

re p7: Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) *Robinson Crusoe* (1719): {The following passage -- a central moment of crisis in the novel -- occurs in the context of Crusoe's painstaking plans to kill 'twenty or thirty cannibals'}: . . . I began to be weary of the fruitless excursion which I had made so long, and so far, every morning in vain; so my opinion of the action itself began to alter, and I began, with cooler and calmer thoughts, to consider what it was I was going to engage in; what authority or call I had to pretend to be judge and executioner upon these men as criminals, whom Heaven had thought fit for so many ages to suffer, unpunished, to go on, and to be, as it were, the executioners of his judgments upon one another; also, how far these people were offenders against me, and what right I had to engage in the quarrel of that blood, which they shed promiscuously one upon another. I debated this very often with myself thus: How do I know what God himself judges in this particular case? It is certain these people do not commit this as a crime; it is not against their own consciences reproving, or their light reproaching them. They do not know it to be an offence, and then commit it in defiance of divine justice, as we do in almost all the sins we commit. They think it no more a crime to kill a captive taken in war, than we do to kill an ox; nor to eat human flesh, than we do to eat mutton.
{<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/12623/12623-h/12623-h.htm>}

re p56: William Blake (1757-1827) illustration: *Pestilence: Death of the First Born* (1805):



{from <http://www.tate.org.uk/britain/exhibitions/gothicnightmares/rooms/room7.htm>}

re p56: from Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (c.1790-1793) section titled "Proverbs of Hell:"
. . . The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom. . . .
. . . The cut worm forgives the plow. . . .
. . . If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise. . . .
. . . Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires. . . .
. . . As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys. . . .
{http://www.levity.com/alchemy/blake_ma.html}