
DANIEL DEFOE

ca. 1660–1731

*From The History and Remarkable Life
of the Truly Honorable Col. Jacke*

COMMONLY CALLED COL. JACK, ETC.

Seeing my life has been such a checkerwork 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. * * *

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 nor 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 Jacks, and soon came to be called so; for at that part of the town where we had our breeding, viz., near Goodman's Fields,¹ the Johns are generally called Jack, but my nurse, who may be allowed

1. Then an open area near the Tower of London. Jack's boyhood was spent in what is now the crowded (and heavily bombed) East End of

London, but what was then a series of villages surrounded by open country.

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, aye, aye, 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 tarpaulin,² if he gets but to be lieutenant of a press-smack,³ 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 b——ds 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 Jack and Captain Jack. As for the third boy, he was only plain Jack 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 Jacks, and they shall be brief and impartial.

Captain Jack 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-like⁴ breed; sharp as a street-bred boy must be, but ignorant and unteachable from a child. He had much the nature of a bulldog, 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 honor of; I mean that of being honest to one another.

The other, that is to say, the youngest of us Johns, was called Major Jack, 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,

2. Slang for "sailor." Cf. the modern "tar."

3. A small boat dispatched from a man-of-war under orders to "press" (forcibly conscript) men

into naval service.

4. I.e., like a wagoner or teamster.

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 Jack, according to the rest, for his name was John, as I have observed already.

Major Jack was a merry, facetious, pleasant boy, had a good share of wit, especially offhand wit, as they call it; was full of jests and good humor, 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 Jack, 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. * * *

As for my person, while I was a dirty glass-bottle-house boy,⁵ 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-honor," a beggar boy, a blackguard boy,⁶ 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 Jack. "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,⁷ and the honest woman dying very poor, the parish was obliged

5. A boy who slept in the warm ashes of a bottle factory.

6. A low, dirty boy of the streets.

7. The frigate, with the Duke of York aboard, was wrecked with great loss of life off the mouth of the

river Humber in May, 1682. Cf. Samuel Pepys's account of the disaster in his letter to William Hewer, Edinburgh, May 8. The reference to this event gives us the date of Jack's birth: ca. 1672.

to bury her; when the three young Jacks 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 Jacks, 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,⁸ 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 of an errand, I always did it punctually and carefully, and made haste again; and if I was trusted with anything, I never touched it to diminish it, but made it a point of honor 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 Jack, on the contrary, a surly, ill-looking, rough boy, had not a word in his mouth that savored either of good manners or good humor. He would say "Yes" and "No," just as he was asked a question, and that was all, but nobody got anything from him that was obliging in the least. If he was sent of 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 Jack," 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 neighbors 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 summertime about the watch house⁹ 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-arches¹ 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

8. Rosemary Lane extended eastward from a little south of Goodman's Fields to within a short distance of Glass-house Hill, the site of the factory where the boys slept. Ratcliff, at that time a village near Limehouse, is now swallowed up in the parish of Stepney.

9. The headquarters of the night watch (the feeble equivalent of a police force); "bulkheads" were the roofs of stalls or booths (or the stalls themselves), projecting from the wall of a shop or house.

1. Where hot glass was allowed to cool slowly.

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. * * *

Captain Jack 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 kid-nappers, 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 Jack, 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 that whole story, but they were all taken up and sent to Newgate² and Captain Jack 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,³ 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,⁴ held preaching to him about how young he was, and what a 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 frightened 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

2. 18th-century London's most notorious prison.

3. A house of correction where prostitutes, vagrants, and apprentices were detained, whipped, and—it was hoped—reformed.

4. Turner's first term of office ran from 1669 to

1687, when he was deprived of his alderman's gown because of his loyalty to the Anglican Church. He would have been well known to Defoe's readers as a victim of James II and of certain London Dissenters.

thought I should have died with the sight of it; but I grew better acquainted with those things 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,⁵ 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 purchase⁶ they unloaded themselves, and gave all to him, that, if they had been taken, nothing might be found about them. * * *

He came very early to me, who lay not far from him, and said to me, "Colonel Jack, 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, Jack?" said I. "I do?" says he. "The first thing I do I'll go into Rag Fair⁷ 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

5. Held annually in Smithfield (now a district of central London); famous for its side shows, acrobats, and merrymaking; pronounced *Bártlemey*.

6. Anything acquired through theft.

7. Held in Rosemary Lane.

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 Jack, 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 Jack 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,⁸ that it is impossible they can feel any cold there, were it in Greenland or Nova Zembla,⁹ 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 Jack 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,¹ 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 nor I had ventured to do for three years before, and upward.

8. A public bath house.

9. An island group in the Arctic Ocean, north of

Russia.

1. Sixpence.

But I observed all this while, that though Major Jack was so prosperous and had thriven so well, and not withstanding 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,² 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 came 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 me into an intimacy with one of the most exquisite divers, or pickpockets, in the town; and thus 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 bills³ 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. * * *

I hesitated at the matter a great while, objecting the hazard, and telling the story of Captain Jack, my elder brother, as I might call him. "Well, Colonel," says he, "I find you are fainthearted, and to be fainthearted is indeed to be unfit for our trade, for nothing but a bold heart can go through-stitch⁴ 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 he aimed higher abundantly than my brother Jack. 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 offense. 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 caught, we ran the risk of being ducked or

2. Dexterity, skill.

3. Bills of exchange or, in modern parlance, bank drafts. In Jack's time they were drawn by arrange-

ment on merchants.

4. Go through to the end.

pumped, which we called 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 frightened, as you shall hear by and by. * * *

The first day I went abroad with my new instructor, he carried me directly into the City, and as we went first to the waterside, he led me into the long room at the customhouse. 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,⁵ etc.

At length he comes over to me, and stooping as if he would take up a pin close to me, he put something 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,⁶ 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 for £12, 10s., he

5. Warrants permitting merchandise to pass through customs. The "long room" was the public lobby where customs fees were paid.

6. Goldsmiths received money on deposit and

served in the role of the modern banker. Thus a "goldsmith's note" is the equivalent of a modern bank check.

said to me, "This will do. Come hither, Jack"; 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 telling⁷ 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 Harbor, at the waterside, and got a sculler for a penny to carry us over the water to St. Mary over Stairs,⁸ where we landed, and were safe enough.

Here he turns to me; "Colonel Jack," says he, "I believe you are a lucky boy; this is a good job. We'll go away to St. George's Fields⁹ 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, Jack," 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, Jack, 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.

7. Counting; cf. "bank teller."

8. The boys crossed the Thames not far from London Bridge and landed on the south bank at the water-stairs that led up to the church of St. Mary

Overie, today the cathedral church of the Borough of Southwark.

9. A large park, with a rather unsavory reputation at that time, not far from Lambeth Palace.

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 handsel.¹ “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”;² 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,³ 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 brickbats, 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 frightened; 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

1. A gift expressing good wishes at the beginning of a new undertaking.

2. Dirty rag.

3. An open drainage ditch down the middle of a street.

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 toward 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 anything 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 hallooed 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 savorily⁴ as I did before, when I thought I had lost it. * * *

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 shop⁵ in Mile End and bought a half-penny 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 anything 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 this 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 hector⁶ed 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 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

4. With as much gusto.

5. Chandlers made and sold candles, but many

also traded in groceries and other provisions.

6. Bullied.

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. * * *

1722

A True Relation of the
Apparition of One Mrs. Veal,

THE NEXT DAY AFTER HER DEATH:
TO ONE MRS. BARGRAVE AT CANTERBURY.
THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1705.

The Preface

This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded;¹ which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, a kinswoman of the said gentleman’s, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter, as it is here related and laid down, is what is really true, and what she herself had in the same words (as near as may be) from Mrs. Bargrave’s own mouth, who she knows had no reason to invent and publish such a story, nor any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body; and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world, that our time is short and uncertain, and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold

1. No source has been found for Defoe’s “relation,” though several earlier accounts of the apparition were available to him.

of eternal life, we ought, for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well; to seek after God early, if happily he may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future as may be well pleasing in his sight.

A Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance. Though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavor what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the unheard-of ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity; which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know, that Mrs.² Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly, to some impertinence.³ She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted for neither food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both; so that it was in the power of Mrs. Bargrave to be very much her friend in several instances, which mightily endeared Mrs. Veal; inso-much that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstances of life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortune, and read together *Drelincourt upon Death*,⁴ and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Sometime after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half, though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

2. "Mrs."—pronounced "Mistress"—designated any woman, married or unmarried, with no superior title.

3. Irrelevancy.

4. *The Christian's Consolations Against the Fears of Death*. Defoe's story, which mentions Drelincourt's popular book several times, was regularly printed as a foreword to it in the 18th century.

In this house, on the eighth of September last, *viz.* 1705, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard. "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end, when it is most fit for me"; and then took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door; she went to see who it was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit: at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger," but told her she was glad to see her and offered to salute⁵ her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have so fond a brother." "O!" says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a mind to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her, into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal sat herself down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and to beg your pardon for my breach of it, and if you can forgive me you are one of the best of women." "O!" says Mrs. Bargrave, "don't mention such a thing, I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" says Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the time of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's *Book of Death*, which was the best, she said, on that subject, was ever wrote. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock,⁶ and two Dutch books which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others: but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who have handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt; she said yes. Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it," and so Mrs. Bargrave goes upstairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favor; and when they have done the business they were sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings. For I can never believe" (and claps her hand upon her knee with a great deal of earnestness, which indeed ran through all her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall

5. Tried to kiss.

6. William Sherlock, *A Practical Discourse Concerning Death* (1689).

leave you, or you them in a short time." She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it. Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's *Ascetick*,⁷ at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation; and said, "their conversation was not like this of our age. For now" (says she) "there is nothing but frothy vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in the faith: so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they are; but," said she, "we might do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them, but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "'Tis hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire, have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal, "then fetch them"; which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying holding down her head would make it ache, and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you forever."⁸ In the verses there is twice used the word "Elysium." "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven." She would often draw her hand cross her own eyes; and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, don't you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in words much finer than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and was much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it, she thinks she does), she said to Mrs. Bargrave, she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him, she would have him give rings to such and such; and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson. Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it; for the elbow chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side. And to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, she took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her; and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation, when she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," says Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman?" "Well," says Mrs. Veal, "I must not be denied." "Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "'tis much better methinks to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink; but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it"; which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting; and so she promised her.

7. Anthony Horneck, *The Happy Ascetick* (1681).

8. In John Norris's poem (1687), Damon assures Pythias that even death will not sever their friend-

ship: "I then will be/Your friend and guardian angel too./And though with more refined society/I'll leave Elysium to converse with you."

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home, "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbor's, to send for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast-market on a Saturday (which is market day) and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her, why she was in such haste? She said, she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday. And told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was agoing. Then she said, she would not take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal were there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said, they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons⁹ were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, who went to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped. And that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured"; and Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And then it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and skeptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, which at last became such a task, that she was forced to go out of the way. For they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing; and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac,¹ for she always appears with such a cheerful air, and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favor and esteem of all the gentry. And it's thought a great favor if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order

9. An armorial panel placed on the house of a dead person.

1. Someone given to melancholy and fantasies.

things so strangely?" "It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal; and her sister and brother did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would not drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant this mad fellow" (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) "has broke all your trinkets."² "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that"; but Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter, let it alone," and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave, till Mrs. Veal told it her. Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in a neighbor's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody, an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbor's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's *Book of Death* is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all this trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest³ in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a great liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar, among persons which I know to be of undoubted repute. Now Mr. Veal is more a gentleman than to say she lies; but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she needs only to present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretense. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her deathbed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and she said no. Now the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable, for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet, that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's bequest; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effect of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted: which indeed appears

2. That is, her tea-set.

3. Financial advantage or profit.

in her whole management; particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as 'tis plain he does by his endeavoring to stifle it) I can't imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment) without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound, when she clapped her hand upon her knee. She said, she did not remember she did; and she said, "She appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her. And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear. I received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make anyone believe it, I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught that I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now, she says, she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can. And so she has done since. She says, she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.