

JOHN BUNYAN

THE HOLY WAR, MADE
BY KING SHADDAI UPON
DIABOLUS, FOR THE
REGAINING OF THE
METROPOLIS OF THE
WORLD; OR, THE
LOSING AND TAKING
AGAIN OF THE TOWN
OF MANSOUL

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Shaddai Upon Diabolus, for the
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PREFACE

In the year 1682 there was published by Dorman Newman, ‘at the King’s Arms in the Poultry,’ and Benjamin Alsop, ‘at the Angel and Bible in the Poultry,’ a volume entitled ‘The Holy War, made by Shaddai upon Diabolus for the regaining of the Metropolis of the World; or the Losing and Taking again of the Town of Mansoul.’ It was the work of John Bunyan, who, sixteen years before, had published the story of his own spiritual struggle under the title of ‘Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners’; and, but four years before, had produced ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (Part I).

Bunyan had speedily followed the issue of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' with the 'Life and Death of Mr. Badman,' picture of English life and character as he had seen it, grimly faithful to fact. In 'The Holy War' Bunyan returned to allegory. As a piece of literature the book is in no way inferior to the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' If Bunyan had written nothing else, 'The Holy War' would have sufficed to establish his claim to a place amongst the masters of English prose.

As an appeal to the conscience it is not a whit less effective than the 'Pilgrim's Progress'; but in the power of seizing and retaining the reader's attention it is scarcely so successful. Nevertheless Macaulay held that 'if there had been no "Pilgrim's Progress" "The Holy War" would have been the first of religious allegories.'

In working out the details of 'The Holy War' Bunyan seems to have kept in mind his own experience. The fortifications of the city, the movements of the opposing forces, the changes in the municipal offices of Mansoul were reproductions of scenes and events that had but recently gone on under Bunyan's eyes. He adapted them with extraordinary success to the presentation both of the doctrines of grace and of the temptations which attend the Christian life. The characters and the incidents are, in effect, the characters and incidents of every age. It is this which gives to the story of Mansoul its undying freshness, and suits it to the needs of men in all climes. 'The Holy War' has been translated into many languages, including some of those with the scantiest of literature.

Indeed, as this edition is being prepared for the press, assistance is being rendered by the Religious Tract Society in the printing of

'The Holy War' in Kongo.

A. R. BUCKLAND.

TO THE READER

'Tis strange to me, that they that love to tell
Things done of old, yea, and that do excel
Their equals in historiology,
Speak not of Mansoul's wars, but let them lie
Dead, like old fables, or such worthless things,
That to the reader no advantage brings:
When men, let them make what they will their own,
Till they know this, are to themselves unknown.

Of stories, I well know, there's divers sorts,
Some foreign, some domestic; and reports
Are thereof made as fancy leads the writers:
(By books a man may guess at the inditers.)
Some will again of that which never was,
Nor will be, feign (and that without a cause)
Such matter, raise such mountains, tell such things
Of men, of laws, of countries, and of kings;
And in their story seem to be so sage,
And with such gravity clothe every page,
That though their frontispiece says all is vain,
Yet to their way disciples they obtain.

But, readers, I have somewhat else to do,
Than with vain stories thus to trouble you.
What here I say, some men do know so well,
They can with tears and joy the story tell.

The town of Mansoul is well known to many,
Nor are her troubles doubted of by any
That are acquainted with those Histories
That Mansoul and her wars anatomize.

Then lend thine ear to what I do relate,
Touching the town of Mansoul and her state:
How she was lost, took captive, made a slave;
And how against him set, that should her save;
Yea, how by hostile ways she did oppose
Her Lord, and with his enemy did close.
For they are true: he that will them deny
Must needs the best of records vilify.
For my part, I myself was in the town,
Both when 'twas set up, and when pulling down.
I saw Diabolus in his possession,
And Mansoul also under his oppression.
Yea, I was there when she own'd him for lord,
And to him did submit with one accord.

When Mansoul trampled upon things divine,
And wallowed in filth as doth a swine;
When she betook herself unto her arms,
Fought her Emmanuel, despis'd his charms;
Then I was there, and did rejoice to see
Diabolus and Mansoul so agree.

Let no men, then, count me a fable-maker,
Nor make my name or credit a partaker
Of their derision: what is here in view,
Of mine own knowledge, I dare say is true.

I saw the Prince's armed men come down

By troops, by thousands, to besiege the town;
I saw the captains, heard the trumpets sound,
And how his forces covered all the ground.
Yea, how they set themselves in battle-'ray,
I shall remember to my dying day.

I saw the colours waving in the wind,
And they within to mischief how combin'd
To ruin Mansoul, and to make away
Her primum mobile without delay.

I saw the mounts cast up against the town,
And how the slings were placed to beat it down:
I heard the stones fly whizzing by mine ears,
(What longer kept in mind than got in fears?)
I heard them fall, and saw what work they made.
And how old Mors did cover with his shade
The face of Mansoul; and I heard her cry,
'Woe worth the day, in dying I shall die!'

I saw the battering-rams, and how they play'd
To beat open Ear-gate; and I was afraid
Not only Ear-gate, but the very town
Would by those battering-rams be beaten down.
I saw the fights, and heard the captains shout,
And in each battle saw who faced about;
I saw who wounded were, and who were slain;
And who, when dead, would come to life again.

I heard the cries of those that wounded were,
(While others fought like men bereft of fear,)
And while the cry, 'Kill, kill,' was in mine ears,
The gutters ran, not so with blood as tears.

Indeed, the captains did not always fight,
But then they would molest us day and night;
Their cry, 'Up, fall on, let us take the town,'
Kept us from sleeping, or from lying down.

I was there when the gates were broken ope,
And saw how Mansoul then was stripp'd of hope;
I saw the captains march into the town,
How there they fought, and did their foes cut down.

I heard the Prince bid Boanerges go
Up to the castle, and there seize his foe;
And saw him and his fellows bring him down,
In chains of great contempt quite through the town.

I saw Emmanuel, when he possess'd
His town of Mansoul; and how greatly blest
A town his gallant town of Mansoul was,
When she received his pardon, loved his laws.

When the Diabolonians were caught,
When tried, and when to execution brought,
Then I was there; yea, I was standing by
When Mansoul did the rebels crucify.

I also saw Mansoul clad all in white,
I heard her Prince call her his heart's delight.
I saw him put upon her chains of gold,
And rings, and bracelets, goodly to behold.

What shall I say? I heard the people's cries,
And saw the Prince wipe tears from Mansoul's eyes.
And heard the groans, and saw the joy of many:
Tell you of all, I neither will, nor can I.
But by what here I say, you well may see

That Mansoul's matchless wars no fables be.

Mansoul, the desire of both princes was:
One keep his gain would, t'other gain his loss.
Diabolus would cry, 'The town is mine!'
Emmanuel would plead a right divine
Unto his Mansoul: then to blows they go,
And Mansoul cries, 'These wars will me undo.'

Mansoul! her wars seemed endless in her eyes;
She's lost by one, becomes another's prize:
And he again that lost her last would swear,
'Have her I will, or her in pieces tear.'

Mansoul! it was the very seat of war;
Wherefore her troubles greater were by far
Than only where the noise of war is heard,
Or where the shaking of a sword is fear'd;
Or only where small skirmishes are fought,
Or where the fancy fighteth with a thought.

She saw the swords of fighting men made red,
And heard the cries of those with them wounded:
Must not her frights, then, be much more by far
Than theirs that to such doings strangers are?
Or theirs that hear the beating of a drum,
But not made fly for fear from house and home?

Mansoul not only heard the trumpet's sound,
But saw her gallants gasping on the ground:
Wherefore we must not think that she could rest
With them, whose greatest earnest is but jest:
Or where the blust'ring threat'ning of great wars
Do end in parlies, or in wording jars.

Mansoul! her mighty wars, they did portend
Her weal or woe, and that world without end:
Wherefore she must be more concern'd than they
Whose fears begin, and end the selfsame day;
Or where none other harm doth come to him
That is engaged, but loss of life or limb,
As all must needs confess that now do dwell
In Universe, and can this story tell.

Count me not, then, with them that, to amaze
The people, set them on the stars to gaze,
Insinuating with much confidence,
That each of them is now the residence
Of some brave creatures: yea, a world they will
Have in each star, though it be past their skill
To make it manifest to any man,
That reason hath, or tell his fingers can.

But I have too long held thee in the porch,
And kept thee from the sunshine with a torch,
Well, now go forward, step within the door,
And there behold five hundred times much more
Of all sorts of such inward rarities
As please the mind will, and will feed the eyes
With those, which, if a Christian, thou wilt see
Not small, but things of greatest moment be.

Nor do thou go to work without my key;
(In mysteries men soon do lose their way;)
And also turn it right, if thou wouldst know
My riddle, and wouldst with my heifer plough;
It lies there in the window. Fare thee well,

My next may be to ring thy passing-bell.

John Bunyan.

AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER

Some say the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is not mine,
Insinuating as if I would shine
In name and fame by the worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother.
Or that so fond I am of being sire,
I'll father bastards; or, if need require,
I'll tell a lie in print to get applause.
I scorn it: John such dirt-heap never was,
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To show why I my 'Pilgrim' patronize.

It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled;
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.

Manner and matter, too, was all mine own,
Nor was it unto any mortal known
Till I had done it; nor did any then
By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,
Add five words to it, or write half a line
Thereof: the whole, and every whit is mine.

Also for THIS, thine eye is now upon,
The matter in this manner came from none
But the same heart, and head, fingers, and pen,

As did the other. Witness all good men;
For none in all the world, without a lie,
Can say that this is mine, excepting I

I write not this of my ostentation,
Nor 'cause I seek of men their commendation;
I do it to keep them from such surmise,
As tempt them will my name to scandalize.
Witness my name, if anagram'd to thee,
The letters make—'Nu hony in a B.'

John Bunyan.

A RELATION OF THE HOLY WAR

In my travels, as I walked through many regions and countries, it was my chance to happen into that famous continent of Universe. A very large and spacious country it is: it lieth between the two poles, and just amidst the four points of the heavens. It is a place well watered, and richly adorned with hills and valleys, bravely situate, and for the most part, at least where I was, very fruitful, also well peopled, and a very sweet air.

The people are not all of one complexion, nor yet of one language, mode, or way of religion, but differ as much as, it is said, do the planets themselves. Some are right, and some are wrong, even as it happeneth to be in lesser regions.

In this country, as I said, it was my lot to travel; and there travel I did, and that so long, even till I learned much of their mother tongue, together with the customs and manners of them among whom I was. And, to speak truth, I was much delighted to see and hear many things which I saw and heard among them; yea, I had, to be sure, even lived and died a native among them, (so was I taken with them and their doings,) had not my master sent for me home to his house, there to do business for him, and to oversee business done.

Now there is in this gallant country of Universe a fair and delicate town, a corporation called Mansoul; a town for its building so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its

privileges so advantageous, (I mean with reference to its origin,) that I may say of it, as was said before of the continent in which it is placed, There is not its equal under the whole heaven.

As to the situation of this town, it lieth just between the two worlds; and the first founder and builder of it, so far as by the best and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai; and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror and glory of all that he made, even the top-piece, beyond anything else that he did in that country. Yea, so goodly a town was Mansoul when first built, that it is said by some, the gods, at the setting up thereof, came down to see it, and sang for joy. And as he made it goodly to behold, so also mighty to have dominion over all the country round about. Yea, all were commanded to acknowledge Mansoul for their metropolitan, all were enjoined to do homage to it. Aye, the town itself had positive commission and power from her King to demand service of all, and also to subdue any that anyways denied to do it.

There was reared up in the midst of this town a most famous and stately palace; for strength, it might be called a castle; for pleasantness, a paradise; for largeness, a place so copious as to contain all the world. This place the King Shaddai intended but for himself alone, and not another with him; partly because of his own delights, and partly because he would not that the terror of strangers should be upon the town. This place Shaddai made also a garrison of, but committed the keeping of it only to the men of the town.

The walls of the town were well built, yea, so fast and firm were they knit and compact together, that, had it not been for the townsmen themselves, they could not have been shaken or broken for ever. For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that builded Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate, unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.

This famous town of Mansoul had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go; and these were made likewise answerable to the walls, to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate.

Other things there were that belonged to the town of Mansoul, which if you adjoin to these, will yet give farther demonstration to all, of the glory and strength of the place. It had always a sufficiency of provision within its walls; it had the best, most wholesome, and excellent law that then was extant in the world.

There was not a rascal, rogue, or traitorous person then within its walls; they were all true men, and fast joined together; and this, you know, is a great matter. And to all these, it had always (so long as it had the goodness to keep true to Shaddai the King) his countenance, his protection, and it was his delight, etc.

Well, upon a time, there was one Diabolus, a mighty giant, made an assault upon this famous town of Mansoul, to take it, and make it his own habitation. This giant was king of the blacks,

and a most raving prince he was. We will, if you please, first discourse of the origin of this Diabolus, and then of his taking of this famous town of Mansoul.

This Diabolus is indeed a great and mighty prince, and yet both poor and beggarly. As to his origin, he was at first one of the servants of King Shaddai, made, and taken, and put by him into most high and mighty place; yea, was put into such principalities as belonged to the best of his territories and dominions. This Diabolus was made 'son of the morning,' and a brave place he had of it: it brought him much glory, and gave him much brightness, an income that might have contented his Luciferian heart, had it not been insatiable, and enlarged as hell itself.

Well, he seeing himself thus exalted to greatness and honour, and raging in his mind for higher state and degree, what doth he but begins to think with himself how he might be set up as lord over all, and have the sole power under Shaddai. (Now that did the King reserve for his Son, yea, and had already bestowed it upon him.) Wherefore he first consults with himself what had best to be done; and then breaks his mind to some other of his companions, to the which they also agreed. So, in fine, they came to this issue that they should make an attempt upon the King's Son to destroy him, that the inheritance might be theirs.

Well, to be short, the treason, as I said, was concluded, the time appointed, the word given, the rebels rendezvoused, and the assault attempted. Now the King and his Son being all and always eye, could not but discern all passages in his dominions;

and he, having always love for his Son as for himself, could not at what he saw but be greatly provoked and offended: wherefore what does he, but takes them in the very nick and first trip that they made towards their design, convicts them of the treason, horrid rebellion, and conspiracy that they had devised, and now attempted to put into practice, and casts them altogether out of all place of trust, benefit, honour, and preferment. This done, he banishes them the court, turns them down into the horrible pits, as fast bound in chains, never more to expect the least favour from his hands, but to abide the judgment that he had appointed, and that for ever.

Now they being thus cast out of all place of trust, profit, and honour, and also knowing that they had lost their prince's favour for ever, (being banished his court, and cast down to the horrible pits,) you may be sure they would now add to their former pride what malice and rage against Shaddai, and against his Son, they could. Wherefore, roving and ranging in much fury from place to place, if, perhaps, they might find something that was the King's, by spoiling of that, to revenge themselves on him; at last they happened into this spacious country of Universe, and steer their course towards the town of Mansoul; and considering that that town was one of the chief works and delights of King Shaddai, what do they but, after counsel taken, make an assault upon that.

I say, they knew that Mansoul belonged unto Shaddai; for they were there when he built it and beautified it for himself. So when they had found the place, they shouted horribly for joy, and

roared on it as a lion upon the prey, saying, 'Now we have found the prize, and how to be revenged on King Shaddai for what he hath done to us.' So they sat down and called a council of war, and considered with themselves what ways and methods they had best to engage in for the winning to themselves this famous town of Mansoul, and these four things were then propounded to be considered of.

First. Whether they had best all of them to show themselves in this design to the town of Mansoul.

Secondly. Whether they had best to go and sit down against Mansoul in their now ragged and beggarly guise.

Thirdly. Whether they had best show to Mansoul their intentions, and what design they came about, or whether to assault it with words and ways of deceit.

Fourthly. Whether they had not best to some of their companions to give out private orders to take the advantage, if they see one or more of the principal townsmen, to shoot them, if thereby they shall judge their cause and design will the better be promoted.

1. It was answered to the first of these proposals in the negative, to wit, that it would not be best that all should show themselves before the town, because the appearance of many of them might alarm and frighten the town; whereas a few or but one of them was not so likely to do it. And to enforce this advice to take place it was added further, that if Mansoul was frightened, or did take the alarm, 'It is impossible,' said Diabolus (for he spake

now), 'that we should take the town: for that none can enter into it without its own consent. Let, therefore, but few, or but one, assault Mansoul; and in mine opinion,' said Diabolus, 'let me be he.' Wherefore to this they all agreed.

2. And then to the second proposal they came, namely, Whether they had best go and sit down before Mansoul in their now ragged and beggarly guise. To which it was answered also in the negative, By no means; and that because, though the town of Mansoul had been made to know, and to have to do, before now, with things that are invisible, they did never as yet see any of their fellow-creatures in so sad and rascally condition as they; and this was the advice of that fierce Alecto. Then said Apollyon, 'The advice is pertinent; for even one of us appearing to them as we are now, must needs both beget and multiply such thoughts in them as will both put them into a consternation of spirit, and necessitate them to put themselves upon their guard. And if so,' said he, 'then, as my Lord Diabolus said but now, it is in vain for us to think of taking the town.' Then said that mighty giant Beelzebub, 'The advice that already is given is safe; for though the men of Mansoul have seen such things as we once were, yet hitherto they did never behold such things as we now are; and it is best, in mine opinion, to come upon them in such a guise as is common to, and most familiar among them.' To this, when they had consented, the next thing to be considered was, in what shape, hue, or guise Diabolus had best to show himself when he went about to make Mansoul his own. Then one said one thing,

and another the contrary. At last Lucifer answered, that, in his opinion, it was best that his lordship should assume the body of some of those creatures that they of the town had dominion over; ‘for,’ quoth he, ‘these are not only familiar to them, but, being under them, they will never imagine that an attempt should by them be made upon the town; and, to blind all, let him assume the body of one of those beasts that Mansoul deems to be wiser than any of the rest.’ This advice was applauded of all: so it was determined that the giant Diabolus should assume the dragon, for that he was in those days as familiar with the town of Mansoul as now is the bird with the boy; for nothing that was in its primitive state was at all amazing to them. Then they proceeded to the third thing, which was:

3. Whether they had best to show their intentions, or the design of his coming, to Mansoul, or no. This also was answered in the negative, because of the weight that was in the former reasons, to wit, for that Mansoul were a strong people, a strong people in a strong town, whose wall and gates were impregnable, (to say nothing of their castle,) nor can they by any means be won but by their own consent. ‘Besides,’ said Legion, (for he gave answer to this,) ‘a discovery of our intentions may make them send to their king for aid; and if that be done, I know quickly what time of day it will be with us. Therefore let us assault them in all pretended fairness, covering our intentions with all manner of lies, flatteries, delusive words; feigning things that never will be, and promising that to them that they shall never find. This is the

way to win Mansoul, and to make them of themselves open their gates to us; yea, and to desire us too to come in to them. And the reason why I think that this project will do is, because the people of Mansoul now are, every one, simple and innocent, all honest and true; nor do they as yet know what it is to be assaulted with fraud, guile, and hypocrisy. They are strangers to lying and dissembling lips; wherefore we cannot, if thus we be disguised, by them at all be discerned; our lies shall go for true sayings, and our dissimulations for upright dealings. What we promise them they will in that believe us, especially if, in all our lies and feigned words, we pretend great love to them, and that our design is only their advantage and honour.' Now there was not one bit of a reply against this; this went as current down as doth the water down a steep descent. Wherefore they go to consider of the last proposal, which was:

4. Whether they had not best to give out orders to some of their company to shoot some one or more of the principal of the townsmen, if they judge that their cause may be promoted thereby. This was carried in the affirmative, and the man that was designed by this stratagem to be destroyed was one Mr. Resistance, otherwise called Captain Resistance. And a great man in Mansoul this Captain Resistance was, and a man that the giant Diabolus and his band more feared than they feared the whole town of Mansoul besides. Now who should be the actor to do the murder? That was the next, and they appointed one Tisiphone, a fury of the lake, to do it.

They thus having ended their council of war, rose up, and essayed to do as they had determined; they marched towards Mansoul, but all in a manner invisible, save one, only one; nor did he approach the town in his own likeness, but under the shade and in the body of the dragon.

So they drew up and sat down before Ear-gate, for that was the place of hearing for all without the town, as Eye-gate was the place of perspection. So, as I said, he came up with his train to the gate, and laid his ambuscado for Captain Resistance within bow-shot of the town. This done, the giant ascended up close to the gate, and called to the town of Mansoul for audience. Nor took he any with him but one Ill-pause, who was his orator in all difficult matters. Now, as I said, he being come up to the gate, (as the manner of those times was,) sounded his trumpet for audience; at which the chief of the town of Mansoul, such as my Lord Innocent, my Lord Willbewill, my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and Captain Resistance, came down to the wall to see who was there, and what was the matter. And my Lord Willbewill, when he had looked over and saw who stood at the gate, demanded what he was, wherefore he was come, and why he roused the town of Mansoul with so unusual a sound.

Diabolus, then, as if he had been a lamb, began his oration, and said: ‘Gentlemen of the famous town of Mansoul, I am, as you may perceive, no far dweller from you, but near, and one that is bound by the king to do you my homage and what service I can; wherefore, that I may be faithful to myself and to you, I

have somewhat of concern to impart unto you. Wherefore, grant me your audience, and hear me patiently. And first, I will assure you, it is not myself, but you—not mine, but your advantage that I seek by what I now do, as will full well be made manifest, by that I have opened my mind unto you. For, gentlemen, I am (to tell you the truth) come to show you how you may obtain great and ample deliverance from a bondage that, unawares to yourselves, you are captivated and enslaved under.’ At this the town of Mansoul began to prick up its ears. And ‘What is it?

Pray what is it?’ thought they. And he said, ‘I have somewhat to say to you concerning your King, concerning his law, and also touching yourselves. Touching your King, I know he is great and potent; but yet all that he hath said to you is neither true nor yet for your advantage. 1. It is not true, for that wherewith he hath hitherto awed you, shall not come to pass, nor be fulfilled, though you do the thing that he hath forbidden. But if there was danger, what a slavery is it to live always in fear of the greatest of punishments, for doing so small and trivial a thing as eating of a little fruit is. 2. Touching his laws, this I say further, they are both unreasonable, intricate, and intolerable. Unreasonable, as was hinted before; for that the punishment is not proportioned to the offence: there is great difference and disproportion between the life and an apple; yet the one must go for the other by the law of your Shaddai. But it is also intricate, in that he saith, first, you may eat of all; and yet after forbids the eating of one. And then, in the last place, it must needs be intolerable, forasmuch as

that fruit which you are forbidden to eat of (if you are forbidden any) is that, and that alone, which is able, by your eating, to minister to you a good as yet unknown by you. This is manifest by the very name of the tree; it is called the “tree of knowledge of good and evil;” and have you that knowledge as yet? No, no, nor can you conceive how good, how pleasant, and how much to be desired to make one wise it is, so long as you stand by your King’s commandment. Why should you be holden in ignorance and blindness? Why should you not be enlarged in knowledge and understanding? And now, O ye inhabitants of the famous town of Mansoul, to speak more particularly to yourselves you are not a free people! You are kept both in bondage and slavery, and that by a grievous threat; no reason being annexed but, “So I will have it; so it shall be.” And is it not grievous to think on, that that very thing which you are forbidden to do might you but do it, would yield you both wisdom and honour? for then your eyes will be opened, and you shall be as gods. Now, since this is thus,’ quoth he, ‘can you be kept by any prince in more slavery and in greater bondage than you are under this day? You are made underlings, and are wrapped up in inconveniences, as I have well made appear. For what bondage greater than to be kept in blindness? Will not reason tell you that it is better to have eyes than to be without them? and so to be at liberty to be better than to be shut up in a dark and stinking cave?’

And just now, while Diabolus was speaking these words to Mansoul, Tisiphone shot at Captain Resistance, where he stood

on the gate, and mortally wounded him in the head; so that he, to the amazement of the townsmen, and the encouragement of Diabolus, fell down dead quite over the wall. Now, when Captain Resistance was dead, (and he was the only man of war in the town,) poor Mansoul was wholly left naked of courage, nor had she now any heart to resist. But this was as the devil would have it. Then stood forth he, Mr. Ill-pause, that Diabolus brought with him, who was his orator; and he addressed himself to speak to the town of Mansoul; the tenour of whose speech here follows:—

‘Gentlemen,’ quoth he, ‘it is my master’s happiness that he has this day a quiet and teachable auditory; and it is hoped by us that we shall prevail with you not to cast off good advice. My master has a very great love for you; and although, as he very well knows, that he runs the hazard of the anger of King Shaddai, yet love to you will make him do more than that. Nor doth there need that a word more should be spoken to confirm for truth what he hath said; there is not a word but carries with it self-evidence in its bowels; the very name of the tree may put an end to all controversy in this matter. I therefore, at this time, shall only add this advice to you, under and by the leave of my lord;’ (and with that he made Diabolus a very low congee;) ‘consider his words, look on the tree and the promising fruit thereof; remember also that yet you know but little, and that this is the way to know more: and if your reasons be not conquered to accept of such good counsel, you are not the men that I took you to be.’

But when the townsfolk saw that the tree was good for food,

and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, they did as old Ill-pause advised; they took and did eat thereof. Now this I should have told you before, that even then, when this Ill-pause was making his speech to the townsmen, my Lord Innocency (whether by a shot from the camp of the giant, or from some sinking qualm that suddenly took him, or whether by the stinking breath of that treacherous villain old Ill-pause, for so I am most apt to think) sunk down in the place where he stood, nor could be brought to life again. Thus these two brave men died—brave men, I call them; for they were the beauty and glory of Mansoul, so long as they lived therein; nor did there now remain any more a noble spirit in Mansoul; they all fell down and yielded obedience to Diabolus; and became his slaves and vassals, as you shall hear.

Now these being dead, what do the rest of the townsfolk, but, as men that had found a fool's paradise, they presently, as afore was hinted, fall to prove the truth of the giant's words. And, first, they did as Ill-pause had taught them; they looked, they considered they were taken with the forbidden fruit; they took thereof, and did eat; and having eaten, they became immediately drunken therewith. So they open the gate, both Ear-gate and Eye-gate, and let in Diabolus with all his bands, quite forgetting their good Shaddai, his law, and the judgment that he had annexed, with solemn threatening, to the breach thereof.

Diabolus, having now obtained entrance in at the gates of the town, marches up to the middle thereof, to make his conquest

as sure as he could; and finding, by this time, the affections of the people warmly inclining to him, he, as thinking it was best striking while the iron is hot, made this further deceivable speech unto them, saying, 'Alas, my poor Mansoul! I have done thee indeed this service, as to promote thee to honour, and to greaten thy liberty; but, alas! alas! poor Mansoul, thou wantest now one to defend thee; for assure thyself that when Shaddai shall hear what is done, he will come; for sorry will he be that thou hast broken his bonds, and cast his cords away from thee. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou, after enlargement, suffer thy privileges to be invaded and taken away, or what wilt resolve with thyself?'

Then they all with one consent said to this bramble, 'Do thou reign over us.' So he accepted the motion, and became the king of the town of Mansoul. This being done, the next thing was to give him possession of the castle, and so of the whole strength of the town. Wherefore, into the castle he goes; it was that which Shaddai built in Mansoul for his own delight and pleasure; this now was become a den and hold for the giant Diabolus.

Now, having got possession of this stately palace or castle, what doth he but makes it a garrison for himself, and strengthens and fortifies it with all sorts of provision, against the King Shaddai, or those that should endeavour the regaining of it to him and his obedience again.

This done, but not thinking himself yet secure enough, in the next place he bethinks himself of new modelling the town; and so he does, setting up one, and putting down another at

pleasure. Wherefore my Lord Mayor, whose name was my Lord Understanding, and Mr. Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, these he put out of place and power.

As for my Lord Mayor, though he was an understanding man, and one too that had complied with the rest of the town of Mansoul in admitting the giant into the town, yet Diabolus thought not fit to let him abide in his former lustre and glory, because he was a seeing man. Wherefore he darkened him, not only by taking from him his office and power, but by building a high and strong tower, just between the sun's reflections and the windows of my lord's palace; by which means his house and all, and the whole of his habitation, were made as dark as darkness itself. And thus, being alienated from the light, he became as one that was born blind. To this, his house, my lord was confined as to a prison; nor might he, upon his parole, go farther than within his own bounds. And now, had he had a heart to do for Mansoul, what could he do for it, or wherein could he be profitable to her? So then, so long as Mansoul was under the power and government of Diabolus, (and so long it was under him, as it was obedient to him, which was even until by a war it was rescued out of his hand,) so long my Lord Mayor was rather an impediment in, than an advantage to the famous town of Mansoul.

As for Mr. Recorder, before the town was taken, he was a man well read in the laws of his king, and also a man of courage and faithfulness to speak truth at every occasion; and he had a tongue as bravely hung as he had a head filled with judgment. Now,

this man Diabolus could by no means abide, because, though he gave his consent to his coming into the town, yet he could not, by all the wiles, trials, stratagems, and devices that he could use, make him wholly his own. True, he was much degenerated from his former king, and also much pleased with many of the giant's laws and service; but all this would not do, forasmuch as he was not wholly his. He would now and then think upon Shaddai, and have dread of his law upon him, and then he would speak against Diabolus with a voice as great as when a lion roareth. Yea, and would also at certain times, when his fits were upon him, (for you must know that sometimes he had terrible fits,) make the whole town of Mansoul shake with his voice: and therefore the now king of Mansoul could not abide him.

Diabolus, therefore, feared the Recorder more than any that was left alive in the town of Mansoul, because, as I said, his words did shake the whole town; they were like the rattling thunder, and also like thunder-claps. Since, therefore, the giant could not make him wholly his own, what doth he do but studies all that he could to debauch the old gentleman, and by debauchery to stupefy his mind, and more harden his heart in the ways of vanity. And as he attempted, so he accomplished his design: he debauched the man, and by little and little so drew him into sin and wickedness, that at last he was not only debauched, as at first, and so by consequence defiled, but was almost (at last, I say) past all conscience of sin. And this was the farthest Diabolus could go. Wherefore he bethinks him of another project, and that was,

to persuade the men of the town that Mr. Recorder was mad, and so not to be regarded. And for this he urged his fits, and said, 'If he be himself, why doth he not do thus always? But,' quoth he, 'as all mad folks have their fits, and in them their raving language, so hath this old and doating gentleman.'

Thus, by one means or another, he quickly got Mansoul to slight, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder could say.

For, besides what already you have heard, Diabolus had a way to make the old gentleman, when he was merry, unsay and deny what he in his fits had affirmed. And, indeed, this was the next way to make himself ridiculous, and to cause that no man should regard him. Also now he never spake freely for King Shaddai, but also by force and constraint. Besides, he would at one time be hot against that at which, at another, he would hold his peace; so uneven was he now in his doings. Sometimes he would be as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as dead, even then when the whole town of Mansoul was in her career after vanity, and in her dance after the giant's pipe.

Wherefore, sometimes when Mansoul did use to be frightened with the thundering voice of the Recorder that was, and when they did tell Diabolus of it, he would answer, that what the old gentleman said was neither of love to him nor pity to them, but of a foolish fondness that he had to be prating; and so would hush, still, and put all to quiet again. And that he might leave no argument unurged that might tend to make them secure, he said, and said it often, 'O Mansoul! consider that, notwithstanding the

old gentleman's rage, and the rattle of his high and thundering words, you hear nothing of Shaddai himself;' when, liar and deceiver that he was, every outcry of Mr. Recorder against the sin of Mansoul was the voice of God in him to them. But he goes on, and says, 'You see that he values not the loss nor rebellion of the town of Mansoul, nor will he trouble himself with calling his town to a reckoning for their giving themselves to me. He knows that though you were his, now you are lawfully mine; so, leaving us one to another, he now hath shaken his hands of us.

'Moreover, O Mansoul!' quoth he, 'consider how I have served you, even to the uttermost of my power; and that with the best that I have, could get, or procure for you in all the world: besides, I dare say that the laws and customs that you now are under, and by which you do homage to me, do yield you more solace and content than did the paradise that at first you possessed. Your liberty also, as yourselves do very well know, has been greatly widened and enlarged by me; whereas I found you a penned-up people. I have not laid any restraint upon you; you have no law, statute, or judgment of mine to fright you; I call none of you to account for your doings, except the madman—you know who I mean; I have granted you to live, each man like a prince in his own, even with as little control from me as I myself have from you.'

And thus would Diabolus hush up and quiet the town of Mansoul, when the Recorder that was, did at times molest them: yea, and with such cursed orations as these, would set the whole

town in a rage and fury against the old gentleman. Yea, the rascal crew at some times would be for destroying him. They have often wished, in my hearing, that he had lived a thousand miles off from them: his company, his words, yea, the sight of him, and specially when they remembered how in old times he did use to threaten and condemn them, (for all he was now so debauched,) did terrify and afflict them sore.

But all wishes were vain, for I do not know how, unless by the power of Shaddai, and his wisdom, he was preserved in being amongst them. Besides, his house was as strong as a castle, and stood hard by a stronghold of the town: moreover, if at any time any of the crew or rabble attempted to make him away, he could pull up the sluices, and let in such floods as would drown all round about him.

But to leave Mr. Recorder, and to come to my Lord Willbewill, another of the gentry of the famous town of Mansoul.

This Willbewill was as high-born as any man in Mansoul, and was as much, if not more, a freeholder than many of them were; besides, if I remember my tale aright, he had some privileges peculiar to himself in the famous town of Mansoul. Now, together with these, he was a man of great strength, resolution, and courage, nor in his occasion could any turn him away. But I say, whether he was proud of his estate, privileges, strength, or what, (but sure it was through pride of something,) he scorns now to be a slave in Mansoul; and therefore resolves to bear office under Diabolus, that he might (such an one as he was) be

a petty ruler and governor in Mansoul. And, headstrong man that he was! thus he began betimes; for this man, when Diabolus did make his oration at Ear-gate, was one of the first that was for consenting to his words, and for accepting his counsel at wholesome, and that was for the opening of the gate, and for letting him into the town; wherefore Diabolus had a kindness for him, and therefore he designed for him a place. And perceiving the valour and stoutness of the man, he coveted to have him for one of his great ones, to act and do in matters of the highest concern.

So he sent for him, and talked with him of that secret matter that lay in his breast, but there needed not much persuasion in the case. For as at first he was willing that Diabolus should be let into the town, so now he was as willing to serve him there.

When the tyrant, therefore, perceived the willingness of my lord to serve him, and that his mind stood bending that way, he forthwith made him the captain of the castle, governor of the wall, and keeper of the gates of Mansoul: yea, there was a clause in his commission, that nothing without him should be done in all the town of Mansoul. So that now, next to Diabolus himself, who but my Lord Willbewill in all the town of Mansoul! nor could anything now be done, but at his will and pleasure, throughout the town of Mansoul. He had also one Mr. Mind for his clerk, a man to speak on every way like his master: for he and his lord were in principle one, and in practice not far asunder. And now was Mansoul brought under to purpose, and made to fulfil the

lusts of the will, and of the mind.

But it will not out of my thoughts what a desperate one this Willbewill was when power was put into his hand. First, he flatly denied that he owed any suit or service to his former prince and liege lord. This done, in the next place he took an oath, and swore fidelity to his great master Diabolus, and then, being stated and settled in his places, offices, advancements, and preferments, oh! you cannot think, unless you had seen it, the strange work that this workman made in the town of Mansoul.

First, he maligned Mr. Recorder to death; he would neither endure to see him, nor hear the words of his mouth; he would shut his eyes when he saw him, and stop his ears when he heard him speak. Also he could not endure that so much as a fragment of the law of Shaddai should be anywhere seen in the town.

For example, his clerk, Mr. Mind, had some old, rent, and torn parchments of the law of Shaddai in his house, but when Willbewill saw them, he cast them behind his back. True, Mr. Recorder had some of the laws in his study; but my lord could by no means come at them. He also thought and said, that the windows of my old Lord Mayor's house were always too light for the profit of the town of Mansoul. The light of a candle he could not endure. Now nothing at all pleased Willbewill but what pleased Diabolus his lord.

There was none like him to trumpet about the streets the brave nature, the wise conduct, and great glory of the king Diabolus. He would range and rove throughout all the streets of Mansoul

to cry up his illustrious lord, and would make himself even as an abject, among the base and rascal crew, to cry up his valiant prince. And I say, when and wheresoever he found these vassals, he would even make himself as one of them. In all ill courses he would act without bidding, and do mischief without commandment.

The Lord Willbewill also had a deputy under him, and his name was Mr. Affection, one that was also greatly debauched in his principles, and answerable thereto in his life: he was wholly given to the flesh, and therefore they called him Vile-Affection.

Now there was he and one Carnal-Lust, the daughter of Mr. Mind, (like to like,) that fell in love, and made a match, and were married; and, as I take it, they had several children, as Impudent, Blackmouth, and Hate-Reproof. These three were black boys.

And besides these they had three daughters, as Scorn-Truth and Slight-God, and the name of the youngest was Revenge. These were all married in the town, and also begot and yielded many bad brats, too many to be here inserted. But to pass by this.

When the giant had thus engarrisoned himself in the town of Mansoul, and had put down and set up whom he thought good, he betakes himself to defacing. Now there was in the market-place in Mansoul, and also upon the gates of the castle, an image of the blessed King Shaddai. This image was so exactly engraven, (and it was engraven in gold,) that it did the most resemble Shaddai himself of anything that then was extant in the world.

This he basely commanded to be defaced, and it was as basely

done by the hand of Mr. No-Truth. Now you must know that, as Diabolus had commanded, and that by the hand of Mr. No-Truth, the image of Shaddai was defaced, he likewise gave order that the same Mr. No-Truth should set up in its stead the horrid and formidable image of Diabolus, to the great contempt of the former King, and debasing of his town of Mansoul.

Moreover, Diabolus made havoc of all remains of the laws and statutes of Shaddai that could be found in the town of Mansoul; to wit, such as contained either the doctrines of morals, with all civil and natural documents. Also relative severities he sought to extinguish. To be short, there was nothing of the remains of good in Mansoul which he and Willbewill sought not to destroy; for their design was to turn Mansoul into a brute, and to make it like to the sensual sow, by the hand of Mr. No-Truth.

When he had destroyed what law and good orders he could, then further to effect his design, namely, to alienate Mansoul from Shaddai her King, he commands, and they set up his own vain edicts, statutes, and commandments, in all places of resort or concourse in Mansoul, to wit, such as gave liberty to the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life, which are not of Shaddai, but of the world. He encouraged, countenanced, and promoted lasciviousness, and all ungodliness there. Yea, much more did Diabolus to encourage wickedness in the town of Mansoul; he promised them peace, content, joy, and bliss, in doing his commands, and that they should never be called to an account for their not doing the contrary. And let this serve to

give a taste to them that love to hear tell of what is done beyond their knowledge afar off in other countries.

Now Mansoul being wholly at his beck, and brought wholly to his bow, nothing was heard or seen therein but that which tended to set up him.

But now he, having disabled the Lord Mayor and Mr. Recorder from bearing of office in Mansoul, and seeing that the town, before he came to it, was the most ancient of corporations in the world, and fearing, if he did not maintain greatness, they at any time should object that he had done them an injury; therefore, I say, (that they might see that he did not intend to lessen their grandeur, or to take from them any of their advantageous things,) he did choose for them a Lord Mayor and a Recorder himself, and such as contented them at the heart, and such also as pleased him wondrous well.

The name of the Mayor that was of Diabolus' making was the Lord Lustings, a man that had neither eyes nor ears. All that he did, whether as a man or an officer, he did it naturally, as doth the beast. And that which made him yet the more ignoble, though not to Mansoul, yet to them that beheld and were grieved for its ruin, was, that he never could favour good, but evil.

The Recorder was one whose name was Forget-Good, and a very sorry fellow he was. He could remember nothing but mischief, and to do it with delight. He was naturally prone to do things that were hurtful, even hurtful to the town of Mansoul, and to all the dwellers there. These two, therefore, by their power

and practice, examples, and smiles upon evil, did much more grammar and settle the common people in hurtful ways. For who doth not perceive that when those that sit aloft are vile and corrupt themselves, they corrupt the whole region and country where they are?

Besides these, Diabolus made several burgesses and aldermen in Mansoul, such as out of whom the town, when it needed, might choose them officers, governors, and magistrates. And these are the names of the chief of them: Mr. Incredulity, Mr. Haughty, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Whoring, Mr. Hard-Heart, Mr. Pitiless, Mr. Fury, Mr. No-Truth, Mr. Stand-to-Lies, Mr. False-Peace, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Cheating, Mr. Atheism—thirteen in all. Mr. Incredulity is the eldest, and Mr. Atheism the youngest of the company.

There was also an election of common councilmen and others, as bailiffs, sergeants, constables, and others; but all of them like to those afore-named, being either fathers, brothers, cousins, or nephews to them, whose names, for brevity's sake, I omit to mention.

When the giant had thus far proceeded in his work, in the next place, he betook him to build some strongholds in the town, and he built three that seemed to be impregnable. The first he called the Hold of Defiance, because it was made to command the whole town, and to keep it from the knowledge of its ancient King. The second he called Midnight Hold, because it was built on purpose to keep Mansoul from the true knowledge of

itself. The third was called Sweet-Sin Hold, because by that he fortified Mansoul against all desires of good. The first of these holds stood close by Eye-gate, that, as much might be, light might be darkened there; the second was built hard by the old castle, to the end that that might be made more blind, if possible; and the third stood in the market-place.

He that Diabolus made governor over the first of these was one Spite-God, a most blasphemous wretch: he came with the whole rabble of them that came against Mansoul at first, and was himself one of themselves. He that was made the governor of Midnight Hold was one Love-no-Light; he was also of them that came first against the town. And he that was made the governor of the hold called Sweet-Sin Hold was one whose name was Love-Flesh: he was also a very lewd fellow, but not of that country where the other are bound. This fellow could find more sweetness when he stood sucking of a lust than he did in all the paradise of God.

And now Diabolus thought himself safe. He had taken Mansoul, he had engarrisoned himself therein; he had put down the old officers, and had set up new ones; he had defaced the image of Shaddai, and had set up his own; he had spoiled the old law books, and had promoted his own vain lies; he had made him new magistrates, and set up new aldermen; he had builded him new holds, and had manned them for himself: and all this he did to make himself secure, in case the good Shaddai, or his Son, should come to make an incursion upon him.

Now you may well think, that long before this time, word, by some one or other, could not but be carried to the good King Shaddai, how his Mansoul, in the continent of Universe, was lost; and that the runagate giant Diabolus, once one of his Majesty's servants, had, in rebellion against the King, made sure thereof for himself. Yea, tidings were carried and brought to the King thereof, and that to a very circumstance.

At first, how Diabolus came upon Mansoul (they being a simple people and innocent) with craft, subtlety, lies, and guile.

Item, that he had treacherously slain the right noble and valiant captain, their Captain Resistance, as he stood upon the gate with the rest of the townsmen. *Item*, how my brave Lord Innocent fell down dead (with grief, some say, or with being poisoned with the stinking breath of one Ill-Pause, as say others) at the hearing of his just lord and rightful prince, Shaddai, so abused by the mouth of so filthy a Diabolian as that varlet Ill-Pause was.

The messenger further told, that after this Ill-Pause had made a short oration to the townsmen in behalf of Diabolus, his master; the simple town, believing that what was said was true, with one consent did open Ear-gate, the chief gate of the corporation, and did let him, with his crew, into a possession of the famous town of Mansoul. He further showed how Diabolus had served the Lord Mayor and Mr. Recorder, to wit, that he had put them from all place of power and trust. *Item*, he showed also that my Lord Willbewill was turned a very rebel, and runagate, and that so was one Mr. Mind, his clerk; and that they two did range and revel

it all the town over, and teach the wicked ones their ways. He said, moreover, that this Willbewill was put into great trust, and particularly that Diabolus had put into Willbewill's hand all the strong places in Mansoul; and that Mr. Affection was made my Lord Willbewill's deputy in his most rebellious affairs. 'Yea,' said the messenger, 'this monster, Lord Willbewill, has openly disavowed his King Shaddai, and hath horribly given his faith and plighted his troth to Diabolus.'

'Also,' said the messenger, 'besides all this, the new king, or rather rebellious tyrant, over the once famous, but now perishing town of Mansoul, has set up a Lord Mayor and a Recorder of his own. For Mayor, he has set up one Mr. Lustings; and for Recorder, Mr. Forget-Good; two of the vilest of all the town of Mansoul.' This faithful messenger also proceeded, and told what a sort of new burgesses Diabolus had made; also that he had built several strong forts, towers, and strongholds in Mansoul. He told, too, the which I had almost forgot, how Diabolus had put the town of Mansoul into arms, the better to capacitate them, on his behalf, to make resistance against Shaddai their King, should he come to reduce them to their former obedience.

Now this tidings-teller did not deliver his relation of things in private, but in open court, the King and his Son, high lords, chief captains, and nobles, being all there present to hear. But by that they had heard the whole of the story, it would have amazed one to have seen, had he been there to behold it, what sorrow and grief, and compunction of spirit, there was among all sorts, to

think that famous Mansoul was now taken: only the King and his Son foresaw all this long before, yea, and sufficiently provided for the relief of Mansoul, though they told not everybody thereof.

Yet because they also would have a share in condoling of the Misery of Mansoul, therefore they also did, and that at a rate of the highest degree, bewail the losing of Mansoul. The King said plainly that it grieved him at the heart, and you may be sure that his Son was not a whit behind him. Thus gave they conviction to all about them that they had love and compassion for the famous town of Mansoul. Well, when the King and his Son were retired into the privy chamber, there they again consulted about what they had designed before, to wit, that as Mansoul should in time be suffered to be lost, so as certainly it should be recovered again; recovered, I say, in such a way, as that both the King and his Son would get themselves eternal fame and glory thereby.

Wherefore, after this consult, the Son of Shaddai (a sweet and comely Person, and one that had always great affection for those that were in affliction, but one that had mortal enmity in his heart against Diabolus, because he was designed for it, and because he sought his crown and dignity)—this Son of Shaddai, I say, having stricken hands with his Father and promised that he would be his servant to recover his Mansoul again, stood by his resolution, nor would he repent of the same. The purport of which agreement was this: to wit, that at a certain time, prefixed by both, the King's Son should take a journey into the country of Universe, and there, in a way of justice and equity, by making amends for the follies

of Mansoul, he should lay a foundation of perfect deliverance from Diabolus and from his tyranny.

Moreover Emmanuel resolved to make, at a time convenient, a war upon the giant Diabolus, even while he was possessed of the town of Mansoul; and that he would fairly by strength of hand drive him out of his hold, his nest, and take it to himself to be his habitation.

This now being resolved upon, order was given to the Lord Chief Secretary to draw up a fair record of what was determined, and to cause that it should be published in all the corners of the kingdom of Universe. A short breviat of the contents thereof you may, if you please, take here as follows:

‘Let all men know who are concerned, that the Son of Shaddai, the great King, is engaged by covenant to his Father to bring his Mansoul to him again; yea, and to put Mansoul, too, through the power of his matchless love, into a far better and more happy condition than it was in before it was taken by Diabolus.’

These papers, therefore, were published in several places, to the no little molestation of the tyrant Diabolus; ‘for now,’ thought he, ‘I shall be molested, and my habitation will be taken from me.’

But when this matter, I mean this purpose of the King and his Son, did at first take air at court, who can tell how the high lords, chief captains, and noble princes that were there, were taken with the business! First, they whispered it one to another, and after that it began to ring out through the King’s palace, all wondering at the glorious design that between the King and his Son was

on foot for the miserable town of Mansoul. Yea, the courtiers could scarce do anything either for the King or kingdom, but they would mix, with the doing thereof, a noise of the love of the King and his Son, that they had for the town of Mansoul.

Nor could these lords, high captains, and princes be content to keep this news at court; yea, before the records thereof were perfected, themselves came down and told it in Universe. At last it came to the ears, as I said, of Diabolus, to his no little discontent; for you must think it would perplex him to hear of such a design against him. Well, but after a few casts in his mind, he concluded upon these four things.

First, that this news, these good tidings, (if possible,) should be kept from the ears of the town of Mansoul; ‘for,’ said he, ‘if they should once come to the knowledge that Shaddai, their former King, and Emmanuel his Son, are contriving good for the town of Mansoul, what can be expected by me, but that Mansoul will make a revolt from under my hand and government, and return again to him?’

Now, to accomplish this his design, he renews his flattery with my Lord Willbewill, and also gives him strict charge and command, that he should keep watch by day and by night at all the gates of the town, especially Ear-gate and Eye-gate; ‘for I hear of a design,’ quoth he, ‘a design to make us all traitors, and that Mansoul must be reduced to its first bondage again. I hope they are but flying stories,’ quoth he; ‘however, let no such news by any means be let into Mansoul, lest the people be dejected

thereat. I think, my lord, it can be no welcome news to you; I am sure it is none to me; and I think that, at this time, it should be all our wisdom and care to nip the head of all such rumours as shall tend to trouble our people. Wherefore I desire, my lord, that you will in this matter do as I say. Let there be strong guards daily kept at every gate of the town. Stop also and examine from whence such come that you perceive do from far come hither to trade, nor let them by any means be admitted into Mansoul, unless you shall plainly perceive that they are favourers of our excellent government. I command, moreover,' said Diabolus, 'that there be spies continually walking up and down the town of Mansoul, and let them have power to suppress and destroy any that they shall perceive to be plotting against us, or that shall prate of what by Shaddai and Emmanuel is intended.'

This, therefore, was accordingly done; my Lord Willbewill hearkened to his lord and master, went willingly after the commandment, and, with all the diligence he could, kept any that would from going out abroad, or that sought to bring these tidings to Mansoul, from coming into the town.

Secondly, this done, in the next place, Diabolus, that he might make Mansoul as sure as he could, frames and imposes a new oath and horrible covenant upon the townsfolk:—To wit, that they should never desert him nor his government, nor yet betray him, nor seek to alter his laws; but that they should own, confess, stand by, and acknowledge him for their rightful king, in defiance to any that do or hereafter shall, by any pretence, law, or title

whatever, lay claim to the town of Mansoul; thinking, belike, that Shaddai had not power to absolve them from this covenant with death, and agreement with hell. Nor did the silly Mansoul stick or boggle at all at this most monstrous engagement; but, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale, they swallowed it without any chewing. Were they troubled at all? Nay, they rather bragged and boasted of their so brave fidelity to the tyrant, their pretended king, swearing that they would never be changelings, nor forsake their old lord for a new. Thus did Diabolus tie poor Mansoul fast.

Thirdly. But jealousy, that never thinks itself strong enough, put him, in the next place, upon another exploit, which was, yet more, if possible, to debauch this town of Mansoul. Wherefore he caused, by the hand of one Mr. Filth, an odious, nasty, lascivious piece of beastliness to be drawn up in writing, and to be set upon the castle gates; whereby he granted and gave license to all his true and trusty sons in Mansoul to do whatsoever their lustful appetites prompted them to do; and that no man was to let, hinder, or control them, upon pain of incurring the displeasure of their prince.

Now this he did for these reasons:—

1. That the town of Mansoul might be yet made weaker and weaker, and so more unable, should tidings come that their redemption was designed, to believe, hope, or consent to the truth thereof; for reason says, The bigger the sinner, the less grounds of hopes of mercy.

2. The second reason was, if perhaps Emmanuel, the Son of Shaddai their King, by seeing the horrible and profane doings of the town of Mansoul, might repent, though entered into a covenant of redeeming them, of pursuing that covenant of their redemption; for he knew that Shaddai was holy, and that his Son Emmanuel was holy; yea, he knew it by woeful experience, for for his iniquity and sin was Diabolus cast from the highest orbs.

Wherefore what more rational than for him to conclude that thus, for sin, it might fare with Mansoul? But fearing also lest this knot should break, he bethinks himself of another, to wit:—

Fourthly. To endeavour to possess all hearts in the town of Mansoul that Shaddai was raising an army, to come to overthrow and utterly to destroy this town of Mansoul. And this he did to forestall any tidings that might come to their ears of their deliverance: ‘For,’ thought he, ‘if I first bruit this, the tidings that shall come after will all be swallowed up of this; for what else will Mansoul say, when they shall hear that they must be delivered, but that the true meaning is, Shaddai intends to destroy them?’

Wherefore he summons the whole town into the market-place, and there, with deceitful tongue, thus he addressed himself unto them:—

‘Gentlemen, and my very good friends, you are all, as you know, my legal subjects, and men of the famous town of Mansoul. You know how, from the first day that I have been with you until now, I have behaved myself among you, and what liberty and great privileges you have enjoyed under my

government, I hope to your honour and mine, and also to your content and delight. Now, my famous Mansoul, a noise of trouble there is abroad, of trouble to the town of Mansoul; sorry I am thereof for your sakes: for I received but now by the post from my Lord Lucifer, (and he useth to have good intelligence,) that your old King Shaddai is raising an army to come against you, to destroy you root and branch; and this, O Mansoul, is now the cause that at this time I have called you together, namely, to advise what in this juncture is best to be done. For my part, I am but one, and can with ease shift for myself, did I list to seek my own case, and to leave my Mansoul in all the danger; but my heart is so firmly united to you, and so unwilling am I to leave you, that I am willing to stand and fall with you, to the utmost hazard that shall befall me. What say you, O my Mansoul? Will you now desert your old friend, or do you think of standing by me?"

Then, as one man, with one mouth, they cried out together, 'Let him die the death that will not.'

Then said Diabolus again, 'It is in vain for us to hope for quarter, for this King knows not how to show it. True, perhaps, he, at his first sitting down before us, will talk of and pretend to mercy, that thereby, with the more ease, and less trouble, he may again make himself the master of Mansoul. Whatever, therefore, he shall say, believe not one syllable or tittle of it; for all such language is but to overcome us, and to make us, while we wallow in our blood, the trophies of his merciless victory. My mind is, therefore, that we resolve to the last man to resist him, and not

to believe him upon any terms, for in at that door will come our danger. But shall we be flattered out of our lives? I hope you know more of the rudiments of politics than to suffer yourselves so pitifully to be served.

‘But suppose he should, if he get us to yield, save some of our lives, or the lives of some of them that are underlings in Mansoul, what help will that be to you that are the chief of the town, especially you whom I have set up and whose greatness has been procured by you through your faithful sticking to me?

And suppose, again, that he should give quarter to every one of you, be sure he will bring you into that bondage under which you were captivated before, or a worse, and then what good will your lives do you? Shall you with him live in pleasure as you do now?

No, no; you must be bound by laws that will pinch you, and be made to do that which at present is hateful to you. I am for you, if you are for me; and it is better to die valiantly than to live like pitiful slaves. But, I say, the life of a slave will be counted a life too good for Mansoul now. Blood, blood, nothing but blood is in every blast of Shaddai’s trumpet against poor Mansoul now.

Pray, be concerned; I hear he is coming. Up, and stand to your arms that now, while you have any leisure, I may learn you some feats of war. Armour for you I have, and by me it is; yea, and it is sufficient for Mansoul from top to toe; nor can you be hurt by what his force can do, if you shall keep it well girt and fastened about you. Come, therefore, to my castle, and welcome, and harness yourselves for the war. There is helmet, breastplate,

sword, and shield, and what not, that will make you fight like men.

‘1. My helmet, otherwise called an head-piece, is in hope of doing well at last, what lives soever you live. This is that which they had who said, that they should have peace, though they walked in the wickedness of their heart, to add drunkenness to thirst. A piece of approved armour this is, and whoever has it, and can hold it, so long no arrow, dart, sword, or shield can hurt him. This, therefore, keep on, and thou wilt keep off many a blow, my Mansoul.

‘2. My breastplate is a breastplate of iron. I had it forged in mine own country, and all my soldiers are armed therewith.

In plain language, it is a hard heart, a heart as hard as iron, and as much past feeling as a stone; the which if you get and keep, neither mercy shall win you, nor judgment fright you. This therefore, is a piece of armour most necessary for all to put on that hate Shaddai, and that would fight against him under my banner.

‘3. My sword is a tongue that is set on fire of hell, and that can bend itself to speak evil of Shaddai, his Son, his ways, and people. Use this; it has been tried a thousand times twice told.

Whoever hath it, keeps it, and makes that use of it as I would have him, can never be conquered by mine enemy.

‘4. My, shield is unbelief, or calling into question the truth of the word, or all the sayings that speak of the judgment that Shaddai has appointed for wicked men. Use this shield; many

attempts he has made upon it, and sometimes, it is true, it has been bruised; but they that have writ of the wars of Emmanuel against my servants, have testified that he could do no mighty work there because of their unbelief. Now, to handle this weapon of mine aright, it is not to believe things because they are true, of what sort or by whomsoever asserted. If he speaks of judgment, care not for it; if he speaks of mercy, care not for it; if he promises, if he swears that he would do to Mansoul, if it turns, no hurt, but good, regard not what is said, question the truth of all, for it is to wield the shield of unbelief aright, and as my servants ought and do; and he that doth otherwise loves me not, nor do I count him but an enemy to me.

‘5. Another part or piece,’ said Diabolus, ‘of mine excellent armour is a dumb and prayerless spirit, a spirit that scorns to cry for mercy: wherefore be you, my Mansoul, sure that you make use of this. What! cry for quarter! Never do that, if you would be mine. I know you are stout men, and am sure that I have clad you with that which is armour of proof. Wherefore, to cry to Shaddai for mercy, let that be far from you. Besides all this, I have a maul, firebrands, arrows, and death, all good hand-weapons, and such as will do execution.’

After he had thus furnished his men with armour and arms, he addressed himself to them in such like words as these: ‘Remember,’ quoth he, ‘that I am your rightful king, and that you have taken an oath and entered into covenant to be true to me and my cause: I say, remember this, and show yourselves stout

and valiant men of Mansoul. Remember also the kindness that I have always showed to you, and that without your petition I have granted to you external things; wherefore the privileges, grants, immunities, profits, and honours wherewith I have endowed you do call for, at your hands, returns of loyalty, my lion-like men of Mansoul: and when so fit a time to show it as when another shall seek to take my dominion over you into his own hands? One word more, and I have done. Can we but stand, and overcome this one shock or brunt, I doubt not but in little time all the world will be ours; and when that day comes, my true hearts, I will make you kings, princes, and captains, and what brave days shall we have then!’

Diabolus having thus armed and forearmed his servants and vassals in Mansoul against their good and lawful King Shaddai, in the next place, he doubleth his guards at the gates of the town, and he takes himself to the castle, which was his stronghold.

His vassals also, to show their wills, and supposed (but ignoble) gallantry, exercise themselves in their arms every day, and teach one another feats of war; they also defied their enemies, and sang up the praises of their tyrant; they threatened also what men they would be if ever things should rise so high as a war between Shaddai and their king.

Now all this time the good King, the King Shaddai, was preparing to send an army to recover the town of Mansoul again from under the tyranny of their pretended king Diabolus; but he thought good, at first, not to send them by the hand and conduct

of brave Emmanuel his Son, but under the hand of some of his servants, to see first by them the temper of Mansoul, and whether by them they would be won to the obedience of their King. The army consisted of above forty thousand, all true men, for they came from the King's own court, and were those of his own choosing.

They came up to Mansoul under the conduct of four stout generals, each man being a captain of ten thousand men, and these are their names and their ensigns. The name of the first was Boanerges, the name of the second was Captain Conviction, the name of the third was Captain Judgment, and the name of the fourth was Captain Execution. These were the captains that Shaddai sent to regain Mansoul.

These four captains, as was said, the King thought fit, in the first place, to send to Mansoul, to make an attempt upon it; for indeed generally in all his wars he did use to send these four captains in the van, for they were very stout and rough-hewn men, men that were fit to break the ice, and to make their way by dint of sword, and their men were like themselves.

To each of these captains the King gave a banner, that it might be displayed, because of the goodness of his cause, and because of the right that he had to Mansoul.

First, to Captain Boanerges, for he was the chief, to him, I say, were given ten thousand men. His ensign was Mr. Thunder; he bare the black colours, and his scutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts.

The second captain was Captain Conviction; to him also were given ten thousand men. His ensign's name was Mr. Sorrow; he did bear the pale colours, and his scutcheon was the book of the law wide open, from whence issued a flame of fire.

The third captain was Captain Judgment; to him were given ten thousand men. His ensign's name was Mr. Terror; he bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was a burning fiery furnace.

The fourth captain was Captain Execution; to him were given ten thousand men. His ensign was one Mr. Justice; he also bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was a fruitless tree, with an axe lying at the root thereof.

These four captains, as I said, had every one of them under his command ten thousand men, all of good fidelity to the King, and stout at their military actions.

Well, the captains and their forces, their men and under officers, being had upon a day by Shaddai into the field, and there called all over by their names, were then and there put into such harness as became their degree and that service which now they were going about for their King.

Now, when the King had mustered his forces, (for it is he that mustereth the host to the battle,) he gave unto the captains their several commissions, with charge and commandment in the audience of all the soldiers, that they should take heed faithfully and courageously to do and execute the same. Their commissions were, for the substance of them, the same in form, though, as to name, title, place and degree of the captains, there

might be some, but very small variation. And here let me give you an account of the matter and sum contained in their commission.

A Commission from the great Shaddai, King of Mansoul, to his trusty and noble Captain, the Captain Boanerges, for his making War upon the town of Mansoul.

‘O, thou Boanerges, one of my stout and thundering captains over one ten thousand of my valiant and faithful servants, go thou in my name, with this thy force, to the miserable town of Mansoul; and when thou comest thither, offer them first conditions of peace; and command them that, casting off the yoke and tyranny of the wicked Diabolus, they return to me, their rightful Prince and Lord.

Command them also that they cleanse themselves from all that is his in the town of Mansoul, and look to thyself, that thou hast good satisfaction touching the truth of their obedience. Thus when thou hast commanded them, (if they in truth submit thereto,) then do thou, to the uttermost of thy power, what in thee lies to set up for me a garrison in the famous town of Mansoul; nor do thou hurt the least native that moveth or breatheth therein, if they will submit themselves to me, but treat thou such as if they were thy friend or brother; for all such I love, and they shall be dear unto me, and tell them that I will take a time to come unto them, and to let them know that I am merciful.

‘But if they shall, notwithstanding thy summons and the producing of thy authority, resist, stand out against thee, and rebel, then do I command thee to make use of all thy

cunning, power, might, and force, to bring them under by strength of hand. Farewell.'

Thus you see the sum of their commissions; for, as I said before, for the substance of them, they were the same that the rest of the noble captains had.

Wherefore they, having received each commander his authority at the hand of their King, the day being appointed, and the place of their rendezvous prefixed, each commander appeared in such gallantry as became his cause and calling. So, after a new entertainment from Shaddai, with flying colours they set forward to march towards the famous town of Mansoul.

Captain Boanerges led the van, Captain Conviction and Captain Judgment made up the main body, and Captain Execution brought up the rear. They then, having a great way to go, (for the town of Mansoul was far off from the court of Shaddai,) marched through the regions and countries of many people, not hurting or abusing any, but blessing wherever they came. They also lived upon the King's cost in all the way they went.

Having travelled thus for many days, at last they came within sight of Mansoul; the which when they saw, the captains could for their hearts do no less than for a while bewail the condition of the town; for they quickly saw how that it was prostrate to the will of Diabolus, and to his ways and designs.

Well, to be short, the captains came up before the town, march up to Ear-gate, sit down there (for that was the place of hearing). So, when they had pitched their tents and entrenched

themselves, they addressed themselves to make their assault.

Now the townsfolk at first, beholding so gallant a company, so bravely accoutred, and so excellently disciplined, having on their glittering armour, and displaying of their flying colours, could not but come out of their houses and gaze. But the cunning fox Diabolus, fearing that the people, after this sight, should, on a sudden summons, open the gates to the captains, came down with all haste from the castle, and made them retire into the body of the town, who, when he had them there, made this lying and deceivable speech unto them:

‘Gentlemen,’ quoth he, ‘although you are my trusty and well-beloved friends, yet I cannot but a little chide you for your late uncircumspect action, in going out to gaze on that great and mighty force that but yesterday sat down before, and have now entrenched themselves in order to the maintaining of a siege against the famous town of Mansoul. Do you know who they are, whence they come, and what is their purpose in sitting down before the town of Mansoul? They are they of whom I have told you long ago, that they would come to destroy this town, and against whom I have been at the cost to arm you with *cap-a-pie* for your body, besides great fortifications for your mind.

Wherefore, then, did you not rather, even at the first appearance of them, cry out, “Fire the beacons!” and give the whole town an alarm concerning them, that we might all have been in a posture of defence, and been ready to have received them with the highest acts of defiance? Then had you showed yourselves

men to my liking; whereas, by what you have done, you have made me half afraid—I say, half afraid—that when they and we shall come to push a pike, I shall find you want courage to stand it out any longer. Wherefore have I commanded a watch, and that you should double your guards at the gates? Wherefore have I endeavoured to make you as hard as iron, and your hearts as a piece of the nether millstone? Was it, think you, that you might show yourselves women, and that you might go out like a company of innocents to gaze on your mortal foes? Fie, fie! put yourselves into a posture of defence, beat up the drum, gather together in warlike manner, that our foes may know that, before they shall conquer this corporation, there are valiant men in the town of Mansoul.

‘I will leave off now to chide, and will not further rebuke you; but I charge you, that henceforwards you let me see no more such actions. Let not henceforward a man of you, without order first obtained from me, so much as show his head over the wall of the town of Mansoul. You have now heard me; do as I have commanded, and you shall cause me that I dwell securely with you, and that I take care, as for myself, so for your safety and honour also. Farewell.’

Now were the townsmen strangely altered; they were as men stricken with a panic fear; they ran to and fro through the streets of the town of Mansoul, crying out, ‘Help, help! the men that turn the world upside down are come hither also.’ Nor could any of them be quiet after; but still, as men bereft of wit, they cried

out, 'The destroyers of our peace and people are come.' This went down with Diabolus. 'Ah,' quoth he to himself, 'this I like well: now it is as I would have it; now you show your obedience to your prince. Hold you but here, and then let them take the town if they can.'

Well, before the King's forces had sat before Mansoul three days, Captain Boanerges commanded his trumpeter to go down to Ear-gate, and there, in the name of the great Shaddai, to summon Mansoul to give audience to the message that he, in his Master's name, was to them commanded to deliver. So the trumpeter, whose name was Take-heed-what-you-hear, went up, as he was commanded, to Ear-gate, and there sounded his trumpet for a hearing; but there was none that appeared that gave answer or regard, for so had Diabolus commanded. So the trumpeter returned to his captain, and told him what he had done, and also how he had sped; whereat the captain was grieved, but bid the trumpeter go to his tent.

Again Captain Boanerges sendeth his trumpeter to Ear-gate, to sound as before for a hearing; but they again kept close, came not out, nor would they give him an answer, so observant were they of the command of Diabolus their king.

Then the captains and other field officers called a council of war, to consider what further was to be done for the gaining of the town of Mansoul; and, after some close and thorough debate upon the contents of their commissions, they concluded yet to give to the town, by the hand of the fore-named trumpeter,

another summons to hear; but if that shall be refused, said they, and that the town shall stand it out still, then they determined, and bid the trumpeter tell them so, that they would endeavour, by what means they could, to compel them by force to the obedience of their King.

So Captain Boanerges commanded his trumpeter to go up to Ear-gate again, and, in the name of the great King Shaddai, to give it a very loud summons to come down without delay to Ear-gate, there to give audience to the King's most noble captains. So the trumpeter went, and did as he was commanded: he went up to Ear-gate, and sounded his trumpet, and gave a third summons to Mansoul. He said, moreover, that if this they should still refuse to do, the captains of his prince would with might come down upon them, and endeavour to reduce them to their obedience by force.

Then stood up my Lord Willbewill, who was the governor of the town, (this Willbewill was that apostate of whom mention was made before,) and the keeper of the gates of Mansoul.

He therefore, with big and ruffling words, demanded of the trumpeter who he was, whence he came, and what was the cause of his making so hideous a noise at the gate, and speaking such insufferable words against the town of Mansoul.

The trumpeter answered, 'I am servant to the most noble captain, Captain Boanerges, general of the forces of the great King Shaddai, against whom both thyself, with the whole town of Mansoul, have rebelled, and lift up the heel; and my master,

the captain, hath a special message to this town, and to thee, as a member thereof; the which if you of Mansoul shall peaceably hear, so; and if not, you must take what follows.'

Then said the Lord Willbewill, 'I will carry thy words to my lord, and will know what he will say.'

But the trumpeter soon replied, saying. 'Our message is not to the giant Diabolus, but to the miserable town of Mansoul; nor shall we at all regard what answer by him is made, nor yet by any for him. We are sent to this town to recover it from under his cruel tyranny, and to persuade it to submit, as in former times it did, to the most excellent King Shaddai.'

Then said the Lord Willbewill, 'I will do your errand to the town.'

The trumpeter then replied, 'Sir, do not deceive us, lest, in so doing, you deceive yourselves much more.' He added, moreover, 'For we are resolved, if in peaceable manner you do not submit yourselves, then to make a war upon you, and to bring you under by force. And of the truth of what I now say, this shall be a sign unto you,—you shall see the black flag, with its hot, burning thunder-bolts, set upon the mount to-morrow, as a token of defiance against your prince, and of our resolutions to reduce you to your Lord and rightful King.'

So the said Lord Willbewill returned from off the wall, and the trumpeter came into the camp. When the trumpeter was come into the camp, the captains and officers of the mighty King Shaddai came together to know if he had obtained a hearing,

and what was the effect of his errand. So the trumpeter told, saying, 'When I had sounded my trumpet, and had called aloud to the town for a hearing, my Lord Willbewill, the governor of the town, and he that hath charge of the gates, came up when he heard me sound, and, looking over the wall, he asked me what I was, whence I came, and what was the cause of my making this noise. So I told him my errand, and by whose authority I brought it. "Then," said he, "I will tell it to the governor and to Mansoul;" and then I returned to my lords.'

Then said the brave Boanerges, 'Let us yet for a while lie still in our trenches, and see what these rebels will do.'

Now when the time drew nigh that audience by Mansoul must be given to the brave Boanerges and his companions, it was commanded that all the men of war throughout the whole camp of Shaddai should as one man stand to their arms, and make themselves ready, if the town of Mansoul shall hear, to receive it forthwith to mercy; but if not, to force a subjection. So the day being come, the trumpeters sounded, and that throughout the whole camp, that the men of war might be in a readiness for that which then should be the work of the day. But when they that were in the town of Mansoul heard the sound of the trumpets throughout the camp of Shaddai, and thinking no other but that it must be in order to storm the corporation, they at first were put to great consternation of spirit; but after they a little were settled again, they also made what preparation they could for a war, if they did storm; else, to secure themselves.

Well, when the utmost time was come, Boanerges was resolved to hear their answer; wherefore he sent out his trumpeter again to summon Mansoul to a hearing of the message that they had brought from Shaddai.

So he went and sounded, and the townsmen came up, but made Ear-gate as sure as they could. Now when they were come up to the top of the wall, Captain Boanerges desired to see the Lord Mayor; but my Lord Incredulity was then Lord Mayor, for he came in the room of my Lord Lustings. So Incredulity came up and showed himself over the wall; but when the Captain Boanerges had set his eyes upon him, he cried out aloud, 'This is not he: where is my Lord Understanding, the ancient Lord Mayor of the town of Mansoul? for to him I would deliver my message.'

Then said the giant (for Diabolus was also come down) to the captain, 'Mr. Captain, you have by your boldness given to Mansoul at least four summonses to subject herself to your King, by whose authority I know not, nor will I dispute that now. I ask, therefore, what is the reason of all this ado, or what would you be at if you knew yourselves?'

Then Captain Boanerges, whose were the black colours, and whose scutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts, taking no notice of the giant or of his speech, thus addressed himself to the town of Mansoul: 'Be it known unto you, O unhappy and rebellious Mansoul, that the most gracious King, the great King Shaddai, my Master, hath sent me unto you with commission' (and so he showed to the town his broad seal) 'to

reduce you to his obedience; and he hath commanded me, in case you yield upon my summons, to carry it to you as if you were my friends or brethren; but he also hath bid, that if, after summons to submit you still stand out and rebel, we should endeavour to take you by force.'

Then stood forth Captain Conviction, and said, (his were the pale colours, and for a scutcheon he had the book of the law wide open, etc.,) 'Hear, O Mansoul! Thou, O Mansoul, wast once famous for innocency, but now thou art degenerated into lies and deceit. Thou hast heard what my brother, the Captain Boanerges, hath said; and it is your wisdom, and will be your happiness, to stoop to, and accept of conditions of peace and mercy when offered, specially when offered by one against whom thou hast rebelled, and one who is of power to tear thee in pieces, for so is Shaddai, our King; nor, when he is angry, can anything stand before him. If you say you have not sinned, or acted rebellion against our King, the whole of your doings since the day that you cast off his service (and there was the beginning of your sin) will sufficiently testify against you. What else means your hearkening to the tyrant, and your receiving him for your king? What means else your rejecting of the laws of Shaddai, and your obeying of Diabolus? Yea, what means this your taking up of arms against, and the shutting of your gates upon us, the faithful servants of your King? Be ruled then, and accept of my brother's invitation, and overstand not the time of mercy, but agree with thine adversary quickly. Ah, Mansoul! suffer not thyself to be

kept from mercy, and to be run into a thousand miseries, by the flattering wiles of Diabolus. Perhaps that piece of deceit may attempt to make you believe that we seek our own profit in this our service, but know it is obedience to our King, and love to your happiness, that is the cause of this undertaking of ours.

‘Again I say to thee, O Mansoul, consider if it be not amazing grace that Shaddai should so humble himself as he doth: now he, by us, reasons with you, in a way of entreaty and sweet persuasions, that you would subject yourselves to him. Has he that need of you that we are sure you have of him? No, no; but he is merciful, and will not that Mansoul should die, but turn to him and live.’

Then stood forth Captain Judgment, whose were the red colours, and for a scutcheon he had the burning fiery furnace, and he said, ‘O ye, the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, that have lived so long in rebellion and acts of treason against the King Shaddai, know that we come not to-day to this place, in this manner, with our message of our own minds, or to revenge our own quarrel; it is the King, my Master, that hath sent us to reduce you to your obedience to him; the which if you refuse in a peaceable way to yield, we have commission to compel you thereto. And never think of yourselves, nor yet suffer the tyrant Diabolus to persuade you to think, that our King, by his power, is not able to bring you down, and to lay you under his feet; for he is the former of all things, and if he touches the mountains, they smoke. Nor will the gate of the King’s clemency stand always

open; for the day that shall burn like an oven is before him; yea, it hasteth greatly, it slumbereth not.

‘O Mansoul, is it little in thine eyes that our King doth offer thee mercy, and that after so many provocations? Yea, he still holdeth out his golden sceptre to thee, and will not yet suffer his gate to be shut against thee: wilt thou provoke him to do it? If so, consider of what I say; to thee it is opened no more for ever.

If thou sayest thou shalt not see him, yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him. Yea, because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee. Will he esteem thy riches? No, not gold, nor all the forces of strength. He hath prepared his throne for judgment, for he will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebukes with flames of fire. Therefore, O Mansoul, take heed lest, after thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked, justice and judgment should take hold of thee.’

Now while the Captain Judgment was making this oration to the town of Mansoul, it was observed by some that Diabolus trembled; but he proceeded in his parable and said, ‘O thou woful town of Mansoul, wilt thou not yet set open thy gate to receive us, the deputies of thy King, and those that would rejoice to see thee live? Can thine heart endure, or can thy hands be strong, in the day that he shall deal in judgment with thee? I say, canst thou endure to be forced to drink, as one would drink sweet wine, the sea of wrath that our King has prepared for Diabolus and his

angels? Consider, betimes consider.'

Then stood forth the fourth captain, the noble Captain Execution, and said, 'O town of Mansoul, once famous, but now like the fruitless bough, once the delight of the high ones, but now a den for Diabolus, hearken also to me, and to the words that I shall speak to thee in the name of the great Shaddai. Behold, the axe is laid to the root of the trees: every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire.

'Thou, O town of Mansoul, hast hitherto been this fruitless tree; thou bearest nought but thorns and briars. Thy evil fruit bespeaks thee not to be a good tree; thy grapes are grapes of gall, thy clusters are bitter. Thou hast rebelled against thy King; and, lo! we, the power and force of Shaddai, are the axe that is laid to thy root. What sayest thou? Wilt thou turn? I say again, tell me, before the first blow is given, wilt thou turn? Our axe must first be laid *to* thy root before it be laid *at* thy root; it must first be laid *to* thy root in a way of threatening, before it is laid *at* thy root by way of execution; and between these two is required thy repentance, and this is all the time that thou hast. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou turn, or shall I smite? If I fetch my blow, Mansoul, down you go; for I have commission to lay my axe *at* as well as *to* thy roots, nor will anything but yielding to our King prevent doing of execution. What art thou fit for, O Mansoul, if mercy preventeth not, but to be hewn down, and cast into the fire and burned?

'O Mansoul, patience and forbearance do not act for ever: a

year, or two, or three, they may; but if thou provoke by a three years' rebellion, (and thou hast already done more than this,) then what follows but, 'Cut it down'? nay, 'After that thou shalt cut it down.' And dost thou think that these are but threatenings, or that our King has not power to execute his words? O Mansoul, thou wilt find that in the words of our King, when they are by sinners made little or light of, there is not only threatening, but burning coals of fire.

'Thou hast been a cumber-ground long already, and wilt thou continue so still? Thy sin has brought this army to thy walls, and shall it bring it in judgment to do execution into thy town? Thou hast heard what the captains have said, but as yet thou shuttest thy gates. Speak out, Mansoul; wilt thou do so still, or wilt thou accept of conditions of peace?'

These brave speeches of these four noble captains the town of Mansoul refused to hear; yet a sound thereof did beat against Ear-gate, though the force thereof could not break it open. In fine, the town desired a time to prepare their answer to these demands. The captains then told them, that if they would throw out to them one Ill-Pause that was in the town, that they might reward him according to his works, then they would give them time to consider; but if they would not cast him to them over the wall of Mansoul, then they would give them none; 'for,' said they, 'we know that, so long as Ill-Pause draws breath in Mansoul, all good consideration will be confounded, and nothing but mischief will come thereon.'

Then Diabolus, who was there present, being loath to lose his Ill-Pause, because he was his orator, (and yet be sure he had, could the captains have laid their fingers on him,) was resolved at this instant to give them answer by himself; but then changing his mind, he commanded the then Lord Mayor, the Lord Incredulity, to do it, saying, ‘My lord, do you give these runagates an answer, and speak out, that Mansoul may hear and understand you.’

So Incredulity, at Diabolus’ command, began, and said, ‘Gentlemen, you have here, as we do behold, to the disturbance of our prince and the molestation of the town of Mansoul, camped against it: but from whence you come, we will not know; and what you are, we will not believe. Indeed, you tell us in your terrible speech that you have this authority from Shaddai, but by what right he commands you to do it, of that we shall yet be ignorant.

‘You have also, by the authority aforesaid, summoned this town to desert her lord, and, for protection, to yield up herself to the great Shaddai, your King; flatteringly telling her, that if she will do it, he will pass by and not charge her with her past offences.

‘Further, you have also, to the terror of the town of Mansoul, threatened with great and sore destructions to punish this corporation, if she consents not to do as your wills would have her.

‘Now, captains, from whencesoever you come, and though your designs be ever so right, yet know ye that neither my Lord Diabolus, nor I, his servant, Incredulity, nor yet our brave

Mansoul, doth regard either your persons, message, or the King that you say hath sent you. His power, his greatness, his vengeance, we fear not; nor will we yield at all to your summons.

‘As for the war that you threaten to make upon us, we must therein defend ourselves as well as we can; and know ye, that we are not without wherewithal to bid defiance to you; and, in short, (for I will not be tedious,) I tell you, that we take you to be some vagabond runagate crew, that having shaken off all obedience to your King, have gotten together in tumultuous manner, and are ranging from place to place to see if, through the flatteries you are skilled to make on the one side, and threats wherewith you think to fright on the other, to make some silly town, city, or country, desert their place, and leave it to you; but Mansoul is none of them.

‘To conclude: we dread you not, we fear you not, nor will we obey your summons. Our gates we will shut upon you, our place we will keep you out of. Nor will we long thus suffer you to sit down before us: our people must live in quiet: your appearance doth disturb them. Wherefore arise with bag and baggage, and begone, or we will let fly from the walls against you.’

This oration, made by old Incredulity, was seconded by desperate Willbewill, in words to this effect: ‘Gentlemen, we have heard your demands, and the noise of your threats, and have heard the sound of your summons; but we fear not your force, we regard not your threats, but will still abide as you found us. And we command you, that in three days’ time you cease to appear

in these parts, or you shall know what it is once to dare offer to rouse the lion Diabolus when asleep in his town of Mansoul.'

The Recorder, whose name was Forget-Good, he also added as followeth: 'Gentlemen, my lords, as you see, have with mild and gentle words answered your rough and angry speeches: they have, moreover, in my hearing, given you leave quietly to depart as you came; wherefore, take their kindness and be gone. We might have come out with force upon you, and have caused you to feel the dint of our swords; but as we love ease and quiet ourselves, so we love not to hurt or molest others.'

Then did the town of Mansoul shout for joy, as if by Diabolus and his crew some great advantage had been gotten of the captains. They also rang the bells, and made merry, and danced upon the walls.

Diabolus also returned to the castle, and the Lord Mayor and Recorder to their place; but the Lord Willbewill took special care that the gates should be secured with double guards, double bolts, and double locks and bars; and that Ear-gate especially might the better be looked to, for that was the gate in at which the King's forces sought most to enter. The Lord Willbewill made one old Mr. Prejudice, an angry and ill-conditioned fellow, captain of the ward at that gate, and put under his power sixty men, called deaf men; men advantageous for that service, forasmuch as they mattered no words of the captains, nor of the soldiers.

Now when the captains saw the answer of the great ones, and that they could not get a hearing from the old natives of the town,

and that Mansoul was resolved to give the King's army battle, they prepared themselves to receive them, and to try it out by the power of the arm. And, first, they made their force more formidable against Ear-gate; for they knew that, unless they could penetrate that, no good could be done upon the town. This done, they put the rest of their men in their places; after which, they gave out the word, which was, 'Ye must be born again.' Then they sounded the trumpet; then they in the town made them answer, with shout against shout, charge against charge, and so the battle began. Now they in the town had planted upon the tower over Ear-gate two great guns, the one called High-mind, and the other Heady. Unto these two guns they trusted much; they were cast in the castle by Diabolus' founder, whose name was Mr. Puff-up, and mischievous pieces they were. But so vigilant and watchful, when the captains saw them, were they, that though sometimes their shot would go by their ears with a whiz, yet they did them no harm. By these two guns the townsfolk made no question but greatly to annoy the camp of Shaddai, and well enough to secure the gate; but they had not much cause to boast of what execution they did, as by what follows will be gathered.

The famous Mansoul had also some other small pieces in it, of the which they made use against the camp of Shaddai.

They from the camp also did as stoutly, and with as much of that as may in truth be called valour, let fly as fast at the town and at Ear-gate; for they saw that, unless they could break open Ear-gate, it would be but in vain to batter the wall. Now the

King's captains had brought with them several slings, and two or three battering-rams; with their slings, therefore, they battered the houses and people of the town, and with their rams they sought to break Ear-gate open.

The camp and the town had several skirmishes and brisk encounters, while the captains with their engines made many brave attempts to break open or beat down the tower that was over Ear-gate, and at the said gate to make their entrance; but Mansoul stood it out so lustily, through the rage of Diabolus, the valour of the Lord Willbewill, and the conduct of old Incredulity, the Mayor, and Mr. Forget-Good, the Recorder, that the charge and expense of that summer's wars, on the King's side, seemed to be almost quite lost, and the advantage to return to Mansoul.

But when the captains saw how it was they made a fair retreat, and entrenched themselves in their winter quarters. Now, in this war, you must needs think there was much loss on both sides, of which be pleased to accept of this brief account following.

The King's captains, when they marched from the court to come up against Mansoul to war, as they came crossing over the country, they happened to light upon three young fellows that had a mind to go for soldiers: proper men they were, and men of courage and skill, to appearance. Their names were Mr. Tradition, Mr. Human-Wisdom, and Mr. Man's-Invention.

So they came up to the captains, and proffered their service to Shaddai. The captains then told them of their design, and bid them not to be rash in their offers; but the young men told

them they had considered the thing before, and that hearing they were upon their march for such a design, came hither on purpose to meet them, that they might be listed under their excellencies.

Then Captain Boanerges, for that they were men of courage, listed them into his company, and so away they went to the war.

Now, when the war was begun, in one of the briskest skirmishes, so it was, that a company of the Lord Willbewill's men sallied out at the sallyport or postern of the town, and fell in upon the rear of Captain Boanerges' men, where these three fellows happened to be; so they took them prisoners, and away they carried them into the town, where they had not lain long in durance, but it began to be noised about the streets of the town what three notable prisoners the Lord Willbewill's men had taken, and brought in prisoners out of the camp of Shaddai. At length tidings thereof were carried to Diabolus to the castle, to wit what my Lord Willbewill's men had done, and whom they had taken prisoners.

Then Diabolus called for Willbewill, to know the certainty of this matter. So he asked him, and he told him. Then did the giant send for the prisoners, and, when they were come, demanded of them who they were, whence they came, and what they did in the camp of Shaddai; and they told him. Then he sent them to ward again. Not many days after, he sent for them to him again, and then asked them if they would be willing to serve him against their former captains. They then told him that they did not so much live by religion as by the fates of fortune; and that since his

lordship was willing to entertain them, they should be willing to serve him. Now while things were thus in hand, there was one Captain Anything, a great doer, in the town of Mansoul; and to this Captain Anything did Diabolus send these men, and a note under his hand, to receive them into his company, the contents of which letter were thus:

‘Anything, my darling,—The three men that are the bearers of this letter have a desire to serve me in the war; nor know I better to whose conduct to commit them than to thine. Receive them, therefore, in my name, and, as need shall require, make use of them against Shaddai and his men. Farewell.’

So they came, and he received them; and he made of two of them sergeants; but he made Mr. Man’s-Invention his ancient-bearer. But thus much for this, and now to return to the camp.

They of the camp did also some execution upon the town; for they did beat down the roof of the Lord Mayor’s house, and so laid him more open than he was before. They had almost, with a sling, slain my Lord Willbewill outright; but he made a shift to recover again. But they made a notable slaughter among the aldermen, for with one only shot they cut off six of them; to wit, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Whoring, Mr. Fury, Mr. Stand-to-Lies, Mr. Drunkenness, and Mr. Cheating.

They also dismounted the two guns that stood upon the tower over Ear-gate, and laid them flat in the dirt. I told you before that the King’s noble captains had drawn off to their winter quarters, and had there entrenched themselves and their carriages, so as

with the best advantage to their King, and the greatest annoyance to the enemy, they might give seasonable and warm alarms to the town of Mansoul. And this design of them did so hit, that I may say they did almost what they would to the molestation of the corporation. For now could not Mansoul sleep securely as before, nor could they now go to their debaucheries with that quietness as in times past; for they had from the camp of Shaddai such frequent, warm, and terrifying alarms, yea, alarms upon alarms, first at one gate and then at another, and again at all the gates at once, that they were broken as to former peace.

Yea, they had their alarms so frequently, and that when the nights were at longest, the weather coldest, and so consequently the season most unseasonable, that that winter was to the town of Mansoul a winter by itself. Sometimes the trumpets would sound, and sometimes the slings would whirl the stones into the town. Sometimes ten thousand of the King's soldiers would be running round the walls of Mansoul at midnight, shouting and lifting up the voice for the battle. Sometimes, again, some of them in the town would be wounded, and their cry and lamentable voice would be heard, to the great molestation of the now languishing town of Mansoul. Yea, so distressed with those that laid siege against them were they, that, I dare say, Diabolus, their king, had in these days his rest much broken.

In these days, as I was informed, new thoughts, and thoughts that began to run counter one to another, began to possess the minds of the men of the town of Mansoul. Some would say,

‘There is no living thus.’ Others would then reply, ‘This will be over shortly.’ Then would a third stand up and answer, ‘Let us turn to the King Shaddai, and so put an end to these troubles.’

And a fourth would come in with a fear, saying, ‘I doubt he will not receive us.’ The old gentleman, too, the Recorder, that was so before Diabolus took Mansoul, he also began to talk aloud, and his words were now to the town of Mansoul as if they were great claps of thunder. No noise now so terrible to Mansoul as was his, with the noise of the soldiers and shoutings of the captains.

Also things began to grow scarce in Mansoul; now the things that her soul lusted after were departing from her. Upon all her pleasant things there was a blast, and burning instead of beauty.

Wrinkles now, and some shows of the shadow of death, were upon the inhabitants of Mansoul. And now, O how glad would Mansoul have been to have enjoyed quietness and satisfaction of mind, though joined with the meanest condition in the world!

The captains also, in the deep of this winter, did send by the mouth of Boanerges’ trumpeter a summons to Mansoul to yield up herself to the King, the great King Shaddai. They sent it once, and twice, and thrice; not knowing but that at some times there might be in Mansoul some willingness to surrender up themselves unto them, might they but have the colour of an invitation to do it under. Yea, so far as I could gather, the town had been surrendered up to them before now, had it not been for the opposition of old Incredulity, and the fickleness of the thoughts of my Lord Willbewill. Diabolus also began to rave;

wherefore Mansoul, as to yielding, was not yet all of one mind; therefore they still lay distressed under these perplexing fears.

I told you but now that they of the King's army had this winter sent three times to Mansoul to submit herself.

The first time the trumpeter went he went with words of peace, telling them that the captains, the noble captains of Shaddai, did pity and bewail the misery of the now perishing town of Mansoul, and were troubled to see them so much to stand in the way of their own deliverance. He said, moreover, that the captains bid him tell them, that if now poor Mansoul would humble herself and turn, her former rebellions and most notorious treasons should by their merciful King be forgiven them, yea, and forgotten too. And having bid them beware that they stood not in their own way, that they opposed not themselves, nor made themselves their own losers, he returned again into the camp.

The second time the trumpeter went, he did treat them a little more roughly; for, after sound of trumpet, he told them that their continuing in their rebellion did but chafe and heat the spirit of the captains, and that they were resolved to make a conquest of Mansoul, or to lay their bones before the town walls.

He went again the third time, and dealt with them yet more roughly; telling them that now, since they had been so horribly profane, he did not know, not certainly know, whether the captains were inclining to mercy or judgment. 'Only,' said he, 'they commanded me to give you a summons to open the gates

unto them.' So he returned, and went into the camp.

These three summonses, and especially the last two, did so distress the town that they presently call a consultation, the result of which was this—That my Lord Willbewill should go up to Ear-gate, and there, with sound of trumpet, call to the captains of the camp for a parley. Well, the Lord Willbewill sounded upon the wall; so the captains came up in their harness, with their ten thousands at their feet. The townsmen then told the captains that they had heard and considered their summons, and would come to an agreement with them, and with their King Shaddai, upon such certain terms, articles, and propositions as, with and by the order of their prince, they to them were appointed to propound; to wit, they would agree upon these grounds to be one people with them.

1. If that those of their own company, as the now Lord Mayor and their Mr. Forget-Good, with then brave Lord Willbewill, might, under Shaddai, be still the governors of the town, castle, and gates of Mansoul.

2. Provided that no man that now serveth under their great giant Diabolus be by Shaddai cast out of house, harbour, or the freedom that he hath hitherto enjoyed in the famous town of Mansoul.

3. That it shall be granted them, that they of the town of Mansoul shall enjoy certain of their rights and privileges; to wit, such as have formerly been granted them, and that they have long lived in the enjoyment of, under the reign of their king Diabolus,

that now is, and long has been, their only lord and great defender.

4. That no new law, officer, or executioner of law or office, shall have any power over them, without their own choice and consent.

‘These be our propositions, or conditions of peace; and upon these terms,’ said they, ‘we will submit to your King.’

But when the captains had heard this weak and feeble offer of the town of Mansoul, and their high and bold demands, they made to them again, by their noble captain, the Captain Boanerges, this speech following:

‘O ye inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, when I heard your trumpet sound for a parley with us, I can truly say I was glad; but when you said you were willing to submit yourselves to our King and Lord, then I was yet more glad; but when, by your silly provisos and foolish cavils, you laid the stumbling-block of your iniquity before your own faces, then was my gladness turned into sorrows, and my hopeful beginnings of your return, into languishing fainting fears.

‘I count that old Ill-Pause, the ancient enemy of Mansoul, did draw up those proposals that now you present us with as terms of an agreement; but they deserve not to be admitted to sound in the ear of any man that pretends to have service for Shaddai. We do therefore jointly, and that with the highest disdain, refuse and reject such things, as the greatest of iniquities.

‘But, O Mansoul, if you will give yourselves into our hands, or rather into the hands of our King, and will trust him to make

such terms with and for you as shall seem good in his eyes, (and I dare say they shall be such as you shall find to be most profitable to you,) then we will receive you, and be at peace with you; but if you like not to trust yourselves in the arms of Shaddai our King, then things are but where they were before, and we know also what we have to do.’

Then cried out old Incredulity, the Lord Mayor, and said, ‘And who, being out of the hands of their enemies, as ye see we are now, will be so foolish as to put the staff out of their own hands into the hands of they know not who? I, for my part, will never yield to so unlimited a proposition. Do we know the manner and temper of their King? It is said by some that he will be angry with his subjects if but the breadth of an hair they chance to step out of the way; and by others, that he requireth of them much more than they can perform. Wherefore, it seems, O Mansoul, to be thy wisdom to take good heed what thou dost in this matter; for if you once yield, you give up yourselves to another, and so you are no more your own. Wherefore, to give up yourselves to an unlimited power, is the greatest folly in the world; for now you indeed may repent, but can never justly complain. But do you indeed know, when you are his, which of you he will kill, and which of you he will save alive; or whether he will not cut off every one of us, and send out of his own country another new people, and cause them to inhabit this town?’

This speech of the Lord Mayor undid all, and threw flat to the ground their hopes of an accord. Wherefore the captains

returned to their trenches, to their tents, and to their men, as they were; and the Mayor to the castle and to his King.

Now Diabolus had waited for his return, for he had heard that they had been at their points. So, when he was come into the chamber of state, Diabolus saluted him with—‘Welcome, my lord. How went matters betwixt you to-day?’ So the Lord Incredulity, with a low congee, told him the whole of the matter, saying, ‘Thus and thus said the captains of Shaddai, and thus and thus said I.’ The which when it was told to Diabolus, he was very glad to hear it, and said, ‘My Lord Mayor, my faithful Incredulity, I have proved thy fidelity above ten times already, but never yet found thee false. I do promise thee, if we rub over this brunt, to prefer thee to a place of honour, a place far better than to be Lord Mayor of Mansoul. I will make thee my universal deputy, and thou shalt, next to me, have all nations under thy hand; yea, and thou shalt lay bands upon them, that they may not resist thee; nor shall any of our vassals walk more at liberty, but those that shall be content to walk in thy fetters.’

Now came the Lord Mayor out from Diabolus, as if he had obtained a favour indeed. Wherefore to his habitation he goes in great state, and thinks to feed himself well enough with hopes, until the time came that his greatness should be enlarged.

But now, though the Lord Mayor and Diabolus did thus well agree, yet this repulse to the brave captains put Mansoul into a mutiny. For while old Incredulity went into the castle to congratulate his lord with what had passed, the old Lord Mayor,

that was so before Diabolus came to the town, to wit, my Lord Understanding, and the old Recorder, Mr. Conscience, getting intelligence of what had passed at Ear-gate, (for you must know that they might not be suffered to be at that debate, lest they should then have mutinied for the captains; but, I say, they got intelligence of what had passed there, and were much concerned therewith,) wherefore they, getting some of the town together, began to possess them with the reasonableness of the noble captains' demands, and with the bad consequences that would follow upon the speech of old Incredulity, the Lord Mayor; to wit how little reverence he showed therein either to the captains or to their King; also how he implicitly charged them with unfaithfulness and treachery. 'For what less,' quoth they, 'could be made of his words, when he said he would not yield to their proposition; and added, moreover, a supposition that he would destroy us, when before he had sent us word that he would show us mercy!' The multitude, being now possessed with the conviction of the evil that old Incredulity had done, began to run together by companies in all places, and in every corner of the streets of Mansoul; and first they began to mutter, then to talk openly, and after that they run to and fro, and cried as they run, 'Oh the brave captains of Shaddai! would we were under the government of the captains, and of Shaddai their King!'

When the Lord Mayor had intelligence that Mansoul was in an uproar, down he comes to appease the people, and thought to have quashed their heat with the bigness and the show of his

countenance; but when they saw him, they came running upon him, and had doubtless done him a mischief, had he not betaken himself to house. However, they strongly assaulted the house where he was, to have pulled it down about his ears; but the place was too strong, so they failed of that. So he, taking some courage, addressed himself, out at a window, to the people in this manner: ‘Gentlemen, what is the reason that there is here such an uproar to-day?’

Then answered my Lord Understanding, ‘It is even because that thou and thy master have carried it not rightly, and as you should, to the captains of Shaddai; for in three things you are faulty. First, in that you would not let Mr. Conscience and myself be at the hearing of your discourse. Secondly, in that you propounded such terms of peace to the captains that by no means could be granted, unless they had intended that their Shaddai should have been only a titular prince, and that Mansoul should still have had power by law to have lived in all lewdness and vanity before him, and so by consequence Diabolus should still here be king in power, and the other only king in name. Thirdly, for that thou didst thyself, after the captains had showed us upon what conditions they would have received us to mercy, even undo all again with thy unsavoury, unseasonable, and ungodly speech.’

When old Incredulity had heard this speech, he cried out, ‘Treason! treason! To your arms! to your arms! O ye, the trusty friends of Diabolus in Mansoul.’

Und.—Sir, you may put upon my words what meaning you

please; but I am sure that the captains of such an high lord as theirs is, deserved a better treatment at your hands.

Then said old Incredulity, 'This is but little better. But, Sir,' quoth he, 'what I spake I spake for my prince, for his government, and the quieting of the people, whom by your unlawful actions you have this day set to mutiny against us.'

Then replied the old Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, and said, 'Sir, you ought not thus to retort upon what my Lord Understanding hath said. It is evident enough that he hath spoken the truth, and that you are an enemy to Mansoul. Be convinced, then, of the evil of your saucy and malapert language, and of the grief that you have put the captains to; yea, and of the damages that you have done to Mansoul thereby. Had you accepted of the conditions, the sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war had now ceased about the town of Mansoul; but that dreadful sound abides, and your want of wisdom in your speech has been the cause of it.'

Then said old Incredulity, 'Sir, if I live, I will do your errand to Diabolus, and there you shall have an answer to your words.

Meanwhile we will seek the good of the town, and not ask counsel of you.'

Und.—Sir, your prince and you are both foreigners to Mansoul, and not the natives thereof; and who can tell but that, when you have brought us into greater straits, (when you also shall see that yourselves can be safe by no other means than by flight,) you may leave us and shift for yourselves, or set us on

fire, and go away in the smoke, or by the light of our burning, and so leave us in our ruins?

Incred.—Sir, you forget that you are under a governor, and that you ought to demean yourself like a subject; and know ye, when my lord the king shall hear of this day's work, he will give you but little thanks for your labour.

Now while these gentlemen were thus in their chiding words, down come from the walls and gates of the town the Lord Willbewill, Mr. Prejudice, old Ill-Pause, and several of the new-made aldermen and burgesses, and they asked the reason of the hubbub and tumult; and with that every man began to tell his own tale, so that nothing could be heard distinctly. Then was a silence commanded, and the old fox Incredulity began to speak. 'My lord,' quoth he, 'here are a couple of peevish gentlemen, that have, as a fruit of their bad dispositions, and, as I fear, through the advice of one Mr. Discontent, tumultuously gathered this company against me this day, and also attempted to run the town into acts of rebellion against our prince.'

Then stood up all the Diabolonians that were present, and affirmed these things to be true.

Now when they that took part with my Lord Understanding and with Mr. Conscience perceived that they were like to come to the worst, for that force and power was on the other side, they came in for their help and relief; so a great company was on both sides. Then they on Incredulity's side would have had the two old gentlemen presently away to prison; but they on the other

side said they should not. Then they began to cry up parties again: the Diabolonians cried up old Incredulity, Forget-Good, the new aldermen, and their great one Diabolus; and the other party, they as fast cried up Shaddai, the captains, his laws, their mercifulness, and applauded their conditions and ways. Thus the bickerment went awhile; at last they passed from words to blows, and now there were knocks on both sides. The good old gentleman, Mr. Conscience, was knocked down twice by one of the Diabolonians, whose name was Mr. Benumbing; and my Lord Understanding had like to have been slain with an arquebuse, but that he that shot did not take his aim aright. Nor did the other side wholly escape; for there was one Mr. Rashhead, a Diabolonian, that had his brains beaten out by Mr. Mind, the Lord Willbewill's servant; and it made me laugh to see how old Mr. Prejudice was kicked and tumbled about in the dirt; for though, a while since, he was made captain of a company of the Diabolonians, to the hurt and damage of the town, yet now they had got him under their feet, and, I'll assure you, he had, by some of the Lord Understanding's party, his crown cracked to boot.

Mr. Anything also, he became a brisk man in the broil; but both sides were against him, because he was true to none. Yet he had, for his malapertness, one of his legs broken, and he that did it wished it had been his neck. Much more harm was done on both sides, but this must not be forgotten; it was now a wonder to see my Lord Willbewill so indifferent as he was: he did not seem to take one side more than another, only it was perceived that he

smiled to see how old Prejudice was tumbled up and down in the dirt. Also, when Captain Anything came halting up before him, he seemed to take but little notice of him.

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