach and six horses. I thanked the good woman too for the hat, and told her I would come again when I got more money, and buy some other things I wanted; and so I came away.

I was but a boy, ’tis true, but I thought myself a man, now I had got a pocket to put my money in, and I went directly to find out my companion by whose means I got it; but I was frighted out of my wits when I heard that he was carried to Bridewell. I made no question but it was for the letter-case, and that I should be carried there too; and then my poor brother Captain Jacque’s case came into my head, and that I should be whipped there as cruelly as he was, and I was in such a fright that I knew not what to do.

But in the afternoon I met him; he had been carried to Bridewell, it seems, upon that very affair, but was got out again. The case was thus: having had such good luck at

the custom-house the day before, he takes his walk thither again, and as he was in the long-room, gaping and staring about him, a fellow lays hold of him, and calls to one of the clerks that sat behind, “Here,” says he, “is the same young rogue that I told you I saw loitering about t’other day, when the gentleman lost his letter-case and his goldsmiths’ bills; I dare say it was he that stole them.” Immediately the whole crowd of people gathered about the boy, and charged him point-blank; but he was too well used to such things to be frighted into a confession of what he knew they could not prove, for he had nothing about him belonging to it, nor had any money but six pence and a few dirty farthings.

They threatened him, and pulled and hauled him, till they almost pulled the clothes off his back, and the commissioners examined him; but all was one; he would own nothing, but said he walked up through the room, only to see the place, both then and the time before, for he had owned he was there before; so, as there was no proof against him of any fact, no, nor of any circumstances relating to the letter-case, they were forced at last to let him go. However, they made a show of carrying him to Bridewell, and they did carry him to the gate to see if they could make him confess anything; but he would confess nothing, and they had no mittimus; so they durst not carry him into the house; nor would the people have received him, I suppose, if they had, they having no warrant for putting him in prison.

Well, when they could get nothing out of him, they carried him into an alehouse, and there they told him that the letter-case had bills in it of a very great value; that they would be of no use to the rogue that had them, but they would be of infinite damage to the gentleman that had lost them; and that he had left word with the clerk, whom the man that stopped this boy had called to, and who was there with him, that he would give £30 to any one that would bring them again, and give all the security that could be desired that he would give them no trouble, whoever it was.

He was just come from out of their hands when I met with him, and so he told me all

the story. “But,” says he, “I would confess nothing, and so I got off, and am come away clear.” “Well,” says I, “and what will you do with the letter-case and the bills? Will you not let the poor man have his bills again?” “No, not I,” says he; “I won’t trust them. What care I for their bills?” It came into my head, as young as I was, that it was a sad thing indeed to take a man’s bills away for so much money, and not have any advantage by it neither; for I concluded that the gentleman who owned the bills must lose all the money, and it was strange he should keep the bills, and make a gentleman lose so much money for nothing. I remember that I ruminated very much about it, and though I did not understand it very well, yet it lay upon my mind, and I said every now and then to him, “Do let the gentleman have his bills again; do, pray do;” and so I teased him, with “Do” and “Pray do,” till at last I cried about them. He said, “What, would you have me be found out and sent to Bridewell, and be whipped, as your brother Captain Jacque was?” I said, “No, I would not have you whipped, but I would have the man have his bills, for they will do you no good, but the gentleman will be undone, it may be.” And then I added again, “Do let him have them.” He snapped me short. “Why,” says he, “how shall I get them to him? Who dare carry them? I dare not, to be sure, for they will stop me, and bring the goldsmith to see if he does not know me, and that I received the money, and so they will prove the robbery, and I shall be hanged. Would you have me be hanged, Jacque?”

I was silenced a good while with that, for when he said, “Would you have me be hanged, Jacque?” I had no more to say. But one day after this he called to me. “Colonel Jacque,” says he, “I have thought of a way how the gentleman shall have his bills again; and you and I shall get a good deal of money by it, if you will be honest to me, as I was to you.” “Indeed,” says I, “Robin”—that was his name—“I will be very honest; let me know how it is, for I would fain have him have his bills.”

“Why,” says he, “they told me that he had left word at the clerk’s place in the long-room that he would give £30 to any one that had the bills, and would restore

them, and would ask no questions. Now, if you will go, like a poor innocent boy, as you are, into the long-room and speak to the clerk, it may do. Tell him if the gentleman will do as he promised, you believe you can tell him who has it; and if they are civil to you, and willing to be as good as their words, you shall have the letter-case, and give it them."

I told him ay, I would go with all my heart. "But, Colonel Jacque," says he, "what if they should take hold of you and threaten to have you whipped? Won't you discover me to them?" "No," says I; "if they would whip me to death I won't." "Well, then," says he, "there's the letter-case; do you go." So he gave me directions how to act and what to say; but I would not take the letter-case with me, lest they should prove false, and take hold of me, thinking to find it upon me, and so charge me with the fact; so I left it with him. And the next morning I went to the custom-house, as was agreed. What my directions were will, to avoid repetition, appear in what happened; it was an errand of too much consequence indeed to be entrusted to a boy, not only so young as I was, but so little of a rogue as I was yet arrived to the degree of.

Two things I was particularly armed with, which I resolved upon: 1. That the man should have his bills again; for it seemed a horrible thing to me that he should be made to lose his money, which I supposed he must, purely because we would not carry the letter-case home. 2. That whatever happened to me, I was never to tell the name of my comrade Robin, who had been the principal. With these two pieces of honesty, for such they were both in themselves, and with a manly heart, though a boy's head, I went up into the long-room in the custom-house the next day.

As soon as I came to the place where the thing was done, I saw the man sit just where he had sat before, and it ran in my head that he had sat there ever since; but I knew no better; so I went up, and stood just at that side of the writing-board that goes upon that side of the room, and which I was but just tall enough to lay my arms upon.

While I stood there one thrust me this way, and another thrust me that way, and the man that sat behind began to look at me. At last he called out to me, “What does that boy do there? Get you gone, sirrah! Are you one of the rogues that stole the gentleman’s letter-case a Monday last?” Then he turns his tale to a gentleman that was doing business with him, and goes on thus: “Here was Mr. —— had a very unlucky chance on Monday last. Did not you hear of it?” “No, not I,” says the gentleman. “Why, standing just there, where you do,” says he, “making his entries, he pulled out his letter-case, and laid it down, as he says, but just at his hand, while he reached over to the standish there for a penful of ink, and somebody stole away his letter-case.”

“His letter-case!” says t’other. “What, and was there any bills in it?”

“Ay,” says he, “there was Sir Stephen Evans’s note in it for £300, and another goldsmith’s bill for about £12; and which is worse still for the gentleman, he had two foreign accepted bills in it for a great sum—I know not how much. I think one was a French bill for 1200 crowns.”

“And who could it be?” says the gentleman.

“Nobody knows,” says he; “but one of our room-keepers says he saw a couple of young rogues like that,” pointing at me, “hanging about here, and that on a sudden they were both gone.”

“Villains!” says he again. “Why, what can they do with them? They will be of no use to them. I suppose he went immediately and gave notice to prevent the payment.”

“Yes,” says the clerk, “he did; but the rogues were too nimble for him with the little bill of £12 odd money; they went and got the money for that, but all the rest are stopped. However, ’tis an unspeakable damage to him for want of his money.”

“Why, he should publish a reward for the encouragement of those that have them to bring them again; they would be glad to bring them, I warrant you.”

“He has posted it up at the door that he will give £30 for them.”

“Ay; but he should add that he will promise not to stop or give any trouble to the person that brings them.”

“He has done that too,” says he; “but I fear they won’t trust themselves to be honest, for fear he should break his word.”

“Why? It is true he may break his word in that case, but no man should do so; for then no rogue will venture to bring home anything that is stolen, and so he would do an injury to others after him.”

“I durst pawn my life for him, he would scorn it.”

Thus far they discoursed of it, and then went off to something else. I heard it all, but did not know what to do a great while; but at last, watching the gentleman that went away, when he was gone I ran after him to have spoken to him, intending to have broke it to him, but he went hastily into a room or two full of people at the hither end of the long-room; and when I went to follow, the doorkeepers turned me back, and told me I must not go in there; so I went back, and loitered about near the man that sat behind the board, and hung about there till I found the clock struck twelve, and the room began to be thin of people; and at last he sat there writing, but nobody stood at the board before him, as there had all the rest of the morning. Then I came a little nearer, and stood close to the board, as I did before; when, looking up from his paper, and seeing me, says he to me, “You have been up and down here all this morning, sirrah! What do you want? You have some business that is not very good, I doubt.”

“No, I han’t,” said I.

“No? It is well if you han’t,” says he. “Pray, what business can you have in the long-room, sir? You are no merchant.”

“I would speak with you,” said I.

“With me!” says he. “What have you to say to me?”

“I have something to say,” said I, “if you will do me no harm for it.”

“I do thee harm, child! What harm should I do thee?” and spoke very kindly.

“Won’t you indeed, sir?” said I.

“No, not I, child; I’ll do thee no harm. What is it? Do you know anything of the gentleman’s letter-case?”

I answered, but spoke softly that he could not hear me; so he gets over presently into the seat next him, and opens a place that was made to come out, and bade me come in to him; and I did.

Then he asked me again if I knew anything of the letter-case.

I spoke softly again, and said folks would hear him.

Then he whispered softly, and asked me again.

I told him I believed I did, but that, indeed, I had it not, nor had no hand in stealing it, but it was gotten into the hands of a boy that would have burned it, if it had not been for me; and that I heard him say that the gentleman would be glad to have them again, and give a good deal of money for them.

“I did say so, child,” said he; “and if you can get them for him, he shall give you a good reward, no less than £30, as he has promised.”

“But you said too, sir, to the gentleman just now,” said I, “that you was sure he would not bring them into any harm that should bring them.”

“No, you shall come to no harm. I will pass my word for it.”

Boy. Nor shan’t they make me bring other people into trouble?

Gent. No; you shall not be asked the name of anybody, nor to tell who they are.

Boy. I am but a poor boy, and I would fain have the gentleman have his bills; and indeed I did not take them away, nor I han’t got them.

Gent. But can you tell how the gentleman shall have them?

Boy. If I can get them, I will bring them to you to-morrow morning.

Gent. Can you not do it to-night?

Boy. I believe I may if I knew where to come.

Gent. Come to my house, child.

Boy. I don’t know where you live.

Gent. Go along with me now, and you shall see.

So he carried me up into Tower Street, and showed me his house, and ordered me to come there at five o’clock at night; which accordingly I did, and carried the letter-case with me.

When I came the gentleman asked me if I had brought the book, as he called it.

“It is not a book,” said I.

“No, the letter-case; that’s all one,” says he.

“You promised me,” said I, “you would not hurt me,” and cried.

“Don’t be afraid, child,” says he. “I will not hurt thee, poor boy; nobody shall hurt thee.”

“Here it is,” said I, and pulled it out.

He then brought in another gentleman, who, it seems, owned the letter-case, and asked him if that was it, and he said, “Yes.”

Then he asked me if all the bills were in it.

I told him I heard him say there was one gone, but I believed there was all the rest.

“Why do you believe so?” says he.

“Because I heard the boy that I believe stole them say they were too big for him to meddle with.”

The gentleman then that owned them said, “Where is the boy?”

Then the other gentleman put in, and said, “No, you must not ask him that; I passed my word that you should not, and that he should not be obliged to tell it to anybody.”

“Well, child,” says he, “you will let us see the letter-case opened, and whether the bills are in it?”

“Yes,” says I.

Then the first gentleman said, “How many bills were there in it?”

“Only three,” says he. “Besides the bill of £12, 10s., there was Sir Stephen Evans’s note for £300 and two foreign bills.”

“Well, then, if they are in the letter-case, the boy shall have £30, shall he not?” “Yes,” says the gentleman; “he shall have it very freely.”

“Come, then, child,” says he, “let me open it.”

So I gave it him, and he opened it, and there were all three bills, and several other papers, fair and safe, nothing defaced or diminished; and the gentleman said, “All is right.”

Then said the first man, “Then I am security to the poor boy for the money.” “Well, but,” says the gentleman, “the rogues have got the £12, 10s.; they ought to reckon that as part of the £30.” Had he asked me, I should have consented to it at first word; but the first man stood my friend. “Nay,” says he, “it was since you knew that the £12, 10s. was received that you offered £30 for the other bills, and published it by the crier, and posted it up at the custom-house door, and I promised him the £30 this morning.” They argued long, and I thought would have quarrelled about it.

However, at last they both yielded a little, and the gentleman gave me £25 in good guineas. When he gave it me he bade me hold out my hand, and he told the money into my hand; and when he had done he asked me if it was right. I said I did not know, but I believed it was. “Why,” says he, “can’t you tell it?” I told him no; I

never saw so much money in my life, nor I did not know how to tell money. “Why,” says he, “don’t you know that they are guineas?” No, I told him, I did not know how much a guinea was.

“Why, then,” says he, “did you tell me you believed it was right?” I told him, because I believed he would not give it me wrong.

“Poor child,” says he, “thou knowest little of the world, indeed. What art thou?”

“I am a poor boy,” says I, and cried.

“What is your name?” says he. “But hold, I forgot,” said he; “I promised I would not ask your name, so you need not tell me.”

“My name is Jacque,” said I.

“Why, have you no surname?” said he.

“What is that?” said I.

“You have some other name besides Jacque,” says he, “han’t you?”

“Yes,” says I; “they call me Colonel Jacque.”

“But have you no other name?”

“No,” said I.

“How came you to be Colonel Jacque, pray?”

“They say,” said I, “my father’s name was Colonel.”

“Is your father or mother alive?” said he.

“No,” said I; “my father is dead.”

“Where is your mother, then?” said he.

“I never had e’er a mother,” said I.

This made him laugh. “What,” said he, “had you never a mother? What, then?”

“I had a nurse,” said I; “but she was not my mother.”

“Well,” says he to the gentleman, “I dare say this boy was not the thief that stole

your bills.”

“Indeed, sir, I did not steal them,” said I, and cried again.

“No, no, child,” said he, “we don’t believe you did. This is a very clever boy,” says he to the other gentleman, “and yet very ignorant and honest; ’tis pity some care should not be taken of him, and something done for him. Let us talk a little more with him.” So they sat down and drank wine, and gave me some, and then the first gentleman talked to me again.

“Well,” says he, “what wilt thou do with this money now thou hast it?”

“I don’t know,” said I.

“Where will you put it?” said he,

“In my pocket,” said I.

“In your pocket!” said he. “Is your pocket whole? Shan’t you lose it?”

“Yes,” said I, “my pocket is whole.”

“And where will you put it when you get home?”

“I have no home,” said I, and cried again.

“Poor child!” said he. “Then what dost thou do for thy living?”

“I go of errands,” said I, “for the folks in Rosemary Lane.”

“And what dost thou do for a lodging at night?”

“I lie at the glass-house,” said I, “at night.”

“How, lie at the glass-house! Have they any beds there?” says he.

“I never lay in a bed in my life,” said I, “as I remember.”

“Why,” says he, “what do you lie on at the glass-house?”

“The ground,” says I; “and sometimes a little straw, or upon the warm ashes.”

Here the gentleman that lost the bills said, “This poor child is enough to make a man weep for the miseries of human nature, and be thankful for himself; he puts tears

into my eyes.” “And into mine too,” says the other.

“Well, but hark ye, Jacque,” says the first gentleman, “do they give you no money when they send you of errands?”

“They give me victuals,” said I, “and that’s better.”

“But what,” says he, “do you do for clothes?”

“They give me sometimes old things,” said I, “such as they have to spare.”

“Why, you have never a shirt on, I believe,” said he, “have you?”

“No; I never had a shirt,” said I, “since my nurse died.”

“How long ago is that?” said he.

“Six winters, when this is out,” said I.

“Why, how old are you?” said he.

“I can’t tell,” said I.

“Well,” says the gentleman, “now you have this money, won’t you buy some clothes and a shirt with some of it?”

“Yes,” said I, “I would buy some clothes.”

“And what will you do with the rest?”

“I can’t tell,” said I, and cried.

“What dost cry for, Jacque?” said he.

“I am afraid,” said I, and cried still.

“What art afraid of?”

“They will know I have money.”

“Well, and what then?”

“Then I must sleep no more in the warm glass house, and I shall be starved with cold. They will take away my money.”

“But why must you sleep there no more?”

Here the gentlemen observed to one another how naturally anxiety and perplexity attend those that have money. “I warrant you,” says the clerk, “when this poor boy had no money he slept all night in the straw, or on the warm ashes in the glass-house, as soundly and as void of care as it would be possible for any creature to do; but now, as soon as he has gotten money, the care of preserving it brings tears into his eyes and fear into his heart.”

They asked me a great many questions more, to which I answered in my childish way as well as I could, but so as pleased them well enough. At last I was going away with a heavy pocket, and I assure you not a light heart, for I was so frighted with having so much money that I knew not what in the earth to do with myself. I went away, however, and walked a little way, but I could not tell what to do; so, after rambling two hours or thereabout, I went back again, and sat down at the gentleman’s door, and there I cried as long as I had any moisture in my head to make tears of, but never knocked at the door.

I had not sat long, I suppose, but somebody belonging to the family got knowledge of it, and a maid came and talked to me, but I said little to her, only cried still. At length it came to the gentleman’s ears. As for the merchant, he was gone. When the gentleman heard of me he called me in, and began to talk with me again, and asked me what I stayed for.

I told him I had not stayed there all that while, for I had been gone a great while, and was come again.

“Well,” says he, “but what did you come again for?”

“I can’t tell,” says I.

“And what do you cry so for?” said he. “I hope you have not lost your money, have you?”

No, I told him, I had not lost it yet, but was afraid I should.

“And does that make you cry?” says he.

I told him yes, for I knew I should not be able to keep it, but they would cheat me of it, or they would kill me and take it away from me too.

“They?” says he. “Who? What sort of gangs of people art thou with?”

I told him they were all boys, but very wicked boys; “thieves and pickpockets,” said I, “such as stole this letter-case—a sad pack; I can’t abide them.”

“Well, Jacque,” said he, “what shall be done for thee? Will you leave it with me? Shall I keep it for you?”

“Yes,” said I, “with all my heart, if you please.”

“Come, then,” says he, “give it me; and that you may be sure that I have it, and you shall have it honestly again, I’ll give you a bill for it, and for the interest of it, and that you may keep safe enough. Nay,” added he, “and if you lose it, or anybody takes it from you, none shall receive the money but yourself, or any part of it.”

I presently pulled out all the money, and gave it to him, only keeping about 15s. for myself to buy some clothes; and thus ended the conference between us on the first occasion, at least for the first time. Having thus secured my money to my full satisfaction, I was then perfectly easy, and accordingly the sad thoughts that afflicted my mind before began to vanish away.

This was enough to let any one see how all the sorrows and anxieties of men’s lives come about; how they rise from their restless pushing at getting of money, and the restless cares of keeping it when they have got it. I that had nothing, and had not known what it was to have had anything, knew nothing of the care, either of getting or of keeping it; I wanted nothing, who wanted everything; I had no care, no concern about where I should get my victuals or how I should lodge; I knew not what money was, or what to do with it; and never knew what it was not to sleep till I had money to keep, and was afraid of losing it.

I had, without doubt, an opportunity at this time, if I had not been too foolish, and too much a child to speak for myself—I had an opportunity, I say, to have got into the service, or perhaps to be under some of the care and concern, of these gentlemen; for they seemed to be very fond of doing some thing for me, and were surprised at the innocence of my talk to them, as well as at the misery (as they thought it) of my condition.

But I acted indeed like a child; and leaving my money, as I have said, I never went near them for several years after. What course I took, and what befell me in that interval, has so much variety in it, and carries so much instruction in it, that it requires an account of it by itself.

The first happy chance that offered itself to me in the world was now over. I had got money, but I neither knew the value of it or the use of it; the way of living I had begun was so natural to me, I had no notion of bettering it; I had not so much as any desire of buying me any clothes—no, not so much as a shirt; and much less had I any thought of getting any other lodging than in the glass-house, and loitering about the streets, as I had done; for I knew no good, and had tasted no evil; that is to say, the life I had led being not evil in my account.

In this state of ignorance I returned to my really miserable life; so it was in itself, and was only not so to me because I did not understand how to judge of it, and had known no better.

My comrade that gave me back the bills, and who, if I had not pressed him, designed never to have restored them, never asked me what I had given me, but told me if they gave me anything it should be my own; for, as he said he would not run the venture of being seen in the restoring them, I deserved the reward if there was any; neither did he trouble his head with inquiring what I had, or whether I had anything or no; so my title to what I had got was clear.

I went now up and down just as I did before. I had money indeed in my pocket, but I

let nobody know it. I went of errands cheerfully as before, and accepted of what anybody gave me with as much thankfulness as ever. The only difference that I made with myself was, that if I was hungry, and nobody employed me, or gave me anything to eat, I did not beg from door to door, as I did at first, but went to a boiling-house, as I said once before, and got a mess of broth and a piece of bread, price a halfpenny; very seldom any meat; or if I treated myself, it was a halfpennyworth of cheese; all which expense did not amount to above twopence or three pence a week; for, contrary to the usage of the rest of the tribe, I was extremely frugal, and I had not disposed of any of the guineas which I had at first; neither, as I said to the custom-house gentleman, could I tell what a guinea was made of, or what it was worth.

After I had been about a month thus, and had done nothing, my comrade, as I called him, came to me one morning. “Colonel Jacque,” says he, “when shall you and I take a walk again?” “When you will,” said I. “Have you got no business yet?” says he. “No,” says I; and so one thing bringing on another, he told me I was a fortunate wretch, and he believed I would be so again, but that he must make a new bargain with me now; “for,” says he, “colonel, the first time we always let a raw brother come in for full share to encourage him; but afterwards, except it be when he puts himself forward well and runs equal hazard, he stands to courtesy; but as we are gentlemen, we always do very honourably by one another; and if you are willing to trust it or leave it to me, I shall do handsomely by you, that you may depend upon.” I told him I was not able to do anything, that was certain, for I did not understand it, and therefore I could not expect to get anything, but I would do as he bade me; so we walked abroad together.

We went no more to the custom-house; it was too bold a venture. Besides, I did not care to show myself again, especially with him in company. But we went directly to the Exchange, and we hankered about in Castle Alley, and in Swithin’s Alley, and at the coffee-house doors. It was a very unlucky day, for we got nothing all day but

two or three handkerchiefs, and came home to the old lodgings at the glass-house; nor had I had anything to eat or drink all day but a piece of bread which he gave me, and some water at the conduit at the Exchange Gate. So when he was gone from me, for he did not lie in the glass-house, as I did, I went to my old broth-house for my usual bait, and refreshed myself, and the next day early went to meet him again, as he appointed me.

Being early in the morning, he took his walk to Billingsgate, where it seems two sorts of people make a great crowd as soon as it is light, and at that time a-year rather before daylight; that is to say, crimps and the masters of coal-ships, whom they call collier-masters; and, secondly, fishmongers, fish-sellers, and buyers of fish.

It was the first of these people that he had his eye upon. So he gives me my orders, which was thus: “Go you,” says he, “into all the alehouses as we go along, and observe where any people are telling of money; and when you find any, come and tell me.” So he stood at the door, and I went into the houses. As the collier-masters generally sell their coals at the gate, as they call it, so they generally receive their money in those alehouses; and it was not long before I brought him word of several. Upon this he went in and made his observations, but found nothing to his purpose. At length I brought him word that there was a man in such a house who had received a great deal of money of somebody, I believed of several people, and that it lay all upon the table in heaps, and he was very busy writing down the sums and putting it up in several bags. “Is he?” says he; “I’ll warrant him I will have some of it;” and in he goes. He walks up and down the house, which had several open tables and boxes in it, and he listened to hear, if he could, what the man’s name was; and he heard somebody call him Cullum, or some such name. Then he watches his opportunity, and steps up to him, and tells him a long story, that there was two gentlemen at the Gun tavern sent him to inquire for him, and to tell him they desired to speak with him.

The collier-master had his money lay before him, just as I had told him, and had two or three small payments of money, which he had put up in little black dirty bags, and lay by themselves; and as it was hardly broad day, he found means in delivering his message to lay his hands upon one of those bags, and carry it off perfectly undiscovered.

When we had got it he came out to me, who stood but at the door, and pulling me by the sleeve, “Run, Jacque,” says he, “for our lives;” and away he scours, and I after him, never resting, or scarce looking about me, till we got quite up into Fenchurch Street, through Lime Street into Leadenhall Street, down St. Mary Axe to London Wall, then through Bishopsgate Street and down Old Bedlam into Moorfields. By this time we were neither of us able to run very fast; nor need we have gone so far, for I never found that anybody pursued us. When we got into Moorfields and began to take breath, I asked him what it was frighted him so. “Fright me, you fool!” says he; “I have got a devilish great bag of money.” “A bag!” said I. “Ay, ay,” said he; “let us get out into the fields where nobody can see us, and I’ll show it you.” So away he had me through Long Alley, and cross Hog Lane and Holloway Lane, into the middle of the great field, which since that has been called the Farthing Pie-House Fields. There we would have sat down, but it was all full of water; so we went on, crossed the road at Anniseed Cleer, and went into the field where now the great hospital stands; and finding a by-place, we sat down, and he pulls out the bag. “Thou art a lucky boy, Jacque,” says he; “thou deservest a good share of this job, truly; for it is all along of thy lucky news.” So he pours it all out into my hat; for, as I told you, I now wore a hat.

How he did to whip away such a bag of money from any man that was awake and in his senses I cannot tell; but there was a great deal in it, and among it a paperful by itself. When the paper dropped out of the bag, “Hold,” says he, “that is gold!” and began to crow and hollow like a mad boy. But there he was baulked; for it was a paper of old thirteenpence-halfpenny pieces, half and quarter pieces, with

ninepences and fourpence-halfpennies—all old crooked money, Scotch and Irish coin; so he was disappointed in that. But as it was there was about £17 or £18 in the bag, as I understood by him; for I could not tell money, not I.

Well, he parted this money into three; that is to say, into three shares—two for himself and one for me, and asked if I was content. I told him yes, I had reason to be contented. Besides, it was so much money added to that I had left of his former adventure that I knew not what to do with it, or with myself, while I had so much about me.

This was a most exquisite fellow for a thief; for he had the greatest dexterity at conveying anything away that he scarce ever pitched upon anything in his eye but he carried it off with his hands, and never that I know of missed his aim or was caught in the fact.

He was an eminent pickpocket, and very dexterous at ladies' gold watches; but he generally pushed higher at such desperate things as these; and he came off the cleanest and with the greatest success imaginable; and it was in these kinds of the wicked art of thieving that I became his scholar.

As we were now so rich, he would not let me lie any longer in the glass-house, or go naked and ragged as I had done, but obliged me to buy two shirts, a waistcoat, and a greatcoat; for a greatcoat was more for our purpose in the business we was upon than any other. So I clothed myself as he directed, and he took me a lodging in the same house with him, and we lodged together in a little garret fit for our quality.

Soon after this we walked out again, and then we tried our fortune in the places by the Exchange a second time. Here we began to act separately, and I undertook to walk by myself; and the first thing I did accurately was a trick I played that argued some skill for a new beginner; for I had never seen any business of that kind done before. I saw two gentlemen mighty eager in talk, and one pulled out a pocket-book two or three times, and then slipt it into his coat-pocket again, and then out it came

again, and papers were taken out and others were put in; and then in it went again, and so several times; the man being still warmly engaged with another man, and two or three others standing hard by them. The last time he put his pocket-book into his pocket, he might be said to throw it in rather than put it in with his hand, and the book lay end-way, resting upon some other book or something else in his pocket; so that it did not go quite down, but one corner of it was seen above his pocket.

This careless way of men putting their pocket-books into a coat-pocket, which is so easily dived into by the least boy that has been used to the trade, can never be too much blamed. The gentlemen are in great hurries, their heads and thoughts entirely taken up, and it is impossible they should be guarded enough against such little hawk's-eyed creatures as we were; and, therefore, they ought either never to put their pocket-books up at all, or to put them up more secure, or to put nothing of value into them. I happened to be just opposite to this gentleman in that they call Swithin's Alley, or that alley rather which is between Swithin's Alley and the Exchange, just by a passage that goes out of the alley into the Exchange, when, seeing the book pass and repass into the pocket and out of the pocket as above, it came immediately into my head, certainly I might get that pocket-book out if I were nimble, and I warrant Will would have it, if he saw it go and come to and again as I did. But when I saw it hang by the way, as I have said, "Now it is mine," said I to myself, and, crossing the alley, I brushed smoothly but closely by the man, with my hand down flat to my own side, and, taking hold of it by the corner that appeared, the book came so light into my hand, it was impossible the gentleman should feel the least motion, or anybody else see me take it away. I went directly forward into the broad place on the north side of the Exchange, then scoured down Bartholomew Lane, so into Tokenhouse Yard, into the alleys which pass through from thence to London Wall, so through Moorgate, and sat down on the grass in the second of the quarters of Moorfields, towards the middle field; which was the place that Will and I had appointed to meet at if either of us got any booty. When I came thither Will was

not come; but I saw him coming in about half-an-hour.

As soon as Will came to me I asked him what booty he had gotten. He looked pale, and, as I thought, frighted; but he returned, “I have got nothing, not I; but, you lucky young dog,” says he, “what have you got? Have not you got the gentleman’s pocket-book in Swithin’s Alley?” “Yes,” says I, and laughed at him; “why, how did you know it?” “Know it!” says he. “Why, the gentleman is raving and half distracted; he stamps and cries and tears his very clothes. He says he is utterly undone and ruined, and the folks in the alley say there is I know not how many thousand pounds in it. What can be in it?” says Will. “Come, let us see.”

Well, we lay close in the grass in the middle of the quarter, so that nobody minded us; and so we opened the pocket-book, and there was a great many bills and notes under men’s hands; some goldsmiths’, and some belonging to insurance offices, as they call them, and the like. But that which was, it seems, worth all the rest was that, in one of the folds of the cover of the book, where there was a case with several partitions, there was a paper full of loose diamonds. The man, as we understood afterward, was a Jew, who dealt in such goods, and who indeed ought to have taken more care of the keeping of them.

Now was this booty too great, even for Will himself, to manage; for though by this time I was come to understand things better than I did formerly, when I knew not what belonged to money, yet Will was better skilled by far in those things than I. But this puzzled him too, as well as me. Now were we something like the cock in the fable; for all these bills, and I think there was one bill of Sir Henry Furness’s for £1200, and all these diamonds, which were worth about £150, as they said—I say, all these things were of no value to us: one little purse of gold would have been better to us than all of it. “But come,” says Will, “let us look over the bills for a little one.”

We looked over all the bills, and among them we found a bill under a man’s hand

for £32. “Come,” says Will, “let us go and inquire where this man lives.” So he went into the City again, and Will went to the post-house, and asked there. They told him he lived at Temple Bar. “Well,” says Will, “I will venture. I’ll go and receive the money; it may be he has not remembered to send to stop the payment there.”

But it came into his thoughts to take another course. “Come,” says Will, “I’ll go back to the alley, and see if I can hear anything of what has happened, for I believe the hurry is not over yet.” It seems the man who lost the book was carried into the King’s Head tavern at the end of that alley, and a great crowd was about the door.

Away goes Will, and watches and waits about the place; and then, seeing several people together, for they were not all dispersed, he asks one or two what was the matter. They tell him a long story of a gentleman who had lost his pocket-book, with a great bag of diamonds in it, and bills for a great many thousand pounds, and I know not what; and that they had been just crying it, and had offered £100 reward to any one who would discover and restore it.

“I wish,” said he to one of them that parleyed with him, “I did but know who has it; I don’t doubt but I could help him to it again. Does he remember nothing of anybody, boy or fellow, that was near him? If he could but describe him, it might do.” Somebody that overheard him was so forward to assist the poor gentleman that they went up and let him know what a young fellow, meaning Will, had been talking at the door; and down comes another gentleman from him, and, taking Will aside, asked him what he had said about it. Will was a grave sort of a young man, that, though he was an old soldier at the trade, had yet nothing of it in his countenance; and he answered that he was concerned in business where a great many of the gangs of little pickpockets haunted, and if he had but the least description of the person they suspected, he durst say he could find him out, and might perhaps get the things again for him. Upon this he desired him to go up with him to the gentleman, which he did accordingly; and there, he said, he sat leaning his head back to the chair, pale

as a cloth, disconsolate to a strange degree, and, as Will described him, just like one under a sentence.

When they came to ask him whether he had seen no boy or shabby fellow lurking near where he stood, or passing, or repassing, and the like, he answered, “No, not any.” Neither could he remember that anybody had come near him. “Then,” said Will, “it will be very hard, if not impossible, to find them out. However,” said Will, “if you think it worth while, I will put myself among those rogues, though,” says he, “I care not for being seen among them. But I will put in among them, and if it be in any of those gangs, it is ten to one but I shall hear something of it.”

They asked him then if he had heard what terms the gentleman had offered to have it restored; he answered, “No” (though he had been told at the door). They answered, he had offered £100. “That is too much,” says Will; “but if you please to leave it to me, I shall either get it for you for less than that, or not be able to get it for you at all.” Then the losing gentleman said to one of the other, “Tell him that if he can get it lower, the overplus shall be to himself.” William said he would be very glad to do the gentleman such a service, and would leave the reward to himself. “Well, young man,” says one of the gentlemen, “whatever you appoint to the young artist that has done this roguery (for I warrant he is an artist, let it be who it will), he shall be paid, if it be within the £100, and the gentleman is willing to give you £50 besides for your pains.”

“Truly, sir,” says Will very gravely, “it was by mere chance that, coming by the door, and seeing the crowd, I asked what the matter was. But if I should be instrumental to get the unfortunate gentleman his pocket-book and the things in it again, I shall be very glad; nor am I so rich neither, sir, but £50 is very well worth my while too.” Then he took directions who to come to, and who to give his account to if he learned anything, and the like.

Will stayed so long that, as he and I agreed, I went home, and he did not come to me

till night; for we had considered before that it would not be proper to come from them directly to me, lest they should follow him and apprehend me. If he had made no advances towards a treaty, he would have come back in half-an-hour, as we agreed; but staying late, we met at our night rendezvous, which was in Rosemary Lane.

When he came he gave an account of all the discourse, and particularly what a consternation the gentleman was in who lost the pocket-book, and that he did not doubt but we should get a good round sum for the recovery of it.

We consulted all the evening about it, and concluded he should let them hear nothing of them the next day at all; and that the third day he should go, but should make no discovery; only that he had got a scent of it, and that he believed he should have it, and make it appear as difficult as possible, and to start as many objections as he could. Accordingly, the third day after he met with the gentleman, who, he found, had been uneasy at his long stay, and told him they were afraid that he only flattered them to get from them, and that they had been too easy in letting him go without a further examination.

He took upon him to be very grave with them, and told them that if that was what he was like to have for being so free as to tell them he thought he might serve them, they might see that they had wronged him, and were mistaken by his coming again to them; that if they thought they could do any thing by examining him, they might go about it, if they pleased, now; that all he had to say to them was, that he knew where some of the young rogues haunted who were famous for such things; and that by some inquiries, offering them money, and the like, he believed they would be brought to betray one another, and that so he might pick it out for them; and this he would say before a justice of peace, if they thought fit; and then all that he had to say further to them was to tell them he had lost a day or two in their service, and had got nothing but to be suspected for his pains, and that after that he had done, and

they might seek their goods where they could find them.

They began to listen a little upon that, and asked him if he could give them any hopes of recovering their loss. He told them that he was not afraid to tell them that he believed he had heard some news of them, and that what he had done had prevented all the bills being burnt, book and all; but that now he ought not to be asked any more questions till they should be pleased to answer him a question or two. They told him they would give him any satisfaction they could, and bid him tell what he desired.

“Why, sir,” says he, “how can you expect any thief that had robbed you to such a considerable value as this would come and put himself into your hands, confess he had your goods, and restore them to you, if you do not give them assurance that you will not only give them the reward you agreed to, but also give assurance that they shall not be stopped, questioned, or called to account before a magistrate?”

They said they would give all possible assurance of it. “Nay,” says he, “I do not know what assurance you are able to give; for when a poor fellow is in your clutches and has shown you your goods, you may seize upon him for a thief, and it is plain he must be so. Then you go, take away your goods, send him to prison, and what amends can he have of you afterward?”

They were entirely confounded with the difficulty; they asked him to try if he could get the things into his hands, and they would pay him the money before he let them go out of his hand, and he should go away half-an-hour before they went out of the room.

“No, gentlemen,” says he, “that won’t do now. If you had talked so before you had talked of apprehending me for nothing, I should have taken your words; but now it is plain you have had such a thought in your heads, and how can I, or any one else, be assured of safety?”

Well, they thought of a great many particulars, but nothing would do. At length the

other people who were present put in, that they should give security to him, by a bond of £1000, that they would not give the person any trouble whatsoever. He pretended they could not be bound, nor could their obligation be of any value, and that their own goods being once seen, they might seize them. “And what would it signify,” said he, “to put a poor pick pocket to sue for his reward?” They could not tell what to say, but told him that he should take the things of the boy, if it was a boy, and they would be bound to pay him the money promised. He laughed at them, and said, “No, gentlemen; as I am not the thief, so I shall be very loth to put myself in the thief’s stead and lie at your mercy.”

They told him they knew not what to do then, and that it would be very hard he would not trust them at all. He said he was very willing to trust them and to serve them, but that it would be very hard to be ruined and charged with the theft for endeavouring to serve them.

They then offered to give it him under their hands that they did not in the least suspect him; that they would never charge him with anything about it; that they acknowledged he went about to inquire after the goods at their request; and that if he produced them, they would pay him so much money, at or before the delivery of them, without obliging him to name or produce that person he had them from.

Upon this writing, signed by three gentlemen who were present, and by the person in particular who lost the things, the young gentleman told them he would go and do his utmost to get the pocket-book and all that was in it.

Then he desired that they would in writing, beforehand, give him a particular of all the several things that were in the book, that he might not have it said, when he produced it, that there was not all; and he would have the said writing sealed up, and he would make the book be sealed up when it was given to him. This they agreed to; and the gentleman accordingly drew up a particular of all the bills that he remembered, as he said, was in the book, and also of the diamonds, as follows:—

One bill under Sir Henry Furness's hand for £1200.

One bill under Sir Charles Duncomb's hand for £800, £250 endorsed off = £550.

One bill under the hand of J. Tassel, goldsmith, £165.

One bill of Sir Francis Child, £39.

One bill of one Stewart, that kept a wager-office and insurance, £350.

A paper containing thirty-seven loose diamonds, value about £250.

A little paper containing three large rough diamonds, and one large one polished and cut, value £185.

For all these things they promised, first, to give him whatever he agreed with the thief to give him, not exceeding £50, and to give him £50 more for himself for procuring them.

Now he had his cue, and now he came to me, and told me honestly the whole story as above. So I delivered him the book, and he told me that he thought it was reasonable we should not take the full sum, because he would seem to have done them some service, and so make them the easier. All this I agreed to; so he went the next day to the place, and the gentlemen met him very punctually.

He told them at the first word he had done their work, and, as he hoped, to their mind; and told them, if it had not been for the diamonds, he could have got all for £10; but that the diamonds had shone so bright in the boy's imagination that he talked of running away to France or Holland, and living there all his days like a gentleman; at which they laughed. "However, gentlemen," said he, "here is the book;" and so pulled it out, wrapt up in a dirty piece of a coloured handkerchief, as black as the street could make it, and sealed with a piece of sorry wax, and the impression of a farthing for a seal.

Upon this, the note being also unsealed, at the same time he pulled open the dirty rag, and showed the gentleman his pocket-book; at which he was so over-surprised

with joy, notwithstanding all the preparatory discourse, that he was fain to call for a glass of wine or brandy to drink, to keep him from fainting.

The book being opened, the paper of diamonds was first taken out, and there they were every one; only the little paper was by itself; and the rough diamonds that were in it were loose among the rest, but he owned they were all there safe.

Then the bills were called over one by one, and they found one bill for £80 more than the account mentioned, besides several papers which were not for money, though of consequence to the gentleman; and he acknowledged that all was very honestly returned. “And now, young man,” said they, “you shall see we will deal as honestly by you;” and so, in the first place, they gave him £50 for himself, and then they told out the £50 for me.

He took the £50 for himself, and put it up in his pocket, wrapping it in paper, it being all in gold; then he began to tell over the other £50. But when he had told out £30, “Hold, gentlemen,” said he, “as I have acted fairly for you, so you shall have no reason to say I do not do so to the end. I have taken £30, and for so much I agreed with the boy; and so there is £20 of your money again.”

They stood looking one at another a good while, as surprised at the honesty of it; for till that time they were not quite without a secret suspicion that he was the thief; but that piece of policy cleared up his reputation to them. The gentleman that had got his bills said softly to one of them, “Give it him all.” But the other said (softly too), “No, no; as long as he has got it abated, and is satisfied with the £50 you have given him, ’tis very well; let it go as it ’tis.” This was not spoke so softly but he heard it, and said, “No,” too; “I am very well satisfied; I am glad I have got them for you;” and so they began to part.

But just before they were going away one of the gentlemen said to him, “Young man, come, you see we are just to you, and have done fairly, as you have also; and we will not desire you to tell us who this cunning fellow is that got such a prize from

this gentleman; but as you have talked with him, prithee, can you tell us nothing of how he did it, that we may beware of such sparks again?”

“Sir,” says Will, “when I shall tell you what they say, and how the particular case stood, the gentleman would blame himself more than anybody else, or as much at least. The young rogue that catched this prize was out, it seems, with a comrade, who is a nimble, experienced pickpocket as most in London; but at that time the artist was somewhere at a distance, and this boy never had picked a pocket in his life before; but he says he stood over against the passage into the Exchange, on the east side, and the gentleman stood just by the passage; that he was very earnest in talking with some other gentleman, and often pulled out this book and opened it, and took papers out and put others in, and returned it into his coat-pocket; that the last time it hitched at the pocket-hole, or stopt at something that was in the pocket, and hung a little out, which the boy, who had watched it a good while perceiving, he passes by close to the gentleman, and carried it smoothly off, without the gentleman’s perceiving it at all.”

He went on, and said, “’Tis very strange gentlemen should put pocket-books which have such things in them into those loose pockets, and in so careless a manner.” “That’s very true,” says the gentleman; and so, with some other discourse of no great signification, he came away to me.

We were now so rich that we scarce knew what to do with our money; at least I did not, for I had no relations, no friends, nowhere to put anything I had but in my pocket. As for Will, he had a poor mother, but wicked as himself, and he made her rich and glad with his good success.

We divided this booty equally; for though the gaining it was mine, yet the improving of it was his, and his management brought the money; for neither he or I could have made anything proportionable of the thing any other way. As for the bills, there was no room to doubt but unless they had been carried that minute to the goldsmith’s for

the money, he would have come with notice to stop the payment, and perhaps have come while the money was receiving, and have taken hold of the person. And then as to the diamonds, there had been no offering them to sale by us poor boys to anybody but those who were our known receivers, and they would have given us nothing for them compared to what they were worth; for, as I understood afterwards, those who made a trade of buying stolen goods took care to have false weights, and cheat the poor devil that stole them at least an ounce in three.

Upon the whole, we made the best of it many ways besides. I had a strange kind of uninstructed conscience at that time; for though I made no scruple of getting anything in this manner from anybody, yet I could not bear destroying their bills and papers, which were things that would do them a great deal of hurt, and do me no good; and I was so tormented about it that I could not rest night or day while I made the people easy from whom the things were taken.

I was now rich, so rich that I knew not what to do with my money or with myself. I had lived so near and so close, that although, as I said, I did now and then lay out twopence or threepence for mere hunger, yet I had so many people who, as I said, employed me, and who gave me victuals and sometimes clothes, that in a whole year I had not quite spent the 15s. which I had saved of the custom-house gentleman's money; and I had the four guineas which was of the first booty before that still in my pocket—I mean the money that I let fall into the tree.

But now I began to look higher; and though Will and I went abroad several times together, yet, when small things offered, as handkerchiefs and such trifles, we would not meddle with them, not caring to run the risk for small matters. It fell out one day that, as we were strolling about in West Smithfield on a Friday, there happened to be an ancient country gentleman in the market, selling some very large bullocks. It seems they came out of Sussex, for we heard him say there were no such bullocks in the whole county of Suffolk. His worship, for so they called him, had received the

money for these bullocks at a tavern, whose sign I forget now, and having some of it in a bag, and the bag in his hand, he was taken with a sudden fit of coughing, and stands to cough, resting his hand with the bag of money in it upon the bulk-head of a shop just by the Cloister Gate in Smithfield; that is to say, within three or four doors of it. We were both just behind him. Says Will to me, “Stand ready.” Upon this he makes an artificial stumble, and falls with his head just against the old gentleman in the very moment when he was coughing, ready to be strangled, and quite spent for want of breath.

The violence of the blow beat the old gentleman quite down. The bag of money did not immediately fly out of his hand, but I ran to get hold of it, and gave it a quick snatch, pulled it clean away, and ran like the wind down the Cloisters with it; turned on the left hand, as soon as I was through, and cut into Little Britain, so into Bartholomew Close, then across Aldersgate Street, through Paul’s Alley into Redcross Street, and so across all the streets, through innumerable alleys, and never stopped till I got into the second quarter of Moorfields, our old agreed rendezvous.

Will, in the meantime, fell down with the old gentleman, but soon got up. The old knight, for such, it seems, he was, was frighted with the fall, and his breath so stopped with his cough that he could not recover himself to speak till some time; during which nimble Will was got up again, and walked off. Nor could he call out, “Stop thief,” or tell anybody he had lost anything for a good while; but, coughing vehemently and looking red, till he was almost black in the face, he cried, “The ro—hegh, hegh, hegh—the rogues—hegh—have got—hegh, hegh, hegh, hegh, hegh, hegh;” then he would get a little breath, and at it again: “The rogues—hegh, hegh;” and, after a great many heghs and rogues, he brought it out—“have got away my bag of money!”

All this while the people understood nothing of the matter; and as for the rogues indeed, they had time enough to get clear away, and in about an hour Will came to

the rendezvous. There we sat down in the grass again, and turned out the money, which proved to be eight guineas, and £5, 12s. in silver, so that it made just £14 together. This we shared upon the spot, and went to work the same day for more; but whether it was that, being flushed with our success, we were not so vigilant, or that no other opportunity offered, I know not, but we got nothing more that night, nor so much as anything offered itself for an attempt.

We took many walks of this kind, sometimes together, at a little distance from one another, and several small hits we made; but we were so flushed with our success that truly we were above meddling with trifles, as I said before—no, not such things that others would have been glad of; nothing but pocket-books, letter-cases, or sums of money would move us.

The next adventure was in the dusk of the evening, in a court which goes out of Gracechurch Street into Lombard Street, where the Quakers' meeting house is. There was a young fellow who, as we learned afterward, was a woollen-draper's apprentice in Gracechurch Street. It seems he had been receiving a sum of money which was very considerable, and he comes to a goldsmith's shop in Lombard Street with it; paid in the most of it there; insomuch that it grew dark, and the goldsmith began to be shutting in shop, and candles to be lighted. We watched him in there, and stood on the other side of the way to see what he did. When he had paid in all the money he intended, he stayed still some time longer, to take notes, as I supposed, for what he had paid; and by this time it was still darker than before. At last he comes out of the shop, with still a pretty large bag under his arm, and walks over into the court, which was then very dark. In the middle of the court is a boarded entry, and farther, at the end of it, a threshold; and as soon as he had set his foot over the threshold, he was to turn on his left hand into Gracechurch Street.

"Keep up," says Will to me; "be nimble;" and as soon as he had said so he flies at the young man, and gives him such a violent thrust that pushed him forward with too

great a force for him to stand; and as he strove to recover, the threshold took his feet, and he fell forward into the other part of the court, as if he had flown in the air, with his head lying towards the Quakers' meeting-house. I stood ready, and presently felt out the bag of money, which I heard fall; for it flew out of his hand, he having his life to save, not his money. I went forward with the money, and Will, that threw him down, finding I had it, run backward, and as I made along Fenchurch Street, Will overtook me, and we scoured home together. The poor young man was hurt a little with the fall, and reported to his master, as we heard afterward, that he was knocked down, which was not true, for neither Will or I had any stick in our hands; but the master of the youth was, it seems, so very thankful that his young man was not knocked down before he paid the rest of the money (which was above £100 more) to the goldsmith, who was Sir John Sweetapple, that he made no great noise at the loss he had, and, as we heard afterward, only warned his apprentice to be more careful and come no more through such places in the dark; whereas the man had really no such deliverance as he imagined, for we saw him before, when he had all the money about him; but it was no time of day for such work as we had to do, so that he was in no danger before.

This booty amounted to £29, 16s., which was £14 18s. apiece, and added exceedingly to my store, which began now to be very much too big for my management; and indeed I began to be now full of care for the preservation of what I had got. I wanted a trusty friend to commit it to; but where was such a one to be found by a poor boy bred up among thieves? If I should have let any honest body know that I had so much money, they would have asked me how I came by it, and would have been afraid to take it into their hands, lest I being some time or other catched in my rogueries, they should be counted the receivers of stolen goods and the encouragers of a thief.

We had, however, in the meantime a great many other successful enterprises, some of one kind, some of another, and were never so much as in danger of being

apprehended; but my companion Will, who was now grown a man, and encouraged by these advantages, fell into quite another vein of wickedness, getting acquainted with a wretched gang of fellows that turned their hands to everything that was vile.

Will was a lusty, strong fellow, and withal very bold and daring, would fight anybody and venture upon anything; and I found he began to be above the mean rank of a poor pickpocket, so I saw him but seldom. However, once coming to me in a very friendly manner, and asking me how I went on, I told him that I used the old trade still, that I had had two or three good jobs: one with a young woman, whose pocket I had picked of eleven guineas; and another, a countrywoman, just come out of a stage-coach, seeing her pull out her bag to pay the coachman; and that I followed her till I got an opportunity, and slipped it out so neatly that though there was £8, 17s. in it, yet she never felt it go. And several other jobs I told him of, by which I made pretty good purchase. “I always said you were a lucky boy, Colonel Jacque,” says he; “but, come, you are grown almost a man now, and you shall not be always at play at push-pin. I am got into better business, I assure you, and you shall come into it too. I’ll bring you into a brave gang, Jacque,” says he, “where you shall see we shall be all gentlemen.”

Then he told me the trade itself, in short, which was with a set of fellows that had two of the most desperate works upon their hands that belonged to the whole art of thieving; that is to say, in the evening they were footpads, and in the night they were housebreakers. Will told me so many plausible stories, and talked of such great things, that, in short, I, who had been always used to do anything he bid me do, went with him without any hesitation.

Nothing is more certain than that hitherto, being partly from the gross ignorance of my untaught childhood, as I observed before, partly from the hardness and wickedness of the company I kept; and add to these that it was the business I might be said to be brought up to—I had, I say, all the way hitherto, no manner of thoughts

about the good or evil of what I was embarked in; consequently I had no sense of conscience, no reproaches upon my mind for having done amiss.

Yet I had something in me, by what secret influence I knew not, kept me from the other degrees of raking and vice, and, in short, from the general wickedness of the rest of my companions. For example, I never used any ill words, nobody ever heard me swear, nor was I given to drink, or to love strong drink; and I cannot omit a circumstance that very much served to prevent it. I had a strange original notion, as I have mentioned in its place, of my being a gentleman; and several things had casually happened in my way to increase this fancy of mine. It happened one day, that being in the Glass-house Yard, between Rosemary Lane and Ratcliff Highway, there came a man dressed very well, and with a coach attending him, and he came (as I suppose) to buy glass-bottles, or some other goods, as they sold; and in bargaining for his goods, he swore most horrid oaths at every two or three words. At length the master of the glass-house, an ancient, grave gentleman, took the liberty to reprove him, which at first made him swear the worse. After a while the gentleman was a little calmer, but still he swore very much, though not so bad as at first. After some time the master of the glass-house turned from him—"Really, sir," says the good old gentleman, "you swear so, and take God's name in vain so, that I cannot bear to stay with you. I would rather you would let my goods alone and go somewhere else. I hope you won't take it ill, but I don't desire to deal with anybody that does so. I am afraid my glass-house should fall on your head while you stay in it."

The gentleman grew good-humoured at the reproof, and said, "Well, come, don't go away; I won't swear any more," says he, "if I can help it; for I own," says he, "I should not do it."

With that the old gentleman looked up at him, and, returning, "Really, sir," says he, "'tis pity you, that seem to be a fine gentleman, well-bred and good-humoured,

should accustom yourself to such a hateful practice. Why, ’tis not like a gentleman to swear; ’tis enough for my black wretches that work there at the furnace, or for these ragged, naked, blackguard boys,” pointing at me, and some others of the dirty crew that lay in the ashes. “’Tis bad enough for them,” says he, “and they ought to be corrected for it, too; but for a man of breeding, sir,” says he, “a gentleman, it ought to be looked upon as below them. Gentlemen know better, and are taught better, and it is plain you know better. I beseech you, sir, when you are tempted to swear, always ask yourself, ‘Is this like a gentleman? Does this become me as a gentleman?’ Do but ask yourself that question, and your reason will prevail—you will soon leave it off.”

I heard all this, and it made the blood run chill in my veins when he said swearing was only fit for such as we were. In short, it made as great an impression upon me as it did upon the gentleman; and yet he took it very kindly too, and thanked the old gentleman for his advice. But from that time forward I never had the least inclination to swearing or ill words, and abhorred it when I heard other boys do it. As to drinking, I had no opportunity; for I had nothing to drink but water, or small-beer that anybody gave me in charity, for they seldom gave away strong beer; and after I had money, I neither desired strong beer or cared to part with my money to buy it.

Then as to principle, ’tis true I had no foundation laid in me by education; and being early led by my fate into evil, I had the less sense of its being evil left upon my mind. But when I began to grow to an age of understanding, and to know that I was a thief, growing up in all manner of villainy, and ripening apace for the gallows, it came often into my thoughts that I was going wrong, that I was in the high-road to the devil; and several times I would stop short, and ask myself if this was the life of a gentleman.

But these little things wore off again as often as they came on, and I followed the old

trade again, especially when Will came to prompt me, as I have observed, for he was a kind of a guide to me in all these things; and I had, by custom and application, together with seeing his way, learned to be as acute a workman as my master.

But to go back where I left off. Will came to me, as I have said, and telling me how much better business he was fallen into, would have me go along with him, and I should be a gentleman. Will, it seems, understood that word in a quite different manner from me; for his gentleman was nothing more or less than a gentleman thief, a villain of a higher degree than a pickpocket, and one that might do something more wicked, and better entitling him to the gallows, than could be done in our way. But my gentleman that I had my eye upon was another thing quite, though I could not really tell how to describe it either.

However, the word took with me, and I went with him. We were neither of us old. Will was about twenty-four; and as for me, I was now about eighteen, and pretty tall of my age.

The first time I went with him, he brought me into the company only of two more young fellows. We met at the lower part of Gray's Inn Lane, about an hour before sunset, and went out into the fields toward a place called Pindar of Wakefield, where are abundance of brick-kilns. Here it was agreed to spread from the field-path to the roadway, all the way towards Pancras Church, to observe any chance game, as they called it, which they might shoot flying. Upon the path within the bank on the side of the road going towards Kentish Town, two of our gang, Will and one of the others, met a single gentleman walking apace towards the town. Being almost dark, Will cried, "Mark, ho!" which, it seems, was the word at which we were all to stand still at a distance, come in if he wanted help, and give a signal if anything appeared that was dangerous.

Will steps up to the gentleman, stops him, and put the question; that is, "Sir, your money?" The gentleman, seeing he was alone, struck at him with his cane; but Will,

a nimble, strong fellow, flew in upon him, and with struggling got him down. Then he begged for his life, Will having told him with an oath that he would cut his throat. In that moment, while this was doing, comes a hackney-coach along the road, and the fourth man, who was that way, cries, “Mark, ho!” which was to intimate that it was a prize, not a surprise. And accordingly the next man went up to assist him, where they stopped the coach, which had a doctor of physic and a surgeon in it, who had been to visit some considerable patient, and, I suppose, had had considerable fees. For here they got two good purses, one with eleven or twelve guineas, the other six with some pocket-money, two watches, one diamond ring, and the surgeon’s plaster-box, which was most of it full of silver instruments.

While they were at this work, Will kept the man down who was under him; and though he promised not to kill him, unless he offered to make a noise, yet he would not let him stir till he heard the noise of the coach going on again, by which he knew the job was over on that side. Then he carried him a little out of the way, tied his hands behind him, and bade him lie still and make no noise, and he would come back in half-an-hour and untie him, upon his word; but if he cried out, he would come back and kill him.

The poor man promised to lie still and make no noise, and did so; and had not above 11s. 6d. in his pocket, which Will took, and came back to the rest; but while they were together, I, who was on the side of the Pindar of Wakefield, cried, “Mark, ho!” too.

What I saw was a couple of poor women, one a kind of a nurse, and the other a maid-servant, going for Kentish Town. As Will knew that I was but young at the work, he came flying to me, and seeing how easy a bargain it was, he said, “Go, colonel, fall to work.” I went up to them, and speaking to the elderly woman, “Nurse,” said I, “don’t be in such haste. I want to speak with you;” at which they both stopped, and looked a little frighted. “Don’t be frighted, sweetheart,” said I to

the maid; “a little of that money in the bottom of your pocket will make all easy, and I will do you no harm.” By this time Will came up to us, for they did not see him before; then they began to scream out. “Hold!” says I; “make no noise, unless you have a mind to force us to murder you whether we will or no. Give me your money presently, and make no words, and we shan’t hurt you.” Upon this the poor maid pulled out 5s. 6d., and the old woman a guinea and a shilling, crying heartily for her money, and said it was all she had left in the world. Well, we took it for all that, though it made my very heart bleed to see what agony the poor woman was in at parting with it, and I asked her where she lived. She said her name was Smith, and she lived at Kentish Town. I said nothing to her, but bid them go on about their business, and I gave Will the money. So in a few minutes we were all together again. Says one of the other rogues, “Come, this is well enough for one road; it’s time to be gone.” So we jogged away, crossing the fields, out of the path towards Tottenham Court. “But hold!” says Will; “I must go and untie the man.” “D—n him,” says one of them, “let him lie.” “No,” says Will, “I won’t be worse than my word; I will untie him.” So he went to the place, but the man was gone. Either he had untied himself, or somebody had passed by, and he had called for help, and so was untied; for he could not find him, nor make him hear, though he ventured to call twice for him aloud.

This made us hasten away the faster, and getting into Tottenham Court Road, they thought it was a little too near, so they made into the town at St. Giles’s, and crossing to Piccadilly, went to Hyde Park gate. Here they ventured to rob another coach; that is to say, one of the two other rogues and Will did it, between the Park gate and Knightsbridge. There was in it only a gentleman and a whore that he had picked up, it seems, at the Spring Garden, a little farther. They took the gentleman’s money, his watch, and his silver-hilted sword; but when they come to the slut, she damned and cursed them for robbing the gentleman of his money and leaving him none for her. As for herself, she had not one sixpenny piece about her, though she

was indeed well enough dressed too.

Having made this adventure, we left that road too, and went over the fields to Chelsea. In the way from Westminster to Chelsea we met three gentlemen, but they were too strong for us to meddle with. They had been afraid to come over the fields so late (for by this time it was eight o'clock, and though the moon gave some light, yet it was too late and too dark to be safe); so they hired three men at Chelsea, two with pitchforks, and the third, a waterman, with a boathook staff to guard them. We would have steered clear of them, and cared not to have them see us, if we could help it. But they did see us, and cried, "Who comes there?" We answered, "Friends;" and so they went on, to our great satisfaction.

When we came to Chelsea, it seems we had other work to do, which I had not been made privy to; and this was a house to be robbed. They had some intelligence, it seems, with a servant in the house, who was of their gang. This rogue was a waiting-man, or footman, and he had a watchword to let them in by; but this fellow, not for want of being a villain, but by getting drunk and not minding his part of the work, disappointed us. For he had promised to rise at two o'clock in the morning and let us all in; but, being very drunk, and not come in at eleven o'clock, his master ordered him to be shut out and the doors locked up, and charged the other servants not to let him in upon any terms whatsoever.

We came about the house at one o'clock to make our observations, intending to go and lie under Beaufort House wall till the clock struck two, and then to come again; but, behold! when we came to the house, there lay the fellow at the door fast asleep, and very drunk. Will, who, I found, was the leader in all these things, waked the fellow, who, as he had had about two hours' sleep, was a little come to himself, and told them the misfortune, as he called it, and that he could not get in. They had some instruments about them, by which they could have broken in by force; but Will considered that as it was but waiting till another time, and they should be let in

quietly, they resolved to give it over for that time.

But this was a happy drunken bout for the family; for the fellow having let fall some words in his drink (for he was a saucy one as well as a drunken one, and talked oddly), as that it had been better they had let him in, and he would make them pay dear for it, or some such thing, the master hearing of it, turned him away in the morning, and never let him come into his house again. So, I say, it was a happy drunkenness to the family, for it saved them from being robbed, and perhaps murdered; for they were a cursed, bloody crew, and, as I found, were about thirteen of them in all, whereof three of them made it their business to get into gentlemen's services, and so to open doors in the night, and let the other rogues in upon them to rob and destroy them.

I rambled this whole night with them. They went from Chelsea, being disappointed there as above, to Kensington. There they broke into a brewhouse and washhouse, and by that means into an out-kitchen of a gentleman's house, where they unhanged a small copper, and brought it off, and stole about a hundredweight of pewter, and went clear off with that too. And every one going their own by-ways, they found means to get safe to their several receptacles where they used to dispose of such things.

We lay still the next day, and shared the effects stolen that night, of which my share came to £8, 19s. The copper and pewter being weighed, and cast up, a person was at hand to take it as money, at about half value, and in the afternoon Will and I came away together. Will was mighty full of the success we had had, and how we might be sure of the like this way every day. But he observed that I did not seem so elevated at the success of that night's ramble as I used to be, and also that I did not take any great notice of the expectations he was in of what was to come. Yet I had said little to him at that time.

But my heart was full of the poor woman's case at Kentish Town, and I resolved, if

possible, to find her out and give her her money. With the abhorrence that filled my mind at the cruelty of that act, there necessarily followed a little distaste for the thing itself; and now it came into my head with a double force that this was the high road to the devil, and that certainly this was not the life of a gentleman.

Will and I parted for that time; but next morning we met again, and Will was mighty brisk and merry. “And now, Colonel Jacque,” says he, “we shall be rich very quickly.” “Well,” says I, “and what shall we do when we are rich?” “Do!” says he; “we will buy a couple of good horses, and go farther afield.”

“What do you mean by farther afield?” says I. “Why,” says he, “we will take the highway like gentlemen, and then we shall get a great deal of money indeed.” “Well,” says I, “what then?” “Why, then,” says he, “we shall live like gentlemen.”

“But, Will,” says I, “if we get a great deal of money, shan’t we leave this trade off, and sit down, and be safe and quiet?”

“Ay,” says Will; “when we have got a great estate, we shall be willing to lay it down.” “But where,” says I, “shall we be before that time comes, if we should drive on this cursed kind of trade?”

“Prithee never think of that,” says Will; “if you think of those things, you will never be fit to be a gentleman.” He touched me there indeed, for it ran much in my mind still that I was to be a gentleman, and it made me dumb for a while; but I came to myself after a little while, and I said to him, pretty tartly, “Why, Will, do you call this way of living the life of a gentleman?”

“Why,” says Will, “why not?”

“Why,” says I, “was it like a gentleman for me to take that 22s. from a poor ancient woman, when she begged of me upon her knees not to take it, and told me it was all she had in the world to buy her bread for herself and a sick child which she had at home? Do you think I could be so cruel, if you had not stood by and made me do it? Why, I cried at doing it as much as the poor woman did, though I did not let you see

me.”

“You fool you,” says Will; “you will never be fit for our business, indeed, if you mind such things as those. I shall bring you off those things quickly. Why, if you will be fit for business, you must learn to fight when they resist, and cut their throats when they submit; you must learn to stop their breath that they may beg and pray no more. What signifies pity? Prithee, who will pity us when we come to the Old Bailey? I warrant you that whining old woman, that begged so heartily for her 22s., would let you and I beg upon our knees, and would not save our lives by not coming in for an evidence against us. Did you ever see any of them cry when they see gentlemen go to the gallows?”

“Well, Will,” says I, “you had better let us keep to the business we were in before. There were no such cruel doings in that, and yet we got more money by it than I believe we shall get at this.”

“No, no,” says Will, “you are a fool; you don’t know what fine things we shall do in a little while.”

Upon this discourse we parted for that time; but I resolved with myself that I would never be concerned with him that way any more. The truth is, they were such a dreadful gang, such horrid barbarous villains, that even that little while that I was among them my very blood run cold in my veins at what I heard, particularly the continued raving and damning one another and themselves at every word they spoke; and then the horrid resolutions of murder, and cutting throats, which I perceived was in their minds upon any occasion that should present. This appeared first in their discourse upon the disappointment they met with at Chelsea, where the two rogues that were with us, ay, and Will too, damned and raged that they could not get into the house, and swore they would have cut the gentleman’s throat if they had got in, and shook hands, damning and cursing themselves if they did not murder the whole family as soon as Tom (that was the manservant) could get an opportunity

to let them in.

Two days after this Will came to my lodging; for I had now got a room by myself, had bought me tolerable good clothes and some shirts, and began to look like other folks. But, as it happened, I was abroad upon the scout in another way; for though I was not hardened enough for so black a villain as Will would have had me be, yet I had not arrived to any principle sufficient to keep me from a life, in its degree wicked enough, which tended to the same destruction, though not in so violent and precipitant degrees. I had his message delivered to me, which was to meet him the next evening at such a place, and as I came in time enough to meet, so I went to the place, but resolved beforehand that I would not go any more with him among the gang.

However, to my great satisfaction, I missed him; for he did not come at all to the place, but met with the gang at another place, they having sent for him in haste upon the notice of some booty; and so they went all away together. This was a summons, it seems, from one of the creatures which they had abroad in a family, where an opportunity offered them to commit a notorious robbery, down almost as far as Hounslow, and where they wounded a gentleman’s gardener so that I think he died, and robbed the house of a very considerable sum of money and plate.

This, however, was not so clean carried, nor did they get in so easy, but by the resistance they met with the neighbours were all alarmed, and the gentlemen rogues were pursued, and being at London with the booty, one of them was taken. Will, a dexterous fellow and head of the gang, made his escape, and though in his clothes, with a great weight about him of both money and plate, plunged into the Thames and swam over where there was no path or road leading to the river; so that nobody suspected any one’s going that way. Being got over, he made his way, wet as he was, into some woods adjacent, and, as he told me afterwards, not far from Chertsey, and stayed lurking about in the woods or fields thereabouts till his clothes

were dry; then, in the night, got down to Kingston, and so to Mortlake, where he got a boat to London.

He knew nothing that one of his comrades was taken; only he knew that they were all so closely pursued that they were obliged to disperse, and every one to shift for himself. He happened to come home in the evening, as good luck then directed him, just after search had been made for him by the constables; his companion, who was taken, having, upon promise of favour, and of saving him from the gallows, discovered his companions, and Will among the rest, as the principal party in the whole undertaking.

Will got notice of this just time enough to run for it and not to be taken; and away he came to look for me; but, as my good fate still directed, I was not at home neither. However, he left all his booty at my lodging, and hid it in an old coat that lay under my bedding, and left word that my brother Will had been there, and had left his coat that he borrowed of me, and that it was under my bed.

I knew not what to make of it, but went up to go to bed; and, finding the parcel, was perfectly frighted to see, wrapped up in it, above one hundred pound in plate and money, and yet knew nothing of brother Will, as he called himself, nor did I hear of him for three or four days.

At the end of four days I heard, by great accident, that Will, who used to be seen with me, and who called me brother, was taken, and would be hanged. Next day a poor man, a shoemaker, that used formerly to have a kindness for me, and to send me of errands, and gave me sometimes some victuals, seeing me accidentally in Rosemary Lane, going by him, clasped me fast hold by the arm. “Hark ye, young man,” says he, “have I catched you?” and hauled me along as if I had been a thief apprehended, and he the constable. “Hark ye, Colonel Jacque,” says he again, “come along with me. I must speak with you. What, are you got into this gang too? What, are you turned housebreaker? Come, I’ll have you hanged, to be sure.”

These were dreadful words to me, who, though not guilty of the particular thing in question, yet was frighted heartily before, and did not know what I might be charged with by Will, if he was taken, as I heard that very morning he was. With these words, the shoemaker began to hale and drag me along as he used to do when I was a boy.

However, recovering my spirits, and provoked to the highest degree, I said to him again, “What do you mean, Mr. ——? Let me alone, or you will oblige me to make you do it;” and with that I stopped short, and soon let him see I was grown a little too big to be haled about as I used to be when I run of his errands, and made a motion with my other hand as if I would strike him in the face.

“How, Jacque!” says he; “will you strike me? Will you strike your old friend?” and then he let go my arm, and laughed. “Well, but hark ye, colonel,” says he, “I am in earnest. I hear bad news of you. They say you are gotten into bad company, and that this Will calls you brother. He is a great villain, and I hear he is charged with a bloody robbery, and will be hanged if he is taken. I hope you are not concerned with him. If you are, I would advise you to shift for yourself, for the constable and the headborough are after him to-day, and if he can lay any thing to you he will do it, you may be sure. He will certainly hang you to save himself.”

This was kind, and I thanked him, but told him this was a thing too serious, and that had too much weight in it, to be jested with, as he had done before; and that some ignorant stranger might have seized upon me as a person guilty, who had no further concern in it than just knowing the man, and so I might have been brought into trouble for nothing. At least people might have thought I was among them, whether I was or no, and it would have rendered me suspected, though I was innocent.

He acknowledged that; told me he was but in jest, and that he talked to me just as he used to do.

“However, colonel,” says he, “I won’t jest any more with you in a thing of such a

dangerous consequence; I only advise you to keep the fellow company no more."

I thanked him, and went away, but in the greatest perplexity imaginable. And now, not knowing what to do with myself, or with the little ill-gotten wealth which I had, I went musing and alone into the fields towards Stepney, my usual walk, and there began to consider what to do. And as this creature had left his prize in my garret, I began to think that if he should be taken, and should confess and send the officers to search there for the goods, and they should find them, I should be undone, and should be taken up for a confederate; whereas I knew nothing of the matter, and had no hand in it.

While I was thus musing, and in great perplexity, I heard somebody halloo to me; and, looking about, I saw Will running after me. I knew not what to think at first, but seeing him alone, was the more encouraged, and I stood still for him. When he came up to me I said to him, "What is the matter, Will?" "Matter!" says Will. "Matter enough; I am undone. When was you at home?"

"I saw what you left there," says I. "What is the meaning of it, and where got you all that? Is that your being undone?"

"Ay," says Will, "I am undone for all that; for the officers are after me; and I am a dead dog if I am taken, for George is in custody, and he has peached on me and all the others to save his life."

"Life!" says I; "why should you lose your life if they should take you? Pray what would they do to you?"

"Do to me!" says he; "they would hang me, if the king had ne'er another soldier in his guards. I shall certainly be hanged as I am now alive."

This frighted me terribly, and I said, "And what will you do then?" "Nay," says he, "I know not. I would get out of the nation, if I knew how; but I am a stranger to all those things, and I know not what to do, not I. Advise me, Jacque," says he; "prithee tell me whither shall I go. I have a good mind to go to sea."

“You talk of going away,” says I; “what will you do with all you have hid in my garret? It must not lie there,” said I; “for if I should be taken up for it, and it be found to be the money you stole, I shall be ruined.”

“I care not what becomes of it, not I,” says Will. “I’ll be gone. Do you take it, if you will, and do what you will with it. I must fly, and I cannot take it with me.” “I won’t have it, not I,” says I to him. “I’ll go and fetch it to you if you will take it,” says I; “but I won’t meddle with it. Besides, there is plate. What shall I do with plate?” said I. “If I should offer to sell it anywhere,” said I, “they will stop me.”

“As for that,” says Will, “I could sell it well enough, if I had it; but I must not be seen anywhere among my old acquaintance; for I am blown, and they will all betray me. But I will tell you where you shall go and sell it, if you will, and they will ask you no questions, if you give them the word that I will give you.” So he gave me the word, and directions to a pawnbroker near Cloth Fair. The word was Good tower standard. Having these instructions, he said to me, “Colonel Jacque, I am sure you won’t betray me; and I promise you, if I am taken, and should be hanged, I won’t name you. I will go to such a house” (naming a house at Bromley, by Bow, where he and I had often been), “and there,” says he, “I’ll stay till it is dark. At night I will come near the streets, and I will lay under such a haystack all night” (a place we both knew also very well); “and if you cannot finish to come to me there, I will go back to Bow.”

I went back and took the cargo, went to the place by Cloth Fair, and gave the word Good tower standard; and without any words, they took the plate, weighed it, and paid me after the rate of 2s. per ounce for it. So I came away and went to meet him, but it was too late to meet him at the first place; but I went to the haystack, and there I found him fast asleep.

I delivered him his cargo. What it really amounted to I knew not, for I never told it; but I went home to my quarters very late and tired. I went to sleep at first, but,

notwithstanding I was so weary, I slept little or none for several hours. At last, being overcome with sleep, I dropped, but was immediately roused with noise of people knocking at the door, as if they would beat it down, and crying and calling out to the people of the house, “Rise, and let in the constable here. We come for your lodger in the garret.”

I was frighted to the last degree, and started up in my bed; but when I was awaked I heard no noise at all, but of two watchmen thumping at the doors with their staves, and giving the hour, “Past three o’clock, and a rainy, wet morning”—for such it was. I was very glad when I found it was but a dream, and went to bed again, but was soon roused a second time with the same, very same noise and words. Then, being sooner awaked than I was before, I jumped out of bed and ran to the window, and found it was just an hour more, and the watchmen were come about: “Past four o’clock,” and they went away again very quietly; so I lay me down again, and slept the rest of the night quietly enough.

I laid no stress upon the thing called a dream, neither till now did I understand that dreams were of any importance; but getting up the next day, and going out with a resolution to meet brother Will, who should I meet but my former brother, Captain Jacque. When he saw me, he came close to me in his blunt way, and says, “Do you hear the news?” “No, not I,” said I; “what news?” “Your old comrade and teacher is taken this morning and carried to Newgate.” “How,” says I, “this morning?” “Yes,” says he, “this morning at four o’clock. He is charged with a robbery and murder somewhere beyond Brentford; and that which is worse is, that he is impeached by one of the gang, who, to save his own life, has turned evidence; and therefore you had best consider,” says the captain, “what you have to do.” “What I have to do!” says I; “and what do you mean by that?” “Nay, colonel,” says he, “don’t be angry; you know best. If you are not in danger, I am glad of it, but I doubt not but you were with them.” “No, not I,” said I again; “I assure you I was not.” “Well,” says he, “but if you were not with them this bout, you have been with them at other times; and

’twill be all one.” “Not I,” says I; “you are quite mistaken. I am none of their gang; they are above my quality.” With such, and a little more talk of that kind, we parted, and Captain Jacque went away; but as he went I observed he shook his head, seemed to have more concern upon him than he could be supposed to have merely on my account, of which we shall hear more very quickly.

I was extremely alarmed when I heard Will was in Newgate, and, had I known where to have gone, would certainly have fled as far as legs would have carried me. My very joints trembled, and I was ready to sink into the ground; and all that evening, and that night following, I was in the uttermost consternation. My head ran upon nothing but Newgate and the gallows, and being hanged; which, I said, I deserved, if it were for nothing but taking that two-and-twenty shillings from the poor old nurse.

The first thing my perplexed thoughts allowed me to take care of was my money. This indeed lay in a little compass, and I carried it generally all about me. I had got together, as you will perceive by the past account, above £60 (for I spent nothing), and what to do with it I knew not. At last it came into my head that I would go to my benefactor, the clerk at the custom-house, if he was to be found, and see if I could get him to take the rest of my money. The only business was to make a plausible story to him, that he might not wonder how I came by so much money.

But my invention quickly supplied that want. There was a suit of clothes at one of our houses of rendezvous, which was left there for any of the gang to put on, upon particular occasions, as a disguise. This was a green livery, laced with pink-coloured galloon, and lined with the same; an edged hat, a pair of boots, and a whip. I went and dressed myself up in this livery, and went to my gentleman, to his house in Tower Street, and there I found him in health and well, just the same honest gentleman as ever.

He stared at me when first I came to him, for I met him just at his door; I say, he

stared at me, and seeing me bow and bow to him several times, with my laced hat under my arm, at last, not knowing me in the least, says he to me, “Dost thou want to speak with me, young man?” And I said, “Yes, sir; I believe your worship” (I had learnt some manners now) “does not know me. I am the poor boy Jacque.” He looked hard at me, and then recollecting me presently, says he, “Who—Colonel Jacque! Why, where hast thou been all this while? Why, ’tis five or six years since I saw you.” “’Tis above six years, and please your worship,” says I.

“Well, and where hast thou been all this while?” says he.

“I have been in the country, sir,” says I, “at service.”

“Well, Colonel Jacque,” says he, “you give long credit; what’s the reason you han’t fetched your money all this while, nor the interest? Why, you will grow so rich in time by the interest of your money, you won’t know what to do with it.”

To that I said nothing, but bowed and scraped a great many times. “Well, come, Colonel Jacque,” said he, “come in and I will give you your money, and the interest of it too.”

I cringed and bowed, and told him I did not come to him for my money; for I had had a good place or two, and I did not want my money.

“Well, Colonel Jacque,” said he, “and who do you live with?”

“Sir Jonathan Loxham,” said I, “sir, in Somersetshire, and please your worship.” This was a name I had heard of, but knew nothing of any such gentleman, or of the country.

“Well,” says he, “but won’t you have your money, Jacque?”

“No, sir,” said I, “if your worship would please, for I have had a good place.”

“If I would please to do what, prithee? Your money is ready, I tell thee.”

“No, sir,” said I; “but I have had a good place.”

“Well, and what dost thou mean, Jacque? I do not understand thee.”

“Why, and please your worship, my old master, Sir Jonathan’s father, left me £30 when he died, and a suit of mourning, and——”

“And what, prithee, Jacque? What, hast thou brought me more money?” For then he began to understand what I meant.

“Yes, sir,” said I; “and your worship would be so good to take it, and put it all together. I have saved some, too, out of my wages.”

“I told you, Jacque,” says he, “you would be rich. And how much hast thou saved? Come, let me see it.”

To shorten the story, I pulled it out, and he was content to take it, giving me his note, with interest, for the whole sum, which amounted to £94; that is to say,

£25 The first money. 9 For six years’ interest. 60 Now paid him. ——— £94

I came away exceeding joyful, made him abundance of bows and scrapes, and went immediately to shift my clothes again, with a resolution to run away from London and see it no more for a great while. But I was surprised the very next morning, when, going cross Rosemary Lane, by the end of the place which is called Rag Fair, I heard one call “Jacque.” He had said something before, which I did not hear, but upon hearing the name Jacque I looked about me, immediately saw three men, and after them a constable coming towards me with great fury. I was in a great surprise, and started to run, but one of them clapped in upon me, and got hold of me, and in a moment the rest surrounded me, and I was taken. I asked them what they wanted, and what I had done. They told me it was no place to talk of that there, but showed me their warrant, and bade me read it, and I should know the rest when I came before the justice; so they hurried me away.

I took the warrant, but, to my great affliction, I could know nothing by that, for I could not read; so I desired them to read it, and they read it, that they were to apprehend a known thief, that went by the name of one of the three Jacques of Rag Fair; for that he was charged upon oath with having been a party in a notorious

robbery, burglary, and murder, committed so and so, in such a place, and on such a day.

It was to no purpose for me to deny it, or to say I knew nothing of it; that was none of their business, they said; that must be disputed, they told me, before the justice, where I would find that it was sworn positively against me, and then, perhaps, I might be better satisfied.

I had no remedy but patience; and as my heart was full of terror and guilt, so I was ready to die with the weight of it as they carried me along. For as I very well knew that I was guilty of the first day's work, though I was not of the last, so I did not doubt but I should be sent to Newgate, and then I took it for granted I must be hanged; for to go to Newgate and to be hanged were to me as things which necessarily followed one another.

But I had a sharp conflict to go through before it came to that part; and that was before the justice; where, when I was come, and the constable brought me in, the justice asked me my name. "But hold," says he, "young man; before I ask you your name, let me do you justice. You are not bound to answer till your accusers come;" so, turning to the constable, he asked for his warrant.

"Well," says the justice, "you have brought this young man here by virtue of this warrant. Is this young man the person for whom this warrant is granted?"

Con. I believe so, and please your worship.

Just. Believe so! Why, are you not sure of it?

Con. An't please your worship, the people said so where I took him.

Just. It is a very particular kind of warrant; it is to apprehend a young man who goes by the name of Jacque, but no surname, only that it is said he is called Captain Jacque, or some other such name. Now, young man, pray is your name Captain Jacque? or are you usually called so?

I presently found that the men that took me knew nothing of me, and the constable had taken me up by hearsay; so I took heart, and told the justice that I thought, with submission, that it was not the present question what my name was, but what these men, or any one else, had to lay to my charge; whether I was the person who the warrant empowered them to apprehend or no.

He smiled. "'Tis very true, young man," says he, "it is very true; and, on my word, if they have taken you up, and do not know you, and there is nobody to charge you, they will be mistaken to their own damage."

Then I told his worship I hoped I should not be obliged to tell my name till my accuser was brought to charge me, and then I should not conceal my name.

"It is but reason," said his good worship. "Mr. Constable," turning to the officers, "are you sure this is the person that is intended in your warrant? If you are not, you must fetch the person that accuses him, and on whose oath the warrant was granted." They used many words to insinuate that I was the person, and that I knew it well enough, and that I should be obliged to tell my name.

I insisted on the unreasonableness of it, and that I should not be obliged to accuse myself: and the justice told them in so many words that he could not force me to it, that I might do it if I would, indeed; "but you see," says the justice, "he understood too well to be imposed upon in that case." So that, in short, after an hour's debating before his worship, in which time I pleaded against four of them, the justice told them they must produce the accuser, or he must discharge me.

I was greatly encouraged at this, and argued with the more vigour for myself. At length the accuser was brought, fettered as he was, from the gaol, and glad I was when I saw him, and found that I knew him not; that is to say, that it was not one of the two rogues that I went out with that night that we robbed the poor old woman.

When the prisoner was brought into the room he was set right against me.

"Do you know this young man?" says the justice.

“No, sir,” says the prisoner; “I never saw him in my life.”

“Hum!” says the justice; “did not you charge one that goes by the name of Jacque, or Captain Jacque, as concerned in the robbery and murder which you are in custody for?”

Pris. Yes, an’t please your worship.

Just. And is this the man, or is he not?

Pris. This is not the man, sir; I never saw this man before.

“Very good, Mr. Constable,” says the justice, “what must we do now?”

“I am surprised,” says the constable. “I was at such a house” (naming the house), “and this young man went by. The people cried out, ’There’s Jacque; that’s your man;’ and these people ran after him, and apprehended him.”

“Well,” says the justice, “and have these people anything to say to him? Can they prove that he is the person?”

One said no, and the other said no; and, in short, they all said no. “Why, then,” said the justice, “what can be done? The young man must be discharged; and I must tell you, Mr. Constable, and you gentlemen that have brought him hither, he may give you trouble, if he thinks fit, for your being so rash. But look you, young man,” says the justice, “you have no great damage done you, and the constable, though he has been mistaken, had no ill design, but to be faithful to his office. I think you may pass it by.”

I told his worship I would readily pass it by at his direction, but I thought the constable and the rest could do no less than to go back to the place where they had insulted me, and declare publicly there that I was honourably acquitted, and that I was not the man. This his worship said was very reasonable, and the constable and his assistants promised to do it, and so we came all away good friends, and I was cleared with triumph.

Note.—This was the time that, as I mentioned above, the justice talked to me, and told me I was born to better things, and that by my well managing of my own defence, he did not question but I had been well educated; and that he was sorry I should fall into such a misfortune as this, which he hoped, however, would be no dishonour to me, since I was so handsomely acquitted.

Though his worship was mistaken in the matter of my education, yet it had this good effect upon me, that I resolved, if possible, I would learn to read and write, that I would not be such an uncapable creature, that I should not be able to read a warrant, and see whether I was the person to be apprehended or not.

But there was something more in all this than what I have taken notice of; for, in a word, it appeared plainly that my brother, Captain Jacque, who had the forwardness to put it to me whether I was among them or no, when in truth he was there himself, had the only reason to be afraid to fly, at the same time that he advised me to shift for myself.

As this presently occurred to my thoughts, so I made it my business to inquire and find him out, and to give him notice of it.

In the meantime, being now confident of my own safety, I had no more concern upon my mind about myself; but now I began to be anxious for poor Will, my master and tutor in wickedness, who was now fast by the heels in Newgate, while I was happily at liberty; and I wanted very much to go and see him, and accordingly did so.

I found him in a sad condition, loaden with heavy irons, and had himself no prospect or hope of escaping. He told me he should die, but bid me be easy; for, as it would do him no good to accuse me, who never was out with any of them but that once, so I might depend upon it he would not bring me into the trouble. As for the rogue who had betrayed them all, he was not able to hurt me, for I might be satisfied he had never seen me in his life. “But, Colonel Jacque,” says he, “I will tell you who was

with us, and that is, your brother the captain, and the villain has certainly named him; and, therefore," says he, "if you can give him timely notice of it, do, that he may make his escape."

He said a great many things to warn me off following the steps he had led me. "I was far out, Jacque," said he, "when I told you, to be a notorious thief was to live like a gentleman." He chiefly discovered his concern that they had, as he feared, killed the gentleman's gardener, and that he in particular had given him a wound in the neck, of which he was afraid he would die.

He had a great sum of money in gold about him, being the same that I had carried back to him at the haystack; and he had concealed it so well that those who took him had not found it, and he gave me the greatest part of it to carry to his mother, which I very honestly delivered, and came away with a heavy heart. Nor did I ever see him since, for he was executed in about three weeks' time after, being condemned that very next sessions.

I had nothing to do now but to find the captain, who, though not without some trouble, I at last got news of, and told him the whole story, and how I had been taken up for him by mistake, and was come off, but that the warrant was still out for him, and very strict search after him; I say, telling him all this, he presently discovered by his surprise that he was guilty, and after a few words more, told me plainly it was all true, that he was in the robbery, and that he had the greatest part of the booty in keeping, but what to do with it, or himself, he did not know; and wanted me to tell him, which I was very unfit to do, for I knew nothing of the world. Then he told me he had a mind to fly into Scotland, which was easy to be done, and asked me if I would go with him. I told him I would, with all my heart, if I had money enough to bear the charge. He had the trade still in his eyes by his answer. "I warrant you," says he, "we will make the journey pay our charge." "I dare not think of going any more upon the adventure," says I. "Besides, if we meet with any misfortune out of

our knowledge, we shall never get out of it; we shall be undone." "Nay," says he; "we shall find no mercy here, if they can catch us, and they can do no worse abroad. I am for venturing at all events."

"Well, but, captain," says I, "have you husbanded your time so ill that you have no money to supply you in such a time as this?" "I have very little indeed," said he, "for I have had bad luck lately." But he lied, for he had a great share of the booty they had got at their last adventure, as above; and, as the rest complained, he and Will had got almost all of it, and kept the rest out of their shares, which made them the willinger to discover them.

However it was, he owned he had about £22 in money, and something that would yield money—I suppose it was plate; but he would not tell me what it was, or where it was. But he said he durst not go to fetch it, for he should be betrayed and seized, so he would venture without it. "Sure," says he, "we shall come back again some time or other."

I honestly produced all the money I had, which was £16 and some odd shillings. "Now," says I, "if we are good husbands, and travel frugally, this will carry us quite out of danger." For we had both been assured that when we came out of England we should be both safe, and nobody could hurt us, though they had known us; but we neither of us thought it was so many weary steps to Scotland as we found it.

I speak of myself as in the same circumstances of danger with brother Jacque; but it was only thus: I was in as much fear as he, but not in quite as much danger.

I cannot omit that, in the interval of these things, and a few days before I carried my money to the gentleman in Tower Street, I took a walk all alone into the fields, in order to go to Kentish Town and do justice to the poor old nurse. It happened that, before I was aware, I crossed a field that came to the very spot where I robbed the poor old woman and the maid, or where, I should say, Will made me rob them. My heart had reproached me many a time with that cruel action, and many a time I

promised to myself that I would find a way to make her satisfaction and restore her money, and that day I had set apart for the work, but was a little surprised that I was so suddenly upon the unhappy spot.

The place brought to my mind the villainy I had committed there, and something struck me with a kind of wish—I cannot say prayer, for I knew not what that meant—that I might leave off that cursed trade, and said to myself, “Oh that I had some trade to live by! I would never rob no more, for sure ’tis a wicked, abominable thing.”

Here indeed I felt the loss of what just parents do, and ought to do, by all their children—I mean, being bred to some trade or employment; and I wept many times that I knew not what to do or what to turn my hand to, though, I resolved to leave off the wicked course I was in.

But to return to my journey. I asked my way to Kentish Town, and it happened to be of a poor woman that said she lived there; upon which intelligence I asked if she knew a woman that lived there whose name was Smith. She answered yes, very well; that she was not a settled inhabitant, only a lodger in the town, but that she was an honest, poor, industrious woman, and by her labour and pains maintained a poor diseased husband, that had been unable to help himself some years.

“What a villain have I been,” said I to myself, “that I should rob such a poor woman as this, and add grief and tears to her misery, and to the sorrows of her house!” This quickened my resolution to restore her money; and not only so, but I resolved I would give her something over and above her loss. So I went forward, and by the direction I had received, found her lodging with very little trouble. Then asking for the woman, she came to the door immediately; for she heard me ask for her by her name of a little girl that came first to the door. I presently spoke to her: “Dame,” said I, “was not you robbed about a year ago, as you was coming home from London, about Pindar of Wakefield?” “Yes, indeed I was,” says she; “and sadly

frighted into the bargain." "And how much did you lose?" said I. "Indeed," says she, "I lost all the money I had in the world. I am sure I worked hard for it; it was money for keeping a nurse-child that I had then, and I had been at London to receive it." "But how much was it, dame?" said I. "Why," says she, "it was 22s. 6½d.; 21s. I had been to fetch, and the odd money was my own before."

"Well, look you, good woman, what will you say if I should put you in a way to get your money again? for I believe the fellow that took it is fast enough now, and perhaps I may do you a kindness in it, and for that I came to see you." "Oh dear!" says the old woman, "I understand you, but indeed I cannot swear to the man's face again, for it was dark; and, besides, I would not hang the poor wretch for my money; let him live and repent." "That is very kind," says I—"more than he deserves from you; but you need not be concerned about that, for he will be hanged whether you appear against him or not; but are you willing to have your money again that you lost?" "Yes, indeed," says the woman, "I should be glad of that; for I have not been so hard put to it for money a great while as I am now; I have much ado to find us bread to eat, though I work hard early and late;" and with that she cried.

I thought it would have broken my very heart, to think how this poor creature worked and was a slave at near threescore, and that I, a young fellow of hardly twenty, should rob her of her bread to support my idleness and wicked life; and the tears came from my eyes in spite of all my struggling to prevent it, and the woman perceived it too. "Poor woman," said I, "'tis a sad thing such creatures as these should plunder and strip such a poor object as thou art. Well, he is at leisure now to repent it, I assure you." "I perceive, sir," says she, "you are very compassionate indeed. I wish he may improve the time God has spared him, and that he may repent, and I pray God give him repentance. Whoever he is, I forgive him, whether he can make me recompense or not, and I pray God forgive him. I won't do him any prejudice, not I." And with that she went on praying for me.

“Well, dame, come hither to me,” says I; and with that I put my hand into my pocket, and she came to me. “Hold up your hand,” said I; which she did, and I told her nine half-crowns into her hand. “There, dame,” said I, “is your 22s. 6d. you lost. I assure you, dame,” said I, “I have been the chief instrument to get it off him for you; for, ever since he told me the story of it among the rest of his wicked exploits, I never gave him any rest till I made him promise me to make you restitution.” All the while I held her hand and put the money into it I looked in her face, and I perceived her colour come and go, and that she was under the greatest surprise of joy imaginable.

“Well, God bless him,” says she, “and spare him from the disaster he is afraid of, if it be His will. For sure this is an act of so much justice, and so honest, that I never expected the like.” She run on a great while so, and wept for him when I told her I doubted there was no room to expect his life. “Well,” says she, “then pray God give him repentance and bring him to heaven; for sure he must have something that is good at the bottom; he has a principle of honesty at bottom to be sure, however he may have been brought into bad courses by bad company or evil example, or other temptations; but I daresay he will be brought to repentance one time or other before he dies.”

All this touched me nearer than she imagined; for I was the man that she prayed for all this while, though she did not know it, and in my heart I said amen to it. For I was sensible that I had done one of the vilest actions in the world in attacking a poor creature in such a condition, and not listening to her entreaties when she begged so heartily for that little money we took from her.

In a word, the good woman so moved me with her charitable prayers that I put my hand in my pocket again for her: “Dame,” said I, “you are so charitable in your petitions for this miserable creature that it puts me in mind of one thing more which I will do for him, whether he ordered me or not; and that is, to ask your forgiveness

for the thief in robbing you. For it was an offence and a trespass against you, as well as an injury to you; and therefore I ask your pardon for him. Will you sincerely and heartily forgive him, dame? I do desire it of you;" and with that I stood up, and, with my hat off, asked her pardon. "O sir!" says she, "do not stand up, and with your hat off to me. I am a poor woman; I forgive him, and all that were with him; for there was one or more with him. I forgive them with all my heart, and I pray God to forgive them."

"Well, dame, then," said I, "to make you some recompense for your charity, there is something for you more than your loss;" and with that I gave her a crown more.

Then I asked her who that was who was robbed with her. She said it was a servant-maid that lived then in the town, but she was gone from her place, and she did not know where she lived now. "Well, dame," says I, "if ever you do hear of her, let her leave word where she may be found; and if I live to come and see you again, I will get the money off him for her too. I think that was but little, was it?" "No," says she; "it was but 5s. 6d.," which I knew as well as she. "Well," says I, "dame, inquire her out if you have an opportunity;" so she promised me she would, and away I came.

The satisfaction this gave me was very much; but then a natural consequence attended it, which filled me with reflection afterwards; and this was, that, by the same rule, I ought to make restitution to all that I had wronged in the like manner; and what could I do as to that? To this I knew not what to say, and so the thought in time wore off; for, in short, it was impossible to be done. I had not ability, neither did I know any of the people whom I had so injured; and that satisfying me for the present, I let it drop.

I come now to my journey with Captain Jacque, my supposed brother. We set out from London on foot, and travelled the first day to Ware; for we had learnt so much of our road that the way lay through that town. We were weary enough the first day,

having not been used at all to travelling; but we made shift to walk once up and down the town after we came into it.

I soon found that his walking out to see the town was not to satisfy his curiosity in viewing the place, for he had no notion of anything of that kind, but to see if he could light of any purchase. For he was so natural a thief that he could see nothing on the road but it occurred to him how easily that might be taken, and how cleverly this might be carried off, and the like.

Nothing offered in Ware to his mind, it not being market-day; and as for me, though I made no great scruple of eating and drinking at the cost of his roguery, yet I resolved not to enter upon anything, as they called it, nor to take the least thing from anybody.

When the captain found me resolved upon the negative, he asked me how I thought to travel. I asked him what he thought of himself, that was sure to be hanged if he was taken, how small soever the crime was that he should be taken for. “How can that be?” says he; “they don’t know me in the country.” “Ay,” says I; “but do you think they do not send up word to Newgate as soon as any thief is taken in the country, and so inquire who is escaped from them, or who is fled, that they may be stopped? Assure yourself,” says I, “the gaolers correspond with one another, with the greatest exactness imaginable; and if you were taken here but for stealing a basket of eggs, you shall have your accuser sent down to see if he knows you.”

This terrified him a little for a while, and kept him honest for three or four days; but it was but for a few days indeed, for he played a great many rogue’s tricks without me; till at last he came to his end without me too, though it was not till many years after, as you shall hear in its order. But as these exploits are no part of my story, but of his, whose life and exploits are sufficient to make a volume larger than this by itself, so I shall omit every thing but what I was particularly concerned in during this tedious journey.

From Ware we travelled to Cambridge, though that was not our direct road. The occasion was this: in our way, going through a village called Puckeridge, we baited at an inn, at the sign of the Falcon, and while we were there a countryman comes to the inn, and hangs his horse at the door while he goes in to drink. We sat in the gateway, having called for a mug of beer, and drank it up. We had been talking with the hostler about the way to Scotland, and he had bid us ask the road to Royston. "But," says he, "there is a turning just here a little farther. You must not go that way, for that goes to Cambridge."

We had paid for our beer, and sat at the door only to rest us, when on the sudden comes a gentleman's coach to the door, and three or four horsemen. The horsemen rode into the yard, and the hostler was obliged to go in with them. Says he to the captain, "Young man, pray take hold of the horse" (meaning the countryman's horse I mentioned above), "and take him out of the way, that the coach may come up." He did so, and beckoned me to follow him. We walked together to the turning. Says he to me, "Do you step before and turn up the lane. I'll overtake you." So I went on up the lane, and in a few minutes he was got up upon the horse and at my heels. "Come, get up," says he; "we will have a lift, if we don't get the horse by the bargain."

I made no difficulty to get up behind him, and away we went at a good round rate, it being a good strong horse. We lost no time for an hour's riding and more, by which time we thought we were out of the reach of being pursued. And as the country man, when he should miss his horse, would hear that we inquired the way to Royston, he would certainly pursue us that way, and not towards Cambridge. We went easier after the first hour's riding, and coming through a town or two, we alighted by turns, and did not ride double through the villages.

escaping Escaping with the purloined horse.

Now, as it was impossible for the captain to pass by anything that he could lay his hand on and not take it, so now, having a horse to carry it off too, the temptation was

the stronger. Going through a village where a good housewife of the house had been washing, and hung her clothes out upon a hedge near the road, he could not help it, but got hold of a couple of good shirts that were but about half dry, and overtook me upon the spur; for I walked on before. I immediately got up behind, and away we galloped together as fast as the horse would well go. In this part of our expedition his good luck or mine carried us quite out of the road, and having seen nobody to ask the way of, we lost ourselves, and wandered I know not how many miles to the right hand, till, partly by that means and partly by the occasion following, we came quite into the coach-road to Cambridge from London by Bishop-Stortford. The particular occasion that made me wander on was thus: the country was all open cornfields, no enclosures; when, being upon a little rising ground, I bade him stop the horse, for I would get down and walk a little to ease my legs, being tired with riding so long behind without stirrups. When I was down and looked a little about me, I saw plainly the great white road, which we should have gone, at near two miles from us.

On a sudden looking a little back to my left, upon that road, I saw four or five horsemen riding full speed, some a good way before the others, and hurrying on, as people in a full pursuit.

It immediately struck me: “Ha! brother Jacque,” says I, “get off the horse this moment, and ask why afterwards.” So he jumps off. “What is the matter?” says he. “The matter!” says I. “Look yonder; it is well we have lost our way. Do you see how they ride? They are pursuing us, you may depend upon it. Either,” says I, “you are pursued from the last village for the two shirts, or from Puckeridge for the horse.” He had so much presence of mind that, without my mentioning it to him, he puts back the horse behind a great white thorn-bush, which grew just by him; so they could by no means see the horse, which, we being just at the top of the hill, they might otherwise have done, and so have pursued that way at a venture.

But as it was impossible for them to see the horse, so was it as impossible for them to see us at that distance, who sat down on the ground to look at them the more securely.

The road winding about, we saw them a great way, and they rode as fast as they could make their horses go. When we found they were gone quite out of sight, we mounted and made the best of our way also; and indeed, though we were two upon one horse, yet we abated no speed where the way would admit of it, not inquiring of anybody the way to anywhere till, after about two hours' riding, we came to a town, which, upon inquiry, they called Chesterford. And here we stopped, and asked not our way to any place, but whither that road went, and were told it was the coach-road to Cambridge; also that it was the way to Newmarket, to St. Edmund's Bury, to Norwich and Yarmouth, to Lynn, and to Ely, and the like.

We stayed here a good while, believing ourselves secure; and afterwards, towards evening, went forward to a place called Bournbridge, where the road to Cambridge turns away out of the road to Newmarket, and where there are but two houses only, both of them being inns. Here the captain says to me, "Hark ye, you see we are pursued towards Cambridge, and shall be stopped if we go thither. Now Newmarket is but ten miles off, and there we may be safe, and perhaps get an opportunity to do some business."

"Look ye, Jacque," said I, "talk no more of doing business, for I will not join with you in anything of that kind. I would fain get you to Scotland before you get a halter about your neck. I will not have you hanged in England, if I can help it; and therefore I won't go to Newmarket, unless you will promise me to take no false steps there." "Well," says he, "if I must not, then I won't; but I hope you will let us get another horse, won't you, that we may travel faster?" "No," says I, "I won't agree to that; but if you will let me send this horse back fairly, I will tell you how we shall hire horses afterwards, for one stage, or two, and then take them as far as we

please: it is only sending a letter to the owner to send for him, and then, if we are stopped, it can do us but little hurt."

"You are a wary, politic gentleman," says the captain, "but I say we are better as we are; for we are out of all danger of being stopped on the way after we are gone from this place."

We had not parleyed thus long, but, though in the dead of the night, came a man to the other inn door—for, as I said above, there are two inns at that place—and called for a pot of beer; but the people were all in bed, and would not rise. He asked them if they had seen two fellows come that way upon one horse. The man said he had, that they went by in the afternoon, and asked the way to Cambridge, but did not stop only to drink one mug. "Oh!" says he, "are they gone to Cambridge? Then I'll be with them quickly." I was awake in a little garret of the next inn, where we lodged, and hearing the fellow call at the door, got up and went to the window, having some uneasiness at every noise I heard; and by that means heard the whole story. Now, the case is plain, our hour was not come, our fate had determined other things for us, and we were to be reserved for it. The matter was thus. When we first came to Bournbridge, we called at the first house, and asked the way to Cambridge, drank a mug of beer and went on, and they might see to turn off to go the way they directed. But night coming on, and we being very weary, we thought we should not find the way; and we came back in the dusk of the evening, and went into the other house, being the first as we came back, as that where we called before was the first as we went forward.

You may be sure I was alarmed now, as indeed I had reason to be. The captain was in bed and fast asleep, but I wakened him, and roused him with a noise that frighted him enough. "Rise, Jacque," said I; "we are both ruined; they are come after us hither." Indeed, I was wrong to terrify him at that rate; for he started, and jumped out of bed, and ran directly to the window, not knowing where he was, and, not quite

awake, was just going to jump out of the window, but I laid hold of him. “What are you going to do?” says I. “I won’t be taken,” says he. “Let me alone. Where are they?”

This was all confusion; and he was so out of himself with the fright, and being overcome with sleep, that I had much to do to prevent his jumping out of the window. However, I held him fast, and thoroughly wakened him, and then all was well again, and he was presently composed.

Then I told him the story, and we sat together upon the bedside, considering what we should do. Upon the whole, as the fellow that called was apparently gone to Cambridge, we had nothing to fear, but to be quiet till daybreak, and then to mount and be gone.

Accordingly, as soon as day peeped we were up; and having happily informed ourselves of the road at the other house, and being told that the road to Cambridge turned off on the left hand, and that the road to Newmarket lay straight forward—I say, having learnt this, the captain told me he would walk away on foot towards Newmarket; and so, when I came to go out, I should appear as a single traveller. And accordingly he went out immediately, and away he walked; and he travelled so hard that when I came to follow, I thought once that he had dropped me; for though I rode hard, I got no sight of him for an hour. At length, having passed the great bank called the Devil’s Ditch, I found him, and took him up behind me, and we rode double till we came almost to the end of Newmarket town. Just at the hither house in the town stood a horse at a door, just as it was at Puckeridge. “Now,” says Jack, “if the horse was at the other end of the town I would have him, as sure as we had the other at Puckeridge;” but it would not do; so he got down and walked through the town on the right-hand side of the way.

He had not got half through the town but the horse, having somehow or other got loose, came trotting gently on by himself, and nobody following him. The captain,

an old soldier at such work, as soon as the horse was got a pretty way before him, and that he saw nobody followed, sets up a run after the horse, and the horse, hearing him follow, ran the faster. Then the captain calls out, “Stop the horse!” and by this time the horse was got almost to the farther end of the town, the people of the house where he stood not missing him all the while.

Upon his calling out, “Stop the horse!” the poor people of the town, such as were next at hand, ran from both sides the way and stopped the horse for him, as readily as could be, and held him for him till he came up. He very gravely comes up to the horse, hits him a blow or two, and calls him dog for running away, gives the man twopence that catched him for him, mounts, and away he comes after me.

This was the oddest adventure that could have happened, for the horse stole the captain, the captain did not steal the horse. When he came up to me, “Now, Colonel Jacque,” says he, “what say you to good luck? Would you have had me refuse the horse, when he came so civilly to ask me to ride?” “No, no,” said I; “you have got this horse by your wit, not by design; and you may go on now, I think. You are in a safer condition than I am, if we are taken.”

The next question was what road we should take. Here were four ways before us, and we were alike strangers to them all. First, on the right hand, and at about a little mile from the town, a great road went off to St. Edmund’s Bury; straight on, but inclining afterwards to the right, lay the great road to Barton Mills and Thetford, and so to Norwich; and full before us lay a great road, also, to Brandon and Lynn; and on the left lay a less road to the city of Ely, and into the fens.

In short, as we knew not which road to take, nor which way to get into the great north road, which we had left, so we, by mere unguided chance, took the way to Brandon, and so to Lynn. At Brand, or Brandon, we were told that, passing over at a place called Downham Bridge, we might cross the fen country to Wisbeach, and from thence go along that bank of the river Nene to Peterborough, and from thence

to Stamford, where we were in the northern road again; and likewise, that at Lynn we might go by the Washes into Lincolnshire, and so might travel north. But, upon the whole, this was my rule, that, when we inquired the way to any particular place, to be sure we never took that road, but some other which the accidental discourse we might have should bring in. And thus we did here; for, having chiefly asked our way into the northern road, we resolved to go directly for Lynn.

We arrived here very easy and safe, and while we was considering of what way we should travel next we found we were got to a point, and that there was no way now left but that by the Washes into Lincolnshire, and that was represented as very dangerous; so an opportunity offering of a man that was travelling over the fens, we took him for our guide, and went with him to Spalding, and from thence to a town called Deeping, and so to Stamford in Lincolnshire.

This is a large, populous town, and it was market-day when we came to it; so we put in at a little house at the hither end of the town, and walked into the town.

Here it was not possible to restrain my captain from playing his feats of art, and my heart ached for him. I told him I would not go with him, for he would not promise, and I was so terribly concerned at the apprehensions of his venturous humour that I would not so much as stir out of my lodging; but it was in vain to persuade him. He went into the market, and found a mountebank there, which was what he wanted. How he picked two pockets there in one quarter of an hour, and brought to our quarters a piece of new holland of eight or nine ells, a piece of stuff, and played three or four pranks more in less than two hours; and how afterward he robbed a doctor of physic, and yet came off clear in them all—this, I say, as above, belongs to his story, not mine.

I scolded heartily at him when he came back, and told him he would certainly ruin himself, and me too, before he left off, and threatened in so many words that I would leave him, and go back and carry the horse to Puckeridge where we borrowed it, and

so go to London by myself.

He promised amendment; but as we resolved (now we were in the great road) to travel by night, so it being not yet night, he gives me the slip again, and was not gone half-an-hour but he comes back with a gold watch in his hand: “Come,” says he, “why ain’t you ready to go? I am ready to go as soon as you will;” and with that he pulls out the gold watch. I was amazed at such a thing as that in a country town; but it seems there was prayers at one of the churches in the evening, and he, placing himself as the occasion directed, found the way to be so near the lady as to get it from her side, and walked off with it unperceived.

The same night we went away by moonlight, after having the satisfaction to hear the watch cried, and ten guineas offered for it again. He would have been glad of the ten guineas instead of the watch, but durst not venture carry it home. “Well,” says I, “you are afraid, and you have reason. Give it me; I will venture to carry it again.” But he would not let me, but told me that when he came into Scotland we might sell anything there without danger; which was true indeed, for there they asked us no questions.

We set out, as I said, in the evening by moon light, and travelled hard, the road being very plain and large, till we came to Grantham, by which time it was about two in the morning, and all the town, as it were, dead asleep. So we went on for Newark, where we reached about eight in the morning, and there we lay down and slept most of the day; and by this sleeping so continually in the day-time I kept him from doing a great deal of mischief, which he would otherwise have done.

From Newark we took advice of one that was accidentally comparing the roads, and we concluded that the road by Nottingham would be the best for us; so we turned out of the great road, and went up the side of the Trent to Nottingham. Here he played his pranks again in a manner that it was the greatest wonder imaginable to me that he was not surprised, and yet he came off clear. And now he had got so

many bulky goods that he bought him a portmanteau to carry them in. It was in vain for me to offer to restrain him any more; so after this he went on his own way.

At Nottingham, I say, he had such success that made us the hastier to be going than otherwise we would have been, lest we would have been baulked, and should be laid hold of. From thence we left the road, which leads to the north again, and went away by Mansfield into Scarsdale, in Yorkshire.

I shall take up no more of my own story with his pranks; they very well merit to be told by themselves. But I shall observe only what relates to our journey. In a word, I dragged him along as fast as I could, till I came to Leeds, in Yorkshire. Here, though it be a large and populous town, yet he could make nothing of it; neither had he any success at Wakefield; and he told me, in short, that the north-country people were certainly all thieves. “Why so?” said I. “The people seem to be just as other people are.” “No, no,” says he; “they have their eyes so about them, and are all so sharp, they look upon everybody that comes near them to be a pickpocket, or else they would never stand so upon their guard. And then again,” says he, “they are so poor, there is but little to be got; and I am afraid,” says he, “the farther we go north, we shall find it worse.” “Well,” says I, “what do you infer from thence?” “I argue from thence,” says he, “that we shall do nothing there, and I had as good go back into the south and be hanged as into the north to be starved.”

Well, we came at length to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Here, on a market-day, was a great throng of people, and several of the townspeople going to market to buy provisions; and here he played his pranks, cheated a shopkeeper of £15 or £16 in goods, and got clear away with them; stole a horse, and sold that he came upon, and played so many pranks that I was quite frighted for him. I say for him, for I was not concerned for myself, having never stirred out of the house where I lodged—at least not with him, nor without some or other with me belonging to the inn that might give an account of me.

Nor did I use this caution in vain; for he had made himself so public by his rogueries that he was waylaid everywhere to be taken, and had he not artfully at first given out that he was come from Scotland and was going toward London, inquiring that road, and the like, which amused his pursuers for the first day, he had been taken, and in all probability had been hanged there. But by that artifice he got half a day's time of them; and yet, as it was, he was put so to it that he was fain to plunge, horse and all, into the river Tweed, and swim over, and thereby made his escape. It was true that he was before upon Scots ground (as they call it), and consequently they had no power to have carried him off, if anybody had opposed them; yet, as they were in a full chase after him, could they have come up with him they would have run the risk of the rest, and they could but have delivered him up if they had been questioned about it. However, as he got over the Tweed, and was landed safe, they could neither follow him, the water being too high at the usual place of going over, nor could they have attempted to have brought him away if they had taken him. The place where he took the river was where there is a ford below Kelso, but the water being up, the ford was not passable, and he had no time to go to the ferry-boat, which is about a furlong off, opposite to the town.

Having thus made his escape, he went to Kelso, where he had appointed me to come after him. I followed with a heavy heart, expecting every hour to meet him upon the road in the custody of the constables and such people, or to hear of him in the gaol; but when I came to a place on the border called Woller-haugh-head, there I understood how he had been chased, and how he made his escape.

When I came to Kelso he was easy enough to be found; for his having desperately swam the Tweed, a rapid and large river, made him much talked of, though it seems they had not heard of the occasion of it, nor anything of his character; for he had wit enough to conceal all that, and live as retired as he could till I came to him.

I was not so much rejoiced at his safety as I was provoked at his conduct; and the

more, for that I could not find he had yet the least notion of his having been void of common-sense with respect to his circumstances, as well as contrary to what he promised me. However, as there was no beating anything into his head by words, I only told him that I was glad he was at last gotten into a place of safety, and I asked him then how he intended to manage himself in that country. He said in few words he did not know yet. He doubted the people were very poor; but if they had any money he was resolved to have some of it.

“But do you know, too,” says I, “that they are the severest people upon criminals of your kind in the world?” He did not value that, he said, in his blunt, short way; he would venture it. Upon this I told him that, seeing it was so, and he would run such ventures, I would take my leave of him and be gone back to England. He seemed sullen, or rather it was the roughness of his untractable disposition. He said I might do what I would, he would do as he found opportunity. However, we did not part immediately, but went on towards the capital city. On the road we found too much poverty and too few people to give him room to expect any advantage in his way; and though he had his eyes about him as sharp as a hawk, yet he saw plainly there was nothing to be done; for as to the men, they did not seem to have much money about them; and for the women, their dress was such that, had they any money, or indeed any pockets, it was impossible to come at them; for, wearing large plaids about them and down to their knees, they were wrapped up so close that there was no coming to make the least attempt of that kind.

Kelso was indeed a good town, and had abundance of people in it; and yet, though he stayed one Sunday there, and saw the church, which is very large and thronged with people, yet, as he told me, there was not one woman to be seen in all the church with any other dress than a plaid, except in two pews, which belonged to some nobleman, and who, when they came out, were so surrounded with footmen and servants that there was no coming near them, any more than there was any coming near the king surrounded by his guards.

We set out, therefore, with this discouragement, which I was secretly glad of, and went forward to Edinburgh. All the way thither we went through no considerable town, and it was but very coarse travelling for us, who were strangers; for we met with waters which were very dangerous to pass, by reason of hasty rains, at a place called Lauderdale, and where my captain was really in danger of drowning, his horse being driven down by the stream, and fell under him, by which he wetted and spoiled his stolen goods that he brought from Newcastle, and which he had kept dry strangely, by holding them up in his arms when he swam the Tweed. But here it wanted but little that he and his horse had been lost, not so much by the depth of the water as the fury of the current. But he had a proverb in his favour, and he got out of the water, though with difficulty enough, not being born to be drowned, as I shall observe afterwards in its place.

We came to Edinburgh the third day from Kelso, having stopped at an inn one whole day, at a place called Soutrahill, to dry our goods and refresh ourselves. We were oddly saluted at Edinburgh. The next day after we came thither, my captain having a desire to walk and look about him, asked me if I would go and see the town. I told him yes; so we went out, and coming through a gate that they call the Nether Bow, into the great High Street, which went up to the Cross, we were surprised to see it thronged with an infinite number of people. “Ay,” says my captain, “this will do.” However, as I had made him promise to make no adventures that day, otherwise I told him I would not go out with him, so I held him by the sleeve, and would not let him stir from me.

Then we came up to the Market Cross, and there besides the great number of people who passed and repassed, we saw a great parade or kind of meeting, like an exchange of gentlemen, of all ranks and qualities, and this encouraged my captain again, and he pleased himself with that sight.

It was while we were looking, and wondering at what we saw here, that we were

surprised with a sight which we little expected. We observed the people running on a sudden, as to see some strange thing just coming along; and strange it was indeed: for we see two men naked from the waist upwards run by us as swift as the wind, and we imagined nothing but that it was two men running a race for some mighty wager. On a sudden we found two long, small ropes or lines, which hung down at first, pulled straight, and the two racers stopped, and stood still, one close by the other. We could not imagine what this meant, but the reader may judge at our surprise when we found a man follow after, who had the ends of both those lines in his hands, and who, when he came up to them, gave each of them two frightful lashes with a wire whip or lash, which he held in the other hand. And then the two poor naked wretches run on again to the length of their line or tether, where they waited for the like salutation; and in this manner they danced the length of the whole street, which is about half-a-mile.

This was a dark prospect to my captain, and put him in mind, not only of what he was to expect if he made a slip in the way of his profession in this place, but also of what he had suffered when he was but a boy, at the famous place called Bridewell.

But this was not all; for, as we saw the execution, so we were curious to examine into the crime too; and we asked a young fellow who stood near us what the two men had done for which they suffered that punishment. The fellow, an unhappy, ill-natured Scotchman, perceived by our speech that we were Englishmen, and by our question that we were strangers, told us, with a malicious wit, that they were two Englishmen, and that they were whipped so for picking pockets, and other petty thieveries, and that they were afterwards to be sent away over the border into England.

Now this was every word of it false, and was only formed by his nimble invention to insult us as Englishmen; for when we inquired further, they were both Scotchmen, and were thus scourged for the usual offences for which we give the like punishment

in England. And the man who held the line and scourged them was the city hangman, who (by the way) is there an officer of note, has a constant salary, and is a man of substance; and not only so, but a most dexterous fellow in his office, and makes a great deal of money of his employment.

This sight, however, was very shocking to us; and my captain turned to me: “Come,” says he, “let us go away; I won’t stay here any longer.” I was glad to hear him say so, but did not think he had meant or intended what he said. However, we went back to our quarters, and kept pretty much within, only that in the evenings we walked about. But even then my captain found no employment, no encouragement. Two or three times, indeed, he made a prize of some mercery and millinery goods; but when he had them he knew not what to do with them, so that, in short, he was forced to be honest in spite of his goodwill to be otherwise.

We remained here about a month, when, on a sudden, my captain was gone, horse and all, and I knew nothing what was become of him. Nor did I ever see or hear of him for eighteen months after, nor did he so much as leave the least notice for me, either whither he was gone or whether he would return to Edinburgh again or no.

I took his leaving me very heinously, not knowing what to do with myself, being a stranger in the place; and, on the other hand, my money abated apace too. I had for the most part of this time my horse upon my hands to keep; and as horses yield but a sorry price in Scotland, I found no opportunity to make much of him; and, on the other hand, I had a secret resolution, if I had gone back to England, to have restored him to the owner, at Puckeridge, by Ware. And so I should have wronged him of nothing but the use of him for so long a time; but I found an occasion to answer all my designs about the horse to advantage.

There came a man to the stabler—so they call the people at Edinburgh that take in horses to keep—and wanted to know if he could hear of any returned horses for England. My landlord, so we called him, came bluntly to me one day, and asked me

if my horse was my own. It was an odd question, as my circumstances stood, and puzzled me at first; and I asked why, and what was the matter. “Because,” says he, “if it be a hired horse in England, as is often the case with Englishmen who come to Scotland, I could help you to send it back, and get you something for riding.” So he expressed himself.

I was very glad of the occasion, and, in short, took security there of the person for delivering the horse safe and sound, and had 15s. sterling for the riding him. Upon this agreement, I gave order to leave the horse at the Falcon, at Puckeridge, and where I heard, many years after, that he was honestly left, and that the owner had him again, but had nothing for the loan of him.

Being thus eased of the expense of my horse, and having nothing at all to do, I began to consider with myself what would become of me, and what I could turn my hand to. I had not much diminished my stock of money, for though I was all the way so wary that I would not join with my captain in his desperate attempts, yet I made no scruple to live at his expense, which, as I came out of England only to keep him company, had been but just, had I not known that all he had to spend upon me was what he robbed honest people of, and that I was all that while a receiver of stolen goods. But I was not come off so far then as to scruple that part at all.

In the next place, I was not so anxious about my money running low, because I knew what a reserve I had made at London. But still I was very willing to have engaged in any honest employment for a livelihood, for I was sick indeed of the wandering life which I had led, and was resolved to thieve no more. But then two or three things which I had offered me I lost, because I could not write or read.

This afflicted me a great while very much; but the stabler, as I have called him, delivered me from my anxiety that way by bringing me to an honest but a poor young man, who undertook to teach me both to write and read, and in a little time too, and for a small expense, if I would take pains at it. I promised all possible

diligence, and to work I went with it, but found the writing much more difficult to me than the reading.

However, in half a year's time, or thereabouts, I could read, and write too, tolerably well, insomuch that I began to think I was now fit for business. And I got by it into the service of a certain officer of the customs, who employed me for a time; but as he set me to do little but pass and repass between Leeds and Edinburgh, with the accounts which he kept for the farmers of the customs there, leaving me to live at my own expense till my wages should be due, I run out the little money I had left, in clothes and subsistence, and a little before the year's end, when I was to have £12 English money, truly my master was turned out of his place; and, which was worse, having been charged with some misapplications, was obliged to take shelter in England, and so we that were servants, for there were three of us, were left to shift for ourselves.

This was a hard case for me in a strange place, and I was reduced by it to the last extremity. I might have gone for England, an English ship being there. The master proffered me to give me my passage (upon telling him my distress), and to take my word for the payment of 10s. when I came there. But my captain appeared just then under new circumstances, which obliged him not to go away, and I was loth to leave him. It seems we were yet further to take our fate together.

I have mentioned that he left me, and that I saw him no more for eighteen months. His rambles and adventures were many in that time. He went to Glasgow, played some remarkable pranks there, escaped almost miraculously from the gallows; got over to Ireland, wandered about there, turned raparee, and did some villainous things there, and escaped from Londonderry, over to the Highlands in the north of Scotland; and about a month before I was left destitute at Leith by my master, behold! my noble Captain Jacque came in there, on board the ferry-boat from Fife, being, after all adventures and successes, advanced to the dignity of a foot-soldier in

a body of recruits raised in the north for the regiment of Douglas.

After my disaster, being reduced almost as low as my captain, I found no better shift before me, at least for the present, than to enter myself a soldier too; and thus we were ranked together, with each of us a musket upon our shoulders; and I confess that thing did not sit so ill upon me as I thought at first it would have done; for though I fared hard and lodged ill (for the last, especially, is the fate of poor soldiers in that part of the world), yet to me that had been used to lodge on the ashes in the glass house, this was no great matter. I had a secret satisfaction at being now under no necessity of stealing, and living in fear of a prison, and of the lash of the hangman—a thing which, from the time I saw it in Edinburgh, was so terrible to me that I could not think of it without horror. And it was an inexpressible ease to my mind that I was now in a certain way of living, which was honest, and which I could say was not unbecoming a gentleman.

Whatever was my satisfaction in that part, yet other circumstances did not equally concur to make this life suit me; for after we had been about six months in this figure, we were informed that the recruits were all to march for England, and to be shipped off at Newcastle, or at Hull, to join the regiment, which was then in Flanders.

I should tell you that, before this, I was extremely delighted with the life of a soldier, and I took the exercise so naturally that the sergeant that taught us to handle our arms, seeing me so ready at it, asked me if I had never carried arms before. I told him no; at which he swore, though jesting. “They call you colonel,” says he, “and I believe you will be a colonel, or you must be some colonel’s bastard, or you would never handle your arms as you do, at once or twice showing.”

This pleased me extremely, and encouraged me, and I was mightily taken with the life of a soldier; but when my captain came and told me the news, that we were to march for England, and to be shipped off for Flanders at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I

was surprised very much, and new thoughts began to come in my mind; as, first, my captain's condition was particular, for he durst not appear publicly at Newcastle, as he must have done if he had marched with the battalion (for they were a body of above four hundred, and therefore called themselves a battalion, though we were but recruits, and belonged to several companies abroad)—I say, he must have marched with them, and been publicly seen, in which case he would have been apprehended and delivered up. In the next place I remembered that I had almost £100 in money in London, and if it should have been asked all the soldiers in the regiment which of them would go to Flanders a private sentinel if they had £100 in their pockets, I believe none of them would answer in the affirmative—£100 being at that time sufficient to buy colours in any new regiment, though not in that regiment, which was on an old establishment. This whetted my ambition, and I dreamt of nothing but being a gentleman officer, as well as a gentleman soldier.

These two circumstances concurring, I began to be very uneasy, and very unwilling in my thoughts to go over a poor musqueteer into Flanders, to be knocked on the head at the tune of 3s. 6d. a week. While I was daily musing on the circumstances of being sent away, as above, and considering what to do, my captain comes to me one evening: "Hark ye, Jacque," says he, "I must speak with you; let us take a walk in the fields a little out from the houses." We were quartered at a place called Park End, near the town of Dunbar, about twenty miles from Berwick-upon-Tweed, and about sixteen miles from the river Tweed, the nearest way.

We walked together here, and talked seriously upon the matter. The captain told me how his case stood, and that he durst not march with the battalion into Newcastle; that if he did he should be taken out of the ranks and tried for his life, and that I knew as well as he. "I could go privately to Newcastle," says he, "and go through the town well enough, but to go publicly is to run into the jaws of destruction." "Well," says I, "that is very true; but what will you do?" "Do!" says he. "Do you think I am so bound by honour, as a gentleman soldier, that I will be hanged for

them? No, no," says he; "I am resolved to be gone, and I would have you go with us." Said I, "What do you mean by us?" "Why, here is another honest fellow, an Englishman also," says he, "that is resolved to desert too, and he has been a long while in their service, and says he knows how we shall be used abroad, and he will not go to Flanders, says he, not he."

"Why," says I, "you will be shot to death for deserters if you are taken, and they will send out scouts for you in the morning all over the country, so that you will certainly fall into their hands." "As for that," says he, "my comrade is thoroughly acquainted with the way, and he has undertaken to bring us to the banks of the Tweed before they can come up with us; and when we are on the other side of the Tweed, they can't take us up."

"And when would you go away?" says I.

"This minute," says he; "no time to be lost; 'tis a fine moonshining night."

"I have none of my baggage," says I; "let me go back and fetch my linen and other things."

"Your linen is not much, I suppose," says he, "and we shall easily get more in England the old way."

"No," says I, "no more of your old ways. It has been owing to those old ways that we are now in such a strait."

"Well, well," says he, "the old ways are better than this starving life of a gentleman, as we call it."

"But," says I, "we have no money in our pockets. How shall we travel?"

"I have a little," says the captain, "enough to help us on to Newcastle; and if we can get none by the way, we will get some collier-ship to take us in and carry us to London by sea."

"I like that the best of all the measures you have laid yet," said I; and so I consented

to go, and went off with him immediately. The cunning rogue, having lodged his comrade a mile off under the hills, had dragged me by talking with him, by little and little, that way, till just when I consented he was in sight, and he said, “Look, there’s my comrade!” who I knew presently, having seen him among the men.

Being thus gotten under the hills, and a mile off the way, and the day just shut in, we kept on apace, resolving, if possible, to get out of the reach of our pursuers before they should miss us or know anything of our being gone.

We plied our time so well and travelled so hard that by five o’clock in the morning, we were at a little village whose name I forget; but they told us that we were within eight miles of the Tweed, and that as soon as we should be over the river we were on English ground.

We refreshed a little here, but marched on with but little stay. However, it was half-an-hour past eight in the morning before we reached the Tweed, so it was at least twelve miles, when they told us it was but eight. Here we overtook two more of the same regiment, who had deserted from Haddington, where another part of the recruits were quartered.

Those were Scotchmen, and very poor, having not one penny in their pockets, and had no more when they made their escape but 8s. between them. And when they saw us, whom they knew to be of the same regiment they took us to be pursuers, and that we came to lay hold of them; upon which they stood upon their defence, having the regiment swords on, as we had also, but none of the mounting or clothing; for we were not to receive the clothing till we came to the regiment in Flanders.

It was not long before we made them understand that we were in the same circumstances with themselves, and so we soon became one company; and after resting some time on the English side of the river (for we were heartily tired, and the others were as much fatigued as we were)—I say, after resting awhile, we set forwards towards Newcastle, whither we resolved to go to get our passage by sea to

London; for we had not money to hold us out any farther.

Our money was ebbed very low; for though I had one piece of gold in my pocket, which I kept reserved for the last extremity, yet it was but half-a-guinea, and my captain had bore all our charges as far as his money would go, so that when we came to Newcastle we had but sixpence left in all to help ourselves, and the two Scots had begged their way all along the road.

We contrived to come into Newcastle in the dusk of the evening, and even then we durst not venture into the public part of the town, but made down towards the river, something below the town, where some glass-houses stand. Here we knew not what to do with ourselves; but, guided by our fate, we put a good face upon the matter, and went into an alehouse, sat down, and called for a pint of beer.

The house was kept by a woman only—that is to say, we saw no other; and as she appeared very frank and entertained us cheerfully, we at last told our condition, and asked her if she could not help us to some kind master of a collier that would give us a passage to London by sea. The subtle devil, who immediately found us proper fish for her hook, gave us the kindest words in the world, and told us she was heartily sorry she had not seen us one day sooner; that there was a collier-master, of her particular acquaintance, that went away but with the morning tide; that the ship was fallen down to Shields, but she believed was hardly over the bar yet, and she would send to his house and see if he was gone on board; for sometimes the masters do not go away till a tide after the ship, and she was sure, if he was not gone, she could prevail with him to take us all in; but then she was afraid we must go on board immediately, the same night.

We begged her to send to his house, for we knew not what to do, and if she could oblige him to take us on board, we did not care what time of night it was; for, as we had no money, we had no lodging, and we wanted nothing but to be on board.

We looked upon this as a mighty favour, that she sent to the master’s house, and, to

our greater joy, she brought us word about an hour after that he was not gone, and was at a tavern in the town, whither his boy had been to fetch him, and that he had sent word he would call there in the way home.

This was all in our favour, and we were extremely pleased with it. About an hour after, the landlady being in the room with us, her maid brings us word the master was below. So down she goes to him, telling us she would go and tell him our case, and see to persuade him to take us all on board. After some time she comes up with him, and brings him into the room to us. “Where are these honest gentlemen soldiers,” says he, “that are in such distress?” We stood all up, and paid our respects to him. “Well, gentlemen, and is all your money spent?”

“Indeed it is,” said one of our company, “and we shall be infinitely obliged to you, sir, if you will give us a passage. We will be very willing to do anything we can in the ship, though we are not seamen.”

“Why,” says he, “were none of you ever at sea in your lives?”

“No,” says we, “not one of us.”

“You will be able to do me no service, then,” says he; “for you will be all sick. Well, however,” says he, “for my good landlady’s sake here, I’ll do it; but are you all ready to go on board, for I go on board this very night?”

“Yes, sir,” says we again; “we are ready to go this minute.”

“No, no,” says he very kindly; “we’ll drink together. Come, landlady,” says he, “make these honest gentlemen a sneaker of punch.”

We looked at one another, for we knew we had no money, and he perceived it. “Come, come,” says he, “don’t be concerned at your having no money; my landlady here and I never part with dry lips. Come, goodwife,” says he, “make the punch as I bid you.”

We thanked him and said, “God bless you, noble captain,” a hundred times over,

being overjoyed with such good luck. While we were drinking the punch he calls the landlady: “Come,” says he, “I’ll step home and take my things, and bid them good-bye, and order the boat to come at high water and take me up here. And pray, goodwife,” says he, “get me something for supper. Sure, if I can give these honest men their passage, I may give them a bit of victuals too; it may be they han’t had much for dinner.”

With this away he went, and in a little while we heard the jack a-going; and one of us, going down stairs for a spy, brought us word there was a good leg of mutton at the fire. In less than an hour our captain came again, and came up to us, and blamed us that we had not drank all the punch out. “Come,” says he, “don’t be bashful; when that is out we can have another. When I am obliging poor men, I love to do it handsomely.”

We drank on, and drank the punch out, and more was brought up, and he pushed it about apace; and then came up a leg of mutton, and I need not say that we ate heartily, being told several times that we should pay nothing. After supper was done he bids my landlady ask if the boat was come. And she brought word no; it was not high water by a good deal. “No!” says he. “Well, then, give us some more punch.” So more punch was brought in, and, as was afterwards confessed, something was put into it, or more brandy than ordinary, and by that time the punch was drunk out we were all very drunk; and as for me, I was asleep.

About the time that was out we were told the boat was come; so we tumbled out, almost over one another, into the boat, and away we went, and our captain in the boat. Most of us, if not all, fell asleep, till after some time, though how much or how far going we knew not, the boat stopped, and we were waked and told we were at the ship’s side, which was true; and with much help and holding us, for fear we should fall overboard, we were all gotten into the ship. All I remember of it was this, that as soon as we were on board our captain, as we called him, called out thus:

“Here, boatswain, take care of these gentlemen, and give them good cabins, and let them turn in and go to sleep, for they are very weary;” and so indeed we were, and very drunk too, being the first time I had ever drank punch in my life.

Well, care was taken of us according to order, and we were put into very good cabins, where we were sure to go immediately to sleep. In the meantime the ship, which was indeed just ready to go, and only on notice given had come to an anchor for us at Shields, weighed, stood over the bar, and went off to sea; and when we waked, and began to peep abroad, which was not till near noon the next day, we found ourselves a great way at sea; the land in sight, indeed, but at a great distance, and all going merrily on for London, as we understood it. We were very well used and well satisfied with our condition for about three days, when we began to inquire whether we were not almost come, and how much longer it would be before we should come into the river. “What river?” says one of the men. “Why, the Thames,” says my Captain Jacque. “The Thames!” says the seaman. “What do you mean by that? What, han’t you had time enough to be sober yet?” So Captain Jacque said no more, but looked about him like a fool; when, a while after, some other of us asked the like question, and the seaman, who knew nothing of the cheat, began to smell a trick, and turning to the other Englishman that came with us, “Pray,” says he, “where do you fancy you are going, that you ask so often about it?” “Why, to London,” says he. “Where should we be going? We agreed with the captain to carry us to London.” “Not with the captain,” says he, “I dare say. Poor men! you are all cheated; and I thought so when I saw you come aboard with that kidnapping rogue Gilliman. Poor men!” adds he, “you are all be trayed. Why, you are going to Virginia, and the ship is bound to Virginia.”

The Englishman falls a-storming and raving like a madman, and we gathering round him, let any man guess, if they can, what was our surprise and how we were confounded when we were told how it was. In short, we drew our swords and began to lay about us, and made such a noise and hurry in the ship that at last the seamen

were obliged to call out for help. The captain commanded us to be disarmed in the first place, which was not, however, done without giving and receiving some wounds, and afterwards he caused us to be brought to him into the great cabin.

Here he talked very calmly to us, that he was really very sorry for what had befallen us; that he perceived we had been trepanned, and that the fellow who had brought us on board was a rogue that was employed by a sort of wicked merchants not unlike himself; that he supposed he had been represented to us as captain of the ship, and asked us if it was not so. We told him yes, and gave him a large account of ourselves, and how we came to the woman's house to inquire for some master of a collier to get a passage to London, and that this man engaged to carry us to London in his own ship, and the like, as is related above.

He told us he was very sorry for it, and he had no hand in it; but it was out of his power to help us, and let us know very plainly what our condition was; namely, that we were put on board his ship as servants to be delivered at Maryland to such a man, whom he named to us; but that, however, if we would be quiet and orderly in the ship, he would use us well in the passage, and take care we should be used well when we came there, and that he would do anything for us that lay in his power; but if we were unruly and refractory, we could not expect but he must take such measures as to oblige us to be satisfied; and that, in short, we must be handcuffed, carried down between the decks and kept as prisoners, for it was his business to take care that no disturbance must be in the ship.

My captain raved like a madman, swore at the captain, told him he would not fail to cut his throat, either on board or ashore, whenever he came within his reach; and that, if he could not do it now, he would do it after he came to England again, if ever he durst show his face there again. For he might depend upon it, if he was carried away to Virginia, he should find his way to England again; that, if it was twenty years after, he would have satisfaction of him. "Well, young man," says the captain,

smiling, "'tis very honestly said, and then I must take care of you while I have you here, and afterwards I must take care of myself." "Do your worst," says Jacque boldly; "I'll pay you home for it one time or other." "I must venture that, young man," says he, still calmly, "but for the present you and I must talk a little;" so he bids the boatswain, who stood near him, secure him, which he did. I spoke to him to be easy and patient, and that the captain had no hand in our misfortune.

"No hand in it! D—n him," said he aloud, "do you think he is not confederate in this villainy? Would any honest man receive innocent people on board his ship and not inquire of their circumstances, but carry them away and not speak to them? And now he knows how barbarously we are treated, why does he not set us on shore again? I tell you he is a villain, and none but him. Why does he not complete his villainy and murder us, and then he will be free from our revenge? But nothing else shall ever deliver him from my hands but sending us to the d—l, or going thither himself; and I am honester in telling him so fairly than he has been to me, and am in no passion any more than he is."

The captain was, I say, a little shocked at his boldness, for he talked a great deal more of the same kind, with a great deal of spirit and fire, and yet without any disorder in his temper. Indeed I was surprised at it, for I never had heard him talk so well and so much to the purpose in my life. The captain was, I say, a little shocked at it. However, he talked very handsomely to him, and said to him, "Look ye, young man, I bear with you the more because I am sensible your case is very hard; and yet I cannot allow your threatening me neither, and you oblige me by that to be severer with you than I intended. However, I will do nothing to you but what your threatening my life makes necessary." The boatswain called out to have him to the geers, as they called it, and to have him taste the cat-o'-nine-tails—all which were terms we did not understand till afterwards, when we were told he should have been whipped and pickled, for they said it was not to be suffered. But the captain said, "No, no; the young man has been really injured, and has reason to be very much

provoked; but I have not injured him," says he. And then he protested he had no hand in it, that he was put on board, and we also, by the owner's agent, and for their account; that it was true that they did always deal in servants, and carried a great many every voyage, but that it was no profit to him as commander; but they were always put on board by the owners, and that it was none of his business to inquire about them; and, to prove that he was not concerned in it, but was very much troubled at so base a thing, and that he would not be instrumental to carry us away against our wills, if the wind and the weather would permit, he would set us on shore again, though, as it blowed then, the wind being at south-west and a hard gale, and that they were already as far as the Orkneys, it was impossible.

But the captain was the same man. He told him that, let the wind blow how it would, he ought not to carry us away against our consent; and as to his pretences of his owners and the like, it was saying of nothing to him, for it was he, the captain, that carried us away, and that, whatever rogue trepanned us on board, now he knew it, he ought no more to carry us away than murder us; and that he demanded to be set on shore, or else he, the captain, was a thief and a murderer.

The captain continued mild still; and then I put in with an argument that had like to have brought us all back, if the weather had not really hindered it; which, when I came to understand sea affairs better, I found was indeed so, and that it had been impossible. I told the captain that I was sorry that my brother was so warm, but that our usage was villainous, which he could not deny. Then I took up the air of what my habit did not agree with. I told him that we were not people to be sold for slaves, that though we had the misfortune to be in a circumstance that obliged us to conceal ourselves, having disguised ourselves to get out of the army, as being not willing to go into Flanders, yet that we were men of substance, and able to discharge ourselves from the service when it came to that; and, to convince him of it, I told him I would give him sufficient security to pay £20 apiece for my brother and myself; and in as short time as we could send from the place he should put into London, and receive a

return. And, to show that I was able to do it, I pulled out my bill for £94 from the gentleman of the custom-house, and who, to my infinite satisfaction, he knew as soon as he saw the bill. He was astonished at this, and, lifting up his hands, “By what witchcraft,” says he, “were ye brought hither!”

“As to that,” says I, “we have told you the story, and we add nothing to it; but we insist upon it that you will do this justice to us now.” “Well,” says he, “I am very sorry for it, but I cannot answer putting back the ship; neither, if I could,” says he, “is it practicable to be done.”

While this discourse lasted the two Scotchmen and the other Englishman were silent; but as I seemed to acquiesce, the Scotchmen began to talk to the same purpose, which I need not repeat, and had not mentioned but for a merry passage that followed. After the Scotchmen had said all they could, and the captain still told them they must submit,—“And will you then carry us to Virginia?” “Yes,” says the captain. “And will we be sold,” says the Scotchman, “when we come there?” “Yes,” says the captain. “Why then, sir,” says the Scotchman, “the devil will have you at the hinder end of the bargain.” “Say you so,” says the captain, smiling. “Well, well, let the devil and I alone to agree about that; do you be quiet and behave civilly, as you should do, and you shall be used as kindly, both here and there too, as I can.” The poor Scotchmen could say little to it, nor I, nor any of us; for we saw there was no remedy but to leave the devil and the captain to agree among themselves, as the captain had said, as to the honesty of it.

Thus, in short, we were all, I say, obliged to acquiesce but my captain, who was so much the more obstinate when he found that I had a fund to make such an offer upon; nor could all my persuasions prevail with him. The captain of the ship and he had many pleasant dialogues about this in the rest of the voyage, in which Jacque never treated him with any language but that of kidnapper and villain, nor talked of anything but of taking his revenge of him. But I omit that part, though very

diverting, as being no part of my own story.

In short, the wind continued to blow hard, though very fair, till, as the seamen said, we were past the islands on the north of Scotland, and that we began to steer away westerly (which I came to understand since). As there was no land any way for many hundred leagues, so we had no remedy but patience, and to be easy as we could; only my surly Captain Jacque continued the same man all the way.

We had a very good voyage, no storms all the way, and a northerly wind almost twenty days together; so that, in a word, we made the capes of Virginia in two-and-thirty days from the day we steered west, as I have said, which was in the latitude of 60 degrees 30 minutes, being to the north of the isle of Great Britain; and this, they said, was a very quick passage.

Nothing material happened to me during the voyage; and indeed, when I came there, I was obliged to act in so narrow a compass that nothing very material could present itself.

When we came ashore, which was in a great river which they call Potomac, the captain asked us, but me more particularly, whether I had anything to propose to him now. Jacque answered, “Yes, I have something to propose to you, captain; that is, that I have promised you to cut your throat, and depend upon it I will be as good as my word.” “Well, well,” says the captain, “if I can’t help it, you shall;” so he turned away to me. I understood him very well what he meant; but I was now out of the reach of any relief; and as for my note, it was now but a bit of paper of no value, for nobody could receive it but myself. I saw no remedy, and so talked coldly to him of it as of a thing I was indifferent about; and indeed I was grown indifferent, for I considered all the way on the voyage, that as I was bred a vagabond, had been a pickpocket and a soldier, and was run from my colours, and that I had no settled abode in the world, nor any employ to get anything by, except that wicked one I was bred to, which had the gallows at the heels of it, I did not see but that this service

might be as well to me as other business. And this I was particularly satisfied with when they told me that after I had served out the five years' servitude I should have the courtesy of the country (as they called it); that is, a certain quantity of land to cultivate and plant for myself. So that now I was like to be brought up to something by which I might live, without that wretched thing called stealing, which my very soul abhorred, and which I had given over, as I have said, ever since that wicked time that I robbed the poor widow of Kentish Town.

In this mind I was when I arrived at Virginia; and so, when the captain inquired of me what I intended to do, and whether I had anything to propose—that is to say, he meant whether I would give him my bill, which he wanted to be fingering very much—I answered coldly, my bill would be of no use to me now, for nobody would advance anything upon it. Only this I would say to him, that if he would carry me and Captain Jacque back to England, and to London again, I would pay him the £20 off my bill for each of us. This he had no mind to; "for, as to your brother," says he, "I would not take him into my ship for twice £20, he is such a hardened, desperate villain," says he; "I should be obliged to carry him in irons as I brought him hither."

Thus we parted with our captain or kidnapper, call him as you will. We were then delivered to the merchants to whom we were consigned, who again disposed of us as they thought fit; and in a few days we were separated.

As for my Captain Jacque, to make short of the story, that desperate rogue had the luck to have a very easy, good master, whose easiness and good humour he abused very much; and, in particular, took an opportunity to run away with a boat which his master entrusted him and another with to carry some provisions down the river to another plantation which he had there. This boat and provisions they ran away with, and sailed north to the bottom of the bay, as they call it, and into a river called Susquehanna, and there quitting the boat, they wandered through the woods, till they came to Pennsylvania, from whence they made shift to get passage to New England,

and from thence home; where, falling in among his old companions and to the old trade, he was at length taken and hanged, about a month before I came to London, which was near twenty years afterwards.

My part was harder at the beginning, though better at the latter end. I was disposed of, that is to say, sold, to a rich planter whose name was Smith, and with me the other Englishman, who was my fellow-deserter, that Jacque brought me to when we went off from Dunbar.

We were now fellow-servants, and it was our lot to be carried up a small river or creek which falls into Potomac river, about eight miles from the great river. Here we were brought to the plantation, and put in among about fifty servants, as well negroes as others; and being delivered to the head man, or director, or manager of the plantation, he took care to let us know that we must expect to work, and very hard too; for it was for that purpose his master bought servants, and for no other. I told him, very submissively, that since it was our misfortune to come into such a miserable condition as we were in, we expected no other; only we desired we might be showed our business, and be allowed to learn it gradually, since he might be sure we had not been used to labour; and I added that when he knew particularly by what methods we were brought and betrayed into such a condition, he would perhaps see cause at least to show us that favour, if not more. This I spoke with such a moving tone as gave him a curiosity to inquire into the particulars of our story, which I gave him at large, a little more to our advantage, too, than ordinary.

This story, as I hoped it would, did move him to a sort of tenderness; but yet he told us that his master’s business must be done, and that he expected we must work as above; that he could not dispense with that upon any account whatever. Accordingly, to work we went; and indeed we had three hard things attending us; namely, we worked hard, lodged hard, and fared hard. The first I had been an utter stranger to; the last I could shift well enough with.

During this scene of life I had time to reflect on my past hours, and upon what I had done in the world; and though I had no great capacity of making a clear judgment, and very little reflections from conscience, yet it made some impressions upon me; and particularly, that I was brought into this miserable condition of a slave by some strange directing power as a punishment for the wickedness of my younger years; and this thought was increased upon the following occasion. The master whose service I was now engaged in was a man of substance and figure in the country, and had abundance of servants, as well negroes as English; in all, I think, he had near two hundred; and among so many, as some grew every year infirm and unable to work, others went off upon their time being expired, and others died; and by these and other accidents the number would diminish, if they were not often recruited and filled, and this obliged him to buy more every year.

It happened while I was here that a ship arrived from London with several servants, and among the rest was seventeen transported felons, some burnt in the hand, others not; eight of whom my master bought for the time specified in the warrant for their transportation respectively, some for a longer, some a shorter, term of years.

Our master was a great man in the country, and a justice of peace, though he seldom came down to the plantation where I was. Yet, as the new servants were brought on shore and delivered at our plantation, his worship came thither, in a kind of state, to see and receive them. When they were brought before him I was called, among other servants, as a kind of guard, to take them into custody after he had seen them, and carry them to the work. They were brought by a guard of seamen from the ship, and the second mate of the ship came with them, and delivered them to our master, with the warrant for their transportation, as above.

When his worship had read over the warrants, he called them over by their names, one by one, and having let them know, by his reading the warrants over again to each man respectively, that he knew for what offences they were transported, he

talked to every one separately very gravely; let them know how much favour they had received in being saved from the gallows, which the law had appointed for their crimes; that they were not sentenced to be transported, but to be hanged, and that transportation was granted them upon their own request and humble petition.

Then he laid before them that they ought to look upon the life they were just going to enter upon as just beginning the world again; that if they thought fit to be diligent and sober, they would, after the time they were ordered to serve was expired, be encouraged by the constitution of the country to settle and plant for themselves; and that even he himself would be so kind to them, that if he lived to see any of them serve their time faithfully out, it was his custom to assist his servants in order to their settling in that country, according as their behaviour might merit from him; and they would see and know several planters round about them who now were in very good circumstances, and who formerly were only his servants, in the same condition with them, and came from the same place—that is to say, Newgate; and some of them had the mark of it in their hands, but were now very honest men and lived in very good repute.

Among the rest of his new servants, he came to a young fellow not above seventeen or eighteen years of age, and his warrant mentions that he was, though a young man, yet an old offender; that he had been several times condemned, but had been respited or pardoned, but still he continued an incorrigible pickpocket; that the crime for which he was now transported was for picking a merchant's pocket-book, or letter-case, out of his pocket, in which was bills of exchange for a very great sum of money; that he had afterwards received the money upon some of the bills, but that going to a goldsmith in Lombard Street with another bill, and having demanded the money, he was stopped, notice having been given of the loss of them; that he was condemned to die for the felony, and being so well known for an old offender, had certainly died, but the merchant, upon his earnest application, had obtained that he should be transported, on condition that he restored all the rest of his bills, which he

had done accordingly.

Our master talked a long time to this young fellow; mentioned, with some surprise, that he so young should have followed such a wicked trade so long as to obtain the name of an old offender at so young an age; and that he should be styled incorrigible, which is to signify that notwithstanding his being whipped two or three times, and several times punished by imprisonment, and once burnt in the hand, yet nothing would do him any good, but that he was still the same. He talked mighty religiously to this boy, and told him God had not only spared him from the gallows, but had now mercifully delivered him from the opportunity of committing the same sin again, and put it into his power to live an honest life, which perhaps he knew not how to do before; and though some part of his life now might be laborious, yet he ought to look on it to be no more than being put out apprentice to an honest trade, in which, when he came out of his time, he might be able to set up for himself and live honestly.

Then he told him that while he was a servant he would have no opportunity to be dishonest; so when he came to be for himself he would have no temptation to it; and so, after a great many other kind things said to him and the rest, they were dismissed.

I was exceedingly moved at this discourse of our master's, as anybody would judge I must be, when it was directed to such a young rogue, born a thief, and bred up a pickpocket, like myself; for I thought all my master said was spoken to me, and sometimes it came into my head that sure my master was some extraordinary man, and he knew all things that ever I had done in my life.

But I was surprised to the last degree when my master, dismissing all the rest of us servants, pointed at me, and speaking to his head-clerk, "Here," says he, "bring that young fellow hither to me."

I had been near a year in the work, and I had plied it so well that the clerk, or

headman, either flattered me or did really believe that I behaved very well. But I was terribly frighted to hear myself called out aloud, just as they used to call for such as had done some misdemeanour, and were to be lashed or otherwise corrected.

I came in like a malefactor indeed, and thought I looked like one just taken in the fact and carried before the justice; and indeed when I came in, for I was carried into an inner room or parlour in the house to him (his discourse to the rest was in a large hall, where he sat in a seat like a lord judge upon the bench, or a petty king upon his throne); when I came in, I say, he ordered his man to withdraw, and I standing half naked and bare-headed, with my haugh, or hoe, in my hand (the posture and figure I was in at my work), near the door, he bade me lay down my hoe and come nearer. Then he began to look a little less stern and terrible than I fancied him to look before, or, perhaps, both his countenance then and before might be to my imagination differing from what they really were; for we do not always judge those things by the real temper of the person, but by the measure of our apprehensions.

“Hark ye, young man, how old are you?” says my master; and so our dialogue began.

Jacque. Indeed, sir, I do not know.

Mast. What is your name?

Jacque. They call me Colonel[4] here, but my name is Jacque, an’t please your worship.

Mast. But prithee, what is thy name?

Jacque. Jacque.

Mast. What! is thy Christian name, then, Colonel, and thy surname Jacque?

Jacque. Truly, sir, to tell your honour the truth, I know little or nothing of myself,[5] nor what my true name is; but thus I have been called ever since I remember. Which is my Christian name, or which my surname, or whether I was ever christened or

not, I cannot tell.

Mast. Well, however, that's honestly answered. Pray, how came you hither, and on what account are you made a servant here?

Jacque. I wish your honour could have patience with me to hear the whole story; it is the hardest and most unjust thing that ever came before you.

Mast. Say you so? Tell it me at large, then. I'll hear it, I promise that, if it be an hour long.

This encouraged me, and I began at being a soldier, and being persuaded to desert at Dunbar, and gave him all the particulars, as they are related above, to the time of my coming on shore and the captain talking to me about my bill after I arrived here. He held up his hands several times as I went on, expressing his abhorrence of the usage I had met with at Newcastle, and inquired the name of the master of the ship; "for," said he, "that captain, for all his smooth words, must be a rogue." So I told him his name, and the name of the ship, and he took it down in his book, and then he went on.

Mast. But pray answer me, honestly too, to another question: What was it made you so much concerned at my talking to the boy there, the pickpocket?

Jacque. An't please your honour, it moved me to hear you talk so kindly to a poor slave.

Mast. And was that all? Speak truly now.

Jacque. No, indeed; but a secret wish came into my thoughts, that you, that were so good to such a creature as that, could but one way or other know my case, and that if you did, you would certainly pity me, and do something for me.

Mast. Well, but was there nothing in his case that hit your own, that made you so affected with it; for I saw tears come from your eyes and it was that made me call to speak to you?

Jacque. Indeed, sir, I have been a wicked, idle boy, and was left desolate in the world; but that boy is a thief, and condemned to be hanged. I never was before a court of justice in my life.

Mast. Well, I won't examine you too far. If you were never before a court of justice, and are not a criminal transported, I have nothing further to inquire of you. You have been ill used, that's certain; and was it that that affected you?

Jacque. Yes, indeed, please your honour. (We all called him his honour, or his worship.)

Mast. Well, now I do know your case, what can I do for you? You speak of a bill of £94 of which you would have given the captain £40 for your liberty; have you that bill in your keeping still?

Jacque. Yes, sir; here it is.

I pulled it out of the waistband of my drawers, where I always found means to preserve it, wrapped up in a piece of paper, and pinned to the waistband, and yet almost worn out, too, with often pinning and removing. So I gave it to him to read, and he read it.

Mast. And is this gentleman in being that gave you the bill?

Jacque. Yes, sir; he was alive and in good health when I came from London, which you may see by the date of the bill, for I came away the next day.

Mast. I do not wonder that the captain of the ship was willing to get this bill of you when you came on shore here.

Jacque. I would have given it into his possession if he would have carried me and my brother back again to England, and have taken what he asked for us out of it.

Mast. Ay; but he knew better than that, too. He knew, if he had any friends there, they would call him to an account for what he had done. But I wonder he did not take it from you while you were at sea, either by fraud or by force.

Jacque. He did not attempt that indeed.

Mast. Well, young man, I have a mind to try if I can do you any service in this case. On my word, if the money can be paid, and you can get it safe over, I might put you in a way how to be a better man than your master, if you will be honest and diligent.

Jacque. As I have behaved myself in your service, sir, you will, I hope, judge of the rest.

Mast. But perhaps you hanker after returning to England?

Jacque. No, indeed, sir; if I can but get my bread honestly here, I have no mind to go to England; for I know not how to get my bread there. If I had, I had not ’listed for a soldier.

Mast. Well, but I must ask you some questions about that part hereafter; for ’tis indeed something strange that you should list for a soldier when you had £94 in your pocket.

Jacque. I shall give your worship as particular account of that as I have of the other part of my life, if you please; but ’tis very long.

Mast. Well, we will have that another time. But to the case in hand. Are you willing I should send to anybody at London to talk with that gentleman that gave you the bill; not to take the money of him, but to ask him only whether he has so much money of yours in his hands, and whether he will part with it when you shall give order, and send the bill, or a duplicate of it; that is (says he) the copy? (And it was well he did say so, for I did not understand the word duplicate at all.)

Jacque. Yes, sir; I will give you the bill itself, if you please. I can trust it with you, though I could not with him.

Mast. No, no, young man, I won’t take it from you.

Jacque. I wish your worship would please to keep it for me, for if I should lose it, then I am quite undone.

Mast. I will keep it for you, Jacque, if you will; but then you shall have a note under my hand, signifying that I have it, and will return it you upon demand, which will be as safe to you as the bill. I won't take it else.

So I gave my master the bill, and he gave me his note for it; and he was a faithful steward for me, as you will hear in its place. After this conference I was dismissed, and went to my work; but about two hours after, the steward, or the overseer of the plantation, came riding by, and coming up to me as I was at work, pulled a bottle out of his pocket, and calling me to him, gave me a dram of rum. When, in good manners, I had taken but a little sup, he held it out to me again, and bade me take another, and spoke wondrous civilly to me, quite otherwise than he used to do.

This encouraged me and heartened me very much, but yet I had no particular view of anything, or which way I should have any relief.

A day or two after, when we were all going out to our work in the morning, the overseer called me to him again, and gave me a dram and a good piece of bread, and bade me come off from my work about one o'clock, and come to him to the house, for he must speak with me.

When I came to him, I came, to be sure, in the ordinary habit of a poor half-naked slave. "Come hither, young man," says he, "and give me your hoe." When I gave it him, "Well," says he, "you are to work no more in this plantation."

I looked surprised, and as if I was frighted. "What have I done, sir?" said I; "and whither am I to be sent away?"

"Nay, nay," says he, and looked very pleasantly, "do not be frighted; 'tis for your good; 'tis not to hurt you. I am ordered to make an overseer of you, and you shall be a slave no longer."

"Alas!" says I to him, "I an overseer! I am in no condition for it. I have no clothes to put on, no linen, nothing to help myself."

"Well, well," says he, "you may be better used than you are aware of. Come hither

with me." So he led me into a vast, great warehouse, or, rather, set of warehouses, one within another, and calling the warehouse-keeper, "Here," says he, "you must clothe this man, and give him everything necessary, upon the foot of number five, and give the bill to me. Our master has ordered me to allow it in the account of the west plantation." That was, it seems, the plantation where I was to go.

Accordingly, the warehouse-keeper carried me into an inner warehouse, where were several suits of clothes of the sort his orders mentioned, which were plain but good sorts of clothes, ready made, being of a good broadcloth, about 11s. a yard in England; and with this he gave me three good shirts, two pair of shoes, stockings, and gloves, a hat, six neckcloths, and, in short, everything I could want; and when he had looked everything out, and fitted them, he lets me into a little room by itself. "Here," says he; "go in there a slave, and come out a gentleman;" and with that carried everything into the room, and, shutting the door, bid me put them on, which I did most willingly; and now you may believe that I began to hope for something better than ordinary.

In a little while after this came the overseer, and gave me joy of my new clothes, and told me I must go with him. So I was carried to another plantation, larger than that where I worked before, and where there were two overseers or clerks; one within doors, and one without. This last was removed to another plantation, and I was placed there in his room (that is to say, as the clerk without doors), and my business was to look after the servants and negroes, and take care that they did their business, provide their food, and, in short, both govern and direct them.

I was elevated to the highest degree in my thoughts at this advancement, and it is impossible for me to express the joy of my mind upon this occasion; but there came a difficulty upon me, that shocked me so violently and went so against my very nature that I really had almost forfeited my place about it, and, in all appearance, the favour of our master, who had been so generous to me; and this was, that when I

entered upon my office, I had a horse given me and a long horsewhip, like what we call in England a hunting-whip. The horse was to ride up and down all over the plantation, to see the servants and negroes did their work; and, the plantation being so large, it could not be done on foot, at least so often and so effectively as was required; and the horsewhip was given me to correct and lash the slaves and servants when they proved negligent or quarrelsome, or, in short, were guilty of any offence. This part turned the very blood within my veins, and I could not think of it with any temper, that I, who was but yesterday a servant or slave like them, and under the authority of the same lash, should lift up my hand to the cruel work which was my terror but the day before. This, I say, I could not do; insomuch that the negroes perceived it, and I had soon so much contempt upon my authority that we were all in disorder.

The ingratitude of their return for the compassion I showed them provoked me, I confess, and a little hardened my heart; and I began with the negroes, two of whom I was obliged to correct; and I thought I did it most cruelly; but after I had lashed them till every blow I struck them hurt myself and I was ready to faint at the work, the rogues laughed at me, and one of them had the impudence to say, behind my back, that, if he had the whipping of me, he would show me better how to whip a negro.

Well, however, I had no power to do it in such a barbarous manner as I found it was necessary to have it done; and the defect began to be a detriment to our master's business. And now I began indeed to see that the cruelty so much talked of, used in Virginia and Barbados, and other colonies, in whipping the negro slaves, was not so much owing to the tyranny and passion and cruelty of the English, as had been reported, the English not being accounted to be of a cruel disposition, and really are not so; but that it is owing to the brutality and obstinate temper of the negroes, who cannot be managed by kindness and courtesy, but must be ruled with a rod of iron, beaten with scorpions, as the Scripture calls it, and must be used as they do use

them, or they would rise and murder all their masters; which, their numbers considered, would not be hard for them to do, if they had arms and ammunition suitable to the rage and cruelty of their nature.

But I began to see at the same time that this brutal temper of the negroes was not rightly managed; that they did not take the best course with them to make them sensible, either of mercy or punishment; and it was evident to me that even the worst of those tempers might be brought to a compliance without the lash, or at least without so much of it as they generally inflicted.

Our master was really a man of humanity himself, and was sometimes so full of tenderness that he would forbid the severities of his overseers and stewards; but he saw the necessity of it, and was obliged at last to leave it to the discretion of his upper servants. Yet he would often bid them be merciful, and bid them consider the difference of the constitution of the bodies of the negroes, some being less able to bear the tortures of their punishment than others, and some of them less obstinate, too, than others.

However, somebody was so officious as to inform him against me upon this occasion, and let him know that I neglected his affairs, and that the servants were under no government; by which means his plantation was not duly managed, and that all things were in disorder.

This was a heavy charge for a young overseer, and his honour came like a judge, with all his attendants, to look into things and hear the cause. However, he was so just to me as that, before he censured me, he resolved to hear me fully, and that not only publicly, but in private too. And the last part of this was my particular good fortune; for, as he had formerly allowed me to speak to him with freedom, so I had the like freedom now, and had full liberty to explain and defend myself.

I knew nothing of the complaint against me till I had it from his own mouth, nor anything of his coming till I saw him in the very plantation, viewing his work, and

viewing the several pieces of ground that were ordered to be new planted; and after he had rode all round, and seen things in the condition which they were to be seen in, how every thing was in its due order, and the servants and negroes were all at work, and everything appearing to his mind, he went into the house.

As I saw him come up the walks I ran towards him and made my homage, and gave him my humble thanks for the goodness he had showed me in taking me from the miserable condition I was in before, and employing and entrusting me in his business; and he looked pleasant enough, though he did not say much at first; and I attended him through the whole plantation, gave him an account of everything as we went along, answered all his objections and inquiries everywhere in such a manner as it seems he did not expect; and, as he acknowledged afterwards, everything was very much to his satisfaction.

There was an overseer, as I observed, belonging to the same plantation, who was, though not over me, yet in a work superior to mine; for his business was to see the tobacco packed up and deliver it either on board the sloops or otherwise, as our master ordered, and to receive English goods from the grand warehouse, which was at the other plantation, because that was nearest the water-side; and, in short, to keep the accounts.

This overseer, an honest and upright man, made no complaint to him of his business being neglected, as above, or of anything like it, though he inquired of him about it, and that very strictly, too.

I should have said, that as he rid over the plantation, he came in his round to the place where the servants were usually corrected when they had done any fault; and there stood two negroes, with their hands tied behind them, as it were under sentence; and when he came near them they fell on their knees and made pitiful signs to him for mercy. “Alas! alas!” says he, turning to me, “why did you bring me this way? I do not love such sights. What must I do now? I must pardon them;

prithee, what have they done?" I told him the particular offences which they were brought to the place for. One had stole a bottle of rum, and had made himself drunk with it, and, when he was drunk, had done a great many mad things, and had attempted to knock one of the white servants' brains out with a handspike, but that the white man had avoided the blow, and, striking up the negro's heels, had seized him and brought him prisoner thither, where he had lain all night; and that I had told him he was to be whipped that day, and the next three days, twice every day.

"And could you be so cruel?" says his honour. "Why, you would kill the poor wretch; and so, beside the blood which you would have to answer for, you would lose me a lusty man negro, which cost me at least £30 or £40, and bring a reproach upon my whole plantation. Nay, and more than that, some of them in revenge would murder me, if ever it was in their power."

"Sir," says I, "if those fellows are not kept under by violence, I believe you are satisfied nothing is to be done with them; and it is reported in your works that I have been rather their jest than their terror, for want of using them as they deserve; and I was resolved, how much soever it is against my own disposition, that your service should not suffer for my unseasonable forbearance; and therefore, if I had scourged him to death——" "Hold," says he; "no, no, by no means any such severity in my bounds. Remember, young man; you were once a servant. Deal as you would acknowledge it would be just to deal with you in his case, and mingle always some mercy. I desire it, and let the consequence of being too gentle be placed to my account."

This was as much as I could desire, and the more because what passed was in public, and several, both negroes and white servants, as well as the particular persons who had accused me, heard it all, though I did not know it. "A cruel dog of an overseer," says one of the white servants behind; "he would have whipped poor bullet-head"—so they called the negro that was to be punished—"to death if his

honour had not happened to come to-day."

However, I urged the notorious crime this fellow was guilty of, and the danger there was in such forbearance, from the refractory and incorrigible temper of the negroes, and pressed a little the necessity of making examples. But he said, "Well, well, do it the next time, but not now;" so I said no more.

The other fellow's crime was trifling compared with this; and the master went forward, talking of it to me, and I following him, till we came to the house; when, after he had been sat down a while, he called me to him, and, not suffering my accusers to come near till he had heard my defence, he began with me thus:—

Mast. Hark ye, young man, I must have some discourse with you. Your conduct is complained of since I set you over this plantation. I thought your sense of the obligation I had laid on you would have secured your diligence and faithfulness to me.

Jacque. I am very sorry any complaint should be made of me, because the obligation I am under to your honour (and which I freely confess) does bind me to your interest in the strongest manner imaginable; and, however I may have mistaken my business, I am sure I have not willingly neglected it.

Mast. Well, I shall not condemn you without hearing you, and therefore I called you in now to tell you of it.

Jacque. I humbly thank your honour. I have but one petition more, and that is, that I may know my accusation; and, if you please, my accusers.

Mast. The first you shall, and that is the reason of my talking to you in private; and if there is any need of a further hearing, you shall know your accusers too. What you are charged with is just contrary to what appeared to me just now, and therefore you and I must come to a new understanding about it, for I thought I was too cunning for you, and now I think you have been too cunning for me.

Jacque. I hope your honour will not be offended that I do not fully understand you.

Mast. I believe you do not. Come, tell me honestly, did you really intend to whip the poor negro twice a day for four days together; that is to say, to whip him to death, for that would have been the English of it, and the end of it?

Jacque. If I may be permitted to guess, sir, I believe I know the charge that is brought against me, and that your honour has been told that I have been too gentle with the negroes, as well as other servants; and that when they deserved to be used with the accustomed severity of the country, I have not given them half enough; and that by this means they are careless of your business, and that your plantation is not well looked after, and the like.

Mast. Well, you guess right. Go on.

Jacque. The first part of the charge I confess, but the last I deny, and appeal to your honour's strictest examination into every part of it.

Mast. If the last part could be true, I would be glad the first were; for it would be an infinite satisfaction to me that, my business not being neglected, nor our safety endangered, those poor wretches could be used with more humanity; for cruelty is the aversion of my nature, and it is the only uncomfortable thing that attends me in all my prosperity.

Jacque. I freely acknowledge, sir, that at first it was impossible for me to bring myself to that terrible work. How could I, that was but just come out of the terror of it myself, and had but the day before been a poor naked, miserable servant myself, and might be to-morrow reduced to the same condition again; how could I use this terrible weapon[6] on the naked flesh of my fellow-servants, as well as fellow-creatures? At least, sir, when my duty made it absolutely necessary, I could not do it without the utmost horror. I beseech you, pardon me if I have such a tenderness in my nature, that though I might be fit to be your servant, I am incapable of being an executioner, having been an offender myself.

Mast. Well, but how, then, can my business be done? And how will this terrible

obstinacy of the negroes, who, they tell me, can be no otherwise governed, be kept from neglect of their work, or even insolence and rebellion?

Jacque. This brings me, sir, to the latter part of my defence; and here I hope your honour will be pleased to call my accusers, or that you will give yourself the trouble of taking the exactest view of your plantation, and see, or let them show you, if anything is neglected, if your business has suffered in anything, or if your negroes or other servants are under less government than they were before; and if, on the contrary, I have found out that happy secret, to have good order kept, the business of the plantation done, and that with diligence and despatch, and that the negroes are kept in awe, the natural temper of them subjected, and the safety and peace of your family secured, as well by gentle means as by rough, by moderate correction as by torture and barbarity, by a due awe of just discipline as by the horror of unsufferable torments, I hope your honour will not lay that sin to my charge.

Mast. No, indeed; you would be the most acceptable manager that ever I employed. But how, then, does this consist with the cruel sentence you had passed on the poor fellow that is in your condemned hole yonder, who was to be whipped eight times in four days?

Jacque. Very well, sir. First, sir, he remains under the terrible apprehensions of a punishment so severe as no negro ever had before. This fellow, with your leave, I intended to release to-morrow without any whipping at all, after talking to him in my way about his offence, and raising in his mind a sense of the value of pardon. And if this makes him a better servant than the severest whipping will do, then, I presume, you would allow I have gained a point.

Mast. Ay; but what if it should not be so? For these fellows have no sense of gratitude.

Jacque. That is, sir, because they are never pardoned. If they offend, they never know what mercy is; and what, then, have they to be grateful for?

Mast. Thou art in the right indeed. Where there is no mercy showed, there is no obligation laid upon them.

Jacque. Besides, sir, if they have at any time been let go, which is very seldom, they are not told what the case is. They take no pains with them to imprint principles of gratitude on their minds, to tell them what kindness is shown them, and what they are indebted for it, and what they might gain in the end by it.

Mast. But do you think such usage would do? Would it make any impression? You persuade yourself it would, but you see ’tis against the received notion of the whole country.

Jacque. There are, it may be, public and national mistakes and errors in conduct, and this is one.

Mast. Have you tried it? You cannot say it is a mistake till you have tried and proved it to be so.

Jacque. Your whole plantation is a proof of it. This very fellow had never acted as he did if he had not gotten rum in his head, and been out of the government of himself; so that, indeed, all the offence I ought to have punished him for had been that of stealing a bottle of rum and drinking it all up; in which case, like Noah, he did not know the strength of it, and when he had it in his head he was a madman, he was as one raging and distracted; so that, for all the rest, he deserved pity rather than punishment.

Mast. Thou art right, certainly right, and thou wilt be a rare fellow if thou canst bring these notions into practice. I wish you had tried it upon any one particular negro, that I might see an example. I would give £500 if it could be brought to bear.

Jacque. I desire nothing, sir, but your favour, and the advantage of obliging you. I will show you an example of it among your own negroes, and all the plantation will acknowledge it.

Mast. You make my very heart glad within me, Jacque. If you can bring this to pass,

I here give you my word I'll not only give you your own freedom, but make a man of you for this world as long as you live.

Upon this I bowed to him very respectfully, and told him the following story:—'There is a negro, sir, in your plantation who has been your servant several years before I came. He did a fault that was of no great consequence in itself, but perhaps would have been worse if they had indeed gone further; and I had him brought into the usual place, and tied him by the thumbs for correction, and he was told that he should be whipped and pickled in a dreadful manner. After I had made proper impressions on his mind of the terror of his punishment, and found that he was sufficiently humbled by it, I went into the house, and caused him to be brought out, just as they do when they go to correct the negroes on such occasions. When he was stripped and tied up he had two lashes given him, that was indeed very cruel ones, and I called to them to hold. 'Hold!' said I to the two men that had just began to lay on upon the poor fellow: 'Hold!' said I, 'let me talk with him.'

"So he was taken down. Then I began and represented to him how kind you, that were his great master,[7] had been to him; that you had never done him any harm; that you had used him gently, and he had never been brought to this punishment in so many years, though he had done some faults before; that this was a notorious offence, for he had stolen some rum, and made himself and two other negroes drunk-mad;[8] and had abused two women negroes, who had husbands in our master's service, but in another plantation; and played several pranks, and for this I had appointed him this punishment.

"He shook his head, and made signs that he was muchee sorree, as he called it. 'And what will you say or do,' said I, 'if I should prevail with the great master to pardon you? I have a mind to go and see if I can beg for you.' He told me he would lie down, let me kill him. 'Me will,' says he, 'run, go, fetch, bring for you as long as me live.' This was the opportunity I had a mind to have, to try whether, as negroes have

all the other faculties of reasonable creatures, they had not also some sense of kindness, some principles of natural generosity, which, in short, is the foundation of gratitude; for gratitude is the product of generous principles."

"You please me with the beginning of this story," says he; "I hope you have carried it on."

"Yes, sir," says I; "it has been carried on further perhaps than you imagine, or will think has been possible in such a case.

"But I was not so arrogant as to assume the merit to myself. 'No, no,' said I, 'I do not ask you to go or run for me; you must do all that for our great master, for it will be from him entirely that you will be pardoned at all, for your offence is against him; and what will you say? Will you be grateful to him, and run, go, fetch, bring, for him, as long as you live, as you have said you would for me?'

"'Yes, indeed,' says he, 'and muchee do, muchee do, for you too' (he would not leave me out); 'you ask him for me.'

"Well, I put off all his promised gratitude to me from myself, as was my duty, and placed it to your account; told him I knew you was muchee good, muchee pitiful, and I would persuade you if I could; and so told him I would go to you, and he should be whipped no more till I came again; but, 'Hark ye, Mouchat,' says I (that was the negro's name), 'they tell me, when I came hither, that there is no showing kindness to any of you negroes; that when we spare you from whipping you laugh at us, and are the worse.'

"He looked very serious at me, and said, 'Oh, that not so; the masters say so, but no be so, no be so, indeede, indeede,' and so we parleyed."

Jacque. Why do they say so, then? To be sure they have tried you all.

Negro. No, no, they no try; they say so, but no try.

Jacque. I hear them all say so.

Negro. Me tell you the true; they have no mercie; they beat us cruel, all cruel; they never have show mercie. How can they tell we be no better?

Jacque. What! do they never spare?

Negro. Master, me speakee the true; they never give mercie; they always whippee, lashee, knockee down, all cruel. Negro be muchee better man, do muchee better work, but they tell us no mercie.

Jacque. But what, do they never show any mercy?

Negro. No, never; no, never; all whippee; all whippee, cruel, worse than they whippee de horse, whippee de dog.

Jacque. But would they be better if they did?

Negro. Yes, yes; negro be muchee better if they be mercie. When they be whippee, whippee, negro muchee cry, muchee hate; would kill if they had de gun. But when they makee de mercie, then negro tell de great tankee, and love to worke, and do muchee worke; and because he good master to them.

Jacque. They say no; you would laugh at them and mock when they show mercy.

Negro. How they say when they show mercie? They never show mercie; me never see them show one mercie since me live.

“Now, sir,” said I, “if this be so, really they go, I dare say, contrary to your inclination, for I see you are but too full of pity for the miserable. I saw it in my own case; and upon a presumption that you had rather have your work done from a principle of love than fear, without making your servants bleed for every trifle, if it were possible; I say, upon this presumption I dealt with this Mouchat, as you shall hear.”

Mast. I have never met with anything of this kind since I have been a planter, which is now about forty years. I am delighted with the story. Go on; I expect a pleasant conclusion.

Jacque. The conclusion, sir, will be, I believe, as much to your satisfaction as the beginning; for it every way answered my expectation, and will yours also, and show you how you might be faithfully served if you pleased, for ’tis certain you are not so served now.

Mast. No, indeed; they serve me but just as they do the devil, for fear I should hurt them. But ’tis contrary to an ingenuous spirit to delight in such service. I abhor it, if I could but know how to get any other.

Jacque. It is easy, sir, to show you that you may be served upon better principles, and consequently be better served, and more to your satisfaction; and I dare undertake to convince you of it.

Mast. Well, go on with the story.

Jacque. After I had talked thus to him I said, “Well, Mouchat, I shall see how you will be afterwards, if I can get our great master to be merciful to you at this time.”

Negro. Yes, you shall see; you muchee see, muchee see.

“Upon this I called for my horse and went from him, and made as if I rode away to you, who they told me was in the next plantation; and having stayed four or five hours, I came back and talked to him again, told him that I had waited on you, and that you had heard of his offence, was highly provoked, and had resolved to cause him to be severely punished for an example to all the negroes in the plantation; but that I had told you how penitent he was, and how good he would be if you would pardon him; and had at last prevailed on you. That you had told me what all people said of the negroes; how, that to show them mercy was to make them think you were never in earnest with them, and that you did but trifle and play with them. However, that I had told you what he had said of himself, and that it was not true of the negroes, and that the white men said it, but that they could not know because they did never show any mercy, and therefore had never tried; that I had persuaded you to show mercy, to try whether kindness would prevail as much as cruelty. ‘And now,

Mouchat,' said I, 'you will be let go. Pray let our great master see that I have said true.' So I ordered him to be untied, gave him a dram of rum out of my pocket-bottle, and ordered them to give him some victuals.

"When the fellow was let loose, he came to me and kneeled down to me, and took hold of my legs and of my feet, and laid his head upon the ground, and sobbed and cried like a child that had been corrected, but could not speak for his life; and thus he continued a long time. I would have taken him up, but he would not rise; but I cried as fast as he, for I could not bear to see a poor wretch lie on the ground to me, that was but a servant the other day like himself. At last, but not till a quarter of an hour, I made him get up, and then he spoke. 'Me muchee know good great master, muchee good you master. No negro unthankful; me die for them, do me so muchee kind.'

"I dismissed him then, and bid him go to his wife (for he was married), and not work that afternoon; but as he was going away I called him again, and talked thus to him.

"'Now, Mouchat,' says I, 'you see the white men can show mercy. Now you must tell all the negroes what has been reported of them; that they regard nothing but the whip; that if they are used gently they are the worse, not the better; and that this is the reason why the white men show them no mercy; and convince them that they would be much better treated and used kindlier if they would show themselves as grateful for kind usage as humble after torment; and see if you can work on them.'

"'Me go, me go,' says he; 'me muchee talk to them. They be muchee glad as me be, and do great work to be used kind by de great master.'"

Mast. Well, but now what testimony have you of this gratitude you speak of? Have you seen any alteration among them?

Jacque. I come next to that part, sir. About a month after this I caused a report to be spread abroad in the plantation that I had offended you, the great master, and that I was turned out of the plantation, and was to be hanged. Your honour knows that

some time ago you sent me upon your particular business into Potuxent River, where I was absent twelve days; then I took the opportunity to have this report spread about among the negroes, to see how it would work.

Mast. What! to see how Mouchat would take it?

Jacque. Yes, sir; and it made a discovery indeed. The poor fellow did not believe it presently, but finding I was still absent, he went to the head-clerk, and standing at his door, said nothing, but looked like a fool of ten years old. After some time the upper overseer came out, and seeing him stand there, at first said nothing, supposing he had been sent of some errand; but observing him to stand stock-still, and that he was in the same posture and place during the time that he had passed and repassed two or three times, he stops short the last time of his coming by. “What do you want,” says he to him, “that you stand idle here so long?”

“’Me speakee; me tell something,’ says he.

“Then the overseer thought some discovery was at hand, and began to listen to him. ‘What would you tell me?’ says he.

“’Me tell! Pray,’ says he, ‘where be de other master?’

“He meant he would ask where he was. ‘What other master do you mean?’ says the clerk. ‘What! do you want to speak with the great master? He can’t be spoke with by you. Pray what is your business? Cannot you tell it to me?’

“’No, no; me no speakee the great master—the other master,’ says Mouchat.”

“’What! the colonel?’ says the clerk.

“’Yes, yes; the colonel,’ says he.

“’Why, don’t you know that he is to be hanged to-morrow,’ says the clerk, ‘for making the great master angry?’[9]

“’Yes, yes,’ says Mouchat; ‘me know, me know; but me want speak; me tell something.’

“’Well, what would you say?’ says the clerk.

“’Oh! me no let him makee de great master angry.’ With that he kneeled down to the clerk.

“’What ails you?’ says the clerk. ‘I tell you he must be hanged.’

“’No, no,’ says he; ‘no hang de master. Me kneel for him to great master.’

“’You kneel for him!’ says the clerk.[10] ’What! do you think the great master will mind you? He has made the great master angry, and must be hanged, I tell you. What signifies your begging?’

“Negro. Oh! me pray, me pray the great master for him.

“Clerk. Why, what ails you that you would pray for him?

“Negro. Oh! he beggee the great master for me; now me beggee for him. The great master muchee good, muchee good; he pardon me when the other master beggee me; now he pardon him when me beggee for him again.

“Clerk. No, no; your begging won’t do. Will you be hanged for him? If you do that, something may be.

“Negro. Yes, yes; me be hang for de poor master that beggee for me. Mouchat shall hang; the great master shall hangee me, whippee me; anything to save the poor master that beggee me; yes, yes, indeed.

“Clerk. Are you in earnest, Mouchat?

“Negro. Yes, indeed; me tellee de true. The great master shall know me tellee de true, for he shall see the white man hangee me, Mouchat. Poor negro Mouchat will be hangee, be whippee, anything for the poor master that beggee for me.

“With this the poor fellow cried most pitifully, and there was no room to question his being in earnest; when on a sudden I appeared, for I was fetched to see all this transaction. I was not in the house at first, but was just come home from the business you sent me of, and heard it all; and indeed neither the clerk or I could bear it any

longer, so he came out to me. ‘Go to him,’ says he; ‘you have made an example that will never be forgot, that a negro can be grateful. Go to him,’ adds he, ‘for I can talk to him no longer.’ So I appeared, and spoke to him presently, and let him see that I was at liberty; but to hear how the poor fellow behaved your honour cannot but be pleased.”

Mast. Prithee go on. I am pleased with it all; ’tis all a new scene of negro life to me, and very moving.

Jacque. For a good while he stood as if he had been thunderstruck and stupid; but, looking steadily at me, though not speaking a word, at last he mutters to himself, with a kind of laugh, “Ay, ay,” says he, “Mouchat see, Mouchat no see; me wakee, me no wakee; no hangee, no hangee; he live truly, very live;” and then on a sudden he runs to me, snatches me away as if I had been a boy of ten years old, and takes me up upon his back and runs away with me, till I was fain to cry out to him to stop. Then he sets me down, and looks at me again, then falls a-dancing about me as if he had been bewitched, just as you have seen them do about their wives and children when they are merry.

“Well, then, he began to talk with me, and told me what they had said to him, how I was to be hanged. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Mouchat, and would you have been satisfied to be hanged to save me?’ ‘Yes, yes,’ says he; ’be truly hangee, to beggee you.’

“’But why do you love me so well, Mouchat?’ said I.

“’Did you no beggee me,’ he says, ‘at the great master? You savee me, make great master muchee good, muchee kind, no whippee me; me no forget; me be whipped, be hanged, that you no be hanged; me die, that you no die; me no let any bad be with you all while that me live.’

“Now, sir, your honour may judge whether kindness, well managed, would not oblige these people as well as cruelty, and whether there are principles of gratitude in them or no.”

Mast. But what, then, can be the reason that we never believed it to be so before?

Jacque. Truly, sir, I fear that Mouchat gave the true reason.

Mast. What was that, pray? That we were too cruel?

Jacque. That they never had any mercy showed them; that we never tried them whether they would be grateful or no; that if they did a fault they were never spared, but punished with the utmost cruelty; so that they had no passion, no affection, to act upon but that of fear, which necessarily brought hatred with it; but that if they were used with compassion they would serve with affection as well as other servants. Nature is the same, and reason governs in just proportions in all creatures; but having never been let taste what mercy is, they know not how to act from a principle of love.

Mast. I am convinced it is so. But now, pray tell me, how did you put this in practice with the poor negroes now in bonds yonder, when you passed such a cruel sentence upon them that they should be whipped twice a day, for four days together? Was that showing mercy?

Jacque. My method was just the same; and if you please to inquire of Mr.——, your other servant, you will be satisfied that it was so; for we agreed upon the same measures as I took with Mouchat; namely, first to put them into the utmost horror and apprehensions of the cruellest punishment that they ever heard of, and thereby enhance the value of their pardon, which was to come as from yourself, but not without our great intercession. Then I was to argue with them, and work upon their reason, to make the mercy that was showed them sink deep into their minds and give lasting impressions; explain the meaning of gratitude to them, and the nature of an obligation, and the like, as I had done with Mouchat.

Mast. I am answered. Your method is certainly right, and I desire you may go on with it; for I desire nothing on this side heaven more than to have all my negroes serve me from principles of gratitude for my kindness to them. I abhor to be feared

like a lion, like a tyrant. It is a violence upon nature every way, and is the most disagreeable thing in the world to a generous mind.

Jacque. But, sir, I am doubtful that you may not believe that I intended to act thus with those poor fellows. I beseech you to send for Mr.——, that he may tell you what we had agreed on before I speak with him.

Mast. What reason have I to doubt that?

Jacque. I hope you have not; but I should be very sorry you should think me capable of executing such a sentence as you have heard me own I had passed on them, and there can be no way effectually to clear it up but this.

Mast. Well, seeing you put so much weight upon it, he shall be called for.

[He was called, and being ordered by the master to tell the measures that were concerted between them for the punishment or management of those negroes, he gave it just as Jacque had done before.]

Jacque. I hope, sir, you are now not only satisfied of the truth of the account I gave relating to the method we had agreed on, but of its being so proper and so likely to answer your end.

Mast. I am fully satisfied, and shall be glad to see that it answers the end; for, as I have said, nothing can be more agreeable to me. Nothing has so much robbed me of the comfort of all my fortunes as the cruelty used, in my name, on the bodies of those poor slaves.

Jacque. It is certainly wrong, sir; it is not only wrong as it is barbarous and cruel; but it is wrong, too, as it is the worst way of managing and of having your business done.

Mast. It is my aversion; it fills my very soul with horror. I believe if I should come by while they were using those cruelties on the poor creatures, I should either sink down at the sight of it or fly into a rage and kill the fellow that did it; though it is

done, too, by my own authority.

Jacque. But, sir, I dare say I shall convince you also that it is wrong in respect of interest, and that your business shall be better discharged and your plantations better ordered, and more work done by the negroes who shall be engaged by mercy and lenity than by those who are driven and dragged by the whips and the chains of a merciless tormentor.

Mast. I think the nature of the thing speaks itself. Doubtless it should be so, and I have often thought it would be so, and a thousand times wished it might be so; but all my English people pretend otherwise, and that it is impossible to bring the negroes to any sense of kindness, and consequently not to any obedience of love.

Jacque. It may be true, sir, that there may be found here and there a negro of a senseless, stupid, sordid disposition, perfectly untractable, undocible, and incapable of due impressions; especially incapable of the generosity of principle which I am speaking of. You know very well, sir, there are such among Christians as well as among the negroes; whence else came the English proverb, That if you save a thief from the gallows, he shall be the first to cut your throat. But, sir, if such a refractory, undocible fellow comes in our way, he must be dealt with, first by the smooth ways to try him, then by the violent way to break his temper, as they break a horse; and if nothing will do, such a wretch should be sold off, and others bought in his room; for the peace of the plantation should not be broken for one devilish-tempered fellow. And if this was done I doubt not you should have all your plantations carried on and your work done, and not a negro or a servant upon it but what would not only work for you, but even die for you, if there was an occasion for it, as you see this poor Mouchat would have done for me.

Mast. Well, go on with your measures, and may you succeed. I'll promise you I will fully make you amends for it. I long to have these cruelties out of use, in my plantation especially. As for others, let them do as they will.

Our master being gone, I went to the prisoners, and first I suffered them to be told that the great master had been there, and that he had been inclined to pardon them, till he knew what their crime was; but then he said it was so great a fault that it must be punished. Besides, the man that talked to them told them that the great master said that he knew if he had pardoned them they would be but the worse, for that the negroes were never thankful for being spared, and that there were no other ways to make them obedient but severity.

One of the poor fellows, more sensible than the other, answered, if any negro be badder for being kindly used, they should be whipped till they were muchee better; but that he never knew that, for that he never knew the negro be kindly use.

This was the same thing as the other had said, and indeed was but too true, for the overseers really knew no such thing as mercy; and that notion of the negroes being no other way to be governed but by cruelty had been the occasion that no other method was ever tried among them.

Again, if a slack hand had at any time been held upon them, it had not been done with discretion, or as a point of mercy, and managed with the assistance of argument to convince the negroes of the nature and reason of it, and to show them what they ought to do in return for it; but it was perhaps the effect of negligence, ill conduct, and want of application to the business of the plantation; and then it was no wonder that the negroes took the advantage of it.

Well, I carried on the affair with these two negroes just as I did with Mouchat, so I need not repeat the particulars; and they were delivered with infinite acknowledgments and thanks, even to all the extravagances of joy usual in those people on such occasions. And such was the gratitude of those two pardoned fellows that they were the most faithful and most diligent servants ever after that belonged to the whole plantation, Mouchat excepted.

In this manner I carried on the plantation fully to his satisfaction; and before a year

more was expired there was scarce any such thing as correction known in the plantation, except upon a few boys, who were incapable of the impressions that good usage would have made, even upon them too, till they had lived to know the difference.

It was some time after this conference that our great master, as we called him, sent for me again to his dwelling-house, and told me he had had an answer from England from his friend, to whom he had written about my bill. I was a little afraid that he was going to ask me leave to send it to London; but he did not say anything like that, but told me that his friend had been with the gentleman, and that he owned the bill, and that he had all the money in his hand that the bill had mentioned; but that he had promised the young man that had given him the money (meaning me) not to pay the money to anybody but himself, though they should bring the bill; the reason of which was, that I did not know who might get the bill away from me.

“But now, Colonel Jacque,” says he, “as you wrote him an account where you was, and by what wicked arts you were trepanned, and that it was impossible for you to have your liberty till you could get the money, my friend at London has written to me, that, upon making out a due copy of the bill here, attested by a notary and sent to him, and your obligation likewise attested, whereby you oblige yourself to deliver the original to his order after the money is paid, he will pay the money.”

I told him I was willing to do whatever his honour directed; and so the proper copies were drawn as I had been told were required.

“But now, what will you do with this money, Jacque?” says he, smiling. “Will you buy your liberty of me, and go to planting?”

I was too cunning for him now indeed, for I remembered what he had promised me; and I had too much knowledge of the honesty of his principles, as well as of the kindness he had for me, to doubt his being as good as his word; so I turned all this talk of his upon him another way. I knew that when he asked me if I would buy my

liberty and go to planting, it was to try if I would leave him; so I said, “As to buying my liberty, sir—that is to say, going out of your service—I had much rather buy more time in your service, and I am only unhappy that I have but two years to serve.”

“Come, come, colonel,” says he, “don’t flatter me; I love plain dealing. Liberty is precious to everybody; if you have a mind to have your money brought over, you shall have your liberty to begin for yourself, and I will take care you shall be well used by the country, and get you a good plantation.”

I still insisted that I would not quit his service for the best plantation in Maryland; that he had been so good to me, and I believed I was so useful to him, that I could not think of it; and at last I added I hoped he could not believe but I had as much gratitude as a negro.

He smiled, and said he would not be served upon those terms; that he did not forget what he had promised, nor what I had done in his plantation; and that he was resolved in the first place to give me my liberty. So he pulls out a piece of paper, and throws it to me: “There,” says he, “there’s a certificate of your coming on shore, and being sold to me for five years, of which you have lived three with me; and now you are your own master.” I bowed, and told him that I was sure, if I was my own master, I would be his servant as long as he would accept of my service. And now we strained courtesies, and he told me I should be his servant still; but it should be on two conditions: first, that he would give me £30 a year and my board for my managing the plantation I was then employed in; and, secondly, that at the same time he would procure me a new plantation to begin upon my own account, “For, Colonel Jacque,” says he, smiling, “though you are but a young man, yet ’tis time you were doing something for yourself.”

I answered that I could do little at a plantation for myself, unless I neglected his business, which I was resolved not to do on any terms whatever, but that I would

serve him faithfully, if he would accept of me, as long as he lived. “So you shall,” says he again, “and serve yourself too.” And thus we parted for that time.

Here I am to observe in the general, to avoid dwelling too long upon a story, that as the two negroes who I delivered from punishment were ever after the most diligent and laborious poor fellows in the whole plantation as above, except Mouchat, of whom I shall speak more by-and-by, so they not only were grateful themselves for their good usage, but they influenced the whole plantation; so that the gentle usage and lenity with which they had been treated had a thousand times more influence upon them to make them diligent than all the blows and kicks, whippings, and other tortures could have which they had been used to. And now the plantation was famous for it; so that several other planters began to do the same, though I cannot say it was with the same success, which might be for want of taking pains with them and working upon their passions in a right manner. It appeared that negroes were to be reasoned into things as well as other people, and it was by thus managing their reason that most of the work was done.

However, as it was, the plantations in Maryland were the better for this undertaking, and they are to this day less cruel and barbarous to their negroes than they are in Barbados and Jamaica; and ’tis observed the negroes are not in these colonies so desperate, neither do they so often run away or so often plot mischief against their master, as they do in those.

I have dwelt the longer upon it that, if possible, posterity might be persuaded to try gentler methods with those miserable creatures, and to use them with humanity; assuring them that if they did so, adding the common prudence that every particular case would direct them to for itself, the negroes would do their work faithfully and cheerfully; they would not find any of that refractoriness and sullenness in their temper that they pretend now to complain of, but they would be the same as their Christian servants, except that they would be the more thankful, and humble, and

laborious of the two.

I continued in this station between five and six years after this, and in all that time we had not one negro whipped, except, as I observed before, now and then an unlucky boy, and that only for trifles. I cannot say but we had some ill-natured, ungovernable negroes; but if at any time such offended, they were pardoned the first time, in the manner as above, and the second time were ordered to be turned out of the plantation. And this was remarkable, that they would torment themselves at the apprehension of being turned away, more by a great deal than if they had been to be whipped, for then they were only sullen and heavy. Nay, at length we found the fear of being turned out of the plantation had as much effect to reform them—that is to say, make them more diligent—than any torture would have done; and the reason was evident, namely, because in our plantation they were used like men, in the other like dogs.

My master owned the satisfaction he took in this blessed change, as he called it, as long as he lived; and as he was so engaged by seeing the negroes grateful, he showed the same principle of gratitude to those that served him as he looked for in those that he served, and particularly to me; and so I come briefly to that part. The first thing he did after giving me my liberty as above, and making me an allowance, was to get the country bounty to me—that is to say, a quantity of land to begin and plant for myself.

But this he managed a way by himself, and, as I found afterwards, took up, that is, purchased in my name, about three hundred acres of land, in a more convenient place than it would have otherwise been allotted me; and this he did by his interest with the lord proprietor; so that I had an extent of ground marked out to me, not next but very near one of his own plantations. When I made my acknowledgment for this to him, he told me plainly that I was not beholden to him for it all; for he did it that I might not be obliged to neglect his business for the carrying on my own, and on that

account he would not reckon to me what money he paid, which, however, according to the custom of the country, was not a very great sum—I think about £40 or £50.

Thus he very generously gave me my liberty, advanced this money for me, put me into a plantation for myself, and gave me £30 a year wages for looking after one of his own plantations.

“But, Colonel,” says he to me, “giving you this plantation is nothing at all to you if I do not assist you to support it and to carry it on, and therefore I will give you credit for whatever is needful to you for the carrying it on; such as tools, provisions for servants, and some servants to begin; materials to build outhouses, and conveniences of all sorts for the plantation, and to buy hogs, cows, horses for stock, and the like; and I’ll take it out of your cargo, which will come from London, for the money of your bill.”

This was highly obliging and very kind, and the more so, as it afterwards appeared. In order to this he sent two servants of his own who were carpenters. As for timber, boards, planks, and all sorts of such things, in a country almost all made of wood they could not be wanting. These run me up a little wooden house in less than three weeks’ time, where I had three rooms, a kitchen, an outhouse, and two large sheds at a distance from the house for store houses, almost like barns, with stables at the end of them; and thus I was set up in the world, and, in short, removed by the degrees that you have heard from a pickpocket to a kidnapped, miserable slave in Virginia (for Maryland is Virginia, speaking of them at a distance); then from a slave to a head-officer or overseer of slaves, and from thence to a master-planter.

I had now, as above, a house, a stable, two warehouses, and three hundred acres of land; but, as we say, bare walls make giddy hussies, so I had neither axe nor hatchet to cut down the trees; horse, nor hog, nor cow to put upon the land; not a hoe or a spade to break ground, nor a pair of hands but my own to go to work upon.

But Heaven and kind masters make up all those things to a diligent servant; and I

mention it because people who are either transported or otherwise trepanned into those places are generally thought to be rendered miserable and undone; whereas, on the contrary, I would encourage them, upon my own experience, to depend upon it, that if their own diligence in the time of service gains them but a good character, which it will certainly do if they can deserve it, there is not the poorest and most despicable felon that ever went over but may, after his time is served, begin for himself, and may in time be sure of raising a good plantation.

For example, I will now take a man in the meanest circumstances of a servant, who has served out his five or seven years; suppose a transported wretch for seven years. The custom of the place was then—what it is since I know not—that on his master's certifying that he had served his time out faithfully, he had fifty acres of land allotted him for planting, and on this plan he begins.

Some had a horse, a cow, and three hogs given, or rather lent, them, as a stock for the land, which they made an allowance for at a certain time and rate.

Custom has made it a trade to give credit to such beginners as these for tools, clothes, nails, ironwork, and other things necessary for their planting, and which the persons so giving credit to them are to be paid for out of the crop of tobacco which they shall plant. Nor is it in the debtor's power to defraud the creditor of payment in that manner; and as tobacco is their coin as well as their product, so all things are to be purchased at a certain quantity of tobacco, the price being so rated.

Thus the naked planter has credit at his beginning, and immediately goes to work to cure the land and plant tobacco; and from this little beginning have some of the most considerable planters in Virginia, and in Maryland also, raised themselves—namely, from being without a hat or a shoe to estates of £40,000 or £50,000; and in this method, I may add, no diligent man ever miscarried, if he had health to work and was a good husband; for he every year increases a little, and every year adding more land and planting more tobacco, which is real money, he must gradually increase in

substance, till at length he gets enough to buy negroes and other servants, and then never works himself any more.

In a word, every Newgate wretch, every desperate forlorn creature, the most despicable ruined man in the world, has here a fair opportunity put into his hands to begin the world again, and that upon a foot of certain gain and in a method exactly honest, with a reputation that nothing past will have any effect upon; and innumerable people have raised themselves from the worst circumstances in the world—namely, from the cells in Newgate.

But I return to my own story. I was now a planter, and encouraged by a kind benefactor; for, that I might not be wholly taken up with my new plantation, he gave me freely, and without any consideration, my grateful negro, Mouchat. He told me it was a debt due to the affection that poor creature had always had for me; and so indeed it was, for as the fellow would once have been hanged for me, so now, and to his last, he loved me so much that it was apparent he did everything with pleasure that he did for me; and he was so overcome of joy when he heard that he was to be my negro that the people in the plantation really thought it would turn his head, and that the fellow would go distracted.

Besides this, he sent me two servants more, a man and a woman, but these he put to my account, as above. Mouchat and these two fell immediately to work for me, and they began with about two acres of land which had but little timber on it at first, and most of that was cut down by the two carpenters who built my house, or shed rather, for so it should be called.

These two acres I got in good forwardness, and most of it well planted with tobacco; though some of it we were obliged to plant with garden-stuff for food, such as potatoes, carrots, cabbages, peas, beans, &c.

It was a great advantage to me that I had so bountiful a master, who helped me out in every case; for in this very first year I received a terrible blow. For my bill, as I

have observed, having been copied and attested in form, and sent to London, my kind friend and custom-house gentleman paid me the money, and the merchant at London, by my good master's direction, had laid it all out in a sorted cargo of goods for me, such as would have made a man of me all at once; but, to my inexpressible terror and surprise, the ship was lost, and that just at the entrance into the capes; that is to say, the mouth of the bay. Some of the goods were recovered, but spoiled; and, in short, nothing but the nails, tools, and ironwork were good for anything; and though the value of them was pretty considerable in proportion to the rest, yet my loss was irreparably great, and indeed the greatness of the loss to me consisted in its being irreparable.

I was perfectly astonished at the first news of the loss, knowing that I was in debt to my patron, or master, so much that it must be several years before I should recover it; and as he brought me the bad news himself, he perceived my disorder; that is to say, he saw I was in the utmost confusion and a kind of amazement; and so indeed I was, because I was so much in debt. But he spoke cheerfully to me. "Come," says he, "do not be so discouraged; you may make up this loss." "No, sir," says I; "that never can be, for it is my all, and I shall never be out of debt." "Well, but," says he, "you have no creditor, however, but me; and now I remember I once told you I would make a man of you, and I will not disappoint you for this disaster."

I thanked him, and did it with more ceremony and respect than ever, because I thought myself more under the hatches than I was before. But he was as good as his word, for he did not baulk me in the least of anything I wanted; and as I had more ironwork saved out of the ship, in proportion, than I wanted, I supplied him with some part of it, and took up some linen and clothes and other necessaries from him in exchange.

And now I began to increase visibly. I had a large quantity of land cured—that is, freed from timber—and a very good crop of tobacco in view. And I got three

servants more and one negro, so that I had five white servants and two negroes, and with this my affairs went very well on.

The first year, indeed, I took my wages, or salary—that is to say, £30 a year—because I wanted it very much; but the second and third year I resolved not to take it on any account whatsoever, but to leave it in my benefactor's hands to clear off the debt I had contracted.

And now I must impose a short digression on the reader, to note that notwithstanding all the disadvantages of a most wretched education, yet now, when I began to feel myself, as I may say, in the world, and to be arrived to an independent state, and to foresee that I might be something considerable in time; I say, now I found different sentiments of things taking place in my mind. And, first, I had a solid principle of justice and honesty, and a secret horror at things past, when I looked back upon my former life. That original something—I knew not what—that used formerly to check me in the first meannesses of my youth, and used to dictate to me when I was but a child that I was to be a gentleman, continued to operate upon me now in a manner I cannot describe; and I continually remembered the words of the ancient glassmaker to the gentleman that he reproved for swearing, that to be a gentleman was to be an honest man; that without honesty human nature was sunk and degenerated; the gentleman lost all the dignity of his birth, and placed himself even below an honest beggar. These principles, growing upon my mind in the present circumstances I was in, gave me a secret satisfaction that I can give no description of. It was an inexpressible joy to me that I was now like to be, not only a man, but an honest man; and it yielded me a greater pleasure that I was ransomed from being a vagabond, a thief, and a criminal, as I had been from a child, than that I was delivered from slavery and the wretched state of a Virginia sold servant. I had notion enough in my mind of the hardships of the servant, or slave, because I had felt it and worked through it; I remembered it as a state of labour and servitude, hardship and suffering. But the other shocked my very nature, chilled my blood, and

turned the very soul within me; the thought of it was like reflections upon hell and the damned spirits; it struck me with horror, it was odious and frightful to look back on, and it gave me a kind of a fit, a convulsion or nervous disorder, that was very uneasy to me.

But to look forward, to reflect how things were changed, how happy I was that I could live by my own endeavours, and was no more under the necessity of being a villain, and of getting my bread at my own hazard and the ruin of honest families—this had in it something more than commonly pleasing and agreeable, and, in particular, it had a pleasure that till then I had known nothing of. It was a sad thing to be under a necessity of doing evil to procure that subsistence which I could not support the want of, to be obliged to run the venture of the gallows rather than the venture of starving, and to be always wicked for fear of want.

I cannot say that I had any serious religious reflections, or that these things proceeded yet from the uneasiness of conscience, but from mere reasonings with myself, and from being arrived to a capacity of making a right judgment of things more than before. Yet I own I had such an abhorrence of the wicked life I had led that I was secretly easy, and had a kind of pleasure in the disaster that was upon me about the ship, and that, though it was a loss, I could not but be glad that those ill-gotten goods was gone, and that I had lost what I had stolen. For I looked on it as none of mine, and that it would be fire in my flax if I should mingle it with what I had now, which was come honestly by, and was, as it were, sent from heaven to lay the foundation of my prosperity, which the other would be only as a moth to consume.

At the same time my thoughts dictated to me, that though this was the foundation of my new life, yet that this was not the superstructure, and that I might still be born for greater things than these; that it was honesty and virtue alone that made men rich and great, and gave them a fame as well as a figure in the world, and that therefore I

was to lay my foundation in these, and expect what might follow in time.

To help these thoughts, as I had learned to read and write when I was in Scotland, so I began now to love books, and particularly I had an opportunity of reading some very considerable ones, such as Livy's Roman History, the history of the Turks, the English History of Speed, and others; the history of the Low Country wars, the history of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and the history of the Spaniards' conquest of Mexico, with several others, some of which I bought at a planter's house who was lately dead and his goods sold, and others I had borrowed.

I considered my present state of life to be my mere youth, though I was now above thirty years old, because in my youth I had learned nothing; and if my daily business, which was now great, would have permitted, I would have been content to have gone to school. However, fate, that had yet something else in store for me, threw an opportunity into my hand; namely, a clever fellow that came over a transported felon from Bristol, and fell into my hands for a servant. He had led a loose life; that he acknowledged; and being driven to extremities, took to the highway, for which, had he been taken, he would have been hanged. But falling into some low-prized rogueries afterwards, for want of opportunity for worse, was catched, condemned, and transported, and, as he said, was glad he came off so.

He was an excellent scholar, and I, perceiving it, asked him one time if he could give a method how I might learn the Latin tongue. He said, smiling, Yes; he could teach it me in three months, if I would let him have books, or even without books, if he had time. I told him a book would become his hands better than a hoe; and if he could promise to make me but understand Latin enough to read it, and understand other languages by it, I would ease him of the labour which I was now obliged to put him to, especially if I was assured that he was fit to receive that favour of a kind master. In short, I made him to me what my benefactor made me to him, and from him I gained a fund of knowledge infinitely more valuable than the rate of a slave,

which was what I had paid for it; but of this hereafter.

With these thoughts I went cheerfully about my work. As I had now five servants, my plantation went on, though gently, yet safely, and increased gradually, though slowly. But the third year, with the assistance of my old benefactor, I purchased two negroes more, so that now I had seven servants; and having cured land sufficient for supply of their food, I was at no difficulty to maintain them; so that my plantation began now to enlarge itself, and as I lived without any personal expense, but was maintained at my old great master's, as we called him, and at his charge, with £30 a year besides, so all my gains was laid up for increase.

In this posture I went on for twelve years, and was very successful in my plantation, and had gotten, by means of my master's favour, who now I called my friend, a correspondent in London, with whom I traded, shipped over my tobacco to him, and received European goods in return, such as I wanted to carry on my plantation, and sufficient to sell to others also.

In this interval my good friend and benefactor died, and I was left very disconsolate on account of my loss; for it was indeed a great loss to me. He had been a father to me, and I was like a forsaken stranger without him, though I knew the country, and the trade too, well enough, and had for some time chiefly carried on his whole business for him. Yet I seemed now at a loss; my counsellor and my chief supporter was gone, and I had no confidant to communicate myself to, on all occasions, as formerly; but there was no remedy. I was, however, in a better condition to stand alone than ever. I had a very large plantation, and had near seventy negroes and other servants. In a word, I was grown really rich, considering my first circumstances, that began as I may say with nothing; that is to say, I had nothing of stock, but I had a great beginning, for I had such a man's friendship and support in my beginning, that indeed I needed no other stock; and if I had had £500 to have begun with, and not the assistance, advice, and countenance of such a man, I had not

been in a better condition. But he promised to make a man of me; and so he did, and in one respect I may say I have merited it of him, for I brought his plantation into such order, and the government of his negroes into such a regulation, that if he had given £500 to have had it done, he would have thought his money well bestowed. His work was always in order, going forward to his mind; every thing was in a thriving posture; his servants all loved him, even negroes and all, and yet there was no such thing as a cruel punishment or severities known among them.

In my own plantation it was the same thing. I wrought so upon the reason and the affections of my negroes that they served me cheerfully, and, by consequence, faithfully and diligently; when in my neighbour's plantation there was not a week hardly passed without such horrible outcries, roarings and yellings of the servants, either under torture or in fear of it, that their negroes would, in discourse with ours, wish themselves dead and gone, as it seems they believed they should after death, into their own country.

If I met with a sullen, stupid fellow, as sometimes it was unavoidable, I always parted with him and sold him off; for I would not keep any that sense of kind usage would not oblige. But I seldom met with such bad ones; for, by talking to them in a plain reasoning way, I found the temper of the roughest of them would break and soften. The sense of their own interest would prevail with them at first or last; and if it had not, the contrary temper was so general among my people that their own fellows and countrymen would be against them, and that served to bring them to reason as soon as any other thing. And this those who think it worth their while will easily find, viz., that having prevailed effectually over one leading man among them to be tractable, and pleased, and grateful, he shall make them all like him, and that in a little while, with more ease than can be imagined.

I was now a planter, and also a student. My pedagogue I mentioned above was very diligent, and proved an extraordinary man indeed. He taught me not only with

application, but with admirable judgment in the teaching part; for I have seen it in many instances since that time that every good scholar is not fitted for a schoolmaster, and that the art of teaching is quite different from that of knowing the language taught.

But this man had both, and proved of great use to me, and I found reason, in the worth of the person, to be very kind to him, his circumstances considered. I once took the liberty to ask him how it came to pass that he, who must have had a liberal education and great advantages to have advanced him in the world, should be capable of falling into such miserable circumstances as he was in when he came over. I used some caution in entering upon an inquiry which, as I said, might not be pleasant to him to relate, but that I would make him amends by telling him, that if he desired not to enter into it with me, I would readily excuse him, and would not take it ill at all. This I did because to a man under such afflictions one should always be tender, and not put them upon relating anything of themselves which was grievous to them or which they had rather was concealed.

But he told me that it was true, that to look back upon his past life was indeed renovare dolorem; but that such mortifications were now useful to him, to help forward that repentance which he hoped he was sincerely entered upon; and that though it was with horror he looked back upon misspent time and ill-applied gifts which a bountiful Creator had blessed him with, and spared to him for a better improvement, yet he thought he ought to load himself with as much of the shame as it pleased God to make his lot, since he had already loaded himself with the guilt in a shameless manner, till God, he still hoped in mercy to him, had cut him short and brought him to public disgrace; though he could not say he had been brought to justice, for then he had been sent into eternity in despair, and not been sent to Virginia to repent of the wickedest life that ever man lived. He would have gone on, but I found his speech interrupted by a passionate struggle within, between his grief and his tears.

I took no more notice of it than to tell him that I was sorry I had asked him about it, but that it was my curiosity. When I saw that ignorant, untaught, untractable creatures come into misery and shame, I made no inquiry after their affairs; but when I saw men of parts and learning take such steps, I concluded it must be occasioned by something exceeding wicked. “So, indeed,” said he, “the judge said to me when I begged mercy of him in Latin. He told me that when a man with such learning falls into such crimes he is more inexcusable than other men, because, his learning recommending him, he could not want advantages and had the less temptation to crimes.”

“But, sir,” said he, “I believe my case was what I find is the case of most of the wicked part of the world, viz., that to be reduced to necessity is to be wicked; for necessity is not only the temptation, but is such a temptation as human nature is not empowered to resist. How good, then,” says he, “is that God which takes from you, sir, the temptation, by taking away the necessity!”

I was so sensible of the truth of what he said, knowing it by my own case, that I could not enter any further upon the discourse; but he went on voluntarily. “This, sir,” says he, “I am so sensible of that I think the case I am reduced to much less miserable than the life which I lived before, because I am delivered from the horrid necessity of doing such ill things which was my ruin and disaster then, even for my bread, and am not now obliged to ravish my bread out of the mouths of others by violence and disorder, but am fed, though I am made to earn it by the hard labour of my hands, and I thank God for the difference.” He paused here, but went on thus:—

“How much is the life of a slave in Virginia to be preferred to that of the most prosperous thief in the world! Here I live miserable, but honest; suffer wrong, but do no wrong; my body is punished, but my conscience is not loaded; and as I used to say that I had no leisure to look in, but I would begin when I had some recess, some time to spare, now God has found me leisure to repent.” He run on in this manner a

great while, giving thanks, I believe most heartily, for his being delivered from the wretched life he had lived, though his misery were to be tenfold as much as it was.

I was sincerely touched with his discourse on this subject. I had known so much of the real difference of the case that I could not but be affected with it, though till now, I confess, I knew little of the religious part. I had been an offender as well as he, though not altogether in the same degree, but I knew nothing of the penitence; neither had I looked back upon anything as a crime, but as a life dishonourable and not like a gentleman, which run much in my thoughts, as I have several times mentioned.

“Well, but now,” says I, “you talk penitently, and I hope you are sincere; but what would be your case if you were delivered from the miserable condition of a slave sold for money, which you are now in? Should you not, think you, be the same man?”

“Blessed be God,” says he, “that, if I thought I should, I would sincerely pray that I might not be delivered, and that I might for ever be a slave rather than a sinner.”

“Well, but,” says I, “suppose you to be under the same necessity, in the same starving condition, should you not take the same course?”

He replied very sharply, “That shows us the need we have of the petition in the Lord’s prayer, ‘Lead us not into temptation;’ and of Solomon’s or Agar’s prayer, ‘Give me not poverty, lest I steal.’ I should ever beg of God not to be left to such snares as human nature cannot resist. But I have some hope, that I should venture to starve rather than to steal; but I also beg to be delivered from the danger, because I know not my own strength.”

This was honestly spoken, indeed; and there really were such visible tokens of sincerity in all his discourse that I could not suspect him. On some of our discourses on this subject, he pulled out a little dirty paper-book, in which he had wrote down such a prayer in verse as I doubt few Christians in the world could subscribe to; and

I cannot but record it, because I never saw anything like it in my life. The lines are as follow:—

“Lord! whatsoever sorrows rack my breast, Till crime removes too, let me find no rest; How dark soe’er my state or sharp my pain, Oh! let not troubles cease and sin remain. For Jesus’ sake remove not my distress, Till free triumphant grace shall repossess The vacant throne from whence my sins depart, And make a willing captive of my heart; Till grace completely shall my soul subdue, Thy conquest full and my subjection true.”

There were more lines on the same subject, but these were the beginning; and these touching me so sensibly, I have remembered them distinctly ever since, and have, I believe, repeated them to myself a thousand times.

I pressed him no more, you may be sure, after an answer so very particular and affecting as this was. It was easy to see the man was a sincere penitent, not sorrowing for the punishment he was suffering under; for his condition was no part of his affliction; he was rather thankful for it, as above; but his concern was a feeling and affecting sense of the wicked and abominable life he had led, the abhorred crimes he had committed both against God and man, and the little sense he had had of the condition he was in, and that even till he came to the place where he now was.

I asked him if he had no reflections of this kind after or before his sentence. He told me Newgate (for the prison at Bristol is called so, it seems, as well as that at London) was a place that seldom made penitents, but often made villains worse, till they learnt to defy God and devil; but that, however, he could look back with this satisfaction, that he could say he was not altogether insensible of it even then; but nothing that amounted to a thorough serious looking up to heaven; that he often indeed looked in, and reflected upon his past misspent life, even before he was in prison, when the intervals of his wicked practices gave some time for reflection, and he would sometimes say to himself, “Whither am I going? to what will all these

things bring me at last? and where will they end? Sin and shame follow one another, and I shall certainly come to the gallows. Then," said he, "I would strike upon my breast, and say, 'O wicked wretch! when will you repent?' and would answer myself as often, 'Never! never! never! except it be in a gaol or at a gibbet.'

"Then," said he, "I would weep and sigh, and look back a little upon my wretched life, the history of which would make the world amazed; but, alas! the prospect was so dark, and it filled me with so much terror, that I could not bear it. Then I would fly to wine and company for relief; that wine brought on excess, and that company, being always wicked company like yourself, brought on temptation, and then all reflection vanished and I was the same devil as before."

He spoke this with so much affection that his face was ever smiling when he talked of it, and yet his eyes had tears standing in them at the same time, and all the time; for he had a delightful sorrow, if that be a proper expression, in speaking of it.

This was a strange relation to me, and began to affect me after a manner that I did not understand. I loved to hear him talk of it, and yet it always left a kind of a dead lump behind it upon my heart, which I could give no reason for, nor imagine to what it should tend; I had a heaviness on my soul, without being able to describe it or to say what ailed me.

Well, he went on with his relation. "After this," says he, "I fell into the hands of a justice for a trifle, a piece of sport in our crime; and I, that for a hundred robberies, as well on the highway as otherwise, the particulars of which would fill a book to give an account of, ought, whenever I was taken, to be hanged in chains, and who, if it had been public, could not have failed of having twenty people come in against me, was privately hurried into a country gaol under a wrong name; tried for a small fact, within benefit of clergy, and in which I was not principally guilty, and by this means obtained the favour of being transported.

"And what think you," said he, "has most sensibly affected me, and brought on the

blessed change that, I hope I may say, God has wrought in my soul? Not the greatness of my crimes, but the wonders of that merciful Providence, which, when it has mercy in store for a man, often brings him into the briers, into sorrow and misery for lesser sins, that men may be led to see how they are spared from the punishment due to them for the greater guilt which they know lies upon them. Do you think that when I received the grant of transportation I could be insensible what a miracle of divine goodness such a thing must be to one who had so many ways deserved to be hanged, and must infallibly have died if my true name had been known, or if the least notice had been given that it was such a notorious wretch as I that was in custody? There began the first motive of repentance; for certainly the goodness of our great Creator in sparing us, when we forfeit our lives to His justice, and His merciful bringing us out of the miseries which we plunge ourselves into, when we have no way to extricate ourselves; His bringing those very miseries to be the means of our deliverance, and working good to us out of evil, when we are working the very evil out of His good; I say, these things are certainly the strongest motives to repentance that are in the world, and the sparing thieves from the gallows certainly makes more penitents than the gallows itself.

“It is true,” continued he, “that the terror of punishment works strongly upon the mind; in view of death men are filled with horror of soul, and immediately they call that repentance which I doubt is too often mistaken, being only a kind of anguish in the soul, which breeds a grief for the punishment that is to be suffered—an amazement founded upon the dreadful view of what is to follow. But the sense of mercy is quite another thing; this seizes all the passions and all the affections, and works a sincere, unfeigned abhorrence of the crime, as a crime, as an offence against our Benefactor, as an act of baseness and ingratitude to Him who has given us life and all the blessings and comforts of life, and who has conquered us by continuing to do us good, when He has been provoked to destroy us.

“This, sir,” says he, “has been the fountain of that repentance which I so much

rejoice in; this is the delightful sorrow," says he, "that I spoke of just now; and this makes smiles sit on my face while tears run from my eyes, a joy that I can no otherwise express than by telling you, sir, that I never lived a happy day since I came to an age of acting in the world till I landed in this country, and worked in your plantation, naked and hungry, weary and faint, oppressed with cold in one season, and heat in the other. Then I began to see into my own ways, and see the difference between the hardships of the body and the torment of the mind. Before I revelled in fulness, and here I struggled with hard fare; then I wallowed in sloth and voluptuous ease; here I laboured till nature sometimes was just sinking under the load; but with this difference in the felicity of either case, namely, that there I had a hell in my soul, was filled with horror and confusion, was a daily terror to myself, and always expected a miserable end; whereas here I had a blessed calm of soul, an emblem and forerunner of heaven, thankful and humble, adoring that mercy that had snatched me out of the jaws of the devil. These took up my thoughts, and made my most weary hours pleasant to me, my labour light, and my heart cheerful. I never lay down on my hard lodging but I praised God with the greatest excess of affection, not only that it was not the condemned hole, and that I was delivered from the death I had deserved, but that it was not Shooter's Hill; that I was not still a robber, a terror to just and honest men, a plunderer of the innocent and the poor, a thief, and a villain, that ought to be rooted out from the earth for the safety of others; but that I was delivered from the horrid temptation of sinning to support my luxury, and making one vice necessary to another; and this, I bear witness, is sufficient to sweeten the bitterest sorrow, and make any man be thankful for Virginia, or a worse place, if that can be."

He then entertained me with an opinion of his, that if it were possible for the face of heaven and hell to be disclosed and laid open, and that men could be made capable of seeing distinctly and separately the joys and glory and utmost felicity of one, and the horrors of the other, and to make a judgment of both according to the power of

human reasoning, the first would have a stronger and more powerful effect to reform the world than the latter; but this we had further discourses about on many occasions.

If it should be inquired how I was capable of hearing all this, and having no impressions made upon my mind by it, especially when it so many ways suited my own case, and the condition of the former part of my life, I shall answer that presently by myself. However, I took no notice of it to him, for he had quite other notions of me than I had of myself; nor did I, as is usual in such cases, enter into any confidence with him on my own story, only that I took sometimes the occasion to let him know that I did not come over to Virginia in the capacity of a criminal, or that I was not transported; which, considering how many of the inhabitants there were so who then lived in good circumstances, was needful enough to be done.

But as to myself, it was enough that I was in condition now; ’twas no matter to anybody what I had been; and as it was grown pretty much out of memory from what original disaster I came into the country, or that I was ever a servant otherwise than voluntary, and that it was no business of mine to expose myself, so I kept that part close. But for all that, it was impossible for me to conceal the disorder I was in as often as he talked of these things. I had hitherto gone on upon a notion of things founded only in their appearance, as they affected me with good or evil, esteeming the happy and unhappy part of life to be those that gave me ease or sorrow, without regarding, or indeed much understanding, how far those turns of life were influenced by the Giver of Life, or how far they were all directed by a sovereign God that governs the world, and all the creatures he had made.

As I had no education but as you have heard, so I had had no instruction, no knowledge of religion, or indeed of the meaning of it; and though I was now in a kind of search after religion, it was a mere looking, as it were, into the world to see what kind of a thing or place it was, and what had been done in it. But as to Him that

made it, there had truly been scarce a creature among all that He had made, with souls in them, that were so entirely without the knowledge of God as I was, and made so little inquiry about it.

But the serious, affectionate discourse of this young man began to have different effects upon me, and I began to say to myself, “This man’s reflections are certainly very just; but what a creature am I, and what have I been doing!—I that never once did this in all my life; that never said so much—’God, I thank Thee for all that I have been saved from, or all that I have been brought to in this world;’ and yet my life has been as full of variety, and I have been as miraculously delivered from dangers and mischiefs, and as many of them, as ever he has. And if it has all been brought to pass by an invisible hand in mercy to me, what have I been doing, and where have I lived, that I only should be the most thoughtless and unthankful of all God’s creatures?”

This, indeed, began to grow upon me, and made me very melancholy; but as to religion, I understood so little about it that if I had resolved upon any such thing as a new course of life, or to set about a religious change, I knew not at which end to begin or what to do about it.

One day it happened that my tutor—for so I always called him—had the Bible in his hand, and was looking in it, as he generally did many times every day, though I knew not for what. Seeing the Bible, I took it out of his hands, and went to look in it, which I had done so little before that I think I might safely say I had never read a chapter in it in all my life. He was talking of the Bible then as a book only, and where he had it, and how he brought it to Virginia, and in some ecstasy he took and kissed it. “This blessed book!” says he; “this was all the treasure I brought out from England with me. And a comfortable treasure it has been to me,” added he; “I would not have been without it in my sorrows for any other treasure in the world;” and so he went on at large.

I, that had no notion of what he meant—only, as I have said above, some young infant thoughts about the works of Providence in the world and its merciful dealings with me—took the book out of his hand and went to look in it; and the book opened at the Acts xxvi. 28, where Felix says to St. Paul, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” “I think,” says I, “here’s a line hits me to a tittle, upon the long account you have given of yourself, and I must say them to you, as the governor here said;” and so I read the words to him. He blushed at the text, and returns, “I wish I could answer you in the very words the Apostle returned to him in the next verse: ‘I would thou wert both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.’”

I was now more than thirty years old by my own account, and as well as it was possible for me to keep a reckoning of my age, who had nobody left that ever knew my beginning; I was, I say, above thirty years old, and had gone through some variety in the world. But as I was perfectly abandoned in my infancy, and utterly without instruction in my youth, so I was entirely ignorant of everything that was worthy the name of religion in the world; and this was the first time that ever any notion of religious things entered into my heart. I was surprised at this man’s talk, and that several ways particularly he talked so feelingly of his past circumstances, and they were so like my own, that every time he made a religious inference from his own condition, and argued from one condition of his to another, it struck into my thoughts like a bullet from a gun that I had certainly as much to be thankful for and to repent of as he had, except only that I had no knowledge of better things to be thankful for, which he had. But in return for that, I was delivered and set up in the world, made a master, and easy, and was in good circumstances, being raised from the very same low, distressed condition as he was in—I mean a sold servant—but that he remained so still; so that, if his sin had been greater than mine, so his distress was still greater.

This article of gratitude struck deep and lay heavy upon my mind. I remembered that I was grateful to the last degree to my old master, who had raised me from my low

condition, and that I loved the very name of him, or, as might be said, the very ground he trod on; but I had not so much as once thought of any higher obligation; no, nor so much as, like the Pharisee, had said once, “God, I thank thee,” to Him, for all the influence which His providence must have had in my whole affair.

It occurred to me presently that if none of all these things befall us without the direction of a Divine Power, as my new instructor had told me at large, and that God had ordered everything, the most minute and least transaction of life, insomuch that not a hair of our head shall fall to the ground without His permission; I say, it occurred to me that I had been a most unthankful dog to that Providence that had done so much for me; and the consequence of the reflection was immediately this: how justly may that Power, so disobliged, take away again His wool and His flax, with which I am now clothed, and reduce me to the misery of my first circumstances.

This perplexed me much, and I was very pensive and sad; in which, however, my new instructor was a constant comforter to me, and I learned every day something or other from him; upon which I told him one morning that I thought be must leave off teaching me Latin, and teach me religion. He spoke with a great deal of modesty of his being incapable of informing me of anything that I did not know, and proposed to me to read the Scriptures every day, as the sure and only fund of instruction. I answered that, in the words of the eunuch to St. Philip when the apostle asked him if he understood what he read: “How can I, unless some one guide me?”

We talked frequently upon this subject, and I found so much reason to believe he was a sincere convert that I can speak of him as no other in all I have to say of him. However, I cannot say my thoughts were yet ripened for an operation of that kind. I had some uneasiness about my past life, and I lived now, and had done so before I knew him, a very regular, sober life, always taken up in my business and running into no excesses. But as to commencing penitent, as this man had done, I cannot say

I had any convictions upon me sufficient to bring it on, nor had I a fund of religious knowledge to support me in it. So it wore off again gradually, as such things generally do where the first impressions are not deep enough.

In the meantime, as he read over long lectures of his own disasters to me, and applied them all seriously to me, so our discourse was always very solid and weighty, and we had nothing of levity between us, even when we were not concerned in religious discourses. He read history to me; and, where books were wanting, he gave me ideas of those things which had not been recorded by our modern histories, or at least that our number of books would not reach. By these things he raised an unquenchable thirst in me, after seeing something that was doing in the world; and the more because all the world was at that time engaged, more or less, in the great war wherein the French king might be said to be engaged with and against all the powers of Europe.

Now, I looked upon myself as one buried alive in a remote part of the world, where I could see nothing at all, and hear but a little of what was seen, and that little not till at least half a year after it was done, and sometimes a year or more; and, in a word, the old reproach often came in the way—namely, that even this was not yet the life of a gentleman.

It was true that this was much nearer to it than that of a pickpocket, and still nearer than that of a sold slave; but, in short, this would not do, and I could receive no satisfaction in it. I had now a second plantation, a very considerable one, and it went forward very well. I had on it almost a hundred servants already of sundry sorts, and an overseer that I had a great deal of reason to say I might depend upon, and but that I had a third in embryo, and newly begun, I had nothing to hinder me from going where I pleased.

However, I now began to frame my thoughts for a voyage to England, resolving then to act as I should see cause, but with a secret resolution to see more of the world if

possible, and realise those things to my mind which I had hitherto only entertained remote ideas of by the help of books.

Accordingly I pushed forward the settlement of my third plantation, in order to bring it to be in a posture either to be let to a tenant or left in trust with an overseer, as I should find occasion.

Had I resolved to leave it to an overseer or steward, no man in the world could have been fit for it like my tutor; but I could not think of parting with him, who was the cause of my desire of travelling, and who I concluded to make my partner in my travels.

END OF VOL. I.

THE LIFE OF COLONEL JACQUE.

It was three years after this before I could get things in order, fit for my leaving the country. In this time I delivered my tutor from his bondage, and would have given him his liberty, but, to my great disappointment, I found that I could not empower him to go for England till his time was expired, according to the certificate of his transportation, which was registered; so I made him one of my overseers, and thereby raised him gradually to a prospect of living in the same manner and by the like steps that my good benefactor raised me, only that I did not assist him to enter upon planting for himself as I was assisted, neither was I upon the spot to do it. But this man’s diligence and honest application, even unassisted, delivered himself, [though not] any farther than, as I say, by making him an overseer, which was only a present ease and deliverance to him from the hard labour and fare which he endured as a servant.

However, in this trust he behaved so faithfully and so diligently that it recommended him in the country; and when I came back I found him in circumstances very different from what I left him in, besides his being my principal manager for near

twenty years, as you shall hear in its place.

I mention these things the more at large that, if any unhappy wretch who may have the disaster to fall into such circumstances as these may come to see this account, they may learn the following short lessons from these examples:—

I. That Virginia and a state of transportation may be the happiest place and condition they were ever in for this life, as, by a sincere repentance and a diligent application to the business they are put to, they are effectually delivered from a life of flagrant wickedness and put in a perfect new condition, in which they have no temptation to the crimes they formerly committed, and have a prospect of advantage for the future.

II. That in Virginia the meanest and most despicable creature, after his time of servitude is expired, if he will but apply himself with diligence and industry to the business of the country, is sure (life and health supposed) both of living well and growing rich.

As this is a foundation which the most unfortunate wretch alive is entitled to, a transported felon is, in my opinion, a much happier man than the most prosperous untaken thief in the nation. Nor are those poor young people so much in the wrong as some imagine them to be that go voluntarily over to those countries, and in order to get themselves carried over and placed there, freely bind themselves there, especially if the persons into whose hands they fall do anything honestly by them; for, as it is to be supposed that those poor people knew not what course to take before, or had miscarried in their conduct before, here they are sure to be immediately provided for, and, after the expiration of their time, to be put in a condition to provide for themselves. But I return to my own story, which now begins a new scene.

I was now making provision for my going to England. After having settled my plantation in such hands as was fully to my satisfaction, my first work was to furnish myself with such a stock of goods and money as might be sufficient for my

occasions abroad, and particularly might allow me to make large returns to Maryland, for the use and supply of all my plantations. But when I came to look nearer into the voyage, it occurred to me that it would not be prudent to put my cargo all on board the same ship that I went in; so I shipped at several times five hundred hogsheads of tobacco in several ships for England, giving notice to my correspondent in London that I would embark about such a time to come over myself, and ordering him to insure for a considerable sum, proportioned to the value of my cargo.

About two months after this I left the place, and embarked for England in a stout ship, carrying twenty-four guns and about six hundred hogsheads of tobacco, and we left the capes of Virginia on the 1st of August. We had a very sour and rough voyage for the first fortnight, though it was in a season so generally noted for good weather.

After we had been about eleven days at sea, having the wind most part of the time blowing very hard at west, or between the west and north-west, by which we were carried a great way farther to the eastward than they usually go in their course for England, we met with a furious tempest, which held us five days, blowing most of the time excessive hard, and by which we were obliged to run away afore the wind, as the seamen call it, wheresoever it was our lot to go. By this storm our ship was greatly damaged, and some leaks we had, but not so bad that by the diligence of the seamen they were stopped. However, the captain, after having beaten up again as well as he could against the weather, and the sea going very high, at length he resolved to go away for the Bermudas.

I was not seaman enough to understand what the reason of their disputes was, but in their running for the islands it seems they overshot the latitude, and could never reach the islands of Bermudas again. The master and the mate differed to an extremity about this, their reckonings being more than usually wide of one another, the storm having driven them a little out of their knowledge. The master, being a

positive man, insulted the mate about it, and threatened to expose him for it when he came to England. The mate was an excellent sea artist and an experienced sailor, but withal a modest man, and though he insisted upon his being right, did it in respectful terms and as it became him. But after several days' dispute, when the weather came to abate and the heavens to clear up, that they could take their observations and know where they were, it appeared that the mate's account was right, and the captain was mistaken; for they were then in the latitude of 29 degrees, and quite out of the wake of the Bermudas.

The mate made no indecent use of the discovery at all, and the captain, being convinced, carried it civilly to him, and so the heats were over among them; but the next question was, what they should do next. Some were for going one way, some another; but all agreed that they were not in a condition to go on the direct course for England, unless they could have a southerly or south-west wind, which had not been our fate since we came to sea.

Upon the whole, they resolved by consent to steer away to the Canaries, which was the nearest land they could make except the Cape de Verde Islands, which were too much to the southward for us, if it could be avoided.

Upon this they stood away N.E., and the wind hanging still westerly, or to the northward of the west, we made good way, and in about fifteen days' sail we made the Pico Teneriffe, being a monstrous hill in one of the Canary Islands. Here we refreshed ourselves, got fresh water and some fresh provisions, and plenty of excellent wine, but no harbour to run into, to take care of the ship, which was leaky and tender, having had so much very bad weather; so we were obliged to do as well as we could, and put to sea again, after riding at the Canaries four days only.

From the Canaries we had tolerable weather and a smooth sea till we came into the soundings—so they call the mouth of the British Channel—and the wind blowing hard at the N. and the N.W. obliged us to keep a larger offing, as the seamen call it,

at our entrance into the Channel; when, behold! in the grey of the morning a French cruiser or privateer of twenty-six guns appeared, and crowded after us with all the sail they could make. In short, our captain exchanged a broadside or two with them, which was terrible work to me, for I had never seen such before, the Frenchman's guns having raked us, and killed and wounded six of our best men.

In short, after a fight long enough to show us that if we would not be taken we must resolve to sink by her side, for there was no room to expect deliverance, and a fight long enough to save the master's credit, we were taken, and the ship carried away to St. Malo.

I was not much concerned for the loss I had in the ship, because I knew I had sufficient in the world somewhere or other; but as I was effectually stripped of everything I had about me, and even almost my clothes from my back, I was in but a very indifferent condition. But somebody informing the captain of the privateer, that I was a passenger and a merchant, he called for me and inquired into my circumstances, and coming to hear from myself how I had been used, obliged the seamen to give me a coat and hat and a pair of shoes, which they had taken off me, and himself gave me a morning gown of his own to wear while I was in his ship, and, to give him his due, treated me very well.

I had, however, besides my being taken, the mortification to be detained on board the cruiser, and seeing the ship I was in manned with Frenchmen and sent away, as above, for St. Malo; and this was a greater mortification to me afterwards, when, being brought into St. Malo, I heard that our own ship was retaken in her passage to St. Malo by an English man-of-war and carried to Portsmouth.

When our ship was sent away the Rover cruised abroad again in the mouth of the Channel for some time, but met with no purchase. At last they made a sail, which proved to be one of their nation and one of their own trade, from whom they learned, the news having been carried to England that some French privateers lay off and on

in the soundings, that three English men-of-war were come out from Plymouth on purpose to cruise in the Channel, and that they would certainly meet with us. Upon this intelligence the Frenchman, a bold, brave fellow, far from shrinking from his work, stands away N.E. for St. George's Channel, and in the latitude of 48 degrees and a half, unhappily enough, meets with a large and rich English ship, bound home from Jamaica. It was in the grey of the morning, and very clear, when a man on the roundtop cried out, "Au voile, a sail." I was in hopes indeed it had been the English men-of-war, and by the hurry and clutter they were in to get all ready for a fight, I concluded it was so, and got out of my hammock (for I had no cabin to lie in) that I might see what it was; but I soon found that my hopes were in vain, and it was on the wrong side; for that that being on our larboard bow, the ship lying then northward to make the coast of Ireland, by the time I was turned out I could perceive they had all their sails bent and full, having begun to chase, and making great way. On the other hand, it was evident the ship saw them too, and knew what they were, and, to avoid them, stretched away with all the canvas they could lay on for the coast of Ireland, to run in there for harbour.

Our privateer, it was plain, infinitely outsailed her, running two foot for her one, and towards evening came up with them. Had they been able to have held it but six hours longer they would have got into Limerick River, or somewhere under shore, so that we should not have ventured upon them. But we came up with them, and the captain, when he saw there was no remedy, bravely brought to and prepared to fight. She was a ship of thirty guns, but deep in the sea, cumbered between decks with goods, and could not run out her lower-deck guns, the sea also going pretty high, though at last she ventured to open her gun-room ports and fire with three guns on a side. But her worst fate was, she sailed heavy, being deep loaden, and the Frenchman had run up by her side and poured in his broadside, and was soon ready again. However, as she was well manned too, and that the English sailors bestirred themselves, they gave us their broadsides too very nimbly and heartily, and I found

the Frenchman had a great many men killed at the first brush. But the next was worse, for the English ship, though she did not sail so well as the Frenchman, was a bigger ship and strong built, and as we (the French) bore down upon them again, the English run boldly on board us, and laid thwart our hawse, lashing themselves fast to us. Then it was that the English captain run out his lower tier of guns, and indeed tore the Frenchman so, that, had he held it, the privateer would have had the worst of it. But the Frenchman, with admirable readiness, indeed, and courage, the captain appearing everywhere with his sword in his hand, bestirred themselves, and loosing themselves from the English ship, thrusting her off with brooms, and pouring their small shot so thick that the other could not appear upon deck; I say, clearing themselves thus, they came to lie a-broadside of each other, when, by long firing, the English ship was at length disabled, her mizzen-mast and bowsprit shot away, and, which was worst of all, her captain killed; so that, after a fight which held all night—for they fought in the dark—and part of the next day, they were obliged to strike.

I was civilly desired by the French captain to go down into the hold while the fight held, and, besides the civility of it, I found he was not willing I should be upon deck. Perhaps he thought I might have some opportunity to do hurt, though I know not how it could be. However, I was very ready to go down, for I had no mind to be killed, especially by my own friends; so I went down and sat by the surgeon, and had the opportunity to find that, the first broadside the English fired, seven wounded men were brought down to the surgeon, and three-and-thirty more afterwards, that is to say, when the English lay thwart their bow; and after they cleared themselves there were about eleven more; so that they had one-and-fifty men wounded and about two-and-twenty killed. The Englishman had eighteen men killed and wounded, among whom was the captain.

The French captain, however, triumphed in his prize; for it was an exceeding rich ship, having abundance of silver on board. And after the ship was taken and they

had plundered all the great cabin afforded, which was very considerable, the mate promised the captain that, if he would give him his liberty, he would discover six thousand pieces of eight to him privately, which none of the men should know of. The captain engaged, and gave it under his hand to set him at liberty as soon as he came on shore. Accordingly, in the night, after all was either turned in, as they call it, or employed on the duty of the watch, the captain and the mate of the prize went on board, and having faithfully discovered the money, which lay in a place made on purpose to conceal it, the captain resolved to let it lie till they arrived, and then he conveyed it on shore for his own use; so that the owners, nor the seamen, ever came to any share of it, which, by the way, was a fraud in the captain. But the mate paid his ransom by the discovery, and the captain gave him his liberty very punctually, as he had promised, and two hundred pieces of eight to carry him to England and to make good his losses.

When he had made this prize, the captain thought of nothing more than how to get safe to France with her, for she was a ship sufficient to enrich all his men and his owners also. The account of her cargo, by the captain’s books, of which I took a copy, was in general:

260 hogsheads of sugar. 187 smaller casks of sugar. 176 barrels of indigo. 28 casks of pimento. 42 bags of cotton wool. 80 cwt. of elephants’ teeth. 60 small casks of rum. 18,000 pieces of eight, besides the six thousand concealed. Several parcels of drugs, tortoise-shell, sweetmeats, called succades, chocolate, lime juice, and other things of considerable value.

This was a terrible loss among the English merchants, and a noble booty for the rogues that took it; but as it was in open war and by fair fighting, as they call it, there was no objection to be made against them, and, to give them their due, they fought bravely for it.

The captain was not so bold as to meeting the English men-of-war before, but he

was as wary now; for, having a prize of such value in his hands, he was resolved not to lose her again, if he could help it. So he stood away to the southward, and that so far that I once thought he was resolved to go into the Straits, and home by Marseilles. But having sailed to the latitude of 45 degrees 3 quarters, or thereabouts, he steered away east, into the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, and carried us all into the river of Bordeaux, where, on notice of his arrival with such a prize, his owners or principals came overland to see him, and where they consulted what to do with her. The money they secured, to be sure, and some of the cargo; but the ships sailed afterwards along the coast to St. Malo, taking the opportunity of some French men-of-war which were cruising on the coast to be their convoy as far as Ushant.

Here the captain rewarded and dismissed the English mate, as I have said, who got a passage from thence to Dieppe by sea, and after that into England, by the help of a passport, through Flanders to Ostend. The captain, it seems, the more willingly shipped him off that he might not discover to others what he had discovered to him.

I was now at Bordeaux, in France, and the captain asked me one morning what I intended to do. I did not understand him at first, but he soon gave me to understand that I was now either to be delivered up to the state as an English prisoner, and so be carried to Dinan, in Brittany, or to find means to have myself exchanged, or to pay my ransom, and this ransom he told me at first was three hundred crowns.

I knew not what to do, but desired he would give me time to write to England to my friends; for that I had a cargo of goods sent to them by me from Virginia, but I did not know but it might have fallen into such hands as his were, and if it was, I knew not what would be my fate. He readily granted that; so I wrote by the post, and had the satisfaction, in answer to it, to hear that the ship I was taken in had been retaken, and carried into Portsmouth; which I doubted would have made my new master more strict, and perhaps insolent; but he said nothing of it to me, nor I to him, though, as I afterwards understood, he had advice of it before.

However, this was a help to me, and served to more than pay my ransom to the captain. And my correspondent in London, hearing of my being alive and at Bordeaux, immediately sent me a letter of credit upon an English merchant at Bordeaux for whatever I might have occasion for. As soon as I received this I went to the merchant, who honoured the letter of credit, and told me I should have what money I pleased. But as I, who was before a mere stranger in the place and knew not what course to take, had now, as it were, a friend to communicate my affairs to and consult with, as soon as I told him my case, “Hold,” says he; “if that be your case, I may perhaps find a way to get you off without a ransom.”

There was, it seems, a ship bound home to France from Martinico, taken off Cape Finisterre by an English man-of-war, and a merchant of Rochelle, being a passenger, was taken on board, and brought into Plymouth. This man had made great solicitation by his friends to be exchanged, pleading poverty, and that he was unable to pay any ransom. My friend told me something of it, but not much, only bade me not be too forward to pay any money to the captain, but pretend I could not hear from England. This I did till the captain appeared impatient.

After some time the captain told me I had used him ill; that I had made him expect a ransom, and he had treated me courteously and been at expense to subsist me, and that I held him in suspense, but that, in short, if I did not procure the money, he would send me to Dinan in ten days, to lie there as the king’s prisoner till I should be exchanged. My merchant gave me my cue, and by his direction I answered I was very sensible of his civility, and sorry he should lose what expenses he had been at, but that I found my friends forgot me, and what to do I did not know, and that, rather than impose upon him, I must submit to go to Dinan, or where he thought fit to send me; but that if ever I obtained my liberty, and came into England, I would not fail to reimburse him what expense he had been at for my subsistence; and so, in short, made my case very bad in all my discourse. He shook his head and said little, but the next day entered me in the list of English prisoners to be at the king’s charge, as

appointed by the intendant of the place, and to be sent away into Brittany.

I was then out of the captain's power, and immediately the merchant, with two others who were friends to the merchant prisoner at Plymouth, went to the intendant and gained an order for the exchange, and my friend giving security for my being forthcoming, in case the other was not delivered, I had my liberty immediately, and went home with him to his house.

Thus we bilked the captain of his ransom money. But, however, my friend went to him, and letting him know that I was exchanged by the governor's order, paid him whatever he could say he was in disburse on my account; and it was not then in the captain's power to object, or to claim anything for a ransom.

I got passage from hence to Dunkirk on board a French vessel, and having a certificate of an exchanged prisoner from the intendent at Bordeaux, I had a passport given me to go into the Spanish Netherlands, and so whither I pleased.

Accordingly I came to Ghent, in April——, just as the armies were going to take the field. I had no dislike to the business of the army, but I thought I was a little above it now, and had other things to look to; for that, in my opinion, nobody went into the field but those that could not live at home. And yet I resolved to see the manner of it a little too, so, having made an acquaintance with an English officer quartered at Ghent, I told him my intention, and he invited me to go with him, and offered me his protection as a volunteer, that I should quarter with him in his tent, and live as I would, and either carry arms or not, as I saw occasion.

The campaign was none of the hardest that had been, or was like to be; so that I had the diversion of seeing the service, as it was proper to call it, without much hazard. Indeed I did not see any considerable action, for there was not much fighting that campaign. As to the merit of the cause on either side, I knew nothing of it, nor had I suffered any of the disputes about it to enter into my thoughts. The Prince of Orange had been made king of England, and the English troops were all on his side; and I

heard a great deal of swearing and damning for King William among the soldiers. But as for fighting, I observed the French beat them several times, and particularly the regiment my friend belonged to was surrounded in a village where they were posted, I knew not upon what occasion, and all taken prisoners. But by great good hap, I, being not in service, and so not in command, was strolled away that day to see the country about; for it was my delight to see the strong towns, and observe the beauty of their fortifications; and while I diverted myself thus, I had the happy deliverance of not being taken by the French for that time.

When I came back I found the enemy possessed of the town, but as I was no soldier they did me no harm, and having my French passport in my pocket, they gave me leave to go to Nieuport, where I took the packet-boat and came over to England, landing at Deal instead of Dover, the weather forcing us into the Downs; and thus my short campaign ended, and this was my second essay at the trade of soldiering.

When I came to London I was very well received by my friend, to whom I had consigned my effects, and I found myself in very good circumstances; for all my goods, which, as above, by several ships, I had consigned to him, came safe to hand; and my overseers that I had left behind had shipped at several times four hundred hogsheads of tobacco to my correspondent in my absence, being the product of my plantation, or part of it, for the time of my being abroad; so that I had above £1000 in my factor’s hands, two hundred hogsheads of tobacco besides left in hand, not sold.

I had nothing to do now but entirely to conceal myself from all that had any knowledge of me before. And this was the easiest thing in the world to do; for I was grown out of everybody’s knowledge, and most of those I had known were grown out of mine. My captain, who went with me, or, rather, who carried me away, I found, by inquiring at the proper place, had been rambling about the world, came to London, fell into his own trade, which he could not forbear, and growing an eminent

highwayman, had made his exit at the gallows, after a life of fourteen years' most exquisite and successful rogueries, the particulars of which would make, as I observed, an admirable history. My other brother Jacque, who I called major, followed the like wicked trade, but was a man of more gallantry and generosity; and having committed innumerable depredations upon mankind, yet had always so much dexterity as to bring himself off, till at length he was laid fast in Newgate, and loaded with irons, and would certainly have gone the same way as the captain, but he was so dexterous a rogue that no gaol, no fetters, would hold him; and he, with two more, found means to knock off their irons, worked their way through the wall of the prison, and let themselves down on the outside in the night. So escaping, they found means to get into France, where he followed the same trade, and with so much success that he grew famous by the name of Anthony, and had the honour, with three of his comrades, whom he had taught the English way of robbing generously, as they called it, without murdering or wounding, or ill-using those they robbed;—I say, he had the honour to be broke upon the wheel at the Greve in Paris.

All these things I found means to be fully informed of, and to have a long account of the particulars of their conduct from some of their comrades who had the good fortune to escape, and who I got the knowledge of without letting them so much as guess at who I was or upon what account I inquired.

I was now at the height of my good fortune. Indeed I was in very good circumstances, and being of a frugal temper from the beginning, I saved things together as they came, and yet lived very well too. Particularly I had the reputation of a very considerable merchant, and one that came over vastly rich from Virginia; and as I frequently bought supplies for my several families and plantations there as they wrote to me for them, so I passed, I say, for a great merchant.

I lived single, indeed, and in lodgings, but I began to be very well known, and though I had subscribed my name only "Jack" to my particular correspondent, yet

the French, among whom I lived near a year, as I have said, not understanding what Jack meant, called me Monsieur Jacques and Colonel Jacques, and so gradually Colonel Jacque. So I was called in the certificate of exchanging me with the other prisoner, so that I went so also into Flanders; upon which, and seeing my certificate of exchange, as above, I was called Colonel Jacques in England by my friend who I called correspondent. And thus I passed for a foreigner and a Frenchman, and I was infinitely fond of having everybody take me for a Frenchman; and as I spoke French very well, having learned it by continuing so long among them, so I went constantly to the French church in London, and spoke French upon all occasions as much as I could; and, to complete the appearance of it, I got me a French servant to do my business—I mean as to my merchandise, which only consisted in receiving and disposing of tobacco, of which I had about five hundred to six hundred hogsheads a year from my own plantations, and in supplying my people with necessaries as they wanted them.

In this private condition I continued about two years more, when the devil, owing me a spleen ever since I refused being a thief, paid me home, with my interest, by laying a snare in my way which had almost ruined me.

There dwelt a lady in the house opposite to the house I lodged in, who made an extraordinary figure indeed. She went very well dressed, and was a most beautiful person. She was well-bred, sung admirably fine, and sometimes I could hear her very distinctly, the houses being over against one another, in a narrow court, not much unlike Three King Court in Lombard Street.

This lady put herself so often in my way that I could not in good manners forbear taking notice of her, and giving her the ceremony of my hat when I saw her at her window, or at the door, or when I passed her in the court; so that we became almost acquainted at a distance. Sometimes she also visited at the house I lodged at, and it was generally contrived that I should be introduced when she came, and thus by

degrees we became more intimately acquainted, and often conversed together in the family, but always in public, at least for a great while.

I was a mere boy in the affair of love, and knew the least of what belonged to a woman of any man in Europe of my age. The thoughts of a wife, much less of a mistress, had never so much as taken the least hold of my head, and I had been till now as perfectly unacquainted with the sex, and as unconcerned about them, as I was when I was ten years old, and lay in a heap of ashes at the glass-house.

But I know not by what witchcraft in the conversation of this woman, and her singling me out upon several occasions, I began to be ensnared, I knew not how, or to what end; and was on a sudden so embarrassed in my thoughts about her that, like a charm, she had me always in her circle. If she had not been one of the subtlest women on earth, she could never have brought me to have given myself the least trouble about her, but I was drawn in by the magic of a genius capable to deceive a more wary capacity than mine, and it was impossible to resist her.

She attacked me without ceasing, with the fineness of her conduct, and with arts which were impossible to be ineffectual. She was ever, as it were, in my view, often in my company, and yet kept herself so on the reserve, so surrounded continually with obstructions, that for several months after she could perceive I sought an opportunity to speak to her, she rendered it impossible; nor could I ever break in upon her, she kept her guard so well.

This rigid behaviour was the greatest mystery that could be, considering, at the same time, that she never declined my seeing her or conversing with me in public. But she held it on; she took care never to sit next me, that I might slip no paper into her hand or speak softly to her; she kept somebody or other always between, that I could never come up to her; and thus, as if she was resolved really to have nothing to do with me, she held me at the bay several months.

All this while nothing was more certain than that she intended to have me, if she

could catch; and it was indeed a kind of a catch, for she managed all by art, and drew me in with the most resolute backwardness, that it was almost impossible not to be deceived by it. On the other hand, she did not appear to be a woman despicable, neither was she poor, or in a condition that should require so much art to draw any man in; but the cheat was really on my side; for she was unhappily told that I was vastly rich, a great merchant, and that she would live like a queen; which I was not at all instrumental in putting upon her, neither did I know that she went upon that motive.

She was too cunning to let me perceive how easy she was to be had; on the contrary, she run all the hazards of bringing me to neglect her entirely that one would think any woman in the world could do. And I have wondered often since how that it was possible it should fail of making me perfectly averse to her; for as I had a perfect indifferency for the whole sex, and never till then entertained any notion of them, they were no more to me than a picture hanging up against a wall.

As we conversed freely together in public, so she took a great many occasions to rally the men, and the weakness they were guilty of in letting the women insult them as they did. She thought if the men had not been fools, marriage had been only treaties of peace between two neighbours, or alliances offensive or defensive, which must necessarily have been carried on sometimes by interviews and personal treaties, but oftener by ambassadors, agents, and emissaries on both sides; but that the women had outwitted us, and brought us upon our knees, and made us whine after them, and lower ourselves, so as we could never pretend to gain our equality again.

I told her I thought it was a decency to the ladies to give them the advantage of denying a little, that they might be courted, and that I should not like a woman the worse for denying me. “I expect it, madam,” says I, “when I wait on you to-morrow;” intimating that I intended it. “You shan’t be deceived, sir,” says she,

“for I’ll deny now, before you ask me the question.”

I was dashed so effectually with so malicious, so devilish an answer that I returned with a little sullenness, “I shan’t trespass upon you yet, madam; and I shall be very careful not to offend you when I do.”

“It is the greatest token of your respect, sir,” says she, “that you are able to bestow upon me, and the most agreeable too, except one, which I will not be out of hopes of obtaining of you in a little time.”

“What is in my power to oblige you in, madam,” said I, “you may command me in at any time, especially the way we are talking of.” This I spoke still with a resentment very sincere.

“It is only, sir, that you would promise to hate me with as much sincerity as I will endeavour to make you a suitable return.”

“I granted that request, madam, seven years before you asked it,” said I, “for I heartily hated the whole sex, and scarce know how I came to abate that good disposition in compliment to your conversation; but I assure you that abatement is so little that it does no injury to your proposal.”

“There’s some mystery in that indeed, sir,” said she, “for I desire to assist your aversion to women in a more particular manner, and hoped it should never abate under my management.” We said a thousand ill-natured things after this, but she outdid me, for she had such a stock of bitterness upon her tongue as no woman ever went beyond her, and yet all this while she was the pleasantest and most obliging creature in every part of our conversation that could possibly be, and meant not one word of what she said; no, not a word. But I must confess it no way answered her end, for it really cooled all my thoughts of her, and I, that had lived in so perfect an indifferency to the sex all my days, was easily returned to that condition again, and began to grow very cold and negligent in my usual respects to her upon all occasions.

She soon found she had gone too far with me, and, in short, that she was extremely out in her politics; that she had to do with one that was not listed yet among the whining sort of lovers, and knew not what it was to adore a mistress in order to abuse her; and that it was not with me as it was with the usual sort of men in love, that are warmed by the cold, and rise in their passions as the ladies fall in their returns. On the contrary, she found that it was quite altered. I was civil to her, as before, but not so forward. When I saw her at her chamber-window, I did not throw mine open, as I usually had done, to talk with her. When she sung in the parlour, where I could easily hear it, I did not listen. When she visited at the house where I lodged, I did not always come down; or if I did, I had business which obliged me to go abroad; and yet all this while, when I did come into her company, I was as intimate as ever.

I could easily see that this madded her to the heart, and that she was perplexed to the last degree, for she found that she had all her game to play over again; that so absolute a reservedness, even to rudeness and ill manners, was a little too much; but she was a mere posture-mistress in love, and could put herself into what shapes she pleased.

She was too wise to show a fondness or forwardness that looked like kindness. She knew that was the meanest and last step a woman can take, and lays her under the foot of the man she pretends to. Fondness is not the last favour indeed, but it is the last favour but one that a woman can grant, and lays her almost as low; I mean, it lays her at the mercy of the man she shows it to; but she was not come to that neither. This chameleon put on another colour, turned, on a sudden, the gravest, soberest, majestic madam, so that any one would have thought she was advanced in age in one week from two-and-twenty to fifty, and this she carried on with so much government of herself that it did not in the least look like art; but if it was a representation of nature only, it was so like nature itself that nobody living can be able to distinguish. She sung very often in her parlour, as well by herself as with two

young ladies who came often to see her. I could see by their books, and her guitar in her hand, that she was singing; but she never opened the window, as she was wont to do. Upon my coming to my window, she kept her own always shut; or if it was open, she would be sitting at work, and not look up, it may be, once in half-an-hour.

If she saw me by accident all this while, she would smile, and speak as cheerfully as ever; but it was but a word or two, and so make her honours and be gone; so that, in a word, we conversed just as we did after I had been there a week.

She tired me quite out at this work; for though I began the strangeness, indeed, yet I did not design the carrying it on so far. But she held it to the last, just in the same manner as she began it. She came to the house where I lodged as usual, and we were often together, supped together, played at cards together, danced together; for in France I accomplished myself with everything that was needful to make me what I believed myself to be even from a boy—I mean a gentleman. I say, we conversed together, as above, but she was so perfectly another thing to what she used to be in every part of her conversation that it presently occurred to me that her former behaviour was a kind of a rant or fit; that either it was the effect of some extraordinary levity that had come upon her, or that it was done to mimic the coquets of the town, believing it might take with me, who she thought was a Frenchman, and that it was what I loved. But her new gravity was her real natural temper, and indeed it became her so much better, or, as I should say, she acted it so well, that it really brought me back to have, not as much only, but more mind to her than ever I had before.

However, it was a great while before I discovered myself, and I stayed indeed to find out, if possible, whether this change was real or counterfeit; for I could not easily believe it was possible the gay humour she used to appear in could be a counterfeit. It was not, therefore, till a year and almost a quarter that I came to any resolution in my thoughts about her, when, on a mere accident, we came to a little

conversation together.

She came to visit at our house as usual, and it happened all the ladies were gone abroad; but, as it fell out, I was in the passage or entry of the house, going towards the stairs, when she knocked at the door; so, stepping back, I opened the door, and she, without any ceremony, came in, and ran forward into the parlour, supposing the women had been there. I went in after her, as I could do no less, because she did not know that the family was abroad.

Upon my coming in she asked for the ladies. I told her I hoped she came to visit me now, for that the ladies were all gone abroad. “Are they?” said she, as if surprised—though I understood afterwards she knew it before, as also that I was at home—and then rises up to be gone. “No, madam,” said I, “pray do not go; when ladies come to visit me, I do not use to tire them of my company so soon.” “That’s as ill-natured,” says she, “as you could possibly talk. Pray don’t pretend I came to visit you. I am satisfied who I came to visit, and satisfied that you know it.” “Yes, madam,” said I; “but if I happen to be all of the family that’s left at home, then you came to visit me.”

Jacque and lady COLONEL JACQUE AND THE LADY

“I never receive visits from those that I hate,” says she.

“You have me there, indeed,” said I; “but you never gave me leave to tell you why I hated you. I hated you because you would never give me an opportunity to tell you I loved you. Sure, you took me for some frightful creature, that you would never come near enough so much as to let me whisper to you that I love you.”

“I never care to hear anything so disagreeable,” says she, “though it be spoken ever so softly.”

We rallied thus for an hour. In short, she showed the abundance of her wit, and I an abundant deficiency of mine; for though three or four times she provoked me to the last degree, so that once I was going to tell her I had enough of her company, and, if

she pleased I would wait upon her to the door, yet she had always so much witchcraft on her tongue that she brought herself off again; till, to make the story short, we came at last to talk seriously on both sides about matrimony, and she heard me freely propose it, and answered me directly upon many occasions. For example, she told me I would carry her away to France or to Virginia, and that she could not think of leaving England, her native country. I told her I hoped she did not take me for a kidnapper. (By the way, I did not tell her how I had been kidnapped myself.) She said no; but the consequence of my affairs, which were, it seems, mostly abroad, might oblige me to go, and she could never think of marrying any man that she could not be content to go all over the world with, if he had occasion to go himself. This was handsomely expressed indeed. I made her easy on that point, and thus we began the grand parley; which indeed she drew me into with the utmost art and subtilty, such as was peculiar to herself, but was infinitely her advantage in our treating of marriage; for she made me effectually court her, though at the same time in her design she courted me with the utmost skill, and such skill it was that her design was perfectly impenetrable to the last moment.

In short, we came nearer and nearer every time we met; and after one casual visit more, in which I had the mighty favour of talking with her alone, I then waited on her every day at her own house, or lodgings rather, and so we set about the work to a purpose, and in about a month we gave the world the slip, and were privately married, to avoid ceremony and the public inconveniency of a wedding.

We soon found a house proper for our dwelling, and so went to housekeeping. We had not been long together but I found that gay temper of my wife returned, and she threw off the mask of her gravity and good conduct, that I had so long fancied was her mere natural disposition; and now, having no more occasion for disguises, she resolved to seem nothing but what really she was, a wild, untamed colt, perfectly loose, and careless to conceal any part, no, not the worst of her conduct.

She carried on this air of levity to such an excess that I could not but be dissatisfied at the expense of it; for she kept company that I did not like, lived beyond what I could support, and sometimes lost at play more than I cared to pay. Upon which, one day, I took occasion to mention it, but lightly; and said to her, by way of raillery, that we lived merrily, for as long as it would last. She turned short upon me, “What do you mean?” says she. “Why, you don’t pretend to be uneasy, do ye?” “No, no, madam, not I, by no means; it is no business of mine, you know,” said I, “to inquire what my wife spends, or whether she spends more than I can afford, or less. I only desire the favour to know, as near as you can guess, how long you will please to take to despatch me, for I would not be too long a-dying.”

“I do not know what you talk of,” says she. “You may die as leisurely, or as hastily, as you please, when your time comes; I a’nt a-going to kill you, as I know of.”

“But you are a-going to starve me, madam,” said I, “and hunger is as leisurely a death as breaking upon the wheel.”

“I starve you! Why, are not you a great Virginia merchant, and did not I bring you £1500? What would you have? Sure, you can maintain a wife out of that, can’t you?”

“Yes, madam,” says I, “I could maintain a wife, but not a gamester, though you had brought me £1500 a year; no estate is big enough for a box and dice.”

She took fire at that, and flew out in a passion, and after a great many bitter words, told me, in short, that she saw no occasion to alter her conduct; and as for my not maintaining her, when I could not maintain her longer she would find some way or other to maintain herself.

Some time after the first rattle of this kind, she vouchsafed to let me know that she was pleased to be with child. I was at first glad of it, in hopes it would help to abate her madness; but it was all one, and her being with child only added to the rest, for she made such preparations for her lying-in, and the other appendixes of a child’s

being born, that, in short, I found she would be downright distracted. And I took the liberty to tell her one day that she would soon bring herself and me to destruction, and entreated her to consider that such figures as those were quite above us, and out of our circle; and, in short, that I neither could nor would allow such expenses; that, at this rate, two or three children would effectually ruin me, and that I desired her to consider what she was doing.

She told me, with an air of disdain, that it was none of her business to consider anything of that matter; that if I could not allow it, she would allow it herself, and I might do my worst.

I begged her to consider things for all that, and not drive me to extremities; that I married her to love and cherish her, and use her as a good wife ought to be used, but not to be ruined and undone by her. In a word, nothing could mollify her, nor any argument persuade her to moderation, but withal she took it so heinously that I should pretend to restrain her, that she told me in so many words she would drop her burthen with me, and then, if I did not like it, she would take care of herself; she would not live with me an hour, for she would not be restrained, not she; and talked a long while at that rate.

I told her, as to her child, which she called her burthen, it should be no burthen to me; as to the rest, she might do as she pleased; it might, however, do me this favour, that I should have no more lyings in at the rate of £136 at a time, as I found she intended it should be now. She told me she could not tell that; if she had no more by me, she hoped she should by somebody else. “Say you so, madam?” said I. “Then they that get them shall keep them.” She did not know that neither, she said, and so turned it off jeering, and, as it were, laughing at me.

This last discourse nettled me, I must confess, and the more because I had a great deal of it and very often, till, in short, we began at length to enter into a friendly treaty about parting.

Nothing could be more criminal than the several discourses we had upon this subject. She demanded a separate maintenance, and, in particular, at the rate of £300 a year, and I demanded security of her that she should not run me in debt. She demanded the keeping of the child, with an allowance of £100 a year for that, and I demanded that I should be secured from being charged for keeping any she might have by somebody else, as she had threatened me.

In the interval, and during these contests, she dropped her burthen (as she called it), and brought me a son, a very fine child.

She was content during her lying-in to abate a little, though it was but a very little indeed, of the great expense she had intended, and, with some difficulty and persuasion, was content with a suit of child-bed linen of £15 instead of one she had intended of threescore; and this she magnified as a particular testimony of her condescension and a yielding to my avaricious temper, as she called it. But after she was up again, it was the same thing, and she went on with her humour to that degree that in a little time she began to carry it on to other excesses, and to have a sort of fellows come to visit her, which I did not like, and once, in particular, stayed abroad all night. The next day, when she came home, she began to cry out first; told me where (as she said) she lay, and that the occasion was a christening, where the company had a feast and stayed too late; that, if I was dissatisfied, I might inform myself there of all the particulars, where she lay, and the like. I told her coldly, “Madam, you do well to suggest my being dissatisfied, for you may be sure I am, and you could expect no other; that as to going to your haunts to inform myself, that is not my business: it is your business to bring testimonies of your behaviour, and to prove where you lay, and in what company. It is enough to me that you lay out of your own house, without your husband’s knowledge or consent, and before you and I converse again I must have some satisfaction of the particulars.”

She answered, with all her heart; she was as in different as I; and since I took so ill

her lying at a friend's house on an extraordinary occasion, she gave me to understand that it was what she would have me expect, and what she would have the liberty to do when she thought fit.

"Well, madam," said I, "if I must expect what I cannot allow, you must expect I shall shut my doors by day against those that keep out of them at night."

She would try me, she said, very speedily; and if I shut the doors against her, she would find a way to make me open them.

"Well, madam," says I, "you threaten me hard, but I would advise you to consider before you take such measures, for I shall be as good as my word." However, it was not long that we could live together upon these terms; for I found very quickly what company she kept, and that she took a course which I ought not to bear. So I began the separation first, and refused her my bed. We had indeed refrained all converse as husband and wife for about two months before, for I told her very plainly I would father no brats that were not of my own getting; and matters coming thus gradually to an extremity, too great to continue as it was, she went off one afternoon, and left me a line in writing, signifying that affairs had come to such a pass between us that she did not think fit to give me the opportunity of shutting her out of doors, and that therefore she had retired herself to such a place, naming a relation of her own, as scandalous as herself; and that she hoped I would not give her the trouble to sue for her support in the ordinary course of law, but that, as her occasions required, she should draw bills upon me, which she expected I would not refuse.

I was extremely satisfied with this proceeding, and took care to let her hear of it, though I gave no answer at all to her letter; and as I had taken care before that whenever she played such a prank as this, she should not be able to carry much with her, so, after she was gone, I immediately broke up housekeeping, sold my furniture by public outcry, and in it everything in particular that was her own, and set a bill upon my door, giving her to understand by it that she had passed the Rubicon, that

as she had taken such a step of her own accord, so there was no room left her ever to think of coming back again.

This was what any one may believe I should not have done if I had seen any room for a reformation; but she had given me such testimonies of a mind alienated from her husband, in particular espousing her own unsufferable levity, that there was indeed no possibility of our coming afterwards to any terms again.

However, I kept a couple of trusty agents so near her that I failed not to have a full account of her conduct, though I never let her know anything of me but that I was gone over to France. As to her bills which she said she would draw upon me, she was as good as her word in drawing one of £30, which I refused to accept, and never gave her leave to trouble me with another.

It is true, and I must acknowledge it, that all this was a very melancholy scene of life to me, and but that she took care by carrying herself to the last degree provoking, and continually to insult me, I could never have gone on to the parting with so much resolution; for I really loved her very sincerely, and could have been anything but a beggar and a cuckold with her, but those were intolerable to me, especially as they were put upon me with so much insult and rudeness.

But my wife carried it at last to a point that made all things light and easy to me, for after above a year’s separation, and keeping such company as she thought fit, she was pleased to be with child again, in which she had, however, so much honesty as not to pretend that she had had anything to do with me. What a wretched life she led after this, and how she brought herself to the utmost extremity of misery and distress, I may speak of hereafter.

I had found, soon after our parting, that I had a great deal of reason to put myself into a posture at first not to be imposed upon by her; for I found very quickly that she had run herself into debt in several places very considerably, and that it was upon a supposition that I was liable to those debts. But I was gone, and it was

absolutely necessary I should do so; upon which she found herself obliged, out of her wicked gains, however, whatever she made of them, to discharge most of those debts herself.

As soon as she was delivered of her child, in which my intelligence was so good that I had gotten sufficient proof of it, I sued her in the ecclesiastical court, in order to obtain a divorce; and as she found it impossible to avoid it, so she declined the defence, and I gained a legal decree, or what they call it, of divorce, in the usual time of such process; and now I thought myself a free man once again, and began to be sick of wedlock with all my heart.

I lived retired, because I knew she had contracted debts which I should be obliged to pay, and I was resolved to be gone out of her reach with what speed I could. But it was necessary that I should stay till the Virginia fleet came in, because I looked for at least three hundred hogsheads of tobacco from thence, which I knew would heal all my breaches; for indeed the extravagance of three years with this lady had sunk me most effectually, even far beyond her own fortune, which was considerable, though not quite £1500, as she had called it.

But all the mischiefs I met with on account of this match were not over yet; for when I had been parted with her about three months, and had refused to accept her bill of £30, which I mentioned above, though I was removed from my first lodgings too, and thought I had effectually secured myself from being found out, yet there came a gentleman well dressed to my lodgings one day, and was let in before I knew of it, or else I should scarce have admitted him.

He was led into a parlour, and I came down to him in my gown and slippers. When I came into the room he called me as familiarly by my name as if he had known me twenty years, and pulling out a pocket-book, he shows me a bill upon me, drawn by my wife, which was the same bill for £30 that I had refused before.

“Sir,” says I, “this bill has been presented before, and I gave my answer to it then.”

“Answer, sir!” says he, with a kind of jeering, taunting air. “I do not understand what you mean by an answer; it is not a question, sir; it is a bill to be paid.”

“Well, sir,” says I, “it is a bill; I know that, and I gave my answer to it before.”

“Sir, sir,” says he very saucily, “your answer! There is no answer to a bill; it must be paid. Bills are to be paid, not to be answered. They say you are a merchant, sir; merchants always pay their bills.”

I began to be angry too a little, but I did not like my man, for I found he began to be quarrelsome. However, I said, “Sir, I perceive you are not much used to presenting bills. Sir, a bill is always first presented, and presenting is a question; it is asking if I will accept or pay the bill, and then whether I say yes or no, it is an answer one way or other. After ’tis accepted, it indeed requires no more answer but payment when ’tis due. If you please to inform yourself, this is the usage which all merchants or tradesmen of any kind who have bills drawn upon them act by.”

“Well, sir,” says he, “and what then? What is this to the paying me the £30?”

“Why, sir,” says I, “it is this to it, that I told the person that brought it I should not pay it.”

“Not pay it!” says he. “But you shall pay it; ay, ay, you will pay it.”

“She that draws it has no reason to draw any bills upon me, I am sure,” said I; “and I shall pay no bills she draws, I assure you.”

Upon this he turns short upon me: “Sir, she that draws this bill is a person of too much honour to draw any bill without reason, and ’tis an affront to say so of her, and I shall expect satisfaction of you for that by itself. But first the bill, sir—the bill; you must pay the bill, sir.”

I returned as short: “Sir, I affront nobody. I know the person as well as you, I hope; and what I have said of her is no affront. She can have no reason to draw bills upon me, for I owe her nothing.”

I omit intermingling the oaths he laced his speech with, as too foul for my paper. But he told me he would make me know she had friends to stand by her, that I had abused her, and he would let me know it, and do her justice. But first I must pay his bill.

I answered, in short, I would not pay the bill, nor any bills she should draw.

With that he steps to the door and shuts it, and swore by G—d he would make me pay the bill before we parted, and laid his hand upon his sword, but did not draw it out.

I confess I was frighted to the last degree, for I had no sword; and if I had, I must own that, though I had learned a great many good things in France to make me look like a gentleman, I had forgot the main article of learning how to use a sword, a thing so universally practised there; and, to say more, I had been perfectly unacquainted with quarrels of this nature; so that I was perfectly surprised when he shut the door, and knew not what to say or do.

However, as it happened, the people of the house, hearing us pretty loud, came near the door, and made a noise in the entry to let me know they were at hand; and one of the servants, going to open the door, and finding it locked, called out to me, “Sir, for God’s sake open the door! What is the matter? Shall we fetch a constable?” I made no answer, but it gave me courage; so I sat down composed in one of the chairs, and said to him, “Sir, this is not the way to make me pay the bill; you had much better be easy, and take your satisfaction another way.”

He understood me of fighting, which, upon my word, was not in my thoughts; but I meant that he had better take his course at law.

“With all my heart,” says he; “they say you are a gentleman, and they call you colonel. Now, if you are a gentleman, I accept your challenge, sir; and if you will walk out with me, I will take it for full payment of the bill, and will decide it as gentlemen ought to do.”

“I challenge you, sir!” said I. “Not I; I made no challenge,” I said. “This is not the way to make me pay a bill that I have not accepted; that is, that you had better seek your satisfaction at law.”

“Law!” says he; “law! Gentlemen’s law is my law. In short, sir, you shall pay me or fight me.” And then, as if he had mistaken, he turns short upon me, “Nay,” says he, “you shall both fight me and pay me, for I will maintain her honour;” and in saying this he bestowed about six or seven “damme’s” and oaths, by way of parenthesis.

This interval delivered me effectually, for just at the words “fight me, for I will maintain her honour,” the maid had brought in a constable, with three or four neighbours to assist him.

He heard them come in, and began to be a little in a rage, and asked me if I intended to mob him instead of paying; and laying his hand on his sword, told me, if any man offered to break in upon him, he would run me through the first moment, that he might have the fewer to deal with afterwards.

I told him he knew I had called for no help (believing he could not be in earnest in what he had said), and that, if anybody attempted to come in upon us, it was to prevent the mischief he threatened, and which he might see I had no weapons to resist.

Upon this the constable called, and charged us both in the king’s name to open the door. I was sitting in a chair, and offered to rise. He made a motion as if he would draw, upon which I sat down again, and the door not being opened, the constable set his foot against it and came in.

“Well, sir,” says my gentleman, “and what now? What’s your business here?” “Nay, sir,” says the constable, “you see my business. I am a peace-officer; all I have to do is to keep the peace, and I find the people of the house frightened for fear of mischief between you, and they have fetched me to prevent it.” “What mischief have they supposed you should find?” says he. “I suppose,” says the constable, “they

were afraid you should fight." "That's because they did not know this fellow here. He never fights. They call him colonel," says he. "I suppose he might be born a colonel, for I dare say he was born a coward; he never fights; he dares not see a man. If he would have fought, he would have walked out with me, but he scorns to be brave; they would never have talked to you of fighting if they had known him. I tell you, Mr. Constable, he is a coward, and a coward is a rascal;" and with that he came to me, and stroked his finger down my nose pretty hard, and laughed and mocked most horribly, as if I was a coward. Now, for aught I knew, it might be true, but I was now what they call a coward made desperate, which is one of the worst of men in the world to encounter with; for, being in a fury, I threw my head in his face, and closing with him, threw him fairly on his back by mere strength; and had not the constable stepped in and taken me off, I had certainly stamped him to death with my feet, for my blood was now all in a flame, and the people of the house were frighted now as much the other way, lest I should kill him, though I had no weapon at all in my hand.

The constable too reproved me in his turn; but I said to him, "Mr. Constable, do you not think I am sufficiently provoked? Can any man bear such things as these? I desire to know who this man is and who sent him hither."

"I am," says he, "a gentleman, and come with a bill to him for money, and he refuses to pay it." "Well," says the constable very prudently, "that is none of my business; I am no justice of the peace to hear the cause. Be that among yourselves, but keep your hands off one another, and that is as much as I desire; and therefore, sir," says the constable to him, "if I may advise you, seeing he will not pay the bill, and that must be decided between you as the law directs, I would have you leave it for the present and go quietly away."

He made many impertinent harangues about the bill, and insisted that it was drawn by my own wife. I said angrily, "Then it was drawn by a whore." He bullied me

upon that, told me I durst not tell him so anywhere else; so I answered, “I would very soon publish her for a whore to all the world, and cry her down;” and thus we scolded for near half-an-hour, for I took courage when the constable was there, for I knew that he would keep us from fighting, which indeed I had no mind to, and so at length I got rid of him.

I was heartily vexed at this rencounter, and the more because I had been found out in my lodging, which I thought I had effectually concealed. However, I resolved to remove the next day, and in the meantime I kept within doors all that day till the evening, and then I went out in order not to return thither any more.

Being come out into Gracechurch Street, I observed a man follow me, with one of his legs tied up in a string, and hopping along with the other, and two crutches; he begged for a farthing, but I inclining not to give him anything, the fellow followed me still, till I came to a court, when I answered hastily to him, “I have nothing for you! Pray do not be so troublesome!” with which words he knocked me down with one of his crutches.

Being stunned with the blow, I knew nothing what was done to me afterwards; but coming to myself again, I found I was wounded very frightfully in several places, and that among the rest my nose was slit upwards, one of my ears cut almost off, and a great cut with a sword on the side of the forehead; also a stab into the body, though not dangerous.

Who had been near me, or struck me, besides the cripple that struck me with his crutch, I knew not, nor do I know to this hour; but I was terribly wounded, and lay bleeding on the ground some time, till, coming to myself, I got strength to cry out for help, and people coming about me, I got some hands to carry me to my lodging, where I lay by it more than two months before I was well enough to go out of doors; and when I did go out, I had reason to believe that I was waited for by some rogues, who watched an opportunity to repeat the injury I had met with before.

This made me very uneasy, and I resolved to get myself out of danger if possible, and to go over to France, or home, as I called it, to Virginia, so to be out of the way of villains and assassinations; for every time I stirred out here I thought I went in danger of my life; and therefore, as before, I went out at night, thinking to be concealed, so now I never went out but in open day, that I might be safe, and never without one or two servants to be my lifeguard.

But I must do my wife a piece of justice here too, and that was, that, hearing what had befallen me, she wrote me a letter, in which she treated me more decently than she had been wont to do. She said she was very sorry to hear how I had been used, and the rather because she understood it was on presenting her bill to me. She said she hoped I could not, in my worst dispositions, think so hardly of her as to believe it was done by her knowledge or consent, much less by her order or direction; that she abhorred such things, and protested, if she had the least knowledge or so much as a guess at the villains concerned, she would discover them to me. She let me know the person's name to whom she gave the bill, and where he lived, and left it to me to oblige him to discover the person who had brought it and used me so ill, and wished I might find him and bring him to justice, and have him punished with the utmost severity of the law.

I took this so kindly of my wife that I think in my conscience, had she come after it herself to see how I did, I had certainly taken her again; but she satisfied herself with the civility of another letter, and desiring me to let her know as often as I could how I was; adding that it would be infinitely to her satisfaction to hear I was recovered of the hurt I had received, and that he was hanged at Tyburn who had done it.

She used some expressions signifying, as I understood them, her affliction at our parting and her continued respect for me; but did not make any motion towards returning. Then she used some arguments to move me to pay her bills, intimating that she had brought me a large fortune, and now had nothing to subsist on, which

was very severe.

I wrote her an answer to this letter, though I had not to the other, letting her know how I had been used; that I was satisfied, upon her letter, that she had no hand in it; that it was not in her nature to treat me so, who had never injured her, used any violence with her, or been the cause or desire of our parting; that, as to her bill, she could not but know how much her expensive way of living had straitened and reduced me, and would, if continued, have ruined me; that she had in less than three years spent more than as much as she brought to me, and would not abate her expensive way, though calmly entreated by me, with protestations that I could not support so great an expense, but chose rather to break up her family and go from me than to restrain herself to reasonable limits; though I used no violence with her, but entreaties and earnest persuasions, backed with good reason; letting her know how my estate was, and convincing her that it must reduce us to poverty at least; that, however, if she would recall her bill, I would send her £30, which was the sum mentioned in her bill, and, according to my ability, would not let her want, if she pleased to live within due bounds; but then I let her know also that I had a very bad account of her conduct, and that she kept company with a scandalous fellow, who I named to her; that I was loth to believe such things of her, but that, to put an entire end to the report and restore her reputation, I let her know that still, after all I heard, if she would resolve to live without restraints, within the reasonable bounds of my capacity, and treat me with the same kindness, affection, and tenderness as I always had treated her, and ever would, I was willing to receive her again, and would forget all that was past; but that, if she declined me now, it would be forever; for if she did not accept my offer, I was resolved to stay here no longer, where I had been so ill-treated on many occasions, but was preparing to go into my own country, where I would spend my days in quiet, and in a retreat from the world.

She did not give such an answer to this as I expected; for though she thanked me for the £30, yet she insisted upon her justification in all other points; and though she did

not refuse to return to me, yet she did not say she accepted it, and, in short, said little or nothing to it, only a kind of claim to a reparation of her injured reputation, and the like.

This gave me some surprise at first, for I thought, indeed, any woman in her circumstances would have been very willing to have put an end to all her miseries, and to the reproach which was upon her, by a reconciliation, especially considering she subsisted at that time but very meanly. But there was a particular reason which prevented her return, and which she could not plead to in her letter, yet was a good reason against accepting an offer which she would otherwise have been glad of; and this was, that, as I have mentioned above, she had fallen into bad company, and had prostituted her virtue to some of her flatterers, and, in short, was with child; so that she durst not venture to accept my offer.

However, as I observed above, she did not absolutely refuse it, intending (as I understood afterward) to keep the treaty of it on foot till she could drop her burthen, as she had called it before, and having been delivered privately, have accepted my proposal afterward; and, indeed, this was the most prudent step she could take, or, as we may say, the only step she had left to take. But I was too many for her here too. My intelligence about her was too good for her to conceal such an affair from me, unless she had gone away before she was visibly big, and unless she had gone farther off too than she did; for I had an account to a tittle of the time when, and place where, and the creature of which she was delivered; and then my offers of taking her again were at an end, though she wrote me several very penitent letters, acknowledging her crime and begging me to forgive her. But my spirit was above all that now, nor could I ever bear the thoughts of her after that, but pursued a divorce, and accordingly obtained it, as I have mentioned already.

Things being at this pass, I resolved, as I have observed before, to go over to France, after I had received my effects from Virginia; and accordingly I came to Dunkirk in

the year ——, and here I fell into company with some Irish officers of the regiment of Dillon, who by little and little entered me into the army, and by the help of Lieutenant-General ——, an Irishman, and some money, I obtained a company in his regiment, and so went into the army directly.

I was exceeding pleased with my new circumstances, and now I used to say to myself I was come to what I was born to, and that I had never till now lived the life of a gentleman.

Our regiment, after I had been some time in it, was commanded into Italy, and one of the most considerable actions that I was in was the famous attack upon Cremona, in the Milanese, where the Germans, being privately and by treachery let into the town in the night through a kind of common sewer, surprised the town and got possession of the greatest part of it, surprising the mareschal, Duke de Villeroi, and taking him prisoner as he came out of his quarters, and beating the few French troops which were left in the citadel; but were in the middle of their victory so boldly and resolutely attacked by two Irish regiments who were quartered in the street leading to the river Po, and who kept possession of the water-gate, or Po gate, of the town, by which the German reinforcements should have come in, that, after a most desperate fight, the Germans had their victory wrung out of their hands, and not being able to break through us to let in their friends, were obliged at length to quit the town again, to the eternal honour of those Irish regiments, and indeed of their whole nation, and for which we had a very handsome compliment from the king of France.

I now had the satisfaction of knowing, and that for the first time too, that I was not that cowardly, low-spirited wretch that I was when the fellow bullied me in my lodgings about the bill of £30. Had he attacked me now, though in the very same condition, I should, naked and unarmed as I was, have flown in the face of him and trampled him under my feet. But men never know themselves till they are tried, and

courage is acquired by time and experience of things.

Philip de Comines tells us that, after the battle of Monteleri, the Count de Charolois, who till then had an utter aversion to the war, and abhorred it and everything that belonged to it, was so changed by the glory he obtained in that action, and by the flattery of those about him, that afterwards the army was his mistress and the fatigues of the war his chief delight. It is too great an example for me to bring in my own case, but so it was, that they flattered me so with my bravery, as they called it, on the occasion of this action, that I fancied myself brave, whether I was so or not, and the pride of it made me bold and daring to the last degree on all occasions. But what added to it was, that somebody gave a particular account to the Court of my being instrumental to the saving the city, and the whole Cremonese, by my extraordinary defence of the Po gate, and by my managing that defence after the lieutenant-colonel who commanded the party where I was posted was killed; upon which the king sent me a public testimony of his accepting my service, and sent me a brevet to be lieutenant-colonel, and the next courier brought me actually a commission for lieutenant-colonel in the regiment of ——.

I was in several skirmishes and petty encounters before this, by which I gained the reputation of a good officer; but I happened to be in some particular posts too, by which I got somewhat that I liked much better, and that was a good deal of money.

Our regiment was sent from France to Italy by sea. We embarked at Toulon, and landed at Savona, in the territory of Genoa, and marched from thence to the duchy of Milan. At the first town we were sent to take possession of, which was Alexandria, the citizens rose upon our men in a most furious manner, and drove the whole garrison, which consisted of eight hundred men—that is, French and soldiers in the French service—quite out of the town.

I was quartered in a burgher’s house, just by one of the ports, with eight of my men and a servant, where, calling a short council with my men, we were resolved to

maintain the house we were in, whatever it cost, till we received orders to quit it from the commanding officer. Upon this, when I saw our men could not stand their ground in the street, being pressed hard by the citizens, I turned out of doors all the family, and kept the house as a castle, which I was governor in; and as the house joined to the city gate, I resolved to maintain it, so as to be the last that should quit the place, my own retreat being secured by being so near the port.

Having thus emptied the house of the inhabitants, we made no scruple of filling our pockets with whatever we could find there. In a word, we left nothing we could carry away, among which it came to my lot to dip into the burgher's cabinet whose house it was where we were, and there I took about the quantity of two hundred pistoles in money and plate, and other things of value. There was great complaint made to Prince Vaudemont, who was then governor of the Milanese, of this violence. But as the repulse the citizens gave us was contrary to his order, and to the general design of the prince, who was then wholly in the interest of King Philip, the citizens could obtain nothing; and I found that if we had plundered the whole city it would have been the same thing; for the governor had orders to take our regiment in, and it was an act of open rebellion to resist us as they did. However, we had orders not to fire upon the burghers, unless constrained to it by evident necessity, and we rather chose to quit the place as we did than dispute it with a desperate body of fellows, who wanted no advantage of us, except only that of having possession of two bastions and one port of our retreat. First, they were treble our number; for the burghers, being joined by seven companies of the regular troops, made up above sixteen hundred men, besides rabble, which was many more, whereas we were about eight hundred in all; they also had the citadel and several pieces of cannon, so that we could have made nothing of it if we had attacked them. But they submitted three or four days after to other forces, the soldiers within turning upon them and taking the citadel from them.

After this we lay still in quarters eight months. For the prince, having secured the

whole Milanese for King Philip, and no enemy appearing for some time, had nothing to do but to receive the auxiliary troops of France, and as they came, extend himself every way as he could, in order to keep the imperialists (who were preparing to fall into Italy with a great army) as much at a distance as possible, which he did by taking possession of the city of Mantua, and of most of the towns on that side, as far as the Lake De la Guarda and the river Adige.

We lay in Mantua some time, but were afterwards drawn out by order of the Count de Tesse (afterwards Marshal of France), to form the French army, till the arrival of the Duke de Vendôme, who was to command in chief. Here we had a severe campaign, anno 1701, having Prince Eugene of Savoy and an army of forty thousand Germans, all old soldiers, to deal with; and though the French army was more numerous than the enemy by twenty-five thousand men, yet, being on the defensive, and having so many posts to cover, not knowing exactly where the Prince of Savoy, who commanded the imperial army, would attack us, it obliged the French to keep their troops so divided and so remote from one another that the Germans pushed on their design with great success, as the histories of those times more fully relate.

I was at the action of Carpi, July 1701, where we were worsted by the Germans; indeed, were forced to quit our encampment and give up to the prince the whole river Adige, and where our regiment sustained some loss. But the enemies got little by us, and Monsieur Catinat, who commanded at that time, drew up in order of battle the next day in sight of the German army, and gave them a defiance; but they would not stir, though we offered them battle two days together; for, having gained the passage over the Adige by our quitting Rivoli, which was then useless to us, their business was done.

Finding they declined a decisive action, our generals pressed them in their quarters, and made them fight for every inch of ground they gained; and at length, in the

September following, we attacked them in their intrenched posts of Chiar. Here we broke into the very heart of their camp, where we made a very terrible slaughter. But I know not by what mistake among our generals, or defect in the execution of their orders, the brigade of Normandy and our Irish Brigade, who had so bravely entered the German intrenchments, were not supported as we should have been, so that we were obliged to sustain the shock of the whole German army, and at last to quit the advantage we had gained, and that not without loss; but, being timely reinforced by a great body of horse, the enemy were in their turn beaten off too, and driven back into their very camp. The Germans boasted of having a great victory here, and indeed, in repulsing us after we had gained their camp, they had the advantage. But had Monsieur de Tesse succoured us in time, as old Catinat said he ought to have done, with twelve thousand foot which he had with him, that day's action had put an end to the war, and Prince Eugene must have been glad to have gone back to Germany in more haste than he came, if, perhaps, we had not cut him short by the way.

But the fate of things went another way, and the Germans continued all that campaign to push forward and advance one post after another, till they beat us quite out of the Milanese.

The latter part of this campaign we made only a party war, the French, according to their volatile temper, being every day abroad, either foraging or surprising the enemy's foragers, plundering or circumventing the plunders of the other side. But they very often came short home, for the Germans had the better of them on several occasions; and indeed so many lost their lives upon these petty encounters that I think, including those who died of distempers gotten by hard service and bad quarters, lying in the field even till the middle of December among rivers and bogs, in a country so full of canals and rivers as that part of Italy is known to be; I say, we lost more men, and so did the enemy also, than would have been lost in a general decisive battle.

The Duke of Savoy, to give him his due, pressed earnestly to put it to a day and come to a battle with Prince Eugene; but the Duke de Villeroi, Monsieur Catinat, and the Count de Tesse were all against it; and the principal reason was, that they knew the weakness of the troops, who had suffered so much on so many occasions that they were in no condition to give battle to the Germans. So after, as I say, about three months' harassing one another with parties, we went into winter quarters.

Before we marched out of the field, our regiment, with a detachment of dragoons of six hundred, and about two hundred and fifty horse, went out with a design to intercept Prince Commercy, a general of note under Prince Eugene of Savoy. The detachment was intended to be only horse and dragoons; but because it was the imperialists' good luck to beat many of our parties, and, as was given out, many more than we beat of theirs, and because it was believed that the prince, who was an officer of good note among them, would not go abroad but in very good company, the Irish regiment of foot was ordered to be added, that, if possible, they might meet with their match.

I was commanded, about two hours before, to pass about two hundred foot and fifty dragoons at a small wood where our general had intelligence that prince would post some men to secure his passage, which accordingly I did. But Count Tesse, not thinking our party strong enough, had marched himself, with a thousand horse and three hundred grenadiers, to support us. And it was very well he did so; for Prince Commercy, having intelligence of the first party, came forward sooner than they expected, and fell upon them, and had entirely routed them had not the Count, hearing the firing, advanced with the thousand horse he had, with such expedition as to support his men in the very heat of the action, by which means the Germans were defeated and forced to retire. But the prince made a pretty good retreat, and after the action came on to the wood where I was posted; but the surprise of his defeat had prevented his sending a detachment to secure the pass at the wood, as he intended.

The Count de Tesse, understanding that we were sent, as above, to the wood, followed them close at the heels, to prevent our being cut off, and, if it were possible that we should give them any check at the wood, to fall in and have another brush with them. It was near night before they came to the wood, by which means they could not discern our number. But when they came up to the wood, fifty dragoons advanced to discover the pass and see if all was clear. These we suffered to pass a great way into the defile, or lane, that went through the wood, and then clapping in between them and the entrance, cut off their retreat so effectually that when they discovered us and fired, they were instantly surrounded and cut in pieces, the officers who commanded them and eight dragoons only being made prisoners.

This made the prince halt, not knowing what the case was or how strong we were, and, to get better intelligence, sent two hundred horse to surround or skirt the wood and beat up our quarter, and in the interim the Count de Tesse appeared in his rear. We found the strait he was in by the noise of our own troops at a distance; so we resolved to engage the two hundred horse immediately. Accordingly our little troop of horse drew up in the entrance of the lane and offered to skirmish, and our foot, lying behind the hedge which went round the wood, stood ready to act as occasion should offer. The horse, being attacked, gave way, and retired into the lane; but the Germans were too old for us there. They contented themselves to push us to the entrance, but would not be drawn into a narrow pass without knowing whether the hedges were lined or no.

But the prince, finding the French in his rear, and not being strong enough to engage again, resolved to force his way through, and commanded his dragoons to alight and enter the wood, to clear the hedges on either side the lane, that he might pass with his cavalry. This they did so vigorously, and were so much too strong for us, that though we made good our ground a long time, yet our men were almost half of them cut in pieces. However, we gave time to the French cavalry to come up, and to fall on the prince’s troops and cut them off, and take a great many prisoners, and then

we retreated in our turn, opening a gap for our own horse to break in. Three hundred of the dragoons were killed, and two hundred of them taken prisoners.

In the first heat of this action, a German officer of dragoons, well followed, had knocked down three men that stood next me; and, offering me quarter, I was obliged to accept it, and gave him my sword; for our men were upon the point of quitting their post and shifting every one as they could. But the scale was turned, for our cavalry breaking in, as above, the dragoons went to wreck, and the officer who had me prisoner, turning to me, said, “We are all lost.” I asked him if I could serve him. “Stand still a little,” says he; for his men fought most desperately indeed. But about two hundred French horse appearing in his rear too, he said to me in French, “I will be your prisoner,” and returning me my sword, gave me also his own. A dragoon that stood near him was just going to do the like, when he was shot dead, and the horse coming up, the field was cleared in an instant. But Prince Commercy went off with the rest of his party, and was pursued no farther.

There were sixteen or seventeen of our men released, as I was, from being taken; but they had not the luck I had, to take the officer that had them in keeping. He had been so generous to me as not to ask what money I had about me, though I had not much if he had. But I lost by his civility, for then I could not have the assurance to ask him for his money, though I understood he had near a hundred pistoles about him. But he very handsomely at night, when we came to our tents, made me a present of twenty pistoles, and in return I obtained leave for him to go to Prince Eugene’s camp upon his parole, which he did, and so got himself exchanged.

It was after this campaign that I was quartered at Cremona, when the action happened there of which I have spoken already, and where our Irish regiment did such service that they saved the town from being really surprised, and indeed beat the Germans out again, after they had been masters of three-quarters of the town six hours, and by which they gained a very great reputation.

But I hasten on to my own history, for I am not writing a journal of the wars, in which I had no long share.

The summer after this our two Irish regiments were drawn out into the field, and had many a sore brush with the Germans; for Prince Eugene, a vigilant general, gave us little rest, and gained many advantages by his continual moving up and down, harassing his own men and ours too; and whoever will do the French justice, and knew how they had behaved, must acknowledge they never declined the Germans, but fought them upon all occasions with the utmost resolution and courage; and though it cost the blood of an infinite number of fine gentlemen, as well as private soldiers, yet the Duke de Vendôme, who now commanded, though King Philip was himself in the army this campaign, made the Prince of Savoy a full return in his own kind, and drove him from post to post, till he was just at the point of quitting the whole country of Italy. All that gallant army Prince Eugene brought with him into Italy, which was the best without doubt, for the goodness of the troops, that ever were there, laid their bones in that country, and many thousands more after them, till, the affairs of France declining in other places, they were forced in their turn to give way to their fate, as may be seen in the histories of those times, as above. But it is none of my business.

The part that I bore in these affairs was but short and sharp. We took the field about the beginning of July 1702, and the Duke de Vendôme ordered the whole army to draw the sooner together, in order to relieve the city of Mantua, which was blocked up by the imperialists.

Prince Eugene was a politic, and indeed a fortunate, prince, and had the year before pushed our army upon many occasions. But his good fortune began to fail him a little this year, for our army was not only more numerous than his, but the duke was in the field before him; and as the prince had held Mantua closely blocked up all the winter, the duke resolved to relieve the town, cost what it would. As I said, the duke

was first in the field; the prince was in no condition to prevent his raising the blockade by force; so he drew off his troops, and leaving several strong bodies of troops to protect Bersello, which the Duke de Vendôme threatened, and Borgo Fort, where his magazine lay, he drew all the rest of his forces together, to make head against us. By this time the king of Spain was come into the army, and the Duke de Vendôme lay with about thirty-five thousand men near Luzara, which he had resolved to attack, to bring Prince Eugene to a battle. The Prince of Vaudemont lay intrenched with twenty thousand more at Rivalto, behind Mantua, to cover the frontiers of Milan, and there was near twelve thousand in Mantua itself; and Monsieur Pracontal lay with ten thousand men just under the cannon of one of the forts which guard the causeway which leads into the city of Mantua; so that, had all these joined, as they would have done in a few days more, the prince must have been put to his shifts, and would have had enough to do to have maintained himself in Italy; for he was master of no one place in the country that could have held out a formal siege of fifteen days' open trenches, and he knew all this very well; and therefore it seems, while the Duke of Vendôme resolved, if possible, to bring him to a battle, and to that end made dispositions to attack Luzara, we were surprised to find, the 15th of June 1702, the whole imperial army appeared in battalia, and in full march, to attack us.

As it happened, our army was all marching in columns towards them, as we had done for two days before; and I should have told you that, three days before, the duke having noticed that General Visconti, with three imperial regiments of horse and one of dragoons, was posted at San-Victoria, on the Tessona, he resolved to attack them; and this design was carried so secretly, that while Monsieur Visconti, though our army was three leagues another way, was passing towards the Modenese, he found himself unexpectedly attacked by six thousand horse and dragoons of the French army. He defended himself very bravely for near an hour; when, being overpowered, and finding he should be forced into disorder, he sounded a retreat.

But the squadrons had not faced about to make their retreat scarce a quarter of an hour, when they found themselves surrounded with a great body of infantry, who had entirely cut off their retreat, except over the bridge of Tessona, which being thronged with their baggage, they could neither get backward or forward; so they thrust and tumbled over one another in such a manner that they could preserve no kind of order; but abundance fell into the river and were drowned, many were killed, and more taken prisoners; so that, in a word, the whole three regiments of horse and one of dragoons were entirely defeated.

This was a great blow to the prince, because they were some of the choicest troops of his whole army. We took about four hundred prisoners, and all their baggage, which was a very considerable booty, and about eight hundred horses; and no doubt these troops were very much wanted in the battle that ensued on the 15th, as I have said. Our army being in full march, as above, to attack Luzara, a party of Germans appeared, being about six hundred horse, and in less than an hour more their whole army, in order of battle.

Our army formed immediately, and the duke posted the regiments as they came up so much to their advantage that Prince Eugene was obliged to alter his dispositions, and had this particular inconvenience upon his hands, viz., to attack an army superior to his own, in all their most advantageous posts; whereas, had he thought fit to have waited but one day, we should have met him half-way. But this was owing to the pride of the German generals, and their being so opinionated of the goodness of their troops. The royal army was posted with the left to the great river Po, on the other side of which the Prince of Vaudemont’s army lay cannonading the intrenchments which the imperialists had made at Borgo Fort; and hearing that there was like to be a general battle, he detached twelve battalions and about a thousand horse, to reinforce the royal army; all which, to our great encouragement, had time to join the army, while Prince Eugene was making his new dispositions for the attack. And yet it was the coming of these troops which caused Prince Eugene to

resolve to begin the fight, expecting to have come to an action before they could come up. But he was disappointed in the reason of fighting, and yet was obliged to fight too, which was an error in the prince that it was too late to retrieve.

It was five o'clock in the evening before he could bring up his whole line to engage; and then, after having cannonaded us to no great purpose for half-an-hour, his right, commanded by the Prince de Commercy, attacked our left wing with great fury. Our men received them so well and seconded one another so punctually that they were repulsed with a very great slaughter; and the Prince de Commercy being, unhappily for them, killed in the first onset, the regiments, for want of orders, and surprised with the fall of so great a man, were pushed into disorder, and one whole brigade was entirely broke.

But their second line, advancing under General Herbeville, restored things in the first. The battalions rallied, and they came boldly on to charge a second time, and being seconded with new reinforcements from their main body, our men had their turn, and were pushed to a canal which lay on their left flank between them and the Po, behind which they rallied; and being supported by new troops, as well horse as foot, they fought on both sides with the utmost obstinacy, and with such courage and skill that it was not possible to judge who should have had the better could they have been able to have fought it out.

On the right of the royal army was posted the flower of the French cavalry—namely, the gendarmes, the royal carbineers, and the queen's horse-guards, with four hundred horse more—and next them the infantry, among which were our brigade. The horse advanced first to charge, and they carried all before them sword in hand, receiving the fire of two imperial regiments of cuirassiers without firing a shot, and falling in among them, bore them down by the strength of their horses, putting them into confusion, and left so clear a field for us to follow that the first line of our infantry stood drawn up upon the ground which the enemy at first possessed.

In this first attack the Marquis de Crequi, who commanded the whole right wing, was killed—a loss which fully balanced the death of the Prince de Commercy on the side of the Germans. After we had thus pushed the enemy's cavalry, as above, their troops, being rallied by the dexterity of their generals and supported by three imperial regiments of foot, came on again to the charge with such fury that nothing could withstand them. And here two battalions of our Irish regiments were put into disorder, and abundance of our men killed; and here also I had the misfortune to receive a musket-shot, which broke my left arm; and that was not all, for I was knocked down by a giant-like German soldier, who, when he thought he had killed me, set his foot upon me, but was immediately shot dead by one of my men, and fell just upon me, which, my arm being broken, was a very great mischief to me; for the very weight of the fellow, who was almost as big as a horse, was such that I was not able to stir.

Our men were beaten back after this from the place where they stood; and so I was left in possession of the enemy, but was not their prisoner—that is to say, was not found till next morning, when a party being sent, as usual, with surgeons to look after the wounded men among the dead, found me almost smothered with the dead Germans and others that lay near me. However, to do them justice, they used me with humanity, and the surgeons set my arm very skilfully and well; and four or five days after, I had liberty to go to Parma upon parole.

Both the armies continued fighting, especially on our left, till it was so dark that it was impossible to know who they fired at, or for the generals to see what they did; so they abated firing gradually, and, as it may be truly said, the night parted them.

Both sides claimed the victory, and both concealed their losses as much as it was possible; but it is certain that never battle was fought with greater bravery and obstinacy than this was; and had there been daylight to have fought it out, doubtless there would have been many thousand more men killed on both sides.

All the Germans had to entitle them to the victory was, that they made our left retire, as I have said, to the canal, and to the high banks or mounds on the edge of the Po; but they had so much advantage in the retreat—they fired from thence among the thickest of the enemy, and could never be forced from their posts.

The best testimony the royal army had of the victory, and which was certainly the better of the two, was, that, two days after the fight, they attacked Guastalia, as it were in view of the German army, and forced the garrison to surrender, and to swear not to serve again for six months, which, they being fifteen hundred men, was a great loss to the Germans; and yet Prince Eugene did not offer to relieve it. And after that we took several other posts which the imperialists had possession of, but were obliged to quit them upon the approach of the French army, not being in a condition to fight another battle that year.

My campaign was now at an end, and though I came lame off, I came off much better than abundance of gentlemen; for in that bloody battle we had above four hundred officers killed or wounded, whereof three were general officers.

The campaign held on till December, and the Duke de Vendôme took Borgo Fort and several other places from the Germans, who, in short, lost ground every day in Italy. I was a prisoner a great while, and there being no cartel settled, Prince Eugene ordered the French prisoners to be sent into Hungary, which was a cruelty that could not be reasonably exercised on them. However, a great many, by that banishment, found means to make their escape to the Turks, by whom they were kindly received, and the French ambassador at Constantinople took care of them, and shipped them back again into Italy at the king’s charge.

But the Duke de Vendôme now took so many German prisoners that Prince Eugene was tired of sending his prisoners to Hungary, and was obliged to be at the charge of bringing some of them back again whom he had sent thither, and come to agree to a general exchange of prisoners.

I was, as I have said, allowed for a time to go to Parma upon my parole, where I continued for the recovery of my wound and broken arm forty days, and was then obliged to render myself to the commanding officer at Ferrara, where Prince Eugene coming soon after, I was, with several other prisoners of war, sent away into the Milanese, to be kept for an exchange of prisoners.

It was in the city of Trent that I continued about eight months. The man in whose house I quartered was exceedingly civil to me, and took a great deal of care of me, and I lived very easy. Here I contracted a kind of familiarity, perfectly undesigned by me, with the daughter of the burgher at whose house I had lodged, and, I know not by what fatality that was upon me, I was prevailed with afterwards to marry her. This was a piece of honesty on my side which I must acknowledge I never intended to be guilty of; but the girl was too cunning for me, for she found means to get some wine into my head more than I used to drink, and though I was not so disordered with it but that I knew very well what I did, yet in an unusual height of good humour I consented to be married. This impolitic piece of honesty put me to many inconveniences, for I knew not what to do with this clog which I had loaded myself with. I could neither stay with her or take her with me, so that I was exceedingly perplexed.

The time came soon after that I was released by the cartel, and so was obliged to go to my regiment, which then was in quarters in the Milanese, and from thence I got leave to go to Paris, upon my promise to raise some recruits in England for the Irish regiments, by the help of my correspondence there. Having thus leave to go to Paris, I took a passport from the enemy’s army to go to Trent, and making a long circuit, I went back thither, and very honestly packed up my baggage, wife and all, and brought her away through Tyrol into Bavaria, and so through Suabia and the Black Forest into Alsatia; from thence I came into Lorraine, and so to Paris.

I had now a secret design to quit the war, for I really had had enough of fighting. But

it was counted so dishonourable a thing to quit while the army was in the field that I could not dispense with it; but an intervening accident made that part easy to me. The war was now renewed between France and England and Holland, just as it was before; and the French king, meditating nothing more than how to give the English a diversion, fitted out a strong squadron of men-of-war and frigates at Dunkirk, on board of which he embarked a body of troops of about six thousand five hundred men, besides volunteers; and the new king, as we called him, though more generally he was called the Chevalier de St. George, was shipped along with them, and all for Scotland.

I pretended a great deal of zeal for this service, and that if I might be permitted to sell my company in the Irish regiment I was in, and have the chevalier's brevet for a colonel, in case of raising troops for him in Great Britain after his arrival, I would embark volunteer and serve at my own expense. The latter gave me a great advantage with the chevalier; for now I was esteemed as a man of consideration, and one that must have a considerable interest in my own country. So I obtained leave to sell my company, and having had a good round sum of money remitted me from London, by the way of Holland, I prepared a very handsome equipage, and away I went to Dunkirk to embark.

I was very well received by the chevalier; and as he had an account that I was an officer in the Irish brigade, and had served in Italy, and consequently was an old soldier, all this added to the character which I had before, and made me have a great deal of honour paid me, though at the same time I had no particular attachment to his person or to his cause. Nor indeed did I much consider the cause of one side or other. If I had, I should hardly have risked, not my life only, but effects too, which were all, as I might say, from that moment forfeited to the English government, and were too evidently in their power to confiscate at their pleasure.

However, having just received a remittance from London of £300 sterling, and sold

my company in the Irish regiment for very near as much, I was not only insensibly drawn in, but was perfectly volunteer in that dull cause, and away I went with them at all hazards. It belongs very little to my history to give an account of that fruitless expedition, only to tell you that, being so closely and effectually chased by the English fleet, which was superior in force to the French, I may say that, in escaping them, I escaped being hanged.

It was the good fortune of the French that they overshot the port they aimed at, and intending for the Frith of Forth, or, as it is called, the Frith of Edinburgh, the first land they made was as far north as a place called Montrose, where it was not their business to land, and so they were obliged to come back to the frith, and were gotten to the entrance of it, and came to an anchor for the tide. But this delay or hindrance gave time to the English, under Sir George Byng, to come to the frith, and they came to an anchor, just as we did, only waiting to go up the frith with the flood.

Had we not overshot the port, as above, all our squadron had been destroyed in two days, and all we could have done had been to have gotten into the pier or haven at Leith with the smaller frigates, and have landed the troops and ammunition; but we must have set fire to the men-of-war, for the English squadron was not above twenty-four hours behind us, or thereabout.

Upon this surprise, the French admiral set sail from the north point of the frith where we lay, and crowding away to the north, got the start of the English fleet, and made their escape, with the loss of one ship only, which, being behind the rest, could not get away.

When we were satisfied the English left chasing us, which was not till the third night, when we altered our course and lost sight of them, we stood over to the coast of Norway, and keeping that shore on board all the way to the mouth of the Baltic, we came to an anchor again, and sent two scouts abroad to learn news, to see if the sea was clear; and being satisfied that the enemy did not chase us, we kept on with

an easier sail, and came all back again to Dunkirk; and glad I was to set my foot on shore again; for all the while we were thus flying for our lives I was under the greatest terror imaginable, and nothing but halters and gibbets run in my head, concluding that, if I had been taken, I should certainly have been hanged.

But the care was now over. I took my leave of the chevalier, and of the army, and made haste to Paris. I came so unexpectedly to Paris, and to my own lodgings, that it was my misfortune to make a discovery relating to my wife which was not at all to my satisfaction; for I found her ladyship had kept some company that I had reason to believe were not such as an honest woman ought to have conversed with, and as I knew her temper by what I had found of her myself, I grew very jealous and uneasy about her. I must own it touched me very nearly, for I began to have an extraordinary value for her, and her behaviour was very taking, especially after I had brought her into France; but having a vein of levity, it was impossible to prevent her running into such things in a town so full of what they call gallantry as Paris.

It vexed me also to think that it should be my fate to be a cuckold both abroad and at home, and sometimes I would be in such a rage about it that I had no government of myself when I thought of it. Whole days, and I may say sometimes whole nights, I spent musing and considering what I should do to her, and especially what I should do to the villain, whoever he was, that had thus abused and supplanted me. Here indeed I committed murder more than once, or indeed than a hundred times, in my imagination; and, as the devil is certainly an apparent prompter to wickedness, if he is not the first mover of it in our minds, he teased me night and day with proposals to kill my wife.

This horrid project he carried up so high, by raising fierce thoughts and fomenting the blood upon my contemplation of the word cuckold, that, in short, I left debating whether I should murder her or no, as a thing out of the question, and determined; and my thoughts were then taken up only with the management how I should kill

her, and how to make my escape after I had done it.

All this while I had no sufficient evidence of her guilt, neither had I so much as charged her with it or let her know I suspected her, otherwise than as she might perceive it in my conduct, and in the change of my behaviour to her, which was such that she could not but perceive that something troubled me. Yet she took no notice of it to me, but received me very well, and showed herself to be glad of my return. Nor did I find she had been extravagant in her expenses while I was abroad. But jealousy, as the wise man says, is the wrath of a man; her being so good a hussy at what money I had left her gave my distempered fancy an opinion that she had been maintained by other people, and so had had no occasion to spend.

I must confess she had a difficult point here upon her, though she had been really honest; for, as my head was prepossessed of her dishonesty, if she had been lavish I should have said she had spent it upon her gentlemen; and as she had been frugal, I said she had been maintained by them. Thus, I say, my head was distempered; I believed myself abused, and nothing could put it out of my thoughts night or day.

All this while it was not visibly broken out between us; but I was so fully possessed with the belief of it that I seemed to want no evidence, and I looked with an evil eye upon everybody that came near her or that she conversed with. There was an officer of the Guards du Corps that lodged in the same house with us, a very honest gentleman and a man of quality. I happened to be in a little drawing-room adjoining to a parlour where my wife sat at that time, and this gentleman came into the parlour, which, as he was one of the family, he might have done without offence; but he, not knowing that I was in the drawing-room, sat down and talked with my wife. I heard every word they said, for the door between us was open; nor could I say that there passed anything between them but cursory discourse. They talked of casual things, of a young lady, a burgher’s daughter of nineteen, that had been married the week before to an advocate in the Parliament of Paris, vastly rich, and about

sixty-three; and of another, a widow lady of fortune in Paris, that had married her deceased husband's valet de chamber; and of such casual matters, that I could find no fault with her now at all.

But it filled my head with jealous thoughts and fired my temper. Now I fancied he used too much freedom with her, then that she used too much freedom to him, and once or twice I was upon the point of breaking in upon them and affronting them both, but I restrained myself. At length he talked some thing merrily of the lady throwing away her maiden head, as I understood it, upon an old man; but still it was nothing indecent. But I, who was all on fire already, could bear it no longer, but started up and came into the room, and catching at my wife's words, "Say you so, madam?" said I. "Was he too old for her?" and giving the officer a look that I fancy was something akin to the face on the sign called the Bull and Mouth, within Aldersgate, I went out into the street.

The marquis—so he was styled—a man of honour and of spirit too, took it as I meant it, and followed me in a moment and "hemmed" after me in the street; upon which I stopped, and he came up to me. "Sir," said he, "our circumstances are very unhappy in France, that we cannot do ourselves justice here without the most severe treatment in the world. But, come on it what will, you must explain yourself to me on the subject of your behaviour just now."

I was a little cooled as to the point of my conduct to him in the very few moments that had passed, and was very sensible that I was wrong to him; and I said, therefore, to him, very frankly, "Sir, you are a gentleman whom I know very well, and I have a very great respect for you; but I had been disturbed a little about the conduct of my wife, and were it your own case, what would you have done less?"

"I am sorry for any dislike between you and your wife," says he; "but what is that to me? Can you charge me with any indecency to her, except my talking so and so?" (at which he repeated the words); "and as I knew you were in the next room and

heard every word, and that all the doors were open, I thought no man could have taken amiss so innocent an expression."

"I could no otherwise take it amiss," said I, "than as I thought it implied a farther familiarity, and that you cannot expect should be borne by any man of honour. However, sir," said I, "I spoke only to my wife. I said nothing to you, but gave you my hat as I passed you."

"Yes," said he, "and a look as full of rage as the devil. Are there no words in such looks?"

"I can say nothing to that," said I, "for I cannot see my own countenance; but my rage, as you call it, was at my wife, not at you."

"But hark you, sir," said he, growing warm as I grew calm, "your anger at your wife was for her discourse with me, and I think that concerns me too, and I ought to resent it."

"I think not, sir," said I; "nor, had I found you in bed with my wife, would I have quarrelled with you; for if my wife will let you lie with her, it is she is the offender. What have I to do with you? You could not lie with her if she was not willing; and if she is willing to be a whore, I ought to punish her; but I should have no quarrel with you. I will lie with your wife if I can, and then I am even with you."

I spoke this all in good humour and in order to pacify him, but it would not do; but he would have me give him satisfaction, as he called it. I told him I was a stranger in the country, and perhaps should find little mercy in their course of justice; that it was not my business to fight any man in his vindicating his keeping company with my wife, for that the injury was mine, in having a bad woman to deal with; that there was no reason in the thing, that after any man should have found the way into my bed, I, who am injured, should go and stake my life upon an equal hazard against the man who has abused me.

Nothing would prevail with this person to be quiet for all this; but I had affronted

him, and no satisfaction could be made him but that at the point of the sword; so we agreed to go away together to Lisle, in Flanders. I was now soldier enough not to be afraid to look a man in the face, and as the rage at my wife inspired me with courage, so he let fall a word that fired and provoked me beyond all patience; for, speaking of the distrust I had of my wife, he said, unless I had good information I ought not to suspect my wife. I told him, if I had good information, I should be past suspicion. He replied, if he was the happy man, that had so much of her favour, he would take care then to put me past the suspicion. I gave him as rough an answer as he could desire, and he returned in French, “Nous verrons à Lisle;” that is to say, “We will talk further of it at Lisle.”

I told him I did not see the benefit either to him or me of going so far as Lisle to decide this quarrel, since now I perceived he was the man I wanted; that we might decide this quarrel au champ, upon the spot, and whoever had the fortune to fall the other might make his escape to Lisle as well afterwards as before.

Thus we walked on talking very ill-naturedly on both sides, and yet very mannerly, till we came clear of the suburbs of Paris, on the way to Charenton; when, seeing the way clear, I told him under those trees was a very fit place for us, pointing to a row of trees adjoining to Monsieur ——’s garden-wall. So we went thither, and fell to work immediately. After some fencing he made a home-thrust at me, and run me into my arm, a long slanting wound, but at the same time received my point into his body, and soon after fell. He spoke some words before he dropped; first he told me I had killed him; then he said he had indeed wronged me, and as he knew it, he ought not to have fought me. He desired I would make my escape immediately, which I did into the city, but no farther, nobody, as I thought, having seen us together. In the afternoon, about six hours after the action, messengers brought news, one on the heels of another, that the marquis was mortally wounded, and carried into a house at Charenton. That account, saying he was not dead, surprised me a little, not doubting but that, concluding I had made my escape, he would own who it was. However, I

discovered nothing of my concern, but, going up into my chamber, I took out of a cabinet there what money I had, which indeed was so much as I thought would be sufficient for my expenses. But having an accepted bill for two thousand livres, I walked sedately to a merchant who knew me, and got fifty pistoles of him upon my bill, letting him know my business called me to England, and I would take the rest of him when he had received it.

Having furnished myself thus, I provided me a horse for my servant, for I had one very good one of my own, and once more ventured home to my lodging, where I heard again that the marquis was not dead. My wife all this while covered her concern for the marquis so well that she gave me no room to make any remark upon her; but she saw evidently the marks of rage and deep resentment in my behaviour after some little stay, and perceiving me making preparation for a journey, she said to me, “Are you going out of town?” “Yes, madam,” says I, “that you may have room to mourn for your friend the marquis;” at which she started, and showed she was indeed in a most terrible fright, and making a thousand crosses about herself, with a great many callings upon the Blessed Virgin and her country saints, she burst out at last, “Is it possible? Are you the man that has killed the marquis? Then you are undone, and I too.”

“You may, madam, be a loser by the marquis being killed; but I’ll take care to be as little a loser by you as I can. ’Tis enough; the marquis has honestly confessed your guilt, and I have done with you.” She would have thrown herself into my arms, protesting her innocence, and told me she would fly with me, and would convince me of her fidelity by such testimonies as I could not but be satisfied with, but I thrust her violently from me. “Allez, infame!” said I. “Go, infamous creature, and take from me the necessity I should be under, if I stayed, of sending you to keep company with your dear friend the marquis.” I thrust her away with such force that she fell backward upon the floor, and cried out most terribly, and indeed she had reason, for she was very much hurt.

It grieved me indeed to have thrust her away with such force, but you must consider me now in the circumstances of a man enraged, and, as it were, out of himself, furious and mad. However, I took her up from the floor and laid her on the bed, and calling up her maid, bid her go and take care of her mistress; and, going soon after out of doors, I took horse and made the best of my way, not towards Calais or Dunkirk, or towards Flanders, whither it might be suggested I was fled, and whither they did pursue me the same evening, but I took the direct road for Lorraine, and riding all night and very hard, I passed the Maine the next day at night, at Chalons, and came safe into the Duke of Lorraine's dominions the third day, where I rested one day only to consider what course to take; for it was still a most difficult thing to pass any way, but that I should either be in the king of France's dominions or be taken by the French allies as a subject of France. But getting good advice from a priest at Bar le Duc, who, though I did not tell him the particulars of my case, yet guessed how it was, it being, as he said, very usual for gentlemen in my circumstances to fly that way;—upon this supposition, this kind padre got me a church pass; that is to say, he made me a purveyor for the abbey of ——, and, as such, got me a passport to go to Deux Ponts, which belonged to the king of Sweden. Having such authority there, and the priest's recommendation to an ecclesiastic in the place, I got passports from thence in the king of Sweden's name to Cologne, and then I was thoroughly safe. So, making my way to the Netherlands without any difficulty, I came to the Hague, and from thence, though very privately and by several names, I came to England. And thus I got clear of my Italian wife—whore I should have called her; for, after I had made her so myself, how should I expect any other of her?

Being arrived at London, I wrote to my friend at Paris, but dated my letters from the Hague, where I ordered him to direct his answers. The chief business of my writing was to know if my bill was paid him, to inquire if any pursuit was made after me, and what other news he had about me or my wife, and particularly how it had fared

with the marquis.

I received an answer in a few days, importing that he had received the money on my bill, which he was ready to pay as I should direct; that the marquis was not dead; “but,” said he, “you have killed him another way, for he has lost his commission in the Guards, which was worth to him twenty thousand livres, and he is yet a close prisoner in the Bastile;” that pursuit was ordered after me upon suspicion; that they had followed me to Amiens, on the road to Dunkirk, and to Chastean de Cambresis, on the way to Flanders, but missing me that way, had given it over; that the marquis had been too well instructed to own that he had fought with me, but said that he was assaulted on the road, and unless I could be taken, he would take his trial and come off for want of proof; that my flying was a circumstance indeed that moved strongly against him, because it was known that we had had some words that day, and were seen to walk together, but that, nothing being proved on either side, he would come off with the loss of his commission, which, however, being very rich, he could bear well enough.

As to my wife, he wrote me word she was inconsolable, and had cried herself to death almost; but he added (very ill-natured indeed), whether it was for me or for the marquis, that he could not determine. He likewise told me she was in very bad circumstances and very low, so that, if I did not take some care of her, she would come to be in very great distress.

The latter part of this story moved me indeed, for I thought, however it was, I ought not to let her starve; and, besides, poverty was a temptation which a woman could not easily withstand, and I ought not to be the instrument to drive her to a horrid necessity of crime, if I could prevent it.

Upon this I wrote to him again to go to her, and talk with her, and learn as much as he could of her particular circumstances; and that, if he found she was really in want, and, particularly, that she did not live a scandalous life, he should give her

twenty pistoles, and tell her, if she would engage to live retired and honestly, she should have so much annually, which was enough to subsist her.

She took the first twenty pistoles, but bade him tell me that I had wronged her and unjustly charged her, and I ought to do her justice; and I had ruined her by exposing her in such a manner as I had, having no proof of my charge or ground for any suspicion; that, as to twenty pistoles a year, it was a mean allowance to a wife that had travelled over the world, as she had done with me, and the like; and so expostulated with him to obtain forty pistoles a year of me, which I consented to. But she never gave me the trouble of paying above one year; for after that the marquis was so fond of her again that he took her away to himself, and, as my friend wrote me word, had settled four hundred crowns a year on her, and I never heard any more of her.

I was now in London, but was obliged to be very retired and change my name, letting nobody in the nation know who I was, except my merchant by whom I corresponded with my people in Virginia; and particularly with my tutor, who was now become the head manager of my affairs, and was in very good circumstances himself also by my means. But he deserved all I did or could do for him, for he was a most faithful friend as well as servant, as ever man had, in that country at least.

I was not the easiest man alive, in the retired, solitary manner I now lived in; and I experienced the truth of the text, that “it is not good for man to be alone,” for I was extremely melancholy and heavy, and indeed knew not what to do with myself, particularly because I was under some restraint, that I was too afraid to go abroad. At last I resolved to go quite away, and go to Virginia again, and there live retired as I could.

But when I came to consider that part more narrowly, I could not prevail with myself to live a private life. I had got a wandering kind of taste, and knowledge of things begat a desire of increasing it, and an exceeding delight I had in it, though I

had nothing to do in the armies or in war, and did not design ever to meddle with it again. Yet I could not live in the world and not inquire what was doing in it; nor could I think of living in Virginia, where I was to hear my news twice a year, and read the public accounts of what was just then upon the stocks, as the history of things past.

This was my notion: I was now in my native country, where my circumstances were easy, and though I had ill-luck abroad, for I brought little money home with me, yet, by a little good management, I might soon have money by me. I had nobody to keep but myself, and my plantations in Virginia generally returned me from £400 to £600 a year, one year above £700, and to go thither, I concluded, was to be buried alive; so I put off all thoughts of it, and resolved to settle somewhere in England where I might know everybody and nobody know me. I was not long in concluding where to pitch, for as I spoke the French tongue perfectly well, having been so many years among them, it was easy for me to pass for a Frenchman. So I went to Canterbury, called myself an Englishman among the French, and a Frenchman among the English; and on that score was the more perfectly concealed, going by the name of Monsieur Charnot with the French, and was called Mr. Charnock among the English.

Here indeed I lived perfectly incog. I made no particular acquaintance so as to be intimate, and yet I knew everybody, and everybody knew me. I discoursed in common, talked French with the Walloons, and English with the English; and lived retired and sober, and was well enough received by all sorts; but as I meddled with nobody’s business, so nobody meddled with mine; I thought I lived pretty well.

But I was not fully satisfied. A settled family life was the thing I loved; had made two pushes at it, as you have heard, but with ill-success; yet the miscarriage of what was past did not discourage me at all, but I resolved to marry. I looked out for a woman as suitable as I could, but always found some thing or other to shock my

fancy, except once a gentleman's daughter of good fashion; but I met with so many repulses of one kind or another that I was forced to give it over; and indeed, though I might be said to be a lover in this suit, and had managed myself so well with the young lady that I had no difficulty left but what would soon have been adjusted, yet her father was so difficult, made so many objections, was to-day not pleased one way, to-morrow another, that he would stand by nothing that he himself had proposed, nor could he be ever brought to be of the same mind two days together; so that we at last put an end to the pretensions, for she would not marry without her father's consent, and I would not steal her, and so that affair ended.

I cannot say but I was a little vexed at the disappointment of this, so I left the city of Canterbury and went to London in the stage-coach. Here I had an odd scene presented as ever happened of its kind.

There was in the stage-coach a young woman and her maid. She was sitting in a very melancholy posture, for she was in the coach before me, and sighed most dreadfully all the way, and whenever her maid spoke to her she burst out into tears. I was not long in the coach with her but, seeing she made such a dismal figure, I offered to comfort her a little, and inquired into the occasion of her affliction. But she would not speak a word; but her maid, with a force of crying too, said her master was dead, at which word the lady burst out again into a passion of crying, and between mistress and maid this was all I could get for the morning part of that day. When we came to dine, I offered the lady, that seeing, I supposed, she would not dine with the company, if she would please to dine with me, I would dine in a separate room; for the rest of the company were foreigners. Her maid thanked me in her mistresses name, but her mistress could eat nothing, and desired to be private.

Here, however, I had some discourse with the maid, from whom I learned that the lady was wife to a captain of a ship, who was outward bound to somewhere in the Straits—I think it was to Zante and Venice; that, being gone no farther than the

Downs, he was taken sick, and after about ten days' illness had died at Deal; that his wife, hearing of his sickness, had gone to Deal to see him, and had come but just time enough to see him die; had stayed there to bury him, and was now coming to London in a sad, disconsolate condition indeed.

I heartily pitied the young gentlewoman indeed, and said some things to her in the coach to let her know I did so, which she gave no answer to, but in civility now and then made a bow, but never gave me the least opportunity to see her face, or so much as to know whether she had a face or no, much less to guess what form of a face it was. It was winter time, and the coach put up at Rochester, not going through in a day, as was usual in summer; and a little before we came to Rochester I told the lady I understood she had ate nothing to-day, that such a course would but make her sick, and, doing her harm, could do her deceased husband no good; and therefore I entreated her that, as I was a stranger, and only offered a civility to her in order to abate her severely afflicting herself, she would yield so far to matters of ceremony as let us sup together as passengers; for, as to the strangers, they did not seem to understand the custom or to desire it.

She bowed, but gave no answer; only, after pressing her by arguments, which she could not deny was very civil and kind, she returned, she gave me thanks, but she could not eat. "Well, madam," said I, "do but sit down; though you think you cannot eat, perhaps you may eat a bit. Indeed you must eat, or you will destroy yourself at this rate of living, and upon the road too; in a word, you will be sick indeed." I argued with her. The maid put in, and said, "Do, madam; pray try to divert yourself a little." I pressed her again, and she bowed to me very respectfully, but still said, "No," and she could not eat. The maid continued to importune her, and said, "Dear madam, do. The gentleman is a civil gentleman; pray, madam, do;" and then, turning to me, said, "My mistress will, sir, I hope," and seemed pleased, and indeed was so.

However, I went on to persuade her; and, taking no notice of what her maid said,

that I was a civil gentleman, I told her, “I am a stranger to you, madam; but if I thought you were shy of me on any account, as to civility, I will send my supper up to you in your own chamber, and stay below myself.” She bowed then to me twice, and looked up, which was the first time, and said she had no suspicion of that kind; that my offer was so civil that she was as much ashamed to refuse it as she should be ashamed to accept it, if she was where she was known; that she thought I was not quite a stranger to her, for she had seen me before; that she would accept my offer so far as to sit at table, because I desired it; but she could not promise me to eat, and that she hoped I would take the other as a constraint upon her, in return to so much kindness.

She startled me when she said she had seen me before; for I had not the least knowledge of her, nor did I remember so much as to have heard of her name; for I had asked her name of her maid; and indeed it made me almost repent my compliment, for it was many ways essential to me not to be known. However, I could not go back; and, besides, if I was known, it was essentially necessary to me to know who it was that knew me, and by what circumstances; so I went on with my compliment.

We came to the inn but just before it was dark. I offered to hand my widow out of the coach, and she could not decline it; but though her hoods were not then much over her face, yet, being dark, I could see little of her then. I waited on her then into the stairfoot, and led her up the inn-stairs to a dining-room which the master of the house offered to show us, as if for the whole company; but she declined going in there, and said she desired rather to go directly to her chamber, and turning to her maid, bade her speak to the innkeeper to show her to her lodging-room. So I waited on her to the door, and took my leave, telling her I would expect her at supper.

In order to treat her moderately well, and not extravagantly, for I had no thoughts of anything farther than civility, which was the effect of mere compassion for the

unhappiness of the most truly disconsolate woman that I ever met with; I say, in order to treat her handsomely, but not extravagantly, I provided what the house afforded, which was a couple of partridges and a very good dish of stewed oysters. They brought us up afterwards a neat's tongue and a ham that was almost cut quite down, but we ate none of it; for the other was fully enough for us both, and the maid made her supper off the oysters we had left, which were enough.

I mention this because it should appear I did not treat her as a person I was making any court to, for I had nothing of that in my thoughts; but merely in pity to the poor woman, who I saw in a circumstance that was indeed very unhappy.

When I gave her maid notice that supper was ready, she fetched her mistress, coming in before her with a candle in her hand, and then it was that I saw her face, and being in her dishabille, she had no hood over her eyes or black upon her head, when I was truly surprised to see one of the most beautiful faces upon earth. I saluted her, and led her to the fireside, the table, though spread, being too far from the fire, the weather being cold.

She was now something sociable, though very grave, and sighed often on account of her circumstances. But she so handsomely governed her grief, yet so artfully made it mingle itself with all her discourse, that it added exceedingly to her behaviour, which was every way most exquisitely genteel. I had a great deal of discourse with her, and upon many subjects, and by degrees took her name, that is to say, from herself, as I had done before from her maid; also the place where she lived, viz., near Ratcliff, or rather Stepney, where I asked her leave to pay her a visit when she thought fit to admit company, which she seemed to intimate would not be a great while.

It is a subject too surfeiting to entertain people with the beauty of a person they will never see. Let it suffice to tell them she was the most beautiful creature of her sex that I ever saw before or since; and it cannot be wondered if I was charmed with her

the very first moment I saw her face. Her behaviour was likewise a beauty in itself, and was so extraordinary that I cannot say I can describe it.

The next day she was much more free than she was the first night, and I had so much conversation as to enter into particulars of things on both sides; also she gave me leave to come and see her house, which, however, I did not do under a fortnight or thereabouts, because I did not know how far she would dispense with the ceremony which it was necessary to keep up at the beginning of the mourning.

However, I came as a man that had business with her, relating to the ship her husband was dead out of, and the first time I came was admitted; and, in short, the first time I came I made love to her. She received that proposal with disdain. I cannot indeed say she treated me with any disrespect, but she said she abhorred the offer, and would hear no more of it. How I came to make such a proposal to her I scarce knew then, though it was very much my intention from the first.

In the meantime I inquired into her circumstances and her character, and heard nothing but what was very agreeable of them both; and, above all, I found she had the report of the best-humoured lady and the best-bred of all that part of the town; and now I thought I had found what I had so often wished for to make me happy and had twice miscarried in, and resolved not to miss her, if it was possible to obtain her.

It came indeed a little into my thoughts that I was a married man, and had a second wife alive, who, though she was false to me and a whore, yet I was not legally divorced from her, and that she was my wife for all that. But I soon got over that part; for, first, as she was a whore, and the marquis had confessed it to me, I was divorced in law, and I had a power to put her away. But having had the misfortune of fighting a duel, and being obliged to quit the country, I could not claim the legal process which was my right, and therefore might conclude myself as much divorced as if it had been actually done, and so that scruple vanished.

I suffered now two months to run without pressing my widow any more, only I kept

a strict watch to find if any one else pretended to her. At the end of two months I visited her again, when I found she received me with more freedom, and we had no more sighs and sobs about the last husband; and though she would not let me press my former proposal so far as I thought I might have done, yet I found I had leave to come again, and it was the article of decency which she stood upon as much as anything; that I was not disagreeable to her, and that my using her so handsomely upon the road had given me a great advantage in her favour.

I went on gradually with her, and gave her leave to stand off for two months more. But then I told her the matter of decency, which was but a ceremony, was not to stand in competition with the matter of affection; and, in short, I could not bear any longer delay, but that, if she thought fit, we might marry privately; and, to cut the story short, as I did my courtship, in about five months I got her in the mind, and we were privately married, and that with so very exact a concealment that her maid, that was so instrumental in it, yet had no knowledge of it for near a month more.

I was now, not only in my imagination, but in reality, the most happy creature in the world, as I was so infinitely satisfied with my wife, who was indeed the best-humoured woman in the world, a most accomplished, beautiful creature indeed, perfectly well-bred, and had not one ill quality about her; and this happiness continued without the least interruption for about six years.

But I, that was to be the most unhappy fellow alive in the article of matrimony, had at last a disappointment of the worst sort even here. I had three fine children by her, and in her time of lying-in with the last she got some cold, that she did not in a long time get off; and, in short, she grew very sickly. In being so continually ill and out of order, she very unhappily got a habit of drinking cordials and hot liquors. Drink, like the devil, when it gets hold of any one, though but a little, it goes on by little and little to their destruction. So in my wife, her stomach being weak and faint, she first took this cordial, then that, till, in short, she could not live without them, and from a

drop to a sup, from a sup to a dram, from a dram to a glass, and so on to two, till at last she took, in short, to what we call drinking.

As I likened drink to the devil, in its gradual possession of the habits and person, so it is yet more like the devil in its encroachment on us, where it gets hold of our senses. In short, my beautiful, good-humoured, modest, well-bred wife grew a beast, a slave to strong liquor, and would be drunk at her own table—nay, in her own closet by herself, till, instead of a well-made, fine shape, she was as fat as a hostess; her fine face, bloated and blotched, had not so much as the ruins of the most beautiful person alive—nothing remained but a good eye; that indeed she held to the last. In short, she lost her beauty, her shape, her manners, and at last her virtue; and, giving herself up to drinking, killed herself in about a year and a half after she first began that cursed trade, in which time she twice was exposed in the most scandalous manner with a captain of a ship, who, like a villain, took the advantage of her being in drink and not knowing what she did. But it had this unhappy effect, that instead of her being ashamed and repenting of it when she came to herself, it hardened her in the crime, and she grew as void of modesty at last as of sobriety.

Oh, the power of intemperance! and how it encroaches on the best dispositions in the world; how it comes upon us gradually and insensibly; and what dismal effects it works upon our morals, changing the most virtuous, regular, well-instructed, and well-inclined tempers into worse than brutal! That was a good story, whether real or invented, of the devil tempting a young man to murder his father. No, he said; that was unnatural. “Why, then,” says the devil, “go and lie with your mother.” “No,” says he; “that is abominable.” “Well, then,” says the devil, “if you will do nothing else to oblige me, go and get drunk.” “Ay, ay,” says the fellow, “I will do that.” So he went and made himself drunk as a swine, and when he was drunk, he murdered his father and lay with his mother.

Never was a woman more virtuous, modest, chaste, sober; she never so much as

desired to drink any thing strong; it was with the greatest entreaty that I could prevail with her to drink a glass or two of wine, and rarely, if ever, above one or two at a time; even in company she had no inclination to it. Not an immodest word ever came out of her mouth, nor would she suffer it in any one else in her hearing without resentment and abhorrence. But upon that weakness and illness after her last lying-in, as above, the nurse pressed her, whenever she found herself faint and a sinking of her spirits, to take this cordial and that dram, to keep up her spirits, till it became necessary even to keep her alive, and gradually increased to a habit, so that it was no longer her physic but her food. Her appetite sunk and went quite away, and she ate little or nothing, but came at last to such a dreadful height that, as I have said, she would be drunk in her own dressing-room by eleven o'clock in the morning, and, in short, at last was never sober.

In this life of hellish excess, as I have said, she lost all that was before so valuable in her, and a villain, if it be proper to call a man who was really a gentleman by such a name, who was an intimate acquaintance, coming to pretend a visit to her, made her and her maid so drunk together that he lay with them both; with the mistress, the maid being in the room, and with the maid, the mistress being in the room; after which he, it seems, took the like liberty with them both as often as he thought fit, till the wench, being with child, discovered it for herself, and for her mistress too. Let any one judge what was my case now. I, that for six years thought myself the happiest man alive, was now the most miserable, distracted creature. As to my wife, I loved her so well, and was so sensible of the disaster of her drinking being the occasion of it all, that I could not resent it to such a degree as I had done in her predecessor; but I pitied her heartily. However, I put away all her servants, and almost locked her up; that is to say, I set new people over her, who would not suffer any one to come near her without my knowledge.

But what to do with the villain that had thus abused both her and me, that was the question that remained. To fight him upon equal terms, I thought, was a little hard;

that after a man had treated me as he had done, he deserved no fair play for his life. So I resolved to wait for him in Stepney fields, and which way he often came home pretty late, and pistol him in the dark, and, if possible, to let him know what I killed him for before I did it. But when I came to consider of this, it shocked my temper too as well as principle, and I could not be a murderer, whatever else I could be, or whatever I was provoked to be.

However, I resolved, on the other hand, that I would severely correct him for what he had done, and it was not long before I had an opportunity; for, hearing one morning that he was walking across the fields from Stepney to Shadwell, which way I knew he often went, I waited for his coming home again, and fairly met him.

I had not many words with him, but told him I had long looked for him; that he knew the villainy he had been guilty of in my family, and he could not believe, since he knew also that I was fully informed of it, but that I must be a great coward, as well as a cuckold, or that I would resent it, and that it was now a very proper time to call him to an account for it; and therefore bade him, if he durst show his face to what he had done, and defend the name of a captain of a man-of-war, as they said he had been, to draw.

He seemed surprised at the thing, and began to parley, and would lessen the crime of it; but I told him it was not a time to talk that way, since he could not deny the fact; and to lessen the crime was to lay it the more upon the woman, who, I was sure, if he had not first debauched with wine, he could never have brought to the rest; and, seeing he refused to draw, I knocked him down with my cane at one blow, and I would not strike him again while he lay on the ground, but waited to see him recover a little; for I saw plainly he was not killed. In a few minutes he came to himself again, and then I took him fast by one wrist, and caned him as severely as I was able, and as long as I could hold it for want of breath, but forbore his head, because I was resolved he should feel it. In this condition at last he begged for mercy, but I

was deaf to all pity a great while, till he roared out like a boy soundly whipped. Then I took his sword from him and broke it before his face, and left him on the ground, giving him two or three kicks on the backside, and bade him go and take the law of me if he thought fit.

I had now as much satisfaction as indeed could be taken of a coward, and had no more to say to him; but as I knew it would make a great noise about the town, I immediately removed my family, and, that I might be perfectly concealed, went into the north of England, and lived in a little town called ——, not far from Lancaster, where I lived retired, and was no more heard of for about two years. My wife, though more confined than she used to be, and so kept up from the lewd part which, I believe, in the intervals of her intemperance, she was truly ashamed of and abhorred, yet retained the drinking part, which becoming, as I have said, necessary for her subsistence, she soon ruined her health, and in about a year and a half after my removal into the north she died.

Thus I was once more a free man, and, as one would think, should by this time have been fully satisfied that matrimony was not appointed to be a state of felicity to me.

I should have mentioned that the villain of a captain who I had drubbed, as above, pretended to make a great stir about my assaulting him on the highway, and that I had fallen upon him with three ruffians, with an intent to murder him; and this began to obtain belief among the people in the neighbourhood. I sent him word of so much of it as I had heard, and told him I hoped it did not come from his own mouth; but if it did, I expected he would publicly disown it, he himself declaring he knew it to be false, or else I should be forced to act the same thing over again, till I had disciplined him into better manners; and that he might be assured that if he continued to pretend that I had anybody with me when I caned him, I would publish the whole story in print, and, besides that, would cane him again wherever I met him, and as often as I met him, till he thought fit to defend himself with his sword

like a gentleman.

He gave me no answer to this letter; and the satisfaction I had for that was, that I gave twenty or thirty copies of it about among the neighbours, which made it as public as if I had printed it (that is, as to his acquaintance and mine), and made him so hissed at and hated that he was obliged to remove into some other part of the town—whither I did not inquire.

My wife being now dead, I knew not what course to take in the world, and I grew so disconsolate and discouraged that I was next door to being distempered, and sometimes, indeed, I thought myself a little touched in my head. But it proved nothing but vapours and the vexation of this affair, and in about a year's time, or thereabouts, it wore off again.

I had rambled up and down in a most discontented, unsettled posture after this, I say, about a year, and then I considered I had three innocent children, and I could take no care of them, and that I must either go away and leave them to the wide world or settle here and get somebody to look after them, and that better a mother-in-law than no mother; for to live such a wandering life it would not do; so I resolved I would marry as anything offered, though it was mean, and the meaner the better. I concluded my next wife should be only taken as an upper servant; that is to say, a nurse to my children and housekeeper to myself; "and let her be whore or honest woman," said I, "as she likes best; I am resolved I will not much concern myself about that;" for I was now one desperate, that valued not how things went.

In this careless, and indeed rash, foolish humour, I talked to myself thus: "If I marry an honest woman, my children will be taken care of; if she be a slut and abuses me, as I see everybody does, I will kidnap her and send her to Virginia, to my plantations there, and there she shall work hard enough and fare hard enough to keep her chaste, I'll warrant her."

I knew well enough at first that these were mad, hare-brained notions, and I thought

no more of being serious in them than I thought of being a man in the moon; but I know not how it happened to me, I reasoned and talked to myself in this wild manner so long that I brought myself to be seriously desperate; that is, to resolve upon another marriage, with all the suppositions of unhappiness that could be imagined to fall out.

And yet even this rash resolution of my senses did not come presently to action; for I was half a year after this before I fixed upon anything. At last, as he that seeks mischief shall certainly find it, so it was with me. There happened to be a young, or rather a middle-aged, woman in the next town, which was but a half-mile off, who usually was at my house and among my children every day when the weather was tolerable; and though she came but merely as a neighbour, and to see us, yet she was always helpful in directing and ordering things for them, and mighty handy about them, as well before my wife died as after.

Her father was one that I employed often to go to Liverpool, and sometimes to Whitehaven, and do business for me; for having, as it were, settled myself in the northern parts of England, I had ordered part of my effects to be shipped, as occasion of shipping offered, to either of those two towns, to which, the war continuing very sharp, it was safer coming, as to privateers, than about through the Channel to London.

I took a mighty fancy at last that this girl would answer my end, particularly that I saw she was mighty useful among the children; so, on the other hand, the children loved her very well, and I resolved to love her too, flattering myself mightily, that as I had married two gentlewomen and one citizen, and they proved all three whores, I should now find what I wanted in an innocent country wench.

I took up a world of time in considering of this matter; indeed scarce any of my matches were done without very mature consideration. The second was the worst in that article, but in this I thought of it, I believe, four months most seriously before I

resolved, and that very prudence spoiled the whole thing. However, at last being resolved, I took Mrs. Margaret one day as she passed by my parlour-door, called her in, and told her I wanted to speak with her. She came readily in, but blushed mightily when I bade her sit down in a chair just by me.

I used no great ceremony with her, but told her that I had observed she had been mighty kind to my children, and was very tender to them, and that they all loved her, and that, if she and I could agree about it, I intended to make her their mother, if she was not engaged to somebody else. The girl sat still and said never a word till I said those words, “if she was not engaged to somebody else;” when she seemed struck. However, I took no notice of it, other than this, “Look ye, Moggy,” said I (so they call them in the country), “if you have promised yourself, you must tell me.” For we all knew that a young fellow, a good clergyman’s wicked son, had hung about her a great while, two or three years, and made love to her, but could never get the girl in the mind, it seems, to have him.

She knew I was not ignorant of it, and therefore, after her first surprise was over, she told me Mr. —— had, as I knew, often come after her, but she had never promised him anything, and had for several years refused him; her father always telling her that he was a wicked fellow, and that he would be her ruin if she had him.

“Well, Moggy, then,” says I, “what dost say to me? Art thou free to make me a wife?” She blushed and looked down upon the ground, and would not speak a good while; but when I pressed her to tell me, she looked up, and said she supposed I was but jesting with her. Well, I got over that, and told her I was in very good earnest with her, and I took her for a sober, honest, modest girl, and, as I said, one that my children loved mighty well, and I was in earnest with her; if she would give me her consent, I would give her my word that I would have her, and we would be married to-morrow morning. She looked up again at that, and smiled a little, and said no, that was too soon too to say yes. She hoped I would give her some time to consider of it,

and to talk with her father about it.

I told her she needed not much time to consider about it; but, however, I would give her till to-morrow morning, which was a great while. By this time I had kissed Moggy two or three times, and she began to be freer with me; and when I pressed her to marry me the next morning, she laughed, and told me it was not lucky to be married in her old clothes.

I stopped her mouth presently with that, and told her she should not be married in her old clothes, for I would give her some new. “Ay, it may be afterwards,” says Moggy, and laughed again. “No, just now,” says I. “Come along with me, Moggy;” so I carried her upstairs into my wife’s room that was, and showed her a new morning-gown of my wife’s, that she had never worn above two or three times, and several other fine things. “Look you there, Moggy,” says I, “there is a wedding-gown for you; give me your hand now that you will have me to-morrow morning. And as to your father, you know he has gone to Liverpool on my business, but I will answer for it he shall not be angry when he comes home to call his master son-in-law; and I ask him no portion. Therefore give me thy hand for it, Moggy,” says I very merrily to her, and kissed her again; and the girl gave me her hand, and very pleasantly too, and I was mightily pleased with it, I assure you.

There lived about three doors from us an ancient gentleman who passed for a doctor of physic, but who was really a Romish priest in orders, as there are many in that part of the country; and in the evening I sent to speak with him. He knew that I understood his profession, and that I had lived in popish countries, and, in a word, believed me a Roman too, for I was such abroad. When he came to me I told him the occasion for which I sent for him, and that it was to be to-morrow morning. He readily told me, if I would come and see him in the evening, and bring Moggy with me, he would marry us in his own study, and that it was rather more private to do it in the evening than in the morning. So I called Moggy again to me, and told her,

since she and I had agreed the matter for to-morrow, it was as well to be done overnight, and told her what the doctor had said.

Moggy blushed again, and said she must go home first, that she could not be ready before to-morrow. “Look ye, Moggy,” says I, “you are my wife now, and you shall never go away from me a maid. I know what you mean; you would go home to shift you. Come, Moggy,” says I, “come along with me again upstairs.” So I carried her to a chest of linen, where were several new shifts of my last wife’s, which she had never worn at all, and some that had been worn.

“There is a clean smock for you, Moggy,” says I, “and to-morrow you shall have all the rest.” When I had done this, “Now, Moggy,” says I, “go and dress you;” so I locked her in, and went downstairs. “Knock,” says I, “when you are dressed.”

After some time Moggy did not knock, but down she came into my room, completely dressed, for there were several other things that I bade her take, and the clothes fitted her as if they had been made for her. It seems she slipped the lock back.

“Well, Moggy,” says I, “now you see you shan’t be married in your old clothes;” so I took her in my arms and kissed her; and well pleased I was as ever I was in my life, or with anything I ever did in my life. As soon as it was dark Moggy slipped away beforehand, as the doctor and I had agreed, to the old gentleman’s housekeeper, and I came in about half-an-hour after; and there we were married in the doctor’s study—that is to say, in his oratory or chapel, a little room within his study—and we stayed and supped with him afterwards.

Then, after a short stay more, I went home first, because I would send the children all to bed, and the other servants out of the way; and Moggy came some time after, and so we lay together that night. The next morning I let all the family know that Moggy was my wife, and my three children were rejoiced at it to the last degree. And now I was a married man a fourth time; and, in short, I was really more happy

in this plain country girl than with any of all the wives I had had. She was not young, being about thirty-three, but she brought me a son the first year. She was very pretty, well-shaped, and of a merry, cheerful disposition, but not a beauty. She was an admirable family manager, loved my former children, and used them not at all the worse for having some of her own. In a word, she made me an excellent wife, but lived with me but four years, and died of a hurt she got of a fall while she was with child, and in her I had a very great loss indeed.

And yet such was my fate in wives, that, after all the blushing and backwardness of Mrs. Moggy at first, Mrs. Moggy had, it seems, made a slip in her younger days, and was got with child ten years before, by a gentleman of a great estate in that country, who promised her marriage, and afterwards deserted her. But as that had happened long before I came into the country, and the child was dead and forgotten, the people were so good to her, and so kind to me, that, hearing I had married her, nobody ever spoke of it; neither did I ever hear of it or suspect it till after she was in her grave, and then it was of small consequence to me one way or other; and she was a faithful, virtuous, obliging wife to me. I had very severe affliction indeed while she lived with me; for the smallpox, a frightful distemper in that country, broke into my family, and carried off three of my children and a maid-servant; so that I had only one of my former wife's, and one by my Moggy, the first a son, the last a daughter.

While these things were in agitation came on the invasion of the Scots and the fight at Preston; and I have cause to bless the memory of my Moggy; for I was all on fire on that side, and just going away with horse and arms to join the Lord Derwentwater. But Moggy begged me off (as I may call it), and hung about me so with her tears and importunities that I sat still and looked on; for which I had reason to be thankful.

I was really a sorrowful father, and the loss of my children stuck close to me; but the loss of my wife stuck closer to me than all the rest. Nor was my grief lessened or my

kindest thoughts abated in the least by the account I heard of her former miscarriages, seeing they were so long before I knew her, and were not discovered by me or to me in her lifetime.

All these things put together made me very comfortless. And now I thought Heaven summoned me to retire to Virginia, the place, and, as I may say, the only place, I had been blessed at, or had met with anything that deserved the name of success in, and where, indeed, my affairs being in good hands, the plantations were increased to such a degree that some years my return here made up eight hundred pounds, and one year almost a thousand. So I resolved to leave my native country once more, and taking my son with me, and leaving Moggy's daughter with her grandfather, I made him my principal agent, left him considerable in his hands for the maintenance of the child, and left my will in his hand, by which, if I died before I should otherwise provide for her, I left her £2000 portion, to be paid by my son out of the estate I had in Virginia, and the whole estate, if he died unmarried.

I embarked for Virginia in the year ——, at the town of Liverpool, and had a tolerable voyage thither, only that we met with a pirate ship, in the latitude of 48 degrees, who plundered us of every thing they could come at that was for their turn; that is to say, provisions, ammunition, small-arms, and money. But, to give the rogues their due, though they were the most abandoned wretches that were ever seen, they did not use us ill. And as to my loss, it was not considerable; the cargo which I had on board was in goods, and was of no use to them; nor could they come at those things without rummaging the whole ship, which they did not think worth their while.

I found all my affairs in very good order at Virginia, my plantations prodigiously increased, and my manager, who first inspired me with travelling thoughts, and made me master of any knowledge worth naming, received me with a transport of joy, after a ramble of four-and-twenty years.

I ought to remember it, to the encouragement of all faithful servants, that he gave me an account, which, I believe, was critically just, of the whole affairs of the plantations, each by themselves, and balanced in years, every year's produce being fully transmitted, charges deducted, to my order at London.

I was exceedingly satisfied, as I had good reason indeed, with his management; and with his management, as much in its degree, of his own I can safely say it. He had improved a very large plantation of his own at the same time, which he began upon the foot of the country's allowance of land and the encouragement he had from me.

When he had given me all this pleasing, agreeable account, you will not think it strange that I had a desire to see the plantations, and to view all the servants, which, in both the works, were upwards of three hundred; and as my tutor generally bought some every fleet that came from England, I had the mortification to see two or three of the Preston gentlemen there, who, being prisoners of war, were spared from the public execution, and sent over to that slavery, which to gentlemen must be worse than death.

I do not mention what I did or said relating to them here. I shall speak at large of it when the rest of them came over, which more nearly concerned me.

But one circumstance occurred to me here that equally surprised me and terrified me to the last degree. Looking over all the servants, as I say above, and viewing the plantations narrowly and frequently, I came one day by a place where some women were at work by themselves. I was seriously reflecting on the misery of human life, when I saw some of those poor wretches. Thought I, "They have perhaps lived gay and pleasantly in the world, notwithstanding, through a variety of distresses, they may have been brought to this; and if a body was to hear the history of some of them now, it would perhaps be as moving and as seasonable a sermon as any minister in the country could preach."

While I was musing thus and looking at the women, on a sudden I heard a

combustion among other of the women-servants, who were almost behind me, in the same work, and help was called loudly for, one of the women having swooned away. They said she would die immediately if something was not done to relieve her. I had nothing about me but a little bottle, which we always carried about us there with rum, to give any servant a dram that merited that favour; so I turned my horse and went up towards the place. But as the poor creature was lying flat on the ground, and the rest of the women-servants about her, I did not see her, but gave them the bottle, and they rubbed her temples with it, and, with much ado, brought her to life, and gave her a little to drink. But she could drink none of it, and was exceeding ill afterwards, so that she was carried to the infirmary—so they call it in the religious houses in Italy where the sick nuns and friars are carried; but here, in Virginia, I think they should call it the condemned hole, for it really was only a place just fit for people to die in, not a place to be cured in.

The sick woman refusing to drink, one of the women-servants brought me the bottle again, and I bade them drink it among them, which had almost set them together by the ears for the liquor, there being not enough to give every one a sup.

I went home to my house immediately, and reflecting on the miserable provision was wont to be made for poor servants when they were sick, I inquired of my manager if it was so still. He said he believed mine was better than any in the country; but he confessed it was but sad lodging. However, he said he would go and look after it immediately and see how it was.

He came to me again about an hour after, and told me the woman was very ill, and frighted with her condition; that she seemed to be very penitent for some things in her past life, which lay heavy upon her mind, believing she should die; that she asked him if there was no minister to comfort poor dying servants; and he told her that she knew they had no minister nearer than such a place, but that, if she lived till morning, he should be sent for. He told me, also, that he had removed her into a

room where their chief workman used to lodge; that he had given her a pair of sheets, and everything he could that he thought she wanted, and had appointed another woman-servant to tend her and sit up with her.

“Well,” says I, “that’s well; for I cannot bear to have poor creatures lie and perish, by the mere hardship of the place they are in, when they are sick and want help. Besides,” said I, “some of those unfortunate creatures they call convicts may be peopie that have been tenderly brought up.” “Really, sir,” says he, “this poor creature, I always said, had something of a gentlewoman in her. I could see it by her behaviour, and I have heard the other women say that she lived very great once, and that she had fifteen hundred pound to her portion; and I dare say she has been a handsome woman in her time, and she has a hand as fine as a lady’s now, though it be tanned with the weather. I dare say she was never brought up to labour as she does here, and she says to the rest that it will kill her.”

“Truly,” says I, “it may be so, and that may be the reason that she faints under it;” and I added, “Is there nothing you can put her to within doors that may not be so laborious and expose her to so much heat and cold?” He told me yes, there was. He could set her to be the housekeeper, for the woman that lately was such was out of her time, and was married and turned planter. “Why, then, let her have it,” said I, “if she recovers; and in the meantime go,” said I, “and tell her so; perhaps the comfort of it may help to restore her.”

He did so, and with that, taking good care of her, and giving her good warm diet, the woman recovered, and in a little time was abroad again; for it was the mere weight of labour, and being exposed to hard lodging and mean diet, to one so tenderly bred, that struck her and she fainted at her work.

When she was made housekeeper she was quite another body. She put all the household into such excellent order, and managed their provisions so well, that my tutor admired her conduct, and would be every now and then speaking of her to me,

that she was an excellent manager. “I’ll warrant,” says he, “she has been bred a gentlewoman, and she has been a fine woman in her time too.” In a word, he said so many good things of her that I had a mind to see her. So one day I took occasion to go to the plantation-house, as they called it, and into a parlour always reserved for the master of the plantation. There she had opportunity to see me before I could see her, and as soon as she had seen me she knew me; but indeed had I seen her an hundred times I should not have known her. She was, it seems, in the greatest confusion and surprise at seeing who I was that it was possible for any one to be; and when I ordered my manager to bring her into the room, he found her crying, and begged him to excuse her, that she was frighted, and should die away if she came near me.

I, not imagining anything but that the poor creature was afraid of me (for masters in Virginia are terrible things), bade him tell her she need to be under no concern at my calling for her; for it was not for any hurt nor for any displeasure, but that I had some orders to give her. So, having, as he thought, encouraged her, though her surprise was of another kind, he brought her in. When she came in she held a handkerchief in her hand, wiping her eyes, as if she had cried. “Mrs. Housekeeper,” said I, speaking cheerfully to her, “don’t be concerned at my sending for you; I have had a very good account of your management, and I called for you to let you know I am very well pleased with it; and if it falls in my way to do you any good, if your circumstances will allow it, I may be willing enough to help you out of your misery.”

She made low courtesies, but said nothing. However, she was so far encouraged that she took her hand from her face, and I saw her face fully; and I believe she did it desiring I should discover who she was; but I really knew nothing of her, any more than if I had never seen her in my life, but went on, as I thought, to encourage her, as I used to do with any that I saw deserved it.

In the meantime my tutor, who was in the room, went out on some business or other—I know not what. As soon as he was gone she burst out into a passion, and fell down on her knees just before me: “Oh, sir!” says she, “I see you don’t know me. Be merciful to me; I am your miserable divorced wife!”

I was astonished; I was frighted; I trembled like one in an ague; I was speechless; in a word, I was ready to sink, and she fell flat on her face, and lay there as if she had been dead. I was speechless, I say, as a stone. I had only presence of mind enough to step to the door and fasten it, that my tutor might not come in; then, going back to her, I took her up and spoke comfortably to her, and told her I no more knew her than if I had never seen her.

“Oh, sir!” said she, “afflictions are dreadful things; such as I have suffered have been enough to alter my countenance; but forgive,” said she, “for God’s sake, the injuries I have done you. I have paid dear for all my wickedness, and it is just, it is righteous, that God should bring me to your foot, to ask your pardon for all my brutish doings. Forgive me, sir,” said she, “I beseech you, and let me be your slave or servant for it as long as I live; it is all I ask;” and with those words she fell upon her knees again and cried so vehemently that it was impossible for her to stop it or to speak a word more. I took her up again, made her sit down, desired her to compose herself, and to hear what I was going to say; though indeed it touched me so sensibly that I was hardly able to speak any more than she was.

First, I told her it was such a surprise to me that I was not able to say much to her; and indeed the tears run down my face almost as fast as they did on hers. I told her that I should only tell her now, that, as nobody had yet known anything that had passed, so it was absolutely necessary not a word of it should be known; that it should not be the worse for her that she was thus thrown in my hands again; but that I could do nothing for her if it was known, and, therefore, that her future good or ill fortune would depend upon her entire concealing it; that, as my manager would

come in again presently, she should go back to her part of the house, and go on in the business as she did before; that I would come to her and talk more at large with her in a day or two. So she retired, after assuring me that not a word of it should go out of her mouth; and indeed she was willing to retire before my tutor came again, that he might not see the agony she was in.

I was so perplexed about this surprising incident that I hardly knew what I did or said all that night; nor was I come to any settled resolution in the morning what course to take in it. However, in the morning I called my tutor, and told him that I had been exceedingly concerned about the poor distressed creature, the housekeeper; that I had heard some of her story, which was very dismal; that she had been in very good circumstances and was bred very well, and that I was glad he had removed her out of the field into the house; but still she was almost naked, and that I would have him go down to the warehouse and give her some linen, especially head-clothes, and all sorts of small things such as hoods, gloves, stockings, shoes, petticoats, &c., and to let her choose for herself; also a morning-gown of calico, and a mantua of a better kind of calico; that is to say, new clothe her; which he did, but brought me word that he found her all in tears, and that she had cried all night long, and, in short, he believed she would indeed cry herself to death; that all the while she was receiving the things he gave her she cried; that now and then she would struggle with and stop it, but that then, upon another word speaking, she would burst out again, so that it grieved everybody that saw her.

I was really affected with her case very much, but struggled hard with myself to hide it, and turned the discourse to something else. In the meantime, though I did not go to her the next day, nor till the third day, yet I studied day and night how to act, and what I should do in this remarkable case.

When I came to the house, which was the third day, she came into the room I was in, clothed all over with my things which I had ordered her, and told me she thanked

God she was now my servant again and wore my livery, thanked me for the clothes I had sent her, and said it was much more than she had deserved from me.

I then entered into discourses with her, nobody being present but ourselves; and first I told her she should name no more of the unkind things that had passed, for she had humbled herself more than enough on that subject, and I would never reproach her with anything that was past. I found that she had been the deepest sufferer by far. I told her it was impossible for me, in my present circumstances, to receive her there as a wife who came over as a convict, neither did she know so little as to desire it; but I told her I might be instrumental to put an end to her misfortunes in the world, and especially to the miserable part of it which was her present load, provided she could effectually keep her own counsel and never let the particulars come out of her mouth, and that from the day she did she might date her irrevocable ruin.

She was as sensible of the necessity of that part as I was, and told me all she could claim of me would be only to deliver her from her present calamity that she was not able to support; and that then, if I pleased, she might live such a life as that she might apply the residue of what time she should have wholly to repentance; that she was willing to do the meanest offices in the world for me; and though she should rejoice to hear that I would forgive her former life, yet that she would not look any higher than to be my servant as long as she lived; and, in the meantime, I might be satisfied she would never let any creature so much as know that I had ever seen her before.

I asked her if she was willing to let me into any part of the history of her life since she and I parted; but I did not insist upon it otherwise than as she thought convenient. She said, as her breach with me began first in folly and ended in sin, so her whole life afterwards was a continued series of calamity, sin and sorrow, sin and shame, and at last misery; that she was deluded into gay company and to an expensive way of living which betrayed her to several wicked courses to support the

expenses of it; that after a thousand distresses and difficulties, being not able to maintain herself, she was reduced to extreme poverty; that she would many times have humbled herself to me in the lowest and most submissive manner in the world, being sincerely penitent for her first crime, but that she could never hear of me, nor which way I was gone; that she was by that means so abandoned that she wanted bread, and those wants and distresses brought her into bad company of another kind, and that she fell in among a gang of thieves, with whom she herded for some time, and got money enough a great while, but under the greatest dread and terror imaginable, being in the constant fear of coming to shame; that afterwards what she feared was come upon her, and for a very trifling attempt in which she was not principal, but accidentally concerned, she was sent to this place. She told me her life was such a collection of various fortunes—up and down, in plenty and in misery, in prison and at liberty, at ease and in torment—that it would take up a great many days to give me a history of it; that I was come to see the end of it, as I had seen the best part of the beginning; that I knew she was brought up tenderly and fared delicately; but that now she was, with the prodigal, brought to desire husks with swine, and even to want that supply. Her tears flowed so strongly upon this discourse that they frequently interrupted her, so that she could not go on without difficulty, and at last could not go on at all. So I told her I would excuse her telling any more of her story at that time; that I saw it was but a renewing of her grief, and that I would rather contribute to her forgetting what was past, and desired her to say no more of it; so I broke off that part.

In the meantime I told her, since Providence had thus cast her upon my hands again, I would take care that she should not want, and that she should not live hardly neither, though I could go no further at present; and thus we parted for that time, and she continued in the business of housekeeper; only that, to ease her, I gave her an assistant; and, though I would not have it called so, it was neither more or less than a servant to wait on her and do everything for her; and told her, too, that it was so.

After she had been some time in this place she recovered her spirits and grew cheerful; her fallen flesh plumped up, and the sunk and hollow parts filled again, so that she began to recover something of that brightness and charming countenance which was once so very agreeable to me; and sometimes I could not help having warm desires towards her, and of taking her into her first station again; but there were many difficulties occurred which I could not get over a great while.

But in the meantime another odd accident happened which put me to a very great difficulty, and more than I could have thought such a thing could be capable of. My tutor, a man of wit and learning, and full of generous principles, who was at first moved with compassion for the misery of this gentlewoman, and, even then, thought there were some things more than common in her, as I have hinted; now when, as I say, she was recovered, and her sprightly temper restored and comforted, he was charmed so with her conversation that, in short, he fell in love with her.

I hinted in my former account of her that she had a charming tongue, was mistress of abundance of wit, that she sung incomparably fine, and was perfectly well-bred. These all remained with her still, and made her a very agreeable person; and, in short, he came to me one evening and told me that he came to ask my leave to let him marry the housekeeper.

I was exceedingly perplexed at this proposal, but, however, I gave him no room to perceive that. I told him I hoped he had considered well of it before he brought it so far as to offer it to me, and supposed that he had agreed that point so that I had no consent to give, but as she had almost four years of her time to serve.

He answered no; he paid such a regard to me that he would not so much as take one step in such a thing without my knowledge, and assured me he had not so much as mentioned it to her. I knew not what answer indeed to make to him, but at last I resolved to put it off from myself to her, because then I should have opportunity to talk with her beforehand. So I told him he was perfectly free to act in the matter as

he thought fit; that I could not say either one thing or another to it, neither had I any right to meddle in it. As to her serving out her time with me, that was a trifle, and not worth naming, but I hoped he would consider well every circumstance before he entered upon such an affair as that.

He told me he had fully considered it already, and that he was resolved, seeing I was not against it, to have her whatever came of it, for he believed he should be the happiest man alive with her. Then he ran on in his character of her, how clever a woman she was in the management of all manner of business, how admirable conversation she was, what a wit, what a memory, what a vast share of knowledge, and the like; all which I knew to be the truth, and yet short of her just character too; for, as she was all that formerly when she was mine, she was vastly improved in the school of affliction, and was all the bright part, with a vast addition of temper, prudence, judgment, and all that she formerly wanted.

I had not much patience, as you may well imagine, till I saw my honest housekeeper, to communicate this secret to her, and to see what course she would steer on so nice an occasion. But I was suddenly taken so ill with a cold which held for two days that I could not stir out of doors; and in this time the matter was all done and over; for my tutor had gone the same night and made his attack; but was coldly received at first, which very much surprised him, for he made no doubt to have her consent at first word. However, the next day he came again, and again the third day, when, finding he was in earnest, and yet that she could not think of anything of that kind, she told him, in few words, that she thought herself greatly obliged to him for such a testimony of his respect to her, and should have embraced it willingly, as anybody would suppose one in her circumstances should do, but that she would not abuse him so much, for that she must acknowledge to him she was under obligations that prevented her; that was, in short, that she was a married woman and had a husband alive.

This was so sincere but so effectual an answer that he could have no room to reply one word to it, but that he was very sorry, and that it was a very great affliction to him, and as great a disappointment as ever he met with.

The next day after he had received this repulse I came to the plantation-house, and, sending for the housekeeper, I began with her, and told her that I understood she would have a very advantageous proposal made to her, and that I would have her consider well of it, and then told her what my tutor had said to me.

She immediately fell a-crying, at which I seemed to wonder very much. “Oh, sir!” says she, “how can you name such a thing to me?” I told her that I could name it the better to her because I had been married myself since I parted from her. “Yes, sir,” says she; “but the case alters; the crime being on my side, I ought not to marry; but,” says she, “that is not the reason at all, but I cannot do it.” I pretended to press her to it, though not sincerely, I must acknowledge, for my heart had turned toward her for some time, and I had fully forgiven her in my mind all her former conduct; but, I say, I seemed to press her to it, at which she burst out in a passion. “No, no,” says she; “let me be your slave rather than the best man’s wife in the world.” I reasoned with her upon her circumstances, and how such a marriage would restore her to a state of ease and plenty, and none in the world might ever know or suspect who or what she had been. But she could not bear it; but, with tears, again raising her voice that I was afraid she would be heard, “I beseech you,” says she, “do not speak of it any more. I was once yours, and I will never belong to any man else in the world. Let me be as I am, or anything else you please to make me, but not a wife to any man alive but yourself.”

I was so moved with the passion she was in at speaking this that I knew not what I said or did for some time. At length I said to her, “It is a great pity you had not long ago been as sincere as you are now; it had been better for us both. However, as it is, you shall not be forced to anything against your mind, nor shall you be the worse

treated for refusing; but how will you put him off? No doubt he expects you will receive his proposal as an advantage; and as he sees no farther into your circumstances, so it is." "Oh, sir!" says she, "I have done all that already. He has his answer, and is fully satisfied. He will never trouble you any more on that head;" and then she told me what answer she had given him.

From that minute I resolved that I would certainly take her again to be my wife as before. I thought she had fully made me amends for her former ill conduct, and she deserved to be forgiven (and so indeed she did, if ever woman did, considering also what dreadful penance she had undergone, and how long she had lived in misery and distress); and that Providence had, as it were, cast her upon me again, and, above all, had given her such an affection to me and so resolved a mind that she could refuse so handsome an offer of deliverance rather than be farther separated from me.

As I resolved this in my mind, so I thought it was cruel to conceal it any longer from her. Nor, in deed, could I contain myself any longer, but I took her in my arms: "Well," says I, "you have given me such a testimony of affection in this that I can no longer withstand. I forgive you all that ever was between us on this account, and, since you will be nobody's but mine, you shall be mine again as you were at first."

But this was too much for her the other way, and now she was so far overcome with my yielding to her that, had she not got vent to her passion by the most vehement crying, she must have died in my arms; and I was forced to let her go and set her down in a chair, where she cried for a quarter of an hour before she could speak a word.

When she was come to herself enough to talk again, I told her we must consider of a method how to bring this to pass, and that it must not be done by publishing there that she was my wife before, for that would expose us both, but that I would openly marry her again. This she agreed was very rational, and accordingly, about two months after, we were married again, and no man in the world ever enjoyed a better

wife or lived more happy than we both did for several years after.

And now I began to think my fortunes were settled for this world, and I had nothing before me but to finish a life of infinite variety, such as mine had been, with a comfortable retreat, being both made wiser by our sufferings and difficulties, and able to judge for ourselves what kind of life would be best adapted to our present circumstances, and in what station we might look upon ourselves to be most completely happy.

But man is a short-sighted creature at best, and in nothing more than in that of fixing his own felicity, or, as we may say, choosing for himself. One would have thought, and so my wife often suggested to me, that the state of life that I was now in was as perfectly calculated to make a man completely happy as any private station in the world could be. We had an estate more than sufficient, and daily increasing, for the supporting any state or figure that in that place we could propose to ourselves or even desire to live in; we had everything that was pleasant and agreeable, without the least mortification in any circumstances of it; every sweet thing, and nothing to embitter it; every good, and no mixture of evil with it; nor any gap open where we could have the least apprehensions of any evil breaking out upon us. Nor indeed was it easy for either of us, in our phlegmatic, melancholy notions, to have the least imagination how anything disastrous could happen to us in the common course of things, unless something should befall us out of the ordinary way of Providence, or of its acting in the world.

But, an unseen mine blew up all this apparent tranquillity at once; and though it did not remove my affairs there from me, yet it effectually removed me from them and sent me a-wandering into the world again—a condition full of hazards, and always attended with circumstances dangerous to mankind, while he is left to choose his own fortunes and be guided by his own short-sighted measures.

I must now return to a circumstance of my history which had been past for some

time, and which relates to my conduct while I was last in England.

I mentioned how my faithful wife Moggy, with her tears and her entreaties, had prevailed with me not to play the madman and openly join in the rebellion with the late Lord Derwentwater and his party when they entered Lancashire, and thereby, as I may say, saved my life. But my curiosity prevailed so much at last that I gave her the slip when they came to Preston, and at least thought I would go and look at them, and see what they were likely to come to.

My former wife's importunities, as above, had indeed prevailed upon me from publicly embarking in that enterprise and joining openly with them in arms; and by this, as I have observed, she saved my life to be sure, because I had then publicly espoused the rebellion, and had been known to have been among them, which might have been as fatal to me afterwards, though I had not been taken in the action, as if I had.

But when they advanced and came nearer to us to Preston, and there appeared a greater spirit among the people in their favour, my old doctor, whom I mentioned before, who was a Romish priest, and had married us, inspired me with new zeal, and gave me no rest till he obliged me, with only a good horse and arms, to join them the day before they entered Preston, he himself venturing in the same posture with me.

I was not so public here as to be very well known, at least by any one that had knowledge of me in the country where I lived; and this was indeed my safety afterwards, as you will soon hear. But yet I was known too among the men, especially among the Scots, with some of whom I had been acquainted in foreign service. With these I was particularly conversant, and, passing for a French officer, I talked to them of making a select detachment to defend the pass between Preston and the river and bridge, upon maintaining which, as I insisted, depended the safety of the whole party.

It was with some warmth that I spoke of that affair, and as I passed among them, I say, for a French officer and a man of experience, it caused several debates among them. But the hint was not followed, as is well known, and from that moment I gave them all up as lost, and meditated nothing but how to escape from them, which I effected the night before they were surrounded by the royal cavalry. I did not do this without great difficulty, swimming the river Ribble at a place where, though I got well over, yet I could not for a long while get to a place where my horse could land himself—that is to say, where the ground was firm enough for him to take the land. However, at length I got on shore, and riding very hard, came the next evening in sight of my own dwelling. Here, after lying by in a wood till the depth of night, I shot my horse in a little kind of a gravel pit, or marl pit, where I soon covered him with earth for the present, and marching all alone, I came about two in the morning to my house, where my wife, surprised with joy and yet terribly frighted, let me in; and then I took immediate measures to secure myself upon whatever incident might happen, but which, as things were ordered, I had no need to make use of, for the rebels being entirely defeated, and either all killed or taken prisoners, I was not known by anybody in the country to have been among them; no, nor so much as suspected. And thus I made a narrow escape from the most dangerous action, and most foolishly embarked in, of any that I had ever been engaged in before.

It was very lucky to me that I killed and buried my horse, for he would have been taken two days after, and would, to be sure, have been known by those who had seen me upon him at Preston. But now, as none knew I had been abroad, nor any such circumstance could discover me, I kept close, and as my excursion had been short and I had not been missed by any of my neighbours, if anybody came to speak with me, behold I was at home.

However, I was not thoroughly easy in my mind, and secretly wished I was in my own dominions in Virginia, to which, in a little time, other circumstances occurring, I made preparations to remove with my whole family.

In the meantime, as above, the action at Preston happened, and the miserable people surrendered to the king's troops. Some were executed for examples, as in such cases is usual, and the government extending mercy to the multitude, they were kept in Chester Castle, and other places a considerable time, till they were disposed of, some one way, some another, as we shall hear.

Several hundreds of them after this were, at their own request, transported, as it is vulgarly expressed, to the plantations—that is to say, sent to Virginia and other British colonies to be sold after the usual manner of condemned criminals, or, as we call them there, convicts, to serve a limited time in the country, and then be made freemen again. Some of these I have spoken of above; but now, to my no little uneasiness, I found, after I had been there some time, two ships arrived with more of these people in the same river where all my plantations lay.

I no sooner heard of it but the first step I took was to resolve to let none of them be bought into my work or to any of my plantations; and this I did, pretending that I would not make slaves every day of unfortunate gentlemen who fell into that condition for their zeal to their party only, and the like. But the true reason was, that I expected several of them would know me, and might perhaps betray me, and make it public that I was one of the same sort, but had made my escape; and so I might be brought into trouble, and, if I came off with my life, might have all my effects seized on, and be reduced to misery and poverty again at once, all which I thought I had done enough to deserve.

This was a just caution, but, as I found quickly, was not a sufficient one, as my circumstances stood, for my safety; for though I bought none of these poor men myself, yet several of my neighbours did, and there was scarce a plantation near me but had some of them, more or less, among them; so that, in a word, I could not peep abroad hardly but I was in danger to be seen, and known too, by some or other of them.

I may be allowed to say that this was a very uneasy life to me, and such that, in short, I found myself utterly unable to bear; for I was now reduced from a great man, a magistrate, a governor or master of three great plantations, and having three or four hundred servants at my command, to be a poor self-condemned rebel, and durst not show my face; and that I might with the same safety, or rather more, have skulked about in Lancashire where I was, or gone up to London and concealed myself there till things had been over. But now the danger was come home to me, even to my door, and I expected nothing but to be informed against every day, be taken up, and sent to England in irons, and have all my plantations seized on as a forfeited estate to the Crown.

I had but one hope of safety to trust to, and that was, that having been so little a while among them, done nothing for them, and passing for a stranger, they never knew my name, but only I was called the French colonel, or the French officer, or the French gentleman by most, if not by all, the people here. And as for the doctor that went with me, he had found means to escape too, though not the same way that I did, finding the cause not likely to be supported, and that the king’s troops were gathering on all sides round them like a cloud.

But to return to myself; this was no satisfaction to me, and what to do I really knew not, for I was more at a loss how to shift in such a distressed case as this, now it lay so close to me, than ever I was in any difficulty in my life. The first thing I did was to come home and make a confidence of the whole affair to my wife; and though I did it generously without conditions, yet I did not do it without first telling her how I was now going to put my life into her hands, that she might have it in her power to pay me home for all that she might think had been hard in my former usage of her; and that, in short, it would be in her power to deliver me up into the hands of my enemies, but that I would trust her generosity, as well as her renewed affection, and put all upon her fidelity, and without any more precaution I opened the whole thing to her, and particularly the danger I was now in.

A faithful counsellor is life from the dead, gives courage where the heart is sinking, and raises the mind to a proper use of means; and such she was to me indeed upon every step of this affair, and it was by her direction that I took every step that followed for the extricating myself out of this labyrinth.

“Come, come, my dear,” says she, “if this be all, there is no room for any such disconsolate doings as your fears run you upon;” for I was immediately for selling off my plantations and all my stock and embarking myself forthwith, and to get to Madeira or to any place out of the king’s dominions.

But my wife was quite of another opinion, and encouraging me on another account, proposed two things, either my freighting a sloop with provisions to the West Indies, and so taking passage from thence to London, or letting her go away directly for England and endeavour to obtain the king’s pardon, whatever it might cost.

I inclined to the last proposal; for though I was unhappily prejudiced in favour of a wrong interest, yet I had always a secret and right notion of the clemency and merciful disposition of his Majesty, and, had I been in England, should, I believe, have been easily persuaded to have thrown myself at his foot.

But going to England as I was circumstanced must have been a public action, and I must have made all the usual preparations for it, must have appeared in public, have stayed till the crop was ready, and gone away in form and state as usual, or have acted as if something extraordinary was the matter, and have filled the heads of the people there with innumerable suggestions of they knew not what.

But my wife made all this easy to me from her own invention; for, without acquainting me of any thing, she comes merrily to me one morning before I was up: “My dear,” says she, “I am very sorry to hear that you are not very well this morning. I have ordered Pennico” (that was a young negro girl which I had given her) “to make you a fire in your chamber, and pray lie still where you are a while till it is done.” At the same instant the little negro came in with wood and a pair of

bellows, &c., to kindle the fire, and my wife, not giving me time to reply, whispers close to my ear to lie still and say nothing till she came up again to me.

I was thoroughly frighted, that you may be sure of, and thought of nothing but of being discovered, betrayed, and carried to England, hanged, quartered, and all that was terrible, and my very heart sunk within me. She perceived my disorder and turned back, assuring me there was no harm, desired me to be easy, and she would come back again presently and give me satisfaction in every particular that I could desire. So I composed myself a while as well as I could, but it was but a little while that I could bear it, and I sent Pennico downstairs to find out her mistress, and tell her I was very ill and must speak with her immediately; and the girl was scarce out of the room before I jumped out of bed and began to dress me, that I might be ready for all events.

My wife was as good as her word, and was coming up as the girl was coming down. "I see," says she, "you want patience, but pray do not want government of yourself, but take that screen before your face, and go to the window and see if you know any of those Scotchmen that are in the yard, for there are seven or eight of them come about some business to your clerk."

I went and looked through the screen, and saw the faces of them all distinctly, but could make nothing of them other than that they were Scotchmen, which was easy to discern. However, it was no satisfaction to me that I knew not their faces, for they might know mine for all that, according to the old English proverb, "That more knows Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows;" so I kept close in my chamber till I understood they were all gone.

After this my wife caused it to be given out in the house that I was not well; and when this not being well had lasted three or four days, I had my leg wrapped up in a great piece of flannel and laid upon a stool, and there I was lame of the gout; and this served for about six weeks, when my wife told me she had given it out that my

gout was rather rheumatic than a settled gout, and that I was resolved to take one of my own sloops and go away to Nevis or Antigua, and use the hot baths there for my cure.

All this was very well, and I approved my wife's contrivance as admirably good, both to keep me within doors eight or ten weeks at first, and to convey me away afterwards without any extraordinary bustle to be made about it; but still I did not know what it all tended to, and what the design of it all was. But my wife desired me to leave that to her; so I readily did, and she carried it all on with a prudence not to be disputed; and after she had wrapped my legs in flannel almost three months, she came and told me the sloop was ready and all the goods put on board. "And now, my dear," says she, "I come to tell you all the rest of my design; for," added she, "I hope you will not think I am going to kidnap you, and transport you from Virginia, as other people are transported to it, or that I am going to get you sent away and leave myself in possession of your estate; but you shall find me the same faithful, humble creature which I should have been if I had been still your slave, and not had any hopes of being your wife, and that in all my scheme which I have laid for your safety, in this new exigence, I have not proposed your going one step but where I shall go and be always with you, to assist and serve you on all occasions, and to take my portion with you, of what kind soever our lot may be."

This was so generous, and so handsome a declaration of her fidelity, and so great a token, too, of the goodness of her judgment in considering of the things which were before her, and of what my present circumstances called for, that, from that time forward, I gave myself cheerfully up to her management without any hesitation in the least, and after about ten days' preparation we embarked in a large sloop of my own of about sixty tons.

I should have mentioned here that I had still my faithful tutor, as I called him, at the head of my affairs; and, as he knew who to correspond with, and how to manage the

correspondence in England, we left all that part to him, as I had done before; and I did this with a full satisfaction in his ability as well as in his integrity. It is true he had been a little chagrined in that affair of my wife, who, as I hinted before, had married me, after telling him, in answer to his solicitations, that she had a husband alive. Now, though this was literally true, yet, as it was a secret not fit to be opened to him, I was obliged to put him off with other reasons, as well as I could, perhaps not much to the purpose, and perhaps not much to his satisfaction, so that I reckoned he looked on himself as not very kindly used several ways. But he began to get over it, and to be easy, especially at our going away, when he found that the trust of everything was still left in his hands as it was before.

When my wife had thus communicated everything of the voyage to me, and we began to be ready to go off, she came to me one morning, and, with her usual cheerfulness, told me she now came to tell me the rest of her measures for the completing my deliverance; and this was, that while we made this trip, as she called it, to the hot springs at Nevis, she would write to a particular friend at London, whom she could depend upon, to try to get a pardon for a person on account of the late rebellion, with all the circumstances which my case was attended with, viz., of having acted nothing among them but being three days in the place; and, while we were thus absent, she did not question but to have an answer, which she would direct to come so many ways that we would be sure to have the first of it as soon as it was possible the vessels could go and come. And in the meantime the expense should be very small, for she would have an answer to the grand question first, whether it could be obtained or no; and then an account of the expense of it, that so I might judge for myself whether I would part with the needful sum or no, before any money was disbursed on my account.

I could not but be thoroughly satisfied with her contrivance in this particular, and I had nothing to add to it but that I would not have her limit her friend so strictly, but that if he saw the way clear, and that he was sure to obtain it, he should go through

stitch with it, if within the expense of two or three or four hundred pounds, and that, upon advice of its being practicable, he should have bills payable by such a person on delivery of the warrant for the thing.

To fortify this, I enclosed in her packet a letter to one of my correspondents, whom I could particularly trust, with a credit for the money, on such-an-such conditions; but the honesty and integrity of my wife's correspondence was such as prevented all the expense, and yet I had the wished-for security, as if it had been all paid, as you shall hear presently.

All these things being fixed to our minds, and all things left behind in good posture of settlement as usual, we embarked together and put to sea, having the opportunity of an English man-of-war being on the coast in pursuit of the pirates, and who was just then standing away towards the Gulf of Florida, and told us he would see us safe as far as New Providence, on the Bahama Islands.

And now having fair weather and a pleasant voyage, and my flannels taken off my legs, I must hint a little what cargo I had with me; for as my circumstances were very good in that country, so I did not go such a voyage as this, and with a particular reserve of fortunes whatever might afterwards happen, without a sufficient cargo for our support, and whatever exigence might happen.

Our sloop, as I said, was of about sixty or seventy tons; and as tobacco, which is the general produce of the country, was no merchandise at Nevis, that is to say, for a great quantity, so we carried very little, but loaded the sloop with corn, peas, meal, and some barrels of pork; and an excellent cargo it was, most of it being the produce of my own plantation. We took also a considerable sum of money with us in Spanish gold, which was, as above, not for trade, but for all events. I also ordered another sloop to be hired, and to be sent after me, loaden with the same goods, as soon as they should have advice from me that I was safe arrived.

We came to the latitude of the island of Antigua, which was very near to that of

Nevis, whither we intended to go, on the eighteenth day after our passing the Capes of Virginia, but had no sight of the island; only our master said he was sure if he stood the same course as he then was, and the gale held, I say he told me he was sure he should make the island in less than five hours' sail; so he stood on fair for the islands. However, his account had failed him, for we held on all the evening, made no land, and likewise all night, when in the grey of the morning we discovered from the topmast-head a brigantine and a sloop making sail after us, at the distance of about six leagues, fair weather, and the wind fresh at S.E.

Our master soon understood what they were, and came down into the cabin to me to let me know it. I was much surprised, you may be sure, at the danger, but my poor wife took from me all the concern for myself to take care of her, for she was frighted to that degree that I thought we should not have been able to keep life in her.

While we were thus under the first hurry and surprise of the thing, suddenly another noise from the deck called us up to look out, and that was, "Land! land!" The master and I—for by this time I had got out of my cabin—run upon the deck, and there we saw the state of our case very plain. The two rogues that stood after us laid on all the canvas they could carry, and crowded after us amain, but at the distance, as I have said, of about six leagues, rather more than less. On the other hand, the land discovered lay about nine leagues right ahead, so that if the pirates could get of us, so as to sail three feet for our two, it was evident they would be up with us before we could make the island. If not, we should escape them and get in; but even then we had no great hope to do any more than to run the ship ashore to save our lives, and so, stranding our vessel, spoil both sloop and cargo.

When we were making this calculation our master came in cheerfully, and told me he had crowded on more sail, and found the sloop carried it very well, and that he did not find the rogues gained much upon us, and that especially if one of them did not, that was the sloop, he found he could go away from the brigantine as he

pleased. Thus we gave them what they call a stern chase, and they worked hard to come up with us till towards noon, when on a sudden they both stood away and gave us over, to our great satisfaction you may be sure.

We did not, it seems, so easily see the occasion of our deliverance as the pirate did; for while we went spooning away large with the wind for one of the islands, with those two spurs in our heels, that is, with the two thieves at our sterns, there lay an English man-of-war in the road of Nevis, which was the same island from whence they espied the pirates, but the land lying between, we could not see them.

As the man-of-war discovered them she immediately slipped her cable and put herself under sail in chase of the rogues; and they as soon perceived her, and being windward, put themselves upon a wind to escape her; and thus we were delivered, and in half-an-hour more we knew who was our deliverer, seeing the man-of-war stretch ahead clear of the island, and stand directly after the pirates, who now crowded from us as fast as they crowded after us before; and thus we got safe into Antigua, after the terrible apprehension we had been in of being taken. Our apprehensions of being taken now were much more than they would have been on board a loaden ship from or to London, where the most they ordinarily do is to rifle the ship, take what is valuable and portable, and let her go. But ours being but a sloop, and all our loading being good provisions, such as they wanted, to be sure, for their ship’s store, they would certainly have carried us away, ship and all, taken out the cargo and the men, and perhaps have set the sloop on fire; so that, as to our cargo of gold, it had been inevitably lost, and we hurried away, nobody knows where, and used as such barbarous fellows are wont to use innocent people as fall into their hands.

But we were now out of their hands, and had the satisfaction a few days after to hear that the man-of-war pursued them so close, notwithstanding they changed their course in the night, that the next day they were obliged to separate and shift for

themselves; so the man-of-war took one of them, namely, the brigantine, and carried her into Jamaica, but the other, viz., the sloop, made her escape.

Being arrived here, we presently disposed of our cargo, and at a tolerable good price; and now the question was, what I should do next. I looked upon myself to be safe here from the fears I had been under of being discovered as a rebel, and so indeed I was; but having been now absent five months, and having sent the ship back with a cargo of rum and molasses, which I knew was wanting in my plantations, I received the same vessel back in return loaden, as at first, with provisions.

With this cargo my wife received a packet from London from the person whom she had employed, as above, to solicit a pardon, who very honestly wrote to her that he would not be so unjust to her friend, whoever he was, as to put him to any expense for a private solicitation; for that he was very well assured that his Majesty had resolved, from his own native disposition to acts of clemency and mercy to his subjects, to grant a general pardon, with some few exceptions to persons extraordinary, and he hoped her friend was none of the extraordinary persons to be excepted.

This was a kind of life from the dead to us both, and it was resolved that my wife should go back in the sloop directly to Virginia, where she should wait the good news from England, and should send me an account of it as soon as she received it.

Accordingly she went back, and came safe with the sloop and cargo to our plantation, from whence, after above four months' more expectation, behold the sloop came to me again, but empty and gutted of all her cargo, except about a hundred sacks of unground malt, which the pirates, not knowing how to brew, knew not what to do with, and so had left in her. However, to my infinite satisfaction, there was a packet of letters from my wife, with another to her from England, as well one from her friend as one from my own correspondent; both of them inti

mating that the king had signed an act of grace, that is to say, a general free pardon, and sent me copies of the act, wherein it was manifest that I was fully included.

And here let me hint, that having now, as it were, received my life at the hands of King George, and in a manner so satisfying as it was to me, it made a generous convert of me, and I became sincerely given in to the interest of King George; and this from a principle of gratitude and a sense of my obligation to his Majesty for my life; and it has continued ever since, and will certainly remain with me as long as any sense of honour and of the debt of gratitude remains with me. I mention this to hint how far in such cases justice and duty to ourselves commands us; namely, that to those who graciously give us our lives when it is in their power to take them away, those lives are a debt ever after, and ought to be set apart for their service and interest as long as any of the powers of life remain, for gratitude is a debt that never ceases while the benefit received remains; and if my prince has given me my life, I can never pay the debt fully, unless such a circumstance as this should happen, that the prince's life should be in my power, and I as generously preserved it. And yet neither would the obligation be paid then, because the cases would differ; thus, that my preserving the life of my prince was my natural duty, whereas the prince on his side, my life being forfeited to him, had no motive but mere clemency and beneficence.

Perhaps this principle may not please all that read it; but as I have resolved to guide my actions in things of such a nature by the rules of strict virtue and principles of honour, so I must lay it down as a rule of honour, that a man having once forfeited his life to the justice of his prince and to the laws of his country, and receiving it back as a bounty from the grace of his sovereign, such a man can never lift up his hand again against that prince without a forfeiture of his virtue and an irreparable breach of his honour and duty, and deserves no pardon after it either from God or man. But all this is a digression: I leave it as a sketch of the laws of honour, printed by the laws of nature in the breast of a soldier or a man of honour, and which, I

believe, all impartial persons who understand what honour means will subscribe to.

But I return now to my present circumstances. My wife was gone, and with her all my good fortune and success in business seemed to have forsaken me; and I had another scene of misery to go through, after I had thought that all my misfortunes were over and at an end.

My sloop, as I have told you, arrived, but having met with a pirate rogue in the Gulf of Florida, they took her first; then finding her cargo to be all eatables, which they always want, they gutted her of all her loading, except, as I have said, about a hundred sacks of malt, which they really knew not what to do with; and, which was still worse, they took away all the men except the master and two boys, who they left on board just to run the vessel into Antigua, where they said they were bound.

But the most valuable part of my cargo, viz., a packet of letters from England, those they left, to my inexpressible comfort and satisfaction; and, particularly, that by those I saw my way home to return to my wife and to my plantations, from which I promised myself never to wander any more.

In order to this, I now embarked myself and all my effects on board the sloop, resolving to sail directly to the Capes of Virginia. My captain beating it up to reach the Bahama channel, had not been two days at sea but we were overtaken by a violent storm, which drove us so far upon the coast of Florida as that we twice struck upon the shore, and had we struck a third time we had been inevitably lost. A day or two after that, the storm abating a little, we kept the sea, but found the wind blowing so strong against our passing the gulf, and the sea going so high, we could not hold it any longer. So we were forced to bear away and make what shift we could; in which distress, the fifth day after, we made land, but found it to be Cape ——, the north-west part of the isle of Cuba. Here we found ourselves under a necessity to run in under the land for shelter, though we had not come to an anchor, so we had not touched the king of Spain’s territories at all. However, in the morning

we were surrounded with five Spanish barks, or boats, such as they call barco longos, full of men, who instantly boarded us, took us and carried us into the Havannah, the most considerable port belonging to the Spaniards in that part of the world.

Here the sloop was immediately seized, and in consequence plundered, as any one that knows the Spaniards, especially in that country, will easily guess. Our men were made prisoners and sent to the common gaol; and as for myself and the captain, we were carried before the Alcade Major, or intendant of the place, as criminals.

I spoke Spanish very well, having served under the king of Spain in Italy, and it stood me in good stead at this time; for I so effectually argued the injustice of their treatment of me that the governor, or what I ought to call him, frankly owned they ought not to have stopped me, seeing I was in the open sea pursuing my voyage, and offered no offence to anybody, and had not landed or offered to land upon any part of his Catholic Majesty's dominions till I was brought as a prisoner.

It was a great favour that I could obtain thus much; but I found it easier to obtain an acknowledgment that I had received wrong than to get any satisfaction for that wrong, and much less was there any hope or prospect of restitution; and I was let know that I was to wait till an account could be sent to the viceroy of Mexico, and orders could be received back from him how to act in the affair.

I could easily foresee what all this tended to, namely, to a confiscation of the ship and goods by the ordinary process at the place; and that my being left to the decision of the viceroy of Mexico was but a pretended representation of things to him from the corregidore or judge of the place.

However, I had no remedy but the old insignificant thing called patience, and this I was better furnished with because I did not so much value the loss as I made them believe I did. My greatest apprehensions were that they would detain me and keep me as a prisoner for life, and perhaps send me to their mines in Peru, as they have

done many, and pretended to do to all that come on shore in their dominions, how great soever the distresses may have been which have brought them thither, and which has been the reason why others who have been forced on shore have committed all manner of violence upon the Spaniards in their turn, resolving, however dear they sold their lives, not to fall into their hands.

But I got better quarter among them than that too, which was, as I have said, much of it owing to my speaking Spanish, and to my telling them how I had fought in so many occasions in the quarrel of his Catholic Majesty in Italy; and, by great good chance, I had the king of France's commission for lieutenant-colonel in the Irish brigade in my pocket, where it was mentioned that the said brigade was then serving in the armies of France, under the orders of his Catholic Majesty, in Italy.

I failed not to talk up the gallantry and personal bravery of his Catholic Majesty on all occasions, and particularly in many battles where, by the way, his Majesty had never been at all, and in some where I had never been myself. But I found I talked to people who knew nothing of the matter, and so anything went down with them if it did but praise the king of Spain and talk big of the Spanish cavalry, of which, God knows, there was not one regiment in the army, at least while I was there.

However, this way of managing myself obtained me the liberty of the place, upon my parole that I would not attempt an escape; and I obtained also, which was a great favour, to have two hundred pieces of eight allowed me out of the sale of my cargo for subsistence till I could negotiate my affairs at Mexico. As for my men, they were maintained as prisoners at the public charge.

Well, after several months' solicitation and attendance, all I could obtain was the satisfaction of seeing my ship and cargo confiscated and my poor sailors in a fair way to be sent to the mines. The last I begged off, upon condition of paying three hundred pieces of eight for their ransom, and having them set on shore at Antigua, and myself to remain hostage for the payment of the said three hundred pieces of

eight, and for two hundred pieces of eight, which I had already had, and for five hundred pieces of eight more for my own ransom, if, upon a return from Mexico, the sentence of confiscation, as above, should be confirmed by the viceroy.

These were hard articles indeed, but I was forced to submit to them; nor, as my circumstances were above all such matters as these, as to substance, did I lay it much to heart. The greatest difficulty that lay in my way was, that I knew not how to correspond with my friends in any part of the world, or which way to supply myself with necessaries or with money for the payment I had agreed to, the Spaniards being so tenacious of their ports that they allowed nobody to come on shore, or indeed near the shore, from any part of the world, upon pain of seizure and confiscation, as had been my case already. Upon this difficulty I began to reason with the corregidore, and tell him that he put things upon us that were impossible, and that were inconsistent with the customs of nations; that, if a man was prisoner at Algiers, they would allow him to write to his friends to pay his ransom, and would admit the person that brought it to come and go free as a public person, and if they did not, no treaty could be carried on for the ransom of a slave, nor the conditions be performed when they are agreed upon.

I brought it then down to my own case, and desired to know, upon supposition, that I might, within the time limited in that agreement, have the sums of money ready for the ransom of my men and of myself, how I should obtain to have notice given me of it, or how it should be brought, seeing the very persons bringing that notice, or afterwards presuming to bring the money, might be liable to be seized and confiscated, as I had been, and the money itself be taken as a second prize, without redeeming the first.

Though this was so reasonable a request that it could not be withstood in point of argument, yet the Spaniard shrunk his head into his shoulders, and said they had not power sufficient to act in such a case; that the king’s laws were so severe against the

suffering any strangers to set their foot on his Catholic Majesty's dominions in America, and they could not dispense with the least tittle of them without a particular assiento, as they called it, from the Consulado, or Chamber of Commerce, at Seville, or a command under the hand and seal of the viceroy of Mexico.

"How! signior corregidore," said I, with some warmth, and, as it were, with astonishment, "have you not authority enough to sign a passport for an agent, or ambassador, to come on shore here, from any of the king of Great Britain's governors in these parts, under a white flag, or flag of truce, to speak with the governor of this place, or with any other person in the king's name, on the subject of such business as the governor may have to communicate? Why," said I, "if you cannot do that, you cannot act according to the law of nations."

He shook his head, but still said no, he could not do even so much as that; but here one of the military governors put in and opposed him, and they two differed warmly, the first insisting that their orders were deficient in that particular; but the other said that, as they were bound up to them, it could not be in their power to act otherwise, and that they were answerable for the ill consequences.

"Well, then," says the governor to the corregidore, "now you have kept this Englishman as hostage for the ransom of the men that you have dismissed, suppose he tells you the money is ready, either at such, or such, or such a place, how shall he bring it hither? You will take all the people prisoners that offer to bring it; what must he do? If you say you will send and fetch it, what security shall he have that he shall have his liberty when it is paid you? and why should he trust you so far as to pay the money, and yet remain here a prisoner?"

This carried so much reason with it that the corregidore knew not what to say, but that so was the law, and he could act no otherwise but by the very letter of it; and here each was so positive that nothing could determine it but another express to be sent to the viceroy of Mexico.

Upon this the governor was so kind as to say he would get me a passport for anybody that should bring the money, and any vessel they were in, by his own authority, and for their safe returning, and taking me with them, provided I would answer for it that they should bring no European or other goods whatever with them, and should not set foot on shore without his express permission, and provided he did not receive orders to the contrary, in the meantime, from any superior hand; and that, even in such a case, they should have liberty to go back freely from whence they came, under the protection of a white flag.

I bowed very respectfully to the governor in token of my acknowledging his justice, and then presented my humble petition to him that he would allow my men to take their own sloop; that it should be rated at a certain value, and would be obliged they should bring specie on board with them, and that they should either pay it for the sloop or leave the sloop again.

Then he inquired to what country he would send them for so much money, and if I could assure him of the payment; and when he understood it was no farther than to Virginia he seemed very easy; and, to satisfy the corregidore, who still stood off, adhering with a true Spanish stiffness to the letter of the law, the said governor calls out to me: “Signior,” says he, “I shall make all this matter easy to you, if you agree to my proposal. Your men shall have the sloop, on condition you shall be my hostage for her return; but they shall not take her as your sloop, though she shall in the effect be yours on the payment of the money; but you shall take two of my men on board with you, upon your parole for their safe return, and when she returns she shall carry his Catholic Majesty’s colours, and be entered as one of the sloops belonging to the Havannah; one of the Spaniards to be commander, and to be called by such a name as he shall appoint.”

This the corregidore came into immediately, and said this was within the letter, of the king’s commanderie or precept; upon condition, however, that she should bring

no European goods on board. I desired it might be put in other words; namely, that she should bring no European goods on shore. It cost two days' debate between these two whether it should pass that no European goods should be brought in the ship or brought on shore; but having found means to intimate that I meant not to trade there, but would not be tied from bringing a small present to a certain person in acknowledgment of favours—I say, after I had found room to place such a hint right where it should be placed, I found it was all made easy to me; and it was all agreed presently that, after the ransom was paid, and the ship also bought, it was but reasonable that I should have liberty to trade to any other country not in the dominions of the king of Spain, so to make up my losses; and that it would be hard to oblige my men to bring away the vessel light, and so lose the voyage, and add so much to our former misfortunes; that, so long as no goods were brought on shore in the country belonging to his Catholic Majesty's dominions, which was all that they had to defend, the rest was no business of theirs.

Now I began to see my way through this unhappy business, and to find, that as money would bring me out of it, so money would bring it to turn to a good account another way. Wherefore I sent the sloop away under Spanish colours, and called her the Nuestra Signiora de la Val de Grace, commanded by Signior Giraldo de Nesma, one of the two Spaniards.

With the sloop I sent letters to my wife and to my chief manager with orders to load her back, as I there directed, viz., that she should have two hundred barrels of flour, fifty barrels of pease; and, to answer my other views, I ordered a hundred bales to be made up of all sorts of European goods, such as not my own warehouses only would supply, but such as they could be supplied with in other warehouses where I knew they had credit for anything.

In this cargo I directed all the richest and most valuable English goods they had, or could get, whether linen, woollen, or silk, to be made up; the coarser things, such as

we use in Virginia for clothing of servants, such I ordered to be left behind for the use of the plantation. In less than seven weeks' time the sloop returned, and I, that failed not every day to look out for her on the strand, was the first that spied her at sea at a distance, and knew her by her sails, but afterwards more particularly by her signals.

When she returned she came into the road with her Spanish ancient flying, and came to an anchor as directed; but I, that had seen her some hours before, went directly to the governor and gave him an account of her being come, and fain I would have obtained the favour to have his excellency, as I called him, go on board in person, that he might see how well his orders were executed. But he declined that, saying he could not justify going off of the island, which was, in short, to go out of his command of the fort, which he could not reassume without a new commission from the king's own hand.

Then I asked leave to go on board myself, which he granted me; and I brought on shore with me the full sum in gold which I had conditioned to pay for the ransom both of my men and myself, and for the purchase of the sloop; and as I obtained leave to land in a different place, so my governor sent his son with six soldiers to receive and convey me with the money to the castle, where he commanded, and therein to his own house. I had made up the money in heavy parcels, as if it had been all silver, and gave it to two of my men who belonged to the sloop, with orders to them that they should make it seem, by their carrying it, to be much heavier than it was. This was done to conceal three parcels of goods which I had packed up with the money to make a present to the governor as I intended.

When the money was carried in and laid down on a table, the governor ordered my men to withdraw, and I gave the soldiers each of them a piece of eight to drink, for which they were very thankful, and the governor seemed well pleased with it also. Then I asked him presently if he would please to receive the money. He said no, he

would not receive it but in presence of the corregidore and the other people concerned. Then I begged his excellency, as I called him, to give me leave to open the parcels in his presence, for that I would do myself the honour to acknowledge his favours in the best manner I could.

He told me no, he could not see anything be brought on shore but the money; but, if I had brought anything on shore for my own use, he would not be so strict as to inquire into that, so I might do what I pleased myself.

Upon that I went into the place, shut myself in, and having opened all the things, placed them to my mind. There was five little parcels, as follows:—

1, 2. A piece of twenty yards fine English broad cloth, five yards black, five yards crimson, in one parcel; and the rest of fine mixtures in another parcel.

3. A piece of thirty ells of fine Holland linen.

4. A piece of eighteen yards of fine English brocaded silk.

5. A piece of black Colchester bays.

After I had placed these by themselves, I found means, with some seeming difficulties and much grimace, to bring him to know that this was intended for a present to himself. After all that part was over, and he had seemed to accept them, he signified, after walking a hundred turns and more in the room by them, by throwing his hat, which was under his arm, upon them, and making a very stiff bow; I say, after this he seemed to take his leave of me for a while, and I waited in an outer room. When I was called in again, I found that he had looked over all the particulars, and caused them to be removed out of the place.

But when I came again I found him quite another man. He thanked me for my present; told me it was a present fit to be given to a viceroy of Mexico rather than to a mere governor of a fort; that he had done me no services suitable to such a return, but that he would see if he could not oblige me further before I left the place.

After our compliments were over I obtained leave to have the corregidore sent for, who accordingly came, and in his presence the money stipulated for the ransom of the ship and of the men was paid.

But here the corregidore showed that he would be as severely just on my side as on theirs, for he would not admit the money as a ransom for us as prisoners, but as a deposit for so much as we were to be ransomed for if the sentence of our being made prisoners should be confirmed.

And then the governor and corregidore, joining together, sent a representation of the whole affair—at least we were told so—to the viceroy of Mexico; and it was privately hinted to me that I would do well to stay for the return of the aviso—that is, a boat which they send over the bay to Vera Cruz with an express to Mexico, whose return is generally performed in two months.

I was not unwilling to stay, having secret hints given me that I should find some way to go with my sloop towards Vera Cruz myself, where I might have an occasion to trade privately for the cargo which I had on board. But it came about a nearer way; for, about two days after this money being deposited, as above, the governor's son invited himself on board my sloop, where I told him I would be very glad to see him, and whither, at the same time, he brought with him three considerable merchants, Spaniards, two of them not inhabitants of the place.

When they were on board they were very merry and pleasant, and I treated them so much to their satisfaction that, in short, they were not well able to go on shore for that night, but were content to take a nap on some carpets, which I caused to be spread for them; and that the governor's son might think himself well used, I brought him a very good silk nightgown, with a crimson velvet cap, to lie down in, and in the morning desired him to accept of them for his use, which he took very kindly.

During that merry evening one of the merchants, not so touched with drink as the

young gentleman, nor so as not to mind what it was he came about, takes an occasion to withdraw out of the great cabin and enter into a parley with the master of the sloop in order to trade for what European goods we had on board. The master took the hint, and gave me notice of what had passed, and I gave him instructions what to say and what to do; according to which instructions they made but few words, bought the goods for about five thousand pieces of eight, and carried them away themselves, and at their own hazards.

This was very agreeable to me, for now I began to see I should lick myself whole by the sale of this cargo, and should make myself full amends of Jack Spaniard for all the injuries he had done me in the first of these things. With this view I gave my master or captain of the sloop instructions for sale of all the rest of the goods, and left him to manage by himself, which he did so well that he sold the whole cargo the next day to the three Spaniards; with this additional circumstance, that they desired the sloop might carry the goods, as they were on board, to such part of the terra firma as they should appoint between the Honduras and the coast of La Vera Cruz.

It was difficult for me to make good this part of the bargain, but finding the price agreed for would very well answer the voyage, I consented. But then how to send the sloop away and remain among the Spaniards when I was now a clear man, this was a difficulty too, as it was also to go away, and not wait for a favourable answer from the viceroy of Mexico to the representation of the governor and the corregidore. However, at last I resolved to go in the sloop, fall out what would; so I went to the governor and represented to him that, being now to expect a favourable answer from Mexico, it would be a great loss to me to keep the sloop there all the while, and I desired his leave for me to go with the sloop to Antigua to sell and dispose of the cargo, which he well knew I was obliged not to bring on shore there at the Havannah, and which would be in danger of being spoiled by lying so long on board. This I obtained readily, with license to come again into the road, and, for myself only, to come on shore in order to hear the viceroy’s pleasure in my case,

which was depending.

Having thus obtained a license or passport for the sloop and myself, I put to sea with the three Spanish merchants on board with me. They told me they did not live at the Havannah, but it seems one of them did; and some rich merchants of the Havannah, or of the parts thereabouts in the same island, were concerned with them, for they brought on board, that night we put to sea, a great sum of money in pieces of eight; and, as I understood afterwards, that these merchants bought the cargo of me, and though they gave me a very great price for everything, yet that they sold them again to the merchants, who they procured on the coast of La Vera Cruz, at a prodigious advantage, so that they got above a hundred per cent, after I had gained very sufficiently before.

We sailed from the Havannah directly for Vera Cruz. I scrupled venturing into the port at first, and was very uneasy lest I should have another Spanish trick put upon me; but as we sailed under Spanish colours, they showed us such authentic papers from the proper officers that there was no room to fear anything.

However, when we came in sight of the Spanish coast, I found they had a secret clandestine trade to carry on, which, though it was secret, yet they knew the way of it so well that it was but a mere road to them. The case was this: we stood in close under the shore in the night, about six leagues to the north of the port, where two of the three merchants went on shore in the boat, and in three hours or there abouts they came on board again with five canoes and seven or eight merchants more with them, and as soon as they were on board we stood off to sea, so that by daylight we were quite out of sight of land.

I ought to have mentioned before that as soon as we were put to sea from the Havannah, and during our voyage into the Gulf of Mexico, which was eight days, we rummaged the whole cargo, and opening every bale as far as the Spanish merchants desired, we trafficked with them for the whole cargo, except the barrels

of flour and pease.

This cargo was considerable in itself, for my wife's account or invoice, drawn out by my tutor and manager, amounted to £2684, 10s., and I sold the whole, including what had been sold in the evening, when they were on board first, as I have said, for thirty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-three pieces of eight, and they allowed me twelve hundred pieces of eight for the freight of the sloop, and made my master and the seamen very handsome presents besides; and they were well able to do this too, as you shall hear presently.

After we were gotten out of sight of land the Spaniards fell to their traffic, and our three merchants opened their shop, as they might say, for it was their shop. As to me, I had nothing to do with it or with their goods. They drove their bargain in a few hours, and at night we stood in again for the shore, when the five canoes carried a great part of the goods on shore, and brought the money back in specie, as well for that they carried as for all the rest, and at their second voyage carried all away clear, leaving me nothing on board but my barrels of flour and pease, which they bade me money for too, but not so much as I expected.

Here I found that my Spanish merchants made above seventy thousand pieces of eight of the cargo I had sold them, upon which I had a great mind to be acquainted with those merchants on the terra firma, who were the last customers; for it presently occurred to me that I could easily go with a sloop from Virginia, and taking a cargo directed on purpose from England of about £5000 or £6000, I might easily make four of one. With this view I began to make a kind of an acquaintance with the Spaniards which came in the canoes, and we became so intimate that at last, with the consent of the three Spaniards of the Havannah, I accepted an invitation on shore to their house, which was a little villa, or rather plantation, where they had an ingenio, that is to say, a sugar-house, or sugar-work, and there they treated us like princes.

I took occasion at this invitation to say that, if I knew how to find my way thither

again, I could visit them once or twice a year, very much to their advantage and mine too. One of the Spaniards took the hint, and taking me into a room by myself, “Seignior,” says he, “if you have any thoughts of coming to this place again, I shall give you such directions as you shall be sure not to mistake; and, upon either coming on shore in the night and coming up to this place, or upon making the signals which we shall give you, we will not fail to come off to you, and bring money enough for any cargaison” (so they call it) “that you shall bring.”

I took all their directions, took their paroles of honour for my safety, and, without taking any notice to my first three merchants, laid up the rest in my most secret thoughts, resolving to visit them again in as short a time as I could; and thus having, in about five days, finished all our merchandising, we stood off to sea, and made for the island of Cuba, where I set my three Spaniards on shore with all their treasure, to their heart’s content, and made the best of my way to Antigua, where, with all the despatch I could, I sold my two hundred barrels of flour, which, however, had suffered a little by the length of the voyage; and having laden the sloop with rum, molasses, and sugar, I set sail again for the Havannah.

I was now uneasy indeed, for fear of the pirates, for I was a rich ship, having, besides goods, near forty thousand pieces of eight in silver.

When I came back to the Havannah, I went on shore to wait on the governor and the corregidore, and to hear what return was had from the viceroy, and had the good fortune to know that the viceroy had disallowed that part of the sentence which condemned us as prisoners and put a ransom on us, which he insisted could not be but in time of open war. But as to the confiscation, he deferred it to the Chamber or Council of Commerce at Seville, and the appeal to the king, if such be preferred.

This was, in some measure, a very good piece of justice in the viceroy; for, as we had not been on shore, we could not be legally imprisoned; and for the rest, I believe if I would have given myself the trouble to have gone to Old Spain, and have

preferred my claim to both the ship and the cargo, I had recovered them also.

However, as it was, I was now a freeman without ransom, and my men were also free, so that all the money which I had deposited, as above, was returned me; and thus I took my leave of the Havannah, and made the best of my way for Virginia, where I arrived after a year and a half's absence; and notwithstanding all my losses, came home above forty thousand pieces of eight richer than I went out.

As to the old affair about the Preston prisoners, that was quite at an end, for the general pardon passed in Parliament made me perfectly easy, and I took no more thought about that part. I might here very usefully observe how necessary and inseparable a companion fear is to guilt. It was but a few months before that the face of a poor Preston transport would have frighted me out of my wits; to avoid them I feigned myself sick, and wrapped my legs in flannel, as if I had the gout; whereas now they were no more surprise to me, nor was I any more uneasy to see them, than I was to see any other of the servants of the plantations.

And that which was more particular than all was, that, though before I fancied every one of them would know me and remember me, and consequently betray and accuse me, now, though I was frequently among them, and saw most of them, if not all of them, one time or other, nay, though I remembered several of their faces, and even some of their names, yet there was not a man of them that ever took the least notice of me, or of having known or seen me before.

It would have been a singular satisfaction to me if I could have known so much as this of them before, and have saved me all the fatigue, hazard, and misfortune that befell me afterwards; but man, a short sighted creature, sees so little before him that he can neither anticipate his joys nor prevent his disasters, be they ever so little a distance from him.

I had now my head full of my West India project, and I began to make provision for it accordingly. I had a full account of what European goods were most acceptable in

New Spain; and, to add to my speed, I knew that the Spaniards were in great want of European goods, the galleons from Old Spain having been delayed to an unusual length of time for the two years before. Upon this account, not having time, as I thought, to send to England for a cargo of such goods as were most proper, I resolved to load my sloop with tobacco and rum, the last I brought from Antigua, and go away to Boston in New England, and to New York, and see if I could pick up a cargo to my mind.

Accordingly, I took twenty thousand pieces of eight in money, and my sloop laden as above, and taking my wife with me, we went away. It was an odd and new thing at New England to have such a quantity of goods bought up there by a sloop from Virginia, and especially to be paid for in ready money, as I did for most of my goods; and this set all the trading heads upon the stretch, to inquire what and who I was; to which they had an immediate and direct answer, that I was a very considerable planter in Virginia, and that was all any of my men on board the sloop could tell of me, and enough too.

Well, it was the cause of much speculation among them, as I heard at second and third hands. Some said, “He is certainly going to Jamaica;” others said, “He is going to trade with the Spaniards;” others that “He is going to the South Sea and turn half merchant, half pirate, on the coast of Chili and Peru;” some one thing, some another, as the men gossips found their imaginations directed; but we went on with our business, and laid out twelve thousand pieces of eight, besides our cargo of rum and tobacco, and went from thence to New York, where we laid out the rest.

The chief of the cargo we bought here was fine English broadcloth, serges, druggets, Norwich stuffs, bays, says, and all kinds of woollen manufactures, as also linen of all sorts, a very great quantity, and near £1000 in fine silks of several sorts. Being thus freighted, I came back safe to Virginia, and with very little addition to my cargo, began to prepare for my West India voyage.

I should have mentioned that I had built upon my sloop and raised her a little, so that I had made her carry twelve guns, and fitted her up for defence; for I thought she should not be attacked and boarded by a few Spanish barco longos, as she was before; and I found the benefit of it afterwards, as you shall hear.

We set sail the beginning of August, and as I had twice been attacked by pirates in passing the Gulf of Florida, or among the Bahama Islands, I resolved, though it was farther about, to stand off to sea, and so keep, as I believed it would be, out of the way of them.

We passed the tropic, as near as we could guess, just where the famous Sir William Phipps fished up the silver from the Spanish plate wreck, and, standing in between the islands, kept our course W. by S., keeping under the isle of Cuba, and so running away, trade, as they call it, into the great Gulf of Mexico, leaving the island of Jamaica to the S. and S.E., by this means avoiding, as I thought, all the Spaniards of Cuba or the Havannah.

As we passed the west point of Cuba three Spanish boats came off to board us, as they had done before, on the other side of the island. But they found themselves mistaken; we were too many for them, for we run out our guns, which they did not perceive before, and firing three or four shots at them, they retired.

The next morning they appeared again, being five large boats and a barque, and gave us chase; but we then spread our Spanish colours, and brought to to fight them, at which they retired; so we escaped this danger by the addition of force which we had made to our vessel.

We now had a fair run for our port, and as I had taken very good directions, I stood away to the north of St. John d’Ulva, and then running in for the shore, found the place appointed exactly; and going on shore, I sent the master of my sloop directly to the ingenio, where he found the Spanish merchant at his house, and where he dwelt like a sovereign prince, who welcomed him, and understanding that I was in a

particular boat at the creek, as appointed, he came immediately with him, and bringing another Spaniard from a villa not far off, in about four hours they were with me.

They would have persuaded me to go up to their houses and have stayed there till the next night, ordering the sloop to stand off as usual, but I would not consent to let the sloop go to sea without me, so we went on board directly, and, as the night was almost run, stood off to sea; so by daybreak we were quite out of sight of land.

Here we began, as I said before, to open shop, and I found the Spaniards were extremely surprised at seeing such a cargo—I mean so large; for, in short, they had cared not if it had been four times as much. They soon ran through the contents of all the bales we opened that night, and, with very little dispute about the price, they approved and accepted all that I showed them; but as they said they had not money for any greater parcel, they agreed to go on shore the next evening for more money.

However, we spent the remainder of the night in looking over and making inventories or invoices of the rest of the cargo, that so they might see the goods, know the value, and know what more money they had to bring.

arrival announced Colonel Jacque’s arrival is announced

Accordingly, in the evening we stood in for the shore, and they carried part of the cargo with them, borrowing the sloop’s boat to assist them; and after they had lodged and landed the goods they came on board again, bringing three of the other merchants with them who were concerned before, and money enough to clear the whole ship—ay, and ship and all, if I had been willing to sell her.

To give them their due, they dealt with me like men of honour. They were indeed sensible that they bought everything much cheaper of me than they did before of the three merchants of the Havannah, these merchants having been, as it were, the hucksters, and bought them first of me, and then advanced, as I have said, above one hundred per cent, upon the price they gave me. But yet, at the same time, I advanced

in the price much more now than I did before to the said Spaniards; nor was it without reason, because of the length and risk of the voyage, both out and home, which now lay wholly upon me.

In short, I sold the whole cargo to them, and for which I received near two hundred thousand pieces of eight in money; besides which, when they came on board the second time, they brought all their boats loaden with fresh provisions, hogs, sheep, fowls, sweetmeats, &c., enough for my whole voyage, all which they made a present of to me. And thus we finished our traffic to our mutual satisfaction, and parted with promises of further commerce, and with assurances on their part of all acts of friendship and assistance that I could desire if any disaster should befall me in any of these adventures—as indeed was not improbable, considering the strictness and severity of their customs in case any people were trading upon their coast.

I immediately called a council with my little crew which way we should go back. The mate was for beating it up to windward and getting up to Jamaica; but as we were too rich to run any risks, and were to take the best course to get safe home, I thought, and so did the master of the sloop, that our best way was to coast about the bay, and, keeping the shore of Florida on board, make the shortest course to the gulf, and so make for the coast of Carolina, and to put in there into the first port we could, and wait for any English men-of-war that might be on the coast to secure us to the capes.

This was the b—-est course we could take, and proved very safe to us, excepting that, about the cape of Florida, and on the coast in the gulf, till we came to the height of St. Augustine, we were several times visited with the Spaniards' barco longos and small barks, in hopes of making a prize of us; but carrying Spanish colours deceived most of them, and a good tier of guns kept the rest at a distance, so that we came safe, though once or twice in danger of being run on shore by a storm of wind—I say, we came safe into Charles River in Carolina.

From hence I found means to send a letter home, with an account to my wife of my good success; and having an account that the coast was clear of pirates, though there were no men-of-war in the place, I ventured forward, and, in short, got safe into the Bay of Chesapeake, that is to say, within the capes of Virginia, and in a few days more to my own house, having been absent three months and four days.

Never did any vessel on this side the world make a better voyage in so short a time that I made in this sloop; for by the most moderate computation I cleared in these three months £25,000 sterling in ready money, all the charges of the voyages to New England also being reckoned up.

Now was my time to have sat still, contented with what I had got, if it was in the power of man to know when his good fortune was at the highest. And more, my prudent wife gave it as her opinion that I should sit down satisfied and push the affair no farther, and earnestly persuaded me to do so. But I, that had a door open, as I thought, to immense treasure, that had found the way to have a stream of the golden rivers of Mexico flow into my plantation of Virginia, and saw no hazards more than what were common to all such things in the prosecution—I say, to me these things looked with another face, and I dreamed of nothing but millions and hundreds of thousands; so, contrary to all moderate measures, I pushed on for another voyage, and laid up a stock of all sorts of goods that I could get together proper for the trade. I did not indeed go again to New England, for I had by this time a very good cargo come from England pursuant to a commission I had sent several months before; so that, in short, my cargo, according to the invoice now made out, amounted to above £10,000 sterling first cost, and was a cargo so sorted and so well bought that I expected to have advanced upon them much more in proportion than I had done in the cargo before.

With these expectations we began our second voyage in April, being about five months after our return from the first. We had not indeed the same good speed, even

in our beginning, as we had at first; for though we stood off to sea about sixty leagues in order to be out of the way of the pirates, yet we had not been above five days at sea but we were visited and rifled by two pirate barks, who, being bound to the northward, that is to say, the banks of Newfoundland, took away all our provisions and all our ammunition and small arms, and left us very ill provided to pursue our voyage; and it being so near home, we thought it advisable to come about and stand in for the capes again, to restore our condition and furnish ourselves with stores of all kinds for our voyage. This took us up about ten days, and we put to sea again. As for our cargo, the pirates did not meddle with it, being all bale goods, which they had no present use for, and knew not what to do with if they had them.

We met with no other adventure worth naming till, by the same course that we had steered before, we came into the Gulf of Mexico; and the first misfortune we met with here was, that, on the back of Cuba, crossing towards the point of the terra firma, on the coast of Yucatan, we had sight of the flota of New Spain, that is, of the ships which come from Carthagena or Porto Bello, and go to the Havannah, in order to pursue their voyage to Europe.

They had with them one Spanish man-of-war and three frigates. Two of the frigates gave us chase; but, it being just at the shutting in of the day, we soon lost sight of them, and standing to the north, across the Bay of Mexico, as if we were going to the mouth of Mississippi, they lost us quite, and in a few days more we made the bottom of the bay, being the port we were bound for.

We stood in as usual in the night, and gave notice to our friends; but instead of their former readiness to come on board, they gave us notice that we had been seen in the bay, and that notice of us was given at Vera Cruz and at other places, and that several frigates were in quest of us, and that three more would be cruising the next morning in search for us. We could not conceive how this could be; but we were afterwards told that those three frigates, having lost sight of us in the night, had

made in for the shore, and had given the alarm of us as of privateers.

Be that as it would, we had nothing to do but to consider what course to take immediately. The Spanish merchant's advice was very good if we had taken it, namely, to have unladen as many of our bales as we could that very night by the help of our boat and their canoes, and to make the best of our way in the morning to the north of the gulf, and take our fate.

This my skipper or master thought very well of, but when we began to put it into execution, we were so confused and in such a hurry, being not resolved what course to take, that we could not get out above sixteen bales of all sorts of goods before it began to be too light and it behoved us to sail. At last the master proposed a medium, which was, that I should go on shore in the next boat, in which were five bales of goods more, and that I should stay on shore if the Spanish merchants would undertake to conceal me, and let them go to sea and take their chance.

The Spanish merchants readily undertook to protect me, especially it being so easy to have me pass for a natural Spaniard, and so they took me on shore with twenty-one bales of my goods, and the sloop stood off to sea. If they met with any enemies they were to stand in for the shore the next night; and we failed not to look well out for them, but to no purpose, for the next day they were discovered and chased by two Spanish frigates. They stood from them, and the sloop, being an excellent sailer, gained so much that they would certainly have been clear of them when night came on, but a small picaroon of a sloop kept them company in spite of all they could do, and two or three times offered to engage them, thereby to give time to the rest to come up; but the sloop kept her way, and gave them a chase of three days and nights, having a fresh gale of wind at S.W., till she made the Rio Grand, or, as the French call it, the Mississippi, and there finding no remedy, they ran the vessel on shore not far from the fort which the Spaniards call Pensacola, garrisoned at that time with French. Our men would have entered the river as a port,

but having no pilot, and the current of the river being strong against them, the sloop ran on shore, and the men shifted as well as they could in their boats.

I was now in a very odd condition indeed. My circumstances were in one sense, indeed, very happy—namely, that I was in the hands of my friends, for such really they were, and so faithful that no men could have been more careful of their own safety than were they of mine; and that which added to the comfort of my new condition was the produce of my goods, which were gotten on shore by their own advice and direction, which was a fund sufficient to maintain me with them as long as I could be supposed to stay there; and if not, the first merchant to whose house I went assured me that he would give me credit for twenty thousand pieces of eight if I had occasion for it.

My greatest affliction was, that I knew not how to convey news to my wife of my present condition, and how, among many misfortunes of the voyage, I was yet safe and in good hands.

But there was no remedy for this part but the great universal cure of all incurable sorrows, viz., patience; and, indeed, I had a great deal of reason, not for patience only, but thankfulness, if I had known the circumstances which I should have been reduced to if I had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards; the best of which that I could reasonably have expected had been to have been sent to the mines, or, which was ten thousand times worse, the Inquisition; or, if I had escaped the Spaniards, as my men in the sloop did, the hardships they were exposed to, the dangers they were in, and the miseries they suffered were still worse in wandering among savages, and the more savage French, who plundered and stripped them, instead of relieving and supplying them in their long wilderness journey over the mountains till they reached the S.W. parts of South Carolina, a journey which, indeed, deserves to have an account to be given of it by itself. I say, all these things, had I known of them, would have let me see that I had a great deal of reason, not only to be patient under my

present circumstances, but satisfied and thankful.

Here, as I said, my patron, the merchant, entertained me like a prince; he made my safety his peculiar care, and while we were in any expectation of the sloop being taken and brought into Vera Cruz, he kept me retired at a little house in a wood, where he kept a fine aviary of all sorts of American birds, and out of which he yearly sent some as presents to his friends in Old Spain.

This retreat was necessary lest, if the sloop should be taken and brought into Vera Cruz, and the men be brought in prisoners, they should be tempted to give an account of me as their supercargo or merchant, and where both I and the twenty-one bales of goods were set on shore. As for the goods, he made sure work with them, for they were all opened, taken out of the bales, and separated, and, being mixed with other European goods which came by the galleons, were made up in new package, and sent to Mexico in several parcels, some to one merchant, some to another, so that it was impossible to have found them out, even if they had had information of them.

In this posture, and in apprehension of some bad news of the sloop, I remained at the villa, or house in the vale—for so they called it—about five weeks. I had two negroes appointed to wait on me, one of which was my purveyor, or my cook, the other my valet; and my friend, the master of all, came constantly every evening to visit and sup with me, when we walked out together into the aviary, which was, of its kind, the most beautiful thing that ever I saw in the world.

After above five weeks' retreat of this kind, he had good intelligence of the fate of the sloop, viz., that the two frigates and a sloop had chased her till she ran on ground near the fort of Pensacola; that they saw her stranded and broke in pieces by the force of the waves, the men making their escape in their boat. This news was brought, it seems, by the said frigates to La Vera Cruz, where my friend went on purpose to be fully informed, and received the account from one of the captains of

the frigates, and discoursed with him at large about it.

I was better pleased with the loss of the sloop and all my cargo, the men being got on shore and escaping, than I should have been with the saving the whole cargo, if the men had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards; for now I was safe, whereas then, it being supposed they would have been forced to some discovery about me, I must have fled, and should have found it very difficult to have made my escape, even with all that my friends could have done for me too.

But now I was perfectly easy, and my friend, who thought confining me at the house in the vale no longer needful, brought me publicly home to his dwelling-house, as a merchant come from Old Spain by the last galleons, and who, having been at Mexico, was come to reside with him.

Here I was dressed like a Spaniard of the better sort, had three negroes to attend me, and was called Don Ferdinand de Villa Moresa, in Castilia Feja—that is to say, in Old Castile.

Here I had nothing to do but to walk about and ride out into the woods, and come home again to enjoy the pleasantest and most agreeable retirement in the world; for certainly no men in the world live in such splendour and wallow in such immense treasures as the merchants of this place.

They live, as I have said, in a kind of country retreat at their villas, or, as we would call them in Virginia, their plantations, and, as they do call them, their ingenios, where they make their indigo and their sugars. But they have also houses and warehouses at Vera Cruz, where they go twice a year, when the galleons arrive from Old Spain, and when those galleons relade for their return. And it was surprising to me, when I went to La Vera Cruz with them, to see what prodigious consignments they had from their correspondents in Old Spain, and with what despatch they managed them; for no sooner were the cases, packs, and bales of European goods brought into their warehouses but they were opened and repacked by porters and

packers of their own—that is to say, negroes and Indian servants—and being made up into new bales and separate parcels, were all despatched again by horses for Mexico, and directed to their several merchants there, and the remainder carried home, as above, to the ingenio where they lived, which was near thirty English miles from Vera Cruz, so that in about twenty days their warehouses were again entirely free. At La Vera Cruz, all their business was over there, and they and all their servants retired; for they stayed no longer there than needs must, because of the unhealthiness of the air.

After the goods were thus despatched, it was equally surprising to see how soon, and with what exactness, the merchants of Mexico to whom those cargoes were separately consigned made the return, and how it came all in silver or in gold, so that their warehouses in a few months were piled up, even to the ceiling, with chests of pieces of eight and with bars of silver.

It is impossible to describe in the narrow compass of this work with what exactness and order, and yet with how little hurry, and not the least confusion, everything was done, and how soon a weight of business of such importance and value was negotiated and finished, the goods repacked, invoices made, and everything despatched and gone; so that in about five weeks all the goods they had received from Europe by the galleons were disposed of and entered in their journals to the proper account of their merchant to whom they were respectively consigned; from thence they had book-keepers who drew out the invoices and wrote the letters, which the merchant himself only read over and signed, and then other hands copied all again into other books.

I can give no estimate of the value of the several consignments they received by that flota; but I remember that, when the galleons went back, they shipped on board, at several times, one million three hundred thousand pieces of eight in specie, besides a hundred and eighty bales or bags of cochineal and about three hundred bales of

indigo; but they were so modest that they said this was for themselves and their friends. That is to say, the several merchants of Mexico consigned large quantities of bullion to them, to ship on board and consign according to their order; but then I know also that, for all that, they were allowed commission, so that their gain was very considerable even that way also.

I had been with them at La Vera Cruz, and came back again before we came to an account for the goods which I had brought on shore in the twenty-one bales, which, by the account we brought them to (leaving a piece of everything to be governed by our last market), amounted to eight thousand five hundred and seventy pieces of eight, all which money my friend—for so I must now call him—brought me in specie, and caused his negroes to pile them up in one corner of my apartment; so that I was indeed still very rich, all things considered.

There was a bale which I had caused to be packed up on purpose in Virginia, and which indeed I had written for from England, being chiefly of fine English broadcloths, silk, silk druggets, and fine stuffs of several kinds, with some very fine hollands, which I set apart for presents, as I should find occasion; and as, whatever hurry I was in at carrying the twenty-one bales of goods on shore, I did not forget to let this bale be one of them, so, when we came to a sale for the rest, I told them that this was a pack with clothes and necessaries for my own wearing and use, and so desired it might not be opened with the rest, which was accordingly observed, and that bale or pack was brought into my apartment.

This bale was, in general, made up of several smaller bales, which I had directed, so that I might have room to make presents, equally sorted as the circumstance might direct me. However, they were all considerable, and I reckoned the whole bale cost me near £200 sterling in England; and though my present circumstances required some limits to my bounty in making presents, yet the obligation I was under being so much the greater, especially to this one friendly, generous Spaniard, I thought I

could not do better than, by opening two of the smaller bales, join them together, and make my gift some thing suitable to the benefactor, and to the respect he had shown me. Accordingly, I took two bales, and, laying the goods together, the contents were as follows:—

Two pieces of fine English broadcloth, the finest that could be got in London, divided, as was that which I gave to the governor at the Havannah, into fine crimson in grain, fine light mixtures, and fine black.

Four pieces of fine holland, of 7s. to 8s. per ell in London.

Twelve pieces of fine silk drugget and duroys, for men’s wear.

Six pieces of broad silks, two damasks, two brocaded silks, and two mantuas.

With a box of ribands and a box of lace; the last cost about £40 sterling in England.

This handsome parcel I laid open in my apartment, and brought him upstairs one morning, on pretence to drink chocolate with me, which he ordinarily did; when, as we drank chocolate and was merry, I said to him, though I had sold him almost all my cargo and taken his money, yet the truth was, that I ought not to have sold them to him, but to have laid them all at his feet, for that it was to his direction I owed the having anything saved at all.

He smiled, and, with a great deal of friendship in his face, told me that not to have paid me for them would have been to have plundered a shipwreck, which had been worse than to have robbed an hospital.

At last I told him I had two requests to make to him, which must not be denied. I told him I had a small present to make him, which I would give him a reason why he should not refuse to accept; and the second request I would make after the first was granted. He said he would have accepted my present from me if I had not been under a disaster, but as it was it would be cruel and ungenerous. But I told him he was obliged to hear my reason for his accepting it. Then I told him that this parcel was made up for him by name by my wife and I in Virginia, and his name set on the

marks of the bale, and accordingly I showed him the marks, which was indeed on one of the bales, but I had doubled it now, as above, so that I told him these were his own proper goods; and, in short, I pressed him so to receive them that he made a bow; and I said no more, but ordered my negro, that is to say, his negro that waited on me, to carry them all, except the two boxes, into his apartments, but would not let him see the particulars till they were all carried away.

After he was gone about a quarter of an hour, he came in raving and almost swearing, and in a great passion, but I could easily see he was exceedingly pleased; and told me, had he known the particulars, he would never have suffered them to have gone as he did, and at last used the very same compliment that the governor at the Havannah used, viz., that it was a present fit for a viceroy of Mexico rather than for him.

When he had done, he then told me he remembered I had two requests to him, and that one was not to be told till after the first was granted, and he hoped now I had something to ask of him that was equal to the obligation I laid upon him.

I told him I knew it was not the custom in Spain for a stranger to make presents to the ladies, and that I would not in the least doubt but that, whatever the ladies of his family required as proper for their use, he would appropriate to them as he thought fit; but that there were two little boxes in the parcel which my wife with her own hand had directed to the ladies; and I begged he would be pleased with his own hand to give them in my wife’s name, as directed; that I was only the messenger, but that I could not be honest if I did not discharge myself of the trust reposed in me.

These were the two boxes of ribands and lace, which, knowing the nicety of the ladies in Spain, or rather of the Spaniards about their women, I had made my wife pack up, and directed with her own hand, as I have said.

He smiled, and told me it was true the Spaniards did not ordinarily admit so much freedom among the women as other nations; but he hoped, he said, I would not think

the Spaniards thought all their women whores, or that all Spaniards were jealous of their wives; that, as to my present, since he had agreed to accept of it, I should have the direction of what part I pleased to his wife and daughters; for he had three daughters.

Here I strained courtesies again, and told him by no means; I would direct nothing of that kind. I only begged that he would with his own hand present to his donna, or lady, the present designed her by my wife, and that he would present it in her name, now living in Virginia. He was extremely pleased with the nicety I used; and I saw him present it to her accordingly, and could see, at the opening of it, that she was extremely pleased with the present itself, as indeed might very well be, for in that country it was worth a very considerable sum of money.

Though I was used with an uncommon friendship before, and nothing could well be desired more, yet the grateful sense I showed of it in the magnificence of this present was not lost, and the whole family appeared sensible of it; so that I must allow that presents, where they can be made in such a manner, are not without their influence, where the persons were not at all mercenary either before or after.

I had here now a most happy and comfortable retreat, though it was a kind of an exile. Here I enjoyed everything I could think of that was agreeable and pleasant, except only a liberty of going home, which, for that reason perhaps, was the only thing I desired in the world; for the grief of one absent comfort is oftentimes capable of embittering all the other enjoyments in the world.

Here I enjoyed the moments which I had never before known how to employ—I mean that here I learned to look back upon a long ill-spent life, blessed with infinite advantage, which I had no heart given me till now to make use of, and here I found just reflections were the utmost felicity of human life.

Here I wrote these memoirs, having to add to the pleasure of looking back with due reflections the benefit of a violent fit of the gout, which, as it is allowed by most

people, clears the head, restores the memory, and qualifies us to make the most, and just, and useful remarks upon our own actions.

Perhaps when I wrote these things down I did not foresee that the writings of our own stories would be so much the fashion in England, or so agreeable to others to read, as I find custom and the humour of the times has caused it to be. If any one that reads my story pleases to make the same just reflections which I acknowledge I ought to have made, he will reap the benefit of my misfortunes perhaps more than I have done myself. ’Tis evident by the long series of changes and turns which have appeared in the narrow compass of one private, mean person’s life, that the history of men’s lives may be many ways made useful and instructing to those who read them, if moral and religious improvement and reflections are made by those that write them.

There remains many things in the course of this unhappy life of mine, though I have left so little a part of it to speak of, that is worth giving a large and distinct account of, and which gives room for just reflections of a kind which I have not made yet. Particularly, I think it just to add how, in collecting the various changes and turns in my affairs, I saw clearer than ever I had done before how an invincible overruling Power, a hand influenced from above, governs all our actions of every kind, limits all our designs, and orders the events of everything relating to us.

And from this observation it necessarily occurred to me how just it was that we should pay the homage of all events to Him; that as He guided, and had even made the chain of cause and consequences, which nature in general strictly obeyed, so to Him should be given the honour of all events, the consequences of those causes, as the first Mover and Maker of all things.

I, who had hitherto lived, as might be truly said, without God in the world, began now to see farther into all those things than I had ever yet been capable of before, and this brought me at last to look with shame and blushes upon such a course of

wickedness as I had gone through in the world. I had been bred, indeed, to nothing of either religious or moral knowledge. What I gained of either was, first, by the little time of civil life which I lived in Scotland, where my abhorrence of the wickedness of my captain and comrade, and some sober, religious company I fell into, first gave me some knowledge of good and evil, and showed me the beauty of a sober, religious life, though, with my leaving that country, it soon left me too; or, secondly, the modest hints and just reflections of my steward, whom I called my tutor, who was a man of sincere religion, good principles, and a real, true penitent for his past miscarriages. Oh! had I with him sincerely repented of what was past, I had not for twenty-four years together lived a life of levity and profligate wickedness after it.

But here I had, as I said, leisure to reflect and to repent, to call to mind things past, and, with a just detestation, learn, as Job says, to abhor myself in dust and ashes.

It is with this temper that I have written my story. I would have all that design to read it prepare to do so with the temper of penitents, and remember with how much advantage they may make their penitent reflections at home, under the merciful dispositions of Providence, in peace, plenty, and ease, rather than abroad, under the discipline of a transported criminal, as my wife and my tutor, or under the miseries and distresses of a shipwrecked wanderer, as my skipper or captain of the sloop, who, as I hear, died a very great penitent, labouring in the deserts and mountains to find his way home to Virginia, by the way of Carolina, whither the rest of the crew reached after infinite dangers and hardships; or in exile, however favourably circumstanced, as mine, in absence from my family, and for some time in no probable view of ever seeing them any more.

Such, I say, may repent with advantage; but how few are they that seriously look in till their way is hedged up and they have no other way to look!

Here, I say, I had leisure to repent. How far it pleases God to give the grace of

repentance where He gives the opportunity of it is not for me to say of myself. It is sufficient that I recommend it to all that read this story, that, when they find their lives come up in any degree to any similitude of cases, they will inquire by me, and ask themselves, Is not this the time to repent? Perhaps the answer may touch them.

I have only to add to what was then written, that my kind friends the Spaniards, finding no other method presented for conveying me to my home—that is to say, to Virginia—got a license for me to come in the next galleons, as a Spanish merchant, to Cadiz, where I arrived safe with all my treasure; for he suffered me to be at no expenses in his house; and from Cadiz I soon got my passage on board an English merchantship for London, from whence I sent an account of my adventures to my wife, and where, in about five months more, she came over to me, leaving with full satisfaction the management of all our affairs in Virginia in the same faithful hands as before.

END OF THE LIFE OF COLONEL JACQUE

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN

AN EXPLANATORY PREFACE

It is not that I see any reason to alter my opinion in anything I have written which occasions this epistle, but I find it necessary, for the satisfaction of some persons of honour as well as wit, to pass a short explication upon it, and tell the world what I mean, or rather what I do not mean, in some things wherein I find I am liable to be misunderstood.

I confess myself something surprised to hear that I am taxed with bewraying my own nest and abusing our nation by discovering the meanness of our original, in order to make the English contemptible abroad and at home; in which I think they are mistaken. For why should not our neighbours be as good as we to derive from? And I must add that, had we been an unmixed nation, I am of opinion it had been to

our disadvantage. For, to go no further, we have three nations about us as clear from mixtures of blood as any in the world, and I know not which of them I could wish ourselves to be like—I mean the Scots, the Welsh, and Irish; and if I were to write a reverse to the satire, I would examine all the nations of Europe, and prove that those nations which are most mixed are the best, and have least of barbarism and brutality among them; and abundance of reasons might be given for it, too long to bring into a preface.

But I give this hint to let the world know that I am far from thinking it is a satire upon the English nation to tell them they are derived from all the nations under heaven—that is, from several nations. Nor is it meant to undervalue the original of the English, for we see no reason to like them the worse, being the relics of Nomans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans, than we should have done if they had remained Britons; that is, than if they had been all Welshmen.

But the intent of the satire is pointed at the vanity of those who talk of their antiquity and value themselves upon their pedigree, their ancient families, and being true-born; whereas it is impossible we should be true-born, and if we could, should have lost by the bargain.

Those sort of people who call themselves true-born and tell long stories of their families, and, like a nobleman of Venice, think a foreigner ought not to walk on the same side of the street with them, are owned to be meant in this satire. What they would infer from their own original I know not, nor is it easy to make out whether they are the better or the worse for their ancestors. Our English nation may value themselves for their wit, wealth, and courage, and I believe few will dispute it with them; but for long originals and ancient true-born families of English, I would advise them to waive the discourse. A true Englishman is one that deserves a character, and I have nowhere lessened him that I know of; but as for a true-born Englishman, I confess I do not understand him.

From hence I only infer that an Englishman, of all men, ought not to despise foreigners as such, and I think the inference is just, since what they are to-day we were yesterday, and to-morrow they will be like us. If foreigners misbehave in their several stations and employments, I have nothing to do with that; the laws are open to punish them equally with natives, and let them have no favour.

But when I see the town full of lampoons and invectives against Dutchmen only because they are foreigners, and the King reproached and insulted by insolent pedants and ballad-making poets for employing foreigners, and for being a foreigner himself, I confess myself moved by it to remind our nation of their own original, thereby to let them see what a banter is put upon ourselves in it, since, speaking of Englishmen ab origine, we are really foreigners ourselves.

I could go on to prove it is also impolitic in us to discourage foreigners, since it is easy to make it appear that the multitudes of foreign nations who have taken sanctuary here have been the greatest additions to the wealth and strength of the nation, the great essential whereof is the number of its in habitants. Nor would this nation have ever arrived to the degree of wealth and glory it now boasts of if the addition of foreign nations, both as to manufactures and arms, had not been helpful to it. This is so plain that he who is ignorant of it is too dull to be talked with.

The satire, therefore, I must allow to be just till I am otherwise convinced, because nothing can be more ridiculous than to hear our people boast of that antiquity which, if it had been true, would have left us in so much worse a condition than we are in now; whereas we ought rather to boast among our neighbours that we are a part of themselves, or the same original as they, but bettered by our climate, and, like our language and manufactures, derived from them and improved by us to a perfection greater than they can pretend to.

This we might have valued ourselves upon without vanity; but to disown our descent from them, talking big of our ancient families and long originals, and stand at a

distance from foreigners, like the enthusiast in religion, with a “Stand off; I am more holy than thou!”—this is a thing so ridiculous in a nation, derived from foreigners as we are, that I could not but attack them as I have done.

And whereas I am threatened to be called to a public account for this freedom, and the publisher of this has been new-papered in gaol already for it, though I see nothing in it for which the Government can be displeased, yet if at the same time those people who, with an unlimited arrogance in print, every day affront the King, prescribe the Parliament, and lampoon the Government may be either punished or restrained, I am content to stand and fall with the public justice of my native country which I am not sensible I have anywhere injured.

Nor would I be misunderstood concerning the clergy, with whom, if I have taken any license more than becomes a satire, I question not but those gentlemen, who are men of letters, are also men of so much candour as to allow me a loose at the crimes of the guilty without thinking the whole profession lashed, who are innocent. I profess to have very mean thoughts of those gentlemen who have deserted their own principles, and exposed even their morals as well as loyalty, but not at all to think it affects any but such as are concerned in the fact.

Nor would I be misrepresented as to the ingratitude of the English to the King and his friends, as if I meant the English as a nation are so. The contrary is so apparent, that I would hope it should not be suggested of me; and, therefore, when I have brought in Britannia speaking of the King, I suppose her to be the representative or mouth of the nation as a body. But if I say we are full of such who daily affront the King and abuse his friends, who print scurrilous pamphlets, virulent lampoons, and reproachful public banter against both the King’s person and Government, I say nothing but what is too true. And that the satire is directed at such I freely own, and cannot say but I should think it very hard to be censured for this satire while such remain unquestioned and tacitly approved. That I can mean none but such is plain

from these few lines:—

“Ye Heavens, regard! Almighty Jove, look down, And view thy injured monarch on the throne. On their ungrateful heads due vengeance take Who sought his aid and then his part forsake.”

If I have fallen upon our vices, I hope none but the vicious will be angry. As for writing for interest, I disown it. I have neither place, nor pension, nor prospect; nor seek none, nor will have none. If matter of fact justifies the truth of the crimes, the satire is just. As to the poetic liberties, I hope the crime is pardonable. I am content to be stoned provided none will attack me but the innocent.

If my countrymen would take the hint and grow better-natured from my ill-natured poem, as some call it, I would say this of it, that though it is far from the best satire that ever was written, it would do the most good that ever satire did.

And yet I am ready to ask pardon of some gentlemen too, who, though they are Englishmen, have good-nature enough to see themselves reproved, and can bear it. Those are gentlemen in a true sense that can bear to be told of their faux pas and not abuse the reprover. To such I must say this is no satire; they are exceptions to the general rule; and I value my performance from their generous approbation more than I can from any opinion I have of its worth.

The hasty errors of my verse I made my excuse for before; and since the time I have been upon it has been but little, and my leisure less, I have all along strove rather to make the thoughts explicit than the poem correct. However, I have mended some faults in this edition, and the rest must be placed to my account.

As to answers, banters, true English Billingsgate, I expect them till nobody will buy, and then the shop will be shut. Had I wrote it for the gain of the press, I should have been concerned at its being printed again and again by pirates, as they call them, and paragraph-men; but would they but do it justice and print it true according to the copy, they are welcome to sell it for a penny if they please.

The pence indeed is the end of their works. I will engage, if nobody will buy, nobody will write. And not a patriot-poet of them all now will, in defence of his native country—which I have abused, they say—print an answer to it, and give it about for God's sake.

THE PREFACE

The end of satire is reformation; and the author, though he doubts the work of conversion is at a general stop, has put his hand to the plough.

I expect a storm of ill language from the fury of the town, and especially from those whose English talent it is to rail. And without being taken for a conjuror, I may venture to foretell that I shall be cavilled at about my mean style, rough verse, and incorrect language; things I might indeed have taken more care in, but the book is printed; and though I see some faults, it is too late to mend them. And this is all I think needful to say to them.

Possibly somebody may take me for a Dutchman, in which they are mistaken. But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to strangers and to governors also, that one might not be reproached in foreign countries for belonging to a nation that wants manners.

I assure you, gentlemen, strangers use us better abroad; and we can give no reason but our ill-nature for the contrary here.

Methinks an Englishman, who is so proud of being called a good fellow, should be civil; and it cannot be denied but we are in many cases, and particularly to strangers, the churlishest people alive.

As to vices, who can dispute our intemperance, while an honest drunken fellow is a character in a man's praise? All our reformations are banters, and will be so till our magistrates and gentry reform themselves by way of example. Then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without blushing.

As to our ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular people who,

pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavoured to reduce the liberties and religion of this nation into the hands of King James and his Popish Powers; together with such who enjoy the peace and protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King, who procured it, and openly profess their uneasiness under him. These, by whatsoever names or titles they are dignified or distinguished, are the people aimed at; nor do I disown but that it is so much the temper of an Englishman to abuse his benefactor that I could be glad to see it rectified.

Those who think I have been guilty of any error in exposing the crimes of my own countrymen to themselves may, among many honest instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. Cowley, in his imitation of the second Olympic ode of Pindar. His words are these—

“But in this thankless world the givers

Are envied even by the receivers:

’Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion Rather to hide than pay an obligation.

Nay, ’tis much worse than so; It now an artifice doth grow Wrongs and outrages to do,

Lest men should think we owe.”

THE INTRODUCTION

Speak, Satire; for there’s none can tell like thee Whether ’tis folly, pride, or knavery That makes this discontented land appear Less happy now in times of peace than war? Why civil feuds disturb the nation more Than all our bloody wars have done before?

Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in place And men are always honest in disgrace: The Court preferments make men knaves in course; But they which would be in them would be worse. ’Tis not at foreigners that we repine, Would foreigners their perquisites resign: The grand contention ’s plainly to be seen, To get some men

put out, and some put in. For this our Senators make long harangues, And florid Members whet their polished tongues. Statesmen are always sick of one disease, And a good pension gives them present ease: That's the specific makes them all content With any King and any Government. Good patriots at Court abuses rail, And all the nation's grievances bewail; But when the sovereign balsam's once applied, The zealot never fails to change his side; And when he must the golden key resign, The railing spirit comes about again.

Who shall this bubbled nation disabuse, While they their own felicities refuse, Who at the wars have made such mighty pother, And now are falling out with one another: With needless fears the jealous nation fill, And always have been saved against their will: Who fifty millions sterling have disbursed, To be with peace and too much plenty cursed: Who their old monarch eagerly undo, And yet uneasily obey the new? Search, Satire, search: a deep incision make; The poison's strong, the antidote's too weak. 'Tis pointed Truth must manage this dispute, And downright English, Englishmen confute.

Whet thy just anger at the nation's pride, And with keen phrase repel the vicious tide; To Englishmen their own beginnings show, And ask them why they slight their neighbours so. Go back to elder times and ages past, And nations into long oblivion cast; To old Britannia's youthful days retire, And there for true-born Englishmen inquire. Britannia freely will disown the name, And hardly knows herself from whence they came Wonders that they of all men should pretend To birth and blood, and for a name contend. Go back to causes where our follies dwell, And fetch the dark original from hell: Speak, Satire, for there's none like thee can tell.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN

PART I

Wherever God erects a house of prayer, The Devil always builds a chapel there:[11] And 'twill be found upon examination, The latter has the largest congregation: For

ever since he first debauched the mind, He made a perfect conquest of mankind. With uniformity of service, he Reigns with a general aristocracy. No non-conforming sects disturb his reign, For of his yoke there's very few complain. He knows the genius and the inclination, And matches proper sins for every nation, He needs no standing-army government; He always rules us by our own consent: His laws are easy, and his gentle sway Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey: The list of his vicegerents and commanders, Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders. They never fail of his infernal aid, And he's as certain ne'er to be betrayed. Through all the world they spread his vast command, And Death's eternal empire is maintained. They rule so politicly and so well, As if they were Lords Justices of Hell, Duly divided to debauch mankind, And plant infernal dictates in his mind.

Pride, the first peer, and president of Hell,

To his share Spain, the largest province, fell. The subtile Prince thought fittest to bestow On these the golden mines of Mexico, With all the silver mountains of Peru, Wealth which would in wise hands the world undo: Because he knew their genius was such, Too lazy and too haughty to be rich. So proud a people, so above their fate, That if reduced to beg, they'll beg in state; Lavish of money to be counted brave, And proudly starve because they scorn to save. Never was nation in the world before So very rich and yet so very poor.

Lust chose the torrid zone of Italy, Where blood ferments in rapes and sodomy: Where swelling veins overflow with liquid streams, With heat impregnate from Vesuvian flames: Whose flowing sulphur forms infernal lakes, And human body of the soil partakes. Their nature ever burns with hot desires, Fanned with luxuriant air from subterranean fires; Here, undisturbed in floods of scalding lust, The Infernal King reigns with infernal gust.

Drunkenness, the darling favourite of Hell, Chose Germany to rule; and rules so well, No subjects more obsequiously obey, None please so well or are so pleased as

they. The cunning artist manages so well, He lets them bow to Heaven and drink to Hell. If but to wine and him they homage pay, He cares not to what deity they pray, What God they worship most, or in what way. Whether by Luther, Calvin, or by Rome They sail for Heaven, by Wine he steers them home.

Ungoverned Passion settled first in France, Where mankind lives in haste and thrives by chance; A dancing nation, fickle and untrue, Have oft undone themselves and others too; Prompt the infernal dictates to obey, And in Hell's favour none more great than they.

The Pagan world he blindly leads away, And personally rules with arbitrary sway; The mask thrown off, plain Devil his title stands, And what elsewhere he tempts he there commands. There with full gust the ambition of his mind Governs, as he of old in Heaven designed. Worshipped as God, his Paynim altars smoke, Embrued with blood of those that him invoke.

The rest by Deputies he rules as well, And plants the distant colonies of Hell. By them his secret power he maintains, And binds the world in his infernal chains.

By Zeal the Irish, and the Russ by Folly Fury the Dane, the Swede by Melancholy; By stupid Ignorance the Muscovite; The Chinese by a child of Hell called Wit Wealth makes the Persian too effeminate, And Poverty the Tartars desperate; The Turks and Moors by Mah'met he subdues, And God has given him leave to rule the Jews. Rage rules the Portuguese and Fraud the Scotch, Revenge the Pole and Avarice the Dutch.

Satire, be kind, and draw a silent veil Thy native England's vices to conceal; Or, if that task's impossible to do, At least be just and show her virtues too— Too great the first; alas, the last too few!

England, unknown as yet, unpeopled lay; Happy had she remained so to this day, And not to every nation been a prey. Her open harbours and her fertile plains (The merchant's glory those, and these the swain's) To every barbarous nation have

betrayed her, Who conquer her as oft as they invade her; So beauty's guarded but by innocence, That ruins her, which should be her defence.

Ingratitude, a devil of black renown, Possessed her very early for his own. An ugly, surly, sullen, selfish spirit, Who Satan's worst perfections does inherit; Second to him in malice and in force, All devil without, and all within him worse. He made her first-born race to be so rude, And suffered her so oft to be subdued; By several crowds of wandering thieves o'errun, Often unpeopled, and as oft undone; While every nation that her powers reduced Their languages and manners introduced. From whose mixed relics our compounded breed By spurious generation does succeed, Making a race uncertain and uneven, Derived from all the nations under Heaven.

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came, Including all the nations of that name, Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and, by computation Auxiliaries or slaves of every nation. With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came, In search of plunder, not in search of fame. Scots, Picts, and Irish from the Hibernian shore, And conquering William brought the Normans o'er.

All these their barbarous offspring left behind, The dregs of armies, they of all mankind; Blended with Britons, who before were here, Of whom the Welsh ha' blessed the character.

From this amphibious ill-born mob began That vain, ill-natured thing, an Englishman. The customs, surnames, languages, and manners Of all these nations are their own explainers: Whose relics are so lasting and so strong, They ha' left a shibboleth upon our tongue, By which with easy search you may distinguish Your Roman-Saxon-Danish Norman English. The great invading Norman[12] let us know What conquerors in after times might do. To every musketeer[13] he brought to town, He gave the lands which never were his own. When first the English crown he did obtain, He did not send his Dutchmen back again. No reassumptions in his reign were known, D'Avenant might there ha' let his book alone. No Parliament his army

could disband; He raised no money, for he paid in land. He gave his legions their eternal station, And made them all freeholders of the nation. He cantoned out the country to his men, And every soldier was a denizen. The rascals thus enriched, he called them lords, To please their upstart pride with new-made words, And Doomsday Book his tyranny records.

And here begins our ancient pedigree, That so exalts our poor nobility: ’Tis that from some French trooper they derive, Who with the Norman bastard did arrive; The trophies of the families appear, Some show the sword, the bow, and some the spear, Which their great ancestor, forsooth, did wear. These in the herald’s register remain, Their noble mean extraction to explain, Yet who the hero was, no man can tell, Whether a drummer or a colonel: The silent record blushes to reveal Their undescended dark original.

But grant the best, how came the change to pass, A true-born Englishman of Norman race? A Turkish horse can show more history To prove his well-descended family. Conquest, as by the moderns[14] ’tis expressed, May give a title to the lands possessed: But that the longest sword should be so civil To make a Frenchman English, that’s the devil.

These are the heroes that despise the Dutch, And rail at new-come foreigners so much, Forgetting that themselves are all derived From the most scoundrel race that ever lived; A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones, Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns, The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot, By hunger, /theft, and rapine hither brought; Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes, Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains, Who, joined with Norman-French, compound the breed From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.

And lest by length of time it be pretended The climate may this modern breed ha’ mended, Wise Providence, to keep us where we are, Mixes us daily with exceeding care. We have been Europe’s sink, the jakes where she Voids all her offal outcast

progeny. From the eighth Henry's time, the strolling bands Of banished fugitives from neighbouring lands Have here a certain sanctuary found: The eternal refuge of the vagabond, Where, in but half a common age of time, Borrowing new blood and manners from the clime, Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn, And all their race are true-born Englishmen.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen, and Scots, Vaudois and Valtelins, and Hugonots, In good Queen Bess's charitable reign, Supplied us with three hundred thousand men. Religion—God, we thank Thee!—sent them hither Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together: Of all professions and of every trade, All that were persecuted or afraid; Whether for debt or other crimes they fled, David at Hachilah was still their head.

The offspring of this miscellaneous crowd Had not their new plantations long enjoyed, But they grew Englishmen, and raised their votes At foreign shoals for interloping Scots. The royal branch[15] from Pictland did succeed, With troops of Scots and Scabs from North-by-Tweed. The seven first years of his pacific reign Made him and half his nation Englishmen. Scots from the northern frozen banks of Tay, With packs and plods came whigging all away: Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarmed, With pride and hungry hopes completely armed; With native truth, diseases, and no money, Plundered our Canaan of the milk and honey. Here they grew quickly lords and gentlemen, And all their race are true-born Englishmen.

The civil wars, the common purgative, Which always use to make the nation thrive, Made way for all that strolling congregation Which thronged in Pious Charles's restoration.[16] The royal refugee our breed restores, With foreign courtiers and with foreign whores, And carefully repeopled us again, Throughout his lazy, long, lascivious reign, With such a blest and true-born English fry, As much illustrates our nobility. A gratitude which will so black appear, As future ages must abhor to hear, When they look back on all that crimson flood, Which streamed in Lindsay's and

Carnarvon's blood, Bold Strafford, Cambridge, Capel, Lucas, Lisle, Who crowned in death his father's funeral pile. The loss of whom, in order to supply, With true-born English nationality, Six bastard Dukes survive his luscious reign, The labours of Italian Castlemaine,[17] French Portsmouth,[18] Tabby Scot, and Cambrian. Besides the numerous bright and virgin throng, Whose female glories shade them from my song.

This offspring, if one age they multiply, May half the house with English peers supply; There with true English pride they may contemn Schomberg and Portland,[19] new made noblemen.

French cooks, Scotch pedlars, and Italian whores, Were all made lords or lords' progenitors. Beggars and bastards by his new creation Much multiplied the peerage of the nation; Who will be all, ere one short age runs o'er. As true-born lords as those we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares And heal the latent breaches of the wars; The pious purpose better to advance, He invites the banished Protestants of France: Hither for God's sake and their own they fled, Some for religion came, and some for bread; Two hundred thousand pairs of wooden shoes, Who, God be thanked, had nothing left to lose, To Heaven's great praise did for religion fly, To make us starve our poor in charity. In every port they plant their fruitful train, To get a race of true-born Englishmen; Whose children will, when riper years they see, Be as ill-natured and as proud as we; Call themselves English, foreigners despise, Be surly like us all, and just as wise.

Thus from a mixture of all kinds began That heterogeneous thing an Englishman; In eager rapes and furious lust begot, Betwixt a painted Briton and a Scot; Whose gendering offspring quickly learned to bow, And yoke their heifers to the Roman plough; From whence a mongrel half-bred race there came, With neither name nor nation, speech nor fame; In whose hot veins new mixtures quickly ran, Infused

betwixt a Saxon and a Dane; While their rank daughters, to their parents just, Received all nations with promiscuous lust. This nauseous brood directly did contain The well-extracted brood of Englishmen.

Which medley cantoned in a Heptarchy, A rhapsody of nations to supply, Among themselves maintained eternal wars, And still the ladies loved the conquerors. The Western Angles all the rest subdued, A bloody nation, barbarous and rude, Who by the tenure of the sword possessed One part of Britain, and subdued the rest. And as great things denominate the small, The conquering part gave title to the whole; The Scot, Pict, Briton, Roman, Dane, submit, And with the English-Saxon all unite; And these the mixtures have so close pursued, The very name and memory's subdued. No Roman now, no Briton does remain; Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain; The silent nations undistinguished fall, And Englishman's the common name of all. Fate jumbled them together, God knows how; What e'er they were, they're true-born English now.

The wonder which remains is at our pride, To value that which all men else deride. For Englishmen to boast of generation Cancels their knowledge and lampoons the nation. A true-born Englishman's a contradiction, In speech an irony, in fact a fiction; A banter made to be a test to fools, Which those that use it justly ridicules; A metaphor invented to express A man akin to all the universe.

For, as the Scots, as learned men have said, Throughout the world their wandering seed have spread; So open-handed England, 'tis believed, Has all the gleanings of the world received.

Some think of England, 'twas our Saviour meant, The Gospel should to all the world be sent, Since, when the blessed sound did hither reach, They to all nations might be said to preach.

'Tis well that virtue gives nobility, How shall we else the want of birth and blood supply? Since scarce one family is left alive Which does not from some foreigner

derive. Of sixty thousand English gentlemen, Whose name and arms in registers remain, We challenge all our heralds to declare Ten families which English-Saxons are.

France justly owns the ancient noble line Of Bourbon, Montmorency, and Lorraine, The Germans too their House of Austria show And Holland their invincible Nassau, Lines which in heraldry were ancient grown Before the name of Englishman was known. Even Scotland, too, her elder glory shows, Her Gordons, Hamiltons, and her Monros, Douglas, Mackays, and Grahams, names well known Long before ancient England knew her own.

But England, modern to the last degree Borrows or makes her own nobility, And yet she boldly boasts of pedigree; Repines that foreigners are put upon her, And talks of her antiquity and honour; Her Sackvilles, Saviles, Capels, De la Meres, Mohuns, and Montagues, Darcys, and Veres, Not one have English names, yet all are English peers. Your Hermans, Papillons, and Lavalliers Pass now for true-born English knights and squires, And make good senate members or Lord Mayors. Wealth, howsoever got, in England makes Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes: Antiquity and birth are needless here; ’Tis impudence and money makes a peer.

Innumerable City knights, we know, From Bluecoat Hospital and Bridewell flow; Draymen and porters fill the city Chair And footboys magisterial purple wear. Fate has but very small distinction set Betwixt the counter and the coronet. Tarpaulin lords, pages of high renown, Rise up by poor men’s valour, not their own. Great families of yesterday we show, And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who.

PART II

The breed’s described: Now, Satire, if you can, Their temper show, for manners make the man. Fierce, as the Briton; as the Roman, brave; And less inclined to conquer than to save; Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood, And equally of fear and forecast void. The Pict has made ’em sour, the Dane morose; False from the

Scot, and from the Norman worse. What honesty they have, the Saxons gave them, And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them. The climate makes them terrible and bold, And English beef their courage does uphold; No danger can their daring spirit pall, Always provided that their belly's full.

In close intrigues their faculty's but weak, For generally what e'er they know they speak, And often their own counsels undermine By their infirmity, and not design; From whence the learned say it does proceed, That English treasons never can succeed; For they're so open-hearted, you may know Their own most secret thoughts, and others too.

The lab'ring poor, in spite of double pay, Are saucy, mutinous, and beggarly, So lavish of their money and their time, That want of forecast is the nation's crime. Good drunken company is their delight, And what they get by day they spend by night. Dull thinking seldom does their heads engage, But drink their youth away, and hurry on old age. Empty of all good husbandry and sense, And void of manners most when void of pence, Their strong aversion to behaviour's such, They always talk too little or too much; So dull, they never take the pains to think, And seldom are good-natured, but in drink.

In English ale their dear enjoyment lies, For which they'll starve themselves and families. An Englishman will fairly drink as much As will maintain two families of Dutch: Subjecting all their labour to their pots; The greatest artists are the greatest sots.

The country poor do by example live; The gentry lead them, and the clergy drive: What may we not from such examples hope? The landlord is their god, the priest their pope. A drunken clergy and a swearing bench Has given the Reformation such a drench, As wise men think there is some cause to doubt Will purge good manners and religion out.

Nor do the poor alone their liquor prize; The sages join in this great sacrifice; The

learned men who study Aristotle, Correct him with an explanation bottle; Praise Epicurus rather than Lysander, And Aristippus[20] more than Alexander. The doctors, too, their Galen here resign, And generally prescribe specific wine; The graduate's study's grown an easier task, While for the urinal they toss the flask; The surgeon's art grows plainer every hour, And wine's the balm which into wounds they pour. Poets long since Parnassus have forsaken, And say the ancient bards were all mistaken. Apollo's lately abdicate and fled, And good King Bacchus governs in his stead; He does the chaos of the head refine, And atom-thoughts jump into words by wine: The inspirations of a finer nature, As wine must needs excel Parnassus' water.

Statesmen their weighty politics refine, And soldiers raise their courages by wine; Cecilia gives her choristers their choice, And lets them all drink wine to clear their voice.

Some think the clergy first found out the way, And wine's the only spirit by which they pray; But others, less profane than so, agree It clears the lungs and helps the memory; And therefore all of them divinely think, Instead of study, 'tis as well to drink.

And here I would be very glad to know Whether our Asgilites may drink or no; Th' enlight'ning fumes of wine would certainly Assist them much when they begin to fly; Or if a fiery chariot should appear, Inflamed by wine, they'd have the less to fear. Even the gods themselves, as mortals say, Were they on earth, would be as drunk as they; Nectar would be no more celestial drink, They'd all take wine, to teach them how to think. But English drunkards gods and men outdo, Drink their estates away, and money too. Colon's in debt, and if his friends should fail To help him out, must die at at last in gaol; His wealthy uncle sent a hundred nobles To pay his trifles off, and rid him of his troubles; But Colon, like a true-born Englishman, Drank all the money out in bright champagne, And Colon does in custody remain.

Drunk’ness has been the darling of this realm E’er since a drunken pilot had the helm.

In their religion they are so uneven, That each man goes his own by-way to Heaven, Tenacious of mistakes to that degree That ev’ry man pursues it separately, And fancies none can find the way but he: So shy of one another they are grown, As if they strove to get to Heaven alone. Rigid and zealous, positive and grave, And ev’ry grace but Charity they have. This makes them so ill-natured and uncivil, That all men think an Englishman the devil.

Surly to strangers, froward to their friend; Submit to love with a reluctant mind. Resolved to be ungrateful and unkind, If by necessity reduced to ask, The giver has the difficultest task; For what’s bestowed they awkwardly receive, And always take less freely than they give. The obligation is their highest grief, And never love where they accept relief. So sullen in their sorrow, that ’tis known They’ll rather die than their afflictions own; And if relieved, it is too often true That they’ll abuse their benefactors too; For in distress, their haughty stomach’s such, They hate to see themselves obliged too much. Seldom contented, often in the wrong, Hard to be pleased at all, and never long.

If your mistakes their ill opinion gain, No merit can their favour reobtain; And if they’re not vindictive in their fury, ’Tis their unconstant temper does secure ye. Their brain’s so cool, their passion seldom burns, For all’s condensed before the flame returns; The fermentation’s of so weak a matter, The humid damps the fume, and runs it all to water. So, though the inclination may be strong, They’re pleased by fits, and never angry long.

Then, if good-nature shows some slender proof, They never think they have reward enough, But, like our modern Quakers of the town, Expect your manners, and return you none.

Friendship, th’ abstracted union of the mind, Which all men seek, but very few can

find: Of all the nations in the universe, None talk on't more, or understand it less; For if it does their property annoy, Their property their friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell All things in which they think they do excel. No panegyric needs their praise record; An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word. His long discourses generally appear Prologued with his own wond'rous character. But first to illustrate his own good name, He never fails his neighbour to defame; And yet he really designs no wrong— His malice goes no further than his tongue. But pleased to tattle, he delights to rail, To satisfy the lech'ry of a tale. His own dear praises close the ample speech; Tells you how wise he is—that is, how rich: For wealth is wisdom; he that's rich is wise; And all men learned poverty despise. His generosity comes next, and then Concludes that he's a true-born Englishman; And they, 'tis known, are generous and free, Forgetting and forgiving injury: Which may be true, thus rightly understood, Forgiving ill turns, and forgetting good.

Cheerful in labour when they've undertook it, But out of humour when they're out of pocket. But if their belly and their pocket's full, They may be phlegmatic, but never dull: And if a bottle does their brains refine, It makes their wit as sparkling as their wine.

As for the general vices which we find They're guilty of, in common with mankind, Satire, forbear, and silently endure; We must conceal the crimes we cannot cure. Nor shall my verse the brighter sex defame, For English beauty will preserve her name, Beyond dispute, agreeable and fair, And modester than other nations are: For where the vice prevails, the great temptation Is want of money more than inclination. In general, this only is allowed, They're something noisy, and a little proud.

An Englishman is gentlest in command, Obedience is a stranger in the land: Hardly subjected to the magistrate, For Englishmen do all subjection hate; Humblest when rich, but peevish when they're poor, And think, what e'er they have, they merit

more.

The meanest English ploughman studies law, And keeps thereby the magistrates in awe; Will boldly tell them what they have to do, And sometimes punish their omissions too.

Their liberty and property's so dear, They scorn their laws or governors to fear: So bugbeared with the name of slavery, They can't submit to their own liberty. Restraint from ill is freedom to the wise; But Englishmen do all restraint despise. Slaves to their liquor, drudges to the pots, The mob are statesmen and their statesmen sots.

Their governors they count such dangerous things, That 'tis their custom to affront their kings: So jealous of the power their kings possest, They suffer neither power nor king to rest. The bad with force they easily subdue: The good with constant clamours they pursue; And did King Jesus reign, they'd murmur too. A discontented nation, and by far Harder to rule in times of peace than war: Easily set together by the ears, And full of causeless jealousies and fears: Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel, And never are contented when they're well. No Government could ever please them long, Could tie their hands, or rectify their tongue: In this to ancient Israel well compared, Eternal murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppressed, Their rights invaded, and their laws suppressed: When nicely tender of their liberty, Lord! what a noise they made of slavery. In daily tumult showed their discontent, Lampooned the King, and mocked his Government. And if in arms they did not first appear, 'Twas want of force, and not for want of fear. In humbler tone than English used to do, At foreign hands for foreign aid they sue.

William, the great successor of Nassau, Their prayers heard and their oppressions saw: He saw and saved them; God and him they praised, To this their thanks, to that their trophies raised. But, glutted with their own felicities, They soon their new

deliverer despise; Say all their prayers back, their joy disown, Unsing their thanks, and pull their trophies down; Their harps of praise are on the willows hung, For Englishmen are ne’er contented long.

The reverend clergy, too! Who would have thought That they, who had such non-resistance taught, Should e’er to arms against their prince be brought, Who up to Heaven did regal power advance, Subjecting English laws to modes of France, Twisting religion so with loyalty, As one could never live and t’other die. And yet no sooner did their prince design Their glebes and perquisites to undermine, But, all their passive doctrines laid aside, The clergy their own principles denied; Unpreached their non-resisting cant, and prayed To Heaven for help and to the Dutch for aid. The Church chimed all her doctrines back again, And pulpit champions did the cause maintain; Flew in the face of all their former zeal, And non-resistance did at once repeal.

The Rabbis say it would be too prolix To tie religion up to politics: The Church’s safety is suprema lex. And so, by a new figure of their own, Their former doctrines all at once disown; As laws post facto in the Parliament In urgent cases have obtained assent, But are as dangerous precedents laid by, Made lawful only by necessity.

The reverend fathers then in arms appear, And men of God become the men of war. The nation, fired by them, to arms apply, Assault their Antichristian monarchy; To their due channel all our laws restore, And made things what they should have been before. But when they came to fill the vacant throne, And the pale priests looked back on what they’d done; How English liberty began to thrive, And Church of England loyalty outlive; How all their persecuting days were done, And their deliverer placed upon the throne: The priests, as priests are wont to do, turned tail; They’re Englishmen, and nature will prevail. Now they deplore the ruins they have made, And murmur for the master they betrayed, Excuse those crimes they could not

make him mend, And suffer for the cause they can't defend. Pretend they'd not have carried things so high, And proto-martyrs make for Popery. Had the prince done as they designed the thing, Have set the clergy up to rule the King, Taken a donative for coming hither, And so have left their King and them together, We had, say they, been now a happy nation. No doubt we had seen a blessed reformation: For wise men say 'tis as dangerous a thing, A ruling priesthood as a priest-rid king; And of all plagues with which mankind are curst, Ecclesiastic tyranny's the worst.

If all our former grievances were feigned, King James has been abused and we trepanned; Bugbeared with Popery and power despotic, Tyrannic government and leagues exotic: The Revolution's a fanatic plot, William a tyrant, Sunderland a sot: A factious army and a poisoned nation Unjustly forced King James's abdication.

But if he did the subjects' rights invade, Then he was punished only, not betrayed; And punishing of kings is no such crime, But Englishmen have done it many a time.

When kings the sword of justice first lay down, They are no kings, though they possess the crown: Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things: The good of subjects is the end of kings; To guide in war and to protect in peace; Where tyrants once commence the kings do cease; For arbitrary power's so strange a thing, It makes the tyrant and unmakes the king.

If kings by foreign priests and armies reign, And lawless power against their oaths maintain, Then subjects must have reason to complain.

If oaths must bind us when our kings do ill, To call in foreign aid is to rebel. By force to circumscribe our lawful prince Is wilful treason in the largest sense; And they who once rebel, most certainly Their God, and king, and former oaths defy. If we allow no maladministration Could cancel the allegiance of the nation, Let all our learned sons of Levi try This ecclesiastic riddle to untie: How they could make a step to call the prince, And yet pretend to oaths and innocence?

By the first address they made beyond the seas, They're perjured in the most intense

degrees; And without scruple for the time to come May swear to all the kings in Christendom. And truly did our kings consider all, They'd never let the clergy swear at all; Their politic allegiance they'd refuse, For whores and priests do never want excuse. But if the mutual contract were dissolved, The doubts explained, the difficulties solved, That kings, when they descend to tyranny, Dissolve the bond and leave the subject free, The government's ungirt when justice dies, And constitutions are non-entities; The nation's all a mob; there's no such thing As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King. A great promiscuous crowd the hydra lies Till laws revive and mutual contract ties; A chaos free to choose for their own share What case of government they please to wear. If to a king they do the reins commit, All men are bound in conscience to submit; But then that king must by his oath assent To postulatus of the government, Which if he breaks, he cuts off the entail, And power retreats to its original.

This doctrine has the sanction of assent From Nature's universal Parliament. The voice of Nature and the course of things Allow that laws superior are to kings. None but delinquents would have justice cease; Knaves rail at laws as soldiers rail at peace; For justice is the end of government, As reason is the test of argument. No man was ever yet so void of sense As to debate the right of self-defence, A principle so grafted in the mind, With Nature born, and does like Nature bind; Twisted with reason and with Nature too, As neither one or other can undo.

Nor can this right be less when national; Reason, which governs one, should govern all. Whatever the dialects of courts may tell, He that his right demands can ne'er rebel, Which right, if 'tis by governors denied, May be procured by force or foreign aid; For tyranny's a nation's term of grief, As folks cry "Fire" to hasten in relief; And when the hated word is heard about, All men should come to help the people out.

Thus England groaned—Britannia's voice was heard, And great Nassau to rescue

her appeared, Called by the universal voice of Fate— God and the people's legal magistrate. Ye Heavens regard! Almighty Jove look down, And view thy injured monarch on the throne. On their ungrateful heads due vengeance take, Who sought his aid and then his part forsake. Witness, ye Powers! It was our call alone, Which now our pride makes us ashamed to own. Britannia's troubles fetched him from afar To court the dreadful casualties of war; But where requital never can be made, Acknowledgment's a tribute seldom paid.

He dwelt in bright Maria's circling arms, Defended by the magic of her charms From foreign fears and from domestic harms. Ambition found no fuel to her fire; He had what God could give or man desire. Till pity roused him from his soft repose, His life to unseen hazards to expose; Till pity moved him in our cause t'appear; Pity! that word which now we hate to hear. But English gratitude is always such, To hate the hand which doth oblige too much.

Britannia's cries gave birth to his intent, And hardly gained his unforeseen assent; His boding thoughts foretold him he should find The people fickle, selfish, and unkind. Which thought did to his royal heart appear More dreadful than the dangers of the war; For nothing grates a generous mind so soon As base returns for hearty service done.

Satire, be silent! awfully prepare Britannia's song and William's praise to hear. Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse Her grateful vows in her immortal verse. Loud Fame's eternal trumpet let her sound; Listen, ye distant Poles and endless round. May the strong blast the welcome news convey As far as sound can reach or spirit can fly. To neighb'ring worlds, if such there be, relate Our hero's fame, for theirs to imitate. To distant worlds of spirits let her rehearse: For spirits, without the help of voice, converse. May angels hear the gladsome news on high, Mixed with their everlasting symphony. And Hell itself stand in suspense to know Whether it be the fatal blast or no.

BRITANNIA

The fame of virtue ’tis for which I sound, And heroes with immortal triumphs crowned. Fame, built on solid virtue, swifter flies Than morning light can spread my eastern skies. The gathering air returns the doubling sound, And loud repeating thunders force it round; Echoes return from caverns of the deep; Old Chaos dreamt on’t in eternal sleep; Time hands it forward to its latest urn, From whence it never, never shall return; Nothing is heard so far or lasts so long; ’Tis heard by every ear and spoke by every tongue.

My hero, with the sails of honour furled, Rises like the great genius of the world. By Fate and Fame wisely prepared to be The soul of war and life of victory; He spreads the wings of virtue on the throne, And every wind of glory fans them on. Immortal trophies dwell upon his brow, Fresh as the garlands he has won but now.

By different steps the high ascent he gains, And differently that high ascent maintains. Princes for pride and lust of rule make war, And struggle for the name of conqueror. Some fight for fame, and some for victory; He fights to save, and conquers to set free.

Then seek no phrase his titles to conceal, And hide with words what actions must reveal, No parallel from Hebrew stories take Of god-like kings my similes to make; No borrowed names conceal my living theme, But names and things directly I proclaim. ’Tis honest merit does his glory raise, Whom that exalts let no man fear to praise: Of such a subject no man need be shy, Virtue’s above the reach of flattery. He needs no character but his own fame, Nor any flattering titles but his name: William’s the name that’s spoke by every tongue, William’s the darling subject of my song. Listen, ye virgins to the charming sound, And in eternal dances hand it round: Your early offerings to this altar bring, Make him at once a lover and a king. May he submit to none but to your arms, Nor ever be subdued but by your charms. May your soft thoughts for him be all sublime, And every tender vow be made for

him. May he be first in every morning thought, And Heaven ne’er hear a prayer when he’s left out. May every omen, every boding dream, Be fortunate by mentioning his name; May this one charm infernal power affright, And guard you from the terrors of the night; May every cheerful glass, as it goes down To William’s health, be cordials to your own. Let every song be chorused with his name, And music pay a tribute to his fame; Let every poet tune his artful verse, And in immortal strains his deeds rehearse. And may Apollo never more inspire The disobedient bard with his seraphic fire; May all my sons their graceful homage pay, His praises sing, and for his safety pray.

Satire, return to our unthankful isle, Secured by Heaven’s regard and William’s toil; To both ungrateful and to both untrue, Rebels to God, and to good-nature too.

If e’er this nation be distressed again, To whomsoe’er they cry, they’ll cry in vain; To Heaven they cannot have the face to look, Or, if they should, it would but Heaven provoke. To hope for help from man would be too much, Mankind would always tell them of the Dutch; How they came here our freedoms to obtain, Were paid and cursed, and hurried home again; How by their aid we first dissolved our fears, And then our helpers damned for foreigners. ’Tis not our English temper to do better, For Englishmen think every man their debtor.

’Tis worth observing that we ne’er complained Of foreigners, nor of the wealth they gained, Till all their services were at an end. Wise men affirm it is the English way Never to grumble till they come to pay, And then they always think, their temper’s such, The work too little and the pay too much. As frightened patients, when they want a cure, Bid any price, and any pain endure; But when the doctor’s remedies appear, The cure’s too easy and the price too dear.

Great Portland ne’er was bantered when he strove For us his master’s kindest thoughts to move; We ne’er lampooned his conduct when employed King James’s secret counsels to divide: Then we caressed him as the only man Which could the

doubtful oracle explain; The only Hushai able to repel The dark designs of our Achitopel; Compared his master's courage to his sense, The ablest statesman and the bravest prince. On his wise conduct we depended much, And liked him ne'er the worse for being Dutch. Nor was he valued more than he deserved, Freely he ventured, faithfully he served. In all King William's dangers he has shared; In England's quarrels always he appeared: The Revolution first, and then the Boyne, In both his counsels and his conduct shine; His martial valour Flanders will confess, And France regrets his managing the peace. Faithful to England's interest and her king; The greatest reason of our murmuring. Ten years in English service he appeared, And gained his master's and the world's regard: But 'tis not England's custom to reward. The wars are over, England needs him not; Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what.

Schomberg, the ablest soldier of his age, With great Nassau did in our cause engage: Both joined for England's rescue and defence, The greatest captain and the greatest prince. With what applause, his stories did we tell! Stories which Europe's volumes largely swell. We counted him an army in our aid: Where he commanded, no man was afraid. His actions with a constant conquest shine, From Villa-Viciosa to the Rhine. France, Flanders, Germany, his fame confess, And all the world was fond of him, but us. Our turn first served, we grudged him the command: Witness the grateful temper of the land.

We blame the King that he relies too much On strangers, Germans, Hugonots, and Dutch, And seldom does his great affairs of state To English counsellors communicate. The fact might very well be answered thus: He has so often been betrayed by us, He must have been a madman to rely On English Godolphin's fidelity. For, laying other arguments aside, This thought might mortify our English pride, That foreigners have faithfully obeyed him, And none but Englishmen have e'er betrayed him. They have our ships and merchants bought and sold, And bartered English blood for foreign gold. First to the French they sold our Turkey

fleet, And injured Talmarsh next at Camaret. The King himself is sheltered from their snares, Not by his merit, but the crown he wears. Experience tells us ’tis the English way Their benefactors always to betray.

And lest examples should be too remote, A modern magistrate of famous note Shall give you his own character by rote. I’ll make it out, deny it he that can, His worship is a true-born Englishman, In all the latitude of that empty word, By modern acceptations understood. The parish books his great descent record; And now he hopes ere long to be a lord. And truly, as things go, it would be pity But such as he should represent the City: While robbery for burnt-offering he brings, And gives to God what he has stole from kings: Great monuments of charity he raises, And good St. Magnus whistles out his praises. To City gaols he grants a jubilee, And hires huzzas from his own Mobilee.[21]

Lately he wore the golden chain and gown, With which equipped, he thus harangued the town.

His Fine Speech, Etc.

With clouted iron shoes and sheep-skin breeches, More rags than manners, and more dirt than riches; From driving cows and calves to Leyton Market, While of my greatness there appeared no spark yet, Behold I come, to let you see the pride With which exalted beggars always ride. Born to the needful labours of the plough, The cart-whip graced me, as the chain does now. Nature and Fate, in doubt what course to take, Whether I should a lord or plough-boy make, Kindly at last resolved they would promote me, And first a knave, and then a knight, they vote me. What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare, And furnished me with an exceeding care, To fit me for what they designed to have me; And every gift, but honesty, they gave me.

And thus equipped, to this proud town I came, In quest of bread, and not in quest of fame. Blind to my future fate, a humble boy, Free from the guilt and glory I enjoy, The hopes which my ambition entertained Were in the name of foot-boy all

contained. The greatest heights from small beginnings rise; The gods were great on earth before they reached the skies.

B—— well, the generous temper of whose mind Was ever to be bountiful inclined, Whether by his ill-fate or fancy led, First took me up, and furnished me with bread. The little services he put me to Seemed labours, rather than were truly so. But always my advancement he designed, For ’twas his very nature to be kind. Large was his soul, his temper ever free; The best of masters and of men to me. And I, who was before decreed by Fate To be made infamous as well as great, With an obsequious diligence obeyed him, Till trusted with his all, and then betrayed him.

All his past kindnesses I trampled on, Ruined his fortunes to erect my own. So vipers in the bosom bred, begin To hiss at that hand first which took them in. With eager treachery I his fall pursued, And my first trophies were Ingratitude.

Ingratitude, the worst of human wit, The basest action mankind can commit; Which, like the sin against the Holy Ghost, Has least of honour, and of guilt the most; Distinguished from all other crimes by this, That ’tis a crime which no man will confess. That sin alone, which should not be forgiven On earth, although perhaps it may in Heaven.

Thus my first benefactor I o’erthrew; And how should I be to a second true? The public trusts came next into my care, And I to use them scurvily prepare. My needy sovereign lord I played upon, And lent him many a thousand of his own; For which great interests I took care to charge, And so my ill-got wealth became so large.

My predecessor, Judas, was a fool, Fitter to have been whipped and sent to school Than sell a Saviour. Had I been at hand, His Master had not been so cheap trepanned; I would have made the eager Jews have found, For forty pieces, thirty thousand pound.

My cousin, Ziba, of immortal fame (Ziba and I shall never want a name), First-born of treason, nobly did advance His master’s fall for his inheritance, By whose keen

arts old David first began To break his sacred oath with Jonathan: The good old king, ’tis thought, was very loth To break his word, and therefore broke his oath. Ziba’s a traitor of some quality, Yet Ziba might have been informed by me: Had I been there, he ne’er had been content With half the estate, nor have the government.

In our late revolution ’twas thought strange That I, of all mankind, should like the change; But they who wondered at it never knew That in it I did my old game pursue; Nor had they heard of twenty thousand pound, Which never yet was lost, nor ne’er was found.

Thus all things in their turn to sale I bring, God and my master first, and then the King; Till, by successful villanies made bold, I thought to turn the nation into gold; And so to forgery my hand I bent, Not doubting I could gull the Government; But there was ruffled by the Parliament. And if I ’scaped the unhappy tree to climb, ’Twas want of law, and not for want of crime.

But my old friend,[22] who printed in my face A needful competence of English brass, Having more business yet for me to do, And loth to lose his trusty servant so, Managed the matter with such art and skill As saved his hero and threw down the bill.

And now I’m graced with unexpected honours, For which I’ll certainly abuse the donors. Knighted, and made a tribune of the people, Whose laws and properties I’m like to keep well; The custos rotulorum of the City, And captain of the guards of their banditti. Surrounded by my catchpoles, I declare Against the needy debtor open war; I hang poor thieves for stealing of your pelf, And suffer none to rob you but myself.

The King commanded me to help reform ye, And how I’ll do it, Miss shall inform ye. I keep the best seraglio in the nation, And hope in time to bring it into fashion. For this my praise is sung by every bard, For which Bridewell would be a just reward. In print my panegyrics fill the streets, And hired gaol-birds their huzzas

repeat. Some charities contrived to make a show, Have taught the needy rabble to do so, Whose empty noise is a mechanic fame, Since for Sir Belzebub they'd do the same.

The Conclusion

Then let us boast of ancestors no more, Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore, In latent records of the ages past, Behind the rear of time, in long oblivion placed. For if our virtues must in lines descend, The merit with the families would end, And intermixtures would most fatal grow; For vice would be hereditary too; The tainted blood would of necessity Involuntary wickedness convey.

Vice, like ill-nature, for an age or two May seem a generation to pursue; But virtue seldom does regard the breed; Fools do the wise, and wise men fools succeed. What is't to us what ancestors we had? If good, what better? or what worse, if bad? Examples are for imitation set, Yet all men follow virtue with regret.

Could but our ancestors retrieve the fate, And see their offspring thus degenerate; How we contend for birth and names unknown, And build on their past actions, not our own; They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface, And openly disown the vile degenerate race: For fame of families is all a cheat, 'Tis personal virtue only makes us great.

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS; OR, PROPOSALS FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS

Sir Roger L'Estrange tells us a story in his collection of fables, of the cock and the horses. The cock was gotten to roost in the stable among the horses, and there being no racks or other conveniences for him, it seems he was forced to roost upon the ground. The horses jostling about for room, and putting the cock in danger of his life, he gives them this grave advice, "Pray, gentlefolks, let us stand still, for fear we

should tread upon one another.”

There are some people in the world, who now they are unperched, and reduced to an equality with other people, and under strong and very just apprehensions of being further treated as they deserve, begin, with Æsop’s cock, to preach up peace and union, and the Christian duties of moderation, for getting that, when they had the power in their hands, these graces were strangers in their gates.

It is now near fourteen years[23] that the glory and peace of the purest and most flourishing Church in the world has been eclipsed, buffeted, and disturbed by a sort of men whom God in His providence has suffered to insult over her and bring her down. These have been the days of her humiliation and tribulation. She has borne with invincible patience the reproach of the wicked, and God has at last heard her prayers, and delivered her from the oppression of the stranger.

And now they find their day is over, their power gone, and the throne of this nation possessed by a royal, English, true, and ever-constant member of, and friend to, the Church of England. Now they find that they are in danger of the Church of England’s just resentments; now they cry out peace, union, forbearance, and charity, as if the Church had not too long harboured her enemies under her wing, and nourished the viperous brood till they hiss and fly in the face of the mother that cherished them.

No, gentlemen, the time of mercy is past, your day of grace is over; you should have practised peace, and moderation, and charity, if you expected any yourselves.

We have heard none of this lesson for fourteen years past. We have been huffed and bullied with your Act of Toleration; you have told us that you are the Church established by law, as well as others; have set up your canting synagogues at our church doors, and the Church and members have been loaded with reproaches, with oaths, associations, abjurations, and what not. Where has been the mercy, the forbearance, the charity, you have shown to tender consciences of the Church of

England, that could not take oaths as fast as you made them; that having sworn allegiance to their lawful and rightful King, could not dispense with that oath, their King being still alive, and swear to your new hodge-podge of a Dutch Government? These have been turned out of their livings, and they and their families left to starve; their estates double taxed to carry on a war they had no hand in, and you got nothing by. What account can you give of the multitudes you have forced to comply, against their consciences, with your new sophistical politics, who, like new converts in France, sin because they cannot starve? And now the tables are turned upon you; you must not be persecuted; it is not a Christian spirit.

You have butchered one king, deposed another king, and made a mock king of a third,[24] and yet you could have the face to expect to be employed and trusted by the fourth. Anybody that did not know the temper of your party would stand amazed at the impudence, as well as folly, to think of it.

Your management of your Dutch monarch, whom you reduced to a mere King of Clouts, is enough to give any future princes such an idea of your principles as to warn them sufficiently from coming into your clutches; and God be thanked the Queen is out of your hands, knows you, and will have a care of you.

There is no doubt but the supreme authority of a nation has in itself a power, and a right to that power, to execute the laws upon any part of that nation it governs. The execution of the known laws of the land, and that with a weak and gentle hand neither, was all this fanatical party of this land have ever called persecution; this they have magnified to a height, that the sufferings of the Huguenots in France were not to be compared with. Now, to execute the known laws of a nation upon those who transgress them, after voluntarily consenting to the making those laws, can never be called persecution, but justice. But justice is always violence to the party offending, for every man is innocent in his own eyes. The first execution of the laws against Dissenters in England was in the days of King James the First;[25] and what

did it amount to truly? The worst they suffered was at their own request: to let them go to New England and erect a new colony, and give them great privileges, grants, and suitable powers, keep them under protection, and defend them against all invaders, and receive no taxes or revenue from them. This was the cruelty of the Church of England. Fatal leniency! It was the ruin of that excellent prince, King Charles the First. Had King James sent all the Puritans in England away to the West Indies, we had been a national, unmixed Church; the Church of England had been kept undivided and entire.

To requite the lenity of the father they take up arms against the son; conquer, pursue, take, imprison, and at last put to death the anointed of God, and destroy the very being and nature of government, setting up a sordid impostor, who had neither title to govern nor understanding to manage, but supplied that want with power, bloody and desperate counsels, and craft without conscience.

Had not King James the First withheld the full execution of the laws, had he given them strict justice, he had cleared the nation of them, and the consequences had been plain: his son had never been murdered by them nor the monarchy overwhelmed. It was too much mercy shown them, was the ruin of his posterity and the ruin of the nation’s peace. One would think the Dissenters should not have the face to believe that we are to be wheedled and canted into peace and toleration when they know that they have once requited us with a civil war, and once with an intolerable and unrighteous persecution for our former civility.

Nay, to encourage us to be easy with them, it is apparent that they never had the upper hand of the Church, but they treated her with all the severity, with all the reproach and contempt that was possible. What peace and what mercy did they show the loyal gentry of the Church of England in the time of their triumphant Commonwealth? How did they put all the gentry of England to ransom, whether they were actually in arms for the King or not, making people compound for their

estates and starve their families? How did they treat the clergy of the Church of England, sequestered the ministers, devoured the patrimony of the Church, and divided the spoil by sharing the Church lands among their soldiers, and turning her clergy out to starve? Just such measure as they have meted should be measured them again.

Charity and love is the known doctrine of the Church of England, and it is plain she has put it in practice towards the Dissenters, even beyond what they ought, till she has been wanting to herself, and in effect unkind to her sons, particularly in the too much lenity of King James the First, mentioned before. Had he so rooted the Puritans from the face of the land, which he had an opportunity early to have done, they had not had the power to vex the Church as since they have done.

In the days of King Charles the Second, how did the Church reward their bloody doings with lenity and mercy, except the barbarous regicides of the pretended court of justice? Not a soul suffered for all the blood in an unnatural war. King Charles came in all mercy and love, cherished them, preferred them, employed them, withheld the rigour of the law, and oftentimes, even against the advice of his Parliament, gave them liberty of conscience;[26] and how did they requite him with the villainous contrivance to depose and murder him and his successor at the Rye Plot?[27]

King James, as if mercy was the inherent quality of the family, began his reign with unusual favour to them. Nor could their joining with the Duke of Monmouth against him move him to do himself justice upon them; but that mistaken prince thought to win them by gentleness and love, proclaimed an universal liberty to them, and rather discountenanced the Church of England than them.[28] How they requited him all the world knows.

The late reign is too fresh in the memory of all the world to need a comment; how, under pretence of joining with the Church in redressing some grievances, they

pushed things to that extremity, in conjunction with some mistaken gentlemen, as to depose the late King, as if the grievance of the nation could not have been redressed but by the absolute ruin of the prince. Here is an instance of their temper, their peace, and charity. To what height they carried themselves during the reign of a king of their own; how they crept into all places of trust and profit; how they insinuated into the favour of the King, and were at first preferred to the highest places in the nation; how they engrossed the ministry, and above all, how pitifully they managed, is too plain to need any remarks.

But particularly their mercy and charity, the spirit of union, they tell us so much of, has been remarkable in Scotland. If any man would see the spirit of a Dissenter, let him look into Scotland. There they made entire conquest of the Church, trampled down the sacred orders, and suppressed the Episcopal government with an absolute, and, as they suppose, irretrievable victory, though it is possible they may find themselves mistaken. Now it would be a very proper question to ask their impudent advocate, the Observator, pray how much mercy and favour did the members of the Episcopal Church find in Scotland from the Scotch Presbyterian Government? and I shall undertake for the Church of England that the Dissenters shall still receive as much here, though they deserve but little.

In a small treatise of the sufferings of the Episcopal clergy in Scotland, it will appear what usage they met with; how they not only lost their livings, but in several places were plundered and abused in their persons; the ministers that could not conform turned out with numerous families and no maintenance, and hardly charity enough left to relieve them with a bit of bread. And the cruelties of the parties are innumerable, and not to be attempted in this short piece.

And now to prevent the distant cloud which they perceived to hang over their heads from England. With a true Presbyterian policy, they put in for a union of nations, that England might unite their Church with the Kirk of Scotland, and their

Presbyterian members sit in our House of Commons, and their Assembly of Scotch canting long-cloaks in our Convocation. What might have been if our fanatic Whiggish statesmen continued, God only knows; but we hope we are out of fear of that now.

It is alleged by some of the faction—and they began to bully us with it—that if we won't unite with them, they will not settle the crown with us again, but when Her Majesty dies, will choose a king for themselves.

If they won't, we must make them, and it is not the first time we have let them know that we are able. The crowns of these kingdoms have not so far disowned the right of succession, but they may retrieve it again; and if Scotland thinks to come off from a successive to an elective state of government, England has not promised not to assist the right heir and put them into possession without any regard to their ridiculous settlements.[29]

These are the gentlemen, these their ways of treating the Church, both at home and abroad. Now let us examine the reasons they pretend to give why we should be favourable to them, why we should continue and tolerate them among us.

First, they are very numerous, they say; they are a great part of the nation, and we cannot suppress them.

To this may be answered:— 1. They are not so numerous as the Protestants in France, and yet the French King effectually cleared the nation of them at once, and we don't find he misses them at home.[30] But I am not of the opinion they are so numerous as is pretended; their party is more numerous than their persons, and those mistaken people of the Church who are misled and deluded by their wheedling artifices to join with them, make their party the greater; but these will open their eyes when the Government shall set heartily about the work, and come off from them, as some animals which they say always desert a house when it is likely to fall.

2. The more numerous the more dangerous, and therefore the more need to suppress

them; and God has suffered us to bear them as goads in our sides for not utterly extinguishing them long ago.

3. If we are to allow them only because we cannot suppress them, then it ought to be tried whether we can or not; and I am of opinion it is easy to be done, and could prescribe ways and means, if it were proper; but I doubt not the Government will find effectual methods for the rooting the contagion from the face of this land.

Another argument they use, which is this, that it is a time of war, and we have need to unite against the common enemy.

We answer, this common enemy had been no enemy if they had not made him so. He was quiet in peace, and no way disturbed or encroached upon us, and we know no reason we had to quarrel with him.

But further, we make no question but we are able to deal with this common enemy without their help; but why must we unite with them because of the enemy? Will they go over to the enemy if we do not prevent it by a union with them? We are very well contented they should, and make no question we shall be ready to deal with them and the common enemy too, and better without them than with them.

Besides, if we have a common enemy, there is the more need to be secure against our private enemies. If there is one common enemy, we have the less need to have an enemy in our bowels.

It was a great argument some people used against suppressing the old money, that it was a time of war, and it was too great a risk for the nation to run; if we should not master it, we should be undone. And yet the sequel proved the hazard was not so great but it might be mastered, and the success was answerable. The suppressing the Dissenters is not a harder work nor a work of less necessity to the public. We can never enjoy a settled, uninterrupted union and tranquillity in this nation till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism is melted down like the old money.

To talk of the difficulty is to frighten ourselves with chimeras and notions of a

powerful party, which are indeed a party without power. Difficulties often appear greater at a distance than when they are searched into with judgment and distinguished from the vapours and shadows that attend them.

We are not to be frightened with it; this age is wiser than that by all our own experience and theirs too. King Charles the First had early suppressed this party if he had taken more deliberate measures. In short, it is not worth arguing to talk of their arms. Their Monmouths, and Shaftesburys, and Argyles are gone; their Dutch sanctuary is at an end; Heaven has made way for their destruction, and if we do not close with the Divine occasion, we are to blame ourselves, and may remember that we had once an opportunity to serve the Church of England by extirpating her implacable enemies, and having let slip the minute that Heaven presented, may experimentally complain, Post est occasio calva.

Here are some popular objections in the way:—

As first, the Queen has promised them to continue them in their tolerated liberty, and has told us she will be a religious observer of her word.

What Her Majesty will do we cannot help; but what, as head of the Church, she ought to do, is another case. Her Majesty has promised to protect and defend the Church of England, and if she cannot effectually do that without the destruction of the Dissenters, she must of course dispense with one promise to comply with another. But to answer this cavil more effectually: Her Majesty did never promise to maintain the toleration to the destruction of the Church; but it is upon supposition that it may be compatible with the well-being and safety of the Church, which she had declared she would take especial care of. Now if these two interests clash, it is plain Her Majesty’s intentions are to uphold, protect, defend, and establish the Church, and this we conceive is impossible.

Perhaps it may be said that the Church is in no immediate danger from the Dissenters, and therefore it is time enough. But this is a weak answer.

For first, if a danger be real, the distance of it is no argument against, but rather a spur to quicken us to prevention, lest it be too late hereafter.

And secondly, here is the opportunity, and the only one perhaps that ever the Church had, to secure herself and destroy her enemies.

The representatives of the nation have now an opportunity; the time is come which all good men have wished for, that the gentlemen of England may serve the Church of England. Now they are protected and encouraged by a Church of England Queen.

What will you do for your sister in the day that she shall be spoken for?

If ever you will establish the best Christian Church in the world; if ever you will suppress the spirit of enthusiasm; if ever you will free the nation from the viperous brood that have so long sucked the blood of their mother; if ever you will leave your posterity free from faction and rebellion, this is the time. This is the time to pull up this heretical weed of sedition that has so long disturbed the peace of our Church and poisoned the good corn.

But, says another hot and cold objector, this is renewing fire and faggot, reviving the act De Heretico Comburendo; this will be cruelty in its nature, and barbarous to all the world.

I answer, it is cruelty to kill a snake or a toad in cold blood, but the poison of their nature makes it a charity to our neighbours to destroy those creatures, not for any personal injury received, but for prevention; not for the evil they have done, but the evil they may do.

Serpents, toads, vipers, &c., are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life; these poison the soul, corrupt our posterity, ensnare our children, destroy the vitals of our happiness, our future felicity, and contaminate the whole mass.

Shall any law be given to such wild creatures? Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsmen give them advantages of ground; but some are knocked on the head by all possible ways of violence and surprise.

I do not prescribe fire and faggot, but, as Scipio said of Carthage, Delenda est Carthago. They are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace, serve God, or enjoy our own. As for the manner, I leave it to those hands who have a right to execute God's justice on the nation's and the Church's enemies.

But if we must be frighted from this justice under the specious pretences and odious sense of cruelty, nothing will be effected: it will be more barbarous to our own children and dear posterity when they shall reproach their fathers, as we do ours, and tell us, "You had an opportunity to root out this cursed race from the world under the favour and protection of a true English queen; and out of your foolish pity you spared them, because, forsooth, you would not be cruel; and now our Church is suppressed and persecuted, our religion trampled under foot, our estates plundered, our persons imprisoned and dragged to jails, gibbets, and scaffolds: your sparing this Amalekite race is our destruction, your mercy to them proves cruelty to your poor posterity."

How just will such reflections be when our posterity shall fall under the merciless clutches of this uncharitable generation, when our Church shall be swallowed up in schism, faction, enthusiasm, and confusion; when our Government shall be devolved upon foreigners, and our monarchy dwindled into a republic.

It would be more rational for us, if we must spare this generation, to summon our own to a general massacre, and as we have brought them into the world free, send them out so, and not betray them to destruction by our supine negligence, and then cry, "It is mercy."

Moses was a merciful, meek man, and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three-and-thirty thousand of his dear Israelites that were fallen into idolatry. What was the reason? It was mercy to the rest to make these examples, to prevent the destruction of the whole army.

How many millions of future souls we save from infection and delusion if the

present race of poisoned spirits were purged from the face of the land!

It is vain to trifle in this matter, the light, foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, &c.,—it is their glory and their advantage. If the gallows instead of the Counter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, to preach or hear, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over; they that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged.

If one severe law were made and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation and the preacher be hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale. They would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again.

To talk of five shillings a month for not coming to the sacrament, and one shilling per week for not coming to church, this is such a way of converting people as never was known; this is selling them a liberty to transgress for so much money. If it be not a crime, why don’t we give them full license? And if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the Government.

If it be a crime of the highest consequence both against the peace and welfare of the nation, the glory of God, the good of the Church, and the happiness of the soul, let us rank it among capital offences, and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it.

We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming; but an offence against God and the Church, against the welfare of the world and the dignity of religion, shall be bought off for five shillings! This is such a shame to a Christian Government that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.

If men sin against God, affront His ordinances, rebel against His Church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors, let them suffer as such capital crimes deserve. So will religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united.

And yet the title of barbarous and cruel will soon be taken off from this law too. I am not supposing that all the Dissenters in England should be hanged or banished, but, as in cases of rebellions and insurrections, if a few of the ringleaders suffer, the multitude are dismissed; so, a few obstinate people being made examples, there is no doubt but the severity of the law would find a stop in the compliance of the multitude.

To make the reasonableness of this matter out of question, and more unanswerably plain, let us examine for what it is that this nation is divided into parties and factions, and let us see how they can justify a separation, or we of the Church of England can justify our bearing the insults and inconveniences of the party.

One of their leading pastors,[31] and a man of as much learning as most among them, in his answer to a pamphlet, entitled “An Inquiry into the Occasional Conformity,” has these words, p. 27, “Do the religion of the Church and the meeting-houses make two religions? Wherein do they differ? The substance of the same religion is common to them both; and the modes and accidents are the things in which only they differ.” P. 28: “Thirty-nine articles are given us for the summary of our religion; thirty-six contain the substance of it, wherein we agree; three, the additional appendices, about which we have some differences.”

Now, if as by their own acknowledgment the Church of England is a true Church, and the difference between them is only in a few modes and accidents, why should we expect that they will suffer galleys, corporeal punishment, and banishment for these trifles? There is no question but they will be wiser; even their own principles will not bear them out in it; they will certainly comply with the laws and with reason; and though at the first severity they may seem hard, the next age will feel nothing of it; the contagion will be rooted out; the disease being cured, there will be no need of the operation; but if they should venture to transgress and fall into the pit, all the world must condemn their obstinacy, as being without ground from their own

principles.

Thus the pretence of cruelty will be taken off, and the party actually suppressed, and the disquiets they have so often brought upon the nation prevented.

Their numbers and their wealth make them haughty, and that is so far from being an argument to persuade us to forbear them, that it is a warning to us, without any delay, to reconcile them to the unity of the Church or remove them from us.

At present, Heaven be praised, they are not so formidable as they have been, and it is our own fault if ever we suffer them to be so. Providence and the Church of England seem to join in this particular, that now the destroyers of the nation's peace may be overturned, and to this end the present opportunity seems to be put into our hands.

To this end her present Majesty seems reserved to enjoy the crown, that the ecclesiastic as well as civil rights of the nation may be restored by her hand. To this end the face of affairs have received such a turn in the process of a few months as never has been before; the leading men of the nation, the universal cry of the people, the unanimous request of the clergy, agree in this, that the deliverance of our Church is at hand. For this end has Providence given us such a Parliament, such a Convocation, such a gentry, and such a Queen as we never had before. And what may be the consequences of a neglect of such opportunities? The succession of the crown has but a dark prospect; another Dutch turn may make the hopes of it ridiculous and the practice impossible. Be the house of our future princes never so well inclined, they will be foreigners, and many years will be spent in suiting the genius of strangers to this crown and the interests of the nation; and how many ages it may be before the English throne be filled with so much zeal and can dour, so much tenderness and hearty affection to the Church as we see it now covered with, who can imagine?

It is high time, then, for the friends of the Church of England to think of building up

and establishing her in such a manner that she may be no more invaded by foreigners nor divided by factions, schisms, and error.

If this could be done by gentle and easy methods, I should be glad; but the wound is corroded, the vitals begin to mortify, and nothing but amputation of members can complete the cure; all the ways of tenderness and compassion, all persuasive arguments, have been made use of in vain.

The humour of the Dissenters has so increased among the people, that they hold the Church in defiance, and the house of God is an abomination among them; nay, they have brought up their posterity in such prepossessed aversions to our holy religion, that the ignorant mob think we are all idolaters and worshippers of Baal, and account it a sin to come within the walls of our churches.

The primitive Christians were not more shy of a heathen temple or of meat offered to idols, nor the Jews of swine's flesh, than some of our Dissenters are of the Church, and the divine service solemnised therein.

This obstinacy must be rooted out with the profession of it; while the generation are less at liberty daily to affront God Almighty and dishonour His holy worship, we are wanting in our duty to God and our mother, the Church of England.

How can we answer it to God, to the Church, and to our posterity to leave them entangled with fanaticism, error, and obstinacy in the bowels of the nation; to leave them an enemy in their streets, that in time may involve them in the same crimes, and endanger the utter extirpation of religion in the nation?

What is the difference betwixt this and being subjected to the power of the Church of Rome, from whence we have reformed? If one be an extreme on one hand, and one on another, it is equally destructive to the truth to have errors settled among us, let them be of what nature they will.

Both are enemies of our Church and of our peace; and why should it not be as criminal to admit an enthusiast as a Jesuit? Why should the Papist with his seven

sacraments be worse than the Quaker with no sacraments at all? Why should religious houses be more intolerable than meeting-houses? Alas, the Church of England! What with Popery on one hand, and schismatics on the other, how has she been crucified between two thieves!

Now let us crucify the thieves. Let her foundations be established upon the destruction of her enemies. The doors of mercy being always open to the returning part of the deluded people, let the obstinate be ruled with the rod of iron.

Let all true sons of so holy and oppressed a mother, exasperated by her afflictions, harden their hearts against those who have oppressed her.

And may God Almighty put it into the hearts of all the friends of truth to lift up a standard against pride and Antichrist, that the posterity of the sons of error may be rooted out from the face of this land for ever.

FOOTNOTES

Footnote 1: Hours in a Library.

Footnote 2: Wilson’s Memoirs of Defoe, London, 1830, III., p. 429.

Footnote 3: Defoe mentions the letter in his Review for August 11th, 1705.

Footnote 4: I was not called Colonel Jacque as at London, but Colonel, and they did not know me by any other name.

Footnote 5: He did not now talk quite so blindly and childishly as when he was a boy, and when the custom-house gentleman talked to him about his names.

Footnote 6: Here he showed him the horsewhip that was given him with his new office.

Footnote 7: So the negroes call the owner of the plantation, or at least so they called him, because he was a great man in the country, having three or four large plantations.

Footnote 8: To be drunk in a negro is to be mad; for when they get rum they are worse than raving, and fit to do any manner of mischief.

Footnote 9: He understood the plot, and took the opportunity to tell him that, to see what he would say.

Footnote 10: He understood him; he meant he would beg your honour for me, that I might not be hanged for offending you.

Footnote 11: This old proverb was quoted by Robert Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), "Where God hath a temple the Devil hath a chapel" (Part III. sc. iv. subs. 1). It was also No. 670 in George Herbert's "Jacula Prudentium," first published in 1640, where it ran, "No sooner is a temple built to God but the Devil builds a chapel hard by." Defoe was the first rhymer of the proverb, and the rider to it is his own.

Footnote 12: William the Conqueror. [D.F.]

Footnote 13: Or archer. [D.F.]

Footnote 14: Dr. Sherlock, de facto. [D.F.]

Footnote 15: K. J. I. [D.F.]

Footnote 16: K. C. II. [D.F.]

Footnote 17: Lady Castlemaine, of the Italian-French family of Villars, was first known to Charles II. as Mrs. Palmer. Afterwards her husband was made Earl of Castlemaine, and in 1668 she was made Duchess of Cleveland. Of the cost of this woman Andrew Marvell wrote:—"They have signed and sealed ten thousand pounds a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland; who has likewise near ten thousand pounds a year out of the new farm of the country excise of beer and ale; five thousand pounds a year out of the Post Office; and, they say, the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom House, the green-wax, and, indeed, what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her

cognisance," &c. Charles II. had by her five children.

Footnote 18: Louise Renée de Puencovet de Queroualle came over to Dover as a maid of honour, and was created Duchess of Portsmouth in August 1673. She cost as much as Lady Castlemaine. Her son, Charles Lennox, was made Duke of Richmond. The Duchess of Portsmouth was living when this satire appeared. She died in 1734.

Footnote 19: Frederick de Schomberg, an old favourite of King William's, was made Duke of Schomberg on the 10th of April 1689. Another friend of the King's, William Bentinck, was created Earl of Portland on the 9th of April 1689. His son and heir was raised to a dukedom in 1716.

Footnote 20: The drunkard's name for Canary. [D.F.]

Footnote 21: "Mobile," applied to the movable, unstable populace, was first abridged to "mob" in Charles the Second's time.

Footnote 22: The Devil.—[D.F.]

Footnote 23: Dating from 1688-89, the Revolution and accession of King William III.

Footnote 24: Charles I., James II., William III.

Footnote 25: On the 16th of July, 1604, the Puritan clergy within the Church were required to conform on or before the 30th of November on pain of expulsion. On the 4th of December Whitgift's successor, Richard Bancroft, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. He strictly carried out this order, and declared every man, cleric or lay, to be excommunicated who questioned the complete accordance of the Prayer Book with the Word of God. On the 6th of September, 1620, the Mayflower left England with the first freight of English families that sought freedom of worship where they came to be the founders of a New England across the sea.

Footnote 26: Charles II. unconstitutionally suspended the penal laws against nonconformists and recusants in 1679.

Footnote 27: The story of the Rye House Plot was used for bringing Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell to the scaffold.

Footnote 28: James II. unconstitutionally suspended the penal laws against nonconformists and recusants by Declarations of Indulgence in 1686 and 1688.

Footnote 29: The oath taken by Tories against the legal right of the Pretender to the crown was said to reserve the question of his divine right of succession. Divine right was unchangeable, but laws were liable to change—and so far as they go, what to-day is treason may be loyalty to-morrow.

Footnote 30: The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed on the 17th of October 1685. All Protestant churches were to be demolished, and their ministers who would not be converted were to leave France within a fortnight. Fugitive reformers who did not return within four months would have their property confiscated. Lay Reformers were forbidden to leave France, on pain of the galleys for men and confiscation of body and goods for women. Those who remained were exposed to cruelties of the soldiery. The King thought that his way of conversion by dragoons had reduced a million and a half of French heretics to twelve or fifteen thousand; but between the Revocation and the time when Defoe wrote this pamphlet, it has been estimated that 250,000 French Protestants left France to establish homes in England and elsewhere.

Footnote 31: John Howe, in his answer to Defoe’s request for a statement of opinion from him on Occasional Conformity.

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