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AN

ENGLISH GARNER

VOLUME VI

AN

ENGLISH

GARNER

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE

BY EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.

'Yea, history hath triumphed over time, which besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over' SIR W RALEIGH, Hist of the World

'Airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers' J MILTON, Areopagitica

---

VOLUME VI

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Contents of the Sixth Volume.

PAGE

WILLIAM of Thorpe. *The Examination of Master WILLIAM THORPE, priest, of Heresy, before THOMAS ARUNDELL, Archbishop of Canterbury, the year of our LORD, M.CCCC. and seven.* (1407.) 41

The Examination of the honourable Knight, Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, Lord COBHAM, burnt by the said Archbishop in the first year of King HENRY the Fifth. (1413.) 119

[?] *Here beginneth a little geste of ROBIN HOOD and his meiny, and of the proud Sheriff of NOTTINGHAM* (Printed about 1510.) 423

JOHN CHILTON. *Travels in Mexico.* 1568–1585 A.D. (? 1586.) 11

RICHARD FERRIS *The most dangerous and memorable adventure of RICHARD FERRIS, one of the five ordinary Messengers of Her Majesty's Chamber who departed from Tower Wharf, on Midsummer Day last past, with ANDREW HILL and WILLIAM THOMAS, who undertook, in a small wherry boat, to row, by sea, to the city of Bristow, and are now safely returned. Wherein is particularly expressed their perils sustained in the said Voyage and the great entertainment they had at several places upon the coast of England, as they went; but especially at the said city of Bristow.* (August, 1590.) ... 153

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq. *IDEA.* (1594–1619.) 289

W. PERCY. *Sonnets to the Fairest CŒLIA..* (1594.) 135

LYRICS, ELEGIES, &c. The Triumphs of ORIANA. Edited by THOMAS MORLEY. (1601.) 29

———————— *An Hour's Recreation in Music.* By RICHARD ALISON, Gentleman. (1606.) 389

PAGE

G WITHER. *FIDELIA.* (1615) 167

[?] *The Interpreter Wherein three principal Terms of State, much mistaken by the vulgar, are clearly unfolded* (1622.) 231

[?] *Leather: A Discourse tendered to the High Court of Parliament.* (1627) 209

H. P[EACHAM], M.A *The Worth of a Penny: or a Caution to keep Money With the Causes of the scarcity and misery of the want hereof, in these hard and merciless Times.* (1641.) ... 245

Sir WILLIAM PETTY, F.R S *Political Arithmetic, or a Discourse concerning the extent and value of Lands, People, Buildings, Husbandry, Manufacture[s], Commerce, Fishery, Artisans, Seamen, Soldiers; Public Revenues, Interest, Taxes, Superlucration, Registries, Banks; Valuation of Men, Increasing of Seamen; of Militias, harbours, Situation, Shipping, Power at sea, &c.: as the same relates to every country in general, but more particularly to the territories of His Majesty of Great Britain, and his neighbours of Holland, Zealand, and France,* 1677. (1690.) 323

JOHN BION. *An Account of the Torments, the French Protestants endure aboard the Galleys.* (1708) 397

The Controversy between ISAAC BICKERSTAFF [JONATHAN SWIFT] *and JOHN PARTRIDGE* 1708–1710.

1. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. *Predictions for the Year* 1708. *Wherein the Month and Day of the Month are set down, the Persons named, and the great Actions and Events of next Year particularly related, as they will come to pass.* (Feb. 1708) 469

2. A Revenue Officer [JONATHAN SWIFT] *A Letter to a Lord.* (30 March 1708.) 480

3. [JONATHAN SWIFT.] *An Elegy on Mr. PATRIGE, the* Almanack *maker, who died on the 29th of this instant March,* 1708. (30 March 1708.) 483

4. JOHN PARTRIDGE, Student in Physic and Astrology. *Squire BICKERSTAFF detected; or the Astrological Impostor convicted.* (1708.) 487

A true and impartial Account of the Proceedings of ISAAC BICKERTAFF, Esq., against Me. (? 1708.) 489

PAGE

5. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. *A Vindication of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.; against what is objected to him, by Mr. PATRIDGE, in his* Almanack *for the present Year* 1709 (1709.) 495

J. GAY. *The Present State of Wit, in a Letter to a Friend in the Country* (3 May 1711.) 503

[J. ARBUTHNOT, M.D.] *Law is a Bottomless Pit. In Five Parts.*

1. *Exemplified in the Case of the Lord STRUTT, JOHN BULL, NICHOLAS FROG, and LEWIS BABOON: who spent all they had in a Lawsuit.* (28 February 1712.) 537
2. *JOHN BULL in his Senses.* (18 March 1712.) 557
3. *JOHN BULL Still in his Senses.* (10 April 1712.) 577
4. *An Appendix to JOHN BULL still in his Senses.* (2 May 1712.) 611
5. *LEWIS BABOON turned honest, and JOHN BULL, politician.* (24 July 1714.) 625

HENRY CAREY. *The Ballad of* SALLY in our Alley. (Before 1719.) 150

The Controversy between THOMAS TICKELL and Sir RICHARD STEELE, 1721–2.

1. THOMAS TICKELL. *Life of JOSEPH ADDISON.* (1721.) ... 513
2. Sir RICHARD STEELE. *Dedicatory Epistle to WILLIAM CONGREVE.* (1722.) 523

FIRST LINES OF POEMS AND STANZAS.

	PAGE
All creatures now are . .	33
All the people of	465
An evil Spirit (your	301
A Protestant is such . .	237
A Puritan is such	233
Arise ! awake ! you	36
A Romanist is such	243
As in some countries	316
As Love and I late	320
As other men, so I .	295
As VESTA was from	37
A Witless Gallant	301
Bright PHŒBUS greets	39
Bright Star of Beauty !	293
But now, my lines	203
But now we may behold	165
But, O (I pray	204
But tell, "What Fruit	207
But yet it seems a	393
Calling to mind since	316
Calm was the air and	34
Can I abide this	395
CHRIST have mercy	468
Clear Ankor, on whose	317
CŒLIA, of all sweet	145
Come, blessed bird	40
Come, gentle swains .	35
Come, old and young !	164
CUPID, I hate thee ! .	315
Dear ! why should you	309
Define my Weal, and	321
Earth 's but a point to	396
Fair CYTHAREA presents	39
Fair nymphs, I heard .	37
Fair ORIANA, Beauty's	33
Fair ORIANA in the ...	38
Fair ORIANA, seeming ..	39
Fair Queen of Cnidos !	141
For Lust is frail	394
From London city	164
Good ANDREW HILL .	165
Good God ! how	142
Had ROBIN dwelled	466
Hard by a crystal	40
Hast thou any	464
Hath silly wherry done	165
Hence stars ! too dim	31
He only can behold	391
Here five foot deep . ..	486
Her father, he makes	151
His boat not bulged	164
How many paltry	294
I can no more but hope	393
"I cannot conquer	148
I end with prayers to	166
I ever love, where never	304
If he, from heaven that	298
If it be sin, so dearly	142
I hear some say	303
Into these Loves, who	290
In former times, such as	320
In hope, a king doth	392
In pride of Wit, when	314
Is not Love here, as 'tis	304
It shall be said I died ..	148
Judged by my Goddess'	139
Letters and lines, we	297
Lightly She whipped	32
Like an adventurous .	291
Lithe and listen . .	423
Lithe and listen . .	454
Lithe and listen	437
Long live fair	32
Love banished heaven	302
Love, in a humour . . .	294
Marvel not, LOVE ! .. .	308
Methinks, I see some ..	306
'Mongst all the	299
Muses ! which sadly .	313
My Fair ! if thou wilt	318
My GENIUS ! say	207
My heart the anvil	311
My heart was slain	292
My master and the	152
My master carries me to	152
My prime of youth is ...	394
Nothing but "No !"	293
Now hath the Knight	451
Now is the Knight	431
Now let we that	448
Of all the women	144
Of all the girls that	151
Of all the days that's in	152
Oft I heard tell, and	175
O gallant minds and	165
O happy hour, and yet	140
O heavenly CŒLIA	141
O heavy heart ! whose	392
O mighty JOVE ! thou	164
Our floods' Queen	307
O, why should Nature	303
Plain pathed Experience	314
Prove her ! Ah, no ! .	140
Receive these writs .	149
Relent, my dear .	147
Rest with yourselves	394
ROBIN dwelled in	468
Round about her chariot	38
Shall I abide this .	395
Shall I prefer this to	165
Since there's no help ...	321
Since to obtain thee ..	298
Sing shepherds all	35
Sitting alone, Love bids	310
Some men there be ...	312
Some misbelieving and	308
Some, when in rhyme . .	310

	PAGE
Stay, speedy Time!	299
Strike up, my Lute! .	143
Taking my pen, with	292
That learned Father	297
That the unwise may	232
The Fauns and Satyrs	35
The King came to	458
The Knight started	435
The Lady ORIANA	37
The man upright of life	391
The nymphs and	33
The Sheriff dwelled	443
The spring is past	394
The stately stag that	395
The sturdy rock, for all	395
Then bespake good	468
There's nothing grieve	293
This Knight then	436
Those priests which first	306
Though Wit bids Will	392
Thou leaden brain	315
Thou purblind Boy!	309
Thus BONNY-BOOTES	34
Thus our King and	463
Thus then helped him	450
To nothing fitter can I	296
To such as say, thy	305
To this our World, to	300
"To what new Study	208
To win the Fort	144
Truce, gentle Love!	322
Well, FERRIS, now, the	166
Well, 'tis as	483
What dost thou mean	317
What if a day, or a	396
What is the Fair	146
What may be thought	147
When Christmas comes	152
When conquering Love	305
When first I ended	322
When first I heard	149
When he came to	467
When like an Eaglet	319
When once I saw .	146
When she is by	151
Whilst others ween	143
Whilst thus my pen	313
Whilst yet mine Eyes	307
Who loves his life	393
Why do I speak of joy	311
Why should your fair	312
With angel's face and	31
Withdraw yourselves	36
With fools and children	302
With grievous thoughts	145
Yet read at last the	318
You best discerned of	319
You cannot love, my	300
You're not alone when .	296



PREFACE.



EW OF US adequately realize the immense Literature which has descended to us from our ancestors. Generation after generation has passed away; each of which has produced (in the order of its own thought, and with the tuition of its inherited or acquired experience) many a wise, bright, or beautiful thing: which having served its own brief day, has straightway passed away into utter forgetfulness, there to remain till Doomsday; unless some effort like the present, shall restore it to the knowledge and enjoyment of English-reading peoples.

This Collection is to gather, for the gratification of this and future Ages, a vast amount of incomparable poesy and most stirring prose; which hardly any one would imagine to be in existence at all. Of many of the original impressions there survive but one or two copies, and these often are most difficult of access; so that it is not too much to say of the following contents as a whole, that they have never hitherto come within the ken of any single English scholar.

The reader must be prepared often to find most crude and imperfect theories *or* beliefs, *which later experience has exploded, mixed up with most important* facts *or* allusions *as to the times, manners, or customs of the period then under illustration: leaving to us the obligation to reject the one, and to receive the other.*

Many of the following books and tracts are the original materials out of which modern historians have culled the most graphic touches of their most brilliant pages. In fact, the Series is, in regard to much of its prose, a Study on a large scale of detached areas of English history; and stands in the same relation to the general national Story, as a selected Collection of Parish Maps would do to the Ordnance Survey of English land

AN

ENGLISH GARNER

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FROM OUR

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

VOL. VI.

JOHN CHILTON.

Travels in Mexico. 1568—1585 A.D.

[HAKLUYT. *Voyages.* 1589]

A notable Discourse of Master JOHN CHILTON, touching the people, manners, mines, cities, riches, forces, and other memorable things of the West Indias; seen and noted by himself in the time of his travels, continued in those parts the space of seventeen or eighteen yeais.

These travels, which also refer to Sir JOHN HAWKINS's disaster at San Juan de Ulua, conclude our series of pieces relating to the first English residents in Mexico and the West Indies.



N THE year of our Lord 1561, in the month of July, I, JOHN CHILTON, went out of this city of London into Spain; where I remained for the space of seven years: and from thence, I sailed into New Spain, and so travelled there, and by the South Sea [*Pacific*] into Peru, the space of seventeen or eighteen years.

After that time expired, I returned into Spain; and so, in the year 1586, in the month of July, I arrived at the foresaid city of London: where perusing the notes which I had taken in the time of my travel in those years, I have set down, as followeth.

In the year 1568, in the month of March, being desirous to see the world, I embarked myself in the Bay of Cadiz, in Andalusia, in a ship bound for the isles of the Canaries; where she took in her lading, and set forth from thence for the voyage, in the month of June the same year.

Within a month after, we fell with the isle of Santo Domingo; and from thence, sailing directly to New Spain, we came into the port of San Juan de Ulua [*about two months before HAWKINS's arrival at the same port on September* 16, 1568: *see Vol. V. p.* 221, *and the following description probably describes the island as Sir JOHN found it*]: which is a little island standing in the sea, about two miles [?] from the land: where the King maintaineth about 50 soldiers, and Captains, that keep the forts; and about 150 Negroes, who, all the year long, are occupied in carrying stone for building and other uses, and to help to make fast the ships that come in there with their cables. There are two Bulwarks [*batteries*], at each end of a wall, that standeth likewise in the said island; where the ships use [*are accustomed*] to ride, made fast to the said wall with their cables; so near, that a man may leap ashore.

From this port, I journeyed by land to a town called Vera Cruz, standing by a river's side: where all the Factors of the Spanish merchants dwell, which receive the goods of such ships as come thither; and also lade the same with such treasure and merchandize as they return back into Spain.

They are in number, about 400: who only remain here during the time that the Spanish Fleet dischargeth and is ladened again; which is from the end of August, to the beginning of April following: and then, for the unwholesomeness of the place, they depart thence sixteen miles further up within the country, to a town called Xalapa [*see Vol. V. p.* 301], a very healthful soil.

There is never any woman delivered of child in this town; for so soon as they perceive themselves conceived with child, they get them up into the country, to avoid the peril of the infected air: although they use [*are accustomed*], every morning, to drive through the town, about 2,000 head of cattle, to take away the ill vapours of the earth.

From Xalapa, seven leagues, I came to another place named Perota; wherein are certain houses built of straw, called by the name of *Ventz*: the inhabitants whereof are Spaniards, who accustom to harbour such travellers as are occasioned to journey that way, up into the land. It standeth in a great wood of pine and cedar trees; the soil being very cold, by reason of store of snow, which lieth on the mountains there, all the year long. There are in that place, an infinite number of deer, of highness like unto great mules, having also horns of great length.

From Perota, nine leagues, I came to the fo[u]nts of Ozumba; which fo[u]nts are springs of water issuing out of certain rocks into the midst of the highway: where likewise are certain ranges; and houses for the uses before mentioned.

Eight leagues off, from this place, I came to the City of Angels [*Puebla de los Angeles*], so called by that name, of the Spaniards; who inhabit there to the number of 1,000, besides a great number of Indians. This city standeth in very plain fields, having near adjoining to it many sumptuous cities: as, namely, the city of Tlascala, a city of 200,000 Indians, tributary to the King [of Spain]; although he exacteth no other tribute of them than a handful of wheat a piece, which amounteth to 13,000 hannegas [2,600 *English Quarters*] yearly, as appeareth by the King's Books of Account. And the reason why he contenteth himself with this tribute only from them, is because they were the occasion that he took the city of Mexico: with which, the Tlascalans had war at the same time that the Spaniards came into the country.

The Governor of this city is a Spaniard, called among them *Alcade Major*, who administereth chiefest causes of justice, both unto the Christians and Indians; referring smaller and lighter vices, as drunkenness and such like, to the judgement and discretion of such of the Indians as are chosen, every year, to rule amongst them, and called by the name of *Alcades*.

These Indians [*at Puebla de los Angeles*], from fourteen years old and upwards, pay unto the King for their yearly tribute one ounce of silver [*the* Peso = 6*s.* 8*d.* (*or in present value* 53*s.*); *see Vol. V. p.* 227] and a hannega [$\frac{1}{6}$*th of an English Quarter*] of maise, which is valued among them commonly at 12 Rials of Plate [*or silver* = 6*s.* (*or in present valu* 48*s.*)]. The widows among them pay half of this.

The Indians both of this city, and of the rest lying about Mexico, go clothed with mantles of linen cloth made of cotton wool, painted throughout with works of divers and fine colours.

Distant from the City of the Angels, four leagues to the northward, and fourteen from Mexico; there is another city called Cholula, consisting of more than 60,000 Indians, tributaries: and there dwelleth not above twelve Spaniards there.

From it, about two leagues, there is another called Acassingo, of about 5,000 Indians, and eight or twelve Spaniards; which standeth at the foot of the Volcano of Mexico [*Popocatepetl*].

There are besides these, three other great cities, the one named Tepeaca, a very famous city; Huexotzinco, and Tetzmellocan.

All these, in times past, belonged to the kingdom Tlascala: and from these cities they bring all their cochineal into Spain [*see Vol. V. p.* 60].

The distance from the City of the Angels to the city of Mexico is twenty leagues. This city, Mexico, is the city of greatest fame in all the Indias: having goodly and costly houses in it, built all of lime and stone; and seven streets in length, and seven in breadth, with rivers running through every second street, by which they bring their provisions in canoes.

It is situated at the foot of certain hills, which contain in compass by estimation above twenty leagues, compassing the said city on the one side; and a lake, which is fourteen leagues about, on the other side. Upon which lake, there are built many notable and sumptuous cities, as the city of Tescuco: where the Spaniards built six frigates at that time when they conquered Mexico; and where also HERNANDO CORTES made his abode five or six months, in curing of the sickness of his people, which they had taken at their coming into the country. There dwell in this city about 60,000 Indians, which pay tribute to the King.

In this city [*Mexico*] the said HERNANDO built the finest Church that ever was built in the Indias; the name whereof is St. Peter's.

After I had continued six months in this city; being desirous to see farther the countries, I employed [*invested*] that which I had, and took my voyage [*in* 1569] towards the Provinces of the California: in the which was discovered a certain country by a Biscayan, whose name was DIEGO DE GUIARA, and called it after the name of his country, New Biscay; where I sold my merchandise for exchange of silver, for there were there certain rich mines discovered by the aforesaid Biscayan.

Going from Mexico, I directed my voyage towards the south-west, to certain mines called Tamalxaltepec; and so travelled forward, the space of twenty days, through desert uninhabited places, till I came to the Valley of St. Bartholomew, which joineth to the province of New Biscay. In all these places, the Indians are for the most part naked, and are wild people. Their common armour is bows and arrows. They use [*are accustomed*] to eat up such Christians as they come by.

At my return to Mexico, I came along by the coast of the South Sea, through the Province of *Z*acatula; from thence in the Province of Coloa: where I employed the silver that I had in a certain grain growing like an almond, called among the Indians Cacao [*Cocoa beans*] which in New Spain is current for money, to buy things of small value, as fruits, &c.; for they have no small money there; and in which, also, they pay

the King his tribute. They grind this grain to a powder, and mingle it with water; and so is made both bread and drink to them; which is a provision of great profit and good strength.

From thence departing, I came to another province named Xalisco, and from thence to the port of Navidad which is sixty-six leagues from Mexico. In which port arrive, always in the month of April, all the ships that come out of the South Sea, from China and the Philippines; and there they lay their merchandise ashore: the most part whereof is mantles made of cotton wool, wax, and fine platters gilt made of earth, and much gold.

The next summer following, being in the year 1570, which was the first year that the Pope's *Bulls* were brought into the Indias; I undertook another voyage towards the Province of Sonsonate, which is in the kingdom of Guatemala; whither I carried divers merchandise of Spain, all by land on mules' backs. The way thitherward, from Mexico, is to the City of the Angels; and from thence to another city of Christians, eighty leagues off, called Guaxaca, in which there dwelt about fifty Spaniards and many Indians. All the Indians of this Province pay their tribute in mantles of cotton wool, and cochineal, whereof there groweth great abundance about this country.

Near to this place, there lieth a port in the South Sea, called Aquatulca [*Acapulco*]: in which there dwelleth not above three or four Spaniards, with certain Negroes which the King maintaineth there. In which place, Sir FRANCIS DRAKE arrived in the year 1579, in the month of April [*see Vol. V. p.* 294]: where I lost with his being there, about 1,000 ducats* [=£275 =*now about* £2,200]: which he took away, with much other of goods of other merchants of Mexico, from one FRANCISO GOMES RANGIFA, Factor there, for all the Spanish merchants that then traded in the South Sea. For from this port, they use to embark all their goods that go for Peru, and to the kingdom of Honduras.

From Guaxaca, I came to a town named Nixapa, which

* This loss was subsequent to the conclusion of CHILTON'S narrative of his personal adventures; which ends with his journey to Yucatan in *pp.* 25, 26.

standeth upon certain very high hills in the Province of Zapatecos, wherein inhabit about the number of twenty Spaniards by the King of Spain's commandment, to keep that country in peace; for that the Indians are very rebellious: and for this purpose he bestoweth on them the towns and cities that be within that Province.

From hence, I went to a city called Tehuantepec, which is the furthest town to the eastward in all New Spain, which sometime did belong to [HERNANDO CORTES] the Marquis DE LA VALLE: and because it is a very fit port, standing in the South Sea, the King of Spain, upon a rebellion [!] made by the said Marquis against him, took it from him, and doth now possess it as his own.

Here, in the year 1572, I saw a piece of ordnance of brass, called a Demi-Culverin, which came out of a ship called the *Jesus* of Lubeck [*See Vol. V. pp.* 223, 238], which Captain HAWKINS left in San Juan de Ulua, being in fight with the Spaniards, in the year 1568, which piece they afterward carried a hundred leagues by land, over mighty mountains, to the said city, to be embarked for the Philippines.

Leaving Tehuantepec, I went still along by the South Sea, about 150 leagues, in the desolate Province of Soconusco: in which Province there groweth *Cacao*, which the Christians carry from thence into New Spain; for that it will not grow in any cold country. The Indians of this country pay the King their tribute in Cacao, giving him 400 Cargas (every Carge is 2,400 almonds) which Carge is worth in Mexico, 30 pieces of Rials of Plate [15*s.* (=£6 *now*)]. They are men of great riches, and withal very proud: and in all this Province throughout, there dwell not twenty Christians.

I travelled through another Province called Suchetepec, and thence to the Province of Guasacapan, in both of which Provinces are very few people; the biggest town therein having not above 200 Indians. The chiefest merchandise there is Cacao.

Hence, I went to the city of Guatemala, which is the chief city of all this Kingdom. In this city, do inhabit about eighty Spaniards: and here the King hath his Governors and Council, to whom all the people of the kingdom repair for justice. This city standeth from the coast of the South Sea, fourteen leagues within the land, and is very rich,

by reason of the gold that they fetch out of the coast of Veragua.

From this city, to the Eastward, sixty leagues, hath the Province of Sonsonate; where I sold the merchandise I carried out of New Spain. The chiefest city of this Province is San Salvador, which hath seven leagues from the coast of the South Sea, and hath a port lying by the sea coast, called Acaxutla, where the ships arrive with the merchandise they bring from New Spain; and from thence, lade back the Cacao. There dwell there to the number of sixty Spaniards.

From Sonsonate, I travelled to Nicoya, which is the Kingdom of Nicaragua. In which port, the King buildeth all the shipping that travel out of the Indies to the Moluccas

I went forward from thence to Costa Rica, where the Indians, both men and women, go all naked, and the land lieth between Panama and the Kingdom of Guatemala.

And for that the Indians there, live as warriors, I durst not pass by land: so that here, in a town called San Salvador, I bestowed that which I carried in anil [*indigo*], which is a kind of thing to dye blue withal, which I carried with me to the port of Cavallos [*see Vol. V. p.* 302. *At present, called Puerto Cortes or Cabellos*], lying in the Kingdom of Honduras which port is a mighty huge river; and at the coming in of the one side of it, there lieth a town of little force, without ordnance or any other strength, having in it houses of straw. At which town, the Spaniards use yearly, in the month of August, to unlade four ships which come out of Spain laden with rich merchandise, and receive in again here, a kind of merchandise called anil, cochineal (although it be not of such value as that of New Spain), silver of the mines of Toma Angua, gold of Nicaragua, hides, and salsaparilla the best in all the Indies. All which merchandise they return [*take back*], and depart from thence always in the month of April following [*CHILTON evidently went this voyage in April*, 1571], taking their course by the island of Jamaica: in which island, there dwell on the west side of it certain Spaniards of no great number. From this place, they go to Cape St. Antonio; which is the uttermost part of the westward of the isle of Cuba.

And from thence, to Havanna, lying hard by; which is the chiefest port that the King of Spain hath in all the countries of the Indies, and of greatest importance. For all the ships

from Peru, Honduras, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, Jamaica, and all other places in his Indies, arrive there, on their return to Spain; for that in this port, they take in victuals and water, and the most part of their lading. Here they meet from all the foresaid places, always in the beginning of May, by the King's commandment. At the entrance of this port, it is so narrow that there can scarce come in two ships together; although it be above six fathoms deep in the narrowest place of it.

In the north side of the coming in, there standeth a tower, in which there watcheth every day a man to descry the sail of ships which he can see on the sea. and as many as he discovereth, so many banners he setteth upon the tower, that the people of the town (which standeth within the port about a mile from the tower) may understand thereof. [*See Vol. III. p* 444, *for a similar arrangement at Terceira.*]

Under this tower, there lieth a sandy shore, where men may easily go aland: and by the tower, there runneth a hill along by the water's side; which easily, with small store of ordnance, subdueth the town and port. The port within is so large, that there may easily ride a thousand sail of ships, without anchor or cable: for no wind is able to hurt them.

There inhabit within the town of Havanna, about 300 Spaniards, and about sixty soldiers; which the King maintaineth there, for the keeping of a certain castle which he hath of late erected, which hath planted in it about twelve pieces of small ordnance. It is compassed round with a small ditch, wherethrough, at their pleasure, they may let in the sea.

About two leagues from Havanna, there lieth another town called Guanabacoa, in which there are dwelling about 100 Indians: and from this place sixty leagues, there lieth another town named Bahama, situated on the north side of the island. The chiefest city of this island of Cuba, which is above 200 miles in length, is also called Cuba [*Santiago de Cuba*]; where dwelleth a Bishop and about 200 Spaniards: which town standeth on the south side of the island about a hundred leagues from Havanna.

All the trade of this island is cattle; which they kill only for the hides that are brought thence into Spain. For which end, the Spaniards maintain there many negroes to kill their cattle: and foster [*breed*] a great number of hogs, which

being killed and cut into small pieces, they dry in the sun; and so make provision for the ships which come for Spain.

Having remained in this island two months, I took shipping [? *in July*, 1571] in a frigate [*brigantine*], and went over to Nombre de Dios; and from thence by land to Panama, which standeth upon the South Sea. From Nombre de Dios to Panama is seventeen leagues [*see Vol. V. pp.* 537 *and* 552]. From which town [*Nombre*] there runneth a river, which is called the River of Chagres, which runneth [up] within five leagues of Panama, to a place called [Venta de] Cruzes: by which river they carry their goods and disembark it at the said Cruzes; and from thence it is conveyed on mules' backs to Panama by land: where they again embark it, in certain small ships, in the South Sea for all the coast of Peru. In one of these ships, I went to [*started for*] Potosi, and from thence by land to Cuzco, and from thence to Paita. Here I remained the space of seven months.

I then returned towards the Kingdom of Quatemala; and arrived in the Provinces of Nicoya and Nicaragua

From Nicaragua, I travelled by land to a Province called Nicamula, which lieth towards the North Sea [*Gulf of Mexico*] in certain high mountains: for that I could not pass through the kingdom of Quatemala at that time, for the waters wherewith all the low countries of the Province of Soconusco, lying by the South Sea, are drowned with the rain that falleth above in the mountains, enduring always from April to September; which season for that cause they call their winter.

From this Province, I came into another called Vera Paz, in which the chiefest city is also called after that name, where there dwelleth a Bishop, and about forty Spaniards. Among the mountains of this country towards the North Sea, there is a Province called *La Candona*, where are Indian men of war which the King cannot subdue: for they have towns and forts in a great lake of water above, in the said mountains. The most part of them go naked, and some wear mantles of cotton wool.

Distant from this, about eighty leagues, I came into another Province, called the Province of Chiapa; wherein the chiefest city is called Zacatlan [*Ciudad Real*]: where dwelleth a Bishop and about a hundred Spaniards. In this country

there is great store of cotton wool; whereof the Indians make fine linen cloth, which the Christians buy and carry into New Spain. The people of this Province pay their tribute to the King all in cotton wool and feathers.

Fourteen leagues from this city, there is another city called Chiapa; where are the finest gennets in all the Indies, which are carried hence to Mexico, 300 leagues from it.

From this city, I travelled still [*going now southward*] through hills and mountains till I came to the end of this Province, to a hill called Ecatepec, which in English signifieth, the "Hill of Wind": for that they say it is the highest hill that was ever discovered, for from the top of it may be discovered both the North and South Seas; and it is in height supposed to be nine leagues. They which travel over it, lie always at the foot of it overnight, and begin their journey about midnight to travel to the top of it before the sunrise of the next day: because the wind bloweth with such force afterwards, that it is impossible for any man to go up.

From the foot of this hill to Tehuantepec, the first town of New Spain, is about fifteen leagues. And so from thence, I journeyed to Mexico.

By and by, after I came to Mexico, which was in the year 1572; in the company of another Spaniard, who was my companion in this journey [*to Peru and back*]; we went together toward the Province of Panuco which lieth upon the coast of the North Sea

Within three days' journey, we entered a city called Meztitlan, where there dwelt twelve Spaniards. The Indian inhabitants there were about 30,000. This city standeth in certain high mountains, which are very thick planted with trees; very wholesome and fruitful, having plentiful fountains of water running through them. The highways of these hills are all set with fruits and most pleasant trees of divers kinds. In every town, as we passed through, the Indians presented us with victuals.

Within twenty leagues of this place, there is another city, called Tlanchinoltepec, belonging to a gentleman, where there inhabit about 40,000 Indians: and there are among them, eight or nine Friars of the order of Saint Augustine, who have there a monastery.

Within three days after, we departed from this place, and came to a city called Guaxutla; where there is another Monastery of Friars of the same order. There dwell in this town about twelve Spaniards.

From this place forwards, beginneth a Province called Guastecan; which is all plain grounds without any hills. The first town we came unto is called Tanguilabe, in which there dwell many Indians high of stature, having all their bodies painted with blue, and wear their hair long down to their knees, tied as women used to do with their hairlaces. When they go out of their doors, they carry with them their bows and arrows, being very great archers going for the most part naked.

In those countries, they take neither gold nor silver for exchange of anything; but only salt: which they greatly esteem, and use it as a principal medicine for certain worms which breed in their lips and in their gums.

After nine days' travel from this place, we came to a town called Tampico, which is a port town upon the sea, wherein there dwell, I think, forty Christians: of which number, whilst we abode there, the Indians [*Chichimics*] killed fourteen, as they were gathering salt; which is all the trade that they have in this place. It standeth upon the entry of the river of Panuco, which is a mighty great river: and were it not for a sand that lieth at the mouth of it, ships of 500 tons might go up into it above threescore leagues.

From hence, we went to Panuco, fourteen leagues from Tampico; which in times past had been a goodly city, where the King of Spain had his Governor: but by reason that the Indians [*Chichimics*] there destroyed the Christians, it lieth in a manner waste, containing in it not above ten Christians, with a priest.

In this town, I fell sick: where I lay forty-one days, having no other sustenance than fruit and water: which water I sent for, about six leagues off within the country. Here I remained till my companion came to me, who had departed from me another way; I having kept in my company only a slave which I brought with me from Mexico: and the last day in Easter week [1572 *or* 1573], my companion came to me, finding me in a very weak state, by reason of the unwholesomeness of the place

Notwithstanding my weakness, I being set on a horse and an Indian behind me to hold me; we went forward in our voyage all that day till night.

The next day, in the morning, we passed over the river in a canoe: and being on the other side, I went myself before alone; and by reason there met many ways trailed by the wild beasts, I lost my way: and so travelled through a great wood about two leagues; and at length fell into the hands of certain wild Indians [*Chichimics*], which were in certain cottages made of straw. Who seeing me, came out, to the number of twenty of them, with their bows and arrows, and spake unto me in their language; which I understood not.

So I made signs unto them to help me from my horse; which they did, by commandment of their lord [*chief*] which was there with them: and [a]lighted down, they carried me under one of their cottages, and laid me upon a mat on the ground

Perceiving that I could not understand them, they brought unto me a little Indian wench, of Mexico, of fifteen or sixteen years of age; whom they commanded to ask me in her language, from whence I came, and for what intent I am among them? "For," said she, "dost thou not know, Christian! how that these people will kill and eat thee?"

To whom I answered, "Let them do with me, what they will! here now I am!"

She replied, saying, "Thou mayst thank GOD thou art lean! for they do fear thou hast the [small]pox, otherwise they would eat thee!"

So I presented to the King [*caique or chief*] a little wine, which I had with me in a bottle; which he esteemed above any treasure: for for wine they will sell their wives and children.

Afterwards the wench asked me, "What I would have, and whether I would eat anything?"

I answered that "I desired a little water to drink, for that the country is very hot!"

She brought me a great gilded Venice glass full of water. Marvelling at the glass, I demanded, "How they came by it?"

She told me that "the Caique brought it from Shallapa

[? *Jalapa*], a town on the hills distant from this place thirty leagues, whereas dwelt certain Christians and certain Friars of the order of St. Augustine: which this Caique with his people, on a night, slew; and burning the Friars' Monastery, among other things, reserved this glass; and from hence also brought me."

Having now been conversant with them, three or four hours, they bid her ask me, "if I would go my way?"

I answered her that "I desired nothing else."

So the Caique caused two of the Indians to lead me forward in my way, going before me, with their naked bows and arrows, the space of three leagues, till they brought me to a highway: and then making a sign to me, they signified that in a short time, I should come to a town where Christians inhabited; which was called Santiago de las Villas, standing in the plain fields, walled about with a mud wall. The number of Christians that dwelt therein were not above four or five and twenty: unto which the King of Spain giveth Indians and towns, to keep the country subject unto him.

Here the Christians have their mighty mules, with which they carry to all parts of the Indies, and into Peru: for all their merchandise is carried by land by this means.

In this town aforesaid, I found my company [*his Spanish friend, &c.*] which I had lost before; who made no other account of me but that I had been slain. And the Christians there likewise marvelled to hear that I came from those kind of Indians alive: which was a thing never seen, nor heard of before. For they take great pride in killing a Christian, and to wear any part of him where he hath any hair growing [*e.g., the scalp*], hanging it about their necks, and so are accounted for valiant men.

In this town, I remained eighteen days, till I recovered my health. In the mean space, there came one Don FRANCISCO DE PAGO, whom the Viceroy, Don HENRICO MANRIQUES, had sent, for Captain General, to open and discover a certain way from the seaside to the mines of *Z*acatecas, which is from this place 160 leagues; for to transport their merchandise that way: and to leave the way by Mexico, which is seven or eight months' travel.

So this Captain took me and my company [*his slave,*

Spanish friend, &c.] with the rest of his soldiers, to the number of forty, which he had brought with him, and 500 Indians which we took out of two towns in this Province called Tanchipa and Tamadelipa, all good archers and naked men; and went thence to the river de las Palmas [? *Rio Satander*] of great bigness, parting the kingdom of New Spain and Florida.

Going still along by this river the space of three days, seeking a passage to pass over and finding none: we were at length enforced to cut timber to make a *balsa* [*raft*] which when we had made, we sat on it, and the Indians swimming in the water and thrusting it before them to the other side.

Within thirty days after, after travelling through woods, hills, and mountains, we came to the mines of *Zacatecas*: which are the richest mines in all the Indies, and from thence they fetch most silver. In which mines, there dwelt above 300 Christians.

There, our Captain gave us leave to depart. So we came to the Valley of Saint Michael, toward Mexico; and from thence to Puebla Neuva.

And from that place, to the Province of Mechuacan (after which name, the chiefest city of that place is called, where dwell a Bishop and above a hundred Spaniards in it). It aboundeth with all kinds of Spanish fruits, and hath woods full of nut trees and wild vines. Here are many mines of copper, and great store of cattle. It lieth sixty leagues from Mexico (whither we came within four days after). The Indians of this country are very mighty and big men.

Afterwards, I returned another way, to the Province of Sonsonate, by Vera Cruz; and so to the Rio Alvarado; and from thence to the Province of Campeche [now *Yucatan*], which lieth on the south side of the Bay of Mexico. The chief town of this Province is called Merida, in which is a Bishop and almost a hundred Spaniards. The Indians of this Province pay all their tribute in mantles of cotton wool and cocoa. There is no port in all this Province for a ship of a 100 tons to ride in, but only in the river of Tabasco, by which river the city of Merida standeth. The chiefest merchandise with which they lade there in small frigates, is a certain wood

called *campeche* [*logwood*] wherewith they use to dye, as also hides and anil.

By this, there lieth the Province of Yucatan near the Hondura[s] by the North Sea coast; where there is also another Bishop, and a town likewise named Yucatans [? *Valladolid*], where dwell a few Spaniards. They have no force at all, in all this coast, to defend themselves withal, save only that the land is low, and there is no port to receive any shipping unless they be frigates, which carry from thence to the port of San Juan de Ulua, wax, cocoa, honey: also mantles of cotton wool, whereof they make their great store; and of which kind of merchandise there is great trade thence to Mexico. Of the same also, they pay their tribute to the King.

The King hath tribute brought him yearly out of the Indies into Spain of between nine and ten millions of gold and silver [*i.e., crowns, equal to seventy to eighty millions of the present day*]. For he receiveth of every Indian that is subject to him, excepting those which do belong to the *Incommenderos* (which are the children of those Spaniards who first conquered the land; to whom the King gave and granted the government of the cities and towns subdued, for three lives) 12 Rials of Plate [= 6*s.*, *or in present value* 48*s.*] and a hannega (five of them make a Quarter of English measure) of maize which is a wheat of the country: and of every widow woman, he had 6½ rials [3*s.* 3*d.*, *or* 26*s. now*] and half a hannega of maize. So if an infidel [*heathen*] have twenty children in his house, he payeth for every one of them, being above fifteen years old, after that rate. This wheat, being duly brought to the Governor of every Province and city, is sold in Mexico, by the King's Governors there, every year. So that the money received for it is put into the King's Treasury there; and so is yearly carried from thence into Spain.

Of the Spaniards which are owners of the mines of gold and silver, he receiveth the Fifth Part, which he calleth his *Quintas*: which being taken out of the heap, there are his arms set on it; for, otherwise, it may not be brought out of the land into Spain, under pain of death.

The Mark of Silver, which is 8 ounces, when it cometh

out of the mines, not having the King's seal upon it, is worth 43 Rials of Plate [= 21*s.* 6*d.* *or about* £8 8*s.* *now*], and so it is current. And when they will bring it for Spain, they carry it to the King's Treasure House [*at Mexico*] where his seal is set upon it; and so it is raised in value thereby, to 64 Rials of Plate: and so the King hath for his custom [*tax*] of every Mark of Plate 21 Rials.

From the year [15]70, which was the year that the Pope's *Bulls* came into the Indies, as is before mentioned: he [*the King*] hath received, both of the Indians which are tributaries to him, and also of all others belonging to the *Incommenderos*, of every one, being above twelve years of age, four Rials [= 2*s.* = 16*s.* *now*] of every *Bull*.

Also they carry other *Pardons* with them into the Indies, for such as be dead, although a hundred years before the Spaniards came into the country: which *Pardons*, the Friars in their preachings, persuade the poor Indians to take; telling them, that with giving four Rials of Plate [2*s.* = 16*s.* *now*] for a *Mass*, they would deliver their souls out of purgatory

Of the Christians likewise, dwelling there, he hath 14 Rials [7*s.* = 56*s.* *now*] for every *Bull*: and there be certain *Bulls* brought thither for the Christians besides the former, which serve for pardoning all such faults wherein they have trespassed against either the King by keeping back his customs, or one against another, by any other injury. For every 100 crowns [=£30 =£240 *now*] whereof his conscience doth accuse him, that he hath deceived the King or any other, he must give 10 [£3=£24 *now*]; and so, after that rate, for every 100 which he hath, any way, stolen; and so is pardoned the fault.

The revenue of his *Bulls*, after this manner, yieldeth unto his Treasury yearly, above three millions [*crowns* = *above* £1,000,000, *or* £8,000,000 *now*] of gold as I have been credibly informed. Although of late, both the Spaniards and the Indians do refuse to take the *Bulls*: for that they perceive he doth make a yearly custom [*tax*] of it. Only the Indian takes one *Pardon* for all his household (whereas in former time every Indian used to take one for every person in the house), and teareth the same into small pieces, and giveth to every one of his household a little piece, saying thus, "They need now no more; seeing, in that which they bought

the year before they had above 10,000 years' *Pardon.*" These pieces they stick up in the wall of the houses where they lie.

Both the Christians and Indians are weary with these infinite taxes and customs, which, of late, he hath imposed upon them more than in the years before.

So the people of both sorts did rebel twice in the time that I was among them [1568–1585 ?]; and would have set up another King of themselves. For which cause, the King hath commanded, upon pain of death, that they should not plant either wine or oil there; but should always stand in need of them to be brought out of Spain: although there would more grow there in four years, than there groweth in Spain in twenty, it is so fertile a country.

And the King, to keep the country always in subjection and to his own use, hath straitly provided by law, upon pain of death and loss of goods, that none of these countries should traffic with any other nation, although the people themselves do much now desire to trade with any other that with them [than with them]; which they would undoubtedly do, if they feared not the peril.

About Mexico and other places in New Spain, there groweth a certain plant called *Nege* [*the Mexican Agave*], which yieldeth wine, vinegar, honey, and black sugar; and of the leaves of it dried, they make hemp, ropes, shoes which they use, and tiles for their houses: and at the end of every leaf there groweth a sharp point like an awl, wherewith they use to bore or pierce through anything.

Thus I make an end. I have here set down the sum of all the chiefest things that I have observed and noted in my seventeen years' travels in those parts.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ORIANA

Edited by THOMAS MORLEY.

1601.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CHARLES HOWARD,

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, BARON OF EFFINGHAM, KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER; Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and Wales, &c.; and one of Her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

RIGHT HONOURABLE.

I HAVE adventured to dedicate these few discordant tunes, to be censured by the ingenious disposition of your Lordship's honourable rare perfection; persuading myself that these labours, composed by me and others—as in the survey hereof, your Lordship may well perceive—may not, by any means, pass without the malignity of some

malicious MOMUS, *whose malice, being as toothsome as adder's sting, couched in the progress of a wayfaring man's passage, might make him retire, though almost at his journey's end*

Two special motives have emboldened me, Right Honourable! in this my proceeding. First, for that I consider that as the body cannot be without the shadow, so HOMER, *the prince of poets, may not be without a Zoilist. The second and last is the most forcible motive: I know not only by report, by also by experience, your Lordship to be not only* Philomusus, *a Lover of the Muses and of Learning; but* Philomathes, *a personage always desirous, though in all arts sufficiently skilful, to come to a more high perfection or* summum bonum.

I will not trouble your Lordship with too too tedious circumstances, only I humbly entreat your Lordship—in the name of many—to patronage this work, with not less acceptance, than I with a willing and kind heart, dedicate it. So shall I think the initium *of this work not only happily began, but to be* finited *with a more happy period.*

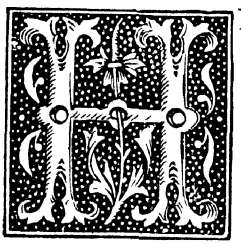
Your Honour's devoted in all duty,

THOMAS MORLEY.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ORIANA.

MICHAEL ESTE.



"ENCE stars! too dim of light!
You dazzle but the sight!
You teach to grope by night!
See here the shepherd's star!
Excelling you so far."
Then PHŒBUS wiped his eye,
And ZEPHYR cleared the skies
In sweet accented cries,
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

¶ This Song being sent too late, and all my others printed, I placed it before the rest, rather than to leave it out.

DANIEL NORCOME.



ITH Angel's face and brightness, and orient hue,
Fair ORIANA shining, with nimble foot she tripped
o'er hills and mountains;
Hard by DIANA's fountains:
At last in dale she rested.
This is that maiden Queen of the Fairy Land,
With sceptre in her hand.
The Fawns and Satyrs dancing, did show their nimble lightness.
Fair NAIS and the nymphs did leave their bowers,
And brought their baskets full of herbs and flowers:
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN MUNDY.

 IGHTLY She whipped o'er the dales,
Making the woods proud with her presence;
Gently She trode the flowers, and they as gently
kissed her tender feet.
The birds in their best language bade her welcome,
Being proud that ORIANA heard their song.
The clove-foot Satyrs singing, made music to the Fauns
a-dancing,
And both together, with an emphasis, sang ORIANA's praises
Whilst the adjoining woods with melody did entertain their
sweet harmony.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

ELLIS GIBBONS

Also set to music by THOMAS HUNT.

 ONG live fair ORIANA!
Hark! did you ever hear so sweet a singing?
They sing, young LOVE to waken!
The nymphs unto the woods, their Queen are
bringing.
There was a note well taken!
O good! hark! how joyfully 'tis dittied!
A Queen and Song most excellently fitted.
I never saw a fairer,
I never heard a rarer:
Then sing, ye shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN BENET.



LL creatures now are merry-minded,
The shepherd's daughters playing:
The nymphs are "Fa, la la-ing,"
Yon bugle was well winded!
At ORIANA's presence, each thing smileth!
The flowers themselves discover!
Birds over her do hover!
Music, the time beguileth!
See, where She comes, with flow'ry garlands crowned,
Queen of all queens renowned.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN HILTON.



AIR ORIANA, Beauty's Queen!
Tripped along the verdant green;
The Fauns and Satyrs running out,
Skipped and dancèd round about.
FLORA forsook her painted bowers,
And made a coronet of flowers.
Then sang the nymphs of chaste DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

GEORGE MARSON.



HE nymphs and shepherds danced
La Voltos in a daisy-tapestred valley;
Love from their face-lamps glanced,
Till wantonly they dally:
Till in a rose-banked alley
Bright Majesty advanced,
A crown-graced Virgin, whom all people honour;

They leave their sport, amazed,
Run all to look upon her.
A moment scarce they gazed,
Ere Beauty's splendour all their eyes had dazed,
Desire to see yet ever fixed on her.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

RICHARD CARLTON.



ALM was the air and clear the sky,
Fair ORIANA passing by,
Over the downs to Ida plains,
Where heaven-born Sisters with their trains,
Did all attend her sacred Beauty,
Striving to excel in duty.
Satyrs and Nymphs dancing together,
Shepherds triumphing, flocking thither.
Seeing their sov'reign Mistress there,
That kept their flocks and them from fear;
With high-strained voice
And hearts rejoice.
Thus sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN HOLMES.



HUS BONNY-BOOTES the birthday celebrated,
Of her, his Lady dearest,
Fair ORIANA, which to his heart was nearest.
The Nymphs and Shepherds feasted
With clouted cream, and were to sing requested.
"Lo here, the Fair created," quoth he, "the world's chief Goddess;"
Sing then, for She is BONNY-BOOTES sweet Mistress!
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

RICHARD NICOLSON.

SING shepherds all, and in your roundelays,
Sing only of fair ORIANA's praise.
The gods above will help to bear a part,
And men below will try their greatest art,
Though neither gods nor men can well apply
Fit song or tune to praise her worthily.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

THOMAS TOMKINS.

THE Fauns and Satyrs tripping,
With lively Nymphs of fresh cool brooks and fountains,
And those of woods and mountains,
Like roes came nimbly skipping.
By signs, their mirth unripping,
My fairy Queen, they presented.
With *Amaltheas* twenty,
Brim full of wealthy plenty.
And still to give frequented,
With bare gifts not contented,
The demi-gods pray to the gods supernal,
Her life, her wealth, her fame may be eternal!
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

MICHAEL CAVENDISH.

COME, gentle swains and shepherds' dainty daughters,
Adorned with courtesy, and comely duties!
Come sing, and joy, and grace with lovely laughters,
The birthday of the beauties!
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

WILLIAM COBBOLD.



ITHDRAW yourselves, ye shepherds! from your bowers,
And strew the path with flowers.
The Nymphs are coming!
Sweetly the birds are chirping,
The swift beasts running,
As all amazed, they stand still gazing,
To see such bright stars blazing,
To DIAN bravely treading.
The powers divine, to her do vail their bonnets,
Prepare yourselves to sound your pastoral sonnets,
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

THOMAS MORLEY.



RISE! awake! you silly shepherds sleeping,
Devise some honour for her sake by mirth to banish weeping,
Lo! where she comes in gaudy green arraying!
A Prince of beauty, rich and rare, for her delighting pretends to go a-Maying.
You stately nymphs, draw near, and strew your paths with roses,
In you, her trust reposes!
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN FARMER.

FAIR Nymphs, I heard one telling
DIANA's train are hunting in this Chace.
To beautify this place
The Fauns are running;
The Shepherds their pipes tuning,
To show their cunning:
The lambs amazed, leave off their grazing,
And blind their eyes with gazing:
While the earth's Goddess doth draw near your places,
Attended by the Muses and the Graces.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN WILBY.

THE Lady ORIANA
Was dight all in the treasures of Guiana;
And on her Grace, a thousand graces tended,
And thus sang they, "Fair Queen of Peace and Plenty!
The fairest Queen of twenty!"
Then with an olive wreath, for peace renowned,
Her virgin head, they crowned.
Which ceremony ended,
Unto her Grace, the thousand graces bended.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

THOMAS WEELKES.

AS VESTA was from Latmos hill descending,
She spied a Maiden Queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,
To whom DIANA's darlings came running down a-main:

First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone, hasted thither
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN MILTON [*the father of the Poet*].

FAIR ORIANA in the morn,
Before the day was born;
With velvet steps on ground,
Which made nor print nor sound,
Would see her Nymphs a-bed;
What lives those Ladies led.
The roses, blushing, said,
"O stay thou Shepherd's Maid!"
And on a sudden all,
They rose and heard her call.
Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

ELLIS GIBBONS.

ROUND about her chariot with all admiring strains,
The Hyades and Dryades give sweetest entertains.
Lo, how the gods, in revels, do accord,
Whilst doth each goddess melodies afford.
Now BACCHUS is consorting,
SILVANUS falls a sporting,
AMPHION'S harp reporting,
To the shepherds' pipes, sing the nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

GEORGE KIRBYE.



RIGHT PHŒBUS greets most clearly,
With radiant beams, fair ORIANA sitting!
Her apple, VENUS yields, as most befitting!
A Queen beloved most dearly!
Rich PLUTO leaves his treasures!
And PROSERPINE, glad, runs in her best array!
Nymphs deck her crown with bay!
Her feet, are lions kissing!
No joy can there be missing!
Now THETIS leaves the Mermaids' tunes admired,
And swells with pride, to see her Queen desired!
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

ROBERT JONES.



AIR ORIANA, seeming to wink at folly,
Lay softly down to sleeping;
But hearing that the world was grown unholy,
Her rest was turned to weeping.
So waked, she sighed; and with crossed arms,
Sat drinking tears for others' harms;
Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN LISLEY.



AIR CYTHAREA presents her doves! MINERVA singeth!
JOVE gives a crown! a garland JUNO bringeth!
Fame summoned each celestial power
To bring their gifts to ORIANA's bower.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

THOMAS MORLEY.

HARD by a crystal fountain,
ORIANA the bright, lay down a sleeping.
The birds they finely chirped, the winds were stilled
Sweetly with these accenting, the air was filled,
This is that Fair whose head a crown deserveth,
Which heaven for her reserveth.
Leave, shepherds, your lambs' keeping upon the barren mountain!
And Nymphs attend on her, and leave your bowers!
For She, the shepherd's life maintains, and yours.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

EDWARD JOHNSON.

COME, blessed bird, and with thy sugared relish,
Help our declining quire now to embellish:
For BONNY-BOOTES that so aloft would fetch it,
O he is dead! and none of us can reach it.
Then tune to us, sweet bird! thy shrill recorder,
For fault of better, will serve in the chorus!
Begin, and we will follow thee in order!
Then sang the wood-born Minstrel of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

FINIS.

The Examination

of Master William Thorpe, priest, of heresy, before Thomas Arundell, Archbishop of Canterbury, the year of our Lord, M.CCCC. and seven.

¶ The Examination

of the honourable Knight, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, burnt by the said Archbishop,* in the first year of King Henry the Fifth.

¶ Be no more ashamed to hear it, than ye were and be, to do it.

[* This is incorrect, Archbishop ARUNDELL condemned Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE on September 25th, 1413, who was then sent to the Tower, see *pp.* 125, 132 : from which he escaped ; and being recaptured in Wales in 1417, was burnt on the 14th December of that year. But in the meantime, Archbishop ARUNDELL had died on the 14th February, 1414 ; and HENRY CHICHELEY had become Archbishop.]

¶ Unto the Christian Reader.



RACE and peace in our Lord JESUS CHRIST. Read here with judgement, good Reader! the Examination of the blessed Man of GOD, and there thou shalt easily perceive wherefore our Holy Church (as the most unholy sort of all the people will be called) make all their examinations in darkness; all the lay people clean excluded from their counsels.

For if their lies had been openly confuted, and also that the Accused of Heresy might as well have been admitted to reason their Articles *with Counsel, whether they were heresy or no[t], as the Accused of Treason against the King is admitted to his Council to confute his cause and* Articles, *whether they be treason or not, they should never have murdered nor prisoned so many good Christian men as they have done.*

For their cloaked lies could never have continued so long in the light, as they have done in corners. They, good men! when they come in the pulpit, and preach against the Truth, cry, "If their learning [i.e., of the Protestants] *were good and true, they would never go in corners; but speak it openly!"*

Whereunto I answer, that besides that CHRIST and his Apostles were compelled (for because of the furiousness of their fathers, the Bishops and Priests, which only, that time also, would be called Holy Church) oftentimes for to walk secretly, and absent themselves, and give place to their malice. Yet we have daily examples, of more than one or two, that have not spared nor feared for to speak, and also [to] preach openly the Truth; which have been taken of them, prisoned, and brent: besides others that for fear of death, have abjured and carried faggots. Of whose Articles *and Examination there is no layman that can shew a word.*

Who can tell wherefore, not many years past, there were Seven

burnt in Coventry on one day? Who can tell wherefore that good priest and holy martyr, Sir [the reverend] *THOMAS HITTON was brent, now this year, at Maidstone in Kent? I am sure, no man! For this is their cast* [contrivance] *ever when they have put to death or punished any man: after their secret Examinations, to slander him of such things as he never thought, as they may do well enough, seeing there is no man to contrary them.*

Wherefore I exhort thee, good brother! whosoever thou be that readest this treatise, mark it well, and consider it seriously! and there thou shalt find, not only what the Church is, their doctrine of the Sacrament, the Worshipping of Images, Pilgrimage, Confession, Swearing, and Paying of Tithes: but also thou mayest see what strong and substantial arguments of Scripture and Doctors, and what clerkly reasons my Lord the head and Primate of the Holy Church in England (as he will be taken) bringeth against this poor, foolish, simple, and mad losell, knave, and heretic, as he calleth him. And also the very cause wherefore all their Examinations are made in darkness.

And the Lord of all Light shall lighten thee with the candle of His grace, for to see the Truth! Amen.

¶ *This I have corrected and put forth in the English that now is used in England, for our Southern men; nothing thereto adding, ne yet therefrom minishing. And I intend hereafter, with the help of GOD to put it forth in his own old English, which shall well serve, I doubt not, both for the Northern men and the faithful brethren of Scotland.*

[William of Thorpe's Preface.]



HE LORD GOD that knoweth all things, wotteth well that I am right sorrowful for to write or make known this Sentence beneath written, where that of mine even Christian, set in high state and dignity, so great blindness and malice may be known; that they, that presume of themselves to destroy vices and to plant in men virtues, neither dread to offend GOD, nor lust [*desire*] to please Him: as their works shew. For, certes, the bidding of GOD and His Law (which, in the praising of His most Holy Name, He commandeth to be known and kept of all men and women, young and old; after the cunning and power that He hath given to them), the Prelates of this land and their ministers, with the comente [*community*] of priests chiefly consenting to them, enforce them most busily to withstand and destroy the holy Ordinance of GOD. And therethrough, GOD is greatly wroth and moved to take hard vengeance, not only on them that do the evil, but also on them all that consent to the Antichrist's limbs; which know or might know their malice and their falsehood, and [ad]dress them not to withstand their malice and great pride.

Nevertheless, four things moveth me to write this Sentence beneath.

The first thing, that moveth me hereto is this, that whereas it was known to certain friends that I came from the prison of Shrewsbury, and (as it befell in deed), that I should to the prison of Canterbury; then divers friends,

in divers places, spake to me full heartfully and full tenderly, and commanded me then, if it so were that I should be examined before the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, that, if I might in any wise, I should write mine Apposing and mine Answering. And I promised to my special friends, that if I might, I would gladly do their biddings, as I might.

The second thing that moveth me to write this Sentence is this. Divers friends which have heard that I have been examined before the Archbishop, have come to me in prison and counselled me busily, and coveted greatly that I should do the same thing. And other brethren have sent to me, and required me, on GOD's behalf! that I should write out and make known both mine Apposing and mine Answering "for the profit that," as they say, "over my [ac]knowledging may come thereof." But this, they bade me, that I should be busy in all my wits to go as near the Sentence and the words as I could; both that were spoken to me, and that I spake: up[on] adventure this Writing came another time, before the Archbishop and his Council. And of this counselling I was right glad! for in my conscience, I was moved to do this thing; and to ask hereto the special help of GOD.

And so then, I considering the great desire of divers friends of sundry places, according all in one; I occupied all my mind and my wits so busily, that through GOD's grace, I perceived by their meaning and their charitable desire some profit might come therethrough.

For Soothfastness and Truth hath these conditions. Wherever it is impugned, it hath a sweet smell, and thereof comes a sweet savour. And the more violent the enemies [ad]dress themselves to oppress and to withstand the Truth, the greater and the sweeter smell cometh thereof. And therefore this heavenly smell of GOD's Word will not, as a smoke, pass away with the

wind; but it will descend and rest in some clean soul that thirsteth thereafter.

And thus, some deal, by this Writing, may be perceived, through GOD's grace, how that the enemies of the Truth, standing boldly in their malice, enforce them to withstand the freedom of CHRIST's Gospel; for which freedom, CHRIST became man, and shed his heart's blood. And therefore it is great pity and sorrow that many men and women do their own wayward will; nor busy them not to know nor to do the pleasant will of GOD.

Ye men and women that hear the Truth and Soothfastness, and hear or know of this, perceiving what is now in the Church, ought therethrough to be the more moved in all their wits to able them to grace, and set lesser price by themselves: that they, without tarrying, forsake wilfully [*voluntarily*] and bodily all the wretchedness of this life; since they know not how soon, nor when, nor where, nor by whom GOD will teach them, and assay their patience. For, no doubt, who that ever will live piteously, that is charitably, in CHRIST JESU shall suffer now, here in this life, persecution in one wise or another, that is, if we shall be saved.

It behoveth us to imagine full busily, the vilite and foulness of sin, and how the LORD GOD is displeased therefore: and of this vilite of hideousness of sin, it behoveth us to busy us in all our wits for to abhor and hold in our mind a great shame of sin, ever! and so then we owe [*ought*] to sorrow heartily therefore, and ever flying all occasion thereof. And then [it] behoveth us to take upon us sharp penance, continuing therein, for to obtain of the LORD, forgiveness of our foredone sins, and grace to abstain us hereafter from sin! And but if [*except*] we enforce us to do this wilfully and in convenient time, the LORD (if He will not utterly destroy and cast us away!) will, in divers manners, move tyrants against us, for to constrain us violently for to do

penance, which we would not do wilfully. And, trust! that this doing is a special grace of the LORD, and a great token of life and mercy!

And, no doubt, whoever will not apply himself, as is said before, to punish himself wilfully, neither will suffer patiently, meekly, and gladly the rod of the LORD, howsoever that He will punish him: their wayward wills and their impatience are unto them earnest of everlasting damnation.

But because there are but few in number that do able them thus faithfully to grace, for to live here simply and purely, and without gall of malice and of grudging, herefore the lovers of this world hate and pursue them that they know patient, meek, chaste, and wilfully poor, hating and fleeing all worldly vanities and fleshly lusts. For, surely, their virtuous conditions are even contrary to the manners of this world.

The third thing that moveth me to write this Sentence is this. I thought I shall busy me in myself to do faithfully, that all men and women occupying all their business in knowing and in keeping of GOD's commandments, able them so to grace, that they might understand truly the Truth, and have and use virtue and prudence; and so to serve to be lightened from above with heavenly wisdom: so that all their words and their works may be hereby made pleasant sacrifices unto the LORD GOD; and not only for help for their own souls, but also for edification of all Holy Church.

For I doubt not but all they that will apply them to have this foresaid business shall profit full mickle both to friends and to foes. For some enemies of the Truth, through the grace of GOD, shall, through charitable folks, be made astonied in their conscience, and peradventure converted from vices to virtues; and also they that labour to know and to keep faithfully the biddings

of GOD, and to suffer patiently all adversities, shall hereby comfort many friends.

And the fourth thing that moveth me to write this Sentence is this. I know my sudden and unwarned Apposing and Answering that all they that will of good heart without feigning able themselves wilfully and gladly, after their cunning and their power, to follow CHRIST patiently, travailing busily, privily and apertly, in work and in word, to withdraw whomsoever that they may from vices, planting in them (if they may) virtues, comforting them and furthering them that standeth in grace; so that therewith they be not borne up into vainglory through presumption of their wisdom, nor enflamed with any worldly prosperity: but ever meek and patient, purposing to abide steadfastly in the Will of GOD, suffering wilfully and gladly, without any grudging whatsoever, the rod the LORD will chastise them with.

Then this good LORD will not forget to comfort all such men and women in all their tribulations, and at every point of temptation that any enemy purposeth for to do against them ([to] such faithful lovers specially, and patient followers of CHRIST), the LORD sendeth His wisdom from above to them! which the adversaries of the Truth may not know nor understand; but through their old and new unshamefast sins, those tyrants and enemies of Soothfastness shall be so blinded and obstinate in evil, that they shall ween themselves to do pleasant sacrifices unto the LORD GOD in their malicious and wrongful pursuing and destroying of innocent men's and women's bodies; which men and women for their very virtuous living and for their true knowledging of the Truth and their patient, wilful, and glad suffering of persecution for righteousness, deserve through the grace of GOD to be heirs of the endless bliss of heaven.

And for [*on account of*] the fervent desire and the great

love that those men have, as to stand in Soothfastness and witness of it, though they be, suddenly and unwarned, brought forth to be Apposed of their adversaries: the HOLY GHOST yet, that moveth and ruleth them, through His charity, will, in the hour of their Answering, speak in them, and shew His wisdom, that all their enemies shall not again say [*gainsay*] and against stand lawfully [*by right*].

And therefore all they that are stedfast in the faith of GOD, yea, which (through diligent keeping of His commandments, and for their patient suffering of whatsoever adversity that cometh to them) hope surely in His mercy, purposing to stand continually in perfect charity: for those men and women dread not so the adversities of this life, that they will fear (after their cunning and their power) to [ac]knowledge prudently the truth of GOD's Word! when, where, and to whom that they think their [ac]knowledging may profit. Yea, and though therefore, persecution come to them, in one wise or another, certes, they patiently take it! knowing their conversation to be in heaven.

It is a high reward and a special grace of GOD for to have and enjoy as the everlasting inheritance of heaven, for the suffering of one persecution in so short a time as is the term of this life. For, lo, this heavenly heritage and endless reward is the LORD GOD Himself! which is the best thing that may be. This Sentence witnesseth the LORD GOD Himself, whereas He said to ABRAHAM, *I am thy mede!* And as the LORD said He was, and is the mede of ABRAHAM; so He is of all His other saints.

This most blessed and best mede He grant to us all! for His holy name, that made us of nought, and sent His only most dear worthy Son, our Lord JESU CHRIST, for to redeem us with His most precious heart's blood.

Amen.

[The Examination of sir William of Thorpe.]



NOWN be it to all men that read or hear this Writing beneath, that on the Sunday next [*August 7th*] after the Feast of St. Peter that we call Lammas [*August 1st*], in the year of our Lord a thousand four hundred seventh year, I, WILLIAM of Thorpe, being in prison in the castle of Saltwood [*near Hythe, in Kent*], was brought before THOMAS ARUNDELL, Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and [Lord] Chancellor then of England.

And when that I came to him, he stood in a great chamber, and much people [were] about him; and when that he saw me, he went fast into a closet [*private room*], bidding all secular men [*laymen*] that followed him, to go forth from him soon; so that no man was left then in that closet, but the Archbishop himself, a physician that was called MALVEREN [*i.e., JOHN MALVERNE, S.T.P.*], Parson of St. Dunstan's [Church, in Tower Street] in London, and two other persons unknown to me, which were Ministers of the Law [*i.e., the Canon Law: later on, they are called Clerks, i.e., Chaplains*].

Archbishop. And I standing before them, by and by, the Archbishop said to me, "WILLIAM! I know well, that thou hast, this twenty winter and more [*i.e., from before* 1387], travelled about busily, in the North country and in other divers countries [*counties*] of England, sowing about false doctrine: having great business, if thou might, with thine untrue teaching and shrewd will, for to infect and poison all this land. But, through the grace of GOD! thou art now withstanded, and brought into my ward! so that I shall now sequester thee from thine evil purpose, and let [*hinder*] thee to envenom the sheep of my Province. Nevertheless, St. PAUL saith, *If it may be, as far as in us is, we owe* [ought] *to have peace with all men.* Therefore, WILLIAM! if thou wilt now, meekly, and of good heart, without any feigning, kneel down and lay thy

hand upon a book, and kiss it; promising faithfully as I shall here charge thee, that 'thou wilt submit thee to my correction and stand to mine ordinance, and fulfil it duly by all thy cunning and power,' thou shalt yet find me gracious unto thee!"

William. Then said I, to the Archbishop, "Sir, since ye deem me an heretic out of belief, will ye give me here audience to tell my *Belief*."

Archbishop. And he said, "Yea, tell on!"

William. And I said, "*I believe that there is not but one GOD Almighty, and in this Godhead and of this Godhead are three Persons; that is the Father, the Son, and the soothfast HOLY GHOST. And I believe that all these three Persons are even in power, in cunning, and in might, full of grace and of all goodness: for whatever that the Father doth or can or will, that thing also the Son doth can and will; and in all their power cunning and will, the HOLY GHOST is equal to the Father and to the Son.*

Over this, I believe that, through counsel of this most blessed Trinity (in most convenient time, before ordained), for the salvation of mankind, the second Person of this Trinity was ordained to take the form of Man, that is the Kind of man. And I believe that this second Person, our Lord JESU CHRIST was conceived, through the HOLY GHOST, into the womb of the most blessed Virgin MARY without any man's seed. And I believe that after nine months, CHRIST was born of this most blessed Virgin without any pain or breaking of the closter of her womb, and without filth of her virginity.

And I believe that CHRIST our Saviour was circumcised in the eighth day after his birth, in fulfilment of the Law; and his name was called JESUS, which was called of the angel before he was conceived in the womb of MARY his mother.

And I believe that CHRIST, as he was about thirty years old, was baptized in the flood of Jordan of JOHN [the] Baptist, and in likeness of a dove the HOLY GHOST descended there upon him; and a voice was heard from heaven, saying, Thou art my well beloved Son! In Thee, I am full pleased!

And I believe that CHRIST was moved then by the HOLY GHOST for to go into [the] desert, and there he fasted forty

days and forty nights without bodily meat and drink. And I believe that by and by, after his fasting, when the manhood of CHRIST *hungered, the Fiend came to him and tempted him in gluttony, in vainglory, and in covetise: but in all those temptations* CHRIST *concluded* [confounded] *the Fiend and withstood him.*

And then, without tarrying, JESU *began to preach, and to say unto the people,* Do ye penance! for the Realm of Heaven is now at hand!

And I believe that CHRIST, *in all his time here, lived most holily; and taught the Will of his Father most truly: and I believe that he suffered therefore most wrongfully, greatest reproofs and despisings.*

And after this, when CHRIST *would make an end here, of his temporal life, I believe that, in the day next before that he would suffer passion on the morn, in form of bread and wine, he ordained the Sacrament of his flesh and blood, that is his own precious body, and gave it to his Apostles for to eat, commanding them, and by them all their after-comers, that they should do it, in this form that he shewed to them, use themselves and teach and common forth to other men and women this most worshipful holiest Sacrament; in mindfulness of his holiest Living and of his most true Teaching, and of his wilful and patient Suffering of the most painful Passion.*

And I believe that thus, CHRIST *our Saviour, after that he had ordained this most worthy Sacrament of his own precious body, he went forth wilfully against his enemies, and he suffered them most patiently to lay their hands most violently upon him, and to bind him, and to lead him forth as a thief, and to scorn and buffet him, and all to blow or* [de]*file him with their spittings.*

Over this, I believe that CHRIST *suffered, most meekly and patiently, his enemies for to ding* [beat] *out with sharp scourges, the blood that was between his skin and his flesh: yea, without grudging,* CHRIST *suffered wicked Jews to crown him with most sharp thorns, and to strike him with a reed. And, after,* CHRIST *suffered wicked Jews to draw* [lay] *him out upon the Cross, and for to nail him there, upon foot and hand; and so, through this pitiful nailing,* CHRIST *shed out wilfully, for man's life, the blood that was in his veins: and then,* CHRIST *gave*

wilfully his spirit into the hands or power of his Father. And so, as he would, and when he would, CHRIST *died wilfully, for man's sake, upon the Cross. And notwithstanding that* CHRIST *was wilfully, painfully, and most shamefully put to death as to the world, there was left blood and water in his heart, as he before ordained that he would shed out this blood and this water for man's salvation. And therefore he suffered the Jews to make a blind* [ignorant] *Knight to thrust him into the heart with a spear; and this the blood and water that was in his heart,* CHRIST *would shed out for man's love.*

And, after this, I believe that CHRIST *was taken down from the Cross, and buried.*

And I believe that on the third day, by the power of his godhead, CHRIST *rose again from death to life. And forty days thereafter, I believe that* CHRIST *ascended up into heaven; and that he there sitteth on the right hand of GOD the Father Almighty. And the tenth day after his up going, he sent to his Apostles the HOLY GHOST, that he had promised them before.*

And I believe that CHRIST *shall come and judge all mankind, some to everlasting peace, and some to everlasting pains.*

And as I believe in the Father, and in the Son, that they are one GOD Almighty; so I believe in the HOLY GHOST that is also, with them, the same GOD Almighty.

And I believe [in] *an Holy Church, that is, all they that have been, and that now are, and always to the end of the world shall be, a people the which shall endeavour them to know, and keep the commandments of GOD; dreading over all things to offend GOD, and loving and seeking most to please Him. And I believe that all they that have had, and yet have, and all they that yet shall have the foresaid virtues, surely standing in the Belief of GOD, hoping steadfastly in His merciful doings, continuing to their end in perfect charity, wilfully patiently and gladly suffering persecutions by the example of* CHRIST *chiefly and His Apostles; and these have their names written in the Book of Life. Therefore I believe that the gathering together of this people living now in this life, is the Holy Church of GOD, fighting here on earth against the Fiend, the prosperity of the world, and their fleshly lusts. Wherefore, seeing that all the gathering together of this Church beforesaid, and every part thereof, neither coveteth, nor willeth, nor loveth, nor seeketh*

anything, but to eschew the offence of GOD, and to do His pleasing will: meekly, gladly, and wilfully, of all mine heart, I submit myself unto this Holy Church of CHRIST; *to be ever buxom and obedient to the ordinance of it, and of every member thereof, after my knowledge and power, by the help of GOD.*

Therefore I [ac]*knowledge now, and evermore shall (if GOD will!) that, of all my heart, and of all my might, I will submit me only to the rule and governance of them whom, after my knowledge, I may perceive, by the having and using of the beforesaid virtues, to be members of the Holy Church.*

Wherefore these Articles of Belief and all others, both of the Old Law and of the New, which, after the commandment of GOD, any man ought to believe, I believe verily in my soul, as a sinful deadly wretch of my cunning and power ought to believe; praying the LORD GOD, for His holy name, for to increase my belief, and help my unbelief.

And for because, to the praising of GOD's name, I desire above all things to be a faithful member of Holy Church, I make this Protestation before you all four that are now here present, coveting that all men and women that [are] *now absent knew the same; that what thing soever before this time I have said or done, or what thing here I shall do or say at any time hereafter, I believe that all the Old Law and the New Law given and ordained by the counsel of these three Persons in the Trinity, were given and written to* [for] *the salvation of mankind. And I believe these Laws are sufficient for the man's salvation. And I believe every Article of these Laws to the intent that these Articles were ordained and commanded, of these three Persons of the most blessed Trinity, to be believed. And therefore to the rule and the ordinance of these, GOD's Laws, meekly, gladly, and wilfully, I submit me with all mine heart: that whoever can or will, by authority of GOD's Law, or by open reason, tell me that I have erred, or now err, or any time hereafter shall err in any Article of Belief (from which inconvenience, GOD keep me, for his goodness!) I submit me to be reconciled, and to be buxom and obedient unto these Laws of GOD, and to every Article of them. For by authority specially of these Laws, I will, through the grace of GOD, be unied* [united] *charitably unto these Laws.*

Yea, Sir, and over this, I believe and admit all the Sentences,

authorities, and reasons of the Saints and Doctors, according unto Holy Scripture, and declaring it truly. I submit me wilfully and meekly to be ever obedient, after my cunning and power, to all these Saints and Doctors as they are obedient in work and in word to GOD and his Law: and further, not to my knowledge; nor for any earthly power, dignity, or state, through the help of GOD.

"But, Sir, I pray you tell me, if after your bidding, I shall lay my hand upon the book, to the intent to swear thereby?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said unto me, "Yea! wherefore else?"

William. And I said to him, "Sir, a book is nothing else but a thing coupled together of diverse creatures [*created things*]; and to swear by any creature, both GOD's Law and man's law is against. But, Sir, this thing I say here to you, before these your Clerks, with my foresaid *Protestation*, that how, where, when, and to whom, men are bounden to swear or to obey, in any wise, after GOD's Laws, and Saints and good Doctors according with GOD's Law; I will, through GOD's grace, be ever ready thereto, with all my cunning and power!

"But I pray you, Sir, for the charity of GOD! that ye will, before that I swear as I have rehearsed to you, tell me how or whereto that I shall submit me; and shew me whereof that ye will correct me, and what is the ordinance that ye will thus oblige me to fulfil?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said unto me, "I will, shortly, that now thou swear here to me, that thou shalt forsake all the opinions which the Sect of Lollards hold, and is slandered [*charged*] with; so that, after this time, neither privily nor apertly, thou hold any opinion which I shall, after that thou hast sworn, rehearse to thee here. Nor thou shalt favour no man nor woman, young nor old, that holdeth any of these foresaid opinions; but, after thy knowledge and power, thou shalt enforce thee to withstand all such distroublers of Holy Church in every diocese that thou comest in; and them that will not leave their false and damnable opinions, thou shalt put them up, publishing them and their names; and make them known to the Bishop of the diocese

that they are in, or to the Bishop's Ministers. And, over this, I will that thou preach no more, unto the time that I know, by good witness and true, that thy conversation be such that thy heart and thy mouth accord truly in one contrarying [of] all the lewd learning that thou hast taught herebefore."

And I, hearing these words, thought in my heart that this was an unlawful asking; and I deemed myself cursed of GOD, if I consented hereto: and I thought how SUSANNA said, *Anguish is to me on every side!*

Archbishop. And in that I stood still, and spake not; the Archbishop said to me, "Answer one wise or another!"

William. And I said, "Sir, if I consented to you thus, as ye have here rehearsed to me; I should become an Appealer, or every Bishop's Spy! Summoner of all England! For an [*if*] I should thus put up and publish the names of men and women, I should herein deceive full many persons: yea, Sir, as it is likely, by the doom of my conscience, I should herein be cause of the death, both of men and women; yea, both bodily and ghostly. For many men and women that stand now in the Truth, and are in the way of salvation, if I should for the learning and reading of their *Belief* publish them or put them therefore up to Bishops or to their unpiteous Ministers, I know some deal by experience, that they should be so distroubled and dis-eased with persecution or otherwise, that many of them, I think, would rather choose to forsake the Way of Truth than to be travailed, scorned, and slandered or punished as Bishops and their Ministers now use [*are accustomed*] for to constrain men and women to consent to them.

"But I find in no place in Holy Scripture, that this office that ye would now enfeoff me with, accordeth to any priest of CHRIST's sect, nor to any other Christian man. And therefore to do thus, were to me a full noyous bond to be bounden with, and over grievous charge. For I suppose that if I thus did, many men and women in the world, yea, Sir, might justly, unto my confusion say to me that 'I were a traitor to GOD and to them!' since, as I think in mine heart, many men and women trust so mickle in me in this case, that I would not, for the saving of my life, do thus to them. For if I thus should do, full many men and women

would, as they might full truly, say that 'I had falsely and cowardly forsaken the Truth, and slandered shamefully the Word of GOD!' For if I consented to you, to do hereafter your will, for bonchief and mischief that may befall to me in this life, I deem in my conscience that I were worthy herefore to be cursed of GOD, as also of all His Saints! From which inconvenience keep me and all Christian people, Almighty GOD! now and ever, for His holy name!"

Archbishop. And then the Archbishop said unto me, "O thine heart is full hard, endured [*hardened*] as was the heart of PHARAOH; and the Devil hath overcome thee, and perverted thee! and he hath so blinded thee in all thy wits, that thou hast no grace to know the truth, nor the measure of mercy that I have proffered to thee! Therefore, as I perceive now by thy foolish answer, thou hast no will to leave thine old errors. But I say to thee, lewd losell! [*base lost one!* or *base son of perdition!*] either thou quickly consent to mine ordinance, and submit thee to stand to my decrees, or, by Saint Thomas! thou shalt be disgraded [*degraded*], and follow thy fellow in Smithfield!"

And at this saying, I stood still and spake not; but I thought in mine heart that GOD did to me a great grace, if He would, of His great mercy, bring me to such an end. And in mine heart, I was nothing [a]fraid with this menacing of the Archbishop.

And I considered, there, two things in him. One, that he was not yet sorrowful, for that he had made WILLIAM SAUTRE wrongfully to be burnt [*on Feb.* 12, 1401, *at Smithfield*]. And as I considered that the Archbishop thirsted yet after more shedding out of innocent blood. And fast therefore I was moved in all my wits, for to hold the Archbishop neither for Prelate, nor for priest of GOD; and for that mine inward man was thus altogether departed from the Archbishop, methought I should not have any dread of him. But I was right heavy and sorrowful for that there was none audience of secular [*lay*] men by: but in mine heart, I prayed the LORD GOD to comfort me and strengthen me against them that there were against the Soothfastness. And I purposed to speak no more to the Archbishop and his Clerks [*Chaplains*] than me need behoved.

And all thus I prayed GOD, for His goodness, to give me

then and always grace to speak with a meek and an easy spirit; and whatsoever thing that I should speak, that I might thereto have true authorities of Scriptures and open reason.

A Clerk. And for that I stood still, and nothing spake, one of the Archbishop's Clerks said unto me, "What thing musest thou? Do thou, as my Lord hath now commanded to thee here!"

And yet I stood still, and answered him not.

Archbishop. And then, soon after, the Archbishop said to me, "Art thou not yet bethought, whether thou wilt do as I have here said to thee?"

William. And I said then to him, "Sir, my father and mother (on whose souls GOD have mercy! if it be His will) spent mickle money in divers places about my learning; for the intent to have made me a priest to GOD. But when I came to years of discretion, I had no will to be priest; and therefore my friends were right heavy to me. And then methought their grudging against me was so painful to me, that I purposed therefore to have left their company. And when they perceived this in me, they spake some time full fair and pleasant words to me: but for that they might not make me to consent, of good heart, to be a priest, they spake to me full ofttimes very grievous words, and menaced me in divers manners, shewing to me full heavy cheer. And thus, one while in fair manner, another while in grievous, they were long time, as methought, full busy about me, ere I consented to them to be a priest.

"But, at the last, when, in this matter, they would no longer suffer mine excusations; but either I should consent to them, or I should ever bear their indignation; yea, 'their curse,' as they said. Then I seeing this, prayed them that they would give me license for to go to them that were named wise priests and of virtuous conversation, to have their counsel, and to know of them the office and the charge of priesthood.

"And hereto my father and my mother consented full gladly, and gave me their blessing and good leave to go, and also money to spend in this journey.

"And so then I went to those priests whom I heard to be of best name and of most holy living, and best learned and

most wise of heavenly wisdom: and so I communed with them unto the time that I perceived, by their virtuous and continual occupations, that their honest and charitable works [sur]passed their fame, which I heard before of them. Wherefore, sir, by the example of the doctrine of them, and specially for the godly and innocent works which I perceived of them and in them; after my cunning and power I have exercised me then, and in this time, to know perfectly GOD's Law: having a will and desire to live thereafter, willing that all men and women exercised themselves faithfully thereabout.

"If then, Sir, either for pleasure or displeasure of them that are neither so wise, nor of so virtuous conversation (to my knowledge, nor by common fame of other men's knowledge in this land) as these men were, of whom I took my counsel and information; I should now forsake, thus suddenly and shortly, and unwarned, all the learning that I have exercised myself in, this thirty winter [*i.e.*, *from* 1377] and more, my conscience should ever be herewith out of measure unquieted. And as, Sir, I know well that many men and women should be therethrough greatly troubled and slandered; and (as I said, Sir, to you before) for mine untruth and false cowardness many a one should be put into full great reprefe [*reproof*]. Yea, Sir, I dread that many a one, as they might then justly, would curse me full bitterly: and, Sir, I fear not but the curse of GOD (which I should deserve herein) would bring me to a full evil end, if I continued thus.

"And if through remorse of conscience, I repented me at any time, returning into the Way which you do your diligence to constrain me now to forsake; yea, Sir, all the Bishops of this land, with full many other priests, would defame me, and pursue me as a Relapse: and they that now have (though I be unworthy) some confidence in me, hereafter would never trust to me, though I could teach and live never so virtuously more that I can or may.

"For if, after your counsel, I left utterly all my Learning: I should hereby, first wound and defile mine own soul; and also I should herethrough give occasion to many men and women of full sore hurting. Yea, Sir, it is likely to me, if I consented to your will, I should herein by mine evil example

in it, as far as in me were, slay many folk ghostly, that I should never deserve for to have grace of GOD to the edifying of His Church, neither of myself, nor of none other man's life, and [be] undone both before GOD and man.

"But, Sir, by example chiefly of some, whose names I will not now rehearse, [Nicholas de] H[ereford], of J[ohn] P[urvey], and B[owland]; and also by the present doing of Philip of Repington that [*after being a Lollard*] is now become Bishop of Lincoln [*consecrated on March* 28, 1405; *and about a year following this Examination was made, on September* 19, 1408, *a Cardinal*]: I am now learned, as many more hereafter through GOD's grace shall be learned, to hate and to flee all such slander that these foresaid men chiefly hath defiled principally themselves with. And in it that in them is, they have envenomed all the Church of GOD; for the slanderous revoking at the Cross of Paul's, of H[ereford], P[urvey], and of B[owland], and how now Philip Repington pursueth Christ's people. And the feigning that these men dissemble by worldly prudence, keeping them cowardly in their preaching and communing, within the bonds and terms, which, without blame, may be spoken and shewed out to the most worldly livers, will not be unpunished of GOD. For to the point of truth that these men shewed out some time, they not will now stretch forth their lives: but by example, each one of them, as their words and works shew, they busy them, through their feigning, for to slander and to pursue Christ in his members, rather than they will be pursued."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "These men the which thou speakest of now, were fools and heretics, when they were counted wise men of thee and other such losells: but now they are wise men, though thou and such others deem them unwise. Nevertheless, I wist never none, that right said; that any while were envenomed with your contagiousness, that is contaminated and spotted doctrine."

William. And I said to the Archbishop, "Sir, I think well that these men and such others are now wise as to this world, but as their words sounded sometime and their works shewed outwardly, it was likely to move me that they had earnest of the wisdom of GOD, and that they should have

deserved mickle grace of GOD to have saved their own souls and many other men's, if they had continued faithful in wilful poverty and in other simple virtuous living; and specially if they had with these foresaid virtues, continued in their busy fruitful sowing of GOD's Word, as, to many men's knowledge, they occupied them a season in all their wits full busily to know the pleasant Will of GOD, travailing all their members full busily for to do thereafter purely, and chiefly to the praising of the most holy name of GOD and for grace of edification and salvation of Christian people. But woe worth false covetise! and evil counsel! and tyranny! by which they and many men and women are led blindly into an evil end."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to me, "Thou and such other losells of thy sect would shave your beards full near, for to have a benefice! For, by Jesu! I know none more covetous shrews than ye are, when that ye have a benefice. For, lo, I gave to JOHN PURVEY a benefice but a mile out of this Castle [*i.e., the vicarage of West Hythe, near Saltwood Castle in Kent, which PURVEY held from August* 11, 1401, *till he resigned it on October* 8, 1403], and I heard more complaints about his covetousness for tithes and other misdoings, than I did of all men that were advanced within my diocese."

William. And I said to the Archbishop, "Sir, PURVEY is neither with you now for the benefice that ye gave him, nor holdeth he faithfully with the learning that he taught and writ before time; and thus he sheweth himself neither to be hot nor cold: and therefore he and his fellows may sore[ly] dread that if they turn not hastily to the Way that they have forsaken, peradventure they be put out of the number of CHRIST's chosen people."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "Though PURVEY be now a false harlot [*debased man. This term was at this time applied also to men*], I quite me [*absolve myself in respect*] to him: but come he more for such cause before me, ere we depart, I shall know with whom he holdeth! But I say to thee, Which are these holy men and wise of whom thou hast taken thine information?"

William. And I said, "Sir, Master JOHN WYCLIFFE was holden of full many men, the greatest Clerk [*Divine*] that they

knew then living; and therewith he was named a passing ruely man and an innocent in his living: and herefore great many commoned [*communed*] oft with him, and they loved so much his learning that they writ it, and busily enforced them to rule themselves thereafter. Therefore, Sir, this foresaid learning of Master JOHN WYCLIFFE is yet holden of full many men and women, the most agreeable learning unto the living and teaching of CHRIST and his Apostles, and most openly shewing and declaring how the Church of CHRIST hath been, and yet should be, ruled and governed. Therefore so many men and women covet this learning, and purpose, through GOD's grace, to conform their living like to this learning of WYCLIFFE.

"Master JOHN AISTON taught and writ accordingly, and full busily, where, and when, and to whom that he might: and he used it himself right perfectly, unto his life's end.

"And also PHILIP of REPINGTON, while he was a Canon of Leicester [*He was Chancellor of Oxford in* 1397, *and again in* 1400]; NICHOLAS HER[E]FORD; DAVID GOTRAY of Pakring, Monk of Bylande and a Master of Divinity; and JOHN PURVEY, and many others, which were holden right wise men and prudent, taught and writ busily this foresaid learning, and conformed them thereto. And with all these men I was oft right homely [*quite at home*], and communed with them long time and oft: and so, before all other men, I choose wilfully to be informed of them and by them, and especially of WYCLIFFE himself; as of the most virtuous and godly wise men that I heard of or knew. And therefore of him specially, and of these men I took my learning, that I have taught; and purpose to live thereafter, if GOD will! to my life's end.

"For though some of these men be contrary to the learning that they taught before, I wot well that their learning was true which they taught; and therefore, with the help of GOD, I purpose to hold and to use the learning which I heard of them while they sat on MOSES' chair, and specially while they sat on the chair of CHRIST. But after the works that they now do, I will not do! with GOD's help. For they feign and hide and contrary the Truth which before they taught out plainly and truly. For as I know well, when some of these men hath been blamed for their slanderous doing, they grant

not that they have taught amiss, or erred before time; but that they were constrained by pain[s] to leave to tell out the Sooth: and thus they choose now rather to blaspheme GOD than to suffer awhile here bodily persecution for Soothfastness that CHRIST shed out his heart-blood for."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "That learning that thou callest Truth and Soothfastness is open slander to Holy Church, as it is proved of Holy Church. For albeit that WYCLIFFE your author [*founder*] was a great Clerk, and though that many men held him a perfect liver: yet his doctrine is not approved of Holy Church, but many Sentences of his learning are damned [*condemned*] as they are well worthy.

"But as touching PHILIP of REPINGTON that was first Canon, and after Abbot of Leicester, which is now Bishop of LINCOLN; I tell thee that the Day is now comen for which he fasted the Even! For neither he holdeth now, now will hold the learning that he thought when he was Canon of Leicester; for no Bishop of this land pursueth now more sharply them that hold thy Way than he doth."

William. And I said, "Sir, full many men and women wondereth upon him, and speaketh him mickle shame, and holdeth him for a cursed enemy of the Truth."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Wherefore tarriest thou me thus here, with such fables? Wilt thou shortly, as I said to thee, submit thee to me or no?"

William. And I said, "Sir, I tell you at one word. I dare not, for the dread of GOD, submit me to you after the tenour and Sentence that ye have above rehearsed to me."

Archbishop. And then, as if he had been wroth, he said to one of his Clerks, "Fetch hither quickly the *Certification* that came to me from Shrewsbury, under the Bailiff's seal, witnessing the errors and heresies which this losell hath venemously witnessed there!"

Then hastily the Clerk took out and laid forth on a cupboard divers rolls and writings; among which there was a little one, which the Clerk delivered to the Archbishop.

And by and by the Archbishop read this roll containing this sentence.

¶ *The third Sunday* [April 17th] *after Easter* [March 27th], *the year of our Lord* 1407, *WILLIAM THORPE came unto the town of Shrewsbury, and, through leave granted to him to preach, he said openly in St. Chad's Church, in his sermon,*

That the Sacrament of the Altar after the consecration was material bread.

And that images should in no wise be worshipped.

And that men should not go on any pilgrimages.

And that priests have no title to tithes.

And that it is not lawful to swear in any wise.

Archbishop. And when the Archbishop had read thus this roll, he rolled it up again, and said to me, "Is this wholesome learning to be among the people?"

William. And I said to him, "Sir, I am both ashamed on their behalf, and right sorrowful for them that have certified you these things thus untruly: for I never preached nor taught thus, privily nor apertly."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "I will give credence to these worshipful men which have written to me and witnessed under their seals there among them. Though thou now deniest this, weenest thou that I will credence to thee! Thou, losell! hast troubled the worshipful comminalty of Shrewsbury, so that the Bailiffs and comminalty of that town have written to me, praying me, that am Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Primate, and Chancellor of England, *that I will vouchsafe to grant them, that if thou shalt be made, as thou art worthy! to suffer open jouresse* [? penance or pilloiy] *for thine heresies, that thou may have thy jouresse openly there among them; so that all they whom thou and such like losells have there perverted, may, through fear of thy deed* [*i.e.*, martyrdom] *be reconciled again to the unity of Holy Church; and also they that stand in true faith of Holy Church may through thy deed be more stablished therein.*" And as if this asking had pleased the Archbishop, he said, "By my thrift! this hearty prayer and fervent request shall be thought on!"

But certainly neither the prayer of the men of Shrewsbury, nor the menacing of the Archbishop made me anything afraid: but, in the rehearsing of this malice, and in the hearing of it, my heart greatly rejoiced, and yet doth. I thank GOD, for the grace that I then thought, and yet think, shall come to all

the Church of GOD herethrough, by the special merciful doing of the LORD.

William. And as having no dread of the malice of tyrants, by trusting stedfastly in the help of the LORD, with full purpose for to [ac]knowledge the Soothfastness, and to stand thereby after my cunning and power, I said to the Archbishop, "Sir, if the truth of GOD's Word might now be accepted as it should be, I doubt not to prove by likely evidence, that they that are famed to be out of the faith of Holy Church in Shrewsbury and in other places also, are in the true faith of Holy Church. For as their words sound and their works shew to man's judgement, dreading and loving faithfully GOD; their will, their desire, their love, and their business, are most set to dread to offend GOD and to love for to please Him in true and faithful keeping of His commandments.

"And again, they that are said to be in the faith of Holy Church at Shrewsbury and in other places, by open evidence of their proud, envious, malicious, covetous, lecherous, and other foul words and works, neither know nor have will to know nor to occupy their wits truly and effectuously in the right faith of Holy Church. Wherefore [none of] all these, nor none that follow their manners, shall any time come verily in the faith of Holy Church, except they enforce them more truly to come in the way which now they despise For these men and women that are now called Faithful and holden Just, neither know, nor will exercise themselves to know, of faithfulness, one commandment of GOD. And thus full many men and women now, and specially men that are named to be "principal limbs of Holy Church," stir GOD to great wrath; and deserve His curse for that they call or hold them "just men" which are full unjust, as their vicious words, their great customable swearing, and their slanderous and shameful works shew openly and witness. And herefore such vicious men and unjust in their own confusion call them "unjust men and women," which after their power and cunning, busy themselves to live justly after the commandment of GOD.

"And where, Sir, ye say, that I have distroubled the comminalty of Shrewsbury and many other men and women with my teaching; if it thus be, it is not to be wondered [at] of

wise men, since all the comminalty of the city of Jerusalem was distroubled of CHRIST's own person, that was Very GOD and Man, and [the] most prudent preacher that ever was or shall be. And also all the Synagogue of Nazareth was moved against CHRIST, and so full-filled with ire towards him for his preaching, that the men of the Synagogue rose up and cast CHRIST out of their city, and led him up to the top of a mountain for to cast him down there headlong. Also according hereto, the LORD witnesseth by MOSES, that He shall put dissension betwixt His people, and the people that contrarieth and pursueth His people. Who, Sir, is he that shall preach the truth of GOD's Word to that unfaithful people, and shall let [*hinder*] the Soothfastness of the gospel, and the prophecy of GOD Almighty to be fulfilled?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "It followeth of these thy words, that thou, and such other, thinkest that ye do right well for to preach and teach as ye do, without authority of any Bishop. For ye presume that the LORD hath chosen you only, for to preach as faithful disciples and special followers of CHRIST!"

William. And I said, "Sir, by authority of GOD's law, and also of Saints and Doctors, I am learned to deem that it is every priest's office and duty for to preach busily, freely, and truly the Word of GOD.

"For, no doubt, every priest should purpose first in his soul and covet to take the order of priesthood chiefly for to make known to the people the Word of GOD, after his cunning and power, approving his words ever to be true by his virtuous works; and for this intent we suppose that Bishops and other prelates of Holy Church should chiefly take and use their prelacy. And for the same cause, Bishops should give to priests their orders. For Bishops should accept no man to priesthood, except that he had good will and full purpose, and were well disposed and well learned to preach. Wherefore, Sir, by the bidding of CHRIST, and by example of His most holy living, and also by the witnessing of His holy apostles and prophets, we are bound under full great pain to exercise us after our cunning and power (as every priest is likewise charged of GOD), to fulfil duly the office of priesthood. We presume not hereof, ourselves, for to be esteemed, neither in our own reputation nor in none other

man's, faithful disciples and special followers of CHRIST: but, Sir, as I said to you before, we deem this, by authority chiefly of GOD's Word, that it is the chief duty of every priest to busy him faithfully to make the law of GOD known to His people; and so to comune [*communicate*] the commandment of GOD charitably, how that we best, where, when, and to whom that ever we may, is our very duty. And for the will and business that we owe of due debt to do justly our office, through the stirring and special help, as we trust, of GOD, hoping stedfastly in His mercy, we desire to be the faithful disciples of CHRIST: and we pray this gracious LORD, for His holy name! that He make us able for to please Him with devout prayers and charitable priestly works, that we may obtain of Him to follow Him thankfully."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Lewd losell! whereto makest thou such vain reasons to me? Asketh not Saint PAUL, *How should priests preach, except they be sent?* But I sent thee never to preach! For thy venomous doctrine is so known throughout England, that no Bishop will admit thee for to preach, by witnessing of their Letters! Why then, lewd idiot! willst thou presume to preach, since thou art not sent nor licensed of thy Sovereign to preach? Saith not Saint PAUL that *Subjects owe* [ought] *to obey their Sovereigns; and not only good and virtuous, but also tyrants that are vicious!*"

William. And I said to the Archbishop, "Sir, as touching your Letter of License or other Bishops', which, ye say, we should have to witness that we were able to be sent for to preach; we know well that neither you, Sir, nor any other Bishop of this land will grant to us any such Letters of License but [*except*] we should oblige [*bind*] us to you and to other Bishops by unlawful oaths for to pass not the bounds and terms which ye, Sir, or other Bishops will limit to us. And since in this matter, your terms be some too large, and some too strait; we dare not oblige us thus to be bound to you for to keep the terms which you will limit to us, as ye do to Friars and such other preachers: and therefore, though we have not your Letter, Sir, nor Letters of other Bishops written with ink upon parchment; we dare not herefore leave the office of preaching; to which preaching, all priests, after their cunning and power are bound, by divers testimonies of GOD's Law and of great Doctors, without any mention making of Bishops' Letters.

"For as mickle as we have taken upon us the office of priesthood, though we are unworthy thereto, we come and purpose to fulfil it, with the help of GOD, by authority of His own law, and by witness of great Doctors and Saints according hereto, trusting stedfastly in the mercy of GOD. For that [*because*] He commandeth us to do the office of priesthood, He will be our sufficient Letters and witness, if we, by the example of his living and teaching specially occupy us faithfully to do our office justly: yea, that people to whom we preach, be they faithful or unfaithful, shall be our Letters, that is, our witness bearers; for that Truth where it is sown may not be unwitnessed. For all that are converted and saved by learning of GOD's Word and by working thereafter are witness bearers, that the Truth and Soothfastness which they heard and did after, is cause of their salvation And again, all unfaithful men and women which heard the Truth told out to them and would not do thereafter, also all they that might have heard the Truth and would not hear it, because that they would not do thereafter, all these shall bear witness against themselves, and the Truth (which they would not hear, or else heard it and despised to do thereafter through their unfaithfulness) is and shall be cause of their damnation.

"Therefore, Sir, since this foresaid witnessing of GOD, and of divers Saints and Doctors, and of all the people good and evil sufficeth to all true preachers: we think that we do not the office of the priesthood, if that we leave our preaching because that we have not or may not have duly Bishops' Letters to witness that we are sent of them to preach. This Sentence approveth Saint PAUL where he speaketh of himself and of faithful Apostles and disciples, saying thus, *We need no letters of commendation as some other preachers do; which preach for covetousness of temporal goods, and for men's praising.*

"And where ye say, Sir, Saint PAUL biddeth *subjects obey their Sovereigns*; this is Sooth, and may not be denied. But there are two manner of Sovereigns; virtuous sovereigns and vicious tyrants Therefore to these last Sovereigns, neither men nor women that be subject owe [*ought*] to obey. In two manners. To virtuous Sovereigns and charitable, subjects owe to obey wilfully and gladly in hearing of their good counsel, in consenting to their charitable biddings, and

in working after their fruitful works. This Sentence, PAUL approveth where he saith thus to subjects, *Be ye mindful of your Sovereigns that speak to you the Word of GOD; and follow you the faith of them, whose conversation you know to be virtuous.*

"For as PAUL saith after, These Sovereigns to whom subjects owe to obey in following of their manners, work busily in holy studying how they may withstand and destroy vices, first in themselves and after in all their subjects, and and how they may best plant in them virtues. Also these Sovereigns make devout and fervent prayers for to purchase [*obtain*] grace of GOD, that they and their subjects may, over all things, dread to offend Him, and to love for to please Him. Also these Sovereigns to whom PAUL biddeth us obey, as it is said before, live so virtuously that all they that will live well may take of them good example to know and to keep the commandments of GOD.

"But, in this foresaid wise, subjects owe [*ought*] not to obey nor to be obedient to tyrants, while they are vicious tyrants; since their will, their counsel, their biddings, and their works are so vicious that they owe [*ought*] to be hated and left. And though such tyrants be masterful and cruel in boasting and menacing, in oppressions and divers punishings; Saint PETER biddeth the servants of such tyrants to obey meekly to such tyrants, suffering patiently their malicious cruelness. But PETER counselleth not any servant or subject to obey to any Lord, or Prince, or Sovereign, in anything that is not pleasing to GOD."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said unto me, "If the Sovereign bid his subject do that thing that is vicious, this Sovereign herein is to blame: but the subject, for his obedience, deserveth meed of GOD. For obedience pleaseth more to GOD than any sacrifice."

William. And I said, "SAMUEL the Prophet said to SAUL the wicked King, that *GOD was more pleased with the obedience of His commandment, than with any sacrifice of beasts*: but DAVID saith, and Saint PAUL and Saint GREGORY accordingly together, that not only they that do evil are worthy of death and damnation; but also all they that consent to evil doers. And, Sir, the law of Holy Church teacheth, in the *Decrees*, that no servant to his Lord, nor child to the father or mother, nor wife to her husband,

nor monk to his abbot, ought to obey, except in lefull [*loyal*] things and lawful."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "All these allegings that thou bringest forth are nought else but proud presumptuousness. For hereby thou enforcest [*endeavourest*] thee to prove, that thou and such others are so just, that ye owe [*ought*] not to obey to Prelates: and thus against the learning of Saint PAUL that telleth you *not to preach, but if ye were sent*, of your own authority, ye will go forth and preach, and do what ye list!"

William. And I said, "Sir, [re]presenteth not every priest the office of the Apostles or the office of the disciples of CHRIST?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "Yea!"

William. And I said, "Sir, as the 10th Chapter of Matthew and the last Chapter of Mark witnesseth, CHRIST sent his Apostles for to preach. And the 10th Chapter of Luke witnesseth CHRIST sent his two and seventy disciples for to preach in every place that CHRIST was to come to. And Saint GREGORY in the *Common Law* saith, that every man that goeth to priesthood taketh upon him the office of preaching: for as he saith, *that priest stirreth GOD to great wrath, of whose mouth is not heard the voice of preaching*. And as other more glosses upon EZEKIEL witness, that the priest that preacheth not busily to the people shall be partaker of their damnation, that perish through his default: and though the people be saved by other special grace of GOD than by the priest's preaching; yet the priests (in that they are ordained to preach, and preach not) as before GOD, they are manslayers. For as far as in them is, such priests as preach not busily and truly, slayeth all the people ghostly, in that they withhold from them the Word of GOD, that is [the] life and sustenance of men's souls. And Saint ISIDORE saith, *Priests shall be damned for* [the] *wickedness of the people, if they teach not them that are ignorant, and condemn them that are sinners*. For all the work and witness of priests standeth in preaching and teaching; that they edify all men, as well by cunning of faith, as by discipline of works, that is virtuous teaching. And, as the gospel witnesseth, CHRIST said in his teaching, *I am born and come into this world to bear witness to the Truth, and he that is of the Truth heareth my voice.*

"¶ Then, Sir, since by the word of Christ specially, that is his voice, priests are commanded to preach; whatsoever priest that it be, that hath not goodwill and full purpose to do thus, and ableth not himself after his cunning and power to do his office, by the example of Christ and his Apostles: whatsoever other thing that he doeth, displeaseth GOD. For, lo, Saint GREGORY saith, *That thing left, that a man is bound chiefly to do; whatsoever other thing that a man doeth, it is unthankful to the HOLY GHOST.* And therefore saith [ROBERT GROSSETÊTE, Bishop of] LINCOLN, *That priest that preacheth not the Word of GOD, though he be seen to have none other default, he is Antichrist and Sathanas, a night-thief and a day-thief, a slayer of souls, and an angel of light turned into darkness.*

"Wherefore, Sir, these authorities and others well considered, I deem myself damnable, if I, either for pleasure or displeasure of any creature, apply me not diligently to preach the Word of GOD: and in the same damnation, I deem all those priests which, of good purpose and will, enforce them not busily to do thus, and also all them that have purpose or will to let [*hinder*] any priest of this business."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to those three Clerks that stood before him, "Lo, Sirs, this is the manner and business of this losell and such others, to pick out such sharp sentences of Holy Scripture and of Doctors to maintain their sect and lore [*teaching*] against the ordinance of Holy Church. And therefore, losell! is it, that thou covetest to have again the *Psalter* that I made to be taken from thee at Canterbury, to record sharp verses against us! But thou shalt never have that *Psalter*, nor none other book, till that I know that thy heart and thy mouth accord fully to be governed by Holy Church."

William. And I said, "Sir, all my will and power is, and ever shall be, I trust to GOD! to be governed by Holy Church."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop asked me, "What was Holy Church?"

William. And I said, "Sir, I told you before, what was Holy Church: but since ye ask me this demand, I call CHRIST and his saints, Holy Church."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said unto me, "I wot

well that CHRIST and his saints are Holy Church in heaven; but what is Holy Church in earth?"

William. And I said, "Sir, though Holy Church be every one in charity; yet it hath two parts. The first and principal part hath overcomen perfectly all the wretchedness of this life, and reigneth joyfully in heaven with CHRIST. And the other part is here yet in earth, busily and continually fighting, day and night, against temptations of the Fiend, forsaking and hating the prosperity of this world, despising and withstanding their fleshly lusts; which only are the pilgrims of CHRIST, wandering towards heaven by steadfast faith, and grounded hope, and by perfect charity. For these heavenly pilgrims may not, nor will not, be letted [*hindered*] of their good purpose by reason of any Doctors discording from Holy Scripture, nor by the floods of any tribulation temporal, nor by the wind of any pride of boast, or of menacing of any creature, for they are all fast grounded upon the sure stone CHRIST, hearing his word and loving it, exercising them faithfully and continually in all their wits to do thereafter."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to his Clerks, "See ye not how his heart is endured [*hardened*], and how he is travailled with the Devil, occupying him thus busily to allege such Sentences to maintain his errors and heresies! Certain, thus, he would occupy us here all day, if we would suffer him!"

ONE of the **Clerks** answered, "Sir, he said, right now, that this *Certification* that came to you from Shrewsbury is untruly forged against him. Therefore, Sir, appose you him now here, in all the points which are certified against him; and so we shall hear of his own mouth his answers, and witness them."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop took the *Certification* in his hand, and looked thereon awhile; and then he said to me, "Lo, herein is certified against thee, by worthy men and faithful of Shrewsbury, that thou preachedst there *openly in Saint Chad's Church, that the Sacrament of the Altar was material bread after the consecration.* What sayest thou? Was this truly preached?"

William. And I said, "Sir, I tell you truly that I touched nothing there of the Sacrament of the Altar, but in this wise, as I will, with GOD's grace, tell you here.

"As I stood there in the pulpit, busying me to teach the commandment of GOD, there knelled a sacring-bell; and therefore mickle people turned away hastily, and with great noise ran from towards me. And I seeing this, say to them thus, 'Good men! ye were better to stand here full still and to hear GOD's Word. For, certes, the virtue and the mede of the most holy Sacrament of the Altar standeth much more in the Belief thereof that ye ought to have in your soul, than it doth in the outward Sight thereof. And therefore ye were better to stand quietly to hear GOD's Word, because that through the hearing thereof, men come to very true belief.' And otherwise, Sir, I am certain I spake not there, of the worthy Sacrament of the Altar."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "I believe thee not! whatsoever thou sayest, since so worshipful men have witnessed against thee. But since thou deniest that thou saidest thus there, what sayest thou now? Resteth there, after the consecration, in the [h]ost, material bread or no?"

William. And I said, "Sir, I know of no place in Holy Scripture, where this term, *material bread*, is written: and therefore, Sir, when I speak of this matter, I use not [*am not accustomed*] to speak of material bread."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to me, "How teachest thou men to believe in this Sacrament?"

William. And I said, "Sir, as I believe myself, so I teach other men."

Archbishop. He said, "Tell out plainly thy belief hereof!"

William. And I said, with my Protestation, "Sir, *I believe that the night before that* CHRIST JESU *would suffer wilfully Passion for mankind on the morn after, he took bread in his holy and most worshipful hands, lifting up his eyes, and giving thanks to GOD his Father, blessed this bread and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying to them,* Take, and eat of this, all of you! This is my body!

"And that this is, and ought to be all men's belief, MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, and PAUL witnesseth.

"Other belief, Sir, have I none, nor will have, nor teach: for I believe that this sufficeth in this matter For in this belief, with GOD's grace, I purpose to live and die: [ac]knowledging as I believe and teach other men to believe,

that *the worshipful Sacrament of the Altar is the Sacrament of* CHRIST's *flesh and his blood, in form of bread and wine.*"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "It is sooth, that this Sacrament is very CHRIST's body in form of bread: but thou and thy sect teachest it to be the substance of bread! Think you this true teaching?"

William. And I said, "Neither I nor any other of the sect that ye damn [*condemn*], teach any otherwise than I have told you, nor believe otherwise, to my knowing.

"Nevertheless, Sir, I ask of you, for charity! that will ye tell me plainly, how ye shall understand this text of Saint PAUL, where he saith thus, *This thing feel you in yourselves, that is, in CHRIST JESU, while he was in the form of GOD.* Sir, calleth not PAUL here, *the form of GOD*, the substance or kind of GOD? Also, Sir, saith not the Church, in the *Hours* of the most blessed Virgin, accordingly hereto, where it is written thus, *Thou Author of Health! remember that some time thou took, of the undefiled Virgin, the form of our body!* Tell me, for charity! therefore, Whether *the form of our body* be called here, *the kind of our body*, or no?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Wouldst thou make me declare this text after thy purpose, since the Church hath now determined that 'there abideth no substance of bread after the consecration in the Sacrament of the Altar!' Believest thou not, on this Ordinance of the Church?"

William. And I said, "Sir, whatsoever Prelates have ordained in the Church, our Belief standeth ever whole. I have not heard that the ordinance of men under Belief, should be put into Belief."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "If thou hast not learned this before, learn now, to know that thou art out of belief, if, in this matter, and others, thou believest not as Holy Church believeth! What say Doctors treating of this Sacrament?"

William. And I said, "Sir, Saint PAUL, that was a great Doctor of Holy Church, speaking to the people and teaching the right belief of this most holy Sacrament, calleth it *bread that we break.* And also in the Canon of the *Masse*, after the consecration, this most worthy Sacrament is called *holy bread.* And every priest in this land, after he hath received this Sacrament, saith to this wise, *That thing which we have taken with*

our mouth, we pray GOD, that we may take it with a pure and clean mind: that is, as I understand, 'We pray GOD, that we may receive, through very belief, this holy Sacrament worthily.' And, Sir, Saint AUGUSTINE saith, *That thing that is sense is bread, but that men's faith asketh to be informed of, is very CHRIST's body.* And also FULGENTIUS, an ententif Doctor, saith, *As it were an error to say that CHRIST was but a substance, that is Very Man and not Very GOD, or to say that CHRIST was Very GOD and not Very Man; so is it,* this Doctor saith, *an error to say that the Sacrament of the Altar is but a substance.* And also, Sir, accordingly hereto, in the *Secret* of the mid-*Mass* of Christmas day, it is written thus, *Idem refulsit DEUS, sic terrena substantia nobis conferat quod divinum est*; which sentence, with the *Secret* of the fourth ferye *quatuor temporum Septembris*, I pray you, Sir, declare here openly in English!"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "I perceive well enough whereabout thou art! and how the Devil blindeth thee, that thou mayst not understand the ordinance of Holy Church, nor consent thereto! But I command thee now, answer me shortly, 'Believest thou that, after the consecration of this foresaid Sacrament, there abideth substance of bread or not?'"

William. And I said, "Sir, as I understand, it is all one to grant or to believe that there dwelleth substance of bread, and to grant or to believe that this most worthy Sacrament of CHRIST's own body is one Accident without Subject. But, Sir, for as mickle as your asking passeth mine understanding, I dare neither deny it nor grant it, for it is a School matter [*a subject for debate in the University Schools*], about which I busied me never for to know it: and therefore I commit this term *accidens sine subjecto*, to those Clerks which delight them so in curious and subtle sophistry, because they determine oft so difficult and strange matters, and wade and wander so in them, from argument to argument, with *pro* and *contra*, till they wot not where they are! nor understand not themselves! But the shame that these proud sophisters have to yield them to men and before men, maketh them oft fools, and to be concluded shamefully before GOD."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "I purpose not to oblige thee to the subtle arguments of Clerks, since

thou art unable thereto! but I purpose to make thee obey to the determination of Holy Church."

William. And I said, "Sir, by open evidence and great witness, a thousand years after the Incarnation of CHRIST, that determination which I have, here before you, rehearsed was accepted of Holy Church, as sufficient to the salvation of all them that would believe it faithfully, and work thereafter charitably. But, Sir, the determination of this matter, which was brought in since the Fiend was loosed by Friar THOMAS [ACQUINAS, *d.* 1274] again, specially calling the most worshipful Sacrament of CHRIST's own body, an *Accident without Subject*; which term, since I know not that GOD's law approveth it in this matter, I dare not grant: but utterly I deny to make this friar's sentence [*enunciation*] or any such other my belief; do with me, GOD! what Thou wilt!"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Well, well! thou shalt say otherwise ere that I leave thee!"

"BUT what sayest thou to this second point that is recorded against thee, by worthy men of Shrewsbury, saying that thou preachedst openly there that *the images ought not to be worshipped in any wise*?"

William. And I said, "Sir, I preached never thus, nor, through GOD's grace, I will not, any time, consent to think nor to say thus; neither privily, nor apertly. For, lo, the LORD witnesseth by MOSES, that the things which He made were *right good*, and so then they were, and yet are, and shall be good and worshipful in their kind. And thereto, to the end that GOD made them to, they are all preisable [*valuable*] and worshipful; and specially man that was made after the image and likeness of GOD is full worshipful in his kind: yea, this holy image, that is man, GOD worshippeth [*respecteth*]. And herefore every man should worship others in kind, and also for heavenly virtues that men use charitably. Also I say, wood, tin, gold, silver, or any other matter that images are made of; all these creatures [*created things*] are worshipful in their kind, and to the end that GOD made them for.

"But the carving, casting, nor painting of any imagery made with man's hands (albeit that this doing be accepted of men of highest state and dignity, and ordained of them to be a calendar [*horn book*] to lewd men that neither can nor will

be learned to know GOD in His Word, neither by His creatures, nor by His wonderful and divers workings); yet this imagery ought not to be worshipped in the form, nor in the likeness of man's craft: nevertheless that every matter that painters paint with, since it is GOD's creature ought to be worshipped in the kind and to the end that GOD made and ordained it to serve man."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to me, "I grant well that nobody oweth [*ought*] to do worship to any such images for themselves; but a crucifix ought to be worshipped for the Passion of CHRIST that is painted therein, and so brought therethrough to man's mind: and thus the images of the blessed Trinity and of [the] Virgin MARY, CHRIST's mother, and other images of the saints ought to be worshipped. For, lo, earthly kings and lords, which use to send their letters ensealed with their arms or with their privy signet, to men that are with them, are worshipped of these men. For when these men receive their lord's letters, in which they see and know the wills and biddings of their lords, in worship of their lords, they do off their caps to these letters: why not, then, since in images made with man's hands, we may read and know many divers things of GOD and of His saints, shall we not worship their images?"

William. And I said, with my foresaid Protestation, "I say that these worldly usages of temporal lords that ye speak now of, may be done in case without sin: but this is no similitude to worship images made by man's hand, since that MOSES, DAVID, SOLOMON, BARUCH, and other saints in the *Bible*, forbid so plainly the worshipping of all such images."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to me, "Lewd losell! In the Old Law, before that CHRIST took mankind [*human nature*], was no likeness of any person of the Trinity neither shewed to man nor known of man; but now since CHRIST became man, it is lawful to have images to shew His manhood. Yea, though many men which are right great Clerks, and others also, hold it an error to paint the Trinity; I say, it is well done to make and to paint the Trinity in images. For it is a great moving of devotion to men, to have and to behold the Trinity and other images of Saints carved, cast, and painted. For beyond the sea, are the best painters that ever I saw. And, sirs! I tell you, this is their

manner; and it is a good manner! When that an image-maker shall carve, cast in mould, or paint any images; he shall go to a priest, and shrive him as clean as if he should die, and take penance, and make some certain vow of fasting, or of praying, or of pilgrimages doing: praying the priest specially to pray for him, that he may have grace to make a fair and a devout image."

William. And I said, "Sir, I doubt not, if these painters that ye speak of, or any other painters understood truly the text of MOSES, of DAVID, of the Wise Man [*i.e.*, *SOLOMON*], of BARUCH, and of other Saints and Doctors, these painters should be moved to shrive them to GOD, with full inward sorrow of heart; taking upon them to do right sharp penance for the sinful and vain craft of painting, carving, or casting that they had used; promising GOD faithfully never to do so after, [ac]knowledging openly before all men, their reprovable earning. And also, sir, these priests, that shrive, as ye do say, painters, and enjoin them to do penance, and pray for their speed, promising to them help of their prayers for to be curious [*cunning*] in their sinful crafts, sin herein more grievously than the painters. For these priests do comfort and give them counsel to do that thing, which of great pain (yea, under the pain of GOD's curse!) they should utterly forbid them. For, certes, Sir, if the wonderful working of GOD, and the holy living and teaching of CHRIST and of his Apostles and Prophets were made known to the people by holy living and true and busy teaching of priests; these things, Sir, were sufficient books and kalendars to know GOD by, and His Saints: without any images made with man's hand: but, certes, the vicious living of priests and their covetousness are [the] chief cause of this error and all other viciousness that reigneth among the people."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to me, "I hold thee a vicious priest, and a curst! and all them that are of thy sect! for all priests of Holy Church and all images that move men to devotion; thou and such others go about to destroy! Losell! were it a fair thing to come into a church, and see therein none image?"

William. And I said, "Sir, they that come to the church, for to pray devoutly to the LORD GOD, may in their inward wits be the more fervent [when] that all their outward wits

be closed from all outward seeing and hearing and from all distroublance and lettings [*hindrances*]. And since CHRIST blessed them that saw him not bodily, and have believed faithfully in him: it sufficeth then, to all men, through hearing and knowing of GOD's Word, and to do thereafter, for to believe in GOD, though they see never images made with man's hands, after any Person of the Trinity, or of any other Saint."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me with a fervent spirit, "I say to thee, Iosell! that it is right well done to make and to have an image of the Trinity! Yea, what sayest thou? Is it not a stirring thing to behold such an image?"

William. And I said, "Sir, ye said, right now, that in the Old Law, ere Christ took mankind, no likeness of any Person of the Trinity was shewed to men; wherefore, Sir, ye said it was not then lawful to have images: but now ye say, since CHRIST is become man, it is lawful to make and to have an image of the Trinity, and also of other saints. But, sir, this thing would I learn of you! Since the Father of heaven, yea, and every Person of the Trinity was, without beginning, GOD Almighty, and many holy prophets, that were dedely [*deathly, i.e., liable to death*] men, were martyrized violently in the Old Law, and also many men and women then died holy Confessors why was it not *then*, as lawful and necessary as now, to have made an image of the Father of heaven, and to have made and had other images of martyrs, prophets, and holy confessors to have been kalendars to advise men and move them to devotion, as ye say that images now do?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "The Synagogue of Jews had not authority to approve these things, as the Church of Christ hath now."

William. And I said, "Sir, Saint GREGORY was a great man in the New Law, and of great dignity; and as the Common [? *Canon*] Law witnesseth, he commended greatly a Bishop, in that he forbade utterly the images made with man's hand, should be worshipped."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "Ungracious Iosell! thou favourest no more the truth, than a hound! Since at the Rood[s] at the North Door [*of Saint Paul's Church*] at London, at our Lady at Walsingham, and many other divers places in England, are many great and preisable

[*precious*] miracles done: should not the images of such holy saints and places, at [*on account of*] the reverence of GOD, and our Lady, and other saints, be more worshipped, than other places and images where no such miracles are done?"

William. And I said, "Sir, there is no such virtue in any imagery, that any images should herefore be worshipped; wherefore I am certain that there is no miracle done of GOD in any place in earth, because that any images made with man's hand, should be worshipped. And herefore, Sir, as I preached openly at Shrewsbury and other places, I say now here before you: that nobody should trust that there were any virtue in imagery made with man's hand, and herefore nobody should vow to them, nor seek them, nor kneel to them, nor bow to them, nor pray to them, nor offer anything to them, nor kiss them, nor incense them. For, lo, the most worthy of such images, the Brazen Serpent, by MOSES made, at GOD's bidding! the good King HEZEKIAH destroyed worthily and thankfully; for because it was incensed. Therefore, Sir, if men take good heed to the writing and to the learning of Saint AUGUSTINE, of Saint GREGORY, and of Saint JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, and of other Saints and Doctors, how they speak and write of miracles that shall be done now in the last end of the world; it is to dread that, for the unfaithfulness of men and women, the Fiend hath great power for to work many of the miracles that now are done in such places. For both men and women delight now, more for to hear and know miracles, than they do to know GOD's Word or to hear it effectuously. Wherefore, to the great confusion of all them that thus do, Christ saith, *The generation of adulterers requireth tokens, miracles, and wonders.* Nevertheless, as divers Saints say, now, when the faith of GOD is published in Christendom, the Word of God sufficeth to man's salvation, without such miracles; and thus also the Word of GOD sufficeth to all faithful men and women, without any such images.

"But, good Sir, since the Father of heaven, that is GOD in His Godhead, is the most unknown thing that may be, and the most wonderful Spirit, having in it no shape or likeness of any members of any dedely [*deadly, i.e., liable to death*] creature: in what likeness, or what image, may GOD the Father be shewed or painted?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "As Holy Church hath suffered, and yet suffereth the images of all the Trinity, and other images to be painted and shewed, sufficeth to them that are members of Holy Church. But since thou art a rotten member cut away from Holy Church, thou favourest not the ordinance thereof! But since the day passeth, leave we this matter!"

Archbishop. And then he said to me, "What sayest thou, to the third point that is certified against thee, preaching openly in Shrewsbury that *Pilgrimage is not lawful*? And, over this, thou saidest that *those men and women that go on pilgrimages to Canterbury, to Beverley, to Carlington, to Walsingham, and to any such other places, are accursed; and made foolish, spending their goods in waste.*"

William. And I said, "Sir, by this *Certification*, I am accused to you, that I should teach that *no pilgrimage is lawful.* But I never said thus. For I know that there be true pilgrimages, and lawful and full pleasant to GOD; and therefore, Sir, howsoever mine enemies have certified you of me, I told at Shrewsbury of two manner of pilgrimages."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Whom callest thou true pilgrims?"

William. And I said, "Sir, with my Protestation, I call them true pilgrims travelling towards the bliss of heaven, which (in the state, degree, or order that GOD calleth them) do busy them faithfully for to occupy all their wits bodily and ghostly, to know truly and keep faithfully the biddings of GOD, hating and fleeing all the seven deadly sins and every branch of them, ruling them virtuously, as it is said before, with all their wits, doing discreetly wilfully and gladly all the works of mercy, bodily and ghostly, after their cunning and power abling them to the gifts of the HOLY GHOST, disposing them to receive in their souls, and to hold therein the right blessings of CHRIST; busying them to know and to keep the seven principal virtues: and so then they shall obtain herethrough grace for to use thankfully to GOD all the conditions of charity; and then they shall be moved with the good Spirit of GOD for to examine oft and diligently their conscience, that neither wilfully nor wittingly they err in any Article of Belief, having continually (as frailty will

suffer) all their business to dread and to flee the offence of GOD, and to love over all things and to seek ever to do His pleasant will.

"Of these pilgrims, I said, 'Whatsoever good thought that they any time think, what virtuous word that they speak, and what fruitful work that they work; every such thought, word, and work is a step numbered of GOD towards Him into heaven. These foresaid pilgrims of GOD delight sore, when they hear of saints or of virtuous men and women, how they forsook wilfully the prosperity of this life, how they withstood the suggestion of the Fiend, how they restrained their fleshly lusts, how discreet they were in their penance doing, how patient they were in all their adversities, how prudent they were in counselling of men and women, moving them to hate all sin and to flee them and to shame ever greatly thereof, and to love all virtues and to draw to them, imagining how CHRIST and his followers (by example of him) suffered scorns and slanders, and how patiently they abode and took the wrongful menacing of tyrants, how homely they were and serviceable to poor men to relieve and comfort them bodily and ghostly after their power and cunning, and how devout they were in prayers, how fervent they were in heavenly desires, and how they absented them from spectacles of vain seeings and hearings, and how stable they were to let [*hinder*] and to destroy all vices, and how laborious and joyful they were to sow and plant virtues. These heavenly conditions and such others, have the pilgrims, or endeavour them for to have, whose pilgrimage GOD accepteth.'

"And again I said, 'As their works shew, the most part of men or women that go now on pilgrimages have not these foresaid conditions; nor loveth to busy them faithfully for to have. For (as I well know, since I have full oft assayed) examine, whosoever will, twenty of these pilgrims! and he shall not find three men or women that know surely a Commandment of GOD [*i.e., one of the Ten Commandments*], nor can say their *Pater noster* and *Ave MARIA!* nor their *Credo*, readily in any manner of language. And as I have learned, and also know somewhat by experience of these same pilgrims, telling the cause why that many men and women go hither and thither now on pilgrimages, it is more for the health of their bodies, than of their souls! more for to have richesse and

prosperity of this world, than for to be enriched with virtues in their souls! more to have here worldly and fleshly friendship, than for to have friendship of GOD and of His saints in heaven. For whatsoever thing a man or woman doth, the friendship of GOD, nor of any other Saint, cannot be had without keeping of GOD's commandments.'

"For with my Protestation, I say now, as I said at Shrewsbury, 'though they that have fleshly wills, travel for their bodies, and spend mickle money to seek and to visit the bones or images, as they say they do, of this saint and of that: such pilgrimage-going is neither praisable nor thankful to GOD, nor to any Saint of GOD; since, in effect, all such pilgrims despise GOD and all His commandments and Saints. For the commandments of GOD they will neither know nor keep, nor conform them to live virtuously by example of CHRIST and of his Saints.'

"Wherefore, Sir, I have preached and taught openly, and so I purpose all my lifetime to do, with GOD's help, saying that 'such fond people waste blamefully GOD's goods in their vain pilgrimages, spending their goods upon vicious hostelars [*innkeepers*], which are oft unclean women of their bodies; and at the least, those goods with the which, they should do works of mercy, after GOD's bidding, to poor needy men and women.'

"¶ These poor men's goods and their livelihood, these runners about offer to rich priests! which have mickle more livelihood than they need: and thus those goods, they waste wilfully, and spend them unjustly, against GOD's bidding, upon strangers; with which they should help and relieve, after GOD's will, their poor needy neighbours at home. Yea, and over this folly, ofttimes divers men and women of these runners thus madly hither and thither into pilgrimage, borrow hereto other men's goods (yea, and sometimes they steal men's goods hereto), and they pay them never again.

"Also, Sir, I know well, that when divers men and women will go thus after their own wills, and finding out one pilgrimage, they will ordain with them before[hand] to have with them both men and women that can well sing wanton songs; and some other pilgrims will have with them bagpipes: so that every town that they come through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the

barking out of dogs after them, they make more noise than if the King came there away, with all his clarions and many other minstrels. And if these men and women be a month out in their pilgrimage, many of them shall be, a half year after, great janglers, tale-tellers, and liars."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Lewd losell! thou seest not far enough in this matter! for thou considerest not the great travail of pilgrims; therefore thou blamest that thing that is praisable! I say to thee, that it is right well done; that pilgrims have with them both singers and also pipers: that when one of them that goeth barefoot striketh his toe upon a stone and hurteth him sore and maketh him to bleed; it is well done, that he or his fellow, begin then a song or else take out of his bosom a bagpipe for to drive away with such mirth, the hurt of his fellow. For with such solace, the travail and weariness of pilgrims is lightly and merrily brought forth."

William. And I said, "Sir, Saint PAUL teacheth men, *to weep with them that weep*."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "What janglest thou against men's devotion? Whatsoever thou or such other say, I say, that the pilgrimage that now is used, is to them that do it, a praisable and a good mean[s] to come the rather to grace. But I hold thee unable to know this grace! for thou enforcest thee to let [*hinder*] the devotion of the people, since by authority of Holy Scripture, men may lawfully have and use such solace as thou reprovest! For DAVID in his last *Psalm*, teacheth me to have divers instruments of music for to praise therewith GOD."

William. And I said, "Sir, by the sentence [*opinions*] of divers Doctors expounding the *Psalms* of DAVID, the music and minstrelsy that DAVID and other Saints of the Old Law spake of, owe [*ought*], now, neither to be taken nor used by the letter; but these instruments with their music ought to be interpreted ghostly [*spiritually*]: for all those figures are called Virtues and Grace, with which virtues men should please GOD and praise His name. For Saint PAUL saith, *All such things befell to them in figure*. Therefore, Sir, I understand that the letter of this *Psalm* of DAVID and of such other *Psalms* and sentences, doth slay them that taken them now literally. This sentence, I understand, Sir, CHRIST ap-

proveth himself, putting out the minstrels, ere that he would quicken the dead damsel."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Lewd losell! is it not lawful for us to have organs in the church, for to worship therewithal GOD?"

William. And I said, "Yea, Sir, by man's ordinance; but, by the ordinance of GOD, a good sermon to the people's understanding, were mickle more pleasant to GOD!"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said that "organs and good delectable songs quickened and sharpened more men's wits, than should any sermon!"

William. But I said, "Sir, lusty men and worldly lovers delight and covet and travail to have all their wits quickened and sharpened with divers sensible solace: but all the faithful lovers and followers of CHRIST have all their delight to hear GOD's Word, and to understand it truly, and to work thereafter faithfully and continually. For, no doubt, to dread to offend GOD, and to love to please Him in all things, quickeneth and sharpeneth all the wits of CHRIST's chosen people, and ableth them so to grace, that they joy greatly to withdraw their ears, and all their wits and members from all worldly delight, and from all fleshly solace. For Saint JEROME, as I think, saith, *Nobody may joy with this world, and reign with CHRIST.*"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop, as if he had been displeased with mine answer, said to his Clerks, "What guess ye this idiot will speak there, where he hath none dread; since he spaketh thus now, here in my presence? Well, well, by God! thou shalt be ordained for!"

AND then he spake to me, all angerly, "What sayest thou to this fourth point that is certified against thee, preaching openly and boldly in Shrewsbury, *That priests have no title to tithes?*"

William. And I said, "Sir, I named there no word of tithes in my preaching. But, more than a month after [? *June*, 1407] that I was arrested, there in prison [*at Shrewsbury*], a man came to me into the prison, asking me 'What I said of tithes?'

"And I said to him, 'Sir, in this town, are many Clerks and Priests; of which some of them are called Religious Men, though many of them be Seculars. Therefore, ask ye of them this question!'

"And this man said to me, 'Sir, our prelates say that we are also obliged to pay our tithes of all things that renew to us; and that they are accursed that withdraw any part wittingly from them of their tithes.'

"And I said, Sir, to that man, as with my Protestation, I say now here before you, that 'I had wonder[ed] that any priest dare say *men to be accursed*, without ground of GOD's Word.'

"And the man said, 'Sir, our priests say that they curse men thus, by authority of GOD's Law.'

"And I said, 'Sir, I know not where this sentence of cursing is authorized now in the *Bible*. And therefore, Sir, I pray you that ye will ask the most cunning Clerk of this town, that ye may know where this sentence, "cursing them that tythe not now," is written in GOD's Law: for if it were written there, I would right gladly be learned [*informed*] where'

"But, shortly, this man would not go from me, to ask this question of another body; but required me, there, as I would answer before GOD! if, in this case, the cursing of priests were lawful and approved of GOD?

"And, shortly, therewith came to my mind the learning of Saint PETER, teaching priests especially, *to hallow the LORD CHRIST in their hearts, being evermore ready, as far as in them is, to answer through faith and hope, to them that ask of them a reason.* And this lesson PETER teacheth me to use, with a meek spirit, and with dread of the LORD.

"Wherefore, Sir, I said to this man, in this wise, 'In the Old Law, which ended not fully till the time that CHRIST rose up again from death to life, GOD commanded tithes to be given to the Levites for the great business and daily travail that pertained to their office: but Priests, because their travail was mickle more easy and light than was the office of the Levites, GOD ordained that Priests should take for their lifelode [*livelihood*] to do their office, the tenth part of those tithes that were given to the Levites.

"'But now,' I said, 'in the New Law, neither CHRIST nor any of his Apostles took tithes of the people, nor commanded the people to pay tithes, neither to Priests nor to Deacons. But CHRIST taught the people to do almesse [*alms*], that is, works of mercy to poor needy men, of surplus that is superfluouse [*superfluity*] of their temporal goods which

they had more than them needed reasonably to their necessary livelihood. And thus,' I said, 'not of tithes, but of pure alms of the people CHRIST lived and his Apostles, when they were so busy in teaching of the Word of GOD to the people, that they might not travail otherwise for to get their livelihood. But after CHRIST'S Ascension, and when the Apostles had received the HOLY GHOST, they travailed with their hands for to get their livelihood when that they might thus do for [*on account of*] busy preaching. Therefore, by example of himself, St. PAUL teacheth all the priests of CHRIST for to travail with their hands, when for busy teaching of the people, they might thus do. And thus all these priests (whose priesthood GOD accepteth now, or will accept; or did [accept] in the Apostles' time, and after their decease) will do, to the world's end.

"'But as *Cisterciensis* telleth, in the thousand year of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, two hundred and eleventh year, one Pope, the tenth GREGORY, ordained new tithes first to be given to priests now in the New Law. But Saint PAUL in his time (whose trace or example, all priests of GOD enforce them to follow), seeing the covetousness that was among the people (desiring to destroy this foul sin, through the grace of GOD, and true virtuous living and example of himself) wrote and taught all priests for *to follow him, as he followed CHRIST*, patiently, willingly, and gladly in high poverty. Wherefore PAUL saith this, *The LORD hath ordained, that they that preach the Gospel shall live by the Gospel. But we*, saith PAUL, *that covet and busy us to be faithful followers of CHRIST, use not this power.* For, lo, as PAUL witnessed afterward, when he was full poor and needy, preaching among the people, he was not chargeous [*chargeable*] unto them, but with his hands he travailed, not only to get his own living, but also the living of other poor and needy creatures. And since the people were never so covetous nor so avarous [*avaricious*], I guess, as they are now; it were good counsel that all priests took good heed to this heavenly learning of PAUL: following him here, in wilful poverty, nothing charging the people for their bodily livelihood.

"'But because that many priests do contrary PAUL in this foresaid doctrine, PAUL biddeth the people take heed to those priests, that follow him, as he had given them example: as if

PAUL would say thus to the people, "Accept ye none other priests, than they that live after the form that I have taught you!" For, certain, in whatsoever dignity or order that any priest is in, if he conform him not to follow CHRIST and his Apostles in wilful poverty and in other heavenly virtues, and specially in true preaching of GOD's Word; though such a one be named a Priest, yet he is no more but a Priest in name: for the work of a very Priest such a one wanteth! This sentence [*opinion*] approveth AUGUSTINE, GREGORY, CHRYSOSTOM, and [GROSSETÊTE, *Bishop of*] LINCOLN plainly.'"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Thinkest thou this wholesome learning for to sow openly, or yet privily among the people! Certain, this doctrine contrarieth plainly the ordinance of Holy Fathers: which have ordained, granted, and licensed priests to be in divers degrees; and to live by tithes and offerings of the people, and by other duties."

William. And I said, "Sir, if priests were now in measurable measure and number; and lived virtuously, and taught busily and truly the Word by the example of CHRIST and of his Apostles, without tithes offerings and other duties that priests now challenge and take: the people would give them freely sufficient livelihood."

A Clerk. And a Clerk said to me, "How wilt thou make this good, that the people will give freely to priests their livelihood; since that now, by the law, every priest can scarcely constrain the people to give them their livelihood?"

William. And I said, "Sir, it is now no wonder, though the people grudge to give the priests the livelihood that they ask! for mickle people know, now, how that priests should live; and how that they live contrary to CHRIST and His Apostles. And therefore the people are full heavy to pay, as they do, their temporal goods to Parsons and to other Vicars and Priests; which should be faithful dispensators of the parish's goods, taking to themselves no more but a scarce living of tithes nor of offerings by the Ordinance of the Common Law. For whatsoever priests take of the people, be it tithes or offering, or any other duty or service, the priests ought not to have thereof no more but a bare living: and to depart [*give away*] the residue to the poor men and women, specially of the parish of whom they take this temporal living.

But the most deal [*greater portion*] of priests now waste their parish's goods, and spendeth them at their own will, after the world in their vain lusts: so that in few places poor men have duly, as they should have, their own sustenance, neither of tithes nor of offerings, nor of other large wages and foundations that priests take of the people in divers manners, above that they need for needful sustenance of meat and clothing. But the poor needy people are forsaken and left of priests, to be sustained of the paroshens [*parishioners*]; as if the priests took nothing of the parishioners, for to help the poor people with. And thus, Sir, into over great charges of the parishioners, they pay their temporal goods twice; where once might suffice, if priests were true dispensators.

"Also, Sir, the parishioners that pay their temporal goods, be they tithes or offerings, to priests that do not their office among them justly, are partners of every sin of those priests: because that they sustain those priests' folly in their sin, with their temporal goods. If these things be well considered, what wonder is it then, Sir, if the parishioners grudge against these dispensators?"

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to me, "Thou that shouldest be judged and ruled by Holy Church, presumptuously, thou deemest Holy Church to have erred in the ordinance of tithes and other duties to be paid to priests! It shall be long ere thou thrive, Iosell! that thou despisest thy ghostly Mother! How darest thou speak this, Iosell! among the people? Are not tithes given to priests for to live by?"

William. And I said, "Sir, Saint PAUL saith that tithes were given in the Old Law to Levites and to Priests, that came of the lineage of LEVI. But *our priest*, he saith, *came not of the lineage of LEVI, but of the lineage of JUDAH, to which JUDAH, no tithes were promised to be given.* And therefore PAUL saith, *Since the priesthood is changed from the generation of LEVI to the generation of JUDAH, it is necessary that changing also be made of the Law.* So that priests live now without tithes and other duties that they now claim; following CHRIST and his Apostles in wilful poverty, as they have given them example. For since CHRIST lived all the time of His preaching by pure [*the simple*] alms of the people, and (by example of him) his Apostles lived in the same wise, or else by the travail of their hands, as it is said above; every priest, whose

priesthood CHRIST approveth, knoweth well, and confesseth in word and in work that *a disciple oweth* [ought] *not to be above his Master, but it sufficeth to a disciple to be as his Master*, simple and pure, meek and patient: and by example specially of his Master CHRIST, every priest should rule him in all his living; and so, after his cunning and power, a priest should busy him to inform and to rule whomsoever he might charitably."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, with a great spirit, "GOD's curse have thou and thine for this teaching! for thou wouldest hereby make the Old Law more free and perfect than the New Law! For thou sayest it is lawful for Levites and to Priests to take tithes in the Old Law, and so to enjoy their privileges; but to us priests in the New Law, thou sayest it is not lawful to take tithes! And thus, thou givest the Levites of the Old Law more freedom, than to priests of the New Law!"

William. And I said, "Sir, I marvel, that ye understand this plain text of PAUL thus! Ye wot well, that the Levites and Priests in the Old Law, that took tithes, were not so free nor so perfect as CHRIST and his Apostles that took no tithes! And, Sir, there is a Doctor, I think that it is Saint JEROME, that saith thus, *The priests that challenge now in the New Law, tithes, say, in effect that CHRIST is not become Man, nor that he hath yet suffered death for man's love.* Whereupon, this Doctor saith this sentence, *Since tithes were the hires and wages limited to Levites and to Priests of the Old Law, for bearing about of the Tabernacle, and for slaying and flaying of beasts, and for burning of sacrifice, and for keeping of the Temple, and for trumping of battle before the host of Israel, and other divers observances that pertained to their office; those priests, that will challenge or take tithes, deny that CHRIST is comen in flesh, and do the Priest's office of the Old Law, for whom tithes were granted: for else,* as the Doctor saith, *priests take now tithes wrongfully.*"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to his Clerks, "Heard ye ever losell speak thus! Certain, this is the learning of them all, that wheresoever they come, and they may be suffered, they enforce them to expugn the freedom of Holy Church!"

William. And I said, "Sir, why call you the taking of tithes and of such other duties that priests challenge now wrongfully 'the freedom of Holy Church'; since neither

CHRIST nor his Apostles challenged nor took such duties? Herefore these takings of priests now, are not called justly 'the freedom of Holy Church': but all such giving and taking ought to be called and holden 'the slanderous covetousness of men of the Holy Church.'"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Why, losell! wilt not thou and others that are confedered [*confederated*] with thee, seek out of Holy Scripture and of the sentence of Doctors, all sharp authorities against Lords and Knights and Squires, and against other secular men, as thou dost against priests?"

William. And I said, "Sir, whatsoever men or women, Lords or Ladies, or any others that are present in our preaching specially, or in our communing, after our cunning, we to tell to them their office and their charges: but, Sir, since CHRYSOSTOM saith *the priests are the stomach of the people*, it is needful in preaching and also in communing, to be most busy about this priesthood, since by the viciousness of priests, both Lords and Commons are most sinfully infected and led into the worst. And because that the covetousness of priests, and pride and the boast that they have and make, of their dignity and power, destroyeth not only the virtues of priesthood in priests themselves: but also, over this, it stireth GOD to take great vengeance both upon Lords and Commons, which suffer these priests charitably."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Thou judgest every priest proud that will not go arrayed as thou dost! By God! I deem him to be more meek that goeth every day in a scarlet gown, than thou, in that threadbare blue gown! Whereby knowest thou a proud man?"

William. And I said, "Sir, a proud priest may be known when he denieth to follow CHRIST and his Apostles in wilful poverty and other virtues; and coveteth worldly worship, and taketh it gladly, and gathereth together with pleting [? *pleading*] menacing or with flattering, or with simony, any worldly goods: and most if a priest busy him not chiefly in himself, and after in all other men and women, after his cunning and power, to withstand sin."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Though thou knewest a priest to have all these vices, and though thou sawest a priest, lovely, lie now by a woman, knowing

her fleshly; wouldest thou herefore deem this priest damnable? I say to thee, that in the turning about of thy hand, such a sinner may be verily repented!"

William. And I said, "Sir, I will not damn any man for any sin that I know done or may be done, so that the sinner leaveth his sin! But, by authority of Holy Scripture, he that sinneth thus openly, as ye shew here, is damnable for doing of such a sin; and most specially a priest that should be [an] example to all others for to hate and fly sin: and in how short time that ever ye say, that such a sinner may be repented, he oweth [*ought*] not, of him that knoweth his sinning, to be judged verily repentant, without open evidence of great shame and hearty sorrow for his sin. For whosoever, and specially a priest, that useth pride, envy, covetousness, lechery, simony, or any other vices; and sheweth not, as open evidence of repentance, as he hath given evil example and occasion of sinning: if he continue in any such sin as long as he may, it is likely that sin leaveth him and he not sin; and, as I understand, such a one sinneth unto death, for whom nobody oweth [*ought*] to pay, as Saint JOHN saith."

A Clerk. And a Clerk said to the Archbishop, "Sir, the longer that ye appose him, the worse he is! and the more that ye busy you to amend him, the waywarder he is! for he is of so shrewd a kind, that he shameth not only to be himself a foul nest; but, without shame, he busieth him to make his nest fouler!"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to his Clerk, "Suffer a while, for I am at an end with him! for there is one other point certified against him; and I will hear what he saith thereto."

AND so then, he said to me, "Lo, it is here certified against thee, that thou preachedst openly at Shrewsbury *that it is not lawful to swear in any case*."

William. And I said, "Sir, I preached never so openly, nor I have not taught in this wise, in any place. But, Sir, as I preached in Shrewsbury, with my Protestation I say to you now here, That by the authority of the Gospel and of Saint JAMES, and by witness of divers Saints and Doctors, I have preached openly, in one place or other, that it is not lawful in any case to swear by any creature. And, over this, Sir,

have also preached and taught, by the foresaid authorities, that nobody should swear in any case, if that without oath, in any wise, he that is charged to swear, might excuse him to them that have power to compel him to swear in leful things and lawful: but if a man may not excuse him without oath to them that have power to compel him to swear, then he ought to swear only by GOD, taking Him only, that is Soothfastness, for to witness the soothfastness."

A Clerk. And then a Clerk asked me, "If it were not leful [*lawful*] to a subject, at the bidding of his Prelate, for to kneel down and touch the Holy Gospel book, and kiss it saying, *So help me, GOD! and this holy doom!* for he should, after his cunning and power, do all things, that his Prelate commandeth him?"

William. And I said to them, "Sirs, ye speak here full generally and largely! What, if a Prelate commanded his subject to do an unlawful thing, should he obey thereto?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "A subject ought not to suppose that his Prelate will bid him do an unlawful thing. For a subject ought to think that his Prelate will bid him do nothing but that he will answer for before GOD, that it is lefull [*lawful*]: and then, though the bidding of the Prelate be unlawful, the subject hath no peril to fulfil it; since that he thinketh and judgeth that whatsoever thing his Prelate biddeth him do, that is leful to him for to do it."

William. And I said, "Sir, I trust not hereto! But to our first purpose! Sir, I tell you that I was once in a gentleman's house, and there were then two Clerks there, a Master of Divinity and a Man of Law; which Man of Law was also communing in divinity. And among other things, these men spake of oaths. And the Man of Law said, 'At the bidding of his Sovereign which had power to charge him to swear, he would lay his hand upon a book, and hear his charge; and if his charge, to his understanding were unlawful, he would hastily withdraw his hand from the book; and if he perceived his charge to be leful he would hold still his hand upon the book, taking there only GOD to witness that he would fulfil that leful charge after his power.' And the Master of Divinity said then to him thus, 'Certain, he that layeth his hand upon a book in this wise,

and maketh there a promise to do that thing that he is commanded, is obliged there, by book oath, then, to fulfil his charge. For, no doubt, he that chargeth him to lay his hand thus upon a book, touching the book and swearing by it, and kissing it, promising in this form, to do this thing or that, will say and witness, that he that toucheth thus a book and kisseth it, hath sworn upon that book; and all other men that see that men thus do, and also all those that hear thereof in the same wise, will say and witness that *this man hath sworn upon a book!* Wherefore,' the Master of Divinity said, 'it was not leful, neither to give nor to take any such charge upon a book! for every book is nothing else but divers creatures [*created things*], of which it is made of: therefore to swear upon a book, is to swear by creatures! and this swearing is ever unleful.'

"This sentence witnesseth CHRYSOSTOM, plainly blaming them greatly, that bring forth a book for to swear upon, charging Clerks that in nowise they constrain anybody to swear, whether they think a man to swear true or false."

And the Archbishop and his Clerks scorned me, and blamed me greatly for this saying. And the Archbishop menaced me with great punishment and sharp, except I left this opinion of swearing.

William. And I said, "Sir, this is not mine opinion; but it is the opinion of CHRIST our Saviour! and of Saint JAMES! and of CHRYSOSTOM! and of other divers Saints and Doctors!"

Then the Archbishop bad a Clerk read this *Homily* of CHRYSOSTOM, which *Homily* this Clerk held in his hand written in a roll; which roll the Archbishop caused to be taken from my fellow at Canterbury: and so then this Clerk read this roll, till he came to a clause where CHRYSOSTOM saith that *it is sin, to swear well.*

A Clerk (? Malveren). And then a Clerk, MALVEREN as I guess, said to the Archbishop, "Sir, I pray you wit of him, how that he understandeth CHRYSOSTOM here, saying it to be *sin, to swear well.*"

Archbishop. And so the Archbishop asked me, "How I understood here CHRYSOSTOM?

William. And, certain, I was somewhat afraid to answer hereto; for I had not busied me to study about the sense hereof: but lifting up my mind to GOD, I prayed Him, of

grace. And, as fast, as I thought how CHRIST said to his apostles, *When, for my name, ye shall be brought before judges, I will give into your mouth, wisdom, that your adversaries shall not against say* [gainsay]; and trusting faithfully in the Word of GOD, I said, "Sir, I know well, that many men and women have now swearing so in custom, that they know not, nor will not know that they do evil for to swear as they do: but they think and say, that they do well for to swear as they do; though they know well that they swear untruly. For they say, 'They may by their swearing, though it be false, [a]void blame or temporal harm; which they should have, if they swore not thus.'

"And, Sir, many men and women maintain strongly that they swear well, when that thing is sooth that they swear for.

"Also full many men and women say now that 'It is well done to swear by creatures, when they may not (as they say) otherwise be believed.'

"And also full many men and women now say that 'It is well done to swear by GOD and by our Lady, and by other Saints; for to have them in mind!'

"But since all these sayings are but excusations [*excuses*] and sin, methinketh, Sir, that this sentence of CHRYSOSTOM may be alleged well against all such swearers: witnessing that these sin grievously; though they think themselves for to swear in this foresaid wise, well. For it is evil done and great sin for to swear truth, when, in any manner, a man may excuse him without oath."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said that "CHRYSOSTOM might be thus understood."

A Clerk. And then a Clerk said to me, "Wilt thou tarry my Lord no longer! but submit thee here meekly to the ordinance of Holy Church; and lay thine hand upon a book, touching the Holy Gospel of GOD, promising, not only with thy mouth but also with thine heart, to stand to my Lord's ordinance?"

William. And I said, "Sir, have I not told you here, how that I heard a Master of Divinity say that, in such a case, it is all one to touch a book, and to swear by a book?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "There is no Master of Divinity in England so great, that if he hold this opinion before me, but I shall punish him as I shall do thee, except thou swear as I shall charge thee!"

William. And I said, "Sir, is not CHRYSOSTOM an ententif Doctor?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "Yea!"

William. And I said, "If CHRYSOSTOM proveth him worthy great blame that bringeth forth a book to swear upon, it must needs follow that he is more to blame that sweareth on that book!"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "If CHRYSOSTOM meant according to the ordinance of Holy Church, we will accept him!"

A Clerk. And then said a Clerk to me, "Is not the Word of GOD, and GOD Himself *equipollent*, that is, of one authority?"

William. And I said, "Yea!"

A Clerk. Then he said to me, "Why wilt thou not swear, then, by the Gospel of GOD, that is, GOD's Word; since it is all one to swear by the Word of GOD and by GOD Himself?"

William. And I said, "Sir, since I may not, now, otherwise be believed but by swearing, I perceive, as AUGUSTINE saith, that it is not speedful that ye, that should be my brethren, should not believe me: therefore I am ready, by the Word of GOD (as the LORD commanded me by His Word), to swear."

A Clerk. Then the Clerk said to me, "Lay, then, thine hand upon the book, touching the Holy Gospel of GOD; and take thy charge!"

William. And I said, "Sir, I understand that the Holy Gospel of GOD may not be touched with man's hands!"

A Clerk. And the Clerk said I fonded [*fooled*], and that I said not truth.

William. And I asked this Clerk, "Whether it were more to read the Gospel, or to touch the Gospel?"

A Clerk. And he said, "It was more to read the Gospel!"

William. Then I said, "Sir, by authority of Saint JEROME, the Gospel is not the Gospel for [*through*] reading of the letter, but for the belief that men have in the Word of GOD; that it is the Gospel that we believe, and not the letter we read: for because the letter that is touched with man's hand is not the Gospel, but the sentence that is verily believed in man's heart is the Gospel. For so Saint JEROME saith, *The Gospel, that is the virtue of GOD's Word is not in the*

leaves of the book, but it is in the root of reason. Neither the Gospel, he saith, *is in the writing above of the letters; but the Gospel is in the marking of the sentence of Scriptures.*

"This sentence approveth Saint PAUL, saying thus, *The Kingdom of GOD is not in word, but in virtue.* And DAVID saith, *The voice of the LORD, that is, His Word, is in virtue.* And, after, DAVID saith, *Through the Word of GOD, the heavens were formed; and in the Spirit of His mouth is all the virtue of them.* And I pray you, Sir, understand ye well how DAVID saith that, *in the Spirit of the mouth of the LORD is all the virtue of angels and of men*"?

A Clerk. And the Clerk said to me, "Thou wouldst make us to fond with thee! Say we not that the Gospels are written in the *Mass* book?"

William. And I said, "Sir, though men use [*are accustomed*] to say thus, yet it is unperfect speech. For the principal part of a thing is properly the whole thing: for, lo, man's soul that may not now be seen here, nor touched with any sensible thing, is properly Man! And all the virtue of a tree is in the root thereof, that may not be seen; for do away with the root, and the tree is destroyed! And, Sir, as ye said to me, right now, GOD and His Word are of one authority; and, Sir, Saint JEROME witnesseth that CHRIST, Very GOD and Very Man, is hid in the letter of his Law; thus also, Sir, the Gospel is hid in the letter!

"For, Sir, as it is full likely many divers men and women here in the earth touched CHRIST, and saw him, and knew his bodily person; which neither touched, nor saw, nor knew ghostly his Godhead: right thus, Sir, many men now touch, and see, and write, and read the Scriptures of GOD's Law, which neither touch, see, nor read effectually the Gospel. For as the Godhead of CHRIST, that is, the virtue of GOD, is known by the virtue through belief; so is the Gospel, that is CHRIST's Word!"

A Clerk. And a Clerk said to me, "These be full misty matters and unsavoury, that thou showest here to us!"

William. And I said, "Sir, if ye, that are Masters, know not plainly this sentence, ye may sore dread that the Kingdom of Heaven be taken from you! as it was from the Princes of Priests and from the Elders of the Jews."

A Clerk (? Malveren). And then a Clerk, as I guess

MALVEREN, said to me, "Thou knowest not thine equivocations! for the 'Kingdom of Heaven' hath diverse understandings. What callest thou the 'Kingdom of Heaven' in this sentence, that thou shewest here?"

William. And I said, "Sir, by good reason, and sentence of Doctors, the Realm of Heaven is called here, the understanding of GOD's Word."

A Clerk. And a Clerk said to me, "From whom, thinkest thou, that this understanding is taken away?"

William. And I said, "Sir, by authority of CHRIST himself, the effectual understanding of CHRIST's word is taken away from all them chiefly which are great-lettered [*learned*] men, and presume to understand high things, and will be holden wise men, and desire mastership and high state and dignity: but they will not conform them to the living and teaching of CHRIST and of His Apostles."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said, "Well, well, thou wilt judge thy sovereigns! By God! the King [*HENRY IV.*] doeth not his duty, but he suffer thee to be condemned!"

A Clerk. AND then another Clerk said to me, "Why, on Friday last, that was [*August* 5, 1407], counselledst thou a man of my Lord's, that he should not shrive him to Man, but only to GOD?"

And with this asking, I was abashed; and then, by and by, I knew that I was surely betrayed of a man that came to me in prison [? *at Saltwood Castle*] on the Friday before, communing with me in this matter of confession: and, certain, by his words, I thought that this man came then to me of full fervent and charitable will. But now I know, he came to tempt me and to accuse me. GOD forgive him, if it be His holy will!

And with all mine heart, when I had thought thus, I said to this Clerk, "Sir, I pray you that ye would fetch this man hither! and all the words, as near as I can repeat them, which that I spake to him on Friday in the prison, I will rehearse now here, before you all, and before him."

Archbishop. And, as I guess, the Archbishop then said to me, "They that are now here, suffice to repeat them. How saidest thou to him?"

William. And I said, "Sir, that man came and asked me of divers things; and after his asking, I answered him, as I understood that good was. And, as he shewed to me by his words, he was sorry for his living in Court, and right heavy for his own vicious living, and also for the viciousness of other men, and specially of priests' evil living; and herefore, he said to me with a sorrowful heart, as I guessed, that he purposed fully, within short time, for to leave the Court, and busy him to know GOD's Law, and to conform all his life hereafter.

"And when he had said to me these words, and others more, which I would rehearse and [*if*] he were present, he prayed me to hear his confession.

"And I said to him, 'Sir, wherefore come ye to me, to be confessed of me? Ye wot well that the Archbishop putteth and holdeth me here, as one unworthy either to give or to take any Sacrament of Holy Church!'

"And he said to me, 'Brother, I wot well, and so wot many others more, that you and such others are wrongfully vexed; and herefore I will common [*commune*] with you the more gladly.'

"And I said to him, 'Certain, I wot well that many men of this Court [*i.e., the Archbishop's*], and specially Priests of this household [*Chaplains*], would be full evil a paid, both with you and me, if they wist that ye were confessed of me!'

"And he said that he cared not therefore, for he had full little affection in them! and, as methought, he spake these words and many others of so good will and of so high desire for to have known and done the pleasant Will of GOD.

"And I said then to him, as with my foresaid Protestation, I say to you now here, 'Sir, I counsel you for to absent you from all evil company, and to draw you to them that love and busy them to know and to keep the precepts of GOD; and then the good Spirit of GOD will move you for to occupy busily all your wits in gathering together of all your sins, as far as ye can bethink you; shaming greatly of them, and sorrowing heartily for them. Yea, Sir, the HOLY GHOST will then put in your heart a good will and a fervent desire for to take and to hold a good purpose, to hate ever and to fly, after your cunning and power, all occasion of sin: and so then wisdom shall come to you from above, lightening with divers beams of grace and of heavenly desire all your

wits, informing you how ye shall trust stedfastly in the mercy of the LORD, [ac]knowledging to Him only all your vicious living, praying to Him ever devoutly of charitable counsel and continuance, hoping without doubt that if ye continue thus busying you faithfully to know and keep his biddings, that He will, for He only may, forgive you all your sins!'

"And this man said then to me, 'Though GOD forgive men their sins, yet it behoveth men to be assoiled [*absolved*] of priests, and to do the penance that they enjoin them!'

"And I said to him, 'Sir, it is all one to assoil men of their sins, and to forgive men their sins: wherefore since it pertaineth only to GOD to forgive sin, it sufficeth in this case, to counsel men and women for to leave their sin, and to comfort them that busy them thus to do, for to hope stedfastly in the mercy of GOD. And againward, priests ought to tell sharply to customable sinners, that if they will not make an end of their sin, but continue in divers sins while that they may sin, all such deserve pain without end. And herefore priests should ever busy them to live well and holily, and to teach the people busily and truly the Word of GOD; shewing to all folk, in open preaching and in privy counselling, that the LORD GOD only forgiveth sin. And therefore those priests that take upon them to assoil men of their sins, blaspheme GOD; since that it pertaineth only to the LORD to assoil men of all their sins. For, no doubt, a thousand years after that CHRIST was man, no priest of CHRIST durst take upon him to teach the people, neither privily nor apertly, that they behoved needs to come to be assoiled of them; as priests do now. But by authority of CHRIST's word, priests bound indured [*hardened*] customable sinners to everlasting pains, [those] which, in no time of their living, would busy them faithfully to know the biddings of GOD, nor to keep them. And, again, all they that would occupy all their wits to hate and to flee all occasion of sin, dreading over all things to offend GOD, and loving for to please Him continually; to these men and women, priests shewed how the LORD assoileth them of their sins. And thus CHRIST promised to confirm in heaven, all the binding and loosing that priests, by authority of his Word, bind men in sin that are indured therein; or loose them out of sin here upon earth that are verily repentant.'

"And this man hearing these words, said that he 'might well in conscience consent to this sentence. But,' he said, 'is it not needful to the lay people that cannot thus do, to go shrive them to priests?'

"And I said, 'If a man feel himself so distroubled with any sin, that he cannot by his own wit, avoid this sin without counsel of them that are herein wiser than he; in such a case, the counsel of a good priest is full necessary. And if a good priest fail, as they do now commonly, in such a case; Saint AUGUSTINE saith that a man may lefully comon [*lawfully commune*] and take counsel of a virtuous secular man. But, certain, that man or woman is overladen and too beastly, which cannot bring their own sins into their mind, busying them night and day for to hate and for to forsake all their sins, doing a sigh for them, after their cunning and power. And, Sir, full accordingly to this sentence, upon mid-Lenton Sunday, two years [*March* 29, 1405], as I guess, now agone, I heard a Monk of Feversham, that men called MOREDOM, preach at Canterbury, at the Cross within Christchurch Abbey, saying thus of Confession: *As through the suggestion of the Fiend, without counsel of any other body than of themselves, many men and women can imagine and find means and ways enough to come to pride, to theft, to lechery, and to other divers vices: in contrary wise,* this Monk said, *since the LORD GOD is more ready to forgive sin than the Fiend is or may be of power to move anybody to sin, then whoever will shame and sorrow heartily for their sins, [ac]knowledging them faithfully to GOD, amending them after their power and cunning, without counsel of any other body than of GOD and himself, through the grace of GOD, all such men and women may find sufficient means to come to GOD's mercy, and so to be clean assoiled of all their sins.*' This sentence I said, Sir, to this man of yours, and the self words, as near as I can guess."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "Holy Church approveth not this learning"

William. And I said, "Sir, Holy Church, of which CHRIST is head in heaven and in earth, must needs approve this sentence. For, lo, hereby all men and women may, if they will, be sufficiently taught to know and to keep the commandments of GOD, and to hate and to fly continually all occasion of sin, and to love and to seek virtues busily,

and to believe in GOD stably, and to trust in His mercy stedfastly, and so to come to perfect charity and continue therein perseverantly: and more, the LORD asketh not of any man here now in this life. And, certain, since JESUS CHRIST died upon the cross wilfully to make men free; Men of the Church are too bold and too busy to make men thrall! binding them 'under the pains of endless curse,' as they say, to do many observances and ordinances, which neither the living nor the teaching of CHRIST, nor of his Apostles approveth."

A Clerk. And a Clerk said then to me, "Thou shewest plainly here thy deceit, which thou hast learned of them that travail to sow popil [*tares*] among wheat! But I counsel thee to go away clean from this learning, and submit thee lowly to my Lord, and thou shalt find him yet to be gracious to thee!"

Another Clerk. And as fast, another Clerk said to me, "How wast thou so bold at Paul's Cross in London, to stand there hard, with thy tippet [*cape*] bounden about thine head, and to reprove in his sermon, the worthy Clerk ALKERTON, drawing away all, that thou mightest! Yea, and the same day at afternoon, thou meeting that worthy Doctor in Watling street, calledst him, 'False flatterer, and hypocrite!'"

William. And I said, "Sir, I think certainly, that there was no man nor woman that hated verily sin and loved virtues, hearing the sermon of the Clerk of Oxford, and also ALKERTON's sermon, but they said, and might justly say, that ALKERTON reproved the Clerk untruly, and slandered him wrongfully and uncharitably. For, no doubt, if the living and teaching of CHRIST chiefly and his Apostles be true, nobody that loveth GOD and His Law will blame any sentence that the Clerk then preached there; since, by authority of GOD's Word, and by approved Saints and Doctors, and by open reason, this Clerk approved all things clearly that he preached there."

A Clerk. And a Clerk of theArchbishop said to me, "His sermon was false, and that he sheweth openly, since he dare not stand forth and defend his preaching, that he then preached there."

William. And I said, "Sir, I think that he purposeth to stand stedfastly thereby, or else he slandereth foully himself and many others that have great trust that he will stand by the truth of the Gospel. For I wot well his sermon is writ-

ten both in Latin and in English; and many men have it, and they set great price thereby. And, Sir, if ye were present with the Archbishop [*i.e., of* CANTERBURY, *in whose presence he was then standing*] at Lambeth, when this Clerk appeared; and were at his Answer before the Archbishop: ye wot well that this Clerk denied not there his sermon; but, two days, he maintained it before the Archbishop and his Clerks."

Archbishop or a Clerk. And then the Archbishop, or one of his Clerks said (I wot not which of them!), "That harlot [*at this time applied to men also*] shall be met with, for that sermon. For no man but he, and thou, and such other false harlots, praiseth any such preaching."

Archbishop. And then the Archbishop said, "Your cursed sect is busy, and it joyeth right greatly to contrary and to destroy the privilege and freedom of Holy Church."

William. And I said, "Sir, I know no men travail so busily as this sect doth, which you reprove, to make rest and peace in Holy Church. For pride, covetousness, and simony which distrouble most Holy Church, this sect hateth and flyeth, and travaileth busily to move all other men in like manner unto meekness and wilful poverty and charity, and free ministring of the sacraments: this sect loveth, and useth, and is full busy to move all other folks, thus to do. For these virtues owe all members of Holy Church to their head, CHRIST."

A Clerk. Then a Clerk said to the Archbishop, "Sir, it is far day, and ye have far to ride to-night; therefore make an end with him, for he will none make! But the more, Sir, that ye busy you for to draw him towards you, the more contumax [*contumacious*] he is made, and the further from you."

Malveren. And then MALVEREN said to me, "WILLIAM! kneel down, and pray my Lord, of grace! and leave all thy fantasies, and become a child of Holy Church!"

William. And I said, "Sir, I have prayed the Archbishop oft, and yet I pray him, for the love of CHRIST! that he will leave his indignation that he hath against me; and that he will suffer me, after my cunning and power, for to do mine office of priesthood, as I am charged of GOD to do it. For I covet nought else, but to serve my GOD to His pleasing, in the state that I stand in, and have taken me to."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "If, of good heart, thou wilt submit thee now, here, meekly to be

ruled, from this time forth by my counsel, obeying meekly and wilfully to mine ordinance, thou shalt find it most profitable and best to thee for to do thus. Therefore, tarry thou me no longer! Grant to do this, that I have said to thee now, here, shortly; or deny it utterly!"

William. And I said to the Archbishop, "Sir, owe [*ought*] we to believe that JESUS CHRIST was and is Very GOD and Very Man?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "Yea!"

William. And I said, "Sir, owe we to believe that all CHRIST's living and his teaching is true in every point?"

Archbishop. And he said, "Yea!"

William. And I said, "Sir, owe we to believe that the living of the Apostles and the teaching of CHRIST and of all Prophets are true, which are written in the *Bible* for the health and salvation of GOD's people?"

Archbishop. And he said, "Yea!"

William. And I said, "Sir, owe all Christian men and women, after their cunning and power, for to conform their living to the teaching specially of CHRIST; and also to the teaching and living of his Apostles and of Prophets, in all things that are pleasant to GOD, and edification to His Church?"

Archbishop. And he said, "Yea!"

William. And I said, "Sir, ought the doctrine, the bidding, or the counsel of anybody to be accepted or obeyed unto, except this counsel, these biddings, or this counsel may be granted and affirmed by CHRIST's living and his teaching, or by the living and teaching of his Apostles and Prophets?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Other doctrine ought not to be accepted, nor we owe not to obey to any man's bidding or counsel; except we can perceive that this bidding or counsel accordeth with the bidding and teaching of CHRIST and of his Apostles and Prophets?"

William. And I said, "Sir, are not all the learning and biddings and counsels of Holy Church means and healthful remedies to know, and to withstand the privy suggestions and the apert temptations of the Fiend; and also ways and healthful remedies to slay pride and all other deadly sins and the branches of them; and sovereign means to purchase

grace, for to withstand and overcome all fleshly lusts and movings?"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "Yea!"

William. And I said, "Sir, whatsoever thing ye or any other body bid or counsel me to do; according to this foresaid learning, after my cunning and power, through the help of GOD, I will meekly, with all mine heart, obey thereto!"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said to me, "Submit thee then, now, here, meekly and wilfully to the ordinance of Holy Church, which I shall shew to thee!"

William. And I said, "Sir, according as I have here, now before you, rehearsed, I will now be ready to obey full gladly to CHRIST, the Head of all Holy Church, and to the learning and biddings and counsels of every pleasing member of Him."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop striking with his hand fiercely upon a cupboard, spake to me, with a great spirit, saying, "By Jesu! but if thou leave such additions, obliging thee now here without any exception to mine ordinance, ere that I go out of this place, I shall make thee as sure as any thief that is in the prison of Lantern. Advise thee now, what thou wilt do!" And then, as if he had been angered, he went from the cupboard where he stood, to a window.

And then MALVEREN and another Clerk came nearer me, and they spake to me many words full pleasantly, and another while they menaced me and counselled full busily to submit me, or else they said I should not escape punishing over measure, for they said I should be degraded, cursed, and burned, and so then damned!

Malveren and a Clerk. "But now," they said, "thou mayest eschew all these mischiefs, if thou will submit thee wilfully and meekly to this worthy Prelate, that hath cure of thy soul! And for the pity of CHRIST!" said they, "bethink thee, how great clerks [PHILIP DE REPINGTON] the Bishop of LINCOLN, HEREFORD, and PURVEY were, and yet are; and also B[OWTON] that is a well understanding man: which also have forsaken and revoked all the learning and opinions that thou and such others hold! Wherefore, since each of them is mickle wiser than thou art; we counsel thee for the best, that, by the example of these four Clerks, thou follow them, submitting thee as they did!"

A Clerk. And one of the [Arch]bishop's Clerks said, then,

there, that "he heard NICHOLAS HEREFORD say, that 'since he forsook and revoked all the learning and opinions of the Lollards, he hath had mickle greater favour and more delight to hold against them; than ever he had to hold with them, while he held with them.'"

Malveren. And therefore MALVEREN said to me, "I understand and [*if*] thou wilt take thee to a priest, and shrive thee clean, forsake all such opinions, and take thy penance of my Lord here, for the holding and teaching of them, within short time thou shalt be greatly comforted in this doing!"

William. And I said to the Clerks, that thus busily counselled me to follow these foresaid men, "Sirs, if these men, of whom ye counsel me to take example, had forsaken benefices of temporal profit and of worldly worship, so that they had absented them and eschewed from all occasions of covetousness and of fleshly lusts; and had taken them to simple living and wilful poverty: they had herein given good example to me and many others to have followed them. But now, since all these four men have slanderously and shamefully done the contrary, consenting to receive and to have and to hold temporal benefices, living now more worldly and more fleshly than they did before, conforming them to the manners of this world; I forsake them herein, and in all their foresaid slanderous doing!

"For I purpose, with the help of GOD into remission of all my sins and of my foul cursed living, to hate and to fly, privily and apertly, to follow these men! teaching and counselling whomsoever that I may, for to fly and eschew the way that they have chosen to go in, which will lead them to the worst end, if, in convenient time, they repent them not, verily forsaking and revoking openly the slander that they have put, and every day yet put to CHRIST'S Church. For, certain, so open blasphemy and slander, as they have spoken and done in their revoking and forsaking of the Truth, ought not, nor may not, privily be amended duly. Wherefore, Sirs, I pray you that ye busy you not for to move me to follow these men in revoking and forsaking of the Truth and Soothfastness! as they have done, and yet do; wherein by open evidence, they stir GOD to great wroth, and not only against themselves, but also against all them that favour them or consent to them herein, or that comoneth [*communeth*] with them, except it be

for their amendment. For whereas these men first were pursued of enemies, now they have obliged them by oath for to slander and pursue CHRIST in his members! Wherefore, as I trust stedfastly in the goodness of GOD, the worldly covetousness, and the lusty living, and the sliding from the truth of these runagates [*renegades*] shall be to me, and to many other men and women, an example and an evidence to stand the more stiffly by the Truth of CHRIST.

"For, certain, right many men and women do mark and abhor the foulness and cowardice of these aforesaid untrue men, how that they are overcome, and stopped with benefices, and withdrawn from the truth of GOD's Word, forsaking utterly to suffer therefore bodily persecution. For by this unfaithful doing and apostasy, of them specially that are great lettered men, and have [ac]knowledged openly the truth; and now either for pleasure or displeasure of tyrants have taken hire and temporal wages, to forsake the Truth and to hold against it, slandering and pursuing them that covet to follow CHRIST in the way of righteousness: many men and women therefore are now moved. But many more, through the grace of GOD, shall be moved hereby, for to learn the Truth of GOD, and to do thereafter, and to stand boldly thereby."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to his Clerks, "Busy you no longer about him! for he, and others such as he is, are confeder[at]ed so together, that they will not swear to be obedient, and to submit them to Prelates of Holy Church. For now, since I stood here, his fellow sent me word that *he will not swear, and that he* [WILLIAM of Thorpe] *counselled him that he should not swear to me.* But, losell! in that thing that in thee is, thou hast busied thee to lose this young man; but, blessed be GOD! thou shalt not have thy purpose of him! For he hath forsaken all thy learning, submitting him to be buxom [*submissive*] and obedient to the ordinance of Holy Church; and weepeth full bitterly, and curseth thee full heartily for the venomous teaching which thou hast shewed to him, counselling him to do thereafter. And for thy false counselling of many others and him, thou hast great cause to be right sorry! For, long time, thou hast busied thee to pervert whomsoever thou mightest! Therefore as many deaths thou art worthy of, as thou hast given evil

counsels. And therefore, by Jesu! thou shalt go thither where NICHOLAS HEREFORD and JOHN PURVEY were harboured! and I undertake, ere this day eight days, thou shalt be right glad for to do what thing that ever I bid thee do!

"And, losell! I shall assay if can make thee there, as sorrowful as, it was told me, thou wast glad of my last going out of England [*in* 1397]. By St. Thomas! I shall turn thy joy into sorrow!"

William. And I said, "Sir, there can nobody prove lawfully that I joyed ever of the manner of your going out of this land [*the Archbishop had been banished*]. But, Sir, to say the sooth, I was joyful when ye were gone! for [ROBERT DE BRAYBROOKE] the Bishop of LONDON (in whose prison ye left me!) found in me no cause for to hold me longer in his prison; but, at the request of my friends, he delivered me to them, asking of me no manner of submitting."

Archbishop. Then the Archbishop said to me, "Wherefore that I yede [*went*] out of England is unknown to thee! But be this thing well known to thee! that GOD, as I wot well, hath called me again and brought me into this land, for to destroy thee and the false sect that thou art of! as, by God! I shall pursue you so narrowly that I shall not leave a step of you in this land!"

William. And I said to the Archbishop, "Sir, the holy prophet JEREMY said to the false prophet HANANIAH, *When the word*, that is, the prophecy, *of a prophet is known or fulfilled; then it shall be known that the LORD sent the prophet in truth!*"

Archbishop. And the Archbishop, as if he had not been pleased with my saying, turned him away-ward, hither and thither, and said, "By God! I shall set on thy shins a pair of perlis [? *pearls*], that thou shalt be glad to change thy voice!"

These and many more wondrous and convicious [*railing*] words were spoken to me; menacing me and all others of the same sect, for to be punished and destroyed to the uttermost.

And the Archbishop called then to him, a Clerk; and rounded with him [*whispered in his ear*], and that Clerk went forth: and soon he brought in the Constable of Saltwood Castle, and the Archbishop rounded a good while with him.

And then the Constable went forth, and then came in

divers secular [*laymen*]; and they scorned me on every side, and menaced me greatly. And some counselled the Archbishop to burn me by and by [*at once*]: and some others counselled him to drown me in the sea, for it is near [at] hand there.

A Clerk. And a Clerk standing besides me there, kneeled down to the Archbishop, praying him that he would deliver me to him for to say *Matins* with him; and he would undertake that, within three days, I should not resist anything that was commanded me to do, of my Prelate.

And the Archbishop said that he would ordain for me himself.

And then, after, came in again the Constable and spake privily to the Archbishop.

And then the Archbishop commanded the Constable to lead me forth thence, with him: and so he did.

And when we were gone forth thence, we were sent after again.

And when I came in again before the Archbishop, a Clerk bade me kneel down, and ask grace, and submit me lowly, and I should find it for the best.

William. And I said then to the Archbishop, "Sir, as I have said to you, divers times, to-day, I will wilfully and lowly obey and submit me to be ordained ever, after my cunning and power, to GOD and His Law, and to every member of Holy Church; as far forth as I can perceive that these members accord with their head, CHRIST, and will teach me, rule me, or chastise me by authority specially of GOD's Law."

Archbishop. And the Archbishop said, "I wist well, he would not, without such additions, submit him!"

And then, I was rebuked, scorned, and menaced on every side; and yet, after this, divers persons cried upon me to kneel down and submit me: but I stood still, and spake no word.

And then there was spoken of me and to me many great words; and I stood, and heard them menace, curse, and scorn me: but I said nothing.

Archbishop. Then a while after, the Archbishop said to me, "Wilt thou not submit thee to the ordinance of Holy Church?"

William. And I said, "Sir, I will full gladly submit me, as I have shewed you before."

And then, the Archbishop bade the Constable to have me forth thence in haste.

And so then I was led forth, and brought into a foul unhonest prison, where I came never before. But, thanked be GOD! when all men were gone forth then from me, and had spaired [*barred*] fast the prison door after them, by and by [*immediately*] after, I therein by myself busied me to think on GOD, and to thank Him of His goodness.

And I was then greatly comforted in all my wits, not only for that I was then delivered, for a time, from the sight, from the hearing, from the presence, from the scorning, and from the menacing of my enemies: but much more I rejoiced in the LORD, because that through His grace, He kept me so, both among the flattering specially, and among the menacing of mine adversaries, that without heaviness and anguish of my conscience, I passed away from them. For as a tree laid upon another tree overthwart or on cross wise, so was the Archbishop and his three Clerks always contrary to me, and I to them.

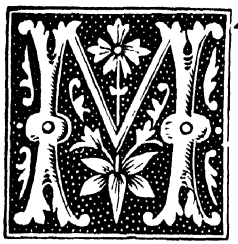
Now, good GOD! (for Thine holy name and for the praising of Thy most blessed name, make us one together), if it be Thy will, by authority of thy Word that is true perfect charity: and else not! And that it may thus be, all that this writing read or hear, pray heartily to the LORD GOD! that He (for His great goodness that cannot be with tongue expressed) grant to us and to all others, that in the same wise and for the same cause specially, or for any other cause be at [a] distance, to be knit and made

One in true Faith, in stedfast Hope, and
in perfect Charity.
Amen.

¶ Thus endeth the Examination of Master William Thorpe.

*

And hereafter followeth his Testament.



ATTHEW, an Apostle of CHRIST and his gospeller, witnesseth truly in the Holy Gospel, the most holy living and the most wholesome teaching of CHRIST. He rehearseth how that CHRIST likeneth them that hear his words and keep them, to a wise man that buildeth his house upon a stone, *that is a stable and a sad* [firm] *ground.*

This house *is man's soul, in whom CHRIST delighteth to dwell, if it be grounded, that is, stablished, faithfully in his living, and in his true teaching, adorned or made fair with divers virtues, which CHRIST used and taught without any meddling of any error, as are chiefly the conditions of charity.*

This foresaid stone *is CHRIST, upon which every faithful soul must be builded, since upon none other ground than upon CHRIST's living and his teaching, nobody may make any building or houseing wherein CHRIST will come and dwell. This sentence witnesseth PAUL* to the Corinthians, *shewing them that nobody may set any other ground than is set, that is, CHRIST's living and his teaching.*

And because that all men and women should give all their business here in this life to build them virtuously upon this sure foundation. Saint PAUL [ac]*knowledging the fervent desire and the good will of the people of Ephesus, wrote to them comfortably, saying,* Now ye are not strangers, guests, nor yet comelings, but ye are the citizens and of the household of GOD, builded above upon the foundament of the Apostles and Prophets. In which foundament, every building that is builded and made through the grace of GOD, it increaseth or groweth into a holy temple; *that is, everybody that is*

grounded and builded faithfully in the teaching and living of CHRIST *is therethrough made the holy temple of GOD.*

This is the stable ground and stedfast stone, CHRIST *! which is the sure corner-stone fast joining and holding mightily together two walls. For through* CHRIST JESU, *mean or middle Person of the Trinity, the Father of Heaven is piteous or mercifully joined and made one together to Mankind : and through dread to offend GOD, and fervent love to please him, men be unseparably made one to GOD, and defended surely under His protection.*

Also this foresaid stone CHRIST *was figured by the square stones of which the Temple of GOD was made. For as a square stone, wheresoever it is cast or laid, it abideth and lieth stably ; so* CHRIST *and every faithful member of his Church, by example of him, abideth and dwelleth stably in true faith and in all other heavenly virtues, in all adversities that they suffer in this Valley of Tears. For, lo, when these foresaid square stones were hewen and wrought for to be laid in the walls or pillars of GOD's Temple, none noise or stroke of the workmen was heard. Certain, this silence in working of this stone figureth* CHRIST *chiefly, and his faithful members, which by example of him have been, and yet are, and ever to the world's end shall be, so meek and patient in every adversity, that no sound nor yet any grudging shall any time be perceived in them.*

Nevertheless this chief and most worshipful corner-stone, which only is ground of all virtues, proud beggars reproved ! but this despite and reproof CHRIST *suffered most meekly in his own person, for to give example of all meekness and patience to all his faithful followers. Certain, this world is now so full of proud beggars which are named priests ; but the very office of working of priesthood which* CHRIST *approveth true, and accepteth, is far from the multitude of priests that now reign in this world.*

For, from the highest priest to the lowest, all (as who say) study, that is, they imagine and travail busily how they may please this world and their flesh. This sentence and many such others dependeth upon them, if it be well considered ; either GOD the Father of heaven hath deceived all mankind by the living specially

and teaching of JESUS CHRIST, *and by the living and teaching of his Apostles and Prophets; all else all the Popes that have been since I had any knowledge or discretion, with all the College of Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, Monks, Canons, and Friars, with all the contagious flock of the communalty of priesthood, which have, all my life-time and mickle longer, reigned and yet reign and increase damnably from sin into sin, have been and yet be proud obstinate heretics, covetous simoners* [trafficers in ecclesiastical preferments], *and defouled adulterers in the ministering of the Sacraments, and especially in the ministering of the Sacrament of the Altar.*

For, as their works shew (whereto CHRIST *biddeth us take heed!) the highest priests and Prelates of this priesthood challenge and occupy* [hold] *unlawfully temporal lordships. And for temporal favour and mede, they sell and give benefices to unworthy and unable persons; yea, these simoners sell sin! suffering men and women in every degree and estate, to lie and continue, from year to year, in divers vices slanderously And thus, by evil example of high priests in the Church, lower priests under them are not only suffered, but they are maintained to sell full dear to the people for temporal mede, all the Sacraments. And thus all this foresaid priesthood is blown so high, and borne up in pride and vainglory of their estate and dignity, and so blinded with worldly covetousness, that they disdain to follow* CHRIST *in very meekness and wilful poverty, living holily, and preaching GOD's Word truly, freely, and continually; taking their livelihood at the free will of the people, of their pure almose* [alms], *where and when, they suffice not (for their true and busy preaching) to get their sustenance with their hands.*

To this true sentence, grounded on CHRIST's *own living and teaching of his Apostles; these foresaid worldly and fleshly priests will not consent effectually. But, as their works and also their words shew, boldly and unshamefastly these foresaid named priests and Prelates covet, and enforce them mightily and busily, that all Holy Scripture were expounded and drawn according to* their *manners, and to* their *ungrounded* [unwarranted] *usages and findings.*

For they will not (since they hold it but folly and madness!) conform their manners to the pure and simple living of CHRIST *and his Apostles, nor they will not follow freely their learning. Wherefore all the Emperors and Kings, and all other lords and ladies, and all the common people in every degree and state, which have before time known or might have known; and also all they that now yet know or might know this foresaid witness of priesthood; and would not, nor yet will enforce them, after their cunning and power, to withstand charitably the foresaid enemies and traitors of* CHRIST *and his Church: all these strive, with* ANTICHRIST, *against* JESU! *And they shall bear the indignation of GOD Almighty without end, if in convenient time they amend them not, and repent them verily; doing therefore due mourning and sorrow, after their cunning and power*

For through presumptions and negligence of priests and Prelates (not of the Church of CHRIST, *but occupying their prelacy, unduly in the Church, and also by flattering and false covetousness of other divers named priests), lousengers, and lounderers are wrongfully made and called Hermits; and have leave to defraud poor and needy creatures of their livelihood, and to live by their false winning and begging in sloth and other divers vices. And also of these Prelates, these cokir noses* [?] *are suffered to live in pride and hypocrisy, and to defoul themselves both bodily and ghostly.*

Also by the suffering and counsel of these foresaid Prelates and of other priests, are made vain, both Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, full of pride and envy; which are full contrary to the Brotherhood of CHRIST, *since they are cause of mickle dissension: and they multiply and sustained it uncharitably, for in lusty eating, and drinking unmeasurably and out of time, they exercise themselves. Also this vain confederacy of Brotherhoods is permitted to be of one clothing, and to hold together. And in all these ungrounded and unlawful doings, priests are partners and great meddlers and counsellors.*

And over this viciousness, hermits and pardoners, ankers [anchorites], *and strange beggars are licensed and admitted of*

Prelates and priests for to beguile the people with flatterings and leasings [falsehoods] *slanderously, against all good reason and true belief; and so to increase divers vices in themselves, and also among all them that accept them or consent to them.*

And thus, the viciousness of these forenamed priests and Prelates, has been long time, and yet is, and shall be cause of wars, both within the realm and without.

And, in the same wise, these unable [useless] *priests have been, and yet are, and shall be, the chief cause of pestilence of men, and murrain of beasts, and of bareness of the earth, and of all other mischiefs, to the time that Lords and Commons able them through grace for to know and to keep the Commandments of GOD, enforcing them then faithfully and charitably by one assent, for to redress and make one, this foresaid priesthood to the wilful poor, meek, and innocent living and teaching, specially of CHRIST and his Apostles.*

Therefore all they that know, or might know the viciousness that reigneth now cursedly in these priests and in their learning, if they suffice not to withstand this contagious viciousness: let them pray to the LORD heartily for the health of his Church! abstaining them prudently from these endured [hardened] *enemies of CHRIST and his people, and from all their Sacraments! since to them all that know them, or may know, they are but fleshly deeds and false: as Saint CYPRIAN witnesseth in the first Question of* Decrees *and in the first* Cause. Ca. Si quis inquit.

For as this Saint, and great Doctors witness there, that not only vicious priests, but also all they that favour them or consent to them in their viciousness, shall together perish with them, if they amend them not duly: as all they perished that consented to DATHAN and ABIRAM. For nothing were more confusion to these foresaid vicious priests, than to eschew them prudently in all their unlawful Sacraments, while they continue in their sinful living slanderously, as they have long time done and yet do. And nobody need to be afraid, though death did follow by any wise or other, for to die out of this world without taking of any Sacrament of these foresaid CHRIST's enemies: since CHRIST will not fail for to minister

himself all lawful and heal-ful sacraments, and necessary at all time; and especially at the end, to all them that are in true faith, in steadfast hope, and in perfect charity.

But yet some mad fools say, for to eschew slander they will be shriven once a year and comuned [receive the Sacrament] *of their proper priests; though they know them defouled with slanderous vices. No doubt, but all they that thus do or consent, privily or apertly, to such doing, are culpable of great sin; since St. PAUL witnesseth that not only they that do evil are worthy of death and damnation, but also they that consent to evil doers. Also, as their slanderous works witness, these foresaid vicious priests despise and cast from them heavenly cunning that is given of the HOLY GHOST. Wherefore the LORD throweth all such despisers from Him, that they use nor do any priesthood to Him. No doubt then, all they that wittingly or wilfully take, or consent that any other body should take any Sacrament of any such named priest, sinneth openly and damnably against all the Trinity, and are unable to any Sacrament of health.*

And that this foresaid sentence [opinion] *is altogether true unto remission of all my sinful living, trusting steadfastly in the mercy of GOD, I offer to Him my soul!*

And to prove also this foresaid sentence true, with the help of GOD, I purpose fully to suffer meekly and gladly my most wretched body to be tormented, where GOD will! and of whom He will! how He will and when He will! and as long as He will! and what temporal pain He will! and death! to the praising of His name, and to the edification of His Church. And I, that am most unworthy and wretched caitiff, shall now, through the special grace of GOD, make to Him pleasant sacrifice of my most sinful and unworthy body.



BESEECH heartily all folk that read or hear this end of my purposed Testament, *that, through the grace of GOD, they dispose verily and virtuously all their wits, and able, in like manner, all their members for to understand truly and to keep faithfully, charitably, and continually all*

the commandments of GOD, and so then to pray devoutly to all the blessed Trinity, that I may have grace with wisdom and prudence from above, to end my life here, in this foresaid Truth and for this
Cause in true faith
and steadfast hope
and in perfect
charity,
A M E N.

HERE endeth, sir [*the Reverend*] WILLIAM THORPE'S *Testament* on the Friday after the Rood Day [*Holy Rood-day, or Exaltation of the Holy Cross*, falls on Sept. 14th], and the twenty [? *nineteenth*] day of September, in the year of our Lord a thousand four hundred and sixty.

And on the Sunday [*August 7th*] next after the feast of Saint PETER that we called Lammas Day [*August 1st*] in the year of our Lord a thousand four hundred and seven, the said sir WILLIAM THORPE was accused of these points, before written in this book, before THOMAS ARUNDELL, Archbishop of CANTERBURY, as it is said before.

And so was it then betwixt the Day of his Accusing, and
the Day that this was written three and fifty years;
and as mickle more as from the Lammas
[*August* 1st] to the Woodmas
[*September 19th*].

Behold the end!

¶ The strength of a tale is in its end.

Here followeth
The Examination of the Lord Cobham.

[The following is but an abridgement of the Story of Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE respecting which, Miss L TOULMIN SMITH has recently published, in the *Anglia* for April 1882, THOMAS OCCLEVE's Ballad against Lord COBHAM and the Lollards, in 1415.]

¶ The Belief of the Lord Cobham.

BE IT known to all men! that in the year of our LORD a thousand four hundred and thirteen, in the first year of King HENRY the FIFTH, the King gave to [THOMAS ARUNDELL] the Bishop of CANTERBURY, leave to correct the Lord COBHAM.

And because no man durst summon him personally, the Archbishop set up a Citation on his Cathedral Church door on the Wednesday [*September* 6, 1413] next before the nativity of our Lady [*September* 8*th*] in the foresaid year: and that Citation was taken down by the friends of the Lord COBHAM.

And, after that, the Bishop set up another on our Lady Day [*September* 8, 1413]; which also was rent down.

And because he came not to answer on the day assigned in the Citation, the Bishop cursed him for contumacy.

And the Lord COBHAM seeing all this malice purposed against him, wrote this *Belief* that followeth, with his own hand; and noted [*signed*] it himself; and also answered to Four Points put against him by the Bishop: and he went to the King, supposing to get of him good favour and lordship.

¶ The Belief.

BELIEVE in GOD the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in JESU CHRIST His only Son our Lord, which was conceived of the HOLY GHOST, born of the Virgin MARY, and suffered death under PONTIUS PILATE, crucified, dead, and buried. He

went down to hells. The third day He rose again from death. He ascended up into heavens. He sitteth on the right hand of GOD, the Father Almighty. From thence, He is to come to judge the quick and dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST, all Holy Church, the Communion of Saints, forgiveness of sins, uprising of flesh, and everlasting life. Amen.



ND for to declare more plainly my soothfastness in the belief of Holy Church, I believe faithfully and verily, that there is but one GOD Almighty; and in this Godhead and of this Godhead be Three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the HOLY GHOST; and these Three Persons be the same GOD Almighty.

Furthermore, I believe that the Second Person of this most blessed Trinity, in most convenient time before ordained, took flesh and blood of the most blessed Virgin, our Lady Saint MARY, for the redemption and salvation of mankind; that was lost before, for ADAM*'s sin.*

And I believe that JESU CHRIST *our Lord, which is both GOD and Man, is head of all Holy Church; and that all those that be, and shall be saved, be members of this most Holy Church. Which Holy Church is departed* [divided] *in three parts. Of the which, one part is now in Heaven; that is to say, the saints that in this life live accordingly with the most blessed Law of* CHRIST *and his living, despising and forsaking the Devil and his works, the prosperities of this world, and the foul lust of the flesh.*

The second part is in Purgatory, abiding the mercy of GOD, and purging them there of their sins; of the which they have been truly confessed in deed, or else in will to have been.

The third part of this Church is here in Earth, the which is called the Fighting Church; for it fighteth, every day and night, against the temptation of the Devil, the prosperity of this false failing world, and the proud rebellion of the flesh against the soul. This Church is departed [divided] *by the most blessed ordinance of GOD*

into three Estates; that is to say, Priesthood, Knighthood, and Commons: to every Estate of the which, GOD gave charge that one should help another, and none destroy other.

As to Priests, they should be most holy and least worldly; and truly living as near as they could, after the example of CHRIST *and his Apostles. And all their business should be, day and night, in holy example of living, and true preaching and teaching of GOD's Law to both the other parts. And also they should be most meek, most serviceable, and most lovely in spirit, both to GOD and man.*

In the second part of this Church, that is Knighthood, be contained all that bear the sword by the law of Office: which should maintain GOD's Law to be preached and taught to the people; and principally the Gospel of CHRIST; *and truly to live thereafter. The which part should rather put themselves to peril of death, than to suffer any Law or Constitution* [referring to the Constitutions of ARUNDEL in 1408] *to be made of man, wherethrough the freedom of GOD's Law might be letted to be preached and taught to the people, or whereof any error or heresy might grow in the Church. For I suppose fully that there may come none heresy nor error among the people, but by false Laws, Constitutions, or teachings contrary to* CHRIST's *Law, or by false leasings* [lies].

Also the second part should defend the common people from tyrants, oppressors, and extortioners: and maintain the Clergy, doing truly their office, in preaching, teaching, praying, and freely ministering the Sacraments of Holy Church. And if this Clergy be negligent in doing this office, this second part of the Church ought, by their office that they have taken of GOD, to constrain the Clergy in due wise, to do their office in the form that GOD hath ordained to be done.

The third part of this Fighting Church oweth [ought] *to bear good will to Lords and Priests, truly to do their bodily labour in tilling the earth, and with their true merchandise doing their duties that they owe both to Knighthood and to Priesthood, as GOD's Law limiteth; keeping faithfully the commandments of GOD.*

Moreover, I believe all the Sacraments of Holy Church for to be

meedful and profitable to all that shall be saved; taking them after the intent that GOD and Holy Church have ordained.

And for as mickle as I am slandered falsely in my Belief in the Sacrament of the Altar, I do all Christian men to wit, that I believe verily that the most blessed Sacrament of the Altar is very CHRIST'S *body in form of bread; the same body that was born of the blessed Virgin our Lady Saint* MARY, *done on the cross, dead, buried, and on the third day rose from death to life, the which body is now glorified in heaven.*

Also I believe that all GOD's Law is true; and who that liveth contrary to this blessed Law, and so continueth to his life's end, and dieth so breaking the holy commandments of GOD, that he shall be damned into everlasting pains. And he that will learn this most blessed Law, and live thereafter, keeping these holy commandments of GOD, and endeth in charity shall have everlasting bliss.

Also I understand that this followeth of Belief, that our Lord JESU CHRIST *(that is both GOD and Man) asketh no more here in earth, but that he obey to him after the form of his Law, in truly keeping of it. And if any Prelate of the Church ask more obedience than this, of any man living; he exalteth himself, in that, above* CHRIST: *and so he is an open Antichrist.*

Also these points I hold as of Belief in especial.

And in general, I believe all that GOD wills that I believe, praying, at the reverence of Almighty GOD, to you my liege Lord [HENRY V.] *that this Belief might be examined by the wisest and truest Clerks of your realm: and if it be truth, that it might be confirmed, and I to be holden for a true Christian man; and if it be false, that it might be damned* [condemned], *and I taught a better Belief by GOD's Law; and I will gladly obey thereto.*

This foresaid Belief, the Lord COBHAM wrote; and took it with him, and offered it to the King [*HENRY V.*], for to see: and the King would not receive it, but bade him take it to them that should be his judges

And then the Lord of COBHAM offered to bring before the

King, to purge him of all error and heresy, that they would put against him, a hundred Knights and Squires.

And also he offered to fight with any man, Christian or heathen, that would say he were false in his belief; except the King and his brethren.

And after, he said "He would submit him to all manner [of] correction, that any man would correct him, after GOD's Law."

And notwithstanding all this, the King suffered him to be summoned personally, in his own [*the King's*] chamber.

And the Lord of COBHAM said to the King, that he had appealed to the Pope from the Archbishop; and therefore, he said, "he ought not to take him for his judge": and so he had there his Appeal ready written, and shewed to the King.

And therewith the King was more angry, and said, "He should not pursue his appeal: but rather he should be in ward till his appeal were admitted, and then (would he or not!) he should be his judge!"

And thus nothing of all this was allowed; but, because he would not swear to submit him to the Church, and take what penance the Archbishop would enjoin him, he was arrested, and sent to the Tower of London to keep his day that the [arch]bishop assigned him in the King's Chamber.

And then he made the *Belief* aforesaid, with the *Answer* to *Four Points* that now follow, to be written in two parts of an Indenture.

And when he came to answer; he gave that one part to the [arch]bishop, and that other part he kept to himself.

The Indenture of the Lord Cobham.



, *JOHN OLDCASTLE Knight, and Lord of COBHAM, will that all Christian men wit, how that THOMAS of ARUNDELL, Archbishop of CANTERBURY hath not only laid it to my charge maliciously, but also very untruly, by his Letter and his Seal written against me in most slanderous wise, that I should otherwise feel and teach of the Sacraments of the Holy Church; assigning in special the Sacrament of the Altar, the Sacrament of Penance, and also in Worshipping of Images, and in Going on Pilgrimages, otherwise*

than feeleth and teacheth the universal Holy Church. I take Almighty GOD to witness, that it hath been, and now is, and ever, with the help of GOD, shall be, mine intent and my will to believe faithfully and truly in all the Sacraments that ever GOD ordained to be done in Holy Church.

And, moreover, for to declare me in these points aforesaid.

I believe that the most worshipful Sacrament of the Altar is very CHRIST*'s body in form of bread: the same body that was born of the blessed Virgin our Lady Saint* MARY*, done on the cross, dead and buried, and the third day rose from death to life; the which body is now glorified in heaven.*

Also as for the Sacrament of Penance, I believe that it is needful to every man that shall be saved, to forsake sin, and to do due penance for sin before done, with true confession, very contrition, and due satisfaction, as GOD's Law limiteth and teacheth; and else, may he not be saved; which penance I desire all men to do.

And as for Images, I understand that they be not of Belief, but they were ordained (since Belief was given of CHRIST*) by sufferance of the Church for to be Kalenders to laymen, to represent and bring to mind the Passion of our Lord* JESU CHRIST*, and* [*the*] *martyrdom and good living of other Saints. And that who so it be, that doeth the worship to dead images that is due to GOD; or putteth hope, faith, or trust in help of them as he should do to GOD; or hath affection in one more than in another: he doth in that, the great sin of Idolatry.*

Also I suppose this fully, that every man in this earth is a Pilgrim towards Bliss or towards Pains. And he that knoweth not, nor will not know, nor keep the holy commandments of GOD in his living (albeit that he goeth on pilgrimage in all parts of the world), and he die so, he shall be damned. And he that knoweth the holy commandments of GOD and keepeth them to his end, he shall be saved; though he never in his life, go on pilgrimage as men use [are accustomed] *now to Canterbury, or to Rome, or to any other place.*

This *Belief* indented, containing the foresaid *Belief* with

these foresaid *Answers*, he took to the Bishops when he came to answer [*in the Chapter House of St. Paul's*] on the Saturday next before Michaelmas in the year beforesaid [*September* 23, 1413].

And whatsoever the Bishops asked him, he bade them look what his Bill said thereto; and thereby he would stand to the death. Other answer gave he not that day: but the Bishops were not quieted herewith.

And the Archbishop bade him take avisement [*counsel*] till Monday [*September 25th*] next following, to answer to this point:

If there remained material bread in the Sacrament of the Altar, after the words of consecration?

And in the meantime, he perceived that the uttermost malice was purposed against him, howsoever he answered: therefore he put his life in GOD's hand, and answered thus, as followeth.

> *This is the judgement and sentence given upon Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE Knight and Lord of COBHAM, the Monday* [September 25th] *next before Michaelmas Day, at the Friar Preachers's* [the Dominican Friary within Ludgate] *in London, in the year of our Lord, a thousand, four hundred and thirteen.*

[THOMAS ARUNDELL] the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, [RICHARD CLIFFORD] the Bishop of LONDON, [HENRY BEAUFORT] the Bishop of WINCHESTER, [BENEDICT NICOLLS] the Bishop of BANGOR; Master JOHN WITNAM, Master JOHN WHITEHEAD [*both of New College, Oxford*], Doctors of Divinity; Master PHILIP MORGAN, Master HENRY WARE, Master JOHN KEMP, Doctors of [Canon] Law; and sir [*Rev.*] ROBERT WOMBEWELL, Vicar of St. Lawrence in the Jewry; Master JOHN STEVENS, Master JAMES COLE, Notaries: with the Four Orders of Friars, and many other Clerks, deeming and convicting him for an heretic and a cursed man.

The Archbishop made all these Clerks, both Religious and Secular, to swear upon a book, that they should not, for love or favour of the one party, nor for any envy or hatred of the other party, say, nor witness but the truth.

And the two foresaid Notaries were sworn also to write and

to witness the words and process that were to be said on both the parties, and to say the sooth if it otherwise were.

After this, the Lord of COBHAM came, and was brought before them all, to his Examination, and to his Answer.

Then the Archbishop said to him, "Lord of COBHAM, ye be advised well enough of the words and Process that were said to you, upon Saturday last past, in the Chapter House of Paul's: the which Process were now too long to rehearse. Then I proffered to have assoiled [*absolve*] you (for ye were accursed!) of your contumacy and disobedience to Holy Church."

Then said the Lord COBHAM forthwith, "GOD saith, *Maledicam benedictionibus vestris*, that is to say, 'I shall curse your blessings!'"

Then said the Archbishop, "Sir, then I proffered to have assoiled you, if ye would have asked it; and yet I do the same!"

Then said the Lord of COBHAM, "Nay, forsooth, I trespassed never against you! and therefore will I not do it."

And with that, he kneeled down on the pavement, and held up his hands and said, "I shrive me to GOD! and to you all, Sirs! that, in my youth, I have sinned greatly and grievously in lechery and in pride, and hurt many men, and done many other horrible sins; Good Lord! I cry Thee, mercy!"

And therewith weepingly, he stood up again and said, "Here, for the breaking of GOD's Law and His commandments, ye cursed me not! but for your own laws and traditions, above GOD's Law: and therefore it shall be destroyed."

Then the Archbishop examined the Lord of his *Belief*. And the Lord of COBHAM said, "I believe fully in all GOD's Law, and I believe that it is all true! and I believe all that GOD wills that I believe."

Then the Archbishop examined him of the Sacrament of the Altar, how he believed therein?

The Lord of COBHAM said, "CHRIST upon Shere [*or Shrive or Maunday*] Thursday [*the day before Good Friday*] at night, sitting with his disciples at the Supper, after that he had supped, he took bread and giving thanks to the Father, he blessed it and brake it, and gave it to his disciples saying,

Take, and eat ye of this, all! This is my body that shall be betrayed for you! Do you this, in the remembrance of me. This I believe!" said he.

Then the Archbishop asked him, "If it were bread after the consecration, and the sacramental words said?"

The Lord of COBHAM said, "I believe that the Sacrament of the Altar is very CHRIST's body in form of bread; the same body that was born of the Virgin MARY, done on the cross, dead and buried, and the third day rose from death to life: which body is now glorified in heaven."

Then said one of the Doctors of the Law, "After the sacramental words said, there remaineth no bread but the body of CHRIST!"

Then the Lord of COBHAM said to one, Master JOHN WHITEHEAD, "You said to me in the Castle of Cowling [*Lord COBHAM's home*], that the host sacred was not CHRIST's body: but I said, 'It was CHRIST's body!' though Seculars and Friars hold each one against other in this opinion."

Then said they, "We say all that it is GOD's body!"

And they asked him, "Whether it were material bread after the consecration?"

Then said the Lord, "I believe it is CHRIST's body in form of bread. Sir, believe ye not thus?"

And the Archbishop said, "Yea!"

Then the Doctors asked him, "Whether it were only CHRIST's body after the consecration, and no bread?"

And he said to them, "It is CHRIST's body and bread. For right as CHRIST was here in manhood, and the godhead hid in the manhood: so I believe verily that CHRIST's flesh and his blood is hid there in the form of bread."

Then they smiled each on other, deeming him taken in heresy; and said, "It is an heresy!"

The Archbishop asked him, "What bread it was?" and the Clerks also, "Whether it were material or not?"

Then the Lord said, "The Gospel speaketh not of this term *material*; and therefore I will not! but say, it is CHRIST's body and bread! For the Gospel saith, *Ego sum panis vivus qui de cœlo descendi*, that is to say, "I am quick bread that came down from heaven." For as our Lord JESUS CHRIST is Very GOD and Very Man; so the most blessed Sacrament of the Altar is CHRIST's body and bread.

Then they said, "It is an heresy, to say that it is bread after the consecration and the sacramental words said, but only CHRIST's body."

The Lord said, "Saint PAUL the Apostle was as wise as ye be! and he called it *bread*; where he saith thus *The bread that we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the LORD?*"

Then they said, "PAUL must be otherwise understanded; for it is an heresy to say, that it is bread after the consecration, but only CHRIST's body: for it is against the determination of the Church."

Then they asked him, "Whether he believed not in the determination of the Church?"

And he said, "No, forsooth! but I believe all GOD's Law, and all that GOD wills that I believe; but not in your law nor in your determination: for ye be no part of Holy Church, as openly your deeds shew; but very Antichrists, contrary to GOD's law. For ye have made laws for your covetousness."

"This," they said, "was heresy: not for to believe in the determination of the Church."

Then the Archbishop asked him, "What was Holy Church?"

He said, "I believe that Holy Church is the number of all them that shall be saved; of whom CHRIST is head: of the which Church, one part is in Heaven, another in Purgatory, and the third here in Earth. This part here, standeth in three degrees and estates, Priesthood, Knighthood, and the Commonalty, as I said plainly in my *Belief*."

Then the Archbishop said to him, "Wot you who is of this Church? It is doubt to you who is thereof? Ye should not judge!"

The Lord said, "*Operibus credite! justum judicium judicate!*" that is to say, "Believe ye the works! judge ye rightful judgement!"

Also he said to them all, "Where find ye by GOD's Law, that ye should set thus upon any man, or any man's death, as ye do? But ANNAS and CAIAPHAS sat and judged CHRIST; and so do you!"

Then said they, "Yes, Sir, CHRIST judged JUDAS!"

The Lord of COBHAM said, "No, CHRIST judged not JUDAS!

but he judged himself, and went and hanged himself: but CHRIST said, *Woe to him*, as he doth to many of you! For since the venom was shed into the Church; ye followed never CHRIST, nor ye stood never in perfection of GOD's Law!"

Then the Archbishop asked him, "What was that venom?"

The Lord said, "The lordships and possessions. For then, cried an angel, 'Woe! woe! woe! This day is venom shed into the Church of GOD!' For before that time, there many martyrs of Popes; and since I can tell of none! but, sooth it is, since that time one hath put down another, and one hath slain another, and one hath cursed another, as the Chronicles tell; also of much more cursedness."

Also he said, "CHRIST was meek, and the Pope is proud. CHRIST was poor and forgave; the Pope is rich and a man-slayer, as it is openly proved. And thus this is the nest of Antichrist, and out of this nest cometh Antichrist's disciples, of whom these Monks and Friars be the tail."

Then said [RICHARD DODINGTON] Prior of the Friars Augustines, "Sir, why say ye so?"

And the Lord of COBHAM said, "For as ye be Pharisees, "divided," and divided in habit [*dress*]; so ye make division among the people. And thus these friars and monks with such others be the members of the nest of Antichrist."

And he said, "CHRIST saith, *Woe be to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye close up the Kingdom of Heaven before men: for, sooth, ye enter not yourselves! nor ye will not suffer them that would, to enter in!* And thus, ye be the disciples of Antichrist! For ye will not suffer GOD's Law to go through, nor to be taught and preached of good priests; which will speak against your sins, and reprove them: but of such that be flatterers, which sustain you in your sins and cursedness."

Then said the Archbishop, "By our Lady! Sir, there shall no such preach. that preacheth dissension and division, if GOD will!"

Then said the Lord of COBHAM to the Archbishop, "CHRIST saith that *there shall be so great tribulation, as never was since the beginning*. And this shall be in your days! and by you! for ye have slain many men, and shall more hereafter: but CHRIST saith, *Except that those days were shortened, no flesh*

should be saved: but hastily GOD will short[en] your days! Furthermore, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons be grounded in GOD's Law: but not these other Religious [*Monks and Friars*] as far as I can wit."

Then a Doctor of Law, one Master JOHN KEMP, put to him these four Points that follow:

"*The faith and determination of Holy Church touching the blessed Sacrament of the Altar is this. That after the sacramental words be said of a priest in his* Mass, *the material bread that was before, is turned into* CHRIST's *body, and the material wine that was before, is turned into* CHRIST's *very blood: and so there remaineth in the Sacrament of the Altar, no material bread nor material wine; the which were there, before the saying of the sacramental words.* Sir, believe you this?"

The Lord of COBHAM said, "This is not my belief. For my belief is, as I said to you before, that the worshipful Sacrament of the Altar is very CHRIST's body in form of bread."

Then said the Archbishop, "Sir JOHN! ye must say otherwise!"

The Lord of COBHAM said, "Nay, if GOD will! but that it is CHRIST's body in form of bread, as all the common belief is."

The Doctor [JOHN KEMP] said, "The second is this, *The Holy Church hath determined that every Christian man living bodily upon the earth oweth* [ought] *to be shriven to a priest ordained by the Church, if he may come to him.* Sir, what say ye to this?"

The Lord answered and said, "A sick man and sore wounded had need to have a sure Leech and a true, knowing his cure; and therefore a man should be principally shriven to GOD; and else his confession is nought. And a man should rather go and be counselled with a good priest that knoweth GOD's Law, and liveth thereafter; than with his own priest, if he were an evil man, or with any other such."

The Doctor said, "The Third is this, *CHRIST ordained Saint PETER to be his Vicar in earth, whose See is the Church of Rome; ordaining and granting that the same power that he gave*

to PETER should succeed to all PETER's successors, the which we call now the Popes of Rome: by whose power in the Church particularly and specially, be ordained Prelates as Archbishops, Bishops, and other degrees; to whom Christian men owe [ought] *to obey after the law of the Church of Rome.* This is the determination of the Church."

To this, he answered and said, "Who that followeth next PETER in living, is next him in succession: but your living refuseth poor PETER's living, and many other Popes that were martyrs in Rome that followed PETER in manner of living; whose conditions ye have clean forsaken, all the world may know it well!"

The Doctor said, "The fourth point is this. *Holy Church hath determined that it is meedful to a Christian man, to go on pilgrimages to holy places; and there especially to worship holy relics of Saints, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and all Saints approved by the Church of Rome.*"

To this, he said, "It were enough to bury Saints fair in the earth; but now Saints that be dead, be compelled to beg for covetousness! the which in their life, hated covetousness and begging. But I say to you all, and know it for a truth, that with your shrines and idols, and your feigned absolutions and indulgences, and your temporalities, ye draw to you all the richesse of this world."

"Why Sir," said one of the Clerks, "will ye not worship images?"

"What worship?" said the Lord.

Then said Friar [THOMAS] PALMER [Warden of the Minorites], "Sir, ye will worship the Cross of CHRIST that he died on?"

"Where is it?" said the Lord.

The Friar said, "I put case, Sir, that it were here before you!"

The Lord said, "This is a ready man! to put to me a question of a thing, that they wot never where it is? And yet I ask you, What worship?"

A Clerk said, "Such worship as PAUL speaketh of, that is this, *GOD forbid me to joy, but in the cross of our Lord JESU CHRIST.*"

Then said the Lord, and spread his arms abroad, "This is a very cross!"

Then said the [HENRY BEAUCLERC] Bishop of LONDON, "Sir, ye wot well! that he died on a material cross."

Then said the Lord, "Our salvation come in only by him that died on the cross, and by the material cross. And, well I wot, that this was the cross that PAUL joyed on, that is, in the Passion of our LORD JESU CHRIST."

The Archbishop said, "Sir JOHN! ye must submit you to the ordinance of the Church!"

The Lord said, "I wot not whereto?"

Then the Archbishop read a bill of his judgement, and convicted him for a heretic.

After the reading of the bill, the Lord said, "Though ye judge my body, I hope to GOD! that He will save my soul!" and he said that he "would stand to the death, by these things beforesaid; with the help of JESU!"

And then he said to all the people, "Sirs, for GOD's love! be well ware of these men! for they will beguile you else! and lead you blindlings into hell, and themselves also! For CHRIST saith, 'If one blind man lead another, both fall into the ditch!"

And after this, thus he prayed for his enemies, and said, "LORD GOD! I beseech thee, forgive my pursuers! if it be thy will!"

And then he was led again to the Tower of London: and thus was the end.

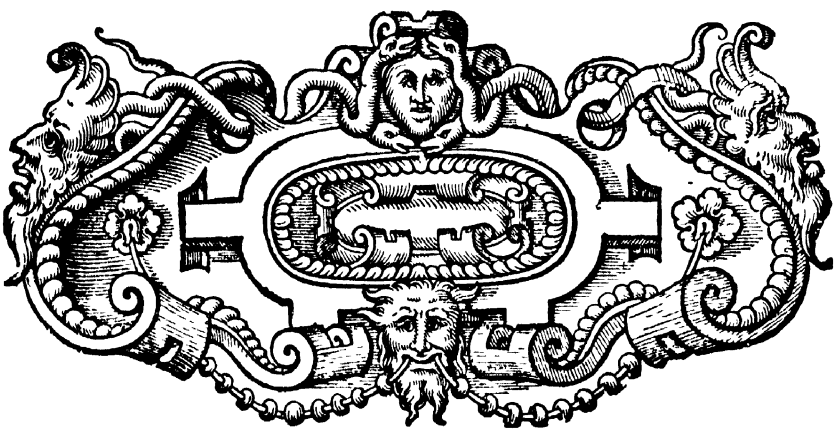
WHILE the Lord of COBHAM was in the Tower, he sent out privily to his friends; and they, at his desire, informed and writ this bill that followeth next, commending it to the people, that they should cease the slanders and leasings that his enemies made on him.



OR as mickle as Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, Knight and Lord of COBHAM, is untruly convicted and prisoned, and falsely reported and slandered among the people by his adversaries, that he should otherwise feel and speak of the Sacraments of Holy Church, and especially of the blessed Sacrament of the Altar, than was written in his Belief, *which was indented and taken to the Clergy, and set up in divers open places in the city of London: Known be it to all the world, that he never varied in any point therefrom; but this is plainly his* Belief, *that all the Sacraments of Holy Church be profitable and meedful to all them that shall be saved, taking them after the intent that GOD and Holy Church hath ordained. Furthermore he believeth that the blessed Sacrament of the Altar is verily and truly CHRIST's body in form of bread.*

Truth long-hid now is disclosed.

Praised be GOD! Amen.



SONNETS TO THE FAIREST COELIA.

Parve, nec invideo, sine me liber ibis ad illam,
Heu mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo —TRIST. 1



LONDON,
Printed by ADAM ISLIP,
for W. P.
1594.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

 *Hereas I was fully determined to have concealed my Sonnets as things privy to myself; yet, of courtesy, having lent them to some, they were secretly committed to the Press and almost finished, before it came to my knowledge.*

Wherefore making, as they say, Virtue of Necessity, *I did deem it most convenient to prepose my* Epistle, *only to beseech you to account of them as of toys and amorous devices; and, ere long, I will impart unto the World another Poem, which shall be both more fruitful and ponderous.*

In the mean while, I commit these, as a pledge, to your indifferent censures.

London, 1594.

W. PERCY.





COELIA.

SONNET I.

JUDGED by my Goddess' doom to endless pain;
Lo, here I ope my Sorrow's Passion!
That every silly eye may view most plain
A Sentence given on no occasion.
If that, by chance, they fall (most fortunate!)
Within those cruel hands that did enact it;
Say but "Alas, he was too Passionate!"
My doom is passed, nor can be now unactit."
So mayst Thou see I was a spotless lover!
And grieve withal that, ere, thou dealt so sore!
Unto remorse, who goes about to move her,
Pursues the wingèd winds, and tills the shore!
Lovely is her Semblance, hard is her Heart;
Wavering is her Mind, sure is her Dart!

SONNET II.

O Happy hour, and yet unhappy hour!
When first by chance I had my Goddess viewed;
Then first I tasted of the sweetest sour
Wherewith the cup of Cypria is embrued.
For gazing firm without suspicion,
Love, cooped behind the chariot of her eye,
Justly to school my bold presumption,
Against my heart did let an arrow fly.
"Fair Sir," quoth he, "to practise have you nought
But to be gazing on Divinity?
Before you part, your leare you shall be taught!"
With that, at once, he made his arrows hie.
"Imperious God! I did it not to love her!
Ah, stay thy hand! I did it but to prove her!"

SONNET III.

Prove her! Ah, no! I did it but to love her!
Then shoot amain, dread Liege! I stand unarmed.
Although no hope that anything may move her;
Some ease it is, to be by beauty charmed.
Then quick, my Liege! then quick, and end thy game!
That all the World may see how thou hast plagued us;
Then cruel She shall view, unto her blame,
That "all men be not fickle," as they've termed us,
May be, my words may win contrition!
If not my words, my sobs! if not my sobs,
My tears may move her to compassion!
If tears do fail, my tears, my words, my throbs:
Ay me! ah no! tears, words, throbs, all in vain!
She scorns my dole, and smileth at my pain!

SONNET IV.



HEAVENLY CŒLIA, as fair as virtuous!
The only Mirror of true Chastity!
Have I been 'gainst thy godhead impious,
That thus am guerdoned for my fealty?
Have I not shed upon thine iv'ry shrine
Huge drops of tears with large eruptions?
Have I not offered, Evening, and at Prime,
My sighs, my *Psalms* of invocations?
"What be men's sighs but cauls of guilefulness?"
"They shew, dear Love! true proofs of firmity!"
"What be your tears but mere ungraciousness?"
"Tears only plead for our simplicity!"
When all strike mute, She says "It is my duty!"
And claims as much as to her deity.

SONNET V.



AIR Queen of Cnidos! come, adorn my forehead!
And crown me with the laurel, Emperor!
Ió, thrice sing *Ió* about thy poet!
Lo, on my goddess, I am conqueror!
For once, by chance, not sure or wittingly,
Upon my foot, her tender foot alighted,
With that, she plucked it off full nimbly
As though the very touch had her affrighted.
Dear Mistress! will you deal so cruelly,
To 'prive me of so small a benefit?
What! do you jerk it off so nimbly
As though, in very sooth, a snake had bit it!
Yea, bit perhaps indeed! Ho, Muses, blab you!
Not a word, Pieannets! or I will gag you!

SONNET VI.

GOOD God! how senseless be we paramours,
So proudly on a Nothing for to vaunt it!
We cannot reap the meanest of all favours,
But, by-and-by, we think our suit is grantit!
Had ye observed two Planets which then mounted,
Two certain signs of indignation;
Ye would have deemed rather both consented
To turn all hopes to desperation.
Then can you waver so inconstantly
To shew first Love, and then Disdainfulness?
First for to bring a dram of courtesy,
Then mix it with an ounce of scornfulness?
No, no, the doubt is answered! Certainly,
She trod by chance; She trod not wittingly!

SONNET VII.

IF IT be sin, so dearly for to love thee;
Come bind my hands! I am thy prisoner!
If yet a spark of pity may but move thee,
First sit, upon the cause, Commissioner!
The same, well heard, may wrest incontinent,
Two floods from forth those rocks of adamant,
Which streaming down with force impatient
May melt the breast of my fierce RHADAMANT.
Dearest Cruel, the cause, I see dislikes thee!
On us thy brows thou bends so direfully!
Enjoin me penance whatsoever likes thee;
Whate'er it be, I'll take it thankfully!
Yet since, for love it is, I am thy Bondman;
Good CŒLIA, use me like a Gentleman!

SONNET VIII.

STRIKE up, my Lute! and ease my heavy cares,
The only solace to my Passions:
Impart unto the airs, thy pleasing airs!
More sweet than heavenly consolations.
Rehearse the songs of forlorn amor'us
Driven to despair by dames tyrannical!
Of ALPHEUS' loss, of woes of TROILUS,
Of ROWLAND's rage, of IPHIS' funeral!
Ay me! what warbles yields mine instrument!
The Basses shriek as though they were amiss!
The Means, no means, too sad the merriment!
No, no! the music good, but thus it is
I loath both Means, merriment, Diapasons;
So She and I may be but Unisons.

SONNET IX.

WHILST others ween sole hopes to be a sa[l]ve,
Sole hopes I find to be my corrosive!
Whilst others found in hopes, an harbour have;
From hopes, I feel a sea of sorrows rise!
For when mild hopes should ease my raging fires,
They fester more, in that they are but hopes;
Then whilst I touch the foot of my Desires,
A storm of hate doth burst mine anchor ropes.
Were I but once resolved certainly,
Soon should I know which point my helm to steer;
But She denies my suit most womanly,
As hidden documents for us to hear.
Lo, this the cause my hell forsakes me never.
"Tell me," dear Sweet, "thus shall I live for ever?"

SONNET X.

¶ *A Mystery.*

[*See Vol I pp 74, 128, 460, 651 · V p 370*]

TO WIN the Fort, how oft have I assayed!
Wherein the heart of my fair Mistress lies.
What rams, what mines, what plots have I not laid!
Yet still am frighted from mine enterprise.
First from the leads of that proud citadel
Do foulder forth two fiery Culverins,
Under, two red coats keep the Larum Bell
For fear of close or open venturings,
Before the gates, Scorn, Fear, and Modesty
Do toss amain their pikes; but 'bove them all
Pudicity wields her staff most manfully,
Guarded with blocks, that keep me from the wall.
Yet if this staff will ford me clear the way;
In spite of all, I'll bear my Dame away!

SONNET XI.

To POLYXENA.

OF ALL the women which of yore have been,
ALCEST for virtue may be glorified;
For courage, TEUCE; for features, Sparta's Queen;
For all in one, POLYXEN deified.
If true it be, by old philosophy,
These souls to have, since destin, entered
To other bodies of like sympathy;
Thou art the last of these metampsychosed!
Thy courage wondrous! thy virtues peerless!
Thy features have the fairest ladies blamed!
Then (if thou scorn'st not such a Monarchess)
Henceforth, by reason good, thou shalt be named,
Nor TEUCE, nor ALCEST, nor fair HELENA;
Thou shalt be named my dear POLYXENA!

SONNET XII.



Œlia, of all sweet courtesies resolve me!
For wishèd grace, how must I now be doing?
Since Ops, the completest frame which did absolve thee,
Hath made each parcel to my sole undoing!
Those wires which should thy corps to mine unite,
Be rays to daze us from so near approach.
Thine eyne, which should my 'nighted sailors light,
Be shot to keep them off with foul reproach.
Those ruddy plums embrued with heavenly foods,
When I would suck them, turn to driest coral;
And when I couch between her lily buds,
They surge, like frothy water mounts above all.
Surely, they were all made unto good uses;
But She, them all untowardly abuses.

SONNET XIII.



Ith grievous thoughts and weighty care opprest,
One day, I went to Venus's Fanacle;
Of Cyprian dreams, which did me sore molest,
To be resolved by certain Oracle.
No sooner was I past the temple's gate,
But from the shrine, where Venus wont to stand,
I saw a Lady fair and delicate
Did beckon to me with her ivory hand.
Weening She was the Goddess of the Fane,
With cheerful looks I towards bent my pace:
Soon when I came, I found unto my bane,
A Gorgon shadowed under Venus' face;
Whereat affright, when back I would be gone,
I stood transformèd to a speechless stone.

SONNET XIV.

WHEN once I saw that no intreats would move her;
All means I sought to be deliverèd:
Against white CUPID and his golden Mother,
In high contempt, base words I utterèd:
When both, from clouds of her bright firmament,
With heavy griefs and strong disdain surmounted,
Upon my thoughts and me, did shoot revengement,
Whilst in our highest prides we were amounted.
Nor be they pleased to give us all these wounds,
To make me languish as a dying liver:
But from her orbs they fling their firebrands.
Thereby to quite consume both heart and liver.
Pardon, dread Powers! pardon my rash offence!
By Heaven's bright vail! 'twas 'gainst my conscience!

SONNET XV.

Echo.

WHAT is the Fair, to whom so long
I plead? *Lead.*
What is her face, so angel-like? *Angel-like.*
Then unto Saints in mind, Sh'is not unlike? *Unlike.*
What may be hoped of one so evil nat'red? *Hatred.*
O then my woes how shall I ope best? *Hope best!*
Then She is flexible? *She is flexible.*
Fie, no, it is impossible! *Possible.*
About her straight then only our best! *You're best!*
How must I first her loves to me approve? *Prove!*
How if She say I may not kiss her? *Kiss her!*
For all her bobs I must them bear, or miss her? *Yes, sir!*
Then will She yield at length to Love? *To love!*
Even so! *Even so!* By NARCISSE! is it true? *True!*
Of thine honesty? *I!* Adieu! *Adieu!*

SONNET XVI.

WHAT may be thought of thine untowardness,
That movest still at every motion?
What may be hoped of so strange uncouthness,
That scorns all vows, scorns all devotion?
If I but sue, thou wouldst relieve mine anguish,
Two threatening arcs thou bendest rigorously!
Then if I swear thy love did make me languish,
Thou turn'st away, and smilest scornfully!
Then if I wish thou would'st not tyrannize;
Of Tyranny thou mak'st but a mockery!
And if I weep, my tears thou dost despise!
And if I stir, thou threatenest battery!
Frown on! smile on! mock me! despise me! threat me!
All shall not make me leave for to intreat thee!

SONNET XVII.

RELENT, my dear, yet unkind CŒLIA!
At length, relent, and give my sorrows end!
So shall I keep my long-wished holiday,
And set a trophy on a froward friend!
Nor tributes, nor imposts, nor other duties
Demand I will, as lawful Conqueror!
Duties, tributes, imposts unto thy beauties,
Myself will pay as yieldèd Servitor!
Then quick relent! thyself surrender us!
"Brave Sir, and why," quoth She, "must I relent?"
"Relent," cried I, "thyself doth conquer us!"
When eftsoons with my proper instrument
She cut me off, ay me! and answerèd,
"You cannot conquer, and be conquerèd."

SONNET XVIII.

"I CANNOT conquer and be conquerèd!"
Then whole myself I yield unto thy favour!
Behold my thoughts float in an ocean, battered;
To be cast off, or wafted to thine harbour!
If of the fame, thou wilt then take acceptance,
Stretch out thy fairest hand, as flag of peace!
If not, no longer keep us in attendance;
But all at once thy fiery shafts release!
If thus I die, an honest cause of love
Will of my fates the rigour mitigate;
Those gracious ey'n, which will a Tartar move,
Will prove my case the less unfortunate.
Although my friends may rue my chance for aye,
It will be said, "He died for CŒLIA!"

SONNET XIX.

IT SHALL be said I died for CŒLIA!
Then quick, thou grisly man of Erebus,
Transport me hence unto PROSERPINA,
To be adjudged as "wilful amorous."
To be hung up within the liquid air!
For all the sighs which I in vain have wasted:
To be through Lethe's waters cleansèd fair!
For those dark clouds which have my looks o'ercasted:
To be condemned to everlasting fire!
Because at CUPID's fire, I wilful brent me,
And to be clad for deadly dumps in mire.
Among so many plagues which shall torment me,
One solace I shall find, when I am over;
It will be known I died a constant lover!

SONNET XX.

RECEIVE these writs, my sweet and dearest Friend!
The lively patterns of my lifeless body;
Where thou shalt find in ebon pictures penned,
How I was meek, but thou extremely bloody!
I'll walk forlorn along the willow shades,
Alone, complaining of a ruthless Dame:
Where'er I pass, the rocks, the hills, the glades,
In piteous yells shall sound her cruel name!
There will I wail the lot that Fortune sent me,
And make my moans unto the savage ears!
The remnant of the days which Nature lent me;
I'll spend them all, concealed, in ceaseless tears!
Since unkind Fates permit me not t'enjoy her;
No more, burst eyes! I mean for to annoy her!

FINIS.

TO PARTHENOPHIL!

Upon his LAYA and PARTHENOPHE.

[*See Vol. V. pp.* 335–486.]

MADRIGAL.

WHEN first I heard thy loves to LAYA,
I wished the gods to turn it to good hap!
Yet since I hear thy blessed flight away,
I joy thy chance, for fear of afterclap!
Unwily man! why couldst not keep thee there?
But must with PARTHENOPH', thee 'gain entrap!
I little rue thy well deserved tears!
The beast once 'scaped will ever shun the trap!
What tell'st thou me, "By spells, th' hast won thy Dear!"*
Believe her, Friend! no more than LAYA past!
Charmed Love endures but whilst the Charm doth last!

[* See the Sestine at *Vol. V. pp.* 479–482.]

HENRY CAREY

The Ballad of

SALLY in our alley.

[*Poems on several occasions* 3rd. *Ed* 1729.]

THE ARGUMENT.

A vulgar error having long prevailed among many persons, who imagine SALLY SALISBURY the subject of this ballad; the Author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her; he being a stranger to her very name, at the time this Song was composed. For as Innocence and Virtue were ever the boundaries of his Muse, so in this little poem, he had no other view than to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested Passion, even in the lowest class of human life.

The real occasion was this. A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam [*Bethlehem Hospital for the insane, in London*]; the Puppet Shows, the Flying Chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields. From whence, proceeding to the Farthing Pie House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheesecakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale. Through all which scenes, the Author dodged them, charmed with the simplicity of their courtship; from whence he drew this little sketch of Nature. But being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance, for this performance: which, nevertheless, made its way into the polite

world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the Divine ADDISON; who was pleased, more than once, to mention it with approbation.



OF ALL the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty SALLY!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!
There is no Lady in the land
Is half so sweet as SALLY!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!

Her father, he makes cabbage nets;
And through the streets, does cry 'em:
Her mother, she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em.
But, sure, such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as SALLY!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!

When she is by, I leave my work
(I love her so sincerely!);
My Master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his belly full!
I'll bear it all for SALLY!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day!
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest, all in my best,
To walk abroad with SALLY:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!

My master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as Text is named.
I leave the Church in sermon time,
And slink away to SALLY;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money!
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my Honey!
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to SALLY!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!

My master and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and SALLY:
And (but for her!) I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley!
But when my seven long years are out,
O then, I'll marry SALLY!
And then we'll wed, and then we'll bed;
But not in our alley!

The most dangerous and memorable adventure

of RICHARD FERRIS, one of the five ordinary Messengers of Her Majesty's Chamber: who departed from Tower Wharf, on Midsummer Day last past, with ANDREW HILL and WILLIAM THOMAS; who undertook, in a small wherry boat, to row, by sea, to the city of Bristow; and are now safely returned.

Wherein is particularly expressed their perils sustained in the said Voyage: and the great entertainment they had at several places upon the coast of England, as they went, but especially at the said city of Bristow.

Published by the said RICHARD FERRIS.



LONDON

Printed by JOHN WOLFE for EDWARD WHITE, and are to be sold at his shop, being at the Little North Door of Paul's, at the sign of the *Gun*. 1590.

To the Right Honourable Sir THOMAS HENEAGE Knight, one of Her Majesty's honourable Privy Council, Vice-Chamberlain to Her Highness, and Treasurer of Her Majesty's Chamber; prosperous health! long life! and much increase of honour!

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE late dangerous attempt, rashly by me undertaken, to row in a small boat to the city of Bristow [*Bristol*], along the perilous rocks, breaches, races, shelves, quicksands, and very unlikely places for passage with such small boats, along the coast of England, is now, by the assistance of Almighty GOD, truly performed: as appeareth by our several certificates ready to be seen; with our safe return, contrary to the expectation of sundry persons. Which being truly and particularly discoursed, I have presumed to dedicate unto your Honour; wherein may plainly be seen, how we adventured to pass the force of dangerous flaws and rough seas, which we found in our voyage; and proveth the attempt the more

strange in respect that I was never trained up on the water. Not doubting but the same may be a just occasion to prick forward others of my native countrymen, to practise an ordinary passage through the like dangers, in such small wherry boats; especially when necessary occasion shall serve, the better to daunt the enemies [*the Spaniards*] of this nation; who in such flaws and frets at sea, dare not hazard their galleys to go forth, though they be of far greater force to brook the seas.

Thus humbly desiring your Honour's favourable acceptance hereof, I end: beseeching GOD to send health and long life to Her Majesty, my dread Sovereign and most gracious Mistress! peace to this land! and to your Honour, even your heart's desire!

Your Honour's
Most humble to command,
RICHARD FERRIS.

RICHARD FERRIS, his travels to Bristow.

AFTER that I had rashly determined to pass the seas in a wherry, and to row myself in the same to the city of Bristow, though with the evil will of sundry my good friends; and especially full sore against my aged father's consent, now dwelling in the city of Westminster, where I was born: I thought it convenient to seek out some one expert pilot, to direct me and my companion by his skill, the better to pass the perils and dangers, whereof I was foretold. Whereupon, I took unto me one W. THOMAS, a man of sufficient skill and approved experience; by whom I was still content to be advised, even from my first going forth, until my last coming home.

The boat wherein I determined to perform my promise was new built; which I procured to be painted with green, and the oars and sail of the same colour, with the Red Cross for England, and Her Majesty's arms, with a vane [*pennon*] standing fast to the stern of the said boat: which being in full readiness, upon Midsummer Day last [*June* 24, 1590], myself, with my companions, ANDREW HILL and WILLIAM THOMAS, with a great many of our friends and well-willers accompanying us to the Tower Wharf of London, there we entered our boat: and so, with a great many of our friends in other like boats, rowed to the Court at Greenwich: where before the Court Gate, we gave a volley of shot.

Then we landed and went into the Court, where we had great entertainment at every Office; and many of our friends were full sorry for our departing.

And having obtained leave before, of the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain [*Lord HUNSDON*], the Lord Admiral [*Earl of NOTTINGHAM*], and Master Vice-Chamberlain [*Sir THOMAS HENEAGE*] for my departure: I took my leave, and so departed. Setting up our sails, and taking to our oars, we departed towards this our doubtful course.

And first we took our way to Gravesend; and from thence, to these places hereafter mentioned, namely:

To Margate.
To Dover.
To Newhaven, in Sussex.
To Portsmouth.
To Sandwich [? *Swanage*] in Dorsetshire.
To Abbotsbury.
To Lyme.
To Seaton.
To Teignmouth.
To Dartmouth.
To Salcombe.
To Plymouth.
To Low [*Looe*], in Cornwall.
To St. Mawes, in Falmouth.
To the great bay at Penzance, called Mounts Bay.
To St. Ives, at the further side of Land's End.
To Godrevy.
To Padstow.
To Bottrick's Castle, which is in the race of Hartland *alias* Harty Point.
To Clevelley [*Clovelly*].
To Ilford Coume [*Ilfracombe*].
To Mynett [? *Minehead*] high cliffs.
And, lastly, to the City of Bristow.

At these places before recited, we stayed and refreshed ourselves. Sometimes we were constrained to put into these places for want of victuals; sometimes, for to have their certificates to testify of our being there; sometimes, we were weather bound; and sundry accidents worth the noting, happened unto us in many of these places: and our welcome in all places deserveth due commendations, the particulars whereof hereafter followeth.

After we had passed Gravesend as is aforesaid, we came to the land's end; then we bent our course to Margate; which place having passed, we wan the Foreland, with some high billows.

From thence, to the South Foreland: and soon after, we put in at Dover; where we stayed about six hours, and where we were greatly entertained.

From thence, we took to the Camber nestes [?] which

is between Rye and Dover; and so along the main sea towards fair Lee [? *Fairlight*].

Then we rowed or sailed along the coast, until we came to Beachy [Head], and passing by it, we harboured at Newhaven, in Sussex.

Where we had reasonable good weather, till we came between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth. There, we had a great storm; and were in such sort, overpressed with weather that we were constrained to make towards a castle called Hurst Castle: from whence, at the fall of wind and tide, we put forth again to sea, and recovered Sandwich [? *Swanage*] in Dorsetshire.

From thence, we passed through a race called St. Albans, which is a headland; where we were in a great fret by reason of the race; and so continued hazarding our lives by means of that fret, to the great and dangerous race of Portland: where, by the good direction of our pilot and master, we sought and strove by great labour, to take the advantage of the tide and weather; whereby we passed through it in one hour. Here did the billows rise very high, so that we were in great danger: yet, GOD be thanked! we escaped them without any damage.

From thence, we passed to Lyme Bay, where we stayed but one night: and from thence to Seaton.

At which place, we were compelled to carry and lift up our boat on shore, by extremity of foul weather; for we were there in great danger, by reason of frets, sands, and foul weather, which greatly troubled us.

From thence, we went to Teignmouth; and so to Dartmouth. There we remained two days, and had good entertainment and great courtesy offered us by the inhabitants thereof.

And upon the next day morning, being Sunday, we put to sea again. There being a fair wind and tide, we came to the Start, where the wind rose and hemmed us in round about into a very dangerous race (this was on the 15th of July); where we were in such an extremity that we had like to have been drowned: yet it pleased GOD so far to work for us, that we escaped the danger thereof.

Which done, we went to the Westward, to Salcombe. There, we were constrained to haul up our boat in a cove

called Sower Mill, behind a rock, near to Sir WILLIAM COURTNEY's, a very bountiful Knight; at whose house we lay all that night, and he would have had us to have stayed longer.

But from thence, having fair weather, we came to Plymouth.

Here we met with Her Majesty's ships, where Master Captain FENNER and Master Captain WILKINSON gave us great entertainment, especially for that they saw we had leave given us from the Right Honourable Her Majesty's Council, for our quiet and safe passage. And for that I was Her Majesty's Messenger, they gave us the greater entertainment. We stayed there one night.

From thence, we went to Lowe [*Looe*], and there stayed one night.

And from thence, to St. Maws, with very calm and good weather, until we came to the Lizard, being a place well known to be most dangerous, and full of rocks and races: where, GOD be thanked! we passed in the current of the tide, with great swiftness but with wonderful danger; where, had it not been well looked unto, of the Master, we had been all cast away.

Then we did cut over the Mouse Bay to Mouse hole; which is four miles beyond the Mount: where we were constrained for want of necessary victuals, to come back again to Penzance; where we lodged all night

The next morning [*July 20th*], we set out to go for Land's End; where setting from Penzance with our half tide, to recover the first of the tide at Land's End, we being in our boat a great way from the shore: our Master descried a pirate, having a vessel of four tons; who made towards us amain, meaning doubtless to have robbed us. But doubting [*fearing*] such a matter, we rowed so near the shore as we might. And by that time as he was almost come at us, we were near to a rock standing in the sea; where this pirate thought to have taken us at an advantage. For being come close to the outside of the said rock, called Raynalde stones [? *Rundlestone*]; he was becalmed, and could make no way, and so were we. But GOD (who never faileth those that put their trust in Him!) sent us a comfort unlooked for. For as we rowed to come about by this rock, suddenly we espied a plain and very

easy way to pass on the inner side of the said rock; where we went through very pleasantly; and by reason thereof, he could not follow us. Thus we escaped safely; but he was soon after taken, and brought in at Bristow.

Here we found great breaches, races, and rocks; the wind being then northerly and altogether against us: which was wonderfull[y] painful, troublesome, and dangerous to us. Nevertheless, GOD be thanked! we escaped in safety; and recovered St. Ives: where we were well entertained.

The next day, we put to sea again: but being within five miles of St. Ives, we were constrained to seek for a cove; which we found called St. Dryvey, in Cornwall.

Here, for that we wanted victuals, our Master was constrained to go climb the great cliff at Godrevy, which is at least forty fathoms high and wonderfull[y] steep; which none of us durst venture to do: and GOD be blessed for it! he had no harm at all; but surely, to all likelihoods, had his foot once slipped, there could have been no recovery to have saved him, but that he would have been bruised to pieces. At this place we stayed two days, at Master ARUNDEL's house; where we were greatly welcomed.

And from thence, we went to Bottrick's Castle, where dwelleth a Gentleman called Master HYNDER. There we were weatherbound, and constrained to stay full seventeen days; where we had great entertainment: he himself offering us "if we would stay a whole year, we should be welcome!" and the rather, for that I was one of Her Majesty's servants.

But upon the eighteenth day, the foul weather ceasing, we did again put to sea, through the race of Hartland *alias* Harty Point; which is as ill as the race at Portland: which we escaped, and recovered to Clevelley [*Clovelly*]; where we were entertained by a very courteous Gentleman, called CAREY.

And from thence, we came to Ilford Coume [*Ilfracombe*]; which was on Saturday at night, the 1st of August last past.

Whereupon for that we were so near Bristow, I desired my company, that we might put to sea that night; which they were loth to do; yet, at my importunate suit, they granted thereto. But being at sea, the wind arose very sore

from the land; which put us all in great fear: whereby I myself was constrained to row four hours alone, on the larboard side; and my fellow rower was compelled to lade forth water (so fast as it came into the boat) which beat upon me and over me very sore, the wind then being East-and-by-South.

Thus was I constrained to labour for life, and yet had almost killed myself through the heat I took, in that time: rowing, as is aforesaid, until we came to Mynette [*Minehead*]. This done, we went from Mynette; and so, between the two homes [?] came to Bristow, in one tide: and arrived at the back of Bristow, about six of the clock at night.

But it was wonderful to see and hear what rejoicing there was, on all sides, at our coming! The Mayor of Bristow, with his brethren the Aldermen, came to the water side, and welcomed us most lovingly; and the people came in great multitudes to see us; insomuch as, by the consent of the Magistrates, they took our boat from us, not suffering us once to meddle with it, in that we were extremely weary: and carried our said boat to the High Cross in the city. From thence, it was conveyed to the Town House, and there locked safe all night.

And on the next morning, the people gathered themselves together, and had prepared trumpets, drums, fifes, and ensigns [*flags*] to go before the boat; which was carried upon men's shoulders round about the city, with the Waits of the said city playing orderly, in honour of our rare and dangerous attempt achieved.

Afterwards, we were had to Master Mayor's, to the Aldermen's and Sheriffs' houses; where we were feasted most royally, and spared for no cost, all the time that we remained there.

Thus having a while refreshed ourselves after our so tedious labours; we came to London, on Saturday, being the 8th of August, 1590: where, to speak our truth without dissembling, our entertainment at our coming was great and honourable; especially at the Court, and in the cities of London and Westminster. And generally, I found that the people greatly rejoiced to see us in all places.

To conclude. I have given order that the said boat shall be brought by land from Bristow to London; where the watermen and sundry others have promised to grace the said boat with great melody and sundry volleys of shot; which is very shortly intended to be performed.

Here is to be remembered that between Harty Point and Clevelley, the wind being very strong, my companion and oar-fellow, ANDREW HILL, in taking down our sail, fell overboard into the sea: where, by great goodhap, and by means that he held fast to a piece of our sail, we recovered him and got him up again, although he were a very weighty man; which if we had not done, I could not have gotten any man to have supplied his room. But when we saw that he was amended; we gave GOD thanks for his recovery.

Thus to GOD, I, with my fellow mates, give most hearty prayers and thanks for our safe deliverance from so imminent dangers as we have been in, since our departure from the Court at Greenwich: being still defended by the mighty and handy work of Almighty GOD. To whom, we, in all obedience and duty, daily pray for the prosperous health of Her Majesty and her honourable Council, whose lives and welfare are the strength and maintenance of this land; and whom Almighty GOD prosper and preserve, now and ever! Amen.

RICHARD FERRIS.

FINIS.

A new Sonnet made upon the arrival and brave entertainment of RICHARD FERRIS with his boat; who arrived at the city of Bristow, the 3rd day of August 1590.



COME, old and young! behold and view!
A thing most rare is to be seen!
A silly wherry, it is most true!
Is come to town, with sail of green;
With oais, colour of the same:
To happy FERRIS' worthy fame!

From London city, this wager sure,
Was for to bring his wherry small,
On surging seas if life endure,
From port to port, hap what hap will!
To Bristow city of worthy name,
Where FERRIS now hath spread his fame.

His boat not bulged, but at High Cross,
Was seen the third of August, sure;
Whereby the man hath had no loss,
But did each willing heart procure
For to be ready there in haste,
To see the boat that there was placed.

O mighty JOVE! thou guide of guides!
Which brought this boat from surging seas,
Clean from the rage of furious tides;
No doubt, FERRIS! GOD thou didst please!
Both thou and thine which were with thee,
You servèd GOD! He set you free!

Good ANDREW HILL, thy pains were great!
And WILLIAM THOMAS', in this wherry!
And honour, FERRIS, sure, doth get!
He doubtless means to make you merry!
Your fame is such, through travail's toil,
You win the spur within our soil.

Shall I prefer this to your skill:
No, no! 'twas GOD that did you guide!
For this, be sure! without His will
You could not pass each bitter tide.
But, pray! you did no doubt, each hour,
Whereby GOD blest you, by His power.

O gallant minds and venturous bold!
That took in hand, a thing most rare.
'Twill make the Spaniards' hearts wax cold!
If that this news to them repair,
That three men hath this voyage done,
And thereby wagers great have won.

But now we may behold and view
That English hearts are not afraid,
Their Sovereign's foes for to subdue:
No tempest can make us dismayed!
Let monstrous Papists spit their fill!
Their force is full against GOD's will.

Hath silly wherry done the deed,
That galleys great dare not to try!
And hath she had such happy speed,
That now in rest on shore she lie!
Doubtless the LORD, her pilot was!
It could not else been brought to pass.

Well, FERRIS, now, the game is thine!
No loss thou hast! (thank Him above!)
From thy two mates, do not decline;
But still in heart, do thou them love!
So shall thy store increase, no doubt;
Through Him that brought thy boat about.

I end with prayers to the LORD,
To save and keep our royal Queen!
Let all true hearts, with one accord,
Say, "LORD, preserve Her Grace from teen!
Bless, LORD! her friends! confound her foes!
For aye, LORD save our royal Rose!"

JAMES SARGENT.

FINIS.

Fidelia.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS
OKES. 1615.

The Occasion of the private Impression of this Elegy.

Omnibus ad quos pervenerit.

TO PREVENT [anticipate] *those that would else be inquisitive after my intent in the dispersing of this Elegy among my private friends; I have left this Preface to inform them, that after my liberty seemed to add a period to my troubles, and I, thinking the worst past, had afresh settled myself to some serious study: wanting consideration to foresee at first what was expedient for him to be furnished withal, that would compass so great a business, as my Phantasy had begun; I was forced to wrestle with so many lets and discouragements in my fortune, that, with all my endeavours, the best forwardness I could bring it unto was, that I had gotten together a confused heap of some materials, necessary for such a structure as I had already fashioned in my brain. Yet despairing not, but comforting myself with hope, that I should, notwithstanding all disadvantages, one day, be able to set together in a uniform building, what my Invention had yet drawn to nothing but an undigested Pile of different matters; I still added something more to that chaos of conceits; such as I deemed necessary either to strengthen or adorn.*

Which, whilst I was so busied about, that I almost seemed wholly to forget the looking to my estate; Providence, a friend

that I was never yet well acquainted withal! whispered such doubts, provisoes, and considerations into my ears, as half startled my Muse, and so distempered the whole frame of my studies, that I could no sooner bend my Invention to any intended piece, but it was presently confounded by the intrusion of some molested thoughts, ofttimes even in the very height of conceit.

Wherewith, as it were, awakened; I began to foresee my future, and weigh my present estate. And having noted the general condition of Man, with the uncertainty of this world's favours; and how soon, for the most part, the want of outward fortunes or a little trouble will make the best friends weary of their dearest familiars, if they become but a little chargeable; I saw reason enough to doubt [fear] *that if I should (by neglecting my worthy friends to apply me wholly to my studies) wear myself out of their respect and acquaintance: perhaps, hereafter, when I had, with my Youth, wasted my Fortunes, and by much labour, brought to pass somewhat for others' contentments; one mighty Fool or other, incensed by some great Villain, might, for all my pains, pick an unjust quarrel, and cause me to be shut where, despised of the world, forgotten of my friends, and beggared in my estate, I may lie and hear myself pitied, only by a few good natures that were not able to help me.*

And for the present, I perceived my late troubles had already, not only wasted my time with the hindrance of my fortunes; but also brought me so far behind, that I was fain to engage my credit further than ever I thought in that kind to do: which, though I should forfeit but a day (and that never so much against my will) many, I see, would be ready to take that advantage to my disgrace; whilst few or none are of so good nature or noble disposition as to excuse me, by considering the troubles I had passed, and the many unlooked for occasions that might force me to such an inconvenience.

Hereupon, I resolved, before I would busy my head with any more inventions than for recreation only, to try, if, by any means, I might, first either recover my former hindrances; or suit my mind with such an estate as might make me hereafter able, of myself, without

relying on any others' friendships, to bear out the brunt of ensuing misadventures.

Once, I was determined, since most men deemed me a prisoner at His Majesty's charge, to petition that it would please him, to make me as happy in deed as I was in opinion: but when I remembered how little I had in me to deserve it, and understood how far my Sovereign was from being so much as acquainted with my endurance till his justice delivered me; and withal, knowing how many that had nothing but begging to live by, depended on his royal bounty, I was loth to rob them of their occupation. And, in truth, I feared also, lest, if ought were granted me, I should have been fain, after twelve months' dancing attendance, to part with three moieties to get one! and perhaps to some Under Officer! to whom the being beholding, would be worse to me than three years' close imprisonment!

But knowing somewhat was suddenly to be determined of, to prevent loss of time; and seeing the best men, with their noblest actions, obscured by poverty, while wealth made the owners thereof esteemed of those that once scorned them, and the base means by which they obtained it, quite forgotten: when I perceived also, the greatest men thought nothing base that might increase their profit, and that this was no Age to stand on curious terms, I found small reason why I should think scorn to undertake any course, so it were honest, that might bring me any such reasonable benefit, whereby I might be enabled to keep even with the world, and to go forward with what I intended, as well for the good of others as mine own contentment.

Therefore finding how helpful a little travel with some commodity might prove to my intended studies, at first I proposing a voyage, meant to put out somewhat among my friends, to be repaid me again with reasonable advantage at my return.

But having many well willers that outwardly professing me more than an ordinary love, seemed desirous of occasion to shew it; I was advised by divers of my best friends to imprint this Elegy, and to put it out for an adventure [a speculation] *amongst my acquaintance, upon a certain consideration: yet I thought it*

fit, before I presumed too much upon them, to make trial how they stood affected to such a project. And indeed, no sooner had I discovered my intent, but I found every man in whom I had any confidence, so voluntarily ready to accept it, that I have now set it on foot; and hope thereby, to make myself able to compass that which shall make both me and them gainers by the bargain.

Yet I trust no man will imagine, that I am driven to use this, as my ultimum refugium*: for let this fail, and the worst that can betide me! yet I am verily persuaded GOD will so provide for me, that I shall ever find an estate* [position] *(or, sure, a mind at least) as shall make me content.*

And therefore I have undertaken this, not altogether in hope of profit; but being an honest enterprise, I rather attempt it, partly to make trial who are friends? and partly to shew this great world, that the Little World of my Mind is not so barren but it can, out of itself, spare somewhat wherewithal to make traffic for others' best commodities. In which my comfort is, if I have an ill voyage, none but I myself shall be in danger to lose anything; whereas if I make a prosperous return, many are like[ly] to gain, and perhaps, too, more than they had ever hope of.

Now this (among other poems in my hand, long since penned; whereof some might peradventure have been thought fitter for such a purpose) for two reasons, I have made use of. First, for that it pleased sundry of my friends to make choice hereof. Secondly, I knowing how jealous these Times are of my writings, and how ready some would be to take occasion of hurting me (though they everlastingly disgraced themselves), thought it good policy to take such a piece as, I was certain, would be free from the least exception: whereas else, when I shall look to have the liberty of the whole world to wander in, I may chance, once again, to be scarce allowed two rooms to walk in! The subject is but light, yet those I know that desire to do me good, will no less accept thereof, than if it were a jewel of some greater value.

Examples of such undertakings, we daily see in Gentlemen, both of good birth and reasonable fortunes: only this difference there is, they put out their money; and I, not only that which some will

more esteem, but what, without me, no money can purchase. They seek their own commodity; and I, with my particular profit, to be able to do my friends and country good.

By this means also, I shall be sure to be beholding to none but those that love Virtue and Me! and [shall] preserve the unequalled happiness of a Free Spirit! Whereas else, being forced to accept of some particular bounties: it may be, blinded by seeming courtesies, I might fall into the common baseness incident to flatterers; and so, at length, become like those great Clergy-men of our Times, who dare not upbraid all *sins, for fear they should seem so saucy as to reprehend their patrons.*

Yet the best is, I see few apt to corrupt any with their liberality; though I make no question there be such, and some PHILLIPS *too, that if they knew the danger of a flatterer, would think themselves as much honoured by that boy who should every day remember them,* They were but men! *as* ALEXANDER *could be by his sly courtiers, who hourly proclaimed him,* the son of JUPITER!

But I do not greatly doubt any such alternation! for whatever my fortunes be, so far is my Mind in love with her own liberty, that with more contentment could I die in poverty, than live in abundance subjected to baseness. For I cannot admire any one because he is rich, nor believe a man aught the wiser for his titles! I shall never praise my Lord's running horse that is a jade, to please him; nor fashion myself to humour his follies for his revenues! I cannot laugh, when he doth, unless I see some occasion; nor be sad, when he is so, unless I love him! Nor shall I ever need to do so, if my friends continue but so much love as they have now begun to make shew of. For some of my acquaintance, out of their own worth only; others, merely moved by their good will towards me, have freely proffered more than ever I could, of myself, have requested: yea, many, in a sort strangers (partly in consideration of the good they seemed to have received from my former pains, and partly in hope to make me able to perform some greater matter), have, both by their promises and persuasions, so encouraged me, as I have resolved to make trial of the world's fair shews of new professed friendship.

If it take effect, I shall thereby find means to free myself from those cares which might else much abate the vigour of my spirit, trouble my inventions, and consume my youth before I could be fit to settle myself about that, which, if I may live to effect according to my intent, will require, besides an undistempered mind, all the best assistances of Nature, with the utmost of my endeavours.

And if I fail in my hopes, it shall never discontent me! for my greatest loss will be but a little labour, which will be, another way, very well recompensed. For when I shall perceive the No Trust that is to be reposed on this world's love, I shall, ever after, be so far from flattering myself again with any such confidence, or troubling my mind with studying after others' satisfactions, as I will persuade myself all my former determinations were but impossible Ideas *! and with less charge and pain, enjoy alone that delight and contentment which with dis-easing myself, I should but share amongst an unthankful multitude.*

But I make no question, I shall find as good success in this as I do or can justly expect and the sooner, because as the project is honest, so it is unhurtful to all. And my comfort is, if any should, in their foolish imagination, deem me aught disparaged thereby; it were but their weakness to think so! for in respect of those base courses, suits, and enterprises (by which some men, now of great account) have increased and raised their fortunes out of the dunghill; I hold this honourable! seeing I shall receive willingly with love, what they, against men's wills, have either defrauded by subtilties, or extorted by violence.

But what mean I? My intent is, by this time, sufficiently understood! and there needs no more Apologies to my Friends: because they will approve or hold it indifferent; and, questionless, to their power, further it. Now, as for others, they shall, by my will, never come to the honour or credit to be acquainted with a FIDELIA *!*

Valete.

An Elegiacal Epistle of FIDELIA: *to her unconstant friend.*

THE ARGUMENT.

This Elegiacal Epistle, being a fragment of some greater poem, discovers the modest affections of a discreet and constant woman, shadowed under the name of FIDELIA; *wherein you may perceive the height of her Passions so far as they seem to agree with Reason, and keep within such decent bounds as beseemeth their Sex: but further it meddles not.*

The occasion seems to proceed from some mutability in her friend; whose objections she here presupposing, confuteth: and, in the person of him, justly upbraideth all that are subject to the like change or fickleness in mind.

Among the rest, some more weighty arguments than are, perhaps, expected in such a subject, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.



FT I heard tell, and now for truth I find,
"Once out of sight, and quickly out of mind!"
And that it hath been rightly said of old,
"Love that's soonest hot, is ever soonest cold!"
Or else my tears at this time had not stained
The spotless paper, nor my lines complained!
I had not now been forcèd to have sent
These for the *Nuncios* of my discontent;
Or thus exchangèd, so unhappily,

My Songs of Mirth, to write an Elegy!
But now I must! and since I must do so;
Let me but crave, thou wilt not flout my woe!
Nor entertain my sorrows with a scoff;
But, at least, read them! ere thou cast them off.
And though thy heart's too hard to have compassion,
If thou'lt not pity, do not blame my Passion!
For, well thou knowst! (alas, that e'er 'twas known!)
There was a time, although that time be gone,
I, that for this, scarce dare a beggar be;
Presumed for more! to have commanded thee!
Yea, the day was (but see how things may change!)
When thou and I have not been half so strange;
But oft embraced, with a gentle greeting,
And no worse words than "Turtle-dove!" and "Sweeting!"
Yea, had thy meaning, and those vows of thine
Proved but as faithful and as true as mine,
It still had been so! (for, I do not feign!)
I should rejoice, it might be so again.
But sith thy love grows cold, and thou, unkind;
Be not displeased I somewhat breathe my mind!
I am in hope, my words may prove a mirror;
Whereon, thou looking, mayest behold thine error!
And yet the Heaven, and my sad heart doth know,
How grieved I am! and with what feeling woe
My mind is tortured, to think that I
Should be the brand of thy disloyalty!
Or live, to be the author of a line
That shall be tainted with a fault of thine!
Since if that thou but slightly touchèd be;
Deep wounds of grief and shame, it strikes in me!
And yet I must! Ill hap compels me to!
What I ne'er thought to have had cause to do.
And therefore seeing that some angry Fate
Imposes on me what I so much hate;
Or since it is so, that the Powers divine,
Me miserable! to such cares assign:
O that Love's Patron, or some sacred Muse,
Amongst my Passions, would such Art infuse,
My well-framed words and airy sighs might prove
The happy blasts to re-inflame thy love!

Or, at least, touch thee with thy fault so near,
That thou mightst see thou wrongedst who held thee dear!
Seeing, confess the same! and so, abhor it!
Abhorring, pity! and repent thee for it!
But, Dear! I hope that I may call thee so!
(For thou art dear to me, although a foe)
Tell me, is't true that I do hear of thee
And by thy absence now, so seems to be?
Can such abuse be in thy Court of Love?
False and inconstant now, thou He shouldst prove;
He that so woful and so pensive sate,
Vowing his service at my feet, of late?
Art thou that *quondam* lover, whose sad eye
I never saw yet, in my presence dry?
And from whose gentle-seeming tongue, I know
So many pity-moving words could flow?
Was't thou! so soughtst my love? so seeking that
As if it had been all th' hadst aimèd at!
Making me think thy Passion without stain,
And gently quite thee with my love again?
With this persuasion, I so fairly placed it;
Nor Time, nor Envy should have e'er defaced it!
Is 't so? Have I done thus much? and art thou
So over-cloyèd with my favours now?
Art weary since with loving, and estranged
So far? Is thy affection so much changed,
That I, of all my hopes must be deceived;
And all good thoughts of thee be quite bereaved?
Then I find true, which, long before this day,
I feared myself, and heard some wiser say,
"That there is nought on earth so sweet, that can
Long relish with the curious taste of Man!"
Happy was I! Yea, well it was with me!
Before I came to be bewitched by thee,
I joyed the sweet'st content that ever Maid
Possessed yet! and, truly well-a-paid,
Made to myself alone, as pleasant mirth
As ever any Virgin did on earth!
The melody I used was free, and such
As that bird makes, whom never hand did touch;
But unallured with fowlers, whistling flies

Above the reach of human treacheries.
And well I do remember, often then,
Could I read o'er the policies of men!
Discover what uncertainties they were!
How they would sigh! look sad! protest! and swear!
Nay, feign to die! when they did never prove
The slenderest touch of a right worthy love:
But had chilled hearts, whose dulness understood
No more of Passion, than they did of Good!
All which I noted well, and in my mind
(A general humour amongst womenkind!)
This vow I made (thinking to keep it then!),
"That never the fair tongue of any man,
Nor his Complaint, though never so much grieved,
Should move my heart to liking, whilst I lived!"
But who can say what she shall live to do?
I have believed, and let in liking too!
And that so far, I cannot yet see how
I may so much as hope, to help it now!
Which makes me think, whate'er we women say,
"Another mind will come another day!
And that men may to things unhoped for climb,
Who watch but Opportunity and Time."
For 'tis well known, we were not made of clay,
Or such coarse and ill-tempered stuff as they!
For He that framed us of their flesh, did deign,
When 'twas at best, to new refine 't again!
Which makes us, ever since, the kinder creatures,
Of far more flexible and yielding natures.
And as we oft excel in outward parts,
So have we nobler and more gentle hearts!
Which you, well knowing, daily do devise,
How to imprint on them, your cruelties!
But do I find my cause thus bad indeed;
Or else on things imaginary feed?
Am I the Lass that late so truly jolly,
Made myself merry, oft, at others' folly?
Am I the Nymph that, CUPID's fancies blamed;
That was so cold, so hard to be inflamed?
Am I myself? or is myself that She,
Who, from this thraldom, or such falsehoods free,

Late owned mine own heart? and, full merry then,
Did forewarn others to beware of men!
And could not, having taught them what to do,
Now learn myself to take heed of you too?
Fool that I am! I fear my guerdon's just!
In that I knew this, and presumed to trust.
And yet, alas, for aught that I could tell,
One Spark of Goodness in the world might dwell!
And then I thought, "If such a thing might be,
Why might not that One Spark remain in thee?"
For thy fair outside, and thy fairer tongue,
Promised much, although thy years were young!
And Virtue (wheresoever she be now!),
Seemed then, to sit enthroned upon thy brow!
Yea, sure it was! But whether 'twere or no;
Certain I am, I was persuaded so!
Which made me loth to think that words of fashion
Could be so framed, so overlaid with Passion!
Or sighs so feelingly feigned from any breast!
Nay, say thou hadst been false in all the rest;
Yet from thine eye, my heart such notice took,
Methought Guile could not feign so sad a look!
But now I've tried, my bought experience knows,
"They are oft worst, that make the fairest shows!"
"And howsoe'er men feign an outward grieving;
'Tis neither worth respecting, nor believing!"
For She that doth one to her mercy take,
Warms in her bosom but a frozen snake;
Which heated with her favours, gathers sense,
And stings her to the heart, in recompense!
  But tell me why, and for what secret spite,
You, in poor women's miseries delight?
For so it seems! Else what d' ye labour for
That, which, when 'tis obtained, ye do abhor?
Or to what end, do you endure such pain
To win our love, and cast it off again?
O that we either, your hard hearts could borrow;
Or else your strengths, to help us bear our sorrow?
  But we are cause of all this grief and shame;
And we have none but our own selves to blame!
For still we see your falsehoods for our learning,

Yet never can have power to take 't for warning;
But, as if born to be deludèd by you,
We know you, trustless: and yet, still we try you!
Alas, what wrong was in my power to do thee!
Or what despite have I e'er done unto thee,
That thou shouldst choose Me! above all the rest,
To be thy scorn! and thus be made a jest!
Must men's ill natures such true villains prove them,
To make them only wrong those that most love them!
Couldst thou find none in Country, Town, or Court,
But only Me! to make thy fool! thy sport!
Thou knowst I have no wanton courses run,
Nor seemèd easy unto lewdness won.
And though I cannot boast me of much Wit;
Thou sawst no sign of fondness in me yet!
Nor did ill-nature ever so o'ersway me,
To flout at any, that did woo or pray me!
But grant, I had been guilty of abusage;
Of thee (I'm sure!) I ne'er deserved such usage!
But thou wert grieved to behold my smilings,
When I was free from love and thy beguilings:
Or to what purpose else, didst thou bestow
Thy time and study to deceive me so?
Hast thou good parts! and dost thou bend them all
To bring those that ne'er hated thee in thrall?
Prithee, take heed! although thou yet enjoy'st them!
They'll be took from thee, if thou so employst them!
For though I wish not the least harm to thee!
I fear, the just Heavens will revengèd be!
O, what of Me, by this time, had become;
If my desires, with thine had happed to roam?
Or I, unwisely, had consented to
What, shameless, once, thou didst attempt to do!
I might have fallen by those immodest tricks,
Had not some Power been stronger than my sex.
And if I should have so been drawn to folly,
I saw thee apt enough to be unholy!
Or if my Weakness had been prone to sin,
I poorly by thy Strength had succoured been!
You men make us believe, "You do but try!
And that's your part!" you say: "Ours to deny!"

Yet I much fear, if we through frailty stray;
There's few of you within your bounds will stay;
But, maugre all your seeming virtue, be
As ready to forget yourselves as we!
I might have feared thy part of love not strong,
When thou didst offer me so base a wrong!
And that I after loathed thee not, did prove
In me some extraordinary love!
For, sure, had any other but in thought
Presumed unworthily what thou hast sought;
Might it appear, I should do thus much for him!
With a scarce reconciled hate, abhor him!
My young experience never yet did know,
Whether Desire might range so far or no,
To make true lovers carelessly request
What, rash enjoying, makes them most unblest?
Or blindly, through frailty, give consenting
To that, which done, brings nothing but repenting?
But in my judgement, it doth rather prove
That thou art fired with Lust, than warmed with Love!
And if it be for proof, men so proceed,
It shews a doubt! Else what do trials need?
And where is that man living ever knew
That false Distrust could be with Love that's true?
Since the mere cause of that unblamed effect,
Such an opinion is, as hates suspect.
And yet I will thee, and thy love excuse;
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine, abuse!
For I'll suppose thy Passion made thee proffer
That unto me; thou, to none else wouldst offer!
And so think thou! if I have thee denied,
(Whom I more loved than all men else beside!)
What hope have they, such favours to obtain,
That never half so much respect could gain?
Such was my love, that I did value thee
Above all things below Eternity!
Nothing on earth, unto my heart was dearer!
No joy so prized! nor no jewel dearer!
Nay, I do fear, I did idolatrize!
For which Heaven's wrath inflicts these miseries,
And makes the things, which it for blessings sent,

To be renewers of my discontent.
Where were there any of the Naiades,
The Dryades, or the Hamadryades;
Which of the British Shires can yield again
A Mistress of the Spring, the Wood, or Plain,
Whose eye enjoyed more sweet contents than mine?
Till I received my overthrow by thine!
Where's She did more delight in Springs and Rills;
Where's She that walked more Groves, or Downs, or Hills!
Or could, by such fair artless prospects, more
Add by conceit, to her contentment's store
Than I? whilst thou wert true! and with thy graces,
Didst give a pleasing presence to those places!
But now, *What is!* *What was,* hath overthrown!
My rose-decked alleys, now with rue are strown!
And from those flowers that honeyed used to be;
I suck nought now, but juice to poison me!
For even as She, whose gentle spirit can rise
To apprehend Love's noble mysteries,
Spying a precious jewel richly set
Shine in some corner of her cabinet,
Taketh delight, at first, to gaze upon
The pretty lustre of the sparkling stone;
And pleased in mind by that, doth seem to see
How virtue shines through base obscurity:
But prying nearer, seeing it doth prove
Some relic of her dear deceasèd Love;
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope
What She most sought, and sees most far from hope,
Fainting almost beneath her Passions' weight,
(And quite forgetful of her first conceit)
Looking upon 't again, from thence, She borrows
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her sorrows.
So I, beholding Nature's curious bowers
Ceiled, strewed, and trimmed up with leaves, herbs, and flowers,
Walked, pleasèd, on awhile, and do devise
How on each object I may moralize.
But ere I pace on many steps, I see
There stands a Hawthorn that was trimmed by thee!
Here, thou didst once slip off the virgin sprays,

To crown me with a wreath of living Bayes!
On such a bank, I see how thou didst lie
When, viewing of a shady Mulberry,
The hard mishap thou didst to me discuss
Of loving THISBE and young PYRAMUS.
"And O," think I, "how pleasing was it then!
Or would be yet, might he return again!"
But if some neighbouring row do draw me to
Those Arbours, where the shadows seem to woo
The weary love-sick passenger, to sit
And view the beauties, Nature strews on it.
"How fair," think I, "would this sweet place appear,
If he I love were sporting with me here!
Nay, every several object that I see,
Doth severally (methinks) remember thee!
But the delight I used from it to gather;
I now exchange for cares, and seek them rather!
  But those, whose dull and gross affections can
Extend but only to desire a Man,
Cannot, the depths of these rare Passions know!
For their imaginations flag too low!
And 'cause their base conceits do apprehend
Nothing but that, whereto the flesh doth tend:
In Love's embraces, they ne'er reach unto
More of content, than the brute creatures do!
Neither can any judge of this, but such
Whose braver minds, for braver thoughts do touch:
And having spirits of a nobler frame,
Feel the true heat of Love's unquenchèd flame.
They may conceive aright what smarting sting
To their *remembrances*, the place will bring,
Where they did once enjoy, and then do miss,
What to their souls most dear and precious is!
With me, 'tis so! For those walks that once seemed
Pleasing, when I of thee was more esteemed;
To me, appear most desolate and lonely,
And are the places now, of torment only!
Where I, the highest of contents did borrow;
There am I paid it home, with treble sorrow!
  Unto one place, I do remember well!
We walked, the evenings, to hear PHILOMEL;

And that seems now to want the light it had!
The shadow of the grove 's more dull and sad:
As if it were a place but fit for fowls
That screech ill-luck, as melancholy owls!
Or fatal ravens, that seld boding good,
Croak their black auguries from some dark wood!
Then, if from thence, I half despairing go;
Another place begins another woe!
For thus unto my thought, it seems to say,
"Hither, thou sawest him riding once, that way!"
"Thither, to meet him, thou didst nimbly haste thee!"
"Yond, he alighted, and e'en there embraced thee!"
Which whilst I sighing, wish to do again;
Another object brings another pain!
For passing by that Green, which (could it speak!)
Would tell, it saw us run at Barley break!
There, I beheld what, on that thin-rind tree,
Thou hadst engraven, for the love of me;
When we two, all alone, in heat of day,
With chaste embraces, drove swift hours away!
Then I remember too (unto my smart!)
How loth we were, when time compelled, to part!
How cunningly thy Passions, thou couldst feign;
In taking leave, and coming back again
So oft, until (as seeming to forget
We were departing) down again we set;
And freshly in that sweet discourse went on:
Which now I almost faint to think upon!
Viewing again, those other walks and groves
That have been witnesses of our chaste loves;
When I behold those trees, whose tender skin
Hath that cut out, which still cuts me within!
Or come by chance unto that pretty rill,
Where thou wouldst sit and teach the neighbouring hill
To answer in an echo, unto those
Rare Problems which thou often didst propose!
When I come there, think I, "If these could take
That use of words and speech which we partake;
They might unfold a thousand pleasures then,
Which I shall never live to taste again!"
And thereupon, Remembrance doth so rack

My thoughts, with representing what I lack,
That, in my mind, those Clerks do argue well
Which hold Privation, the greatest plague of hell:
For there's no torment gripes me half so bad,
As the Remembrance of those joys I had.
O hast thou quite forgot, when sitting by
The banks of Thames, beholding how the fry
Played on the silver waves? There, where I first
Granted to make my Fortune (thus accurst!).
There, where thy too too earnest suit compelled
My over-soon believing heart to yield
One favour first; which then another drew,
To get another! till (alas, I rue
That Day and Hour!) thinking I ne'er should need
As now, to grieve for doing such a deed!
So freely I, my courtesies bestowed;
That whose I was, unwarily I showed!
And to my heart, such passage made for thee,
Thou canst not, to this day removèd be!
And what breast could resist it! having seen
How true thy love had in appearance been?
For I shall ne'er forget when thou hadst there
Laid open every discontent and care,
Wherewith thou deeply seemedst to me opprest;
When thou, as much as any could protest,
Hadst vowed and sworn, and yet preceivedst no sign
Of pity moving in this breast of mine!
"Well, Love!" saidst thou, "since neither sigh nor vow
Nor any service may prevail me now!
Since neither the recital of my smart,
Nor those strong Passions that assail my heart!
Nor anything may move thee to belief
Of these my sufferings, or to grant relief!
Since there's no comfort, nor desert that may
Get me so much as *hope* of what I pray!
Sweet Love, farewell! Farewell, fair Beauty's light!
And ever-pleasing object of the sight!
My poor despairing heart here biddeth you
And all Content, for evermore, adieu!"
Then, even as thou seemedst ready to depart,
Reaching that hand, which after gave my heart;

And thinking this sad "Farewell!" did proceed
From a sound breast but truly moved indeed:
I stayed thy departing from me so,
Whilst I stood mute with sorrow; thou, for show!
And the meanwhile, as I beheld thy look,
My eye th'impression of such pity took
That, with the strength of Passion overcome,
A deep-fetched sigh, my heart came breaking from.
Whereat thou (ever wisely using this,
To take advantage, when it offered is)
Renewed they suit to me; who did afford
Consent, in silence first, and then in word.
So, for that yielding, thou mayst thank thy Wit!
And yet whenever I remember it;
Trust me, I muse! and often wondering, think,
Through what cranny, or what secret chink,
That Love, unawares, so like a sly close Elf,
Did to my heart insinuate itself.
Gallants I had, before thou cam'st to woo!
Could as much love, and as well Court me too!
And though they had not learned so the fashion
Of acting such well-counterfeited Passion;
In Wit and Person, they did equal thee!
(And worthier seemed, unless thou'll faithful be!)
Yet still unmoved, unconquered I remained!
No, not one thought of love was entertained!
Nor could they brag of the least favour to them,
Save what mere courtesy enjoined to do them!
Hard was my heart: but would 't had harder been!
And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in!
Thou, Tyrant! that art so imperious there!
And only tak'st delight to domineer!
But held I out such strong, such oft assailing,
And ever kept the honour of prevailing;
Was this poor breast, from Love's allurings free,
Cruel to all, and gentle unto thee?
Did I unlock that strong Affection's door
That never could be broken ope before,
Only to thee? and, at thy intercession,
So *freely* give up all my heart's possession,
That to myself I left not one poor vein!

Nor power, nor will to put thee from 't again?
Did I do this! and all, on thy bare vow!
And wilt thou thus, requite my kindness now?
O that thou either hadst not learned to feign,
Or I had power to cast thee off again!
How is it, that thou art become so rude,
And overblinded by ingratitude?
Swearest thou so deeply, that thou wouldst persèver,
That I might thus be cast away for ever?
Well then, 'tis true that "lover's perjuries,"
Among some men, "are thought no injuries!"
And that "she only hath least cause of grief;
Who, of your words hath small'st or no belief."
Had I the wooer been or fondly woon;
This had been more though, than thou couldst have done!
But neither being so, what reason is
On thy side, that should make thee offer this?
I know, had I been false, or my faith failed;
Thou wouldst at women's fickleness have railed!
And if in me, it had an error been:
In thee, shall the same fault be thought no sin?
Rather I hold that which is bad in me,
Will be a greater blemish unto thee!
Because, by Nature, thou art made more strong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.
But 'tis our fortune! You'll have all the Power!
Only the Care and Burden must be our!
Nor can you be content, a wrong to do;
Unless you lay the blame upon us too!
O that there were some gentle mindèd Poet
That knew my heart as well as, now, I know it!
And would endear me to his love so much,
To give the World, though but a slender touch
Of that sad Passion, which now clogs my heart;
And shew my truth; and thee, how false thou art!
That all might know (what is believed by no man)
There 's Fickleness in Man, and Faith in Woman!
Thou saw'st, I first let Pity in, then Liking,
And lastly, that which was thy only seeking:
And when I might have scorned that love of thine
(As now ungently, thou despisest mine!)

Among the inmost angles of my breast,
To lodge it, by my heart, I thought it best!
Which thou has stolen too, like a thankless mate,
And left me nothing but a black self-hate.
What can'st thou say for this, to stand contending?
What colour hast thou left for thy offending?
That Wit, perhaps, hath some excuse in store,
Or an evasion to escape a sore!
But well I know, if thou excuse this treason,
It must be by some greater thing than Reason!
Are any of those virtues yet defaced,
On which thy first affections seemèd placed?
Hath any secret foe, my true faith wronged,
To rob the bliss that to my heart belonged?
What then! Shall I condemned be unheard,
Before thou knowest how I may be cleared?
Thou art acquainted with the Times' condition!
Knowest it is full of envy and suspicion!
So that the wariest in thought, word, and action
Shall be most injured by foul-mouthed Detraction,
And therefore thou, methinks! shouldst wisely pause
Before thou credit rumours without cause!
But I have gotten such a confidence
In thy opinion, of my innocence;
It is not that, I know! withholds thee now!
Sweet! tell me, then! Is it some sacred vow?
Hast thou resolved not to join thy hand
With any one in HYMEN's bold band?
Thou shouldst have done it then, when thou wert free!
Before thou hadst bequeathed thyself to me!
What vow do'st deem more pleasing unto Heaven,
Than what is by unfeignèd lovers given?
If any be, yet sure it frowneth at
Those that are made for contradicting that!
But if thou wouldst live chastely all thy life;
Than thou mayst do, though we be man and wife!
Or if thou long'st a virgin-death to die,
Why, if it be thy pleasure, so do I!
Make me but thine! and I'll, contented, be
A virgin still; yet live and lie with thee!
Then let not thy inventing brain assay

To mock, and still delude me every way!
But call to mind, how thou hast deeply sworn
Not to neglect, nor leave me thus forlorn!
And if thou wilt not be to me, as when
We first did love; do but come see me then!
Vouchsafe that I may sometimes with thee walk!
Or sit and look on thee, or hear thee talk!
And I, that most, Content once aimed at;
Will think there is a world of bliss in that!
Dost thou suppose that my Desire denies
With thy Affections well to sympathize?
Or such perverseness hast thou found in me,
May make our natures disagreeing be?
Thou knowst, when thou didst wake, I could not sleep!
And if thou wert but sad, that I should weep!
Yet even when the tears, my cheek did stain;
If thou didst smile, why, I could smile again!
I never did contrary thee in ought!
Nay, thou canst tell, I oft have spake thy thought!
Waking, the self-same course with thee I ran!
And sleeping, oftentimes our dreams were one!
The dial needle, though it sense doth want,
Still bends to the belovèd Adamant.
Lift the one up, the other upward tends!
If this fall down, that presently descends!
Turn but about the stone, the steel turns too!
Then straight returns, if but the other do!
And if it stay, with trembling keeps one place,
As if it, panting, longed for an embrace!
So was 't with me! For if thou merry wert,
That mouth of thine moved joy within my heart!
I sighèd, too, when thou didst sigh or frown!
When thou wert sick; thou hast perceived me swoon!
And being sad, have oft, with forced delight
Strived to give thee content, beyond my might!
When thou wouldst talk, then have I talked with thee!
And silent been, when thou wouldst silent be!
If thou abroad didst go, with joy I went!
If home thou lovedst, at home was my content!
Yea, what did to my nature disagree,
I could make pleasing! 'cause it pleasèd thee!

But if 't be either my weak Sex or Youth
Makes thee misdoubt my undistained truth;
Know this! As none, till that unhappy hour
When I was first made thine, had ever power
To move my heart, by vows' or tears' expense:
No more (I swear!) could any creature since!
No looks but thine, though aimed with Passion's Art,
Could pierce so deep, to penetrate my heart!
No name but thine was welcome to my ear,
No word did I so soon, so gladly hear!
Nor never could my eyes behold or see
What I was since delighted in, but thee!
And, sure, thou wouldst believe it to be so,
If I could tell, or words might make thee know
How many a weary night my tumbled bed
Hath known me sleepless! what salt tears I've shed!
What scalding sighs (the marks of souls opprest)
Have hourly breathèd from my careful breast!
Nor wouldst thou dream those waking sorrows feigned,
If thou mightst see how, sleeping, I am pained!
For if sometimes I chance to take a slumber,
Unwelcome dreams my broken rest doth cumber!
Which dreaming makes me start! starting, with fears
Wakes! and so waking, I renew my cares,
Until my eyes o'ertired with watch and weeping,
Drowned in their own floods, fall again to sleeping!
O that thou couldst but think, when last we parted,
How much I, grieving for thy absence, smarted!
My very soul fell sick! my heart, to aching!
As if they had their last "Farewells!" been taking:
Or feared, by some secret divination,
This thy revolt, and causeless alteration!
Didst thou not feel, how loth that hand of mine
Was to let go the hold it had of thine?
And with what heavy, what unwilling look;
I leave of thee, and then of comfort, took?
I know thou didst! and though now thus thou do;
I am deceived but then, it grieved thee too!
Then if I so, with Love's fell passion vexed,
For thy departure only was perplexed;
When I had left to strengthen me, some trust

And hope that thou wouldst ne'er have proved unjust:
What was my torture then, and hard endurance,
When of thy falsehood I received assurance?
Alas, my tongue, a while, with grief was dumb!
And a cold shuddering did my joints benumb!
Amazement seized my thought! and so prevailed,
I found me ill, but knew not what I ailed!
Nor can I yet tell! since my suffering then
Was more than could be shown by Poet's pen,
Or well conceived by another heart
Than that, which in such care hath borne a part.
O me! how loth was I to have believed
That to be true, for which so much I grieved?
How gladly would I have persuaded been,
There had been no such matter! no such sin!
I would have had my heart think that I knew
To be the very truth, not to be true!
"Why may not this," thought I, "some vision be,
Some sleeping dream, or waking phantasy,
Begotten by my over-blinded folly,
Or else engendered through my melancholy?"
But finding it so real, thought I, "Then,
Must I be cast from all my hopes again?
What are become of all those fading blisses,
Which late my hope had, and now so much misses?
Where is that future fickle happiness
Which I so long expected to possess?"
And thought I too, "Where are his dying Passions?
His honeyed words? his bitter lamentations?
To what end were his Sonnets, Epigrams?
His pretty Posies? witty Anagrams?"
I could not think all that, might have been feigned!
Nor any faith I thought so firm, been stained!
Nay, I do sure and confidently know
It is not possible it should be so,
If that rare Art and Passion was thine own!
Which in my presence, thou hast often shown.
But since thy change; my much presaging heart
Is half afraid thou, some imposter wert;
Or that thou didst but (Player-like addrest)
Act that, which flowed from some more gentle breast!

Thy puffed Invention, with worse Matter swollen;
Those thy Conceits, from better wits, hath stolen!
Or else, I know it could not be, that thou
Shouldst be so over-cold, as thou art now!
Since those who have that feelingly their own,
Ever possess more worth concealed than known.
And if Love ever any mortals touch
To make a brave impression, 'tis in such
Who, sworn Love's Chaplains, will not violate
That, whereunto, themselves they consecrate.
But O you noble brood! on whom the World
The slighted burden of neglect hath hurled:
Because your thoughts for higher objects born,
Their grovelling humours and affections scorn!
You, whom the Gods, to hear your strains, will follow,
Whilst you do court the Sisters of APOLLO!
You whom, there 's none that 's worthy, can neglect,
Or any that unworthy is, affect!
Do not let those (that seek to do you shame!)
Bewitch us with those Songs they cannot frame!
The noblest of our sex, and fairest too,
Do ever love and honour such as you!
Then wrong us not so much, to give your Passion
To those, that have it but in imitation!
And in their dull breasts, never feel the power
Of such deep thoughts as sweetly move in your!
As well as you; they, us thereby abuse!
For, many times, when we our lovers choose
Where we think Nature, that rich jewel sets,
Which shines in you! we light on counterfeits!
But see, see whither discontentment bears me!
And to what uncouth strains my Passion rears me!
Yet, pardon me! I here again repent,
If I have erred through that discontent!
Be what thou wilt! be counterfeit or right!
Be constant! serious! or be vain or light!
My love remains inviolate the same.
Thou canst be nothing that can quench this flame!
But it will burn, as long as thou hast breath
To keep it kindled! (if not after death)
Ne'er was there one more true than I to thee!

And though my faith must now despisèd be,
Unprized, unvalued at the lowest rate,
Yet this, I'll tell thee! 'tis not all thy State,
Nor all that better-seeming Worth of thine,
Can buy thee such another Love as mine!
Liking, it may! But O, there's as much odds
'Twixt Love and that, as between men and gods!
And 'tis a purchase not procured with treasure!
As some fools think; not to be gained at pleasure!
For were it so, and any could assure it,
What would not some men part with, to procure it?
But though thou weigh 't not, as thou ought'st to do,
Thou know'st I love! and once, didst love me too!
Then where 's the cause of this dislike in thee?
Survey thyself! I hope there 's none in me.
Yet look on her, from whom thou art estranged!
See, is my Person, or my Beauty changed?
Once, thou didst praise it! Prithee, view 't again!
And mark if 't be not still the same 'twas then!
No false vermilion dye my cheek distains,
'Tis the pure blood, dispersed through pores and veins,
Which thou hast, oft, seen through my forehead flushing,
To shew no dauby colour hid my blushing!
Nor never shall! Virtue, I hope, will save me!
Contented with that beauty, Nature gave me.
Or if it seem less, for that Grief's veil hath hid it:
Thou threwst it on me! 'twas not I that did it!
And canst again restore, what may repair
All that 's decayed, and make me far more fair!
Which if thou do, I'll be more wary then
To keep 't for thee unblemished, what I can!
And 'cause, at best, 'twill want much of perfection:
The rest shall be supplied with true affection!
But I do fear, it is some other's riches;
Whose more abundance that thy mind bewitches;
So that base object, that too general aim,
Makes thee my lesser fortune to disclaim!
Fie! can'st thou so degenerate in spirit,
As to prefer the Means before the Merit!
(Although I cannot say, it is in me!)
Such Worth, sometimes, with poverty may be,

To equalize the match she takes upon her;
Though th' other vaunt of Birth, Wealthy, Beauty, Honour:
And many a one, that did for Greatness wed,
Would gladly change it for a meaner bed!
Yet are my fortunes known indifferent,
Not basely mean, but such as may content!
And should I yield, the better to be thine;
I may be bold to say thus much for mine:
"That if thou couldst of them, and me esteem;
Neither, thy state, nor birth would misbeseem!
Or if it did, how can I help 't, alas!
Thou, not alone, before, knew'st what it was!
But I (although not fearing so to speed!)
Did also disenable 't more than need:
And yet thou wooedst! and wooing, didst persèver,
As if thou hadst intended Love for ever!
Yea, thy account of wealth, thou mad'st so small
Thou hadst not any question of 't at all:
But, hating much that peasant-like condition,
Didst seem displeased I held it in suspicion.
Whereby I think, if nothing else do thwart us,
It cannot be the want of that, will part us!
Yea, I do rather doubt indeed, that this
The needless fear of friends' displeasure is!
That is the bar that stops out my delight,
And all my hope and joy confoundeth quite!
But bears there any, in thy heart such sway,
To shut me thence, and wipe thy love away!
Can there be any friend that hath the power
To disunite hearts so conjoined as our?
Ere I would have so done by thee, I'd rather
Have parted with one dearer than my father!
For though the will of our Creator binds
Each child to learn, and know his parents' minds;
Yet, sure I am! so just a Duty
Commandeth nothing against Piety!
Nor doth that Bond of Duty give them leave
To violate their faith, or to deceive!
And though that parents have authority
To rule their children in minority;
Yet they are never granted such power on them

That will allow to tyrannize upon them!
Or use them under their command, so ill,
To force them without reason, to their will!
For who hath read in all the Sacred Writ,
Of any one compelled to marriage, yet?
Or father so unkind, thereto required,
Denied his child the match that he desired;
So that he found the laws did not forbid it?
I think, those gentler Ages, no man did it!
In those days therefore, for them to have been
Contracted without license, had been sin!
Since there was more good nature among men,
And every one more truly loving then.
But now, although we stand obligèd still
To labour for their liking and good will;
There is no Duty, whereby they may tie us
From aught, which, without reason, they deny us.
For I do think, it is not only meant
Children should ask; but parents should consent!
And that they err, their duty as much breaking
For not consenting, as we for not speaking.
It is no marvel, many matches be
Concluded, now, without their privity;
Since they, through greedy avarice misled,
Their interest in that have forfeited.
For these, respectless of all care, do marry
Hot youthful May to cold old January:
Those for some greedy end, do basely tie
The sweetest Fair to foul Deformity;
Forcing a love, from where 'twas placèd late,
To re-ingraff it, where it turns to hate.
It seems no cause of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners, nor affections sympathise!
And two religions, by their rules of State,
They may in one-made body tolerate!
As if they did desire that double stem
Should fruitful bear but Neuters, like to them!
Alas, how many numbers of both kinds
By that, have ever discontented minds!
And live, though seeming unto others well,
In the next torments unto those of hell!

How many desperate grown by this their sin;
Have both undone themselves and all their kin!
Many a one, we see, it makes to fall
With the too-late repenting Prodigal.
Thousands, though else by Nature gentler given,
To act the horridst murders, oft, are driven!
And which is worse, there's many a careless elf,
(Unless Heaven pity!) kills and damns himself!
O what hard heart, or what unpitying eyes,
Could hold from tears, to see those tragedies,
Parents (by their neglect in this) have hurled
Upon the Stage of this respectless world!
'Tis not one man, one family, one kin;
No, nor one country that hath ruined been
By such their folly: which the cause hath proved
That Foreign oft, and Civil Wars were moved.
By such beginnings, many a city lies
Now in the dust, whose turrets braved the skies;
And divers monarchs, by such fortunes crossed,
Have seen their kingdoms fired, and spoiled, and lost.
Yet all this while, thou seest! I mention not
The ruin, shame, that Chastity hath got!
For 'tis a task too infinite to tell
How many thousands, that would have done well,
Do, by the means of this, suffer desires
To kindle in their hearts, unlawful fires.
Nay, some in whose cold breast ne'er flame had been,
Have, only for mere vengeance, fallen to sin!
Myself have seen (and my heart bled to see 't)
A witless clown enjoy a match unmeet.
She was a Lass, that had a look to move
The heart of cold DIOGENES to love!
Her eye was such, whose every glance did know
To kindle flames upon the hills of snow;
And by her powerful piercings could imprint,
Or sparkle fire into a heart of flint!
And yet (unless I much deceivèd be)
In very thought, did hate immodesty!
And, had she enjoyed the man she could have loved,
Might, to this day, have livèd unreproved!
But being forced, preforce, by seeming friends:

With her consent; she, her contentment ends!
In that compelled, herself to him she gave;
Whose bed, she rather could have wished her grave!
And since, I hear (what I much fear is true!)
That "she hath bidden Shame and Fame, adieu!"
Such are the causes, now, that parents quite
Are put beside much of their ancient right.
The fear of this, makes children to withhold
From giving them those dues which else they would.
And those, thou seest! are the too fruitful ills,
Which daily spring from their unbridled wills;
Yet they, forsooth, will have it understood,
That all their study is their children's good!
A seeming love shall cover all they do,
When (if the matter were well looked into)
Their careful reach is chiefly to fulfil
Their own foul, greedy, and insatiate will!
Who, quite forgetting they were ever young,
Would have their children doat, with them, on dung!
Grant, betwixt two, there be True Love, Content;
Birth not mis-seeming, Wealth sufficient,
Equality in years, an honest Fame,
In every side the person without blame;
And they obedient too: what can you gather
Of love or of affection in that father,
That, but a little to augment his treasure,
(Perhaps, no more but only for his pleasure!)
Shall force his child to one he doth abhor?
From her he loves and justly seeketh for:
Compelling him (for such misfortune grieveth!)
To die with care, that might, with joy have lived!
This, you may say is Love: and swear as well
There are pains in Heaven, and delights in Hell!
Or that the Devil's fury and austerity,
Proceeds out of his care of our prosperity!
Would parents, in this Age, have us begin
To take, by *their* eyes, our affections in?
Or do they think, we bear them in our fist!
That we may still remove them, as *they* list?
It is impossible it should be thus!
For we are ruled by Love, not Love by us!

And so our power so much ne'er reacheth to,
To know where we shall love, until we do!
And when it comes, hide it awhile we may!
But 'tis not in our strengths to drive 't away!
Either mine own eye should my Chooser be,
Or I would ne'er wear HYMEN's livery!
For who is he, so near my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis that mine approveth best?
I have myself beheld those men, whose frame
And outward personages had nought of blame,
They had (what might their good proportion grace!)
The much more moving part, a comely face!
With many of those complements, which we,
In common men of the best breeding see.
They had discourse and wit enough to carry
Themselves in fashion, at an Ordinary.
Gallants they were, loved company and sport,
Wore favours, and had mistresses at Court!
And, every way, were such as they might seem;
Worthy of note, respect, and much esteem.
Yet hath my eye more cause of liking seen,
Where nought perhaps by some hath noted been;
And I have there found more content, by far!
Where some of these perfections wanting are.
Yea, so much, that their beauties were a blot
To them, methought! because he had them not.
There some peculiar thing innated is,
That bears an uncontrollèd sway in this!
And nothing but itself knows how to fit
The mind with that which best shall suit with it!
Then why should parents thrust themselves into
What, they want warrant for, and power to do?
How is it they are so forgetful grown,
Of those conditions, that were once their own?
Do they so doat, midst their wit's perfection,
To think that Age and Youth hath like affection;
When they do see, 'mong those of equal years,
One hateth what another most endears?
Or do they think their wisdoms can invent
A thing to give, that 's greater than Content?
No, neither shall they wrap us in such blindness,

To make us think, the spite they do, a kindness!
For as I would advise no child to stray
From the least duty that he ought to pay;
So would I also have him wisely know
How much that duty is! that he doth owe:
That knowing what doth, unto both belong;
He may do them, their right! himself, no wrong!
For if my parents, him I loathe, should choose,
'Tis lawful! yea, my duty, to refuse!
Else how shall I lead so upright a life
As is enjoinèd to the Man and Wife?
Since that we see, sometimes there are repentings
E'en where there are the most and best contentings!
What though that by our parents, first we live;
Is not Life misery enough to give!
Which at their births, the children doth undo,
Unless they add some other mischief too?
'Cause they gave Being to this flesh of our,
Must we be therefore slaves unto their power?
We ne'er desired it! For how could we tell,
Not Being, but that Not to Be was well!
Nor know they whom they profit by it, seeing
Happy were some if they had had no being!
Indeed, had they produced us without sin;
Had all our duty, to have pleased them been;
Of the next life, could they assure the state:
And both beget us, and regenerate!
There were no reason then, we should withstand
To undergo their tyrannous command!
In hope that, either for our hard endurance,
We should, at last, have comfort in assurance:
Or if, in our endeavours, we mis-sped
At least feel nothing, when we should be dead!
  But what 's the reason for 't, that we shall be
Enthralled so much unto mortality?
Our souls on will of any men, to tie
Unto an everlasting misery?
So far, perhaps so, from the good of either:
We ruin them, ourselves, and all together!
  Children owe much, I must confess 'tis true!
And a great debt is to the parents due.

Yet if they have not so much power to crave,
But in their own defence, the lives they gave:
How much less then, should they become so cruel
As to take from them, the high-prized jewel
Of Liberty of Choice, where depends
The main contentment that the Heaven here lends?
Worth life or wealth! nay, far more worth than either!
Or twenty thousand lives all put together!
Then howsoever some, severer bent,
May deem of my opinion or intent,
With that which follows, thus conclude I do;
And I have Reason for 't, and Conscience too!
"No parent may, his child's just suit deny,
On his bare will, without a reason why!
Nor he, so used, be disobedient thought!
If, unapproved, he take the Match he sought."
So then, if that thy faith uncrazèd be,
Thy friends' dislike shall be no stop to me!
For if their Will be not of force to do it:
They shall have no cause else, to drive them to it!
Let them bring all forth, that they can allege!
We are both young, and of the fittest age!
(If thou dissemblest not) both love! and both
To admit hinderance in our loves were loth!
'Tis prejudicial unto none that live;
And GOD's and human Law, our warrant give!
Nor are we much unequal in degree;
Perhaps, our fortunes somewhat different be!
But say, that little means which are, were not;
The want of wealth may not dissolve this knot!
For though some, such preposterous courses wend,
Prescribing to themselves no other end;
Marriage was *not* ordained to enrich men by!
Unless it were in their posterity:
And he that doth for other causes wed
Ne'er knows the true sweets of a marriage bed!
Nor shall he, by my will! For 'tis unfit
He should have bliss, that never aimed at it!
Though that bewitching gold, the rabble blinds
And is the object of the vulgar minds:
Yet those, methinks, that gracèd seem to be

With so much good, as doth appear in thee!
Should scorn their better-taught desires to tie
To that, which Fools do get their honour by!
I can like of the wealth, I must confess!
Yet more I prize the Man! though moneyless.
I am not of their humour yet, that can
For title or estate affect a man;
Or of myself, One Body deign to make
With him I loathe, for his possessions' sake!
Nor wish I ever to have that mind bred
In me, that is in those; who when they wed,
Think it enough, they do attain the grace
Of some new honour! to fare well! take place!
Wear costly clothes! in others' sight agree!
Or happy, in opinion seem to be!
I weigh not this! for were I sure before,
Of SPENCER's wealth, or our rich SUTTON's store!
Had I therewith a man whom Nature lent
Person enough to give the eye content!
If I no outward due, nor right did want;
Which the best husbands, in appearance, grant!
Nay, though, alone, we had no private jars;
But merry lived from all domestic cares!
Unless I thought his nature so incline
That it might also sympathize with mine,
And yield such correspondence with my mind,
Our souls might mutually contentment find
By adding unto these which went before
Some certain unexpressèd pleasures more
(Such as exceed the straight and curbed dimensions
Of common minds and vulgar apprehensions):
I would not care for such a Match! but tarry
In this estate I am, and never marry!
Such were the sweets, I hoped to have possessed,
When Fortune should, with thee have made me blest!
My heart could hardly think of that content,
To apprehend it without ravishment!
Each word of thine, methought, was to my ears
More pleasing than that music, which the Spheres
(They say) do make the gods, when, in their chime,
Their motions diapson with the time.

In my conceit, the opening of thy eye
Seemed to give light to every object by,
And shed a kind of life unto my shew
In everything that was within its view.
More joy I have felt, to have thee but in place
Than many do in the most close embrace
Of their belovedst friend! which well doth prove
Not to thy body only tends my love:
But mounting a true height, grows so divine;
It makes my soul to fall in love with thine!
And, sure, now, whatsoe'er thy body do,
Thy soul loves mine, and oft they visit, too!
For, late, I dreamed they went I know not whither,
Unless to heaven! and there played together;
And to this day, I ne'er could know or see
'Twixt them or us the least antipathy!
Then what should make thee keep thy person hence!
Or leave to love! or hold it in suspense!
If to offend thee, I unawares was driven;
Is 't such a fault as may not be forgiven?
Or if by frowns of Fate, I have been checked,
So that I seem not worth my first respect;
Shall I be therefore blamed and upbraided
With what could not be holpen or avoided?
'Tis not my fault! yet 'cause my Fortunes do,
Wilt thou be so unkind to wrong me too?
Not unto thine, but Thee, I set my heart!
So naught can wipe my love out, while thou art!
Though thou wert poorer, both of house and meat,
Than he that knows not where to sleep or eat!
Though thou wert sunk into obscurity,
Become an abject in the world's proud eye!
Though by perverseness of thy Fortune crost;
Thou wert deformed, or some limb hadst lost!
That Love, which Admiration first began;
Pity would strengthen, that it failed not!
Yea, I should love thee still, and without blame,
As long as thou couldst keep thy mind the same!
Which is of virtues so compact (I take it!),
No mortal change shall have the power to shake it!
This may, and will, I know, seem strange to those

That cannot the Abyss of Love disclose;
Nor must they think, whom but the outside moves,
Ever to apprehend such noble loves;
Or more conjecture their unsounded measure,
Than can we mortals, of immortal pleasure!
Then let not those dull unconceiving brains,
Who shall hereafter come to read these strains,
Suppose that no Love's fire can be so great
Because it gives not their cold clime such heat!
Or think m' Invention could have reachèd here
Unto such thoughts, unless such Love there were!
For then they shall but shew their knowledge weak;
And injure me, that feel of what I speak!

But now, my lines grow tedious, like my wrong!
And as I thought that thou think'st this too long!
Or some may deem, I thrust myself into
More than beseemeth modesty to do!
But of the difference, I am not unwitting,
Betwixt a peevish coyness, and things unfitting.
Nothing respect I, who pries o'er my doing!
For here's no vain allurements, nor fond wooing,
To train some wanton stranger to my love!
But with a thought that's honest, chaste, and pure;
I make my Cause unto thy Conscience known;
Suing for that, which is, by right, my own!
In which Complaint, if thou do hap to find
Any such word, as seems to be unkind,
Mistake me not! It but from Passion sprang,
And not from an intent to do thee wrong!
Or if among these doubts, my sad thoughts breed,
Some, peradventure, may be more than need;
They are to let thee know (might we dispute!)
There's no objection but I could refute!
And spite of Envy, such defences make,
Thou shouldst embrace that Love thou dost forsake!
Then do not, O forgetful man! now deem,
That 'tis ought less, than I have made it seem;
Or that I am unto this Passion moved,
Because I cannot elsewhere be beloved!

Or that it is thy State; whose greatness known,
Makes me become a suitor for my own!
Suppose not so! For know, this day, there be
Some that woo hard for what I offer thee!
And I have ever yet contented been,
With that estate I first was placèd in!
  Banish those thoughts, and turn thee to my heart!
Come once again, and be what once thou wert!
Revive me, by those wonted joys repairing,
That am nigh dead with sorrows and despairing!
So shall the memory of this Annoy
But add more sweetness to my future Joy!
Yea, make me think thou meanst not to deny me;
But only wert estranged thus, to try me!
And lastly, for that love's sake thou once bar'st me!
By that right hand thou gav'st! that oath, thou swor'st me!
By all the Passions! and (if any be)
For her dear sake, that makes thee injure me!
I here conjure thee! no, intreat! and sue!
That if these lines do overreach thy view:
Thou wouldst afford me so much favour for them,
As to accept, or, at least, not abhor them!
  So (though thou wholly cloak not thy disdain)
I shall have somewhat the less cause to 'plain
Or if thou needs must scoff at this, or me;
Do 't by thyself! that none may witness be.
Not that I fear 'twill bring me any blame;
Only I'm loth the World should know thy shame!
For all that shall this Plaint with reason view,
Will judge me, faithful; and thee, most untrue!
But if Oblivion, that thy love bereft
Hath not so much good nature in thee left;
But that thou must, as most of you men do,
When you have conquered, tyrannize it too!
Know this, before! *That it is praise to no man*
To wrong so frail a creature as a woman!
And to insult o'er one, so much made thine,
Will more be to thy disparagement than mine!

  But O (I pray that it portend no harms!)

A cheering heat, my chillèd senses warms!
Just now, I, flashing feel into my breast,
A sudden comfort not to be exprest!
Which, to my thinking, doth again begin
To warm my heart, to let some Hope come in!
It tells me, "'Tis impossible that thou
Shouldst live, not to be mine!" It whispers how
Myformer fears and doubts have been in vain!
And that thou meanest, yet, to return again.
It says, "Thy absence, from some cause did grow,
Which, or I should not, or I could not know!"
It tells me, now, that all those proofs, whereby
I seemed assured of thy disloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of some base foes
That, in thy absence, sought our overthrows!
Which if it prove (as yet, methinks it may!)
O, what a burden shall I cast away!
What cares shall I lay by! and to what height
Tower in my new ascension to Delight!
Sure, ere the full of it, I come to try;
I shall e'en surfeit in my joy, and die!
But such a Loss might well be called a Thriving,
Since more is got by dying so, than living!
Come, kill me then, my Dear! if thou think fit!
With that which never killèd woman yet!
Or write to me before, so shalt thou give
Content more moderate, that I may live!
And when I see my Staff of Trust unbroken,
I will unspeak again what was mis-spoken!
What I have written in dispraise of men;
I will recant, and praise as much again!
In recompense, I'll add unto their stories,
Encomiastic lines to imp their glories!
And for those wrongs, my Love to thee hath done,
Both I and it, unto thy Pity run!
In whom, if the least guilt thou find to be;
For ever let thy arms imprison me!
Meanwhile, I'll try if Misery will spare
Me so much respite, to take truce with Care!
And patiently await the doubtful doom;
Which I expect from thee, should shortly come!

Much longing that I, one way, may be sped;
And not still linger 'twixt alive and dead!
For I can neither live yet, as I should;
Because I least enjoy of that I would!
Nor quiet die, because, indeed, I first
Would see some better days, or know the worst!
Then hasten, Dear! if to my end it be!
It shall be welcome, 'cause it comes from thee!
If to renew my Comfort, aught be sent;
Let me not lose a minute of Content!
The precious Time is short, and will away!
Let us enjoy each other while we may!
Cares thrive! Age creepeth on! Men are but shades!
Joys lessen! Youth decays! and Beauty fades!
New turns come on, the old returneth never!
If we let ours go past, 'tis past for ever!

Then follows the original text of *Shall I wasting in despair*, of which we have given two versions in *Vol.* IV. *pp.* 454, 577.

Inter Equitandum

Palinodium.

MY GENIUS! say, "What Thoughts, these pantings move?"
"Thy Thoughts of Love!"
"What Flames are these, that set my heart on fire?"
"Flames of Desire!"
"What are the Means, that these two underprop?"
"Thy earnest Hope!"
Then yet I'm happy in my sweet Friend's choice!
For they in depth of Passion may rejoice,
Whose Thoughts and Flames and Means have such blest scope,
They may, at once, both Love, Despair, and Hope!

But tell, "What Fruit at last, my Love shall gain?"
"Hidden Disdain!"
"What will that Hope prove, which yet Faith keeps fair?"
"Hopeless Despair!"
"What End will run my Passions, out of breath?"
"Untimely Death!"
O me! that Passion joined with Faith and Love
Should with my Fortunes so ungracious prove;
That She'll no Fruit, nor Hope, nor End bequeath,
But cruellest Disdain, Despair, and Death!

"To what new Study shall I now apply?"
"Study to Die!"
"How might I end my Care, and die content?"
"Care to Repent!"
"And what good Thoughts may make my End more holy?"
"Think on thy Folly!"
Well, so I will! and since my Fate may give
Nothing but discontents whilst here I live;
My Studies, Cares, and Thoughts, I'll all apply
To weigh my Folly well, Repent, and Die!

FINIS

LEATHER:

A Discourse

tendered to the High Court

of Parliament,

of { *The general Use of Leather,*
The general Abuse thereof,
The good which may arise to Great Britain, from the reformation,
The several Statutes made in that behalf, by our ancient Kings:

And, lastly, a Petition to the High Court of Parliament, that, out of their pious care to their country, they would be pleased to take into consideration the redress of all old abuses; and by adding some remedies of their own, to cut off the new.

LONDON,

Printed by T. C. for MICHAEL SPARKE, dwelling at the sign of the *Blue Bible*, in Green Arbor. 1629.

The Contents of this Discourse.



IRST, a Proem, or Induction to it.

Secondly, a Comparison made between the commodities of other countries, and this of our own; and then is shewed the general use of Leather.

Thirdly, are laid open several abuses offered to England, by transporting her leather into foreign kingdoms.

Fourthly, is delivered, what profit to the King, and what good to the Subject shall arise by a due reformation of the abuses.

Fifthly, are brought in several Statutes made by our ancient Kings, and pleading in that behalf.

Sixthly and lastly, a Petition to the High Court of Parliament, that they would be pleased to look upon their country, and cure her of these enormities.

A Discourse concerning Leather,

tendered to the High Court of Parliament.

KINGDOMS are Palaces built by the great Architect of the world, for Monarchs to dwell in! Nations, the Courtiers! every common subject, an Officer attending there upon his Sovereign! The higher men are seated, the broader and stronger ought their shoulders to be, in supportation of that State which they are to bear up; whilst the hard-hand artificer and poorest mechanic are parts and pieces of that scaffolding which serves to strengthen the glory of so magnificent a structure. For though Kings are the Master Bees in their full and swelling hives; subjects may well be called *minores apes*, which fly every day to bring home the honey.

And albeit the earth be the proper and main foundations of these kingdoms: yet the best and soundest timber to raise up buildings, the most curious adornings, beautifyings, and embellishings of them, when they are up, yea, even at the erecting of the first story, are wise, profound, politic, and wholesome Laws.

Without Laws, all nations are lame, and Sovereignty itself walks upon crutches; Authority lies sick of a consumption: and none (at such times) have able bodies, but Insolence, and the rage of the harrowing multitude. The beast with many heads will then be head of all! and when such a head is distracted, how can the limbs be but laid upon the rack, and torn to pieces!

It hath ever, therefore, been a custom in all countries, especially in this of ours, to invent, enact, and establish good Ordinances and Statutes, to serve to two uses: one as a snaffle, to be thrust into the mouths of the headstrong; the other, as a sevenfold shield to protect the obedient.

Yet, as there can be no concord in music without discord, as the best-working medicines are tempered with poison, as the noblest and clearest rivers have by-ways, creeks, and crooked windings: so there are no stratagems projected, how beneficial soever to a kingdom, but some busy-pated and malevolent spirits are raised out of hell, by sorcerous

charms, to cross and countermine it. Hence it comes, that if the whole race of man should study how to steer the helm of a commonwealth, by a strong and steady hand; yet whirlwinds will be raised on shore, and tempests hurl down their malice in thunder and lightning at sea, to shipwreck the industry, courage, and knowledge of those excellent pilots.

Let Law be never so sweetly strung; there are meddling, spiteful singers, which can put it out of tune. Abuses even of the best things, grow apace, and spread their branches over the largest dominions: but amendments can hardly take rooting in the narrowest cities.

Look back upon the reigns of our ancient Kings, upon the honourable Courts of Parliament holden in their ages, upon the wisdom, judgement, counsel, gravity, and sincerity of both Houses, Upper and Lower, then assembled; upon the Laws, the excellent Laws! those men made; and upon the care, deliberation, and serious resolution they took, in the constitution, comprising, and composing of those Laws: yet what statutes, how strongly soever knit then together, but by the paws of Lions (great men) have been since rent in sunder, mangled, and misused; or by the subtilty of Foxes (bloodsuckers of States) have had holes eaten into them, and been broken through, as if they had been the cobweb lawn of spiders.

The same infection reigns now! Corruption of goodness will never die! Enormities, once crept into Kingdoms, sure, are whole-breasted monsters; and it is long ere their hearts will break! The sweetest sprigs are nipped in the blossom; the fairest trees, eaten by caterpillars; and the noblest land hath her bowels gnawn out by vipers of her own breeding.

Who are those vipers? Men, evil-minded men! that care not, so their own turns be served, what laws they subvert! what statutes they infringe! what customs they violate! what Orders they break! on what sacred urns of our English Kings, they commit sacrilege! by stealing from them the reverence due to their names for calling honourable Parliaments, Councils, and Consultations together, how to preserve in health this royal Kingdom; and if any ill-disorders and misdemeanours should strike her sick, how to cure her.

I leave the main ocean to expert navigators; it is only a poor rivulet, that I crave pardon to row in; and thus it runs,

The general Use of Leather.



The general Use of Leather.

THE heavenly Distributor of blessings hath with so excellent a moderation and judgement parted [*shared*] them among nations, that what one abounds in, the other wants; or, if any one hath share in her neighbour's benefits, it is not a superfluous heap, but a husbandly and sparing handful: so that the world is the great Vine, and every Kingdom a Prop to support the branches, and make them flourish.

Here will I spread the table! and on it, plant some of the dishes belonging to this banquet.

The West Indies open their womb, and are delivered of their golden ingots. These are the King of Spain's best sons; whom he sends forth, to fight against, and conquer (if he can) all Christendom.

Other countries on the American shore have their peculiar endowments. Some boast of their several grained woods, accommodable to rare and extraordinary excellent uses; some, of tobacco; some, of fishing: all can speak of their own particular rarities; and all are profitable and useful amongst countries far remote from them.

Let us come nearer home, and look into our next neighbours' orchards, walks, and delicate gardens.

Spain is proud of her fat wines; her oils, iron, hides: and her golden apples of the Hesperides. France glories in her vineyards, her saltpits, and marble quarries. Germany, of her seventeen rich and warlike daughters, sitting enthroned, with the abundance of all things about them. Russia lays before

you the costly furs and the rich skins of beasts. The Eastern Countries [*Baltic seashore*] are happy in their masts, cables, flax, hemp, rosin, pitch, tar, turpentine, &c.

And this, the Almighty Benefactor does, to the intent, with a *manus manum fricat*, the fire of one country should thaw the ice of another; the fulness of one supply the other's emptiness; and so be ever mindful of the good turns received, with a study of the requital *Quæ mihi præstiteris memini, semperque tenebo.* So that, by this means, they being severally beholden to foreigners and strangers unknown, may love one together, though living never so far asunder, like united friends, allies, and neighbours.

This participation of the fruits and commodities which one land suffers to be made with another, opens a free market for all commerce. It is a noble mart, to which the Christian and Turk are invited alike. This is the golden Chain of Traffic and Negotiation, which doth *concatenare* (tie) merchants of far separated countries so fast together, as if they dwelt in their own. This increases shipping, advances the trade of fishing, nurseth up mariners, and makes us as familiar inhabitants and tenants of the sea, as the farmer and the husbandman are to the land.

And as these forenamed Kingdoms have their royal magazines and storehouses; so hath England hers. For when she unlocks her treasury, there you may behold mines of tin, lead, and iron. What Kingdom in the world hath goodlier and greater cattle, to feed man, and do him service? And where nobler pasture than here, to fatten beasts? Where, larger sheep? where flocks so numerous? where better and more useful wool? What fields can please the eye for grass, or fill the barns with heavier sheaves of corn? Where sit any people by warmer fires? our sea coalpits being able, if not abused, to furnish the whole island, and lend fuel to neighbouring nations.

And yet, if truly you cast up the accounts of all those rich merchandises in foreign kingdoms, and balance them with these of our own; you shall find that not one of them all, either abroad or at home, are able for common use, extraordinary employment, enforced necessity, unrateable value, and unmatchable goodness, to compare with our ENGLISH LEATHER.

We can live without the gold of Peru, the trees of Brazil, the smoke of Virginia, and the whales of Newfoundland. What need have we of the hot Spanish, or cool French grape? Without Russia's furs, we have cloth of our own to keep us warm, and to make robes to adorn our Princes. But can our Kingdom want that excellent, useful, and commendable commodity of her own English Leather?

We have amongst us, a kind of humble, though sometimes complimentally cogging, proverbial speech; when, to shew how well we wish to a man or woman, we say, "I would lay my hands under his feet, to do him good!" What submission can be greater! What free expression of love, duty, and service! Now if Leather were able to do no more but this; to lay itself under our feet, were it not sufficient?

If no use could be made of Leather, but out of it only to cut and fashion boots and shoes; what a universal benefit were this to our country! It reaches from the King downwards to his meanest vassals; and ascends from the common subject, up to the Prince and Nobleman.

Suppose we had no Leather, either of our own or from any other nation! and that, then necessity compelled us to travail hard for some new invention to preserve our feet from the ground: what could the brain of man find out for the foot and leg, so fit, so pliant, so comely to the eye, so curious in the wearing, so lasting, and so contemning all sorts of weather, as this treasure of the Shoemaker?

In times of peace, how many thousand employments have we for Leather? In times of war, are there not as many? What can War perform without it? and what not undergo, having the free use of it?

All our ancient English Kings, all our former Parliaments, all the Nobility, Clergy, Judges, and the learned Wits of the land would never have enacted so many, so severe, and such politic laws to bar the transportation of English Leather into any foreign dominions: but that they well knew, how beneficial a commodity it was to their own kingdom, being kept at home; and how prejudicial it would prove to the State, if ever it were suffered to be consumed abroad.

How many millions, within the bounds of this little island, of men, women, and children, eat their bread by the sweat of their labour; who deal only, in this leathern commodity?

There is no City in England, no Corporation, but have hands working in this Tan Vat. The Kingdom is by their industry generally furnished: and how London thrives by them, witness our Fairs! by the cartloads of leather brought into Leadenhall, Smithfield, and other places; and all bought up within three days at most!

How many masters, besides menservants, in and about this honourable and populous City, would be enforced to leave London, and lose their freedoms, or else run into base and desperate courses, should they give over their trading in leather! How many professions were undone, wanting the use of it! How many rich households would be shut up, as in a time of sickness [*plague*]! and though the persons might happily [*haply*] not be missed; yet their labours would!

How many occupations and manual trades must be left-handed and go lame, if Leather, which is the staff they partly lean upon, be taken from them?

Take a survey of these few: *et ab uno disce omnes.*

Shoemakers, and *Curriers* } get their maintenance only by Leather.

These trades might want work, were it not for Leather.

Book binders.
Saddlers.
Upholsterers.
Budget makers.
Trunk makers.
Belt makers.
Case makers.
Wool-card makers.
Sheath makers.
Hawk's-hood makers.
Scabbard makers.
Box makers.
Cabinet makers.
Bottle and Jack makers.
Girdlers.
Glovers.

And now, within the compass of a few years, those upstart trades

Coach makers, and
Harness makers for Coach horses.

And let thus much, being but little in words, though enough in substance, serve to prove the general and necessary Use of Leather.

Now, to the Abuse.



Of the Abuses of Leather.

AS DARKNESS shoves away light, and as the best working physic hath poison in it: so the most wholesome laws may be perverted, corrupted, confounded, and condemned; as purest waters grow thick by being troubled.

Sithence then, that these few following *Acts*, established by all the wisdom, care, and providence of former times, and serving but as a taste to a thousand more, stand up as proofs that the goodliest buildings may be undermined and blown up: it is no marvel, if this weak one and poor one of Leather be likewise shaken, and in danger to be confounded.

The Use of Leather hath his place before. Now, do but cast your eyes on this other side, and behold what Abuses do attend upon it!

They are not many; yet able enough to do much mischief. Is it not strange that our Kingdom being as plentifully stored with leather as any one part of the world, there should here, notwithstanding, be a dearth of leather? Are not boots and shoes (which every man, woman, and child must, of necessity, have) sold at extreme, unusual, and intolerable prices? insomuch that the rich complain of the excessive dearness, and the poor cannot reach to the honour of a new pair. How comes this to pass?

Doth the Abuse spring from transportation of our leather into foreign countries? which hath, in all our Kings' reigns, as shall be shewn hereafter, been forbidden; and is still forbidden! Yet what cannot golden hooks pluck away from us? to serve strangers beyond the seas; yea, our greatest enemies

This, if it be true (as it is to be feared), is a great Abuse. But is not our wanton and prodigal expense of it at home, as great an Abuse, or greater than the former? I believe any man may say so, when he doth but look upon our infinite number of coaches! What prodigal spending of leather is there made, in covering but one coach, and cutting out the harness for it! and this leather is not the meanest sort or worst; but the principal and strongest, which might, otherwise, serve both for Sooling [*soling*] Leather and Upper Leather.

It is thought, and it is easy to be known, that in London and Westminster and the parts adjoining, are maintained at least 5,000 coaches and caroches; to the furnishing of which throughout with leather, are consumed 5,000 hides of leather.

And if these two places only, spoil so much what doth the whole kingdom? sithence Pride leaps into her chariot in every Shire, Town, and City?

Every private Gentleman now is a PHÆTON, and must hurry with his thundering caroch along the streets, as that proud boy.

Or, if this be not a wasting, decaying and abuse of leather; what shall we think of the prodigality of our legs and feet? what over lavish spending of leather is there, in boots and shoes! To either of which, is now added a French proud superfluity of Galloshes!

The wearing of Boots is not the abuse; but the generality of wearing, and the manner of cutting boots out with huge, slovenly, unmannerly, and immoderate tops!

For the general walking in Boots, it is a pride taken up by the Courtier, and is descended down to the clown. The merchant and the mechanic walk in boots! Many of our Clergy, either in neat boots, or shoes and galloshes! University scholars maintain the fashion likewise. Some citizens, out of a scorn not to be gentile [*genteel*], go, every day, booted! Attorneys, lawyers' clerks, serving-men, all sorts of men delight in this wasteful wantonness!

Wasteful, I may well call it! for one pair of boots eats up the leather of six pair of reasonable men's shoes!

How many thousand pairs of boots are worn in London and Westminster, every year! They cannot be numbered!

But if there were but 1,000 pairs worn: in them are

consumed 6,000 pairs of shoes, the soles only excepted; for it is meant only 6,000 upper leathers.

Is not this, think you! an excessive devouring, and an exceeding abuse of leather? If this be not, I know not what can be!

Besides, how many several new pairs of boots doth some one man lavishly wear out in one year?

If these things, these abuses, were not; the poor might go as well shod as the rich, and leather would be sold at a reasonable rate: which now carries a higher price, than ever was known in England.



Abuses of Leather Markets.



O THESE abuses of leather, add the abuses of markets where hides and leather are sold!

And to avoid the nomination of too many places, for these disorders spread all over the kingdom, let Leadenhall only be pricked down! for the circle and centre, in which all these devilish abuses are conjured up. Of which, this is the main one, viz.:

The market is full of excellent leather, strong backs and good upper leathers; all this in the morning, lies unsealed. Then into the market enter a crew of ancient, careful, good men, (ancient in villainy! careful to get wealth! but not caring whom to undo! good to themselves, but bad members to a commonwealth!) citizens by title, Cordwainers or Shoemakers by profession.

And these are not above eight or ten in number; rich in purse, poor in conscience! full of gold, empty of goodness! These eight or ten (no matter what their number is, so they were honest!) stalk severally up and down the market, and spying where the heaps of best leathers are, a price is beaten in the tanner's ear; but the closing up of the bargain must be at the tavern: where they and the tanners meet, have a breakfast of 30s. or 40s. [=£6 or =£8 *now*], which the tanner or they easily discharge; and there, the leather is bought, before it be sealed! which ought not to be.

But then, a Sealer is sent for, a crown [6s.] clapped into his hand (where not Half is his due) to go and despatch: which being done, every shoemaker comes in, and seeing it sealed, cheapens, but cannot buy!

"It is sold," they say, "already." And so, on a sudden, all is swept away to the warehouses or cellars of these unconscionable engrossers.

So that if a shoemaker that brings but £4 or £5 [£16 *or* £20 *now*] to the market (his estate happily reaching no higher), is enforced to buy leather of these cormorants, at such rates as they please to set them.

The hurts done by these men are many; and whole families smart and want through their greediness. Yet the mischief they do, comes not alone: for here another abuse follows.

The poorer sort of tanners; they, seeing the market swept of all the best leather, hold up their worst hides at as dear a rate as the best were paid for: and so, the said shoemaker is glad to buy ill ware, and pay dear for it too! or else go home and do nothing.

Another abuse is, that every week are bought and carried away from the market 300 or 400 raw hides at the least; which being conveyed in carts to certain ends of the town, are there first dried and then salted; and then sent into several counties to be tanned: but are never again brought into London. By which means, the market of the City is cheated of much good ware in a year; and the tradesmen thereby hindered, if not undone.

The good that may arise by Reformation of these Abuses.



F IT would please the High Court of Parliament to take into consideration, a redress of these wrongs, disorders, and abuses; by restraining the prodigal wasting of Leather,

1. The prices of boots and shoes would, in a very short time be abated.
2. Our country would be abundantly furnished with this beneficial and needful commodity.
3. The knitting of worsted and woollen stockings, now much decayed throughout the whole kingdom, [would be] greatly put in practice.
4. An infinite number of poor children, which now go begging up and down, [would] be set at work.
5. Tradesmen and shopkeepers in all our cities, [would] have quicker doings.

6. The ancient Company of Hosiers (who, in former times, lived richly, by cutting out Kerseys into Cloth Stockings; but are now utterly in a manner, extinguished) might be set up again: to the good and maintenance of many hundreds of families; who might be set at work, only to serve their shops with those kinds of wares.
7. And, lastly, by this means, our own country commodities might be kept at home in full abundance: whereas, now, they are conveyed away into other Kingdoms to furnish them, whilst we feel the scarcity.

If the Masters and Wardens of the Companies of Saddlers, Cordwainers, and Curriers might be examined, what they know touching these abuses, how they come? and from whom? and by what ways these mischiefs may be prevented? no question is to be made, but an easy path might be beaten out, to do a general good to our nation; because they are men better informed in these mysteries than any others.

The Statutes enacted in several Kings' reigns, touching Leather.

Anno. 27 *Hen.* 8, *cap.* 14. *NO MANNER of Estranger or Denizen shall pack, or cause to be packed, any manner of Leather, to be conveyed over the seas out of this Realm, Wales, or other the King's Dominions; otherwise than in this* Act *is expressed, that is to say,* that all such Leather shall be hereafter packed by a Packer sworn in every such port, where any leather shall be shipped to be conveyed out of this Realm, Wales, or other the King's Dominions, upon pain of forfeiture of all such leather, &c.

No tanner within this Realm, Wales, or other the King's Dominions, or other persons occupying or having a tan house, shall from henceforth send, or cause to be conveyed over the sea, by way of merchandise or otherwise, any manner of leather, tanned or untanned: upon pain of forfeiture of all such leather, or the value thereof.

Nor that any person or persons, at any time hereafter, shall carry over the sea out of this Realm &c., any salted or untanned hide, or any leather called Back or Sole Leather, *&c.*

Anno. 2 *Ed.* 6, *cap.* 11. An *Act* was made for the true tanning of Leather.

An *Act* enacted in *Anno.* 3 *Ed.* 6, *cap.* 6. That it shall be lawful to divers artificers there named, to buy and sell tanned leather, curried or not curried: so that such should be converted by the buyers into wares within the King's Dominions.

Again, in *Anno.* 5 *Ed.* 6, *cap.* 15. *No person or persons*

shall ship, or cause to be shipped, to the intent to carry transport or convey over the seas, as merchandise to be sold or exchanged there, any shoes, boots, buskins, startups, or slippers: upon pain to forfeit all and every such shoes, &c.

Again *Anno.* 1 *Eliz., cap.* 10. An *Act* was made that the carrying of leather, tallow, and raw hides out of this Realm for merchandise, should be Felony.

There was a Statute made concerning Cordwainers and Shoemakers in 25 *Ed.* 3, *cap.* 2.

Another in 13 *Rich.* 2, *cap.* 12.

Another in 4 *Hen.* 4, *cap.* 35.

Another in 2 *Hen.* 5, *cap.* 7.

Another in 4 *Ed.* 4, intituled, *Cordwainers and Cobblers.*

Another in 1 *Hen.* 7, called *An Act against Tanners and Cordwainers.*

Another in 19 *Hen.* 7, intituled, *For Curriers and Cordwainers.*

Another in 3 *Hen.* 8.

Another in 5 *Hen.* 8, intituled, *An Act for Strangers for buying of Leather in open market.*

Another in the 14 or 15 *Hen.* 8, intituled, *An Act concerning the liberty of Cordwainers and Shoemakers.*

Another in 22 *Hen.* 8, intituled, *An Act concerning Tanners and Butchers*

Another in 24 *Hen.* 8, intituled, *An Act concerning true tanning and currying of Leather.*

Another to the same purpose, *Anno.* 2 and 3 *Ed.* 6, *cap.* 9.

Another in 4 *Ed.* 6, intituled, *An Act for buying of rough hides and calves' skins.*

Another in 1 *Eliz.*, where it was enacted, *That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to lade, ship, or carry into any vessel or ship, or otherwise, any Leather, Tallow, or raw Hides, of intent to transport or carry the same into any place or places of the parts beyond the seas, or into the Realm of Scotland, by land or by seas, other than Scottish hides: upon the forfeiture &c.*

And the owners of the said ships or vessels, knowing of such offence, to forfeit the said ships or vessels, with all their apparel [tackle] *and furniture to them and every of them belonging.*

And the Masters and Mariners knowing of such offence, to forfeit all their goods and chattels; and to have imprisonment by the space of One Year, without bail or mainprize.

Then in 4 *Jacob. cap.* 5, there is a long *Act* set down touching Cordwainers, Curriers, Tanners, Butchers, and Leather; spreading into many and several branches, viz.:—

No Butcher by himself or any other person, shall gash, slaughter, or cut any Hide of any ox, bull, steer, or cow.

No Butcher shall water any Hide, except in the months of June, July, and August; nor shall offer to put to sale any Hide putrified.

No Butcher shall use the craft, feat, or mystery of a Tanner.

No Tanner shall use the craft or mystery of a Shoemaker, Currier, Butcher, or other artificer using, or exercising, cutting, or working of leather.

No Tanner shall suffer any Hide or Skin to be in the lime till the same be overlimed; nor shall put any Hides or Skins into any tan vats before the lime be well and perfectly soaked; nor shall use any stuff about the tanning of Leather, but only ash-bark, oak-bark, topwort, malt, meal, or lime; nor shall suffer his Leather to be laid, or to hang, or to lie wet in any frost; nor to parch or dry his leather with the heat of the fire or of the summer sun; nor shall suffer the hide for utter [outward] *Sole Leather, to lie in the woozes, any less time than nine months at the least.*

No Tanner shall tan any Hide, Calves' skin, or Sheep's skin, with hot or warm woozes: upon forfeiture of £10 for every such offence; and also for every such offence, stand in the pillory, three market days.

No Currier shall curry any kind of Leather in the house of any Shoemaker; but only in his own house, and that must be situate in a corporate or market town: nor shall curry any kind of Leather, except it be well and perfectly tanned; nor curry any hide being not perfectly dried after his wet season. In which wet season, he shall not use any deceitful mixture; nor curry any Leather meet for utter Sole Leather with any other stuff than hard tallow; nor curry any leather for Over [Upper] *Leather and Inner Soles but with good stuff, being fresh and not salt; nor shall burn or scald any Hide or Leather in the currying, nor shall have any leather too thin; nor shall gash or hurt any Leather in the shaving.*

No Currier shall use the mystery of a Tanner, Cordwainer, Shoemaker, Butcher, or any other artificer using or cutting of Leather.

No Cordwainer or Shoemaker shall make, or cause to be made

any boots, shoes, buskins, startups, slippers, or pantoffles; or any part of them, of English Leather wet curried (other than Deer skins, Calf skins, or Goat skins dressed like Spanish Leather); but of Leather well and truly tanned, and curried substantially, sewed with good thread (well twisted and made and sufficiently waxed with wax, and well rosined), and the stitches hard drawn with hand-leathers, without mingling of Over Leathers; that is to say, part of the Over Leather being of Neat's Leather, and part of Calf Leather.

No Cordwainer or Shoemaker shall put into any boots, shoes, &c. (as before) *any Leather made of Sheepskin, Bull hide, or Horse hide; nor in the Upper Leathers of any shoes, startups &c., or in the nether* [lower] *part of any boots (the inner part of the shoes only excepted) any part of any Hide from which the Sole Leather is cut, called the Womb, Neck, Shank, Flank, Poul, or Cheek. Nor put in the Utter Sole, any other leather than the best of the Ox or Steer Hide; nor into the Inner Sole, than the Wombs, Necks, Pouls, or Cheeks; nor into the trewsels of the double-soled shoes, other than the Flanks of Hides.*

Moreover, the Masters and Wardens of Cordwainers, Curriers, Girdlers, and Saddlers of the City of London, upon pain to forfeit £40 [= £200 now] *for every year they make default, shall, once every quarter, make a true search and view within London, and within three miles of the same, for all boots, shoes, buskins, &c., made of tanned leather; and if they be not made and wrought, as they ought to be, or insufficiently curried; then the said Masters and Wardens have power to take, seize, and carry away to their Common Halls, all such boots, shoes, wares, stuff, or other things.*

And that all coach makers dwelling in London, or within three miles of the city, shall be under the survey and search of the Masters and Wardens of the Company of the Saddlers.

Moreover, that the Lord Mayor of London and the Aldermen are, upon pain of £40 *yearly, to appoint Eight Persons, free of the Cordwainers, Curriers, Saddlers, or Girdlers (of the which one shall be a Sealer, and the rest Searchers), to view and search every tanned Hide, Skin, or Leather which shall be brought to Leadenhall Market: and there, if they find them sufficiently tanned and thoroughly dried, then to seal them; or being found defective, to seize them.*

And within six days after the seizing, such Hides or Leathers are to be reviewed by certain Triers; whereof there are two of the

better sort of the Company of the Cordwainers, two of the better sort of the Company of Curriers, and the other two of the better sort of the Tanners using Leadenhall Market.

These Searchers and Sealers, for fear of corruption, are not suffered to continue in the office longer than two years: taking for the searching, sealing, and registering of every Ten Hides, Backs, or Butts of Leather (with the Necks, Wombs, and Dibbins, or other pieces of offal cut from the Backs or Butts), of the Seller 2d. [=6d. now], *and of the Buyer as much.*

Now for the avoiding of all ambiguities and doubts, which may grow and arise upon the definition of this word Leather: it is enacted &c., That the Hides and Skins of Ox, Steer, Bull, Cow, Calf, Deer red or fallow, Goat and Sheep, being tanned or tawed; and every Salt Hide is, shall be, and ever hath been, reputed and taken for "Leather."

All currying and dressing of Leather, commonly called Dry Currying and Frizzing, being construed to be "Dressing and Currying of Leather after the manner of Spanish leather."

To shew how careful this Parliament was to keep this excellent commodity of Leather to ourselves, the want of it being so hurtful; hear what the *Act* speaks against transportation.

It is enacted &c., *That if any Leather wrought, cut, or unwrought, to the intent to be sold or bartered, shall hereafter unlawfully be transported, or purposed to be transported into other parts beyond the sea, from or out of any port, haven, or creek of this Realm or Wales: every Controller, Customer* [Customs Collector], *Surveyor, Collector of Tonnage and Poundage, and the Searchers; and the deputy of any of them, or any other persons hearing or knowing, by any ways, of any Leather meant to be transported from any place within his Office, and do not his best endeavour to seize the same; or being transported, do not disclose or cause the same to be disclosed within forty days next after such knowledge or hearing of the same, in some Court of Record, so as the offender may be punished according to the laws in that case provided, shall, for every the first offence committed against this* Article, *forfeit* £100 [=£500 now], *and for the second offence, his Office.*

Again, *Every Customer, Officer, or Officer's Deputy that shall make any false certificate of any Leather in any port, creek, or place of this Realm, shall also forfeit for every such offence* £100.

Now whereas by the covetousness of divers, regrating and ingrossing [rigging the market of] *tanned Leather, and selling it again at excessive prices to saddlers, and such other artificers making wares of tanned Leather, those wares be grown to unreasonable prices: Be it enacted &c., That no person or persons, of what estate degree or condition soever he or they be, shall buy or ingross, or cause to be bought or ingrossed any kind of tanned leather, to the intent to sell the same again: upon pain to forfeit the said leather so bought. Provided &c., That all Saddlers, Girdlers, Cordwainers, and all other artificers such as make mails, bougets* [bags], *leather-pots, tankards, boar-hides, or any other wares of Leather, shall or may buy all such kind of Tanned Leather.*

FINIS.



The General Grievance of all England; Man, Woman, and Child.

TO THE HIGH AND HONOURABLE COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

WHEREAS, We, your poor Petitioners, jointly, with one unanimity, humbly desire a Reformation of this general and great Grievance of late, for, and in consideration of the great Abuse of Transportation of Raw Hides, Tanned Skins of great growth, and Calves' Skins: all which are transported in most unreasonable manner, and under the colour [*pretence*] of the transporting of some hundred Dozens, many thousands are daily transported; and that in such an excessive manner that not only all Skins that are brought into the market at Leadenhall and elsewhere, are so enhanced in price that they be of late raised Treble to the price they have been; but, by secret bargains, almost all sorts of leather be bought underhand, in all countries [*counties*] before they come to markets to be sold, by divers merchants for to be transported.

And, moreover, it is, for certain, known, that divers Dutchmen come daily over, and employ poor shoemakers, curriers, and cobblers to be their bargain-drivers in all chief fairs, for great parcels of ware and sums of money,

whilst they themselves sit private in taverns or tippling-houses, to pay the money when others have driven the bargain. By which means the fairs and markets be so forestalled, that His Majesty's subjects cannot have the benefit of the fairs and markets as in times past; the said commodities being bought out of His Majesty's subjects' hands.

And likewise, of late days, some leather sellers of London, who do not cut, or work, or use leather, finding the great benefit and profit to be got by transporting, have and do (contrary to all equity or right) buy, or cause in private to be bought up, what they conveniently may.

So that, unless there be some speedy course taken by this Honourable Court now assembled; it is most likely that all mechanics that get their livings by the said use of Leather, are likely to fall to utter ruin and decay; and this commodity to be enhanced to such an unreasonable price that our enemies shall go well shod, and we bare foot! and be utterly impoverished in that commodity: and all trades, which in times past have flourished by Leather, are now likely to be utterly ruinate and overthrown.

Therefore, We, His Majesty's poor subjects, in most humble manner, desire in commiseration of our poor wives and children, [you] to take into consideration this our extreme grievance, and to provide for some speedy remedy.

And we shall daily pray for your prosperous success.

THE

INTERPRETER.

Wherein three principal Terms of State,

much mistaken by the vulgar,

are clearly unfolded.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

Anno 1622.

[*** This important Political Satire, which gives us, with such freshness, the national opinions of the hour in which it was written, is thought to have been printed either in Scotland or Holland.]

To such as understand not the English tongue perfectly.



HAT the unwise may learn to understand
How certain Words are usèd in our land;
And that they may write sense, whilst they remain
In foreign parts, or shall return again;
(For idioms, fashions, manners alter here,
As friendship and religion everywhere):
I have some elegancies for our tongue
Observed, as they are usèd now, among
Our ablest linguists, who mint for the Court
Words fit to be proclaimed; and do resort
Where lords and ladies couple and converse,
And trade lip learning, both in prose and verse.
And by these few, the docible may see
How rich our language is! religious, we!
Time was, a PURITAN was counted such
As held some Ceremonies were too much
Retained and urged; and would no Bishops grant,
Others to rule, who government did want.
Time was, a PROTESTANT was only taken
For such as had the Church of Rome forsaken;
Or her known falsehoods in the highest point:
But would not, for each toy, true peace disjoint.
Time was, a PAPIST was a man who thought
Rome could not err, but all her *Canons* ought
To be canonical; and, blindly led,
He from the Truth, for fear of Error, fled.
But now these words, with divers others more,
Have other senses than they had before:
Which plainly I do labour to relate,
As they are now accepted in our State.

A Puritan.

(So nicknamed, but indeed the sound Protestant.)

A PURITAN is such another thing
As says, with all his heart, "GOD save the King
And all his issue!" and to make this good,
Will freely spend his money and his blood;
And in his factious and fond mood, dare say,
"'Tis madness, for the Palsgrave, thus to stay
And wait the loving leisure of kind Spain!
Who gets at first, only to give again
In courtesy, that faithless heretics
May taste the Faith and Love of Catholics.
And Hope too!" For a Puritan is he
That doth not hope these Holy Days to see;
And would a wasted country, on condition
Scorn to receive! although the High Commission
Of England, Spain, and Rome would have it so.
False favours he'd not take from a true foe!
A Puritan is he, that rather had
Spend all, to help the States (he is so mad!),
Than spend one hundred thousand pounds a year
To guard the Spanish coasts from pirates' fear:
The whilst, the Catholic King might force combine
Both Holland, Beame, and Palz to undermine;
And by his cross-curse-Christian counterwork
To make Rome both for Antichrist and Turk

Right Catholic. So th' Empire first divided,
By Holy Mother's pious plots (who sided
The East, and West; that she might get between,
And sit aloft, and govern like a Queen);
The Turk did great Constantinople gain,
And may win Rome too, by the help of Spain.
A Puritan is he that would not live
Upon the sins of other men; nor give
Money for Office in the Church or State,
Though 'twere a Bishopric: he so doth hate
All ceremonies of the Court and Church,
Which do the coffer and the conscience lurch
Of both the[ir] treasures. So that (covetous!) he
Would not have such as want both, better be!
A Puritan is he that thinks, and says
He must account give of his works and ways:
And that whatsoever calling he assumes,
It is for others' good. So he presumes
Rashly to censure such as wisely can
(By taking timely bribes of every man),
Enrich themselves: knowing to that sole end,
GOD and the King did, them their honours send;
And that Simplicity hath only mounted
By virtue; but such fools, they'll not be counted!
A Puritan is he, that, twice a day,
Doth, at the least, to GOD devoutly pray,
And twice a Sabbath, he goes to church to hear,
To pray, confess his sins, and praise GOD there
In open sight of all men: not content
GOD knows his heart, except his knee be bent,
That men, and angels likewise, may discern
He came to practise there, as well as learn;
And honour GOD with every outward part,
With knee, hand, tongue, as well as with the heart.
A Puritan is he, which grieves to think
Religion should in France shipwreck and sink;
Whilst we give aim! and that those men should sway
The kingdom there, who made the King away
The whilst all such as helped to crown the father* [* HENRY IV.]
Should by the son † be now proscribed the rather. [† LOUIS XIII.]
A Puritan, in unadvised zeal,

Could wish that huntsmen ruled the Common weal:
And that the King's hounds were the only spies,
For they would tell truth! as the others, lies.
He wisheth beasts were men, as men resemble
Beasts: for surely they would not dissemble!
But would tell where the fault lies, and hunt home
The subtle Fox, either to Spain or Rome.
A Puritan is he, that speaks his mind
In Parliament: not looking once behind
To others' danger; nor yet sideways leaning
To promised honour, his direct true meaning.
But for the Laws and Truth doth firmly stand:
By which, he knows, Kings only do command;
And Tyrants otherwise. He crosseth not
This man, because a Courtier or a Scot;
Or that, because a Favourite, or soe:
But if the State's friend, none can be his foe!
But if the State's foe (be he what he will,
Illustrious, wise, great, learned), he counts him ill.
He neither sides with that man nor with this,
But gives his voice just as the reason is,
And yet, if Policy would work a fraction
To cross Religion by a foreign faction
Pretending public good; he'll join with those
Who dare speak Truth, not only under the rose,
But though the White Rose and the Red do hear!
And though the pricking Thistle too be there!
Yea, though the stars,* the moon,* the sun,* look on,
And cast, through clouds, oblique aspects upon
His clear and free intentions; he's as bold
And confident as the bright marigold! †
That flatterer, that favourite of the sun,
Who doth the self-same course observe and run;
Not caring though all flowers else wax sear,
So he, the golden livery may wear!
But our free, generous, and noble spirit
Doth from his ancient English stock, inherit
Such native worth and liberty of mind,
As will omit no slavery of his kind;
Yet he is ready to obey wheresoe'er

[* The Nobility, Prince CHARLES, and King JAMES]

[† BUCKINGHAM]

He may not prejudice the Truth by fear,
Nor faintly seem to shrink, withdraw, give way,
Whilst other mushrumpes * do the State betray.
He'll not a traitor, be unto the King, [* Mushrooms]
Nor to the Laws (for that's another thing
Men dream not of, who think they no way can
Be traitors unto many, for *one* man),
But his chief error is to think that none
Can be a traitor, till Law calls him one;
And that the Law is what the State decrees
In Parliament: by which, whilst that he sees
His actions and intentions justified,
He counts himself a martyr glorified,
If, in this cause, he suffers; and contemns
All dangers in his way. Nay, he condemns
All such as traitors be to Church and State,
Who for the love of one, all others hate!
And for particular ends and private aims,
Forsake their Country! and their conscience maim!
His Character abridged, if you would have,
HE'S ONE, THAT WOULD A SUBJECT BE, NO SLAVE!

A Protestant.

(So will the Formalist be called.)

A PROTESTANT is such an other thing
As makes, within his heart, God of the King;
And (as if he did, with his Crown inherit
A never-erring and infallible spirit),
Labours to blow him up by praise of wit,
And by false flatteries cosen him of it.
A Protestant is one that shakes his head
And pities much the Palsgrave was misled
To meddle with Bohemia, and incense
The Spanish wrath; 'gainst which, there is no fence!
That his revenues in the Palz again
Were well restored, he wishes; so that Spain
Would take the honours of that house, and give
MENTZ his demands, letting the Palsgrave live:
For such a favour as his lands and life,
Not one, except the father of his wife
(That King of Peace and Love!) dares boldly crave
But what is it he may despair to have
By means of th'English and the Scottish Saint,
Who, at their pupils' suit, doth still acquaint
The Spanish Patron, how, the first of May,
PHILIP and JAMES make one Holy Day;
What therefore's given to one, the other must
Be shares in; for JAMES is surnamed "Just."
And so, this year, by Holy Church's count,

The Calendar reformed hath singled out,
These two most sacred Saints to wait upon
Our Saviour's feast of Resurrection,
Which by the English heathen computation
Meets with May Day among the Catholic nation;
And may be such a day, as that, for goodness,
Which some called "Ill May Day" from people's woodness,
A day of feasting, and a day of pleasure,
A day of marriage, and withal of treasure,
A day of Catholic unity and love
Which may a kind of resurrection move
In our State, Union; almost now forgot,
Being buried both by th'English and the Scot.
Spain strikes betwixt, and like a Lord commands,
They join their Laws together with their Lands:
And join they will! but in despite of Spain,
Making his Holy Day of hope but vain.
A Protestant is he, that fain would take
Occasion from the East or West, to shake
Our League with the United Provinces:
To which end, he hath many fair pretences.
Our Honour first, for in the Greenland, they,
And the East Indies, beat our ships away.
Our Profit likewise, for in both those places
We do great loss sustain, besides disgraces:
And in the Narrow Seas, where we are masters;
They will presume to be our herring-tasters!
But we should have white herrings wondrous plenty,
If they would give us two of every twenty;
Or stay our idle leisure, till that none
Remained for them or us, but all were gone.
And if they will not thus, our humours serve,
"That we," saith he, "should leave them, they deserve!"
A herring cob, we see, will make him quarrel;
What would the man do, think you! for a barrel?
Well could I wish these things were all amended;
But greater business, now, is to be 'tended.
Our Lives, Religions, Liberties, and Lands
Upon this nice and tickle quarrel stand;
And we must for a fitter time attend,
Else Spain will soon this controversy end!

A Protestant is he, that, by degrees,
Climbs every Office; knows the proper fees
They give and take, at entrance of the Place,
And at what rate again, they vent that grace;
Knows in how many years a man may gather
Enough to make himself a reverend father,
Or from the lowest civil step arise
To sit with honour in the starry skies:
For he hath gone that Progress, step by step,
As snails creep up where safely none can leap;
For snails do leave behind their silver slime,
And guild the way for falling as they climb.
A Protestant is he that with the stream
Still swims, and wisely shuns every extreme;
Loves not in point of faith to be precise;
But to believe as Kings do, counts it wise:
If CONSTANTINE the Great will christened be;
This will the white robe wear as well he!
And in the hallowed fountain plunge amain
His naked body, as if every stain
Were now washed off, and his inflamèd zeal
Thirsted these waters, which soul's sin doth heal.
Again, if JULIAN will renounce his faith;
This man will say, just as his Sovereign saith.
If he intend Religion to betray,
And yet will walk a close and covert way,
Corrupting men by office, honour, bounty,
You shall find this man will deserve a County;
By double dealing and by broking so,
That none shall think him ere they find him too
Apostated: for no way so doth work
To make a man an Atheist, Jew, or Turk,
As do corrupted manners, which let in
A deluge of impiety and sin.
These, backed by favour and preferment, may
Have power to make all error open way;
And every man will censure opposition,
When gilden flattery kills without suspicion.
This poisoned vial then was poured in
When, first, the Church got means to maintain sin;
And now the means withdrawn or misemployed,

Makes all religion and all conscience void.
For man that hunts for honour, wealth, or fame,
Will be as those be, who dispose the same.
So that no readier way there can be found
To conquer us, than to corrupt the sound
By bribes; the worst assault that can befall
To Bodies Politic, confounding all.
Gifts blind the wise. And though the Chequer be
Open and empty, as erst full and free;
Yet other bribes can work the same effect
That Mammon would. The favour and respect
Of Favourites, a nod or wink from Kings,
Employment, Office, Grace are able things!
Besides, the honoured style of Viscount, Lord,
Earl, Marquess, Duke can work, at every word,
Strange alterations, more than CIRCE's cup,
In such as can, no other ways get up.
Will he speak truth directly? Make him then
A Dean, or Bishop! they are no such men!
The wolf hath seen them first! Their throat is furred,
You shall not hear from them, a factious word!
Stands he for Law, and custom of the land?
Make him an Officer! Give him command!
Command, where he may gain! this will bewitch
DEMOSTHENES, who labours to be rich.
What, is he bold and forward? Send him out
On some embassage! or employ the stout
At sea or land! some desperate voyage, where
They may be lost! Then leave them helpless there!
Undo them thus! Before, they had too much;
But being poor, they'll nothing dare to touch!
This ostracism will, sure, abate their pride;
And they shall give great thanks for it beside!
If he be poor, oppress him! shut him out
In forlorn banishment, where round about
The faithless world, he may his living seek!
Then no man, after him, will do the like.
If he be faint, check him! or do but chide,
He'll hold his tongue, and his tail closely hide!
Is he free-tongued, though serious and discreet?
Proclaim him silent! Whip him through the street!

Thus, whatsoe'er is done, nor bird shall dare
To warn the rest, till all be in the snare.
Is he a rich man? Then, the Fleet and fine
Will make him seem, although he be not, thine.
Briefly, whatsoe'er he be, except alone
Directly honest (of which few or none
Remain alive) a Statist, ways can find,
By policy to work him to his mind.
And thus the Common wealth may conquered be,
The Church deflowered, beslaved our Liberty,
Without all bloodshed; under the pretence
Of Peace, Religion, Love, and Innocence.
A Protestant is an indifferent man,
That with all faiths, or none, hold quarter can;
So moderate and temperate his passion
As he to all times can his conscience fashion.
He at the Chapel, can a Bishop hear;
And then in Holborn a religious Freer.
A *Mass* ne'er troubles him more than a Play;
All's one: he comes all one, from both away.
A Protestant, no other fault can spy
In all Rome's beadroll of iniquity,
But that, of late, they do profess King-killing;
Which Catholic point, to credit he's unwilling.
Only because he gains by Kings far more,
Than he can hope for, by the Romish whore.
He saith, "This only, doth the Pope proclaim
For ANTICHRIST, because that Greekish name
Doth signify *Against the LORD's Anointed*";
As if it only, 'gainst this doctrine pointed.
And therefore leaving this out of their *Creed*;
He in the rest, with them is soon agreed.
And so the King's part may be safe from fear:
Let GOD Himself, for His own part, take care!
A Protestant is he, that guards the ear
Of Sovereign Justice, so that Truth to hear
He's not permitted; nor to know the danger
He stands in, 'twixt the Subject and the Stranger;
The plots which strangers have, grief of his own;
Which may too late be prevented, known.
For though his foes be wily wolves and foxes,

His subjects shackled asses, yokèd oxes:
Yet time will show them not to be such daws
As will look on, whilst others change the Laws,
And rob the State, Religion do deflower;
Having their Prince imprisoned in their power!
As Princes have been prisoners to their own;
And so may ours too, if the truth were known:
The liberty of will by strong affection
May be restrained; which is the worst subjection!
For then the understanding will not see,
But rusheth on whatsoe'er the danger be.
A Protestant is he, whose good intention
Deserves an English and a Spanish pension,
Both for One service; and obtains it too
By winning Spain, more than their arms could do,
With long delays: and losing us and ours;
What lost, to get again we want both powers,
And perhaps will.
Others by treaties and disputes may gain;
But we by blows: else old said saws be vain!
A Protestant is he, that hath no eye
Beyond his private profit; but doth lie
In wait to be the first that may propound
What he foresees Power plots. The solid ground
He ne'er examines: be it right or wrong,
All's one! since it doth to his part belong.
For to his part belongs to sooth and flatter
The greatest Man, though in the foulest matter;
And him, he holds a rebel, that dare say
"No man against the Laws, we must obey!"
His character abridged, if you will have,
HE'S ONE THAT'S NO TRUE SUBJECT, BUT A SLAVE!

A Papist.

A ROMANIST is such an other thing
As would, with all his heart, murder the King;
That saith, "The House of Austria is appointed
To rule all Christians; and for this anointed
By CHRIST's own Vicar: and they, rebels are;
Who dare against this House make any war,
Invasive or defensive." Jesuits' wit
And Indian gold do both attend on it;
And all Rome's hierarchy do plot, pray, curse,
And spend the strength of body, soul, and purse
To this sole end, that every State besides,
May be the vassals to the Austrian pride.
And so Rome may, of both the Empires,
Keep still the Civil and Religious keys.
A Romanist is he, that sows debate
'Twixt Prince and People; and 'twixt every State
Where he remains: that he, by the division,
May work himself some profit in decision;
Or bring in Rome and Spain to make all friends
Who, having footing once, have half their ends.
For as the Devil, since first he got within
Man's heart, keeps still there by Original Sin;
So those wheresoe'er once they Interest gain
Keep all; or such a party let remain
Behind, assured to them, as may procure
A relapse, when men think themselves secure.

Thus each disease, though cured, remains in part:
And thus the frail flesh oft betrays the heart.
  Now, for the rest, no Romish false opinion
Can make a Papist in the King's dominion;
Nor absence from the Church: for, at this season,
He is no Papist that *commits not treason*!
Let him to Church resort, or be Recusant;
All's one! he's counted a good Protestant.
Nay, 'tis a question, if GUY FAWKES were one!
But 'tis resolved that Papist, he was none.
  His Character abridged, if you will have,
  HE IS SPAIN'S SUBJECT, AND A ROMISH SLAVE!

THE WORTH OF A PENNY:

OR A Caution to keep Money.

With the

Causes of the scarcity and misery of the want hereof, in these hard and merciless Times.

AS ALSO

How to save it in our diet, apparel, recreations, &c.

And also

What honest courses men in want may take to live.

By H. P., Master of Arts.

LONDON,
Printed *Ann. Dom.* 1647.

[This date is a misprint, apparently for 1641 This first edition was privately printed, see *p.* 248]

(We have been careful to distinguish in the present text, what PEACHAM himself wrote, from the additions by his friend [*p.* 248] and others, in the posthumous editions of **1664, 1667, 1669,** and **1676.**

All such fresh matter, whether in the text or side-notes, is shewn between square brackets, [ ].)

To the every way deserving and worthy Gentleman, Master RICHARD GIPPS, eldest son unto Master RICHARD GIPPS, one of the Judges of the Court of Guild-hall, in the city of London.

SIR,



HEN I finished this discourse of The Worth of a Penny, or A Caution to keep Money, *and bethinking myself unto whom I should offer the Dedication; none came more opportunely into my thought, than yourself! For I imagined, if I should dedicate the same unto any penurious or miser-able minded man, it would make him worse, and be more uncharitable and illiberal: if unto a bountiful and free-minded Patron, I should teach him to hold his hand; and, against his nature, make him a miser. I, to avoid either, made choice of yourself! who being yet unmarried, walk alone by yourself; having neither occasion of the one nor the other.*

Besides, you have travelled [in] France and Italy, and I hope have learned Thrift in those places: and understand what a virtue Parsimony is, for want thereof, how many young heirs in England have galloped through their estates, before they have been thirty!

Lastly, my obligation is so much to your learned and good father, and (for goodness) your incomparable mother; that I should ever have thought the worse of myself, if I had not cum tota mea supellex sit chartacea, *as ERASMUS saith, I had not expressed my duty and hearty love to you, one way or other.*

Whose in all service,

I am truly,

HENRY PEACHAM.

[An Advertisement to the Reader.

By WILLIAM LEE, the Publisher, in 1664, and 1667.

1664. Master PEACHAM, many years since, having finished this little book of *The Worth of a Penny*, did read it unto me, and some eminent friends of his, being then present, we were much pleased with his conceits. The chief intent of printing it, was to present them [*copies*] to his friends.

But some years after, Mr PEACHAM dying, and the book being so scarce that most of the considerable booksellers in London had never heard of it, many Gentlemen of great worth were very importunate with me, to print the book anew. but after much search and inquiry, I found the book without any printer's name, and without any true date [*i.e.*, 1647 *instead* 1641 *or* 2]; and having procured it, to be licensed and entered [*in* 1664], and corrected all the mistakes in it, I have, in an orderly way, reprinted a small number of them, word for word, as it was in the original Only a friend of his, that knew him well in the Low Countries, and when he was Tutor to the Earl of ARUNDEL's children, hath added some notes in the margent, and translated some Greek and Latin sentences, which were omitted in the first impression

To speak much of the worth of the Author is needless, who, by his own Works, hath left unto the World a worthy memorial of himself, his book called *The complete Gentleman*, being in the year 1661, reprinted the third time: and divers others books of his

And, Reader, know, that there is no felicity in this life, nor comfort at our death, without a good conscience in a healthful body, and a competent estate and most remarkable is the saying of that eminent wise man—

Industry is Fortune's right hand, and Frugality her left.

Read this book over, and if thou hast a Penny, it will teach thee how to keep it, and if thou hast not a Penny, it will teach thee how to get it. And so, farewell W. L.

1667. Reader, I reprinted this little book about two years since [*June* 24, 1664], and the number printed presently selling in a few days all away, I intended suddenly to have printed it again, but the great judgement of that fearful Plague, 1665, hindered the printing of it · and it being afterwards fitted for the press, the late dreadful Fire burnt that copy [*edition*] with many thousands of other books burnt with it

But now [*May* 17, 1667], it is so well fitted and corrected; with some useful additions printed in a change of letter [*Italic type, as also in this* 1883 *edition*] that, with your good husbandry it will so increase your store, that you may have "a penny to spend, a penny to lend, and a penny for thy friend."

The number of books [*copies*] printed then [1664] was so much sold off within a few days in London, that there hath not been books left for to serve the country, not one for every shire in England! that the country at this day, is altogether unfurnished with them. W. L.]

THE WORTH OF A PENNY: *OR A* Caution to keep Money.

THE Ambassador [J. BEN ABDELLA] of MULEY HAMET Sheik, King of Morocco, when he was in England, about four or five years since [*He arrived in London on October* 8, 1637], said on a time, sitting at dinner at his house at Wood street, "He thought verily, that Algiers was four times as rich as London." An English merchant replied that he "thought not so; but that London was far richer than that! and for plenty, London might compare with Jerusalem, in the peaceful days of SOLOMON."

For my part, I believe neither! especially the merchant. For, in the time of SOLOMON, silver was as plentiful in Jerusalem as stones in the street: but with us, stones are in far more abundance, when, in every street in London, you may walk over five thousand loads, ere you will find a single Penny. Again, the general complaint and murmur throughout the Kingdom, of the scarcity and want of money, argues that we fall far short of that plenty which the merchant imagined.

And, one time, I began to bethink myself, and to look into the causes of our want and this general scarcity: and I found them manifold.

First, some men, who, by their wits or industry, or both, have screwed or wound themselves into vast estates, and gathered thousands like the griffins of Bactria; when they have met with a gold mine, so brood over and watch it, day and night, that it is impossible for Charity to be regarded, Virtue rewarded, or Necessity relieved: and this we know to have been the ruin, not only of such private persons themselves, but of whole Estates and Kingdoms. That I may instance one for many. Constantinople was taken by the

Turk, when the citizens abounding in wealth and money, would not part with a penny in the common necessity: no, not for the repair of their battered walls! or the levying of soldiers to defend them.

Another sort doat upon the stamp of their money, and the bright lustre of their gold; and, rather than they will suffer it to see the light, will hide it in hills, old walls, thatch or tiles of their houses, tree roots, and such places: as, not many years since, at Wainfleet in Lincolnshire, there was found in digging of a back side to sow hemp in, an old rusty helmet of iron, rammed in full of pieces of gold with the picture and arms of King HENRY I. And money thus hid, the owner seldom or never meets withal again; being, many times, prevented by sudden death, by casualty, or their forgetfulness.

[Helmets eaten through with their own rust, have been found filled with monies of ancient inscription 1664]

Monsieur GAULART, a Great Man of France, though none of the wisest, in the times of the Civil Wars, buried some 2,000 crowns [=£600=£3,000 *now*], a mile or two from his house, in an open fallow field: and that he might know the place again, took his mark from the spire of a steeple that was right against the place. The wars being ended, he came, with a friend of his, as near the place as he could guess, to look for his money. Which he not finding, and wondering what the reason should be, after, in the circumference, he had gone about the steeple, being right against it which way soever he went; quoth he to his friend, "Is there no cheating knave, think you! in the steeple, that turns it about, intending to cheat me of my money?" imagining that it went round and himself stood still, as COPERNICUS did of the Globe of the Earth.

[About 35 years since [1629], not far from Dunstable, many pieces of silver were taken up, which the plough had thrown upon the edge of the furrow Being examined, they were found to be silver, with the impression of CÆSAR on them Mr JOHN SELDEN much valued them for their antiquity some of them having been stamped, as he said, above 900, and some a 1000 years. 1664]

Indeed, much money and treasure, in former times, as in the invasions of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans here with us, and of others in other places, hath been this way bestowed; and for this reason, in such troublesome times, become scarce for whole Ages after, but this is no true cause of want of money in our Times: wherein, it is true, we have little money to hide; yet there are not wanting

[It is conceived many great sums of money are still under ground, which were buried there, during the heat of the late unnatural wars 1664.]

among us, those *monedulæ* or money-hiding daws, who repine and envy that either King or country should be one penny better (yea, even in the greatest extremity!) for what they have conveyed into their holes.

And most true it is, that money so heaped up in chests and odd corners, is like, as one saith, to dung; which while it lieth upon a heap doth no good, but dispersed and cast abroad, maketh fields fruitful. Hence ARISTOTLE concludeth that the prodigal man is more beneficial to, and deserveth better of, his country, than the covetous miser. Every trade and vocation fareth the better for him, as the tailor, haberdasher, vintner, shoemaker, sempster, hostler, and the like.

The covetous man is acquainted with none of these. For instead of satin, he suits himself in sacken. He trembles, as he passeth by a tavern door, to hear a reckoning of 8*s.* [=30*s. now*] sent up into the Half Moon [? *bow window*] for wine, oysters, and faggots: for his own natural drink, you must know! is between that the frogs drink [*simple water*] and a kind of pitiful small beer too bad to be drunk, and somewhat too good to drive a water mill. The haberdasher gets as little by him as he did by an old acquaintance of mine at Lynn in Norfolk: who, when he had worn a hat eight and thirty years, would have petitioned Parliament against haberdashers for abusing the country, in making their ware so slight! For the shoemaker, he hath as little to do with him, as ever TOM CORYAT had. For sempsters, it is true, that he loves their faces better than their fashions. For Plays, if he read but their titles upon a post [*the Bill of the Play*], it is enough. Ordinaries [*Eating-houses with table d'hôtes*] he knows none! save some of three pence [*i.e., a threepenny* (= 1*s. now*) *dinner*], in Black Horse Alley, and such places. For tapsters and hostlers, they hate him as hell! as not seeing a mote in his cup once in seven years. [*This miser-able Master supped his man and himself, at the inn, with a quart of milk!* **1664.**]

Scar beer, brewed with Broom in the Low Countries at 1½d [=5*d now*] the gallon, is much like it.

Another cause of scarcity and want of money are peaceful Times, the nurses of pride and idleness; wherein people increase, yet hardly get employment. Those of the richer and abler sort give themselves to observe and follow every fashion; as what an infinite sum of money goeth out of this kingdom into foreign parts, for the fuel of our fashionable pride!

[The English gold being at a higher value beyond the seas than in our own nation, is a great cause of the transportation of it 1664.]

Let me hereto add the multitude of strangers that daily come over into our warmer soil, as the cranes in winter betake themselves to Egypt; where, having enriched themselves through our folly and pride, they return and purchase great estates in their own countries: enhancing there, our monies to a higher rate, to their excessive gain and the impoverishing our people of England.

Let me add hereto besides, the great sums of money and many other great and rich gifts, which have been formerly conferred on strangers: which, how they have been deserved, I know not! Some, I am sure! like snakes taken up, and having got warmth from the Royal fire, have been ready to hiss at and sting, as much as in them lieth, both their finders and their founders.

Again, there is an indisposition of many to part with money in these tickle Times: being desirous if the worst should happen, to "have their friends about them," as Sir THOMAS MORE said, filling his pockets with gold, when he was carried to the Tower.

There is likewise almost a sensible decay of Trade and traffic: which being not so frequent, as heretofore, by reason, as some would have it, the seas are now more pestered with pirates than in times past; the "receipt of custom," like the stomach, wanting the accustomed nourishment, is constrained to suck it from the neighbour[ing] veins to the ill disposition and weakening of the whole body.

[How much gold is conveyed thither in every Fleet 1664.]

They are no few or small sums, which, in Pieces of Eight [*i.e., eight Rials, the present Mexican dollar* = 4*s.* 3*d. now*] are carried over to the East Indies: no doubt to the great profit and enriching of some in particular; but whether of the whole Kingdom in general, I know not!

What hurt, our late questioned Patentees, in Latin *Hirudines* [*bloodsuckers*], have done to the common body, in sucking and drawing forth even the very life-blood from it; we know daily, and more we shall know shortly.

I wish some of the craftiest and most dangerous among them, might be singled out for examples! remembering that of TACITUS:

Pœna ad paucos, timor ad multos.

[*The punishment to few, but the terror to many.* **1664.**]

All people complain generally, as I have said, of the want of money; which, like an epidemical disease, hath over-run the whole land. The City hath little Trading [*which is the Mother of Money: for he who buys and sells, feels not what he spends.* **1667**]. Country farmers complain of their rents yearly raised (especially by their Catholic landlords, which, in times past, have been accounted the best; though now the case is altered, and easily may the reason be guessed): yet can find no utterance for their commodities, or must sell them at under rates. Scholars, without money, get neither patrons nor preferment; mechanic artists [*skilled workmen*], no work: and the like of the other professions.

One very well compared worldly wealth or Money unto a Foot Ball: some few nimble-heeled and [nimble]-headed run quite away with it; when most are only lookers-on, and cannot get a kick at it, in all their lives.

Go but among the Usurers in their walk in Moor Fields, and see if you can borrow £100 [=£350 *now*] of any of them, without a treble security, with the use [*interest*], one way or other, doubled! and as yourself, so must your estate be particularly known!

A pleasant fellow came, not long since, to one of them, and desired him that he would lend him £50 [=£175 *now*].

Quoth the usurer, "My friend, I know you not!"

"For that reason only, I would borrow the money of you," [*said the other,* **1667**]; "for if you knew me, I am sure you would not lend me a penny!"

Another meets a creditor of his, in Fleet street: who seeing his old debtor, "Oh, Master A," quoth he, "you are met in good time! You know there is money between us, and hath been a long time; and now it is become a scarce commodity."

"It is true, Sir," quoth the other, "for," he looking down upon the stones that were between, "in good faith! I see none."

[A country tenant meeting with his miserable landlord, in the Term time, did offer him the courtesy of a pint of Sack. To whom the landlord said, "Be a good husband! and save one 6d and give me the other! and I will take it as kindly as if you had spent the whole 12d" (*i.e., in the Two pints of Sack*) **1664.**]

And this was all the citizen could get at that time; but afterwards, he was well satisfied.

Whom would it not vex, to be indebted to many of your shopkeepers? who, though they have had their bills truly paid

them for many years together, yet (upon the smallest distaste of a petty mistake, reckoning, or some remnant behind) will be called upon! openly railed at! by their impudent and clamorous wives, insulted over! and lastly, arrested! which should, methinks, teach every young Fashion-monger, either to keep himself out of debt, or money in his purse to provide CERBERUS a sop.

Another misery proceeding from the want of money is that when it is due unto you, by your own labour or desert, from some rich miser-able, or powerful man or other, by long waiting, day by day, yea hourly attendance, at his house or lodging; you not only lose your time and opportunity of getting it elsewhere, and when all is done, to be paid after five in the hundred, in his countenance, or else fair and candid promises, which will enrich you straight!

Promissis dives quilibet esse potest.
[*If words and promises would pass for coin; there would be no man poor.* **1664**[.

And some poor men there are, of that currish and inhuman nature: whom, if you shall importune through urgent necessity, then are you in danger to lose both your monies and their favour for ever.

Would you prefer and place your son in the University? Let him deserve never so well, as being an able and ready Grammarian, yea, Captain of his Form! you shall very hardly prefer him, without Great Friends joined with your great Purse! For those just and charitable Times wherein Desert seldom went without its due, are gone!

The like, I may say of the City: where, if the Trade [*line of business*] be anything like, you cannot place your son, under £60 *or* £100 [=£210 *or* £350 *now*]; though by nature he were, as many are, made for the same, and of wit and capacity never so pregnant.

Or have you a daughter, by birth well descended, virtuous, chaste, fair, comely, endued with the best commendable qualities that may be required in a young, beautiful, and modest Maid: if you have not been, in your life-time, thrifty to provide her a Portion, she may live till she be as old as CREUSA, or the Nurse of ÆNEAS, ere you shall get her a good Match!

Nam genus et formam Regina Pecunia donat,
[Money 's a Queen ! that doth bestow
Beauty and Birth to high and low. **1664.**]

is as true as old. Hence the Dutch have a proverb, that "Gentility and Fair Looks buy nothing in the market."

If you happen to be sick and ill; if your purse hath been lately purged, the Doctor is not at leisure to visit you! yea, hardly your neighbours and familiar friends! But unto monied and rich men, they fly as bees to the willow palms! and, many times, they have the judgement of so many, that the Sick is in more danger of them, than of his disease.

A good and painful Scholar having lately taken his Orders, shall be hardly able to open a Church door without a Golden Key, when he should ring his bells [*i.e*, *ring himself in*]. Hence it comes to pass, that so many of our prime wits run over sea to seek their fortunes; and prove such vipers to their mother country.

Have you but an ordinary suit in law, let your cause or case be never so plain or just, if you want wherewith to maintain it, and, as it were, ever and anon to water it at the root, it will quickly wither and die!

I confess friends may do much to promote it, and may prevail by their powerful assistance in the prosecution [*as by the following story appears.* **1667.**]

There was, of late years, in France, a marvellous fair and goodly Lady, whose husband being imprisoned for debt or something else, was constrained to be his Solicitor, and, in her own person, to follow his suit in law, through almost all the Courts in Paris; and indeed, through her favour, got extraordinary favour among the Lawyers and Courtiers, and almost a final despatch of all business: only she wanted the King's hand, who was HENRY IV. of famous memory. He, as he was a noble, a witty, and an understanding Prince, understanding how well she had sped (her suit having been, in the opinion of most men, desperate or lost), told her that "for his part, he would willingly sign her *Petition*." Withal, he asked her, "How her husband did?" and bade her, from himself, to tell him, "That had he not pitched upon his horns, he had utterly been spoiled and crushed!" [*Beauty if not well governed, proves more an enemy than a friend* 1669]

So that hereby was the old proverb verified, "A Friend in Court is better than a Penny in the Purse." But, as friends go nowadays, I had rather seek for them in my purse, than in the Court: and I believe many Courtiers are of my mind.

It is good to have friends, but it is far better never to have need of them 1669

Again, to teach every one to make much of and to keep money, when he hath it; let him seriously think with himself, What a misery it is, and how hard a matter to borrow it! And most true it is, that one saith:

Semper comitem Æris Alieni esse Miseriam.
That Misery is ever the companion of Borrowed Money.

Hereby, a Man is made cheap and undervalued! despised! deferred! mistrusted! oftentimes flatly denied! and besides, upon the least occasion, upbraided therewith, in company and among friends!

And sometimes, Necessity drives men to be beholden to such as, at another time, they would scorn to be! wherein the old saying is verified—

Miserum est debere cui nolis.
[*A miserable thing it is, to owe money to him, whom thou wouldst not!* **1664.**]

And, on the contrary, how bold, confident, merry, lively, and ever in humour, are Moneyed Men. [*For being out debt, they are out of danger!* **1667.**] They go where they list! They wear what they list! They eat and drink what they list! And as their minds, so their bodies are free!

[They need not go by ways, but are street proof 1664]

They fear no City Serjeant, Court Marshal's man, or Country Bailiff. Nor are they followed or dogged home to their Ordinaries and lodgings, by City shopkeepers and other creditors: but they come to their houses and shops, where they are bidden welcome; and if a stool be fetched [*i.e., for them*] into the shop, it is an extraordinary favour, because all passers by take notice of it. And these men can bring their wives or friends to see in Court, the King and Queen at dinner, or to see a Masque; by means of some eminent man of the Guard, or the carpenter that made the scaffold [*i.e., for the Masque*].

The common and ordinary Causes why men are poor and want money.

THERE must, by the Divine Providence, in the Body of the Common wealth, be as well poor as rich; for as a human body cannot subsist without hands and feet to labour, and to walk about, to provide for other members; the rich being the belly, which devour all yet do no part of the work: but the cause of every man's poverty is not one and the same.

[The blessing of GOD upon the prosperity of the industrious and contented 1664.]

Some are poor by condition, and, content with their calling, neither seek, nor can work themselves into a better fortune: yet GOD raiseth up, as by miracle, the children and posterity of these, oftentimes, to possess the most eminent places, either in Church or Commonwealth, as to become Archbishops, Bishops, Judges, Commanders, Generals in the field, Secretaries of State, Statesmen, and the like. So that it proveth not ever true, which MARTIAL saith,

Pauper eris semper, si pauper es ÆMILIANE!
If poor thou beest; poor, shalt thou ever be!
ÆMILIANUS, I assure thee!

Of this condition are the greatest number in every Kingdom.

Others there are, who have possessed great estates, but those estates, as I have seen and known it in some families, and not far from the City, have not thrived or continued; as gotten by oppresson, deceit, usury, and the like: which commonly lasteth not to the Third generation; according to the old saying:

De male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres.
[*The Grandchild seldom is the heir*
Of goods that evil gotten are. **1664.**]

Others come to want and misery, and spend their fair estates in ways of vicious living, as upon drink and women: for BACCHUS and VENUS are inseparable companions; and he that is familiar with the one, is never a stranger to the other.

Uno namque modo, Vina VENUSque nocent.
[*In one same way, manner, and end;*
Both Wine and Women do offend. **1664.**]

Some again live in perpetual want, as being naturally wholly given to idleness [*which turns the edge of Wit, and is the Key of Beggary.* **1667.**] These are the drones of the Common wealth, who deserve not to live.

Qui non laborat, non manducet.

[*He that laboureth not, must not eat.*

"*Labour, night and day! rather than be burdensome,*" *saith St.* PAUL. **1664.**]

Both country and City swarm with this kind of people. "The diligent hand," saith SOLOMON, "shall make rich; but the sluggard shall have scarcity of bread."

I remember, when I was in the Low Countries, there were three soldiers, a Dutchman, a Scot, and an Englishman, for their misdemeanours, condemned to be hanged. Yet their lives were begged by three several men. One, a Bricklayer, that he [*the Dutch soldier*] might help him to make bricks, and carry them to the walls. The other was a Brewer of Delft, who begged his man [*the Scot*] to fetch water, and do other work in the brewhouse. Now, the third was a Gardener, and desired the third man, to help him to work in and dress a hop-garden.

The first two accepted their offers thankfully. The Englishman told his master, in plain terms, "his friends never brought him up to gather hops!" but desired he might be hanged first: and so he was.

[The reasons why persons of so great estates do suddenly consume themselves into nothing **1664.**]

Others having had great and fair estates left unto them by friends, and who never knew the pain and care of getting them, have, as one said truly, "galloped through them in a very short time."

These are such, of whom SOLOMON speaketh, "who, having riches, have not the hearts (or rather the Wit), to use them."

These men, HOMER, most aptly, compareth unto the Willow Tree, which he calleth by a most significant epithet ὠλεσί-καρπος, in Latin *frugi-perda*, or "loose fruit:" because the palms [*buds*] of the willow tree are no sooner ripe, but are blown away with the wind.

I remember, in Queen ELIZABETH's time, a wealthy citizen

of London left his son a mighty estate in money: who imagining he should never be able to spend it, would usually make "ducks and drakes" in the Thames, with Twelve pences [=5*s. now*], as boys are wont to do with tile sherds and oyster shells. And in the end, he grew to that extreme want, that he was fain to beg or borrow sixpence: having, many times, no more shoes than feet; and sometimes, "more feet than shoes," as the *Beggar* said in the Comedy.

[*Who more than his worth doth spend,*
Maketh a rope, his life to end! **1667.**]

Many also there are, who, having been born to fair estates, have quite undone themselves by marriage: and that, after a twofold manner.

First, by matching themselves, without advice of parents or friends, in heat of youth, unto proud, foolish, and light housewives, or such perfect "linguists," that one were better to take his diet in *Hell*,* than his dinner at home. And this is the reason so many of their husbands travel beyond the seas; or, at home, go from town to town, from tavern to tavern, to look for company: and, in a word, to spend anything to live anywhere, save at home in their own houses.

* A place near to Westminster Hall; where very good meat is dressed, all the Term time.

Others there are, again, who match themselves (for a little handsomeness and eye-pleasing Beauty, [*which, so soon as Poverty cometh in at the door, leapeth out of the window.* **1664.**] into very mean and poor kindred; and are sometimes drawn in hereto by broken knaves, necessitous parents, who are glad to meet with such, that they may serve them as props to uphold their decaying and ruinous families. And these poor silly young birds are commonly caught up before they be fledged, and pulled bare before ever they knew they had feathers: for their fathers-in-law or some near of the kin, as soon as they have seen one and twenty, have so belimed them with Bonds, that they shall hardly, as long as they live, be able to fly over ten acres of that land, their friends left them.

[*If Youth be joined with Honour and Riches, how dangerous, if the reins be then let loose, we see the many destructive effects it hath, and do work! but the Three joined with Wisdom, how honourable and noble are they all!*

But the greatest snare, the Author writes of, is Beauty: which, of itself, is a blessing. We see how comfortably the candle causes light, not offending in burning; yet the foolish fly offends in scorching itself in the flame! Yea, it is no small misery to become a temptation unto another, and to be made the occasion of other's ruin; Beauty being not well governed. Which fails, if the Soul answers not the Face! for the foulest souls often dwell fairest! How happy, if Virtue be joined thereto!

If Precepts will not forewarn thee, yet let a multitude of Examples affright thee from unequal and unfit marriages!

He that takes his full liberty in what he may, *shall repent him! how much more, in what he* should not! *Nothing can overturn him that hath power of himself! Learn first, by a just survey, to know the just due and lawful bounds of Pleasure! and then knowing the danger of going beyond a man's strength, use pleasures without dotage! I never knew a wise man that repented him of too little worldly pleasure. The surest course in all earthly delights is to rise* [therefrom] *with an appetite, and to be satisfied with moderation.* **1669.**]

A Knight of £8,000 or £10,000 [=£25,000 *or* £30,000 *now*] [by] land in a year, doated upon a poor Alewife's daughter, and made her a Lady. It cannot be denied but women of the meanest condition may make good wives; since

Paupertas non est vitium;
Poverty is no vice:

but herein is the danger, that when their husbands, in a short time, having as it were taken a surfeit of their beauties, and finding their error; they begin, as I have known many, to contemn them, and fly abroad, doat upon others, and devise all the ways they can (being grown desperate) to give or sell all that they have.

Besides, such poor ones, oftentimes, prove so impious and proud, as that they make no conscience to abuse, insult over, and make silly fools of their husbands; as by letting and disposing of their lands, gathering up his rents, putting away and entertaining what servants they list, to verify that old verse:

Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.
There's nothing more perverse and proud than She,
Who is to Wealth advanced from Beggary.

An Italian Earl, about Naples, of 100,000 Crowns [=£30,000 *then* =£100,000 *now*] by the year in estate, married a common laundress. Whereupon old PASQUIN (the image of stone in Rome), the next Sunday morning or shortly after, had a foul and most filthy shirt put on his back, and this tart libel beneath:

"PASQUIN, how now! a foul shirt upon a Sunday!"

The *risposto* or answer, in PASQUIN's behalf was:

"I cannot help it, my laundress is made a Countess!"

Besides, another inconvenience is that, besides the calling of his Wit and Judgement into question; he draws unto him so many leeches and down-drawers upon his estate, as his wife hath necessitous friends and kindred. But they that thus marry, are commonly such young men as are left to themselves: their parents, overseers [*guardians*], or faithful friends, being either dead, or far from them.

Others, not affecting marriage at all, live, as they say, "upon the Commons": unto whom it is death to be put into the Several. They spend what they have, altogether in irregular courses of life, and in change of horses and lodgings, entertainment of new acquaintance, making great feasts in taverns, invitations and meetings of their common mistresses, coach hire, clothes in fashion, and the like. [*Who forget that old but true Proverb:*

Nil ait est prius, melius nil, cælibe vita

Follow Pleasure, and Pleasure will fly!
Flee Pleasure, and Pleasure will be nigh! **1667.**]

besides the hanging on and intrusion of some necessitous parasites; of whom they shall find as much use, as of water in their boots. [*And it is well said by one, that "he that overmuch studies his own contentment, ever wanteth it!"* **1667.**]

There are others, again, of overgood free natures and dispositions; who are easily fetched and drawn in by decayed and crafty knaves (I call them, no better!) to enter into bonds, and to pass their words for their old debts and engagements: and this they are wrought to do in taverns in their cups and merriment, at Ordinaries, and the like places.

The old Emblem of Suretyship.

I would have in the fairest room of one of these houses, an Emblem of a gallant young heir creeping in at the great end of a hunter's horn with ease; but cruelly pinched at the coming forth at the small end: a fool standing not far off, laughing at him. And these be those fools who will be so easily bound! and pass their words in their drink.

Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum.
['*Tis easy into hell to fall;*
But to come back from thence is all! **1664.**]

It is easy slipping in, but the return and getting out is full of difficulty.

Infinite also are the Casualties that are incident to the Life of Man, whereby he may fall into poverty: as misfortune by fire, loss at sea, robbery and theft on land, wounds, lameness, sickness, and the like.

Men run out of great estates, and have undone themselves by over sumptuous building, above and beyond their means and estates. [*For he that builds a fair house, without good counsel, builds himself to prison! It being a sweet impoverishment!* **1667.**]

Others have been undone by carelessness and thriftless servants, such as waste and consume their Masters' goods; [*for there is a great deal saved where a little is spent.* **1667.**]: neither saving nor mending what is amiss; but whatsoever they are entrusted withal, they suffer to be spoiled and to run to ruin. For

Qui modica spernit, paulatim defluit,

"He that despiseth small things, falls by little and little," says the Wise Man.

Some, yea, a great many, have brought themselves to beggary by play and gaming, and never lying [*staying*] out of Ordinaries and Dicing-houses: which places, like quicksands, so suddenly sink and swallow them, that hardly you shall ever see their heads appear any more. [*And so, these idle practices turn the edge of their Wit.* **1667.**]

Others, and Great Ones too, affect unprofitable, yea, impossible inventions and practices, as the Philosopher's Stone, the Adamantine Alphabet,* the discovery of that new world

* Possibly referring to Bp. F. GODWIN's book in 1638. E. A.

in the Moon by these new devised perspective glasses [*telescopes*], far excelling, they say, those of GALILEO, sundry kinds of useless wild fire, water works, extractions, distillations, and the like.

If any would be taught the true use of money, let him travel to Italy! For the Italian, the Florentine especially, is able to teach all the world, Thrift! For Italy being divided into many Principalities and Provinces, and all very fertile; the inhabitants are many, and by reason of so often differences among them, apt to take arms. The people are subject to taxes and impositions: as, in Florence, the Duke hath a custom [*octroi*] at the gates, even out of herbs that are brought for sallets [*sallads*] and broths into the city.

The Symptoms of a Mind dejected and discontented for want of money.

HE THAT wanteth money is, for the most part, extremely melancholic in every company, or alone by himself [*He is a Cypher among Numbers!* **1667.**] especially if the weather be foul, rainy, or cloudy. Talk to him, of what you will; he will hardly give you the hearing! Ask him any questions; he answers you with monosyllables, as TARLETON did one, who out-eat him at an Ordinary: "Yes! No! That! Thanks! True!" &c.

That rhetorical passage of *Status translativus* [*the State translative*, **1664.**] is of great use with him, when he lays the cause of his want upon others. as protesting, this great Lord, that Lady, or kinsman owes him money; but not a *denière* can he get! He swears, he murmurs against the French and other strangers, who convey such sums of money out of the land, besides our leather hides under the colour of calfskins: with that, he shews you his boots out at the heels, and wanting mending! He walks with his arms folded; his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps be somewhere in trouble. A hat without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten fancy, for fashion' sake. He cannot stand still, but like one of the Tower wild beasts, is still walking from one end of his room to another, humming out some *new Northern tune* or other. If he meets with five or ten pieces happily [*by chance*]

[*The true Character of an indigent and discontented soldier.* 1664]

conferred upon him, by the beneficence of some noble friend or other [*although he may carry all his friends on his back.* **1667.**]; he is become a new man! and so overjoyed with his fortune, that not one drop of small drink will down with him, all that day!

The misery of want of money in regard of contempt in the world.

WHOSOEVER wanteth money is ever subject to contempt and scorn in the world; let him be furnished with never so good gifts, either of body or mind. So that, most true it is, that one saith,

Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

[*Nothing there is more hard in penury,*
Than that it makes men so despisèd be! **1664.**]

The worst property that Poverty hath, it maketh men ridiculous and scorned, but oftentimes of such as are more to be contemned themselves, in regard either of their ignorance, or vicious living, or useless company.

If we do but look back into better and wiser Ages, we shall find Poverty, simply in itself, never to have been, as nowadays in this last and worst Act of Time, esteemed a Vice, and so loathsome, as many would have it: it having been the Badge of Religion and Piety in the primitive times since CHRIST, and of Wisdom and Contempt of the World among the wisest Philosophers long before.

But *Tempora mutantur* [*The Times are changed.* **1664.**]. And in these Times, we may say with the Wise Man, "My son, better it is to die, than to be poor!" For, now, money is the World's God, and the Card, which the Devil turns up trump, to win the set withal! for it gives Birth, Beauty, Honour, and Credit; and the most think, it conferieth Wisdom to every possessor.

[Money, the god of the World, and the Devil's trump card. 1664.]

Pecuniæ omina obediunt.
[*All things obey money.* **1664.**]

Hence it is so admired, that millions venture both soul and body, for the possession of it.

But there is a worse effect of Poverty than that. It maketh men dissolute and vicious [*so that "Debtors are said to be liars."* **1664.**].

O mala Paupertas! vitii scelerisque Ministra,
[*O wretched Poverty, a bawd*
To every wickedness and fraud. **1664.**]

saith MANTUAN.

It wresteth and maketh crooked the best natures of all; which, were their necessities supplied, would rather die than do as they sometimes do, borrow and not be able to pay, to speak untruths, to deceive, and sometimes to cheat their own fathers and friends.

What greater grief can there be to an ingenious and free spirit, sitting at a superior's table (and thought to be necessitous and only to come for a dinner) than to be placed the lowest! to be carved unto of the worst and first cut, as of boiled beef brawn and the like! and if the Lady or loose-bodied Mistress presents unto him, the meat from her trencher, then assuredly it is burnt to the body [*we should now say "burnt to the bone"*]! if he be carved unto out of a pasty of venison, it was some part that was bruised in the carriage, and began to stink! yet for all this, he must be obsequious! endure any jeer! whisper for his drink! and rise, at the coming in of the basin and ewer! To do the which, any generous and true noble spirit had rather, as I am persuaded, dine with my Lord Mayor's hounds in Finsbury Fields. [The want of Money, the occasion of much contempt, deceit, and wickedness 1664]

Another misery, akin to the former, is, what discourse soever is offered at such tables, the necessitous man, though he can speak more to the purpose than them all; yet he must give them leave to engross all the talk! And though he knows they tell palpable and gross lies, speak the absurdest nonsense that may be: yet must he be silent! and be held all the while for a *vau-neant*!

Let these, and the like examples, then, be motives to all, to make much of Money! to eat their own bread in their houses! and to be beholden as little as may be, to any for their meat, For [*Endeavour to earn your bread before you eat it* 1667]

Est aliena vivere quadra, miserrimum.
[*It is most miserable to live on the trencher of another man.* **1664.**]

How Necessity and Want compelleth to offend both against body and soul.

"SEEK not Death, in the error of your lives!" saith the Wise Man; that is, by taking evil Wisdom courses to procure unto yourselves untimely ends: as those do, who, through extreme necessity, are constrained to steal, lie, forswear themselves, become cheaters, common harlots, and the like; whereof, nowadays, we have too many examples everywhere, to the hazard of their souls to hell, and their bodies to the hands of the executioner.

[The duty of Parents for virtuous education to their children 1664.]

Hereby, we may see, how much it concerns all parents to give their children virtuous education in the fear of GOD, and to employ them betimes in honest vocations; whereby they may be armed against want and ill courses.

And doubtless many, yea, too many parents have been, and are herein much to blame; who, when they have given their children a little breeding and bringing up till about twelve or fourteen years of age, they forsake them! and send them out into the wide world to shift for themselves, to sink or swim! without trades or portions provided. So they be rid of a charge, what care they!

Hence we see so many young men and women come to untimely ends; who living might have been comforts to their friends and parents, and proved good members in the Common wealth.

[*Some years since, I saw one Master* WARD, *one of the debauchedst men of that Age, much known by the name of "Damn* WARD": *who, being in Newgate, it was reported that he did drink a health to the Devil.*

He being at Tyburn, at his execution did speak short, beginning thus, "A man of an ill name is half hanged!" saying, "he was in his youth brought up a Gentleman at the charge of his father's brother; but his uncle dying, his maintenance failed." Wishing all parents to beware how they breed their children above their means, and without a calling. Much blaming his uncle's fondness. Denying the drinking of such a Health; said "he was forced to live by his sword." Confessed his fact [crime]: *and so was executed.* **1667.**]

I spake before of idle persons, whom St. PAUL denieth to eat; which are the drones of the Common wealth, not to be pitied: Whom HOMER prettily described.

Of Frugality or Parsimony: what it is, and the effects thereof.

HAVING already shewed you the Misery of Want from the want of money; let me give you a Preservative against that Want, from the nature and effects of Thrift, which if not observed and looked to, he shall live in perpetual want.

And indeed, next to the serving of GOD, it is the first thing we ought, even from children, to learn in the world.

Some men are thrifty and sparing by nature; yea, saving even in trifles. As CHARLES V. was so naturally sparing, that if a point [*tag*] from his hose had broken, he would have tied the same upon [*in*] a knot, and made it to serve again.

Others again are thrifty in small matters, but lavish and prodigal in great. These, we say, "are Penny wise, and Pound foolish!" Many great Ladies and our great Dames are subject to this disease. [*The disease of many Ladies, and some Gentlewomen* 1664]

Others having had long experience in the world, and having been bitten with Want, through their unthriftiness when they were young, have proved very good husbands at the last.

Others again there be, who cloak their miserable baseness under the pretence of Thrift: as one would endure none of his family to eat butter with an egg but himself; because it was sold for 5d. [=18*d. now*] the lb.

The definition of Frugality or Thrift.

FRUGALITY is a virtue which holdeth her own, layeth out or expendeth profitably, avoideth unnecessary expenses, much buying, riot, borrowing, lending, superfluous buildings, and the like: yet can spend, in a moderate way, as occasion shall require, [*as, That Groat is well spent! that saveth a Shilling.*

Many years since, a very aged Gentleman having bought wares of a citizen in London; the master sends a young boy, his apprentice, to carry the goods with the said party.

The old Gentleman gave the boy a single Penny, saying, "I give thee but this small piece of money; but I will give thee good counsel! That when thy master's more liberal customers have given thee, to the value of One Shilling, then spend but One Penny! and when it increaseth to Two Shillings, spend Two pence! and keep the money, spending thus sparingly, and thou mayest be a rich man, many years after my death!"

The boy observing this rule, did "make his penny" with diligence and a small portion, up to thousands of pounds. **1667.**]

It is a virtue very nearly allied to Liberality, and hath the same extremes. For as Liberality is opposite to Covetousness, so Frugality is more opposite to Profuseness or Prodigality. [*For he that liveth not well one year, sorroweth for it seven years after.* **1667.**]

This virtue is the Fountain or Springhead of Beneficence and Liberality: for none can be bountiful except they be parsimonious and thrifty. *Bonus Servatius facit bonum Bonifacium*, is an old Monkish, but true, proverb. *Quod cessat reditu ex frugalitate suppletur, ex quo velut fonte liberalitas nostra decurrit, quæ ita tamen temperanda est, ne nimia profusione marescat*, saith SENECA. [*That which becometh defecteth in our revenues is to be supplied by Thrift: from whence, as from a fountain, our Liberality floweth; which, notwithstanding, is so to be moderated that it grow not dry by too much profuseness.* **1664.**]

It avoideth the ambitious buildings, pomps, shows, Court

maskings, with excessive feasts and entertainments. As MARK ANTONY spent, at one supper, a thousand wild boars. HELIOGABALUS had served him up at a supper likewise, six hundred heads of ostriches. VITELLIUS, at one feast, had two thousand fishes, and mostly of several kinds; besides seven thousand fowls. For the Romans had no dinners, but suppers, which were about three of the clock in the afternoon

Many such like feasts have been made by the Roman Emperors; and some so excessive, that an infinite quantity of bread, meat, and other good victuals, all sorts of people being satisfied, hath been thrown into the river of Tiber.

Again, on the other side, there are miserable EUCLIOS and base penurious slaves to be found in all parts; yea, in every town of the kingdom. As one at Priors Thorney, near to Swaffham in Norfolk, made his man pay a penny out of his wages for a rope he [? *the servant*] cut [down], when he [? *the master*] was hanging of himself in his barn.

Another, in the Spring time, because [*in order that*] the market should not thrive by him, would make boys climb trees and search steeples, for all the crows and daws they could find: which he lived upon, while they lasted, to save other victuals.

Now there is an *αὐτάρκεια*, or a Self-contented Sufficiency, which is most pleasing and agreeable to the nature of many men. As PHOCION, when ALEXANDER had sent him a gift of a hundred talents of gold: he sent it back with this message, that "he needed not ALEXANDER'S money." *ἐπιδείξας πλουσιώτερον τοῦ διδόντος τοσαῦτα*, &c. [*Thou hast shewed thyself a richer man than the owner himself!* **1664**] be the words of PLUTARCH. [Shewing he was richer than he that gave it 1664]

The derivation of the word Penny, and of the value and worth thereof.

OUR English Penny consists of four Farthings. And a Farthing is so called from the old Saxon or High Dutch [*German*] *Ein viert ding*, that is, a fourth thing: because from the Saxons' time until EDWARD III., the Penny of this land had a cross struck so deep in the

midst thereof, that you might break out any part of the four, to buy what you thought good withal; which was, in those times, their Farthing.

The word Penny is so called, ἀπὸ τῆς πενίας, that is, Poverty; because, for the most part, poor people are herewith relieved. The old Saxon called it *Penig*, the High Dutch *Pfennig*, the Netherlanders *Penninck*, in Italian *Denaro*, in Spanish *Dinero*, in Latin *Denarius*, which some fetch from the Chaldean *Denar*, but somebody hath taught the Chaldean to speak Latin. It is indeed derived *à numero denario*, because *decem asses* made a Penny; or, according to PLUTARCH, *a decem æreis*, καὶ τὸ δεκάχαλκον ἐκαλεῖτο δηνάριον [*Ten small pieces of brass were called a Penny.* **1664.**]

In the British or Welsh, it is *Keniog* from being current, because it goes away faster than other money: as *Scavernog* is Welsh for a hare, because she runs over the mountains faster than an ordinary runner in Wales can overtake or catch her; as my honest friend Master OWEN MORGAN, that country-man once, in good earnest, told me.

There are as many kind of Pence, as there are several countries or nations. Our English penny is a Scotch shilling.

In the time of King EDWARD I. our English Penny being round and unclipped, was to weigh thirty grains of wheat taken out of the midst of the ear. Twenty of these grains made an ounce, and twelve [of these] ounces made a pound.

There were also golden pence, as we may find in DIDYMUS CLAUDIUS *de analogia Romanorum*. In a word, I might discourse *ad infinitum*, of the variety of Pence, as well for the form and stamp as weight and value; though I sought no further than among those of our Saxon kings, but it were needless. I will only content myself with our ordinary Penny, and stay the reader a while upon the not unpleasant consideration of the simple worth of a single Penny; reflecting or looking back, as oft as I can (and as PLINY adviseth), upon my *Title*.

The simple worth of a single Penny.

A PENNY bestowed in charity upon a poor body shall not want a heavenly reward.

For a Penny, you may, in the Low Countries, in any market, buy eight several commodities; as nuts, vinegar, grapes, a little cake, onions, oatmeal, and the like.

A Penny bestowed in a small quantity of aniseed, *aqua vitæ*, or the like strong water, may save one's life in a fainting or swoon.

[*At the Apothecaries, you may buy a pennyworth of any of these things following, viz., Lozenges for a cold or cough; Juice of Liquorish* [liquorice], *or Liquorish; a Diachilon plaster for an issue; Paracelsus, Oil of Roses, Oil of St. John's Wort, a pennyworth of each is good for a sprain; Syrup-lettuce, to make one sleep; Jallop, to give a purge; Mithridate, to make you sweat if you have taken cold, or good to expel and prevent infection; Diascordium Diacodium, if you cannot sleep.* **1667.**]

For a Penny, you may hear a most eloquent oration upon our English Kings and Queens, if, keeping your hands off, you will seriously listen to DAVID OWEN, who keeps the Monuments at Westminster [*i.e., the Abbey*].

Some, for want of a Penny [*for a ferry or boat across the Thames*], have been constrained to go from Westminster, about by London Bridge to Lambeth; and might say truly, *Defessi sumus abulando.*

You may have in Cheapside, your Penny tripled in the same kind: for you shall have Penny Grass, Penny Wort, and Penny Royal for your Penny.

For a Penny, you may see any Monster, Jacknapes; or those roaring boys, the Lions.

For a Penny, you may have all the news in England and other countries, of murders, floods, witches, fires, tempests, and what not, in one of MARTIN PARKER'S *Ballads* [*in the weekly* News books. **1664**].

For a Penny, you may have your horse rubbed and walked, after a long journey; and [it] being at grass, there are some that will breathe [*exercise*] him for nothing.

For a Penny, you may buy a fair cucumber; but not a breast of mutton! except it be multiplied [*maggoty*].

For a Penny, you may buy Time, which is precious; yea, and Thrift too, if you be a bad husband.

For a Penny, a hostess or an hostler [*innkeeper*] may buy as much chalk as will score up £30 or £40 [= £120 *or* £160 *now*]; but how to come by their money, that let them look to!

For a Penny, you may have your dog wormed [*cured of worms*], and so be kept from running mad.

For a Penny [*doubled.* **1664**], a drunkard may be guarded to his lodging, if his head be light and the evening dark.

For a Penny, you shall tell what will happen a year hence, (which the Devil himself cannot do!) in some *Almanack* or other rude country.

A hard-favoured and ill-bred wench made Penny white, may, as our Times are, prove a gallant Lady.

For a Penny, you may be advanced to that height that you shall be above the best in the City; yea, the Lord Mayor himself! that is, to the top of Paul's.

For a Penny, a miserable and covetous wretch that never did, nor never will, bestow a penny on a Doctor or Apothecary for their physic or advice, may provide a remedy for all diseases [*viz., a halter.* **1664**].

[*For a Penny, you may buy a dish of coffee* (not yet sold in cups), *to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits.* **1664.**]

For a Penny, you may buy the hardest book in the world, and which, at some time or other, has posed the greatest Clerks in the land, viz., a hornbook [*the making up of which books employeth above thirty trades.* **1664**].

In so great esteem, in former times, have our English pence been, that they have been carried to Rome by cart loads [*i.e., Peter's Pence*].

For a Penny, you may search among the Rolls, and withal give the Master good satisfaction. I mean, in a baker's basket.

For a Penny, a chambermaid may buy as much red ochre as will serve, seven years, for the painting of her cheeks.

For a Penny, the Monarch of a free school, may provide himself of so many arms, as will keep all his rebellious subjects in awe.

For a Penny, you may walk within one of the fairest gardens in the City, and have a nosegay or two made you of what sweet flowers you please [*to satisfy your sense of smelling.* **1664**].

[*And for a Penny, you may have that so useful at your trencher, as will season your meat to please your taste, a month.* **1664.**]

For a Penny, you may buy as much wood of that tree, which is green all the year and beareth red berries, as will cure any shrew's tongue, if it be too long for her mouth [*viz., a holly wand.* **1664**].

A Penny may save the credit of many. As it did of four or five young* scholars in Cambridge, who, going into the town to break their fast with puddings, having sent to their college for bread and beer, the hostess brought them twelve puddings, broiled; and finding among themselves that they had but eleven pence, they were much troubled about the other penny, not having any book about them, to lay in pawn for it.

* Some of them are yet living in London

Quoth one, bolder than the rest, "*Audaces fortuna juvat:*" "Fortune favours the venturous;" and biting off a piece of the pudding's end, by wonderful luck, spat out a single penny, that paid for it; which, it seems, was buried in the oatmeal or spice. So for that time, they saved their credits.

But I will leave this discourse of a Penny's worth to their judgements and experience, who, having been troubled with overmuch money, afterward, in no long time, have been fain, after "a long dinner with Duke HUMPHREY," to take a nap on "penniless bench," only to verify the old proverb, "A fool and his money is soon parted."



How money may, many ways, be saved in diet, apparel, recreation, and the like.

AS THERE are infinite ways and occasions of spending and laying out money, which it were superfluous here to recount; whereof some may be well omitted, but others not, except we would want meat, drink, and our apparel, with other external necessaries, as horses, armour, books, and the like; in a word, whatsoever may conduce to our profit or honest pleasure. Yet in husbanding our money in all these, there is a great deal of caution and discretion to be used.

For most true it is, that of all nations in Europe, our English are the most profuse and careless in the way of expense. Go into other countries, especially Italy! the greatest *magnifico* in Venice will think it no disgrace to his *magnificenza* to go to market, to choose and buy his own meat, what him best liketh: but we in England scorn to do either; surfeiting indeed of our plenty, whereof other countries fall far short. Insomuch, as I am persuaded, that our City of London, of itself alone, eateth more good beef and mutton in one month, than all Spain, Italy, and a part of France, in a whole year. If we have a mind to dine at a tavern, we bespeak a dinner at all adventure! never demanding or knowing the price thereof till it be eaten. After dinner, there is a certain sauce brought up by the Drawer, called a Reckoning, in a bill as long as a broker's inventory.

I have known, by experience, in some taverns, sometimes of at least twice, and sometimes thrice, as much as the meat and dressing hath been worth [is charged]. No question but a fair and honest gain is to be allowed, in regard of house-rent, linen, attendance of servants, and the like. There are, without doubt, very many taverns very honest and reasonable. And the use of them is necessary. For if a man meets with his friend or acquaintance in the street, whither should they go, having no friend's house near to go into, especially in rainy or foul weather, but to a tavern? where, for the expense of a pint or quart of wine, they may have a dry house and room, to confer with, and to write to any friends about business.

[Many times more is drunk wastefully in wine, after a competent dinner, than would pay for two dinners with temperance, and the body surfeited 1664]

But to have in a bill, 8*s.* [= 30*s. now*], brought up for an ordinary capon, as my Lord of NORTHAMPTON's Gentleman had, at Greenwich, in King JAMES his time; 7*s.* or 9*s.* [= 25*s. or* 30*s. now*] for a pair of soles; 4*s.* [= 15*s. now*] for a dozen of larks; would make a Florentine run out of his wits! How excellently, in some houses, are their neats' tongues powdered, when the reckoning is brought you up!

Again, what can be more distasteful to an ingenious and free spirit, than to stand to the courtesy of a nimble-tongue Drawer, or his many-ringed Mistress, whether they or yourself shall have the disposing of your money! It is no small sum that our Gallants might save in a year, if they would be wise in this respect.

[*Men commonly are very cautious in purchasing bargains of great value, as buying of houses, horses, or rich apparel, or any other commodity of the like nature; but for small expenses, as a penny, or two pence at a time, that many daily lay out about trivial things, they are altogether regardless of: and, for the most part, those are most free in spending these small sums, who have nothing else to spend, when their wives and children are ready to starve.*

Now, a frequent custom of these small expenses, in a short time, arise to a considerable sum. As 1*s.* [= 3*s.* now] *a day spent, cometh to* £18 5*s.* 6*d. in the year; and* 1*d. a day to* £1 10*s.* 5*d. in the year. And a man of credit may take up, at interest,* £25, *for* 1*d. a day, being the full use* [interest] *of that sum after the rate of Six per Cent.* **1667.**]

Besides, in your own private house or chambers, a dish or two, and a good stomach for a sauce, shall give you more content, continue your health, and keep your body in better plight, than a variety of many dishes. This pleased ever the wisest and best men.

[*Moderation far more cheap, and more healthful, than Abundance* 1664.]

HORACE affirmeth him to live healthy and happy, *cui splendet in mensa tenue salinum*, meaning by the small and poor salt cellar, a slender and frugal diet.

CURIUS, that noble Roman, a man of marvellous honesty, temperance, and valour, who overcame the Samnites and PYRRHUS himself; when the ambassadors of the Samnites brought him a huge sum of gold, they found him sitting by the fire, and seething of turnips for his dinner, with an earthen dish in his lap. At which time, he gave them this answer, "I had rather eat in this dish, and command over them that have gold; than be rich myself." Awhile after, being accused for deceiving the State of money which he had gotten in his conquests and kept to himself; he took a solemn oath, that he saved no more of all he got, but that one treen or wooden barrel, which he had there by him.

Marvellous was the temperance of the Romans in their diet; as also of the Turks at this day, the Italians, and the Spaniards: but it is in them natural, not habitual; and by consequence, no virtue, as themselves would have it.

[*The great frugality of the Italians, Spaniards, and Turks* 1664.]

For the inhabitants of hot countries have not their digestion so strong as those under cold climates; whose bodies, by an *antiperistasis* or surrounding of cold, have the natural heat repelled and kept within them: which is the reason that the Northern nations are, of all others, the greatest eaters and drinkers; and of those, the French say we of England have the best stomachs and are the greatest trenchermen of the world. *Les Anglais sont les plus gros mangeurs de tout le monde.* But they are deceived; those of Denmark and Norway exceed us, and the Russians, them.

[*MARIOT, of Gray's Inn, as great an eater as any of late days, would sometimes eat up* 3*s* or 4*s*. (= 9*s* or 12*s* now) *in mutton at a meal, and other fine meat with it. Yet, upon his own purse, he often feeding on coarse meats, made* 6*d* or 8*d*. (= 1*s*. 6*d* or 2*s* now) *serve him at a meal.* 1664.]

I confess we have had, and yet have, some remarkable eaters amongst us: who, for a wager, would have eaten with the best of them; as WOLMER of Windsor. And not long since, WOOD of Kent eat up, at one dinner, fourteen green geese, equal

to the old ones in bigness, with sauce of gooseberries: as I heard it affirmed to my Lord RICHARD, Earl of DORSET, at a dinner time, at his house at Knowle, in Kent, by one of his Gentlemen, who was an eye-witness of the same.

But the truth is, that those men live the longest, and are commonly in perfect health, who content themselves with the least and simplest meat; which not only saves the purse, but preserves the body: as we may see in Lancashire, Shropshire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and other counties which are remote from the City. And it is Master CAMDEN's observation in his *Britannia, Ut diutius vivant quæ vescuntur Lacticinis*, "they commonly are long-lived, who live by white meats," as milk, butter, cheese, curds, and the like. [*Old PARR, living about 170 years, rarely eat any flesh* 1664.]

For *Multa fercula multos morbos gignere** was truly said of St. JEROME, as being apt, by their sundry and opposite qualities to breed much corruption. How healthful are scholars in our Universities, whose commons are no more than needs must! * That many dishes breed many diseases.

Neither would I have any man starve himself to save his purse, as a usurer confessed upon his death-bed, how he was above £200 [=£600 *now*] indebted to his belly for breakfasts, dinners, and suppers; which he had defrauded it, in Term times at London, and in other places, employing his money to other miserable purposes.

[*Another rich usurer (who made it his custom, every Term to travel on foot, in ragged clothes, and who sometimes did beg of the thieves themselves) was so well known that, at last, they took notice of him: and, examining his pockets, they found little store of gold; but a great black pudding, in one end whereof his gold was. The usurer, pleading hunger, desired the thieves, for GOD's sake! to give him half of it back again: which granted, and the usurer finding it to be the wrong end; he desired them to give some of the fat in the other end, to his lean. "No, you rogue!" said the thieves, "you have had your cut already! you shall not have a crumb more!"* **1664.**]

Money may be well saved in travel, or in town, if three or four shall join their purses; and provide their diet at the best hand. It is no shame so to do.

I have known also some who have been very skilful in dressing their own diet. HOMER tells us, that ACHILLES

could play the cook excellently well. And I believe it were not amiss for our English travellers so to do, in foreign countries: for many reasons I have known.

And execrable is the miser-able and base humour of many, who, to save their money, will live upon vile and loathsome things, as mushrooms, snails, frogs, mice, young kitlings, and the like.

[*A miser-able usurer, many days together, at a Cook's in London, did agree to have a large mess of pottage, about noon, a draught of small beer, if required, and as many chippings of bread in his pottage as he would put in: paying One Penny* (= 3*d.* now) *a day, being all the feeding he had. If in the winter, the benefit of a fire, and in the summer, a further allowance for small beer* 1664.]

In time of extreme dearth or famine, people, I confess, have been driven to look out for whatsoever could nourish, and, as we say, "keep life and soul together": yea. and of far worse things than these, as JOSEPHUS reporteth of the Jews, in that horrible and fearful famine in Jerusalem at the time of the siege by TITUS and VESPASIAN. Such we blame not!

Most blameworthy are they who, as it were surfeiting of, or loathing that abundant plenty of all good and wholesome meats GOD hath afforded us in this land, and which GOD, by name hath commended to His people, make this stuff their greatest dainties: as I have known Ladies who, when they have eaten till they could eat no more of all the daintiest dishes at the table: yet they must eat the legs of their larks roasted anew in a greasy tallow candle; and if they carved but a piece of a burnt claw to any Gentleman at the table, he must take it as an extraordinary favour from her Ladyship. It were much to be wished that they were bound to hold them to their diet, in a dear year, or a wet spring! when frogs and snails may be had in greatest abundance.

Of thrift and good husbandry in Apparel.

YOU must, if you would keep money in your purse to uphold your credit, at all times be frugal and thrifty also in your apparel: not dogging the Fashion, or setting your tailor a work at the sight of every Monsieur's new suit.

There is a middle, plain, and decent garb, which is best and most to be commended. This is commonly affected of the most staid and wisest.

[*I have observed that this year* 1667, *many that had lost thousands by the late dreadful Fire, both men and women that have worn the best of clothing, said that "they would wear over their old clothes again, by altering of them in a plain way." Thousands now have estates* [fortunes] *to repair, and therefore must not despise small things. It is good to abridge or take away petty charges; and to stoop to petty gettings. Also, a man ought to avoid all charge begun, that will continue.* **1667.**]

What money might be saved, if we were so wise as the Dutch or Spaniards, who, for these two or three hundred years, have kept themselves to one fashion: but we, the Apes of Europe, like PROTEUS, must change our shapes every year! nay quarter! month! and week! as well in our doublets, hose, cloaks, hats, bands, boots, and what not? [*The commendable custom of the Dutch and Spaniards in their apparel* 1664.]

That emblem was not improper which I saw at Antwerp, where was a he-fool and a she-fool turning a double-rimmed wheel upon one axle tree, one on the one side, and the other on the other. Upon the he-fool's wheel were the several fashions of men's apparel; on the other wheel, of women's: which, with the revolution of time, went round, and came into the same place, use, and request again; as for the present aloft and followed of all, by and by, was cast down and despised.

I see no reason why a Frenchman should not imitate our English fashion, as we do his. What! have the French more wit than we in fitting clothes to the body, or a better invention or way in saving money, or making of apparel? Surely, I think not. It may be our English, when they had to do in France, got a humour of affecting their fashions, which they could not shake off since.

There is no man ever the warmer, or ever the wiser for a fashion, so far forth as it is a fashion: but rather the contrary, a fool! for needless expense, and suffering himself to quake for cold; when his clothes in the fashion must be cut to the skin, his hat hardly cover his crown, but stand upon his periwig like an extinguisher. And we know by ridiculous experience, every day in the street, that our ladies and waiting-women will starve and shiver in the hardest frost, rather than they will suffer their bare necks and breasts to pass your eyes unviewed.

But some will say, as I have heard many, there is no man nowadays esteemed, that follows not the fashion. Be it so. The fashion of these Times is very fit to be observed! which is, to be deeply indebted to mercers, haberdashers, sempsters, tailors, and other trades, for the fulfilling of a fashionable humour: which a thrifty and wise man avoideth, accommodating himself with apparel fair and seemly, for half or a third of others' charge.

What makes so many of our city tailors arise to so great estates, as some of them have; and to build so brave houses, but the fashion? silkmen and mercers to buy such goodly Lordships in the countries [*counties*], where (many times) they are chosen High Sheriffs, but the fashion?

And I would fain know of any of our prime fashion-mongers, what use there is of laced bands of £6, £7, and £8 [=£18, £21, £24 *now*] the band? nay, of £40 or £50 the band? such daubing of cloaks and doublets, with gold and silver points, of £5 and £8 [=£15 *and* £24 *now*] the dozen, to dangle uselessly at the knees?

PHILOPŒMEN, a brave Commander among the Grecians, as PLUTARCH reporteth, commanded that all the gold and silver which he had taken away from his enemies, which was a very great quantity, should be employed in gilding and inlaying of swords, saddles, bridles, all warlike furniture both for his men and horses. "For gold and silver worn by martial men addeth," saith PLUTARCH, "courage and spirit unto them; but in others, effeminacy or a kind of womanish vanity"

In PHILOPŒMEN

Moderata durante [*Things that are moderate, endure.* **1664**]; *mediocra firma* [*Things of mediocrity are firm.* **1664**. (*Lord BACON*)], were the mottoes of two as grave and great Councillors as were, of their Times, in England.

A Gentleman in a plain cloth suit, well made, may appear in the presence of the greatest Prince. The Venetians, as wise a people and State as any other in Europe, are bound by the laws of their Common wealth, that their upper garment, worn within the city, should ever be of plain black.

Yea, the greatest Princes go, many times, the plainest in their apparel. CHARLES the Fifth, Emperor, the Bulwark and Moderator of Christendom, in his time, went very plain; seldom or never wearing any gold or silver, save his Order of the Golden Fleece about his neck.

HENRY IV., King of France, worthily styled the Ninth Worthy, many times, in the heat of summer, would only go in a suit of buckram cut upon white canvas, or the like: so little they, who had the Kernel of wisdom and magnanimity, cared for the Shell of gaudy apparel.

[*The greatest Scholars have been the greatest slovens, and they have taken it to be no discredit to them* 1664]

And it is worthy the observation how, for the most part, the rarest and most excellent men in inward knowledge and multiplicity of learning, have been most negligent and careless in their apparel; and, as we say, slovens. ERASMUS saith of Sir THOMAS MORE, *Quod à puero semper in vestitu fuit negligentissimus*, "that from a child, he was ever most careless and slovenly in his apparel." In *Frag. Epistolarum* PARACELSUS we read to have been the like: and, to parallel him, our late Master BUTLER of Cambridge [*died* 1618], that learned and excellent Physician.

[*Of Scholars and Wits, in all Ages, both poets and others, some there have been who, of force, and against their own will, have been forced to keep an old fashion.*

I remember that an old Poet, of excellent parts for learning and pleasant discourse, did, many years since, tell me. A Gentleman of great estate in Derbyshire, desiring his company into the country with him, it being in the Long Vacation in summer time, when great breeches had been [were] *much in fashion, with baggings out at the knees, taking up much cloth, and a great store of linings. This scholar being at present very low in his fortunes, had worn very long and threadbare, a suit of this fashion till his linings being so broken that he was fain, every night, when he put them off, to be a long time putting them in order, that he might find the way to put them on, in the morning.*

But in the morning, the Gentleman coming into the room, and taking up his breeches, threw them upon his bed, saying, "He was a slugger-bed!"

"O, Sir," said the scholar, "you have undone me! for I was a great while setting my breeches the last night; and now I shall not know how to get my legs into them!"

The Gentleman fell into a laughter, and sent for a tailor to make him a new suit.

This is as near the story as I can remember; according to the scholar's own relation, about 1625. **1669.**]

There is much money to be saved in apparel, in choice of

stuff for lasting and expense: and that you may not be deceived in the stuff or price, take the advice of some honest tailor, your friend; as, no question, but everywhere there are many.

I will instance one. In Cambridge, there dwelt, some twenty or thirty years ago [*about* 1620], one GODFREY COLTON; who was, by trade, a tailor: but a merry companion with his tabour and pipe, and for singing of all manner of *Northern Songs* before Nobles and Gentlemen, who much delighted in his company; besides, he was Lord of Stourbridge Fair and all the misorders there.

On a time, an old Doctor of the University brought unto him five yards of pure fine scarlet, to make him a Doctor of Divinity's gown: and withal, desired him to save him the least shred, to mend a hole if a moth should eat it.

GODFREY having measured it, and found there was enough, laid it by.

"Nay," quoth the Doctor, "let me see it cut ere I go! for though you can play the knave abroad, I think you are honest at home and at your work."

"GOD forbid else!" quoth GODFREY, "and that you shall find by me! For give me but 20*s.* from you, and I will save you 40*s.* in the making of your gown."

"That I will!" said the Doctor, who was miser-able enough, "with all mine heart!"

With that, he gave him two old Harry Angels out of his velvet pouch: which GODFREY having put into his pocket, the Doctor desired him to tell him how he should save him 40*s.*

"Marry! will I," quoth GODFREY, "in good faith, Sir. Let some other tailor, in any case, make it! For if I take it in hand, I shall utterly spoil it! for I never, in all my life, made any of this fashion!"

I report this, for the credit of honest tailors; who will ever tell their friends the truth.

Of Recreations.

OF RECREATIONS, some are more expensive than others, as requiring more address and charge [*outlay*]; as Fittings, Masques, Plays, and the like: which are proper to Princes' Courts.

But I speak of those which are proper [*appropriate*] to private

men. For such is our nature, that we cannot stand long bent; but we must have our relaxations as well of mind, as of body.

For of Recreations, some are proper to the mind and speculation, as reading of delightful and pleasant books, the knowledge of the mathematical and other contemplative sciences; which are the more pleasing and excellent, by how much the pleasure of the Mind excelleth that of the Body.

Others belong to the body, as walking, riding upon pleasure, shooting, hunting, hawking, bowling, ringing, *Paille Maille* [*Note the occurrence of this name* 18 *years before the Restoration, when* CHARLES *II. brought it into fashion*], and the like; which are recreations without doors: others are within doors, as chess, tables, cards, dice, billiards, *gioco d'oco*, and the like.

But the truth is, the most pleasing of all, is riding with a good horse and a good companion, in the spring or summer season, into the country, when the blossoms are on the trees and flowers in the fields; or when corn and fruit are ripe in autumn. What sweet and goodly prospects shall you have, on both sides of you, upon the way! delicate green fields! low meadows! diversity of crystal streams! woody hills! parks with deer! hedgerows! orchards! fruit trees! churches! villages! the houses of gentlemen and husbandmen! several habits [*different clothes*] and faces! variety of country labours and exercises! [*That recreation which is most pleasant* 1664]

And if you happen, as often it falleth out, to converse with countrymen of the place; you shall find them, for the most part, understanding enough to give you satisfaction: and sometimes country maids and market wenches will give as unhappy answers as they be asked knavish and uncivil questions.

Others there be, who, out of their rustical simplicity, will afford you matter of mirth, if you stay to talk with them. I remember, once, by Horncastle, near to Stikeswold, in Lincolnshire, in the heat of summer, I met with a swineherd keeping his hogs on a fallow field.

"My friend," quoth I, "you keep here a company of unruly cattle!"

"I [*Ay*], poor souls, they are indeed," quoth he.

"I believe," said I, "they have a language among themselves, and can understand one another."

"I, as well as you or I."

"Were they ever taught?"

"Alas, poor things, they know not one letter of the book! I teach them all they have."

"Why, what saith that great hog with red spots," quoth I, "that lies under another, in his grunting language?"

"Marry, he bids him that sleeps so heavy upon him, to lie farther off."

But to our purpose. The most ordinary recreations in the country are foot-ball, skales or nine-pins, shooting at butts; quoits, bowling, running at the base, stoolball, leaping, and the like: whereof some are too violent and dangerous.

The safest recreations are within doors, but not in regard of cost and expense; for thousands sometimes are lost at Ordinaries and Dicing-houses. Yea, I have known goodly Lordships to have been lost at a cast! and, for the sport of one night, some have made themselves beggars all their lives after.

Recreation is so called *à recreando*, that is, by a metaphor, from creating a Man anew, by putting life, spirit, and delight into him, after the powers of his mind and body have been decayed and weakened with over much contemplation, study, and labour: and therefore to be used only to that end.

Some go for recreations which trouble and amuse the mind as much or more than the hardest study; as chess, which King JAMES called therefore "over philosophical a folly." *In Basilicon doron*

And, indeed, such recreations should be so used that leave no sting of repentance for sin committed by them, or grief and sorrow, for loss of money and time, many days after.

I could instance many of that nature, but I will only give some excellent rules to be observed in some of them. Excellent rules for recreation 1664.]

> If you have a mind to recreate yourself by Play, never adventure but a Third part of that money you have! Let those you play withal, be of your acquaintance, and not strangers; if you may avoid it.
>
> Never miss Time yourself, by sitting long at Play, as some will do three or four nights together; and so make yourself unfit for any business in many days after.
>
> Never play until you be constrained to borrow, or pawn anything of your own; which becometh a base groom better than a Gentleman.

Avoid quarrelling, blasphemous swearing; and, in a word, never play for more than you are willing to lose, that you may find yourself, after your pastime, not the worse, but the better: which is the end of all recreations.

There are some, I know, so base and penurious, who, for fear of losing a penny, will never play at anything: yet, rather than they should want their recreation, I would wish them to venture at Span-counter and Dust-point, with schoolboys, upon their ordinary play days, in a market-place or Church porch!

Of such honest ways that men in want may take to live and get money.

IF A man hath fallen into poverty or distress, either by death of friends, some accident or other by sea or land, sickness, or the like; let him not despair! for *paupertas non est vitium*.

[*A proper young man begging of a Gentleman in Oxfordshire, the Gentleman chid him, and told him that "a man of his youth and limbs might be ashamed to beg!" Whereupon the beggar said, "He was troubled with a bad disease, of which he was ashamed" The Gentleman giving him 2d (=6d now), and riding forward, sent his man back to know "What his disease was?" The beggar refused to tell him, but being threatened to be cudgelled, he told the Serving-man in plain English, that "his disease was Idleness, by some men called Sloth" 1664.*]

And since the Common wealth is like unto a human Body, consisting of many members so useful, each to either, as one cannot subsist without the other; as a Prince, his Council and Statesmen, are as the Head; the Arms, are men-at-arms; the Back the commonality; Hands and Feet are country and mechanic trades, &c.: so, GOD hath ordained that all men should have need one of another, that none might live idly or want employment. Wherefore Idleness as the bane of a Common wealth, hath a curse attending upon it; it should be clothed with rags! it should beg its bread! &c.

I remember I have read in an Italian history, of one so idle, that he was fain to have one to help him to stir his chops, when he should eat his meat.

Now, if you would ask me, What course he should take, or what he should do that wanteth money? let him first bethink himself to what profession or trade of life he hath been formerly brought up?

If of the inferior rank of people, as a tradesman [*mechanic*] or artificer; for those are the persons most concerned in this general complaint.

First, let them be diligent and industrious in their several trades and callings.

Secondly, let them avoid all such idle society that squandered away a great deal of *time* at a cheap rate.

[*I shall instance, in those sober and civil Conventions as at coffee-houses and clubs, where little Money is pretended to be spent, but a great deal of precious Time is lost: which the person never thinks of, but measures his expenses by what goes out of his pocket; nor considers what he might have put in by his labour, and what he might have saved, being employed in a shop for example.*

A mechanic tradesman, it may be, goes to the coffee-house or ale-house, in the morning, to drink his morning's draught; where he spends twopence, and in smoking and talking consumes at least an hour: in the evening, about six o'clock, he goes to his twopenny Club, and there stays for his twopence till nine or ten. Here are fourpence spent; and four hours at least lost, which in most mechanic trades, cannot be reckoned at less than a shilling: and, if he keep servants, they may lose him nearly as much by idling and spoiling his goods, which his presence might have prevented. So that, upon these considerations, for this, his supposed Groat a day's expenses, he cannot reckon less than seven groats: which comes to 14*s.* [=42*s.* now] *a week, Sundays excepted; this is* £36 10*s. a year* [=£109 10*s.* now], *a great deal of money in a poor tradesman's pocket.* **1676.**]

If brought up to no trade, to what his genius or natural disposition stands most affected unto.

If he hath a mind to travel, he shall find entertainment in the Netherlands; who are the best paymasters; except the Emperor of Russia, and the Venetians (I mean, for the most means) in Europe.

[*The times in no Age were so hard as to deny Industry and Ingenuity a livelihood The soldier may live by the exercise of his Sword, as the Scholar by the exercise of his Pen, and not pretend unto that which he understandeth not* 1664]

If you list not to follow the wars, you may find entertainment among our new Plantations in America; as New England, Virginia, the Barbadoes, St. Christopher's, and the rest: where with a great deal of delight, you may have variety of honest employment, as fishing with the net or hook, planting, gardening, and the like; which, besides your maintenance, you shall find it

a great content to your conscience to be in action, which GOD commands us all to be!

If you have been ever in Grammar School, you may everywhere find children to teach; so many, no doubt, as will keep you from starving, and it may be in a Gentleman's house. Or if you get entertainment of any who followeth the Law or practiseth Physic; you may, with diligence and practice, prove a Clerk to himself or some Justice of the Peace. By the other, you may get the knowledge and nature of herbs and all foreign drugs from his apothecary; and perhaps many good receipts for agues, wounds, and the like. I have known many, this way, to have proved in a country town, tolerable physicians, and have grown rich.

[*There is no torment [like] to the Want of Money. It puts a man upon unlawful and forbidden actions, and, like the* Strapado, *it often stretcheth him an inch beyond his length* 1664]

If being born a Gentleman, you scorn, as our Gentlemen do, to do any of these; you may get to be a Gentleman Usher to some Lady or other. They are not few that have thrived passing well this way.

And, in a word, rather than be in miserable and pitiless want, let a man undertake any vocation and labour! always remembering that homely, but true, distich of old TUSSER's,

> Think no labour slavery,
> That brings in Penny saverly!

And as a necessary rule hereto coincident, let every man endeavour, by a dutiful diligence, to get a friend! and when he hath found him (neither are they so easily found in these days!) with an equal care to keep him! and to use him, as one would do a crystal or Venice glass, to take him up softly and use him tenderly; or as you would a sword of excellent temper and mettle, not to hack at every gate or cut every staple and post therewith, but to keep him to defend you in your extremest danger.

False and seeming friends are infinite. Such be our ordinary acquaintance, with the compliment, "Glad to see you well!" "How have you done, this long time?" &c.: and with these, we meet every day.

In a word, for a conclusion, let every one be careful to get

and keep money. Know the worth of a Penny! [*There is no companion like a Penny! Be a good husband! and thou wilt soon get a penny to spend, a penny to lend, and a penny for thy friend.* **1667.**]

And since we are born, we must live. *Vivons nous!* Let us live as well, as merrily, as we can, in these hardest Times! and say, every one of us, as Sir ROGER WILLIAMS, that brave soldier, said to Queen ELIZABETH, when he wanted pay for himself and his soldiers, "Madam, I tell you true! we will be without money for no man's pleasure!"

FINIS.



IDEA.

IN

SIXTY-THREE

SONNETS.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

ESQUIRE.



LONDON,
Printed for JOHN SMETHWICK.
1619.

To the Reader of these Sonnets.

INTO these Loves, who but for Passion looks;
At this first sight, here let him lay them by!
And seek elsewhere in turning other books,
Which better may his labour satisfy.
No far-fetched Sigh shall ever wound my breast!
Love from mine eye, a Tear shall never wring!
No "Ah me!"s my whining sonnets drest!
A Libertine! fantasticly I sing!
My Verse is the true image of my Mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change:
And as thus, tovariety inclined;
So in all humours sportively I range!
My Muse is rightly of the English strain,
That cannot long one fashion entertain.



IDEA

I

LIKE an adventurous seafarer am I,
Who hath some long and dangerous voyage been;
And called to tell of his discovery,
How far he sailed, what countries he had seen;
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shews by his compass how his course he steered,
When East, when West, when South, and when by North,
As how the Pole, to every place was reared;
What capes he doubled, of what continent,
The gulfs and straits that strangely he had past;
Where most becalmed, where with foul weather spent,
And on what rocks in peril to be cast:
Thus in my Love, Time calls me to relate
My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

2.

MY HEART was slain, and none but you and I?
Who should I think the murder should commit;
Since but yourself, there was no creature by
But only I, guiltless of murdering it?
It slew itself? The verdict on the view
Do quit the dead, and me not accessory.
Well, well! I fear it will be proved of you!
Th'evidence so great a proof doth carry.
But O see! See, we need inquire no further!
Upon your lips, the scarlet drops are found!
And in your eye, the Boy that did the murder!
Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound!
By this I see, however things be past,
Yet Heaven will still have murder out at last.

3.

TAKING my pen, with words to cast my woe,
Duly to count the sum of all my cares;
I find, my griefs innumerable grow:
The reck'nings rise to millions of despairs.
And thus dividing of my fatal hours:
The payments of my Love, I read and cross;
Subtracting, set my Sweets unto my Sours.
My Joys' arrearage leads me to my loss.
And thus mine eyes a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks;
My heart hath paid such grievous usury,
That all their wealth lies in thy Beauty's books.
And all is Thine which hath been due to me;
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by Thee!

4.

BRIGHT Star of Beauty! on whose Eyelids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamoured Graces,
The Goddesses of Memory and Wit,
Which there in order take their several places.
In whose dear Bosom, sweet delicious LOVE
Lays down his quiver, which he once did bear,
Since he that blessèd Paradise did prove;
And leaves his mother's lap, to sport him there.
Let others strive to entertain with words!
My soul is of a braver mettle made:
I hold that vile, which vulgar Wit affords,
In me 's that faith which Time cannot invade!
Let what I praise, be still made good by you!
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true!

5.

NOTHING but "No!" and "*I!", and "I!" and "No!".
"How falls it out so strangely?" you reply.
I tell ye, Fair! I'll not be answered so! [*Ay.]
With this affirming "No!", denying "I!".
I say "I love!" You slightly answer "I!".
I say "You love!" You pule me out a "No!".
I say "I die!" You echo me with "I!".
"Save me!" I cry; you sigh me out a "No!".
Must Woe and I have naught but "No!" and "I!"?
No "I!" am I, if I no more can have.
Answer no more! With silence make reply,
And let me take myself what I do crave!
Let "No!" and "I!" with I and you be so,
Then answer "No!" and "I!", and "I!" and "No!".

6.



OW many paltry foolish painted Things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten (whom no Poet sings)
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet!
Where I, to thee Eternity shall give!
When nothing else remaineth of these days.
And Queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy Story,
That they shall grieve they lived not in these Times,
To have seen Thee, their sex's only glory!
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal Song.

7.



OVE, in a humour, played the prodigal,
And bade my Senses to a solemn feast;
Yet more to grace the company withal,
Invites my Heart to be the chiefest guest.
No other drink would serve this glutton's turn,
But precious Tears distilling from mine ey'n;
Which with my Sighs this epicure doth burn,
Quaffing carouses in this costly wine:
Where, in his cups, o'ercome with foul excess,
Straightways he plays a swaggering ruffian's part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkenness,
Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest Heart.
A gentle warning, friends! thus may you see,
What 'tis to keep a drunkard, company!

8.

THERE's nothing grieve me, but that Age should haste,
That in my days, I may not see the old!
That where those two clear sparkling Eyes are placed,
Only two loopholes, then I might behold!
That lovely archèd ivory-polished Brow
Defaced with wrinkles, that I might but see!
Thy dainty Hair, so curled and crispèd now,
Like grizzled moss upon some agèd tree!
Thy Cheek, now flush with roses, sunk and lean!
Thy Lips, with age as any wafer thin!
Thy pearly Teeth, out of thy head so clean,
That when thou feed'st, thy Nose shall touch thy Chin!
These Lines that now scornst, which should delight thee:
Then would I make thee read, but to despite thee!

9.

AS OTHER men, so I myself, do muse
Why in this sort I wrest Invention so?
And why these giddy metaphors I use,
Leaving the path the greater part do go?
I will resolve you! I am lunatic!
And ever this in madmen you shall find,
What they last thought of, when the brain grew sick,
In most distraction, they keep that in mind.
Thus talking idly, in this Bedlam fit,
Reason and I (you must conceive) are twain;
'Tis nine years now, since first I lost my Wit.
Bear with me then, though troubled be my brain!
With diet and correction, men distraught,
(Not too far past), may to their wits be brought.

10.

TO NOTHING fitter can I thee compare,
Than to the son of some rich penny-father;
Who having now brought on his end with care,
Leaves to his son, all he had heaped together.
This new rich Novice, lavish of his chest,
To one man gives! doth on another spend!
Then here he riots! yet, amongst the rest,
Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.
Thy Gifts, thou in obscurity dost waste!
False friends, thy Kindness! born but to deceive thee.
Thy Love that is on the unworthy placed!
Time hath thy Beauty, which with age will leave thee!
Only that little, which to me was lent,
I give thee back! when all the rest is spent.

11.

YOU'RE not alone when You are still alone,
O God! from You that I could private be!
Since You one were, I never since was one;
Since You in Me, my self since out of Me.
Transported from my Self into your Being,
Though either distant, present yet to either:
Senselessly with too much joy, each other seeing;
And only absent, when We are together.
Give me my self! and take your self again!
Devise some means but how I may forsake You!
So much is mine that doth with You remain,
That taking what is mine, with me I take You!
You do bewitch Me! O that I could fly
From my self You, or from your own self I!

12.

To the Soul.

THAT learned Father, which so firmly proves
The Soul of Man immortal and divine,
And doth the several Offices define:
Anima, Gives her that Name, as she the body moves.
Amor, Then is she Love, embracing Charity.
Animus, Moving a will in us, it is the Mind:
Mens, Retaining knowledge, still the same in kind.
Memoria, As intellectual, it is Memory.
Ratio, In judging, Reason only is her name.
Sensus, In speedy apprehension, it is Sense.
Conscientia, In right and wrong, they call her Conscience.
Spiritus, The Spirit, when it to GODward doth inflame.
These of the Soul, the several functions be,
Which my heart lightened by thy Love, doth see.

13.

To the Shadow.

LETTERS and lines, we see are soon defaced.
Metals do waste and fret with canker's rust.
The diamond shall once consume to dust;
And freshest colours, with foul stains disgraced.
Paper and ink can paint but naked words.
To write with blood, of force offends the sight.
And if with tears, I find them all too light:
And sighs and signs, a silly hope afford:
O sweetest Shadow, how thou serv'st my turn!
Which still shalt be, as long as there is sun,
Nor whilst the world is, never shall be done;
Whilst moon shall shine, or any fire shall burn:
That everything whence shadow doth proceed,
May in his shadow, my Love's story read.

14.

IF HE, from heaven that filched that living fire,
Condemned by JOVE to endless torment be!
I greatly marvel, how you still go free!
That far beyond PROMETHEUS did aspire.
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of liveless clods, us living men to make;
He did bestow in temper of the mind.
But you broke into heaven's immortal store,
Where Virtue, Honour, Wit, and Beauty lay!
Which taking thence, you have escaped away,
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before:
Yet old PROMETHEUS punished for his rape!
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

15.

His Remedy for Love.

SINCE to obtain thee, nothing me will stead,
I have a Med'cine that shall cure my Love.
The powder of *her* Heart dried, when she is dead,
That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move;
Mixed with *her* Tears that ne'er her True Love crost,
Nor, at fifteen, ne'er longed to be a bride;
Boiled with *her* Sighs, in giving up the ghost,
That for her late deceasèd husband died;
Into the same, then let a woman breathe,
That being chid, did never word reply;
With one thrice-married's Prayers, that did bequeath
A legacy to stale virginity.
If this receipt have not the power to win me;
Little I'll say, but think the Devil 's in me!

16.

An Allusion to the Phœnix.

MONGST all the creatures in this spacious round,
Of the birds' kind, the Phœnix is alone:
Which best by you, of living things is known;
None like to that! none like to you is found!
Your Beauty is the hot and splend'rous sun.
The precious spices be your chaste Desire;
Which being kindled by that heavenly fire,
Your life, so like the Phœnix 's begun.
Yourself thus burnèd in that sacred flame,
With so rare sweetness all the heavens perfuming;
Again increasing, as you are consuming,
Only by dying born the very same.
And winged by Fame, you to the stars ascend!
So you, of time shall live beyond the end.

17.

To Time.

STAY, speedy Time! behold, before thou pass
From Age to Age, what thou hast sought to see!
One in whom all the excellencies be,
In whom Heaven looks itself as in a glass.
Time! look thou too in this tralucent glass!
And thy youth past, in this pure mirror see!
As the World's Beauty in his infancy,
What it was then; and thou, before it was.
Pass on! and to posterity tell this!
Yet see thou tell but truly, what hath been!
Say to our nephews, that thou once hast seen
In perfect human shape, all Heavenly Bliss!
And bid them mourn, nay more, despair with thee,
(That she is gone) her like again to see!

18.

To the Celestial Numbers.

TO THIS our World, to Learning, and to Heaven;
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine:
One number of the earth, the other both Divine,
One Woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine Orders first, of Angels be in heaven;
Nine Muses do, with Learning still frequent;
These with the gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy Women, to the World were given.
My worthy One, to these Nine Worthies addeth!
And my fair Muse, one Muse unto the Nine!
And my good Angel (in my soul, divine!),
With one more Order, these nine Orders gladdeth!
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel then
Makes every One of these three Nines, a Ten.

19.

To Humour.

YOU cannot love, my pretty Heart! and why?
There was a time you told me that you would;
But now again, you will the same deny!
If it might please you, would to God you could!
What, will you hate? Nay, that you will not neither!
Nor love, nor hate! how then? What will you do?
What, will you keep a mean then betwixt either?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serves not this! What next, what other shift?
You Will, and Will Not; what a coil is here!
I see your craft! Now, I perceive your drift!
And all this while, I was mistaken there.
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you!
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

20.



N EVIL Spirit (your Beauty) haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas, I have been long possesst;
Which ceaseth not to attempt me to each ill,
Nor give me once, but one poor minute's rest.
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake:
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity.
Before my face, it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death:
Now tempting me, to drown myself in tears;
And then in sighing to give up my breath.
Thus am I still provoked to every evil,
By this good-wicked Spirit, sweet Angel-Devil.

21.



WITLESS Gallant, a young wench that wooed
(Yet his dull spirit, her not one jot could move),
Intreated me, as e'er I wished his good,
To write him but one Sonnet to his Love.
When I, as fast as e'er my pen could trot,
Poured out what first from quick Invention came;
Nor never stood one word thereof to blot:
Much like his wit, that was to use the same.
But with my verses, he his Mistress won;
Who doated on the dolt beyond all measure.
But see! For you, to heaven for phrase I run,
And ransack all APOLLO's golden treasure!
Yet by my froth, this Fool, his Love obtains:
And I lose you, for all my wit and pains!

22.

To Folly.



ITH fools and children, good discretion bears.
Then, honest people, bear with LOVE and me!
Nor older yet, nor wiser made by years,
Amongst the rest of fools and children be.
LOVE, still a baby, plays with gauds and toys,
And like a wanton sports with every feather;
And idiots still are running after boys:
Then fools and children fittest to go together.
He still as young as when he first was born;
No wiser I, than when as young as he:
You that behold us, laugh us not to scorn;
Give Nature thanks, you are not such as we!
Yet fools and children sometimes tell in play,
Some wise in shew, more fools indeed than they!

23.



OVE banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn;
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary:
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet craved the alms of such as passèd by.
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothèd the naked, lodged this wandering guest;
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest.
But this Ungrateful! for my good desert,
Inticed my thoughts, against me to conspire;
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast (his lodging) on a fire.
Well, well, my friends! when beggars grow thus bold;
No marvel then, though Charity grow cold.

24.



HEAR some say, "This man is not in love!"
"Who! can he love? a likely thing!" they say.
"Read but his Verse, and it will easily prove!"
O, judge not rashly, gentle Sir, I pray!
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that fain his sorrows would beguile:
You now suppose me, all this time, in sport;
And please yourself with this conceit the while.
Ye shallow Censures! sometimes, see ye not,
In greatest perils, some men pleasant be;
Where Fame by death is only to be got,
They resolute! So stands the case with me.
Where other men, in depth of Passion cry;
I laugh at Fortune, as in jest to die!

25.



, WHY should Nature niggardly restrain,
That foreign nations relish not our tongue?
Else should my Lines glide on the waves of Rhine,
And crown the Pyren's with my living Song.
But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth!
Thence take you wing unto the Orcades!
There let my Verse get glory in the north,
Making my sighs to thaw the frozen seas.
And let the Bards within that Irish isle,
To whom my Muse with fiery wings shall pass,
Call back the stiff-necked rebels from exile,
And mollify the slaughtering Gallowglass!
And when my flowing Numbers they rehearse,
Let wolves and bears be charmèd with my Verse!

26.

To Despair.

EVER love, where never Hope appears,
Yet Hope draws on my never-hoping care;
And my life's Hope would die but for Despair;
My never-certain joy breeds ever certain fears.
Uncertain dread gives wings unto my Hope;
Yet my Hope's wings are laden so with fear
As they cannot ascend to my Hope's sphere;
Though fear gives them more than a heavenly scope.
Yet this large room is bounded with Despair,
So my Love is still fettered with vain Hope,
And liberty deprives him of his scope,
And thus am I imprisoned in the air.
Then, sweet Despair, awhile hold up thy head!
Or all my Hope, for sorrow, will be dead.

27.

IS NOT Love here, as 'tis in other climes?
And differeth it, as do the several nations?
Or hath it lost the virtue, with the Times?
Or in this island altereth with the fashions?
Or have our Passions lesser power than theirs,
Who had less Art, them lively to express?
Is Nature grown less powerful in their heirs,
Or in our fathers, did she more transgress?
I am sure, my sighs come from a heart as true
As any man's that Memory can boast!
And my respects and services to you,
Equal with his, that loves his Mistress most!
Or Nature must be partial in my cause,
Or only You do violate her laws!

28.

TO SUCH as say, thy Love I overprize,
And do not stick to term my praises, folly;
Against these folks, that think themselves so wise,
I thus oppose my reason's forces wholly.
Though I give more than well affords my state,
In which expense, the most suppose me vain
(Which yields them nothing, at the easiest rate),
Yet, at this price, returns me treble gain.
They value not, unskilful how to use;
And I give much, because I gain thereby:
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse;
Whether are these deceivèd then, or I?
In everything, I hold this maxim still,
The circumstance doth make it good or ill.

29.

To the Senses.

WHEN conquering LOVE did first my Heart assail;
Unto mine aid I summoned every Sense:
Doubting, if that proud tyrant should prevail,
My Heart should suffer for mine eyes' offence.
But he with beauty first corrupted Sight,
My Hearing bribed with her tongue's harmony,
My Taste by her sweet lips drawn with delight,
My Smelling won with her breath's spicery,
But when my Touching came to play his part
(The King of Senses, greater than the rest),
He yields LOVE up the keys unto my Heart;
And tells the others, how they should be blest.
And thus by those, of whom I hoped for aid;
To cruel LOVE, my soul was first betrayed.

30.

To the Vestals.

THOSE priests which first the Vestal Fire began,
Which might be borrowed from no earthly flame,
Devised a vessel to receive the sun,
Being stedfastly opposèd to the same:
Where, with sweet wood, laid curiously by Art,
On which the sun might by reflection beat;
Receiving strength for every secret part,
The fuel kindled with celestial heat.
Thy blessèd Eyes, the sun which lights this fire!
My holy Thoughts, they be the Vestal Flame!
The precious odours be my chaste Desires!
My Breast's the vessel which includes the same!
Thou art my VESTA! Thou, my goddess art!
Thy hallowed temple only is my Heart!

31.

To the Critics.

METHINKS, I see some crooked Mimic jeer,
And tax my Muse with this fantastic grace;
Turning my papers, asks, "What have we here?"
Making withal some filthy antic face.
I fear no censure, nor what thou canst say!
Nor shall my spirit, one jot of vigour lose!
Think'st thou, my Wit shall keep the packhorse way,
That every dudgen low Invention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are imprest,
And every drudge doth dull our satiate ear;
Think'st thou, my Love shall in those rags be drest,
That every dowdy, every trull doth wear?
Up to my pitch, no common judgement flies!
I scorn all earthly dung-bred scarabies!

32.

To the River Ankor.

OUR floods' Queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crowned;
And stately Severn, for her shore is praised.
The crystal Trent, for fords and fish renowned;
And Avon's fame, to Albion's cliffs is raised,
Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee.
York, many wonders, of her Ouse can tell.
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be:
And Kent will say, her Medway doth excel.
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Tame.
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood.
Our western parts extol their Wilis' fame;
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.
Arden's sweet Ankor, let thy glory be,
That fair *IDEA* only lives by thee!

33.

To Imagination.

WHILST yet mine Eyes do surfeit with delight,
My woful Heart (imprisoned in my breast)
Wisheth to be transformèd to my sight,
That it, like those, by looking, might be blest.
But whilst mine Eyes thus greedily do gaze,
Finding their objects over-soon depart;
These now the other's happiness do praise,
Wishing themselves, that they had been my Heart.
That Eyes were Heart, or that the Heart were Eyes,
As covetous the other's use to have.
But finding Nature, their request denies,
This to each other mutually they crave.
That since the one cannot the other be,
That Eyes could think of that my Heart could see.

34.

To Admiration.

MARVEL not, LOVE! though I thy power admire!
Ravished a world beyond the farthest thought,
And knowing more, than ever hath been taught,
That I am only starved in my Desire:
Marvel not, LOVE! though I thy power admire!
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection;
To Wisdom's self to minister direction,
That I am only starved in my Desire:
Marvel not, LOVE! though I thy power admire!
Though my Conceit I further seem to bend
Than possibly Invention can extend;
And yet am only starved in my Desire:
If thou wilt wonder! here 's the wonder, LOVE!
That this to me doth yet no wonder prove.

35.

To Miracle.

SOME misbelieving and profane in Love,
When I do speak of miracles by thee,
May say, that thou art flatterèd by me;
Who only write, my skill in Verse to prove.
See miracles! ye Unbelieving, see!
A dumb-born Muse made to express the mind!
A cripple Hand to write, yet lame by kind!
One by thy name, the other touching thee.
Blind were mine eyes, till they were seen of thine;
And mine ears deaf, by thy fame healèd be:
My vices cured by virtues sprung from thee;
My hopes revived, which long in grave had lien.
All unclean thoughts (foul spirits) cast out in me,
Only by virtue that proceeds from thee.

36.

CUPID conjured.

THOU purblind Boy! since thou hast been so slack
To wound her heart, whose eyes have wounded me;
And suffered her to glory in my wrack:
Thus to my aid, I lastly conjure thee!
By hellish Styx (by which the Thunderer swears)!
By thy fair Mother's unavoided power!
By HECATE's names! by PROSERPINE's sad tears,
When she was rapt to the infernal bower!
By thine own lovèd PSYCHE's! by the fires
Spent on thine altars, flaming up to heaven!
By all true lovers' sighs, vows, and desires!
By all the wounds that ever thou hast given!
I conjure thee, by all that I have named,
To make her love! or, CUPID, be thou damned!

37.

DEAR! why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks, this time becometh lovers best!
Night was ordained, together friends to keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which, through the day, disjoined by several flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his Love at night!
O thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why shouldst thou, Night! abuse me only thus!
That every creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish, it would be ever day;
If, when night comes, you bid me go away!

38.



ITTING alone, Love bids me go and write!
Reason plucks back, commanding me to stay!
Boasting that She doth still direct the way,
Or else Love were unable to indite.
Love growing angry, vexèd at the spleen,
And scorning Reason's maimèd argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to invent
Where She with Love conversing hath not been.
Reason reproachèd with this coy disdain,
Despiteth Love, and laugheth at her folly:
And Love contemning Reason's reason wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a grain.
Reason put back, doth out of sight remove;
And Love alone picks reason out of love.

39.



OME, when in rhyme, they of their loves do tell;
With flames and lightnings their exordiums paint.
Some call on heaven, some invocate on hell,
And Fates and Furies, with their woes acquaint.
Elizium is too high a seat for me.
I will not come in Styx or Phlegethon.
The thrice-three Muses but too wanton be.
Like they that lust, I care not, I will none!
Spiteful ERINNYS frights me with her looks,
My manhood dares not, with foul ATE mell.
I quake to look on HECATE's charming books.
I still fear bugbears in APOLLO's cell.
I pass not for MINERVA! nor ASTREA!
Only I call on my divine *IDEA*!

40.

MY HEART the Anvil where my thoughts do beat;
My words the Hammers fashioning my Desire;
My breast the Forge including all the heat,
Love is the Fuel which maintains the fire.
My sighs the Bellows which the flame increaseth,
Filling mine ears with noise and nightly groaning.
Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth;
In grievous Passions, my woes still bemoaning.
My eyes with tears against the fire striving,
Whose scorching glede, my heart to cinders turneth:
But with those drops, the flame again reviving
Still more and more it, to my torment burneth.
With SISYPHUS thus do I roll the stone,
And turn the wheel with damnèd IXION.

41.

Love's Lunacy.

WHY do I speak of joy, or write of love,
When my heart is the very den of horror;
And in my soul the pains of hell I prove,
With all his torments and infernal terror?
What should I say? What yet remains to do?
My brain is dry with weeping all too long.
My sighs be spent in uttering of my woe,
And I want words wherewith to tell my wrong.
But still distracted in Love's lunacy,
And Bedlamlike, thus raving in my grief.
Now rail upon her hair, then on her eye,
Now call her "Goddess!" then I call her "Thief!"
Now I deny her! then I do confess her!
Now do I curse her! then again I bless her!

42.

SOME men there be, which like my method well,
And much commend the strangeness of my vein.
Some say I have a passing pleasing strain,
Some say that in my humour I excel.
Some, who not kindly relish my conceit,
They say, as poets do I use to feign,
And in bare words paint out my Passions' pain.
Thus sundry men, their sundry minds repeat.
I pass not, I, how men affected be!
Nor who commends or discommends my Verse!
It pleaseth me, if I my woes rehearse!
And in my lines, if She, my love may see!
Only my comfort still consists in this;
Writing her praise, I cannot write amiss!

43.

WHY should your fair eyes, with such sovereign grace,
Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same place,
Get not one glance to recompense my merit?
So doth the plowman gaze the wandering star,
And only rest contented with the light;
That never learned what constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
O why should Beauty (custom to obey),
To their gross sense apply herself so ill!
Would God! I were as ignorant as they!
When I am made unhappy by my skill!
Only compelled on this poor good to boast,
Heavens are not kind to them, that know them most!

44.



HILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face;
Where, in the Map of all my Misery,
Is modelled out the World of my disgrace:
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing Times,
MEDEA like, I make thee young again!
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing rhymes,
And murder'st Virtue with thy coy disdain!
And though in youth, my youth untimely perish,
To keep Thee from oblivion and the grave;
Ensuing Ages yet my Rhymes shall cherish,
Where I entombed, my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My Name shall mount upon Eternity!

45.



USES! which sadly sit about my chair,
Drowned in the tears extorted by my lines;
With heavy sighs, whilst thus I break the air,
Painting my Passions in these sad designs.
Since She disdains to bless my happy Verse,
The strong built Trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearse!
Wherein the World shall now entomb her name.
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls!
Sith She is deaf and will not hear my moans,
Soften yourselves with every tear that falls!
Whilst I, like ORPHEUS, sing to trees and stones.
Which with my plaint seem yet with pity moved,
Kinder than She whom I so long have loved.

46.

PLAIN pathed Experience (th' unlearned's guide),
Her simple followers evidently shews
Sometimes what Schoolmen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise Reason absolutely knows.
In making trial of a murder wrought,
If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft 't hath been proved, the breathless corse will bleed.
She coming near, that my poor heart hath slain,
Long since departed (to the World no more),
Th' ancient wounds no longer can contain,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before.
But what of this! Should She to death be led,
It furthers Justice; but helps not the dead!

47.

IN PRIDE of Wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those, the thronged Theatres that press,
I in the Circuit for the laurel strove!
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.
With shouts and claps at every little pause,
When the proud Round on every side hath rung;
Sadly I sit, unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong.
No public glory vainly I pursue:
All that I seek is to eternize you!

48.



UPID, I hate thee! which I'd have thee know!
A naked starveling ever mayst thou be!
Poor rogue! go pawn thy *fascia* and thy bow
For some poor rags, wherewith to cover thee!
Or if thou 'lt not, thy archery forbear!
To some base rustic do thyself prefer!
And when the corn 's sown, or grown into the ear;
Practice thy quiver, and turn crowkeeper!
Or being blind, as fittest for the trade,
Go hire thyself some bungling harper's boy!
They that are blind are minstrels often made!
So mayst thou live, to thy fair mother's joy!
That whilst with MARS she holdeth her old way,
Thou, her blind son, mayst sit by them and play.

49.



HOU leaden brain, which censur'st what I write,
And sayst my lines be dull, and do not move.
I marvel not thou feelst not my Delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of Love!
But thou, whose pen hath like a packhorse served,
Whose stomach unto gall hath turned thy food,
Whose senses, like poor prisoners, hunger starved,
Whose grief hath parched thy body, dried thy blood.
Thou which hast scorned life, and hated death;
And in a moment, mad, sober, glad, and sorry;
Thou which hast banned thy thoughts, and curst thy birth,
With thousand plagues more than in Purgatory:
Thou, thus whose spirit, Love in his fire refines!
Come thou and read, admire, applaud my Lines!

50.

AS IN some countries, far remote from hence,
The wretched creature destinèd to die;
Having the judgement due to his offence,
By Surgeons begged, their Art on him to try:
Which on the living, work without remorse,
First make incision on each mastering vein,
Then staunch the bleeding, then transpierce the corse,
And with their balms recure the wounds again.
Then poison, and with physic him restore;
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more.
Even so my Mistress works upon my ill,
By curing me and killing me each hour,
Only to shew her Beauty's sovereign power.

51.

CALLING to mind since first my Love begun,
The uncertain Times, oft varying in their course;
How things still unexpectedly have run,
As it please the Fates, by their resistless force.
Lastly, mine eyes amazèdly have seen
ESSEX's great fall! TYRONE his peace to gain!
The quiet end of that long living Queen!
This King's fair Entrance! and our peace with Spain!
We and the Dutch at length ourselves to sever!
Thus the World doth and evermore shall reel:
Yet to my goddess am I constant ever!
Howe'er blind Fortune turn her giddy wheel,
Though heaven and earth prove both to me untrue,
Yet am I still inviolate to You!

52.



HAT dost thou mean, to cheat me of my heart?
To take all mine, and give me none again?
Or have thine eyes such magic, or that Art
That what they get, they ever do retain?
Play not the Tyrant, but take some remorse!
Rebate thy spleen, if but for pity's sake!
Or cruel, if thou can'st not, let us scorse!
And for one piece of thine, my whole heart take!
But what of pity, do I speak to thee!
Whose breast is proof against complaint or prayer:
Or can I think what my reward shall be
From that proud Beauty, which was my betrayer!
What talk I of a heart, when thou hast none!
Or if thou hast, it is a flinty one.

53.

Another to the river Ankor.



LEAR Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,
My soul-shrined Saint, my fair *IDEA* lives;
O blessed brook! whose milk-white swans adore
Thy crystal stream, refined by her eyes.
Where sweet myrrh-breathing ZEPHYR, in the Spring,
Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers:
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Amongst the dainty dew-impearlèd flowers.
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy Queen,
"Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering years!
And in these shades, dear Nymph! he oft hath been!
And here to thee, he sacrificed his tears!"
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone!
And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon!

54.

YET read at last the Story of my Woe!
The dreary abstracts of my endless cares,
With my life's sorrow interlinèd so,
Smoked with my sighs, and blotted with my tears.
The sad Memorials of my Miseries!
Penned in the grief of mine afflicted ghost.
My Life's Complaint in doleful Elegies!
With so pure love as Time could never boast.
Receive the incense which I offer here,
By my strong faith ascending to thy fame!
My zeal, my hope, my vows, my praise, my prayer,
My soul's oblations to thy sacred Name!
Which Name, my Muse, to highest heavens shall raise,
By chaste Desire, true Love, and virtuous Praise!

55.

MY FAIR! if thou wilt register my Love,
A world of volumes shall thereof arise!
Preserve my Tears, and thou thyself shall prove
A second Flood, down raining from mine eyes!
Note but my Sighs, and thine eyes shall behold
The sunbeams smothered with immortal smoke!
And if by thee, my Prayers may be enrolled;
They, heaven and earth to pity shall provoke!
Look thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
Chaste holy vows for my soul's sacrifice!
That soul, sweet Maid! which so hath honoured thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy sacred eyes.
Those eyes to my heart shining ever bright,
When darkness hath obscured each other light.

56.

An allusion to the Eaglets.



HEN like an Eaglet, I first found my love,
For that the virtue I thereof would know,
Upon the nest I set it forth, to prove
If it were of that kingly kind or no:
But it no sooner saw my sun appear,
But on her rays with open eyes it stood;
To shew that I had hatched it for the air,
And rightly came from that brave-mounting brood.
And when the plumes were sunned with sweet Desire,
To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies!
Do what I could, it needsly would aspire
To my soul's sun, those two celestial Eyes.
Thus from my breast, where it was bred alone,
It after thee is, like an Eaglet flown.

57.



OU best discerned of my mind's inward eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly Divine,
Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,
Too rich a relic for so poor a shrine.
You, in whom Nature chose herself to view,
When she, her own perfection would admire;
Bestowing all her excellence on you,
At whose pure eyes, LOVE lights his hallowed fire;
Even as a man that in some trance hath seen
More than his wondring utterance can unfold;
That, rapt in spirit, in better worlds hath been.
So must your praise distractedly be told!
Most of all short, when I would shew you most,
In your perfections so much am I lost.

58.

IN FORMER times, such as had store of coin,
In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,
For fear that some their treasure should purloin,
Gave it, to keep, to Spirits within the ground:
And to attend it, them as strongly tied,
Till they returned. Home when they never came,
Such as by Art to get the same have tried,
From the strong Spirit, by no means force the same.
Nearer men come, that further flies away!
Striving to hold it strongly in the deep.
Even as this Spirit, so you alone do play
With those rich beauties, Heaven gives you to keep.
Pity so left to the coldness of your blood,
Not to avail you, nor do others good.

59.

To Proverbs.

AS LOVE and I late harboured in one inn,
With Proverbs thus each other entertain.
In Love there is no lack, thus I begin:
Fair words make fools, replieth he again.
Who spares to speak, doth spare to speed, quoth I.
As well, saith he, *too forward as too slow.*
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply.
A hasty man, quoth he, *ne'er wanted woe!*
Labour is light, where Love, quoth I, *doth pay.*
Saith he, *Light burden 's heavy, if far born.*
Quoth I, *The Main lost, cast the By away!*
You have spun a fair thread, he replies in scorn.
And having thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

60.

DEFINE my Weal, and tell the joys of heaven;
Express my Woes, and shew the pains of hell!
Declare what Fate, unluck stars have given!
And ask a world upon my life to dwell!
Make known the faith that Fortune could not move!
Let virtue be the touchstone of my Love!
Compare my worth with others' base desert!
So may the heavens read wonders in my heart!
Behold the clouds which have eclipsed my sun!
And view the crosses which my course do let!
Tell me, if ever since the world begun
So fair a rising, had so foul a set?
And see, if TIME (if he would strive to prove)
Can shew a Second to so pure a Love!

61.

SINCE there 's no help, Come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done. You get no more of me!
And I am glad, yea, glad, with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly, I my self can free.
Shake hands for ever! Cancel all our vows!
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain!
Now at the last gasp of LOVE's latest breath.
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes:
Now, if thou wouldst! when all have given him over,
From death to life, thou might'st him yet recover!

62.



HEN first I ended, then I first began;
Then more I travelled further from my rest.
Where most I lost, there most of all I wan;
Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.
Methinks, I fly, yet want I legs to go;
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot.
Ravished with joy amidst a hell of woe;
What most I seem that surest am I not.
I build my hopes, a world above the sky;
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth.
In plenty I am starved with penury;
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth.
I have, I want; despair, and yet desire:
Burned in a sea of ice, and drowned amidst a fire.

63.



RUCE, gentle Love! a Parley now I crave!
Methinks, 'tis long since first these wars begun.
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have!
Bad is the match, where neither party won.
I offer free Conditions of fair Peace!
My heart for hostage that it shall remain.
Discharge our forces! Here, let malice cease!
So for my pledge, thou give me pledge again.
Or if no thing but death will serve thy turn,
Still thirsting for subversion of my State,
Do what thou canst! raze! massacre! and burn!
Let the World see the utmost of thy hate!
I send Defiance! since if overthrown,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine own!

FINIS.

Political Arithmetic,

OR

A DISCOURSE

Concerning

The extent and value of Lands, People, Buildings; Husbandry, Manufacture[s], Commerce, Fishery, Artizans, Seamen, Soldiers; Public Revenues, Interest, Taxes, Superlucration, Registries, Banks; Valuation of Men, Increasing of Seamen; of Militias, harbours, Situation, Shipping, Power at sea, &c.: as the same relates to every country in general, but more particularly to the territories of His Majesty of Great Britain, and his neighbours of Holland, Zealand, and France.

By Sir WILLIAM PETTY,
late Fellow of the Royal Society.

London. Printed by ROBERT CLAVEL at the *Peacock*, and HENRY MORTLOCK at the *Phœnix* in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1690.

LET this book called *Political Arithmetic*, which was long since written [*about* 1677, *see p.* 351] by Sir WILLIAM PETTY deceased, be printed.

Given at the Court at Whitehall, the 7th day of November, 1690.

NOTTINGHAM.

To the King's most excellent Majesty.

SIRE,

WHILST every one meditates some fit offering for your Majesty, such as may best agree with your happy exaltation to this Throne; I presume to offer what my father, long since, wrote to shew the Weight and Importance of the English Crown.

It was by him styled Political Arithmetic, *inasmuch as things of Government, and of no less concern and extent than the glory of the Prince and the happiness and greatness of the People are, by the ordinary rules of Arithmetic, brought into a sort of Demonstration.*

He was allowed by all, to be the Inventor of this method of instruction, where the perplexed and intricate ways of the World are explained by a very mean piece of Science: and had not the Doctrines of this Essay offended France, they had, long since, seen the light [i.e., the *Essay* would have been printed in England, but for the French policy of CHARLES II.]; *and had sound followers, as well as improvements, before this time, to the advantage, perhaps, of mankind.*

But this has been reserved to the felicity of your Majesty's reign, and to the expectation which the Learned have therein; and if, while in this I do some honour to the memory of a good father, I can also pay service, and some testimony of my zeal and reverence to so great a King, it will be the utmost ambition of

SIRE,
Your Majesty's
Most dutiful and most obedient subject,
SHELBORNE.

The principal Conclusions of this Treatise are:

CHAP. I. *That a small country and few people may, by their Situation, Trade, and Policy, be equivalent in wealth and strength to a far greater people and territory. And, particularly, that conveniences for shipping and water carriage, do most eminently and fundamentally conduce thereunto* ... . *p.* 331

II. *That some kind of taxes and public levies may rather increase, than diminish the wealth of the Kingdom* ... ... *p.* 348

III. *That France cannot, by reason of natural and perpetual impediments, be more powerful at sea than the English or Hollanders now are, or may be p.* 356

IV. *That the People and Territories of the King of England are, naturally, nearly as considerable for wealth and strength, as those of France . p.* 362

V. *That the impediments of England's greatness are but contingent and removeable* ... .. *p.* 374

VI. *That the power and wealth of England hath increased, this forty years* [i.e., since 1637 A.D.] *p.* 378

VII. *That One-Tenth part of the Whole Expense of the King of England's subjects is sufficient to maintain* 100,000 *Foot*, 30,000 *Horse, and* 40,000 *seamen at sea; and to defray all other charges of the Government, both ordinary and extraordinary, if the same were regularly taxed and raised* ... ... *p.* 380

VIII. *That there are spare hands enough, among the King of England's subjects, to earn* £2,000,000 per annum *more than they now do; and that there are also employments ready, proper, and sufficient for that purpose* ... ... *p.* 382

IX. *That there is Money sufficient to drive the Trade of the nation* ... ... *p.* 385

X. *That the King of England's subjects have Stock* [capital] *competent and convenient to drive the Trade of the whole Commercial World*... ... *p.* 386

PREFACE.

FORASMUCH as men who are in a decaying condition or who have but an ill of their own concernments, instead of being, as some think, the more industrious to resist the evils they apprehend, do, contrariwise, become the more languid or ineffectual in all their endeavours; neither caring to attempt or prosecute even the *probable* means of their relief. Upon this consideration, as a member of the Common Wealth, next to knowing the precise truth, in what condition the common Interest stands, I would, in all doubtful cases, think the best! and consequently not despair without strong and manifest reasons, carefully examining whatever tends to lessen my hopes of the Public Welfare.

I have therefore thought fit to examine the following Persuasions; which I find too current in the world, and too much to have affected the minds of some, to the prejudice all, viz.:

The fears of many concerning the welfare of England

That *the rents of lands are generally fallen*; that therefore, and for many other reasons, *the whole Kingdom grows every day poorer and poorer.* That formerly it abounded with gold; but now, *there is a great scarcity, both of gold and silver.* That *there is no trade, nor employment for the people*; and yet that *the Land is underpeopled.* That *taxes have been many and great.* That *Ireland*

and the Plantations in America, and other additions to the Crown, are a burden to England. That *Scotland is of no advantage.* That *Trade, in general, doth lamentably decay.* That *the Hollanders are at our heels, in the race for naval power: the French grow too fast upon both; and appear so rich and potent, that it is but their clemency that they do not devour their neighbours.* And, finally, that *the Church and State of England are in the same danger with the Trade of England.* With many other dismal suggestions, which I had rather stifle than repeat.

The real Prejudices of England

It is true, the expense of foreign commodities hath, of late been too great. Much of our plate, had it remained money, would have better served trade. Too many matters have been regulated by Laws, which Nature, long custom, and general consent ought only to have governed. The slaughter and destruction of men by the late Civil Wars [1642–50], and Plague [1665], have been great. The Fire at London, and Disaster at Chatham have begotten opinions in the *vulgus* of the world, to our prejudice. The Nonconformists increase [!] The people of Ireland think long of their Settlement. The English there, apprehend themselves to be aliens, and are forced to seek a trade with foreigners, which they might as well maintain with their own relations in England.

The Improvements of England.

But notwithstanding all this, the like whereof was always in all places, the buildings of London grow great and glorious. The American Plantations employ 400 Sail of Ships. *Actions* [Shares] in the East India Company are nearly double the principal money [*the original nominal Stock*]. Those who can give good security, may have money under Statute interest. Materials for building, even oak timber, are [but] little the dearer (some cheaper) for [all] the rebuilding of London. The Exchange seems as full of merchants as

formerly. No more beggars in the streets, nor executed for thieves, than heretofore. The number of coaches and splendour of equipage exceeds former Times. The public Theatres are very magnificent. The King has a greater Navy, and stronger Guards than before our calamities. The Clergy are rich, and the Cathedrals in repair. Much land has been improved, and the price of food is so reasonable as that men refuse to have it cheaper by admitting of Irish cattle.

And, in brief, no man needs to want, that will take moderate pains. That some are poorer than others, ever was and ever will be: and that many are naturally querulous and envious, is an evil as old as the world.

These general observations, and that men eat, and drink, and laugh, as they used to do, have encouraged me to try if I could also comfort others: being satisfied myself, that the Interest and Affairs of England are in no deplorable condition.

The Author's Method and manner of arguing

The method I take, to do this, is not yet very usual. For (instead of using only comparative and superlative words, and intellectual arguments) I have taken the course (as a specimen of the Political Arithmetic I have long aimed at) to express myself in Terms of Number, Weight, or Measure; to use only arguments of sense, and to consider only such causes as have visible foundations in Nature: leaving those that depend upon the mutable minds, opinions, appetites, and passions of particular men, to the consideration of others. Really professing myself as unable to speak satisfactorily upon those grounds (if they may be called grounds!) as to foretell the cast of a die [*dice*], to play well at tennis, billiards, or bowls (without long practice) by virtue of the most elaborate conceptions that ever have been written *de projectilibus et missilibus*, or of the angles of incidence and reflection.

The nature of his Propositions and Suppositions

Now the Observations or Positions expressed by Number, Weight, and Measure, upon which I bottom the ensuing Discourses, are either true, or not apparently false. And which if they are not already true, certain, and evident; yet may be made so by the Sovereign Power, *Nam id certum est quod certum reddi potest.* And if they are false, not so false as to destroy the argument they are brought for: but, at worst, are sufficient, as Suppositions, to shew the way to that Knowledge I aim at.

And I have, withal, for the present, confined myself to the Ten principal Conclusions hereafter particularly handled: which if they shall be judged material, and worthy of a better discussion; I hope all ingenious and candid persons will rectify the errors, defects, and imperfections, which probably may be found in any of the Propositions, upon which these ratiocinations were grounded. Nor would it misbecome Authority itself, to clear the truth of those matters which private endeavours cannot reach to.

CHAPTER I.

That a small country and few people, by its Situation, Trade, and Policy, may be equivalent in wealth and strength to a far greater people and territory. And, particularly, that conveniences for shipping and water carriage, do most eminently and fundamentally conduce thereunto.

THIS first principal Conclusion, by reason of its length, I consider in three parts: whereof the first is

That a small country and few people may be equivalent in wealth and strength to a far greater people and territory.

How one Man by Art, and one Acre of land by improvement, may be equivalent to many

This part of the First principal Conclusion needs little proof: forasmuch as one acre of land may bear as much corn and feed, as many cattle, as twenty; by the difference of the soil. Some parcel of ground is, naturally, so defensible, as that an hundred men being possessed thereof, can resist the invasion of five hundred. And bad land may be improved and made good. Bog may, by draining, be made meadow. Heathland may, as in Flanders, be made to bear flax and clover grass; so as to advance in value from one to a hundred. The same land, being built upon, may centuple the rent which it yielded as pasture. One man is more nimble or strong, and more patient of labour than another. One man, by Art, may do as much work as many without it, viz.: one man with a mill can grind as much corn as twenty can pound in a mortar. One printer can make as many copies as a hundred men can write by

hand. One horse can carry upon wheels as much as five upon their backs, and, in a boat or upon ice, as twenty. So that I say again, this First point of this general Position needs little or no proof.

But the Second and more material part of this Conclusion is that this difference in land and people, arises principally from their *situation*, *trade*, and *policy*.

A comparison of Holland and Zealand with France

To clear this, I shall compare Holland and *Z*ealand with the Kingdom of France; viz., Holland and *Z*ealand do not contain above 1,000,000 of English acres. Whereas the Kingdom of France contains above 80,000,000.

Now the original and primitive Difference holds proportion as land to land: for it is hard to say that when these places were first planted, whether an acre in France was better than the like quantity in Holland and *Z*ealand; nor is there any reason to suppose but that, therefore, upon the first plantation, the number of planters was in proportion to the quantity of land. Wherefore, if the people are not in the same proportion as the Land, the same must be attributed to the situation of the Land and to the trade and policy of the People superstructed thereupon.

The next thing to be shewn is that Holland and *Z*ealand, at this day, is not only an eightieth part as rich and strong as France, but that it hath advanced to one-third or thereabouts; which, I think, will appear upon the balance of the following particulars, viz.:

As to the wealth of France, a certain *Map* of that Kingdom, set forth *anno* 1647, represents it to be £15,000,000, whereof £6,000,000 did belong to the Church: the Author thereof, as I suppose, meaning the rents of the Lands only.

That the Lands of France are to the Lands of Holland and Zealand as 8 to 1, in value

And the Author of a most judicious *Discourse of Husbandry* (supposed to be Sir RICHARD WESTON) doth, from reason and experience, shew that lands in the Netherlands, by bearing flax, turnips, clover grass, madder, &c., will easily yield £10 per acre. So as the territories of Holland and *Z*ealand should, by his account, yield at least £10,000,000 *per annum*: yet I do not believe the same to be so much, nor France so little as above said: but rather, that one bears to the other, as about 7 or 8 to 1.

The people of Amsterdam [*about* 160,000] are One-third of those in Paris or London [*about* 480,000]: which two cities differ not in people, a twentieth part from each other, as hath appeared by the Bills of burials and christenings for each. But the value of the Buildings in Amsterdam may well be half that of those of Paris, by reason of the foundations, grafts [? *piles*] and bridges; which in Amsterdam are more numerous and chargeable than at Paris.

The Buildings of Amsterdam are about Half the value to those at Paris.

Moreover, the habitations of the poorest people in Holland and Zealand are Twice or Thrice as good as those of France: but the people of the one, to the people of the other, being as 13 to 1; the value of the Housing must be as about 5 to 1.

The Housing in France above Five times in value of those in Holland and Zealand

The value of the Shipping of Europe, being about 2,000,000 tons,

I suppose the English have	500,000
the Dutch	900,000
the French	100,000
the Hamburgers, and subjects of Denmark, Sweden, and the town of Dantzic	250,000
And Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c.... ...	250,000
	2,000,000

The Shipping of Holland Nine times that of France

So as the Shipping, in our case of France to that of Holland and Zealand, is about 1 to 9; which, reckoned at great and small, new and old, one with another, at £8 per ton, makes the worth to be as £800,000 to £7,200,000.

The Hollanders' capital in the[ir] East Indian Company is worth above £3,000,000; where the French, as yet, have little or nothing.

The comparison of Holland and France in the Indias

The value of goods exported out of France to all parts, is supposed to be quadruple to what is sent to England alone [£1,250,000]: and consequently in all about £5,000,000: but what is exported out of Holland into England is worth £3,000,000; and what is exported thence into all the world besides, is sextuple to the same [£3,000,000+£18,000,000=£21,000,000].

The Exportations of France and Holland is as 5 to 21

The monies yearly raised by the King of France, as the same appears by the book entituled *The State of France*, dedicated to the King; printed *anno* 1669, and set forth several times by authority, is 82,000,000 of

The Revenues of France

French Livers, which is about £6,500,000 sterling. Of which sum, the Author says that "one-fifth part was abated for non-valuers or insolvencies" so, as I suppose, not above £5,000,000 were effectually raised.

But whereas, some say that the King of France raised £11,000,000 as the One-fifth of the effects of France: I humbly affirm that all the land and sea forces, all the buildings and entertainments which we have heard by common fame, to have been set forth and in any of these seven last years [? 1671–77] needed not to have cost £6,000,000 sterling; wherefore I suppose he hath not raised more, especially since that were One-Fifth insolvencies, when the tax was at that pitch

The taxes paid by Holland and Zealand

But Holland and Zealand, paying 67 parts of the 100 paid by all the United Provinces; and the city of Amsterdam paying 27 of the said 67 parts: it follows that if Amsterdam hath paid 4,000 Flemish Pounds *per diem*, or about 1,400,000 Pounds *per annum* or £800,000 sterling; that Holland and Zealand have paid £2,100,000 *per annum*.

Now the reasons why I think they pay so much, are these, viz.:

1. The Author of the *State of the Netherlands* saith so.
2. The excise of victuals at Amsterdam seems to be above half the original value of the same, viz.: Ground corn pays 20 stivers the bushel, or 63 guilders the last. Beer 113 stivers, the barrel. Housing, one-sixth of the rent. Fruit, one-eighth of what it cost. Other commodities one-seventh, one-eighth, one-ninth, one-twelfth, &c. Salt, *ad libitum*. All weighed goods pay, besides the premises, a vast sum.

   Now if the expense of the people of Amsterdam, at a medium, and without excise, were £8 *per annum*; whereas in England, it is £7: then if all the several imposts above named raise it to £5 more; there being 160,000 souls in Amsterdam, the sum of £800,000 sterling *per annum* will thereby be raised.
3. Though the expense of each head should be £13 *per annum*: it is well known that there be few in Amsterdam, who do not earn much more than the said expense.

4. If Holland and *Z*ealand pay *per annum* £2,100,000; then all the Provinces together must pay about £3,000,000. Less than which sum *per annum*, perhaps, is not sufficient to have maintained the naval war with England, 72,000 land forces, besides all the other ordinary charges of their Government, whereof the Church is there a part.

To conclude, it seems from the premisses, that all France doth not raise above thrice as much from the public charge as Holland and *Z*ealand alone do.

5. Interest of money in France is £7 per cent.; but in Holland scarcely half so much. The difference of Interest between Holland and France.

6. The countries of Holland and *Z*ealand consisting, as it were, of islands guarded with the sea, shipping, and marshes, is defensible at one-fourth of the charge that a plain open country is, and where the seat of war may be, both summer and winter: whereas in the others, little can be done but in the summer only.

7. But above all the particulars hitherto considered, that of Superlucration [*the national capitalizing of wealth, by savings out of income, through thrift, industry, and economy of power*] ought chiefly to be taken in. The superlucration between France and Holland For if a Prince have ever so many subjects, and his country be ever so good: yet if either through sloth or extravagant expenses, or oppression and injustice, whatever is gained shall be spent as fast as gotten; that State must be accounted poor.

Wherefore let it be considered, how much, or how many times rather, Holland and *Z*ealand are now above what they were a hundred years ago: which we must also do of France. Now if France hath scarce doubled its wealth and power, and that the other have decupled theirs; I shall give the preference to the latter even though the nine-tenths increased by the one, should not exceed the one-half gained by the other; because one has a store for nine years, the other but for one.

To conclude, upon the whole, it seems that though France be in People to Holland and *Z*ealand as 13 to 1; and in quantity of good Land, as 80 to 1; yet is it not 13 times richer and stronger, much less 80 times: nor much above thrice. Which was to be proved.

The causes of the difference between France and Holland

Having thus despatched the Two first branches of the First principal Conclusion: it follows to shew that this Difference of Improvement in wealth and strength arises from the situation, trade, and policy of the places respectively: and in particular from *conveniences for shipping and water carriage.*

Many writing on this subject, do so magnify the Hollanders as if they were more, and all other nations less, than men, as to matters of trade and policy; making them angels, and others fools, brutes, and sots as those particulars: whereas, I take the Foundation of their achievements to lie originally in *the Situation of the country*; whereby, they do things inimitable by others, and have advantages whereof others are incapable.

The reasons why rich land is better than coarse land, though of the same rent, and consequently why Holland is better than France

First. The soil of Holland and Zealand is low land, rich and fertile; whereby it is able to feed many men: and so, as that men may live near each other, for their mutual assistance in trade.

I say that a 1,000 acres that can feed 1,000 souls, are better than 10,000 acres of no more effect; for the following reasons:

1. Suppose some great fabric were in building by a 1,000 men: shall not much more Time be spared, if they lived all upon 1,000 acres, than if they were forced to live upon ten times as large a scope of land.
2. The charge of the Cure of their souls and the Ministry would be far greater in one case than in the other: as also of Mutual Defence, in case of invasion, and even of thieves and robbers. Moreover the charge of Administration of Justice would be much easier, where witnesses and parties may be easily summoned, attendance less expensive, when men's actions would be better known, when wrongs and injuries could not be covered as in thin peopled places they are.

   Lastly, those who live in solitary places, must be their own soldiers, divines, physicians, and lawyers; and must have their houses stored with necessary provisions, like a ship going upon a long voyage, to the great waste and needless expense of such provisions.

The value of this First convenience to the Dutch, I reckon or estimate to be about £100,000 *per annum.*

Secondly, Holland is a level country, so as, in any part

thereof, a windmill may be set up; and by its being moist and vaporous, there is always wind stirring over it: by which advantage, the labour of many thousand hands is saved, forasmuch as a mill, made by one man in half a year, will do as much labour as four men for five years together. The advantages from the level, and windmills, of Holland

This advantage is greater or less, where employment or ease of labour is so: but in Holland it is eminently great, and the worth of this convenience is nearly £150,000.

Thirdly, there is much more to be gained by Manufacture than Husbandry; and by Merchandise than Manufacture. But Holland and *Zealand* being seated at the mouths of three long great rivers passing through rich countries, do keep all the inhabitants upon the sides of those rivers but as husbandmen; whilst they themselves are the manufactors [*manufacturers*] of their commodities: and do dispense them into all parts of the world, making returns for the same, at what prices almost they please themselves. And, in short, they keep the Keys of Trade of those countries, through which the said rivers pass. The advantages of Holland, from manufacture and commerce. The situation of Holland and *Zealand* upon the mouths of three great rivers

The value of this Third conveniency, I suppose to be £200,000.

Fourthly, in Holland and *Zealand*, there is scarcely any place of work or business one mile distant from a navigable water: and the charge of water carriage is generally but one-fifteenth or one-twentieth part of land carriage. Wherefore, if there be as much trade there as in France, then the Hollanders can outsell the French fourteen-fifteenths of all the expense of all travelling, postage, and carriage whatsoever: which even in England I take to be £300,000 *per annum*, where the very postage of letters costs the people perhaps £50,000 *per annum*, though farmed at much less; and all other labour of horses and porters at least six times as much. Nearness to navigable waters

The value of this conveniency, I estimate to be above £300,000 *per annum*.

Fifthly, the defensibleness of the country by reason of its situation in the sea, upon islands and in the marshes, impassable ground diked and trenched; especially considering how that place is aimed at, for its wealth. The defensibleness of Holland

I say, the charge of defending that country is easier than if it were a plain champion, at least £200,000 *per annum.*

Harbouring of shipping at small expense

Sixthly, Holland is so considerable for keeping ships in harbour, with small expense of men and ground tackle, that it saves *per annum* £200,000 of what must be spent in France.

Now, if all these natural advantages do amount to above £1,000,000 *per annum* profits: and that the Trade of all Europe, nay, of the Whole World with which our Europeans do trade, is not about £45,000,000 *per annum*, and if one-thirtieth of the Value be one-seventh of the Profit, it is plain that the Hollander may command and govern the whole trade.

Advantages from fishing

Seventhly, those who have their situation thus towards the sea, and abound with fish at home; and having also the command of shipping, have by consequence the fishing trade; whereof that of herring alone brings more yearly profit to the Hollanders, than the trade of the West Indies to Spain, or of the East to themselves: as many have affirmed: being, as the same say, *vis et modis*, of above £3,000,000 *per annum* profit.

Advantages by naval provisions

Eighthly, it is not to be doubted, but that those who have the trade of shipping and fishing, will secure themselves of the trade of timber for ships, boats, masts, and caske; of hemp for cordage, sails, and nets; of salt, of iron; as also of pitch, tar, rosin, brimstone, oil, and tallow, as necessary appurtenances to shipping and fishing.

Fitness for universal trade

Ninthly, those who predominate in shipping and fishing, have more occasions than others, to frequent all parts of the world, and to observe what is wanting or redundant everywhere, and what each people can do, and what they desire; and consequently to be the Factors and Carriers for the Whole World in Trade. Upon which ground, they bring all native commodities to be manufactured at home; and carry the same back, even to that country in which they grew.

All which we see. For do they not work the sugars of the West Indies? the timber and iron of the Baltic? the hemp of Russia? the lead, tin, and wool of England? the quicksilver and silk of Italy? the yarns and dyeing stuffs of Turkey?

To be short. In all the ancient States and Empires, those who had the shipping, had the wealth. And if *2 per cent.* in

the price of commodities be, perhaps, 20 *per cent.* in the gain; it is manifest that they who can, in £45,000,000, undersell others, by £1,000,000 [*i.e., nearly* 2 *per cent.*], upon account of natural and intrinsic advantages only, may easily have the Trade of the World, without such angelical wits and judgements as some attribute to the Hollanders.

Having thus done with their *Situation*, I now come to their *Trade*.

It is commonly seen that each country flourisheth in the manufacture of its own native commodities, viz., England, for woollen manufacture; France, for paper; Luic land, for iron ware; Portugal, for confectures [*confectionary*]; Italy, for silks. Upon which principle, it follows that Holland and *Z*ealand must flourish most in the trade of shipping, and so become Carriers and Factors of the Whole World of Trade. Artificial advantages of Trade

Now the advantages of the Shipping Trade are as followeth, viz.:

Husbandmen, seamen, soldiers, artisans, and merchants are the very Pillars of any Commonwealth: all the other great professions do rise out of the infirmities and miscarriages of these. Now the seaman is three of these four. For every Seaman of industry and ingenuity, is not only a Navigator, but a Merchant, and also a Soldier; not because he hath often occasion to fight and handle arms, but because he is familiarized with hardship and hazards extending to life and limbs. For training and drilling is a small part of soldiery in respect of this last-mentioned qualification: the one being quickly and presently learned; the other, not without many years' most painful experience. Wherefore to have the occasion of abounding in Seamen is a vast conveniency. Husbandmen, seamen, soldiers, artisans, and merchants are the very Pillars of a Commonwealth, and a Seaman is three of them

2. The husbandmen of England earns but about 4*s.* a week; but the seamen have as good as 12*s.* in wages, victuals, and as it were housing, with other accommodations: so as a seaman is in effect three husbandmen. A Seaman equivalent to three Husbandmen.

Wherefore there is little ploughing and sowing of corn in Holland and *Z*ealand, or breeding of young cattle: but

their land is improved by building houses, ships, engines, dykes, wharfs, gardens of pleasure, extraordinary flowers and fruits; for dairy and feeding of cattle, for rape, flax, madder, &c.—the foundations of several advantageous manufactures.

3. Whereas the employment of other men is confined to their own country, that of seamen is free to the whole world; so as where Trade may, as they call it, be dead, here or there, now and then, it is certain that somewhere or other in the world, Trade is always quick enough, and provisions are always plentiful. The benefit whereof, those who command the shipping enjoy, and they only.

4. The great and ultimate effect of trade is not wealth at large; but particularly abundance of silver, gold, and jewels; which are not perishable, nor so mutable as other commodities, but are wealth at all times, and all places: whereas abundance of wine, corn, fowls, flesh, &c., are riches but *hic et nunc*. So as the raising of such commodities, and the following of such trade which does store the country with gold, silver, jewels, &c., is profitable before others.

Silver, gold, and jewels are Universal Wealth

But the labour of seamen and freight of ships are always of the nature of an *exported* commodity: the overplus whereof, above what is imported, brings home money, &c.

5. Those who have the command of the sea trade, may work at easier freight with more profit than others at greater. For as cloth must be cheaper made when one cards, another spins, another weaves, another draws, another dresses, another presses and packs; than when all the operations above mentioned are clumsily performed by the same hand: so those who command the trade of shipping, can build long slight ships for carrying masts, fir timber, boards, balks [*beams or rafters*], &c., and short ones for lead, iron, stones, &c.; one sort of vessels to trade at ports where they need never lie aground, others where they must jump upon the sand twice every twelve hours: one sort of vessels and way of manning, in time of peace and for cheap gross [*bulky*] goods, another for war and precious commodities; one sort of vessels for the turbulent sea,

Reasons why the Hollanders sail for less freight

another for inland waters and rivers; one sort of vessels and rigging where haste is requisite for the maidenhead [*first sales*] of a market, another where one-third or one-fourth of the time makes no matter; one sort of masting and rigging for long voyages, another for coasting; one sort of vessels for fishing, another for trade; one sort for war for this or that country, another for burden only. Some for oars, some for poles, some for sails, and some for draught by men or horses. Some for the northern navigations amongst ice; and some for the South, against worms, &c.

And this I take to be the chief of several reasons, why the Hollanders can go at less freight than their neighbours, viz., because they can afford a particular sort of vessels for each particular trade.

I have shewn how *Situation* hath given them shipping, and how *Shipping* hath given them, in effect, all other trade; and how Foreign Traffic must give them as much Manufactures as they can manage themselves: and as for the overplus, make the rest of the world but as workmen to their shops.

It now remains to shew the effects of their *Policy* superstructed upon these Natural Advantages, and not, as some think, upon the excess of their understandings. The Policy of Holland

I have omitted to mention, the Hollanders were, one hundred years since, a poor and oppressed people living in a country naturally cold, moist, and unpleasant; and were withal persecuted for their heterodoxy in religion.

From hence it necessarily followed, that this people must labour hard, and set all hands to work; rich and poor, old and young must study the Art of Number, Weight, and Measure, must fare hard, provide for impotents and orphans out of hope to make profit by their labours; must punish the lazy by labour, and not by crippling them. I say, all these particulars (said to be the subtle excogitations of the Hollanders) seem to me but what could not almost have been otherwise.

Liberty of Conscience, Registry of Conveyances, small Customs [import duties], *Banks, Lumbards* [pawnbrokers] and *Law Merchant* rise all from the same spring, and tend to the same sea. As for *Lowness of Interest*, it is also a necessary effect of all the premisses, and not the fruit of their contrivance.

Wherefore we shall only shew in particular the efficacy of each; and first of *Liberty of Conscience.*

But before I enter upon these, I shall mention a practice almost forgotten, whether it referreth to *Trade* or *Policy* is not material; which is the Hollanders' undermasting and sailing such of their shipping as carry cheap and gross [*bulky*] goods, and whose sale doth not depend much upon the season.

Undermasting of ships

It is to be noted, that of two equal and like vessels, if one spreads 1,600 yards of like canvas, and the other 2,500, their speed is but as Four to Five: so as one brings home the same timber in four days as the other will in five. Now if we consider that although those ships be but four or five days under sail, that they are perhaps thirty upon the voyage: so as one is but one-thirtieth part longer upon the whole voyage than the other, though one-fifth longer under sail. Now if masts, yards, rigging, cables, and anchors do all depend upon the quantity and extent of the sails, and consequently hands also: it follows that the one vessel goes at one-third less Charge, losing but one-thirtieth of the Time and of what depends there upon.

I now come to the first *Policy* of the Dutch, viz., *Liberty of Conscience*: which I conceive, they grant upon these grounds; but keeping up always a force to maintain the common peace.

Liberty of Conscience, and the Reasons thereof in Holland

1. They themselves broke with Spain to avoid the imposition of the Clergy.
2. Dissenters of this kind are, for the most part, thinking, sober, and patient men; and such as believe that labour and industry is their duty towards GOD: how erroneous soever their opinions be.
3. These people believing in the Justice of GOD; and seeing the most licentious persons to enjoy most of the world and its best things, will never venture to be of the same religion and profession with voluptuaries and men of extreme wealth and power, whom they think to have their portion in this world.
4. They cannot but know That no man can believe what himself pleases: and to force men to say they believe,

what they do not, is vain, absurd, and without honour to GOD.

5. The Hollanders knowing themselves not to be an infallible church, and that others had the same *Scriptures* for guides as themselves, and withal the same Interest to save their souls, do not think fit to make this matter their business; no more than to take bonds of the seamen they employ, not to cast away their own ships and lives.
6. The Hollanders observe that, in France and Spain, especially the latter, the Churchmen [*Clergy*] are about 100 to 1 to what they use or need; the principal care of whom, is to preserve Uniformity: and this they take to be a superfluous charge.
7. They observe where most endeavours have been used to keep Uniformity, there Heterodoxy hath most abounded.
8. They believe that if one-fourth of the people were heterodox, and that if that whole quarter should (by miracle) be removed; that, within a small time, one-fourth of the remainder would again become heterodox, some way or other: it being natural for men to differ in opinion in matters above Sense and Reason; and for those who have less Wealth, to think they have the more Wit and Understanding, especially of the Things of GOD, which they think chiefly belong to the poor.
9. They think the case of the primitive Christians, as it is represented in the *Acts of the Apostles*, looks like that of the present Dissenters: I mean, externally.

The trade of any country is chiefly managed by the Heterodox party.

Moreover, it is to be observed that Trade doth not, as some think, best flourish under popular Governments: but rather that Trade is most vigourously carried on, in every State and Government, by the heterodox part of the same; and such as profess opinions different from what are publicly established. That is to say, in India, where the Mahometan religion is authorized; there the Banyans are the most considerable merchants. In the Turkish Empire, the Jews and Christians. At Venice, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, and Lisbon; Jews and non-Papist merchant-strangers. But to be short, in that part of Europe where the Roman Catholic religion now hath, or lately hath had establishment, there three-quarters of the whole trade is

in the hands of such as have separated from that Church: that is to say, the inhabitants of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as also those of the United Provinces, with Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, together with the subjects of the German Protestant Princes and the Hanse Towns, do, at this day, possess three-quarters of the Trade of the World. And even in France itself; the Huguenots are, proportionably, far the greatest traders.

Nor is it to be denied, but that in Ireland, where the said Roman religion is not authorized: there, the professors thereof have a great part of the trade.

From whence it follows, that Trade is not fixed to any species of Religion, as such: but rather, as before hath been said, to the heterodox part of the whole: the truth whereof appears also, in all the particular towns of greatest trade in England.

All the Papists' seamen of Europe are scarce sufficient to man the King of England's Fleet.

Nor do I find reason to believe, that the Roman Catholic seamen in the whole world, are sufficient to man effectually a Fleet equal to what the King of England now hath: but the non-Papist seamen can do above thrice as much. Wherefore he, whom this latter party doth affectionately own to be their head, cannot probably be wronged in his sea concernments by the other.

From whence it follows, that for the Advancement of Trade, if that be a sufficient reason, indulgence must be granted in Matters of Opinion: though licentious actings, as even in Holland, be restrained by force.

Firm Titles to Lands and Houses

The second *Policy*, or help to trade used by the Hollanders, is *the securing the Titles to Lands and Houses*. For although lands and houses may be called *terra firma et res immobilis*; yet the title unto them is no more certain than it pleases the Lawyers and Authority to make them. Wherefore the Hollanders do, by Registries and other ways of assurance, make the title as immoveable as the lands. For there can be no encouragement to industry, where there is no assurance of what shall be gotten by it; and where, by fraud and corruption, one man may take away, with ease and by a trick, and in a moment, what another has gotten by many years' extreme labour and pains.

There hath been much discourse about the introducing

of Registries into England. The Lawyers, for the most part, object against it, alleging that titles of land in England are sufficiently secure already. Wherefore omitting the considerations of small and oblique reasons *pro et contra*; it were good that enquiry were made from the Officers of several Courts, to what sum or value, purchasers have been damnified [*robbed*], for this last ten years, by such fraudulent conveyances as Registries would have prevented: the tenth part whereof, at a medium, is the annual loss which the people sustain for want of them. And then, computation is to be made of the annual Charge of Registering such extraordinary conveyances as would secure the title of lands. Now by comparing these two sums, the question so much agitated may be determined: though some think that, though few are actually damnified [*damaged*], yet that all are hindered by fear, and deterred from dealing. Of the introducing of Registries into England

Their third *Policy* is their *Bank*: the use whereof is to increase Money, or rather to make a small sum equivalent in trade to a greater. The Banks of Holland

For the effecting whereof, these things are to be considered—

1. How much money will drive the Trade of the nation.
2. How much current money there is actually in the nation.
3. How much money will serve to make all payments of under £50 (or any other more convenient sum) throughout the year.
4. For what sum, the Keepers of the Bank are unquestionable security.

If all these four particulars be well known, then it may also be known, how much of the ready money above mentioned may be safely and profitably lodged in the Bank, and to how much ready current money the said deposited money is equivalent.

As for example, suppose £100,000 will drive the Trade of the nation.

And suppose there be but £60,000 of ready money in the same.

Suppose also that £20,000 will drive on, and answer all payments of under £50.

In this case £40,000 of the £60,000 being put into the Bank, will be equivalent to £80,000: which £80,000, and £20,000 kept out of the Bank, do make up £100,000, that is to say, enough to drive the trade, as was proposed.

Where, note, that the Bank Keepers must be responsible for double the sum intrusted with them; and must have power to levy upon the General [*the nation at large, or the body of shareholders*] what they happen to lose unto particular men.

Upon which grounds, the Bank may freely make use of the received £40,000: whereby the said sum, with the like sum in credit, makes £80,000; and with the £20,000 reserved, are £100,000.

I might here add many more particulars: but being the same as have already been noted by others, I shall conclude with adding one observation; which I take to be of consequence, viz.:

The Hollanders are seldom husbandmen or foot soldiers.

That the Hollanders do rid their hands of two trades which are of greatest turmoil and danger; and yet of least profit.

The first, whereof, is that of a common and private soldier. For such they can hire from England, Scotland, and Germany, to venture their lives for sixpence a day; whilst they themselves safely and quietly follow such trades, whereby the meanest of them gain six times as much. And withal, by this entertainment of such strangers for soldiers, their country becomes more and more peopled: forasmuch as the children of such strangers are Hollanders, and take to trades; whilst new strangers are admitted *ad infinitum*. Besides, these soldiers, at convenient intervals, do at least as much work as is equivalent to what they spend.

And consequently, by this way of employing of strangers for soldiers, they people the country and save their own persons from danger and misery, without any real expense; effecting by this method what others have in vain attempted by Laws for Naturalizing of strangers; as if men could be charmed to transplant themselves from their own native, into a foreign country, merely by words, and for the bare leave of being called by a new name. In Ireland, Laws of Naturalization have had little effect to bring in aliens; and it is no wonder, since Englishmen will not go thither, without

they may have the pay of soldiers, or some other advantage amounting to maintenance.

Having intimated the way by which the Hollanders do increase their people; I shall here digress to set down the way of computing the value of every head, one with another: and that by the instance of people in England, viz.:

Suppose the people of England be 6,000,000 in number; that their expense at £7 per head, be £42,000,000. Suppose also that the rent of the lands be £8,000,000; and the yearly profit of all personal estate be £8,000,000 more. It must needs follow, that the labour of the people must have supplied the remaining £26,000,000. The which multiplied by 20 (the mass of mankind being worth twenty years' purchase as well as land), makes £520,000,000, as the value of the whole people: which number divided by 6,000,000 makes above £80 sterling to be the value of each head of man, woman, and child; and of adult persons, twice as much. From whence, we may learn to compute the loss we have sustained by the Plague, by the slaughter of men in war, and by the sending them abroad into the service of foreign Princes.

The method of computing the value of Men and People

The other trade of which the Hollanders have rid their hands, is the old patriarchal trade of being cow-keepers; and in a great measure, of that which concerns the ploughing and sowing of corn: having put that employment upon the Danes and Polanders [*Poles*]; from whom they have their young cattle and corn.

Now here we may take notice, that as trades and curious Arts increase, so the trade of husbandry will decrease; or else the wages of husbandmen must rise, and consequently the rents of lands must fall.

For proof whereof, I dare affirm that, if all the husbandmen of England, who now earn but 8*d.* a day [=2*s. now*] or thereabouts, could become tradesmen [*mechanics*] and earn 16*d.* a day [=4*s. now*] (which is no great wages, 2*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* [=6*s. and* 7*s.* 6*d. now*] being usually given); that then, it would be the advantage of England to throw up their

husbandry, and to make no use of their lands, but for grass, horses, milch cows, gardens, and orchards, &c. Which, if it be so, and if Trade and Manufacture have increased in England, that is to say, if a greater part of the people apply themselves to those faculties than there did heretofore; and if the price of corn be no greater now than when husbandmen were more numerous and tradesmen fewer; it follows from that single reason, though others may be added, that rents of land must fall. As for example, suppose the price of wheat be 5*s.* or 60*d.* the bushel. Now, if the rent of the land whereon it grows, be the Third Sheaf: then of the 60*d*, 20*d.* is for the land, and 40*d.* for the husbandman. But if the husbandman's wages should rise one-eighth part, or from 8*d.* to 9*d. per diem*, then the husbandman's share in the bushel of wheat rises from 40*d.* to 45*d.*; and, consequently, the rent of the land must fall from 20*d.* to 15*d.* For we suppose the price of the wheat still remains the same, especially since we cannot raise it: for if we did attempt it, corn would be brought in to us, as into Holland, from foreign parts, where the state of husbandry was not changed.

Reasons why rents must fall

And thus I have done with the First principal Conclusion, that *a small territory and even a few people, may by Situation, Trade, and Policy, be made equivalent to a greater; and that convenience for shipping and water carriage do most eminently and fundamentally conduce thereunto.*

CHAPTER II.

That some kind of taxes and public levies may rather increase, than diminish the wealth of the kingdom.

IF THE money or other effects levied from the people by way of tax, were destroyed and annihilated; then it is clear that such levies would diminish the Common Wealth. Or if the same were exported out of the kingdom, without any return at all; then the case would be also the same or worse.

What shifting of money from hand [to hand] is profitable or not

But if what is levied as aforesaid be only transferred from one hand to another; then we are only to consider, Whether the said money or commodities are taken from an improving hand, and given to an ill husband; or *vice versâ*?

As, for example, suppose that money, by way of tax, be taken from one who spendeth the same in superfluous eating and drinking, and delivered to another who employeth the same in improving of land, in fishing, in working of mines, in manufacture, &c.; it is manifest that such tax is an advantage to the State whereof the said different persons are members.

Nay, if money be taken from him, who spendeth the same, as aforesaid, upon eating and drinking, or any other perishing commodity; and the same be transferred to one that bestoweth it on Clothes: I say, that, even in this case, the Common Wealth hath some little advantage, because clothes do not altogether perish so soon as meat and drinks. But if the same be spent in Furniture of Houses, the advantage is yet a little more; if in Building of Houses, yet more, if in Improving of Lands, working of mines, fishing, &c., yet more: but, most of all, in bringing gold and silver into the country, because those things are not only not perishable; but are esteemed for wealth at all times and everywhere. Whereas other commodities which are perishable, and whose value depends upon the fashion, or which are contingently scarce and plentiful, are Wealth but *pro hic et nunc;* as shall be elsewhere said.

In the next place, if the people of any country, who have not already a full employment, should be enjoined or taxed to work upon such commodities as are imported from abroad: I say, that such a tax also doth improve the Common Wealth.

Taxing of new works, a benefit to the Common Wealth

Moreover, if persons who live by begging, cheating, stealing, gaming, borrowing without intention of restoring, who, by those ways, do get from the credulous and careless, more than is sufficient for the subsistence of such persons; I say, that although the State should have no present employment for such persons, and consequently should be forced to bear the whole charge of their livelihood: yet it were more for the public profit, to give

The taxing of Idlers

all such persons a regular and competent allowance by public tax, than to suffer them to spend extravagantly at the only charge of careless, credulous, and good-natured people; and to expose the Common Wealth to the loss of so many able men, whose lives are taken away for the crimes which ill discipline doth occasion.

On the contrary, if the stocks [*capital*] of laborious and ingenious men, who are not only beautifying the country where they live, by elegant diet, apparel, furniture, housing, pleasant gardens, orchards, and public edifices, &c.; but are also increasing the gold, silver, and jewels of the country by trade and arms: I say, if the stock of these men should be diminished by a tax, and transferred to such as do nothing at all but eat and drink, sing, play, and dance; nay, to such as study the metaphysics or other needless speculation, or else employ themselves in any other way which produces no *material* thing, or things of *real* use and value in the Common Wealth—in this case, I say the Wealth of the Public will be diminished; otherwise than as such exercises are recreations and refreshments of the mind, and which, being moderately used, do gratify and dispose men to what is in itself more considerable.

A Judgement of what taxes are advantageous

Wherefore upon the whole matter, to know whether a tax will do good or harm, the state of the people and their employments must be well known, that is to say:

What part of the people are unfit for labour by their infancy or impotency; and also what part are exempt from the same by reason of their wealth, function, or dignities, or by reason of their charge and employments otherwise than in governing, directing, and preserving those who are appointed to Labour and Arts?

2. In the next place, computation must be made, What part of those who are fit for Labour and Arts as aforesaid, are able to perform the work of the Nation, in its present state and measure?

3. It is to be considered, Whether the remainder can make all, or any part of those commodities which are imported from abroad? which of them? and how much in particular? The remainder of which sort of people, if any be, may, safely, and without possible prejudice to the

Common Wealth, be employed in Arts and exercises of pleasure and ornament: the greatest whereof, is the improvement of natural knowledge [*natural science*].

Having thus, in general, illustrated this point; which, I think, needs no other proof but illustration: I come next to intimate that no part of Europe hath paid so much, by way of tax and public contribution, as Holland and Zealand, for this last hundred years; and yet no country hath, in the same time, increased its wealth comparably to them. And it is manifest that they have followed the general considerations above mentioned, for they tax meats and drinks most heavily of all, to restrain the excessive expense of those things which twenty-four hours doth, as to the use of man, wholly annihilate; and they are more favourable to commodities of greater duration.

Nor do they tax according to what men gain, but in extraordinary cases: but always according to what men spend; and, most of all, according to what they spend needlessly, and without prospect of return.

Upon which grounds, their Customs upon goods imported and exported are generally low; as if they intended by them, only to keep an account of their Foreign Trade; and to retaliate upon their neighbouring States, the prejudices done them, by their prohibitions and impositions.

It is further to be observed, that, since the year 1636, the taxes and public levies made in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have been prodigiously greater than at any time heretofore; and yet the said kingdoms have increased in their wealth and strength for these last forty years [1637–1677, *therefore this Essay was written about* 1677], as shall hereafter be shown.

It is probable that Holland and England are grown richer under taxes

It is said, that the King of France, at present, doth levy the Fifth Part of his people's wealth; and yet great ostentation is made of the present riches and strength of that Kingdom.

The difference of Princes' revenues

Now, great care must be had in distinguishing between the wealth of the People, and that of an Absolute Monarch, who taketh from the people, where, when, and in what proportion he pleaseth.

Moreover, the subjects of two monarchs may be equally rich; and yet one monarch may be double as rich as the

other, viz.: if one take the tenth part of the peoples' substance to his own dispose [*disposal*]; and the other but the twentieth.

Nay, the monarch of a poorer people may appear more splendid and gracious than that of a richer: which, perhaps, may be somewhat the case of France, as shall be examined.

As an instance and application of what has been said, I conceive that in Ireland, wherein are about 1,200,000 people, and nearly 300,000 smokes or hearths, it were more profitable for the King that each Head paid 2*s.* [=6*s. now*] worth of flax, than that each Smoke should pay 2*s.* in silver. And that for the following reasons:

That Ireland may be more advantageously taxed by a Pole in flax

Ireland being under-peopled, and land and cattle being very cheap; there being everywhere store of fish and fowl; the ground yield excellent roots (and particularly that bread-like root, Potatoes); and withal they being able to perform their husbandry with such harness and tackle as each man can make with his own hands; and living in such houses as almost every man can build; and every housewife being a spinner and dyer of wool and yarn: they can live and subsist after their present fashion, without the use of gold and silver money; and can supply themselves with the necessaries above mentioned, without labouring two hours *per diem*.

Now, it hath been found that, by reason of insolvencies arising rather from the uselessness, than want, of money among these poor people; that from 300,000 hearths, which should have yielded £30,000 *per annum*, not £15,000 of money could be levied. Whereas it is easily imagined that four or five persons, dwelling in that cottage which hath but one smoke, could easily have planted a ground plot, of about forty feet square, with flax, or the fiftieth part of an acre: for so much ground will bear 8*s.* or 10*s.* worth of that commodity, and the rent of so much ground, in few places amounts to a penny *per annum*. Nor is there any skill requisite to this practice, wherewith the country is not already familiar.

Now as for a market for the flax, there is imported into Holland itself, over and above what that country produces, as much flax as is there sold for between £160,000 and £200,000; and into England and Ireland is imported [*from Holland*] as much linen cloth made of flax, and there spent

[*used*] as is worth above half a million of money. As shall be shewn hereafter.

Wherefore, having shewn that silver money is useless to the poor people of Ireland; that half the hearth money could not be raised by reason thereof; that the people are not a fifth part employed; that the people and land of Ireland are competently qualified for flax; that one pennyworth of land produces 10*s*. worth of the same; and that there is market enough, and enough for £100,000 worth: I conceive my Proposition sufficiently proved; at least, to set forwards and promote a practice, which both the present Law and Interest of the country doth require. Especially, since if all the flax so produced should yield nothing, yet there is nothing lost; the same time having been worse spent before.

Upon the same grounds, the like tax of 2*s*. per head may be raised with the like advantage upon the people of England, which will amount to £600,000 *per annum*; to be paid in Flax manufactured into all sorts of Linens, threads, tapes, and laces; which we now receive from France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany: the value whereof doth far exceed the sum last mentioned, as hath appeared by the examination of particulars.

Duties upon redundant commodities may be a harmless tax

It is observed by clothiers and others, who employ great numbers of poor people, that when corn is extremely plentiful, that the labour of the poor is proportionably dear; and scarcely to be had at all: so licentious are they who labour only to eat, or rather to drink.

Wherefore, when so many acres sown with corn, as do usually produce a sufficient store for the nation, shall produce perhaps double to what is expected, or necessary; it seems not unreasonable that this common blessing of GOD should be applied to the common good of all people, represented by their Sovereign; much rather than that the same should be abused by the vile and brutish part of mankind, to the prejudice of the Common Wealth: and consequently that such surplusage of corn should be sent to public storehouses; from thence to be disposed of, to the best advantage of the public.

Now, if the corn spent in England, at 5*s*. [=15*s*. *now*] per bushel of wheat, and 2*s*. 6*d*. of barley, be worth £10,000,000 *communibus annis*; it follows that in years of great plenty, when the grains are one-third part cheaper, that a vast

advantage might accrue to the Common Wealth, which is now spent in overfeeding of the people in quantity or quality, and so indisposing them to their usual labour.

The like may be said of Sugar, Tobacco, and Pepper, which custom hath now made necessary to all sorts of people; and which the overplanting of them, hath made unreasonably cheap. I say, it is not absurd that the Public should be advantaged by this extraordinary plenty.

That an excise should be laid upon Currants also is not unreasonable: not only for this, but also for other reasons.

Of the tax by a Grand Militia, and by two other sorts of armies

The way of the present Militia, or Trained Bands, is a gentle tax upon the country: because it is only a few days' labour in the year, of a few men in respect to the whole; using their own goods, that is, their own arms.

Now, if there be 3,000,000 of males in England, there be about 200,000 of them who are between the age of sixteen and thirty, unmarried persons, and who live by their labour and service: for of so many, or thereabouts, the present Militia consists.

Now, if 150,000 of these were armed and trained as Foot, and 50,000 as Horse (Horse being of special advantage in islands), the said forces at land, with 30,000 men at sea, would, by GOD's ordinary blessing, defend this nation, being an island, against any force in view.

But the Charge of arming, disciplining, and rendezvousing all these men, twice or thrice a year, would be a very gentle tax levied by the people themselves, and paid to themselves.

Moreover, if out of the said number, one-third part were selected, of such as are more than ordinarily fit and disposed for war, to be exercised and rendezvoused fourteen or fifteen times *per annum*; the charge thereof, being but a fortnight's pay, would also be a very gentle tax.

Lastly, if out of this last-mentioned number, one-third again should be selected; making about 16,000 Foot and nearly 6,000 Horse to be exercised and rendezvoused forty days in the year: I say, that the Charge of all these three Militias, allowing the latter six weeks' pay *per annum*, would not cost above £120,000 *per annum*; which I take to be an easy burden for so great a benefit.

Forasmuch as the present Navy of England requires 36,000 men to man it; and for that the English Trade of Shipping requires about 48,000 men to manage it also: it follow that to perform both well, there ought to be about 72,000 men (and not 84,000) competently qualified for these services. For want whereof, we see that it is a long while before a Royal Navy can be manned: which till it be, it is of no effectual use, but lies at charge. And we see likewise, upon these occasions, that merchants are put to great straights and inconveniences, and do pay excessive rates for the carrying on their trade.

For supplying the Navy and Merchants, with seamen

Now if 24,000 able-bodied tradesmen [*artisans*] were, by 6,000 of them *per annum*, brought up and fitted for sea service; and for their encouragement allowed 20*s.* [=£3 *now*] *per annum* for every year they had been at sea, even when they stay at home, not exceeding £6 for those who have served six years or upward; it follows that about £72,000, at the *medium* of £3 per man, would salariate the whole number of 24,000.

And so, forasmuch as half the seamen which manage the merchants' trade, are supposed to be always in harbour, and are about 24,000 men; the said half together with the Auxiliaries last mentioned, would, upon all emergencies, man out the whole Royal Navy with 36,000, and leave to the Merchants 12,000 of the abler Auxiliaries to perform their business in harbour till others come home from sea. And thus 36,000, 24,000, and 12,000 make the 72,000 above mentioned.

I say that more than this sum of £72,000 is fruitlessly spent and overpaid by the Merchants, whensoever a great fleet is to be fitted out.

Now these, whom I call Auxiliary Seamen, are such as have another trade besides, wherewith to maintain themselves when they are not employed at sea: and the charge of maintaining them, though £72,000 *per annum*, I take to be little or nothing, for the reasons above mentioned, and consequently an easy tax to the people, because levied by, and paid to themselves.

As we propounded that Ireland should be taxed with flax; England, by linen and other manufactures of the same; I conceive that Scotland also might be taxed as much [*i.e.*, £30,000], to be paid in herrings, as Ireland in flax.

A herring tax upon Scotland.

Now the three taxes, viz., of Flax, Linen, and Herrings; and the maintenance of the triple Militia, and of the Auxiliary Seamen above mentioned, do, all five of them together, amount to £1,000,000 of money. The raising whereof is not a million spent, but gain unto the Common Wealth; unless it can be made to appear that, by reason of all or any of them, the exportation of woollen manufactures, lead, and tin are lessened; or of such commodities as our own East and West India trade do produce: forasmuch as I conceive that the Exportation of these last-mentioned commodities is the Touchstone whereby the wealth of England is tried, and the Pulse whereby the health of the Kingdom may be discerned.

CHAPTER III.

That France cannot, by reason of natural and perpetual impediments, be more powerful at sea than the English or Hollanders now are, or may be.

POWER at sea consists chiefly of Men able to fight at sea; and that, in such shipping as is most proper for the seas wherein they serve: and those are, in these Northern seas, ships from between 300 to 1,300 tons; and of those, such as draw much water, and have a deep latch [*hold*] in the sea, in order to keep a good wind, and not fall to leeward, a matter of vast advantage in sea service.

The qualities of ships fit for the defence of England

Wherefore it is to be examined, Whether the King of France hath ports in the Northern seas (where he hath most occasion for his fleets of war, in any contests with England), able to receive the vessels above mentioned, in all weathers, both in winter and summer season?

For if the King of France would bring to sea an equal number of fighting men with England and Holland, in small floaty leeward vessels, he would certainly be of the weaker side. For a vessel of 1,000 tons, manned with 500 men, fighting with five vessels of 200 tons, each manned with 100 men apiece, shall, in common reason, have the better, offensively and defensively: forasmuch as the great ship can carry such ordnance as can reach the small ones at a far

greater distance than those can reach, or at least hurt the other; and can batter and sink at a distance, when small ones can scarce pierce.

Moreover, it is more difficult for men, out of a small vessel to enter a tall ship; than for men from a higher place to leap down into a lower: nor is small shot [*musketry*] so effectual upon a tall ship, as *vice versâ*.

And as for vessels drawing much water, and consequently keeping good wind; they can take or leave leeward vessels at pleasure, and secure themselves from being boarded by them. Moreover the windward ship has a fairer mark at a leeward ship, than *vice versâ*; and can place her shot upon such parts of the leeward vessel, as upon the next tack will be under water.

Now then, the King of France having no ports able to receive large windward vessels, between Dunkirk and Ushant: what other ships he can bring into those seas will not be considerable.

As for the wide ocean, which his harbours of Brest and Charente do look into: it affordeth it him no advantage upon an enemy; there being so great a latitude of engaging or not, even when the parties are in sight of each other.

Wherefore, although the King of France were immensely rich, and could build what ships he pleased, both for number and quality: yet if he have not ports to receive and shelter that sort and size of shipping which is fit for his purpose, the said riches will, in this case, be fruitless, and a mere expense without any return or profit.

Some will say that other nations cannot build so good ships as the English. I do indeed hope they cannot. But because it seems too possible that they may, sooner or later, by practice and experience, I shall not make use of that argument: having bound myself to shew that the impediments of France, as to this purpose, are natural and perpetual.

Ships and guns do not fight of themselves; but by men, who act and manage them: wherefore it is more material to shew, That the King of France neither hath, nor can have men sufficient to man a fleet of equal strength to that of the King of England, viz.:

The King of England's Navy consists of about 70,000 tons

of shipping, which requires 36,000 men to man it. These men being supposed to be divided into eight parts, I conceive that one-eighth part must be persons of great experience and reputation in sea service: another eighth part must be such as have used the sea, seven years and upwards: half of them, or four-eighths part more, must be such as have used the sea above a twelvemonth, viz., two, three, four, five, or six years: allowing but one quarter of the whole complements to be such as never were at sea at all, or at most but one voyage, or upon one expedition. So that, at a *medium*, I reckon that the whole Fleet must be men of three or four years' growth [*in seamanship*], one with another.

The qualifications of seamen for defence.

FOURNIER, a late judicious writer, making it his business to persuade the world, how considerable the King of France was, or might be, at sea, in the ninety-second and ninety-third pages of his *Hydrography*, saith that "there was one place in Brittany which had furnished the King with 1,400 seamen, and that perhaps the whole sea coast of France might have furnished him with fifteen times as many." Now, supposing his whole allegation were true, yet the said number amounts but to 21,000: all which, if the whole Trade of Shipping in France were quite and clean abandoned, would not, by above a third, man out a Fleet equivalent to that of the King of England. And if the Trade were but barely kept alive, there would not be one-third part of men enough to man the said Fleet.

The number of seamen in France

But if the Shipping Trade of France be not above a quarter as great as that of England; and that one-third part of the same, namely, the fishing trade to the Banks of Newfoundland, is not peculiar or fixed to the French: then, I say, that if the King of England, having power to press men, cannot, under two or three months' time, man his Fleet; then the King of France, with less than a quarter of the same help, can never do it at all.

For in France, as shall elsewhere be shewn, there are not above 150,000 tons of trading vessels; and consequently not above 15,000 seamen, reckoning a man to 10 tons.

As it has been shewn, that the King of France cannot, at present, man such a Fleet as is above described: we come

next to shew, That he never can! being under natural and perpetual impediments, viz.:

1. If there be but 15,000 seamen in all France, to manage its Trade; it is not to be supposed that the said Trade should be extinguished; nor that it should spare above 5,000 of the said 15,000 towards manning the Fleet which requires 35,000.

   Now the deficient 30,000 must be supplied, one of these four ways. Either, first, by taking in landsmen; of which sort there must not be above 10,000: since the seamen will never be contented without being the major part. Nor do they heartily wish well to landsmen at all, or rejoice even at those successes of which the landsmen can claim any share: thinking it hard that they themselves, who are bred to miserable, painful, and dangerous employments, and yet profitable to the Common Wealth, should, at a time when booty and purchase is to be gotten, be clogged or hindered by any conjunction with landsmen, or forced to admit those to an equal share with themselves.

   The ways whereby the French must increase seamen

   Why Seamen dislike Landsmen

2. The seamen, which we suppose 20,000, must be had, that is, hired from other nations; which cannot be without tempting them with so much wages as exceeds what is given by merchants: and withal to counterpoise the danger of being hanged by their own Prince, and allowed no quarter if they are taken; the trouble of conveying themselves away, when restraints and prohibitions are upon them; and also the infamy of having been apostates to their own country and cause. I say their wages must be double to what their own Prince gives them; and their assurance must be very great, that they shall not be, at [the] long run, abused or slighted by those that employed them, as "hating the traitor, although they love the treason." [*See Vol. VII. p.* 435.]

   The danger of English seamen, their serving the French

   I say, moreover, that those who will be thus tempted away, must be the basest and lewdest sort of seamen; and such as have not enough of honour and conscience to qualify them for any trust or gallant performance.

3. Another way to increase seamen is to put great num-

bers of landsmen upon ships of war, in order to their being seamen: but this course cannot be effectual, not only for the above-mentioned antipathy between landsmen and seamen; but also because it is seen that men at sea do not apply themselves to labour and practice, without more necessity than happens in over-manned shipping. For where there are fifty men in a vessel that ten can sufficiently navigate, the supernumerary forty will improve little: but where there shall be of ten, but one or two supernumeraries; there necessity will often call upon every man to set his hand to the work, which must be well done, at the peril of their own lives.

How men learn to be good seamen

Moreover, seamen shifting vessels, almost every six or twelve months, do sometimes sail in small barks, sometimes in middling ships, and sometimes in great vessels of defence; sometimes in lighters, sometimes in hoighs [*hoys*], sometimes in ketches, sometimes in three-masted ships. Sometimes they go to the Southward, sometimes to the Northward; sometimes they coast, sometimes they cross the ocean. By all which variety of service, they do in time complete themselves in every part and circumstance of their faculty. Whereas those who go out for a summer in a man-of-war, have not that variety of practice, nor a direct necessity of doing anything at all.

Besides, it is three or four years, at a *medium*, wherein a seaman must be made; neither can there be less than three seamen, to make a fourth of a landsman. Consequently the 15,000 seamen of France can increase but 5,000 in three or four years: and unless their Trade should increase with their seamen in proportion, the King must be forced to bear the charge of this improvement out of the public Stock [*national Exchequer*], which is intolerable.

Whether the shipping trade of France is likely to increase?

So as the question which now remains is, Whether the shipping trade of France is likely to increase? Upon which account it is to be considered That France is sufficiently stored with all kinds of necessaries; as with corn, cattle, wine, salt, linen cloth, paper, silk, fruits, &c.: so as they need little

shipping to import more commodities of weight or bulk. Neither is there anything of bulk exported out of France, but wines and salt; the weight whereof is under 100,000 tons *per annum*, yielding not employment to above 25,000 tons of shipping: and these are, for the most part, Dutch and English; who are not only already in possession of the said trade, but also are better fitted to maintain it than the French are, or perhaps ever can be. And that for the following reasons, viz.:

Reasons why it cannot

1. Because the French cannot victual so cheap as the English and Dutch, nor sail with so few hands.
2. The French, for want of good coasts and harbours, cannot keep their ships in port under double the charge that the English and the Hollanders can.
3. By reason of paucity, and distance of their ports one from another, their seamen and tradesmen [*mechanics*] relating to shipping, cannot correspond with and assist one another so easily, cheaply, and advantageously as in other places.

Wherefore, if their shipping trade is not likely to increase within themselves, and much less to increase by their beating out the English and Hollanders from being the Carriers of the World; it follows that their seamen will not be increased by the increase of their said Trade.

Wherefore, and for that they are not likely to be increased by any of the several ways above specified; and for that their ports are not fit to receive ships of burden and quality fit for their purpose, and that by reason by the less fitness of their ports than that of their neighbours'; I conceive that what was propounded hath been competently proved.

The aforenamed FOURNIER, in the ninety-second and ninety-third pages of his *Hydrography*, hath laboured to prove the contrary of all this; unto which I refer the reader: not thinking his arguments of any weight at all, in the present case. Nor, indeed, doth he make his comparisons with the English and Hollanders, but with the Spaniards: who, nor the Grand Signior [*the Turks*] (the latter of whom hath greater advantages to be powerful at sea than the King of France) could ever attain to any illustrious greatness in Naval Power; having often attempted, but never succeeded in the same.

Nor is it easy to believe that the King of England should, for so many years, have continued his Title to the Sovereignty of the Narrow Seas against his neighbours (ambitious enough to have gotten it from him), had not their impediments been Natural and Perpetual, and such as we say do obstruct the King of France.

CHAPTER IV.

That the People and Territories of the King of England are, naturally, nearly as considerable for wealth and strength, as those of France.

THE Author of *The State of England*, among the many useful truths and observations he hath set down, delivers the proportion between the territories of England and France to be as 30 to 82: the which, if it be true, then England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the islands unto them belonging, will, taken altogether, be nearly as big as France. Of comparison between the Territories of England and France.

Though I ought to take all advantages for proving the paradox in hand: yet I had rather grant that England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the islands before mentioned, together with the planted parts of Newfoundland, New England, New Netherland [*New York*], Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Jamaica, Bermudas, Barbadoes, and all the rest of the Caribbee Islands, with what the King hath in Asia and Africa, do *not* contain so much territory as France and what planted land [*Canada, &c.*] the King of France hath also in America. And if any man will be heterodox in behalf of the French Interest, I would be contented, against my knowledge and judgement, to allow the King of France's territories to be a Seventh, Sixth, or even a Fifth greater than those of the King of England: believing that both Princes have more land than they do employ to its utmost use.

And here, I beg leave, among the several matters which I intend for serious, to interpose a jocular and perhaps ridiculous digression; and which I indeed desire men to look upon

rather as a Dream or reverie than a rational Proposition: the which is, that if all the Moveables and People of Ireland and of the Highlands of Scotland were transported into the rest of Great Britain, that then the King and his subjects would thereby become more rich and strong, both offensively and defensively, than now they are.

A Proposition for quitting Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland

It is true, I have heard many wise men say, when they were bewailing the vast losses of the English in preventing and suppressing rebellions in Ireland, and considering how little profit hath returned either to the King or subjects of England, for their five hundred years' doing and suffering in that country: I say, I have heard wise men, in such their melancholies, wish "that (the people of Ireland being saved) the island were sunk under water!"

Now it troubles me, that the distemper of my own mind, in this point, carries me to dream that the benefit of those wishes may practically be obtained, without sinking that vast mountainous island under water; which I take to be somewhat difficult: for although Dutch engineers may drain its bogs, yet I know no artists that can sink its mountains. If ingenious and learned men, among whom I reckon Sir THOMAS MORE and DESCARTES, have disputed, That we who think ourselves awake, are or may be really in a dream; and since the greatest absurdities of dreams are but a preposterous and tumultuary contexture of realities: I will crave the umbrage [*example*] of these great men last named; to say something for this wild conception, with submission to the better judgement of all those that can prove themselves awake.

If there were but One man living in England, then the benefit of the whole territory could be but the livelihood of that One man: but if another man were added, the rent or benefit of the same would be double; if two, triple; and so forward, until so many men were planted in it, as the whole territory could afford food unto. For if a man would know what any land is worth, the true and natural question must be, How many men will it feed? How many men are there to be fed?

But to speak more practically. Land of the same quantity and quality in England, is generally worth four or five times

as much as in Ireland, and but one-quarter or one-third of what it is worth in Holland: because England is four or five times better peopled than Ireland, and but a quarter so well as Holland.

And, moreover, where the rent is advanced by reason of the multitude of people, there, the number of years' purchase for which an inheritance may be sold is also advanced, though perhaps not in the very same proportion. For 20s. [=£3 *now*] *per annum* in Ireland, may be worth but £8 [=£24 *now*]; and in England, where titles are very sure, above £20 [=£60 *now*]; and in Holland, above £30 [=£90 *now*].

I suppose that in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, there may be about 1,800,000 people, or about a Fifth part of what are in all the three Kingdoms [*i.e.*, 9,000,000].

Wherefore the First question will be, Whether England, Wales, and the Lowlands of Scotland cannot afford food (that is to say, corn, fish, flesh, and fowl) to a fifth part more people than are, at present, planted upon it; with the same labour that the said fifth part do now take, where they are? For if so, then what is propounded is naturally possible.

2. It is to be inquired, What the value of the Immoveables, which, upon such removal, must be left behind, are worth? For if they be worth less than the advancement of the price of land in England will amount unto; then the Proposal is to be considered.

3. If the relict [*relinquished*] Lands and the Immoveables left behind upon them, may be sold for money; or if no other nation shall dare meddle with them, without paying well for them; and if the nation who shall be admitted, shall be less able to prejudice and annoy the Transplantees into England, than before: then I conceive that the whole Proposal will be a pleasant and profitable Dream indeed!

That England and the Lowlands of Scotland will feed the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

As to the First point, Whether England and the Lowlands of Scotland can maintain a Fifth part more people than they now do, that is to say, 9,000,000 of souls in all?

For answer thereunto, I first say, that the said territories of England and the Lowlands of

Scotland contain about 36,000,000 acres, that is, 4 acres for every head (man, woman, and child): but the United Provinces do not allow above 1½ acres. And England itself, rescinding [*excluding*] Wales, hath but 3 acres to every head; according to the present state of tillage and husbandry.

Now if we consider that England having but 3 acres to a head, as aforesaid, does so abound in victuals as that it maketh laws against the importation of cattle, flesh, and fish from abroad; and that the draining of fens, improving of forests, inclosing of commons, sowing of St. Foyne [*sainfoin*] and clover-grass, be grumbled against by landlords, as the way to depress the price of victuals: then it plainly follows that less than 3 acres, improved as they may be, will serve the turn; and consequently that 4 will suffice abundantly.

I could here set down the very number of acres that would bear bread, drink, and corn, together with flesh, butter, and cheese sufficient to victual 9,000,000 persons, as they are victualled in ships and regular families: but I shall only say in general, that 12,000,000 acres, viz., one-third of 36,000,000 will do it; supposing that roots, fruits, fowls, and fish, and the ordinary profit of lead, tin, and iron mines, and woods, would piece up any defect that may be feared.

As to the Second, I say that the Land and Housing in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, at the present market rates, are not worth £13,000,000 [=£39,000,000 *now*] of money: nor would the actual charge of transplantation proposed, amount to £4,000,000 [=£12,000,000 *now*] more.

That the value of all the quitted lands and unmoveable goods and charge of transplantation are not worth above £17,000,000

So then the question will be, Whether the benefit expected from this Transplantation will exceed £17,000,000 [=£51,000,000 *now*].

To which I say, that the Advantage will probably be nearly four times the last-mentioned sum or about £69,300,000 [=£207,900,000 *now*].

For if the Rent of all England and Wales and the Lowlands of Scotland be about £9,000,000 [=£27,000,000 *now*] *per annum*; and if the Fifth part

of the people be superadded unto the present inhabitants of those countries: then the Rent will amount to £10,800,000 [=£32,400,000 *now*]; and the number of years' purchase will rise from 17½ to a fifth part more, which is 21.

So as the Land, which is now worth but £9,000,000 *per annum*, at 17½ years' purchase, making £157,500,000, will then be worth £10,800,000 at 21 years' purchase, viz., £226,800,000 [=£680,400,000 *now*]: which is £69,300,000 [=£207,900,000 *now*] more than it was before.

That those who purchase Ireland shall weaken themselves.

And if any Prince willing to enlarge his territories, will give anything more than £6,500,000, or half the present value, for the said relinquished land; which are estimated to be worth £13,000,000: then the whole profit will be above £75,800,000 [=£227,400,000 *now*]; or above Four times the loss, as the same was above computed.

But if any man shall object that it will be dangerous unto England, that Ireland should be in the hands of any other nation: I answer, in short, that that nation, (whoever shall purchase it) being divided by means of the said purchase, shall not be more able to annoy England than now, in its united condition. Nor is Ireland nearer England, than France and Flanders.

Now if any man shall desire a more clear explanation, How, and by what means, the rents of lands shall rise by this closer cohabitation of people, above described? I answer, that the advantage will arise in transplanting above 1,800,000 people, from the poor and miserable trade of husbandry, to more beneficial handicrafts. For, when the superaddition is made, a very little addition of husbandry to the same lands will produce a fifth part more of food, and consequently the additional hands, earning but 40*s*. [=£6 *now*] *per annum*, as they may very well do, nay, to £8 [=£24 *now*] *per annum* at some other trade; the superlucration will be above £3,600,000 [=£10,800,000 *now*] *per annum*: which at 20 years' purchase is £70,000,000 [=£210,000,000 *now*].

Moreover, as the inhabitants of cities and towns spend more commodities and make greater consumptions than those

who live in wild thin-peopled countries; so when England shall be thicker peopled, in the manner before described, the very same people shall then spend more than when they lived more sordidly and inurbanely; and further asunder, and more out of the sight, observation, and emulation of each other: every man desiring to put on better apparel when he appears in company than when he has no occasion to be seen.

I further add that the charge of the Government (Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical) would be more cheap, safe, and effectual in this condition of closer cohabitation than otherwise: as not only reason, but the example of the United Provinces doth demonstrate.

That the difference between England's and France's territory is not material

But to let this whole digression pass for a mere Dream, I suppose it will serve to prove that in case the King of England's territories should be a little less than those of the King of France, that forasmuch as neither of them is overpeopled, the difference is not material to the question in hand:

Wherefore supposing the King of France's advantages to be little or nothing in point of Territory; we come, next, to examine and compare the number of Subjects which each of these monarchs doth govern.

The book called *The State of France* maketh that Kingdom to consist of 27,000 parishes. And another book, written by a substantial author, who professedly enquires into the state of the Church and Churchmen [*Clergy*] of France, sets it down as an extraordinary case, that a parish in France should have 600 souls; where I suppose that the said Author (who hath so well examined the matter) is not of opinion that every parish, one with another, hath above 500. By which reckoning, the whole people of France are about 13,500,000.

Now the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the islands adjoining, by computation from the number of parishes (which commonly have more people in Protestant Churches than in Popish countries), as also from the Hearth Money, Pole Money, and Excise, amount to about 9,500,000.

The King of France hath, in effect, but 13,500,000 of subjects, and the King of England 10,000,000

There are in New England, about 16,000 men mustered in arms, and about 24,000 able to bear arms: and consequently about 150,000 in all. And I see no reason why, in all this, and the other Plantations [*Colonies*] of Asia, Africa, and America, there should not be 500,000 in all. But this last, I leave to every man's conjecture.

The King of France hath 270,000 Churchmen, and the King of England 20,000

The King of England hath 40,000 seamen, and the King of France, 10,000

And consequently, I suppose that the King of England hath about 10,000,000 of subjects *ubivis terrarum orbis*, and the King of France about 13,500,000 as aforesaid.

Although it be very material to know the number of Subjects belonging to each Prince: yet when the question is concerning their Wealth and Strength, it is also material to examine, How many of them do get More than they spend? and How many Less?

In order whereunto, it is to be considered that in the King of England's Dominions, there are not 20,000 Churchmen [*Clergy*]: but in France (as the aforementioned Author of theirs doth aver, who sets down the particular number of each religious Order) there are about 270,000, *viz.*, 250,000 more than we think necessary; that is to say, 250,000 withdrawn out of the World.

Now the said number of adult and able-bodied persons are equivalent to about double the same number of the promiscuous mass of mankind. And the same Author says, that the same Religious Persons do spend, one with another, about 18*d. per diem*, which is triple even, to what a labouring man requires.

Wherefore the said 250,000 Churchmen, living as they do, make the King of France's 13,500,000 to be less than 13,000,000.

Now if Ten men can defend themselves as well in islands as Thirteen can upon the Continent; then the said Ten being not concerned to increase their territory by the invasion of others, are as effectual as Thirteen in point of Strength also.

Wherefore that there are more superlucrators in the English, than in the French Dominions, we say, as followeth:

There be in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the King's other territories, above 40,000 seamen: in France not above a quarter so many, But one seaman earneth as much as two common husbandmen: wherefore this difference in seamen, addeth to the account of the King of England's subjects, is an advantage, equivalent to 60,000 husbandmen.

The multitude of the Clergy does lessen the King of France's people

The multitude of sea and naval men does increase the King of England's subjects.

There are in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and all other the King of England's territories, 600,000 tons of shipping, worth £4,500,000 [=£13,500,000 *now*] of money: and the Annual Charge of maintaining the shipping of England by new buildings and reparations is about one-third part of the same sum [£1,500,000 =£4,500,000 *now*], which is the wages of 150,000 husbandmen, but is not the wages of above one-third part [*i.e.*, 50,000] of so many artisans as are employed upon shipping of all sorts, viz., shipwrights, caulkers, joiners, carvers, painters, block-makers, rope-makers, mast-makers, smiths of several sorts, flag-makers, compass-makers, brewers, bakers, and all other sorts of victuallers, all sorts of tradesmen [*mechanics*] relating to guns and gunner's stores. Wherefore there being four times more of these artisans in England, &c., than in France, they further add to the account of the King of England's subjects, the equivalent of 80,000 husbandmen more.

The sea-line of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and adjacent islands, is about 3,800 miles, according to which length and the whole contents of acres, the said land would be an oblong or parallelogram figure of 3,800 miles long, and about 24 miles broad: and consequently, every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland is, one with another, but 12 miles from the sea.

The King of England's territories are, in effect, but 12 miles from navigable water the King of France's 65.

Whereas France, containing but about 1,000 miles of sea-line, is by the like method or computation, about 65 miles from the sea-side; and, considering the paucity of ports in comparison of what are in the King of England's Dominions, as good as 70 miles distant from a port.

Upon which grounds, it is clear that England can be

supplied with all gross and bulky commodities of foreign growth and manufacture, at far cheaper rates than France can be, viz., at about 4*s.* *per cent.* cheaper: the land carriage for the difference of the distance between England and France from a port being so much, or near thereabouts.

Now to what advantage this conveniency amounteth, upon the importation or exportation of bulky commodities, cannot be less than the labour of 1,000,000 of people: meaning by bulky commodities all sorts of timber, plank, and staves for caske: all iron, lead, stone, bricks, and tiles for building; all corn, salt, and drinks; all flesh and fish; and indeed all other commodities wherein the gain and loss of 4*s.* *per cent.* is considerable: where note, that the like wines are sold in the inner parts of France for £4 or £5 a tun, which near the ports, yield £7.

The decay of timber in England is no very formidable matter

Moreover, upon this principle, the decay of timber in England is no very formidable thing, as the rebuilding of London [*after the Fire of* 1666] and of the ships wasted by the Dutch War [1665–7] do clearly manifest.

Nor can there be any want of corn, or other necessary provisions in England; unless the weather hath been universally unseasonable for the growth of the same, which seldom or never happens. For the same causes which make dearth in one place, do often cause plenty in another; wet weather being propitious to high lands, which drowneth the low.

It is observed that the poor in France have generally less wages than in England; and yet their victuals are generally dearer there; which being so, there may be more superlucration in England than in France.

The King of England's subjects spend nearly as much as the King of France's.

Lastly, I offer to the consideration of all those who have travelled through England and France, Whether the plebians of England, for they constitute the bulk of the nation, do not spend a sixth part more than the plebians of France? And if so, it is necessary that they must first get it: and consequently that 10,000,000 of the King of England's subjects are equivalent to 12,000,000 of the King of France;

and, upon the whole matter, to the 13,000,000 at which the French nation was estimated.

It will here be objected that the splendour and magnificences of the King of France appearing greater than those of England, the wealth of France must be proportionably greater than that of England. But that doth not follow, forasmuch as the apparent greatness of the King doth depend upon the *quota pars* of the people's wealth which he levieth from them. For supposing the people to be equally rich, if one of the sovereigns levy a Fifth part and the other a Fifteenth; the one seems actually thrice as rich as the other: whereas, potentially, they are but equal.

The greater splendour of the King of France no certain argument of the greater wealth of his people

Having thus discoursed of the Territory, People, Superlucration, and Defensibleness of both Dominions; and in some measure of their Trade so far as we had occasion to mention ships, shipping, and nearness to ports: we come, next, to enlarge a little further upon the Trade of each.

Comparison of the foreign Trade of England and France

Some have estimated that there are not above 300,000,000 people in the whole world. Whether that be so, or not, is not very material to be known: but I have fair grounds to conjecture, and would be glad to know it more certainly, that there are not above 80,000,000 with whom the English and Dutch have commerce; no Europeans that I know of, trading directly or indirectly, where they do now. So that the Commercial World, or World of Trade, consisteth of about 80,000,000 souls as aforesaid.

And I further estimate that the value of all commodities yearly exchanged amongst them doth not exceed the value of £45,000,000 [=£135,000,000 *now*].

Now the Wealth of every nation consisting chiefly in the share which they have in the Foreign Trade with the whole Commercial World, rather than in the Domestic trade of ordinary meat, drink, and clothes, &c., which bring in little gold, silver, jewels, and other Universal

Wealth: we are to consider, Whether the subjects of the King of England, head for head, have not a greater share [in the Foreign Trade] than those of France?

To which purpose it hath been considered that the manufactures of wool yearly exported out of England into several parts of the world, viz.: all sorts of cloth, serges, stuffs, cottons, bayes, sayes, frieze, perpetuanas; as also stockings, caps, rugs, &c., exported out of England, Scotland, and Ireland, do amount unto £5,000,000 [=£15,000,000 *now*].

The value of lead, tin, and coals, to be £500,000 [=£1,500,000 *now*].

The value of all clothes, household stuff, &c., carried into America [*i. e., the English Colonies there*], £200,000 [=£600,000 *now*].

The value of silver and gold taken [*in the way of trade*] from the Spaniards, £60,000 [=£180,000 *now*].

The value of sugar, indigo, tobacco, cotton, and cocoa, brought from the southward parts of America, £600,000 [=£1,800,000 *now*].

The value of the fish, pipe staves, masts, beaver, &c., brought from New England and the northern parts of America, £200,000 [=£600,000 *now*].

The value of the wool, butter, hides, tallow, beef, herrings, pilchards, and salmon exported out of Ireland, £800,000 [=£2,400,000 *now*].

The value of the coals, salt, linen, yarn, herrings, pilchards, salmon, linen cloth, and yarn brought out of Scotland and Ireland, £500,000 [=£1,500,000 *now*].

The value of saltpetre, pepper, calicoes, diamonds, drugs, and silks brought out of the East Indies (above what was spent in England), £800,000 [= £2,400,000 *now*].

The value of the slaves brought out of Africa, to serve in our America Plantations, £20,000[=£60,000 *now*].

Which with the Freight of English shipping trading into foreign parts, being above £1,500,000 [=£4,500,000 *now*], makes in all £10,180,000 [=£30,540,000 *now*].

Which computation is sufficiently justified by the Customs of the three Kingdoms, whose intrinsic value is thought to be nearly £1,000,000 [=£3,000,000 *now*] *per annum*, viz.:

£600,000 [=£1,800,000 *now*]	payable to the King.
£100,000 [= £300,000 *now*]	for the charges of collecting, &c.
£200,000 [= £600,000 *now*]	smuckled [*smuggled*] by the merchants; and
£100,000 [= £300,000 *now*]	gained by the Farmers.
£1,000,000	

according to common opinion and men's sayings.

And this agrees also with that proportion or part of the whole Trade of the World, which I have estimated the subjects of the King of England to be possessed of, viz., of about £10,000,000 of £45,000,000.

But the value of the French commodities brought into England, notwithstanding some current estimates, is not above £1,200,000 [=£3,600,000 *now*] *per annum*; and the value of all they export into all the world besides, not above three or four times as much: which computation also agreeth well enough with the account we have of the Customs of France.

So as France not exporting above Half the value of what England doth; and for that all the commodities of France —except wines, brandy, paper; and the *first* patterns and fashions of clothes and furniture (of which France is the mint)—are imitable by the English; and having withal more people than England: it follows that the people of England, &c., have, head for head, Thrice as much Foreign Trade as the people of France, and about Two parts out of Nine of the Trade of the whole Commercial World: and about Two parts in Seven of all the Shipping.

Notwithstanding all which, it is not to be denied, that the King and some Great Men of France appear more rich and splendid than those of the like Quality in England: all which arises rather from the nature of their Government, than from the intrinsic and natural causes of wealth and power.

CHAPTER V.

That the impediments of England's greatness are but contingent and removeable.

THE first Impediment of England's greatness is that the territories thereunto belonging, are too far asunder, and divided by the sea into many several islands and countries; and, I may say, into so many Kingdoms and several Governments, viz.: The disunion of the Territories of England is an impediment of its greatness

There be three distinct Legislative Powers in England, Scotland, Ireland; the which instead of uniting together, do often cross one another's Interest, putting bars and impediments upon one another's trades, not only as if they were foreigners to each other, but sometimes as enemies. The different Legislatures, another impediment

2. The islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and the Isle of Man are under jurisdictions different from those, either of England, Scotland, or Ireland.

3. The Government of New England, both Civil and Ecclesiastical, doth so differ from that of His Majesty's other Dominions, that it is hard to say, what may be the consequence of it. The Colonies belonging to England, a diminution to the Empire

And the Government of the other Plantations doth also differ very much from any of the rest; although there be not, naturally, substantial reasons, from the situation, trade, and condition of the people, why there should be such differences.

From all which, it comes to pass that small divided remote Governments, being seldom able to defend themselves, the burden of protecting of them all, must lie upon the Chief Kingdom, England: and so all the smaller kingdoms and dominions, instead of being additions, are really diminutions.

But the same is remedied by making Two such Grand Councils as may equally represent the whole Empire: one to be chosen by the King, the other by the People.

The wealth of a King is threefold. One is the Wealth of his subjects. The second is the *Quota pars* of his subjects' wealth, given him for the public defence, honour, and orna-

ment of the people, and to manage such undertaking for the common good, as no one, or a few private men are sufficient for. The third sort is the *Quota* of the last-mentioned *Quota pars*, which the King may dispose of, as his own personal inclination and discretion shall direct him, without account.

Now it is most manifest, that the afore-mentioned distances and differences of kingdoms and jurisdictions are great impediments to all the said several sorts of wealth, as may be seen in the following particulars.

First, in case of war with foreign nations, England commonly beareth the whole burden and charge: whereby many in England are utterly undone.

Secondly, England sometimes prohibiting the commodities of Ireland and Scotland (as, of late, it did the cattle, flesh, and fish of Ireland), did not only make food, and consequently labour, dearer in England: but also hath forced the people of Ireland to fetch those commodities from France, Holland, and other places, which before were sold them from England; to the great prejudice of both nations.

Thirdly, it occasions an unnecessary trouble and charge in collecting of Customs upon commodities passing between the several nations.

Fourthly, it is a damage to our Barbadoes and other American trades, that the goods which might pass thence immediately to several parts of the world, and to be sold at moderate rates; must first come into England, and there pay duties: and afterwards, if at all, pass into those countries, whither they might have gone immediately.

Fifthly, the islands of Jersey and Guernsey are protected at the charge of England: nevertheless the labour and industry of that people, which is very great, redounds most to the profit of the French.

Sixthly, in New England, there are vast numbers of able-bodied Englishmen employed chiefly in husbandry; and in the meanest part of it, which is breeding of cattle: whereas Ireland would have contained all those persons, and, at worst, would have afforded them lands on better terms than they have them in America, if not some other better trade withal than now they can have.

Seventhly, the inhabitants of the other Plantations although they do indeed plant commodities which will not grow so well in England; yet grasping at more land than will suffice to produce the said exotics in a sufficient quantity to serve the whole World, they do therein but distract and confound the effect of their own endeavours.

Eighthly, there is no doubt that the same people far and widely dispersed, must spend more upon their Government and protection, than the same living compactly, and when they have no occasion to depend upon the wind, weather, and all the accidents of the sea.

A second impediment to the greatness of England is the different understanding of several material points, viz., of the King's Prerogative, Privileges of Parliament, the obscure differences between Law and Equity, as also between Civil and Ecclesiastical Jurisdictions, doubts whether the Kingdom of England hath power over the Kingdom of Ireland: besides the wonderful paradox, that Englishmen lawfully sent to suppress rebellions in Ireland, should, after having effected the same, be as it were disfranchised, and lose that Interest in the Legislative Power which they had in England; and pay Customs as foreigners for all they spend in Ireland, whither they were sent for the honour and benefit of England.

The different understanding of Prerogative, and Privileges of Parliament, of Law and Equity, Civil and Ecclesiastical [Jurisdictions], the supreme Legislature of Ireland, &c

The third impediment is, that Ireland being a conquered country, and containing not the Tenth part as many Irish natives as there are English in both kingdoms; that natural and firm Union is not made between the two peoples by transplantations and proportionable mixture, so as there may be but a Tenth part of the Irish in Ireland, and the same proportion in England: whereby the necessity of maintaining an army in Ireland at the expense of the quarter of all the rents of that kingdom may be taken away.

Want of natural Union, for want of mixture and transplantation

The fourth impediment is, that taxes in England are not levied upon the Expense, but upon the whole Estate; not upon Lands, Stock, and Labour, but chiefly upon land alone: and that not by any equal and indifferent standard, but the casual predominancy of Parties and factions. And moreover that these taxes are not levied with

The unequal inconvenient method of taxing

the least trouble and charge, but are let out to Farmers; who also let them from one to another, without explicit knowledge of what they do: but so as in conclusion, the poor people pay twice as much as the King receives.

The fifth impediment is the inequality of shires, dioceses, parishes, church-livings, and other precincts; as also [of] the Representation of the people in Parliament: all which do hinder the operations of Authority in the same manner as a wheel irregularly made and excentrically hung, neither moves so easily, nor performs its work so truly, as if the same were duly framed and poised. Inequality of shires, dioceses, parishes, Members[hips] of Parliament, &c

Sixthly, as to whether it be an impediment that the Power of Making War, and Raising Money be not in the same hand? much may be said. But I leave it to those who may more properly meddle with fundamental laws.

None of these impediments are natural: but have arisen, as the irregularity of buildings do, by being built a part at one time and a part at another; and by the changing of the state of things from what they were at the respective times when the practices we complain of were first admitted; and perhaps are but the warpings of time from the rectitude of the first institution.

As these impediments are contingent, so they are also removable.

For may not the land of superfluous territories be sold, and the people, with their movables, brought away? May not the English in the American Plantations, who plant tobacco, sugar, &c., compute what land will serve their turn, and then contract their habitation to that proportion, both for quantity and quality? As for the people of New England, I can but wish they were transplanted into Old England or Ireland, according to Proposals of their own, made within these twenty years [1657–1677]; although they were allowed more Liberty of Conscience than they allow one another.

May not the Three Kingdoms be United into One, and equally represented in Parliament? May not the several species [*races*] of the King's subjects be equally mixed in their habitations? Might not the parishes and other precincts be better equalized? Might not Jurisdictions and

other pretences [*claims*] to Power be determined and ascertained? Might not the taxes be equally applotted, and directly applied to their ultimate use? Might not Dissenters in religion be indulged; they paying for a competent force to keep the public peace?

I humbly venture to say all these things may be done, if it be so thought fit by the Sovereign Power; because the like hath often been done already, at several places and times.

CHAPTER VI.

That the power and wealth of England hath increased this last forty years.

IT IS not much to be doubted but that the TERRITORIES under the King's dominion have increased: forasmuch as New Engand, Virginia, Barbadoes, and Jamaica, Tangier, and Bombay, have, since that time, been either added to His Majesty's territories, or improved from a desert condition, to abound with people, buildings, shipping, and the production of many useful commodities.

Many territories have been added to England within about forty years, and many improvements made

And as for the land of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as it is not less in quantity than it was forty years ago, so it is manifest that, by reason of the draining of the fens, watering of dry grounds, improving of forests and commons, making of heathy and barren grounds to bear sainfoin and clo ver grass, [a]meliorating and multiplying several sorts of fruit and garden stuff, making some rivers navigable, &c.; I say, it is manifest that the land in its present condition is able to bear more provisions and commodities than it was forty years ago.

Secondly, although the PEOPLE of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which have extraordinarily perished, by the Plague and Sword, within these last forty years, do amount to about 300,000 above what [would] have died in the ordinary way: yet the ordinary increase by generation of 10,000,000, which doubles in 200 years, as hath been shewn by the Observators upon the Bills of Mortality, may, in forty years, which is a

fifth part of the same time, have increased one-fifth part of the whole number, or 2,000,000.

Where note by the way, that the accession of Negroes to the American Plantations, being all men of great labour and little expense, is not inconsiderable. Besides, it is hoped that New England (where few or no women are barren, and most have many children; and where people live long and healthfully) hath produced an increase of as many people as were destroyed in the late tumults in Ireland.

The Housing of London doubled in value

As for HOUSING, the streets of London itself speaks it. I conceive it is double in value in that city to what it was forty years since. And for Housing in the country, it has increased at Newcastle, Yarmouth, Norwich, Exeter, Portsmouth, Cowes; Dublin, Kinsale, Londonderry and Coleraine in Ireland, far beyond the proportion of what I can learn has been dilapidated in other places. For in Ireland, where the ruin was greatest, the Housing, taking all together, is now more valuable than forty years ago. Nor is this to be doubted: since Housing is now more splendid than in those days; and the number of dwellers is increased by nearly one-fifth part; as in the last paragraph is set forth.

The Shipping is very much increased, with the reasons thereof

As for SHIPPING, His Majesty's Navy is now triple or quadruple to what it was forty years since, and before the *Sovereign* was built.

The shipping trading to Newcastle, which is now 80,000 tons, could not be then above a quarter of that quantity.

1. Because the City of London is doubled.
2. Because the use of coals is also at least doubled: because they were heretofore seldom used in chambers as now they are; nor were there so many bricks burned [*baked*] with them, as of late; nor did the country on both sides the Thames make use of them as now

Besides, there are employed in Guinea [*i.e., the slave dealing*] and American trade, above 40,000 tons of shipping *per annum*; which trade in those days was inconsiderable.

The quantity of wines was not nearly so much as now, and, to be short, the Customs upon imported and exported commodities did not then yield a third part of the present value: which shews that not only Shipping, but Trade itself hath increased somewhat near that proportion.

As to MONEY, the interest thereof was, within these fifty years, at £10 *per cent.*; forty years ago, at £8; and now, at £6: no thanks to any laws which have been made to that purpose! forasmuch as those who can give good security, may now have it at less. But the natural fall of interest is the effect of the increase of money.

Interest of money abated nearly half

Moreover if *rented* lands and houses have increased, and if trade hath increased also: it is certain that money, which payeth those rents and driveth on trade, must have increased also.

Money and Public Revenue increased

Lastly, I leave it to the consideration of all observers, whether the number and splendour of Coaches, Equipage, and Household Furniture hath not increased since that time: to say nothing of the Postage of Letters, which has increased from One to Twenty; which argues the increase of business and negotiation.

I might add that His Majesty's Revenue is nearly tripled; and therefore the means to pay, and bear the same, have increased also.

CHAPTER VII.

That One-Tenth part of the Whole Expense of the King of England's subjects is sufficient to maintain 100,000 *Foot*, 40,000 *Horse, and* 40,000 *seamen at sea; and to defray all other charges of the Government, both ordinary and extraordinary, if the same were regularly taxed and raised.*

TO CLEAR this point, we are to find out, What is the middle expense of each head in the King's Dominions, between the highest and the lowest? To which I say, it is not probably less than the expense of a Labourer, who earneth about 8*d.* [=2*s. now*] a day. For the wages of such a man is 4*s.* [=12*s. now*] per week *without* victuals, or 2*s.* [=6*s. now*] *with* them: where the value of his victuals is 2*s.* [=6*s. now*] or £5 4*s.* [=£15 12*s. now*] *per annum.*

An Estimate of the Medium of Expense of each head in England

Now the value of clothes cannot be less than the wages given to the poorest maidservant in the country; which is 30*s.* [=£4 10*s. now*] *per annum.* Nor can the charge of all other necessaries be less than 6*s.* [=18*s. now*] *per annum* more.

Wherefore the whole charge is £7 [=£21 *now*].

It is not likely that this Discourse will fall into the hands of any that live at £7 *per annum*: and therefore such [*i.e.*, *as read it*] will wonder at this supposition. But if they consider how much the number of the poor and their children is greater than that of the rich; although the personal expense of some rich men should be twenty times more than that of a labourer: yet the expense of the labourer above mentioned may well enough stand for the Standard of the expense of the whole mass of mankind.

Now if the expense of each man, one with another, be £7 *per annum*, and if the number of the King's subjects be 10,000,000; then the tenth part of the whole expense will be £7,000,000 [=£21,000,000 *now*].

But about £5,000,000, or a very little more, will amount to one year's pay for 100,000 Foot, 40,000 Horse, and 40,000 men at sea: winter and summer; which can rarely be necessary!

And the ordinary Charge of Government, in times of deep and serene peace, was not about £600,000 [*or* £1,800,000 *now*] *per annum*.

Where a people thrive, there the Income is greater than the Expense; and consequently the tenth part of the expense is not a tenth part of the income. Now for men to pay a tenth of their expense in a time of the greatest exigency (for such it must be, when so great forces are requisite) can be no hardship, much less a deplorable condition. For to bear a tenth part, a man need spend but a twentieth part less, and labour a twentieth part more (or half an hour *per diem* extraordinary); both of which, within common experience, are very tolerable: there being very few in England who do not eat by a twentieth part more than does them good; and what misery were it, instead of wearing cloth of 20*s*. per yard, to be contented with that of 19*s*., few men having skill enough to discern the difference.

Memorandum. That all this while I suppose that all of these 10,000,000 of people are obedient to their Sovereign, and within the reach of his power: for as things are otherwise, so the calculation must be varied.

CHAPTER VIII.

That there are spare hands enough, among the King of England's subjects, to earn £2,000,000 per annum more than they now do; and that there are also employments ready, proper, and sufficient for that purpose.

TO PROVE this point, we must inquire, How much all the people could earn, if they were disposed or necessitated to labour, and, had work whereupon to employ themselves? and compare that sum with that of the total Expense above mentioned; deducting the rents and profits of land and stock [*capital*], which, properly speaking, saveth so much labour.

Now the proceeds of the said lands and stock in the Countries [*counties*] is about Three parts of Seven of the whole expense. So as where the expense is £70,000,000 the rent of the land, and the profit of all personal estate, interest of money, &c., must be about £30,000,000 [=£90,000,000 *now*], and consequently the value of the Labour, £40,000,000 [=£120,000,000 *now*], that is £4 [=£12 *now*] per head.

But it is to be noted that about a Quarter of the mass of mankind are children, male and female, under seven years old: from whom little labour is to be expected.

It is also to be noted that about another Tenth part of the whole people are such as, by reason of their great estates, titles, dignities, Offices and Professions, are exempt from that kind of labour we now speak of: their business being, or ought to be, to govern, regulate, and direct the labours and actions of others.

So that of 10,000,000, there may be about 6,500,000 which, if need require, might actually labour.

And of these, some might earn 3*s*. [=9*s*. *now*] a week, some 5*s*. [=15*s*. *now*], and some 7*s*. [=21*s*.]: that is, all of them: might earn 5*s*. per week, at a medium, one with another; or at least £10 [=£30 *now*] *per annum*, allowing for sickness and other accidents. Whereby the whole might earn £65,000,000 [=£195,000,000 *now*] *per annum*: that is £25,000,000 [=£75,000,000 *now*] more than the expense.

The Author of *The State of England* says that the children

of Norwich, between six and sixteen years old, do earn £12,000 [=£36,000 *now*] *per annum* more than they spend. Now forasmuch as the people of Norwich are a three-hundredth part of all the people of England [*i.e.*, 20,000], as appears by the accounts of the Hearth Money; and about a five-hundredth part of all the King's subjects throughout the world, it follows that all his Majesty's subjects between six and sixteen years old, might earn £5,000,000 [=£15,000,000 *now*] *per annum* more than they spend.

Again, forasmuch as the number of the people above sixteen years old, is double the number of those between six and sixteen; and that each of the men can earn double to each of the children: it is plain that if the men and children everywhere, did do as they do at Norwich, they might earn £25,000,000 [=£75,000,000 *now*] *per annum* more than they spend. Which Estimate grounded upon matter of fact and experience, agrees with the former.

Although, as hath been proved, the people of England do thrive; and that it is possible they might superlucrate £25,000,000 *per annum*; yet it is manifest that they do not; nor £23,000,000, which is less by the £2,000,000 herein meant.

For if they did superlucrate £23,000,000, then in about five or six years' time, the whole Stock and Personal Estate of the nation would be doubled: which I wish were true; but find no manner of reason to believe.

Wherefore if they can superlucrate £25,000,000; but do not actually superlucrate £23,000,000, nor £20,000,000, nor £10,000,000, nor perhaps £5,000,000: I have proved what was propounded, viz., that there are spare hands among the King's subjects to earn £2,000,000 more than they do.

But to speak a little more particularly concerning this matter. It is to be noted that since the Fire of London, there was earned, in four years [1666–1670] by tradesmen [*artisans*] relating to building only, the sum of £4,000,000 [=£12,000,000 *now*], viz., £1,000,000 *per annum*: without lessening any other sort of work, labour or manufacture, which was usually done in any other four years before the said occasion.

But if the tradesmen relating to building only, and such of them only as wrought in and about London, could do

£1,000,000 worth of work extraordinary; I think that from thence, and from what hath been said before, all the rest of the spare hands might very well double the same: which is as much as was propounded.

Now if there were spare hands to superlucrate millions upon millions, they signify nothing, unless there were employment for them; and may as well follow their pleasures and speculations, as labour to no purpose. Therefore the more material point is to prove that there is £2,000,000 worth of work to be done; which at present, the King's subjects do neglect.

For the proof of this, there needs little more to be done, than to compute.

1. How much money is paid by the King of England's subjects, to foreigners for freights of shipping?
2. How much the Hollanders gain by their fishing trade practised upon our seas?
3. What is the value of all the commodities imported into and spent in England: which might, by diligence, be produced and manufactured here.

To make short of this matter, upon perusal of the most authentic accounts relating to these several particulars, I affirm that the same amounteth to above £5,000,000 [=£15,000,000 *now*]: whereas I propounded but £2,000,000.

For a further proof whereof, Mr. SAMUEL FORTRY, in his ingenious Discourse of Trade [1673] exhibits the particulars [*details*]: wherein it appears that the goods imported out of France only, amount yearly to £2,600,000 [=£7,800,000 *now*]. And I affirm that the wine, paper, cork, rosin, capers, and a few other commodities which England cannot produce, do not amount to one-fifth part of the said sum.

From whence it follows, that, if Mr FORTRY hath not erred, the £2,000,000 here mentioned, may arise from France alone; and consequently £5,000,000 or £6,000,000 from all three heads last above specified.

CHAPTER IX.

That there is sufficient Money to drive the Trade of the nation.

SINCE His Majesty's happy Restoration, it was thought fit to call in, and new coin, the money which was made in the times of Usurpation [*Commonwealth*]. Now it was observed, by the general consent of Cashiers [*Goldsmiths or money changers*], that the said money, being by frequent revolutions [*circulations*] well mixed with old, was about a Seventh part thereof; and that the said [*Commonwealth*] money being called in, was about £800,000; and consequently the whole [*coinage was about*] £5,600,000. Whereby it is probable, that, some allowance being given for hoarded money, the whole Cash of England was then about £6,000,000: which I conceive is sufficient to drive the Trade of England: not doubting but the rest of His Majesty's Dominions have the like means to do the same respectively.

If there be 6,000,000 souls in England, and that each spendeth £7 *per annum*, then the whole expense is £42,000,000 or about £800,000 per week: and consequently if every man did pay his expense weekly, and that the money could circulate within the compass of a week, then less than £1,000,000 would answer the ends proposed.

But forasmuch as the rents of the lands in England, which are paid half yearly, are £8,000,000 [=£24,000,000 *now*] *per annum*; there must be £4,000,000 [*in coin; Bank of England notes and cheques not having yet been invented*] to pay them.

And forasmuch as the rents of the Housing of England, paid quarterly, are worth about £4,000,000 [=£12,000,000 *now*] *per annum*; there needs but £1,000,000 to pay the said rents.

Wherefore £6,000,000 being enough to make good the three sorts of circulations above mentioned: I conceive what was proposed, is competently proved: at least, until something better be held forth to the contrary.

CHAPTER X.

That the King of England's subjects have Stock [capital] *competent and convenient to drive the Trade of the whole Commercial World.*

NOw for the further encouragement of Trade, as we have shewn that there is money enough in England to manage the affairs thereof, so we shall now offer to consideration, Whether there be not a competent and convenient Stock to drive the Trade of the whole Commercial World?

To which purpose, it is to be remembered that all the Commodities yearly exported out of every part of the last-mentioned World, may be bought for £45,000,000; and that the Shipping employed in the same World are not worth above £15,000,000 more, and consequently that £60,000,000 [=£180,000,000 *now*] at most would drive the whole Trade above mentioned, without any trust at all.

But forasmuch as the growers of commodities do commonly trust them to such merchants or factors as are worth but such part of the full value of their commodities as may possibly be lost upon the sale of them; whereas gain is rather to be expected: it follows that less than a Stock of £60,000,000; nay, less than half that sum is sufficient to drive the Trade above mentioned. It being well known that any tradesman of good reputation, worth £500, will be trusted with above £1,000 worth of commodities.

Wherefore less than £30,000,000 will suffice for the said purpose: of which sum, the Coin, Shipping, and Stock already in the Trade, do at least make one-half.

And it hath been shewn [*at p.* 345] how, by the policy of a Bank [*of which not one existed in England at the time this was written*], any sum of money may be equivalent in Trade unto nearly double the same: by all which it seems that, even at present, much is not wanting to perform what is propounded.

But suppose £20,000,000 or more were wanting, it is not improbable that since the generality of Gentlemen, and some Noblemen do put their younger sons to merchandise, they

will see it reasonable, as they increase in the number of merchants, so to increase the magnitude of Trade, and consequently to increase Stock. Which may effectually be done by inbanking £20,000,000 worth of land (not being above a Sixth or Seventh of the whole territory of England) that is to say, by making a *Fond* [*fund*] of such value to be security for all commodities bought and sold upon the account of the Universal Trade here mentioned [40 *years after this was written, the Landed Interest somewhat attempted this suggestion, in the foundation of the South Sea Company*].

And thus, it having appeared that England having in it, as much land like Holland and Zealand, as the said two Provinces do themselves contain; with abundance of other land, not inconvenient for trade; and that there are spare hands enough, to earn many millions of money more than they now do; and that there is employment to earn several millions, even from the consumption of England itself: it follows from thence, and from what hath been said in the last paragraph about enlarging of Stock, both of money and land, that it is not impossible, nay, a very feasible matter for the King of England's subjects to gain the Universal Trade of the whole Commercial World.

Nor is it unseasonable to intimate this matter. Forasmuch as the younger brothers of the good families of England cannot otherwise be provided for, so as to live according to their birth and breeding.

For if the Lands of England are worth £8,000,000 *per annum*, there be, at a medium, about 10,000 families of about £800 [£=2,400, *now*] *per annum*: in each of which, one with another, we may suppose there is a younger brother, whom less than £200 or £300 [=£600 or £900 *now*] *per annum*, will not maintain suitable to his relations.

Now I say that neither the Offices at Court, nor Commands in our ordinary army and navy, nor Church preferments, nor the usual gains by the Profession of the Law or of Physic, nor the employments under Noblemen and Prelates, will, all of them put together, furnish livelihoods of above £300 *per annum* to 3,000 of the said 10,000 younger brothers: wherefore it remains that Trade alone must supply the rest.

But if the said 7,000 Gentlemen be applied to Trade, with-

out increasing of Trade; or if we hope to increase Trade, without increasing of Stock (which, for ought appears, is only to be done by imbanking a due proportion of Lands and Money); we must necessarily be disappointed.

Where note, that selling of lands to foreigners for gold and silver, would enlarge the Stock of the Kingdom: whereas doing the same between one another, doth effect nothing. For he that turneth all his land into money, disposes himself for trade; and he that parteth with his money for land, doth the contrary: but to sell land to foreigners, increaseth both money and people, and consequently trade.

Wherefore it is to be thought that when the laws denying strangers to purchase, and not permitting them to trade without paying extraordinary duties, were made; that then the public state of things and Interest of the nation were far different from what they now are.

Having handled these Ten principal Conclusions, I might go on with others *ad infinitum*. But what hath been already said, I look upon as sufficient, for to shew what I mean by Political Arithmetic: and to shew

1. The uses of knowing the True State of the People, Land, Stock, Trade, &c.
2. That the King's subjects are not in so bad a condition as discontented men would make them.
3. The great effect of Unity, Industry, and Obedience in order to the common safety and each man's peculiar happiness.

FINIS.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

AN HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSIC.

1606.

By RICHARD ALISON, Gentleman.

To the right worthily honoured and most free respecter of all virtue, his chiefly esteemed and singular good patron, Sir JOHN SCUDAMORE, Knight.

HOW noble, how ancient, and how effectual the Art of Music is, many excellent discourses of theorists deeply learned in the science, have already so confirmed and illustrated, that it might seem as much arrogancy in me to attempt the praise thereof, as it argues malice or ignorance in such as seek to exclude it out of divine or human society. I will only allege one testimony out of an Epistle, which that ancient father, MARTIN LUTHER, did write to SENFELIUS the Musician, which is so ample in commendation of this Art, that it were superfluous to add any other.

"Music," saith he, "to devils we know is hateful and intoler-

able; and I plainly think, neither am I ashamed to aver it, that next to Theology, there is no Art comparable with Music. For it alone, next to Theology, doth effect that which otherwise only Theology can perform; that is, a quiet and a cheerful mind."

Now if Music merits so high a place as this holy man hath given it, can we deny love and honour to them that, with their grace and bounty, raise the professors thereof? Or to whom shall we that labour in this quality, better recommend our Works than to our patrons and benefactors?

Receive therefore, most honoured Knight and my worthiest Patron! the fruits of your bounties, and the effects of those quiet days which, by your goodness, I have enjoyed. And as the glory of a new-finished house belongs not so much to the workman that built it, as to the Lord that owns it: so if any part of this new Work of mine can excite commendation, the grace is chiefly yours, though the labour, mine. But because there is no man more distrustful of his own endeavours than I am myself, by the weakness of my nature: I beseech you receive my labours, howsoever, into your protection; whose worth can best countenance them from misfortune, and spirit defend them. I will only assist you with a poor man's bounty, I mean my many humble prayers to the Highest Protector; beseeching Him to bless you with long life and prosperity, to His glory, and our comforts, that must ever owe you our service and love.

Your Worship's, wholly devoted,

RICHARD ALISON.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

By RICHARD ALISON, Gentleman.

AN HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSIC.

THE man upright of life, whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds or thought of vanity:
That man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor sorrow discontent:
That man needs neither towers nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence.

He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes,
The horrors of the deep, and terrors of the skies,
Thus scorning all the cares, that Fate or Fortune brings,

He makes his heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things;
Good thoughts, his only friends; his wealth, a well-spent age;
The earth, his sober inn, and quiet pilgrimage.



HEAVY heart! whose harms are hid,
Thy help is hurt, thy hap is hard;
If thou shouldst break, as God forbid!
Then should Desert want his reward.
Hope well to have! hate not sweet thought!
Foul cruel storms, fairer calms have brought!
After sharp showers, the sun shines fair!
Hope comes likewise after Despair!

In hope, a king doth go to war!
In hope, a lover lives full long!
In hope, a merchant sails full far!
In hope, just men do suffer wrong!
In hope, the ploughman sows his seed!
Thus Hope helps thousands at their need!
Then faint not, heart! among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best!

Though Wit bids Will to blow retreat,
Will cannot work as Wit would wish:
When that the roach doth taste the bait,
Too late to warn the hungry fish:
When cities burn in fiery flame,
Great rivers scarce may quench the same:
If Will and Fancy be agreed,
Too late for Wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift,
To follow Will, and leave the Wit:
The wanton horse that runs too swift,
May well be stayed upon the bit;
But check a horse amid his race,
And, out of doubt, you mar his pace!
Though Wit and Reason doth men teach,
Never to climb above their reach.

I can no more but hope, good heart!
For though the worst doth chance to fall,
I know a wile shall ease thy smart,
And turn to sweet, thy sugared gall.
When thy good will and painful suit
Hath shaked the tree, and wants the fruit:
Then keep thou patience well in store,
That sovereign salve shall heal thy sore!

WHO LOVES his life, from love his love doth err;
And choosing dross, rich treasure doth deny;
Leaving the pearl, CHRIST's counsel, to prefer,
With selling all we have, the same to buy.
O happy soul, that doth disburse a sum
To gain a Kingdom in the life to come!

MY PRIME of youth is but a frost of cares!
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain!
My crop of corn is but a field of tares!
And all my good is but vain hope of gain!
My life is fled, and yet I saw no sun!
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung!
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green!
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young!
I saw the World, and yet I was not seen!
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun!
And now I live, and now my life is done.

REST with yourselves, you vain and idle brains!
Which Youth and Age in lewdest Lust bestow,
And find out frauds, and use ten thousand trains
To win the soil, where nought but sin doth grow:
And live with me, you chaste and honest minds!
Which do your lives in lawful Love employ,
And know no sleights, but friends for virtue finds,
And loath the lust, which doth the soul destroy.

For Lust is frail, where Love is ever sound;
Lust, outward sweet; but inward, bitter gall:
A Shop of Shews, where no good ware is found;
Not like to Love, where honest faith is all.
So that is Lust, where Fancy ebbs and flows,
And hates and loves, as Beauty dies and grows;
And this is Love, where Friendship firmly stands
On Virtue's rock, and not on sinful sands.



SHALL I abide this jesting?
I weep, and she's a feasting!
O cruel Fancy! that so doth blind me
To love one, that doth not mind me.

Can I abide this prancing?
I weep, and she 's a dancing!
O cruel Fancy! so to betray me;
Thou goest about to slay me!



THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas, is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer's stroke;

The stately stag that seems so stout
By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
At length is caught in fowler's net;
The greatest fish, in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived with subtle hook.

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings!
Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings?
Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth, are but blossoms dying!
Wanton Pleasure, doating Love are but shadows flying!
All our joys are but toys! idle thoughts deceiving:
None have power, of an hour, in their lives bereaving.

Earth 's but a point to the world, and a Man
Is but a point to the world's comparèd centre!
Shall then a point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventure?
All is hazard that we have! there is nothing biding!
Days of pleasure are like streams through fair meadows gliding!
Weal and woe, time doth go! time is never turning!
Secret fates guide our states, both in mirth and mourning!

[THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.]

FINIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TORMENTS, THE French Protestants endure aboard the GALLEYS.

By JOHN BION, heretofore Priest and Curate of the parish of Ursy, in the Province of Burgundy; and Chaplain to the *Superbe* Galley, in the French Service.

LONDON,
Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near Stationers' Hall. 1708

To the Queen.

MADAM,

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY!



N GRATITUDE to those wretches, whose heroic constancy raised in me that admiration which was the first cause of my happy conversion; I humbly lay at your Majesty's feet, an Account of their Sufferings.

Their only hopes, under GOD, are in your Majesty! the glorious defender and ornament of their faith The charity by which you support such numbers of their brethren in your dominions, the concern you have expressed for the pressures the French churches labour under, and the zeal for their restoration to their ancient splendour, leave no room to doubt of your Majesty's generous intentions. And that Providence, which watches over your sacred person, and distinguishes your reign by so many exploits, both at home and abroad, from those of your most glorious ancestors will, no doubt, reward your piety, and enable your

Majesty to ease them of their chains, after having broken those of Europe.

They would not thus presume to make their way through the crowd of your admirers, and disturb the acclamation that surrounds your august Person, with the doleful rehearsal of their misery, did not your Majesty's known goodness facilitate their access, and your love of justice, and proneness to redress grievances encourage their presumption.

I am, in particular, happy in being so far instrumental in their future deliverance, as to make their Case known to the best and greatest of Queens; and I am proud that it furnishes me with an opportunity of letting the World know, that I am,

May it please your Majesty!

Your Majesty's most faithful subject,

and obedient humble servant,

JOHN BION,

heretofore Chaplain to the *Superbe* Galley, in the French King's service.

THE PREFACE.



S I PURPOSED in this Work, only to make the sufferings of the Protestants condemned to the galleys for the sake of Religion, known to the World; people will be apt to think that when I speak in general of the different sorts of forçats *or* slaves *which are on them, I go beside the rules I prescribed to myself. But if it be considered that it is no little torment to the Protestants to be amongst malefactors and lewd and profligate villains, whose continual blasphemies and cursings have no parallel but among the damned in hell; it will not be thought beside my purpose, to have given to the World, a particular account of the various sorts of those men who live in the galleys.*

There is, besides, a block, those who never saw the galleys but in the port at Marseilles, will infallibly stumble at; if not removed. Which is, that whereas the galley slaves are not, during that time, in that wretched condition they are in whilst at sea, and tugging at the oar. Being allowed to keep shop about the Port, and there to work and sell all manner of commodities. And sometimes having leave to walk in the town: giving only one penny to the Algousin, *as much to the Turk with whom each of them must then be coupled, and five pence to the* Pertuisenier *or Partizan Bearer who guards them. There being some besides, that even have their wives at Marseilles. And all being permitted to hear from their friends, and receive money from their relations.* All such comforts and favours, as well as all manner of correspondence with friends, are utterly denied the Protestants!

I have not descended to particulars, in what relateth to the usefulness of galleys in sea fights, for the keeping of the coasts or convoying of merchant sloops when there is [any] danger of their being taken or set upon by the brigantines the Duke of SAVOY keeps commonly for that purpose, during the war, in Villa Franca, St. Hospitio, and Oneglia.

Nor did I take notice in this Work, how the galleys, in an engagement wherein there are Men-of-war, serve to keep off, and sink with their cannon shot out of the Coursier, *a gun so called, the fire-ships the enemy sendeth to set the ship on fire; and to tow away such as are disabled in the fight.*

I might also have observed how in every galley, there are five guns upon the foredeck, viz., four six or eight pounders, and a fifth called the Coursier, *which carrieth a* 36*lb. ball.*

And herewith, when an enemy's ship is becalmed, a galley, which with her oars can do what she pleaseth, may attack that ship fore and aft, to avoid her broadsides; and ply her with the Coursier*: so that sometimes, if she happeneth to let* [give] *her a shot, which cometh between wind and water, she forceth her to surrender. Which however happeneth seldom enough: for a ship needs but a little wind to make nothing of overthrowing five or six galleys.*

I did not think fit either to give here, an account of the number of galleys in France; which are twenty-four at Marseilles, and six upon the ocean. Not to speak of the six small rooms in every galley, under the deck, wherein ammunition and provisions are kept; and which they call the Gavon, *the* Scandclat, *the* Campaign, *the* Paillot, *the* Tavern, *and the* Fore-room.

All these particulars would have carried me too far out of my way, and beside my purpose: which is only to give a plain and faithful Account, without amplifying, of the Sufferings of the Protestant galley slaves.

If there be anything omitted in this Relation, it will not be found as to any material point. And as my sole aim in it, hath been to work a following feeling in other men's hearts, I shall not find myself at all disappointed, although their curiosity should not be fully satisfied.

The LORD, in his mercy, pour out his blessings upon this Work! and favourably hear our prayers and supplications, which we shall never cease to make unto his Divine Majesty, for the deliverance of our poor distressed brethren.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PROTESTANTS IN THE FRENCH GALLEYS.

THE dismal accounts handed down to us by historians, of the torments afflicted on Christians by the heathen Emperors, in the first Ages of the Church, might justly be suspected, if the woful experience of our own, did not put the truth of them out of dispute. For though it be not easy to conceive how men can put off all that is tender and generous in their natures, and degenerate into the ferity [*ferocity*] of brutes; yet it is but looking on the World around us, and being convinced that they can even outdo their fellow animals in cruelty to one another. Nay, we may see many professing Christianity, under the specious pretence of zeal for its Interest, commit such barbarities as exceed, [or] at least equal, the rage of the persecutors of the primitive Christians. History abounds in instances that shew the nature of a spirit of persecution, and how boundless its rage and fury! but the sad effects it hath, of late years, produced in France, as they are still fresh and but too obvious, are scarcely to be parallel in any Age or nation.

All the World knows the Protestants there, lived under the protection of the *Edict of Nantes*; a treaty as full and solemn as any ever was! It was at first religiously observed; but in time, several breaches were made in it. Many of its

branches were by degrees lopt off, till at last, under the present King [*LOUIS XIV.*], at the continual teasing and solicitation of the Jesuits, those restless and busy insects! it was perfidiously broken, or, as they please to term it, *repealed*.

But Religion and its propagation must be the cloak under which those crafty silversmiths intend to play their game. And therefore having first confidently taught that the King hath a Despotic Power over the Consciences as well as Estates; and consequently his Will to be the Rule of their Religion: they, by several arts and methods, but chiefly by dreadful punishments, force weak people to play the hypocrites, and embrace a Religion which in their hearts they detest. Such as were too good Christians to prostitute their consciences to vile worldly interests, are denied the benefit of retiring into foreign countries; and punished, if discovered, often with death: or reserved for more cruel usage, and condemned to spin out their wretched lives in the galleys.

Of these last, I design to give the public an Account, as being of all men the most miserable: the barbarities committed in those horrid machines exceeding all that can possibly be imagined. The ingenuity of the famous Sicilian Tyrants in inventing torments deserves no longer to be proverbial: being far excelled in this pernicious art, by the modern enemies of Religion and Liberty

I shall endeavour to satisfy the curiosity of those who desire to be informed of the treatment, the slaves, and particularly the Protestants, in the galleys meet with; and to convince such, as are loth to harbour any hard thoughts of the French Court; that justifies its proceedings, by pretending that what they suffer, is not on the account of Religion, but a just and lawful punishment for Rebellion and Disobedience.

My being several campaigns [*cruizes*], Chaplain aboard one of the galleys, called *La Superbe*, gave me a sufficient opportunity of informing myself of the truth of the following Relation. And I hope my integrity will not be called in question by anybody that hears, that during my stay in that Service, I never received the least disgust or met with any disobligation. The certificates I have from Monsieur DE

MONTOLIEU, Chief Flag Officer of the French galleys; and Monsieur D'AUTIGNY, Captain of the aforesaid galley, whose Chaplain I was; a reward for my services conferred on me by the French King in the year 1704, at the recommendation of Monsieur DE PORTCHARTRIN; several good offices done me by the General, and other officers who knew me: will I hope screen me from the suspicions or calumny of such, who, through malice, or perhaps Interest, might be inclined to misrepresent me.

Neither shall a blind zeal for the Protestant Religion, which I have lately embraced, hurry me beyond the strict bounds of truth, or make me represent things in any colours but their own. I should be an unworthy professor of that holy Religion, if, on any consideration, I should in the least deviate from the strictest truth; to which end, I shall relate nothing by hearsay, but, like the Apostle, confine myself to those things, my "eyes have seen."

But before I proceed to shew the sufferings and misery, the wretches in the galleys, labour under, I shall give a short description of that vessel.

A Galley is a long flat one-decked vessel, though it hath two masts. Yet they generally make use of oars, because they are built so as not to be able to endure a rough sea: and therefore their sails for the most part are useless, unless in cruising, when they are out of sight of land; for then, for fear of being surprised by ill weather, they make the best of their way.

There are five slaves to every oar; one of them, a Turk; who being generally stronger than Christians, is set at the upper end, to work it with more strength.

There are in all 300 slaves; and 150 men, either Officers, soldiers, seamen, or servants.

There is at the stern of the galley, a chamber, shaped on the outside like a cradle, belonging to the Captain: and solely his, at night or in foul weather; but in the daytime, common to the Officers and Chaplain. All the rest of the crew (the Under Officers excepted, who retire to other convenient places) are exposed above deck, to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the damps and inclemencies of the

night. There is indeed a kind of a tent suspended by a cable from head to stern, that affords some little shelter: but the misfortune is, that this is only when they can best be without it, that is, in fair weather. For in the least wind or storm, it is taken down; the galley not being able to endure it for fear of oversetting.

The two winters (in *anno* 1703, and in 1704) we kept the coasts of Monaco, Nice, and Antibes; those poor creatures, after hard rowing, could not enjoy the usual benefit of the night, which puts an end to the fatigues and labours of the day: but were exposed to the winds, snow, hail, and all other inconveniences of that season. The only comfort they wished for, was the liberty of smoking: but that, on pain of the *bastinado*, the usual punishment of the place, is forbidden.

The vessel being but small for the number, the men consequently crowded, the continual sweat that streams down from their bodies whilst rowing, and the scanty allowance of linen; one may easily imagine, breed abundance of vermin. So that, in spite of all the care that can be taken, the galleys swarm with lice, &c.; which nestling in the plaits and laps of their clothes, relieve by night, the executioners who beat and torment them by day.

Their whole yearly allowance for clothes is two shirts made of the coarsest canvas; and a little jerkin of red serge, slit on each side, up to their arm holes; the sleeves are also open, and come not down so low as their elbows. And every three years, a kind of a coarse frock; and a little cap to cover their heads, which they are obliged to keep close shaved, as a mark of infamy.

Instead of a bed, they are allowed, sick or well, only a board a foot and a half broad. And those who have the unfortunate honour of lying near the Officers, dare not presume, though tormented with vermin, to stir so much as a hand for their ease: for fear their chains should rattle, and awake any of them; which would draw on them a punishment more severe than the biting of those insects.

It is hard to give an exact description of the pains and labours the slaves undergo at sea, especially during a long campaign [*cruize*]. The fatigue of tugging at the oar is extraordinary. They must rise to draw their stroke, and fall back again almost on their backs: insomuch that, in all

seasons, through the continual and violent motion of their bodies, the sweat trickles down their harassed limbs.

And for fear they should fail, as they often do through faintness, there is a gang board, which runs through the middle of the ship, on which are constantly posted three *Comites*, an Officer somewhat like a Boatswain in Her Majesty's ships, who whenever they find or think that an oar does not keep touch with the rest, without ever examining whether it proceeds from weakness or laziness, they unmercifully exercise a tough wand on the man they suspect: which being long is often felt by two or three of his innocent neighbours, who being naked when they row, each blow imprints evident marks of the inhumanity of the executioner.

And that which adds to their misery, is that they are not allowed the least sign of discontent or complaint, that small and last comfort of the miserable! but must, on the contrary, endeavour with all their might, to exert the little vigour that remains, and try by their submission, to pacify the rage of those relentless tigers; whose strokes are commonly ushered in, and followed by a volley of oaths and horrid imprecations.

No sooner are they arrived in any port, but their work, instead of being at an end, is increased; several laborious things previous to casting anchor, being expected from them; which in a galley is harder than a ship. And as the *Comite*'s chief skill is seen in dexterously casting anchor, and that they think Blows are the life and soul of Work; nothing is heard for some time, but cries and lamentation: and as the poor slaves' arms are busy in the execution of his commands, his are as briskly exercised in lashing them.

To support their strength under all these hardships; during the campaign, every morning, at eight of the clock, they give each man, his proportion of biscuit; of which indeed, they have enough, and pretty good. At ten, a porringer made of oil, with peas or beans often rotten, and commonly musty. I call it soup, according to their use; although it be nothing but a little hot water with about a dozen peas or beans floating on the top. And when on duty, a *Pichone* of wine, a measure containing about two-thirds of an English pint, morning and evening.

When at anchor in any port, all who have any money are

allowed to buy meat; and the Turk that commands the oar, and is not chained, is commonly the person employed for this purpose, as also to see it dressed in the Cook Room. But I have often seen the Captain's Cook, a brutal passionate man, take the poor men's pot, under pretence that it troubled him, and either break or throw it overboard: whilst the poor wretches were fainting for want of that little refreshment, without daring so much as to murmur or complain. This indeed is not usual, but where the Cook happens to be a villain: of which sort of men there are plenty in the galleys.

The Officer's table is well furnished both for plenty and delicacy: but this gives slaves only a more exquisite sense of their misery, and seems to brave their poverty and hunger.

We spent the Carnival of 1704, in the port of Monaco. Our Officers frequently treated the Prince of that place aboard the galley. Their entertainments were splendid. Music and all things that could promote Mirth were procured. But who can express the affliction of those poor creatures, who had only a prospect of pleasure, and whilst others revelled at their ease, were sinking under a load of chains, pinched with hunger in their stomachs, and nothing to support their dejected spirits.

Nay, and what is worse, they are forced to add to the pomp and honour done to Great Men, who visit their Officers: but in such a manner as moves the compassion of all who are not used to such dismal solemnities. When a Person of Quality comes on board, the *Comite* gives twice notice with his whistle. The first time they are all attentive; and the second, the slaves are obliged to *salute*, as they call it, three times: not with a cheerful Huzza as in an English Man-of-war; but by howling in a piteous tone, making a lamentable complaining outcry.

When the badness of the weather hinder the galleys from putting to sea; such as have trades work in the galley. Such as have none learn to knit coarse stockings; the *Comite*, for whose profit they work, gives them yarn, and pays them about half the usual price; and this not in money, but some little victuals, or wine which they are obliged to take out of the Ship's Cellar (of which the *Comite* is the keeper), though it be generally bad, and dashed with water. For though

they had as much gold as they could carry, they durst not, on pain of a *bastinado*, send for any wine from the shore.

The most moving spectacle of all, is to see the poor souls that have no trade. They clean their comrades' clothes, and destroy the vermin that torment their neighbours: who in return, give them some small share of that scanty pittance they purchase by working.

One may imagine that such ill treatment, diet, and infection must needs occasion frequent sickness. In that case, the usage is thus:

There is in the hold, a close dark room. The air is admitted only by the scuttle two feet square; which is the only passage into it. At each end of the said room, there is a sort of a scaffold called *Taular*; on which the sick are laid promiscuously, without beds or anything under them. When these are full, if there be any more, they are stretched all along the cables: as I saw in the year 1703, when being on the coast of Italy, in winter time, we had above threescore sick men.

In this horrid place, all kind of vermin rule with an arbitrary sway; gnawing the poor sick creatures without disturbance.

When the duties of my function called me in amongst them, to confess, advise, or administer some comfort; which was constantly twice a day: I was in an instant covered all over with them, it being impossible to preserve one's self from their swarms. The only way was to go down in a night gown, which I stript off when I came out, and by that means rid myself of them, by putting on my clothes.

But when I was in, methought I walked, in a literal sense, in the Shades of Death. I was obliged notwithstanding to make considerable stays in this gloomy mansion, to confess such who were ready to expire. And the whole space between the ceiling and the *Taular* being but three feet; I was obliged to lie down, and stretch myself along their sides, to hear their confessions: and often, while I was confessing one, another expired just by my side.

The stench is most intolerable, insomuch as that there is no slave, though ever so weak, but will rather choose to tug at his oar, and expire under his chain, than to retire to this loathsome hospital.

There is a chirurgeon to take care of the sick. At the first setting out of the galley, the King lays in drugs for the use of the crew; which are always very good: and therefore the chirurgeons make money of them, in the several places we arrive at; so that the persons they are intended for, have the least benefit of them.

During the sickness, the King orders each man in the room we have described, 1 lb. of fresh bread, and the same quantity of fresh meat, and 2 oz. of rice a day. This is the Steward's province: and he discharges his office in such a manner, that five or six campaigns make his fortune. We have frequently had in our galley, threescore and ten sick men; and the quantity of flesh allowed for that number, never exceeded 20 lbs. weight, and that bad meat too: though, as I have observed, the King's allowance is 1 lb. for every man; the rest going into his own pocket.

Once, out of curiosity, I tasted it; and found it little better than hot water. I complained to the Chirurgeon and Steward: but being great [*thick*] and *commensales*, they connived at one another.

I complained to the Officers also: but for what reason (I only guess!) they did not regard me. And I have too much respect for the Captain, to say that he had any reason or Interest to wink at so great a piece of injustice, though he could, by his own authority, do these wretches justice: who often refused that water, made only more loathsome by the little quantity of meat put into it, and the little care used about it.

I enquired of other Chaplains, whether the same was practised aboard their galleys? They frankly confessed it was; but durst own no more.

After the campaign of 1704, I, having occasion to go to Versailles, thought myself obliged, when there, to give an account to Monsieur DE PONTCHARTRIN, one of the King's Ministers, whose particular province, the Sea Affairs are.

I offered him a short Memorial, and some Advices which I thought most proper to prevent the like abuses for the future.

He was pleased to be so well satisfied, and found them so agreeable to some intimations given him before; that he regarded my advice, and offered me his Interest. The King

was pleased to order me a gratuity. I left the Warrant with Monsieur THOME, Treasurer General of the Galleys, living at the Marias du Temple; to serve as an acquittance for the several payments he has made me.

This is a brief account of the Galley; and the government thereof.



Now proceed to shew what sort of people are condemned there.

There are in a galley, five several sorts of people, under the notion of slaves; besides seamen and soldiers: viz., Turks, such as are called *Faussioners,* deserters, criminals, and Protestants.

The King buys the Turks to manage the stroke of the oar, as I have already shewn, and they are called *Vogueavants*; and they together with such as are on the seats called *banc du quartier, de la Conille,* and *les espalliers,* have the same allowance with the soldiers. They are generally lusty strong men, and the least unfortunate of the whole crew. They are not chained; but only wear a ring on their foot, as a badge of slavery.

When they arrive at any port, they have liberty to trade. Some of them are worth £300 or £400 [=£750 or £1,000 *now*]. They frequently send money to their wives and families: and, to the shame of Christians be it spoken! there is a great deal more charity amongst them, than is to be found amongst us.

I had taken one, called TRIPOLI, for my servant. He was a most religious observer of his law. During the *Ramadan,* a feast kept by them, the first Moon of the year; he never eat, nor drank, from sun rising to sun setting; in spite of all the toil and fatigue of the oar; he never seemed uneasy, though ready to faint through weakness.

I could never so much as persuade him, to take a little wine; though I have often urged him, merely out of compassion.

The Officers make use of no other servants; and they are so trusty, that they are never found out in any theft or roguery.

If any, by chance, commit a fault; all the Turks importune their respective masters, to intercede for him with the Captain. If any be sick; they are all busy about him, to do him all the kind offices in their power. They club to buy him meat, or to purchase anything that may refresh him, or do him good. In short, in the galleys, one would think that the Turks and the Christians had made an exchange of principles: and that the latter had abjured the Precepts of their Saviour, and that the others had taken them up. And accordingly, preach up CHRIST to a Turk, in a galley; and his answer presently is, that "he had rather be transformed to a dog, than be of a religion that countenances so much barbarity, and suffer so many crimes."

I cannot omit one remarkable instance of their constancy, and firm adherence to their religion. One of them who spoke French, fell sick. I found him stretched on the cable, in the place I have already described. I had done him some services: and seeing me do the duties of my function to some of his neighbours, he called me to him, and bade me farewell; telling me that he found he could not possibly live four hours longer.

I ventured to talk to him, of GOD, our Saviour CHRIST, and the principles of his religion; and told him that "through him alone, he was to expect salvation."

I found what I said made some impression.

Whereupon I embraced him, and told him "I would answer for his soul, if he would renounce MAHOMET, who was but an imposter; and believe in JESUS CHRIST, the only Redeemer and Saviour of Mankind, whose holy and excellent doctrine, he had heard me so often preach."

He told me, he would do what I thought fit.

I answered that all I desired was his consent to receive baptism: "without which," I told him, "he could expect no salvation." I explained in a few words, the nature and design of it: and having induced him to consent, I went for some water; and secretly told the Captain what had happened.

But unluckily, another Turk, a friend of his (who also understood French, and had heard all that had past), whilst I was away, said something to my proselyte in his own language: so that, by the time I came back, he had quite altered his resolution, in such wise that I could, by no means, persuade him to perform the promise he made me.

Nay his friend threw himself over him, and exhorted him to continue true to the prophet MAHOMET; in spite of the *Comite*, who was present, and threatened severely to beat him, if he desisted not. He prevailed in despite of all, for the poor wretch died in my presence in his error.

Had I understood religion as well as I do now, I should not in that extremity, have insisted so much on the absolute necessity of baptism: but having given him a general notion of the principles of the Christian religion, I should have admonished him to repentance, and to implore the Divine mercy for pardon of his sins through the merits of CHRIST; and so in saving his soul from death, I should have hid a multitude of my own sins. The reader, I hope, will excuse my former error.

Though. as appears from what hath been said, the Turks on the galleys are treated somewhat better than the Christians; and though they be in no wise molested on the score of religion, for whilst *Mass* is a saying, they are put into the caique or long-boat, where they divert themselves by smoking and talking: yet there is not one of them, but would give all the world to be at his liberty. For the very name of a Galley is terrible to them, because, notwithstanding their treatment is pretty easy, yet they are slaves during life: unless when they are very old and unserviceable, they meet with friends who are willing to lay out a large sum of money for their ransom. Which shews how little those persons are acquainted with the affairs of that nature, who say that "there are in the galleys, men who would not accept of their freedom; though it were offered them." It is just like talking of a battle which one never saw, unless at a great distance; or knows nothing of but by hearsay.

Those who are called *Faussoniers* [deceivers] are generally poor peasants, who are found to buy salt in such provinces where it is cheap, such as the country of Burgundy, or the country of Dombe. In France, what they call a pint of salt, weighing four pounds, costs 3s. 6d.

There are some poor peasants and their whole families, who, for want of salt, eat no soup sometimes in a whole week; though it be their common nourishment. A man in that case, grieved to see his wife and children in a starving,

languishing condition, ventures to go abroad, to buy salt in the Provinces where it is three parts in four cheaper. If discovered, he is certainly sent to the galleys. It is a very melancholy sight, to see a wife and children lament their father, whom they see ladened with chains and irrevocably lost; and that for no other crime but endeavouring to procure subsistence for those to whom he gave birth.

These, indeed, are condemned only for a time; perhaps five, six, or eight years: but the misfortune is, that having served out their time, if they outlive it, they are still unjustly detained. For Penance or *Masses* avail nothing in this Purgatory, Indulgences are excluded, especially if the man be unfortunately strong and robust, let his sentence be what it will. The King's orders are that when the time of the sentence is expired, they should be set at liberty, and sent home. But in this, as in many other cases, his orders are not duly put in execution: which indeed does not excuse him! since a good Prince is obliged to have an eye on the administration of his Ministers and servants.

As for Deserters, their sentence runs during life. Formerly, they used to cut off their nose and ears: but because they stank, and commonly infected the whole crew, they only now give them a little slit.

Though these are inexcusable, because desertion is, upon several accounts, dangerous and base: yet it moves one's pity to see young men, who often happen to descend from good families, condemned to so wretched and so miserable a life.

Such as are condemned for Crimes, are generally, *filous* [*pickpockets*], sharpers, rooks [*cheats*], or highwaymen. The most notorious villains are least daunted, and take heart soonest. They presently strike up a friendship with those of their own gang. They tell over their old rogueries, and boast of their crimes; and the greatest villain passes for the greatest hero.

The misery they have reduced themselves to, is so far from working any amendment, that it makes them more desperate and wicked: insomuch that if any stranger chances to come

aboard, though it were but a handkerchief or some such trifle, they will certainly steal it, if they can. Their common employment is to forge titles, to engrave false seals, and to counterfeit handwriting; and these they sell to others as bad as themselves, that often come in, some time after, to bear them company. But though they feel no remorse, yet they feel the *Comite*; who, with a rope's end, often visits their shoulders: but then, instead of complaining, they vomit out oaths and blasphemies enough to make a man's hair stand on end.

There was one, who, shewing me the mark the rope had made about his neck, bragged that though he had escaped the gallows, he was not thereby grown a coward: but that, as soon as ever he had been at liberty, he had robbed the first person he met with. And that having been taken, and brought before a judge who knew him not; he had been only condemned to the galleys; where, he thanked GOD! he was sure of bread and good company, the remainder of his days.

It is certain, that how terrible and hard soever the usage of such may be in the galleys; yet it is too mild for them! for in spite of all the misery they endure, they are guilty of crimes too abominable to be here related.

Over which, we shall draw a veil; and go on to the Protestants: who are there purely because they chose rather to obey GOD than man; and were not willing to exchange their souls for the gain of the World. It is not the least aggravating circumstance of their misery, to be condemned to such hellish company. They who have so great a value for the truth of religion as to prefer it to their worldly interest, must be supposed to be indued with too much virtue, not to be in pain and under concern, for the open breach of its rules, and the unworthiness of its professors.

THE Protestants, now on the galleys, have been condemned thither, at several times.

The first were put in, after the Revocation of the *Edict of Nantes* [*October* 22, 1685]. The term prefixed for the fatal choice of either abjuring their religion, or leaving the Kingdom was a fortnight: and

that upon pain of being condemned to the galleys. But this liberty, by many base artifices and unjust methods was rendered useless, and of none effect. There were often secret orders, by the contrivance of the Clergy, to prevent their embarking, and to hinder the selling of their substance. Their debtors were absolved by their Confessors, when they denied [the payment of] a debt. Children were forced from their fathers' and mothers' arms, in hopes that the tenderness of the Parent might prevail over the zeal of the Christian. They indeed were not massacred, as in HEROD'S time, but the blood of the Fathers was mingled with their tears. For many Ministers, who had zeal and constancy enough to brave the severest punishments, were broken alive upon wheels, without mercy, whenever surprised discharging the duties of their function. The *Registers* and Courts of Justice where the sentences were pronounced against them are recorded, and the executioners of them are lasting monuments of the bloody temper and fury of Popery.

The laity were forbidden, on pain of the galleys, leaving the kingdom, on any pretence whatsoever. But what posterity will scarcely believe! the Protestants of all sexes, ages, and conditions used to fly through deserts and wild impracticable ways, they committed their lives to the mercy of the seas, and ran innumerable hazards, to avoid either idolatry or martyrdom. Some escaped very happily [*fortunately*] in spite of the vigilance of the dragoons and bailiffs: but a great many fell into their hands. The prisons were filled with Confessors. But the saddest spectacle of all, was to see 200 men at a time, chained together, going to the galleys; and above 100 of that number Protestants. And what was barbarous and unjust to the last degree, was that they were obliged, when there, on pain of *bastinado*, to bow before the *Host*, and to hear *Mass*: and yet that was the only crime for which they had been condemned thither.

For suppose they were in the wrong, in obstinately refusing to change their religion; the galleys were the punishment! Why then were they required to do that, which had been the cause of their condemnation? Especially since there is a law in France, that positively forbids a double punishment for one and the same fault, viz., *Non bis puniur in idem.* But in France, properly speaking, there is no Law where the

King's commands are absolute and peremptory. I have seen a General *Bastinado*, on that account; which I shall describe in its proper place [*see p.* 421].

It is certain, that though there were, at first, a very great number of Protestants condemned to the galleys, the *bastinado* and other torments hath destroyed [*between* 1685 *and* 1708] above three parts of four; and the most of those who are still alive are in dungeons, as Monsieurs BANSILLION, DE SERRES, and SABATTIER, who are confined to a dungeon, at Château d'If, a fort built upon a rock in the sea, three miles from Marseilles.

But the generous constancy of this last, about eight or ten months ago [*or rather in* 1689], deserves a place in this History, and challenges the admiration of all true Protestants.

Monsieur [FRANÇOIS] SABATTIER, whose charity and zeal equal those of the primitive Christians, having a little money, distributed it to his brethren and fellow sufferers in the galleys. But the Protestants being watched more narrowly than the rest; he could not do it so secretly but he was discovered, and brought before Monsieur DE MONMORT, Intendant of the Galleys at Marseilles.

Being asked, he did not deny the fact.

Monsieur MONMORT not only promised him his *Pardon*, but a reward if he would declare who it was that had given him that money?

Monsieur SABATTIER modestly answered that, "he should be guilty of ingratitude before GOD and man, if, by any confession, he should bring them into trouble who had been so charitable to him": that "his person was at his disposal, but he desired to be excused, as to the secret expected from him."

The Intendant replied he "had a way to make him tell, and that immediately."

Whereupon, he sent for some Turks, who at his command stripped SABATTIER stark naked; and beat him, at several times, with rope ends and cudgels, during three days. And seeing this did not prevail over this generous Confessor, he himself, which never happened to an Intendant before, turned Executioner! striking him with his cane; and telling the by-standers, "See, what a devil of a religion this is!" These

were his own expressions, as is credibly reported by persons that were present. The *Gazettes* and Public Letters gave us an account of the same.

At last, seeing he was ready to expire; he commanded him into a dungeon: where, maugre all torments, Providence hath preserved him to this day [*He was released in* 1713].

But though most of the Protestants of the first date are destroyed: yet the Wars in the Cevennes [1702–1705] have furnished them with more than enough to fill the vacant places. These Wars may be properly called a Second Persecution, because the cruelty and inveterate malice of a Popish priest was the occasion and first cause of them.

One of the most bitter and passionate enemies of the Protestants was the Abbot DU CHELAS, whose benefice was in the Cevennes. He kept an exact account of the Protestants in his district. Whenever he missed them at *Mass*, he used to send for them, under some pretence or other, to his house; and used to make his servants tie them (whether men, women, or maidens) to a tree, stripped down to their waist: and then, with horsewhips, scourged them till the blood gushed out.

This the Papists themselves do not deny, who own that this DU CHELAS was an ill [*bad*] man: and yet this his proceeding against the Protestants, being meritorious at Court, he had encouragement to hope for a reward.

But at last, his Protestant neighbours perceiving there were no hopes of pacifying this monster by submission and fair means, grew desperate: and one night invested his house. He leaped out of his window into his garden; but not being able to get out, he begged Quarter: but as he had never granted any, they served him in his kind, by killing him.

And because they were sure of being pursued, they kept the country: and by degrees their numbers increased. All that were tormented for not going to *Mass*, made a body and joined them. GOD blessed their arms with success for some time: but (for good reasons, no doubt, though unknown to us) he gave them up into the hands of their enemies; and not only them, but the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries, as the Viverrois and Languedoc. And [on] the bare suspicion of being in their Interest, those with whom any

arms were found, those who refused to frequent the *Mass*, were either hanged, or broken on the wheel.

That pretended Rebellion was made use of, as a pretence to send to the galleys, several rich Protestant merchants.

There is, since that time, a Gentleman, Monsieur SALGAS by name, who before the Repealing of the Edict of Nantes, enjoyed a plentiful estate in the Cevennes. In order to keep it, he abjured his religion, and promised to go to *Mass*. His spouse, a worthy Lady (with whom I have often conversed at Geneva where she lives) refused; and generously rejected all proposals on that subject.

Seeing they threatened her, with a Cloister, she endeavoured to gain time: but, at last, her husband told her that there was a positive order from Court, to confine her, if she did not comply and go to *Mass*.

This courageous Lady, who deserves to be a pattern of piety and zeal to posterity, having, by prayer and other acts of devotion, implored the Divine assistance, resolved to quit her country, her husband children and estate, and all that is dear and precious here below.

She took her opportunity, one day, when her husband was gone a hunting; without communicating anything of her design to anybody but to such as were instrumental in her escape. She retired to Geneva, where she might have liberty to make an open profession of her religion, and bemoan the misfortune of her family.

Some time after, the Wars of the Cevennes broke out. Monsieur de SALGAS was accused of assisting the Camisards with provisions: and, in spite of his hypocrisy and pretended zeal for his new religion, he was sent to the galleys.

But here we must admire the wisdom of Providence, very remarkable in this dispensation. For this has proved the means to open his own eyes, and to let him see his error: as appears from the penitential letters he writes to his friends, his Christianlike behaviour under his sufferings, his exhortations to his fellow sufferers, and the noble and pious example he shews them.

He hath had frequent offers made him, of being restored to his estate, on the same conditions he had preserved it before: but he hath hitherto been proof against all their attempts.

He was, some years ago, put into the Hospital General for the Galleys, at Marseilles. This is a kind of manufactory, where their treatment is somewhat easier than in the galleys. But at the siege of Toulon [1707], he and all his brethren were taken out of that hospital, and reduced to their old station and former miserable condition; besides losing 12 or 14 Louis d'Or [*about £12 or £14*] which he had procured, to purchase such necessaries as might keep up and support his spirits, under the hardships he endured. This account came to his Lady, while I was there [*therefore BION was at Geneva in* 1707]; who is, as one may easily imagine, under an inexpressible concern for the miseries her husband groans under.

But it is time to bring this sad Relation to a conclusion. In order whereunto, I shall according to my promise, give an account of the General *Bastinado*, at which I was present: and it was not the least means of my conversion! GOD grant it may be effectual to my salvation!

In the year 1703, several Protestants out of Languedoc and the Cevennes, were put on board our galley.

They were narrowly watched and observed. I was mightily surprised, one Sunday morning, after saying *Mass* on the *Bancasse* (a table so placed that all in the galley may see the priest when he elevates the *Host*), to hear the *Comite* say he was "going to give the Huguenots the *bastinado* because they did not kneel, nor shew any respect to the mysteries of the *Mass*," and that he was a going to acquaint the Captain therewith.

The very name of *Bastinado* terrified me, and though I had never seen this fearful execution, I begged the *Comite* to forbear till the next Sunday; and that, in the mean time, I would endeavour to convince them of what I (then) thought their duty, and mine own.

Accordingly I used all the means I could possibly think of, to that effect; sometimes making use of fair means, giving them victuals and doing them other good offices; sometimes using threats, and representing the torments that were designed them; and often urging the King's command; and quoting the passage of St. PAUL, that *he who resists the Higher Powers, resists GOD!*

I had not, at that time, any design to oblige them to do anything against their consciences. I must confess that what I did at that time, chiefly proceeded from a motive of pity and tenderness. This was the cause of my zeal; which had been more fatal to them, had not GOD endued them with resolution and virtue sufficient to bear up against my arguments and the terrible execution they had in view.

I could not but admire, at once both the modesty of their answers and greatness of their courage. "The King," said they, "is indeed master over our bodies, but not of our consciences."

At last, the dreadful day being come, the *Comite* narrowly observed them, to see the fruit of my labours. There were only two out of the twenty, that bowed their knee to BAAL.

The rest generously refused it, and were accordingly, by the Captain's command, served in the manner following:

Here, like another ÆNEAS (with regret, calling to mind the miseries and ruin of his own country; the very memory whereof struck his soul with horror); I may truly say,

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem!

In order to the execution, every man's chains were taken off; and they were put into the hands of four Turks, who stripped them stark naked, and stretched them upon the *Coursier*, that great gun we have described in the *Preface*. There they are so held that they cannot so much as stir. During that time, there is a horrid silence throughout the whole galley. It is so cruel a scene that the most profligate obdurate wretches cannot bear the sight; but are forced to turn away their eyes.

The victim thus prepared, the Turk pitched upon to be the executioner, with a tough cudgel or knotty rope's end, unmercifully beats the poor wretch; and that too the more willingly, because he thinks that it is acceptable to his prophet MAHOMET.

But the most barbarous thing of all is, that after the skin is flayed off their bones; the only balsam they apply to their wounds is a mixture of vinegar and salt.

After this, they are thrown into the hospital already described [*p.* 409].

I went thither, after the execution; and could not refrain

from tears at the sight of so much barbarity. They quickly perceived it, and though scarce able to speak, through pain and weakness; they thanked me for the compassion I expressed, and the kindness I had always shewn them.

I went with a design to administer some comfort; but I was glad to find them less moved than I was myself. It was wonderful to see with what true Christian patience and constancy, they bore their torments: in the extremity of their pain, never expressing anything like rage; but calling upon Almighty GOD, and imploring his assistance.

I visited them, day by day; and as often as I did, my conscience upbraided me for persisting so long in a religion, whose capital errors I had long before perceived, and above all, that inspired so much cruelty; a temper directly opposite to the spirit of Christianity. At last, their wounds, like so many mouths, preached to me, made me sensible of my error, and experimentally taught me the excellency of the Protestant Religion.

But it is high time to conclude, and draw a curtain over this horrid scene; which presents us with none but ghastly sights, and transactions full of barbarity and injustice: but which all shew how false what they pretend in France, is, for detaining the Protestants in the galleys, viz., that they do not suffer there upon a religious, but a civil account: being condemned for rebellion and disobedience. The punishments inflicted on them, when they refuse to adore the *Host*; the rewards and advantages offered them on their compliance in that particular; are a sufficient argument against them: there being no such offers made to such, who are condemned for crimes. It shews the World also, the almost incredible barbarity used against the French Protestants; and, at the same time, sets off in a most glorious manner, their virtue, constancy, and zeal for their holy Religion.

FINIS.

Here beginneth a little geste of Robin Hood and his meiny: and of the proud Sheriff of Nottingham.



HITHE and listen, Gentlemen
That be of free-born blood!
I shall you tell of a good yeoman;
His name was ROBIN HOOD.
ROBIN was a proud outlaw,
Whiles he walked on ground,
So courteous an outlaw as he was one,
Was never none yfound.
ROBIN stood in Bernysdale,
And leaned him to a tree;
And by him stood Little JOHN,
A good yeoman was he:
And also did good SCATHELOCK,
And MUCH the miller's son,
There was no inch of his body
But it was worth a groom.
Then bespake him Little JOHN,
All unto ROBIN HOOD,
"Master, if ye would dine betime,
It would do you much good!"
Then bespake good ROBIN,
"To dine I have no lust,
Till I have some bold Baron,
Or some unketh guest,
That may pay for the best.

Or some Knight or some Squire
That dwelleth here by West."
A good manner then had ROBIN,
In land where that he were,
Every day or he would dine,
Three *Masses* would he hear.
The one in the worship of the Father
The other of the HOLY GHOST,
The third was of our dear Lady
That he loved, all others most.
ROBIN loved our dear Lady;
For doubt of deadly sin,
Would he never do company harm
That any woman was in.
"Master!" then said Little JOHN,
"And we our board shall spread,
Tell us, Whether we shall gone,
And what life we shall lead?
Where shall we take? where we shall leave?
Where we shall abide behind?
Where shall we rob? where shall we 'reave?
Where we shall beat and bind?"
"Thereof, no force!" said ROBIN,
"We shall do well enough!
But look, ye do no husband harm,
That tilleth with his plough!
No more ye shall no good yeoman
That walketh by green-wood shaw!
Ne no Knight, ne no Squire
That would be a good fellow!
These Bishops and these Archbishops,
Ye shall them beat and bind!
The High Sheriff of NOTTINGHAM,
Him hold in your mind!"
"This word shall be held," saith Little JOHN,
"And this lesson shall we lere!
It is far day, God send us a guest,
That we were at our dinnèr!"
"Take thy good bow in thy hand," said ROBIN,
"Let MUCH wend with thee!
And so shall WILLIAM SCATHELOCK!

And no man abide with me.
And walk up to the sayles,
And so to Watling street,
And wait after some unketh guest,
Upchance, ye may them meet:
Be he Earl or any Baron,
Abbot or any Knight,
Bring him to lodge to me!
His dinner shall be dight!"
They went unto the sayles,
These yeomen all three;
They looked East, they looked West,
They might no man see.
But as they looked in Bernysdale,
By a derne street,
Then came there, a Knight riding:
Full soon they 'gan him meet.
All dreary then was all his semblante,
And little was his pride,
His one foot in the stirrup stood,
That other waved beside.
His hood hanging over his eyen two,
He rode in simple array;
A sorrier man than he was one,
Rode never in summer's day.
Little JOHN was courteous,
And set him on his knee,
"Welcome be ye, gentle Knight!
Welcome are you to me!
Welcome be thou to green wood,
Hende Knight and free!
My master hath abiden you fasting,
Sir! all these hours three!"
"Who is your master?" said the Knight.
JOHN said, "ROBIN HOOD!"
"He is a good yeoman," said the Knight;
"Of him I have heard much good!
I grant," he said, "with you to wend,
My brethren all three:
My purpose was to have dined to-day
At Blyth or Doncaster."

Forth then went that gentle Knight,
With a careful cheer;
The tears out of his eyen ran,
And fell down by his leer.
They brought him unto the lodge door:
When ROBIN 'gan him see,
Full courteously did off his hood,
And set him on his knee.
"Welcome, Sir Knight!" then said ROBIN,
"Welcome thou art to me;
I have abide you fasting, Sir,
All these hours three!"
Then answered the gentle Knight
With words fair and free,
"God thee save, good ROBIN!
And all thy fair meiny!"
They washed together, and wiped both;
And set till * their dinner:
Bread and wine they had enough,
And nombles of the deer;
Swans and pheasants they had full good,
And fowls of the rivèr.
There failed never so little a bird
That ever was bred on breret.
"Do gladly, Sir Knight!" said ROBIN.
"Grammercy, Sir!" said he,
"Such a dinner had I not
Of all the weeks three:
If I come again, ROBIN,
Here by this country,
As good a dinner, I shall thee make
As thou hast made to me!"
"Grammercy, Knight!" said ROBIN,
"My dinner when I have
I was never so greedy, by dear worthy God!
My dinner for to crave:
But pay ere ye wend!" said ROBIN;
"Methinketh it is good right,
It was never the manner, by dear worthy God!
A yeoman [to] pay for a Knight!"
"I have nought in my coffers," said the Knight,

"That I may proffer, for shame!"
"LITTLE JOHN! go look!" said ROBIN HOOD,
"Ne let not, for no blame,
Tell me truth!" said ROBIN,
"So God have part of thee!"
"I have no more but ten shillings," said the Knight,
"So God have part of me!"
"If thou have no more," said ROBIN,
"I will not one penny!
And if thou have need of any more;
More shall I len[d] thee!
Go now forth, Little JOHN,
The truth, tell thou me!
If there be no more but ten shillings,
Not one penny that I see!"
Little JOHN spread down his mantle
Full fair upon the ground;
And there he found, in the Knight's coffer,
But even half a pound.
Little JOHN let it lie full still,
And went to his master full low.
"What tidings, JOHN?" said ROBIN.
"Sir, the Knight is true enough!"
"Fill of the best wine!" said ROBIN,
"The Knight shall begin!
Much wonder thinketh me
Thy clothing is so thin!
Tell me one word," said ROBIN,
"And counsel shall it be:
I trow thou wert made a Knight, of force,
Or else of yeomanry!
Or else thou hast been a sorry husband
And leaved in stroke and strife,
And okerer or else a lecher," said ROBIN,
"With wrong hast thou led thy life!"
"I am none of them," said the Knight,
"By God that made me!
A hundred winters herebefore,
My ancestors, Knights have been.
But oft it hath befallen, ROBIN!
A man hath been disgraced,

But GOD that sitteth in heaven above,
May amend his state!
Within two or three years, ROBIN!" he said,
"(My neighbours well it know!)
Four hundred pounds of good money
Full well then might I spend.
Now, have I no goods," said the Knight;
"But my children and my wife!
GOD hath shapen such an end,
Till GOD it may amend!"
"In what manner," said ROBIN,
"Hast thou lost thy riches?"
"For my great folly," he said,
"And for my kindness!
I had a son, forsooth, ROBIN!
That should have been my heir:
When he was twenty winters old,
In field would joust full fair.
He slew a Knight of Lancashire
And a Squire bold.
For to save him in his right
My goods be set and sold,
My lands be set to wed, ROBIN!
Until a certain day
To a rich Abbot here besides,
Of Saint MARY's Abbey."
"What is the sum?" said ROBIN;
"Truth then tell thou me!"
"Sir," he said, "four hundred pounds,
The Abbot told it to me!"
"Now, and thou lose thy land!" said ROBIN,
"What shall 'fall of thee?"
"Hastily I will me busk," said the Knight,
"Over the salt sea,
And see where CHRIST was quick and dead
On the Mount of Calvary!
Farewell, friend! and have good day!
It may not better be!"
Tears fell out of his eyen two,
He would have gone his way.
"Farewell, friends, and have good day!

I ne have more to pay!"
"Where be thy friends?" said ROBIN.
"Sir! never one will know me!
While I was rich enough at home
Great boast then would they blow;
And now they run away from me
As beasts in a row,
They take no more heed of me
Than they me never saw!"
For ruth then wept Little JOHN,
SCATHELOCK and MUCH also.
"Fill of the best wine!" said ROBIN,
"For here is a simple cheer.
Hast thou any friends," said ROBIN,
"The borrows that will be?"
"I have none!" then said the Knight,
"But God that died on the tree!"
"Do way thy japes!" said ROBIN,
"Thereof will I right none!
Weenest thou, I will have GOD to borrow,
PETER, PAUL, or JOHN?
Nay, by Him that me made,
And shaped both sun and moon!
Find a better borrow," said ROBIN,
"Or money gettest thou none!"
"I have none other!" said the Knight,
"The sooth for to say,
But if it be Our dear Lady
She failed me never or this day!"
"By dear worthy God!" said ROBIN,
"To seek all England through,
Yet found I never to my pay
A much better borrow!
Come now forth, Little JOHN!
And go to my treasure!
And bring me four hundred pound,
And look that it well told be!"
Forth then went Little JOHN
And SCATHELOCK went before,
He told out four hundred pound
By eighteen [? *eight and twenty*] score.

"Is this well told?" say Little MUCH.
JOHN said, "What grieveth thee?
It is alms to help a gentle Knight
That is fallen in poverty!"
"Master!" then said Little JOHN,
"His clothing is full thin!
Ye must give the Knight a livery
To help his body therein:
For ye have scarlet and green, Master!
And many a rich array;
There is no merchant in merry England
So rich, I dare well say."
"Take him three yards of every colour,
And look it well meeted be!"
Little JOHN took none other measure
But his bow tree;
And of every handful that he met
He leapèd over feet three.
"What devilkins draper!" said Little MUCH,
"Thinkst thou to be?"
SCATHELOCK stood full still, and laughed,
And said "By God Almighty!
JOHN may give him the better measure;
By God! it cost him but light!"
"Master!" said Little JOHN,
All unto ROBIN HOOD,
"Ye must give the Knight an horse
To lead home all these goods."
"Take him a grey courser!" said ROBIN,
"And a saddle new!
He is Our Lady's Messenger;
God leve that he be true!"
"And a good palfrey," said Little MUCH,
"To maintain him in his right!"
"And a pair of boots," said SCATHELOCK,
"For he is a gentle Knight!"
"What shalt thou give him, Little JOHN?" said ROBIN,
"Sir; a pair of gilt spurs clear,
To pray for all this company;
God bring him out of teen!"
"When shall my day be," said the Knight,

" Sir! and your will be?"
" This day twelvemonth!" said ROBIN,
" Under this green-wood tree.
It were great shame," said ROBIN,
" A Knight alone to ride;
Without Squire, yeoman, or page,
To walk by his side!
I shall thee lend, Little JOHN, my man;
For he shall be thy knave!
In a yeoman's stead, he may thee stand,
If thou great need have!"

¶ The second fytte.

NOw is the Knight went on his way,
This game he thought full good,
When he looked on Bernysdale,
He blessèd ROBIN HOOD:
And when he bethought on Bernysdale,
On SCATHELOCK, MUCH, and JOHN;
He blessed them for the best company
That ever he in come.
Then spake that gentle Knight,
To Little JOHN 'gan he say,
" To-morrow, I must to York town,
To Saint Mary's Abbey,
And to the Abbot of that place
Four hundred pound I must pay:
And but I be there upon this night
My land is lost for aye!"

The Abbot said to his Convent,
There he stood on ground:
" This day twelve months came there a Knight,
And borrowed four hundred pound
Upon all his land free;
But he come this ilk day
Disherited shall he be!"
" It is full early!" said the Prior,

"The day is not yet far gone!
I had lever to pay an hundred pound
And lay [it] down anon.
The Knight is far beyond the sea
In England he is right,
And suffereth hunger and cold
And many a sorry night:
It were great pity," said the Prior,
"So to have his land:
And ye be so light of your conscience
Ye do to him much wrong!"
"Thou art ever in my beard," said the Abbot;
"By God and Saint Richard!"
With that came in, a fat-headed monk,
The High Cellarer.
"He is dead or hanged!" said the Monk,
"By God that bought me dear!
And we shall have to spend in this place,
Four hundred pounds by year!"
The Abbot and High Cellarer
Start forth full bold:
The Justice of England,
The Abbot there did hold.
The High Justice, and many mo,
Had taken into their hand
Wholly all the Knight's debt,
To put that Knight to wrong.
They deemed the Knight wonder sore
The Abbot and his meiny,
But he come this ilk day
Disherited shall he be.
"He will not come yet," said the Justice,
"I dare well undertake!"
But in sorrow time for them all,
The Knight came to the gate.
Then bespake that gentle Knight
Until his meiny,
"Now, put on your simple weeds
That ye brought from the sea!"
They came to the gates anon,
The Porter was ready himself,

And welcomed them every each one.
"Welcome, Sir Knight!" said the Porter;
"My Lord, to meat is he;
And so is many a gentleman
For the love of thee!"
The Porter swore a full great oath
"By God that made me!
Here be the best coresed horse
That ever yet saw I me!
Lead them into the stable!" he said,
"That easèd might they be!"
"They shall not come therein!" said the Knight,
"By God that died on a tree!"
Lords were to meat yset
In that Abbot's hall:
The Knight went forth, and kneeled down,
And salued them, great and small.
"Do gladly, Sir Abbot!" said the Knight,
"I am come to hold my day!"
The first word the Abbot spake,
"Hast thou brought my pay?"
"Not one penny!" said the Knight,
"By God that makèd me!"
"Thou art a shrewd debtor!" said the Abbot;
"Sir Justice, drink to me!
What doest thou here," said the Abbot,
"But thou hadst brought thy pay?"
"For GOD!" then said the Knight,
"To pray of a longer day!"
"Thy day is broke!" said the Justice;
"Land gettest thou none!"
"Now, good Sir Justice! be my friend!
And fend me of my fone!"
"I am hold with the Abbot!" said the Justice,
"Both with cloth and fee!"
"Now, good Sir Sheriff! be my friend!"
"Nay, for God!" said he.
"Now, good Sir Abbot! be my friend!
For thy courtesy;
And hold my lands in thy hand
Till I have made thee gree:

And I will be thy true servant
And truly serve thee
Till ye have four hundred pounds
Of money good and free."
The Abbot sware a full great oath,
"By God that died on a tree!
Get thee land where thou mayest;
For thou gettest none of me!"
"By dear worthy God," then said the Knight,
"That all this world wrought!
But I have my land again,
Full dear it shall be bought!
God that was of Maiden born,
Leave us well to speed!
For it is good to assay a friend
Or that a man have need!"
The Abbot loathly on him 'gan look,
And villainously him 'gan look:
"Out," he said, "thou false Knight!
Speed thee out of my hall!"
"Thou liest!" then said the gentle Knight,
"Abbot in thy hall!
False Knight was I never,
By God that made us all!"
Up then stood that gentle Knight:
To the Abbot, said he,
"To suffer a Knight to kneel so long,
Thou canst no courtesy!
In jousts and in tournament
Full far then have I be;
And put myself as far in press
As any that ever I see."
"What will ye give more," said the Justice,
"And the Knight shall make a release?
And else I dare safely swear
Ye hold never your land in peace!"
"An hundred pounds!" said the Abbot.
The Justice said, "Give him two!"
"Nay, by God!" said the Knight,
"Yet grete ye it not so!
Though ye would give a thousand more,

Yet wert thou never the near!
Shalt there never be mine heir,
Abbot! Justice! ne Friar!"
He started him to a board anon,
Till a table round,
And there he shook out of a bag
Even four hundred pound.
"Have here thy gold, Sir Abbot!" said the Knight,
"Which that thou lentest me!
Hadst thou been courteous at my coming,
Rewarded shouldst thou have be!"
The Abbot sat still, and eat no more,
For all his royal cheer:
He cast his head on his shoulder,
And fast began to stare.
"Take me, my gold again!" said the Abbot,
"Sir Justice, that I took thee!"
"Not a penny!" said the Justice,
"By God that died on the tree!"
"Sir Abbot, and ye Men of Law!
Now have I held my day!
Now shall I have my land again
For ought that you can say!"

The Knight started out of the door,
Away was all his care!
And on he put his good clothing,
The other he left there.
He went him forth full merry singing
As men have told in tale,
His Lady met him at the gate
And home in Verysdale.
"Welcome, my Lord!" said his Lady,
"Sir, lost is all your good?"
"Be merry, Dame!" said the Knight,
"And pray for ROBIN HOOD!
That ever his soul be in bliss;
He helped me out of my teen.
Ne had not been his kindness,
Beggars had we been!
The Abbot and I accorded be;

He is served of his pay!
The good yeoman lent it me,
As I came by the way."

This Knight then dwelled fair at home,
The sooth for to say,
Till he had got four hundred pounds
All ready for to pay.
He purveyed him an hundred bows,
The strings well dight;
An hundred sheafs of arrows good,
The heads burnished full bright:
And every arrow an ell long
With peacock well ydight;
Ynocked all with white silver,
It was a seemly sight.
He purveyed him an hundred men,
Well harnessed in that stead,
And himself in that same set
And clothed in white and red.
He bare a lance gay in his hand,
And a man led his mail,
And riding with a light song
Unto Bernysdale.
But as he went, at a bridge there was a wrestling,
And there tarried was he:
And there was all the best yeomen
Of all the West country.
A full fair game there was up set;
A white bull, ay, up-pitched;
A great courser, with saddle and bridle
With gold burnished full bright;
A pair of gloves, a red gold ring,
A pipe of wine, in good fay:
What man beareth him best, Iwis
The prize shall bear away.
There was a yeoman in that place,
And best worthy was he.
And for he was far [off] and friend bestead
Yslain he should have be.

The Knight had ruth of his yeoman
In place where that he stood:
He said, "The yeoman should have no harm,
For love of ROBIN HOOD!"
The Knight pressed into the place,
An hundred followed him fair,
With bows bent and arrows sharp
For to shend that company.
They shouldered all and made him room
To wit what he would say;
He took the yeoman by the hand
And gave him all the play;
He gave him five marks for his wine,
There it laid on the mould:
And bade it should be set abroach,
Drink who so would!
Thus long tarried this gentle Knight
Till that play was done:
So long abode ROBIN fasting,
Three hours after the noon.

The third fytte.



ITHE and listen, Gentlemen!
All that now be here,
Of LITTLE JOHN, that was the Knight's man,
Good mirth ye shall hear.
It was upon a merry day
That young men would go shoot,
LITTLE JOHN fetched his bow anon
And said he "would them meet."
Three times, LITTLE JOHN shot about,
And always he sleste [*slit*] the wand:
The proud Sheriff of NOTTINGHAM
By the Marks 'gan stand.
The Sheriff swore a full great oath,
"By Him that died on the tree!
This man is the best archer
That yet saw I me!

Say me now, white young man!
What is now thy name?
In what country wert thou born?
And where is thy wonning wan?"
"In Holderness, I was born,
I wis, all of my dame:
Men call me REYNOLD GREENLEAF,
When I am at home."
"Say me, REYNOLD GREENLEAF!
Wilt thou dwell with me?
And every year, I will thee give
Twenty marks to thy fee!"
"I have a Master," said Little JOHN,
"A courteous Knight is he;
May ye get leave of him, the better may it be!"
The Sheriff got Little JOHN
Twelve months of the Knight;
Therefore he gave him right anon
A good horse and a wight.
Now is Little JOHN a Sheriff's man,
God give us well to speed!
But always thought Little JOHN
To quite him well his meed.
"Now, so God me help!" said Little JOHN,
"And be my true lewte!
I shall be the worst servant to him
That ever yet had he!"
It befel upon a Wednesday,
The Sheriff on hunting was gone,
And Little JOHN lay in his bed, and was forgot at home,
Therefore he was fasting till it was past the noon.
"Good Sir Steward, I pray thee,
Give me to dine!" said Little JOHN.
"It is long for GREENLEAF, fasting so long to be.
Therefore I pray thee, Steward, my dinner give thou me!"
"Shalt thou never eat nor drink," said the Steward,
"Till my lord be come to town!"
"I make my avow to God," said Little JOHN
"I had lever to crack thy crown!"
The Butler was full uncourteous,
There he stood on floor;

He started to the buttery, and shut fast the door.
Little JOHN gave the Butler such a rap
His back went nigh in two
Though he lived an hundred winters, the worse he should go.
He spurned the door with his foot, it went up well and fine!
And there he made a large 'livery
Both of ale and wine.
"Sir, if ye will not dine," said Little JOHN,
"I shall give you to drink!
And though ye live an hundred winters,
On Little JOHN ye shall think!"
Little JOHN eat and little drank, the while he would.
The Sheriff had in his kitchen a Cook,
A stout man and a bold,
"I make mine avow to God!" said the Cook,
"Thou art a shrewd hind,
In a household to dwell! for to ask thus to dine!"
And there he lent Little JOHN
Good strokes three.
"I make mine avow," said Little JOHN,
"These strokes liketh well.
Thou art a bold man and a hardy,
And so thinketh me!
And ere I pass from this place
Assayed better shalt thou be!"
Little JOHN drew a good sword,
The Cook took another in hand;
They thought nothing for to flee,
But stiffly for to stand.
There they fought sore together,
Two mile away and more;
Might neither other harm do
The maintenance of an hour.
"I make mine avow to God," said Little JOHN,
"And be my true lewte!
Thou art one of the best swordsmen
That ever yet saw I me,
Couldst thou shoot as well in a bow,
To green wood, thou shouldst with me!
And two times in the year, thy clothing
Ychanged should be!

And every year of ROBIN HOOD,
Twenty marks to thy fee!"
"Put up thy sword," said the Cook,
"And fellows will we be!"
Then he fetch to Little JOHN,
The nombles of a doe,
Good bread, and full good wine.
They eat and drank thereto.
And when they had drunken well,
Their troths together they plighted,
That they would be with ROBIN
That ilk same day.
They did them to the treasure house
As fast as they might go;
The locks that were good steel,
They brake them every each one.
They took away the silver vessels,
And all that they might get;
Piece, mazers, and spoons,
Would they none forget?
Also they took the good pence,
Three hundred pounds and more:
And did them strait to ROBIN HOOD
Under the green-wood tree.
"God thee save, my dear master!
And CHRIST thee save and see!"
And then said ROBIN to Little JOHN,
"Welcome might thou be!
And also that fair yeoman,
Thou bringest there with thee!
What tidings from Nottingham,
Little JOHN? tell thou me!"
"Well thee greeteth the proud Sheriff!
And send thee here by me,
His Cook and his silver vessels,
And three hundred pounds and three!"
"I make mine avow to God!" said ROBIN,
"And to the Trinity!
It was never by his good-will
This good is come to me!"
Little JOHN him there bethought

On a shrewd wile. Five miles in the forest he ran.
Him happed at his will!
Then he met the proud Sheriff
Hunting with hounds and horn.
Little JOHN could [*knew*] his courtesy,
And kneeled him beforne.
"God thee save, my dear Master!
And CHRIST thee save and see!"
"REYNOLD GREENLEAF!" said the Sheriff,
"Where hast thou now be?"
"I have been in this forest;
A fair sight can I see;
It was one of the fairest sights
That ever yet saw I me!
Yonder I see a right fair hart,
His colour is of green!
Seven score of deer upon a herd,
Be with him all bedeen,
His tynde are so sharp, Master,
Of sixty and well mo,
That I durst not shoot for dread,
Lest they would me slay!"
"I make mine avow to God!" said the Sheriff,
"That sight would I fain see!"
"Busk you thitherward, my dear Master
Anon, and wend with me!"
The Sheriff rode, and Little JOHN,
Of foot he was full smart;
And when they came afore ROBIN,
"Lo, here is the master Hart!"
Still stood the proud Sheriff:
A sorry man was he!
"Woe the worth, REYNOLD GREENLEAF,
Thou hast betrayed me!"
"I make mine avow to God," said Little JOHN,
"Master, ye be to blame!
I was mis-served of my dinner,
When I was with you at home!"
Soon he was to supper set,
And served with silver white:
And when the Sheriff see his vessel,

For sorrow, he might not eat!
"Make good cheer," said ROBIN HOOD,
"Sheriff! for charity!
And for the love of Little JOHN
Thy life is granted to thee!"
When they had supped well,
The day was all agone,
ROBIN commanded Little JOHN
To draw off his hosen and his shoon,
His kirtle and his coat apie,
That was furred well fine;
And took him a green mantle,
To lap his body therein.
ROBIN commanded his wight young men,
Under the green-wood tree,
They shall lay in that same suit,
That the Sheriff might them see.
All night lay that proud Sheriff,
In his breech and in his shirt:
No wonder it was in green wood
Though his sides do smart.
"Make glad cheer," said ROBIN HOOD,
"Sheriff, for charity!
For this is our order, I wis,
Under the green-wood tree!"
"This is harder order," said the Sheriff,
"Than any Anchor or Friar!
For all the gold in merry England,
I would not long dwell here!"
"All these twelve months," said ROBIN,
"Thou shalt dwell with me!
I shall thee teach, proud Sheriff,
An outlaw for to be!"
"Ere I here another night," said the Sheriff,
"ROBIN, now I pray thee!
Smite off my head, rather to-morne,
And I forgive it thee!
Let me go then," said the Sheriff,
"For saint charity!
And I will be thy best friend,
That yet had thee!"

"Thou shalt swear me an oath!" said ROBIN,
"On my bright brand,
Thou shalt never await me scathe!
By water ne by land!
And if thou find any of my men,
By night, or by day,
Upon thine oath, thou shalt swear
To help them that thou may!"
Now has the Sheriff ysworn this oath,
And home he began to go;
He was as full of green wood,
As ever was heap of stone.

¶ The fourth fytte.

THE Sheriff dwelled in Nottingham,
He was fain that he was gone,
And ROBIN and his merry men
Went to wood anon.
"Go we to dinner?" said Little JOHN.
ROBIN HOOD said, "Nay!
For I dread our Lady be wroth with me;
For she [has] sent me not my pay!"
"Have no doubt, Master!" said Little JOHN.
"Yet is not the sun not at rest:
For I dare say and safely swear
The Knight is true and trusty!"
"Take thy bow in thy hand!" said ROBIN.
"Let MUCH wend with thee!
And so shall WILLIAM SCATHELOCK;
And no man abide with me!
And walk up under the sayles,
And to Watling street;
And wait after such unketh guest,
Upchance ye may them meet.
Whether he be messenger,
Or a man that mirths can;
Or if he be a poor man,
Of my good, he shall have some!"
Forth then started Little JOHN,

Half in tray or teen,
And girded him with a full good sword
Under a mantle of green.
They went up to the sayles,
These yeomen all three,
They looked East, they looked West,
They might no man see.
But as they looked in Bernysdale,
By the highway
Then were they 'ware of two black monks,
Each on a good palfrey.
Then bespake Little JOHN,
To MUCH he 'gan say:
"I dare lay my life to wed
These monks have brought our pay!"
"Make glad cheer," said Little JOHN,
"And frese our bows of yew!
And look your hearts be sicker and sad,
Your strings trusty and true!"
The monk had fifty and two [men]
And seven somers full strong,
There rideth no Bishop in this land
So royally I understand.
"Brethren," said Little JOHN,
"Here are no more but we three;
But we bring them to dinner,
Our Master, dare we not see!"
"Bend your bows!" said Little JOHN,
"Make all yon press to stand!
The foremost monk, his life and his death,
Are closed in my hand.
Abide, churl Monk!" said Little JOHN,
"No further that thou go,
If thou dost, by dear worthy God!
Thy death is in my hand!
And evil thrift on thy head!" said Little JOHN,
"Right under thy hat's band:
For thou hast made our Master wroth,
He is fasting so long!"
"Who is your Master?" said the Monk.
Little JOHN said, "ROBIN HOOD!"

"He is a strong thief!" said the Monk;
"Of him heard I never good!"
"Thou liest then!" said Little JOHN,
"And that shall rue thee!
He is a yeoman of the forest;
To dine, he hath bidden thee!"
MUCH was ready with a bolt,
Readily and anon,
He set the Monk tofore the breast
To the ground that he can gone.
Of fifty-two wight young yeomen
There abode not one;
Save a little page and a groom
To lead the somers with Little JOHN.
They brought the Monk to the lodge door,
Whether he were loth or lief,
For to speak with ROBIN HOOD,
Maugre in their teeth.
ROBIN did adown his hood,
The Monk when that he see,
The Monk who was not so courteous
His hood then let he be.
"He is a churl, Master! by dear worthy God!"
Then said Little JOHN.
"Thereof, no force!" said ROBIN,
"For courtesy can he none!
How many men," said ROBIN,
"Had this Monk, JOHN?"
"Fifty and two when that we met;
But many of them be gone."
"Let blow a horn!" said ROBIN,
"That fellowship may us know!"
Seven score of wight yeomen
Came pricking on a row,
And every each of them a good mantle
Of scarlet and of 'ray,
All they came to good ROBIN
To wit what he would say.
They made the Monk to wash and wipe,
And sit at his dinner,
ROBIN HOOD and Little JOHN

They served them both in fere.
"Do gladly, Monk!" said ROBIN.
"Grammercy, Sir!" said he.
"Where is your Abbey, when ye are at home;
And who is your avow?"
"St. Mary's Abbey," said the Monk,
"Though I be simple here."
"In what office?" said ROBIN.
"Sir! the High Cellarer."
"Ye be the more welcome," said ROBIN.
"So ever might I thee."
"Fill of the best wine!" said ROBIN,
"This Monk shall drink to me!
But I have great marvel," said ROBIN,
"Of all this long day,
I dread our Lady be wroth with me,
She sent me not my pay!"
"Have no doubt, Master!" said Little JOHN,
"Ye have no need, I say:
This Monk, it hath brought, I dare well swear!
For he is of her Abbey."
"And She was a borrow," said ROBIN,
"Between a Knight and me,
Of a little money that I him lent
Under the green-wood tree;
And if thou hast that silver ybrought,
I pray thee let me see,
And I shall help thee eftsoons
If thou have need to me!"
The Monk swore a full great oath,
With a sorry cheer,
"Of the borrowhood thou speakest to me
Heard I never ere!"
"I make mine avow to God!" said ROBIN,
"Monk, thou art to blame!
For GOD is held a righteous man,
And so is his name.
Thou toldest with thine own tongue
Thou mayst not say 'Nay!'
How thou art her servant,
And servest her every day:

And thou art made her messenger,
My money for to pay.
Therefore I can the more thanks,
Thou art come to thy day!
What is in your coffers?" said ROBIN;
"True, then, tell thou me?"
"Sir!" he said, "twenty marks!
Also might I thee!"
"If there be no more," said ROBIN,
"I will not one penny.
If thou hast myster of any more,
Sir, more I shall lend to thee!
And if I find more," said ROBIN,
"Iwis, thou shalt it forgo;
For of thy spending silver, Monk!
Thereof will I right none."
"Go now forth, Little JOHN,
And the truth, tell thou me!
If there be no more but twenty marks
No penny [of] that I see!"
Little JOHN spread his mantle down,
As he had done before,
And he told out of the Monk's mail
Eight hundred pound and more.
Little JOHN let it lie full still,
And went to his Master in haste;
"Sir!" he said, "the Monk is true enough;
Our Lady hath doubled you cast!"
"I make mine avow to God!" said ROBIN,
"Monk, what told I thee!
Our Lady is the truest woman
That ever yet found I me!
By dear worthy God!" said ROBIN,
"To seek all England through;
Yet found I never to my pay,
A much better borrow.
Fill of the best wine, and do him drink!" said ROBIN;
"And greet well thy Lady hend;
And if She have need to ROBIN HOOD,
A friend She shall him find:
And if She needeth any more silver,

Come thou again to me!
And, by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such three!"
The Monk was going to London ward,
There to hold great Mote,
The Knight that rode so high on horse
To bring him under foot.
"Whither be ye away?" said ROBIN.
"Sir, to manors in this land,
To reckon with our Reeves
That have done much wrong."
"Come now forth, Little JOHN!
And hearken to my tale!
A better yeoman, I know none
To seek a Monk's mail.
How much is in yonder other corser?" said ROBIN,
"The sooth must we see!"
"By our Lady!" then said the Monk,
"That were no courtesy;
To bid a man to dinner,
And sith him beat and bind!"
"It is our old manner!" said ROBIN,
"To leave but little behind."
The Monk took the horse with spur,
No longer would he abide!
"Ask to drink!" then said ROBIN,
"Or that ye further ride?"
"Nay, for God!" said the Monk,
"Me rueth I came so near!
For better cheap, I might have dined
In Blyth or in Doncaster!"
"Greet well, your Abbot!" said ROBIN,
"And your Prior, I you pray!
And bid him send me such a Monk
To dinner every day!"

Now let we that Monk be still;
And speak we of the Knight!
Yet he came to hold his day
While that it was light.
He did him strait to Bernysdale,

Under the green-wood tree.
And he found there ROBIN HOOD
And all his merry meiny.
The Knight light[ed] down off his good palfrey.
ROBIN when he 'gan see;
So courteously he did adown his hood
And set him on his knee.
"God thee save, ROBIN HOOD,
And all this company!"
"Welcome, be thou, gentle Knight!
And right welcome to me!"
Then bespake him ROBIN HOOD,
To that Knight so free,
"What need driveth thee to green wood?
I pray thee, Sir Knight, tell me!
And welcome be, thou gentle Knight!
Why hast thou been so long?"
"For the Abbot and high Justice
Would have had my land?"
"Hast thou thy land again?" said ROBIN,
"Truth then tell thou me!"
"Yea, for God!" said the Knight,
"And that I thank GOD and thee!
But take not a grief," said the Knight,
"That I have been so long,
I came by a wrestling,
And there I helped a poor yeoman,
Who with wrong was put behind."
"Nay, for God!" said ROBIN,
"Sir Knight, that thank I thee!
What man that helpeth a good yeoman,
His friend then will I be."
"Have here four hundred pounds!" then said the Knight,
"The which ye lent me,
And here is also twenty marks for your courtesy!"
"Nay, for God!" then said ROBIN,
"Thou brook it well for aye;
For our Lady, by her Cellarer,
Hath sent to me my pay!
And if I took it twice,
A shame it were to me!

But truly, gentle Knight,
Welcome art thou to me!"
When ROBIN had told his tale,
He laughed and had good cheer,
"By my troth!" then said the Knight,
"Your money is ready here!"
"Brook it well!" said ROBIN,
"Thou gentle Knight so free!
And welcome be thou, gentle Knight,
Under my trystel tree!
But what shall these bows do?" said ROBIN,
"And these arrows yfeathered free?"
"By God!" then said the Knight,
"A poor present to thee!"
"Come now forth, Little JOHN,
And go to my treasure,
And bring me there four hundred pounds
The Monk overtold it me.
Have here four hundred pounds,
Thou gentle Knight and true!
And buy horse and harness good,
And gilt thy spurs all new!
And if thou fail any spending,
Come to ROBIN HOOD!
And, by my troth, thou shalt none fail
The whiles I have any good;
And brook well thy four hundred pounds
Which I lent to thee!
And make thyself no more so bare;
By the counsel of me."

Thus then helped him, good ROBIN,
The Knight all of his care:
GOD that sits in heaven high
Grant us well to fare!

The fifth fytte.



Ow hath the Knight his leave ytake,
And went him on his way.
ROBIN HOOD and his merry men
Dwelled still full many a day.
Lithe and listen, Gentlemen!
And hearken what I shall say,
How the proud Sheriff of NOTTINGHAM
Did cry a full fair Play,
That all the best archers of the North
Should come upon a day;
And that shooteth all their best,
The game shall bear away!
He that shooteth all their best,
Furthest, fair, and low,
At a pair of finely butts,
Under the green-wood shaw,
A right good arrow he shall have,
The shaft of silver white,
The head and feathers of rich red gold,
In England is none like.
This then heard good ROBIN,
Under his trystel tree.
"Make you ready, ye wight young men,
That shooting will I see!
Busk you, my merry young men,
Ye shall go with me!
And I will wit the Sheriff's faith;
True and if be he!"
When they had their bows ybent,
Their tackles feathered free,
Seven score of wight young men
Stood by ROBIN's knee.
When they came to Nottingham
The butts were fair and long,
Many were the bold archers
That shooted with bowès strong.
"There shall but six shoot with me,

The others shall keep my heed,
And stand with good bows bent
That I be not deceived."
  The fourth outlaw, his bow 'gan bend,
And that was ROBIN HOOD:
And that beheld the proud Sheriff,
All by the butt he stood.
Thrice ROBIN shot about,
And always sliced the wand;
And so did good "GILBERT
With the white hand."
Little JOHN and good SCATHELOCK
Were archers good and free·
Little MUCH and good REYNOLD
The worst would they not be!
  When they had shot about,
These archers fair and good:
Ever more was the best,
Forsooth, ROBIN HOOD.
Him was delivered the good arrow,
For best worthy was he:
He took the gift so courteously;
To green wood would he!
They cried out on ROBIN HOOD,
And great horns 'gan they blow!
  "Woe worth the treason!" said ROBIN;
"Full evil thou art to know!
And woe be thou, thou proud Sheriff!
Thus gladding thy guest,
Otherwise thou behote me
In yonder wild forest,
But had I thee in green wood,
Under my trystel tree,
Thou shouldst leave me a better wed,
Than thy true lewte."
  Full many a bow there was bent,
And arrows let they glide!
Many a kirtle there was rent,
And hurt many a side!
The outlaws' shot was so strong
That no man might them drive.

And the proud Sheriff's men
They fled away full blyve.
ROBIN saw the [am]bushment to broke,
In green wood he would have been;
Many an arrow there was shot
Among that company.
Little JOHN was hurt full sore,
With an arrow in his knee,
That he might neither go nor ride:
It was full great pity!
"Master!" then said Little JOHN,
"If ever thou lovest me;
And for that ilk Lord's love
That died upon a tree!
And for the meeds of my service,
That I have servèd thee:
Let never the proud Sheriff
Alive now find me!
But take out thy brown sword
And smite all off my head!
And give me wounds dead and wide,
No life on me be left!"
"I would not that," said ROBIN,
"JOHN! that thou be slain,
For all the gold in merry England,
Though it lay now on a row!"
"God forbid!" said Little MUCH,
"That dièd on a tree!
That thou shouldst, Little JOHN!
'Part our company!"
Up he took him on his back,
And bare him well nigh a mile:
Many a time, he laid him down,
And shot another while.
Then was there a fair Castle
A little within the wood;
Double ditched it was about,
And wallèd by the road:
And there dwelt that gentle Knight,
Sir RICHARD AT THE LEE,
That ROBIN had lent his good

Under the green-wood tree.
In he took good ROBIN
And all his company.
"Welcome be thou, ROBIN HOOD!
Welcome art thou, to me!
And much thank thee of thy comfort
And of thy courtesy,
And of thy great kindness
Under the green-wood tree!
I love no man, in all this world
So much as I do thee!
For all the proud Sheriff of NOTTINGHAM;
Right here shalt thou be!
Shut the gates, and draw the bridge;
And let no man come in!
And arm you well, and make you ready!
And to the wall ye win!
For one thing, ROBIN! I thee behote
I swear by St. Quintin!
These twelve days thou wonest with me,
To sup, eat, and dine!"
Boards were laid and cloths spread
Readily and anon:
ROBIN HOOD and his merry men
To meat 'gan they gone.

¶ The sixth fytte.



LITHE and listen, Gentlemen!
And hearken unto your song!
How the proud Sheriff of NOTTINGHAM
And men of armès strong
Full fast came to the High Sheriff
The country up to rout,
And they beset the Knight's Castle,
The walls all about.
The proud Sheriff loud 'gan cry
And said, "Thou traitor Knight!
Thou keepest here the King's enemy!
Against the laws and right!"

"Sir, I will avow that I have done
The deeds thou here be dight,
Up on all the lands that I have,
As I am a true Knight,
Wend forth, Sirs, on your way;
And do no more to me,
Till ye wit our King's will
What he will say to thee!"
The Sheriff thus, had his answer
Without any leasing.
Forth he yode to London town,
All for to tell the King.
There he told them of that Knight,
And eke of ROBIN HOOD;
And also of the bold archers,
That noble were and good.
He would avow that he had done
To maintain the outlaws strong;
He would be Lord, and set you at nought
In all the North land.
"I will be at Nottingham," said the King,
"Within this fortnight!
And take I will, ROBIN HOOD;
And so I will that Knight!
Go home, thou proud Sheriff!
And do as I thee bid.
And ordain good archers ynow
Of all the wide country!"
The Sheriff had his leave ytake;
And went him on his way.
And ROBIN HOOD to green wood,
Upon a certain day,
And Little JOHN was whole of the arrow
That shot was in his knee;
And did him straight to ROBIN HOOD
Under the green-wood tree.
ROBIN HOOD walked in the forest
Under the leavès green,
The proud Sheriff of NOTTINGHAM,
Therefore, he had great teen.
The Sheriff there failed of ROBIN HOOD

He might not have his prey.
Then he awaited this gentle Knight,
Both by night and by day.
Ever he awaited that gentle Knight,
Sir RICHARD AT THE LEE,
As he went on hawking by the river side
And let his hawks flee;
Took he there, this gentle Knight,
With men of armès strong,
And led him home to Nottingham ward
Ybound both hand and foot.
The Sheriff swore a full great oath,
By Him that died on a tree,
He had lever than a hundred pound
That he had ROBIN HOOD.
This Lady, the Knight's wife,
A fair Lady and free,
She set her on a good palfrey;
To green wood anon rode she.
When she came to the forest,
Under the green-wood tree,
Found she there ROBIN HOOD
And all his fair meiny.
"God [save] thee, good ROBIN!
And all thy company,
For our dear Lady's love
A boon, grant thou me!
Let thou never my wedded Lord
Shamely yslain be!
He is fast ybound to Nottingham ward,
For the love of thee!"
Anon then said good ROBIN,
To that Lady free:
"What man hath your Lord ytake?"
"For sooth, as I thee say,
He is not yet three miles
Passèd on your way."
Up then started good ROBIN,
As a man that had been wood;
"Busk you, my merry young men,
For Him that died on a rood!

And he that this sorrow forsaketh,
By Him that died on a tree!
Shall he never in green wood be,
Nor longer dwell with me!"
Soon there were good bows ybent,
Mo[re] than seven score;
Hedge ne ditch spare they none
That were them before.
"I make mine avow to God," said ROBIN,
"The Knight would I fain see;
And if I may him take,
Yquit then shall it be!"
And when they came to Nottingham
They walkèd in the street,
And with the proud Sheriff ywis
Soon gan they meet.
"Abide, thou proud Sheriff!" he said,
"Abide, and speak with me!
Of some tidings of our King
I would fain hear of thee!
This seven year, by dear worthy God!
Ne yede I so fast on foot;
I make mine avow to God, thou proud Sheriff!
That it is not for thy good."
ROBIN bent a good bow,
An arrow he drew at his will;
He hit so the proud Sheriff,
Upon the ground he lay full still:
And or he might up arise,
On his feet to stand;
He smote off the Sheriff's head,
With his bright brand.
"Lie thou there, thou proud Sheriff!
Evil might thou thrive!
There might no man to thee trust,
The whiles thou wert alive!"
His men drew out their bright swords,
That were so sharp and keen,
And laid on the Sheriff's men
And drived them down by dene.
ROBIN started to that Knight,

And cut a two his hood;
And took him in his hand a bow,
And bade him by him stand.
"Leave thy horse thee behind,
And learn for to run!
Thou shalt with me to green wood
Through mire, moss, and fen!
Thou shalt with me to green wood
Without any leasing,
Till that I have got us grace
Of EDWARD, our comely King."

The seventh fytte.

THE King came to Nottingham
With Knights in great array
For to take that gentle Knight
And ROBIN HOOD, if he may.
He asked men of that country
After ROBIN HOOD,
And after that gentle Knight
That was so bold and stout.
When they had told him the case,
Our King understood their tale
And seizèd in his hand
The Knight's land all.
All the passe of Lancashire
He went both far and near;
Till he came to Plom[p]ton Park
He failed many of his deer.
There our King was wont to see
Herdès many a one,
He could unneath find one deer
That bare any good horn.
The King was wondrous wroth withal,
And swore, "By the Trinity!
I would I had ROBIN HOOD!
With eyen I might him see!

And he that would smite off the Knight's head,
And bring it to me;
He shall have the Knight's lands
Sir RICHARD AT THE LEE.
I give it him with my charter,
And seal it [with] my hand,
To have and hold for evermore
In all merry England."
Then bespake a fair old Knight,
That was true in his fay,
"O my liege Lord the King,
One word I shall you say!
There is no man in this country
May have the Knight's lands
While ROBIN HOOD may ride or gone
And bear a bow in his hands,
That he ne shall lose his head,
That is the best ball in his hood:
Give it to no man, my Lord the King!
That ye will any good!"
Half a year dwelled our comely King
In Nottingham, and well more,
Could he not hear of ROBIN HOOD,
In what country that he were:
But always went good ROBIN
By halke and eke by hill,
And always slew the King's deer
And welt them at his will.
Then bespake a proud for'ster
That stood by our King's knee,
"If ye will see good ROBIN
Ye must do after me!
Take five of the best Knights
That be in your lead,
And walk down by your Abbey,
And get you monks' weed!
And I will be your leadsman
And lead you the way!
And or ye come to Nottingham,
Mine head then daie I lay!
That ye shall meet with good ROBIN,

In life if that he be:
Or ye come to Nottingham
With eyen ye shall him see!"
  Full hastily our King was dight,
So were his Knightès five,
Every each of them in monks' weed,
And hasted them thither blithe.
Our King was grete above his cowl,
A broad hat on his crown.
Right as he were Abbot like,
They rode up into the town.
Stiff boots our King had on,
For sooth as I you say,
He rode singing to green wood,
The convent was clothed in grey.
His mail horse and his great somers
Followed our King behind,
Till they came to green wood
A mile under the lynde.
  There they met with good ROBIN
Standing on the way,
And so did many a bold archer,
For sooth as I you say.
  ROBIN took the King's horse,
Hastily in that stead:
And said, "Sir Abbot! by your leave;
A while ye must abide!
We be yeoman of this forest,
Under the green-wood tree,
We live by our King's deer,
Under the green-wood tree;
And ye have churches and rents both,
And gold full great plenty:
Give us some of your spending,
For saint charity!"
  Then bespake our comely King,
Anon then said he,
"I brought no more to green wood,
But forty pounds with me.
I have lain at Nottingham,
This fortnight with our King:

And spent I have full much good
On many a great Lording:
And I have but forty pounds,
No more than have I me.
But if I had a hundred pounds,
I vouch it half on thee!"
ROBIN took the forty pounds,
And departed it in two parts:
Half endell he gave his merry men,
And bade them merry to be.
Full courteously ROBIN 'gan say,
"Sir, have this for your spending!
We shall meet another day."
"Grammercy!" then said our King.
"But well thee greeteth EDWARD our King,
And sent to thee his seal;
And biddeth thee come to Nottingham,
Both to meat and meal!"
He took out the broad tarpe
And soon he let him see.
ROBIN could his courtesy,
And set him on his knee.
"I love no man in all the world
So well as I do my King!
Welcome is my Lord's seal!
And monk for thy tiding,
Sir Abbot, for thy tidings,
To-day, thou shalt dine with me!
For the love of my King,
Under my trystel tree."
Forth he led our comely King
Full fair by the hand;
Many a deer there was slain,
And full fust dightand.
ROBIN took a full great horn,
And loud he 'gan blow,
Seven score of wight young men
Came ready on a row.
All they kneeled on their knee
Full fair before ROBIN.
The King said, himself until,

And swore, "By Saint AUSTIN!
Here is a wondrous seemly sight!
Methinketh, by God's pine!
His men are more at his bidding
Than my men be at mine."
Full hastily was their dinner ydight,
And thereto 'gan they gone;
They served our King with all their might,
Both ROBIN and Little JOHN.
Anon before our King was set
The fat venison,
The good white bread, the good red wine,
And thereto the fine ale brown.
"Make good cheer!" said ROBIN,
"Abbot, for charity!
And for this ilk tiding
Blessèd might thou be!
Now shalt thou see what life we lead,
Or thou hence wend,
That thou may inform our King
When ye together lend."
Up they start all in haste,
Their bows were smartly bent:
Our King was never so sore aghast;
He wended to have been shent!
Two yards there were up set
Thereto 'gan they gang.
"By fifty paces," our King said,
"The marks were too long!"
On every side a rose garland,
They shot under the line.
"Whoso faileth of the rose garland," saith ROBIN,
"His tackle he shall tine,
And yield it to his Master,
Be it never so fine!
(For no man will I spare,
So drink I ale or wine!)
And bear a buffet on his head
Awis right all bear."
And all that fell in ROBIN's lot,
He smote them wondrous sore.

Twice ROBIN shot a bout,
And ever he cleaved the wand;
And so did good "GILBERT,
With the good white hand."
Little JOHN and good SCATHELOCK,
For nothing would they spare.
When they failed of the garland
ROBIN smote them full sore.
At the last shot, that ROBIN shot
For all his friends' fare;
Yet he failed of the garland
Three fingers and more.
Then bespake good GILBERT,
And thus he 'gan say,
"Master," he said, "your tackle is lost,
Stand forth and take your pay!"
"If it be so," said ROBIN,
"That may no better be;
Sir Abbot, I deliver thee mine arrow!
I pray thee, Sir, serve thou me!"
"It falleth not for mine order," said our King,
"ROBIN, by thy leave,
For to smite no good yeoman,
For doubt I should him grieve."
"Smite on boldly," said ROBIN,
"I give thee large leave!"
Anon our King, with that word,
He folded up his sleeve,
And such a buffet he gave ROBIN,
To ground he yede full near.
"I make mine avow to God," said ROBIN,
"Thou art a stalwart frere!
There is pith in thine arm," said ROBIN,
"I trow thou canst well shoot."

Thus our King and ROBIN HOOD,
Together then they met.
ROBIN beheld our comely King,
Wistly in the face:
So did Sir RICHARD AT THE LEE,
And kneeled down in that place.

And so did all the wild outlaws,
When they see them kneel.
"My Lord, the King of England,
Now I know you well."
"Mercy then," ROBIN said, "our King,
Under your trystel tree,
Of thy goodness and thy grace,
For my men and me!
"Yes, for God!" said ROBIN,
"and also God me save!
I ask mercy, my Lord the King,
And for my men I crave!"
"Yes, for God!" then said our King,
"And thereto 'sent I me;
With that thou leave the green wood,
And all thy company;
And come home, Sir, to my Court,
And there dwell with me."
"I make mine avow to God!" said ROBIN,
"And right so shall it be,
I will come to your Court,
Your service for to see!
And bring with me, of my men,
Seven score and three.
But me like well your service,
I come again full soon;
And shoot at the dun deer
As I wont to done."

¶ The eighth fytte.

"HAST thou any green cloth," said our King,
"That thou wilt sell now to me?"
"Yea, for God!" said ROBIN,
"Thirty yards and three."
"ROBIN," said our King,
"Now pray I thee!
Sell me some of that cloth
To me and my meiny"

"Yes, for God!" then said ROBIN,
"Or else I were a fool!
Another day ye will me clothe,
I trow against the yule."
The King cast off his cowl then,
A green garment he did on,
And every knight had so I wis,
Another had full soon.
When they were clothed in Lincoln green,
They cast away their gray.
"Now we shall to Nottingham!
All thus," our King 'gan say.
Their bows bent, and forth they went,
Shooting all in fere,
Toward the town of Nottingham,
Outlaws as they were.
Our King and ROBIN rode together,
For sooth as I you say,
And they shot Pluck-buffet,
As they went by the way.
And many a buffet our King won
Of ROBIN HOOD that day;
And nothing spared good ROBIN
Our King in his pay.
"So God me help!" said our King,
"Thy game is nought to lere;
I should not get a shot of thee,
Though I shoot all this year!"

All the people of Nottingham,
They stood and beheld,
They saw nothing but mantles of green
That covered all the field:
Then every man to other 'gan say,
"I dread our King be slain;
Come ROBIN HOOD to the town, ywis
In life he left never one!"
Full hastily they began to flee,
Both yeomen and knaves,
And old wives that might evil go
They hippèd on their staves.

The King laughed full fast,
And commanded them again:
When they see our comely King
I wis they were full fain.
They eat and drank and made them glad,
And sang with notès high.
Then bespake our comely King
To Sir RICHARD AT THE LEE:
He gave him there his land again;
A good man he bade him be.
ROBIN thanked our comely King
And set him on his knee.

Had ROBIN dwelled in the King's Court,
But twelve months and three;
That spent an hundred pound,
And all his men's fee.
In every place where ROBIN came,
Evermore he laid down,
Both for Knights and for Squires
To get him great renown.
By then the year was all agone
He had no man but twain,
Little JOHN and good SCATHELOCK
With him all for to gone.
ROBIN saw young men shoot
Full far upon a day.
"Alas," then said good ROBIN,
"My wealth is went away!
Sometime I was an archer good,
A stiff, and eke a strong,
I was committed the best archèr
That was in merry England.
Alas," then said good ROBIN,
"Alas, and well a woo!
If I dwell longer with the King,
Sorrow will me sloo!"
Forth then went ROBIN HOOD,
Till he came to our King:
"My Lord the King of England,
Grant me mine asking!

I made a chapel in Bernysdale,
That seemly is to see:
It is of MARY MAGDALENE;
And thereto would I be!
I might never in this seven night
No time to sleep ne wink;
Neither all these seven days
Neither eat ne drink:
Me longeth sore to Bernysdale.
I may not be therefrom,
Barefoot and woolward I have hight
Thither for to go."
"If it be so," then said our King,
"It may no better be!
Seven nights I give thee leave,
No longer to dwell from me."
"Grammercy, Lord!" then said ROBIN,
And set him on his knee.
He took his leave full courteously
To green wood then went he.

When he came to green wood
In a merry morning,
There he heard the notès small
Of birds, merry singing.
"It is far gone," said ROBIN,
"That I was last here.
Me list a little for to shoot
At the dun deer."
ROBIN slew a full great hart,
His horn then 'gan he blow,
That all the outlaws of that forest,
That horn could they know.
And gathered them together
In a little throw,
Seven score of wight young men
Came ready on a row,
And fair did off their hoods
And set them on their knee.
"Welcome!" they said, "our Master!
Under this green-wood tree!"

ROBIN dwelled in green wood
Twenty years and two;
For all dread of EDWARD our King
Again would he not go.
Yet was he beguiled I wis
Through a wicked woman,
The Prioress of Kirkesley.
That nigh was of his kin,
For the love of a Knight,
Sir ROGER of Donkesley.
That was her own special
(Full evil might they be!)
They took together their counsel
ROBIN HOOD for to slay,
And how they might best do that deed
His banes for to be.

Then bespake good ROBIN,
In place where as he stood,
"To-morrow, I must to Kirkesley
Craftily to be let blood!"
Sir ROGER of Doncaster,
By the Prioress he lay:
And there they betrayed good ROBIN HOOD
Through their false play.

CHRIST have mercy on his soul!
(That died on the rood)
For he was a good outlaw,
And did poor men much good.

¶ Explicit. King Edward and Robin Hood and Little John. Imprinted at London in Fleet street at the sign of the Sun. By Wynken de Worde.

PREDICTIONS

FOR THE

YEAR 1708.

Wherein the Month and Day of the Month are set down, the Persons named, and the great Actions and Events of next Year particularly related, as they will come to pass.

Written to prevent the People of England from being further imposed on by vulgar Almanack *Makers.*

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

Sold by JOHN MORPHEW, near Stationers' Hall.

MDCCVIII.

[For over thirty years, JOHN PARTRIDGE, a Protestant astrological Quack of great renown, of considerable ability, and apparently a deluded believer in his own Astrology, had been issuing his annual *Almanacks*, from his house of the sign of the *Blue Bull* in Salisbury street, Strand.

In his Almanack, *Merlinus Liberatus* for 1707 [British Museum press mark, 2465/9], there occurs the following notice, which shews that he was already in trouble from his enemies.

If there is anything added to this *Almanack* by B. HARRIS, either in the middle or end of it, besides these Three Sheets; it is a piece of knavery, and not mine.

Likewise if there is anything in my name, called a *Prophecy* or *Predictions*, it is done by a pack of rascals, contrary to my will and knowledge.

I am also informed that there is in the country an *Almanack* sold, said to be done by DOROTHY PARTRIDGE as my wife. There was never such a thing pretended to by her, nor is it her name; and he is a Villain that writes it: and it is a Cheat put on the country, and this I do to prevent it, and to advise you not to buy it.

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

Whether or not this caught the eye of SWIFT, and so fired his invention with the idea to expose PARTRIDGE, cannot now be proved but when Almanack time came round again, there appeared PARTRIDGE's *Merlinus Liberatus* for 1708 [P P 2465/10], as usual, without any such special notice as the one just quoted and also SWIFT's *ISAAC BICKERSTAFF's Predictions for the year* 1708, in 4to [8610 c.].

GEORGE FAULKNER, the Dublin printer and publisher of SWIFT's *Works*, 1762, 8vo, states.

"The author, when he had written the following Paper, being at a loss what name to prefix to it, passing through Long Acre, observed a sign over a house where a locksmith dwelt, and found the name BICKERSTAFF written under it which being a name somewhat uncommon, he chose to call himself *ISAAC BICKERSTAFF*. This name was afterwards made use of by Sir RICHARD STEELE and Mr. ADDISON, in the *Tatlers*: in which Papers as well as many of the *Spectators*, our author had a considerable share." I. *p.* 105.

JOHN PARTRIDGE, shoemaker, astrologer, and Doctor of Medicine [ot Leyden], was born at East Sheen in Surrey, January 8, 1644, and died at London June 24, 1715, and was buried at East Sheen.

The intentional mispelling of his name, as PARTRIGE, or PATRIDGE, is to be noticed, as it was part of the plan of attack on him If he complained, he might then be asked if that was his name. If he said "No!" he would then have no case. This is what the astrologer, at *p.* 502, calls shamming his name with the want of a letter.]

PREDICTIONS

for the Year 1708, &c.



HAVE long considered the gross abuse of Astrology in this Kingdom; and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the Art, but upon those gross Impostors who set up to be the Artists.

I know several Learned Men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all on human actions, thoughts, or inclinations: and whoever has not bent his studies that way, may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner this noble Art is treated by a few mean illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, although they descend from no greater height than their own brains.

I intend, in a short time, to publish a large and rational Defence of this Art; and therefore shall say no more in its justification at present than that it hath been, in all Ages, defended by many Learned Men; and, among the rest, by SOCRATES himself, whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wisest of uninspired mortals. To which if we add, that those who have condemned this Art, although otherwise learned, having been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications; their testimonies will not be of much weight to its disadvantage, since they are liable to the common objection of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or think it an injury to the Art, when I see the common dealers in it, the *Students in*

Astronomy, the *Philomaths*, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt: but I rather wonder, when I observe Gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in Parliament, poring in PARTRIDGE'S *Almanack* to find out the events of the year, at home and abroad; not daring to propose a hunting match, unless GADBURY or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or any others of the fraternity, to be not only Astrologers, but Conjurers too, if I do not produce a hundred instances in all their *Almanacks*, to convince any reasonable man that they do not so much as understand Grammar and Syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor even, in their *Prefaces*, to write common sense, or intelligible English.

Then as their Observations or Predictions, they are such as will suit any Age or country in the world.

This month, a certain great Person will be threatened with death or sickness. This the News Paper will tell them. For there we find at the end of the year, that no month passeth without the death of some Person of Note: and it would be hard if it should be otherwise, where there are at least two thousand Persons of Note in this kingdom, many of them old; and the *Almanack* maker has the liberty of choosing the sickliest season of the year, where he may fix his prediction.

Again, *This month, an eminent Clergyman will be preferred.* Of which, there may be some hundreds, half of them with one foot in the grave.

Then, *Such a Planet in such a House shews great machinations, plots, and conspiracies, that may, in time, be brought to light.* After which, if we hear of any discovery, the Astrologer gets the honour: if not, his prediction still stands good.

And, at last, *God preserve King* WILLIAM *from all his open and secret enemies, Amen.* When, if the King should happen to have died, the Astrologer plainly foretold it! otherwise it passeth but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal subject: although it unluckily happened in some of their *Almanacks*, that poor King WILLIAM was prayed for, many months after he was dead; because it fell out, that he died about the beginning of the year.

To mention no more of their impertinent Predictions, What have we to do with their advertisements about pills, or their

mutual quarrels in verse and prose of Whig and Tory? wherewith the stars have little to do.

Having long observed and lamented these, and a hundred other abuses of this Art too tedious to repeat; I resolved to proceed in a New Way; which, I doubt not, will be to the general satisfaction of the Kingdom. I can, this year, produce but a specimen of what I design for the future: having employed the most part of my time in adjusting and correcting the calculations I made for some years past; because I would offer nothing to the World, of which I am not as fully satisfied as that I am now alive.

For these last two years, I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and those of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miscarriage at Toulon [*fruitlessly besieged by Prince* EUGENE, *between 26th July, and 21st August*, 1707] with all its particulars: and the loss of Admiral [Sir CLOUDESLY] SHOVEL [*at the Scilly isles, on 22nd October*, 1707]; although I was mistaken as to the day, placing that accident about thirty-six hours sooner than it happened; but upon reviewing my Schemes, I quickly found the cause of that error. I likewise foretold the battle of Almanza [*25th April*, 1707] to the very day and hour, with the loss on both sides, and the consequences thereof. All which I shewed to some friends many months before they happened: that is, I gave them papers sealed up, to open in such a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my Predictions true in every Article, except one or two very minute.

As for the few following Predictions I now offer the World, I forbore to publish them until I had perused the several *Almanacks* for the year we are now entered upon. I found them all in the usual strain; and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine.

And here I make bold to tell the World that I lay the whole credit of my Art upon the truth of these Predictions; and I will be content that PARTRIDGE and the rest of his clan may hoot me for a cheat and impostor, if I fail in any single particular of moment. I believe any man who reads this Paper [*pamphlet*], will look upon me to be at least a person of as much honesty and understanding as the common maker of *Almanacks*. I do not lurk in the dark. I am not wholly unknown to the World.

I have set my name at length, to be a mark of infamy to mankind, if they shall find I deceive them.

In one thing, I must desire to be forgiven: that I talk more sparingly of home affairs. As it would be imprudence to discover Secrets of State, so it would be dangerous to my person: but in smaller matters, and that as are not of public consequence, I shall be very free: and the truth of my conjectures will as much appear from these, as the other.

As for the most signal events abroad, in France, Flanders, Italy, and Spain: I shall make no scruple to predict them in plain terms. Some of them are of importance; and I hope I shall seldom mistake the day they will happen. Therefore I think good to inform the reader, that I, all along, make use of the Old Style observed in England; which I desire he will compare with that of the News Papers at the time they relate the actions I mention.

I must add one word more. I know it hath been the opinion of several Learned [Persons], who think well enough of the true Art of Astrology, that the stars do only *incline* and not *force* the actions or wills of men: and therefore, however I may proceed by right rules; yet I cannot, in prudence, so confidently assure that the events will follow exactly as I predict them.

I hope I have maturely considered this objection, which, in some cases, is of no little weight. For example, a man may, by the influence of an overruling planet, be disposed or inclined to lust, rage, or avarice; and yet, by the force of reason, overcome that evil influence. And this was the case of SOCRATES. But the great events of the World usually depending upon numbers of men; it cannot be expected they should *all* unite to cross their inclinations, from pursuing a general design wherein they unanimously agree. Besides, the influence of the stars reacheth to many actions and events which are not, in any way, in the power of Reason, as sickness, death, and what we commonly call accidents; with many more, needless to repeat.

But now it is time to proceed to my Predictions: which I have begun to calculate from the time that the sun entereth into *Aries* [*April*]; and this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time that he

entereth *Libra* [*September*] or somewhat more; which is the busy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjusted, upon account of several impediments needless here to mention. Besides, I must remind the reader again, that this is but a specimen of what I design, in succeeding years, to treat more at large; if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My first Prediction is but a trifle; yet I will mention it to shew how ignorant those sottish pretenders to Astrology are in their own concerns. It relateth to PARTRIDGE the *Almanack* maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules; and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March [1708] next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. Therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.

The month of APRIL will be observable for the death of many Great Persons.

On the 4th will die the Cardinal DE NOAILLES, Archbishop of Paris.

On the 11th, the young Prince of the ASTURIAS, son to the Duke of ANJOU.

On the 14th, a great Peer of this realm will die at his country house.

On the 19th, an old Layman of great fame and learning; and on the 23rd, an eminent goldsmith in Lombard street.

I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not consider it is of very little use or instruction to the Reader, or to the World.

As to Public Affairs. On the 7th of this month, there will be an insurrection in Dauphiny, occasioned by the oppressions of the people; which will not be quieted in some months.

On the 15th, there will be a violent storm on the south-east coast of France; which will destroy many of their ships, and some in the very harbours.

The 19th will be famous for the revolt of a whole Province or Kingdom, excepting one city: by which the affairs of a certain Prince in the Alliance will take a better face.

MAY, against common conjectures, will be no very busy month in Europe; but very signal for the death of the Dauphin [*Note, how SWIFT is killing off all the Great Men on the French side, one after another: because that would jump with the inclination of the nation just at the moment*]; which will happen

on the 7th, after a short fit of sickness, and grievous torments with the stranguary. He dies less lamented by the Court than the Kingdom.

On the 9th, a Marshal of France will break his leg by a fall from his horse. I have not been able to discover whether he will then die or not.

On the 11th, will begin a most important siege, which the eyes of all Europe will be upon. I cannot be more particular; for in relating affairs that so nearly concern the Confederates, and consequently this Kingdom; I am forced to confine myself, for several reasons very obvious to the reader.

On the 15th, news will arrive of a *very surprising* event; than which, nothing could be more unexpected.

On the 19th, three noble Ladies of this Kingdom, will, against all expectation, prove with child; to the great joy of their husbands.

On the 23rd, a famous buffoon of the Play House will die a ridiculous death, suitable to his vocation.

JUNE. This month will be distinguished at home by the utter dispersing of those ridiculous deluded enthusiasts, commonly called Prophets [*Scotch and English Jesuits affecting inspiration, under the name of the French Prophets*], occasioned chiefly by seeing the time come when many of their prophecies were to be fulfilled; and then finding themselves deceived by the contrary events. It is indeed to be admired [*astonished at*] how any deceiver can be so weak to foretell things near at hand; when a very few months must, of necessity, discover the imposture to all the world: in this point, less prudent than common *Almanack* makers, who are so wise [as] to wander in generals, talk dubiously, and leave to the reader the business of interpreting.

On the 1st of this month, a French General will be killed by a random shot of a cannon ball.

On the 6th, a fire will break out in all the suburbs of Paris, which will destroy above a thousand houses; and seems to be the foreboding of what will happen, to the surprise of all Europe, about the end of the following month.

On the 10th, a great battle will be fought, which will begin at four of the clock in the afternoon, and last until nine at night, with great obstinacy, but no very decisive event. I shall not name the place, for the reasons aforesaid; but the

Commanders of each left wing will be killed. . . . I see bonfires, and hear the noise of guns for a victory.

On the 14th, there will be a false report of the French King's death.

On the 20th, Cardinal PORTOCARRERO will die of a dysentery, with great suspicion of poison: but the report of his intentions to revolt to King CHARLES will prove false.

JULY. The 6th of this month, a certain General will, by a glorious action, recover the reputation he lost by former misfortunes.

On the 12th, a great Commander will die a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

On the 14th, a shameful discovery will be made of a French Jesuit giving poison to a great foreign General; and, when he is put to the torture, [he] will make wonderful discoveries.

In short, this will prove a month of great action, if I might have liberty to relate the particulars.

At home, the death of an old famous Senator will happen on the 15th, at his country house, worn [out] with age and diseases.

But that which will make this month memorable to all posterity, is the death of the French King LEWIS XIV., after a week's sickness at Marli; which will happen on the 29th, about six o'clock in the evening. It seemeth to be an effect of the gout in his stomach followed by a flux. And in three days after, Monsieur CHAMILLARD will follow his master; dying suddenly of an apoplexy.

In this month likewise, an Ambassador will die in London; but I cannot assign the day.

AUGUST. The affairs of France will seem to suffer no change for a while, under the Duke of BURGUNDY's administration. But the Genius that animated the whole machine being gone, will be the cause of mighty turns and revolutions in the following year. The new King maketh yet little change, either in the army or the Ministry; but the libels against his [grand]father that fly about his very Court, give him uneasiness.

I see an Express in mighty haste, with joy and wonder in his looks, arriving by the break of day on the 26th of this month, having travelled, in three days, a prodigious journey by land and sea. In the evening, I hear bells and guns, and see the blazing of a thousand bonfires.

A young Admiral, of noble birth, doth likewise, this month, gain immortal honour by a great achievement.

The affairs of Poland are, this month, entirely settled. AUGUSTUS resigns his pretensions, which he had again taken up for some time. STANISLAUS is peaceably possessed of the throne: and the King of SWEDEN declares for the Emperor.

I cannot omit one particular accident here at home: that, near the end of this month, much mischief will be done at Bartholomew Fair [*held on August 24th*], by the fall of a booth.

SEPTEMBER. This month begins with a very surprising fit of frosty weather, which will last near [ly] twelve days.

The Pope having long languished last month, the swellings in his legs breaking, and the flesh mortifying; he will die on the 11th instant. And, in three weeks' time, after a mighty contest, he will be succeeded by a Cardinal of the Imperial faction, but a native of Tuscany, who is now about 61 years old.

The French army acts now wholly on the defensive, strongly fortified in their trenches: and the young French King sendeth overtures for a treaty of peace, by the Duke of MANTUA; which, because it is a matter of State that concerneth us here at home, I shall speak no further of.

I shall add but one Prediction more, and that in mystical terms, which shall be included in a verse out of VIRGIL.

> *Alter erit jam* TETHYS, *et altera quæ vehat* ARGO
> *Dilectos Heroas.*

Upon the 25th day of this month, the fulfilling of this Prediction will be manifest to everybody.

This is the furthest I have proceeded in my calculations for the present year. I do not pretend that these are all the great events which will happen in this period; but that those I have set down will infallibly come to pass.

It may perhaps, still be objected, why I have not spoken more particularly of affairs at home, or of the success of our armies abroad; which I might, and could very largely have done. But those in Power have wisely discouraged men from meddling in public concerns: and I was resolved, by no means, to give the least offence. This I *will* venture to say, that it will be a glorious campaign for the Allies,

wherein the English forces, both by sea and land, will have their full share of honour; that Her Majesty Queen ANNE will continue in health and prosperity; and that no ill accident will arrive to any in the chief Ministry.

As to the particular events I have mentioned, the readers may judge by the fulfilling of them, whether I am of the level with common Astrologers, who, with an old paltry cant, and a few Pothooks for Planets to amuse the vulgar, have, in my opinion, too long been suffered to abuse the World. But an honest Physician ought not to be despised because there are such things as mountebanks.

I hope I have some share of reputation; which I would not willingly forfeit for a frolic, or humour: and I believe no Gentleman, who reads this Paper, will look upon it to be of the same last and mould with the common scribbles that are every day hawked about. My fortune hath placed me above the little regard of writing for a few pence, which I neither value nor want. Therefore, let not any wise man too hastily condemn this Essay, intended for a good design, to cultivate and improve an ancient Art, long in disgrace by having fallen into mean unskilful hands. A little time will determine whether I have deceived others, or myself: and I think it is no very unreasonable request, that men would please to suspend their judgements till then.

I was once of the opinion with those who despise all Predictions from the stars, till, in the year 1686, a Man of Quality shewed me written in his album, that the most learned astronomer, Captain H[ALLEY], assured him he would never believe anything of the stars' influence, if there were not a great Revolution in England in the year 1688. Since that time, I began to have other thoughts [*SWIFT does not say on what subject*]; and, after eighteen years' [1690–1708] diligent study and application [*in what?*], I think I have no reason to repent of my pains.

I shall detain the reader no longer than to let him know, that the account I design to give of next year's events shall take in the principal affairs that happen in Europe. And if I be denied the liberty of offering it to my own country; I shall appeal to the Learned World, by publishing it in Latin, and giving order to have it printed in Holland.

FINIS.

A Revenue Officer

[JONATHAN SWIFT.]

A Letter to a Lord.

[30 March 1708]

MY LORD,

IN OBEDIENCE to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity; I have, for some days past, inquired constantly after PARTRIGE the *Almanack* maker: of whom, it was foretold in Mr. BICKERSTAFF's *Predictions*, published about a month ago, that he should die, the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever.

I had some sort of knowledge of him, when I was employed in the Revenue; because he used, every year, to present me with his *Almanack*, as he did other Gentlemen, upon the score of some little gratuity we gave him.

I saw him accidentally once or twice, about ten days before he died: and observed he began very much to droop and languish; although I hear his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger.

About two or three days ago, he grew ill; was confined first to his chamber, and in a few hours after, to his bed: where Dr. CASE and Mrs. KIRLEUS [*two London quacks*] were sent for, to visit, and to prescribe to him.

Upon this intelligence, I sent thrice every day a servant or other, to inquire after his health: and yesterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me, that he was past hopes.

Upon which, I prevailed with myself to go and see him: partly, out of commiseration: and, I confess, partly out of curiosity. He knew me very well, seemed surprised at my condescension, and made me compliments upon it, as well

as he could in the condition he was. The people about him said he had been delirious: but, when I saw him, he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint.

After I had told him, I was sorry to see him in those melancholy circumstances, and said some other civilities suitable to the occasion; I desired him to tell me freely and ingenuously, whether the *Predictions*, Mr. BICKERSTAFF had published relating to his death, had not too much affected and worked on his imagination?

He confessed he often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension till about a fortnight before: since which time, it had the perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper. "For," said he, "I am thoroughly persuaded, and I think I have very good reasons, that Mr. BICKERSTAFF spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year than I did myself."

I told him, "His discourse surprised me, and I would be glad he were in a state of health to be able to tell me, what reason he had, to be convinced of Mr. BICKERSTAFF'S ignorance."

He replied, "I am a poor ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade; yet I have sense enough to know that all pretences of foretelling by Astrology are deceits: for this manifest reason, because the wise and learned (who can only judge whether there be any truth in this science), do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows, who can hardly write or read." I then asked him, "Why he had not calculated his own nativity, to see whether it agreed with BICKERSTAFF'S Predictions?"

At which, he shook his head, and said, "O, Sir! this is no time for jesting, but for repenting those fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart."

"By what I can gather from you," said I, "the Observations and Predictions you printed with your *Almanacks*, were mere impositions upon the people."

He replied, "If it were otherwise, I should have the less to answer for. We have a common form for all those things.

As to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that! but leave it to the printer, who taketh it out of any old *Almanack*, as he thinketh fit. The rest was my own invention, to make my *Almanack* sell; having a wife to maintain, and no other way to get my bread: for mending old shoes is a poor livelihood! And," added he, sighing, "I wish I may not have done more mischief by my physic than by astrology! although I had some good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compositions were such as I thought could, at least, do no hurt."

I had some other discourse with him, which now I cannot call to mind: and I fear I have already tired your Lordship. I shall only add one circumstance. That on his deathbed, he declared himself a Nonconformist, and had a Fanatic [*the political designation of Dissenters*] preacher to be his spiritual guide.

After half an hour's conversation, I took my leave; being almost stifled by the closeness of the room.

I imagined he could not hold out long; and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-house hard by, leaving a servant at the house, with orders to come immediately, and tell me as near as he could the minute when PARTRIGE should expire: which was not above two hours after, when, looking upon my watch, I found it to be above Five minutes after Seven. By which it is clear that Mr. BICKERSTAFF was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation [*see p.* 501]. In the other circumstances he was exact enough.

But whether he hath not been the cause of this poor man's death as well as the Predictor may be very reasonably disputed. However, it must be confessed the matter is odd enough, whether we should endeavour to account for it by chance or the effect of imagination.

For my own part, although I believe no man has less faith in these matters, yet I shall wait with some impatience, and not without expectation, the fulfilling of Mr. BICKERSTAFF's second prediction, that the Cardinal DE NOAILLES is to die upon the 4th of April [1708]; and if that should be verified as exactly as this of poor PARTRIGE, I must own I shall be wholly surprised, and at a loss, and infallibly expect the accomplishment of all the rest.

[In the original broadside, there are Deaths with darts, winged hour-glasses, crossed marrow-bones, &c.]

[JONATHAN SWIFT.]

An Elegy on Mr. PATRIGE, the Almanack *maker, who died on the 29th of this instant March,* 1708.

[Original broadside in the British Museum, C. 39. k./74.]

WELL, 'tis as BICKERSTAFF has guest;
Though we all took it for a jest;
PATRIGE is dead! nay more, he died
Ere he could prove the good Squire lied!
Strange, an Astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appeared,
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose and gone to bed
Just as if PATRIGE were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut th'Equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some Wits have wondered what analogy
There is 'twixt* Cobbling and Astrology? * PATRIDGE was a cobbler
How PATRIGE made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole, to reach the skies?
A list, the cobblers' temples ties,

To keep the hair out of their eyes;
From whence, 'tis plain, the diadem
That Princes wear, derives from them:
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorned with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shews the near alliance
'Twixt Cobbling and the Planet science.
  Besides, that slow-paced sign *Bo-otes*
As 'tis miscalled; we know not who 'tis?
But PATRIGE ended all disputes;
He knew his trade! and called it *Boots*! *
The Horned Moon which heretofore
Upon their shoes, the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our Shoeing Horns,
Shews how the art of Cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the Spheres.
  A scrap of parchment hung by Geometry,
A great refinement in Barometry,
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather:
And what is parchment else, but leather?
Which an Astrologer might use
Either for *Almanacks* or shoes.
  Thus PATRIGE, by his Wit and parts,
At once, did practise both these Arts;
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle light:
So learned PATRIGE could as well
Creep in the dark, from leathern cell;
And in his fancy, fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling star!
Besides, he could confound the Spheres
And set the Planets by the ears.
To shew his skill, he, Mars would join

* See his *Almanack*.

To Venus, in *aspect malign*,
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great scholars have in LUCIAN read
When PHILIP, King of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a Star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.
Thus PATRIGE still shines in each Art,
The Cobbling, and Star-gazing Part;
And is installed as good a star
As any of the CÆSARS are.
Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there!
To thee, the *Bull* will lend his hide,
By *Phœbus* newly tanned and dried!
For thee, they *Argo*'s hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax!
Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
Her braided hair, to make thee ends!
The point of *Sagittarius*' dart
Turns to an awl, by heavenly art!
And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee, a paring-knife!
Triumphant Star! some pity shew
On Cobblers militant below!
* But do not shed thy influence down
Upon St. James's end o' the Town!
Consider where the moon and stars
Have their devoutest worshippers!
Astrologers and lunatics
Have in Moorfields their stations fixt:
Hither, thy gentle aspect bend,
† Nor look asquint on an old friend!

* *Sed nec in Arctoo sedes tibi legeris Orbe, &c.*

† *Neve tuam videas obliquo sidere Romam.*

THE EPITAPH.

HERE *five foot deep, lies on his back,*
A Cobbler, Starmonger, and Quack;
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does to his best, look upward still.
Weep all you customers, that use
His Pills, his Almanacks, *or Shoes!*
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to this grave, but once a week!
This earth which bears his body's print
You'll find has so much virtue in it;
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you, full as well
(*In physic, stolen goods, or love*)
As he himself could, when above!

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1708.

Squire BICKERSTAFF detected;

OR THE

Astrological Impostor convicted.

BY

JOHN PARTRIDGE,

Student in Physic and Astrology.

[This was written for PARTRIDGE, either by NICHOLAS ROWE or Dr. YALDEN, and put forth by him, in good faith, in proof of his continued existence]

IT is hard, my dear countrymen of these United Nations! it is very hard, that a Britain born, a Protestant Astrologer, a man of Revolution Principles, an assertor of the Liberty and Property of the people, should cry out in vain, for justice against a Frenchman, a Papist, and an illiterate pretender to Science, that would blast my reputation, most inhumanly bury me alive, and defraud my native country of those services which, in my double capacity [*Physician and Astrologer*], I daily offer the public.

What great provocations I have received, let the impartial reader judge! and how unwillingly, even in my own defence, I now enter the lists against Falsehood, Ignorance, and Envy! But I am exasperated at length, to drag out this CACUS from the den of obscurity, where he lurketh, to detect him by the light of those stars he hath so impudently traduced, and to shew there is not a Monster in the skies so pernicious and malevolent to mankind as an ignorant pretender to Physic and Astrology.

I shall not directly fall on the many gross errors, nor expose the notorious absurdities of this prostituted libeller,

until I have let the Learned World fairly into the controversy depending; and then leave the unprejudiced to judge of the merits and justice of my cause.

It was towards the conclusion of the year 1707 [*according to the old way of reckoning the year from March 25th. The precise date is February, 1708, see p. 469*], when an impudent Pamphlet crept into the world, intituled *Predictions &c. by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.* Among the many arrogant assertions laid down by that lying Spirit of Divination; he was pleased to pitch on the Cardinal DE NOAILLES and myself, among many other eminent and illustrious persons that were to die within the confines of the ensuing year, and peremptorily fixed the month, day, and hours of our deaths.

This, I think, is sporting with Great Men, and Public Spirits, to the scandal of Religion, and reproach of Power: and if Sovereign Princes and Astrologers must make diversion for the vulgar, why then, Farewell, say I, to all Governments, Ecclesiastical and Civil! But, I thank my better stars! I am alive to confront this false and audacious Predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a Man of Science and Resentment.

The Cardinal may take what measures he pleases, with him: as His Excellency is a foreigner and a Papist, he hath no reason to rely on me for his justification. I shall only assure the World that he is alive! but as he was bred to Letters, and is master of a pen, let him use it in his own defence!

In the meantime, I shall present the Public with a faithful Narrative of the ungenerous treatment and hard usage I have received from the virulent Papers and malicious practices of this pretended Astrologer.

A true and impartial

ACCOUNT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS

OF

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.,

against Me.

THE 29th of March, *Anno Dom.*, 1708, being the night this Sham Prophet had so impudently fixed for my last; which made little impression on myself, but I cannot answer for my whole family. For my wife, with a concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold; and between the hours of 8 and 9, to go to bed.

The maid as she was warming my bed, with the curiosity natural to young women, runs to the window, and asks of one passing the street, "Who the bell tolled for?"

"Dr. PARTRIDGE," says he, "the famous *Almanack* maker, who died suddenly this evening."

The poor girl provoked, told him, "He lied like a rascal!"

The other very sedately replied, "The sexton had so informed him; and if false, he was to blame for imposing on a stranger."

She asked a second, and a third as they passed; and every one was in the same tone.

Now I don't say these were accomplices to a certain astrological Squire, and that one BICKERSTAFF might be sauntering thereabouts; because I will assert nothing here but what I dare attest, and plain matter of fact.

My wife, at this, fell into a violent disorder; and I must own I was a little discomposed at the oddness of the accident.

In the meantime, one knocks at the door. BETTY runneth down and opening, finds a sober grave person, who modestly inquires "If this was Dr. PARTRIDGE's?"

She, taking him for some cautious City patient, that came at that time for privacy, shews him into the dining-room.

As soon as I could compose myself, I went to him; and was surprised to find my gentleman mounted on a table with a two-foot rule in his hand, measuring my walls, and taking the dimensions of the room.

"Pray, Sir," says I, "not to interrupt you, have you any business with me?"

"Only, Sir," replies he, "to order the girl to bring me a better light: for this is but a dim one."

"Sir," sayeth I, "my name is PARTRIDGE!"

"Oh! the Doctor's brother, belike," cries he. "The staircase, I believe, and these two apartments hung in close mourning will be sufficient; and only a strip of Bays [cloth] round the other rooms. The Doctor must needs die rich. He had great dealings in his way, for many years. If he had no family Coat [of arms], you had as good use the scutcheons of the Company. They are as showish and will look as magnificent as if he were descended from the Blood-Royal."

With that, I assumed a greater air of authority, and demanded, "Who employed him? and how he came there?"

"Why, I was sent, Sir, by the Company of Undertakers," saith he, "and they were employed by the honest gentleman who is the executor to the good Doctor departed: and our rascally porter, I believe is fallen fast asleep with the black cloth and sconces or he had been here; and we might have been tacking up by this time."

"Sir," says I, "pray be advised by a friend, and make the best of your speed out of my doors; for I hear my wife's voice," which, by the way, is pretty distinguishable! "and in that corner of the room stands a good cudgel which somebody [*i.e., himself*] has felt ere now. If that light in her hands, and she knew the business you came about; without consulting the stars, I can assure you it will be employed very much to the detriment of your person."

"Sir," cries he, bowing with great civility, "I perceive

extreme grief for the loss of the Doctor disorders you a little at present: but early in the morning, I'll wait on you, with all necessary materials."

Now I mention no Mr. BICKERSTAFF, nor do I say that a certain star-gazing Squire has been a playing my executor before his time: but I leave the World to judge, and if it puts things to things fairly together, it won't be much wide of the mark.

Well, once more I get my doors closed, and prepare for bed, in hopes of a little repose, after so many ruffling adventures. Just as I was putting out my light in order to it, another bounceth as hard as he can knock.

I open the window and ask, "Who is there, and what he wants?"

"I am NED the Sexton," replies he, "and come to know whether the Doctor left any orders for a Funeral Sermon? and where he is to be laid? and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked?"

"Why, Sirrah!" says I, "you know me well enough. You know I am not dead; and how dare you affront me after this manner!"

"Alack a day, Sir," replies the fellow, "why it is in print, and the whole Town knows you are dead. Why, there's Mr. WHITE the joiner is but fitting screws to your coffin! He'll be here with it in an instant. He was afraid you would have wanted it before this time."

"Sirrah! sirrah!" saith I, "you shall know to-morrow to your cost that I am alive! and alive like to be!"

"Why, 'tis strange, Sir," says he, "you should make such a secret of your death to us that are your neighbours. It looks as if you had a design to defraud the Church of its dues: and let me tell you, for one who has lived so long by the heavens, that is unhandsomely done!"

"Hist! hist!" says another rogue that stood by him, "away, Doctor! into your flannel gear as fast as you can! for here is a whole pack of dismals coming to you with their black equipage; how indecent will it look for you to stand frightening folks at your window, when you should have been in your coffin this three hours!"

In short, what with Undertakers, Embalmers, Joiners, Sextons, and your *Elegy* hawkers *upon a late practitioner in Physic and Astrology*; I got not one wink of sleep that night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since.

Now, I doubt not but this villanous Squire has the impudence to assert that these are entirely strangers to him; he, good man! knoweth nothing of the matter! and honest ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, I warrant you! is more a man of honour than to be an accomplice with a pack of rascals that walk the streets on nights, and disturb good people in their beds. But he is out, if he thinks the whole World is blind! for there is one JOHN PARTRIDGE can smell a knave as far as Grub street, although he lies in the most exalted garret, and writeth himself "Squire"! But I will keep my temper! and proceed in the Narration.

I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this; but presently one comes up to me in the street: "Mr. PARTRIDGE, that coffin you were last buried in, I have not yet been paid for."

"Doctor!" cries another dog, "How do you think people can live by making graves for nothing? Next time you die, you may even toll out the bell yourself, for NED!"

A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders "how I have the conscience to sneak abroad, without paying my funeral expenses."

"Lord!" says one, "I durst have sworn that was honest Dr. PARTRIDGE, my old friend; but, poor man, he is gone!"

"I beg your pardon," says another, "you look so like my old acquaintance that I used to consult on some private occasions: but, alack, he is gone the way of all flesh."

"Look, look!" cries a third, after a competent space of staring at me; "would not one think our neighbour the *Almanack* maker was crept out of his grave, to take another peep at the stars in this world, and shew how much he is improved in fortune telling by having taken a journey to the other."

Nay, the very Reader of our parish (a good sober discreet person) has sent two or three times for me to come and be buried decently, or send him sufficient reasons to the contrary: or if I have been interred in any other parish, to produce my certificate as the *Act* requires.

My poor wife is almost run distracted with being called Widow PARTRIDGE, when she knows it's false: and once a Term, she is cited into the Court, to take out Letters of Administration.

But the greatest grievance is a paltry Quack that takes up my calling just under my nose; and in his printed directions with a, *N. B.* ☞, says: *He lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr.* JOHN PARTRIDGE, *an eminent Practitioner in Leather, Physic, and Astrology.*

But to shew how far the wicked spirit of envy, malice, and resentment can hurry some men, my nameless old persecutor had provided a monument at the stone-cutter's, and would have it erected in the parish church: and this piece of notorious and expensive villany had actually succeeded, if I had not used my utmost interest with the Vestry; where it was carried at last but by two voices, that I am alive.

That stratagem failing, out cometh a long sable *Elegy* bedecked with hour-glasses, mattocks, skulls, spades, and skeletons, with an *Epitaph* [*see p.* 486] as confidently written to abuse me and my profession, as if I had been under ground these twenty years.

And, after such barbarous treatment as this, can the World blame me, when I ask, What is become of the freedom of an Englishman? and, Where is the Liberty and Property that my old glorious Friend [*WILLIAM III.*] came over to assert? We have driven Popery out of the nation! and sent Slavery to foreign climes! The Arts only remain in bondage, when a Man of Science and Character shall be openly insulted! in the midst of the many useful services he is daily paying the public. Was it ever heard, even in Turkey or Algiers, that a State Astrologer was bantered out of his life, by an ignorant impostor? or bawled out of the world, by a pack of villanous deep-mouthed hawkers?

Though I print *Almanacks*, and publish *Advertisements*; although I produce certificates under the Minister's and Churchwardens' hands, that I am alive: and attest the same, on oath, at Quarter Sessions: out comes *A full and true Relation of the death and interment of* JOHN PARTRIDGE. Truth is borne down; Attestations, neglected; the testimony of sober persons, despised: and a man is looked upon by his neighbours as if he had been seven years dead, and is buried alive in the midst of his friends and acquaintance.

Now can any man of common sense think it consistent with the honour of my profession, and not much beneath the dignity of a philosopher, to stand bawling, before his own

door, "Alive! Alive! Ho! the famous Doctor PARTRIDGE! no counterfeit, but all alive!" as if I had the twelve celestial Monsters of the *Zodiac* to shew within, or was forced for a livelihood, to turn retailer to May and Bartholomew Fairs.

Therefore, if Her Majesty would but graciously be pleased to think a hardship of this nature worthy her royal consideration; and the next Parl[ia]m[en]t, in their great wisdom, cast but an eye towards the deplorable case of their old *Philomath* that annually bestoweth his poetical good wishes on them: I am sure there is one ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, would soon be trussed up! for his bloody persecution, and putting good subjects in terror of their lives. And that henceforward, to murder a man by way of Prophecy, and bury him in a printed *Letter*, either *to a Lord* or Commoner, shall as legally entitle him to the present possession of Tyburn, as if he robbed on the highway, or cut your throat in bed.

Advertisement.

N.B: ☞ *There is now in the Press, my Appeal to the Learned; Or my general Invitation to all Astrologers, Divines, Physicians, Lawyers, Mathematicians, Philologers, and to the* Literati *of the whole World, to come and take their Places in the Common Court of Knowledge, and receive the Charge given in by me, against ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq., that most notorious Impostor in Science and illiterate Pretender to the Stars; where I shall openly convict him of ignorance in his profession, impudence and falsehood in every assertion, to the great detriment and scandal of Astrology. I shall further demonstrate to the Judicious, that France and Rome are at the bottom of this horrid conspiracy against me; and that the Culprit aforesaid is a Popish emissary, has paid his visits to St. Germains, and is now in the Measures of LEWIS XIV.; that in attempting my reputation, there is a general Massacre of Learning designed in these realms; and, through my sides, there is a wound given to all the Protestant* Almanack *makers in the universe.*

Vivat Regina!

Not satisfied with this *Impartial Account*, when next Almanack time came (in the following November, 1708), PARTRIDGE's *Almanack* for 1709 P.P. 2465/8] contained the following:

You may remember that there was a Paper published predicting my death upon the 29th March at night, 1708, and after the day was past, the same villain told the World I was dead, and how I died, and that he was with me at the time of my death.

I thank GOD, by whose mercy I have my Being, that I am still alive, and (excepting my age) as well as ever I was in my life: as I was also at that 29th of March. And that Paper was said to be done by one BICKERSTAFF, Esq. But that was a sham name, it was done by an impudent lying fellow.

But his Prediction did not prove true! What will he say to that? For the fool had considered the "Star of my Nativity" as he said. Why the truth is, he will be hard put to it to find a *salvo* for his Honour. It was a bold touch! and he did not know but it might prove true.

One hardly knows whether to wonder most at the self-delusion or credulity of this last paragraph by the old quack.

This called forth from SWIFT.

A VINDICATION OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq, &c.

MR. PARTRIDGE hath been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, in that which is called his *Almanack* for the present year. Such usage is very undecent from one Gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of Truth, which ought to be the great End in all disputes of the Learned. To call a man, *fool*, and *villain*, and *impudent fellow*, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his Education.

I appeal to the Learned World, whether, in my last year's

Predictions, I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all Ages; but the discreetest among them, have always differed as became Philosophers. Scurrility and Passion in a Controversy among Scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose; and, at best, a tacit confession of a weak cause.

My concern is not so much for my own reputation, as that of the Republic of Letters; which Mr. PARTRIDGE hath endeavoured to wound through my sides. If men of public spirit must be superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts; how will true useful knowledge be ever advanced? I wish Mr. PARTRIDGE knew the thoughts which foreign Universities have conceived of his ungenerous proceeding with me: but I am too tender of his reputation to publish them to the World. That spirit of envy and pride, which blasts so many rising Geniuses in our nation, is yet unknown among Professors abroad. The necessity of justifying myself will excuse my vanity, when I tell the reader that I have received nearly a hundred Honorary Letters from several part of Europe, some as far as Muscovey, in praise of my performance: besides several others, which (as I have been credibly informed) were opened in the P[ost] Office, and never sent me.

It is true, the Inquisition in P[ortuga]l was pleased to burn my *Predictions* [*A fact, as Sir PAUL METHUEN, the English Ambassador there, informed SWIFT*], and condemned the Author and the readers of them: but, I hope at the same time, it will be considered in how deplorable a state Learning lieth at present in that Kingdom. And, with the profoundest reverence for crowned heads, I will presume to add, that it a little concerned His Majesty of Portugal to interpose his authority in behalf of a Scholar and a Gentleman, the subject of a nation with which he is now in so strict an alliance.

But the other Kingdoms and States of Europe have treated me with more candour and generosity. If I had leave to print the Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a Volume! and be a full defence against all that Mr. PARTRIDGE, or his accomplices of the P[ortuga]l Inquisition, will be ever able to object: who, by the way, are the only enemies my *Predictions* have ever met with, at home or abroad. But I hope I know better what is due to the honour of a Learned Correspondence in so tender a point.

Yet some of those illustrious Persons will, perhaps, excuse me for transcribing a passage or two, in my own vindication.

* The most learned Monsieur LEIBNITZ thus addresseth to me his third Letter, *Illustrissimo BICKERSTAFFIO Astrologico Instauratori, &c.* Monsieur LE CLERC, quoting my *Predictions* in a treatise he published last year, is pleased to say, *Ita nuperrime BICKERSTAFFIUS, magnum illud Angliæ sidus.* Another great Professor writing of me, has these words, *BICKERSTAFFIUS nobilis Anglus, Astrologarum hujusce seculi facile Princeps.* Signior MAGLIABECCHI, the Great Duke's famous Library Keeper, spendeth almost his whole Letter in compliments and praises. It is true the renowned Professor of Astronomy at Utrecht seemeth to differ from me in one article; but it is after the modest manner that becometh a Philosopher, as *Pace tanti viri dixerim*: and, page 55, he seemeth to lay the error upon the printer, as, indeed it ought, and sayeth, *vel forsan error typographi, cum alioquin BICKERSTAFFIUS vir doctissimus, &c.*

If Mr. PARTRIDGE had followed these examples in the controversy between us, he might have spared me the trouble of justifying myself in so public a manner. I believe few men are readier to own their error than I, or more thankful to those who will please to inform him of them. But it seems this Gentleman, instead of encouraging the progress of his own Art, is pleased to look upon all Attempts of this kind as an invasion of his Province.

He has been indeed so wise, as to make no objection against the truth of my *Predictions*, except in one single point, relating to himself. And to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader, that he is the *only* person from whom I ever heard that objection offered! which consideration alone, I think, will take off its weight.

With my utmost endeavours, I have not been able to trace above two Objections ever made against the truth of my last year's *Prophecies*.

The first was of a Frenchman, who was pleased to publish to the World, that *the Cardinal DE NOAILLES was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended Prophecy of Monsieur BIQUER-*

* The quotations here, are said to be a parody of those of BENTLEY in his controversy with BOYLE.

STAFFE. But how far a Frenchman, a Papist, and an enemy is to be believed, in his own cause, against an English Protestant, who is *true to the Government*, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader!

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this Discourse, and relateth to an article in my *Predictions*, which foretold the death of Mr. PARTRIDGE to happen on March 29, 1708. *This*, he is pleased to contradict absolutely, in the *Almanack* he has published for the present year; and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression!) as I have above related.

In that Work, he very roundly asserts that *he is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die.*

This is the subject of the present Controversy between us, which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness. In this dispute, I am sensible the eyes, not only of England, but of all Europe will be upon us: and the Learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of Reason and Truth.

Without entering into criticisms of Chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that *Mr. PARTRIDGE is not alive.*

And my first argument is thus. Above a thousand Gentlemen having bought his *Almanack* for this year, merely to find what he said against me: at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out, between rage and laughter, *They were sure, no man alive ever wrote such stuff as this!* Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed. So that Mr. PARTRIDGE lieth under a dilemma, either of disowning his *Almanack*, or allowing himself to be *no man alive.*

Death is defined by all Philosophers [as] a separation of the soul and body. Now it is certain that the poor woman [*Mrs. PARTRIDGE*] who has best reason to know, has gone about, for some time, to every alley in the neighbourhood, and swore to her gossips that *her husband had neither life nor soul in him.* Therefore, if an *uninformed* Carcass walks still about, and is pleased to call itself PARTRIDGE; Mr. BICKERSTAFF doth not think himself any way answerable for that! Neither had the said Carcass any right to beat the poor boy, who happened to pass by it in the street, crying *A full and true Account of Dr. PARTRIDGE's death, &c.*

SECONDLY. Mr. PARTRIDGE pretendeth to tell fortunes and recover stolen goods, which all the parish says, he must do by conversing with the Devil and other evil spirits: and no wise man will ever allow, he could converse personally with either, until after he was dead.

THIRDLY. I will plainly prove him to be dead out of his own *Almanack* for this year; and from the very passage which he produceth to make us think him alive. He there sayeth, *He is not only* now *alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March, which I foretold he should die on.* By this, he declareth his opinion that a man may be alive *now*, who was not alive a twelve month ago. And, indeed, here lies the sophistry of his argument. He dareth not assert he was alive *ever since the 29th of March!* but that he is *now alive*, and *was so on that day.* I grant the latter, for he did not die until night, as appeareth in a printed account of his death, in a *Letter to a Lord;* and whether he be since revived, I leave the World to judge! This indeed is perfect cavilling; and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

FOURTHLY. I will appeal to Mr. PARTRIDGE himself, whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet as to begin my *Predictions* with the *only* falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them! and this in an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact, and must have given such advantages against me, to a person of Mr. PARTRIDGE's Wit and Learning: who, if he could possibly have raised one single objection more against the truth of my Prophecies, would hardly have spared me!

And here I must take occasion to reprove the above-mentioned Writer [*i.e., SWIFT himself, see p.* 482] of the Relation of Mr. PARTRIDGE's death, in a *Letter to a Lord*, who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of *four whole hours* in my calculation of that event. I must confess, this censure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave *judicious* author, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of Town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed (as for my own part; having no doubt at all of the matter, I never once thought of it!) assured me, I computed to something under half an hour: which (I speak my private opinion!) is an error of no very great magnitude, that men should raise clamour about it!

I shall only say, it would not be amiss, if that Author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputation, as well as of his own! It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind: if there had been, I presume he would have told me of them, with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr. PARTRIDGE's death, which I have sometimes met with, although indeed very slightly offered, That he still continueth to write *Almanacks*. But this is no more than what is common to all of that Profession. *GADBURY*, *Poor Robin*, *DOVE*, *WING*, and several others, do yearly publish their *Almanacks*, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now the natural reason of this I take to be, that whereas it is the privilege of other Authors, *to live* after their deaths; *Almanack* makers are only excluded, because their Dissertations, treating only upon the Minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off: in consideration of which, Time, whose Registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their Works after their death. Or, perhaps, a *Name* can *make* an *Almanack* as well as *sell* one. And to strengthen this conjecture, I have heard the booksellers affirm, that they have desired Mr. PARTRIDGE to spare himself further trouble, and only to lend his Name; which could make *Almanacks* much better than himself.

I should not have given the Public or myself, the trouble of this *Vindication*, if my name had not been made use of by several persons, to whom I never lent it: one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me, a new set of *Predictions*. But I think these are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart, when I saw my Labours, which had cost me so much thought and watching, bawled about by the common hawkers of Grub street; which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the World so much at first, that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me, "Whether I were in jest?" To which I only answered coldly, that "the event will shew!" But it is the talent of our Age and nation to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had *verified all* my *Predictions*; out cometh Mr. PARTRIDGE's *Almanack!* disputing the point of his death. So that I am employed, like the General who

was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr. PARTRIDGE has practised the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive; long may he continue so! But that doth not, in the least, contradict my veracity! For I think I have clearly proved, *by invincible demonstration*, that he died, at farthest, within half an hour of the time I foretold [; and not four hours sooner, as the above-mentioned Author, in his *Letter to a Lord* hath maliciously suggested, with a design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake].

FINIS.

Under the combined assault of the Wits, PARTRIDGE ceased to publish his *Almanack* for a while; but afterwards took heart again, publishing his "*Merlinus Redivivus*, being an Almanack for the year 1714, by JOHN PARTRIDGE, a Lover of Truth [P.P. 2465/6];" at *p.* 2 of which is the following epistle.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

SIR,

There seems to be a kind of fantastical propriety in a dead man's addressing himself to a person not in Being. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF [*i.e.*, *RICHARD STEELE*] is no more [*the* Tatler *having come to an end*], and I have now nothing to dispute with on the subject of his fictions concerning me, *sed magni nominis umbra*, "a shadow only, and a mighty name."

I have indeed been for some years silent, or, in the language of Mr. BICKERSTAFF, "dead"; yet like many an old man that is reported so by his heirs, I have lived long enough to bury my successor [*the* Tatler *having been discontinued*]. In short, I am returned to Being after you have left it; and since you were once pleased to call yourself my brother-astrologer, the world may be apt to compare our story to that of the twin-stars CASTOR and POLLUX, and say it was our destiny, not to appear together, but according to the fable, to live and die by turns.

Now, Sir, my intention in this Epistle is to let you know that I shall behave myself in my new Being with as much moderation as possible, and that I have no longer any quarrel with you [*i.e.*, *STEELE*], for the accounts you inserted in your writings [*the joke was continued in the* Tatler] concerning my death, being sensible that you were no less abused in that particular than myself.

The person from whom you took up that report, I know, was your namesake, the author of BICKERSTAFF's *Predictions*, a notorious cheat.* And if you had been indeed as much an Astrologer as you pretended, you might have known that his word was no more to be taken than that of an Irish evidence [*SWIFT was now Dean of St. Patrick's*]: that not being the only *Tale of a Tub* he had vented. The only satisfaction therefore, I expect is, that your bookseller in the next edition of your Works [*The Tatler*], do strike out my name and insert his in the room of it. I have some thoughts of obliging the World with his nativity, but shall defer that till another opportunity.

* *Vide* Dr. S[wi]FT.

I have nothing to add further, but only that when you think fit to return to life again in whatever shape, of Censor [*the designation of the supposed Writer of the* Tatler], a *Guardian*, an *Englishman*, or any other figure, I shall hope you will do justice to Your revived friend and servant,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

On the last leaf of this *Almanack* is the following notice:—

This is to give notice to all people, that all those *Prophecies*, *Predictions*, *Almanacks*, and other pamphlets, that had my name either true, or shammed with the want of a Letter [*i.e., spelling his name* PARTRIGE *instead of* PARTRIDGE]: I say, they are all impudent forgeries, by a breed of villains, and wholly without my knowledge or consent. And I doubt not but those beggarly villains that have scarce bread to eat without being rogues, two or three poor printers and a book-binder, with honest BEN, will be at their old Trade again of Prophesying in my name. This is therefore to give notice, that if there is anything in print in my name beside this *Almanack*, you may depend on it that it is a lie, and he is a villain that writes and prints it.

In his *Almanack* for 1715 [P.P. 2465/7], PARTRIDGE says—

It is very probable, that the beggarly knavish Crew will be this year also printing *Prophecies* and *Predictions* in my name, to cheat the country as they used to do. This is therefore to give notice, that if there is anything of that kind done in my name besides this *Almanack* printed by the Company of Stationers, you may be certain it is not mine, but a cheat, and therefore refuse it.

THE

Present State

OF

WIT,

IN A

LETTER

TO A

Friend in the Country.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year, MDCCXI.
(Price 3*d.*)

THE
Present State
OF
WIT, &c.

SIR,

 OU acquaint me in your last, that you are still so busy building at ——, that your friends must not hope to see you in Town this year: at the same time, you desire me, that you may not be quite at a loss in conversation among the *beau monde* next winter, to send you an account of the present State of Wit in Town: which, without further preface, I shall endeavour to perform; and give you the histories and characters of all our Periodical Papers, whether monthly, weekly, or diurnal, with the same freedom I used to send you our other Town news.

I shall only premise, that, as you know, I never cared one farthing, either for Whig or Tory: so I shall consider our Writers purely as they are such, without any respect to which Party they belong.

Dr. KING has, for some time, lain down his monthly *Philosophical Transactions*, which the title-page informed us at first, were only to be continued as they sold; and though that gentleman has a world of Wit, yet as it lies in one particular way of raillery, the Town soon grew weary of his Writings: though I cannot but think that their author deserves a much better fate than to languish out the small remainder of his life in the Fleet prison.

About the same time that the Doctor left off writing, one Mr. OZELL put out his *Monthly Amusement*; which is still continued: and as it is generally some French novel or play indifferently translated, it is more or less taken notice of, as the original piece is more or less agreeable.

As to our Weekly Papers, the poor *Review* [*by DANIEL DEFOE*] is quite exhausted, and grown so very contemptible, that though he has provoked all his Brothers of the Quill round, none of them will enter into a controversy with him. This fellow, who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning, is a lively instance of those Wits who, as an ingenious author says, "will endure but one skimming" [!].

The *Observator* was almost in the same condition; but since our party struggles have run so high, he is much mended for the better: which is imputed to the charitable assistance of some outlying friends.

These two authors might however have flourished some time longer, had not the controversy been taken up by abler hands.

The *Examiner* is a paper which all men, who speak without prejudice, allow to be well written. Though his subject will admit of no great variety, he is continually placing it in so many different lights, and endeavouring to inculcate the same thing by so many beautiful changes of expression, that men who are concerned in no Party, may read him with pleasure. His way of assuming the Question in debate is extremely artful; and his *Letter to Crassus* is, I think, a masterpiece. As these Papers are supposed to have been written by several hands, the critics will tell you that they can discern a difference in their styles and beauties; and pretend to observe that the first *Examiners* abound chiefly in Wit, the last in Humour.

Soon after their first appearance, came out a Paper from the other side, called the *Whig Examiner*, written with so much fire, and in so excellent a style, as put the Tories in no small pain for their favourite hero. Every one cried, "*BICKERSTAFF* must be the author!" and people were the more confirmed in this opinion, upon its being so soon laid down. which seemed to shew that it was only written to

bind the *Examiners* to their good behaviour, and was never designed to be a Weekly Paper.

The *Examiners*, therefore, have no one to combat with, at present, but their friend the *Medley*: the author of which Paper, though he seems to be a man of good sense, and expresses it luckily now and then, is, I think, for the most part, perfectly a stranger to fine writing.

I presume I need not tell you that the *Examiner* carries much the more sail, as it is supposed to be written by the direction, and under the eye of some Great Persons who sit at the helm of affairs, and is consequently looked on as a sort of Public Notice which way they are steering us.

The reputed author is Dr. S[WIF]T, with the assistance, sometimes, of Dr. ATT[ERBUR]Y and Mr. P[RIO]R.

The *Medley* is said to be written by Mr. OLD[MIXO]N; and supervised by Mr. MAYN[WARIN]G, who perhaps might entirely write those few Papers which are so much better than the rest.

Before I proceed further in the account of our Weekly Papers, it will be necessary to inform you that at the beginning of the winter [*on Jan. 2, 1711*], to the infinite surprise of all men, Mr. STEELE flang up his *Tatler*; and instead of *ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire*, subscribed himself RICHARD STEELE to the last of those Papers, after a handsome compliment to the Town for their kind acceptance of his endeavours to divert them.

The chief reason he thought fit to give for his leaving off writing was, that having been so long looked on in all public places and companies as the Author of those papers, he found that his most intimate friends and acquaintance were in pain to speak or act before him.

The Town was very far from being satisfied with this reason, and most people judged the true cause to be, either

That he was quite spent, and wanted matter to continue his undertaking any longer; or

That he laid it down as a sort of submission to, and composition with, the Government, for some past offences; or, lastly,

That he had a mind to vary his Shape, and appear again in some new light.

However that were, his disappearance seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity. Every one wanted so agreeable an amusement, and the Coffee-houses began to be sensible that the *Esquire*'s *Lucubrations* alone had brought them more customers, than all their other News Papers put together.

It must indeed be confessed that never man threw up his pen, under stronger temptations to have employed it longer. His reputation was at a greater height, than I believe ever any living author's was before him. It is reasonable to suppose that his gains were proportionably considerable. Every one read him with pleasure and good-will; and the Tories, in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them.

Lastly, it was highly improbable that, if he threw off a Character the ideas of which were so strongly impressed in every one's mind, however finely he might write in any new form, that he should meet with the same reception.

To give you my own thoughts of this Gentleman's Writings, I shall, in the first place, observe, that there is a noble difference between him and all the rest of our Polite and Gallant Authors. The latter have endeavoured to please the Age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices and false notions of things. It would have been a jest, some time since, for a man to have asserted that anything witty could be said in praise of a married state, or that Devotion and Virtue were any way necessary to the character of a Fine Gentleman. *BICKERSTAFF* ventured to tell the Town that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth.

Instead of complying with the false sentiments or vicious tastes of the Age—either in morality, criticism, or good breeding—he has boldly assured them, that they were altogether in the wrong; and commanded them, with an authority which perfectly well became him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for Virtue and Good Sense.

It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the Town; how many thousand follies they have either

quite banished or given a very great check to! how much countenance, they have added to Virtue and Religion! how many people they have rendered happy, by shewing them it was their own fault if they were not so! and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our young fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of Learning!

He has indeed rescued it out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the Change. Accordingly there is not a Lady at Court, nor a Banker in Lombard Street, who is not verily persuaded that Captain STEELE is the greatest Scholar and best Casuist of any man in England.

Lastly, his writings have set all our Wits and Men of Letters on a new way of Thinking, of which they had little or no notion before: and, although we cannot say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm, that every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since.

The vast variety of subjects which Mr. STEELE has treated of, in so different manners, and yet ALL so perfectly well, made the World believe that it was impossible they should all come from the same hand. This set every one upon guessing who was the *Esquire*'s friend? and most people at first fancied it must be Doctor SWIFT; but it is now no longer a secret, that his only great and constant assistant was Mr. ADDISON.

This is that excellent friend to whom Mr. STEELE owes so much; and who refuses to have his name set before those Pieces which the greatest pens in England would be proud to own. Indeed, they could hardly add to this Gentleman's reputation: whose works in Latin and English Poetry long since convinced the World, that he was the greatest Master in Europe of those two languages.

I am assured, from good hands, that all the visions, and other tracts of that way of writing, with a very great number of the most exquisite pieces of wit and raillery throughout the *Lucubrations* are entirely of this Gentleman's composing: which may, in some measure, account for that

different Genius, which appears in the winter papers, from those of the summer; at which time, as the *Examiner* often hinted, this friend of Mr. STEELE was in Ireland.

Mr. STEELE confesses in his last Volume of the *Tatlers* that he is obliged to Dr. SWIFT for his *Town Shower*, and the *Description of the Morn*, with some other hints received from him in private conversation.

I have also heard that several of those *Letters*, which came as from unknown hands, were written by Mr. HENLEY: which is an answer to your query, "Who those friends are, whom Mr. STEELE speaks of in his last *Tatler*?"

But to proceed with my account of our other papers. The expiration of *BICKERSTAFF*'s *Lucubrations* was attended with much the same consequences as the death of *MELIBŒUS*'s *Ox* in VIRGIL: as the latter engendered swarms of bees, the former immediately produced whole swarms of little satirical scribblers.

One of these authors called himself the *Growler*, and assured us that, to make amends for Mr. STEELE's silence, he was resolved to *growl* at us weekly, as long as we should think fit to give him any encouragement. Another Gentleman, with more modesty, called his paper, the *Whisperer*; and a third, to please the Ladies, christened his, the *Tell tale*.

At the same time came out several *Tatlers*; each of which, with equal truth and wit, assured us that he was the genuine *ISAAC BICKERSTAFF*.

It may be observed that when the *Esquire* laid down his pen; though he could not but foresee that several scribblers would soon snatch it up, which he might (one would think) easily have prevented: he scorned to take any further care about it, but left the field fairly open to any worthy successor. Immediately, some of our Wits were for forming themselves into a Club, headed by one Mr. HARRISON, and trying how they could shoot in this Bow of ULYSSES; but soon found that this sort of writing requires so fine and particular a manner of Thinking, with so exact a Knowledge of the World, as must make them utterly despair of success

They seemed indeed at first to think, that what was only the garnish of the former *Tatlers*, was that which recom-

mended them; and not those Substantial Entertainments which they everywhere abound in. According they were continually talking of their *Maid, Night Cap, Spectacles*, and CHARLES LILLIE. However there were, now and then, some faint endeavours at Humour and sparks of Wit: which the Town, for want of better entertainment, was content to hunt after, through a heap of impertinences; but even those are, at present, become wholly invisible and quite swallowed up in the blaze of the *Spectator*.

You may remember, I told you before, that one cause assigned for the laying down the *Tatler* was, Want of Matter; and, indeed, this was the prevailing opinion in Town: when we were surprised all at once by a paper called the *Spectator*, which was promised to be continued every day; and was written in so excellent a style, with so nice a judgment, and such a noble profusion of Wit and Humour, that it was not difficult to determine it could come from no other hands but those which had penned the *Lucubrations*.

This immediately alarmed these gentlemen, who, as it is said Mr. STEELE phrases it, had "the Censorship in Commission." They found the new *Spectator* came on like a torrent, and swept away all before him. They despaired ever to equal him in Wit, Humour, or Learning; which had been their true and certain way of opposing him: and therefore rather chose to fall on the Author; and to call out for help to all good Christians, by assuring them again and again that they were the First, Original, True, and Undisputed *ISAAC BICKERSTAFF*.

Meanwhile, the *Spectator*, whom we regard as our Shelter from that flood of false wit and impertinence which was breaking in upon us, is in every one's hands; and a constant topic for our morning conversation at tea-tables and coffee-houses. We had at first, indeed, no manner of notion how a diurnal paper could be continued in the spirit and style of our present *Spectators*: but, to our no small surprise, we find them still rising upon us, and can only wonder from whence so prodigious a run of Wit and Learning can proceed; since some of our best judges seem to think that they have hitherto, in general, outshone even the *Esquire*'s first *Tatlers*.

Most people fancy, from their frequency, that they must be

composed by a Society: I withal assign the first places to Mr. STEELE and his Friend.

I have often thought that the conjunction of those two great Geniuses, who seem to stand in a class by themselves, so high above all our other Wits, resembled that of two statesmen in a late reign, whose characters are very well expressed in their two mottoes, viz., *Prodesse quam conspici* [?], and *Otium cum dignitate* [EDWARD MONTAGU, Earl of HALIFAX]. Accordingly the first [*ADDISON*] was continually at work behind the curtain, drew up and prepared all those schemes, which the latter still drove on, and stood out exposed to the World, to receive its praises or censures.

Meantime, all our unbiassed well-wishers to Learning are in hopes that the known Temper and prudence of one of these Gentlemen will hinder the other from ever lashing out into Party, and rendering that Wit, which is at present a common good, odious and ungrateful to the better part of the Nation [*by which, of course, GAY meant the Tories*].

If this piece of imprudence does not spoil so excellent a Paper, I propose to myself the highest satisfaction in reading it with you, over a dish of tea, every morning next winter.

As we have yet had nothing new since the *Spectator*, it only remains for me to assure you, that I am

Yours, &c.,

J[OHN]. G[AY].

Westminster, May 3, 1711.

POSTCRIPT.

Upon a review of my letter, I find I have quite forgotten the *British Apollo*; which might possibly have happened, from its having, of late, retreated out of this end of the Town into the country: where, I am informed however, that it still recommends itself by deciding wagers at cards, and giving good advice to shopkeepers and their apprentices.

FINIS.

THOMAS TICKELL.

Life of JOSEPH ADDISON.

[*Preface* to first edition of ADDISON'S *Works* 1721]

JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of LANCELOT ADDISON, D.D., and of JANE, the daughter of NATHANIEL GULSTON, D.D., and sister of Dr. WILLIAM GULSTON, Bishop of BRISTOL, was born at Milston, near Ambrosebury, in the county of Wilts, in the year 1671.

His father, who was of the county of Westmoreland, and educated at Queen's College in Oxford, passed many years in his travels through Europe and Africa; where he joined to the uncommon and excellent talents of Nature, a great knowledge of Letters and Things: of which, several books published by him, are ample testimonies. He was Rector of Milston, above mentioned, when Mr. ADDISON, his eldest son, was born: and afterwards became Archdeacon of Coventry, and Dean of Lichfield.

Mr. ADDISON received his first education at the *Chartreuse* [*Charterhouse School in London*]; from whence he was removed very early to Queen's College, in Oxford. He had been there about two years, when the accidental sight of a Paper of his verses, in the hands of Dr. LANCASTER, then Dean of that House, occasioned his being elected into Magdalen College.

He employed his first years in the study of the old Greek and Roman Writers; whose language and manner he caught, at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent, or a genteel air.

An early acquaintance with the Classics is what may be called the Good Breeding of Poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth; but is seldom, or never, hit by those who would learn it too late.

He first distinguished himself by his Latin compositions, published in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*: and was admired as one of the best Authors since the Augustan Age, in the two universities and the greatest part of Europe, before he was talked of as a Poet in Town.

There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of Wit, and to civilize the Fancy. The generality of our old English Poets abound in forced conceits and affected phrases; and even those who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. ADDISON's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a great demand for Correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient Models, and familiarized to Propriety of Thought and Chastity of Style.

Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur BOILEAU first conceived an opinion of the English Genius for Poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among the civilities he shewed Mr. ADDISON on that occasion, affirmed that he would not have written against PERRAULT, had he before seen such excellent Pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent, and unworthy [of] BOILEAU! whose dispute with PERRAULT turned chiefly upon some passages in the Ancients, which he rescued from the misinterpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was that those books had given him a very new Idea of the English Politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, that professed the Roman Genius in so eminent a degree.

The first English performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses *To Mr. DRYDEN*, with a view particularly to his Translations.

This was soon followed by a Version of the fourth *Georgic* of VIRGIL; of which Mr. DRYDEN makes very honourable mention in the *Postscript* to his own Translation of VIRGIL's *Works*: wherein, I have often wondered that he did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. ADDISON, for giving the *Essay upon the Georgics*, prefixed to Mr. DRYDEN's

Translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong Author, I have taken care to insert it in this Collection of his *Works*.

Of some other copies of Verses, printed in the *Miscellanies* while he was young, the largest is *An Account of the greatest English Poets*; in the close of which, he insinuates a design he then had of going into Holy Orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the Priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of Virtue and Religion; in the cause of which, he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The World became insensibly reconciled to Wisdom and Goodness, when they saw them recommended by him, with at least as much Spirit and Elegance as they had been ridiculed [with] for half a century.

He was in his twenty-eighth year [1699], when his inclination to see France and Italy was encouraged by the great Lord Chancellor SOMERS, one of that kind of patriots who think it no waste of the Public Treasure, to purchase Politeness to their country. His Poem upon one of King WILLIAM's Campaigns, addressed to his Lordship, was received with great humanity; and occasioned a message from him to the Author, to desire his acquaintance.

He soon after obtained, by his Interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhance its value; nothing could be more honourable to a young Man of Learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a Patron.

How well Mr. ADDISON answered the expectations of my Lord SOMERS, cannot appear better than from the book of *Travels*, he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an

Account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several Governments in Italy, reflections upon the Genius of the people, a Map [*description*] of the Provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed! when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a Journal of Poetical Travels, with Remarks on the present picture of the country compared with the landskips [*landscapes*] drawn by Classic Authors, and others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the Volume which make more than half of it, and wondering how an Author who seems to have so solid an understanding when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are indeed but few men so fond of the Ancients, as to be transported with every little accident which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing Annotations upon an old Roman Poem, gathered from the hills and valleys where it was written. The Tiber and the Po serve to explain the verses which were made upon their banks; and the Alps and Apennines are made Commentators on those Authors, to whom they were subjects, so many centuries ago.

Next to personal conversation with the Writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense; a compendious and engaging kind of Criticism which convinces at first sight, and shews the vanity of conjectures made by Antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of Polite Literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the Perfect Models of it; and the Learned World will think some years of a man's life not misspent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this Performance, by observing that the fame of it increased from year to year; and the demand for copies was so urgent, that their price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The *Letter from Italy* to my Lord HALIFAX may be considered as the Text, upon which the book of *Travels* is a large Comment; and has been esteemed by those who have a relish for Antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical per-

formances. A Translation of it, by Signor SALVINI, Professor of the Greek tongue, at Florence, is inserted in this edition; not only on account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country, which is the subject of the Poem.

The materials for the *Dialogues upon Medals*, now first printed from a manuscript of the Author, were collected in the native country of those coins. The book itself was begun to be cast in form, at Vienna; as appears from a letter to Mr. STEPNEY, then Minister at that Court, dated in November, 1702.

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr. ADDISON had designed to return to England; when he received advice from his friends that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince EUGENE, who had just begun the war in Italy, as Secretary from His Majesty. But an account of the death of King WILLIAM, which he met with at Geneva, put an end to that thought: and, as his hopes of advancement in his own country, were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of her late Majesty's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of Germany, in his way home.

He remained, for some time after his return to England, without any public employment: which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of MARLBOROUGH arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all Europe from slavery; and furnished Mr. ADDISON with a subject worthy of that Genius which appears in his Poem, called *The Campaign*.

The Lord Treasurer GODOLPHIN, who was a fine judge of poetry, had a sight of this Work when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the Angel; and approved of the Poem, by bestowing on the Author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. [JOHN] LOCKE to the Council of Trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under Secretary, which he held under Sir CHARLES HEDGES, and the present Earl of SUNDERLAND. The opera of *Rosamond* was written while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the Music, which, as the Italian taste at that time began wholly to prevail, was thought sufficient inexcusable, because it was the composition of an Englishman; the Poetry of this Piece has given

as much pleasure in the closet, as others have afforded from the Stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The Comedy called *The Tender Husband* appeared much about the same time; to which Mr. ADDISON wrote the *Prologue*. Sir RICHARD STEELE surprised him with a very handsome *Dedication* of his Play; and has since acquainted the Public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it, to Mr. ADDISON.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquis of WHARTON, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the year 1709. As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life, which do not regard him as an Author; I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired, by his turn for business, and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments.

It must not be omitted here, that the salary of Keeper of the Records in Ireland was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour.

He was in that Kingdom, when he first discovered Sir RICHARD STEELE to be the Author of the *Tatler*, by an observation upon *VIRGIL*, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards, in the course of the Paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the Change of the Ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that Work: which, however, was dropped at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last Paper, which closed those celebrated Performances, and in the *Preface* to the last Volume, Sir RICHARD STEELE has given to Mr. ADDISON, the honour of the most applauded Pieces in that Collection. But as that acknowledgement was delivered only in general terms, without directing the Public to the several Papers; Mr. ADDISON (who was content with the praise arising from his own Works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others), afterwards, thought fit to distinguish his Writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians*, by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers.

It was necessary that his share in the *Tatlers* should be adjusted in a complete Collection of his *Works*: for which reason, Sir RICHARD STEELE, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the Editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand, those *Tatlers*, which are inserted in this edition; and even to point out several, in the writing of which, they were both concerned.

The Plan of the *Spectator*, as far as regards the feigned Person of the Author, and of the several Characters that compose his Club, was projected in concert with Sir RICHARD STEELE. And because many passages in the course of the Work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single Paper written by Sir RICHARD STEELE, wherein those Characters are drawn; which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole.

As for the distinct Papers, they were never or seldom shewn to each other, by their respective Authors; who fully answered the Promise they had made, and far outwent the Expectation they had raised, of pursuing their Labour in the same Spirit and Strength with which it was begun.

It would have been impossible for Mr. ADDISON (who made little or no use of letters sent in, by the numerous correspondents of the *Spectator*) to have executed his large share of his task in so exquisite a manner; if he had not engrafted into it many Pieces that had lain by him, in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the Essays upon *Wit*, the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the *Critique upon MILTON*, and some others: which I thought to have connected in a continued Series in this Edition, though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing then; I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of *CATO* appeared in public in the year 1713; when the greatest part of the last *Act* was added by the Author, to the foregoing which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this sub-

ject, when he was very young at the University; and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the Stage, until his friends of the first Quality and Distinction prevailed on him, to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the Doctrine of Liberty very seasonable.

It is in everybody's memory, with what applause it was received by the Public; that the first run of it lasted for a month, and then stopped only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part.

The Author received a message that the Queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her: but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged, by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the World without any *Dedication*.

The fame of this tragedy soon spread through Europe; and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of Christendom. The Translation of it into Italian by Signor SALVINI is very well known: but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor VALETTA, a young Neapolitan Nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the Death of SOCRATES would have been the story. And, however unpromising that subject may appear; it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the noblest plants from the most barren soil It serves to shew that he thought the whole labour of such a Performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those Intrigues and Adventures, to which the romantic taste has confined Modern Tragedy: and, after the example of his predecessors in Greece, would have employed the Drama *to wear out of our minds everything that is mean or little, to cherish and cultivate that Humanity which is the ornament of our nature, to soften Insolence, to soothe Affliction, and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of Providence.* (*Spectator.* No. 39.)

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Justices, in whom the Administration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary.

Soon after His Majesty's arrival in Great Britain, the

Earl of SUNDERLAND, being constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Mr. ADDISON became, a second time, Secretary for the Affairs of that Kingdom: and was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, a little after his Lordship resigned the post of Lord Lieutenant.

The Paper called the *Freeholder*, was undertaken at the time when the Rebellion broke out in Scotland.

The only Works he left behind for the Public, are the *Dialogues upon medals*, and the Treatise upon the *Christian Religion*. Some account has been already given of the former: to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the Latin quotations were rendered into English in a very hasty manner by the Editor and one of his friends who had the good nature to assist him, during his avocations of business. It was thought better to add these translations, such as they are; than to let the Work come out unintelligible to those who do not possess the learned languages.

The Scheme for the Treatise upon the *Christian Religion* was formed by the Author, about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time. he carefully perused the ancient Writings, which furnish the materials for it. His continual employment in business prevented him from executing it, until he resigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design: he having proposed, as appears from the Introduction, to add the Jewish to the Heathen testimonies for the truth of the Christian History. He was more assiduous than his health would well allow, in the pursuit of this Work: and had long determined to dedicate his Poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects.

Soon after, he was, from being one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State; he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition; which continued often, to afflict him during his exercise of that employment: and, at last, obliged him to beg His Majesty's leave to resign.

His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years: but (whether it were from a life too

sedentary; or from his natural constitution, in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulse) a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsy deprived the World of this great man, on the 17th of June, 1719.

He left behind him only one daughter, by the Countess of WARWICK; to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his Writings, and at the same time committed to my care the *Letter* addressed *to Mr. CRAGGS*, his successor as Secretary of State, wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship.

Such a testimony, from the First Man of our Age, in such a point of time, will be perhaps as great and lasting an honour to that Gentleman as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet it is no more than was due from an affection that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several years. I cannot, save with the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern with which Mr. ADDISON left Me as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny myself the honour to acknowlege that the goodness of that Great Man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed, as continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him which came recommended to Mr. ADDISON.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these Last Commands of the Author, than to see the Person to whom his Works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high Office wherein he had succeeded Mr. ADDISON, to be laid next him, in the same grave? I might dwell upon such thoughts as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names probably will be seldom mentioned asunder while either our Language or Story subsist; were I not afraid of making this *Preface* too tedious: especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses.

[TICKELL's Poem on ADDISON, or "Prose in rhyme," as it is called at p. 536, is omitted as not relating to the Controversy between him and STEELE.]

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Dedicatory Epistle to WILLIAM CONGREVE.

[This Dedication is prefixed to the Second Edition of ADDISON's *Drummer*, 1722]

To Mr. CONGREVE:
occasioned by Mr. TICKELL's *Preface* to the four volumes of Mr. ADDISON's *Works*.

SIR,

THIS is the second time that I have, without your leave, taken the liberty to make a public address to you.

However uneasy you may be, for your own sake, in receiving compliments of this nature, I depend upon your known humanity for pardon; when I acknowledge that you have this present trouble, for mine. When I take myself to be ill treated with regard to my behaviour to the merit of other men; my conduct towards you is an argument of my candour that way, as well as that your name and authority will be my protection in it. You will give me leave therefore, in a matter that concerns us in the Poetical World, to make you my judge whether I am not injured in the highest manner! for with men of your taste and delicacy, it is a high crime and misdemeanour to be guilty of anything that is disingenuous. But I will go into my matter.

Upon my return from Scotland, I visited Mr. TONSON's shop, and thanked him for his care in sending to my house, the Volumes of my dear and honoured friend Mr. ADDISON; which are, at last, published by his Secretary, Mr. TICKELL: but took occasion to observe, that I had not seen the Work before it came out; which he did not think fit to excuse any otherwise than by a recrimination, that I had put into his hands, at a high price, a Comedy called *The*

Drummer; which, by my zeal for it, he took to be written by Mr. ADDISON, and of which, after his [*ADDISON's*] death, he said, I directly acknowleged he was the author.

To urge this hardship still more home, he produced a receipt under my hand, in these words—

March 12, 1715[–16].

Received then, the sum of Fifty Guineas for the Copy [copy-right] *of the Comedy called*, The Drummer or the Haunted House. *I say, received by order of the Author of the said Comedy,* *RICHARD STEELE.*

and added, at the same time, that since Mr. TICKELL had not thought fit to make that play a part of Mr. ADDISON's *Works*; he would sell the Copy to any bookseller that would give most for it [*i.e., TONSON threw the onus of the authenticity of the* Drummer *on STEELE*].

This is represented thus circumstantially, to shew how incumbent it is upon me, as well in justice to the bookseller, as for many other considerations, to produce this Comedy a second time [*It was first printed in* 1716] ; and take this occasion to vindicate myself against certain insinuations thrown out by the Publisher [*THOMAS TICKELL*] of Mr. ADDISON's Writings, concerning my behaviour in the nicest circumstance—that of doing justice to the Merit of my Friend.

I shall take the liberty, before I have ended this Letter, to say why I believe the *Drummer* a performance of Mr. ADDISON: and after I have declared this, any surviving writer may be at ease; if there be any one who has hitherto been vain enough to hope, or silly enough to fear, it may be given to himself.

Before I go any further, I must make my Public Appeal to you and all the Learned World, and humbly demand, Whether it was a decent and reasonable thing, that Works written, as a great part of Mr. ADDISON's were, in correspondence [*coadjutorship*] with me, ought to have been published without my review of the Catalogue of them ; or if there were any exception to be made against any circumstance in my conduct, Whether an opportunity to explain myself should not have been allowed me, before any Reflections were made on me in print.

When I had perused Mr. TICKELL's *Preface*, I had soon

so many objections, besides his omission to say anything of the *Drummer*, against his long-expected performance: the chief intention of which (and which it concerns me first to examine) seems to aim at doing the deceased Author justice, against me! whom he insinuates to have assumed to myself, part of the merit of my friend.

He is pleased, Sir, to express himself concerning the present Writer, in the following manner—

The Comedy called The Tender Husband, *appeared much about the same time; to which Mr.* ADDISON *wrote the* Prologue: *Sir* RICHARD STEELE *surprised him with a very handsome* Dedication *of this Play; and has since acquainted the Public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it, to Mr.* ADDISON. Mr. TICKELL'S *Preface.* Pag. 11 [*see p.* 518].

He was in that Kingdom [Ireland], *when he first discovered Sir* RICHARD STEELE *to be the Author of the* Tatler, *by an observation upon* VIRGIL, *which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards, in the course of the Paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the Change of the Ministry* [in the autumn of 1710], *he found leisure to engage more constantly in that Work: which, however, was dropped at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.*

In the last Paper which closed those celebrated Performances, and in the Preface *to the last Volume, Sir* RICHARD STEELE *has given to Mr.* ADDISON, *the honour of the most applauded Pieces in that Collection. But as that acknowledgement was delivered only in general terms, without directing the Public to the several Papers; Mr.* ADDISON (*who was content with the praise arising from his own Works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others*), *afterwards thought fit to distinguish his Writings in the* Spectators *and* Guardians *by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the* Tatlers *should be adjusted in a complete Collection of his* Works: *for which reason, Sir* RICHARD STEELE, *in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the Editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand, those* Tatlers *which are inserted in this edition; and even to point out several, in the writing of which, they both were concerned.* Pag. 12 [*see p.* 518, 519].

The Plan of the Spectator, *as far as it related to the feigned Person of the Author, and of the several Characters that compose his Club, was projected in concert with Sir* RICHARD STEELE: *and because many passages in the course of the Work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one Paper written by Sir* RICHARD STEELE, *wherein those Characters are drawn; which may serve as a* Dramatis Personæ, *or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct Papers, they were never or seldom shewn to each other, by their respective Authors; who fully answered the Promise they made, and far outwent the Expectation they had raised, of pursuing their Labour in the same Spirit and Strength with which it was begun.* Page 13 [*see p* 519].

It need not be explained that it is here intimated, that I had not sufficiently acknowledged what was due to Mr. ADDISON in these Writings. I shall make a full Answer to what seems intended by the words, *He was too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others*; if I can recite out of my own Papers, anything that may make it appear groundless.

The subsequent [*following*] encomiums bestowed by me on Mr. ADDISON will, I hope, be of service to me in this particular.

But I have only one Gentleman, who will be nameless, *to thank for any frequent assistance to me: which indeed it would have been barbarous in him, to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood; considering the great Ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining Pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of Genius, Humour, Wit, and Learning, that I fared like a distressed Prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary! When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.*

The same Hand wrote the distinguishing Characters of Men and Women under the names of Musical Instruments, *the* Distress of the News-Writers, *the* Inventory of the Play House, *and the* Description of the Thermometer; *which I cannot but look upon, as the greatest embellishments of this Work. Pref* to the 4th Vol. of the *Tatlers.*

As to the Work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value: but I should err against that candour which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own

that the most approved Pieces in it were written by others; and those, which have been most excepted against by myself. The Hand that has assisted me in those noble Discourses upon the Immortality of the Soul, the Glorious Prospects of another Life, and the most sublime ideas of Religion and Virtue, is a person, who is too fondly my friend ever to own them: but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge, at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of Wit and Humour in all Mr. BICKERSTAFF's Lucubrations, *are those for which he is also beholden to him.* *Tatler*, No. 271.

I hope the Apology I have made as to the license allowable to a feigned Character may excuse anything which has been said in these Discourses of the Spectator *and his Works. But the imputation of the grossest vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some account by what means I was enabled to keep up the Spirit of so long and approved a performance. All the Papers marked with a* C, L, I, *or* O—*that is to say, all the Papers* which I have distinguished *by any letter in the name of the Muse C L I O—were given me by the Gentleman, of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the* Preface *and concluding Leaf of the* Tatler. *I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing.*

I remember, when I finished the Tender Husband; *I told him, there was nothing I so ardently wished as that we might, some time or other, publish a Work written by us both; which should bear the name of the Monument, in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, were as honorary to that sacred name, as Learning, Wit, and Humanity render those Pieces, which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his.*

When the Play above mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I had never publicly acknowledged them.

After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish Dramatic as well as other Writings, he has by him; I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this head, by giving the reader this hint for the better judgement of my productions: that the best Comment upon them would be, an Account when the Patron [i.e., ADDISON] *to the* Tender Husband *was in England or abroad* [i.e., Ireland]. *Spectator*, No 555

My purpose in this Application is only to shew the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. *Dedication* before the *Tender Husband*

I am sure, you have read my quotations with indignation against the little [*petty*] zeal which prompted the Editor (who by the way, has himself done nothing in applause of the Works which he prefaces) to the mean endeavour of adding to Mr. ADDISON, by disparaging a man who had (for the greatest part of his life) been his known bosom friend, and shielded him from all the resentments which many of his own Works would have brought upon him, at the time they were written It is really a good office to Society, to expose the indiscretion of Intermedlers int he friendship and correspondence [*coadjutorship*] of men, whose sentiments, passions, and resentments are too great for their proportion of soul!

Could the Editor's indiscretion provoke me, even so far as (within the rules of strictest honour) I could go, and I were not restrained by supererogatory affection to dear Mr. ADDISON, I would ask this unskilful Creature, What he means, when he speaks in an air of a reproach, *that the* Tatler *was laid down as it was taken up, without his participation*? Let him speak out and say, why *without his knowledge* would not serve his purpose as well!

If, as he says, he restrains himself to "Mr. ADDISON's character as a Writer;" while he attempts to lessen me, he exalts me! for he has declared to all the World what I never have so explicitly done, that I am, to all intents and purposes, *the Author of the* Tatler! He very justly says, the occasional assistance Mr. ADDISON gave me. in the course of that Paper, "did not a little contribute to advance its reputation, especially when, upon the Change of Ministry [*August*, 1710], he found leisure to engage more constantly in it." It was advanced indeed! for it was raised to a greater thing than I intended it! For the elegance, purity, and correctness which appeared in his Writings were not so much my purpose; as (in any intelligible manner, as I could) to rally all those Singularities of human life, through the different Professions and Characters in it, which obstruct anything that was truly good and great.

After this Acknowledgement, you will see; that is, such a man as you will see, that I rejoiced in being excelled! and made those little talents (whatever they are) which I have, give way and be subservient to the superior qualities of a Friend, whom I loved! and whose modesty would never have admitted them to come into daylight, but under such a shelter.

So that all which the Editor has said (either out of design, or incapacity), Mr. CONGREVE! must end in this: that STEELE has been so candid and upright, that he owes nothing to Mr. ADDISON as a Writer; but whether he do, or does not, whatever STEELE owes to Mr. ADDISON, the Public owe ADDISON to STEELE!

But the Editor has such a fantastical and ignorant zeal for his Patron, that he will not allow his correspondents [*coadjutors*] to conceal anything of his; though in obedience to his commands!

What I never did declare was Mr. ADDISON's, I had his direct injunctions to hide; against the natural warmth and passion of my own temper towards my friends.

Many of the Writings now published as his, I have been very patiently traduced and culminated for, as they were pleasantries and oblique strokes upon certain of the wittiest men of the Age: who will now restore me to their goodwill, in proportion to the abatement of [the] Wit which they thought I employed against them.

But I was saying, that the Editor won't allow us to obey his Patron's commands in anything which he thinks would redound to his credit, if discovered. And because I would shew a little Wit in my anger, I shall have the discretion to shew you that he has been guilty, in this particular, towards a much greater man than your humble servant, and one whom you are much more obliged to vindicate.

Mr. DRYDEN, in his *VIRGIL*, after having acknowledged that a "certain excellent young man" [*i.e.*, *W. CONGREVE himself*] had shewed him many faults in his translation of *VIRGIL*, which he had endeavoured to correct, goes on to say, "Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straightened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the *Life of VIRGIL*, the two *Prefaces* to the *Pastorals* and the *Georgics*, and all the Arguments

in prose to the whole Translation." If Mr. ADDISON is one of the two friends, and the *Preface* to the *Georgics* be what the Editor calls the *Essay upon the Georgics* as one may adventure to say they are, from their being word for word the same, he has cast an inhuman reflection upon Mr. DRYDEN: who, though tied down not to name Mr. ADDISON, pointed at him so as all Mankind conservant in these matters knew him, with an eulogium equal to the highest merit, considering who it was that bestowed it. I could not avoid remarking upon this circumstance, out of justice to Mr. DRYDEN: but confess, at the same time, I took a great pleasure in doing it; because I knew, in exposing this outrage, I made my court to Mr. CONGREVE.

I have observed that the Editor will not let me or any one else obey Mr. ADDISON'S commands, in hiding anything he desired to be concealed.

I cannot but take further notice, that the circumstance of marking his *Spectators* [*with the letters C, L, I, O,*], which I did not know till I had done with the Work; I made my own act! because I thought it too great a sensibility in my friend; and thought it (since it was done) better to be supposed marked by me than the Author himself. The real state of which, this zealot rashly and injudiciously exposes! I ask the reader, Whether anything but an earnestness to disparage me could provoke the Editor, in behalf of Mr. ADDISON, to say that he marked it out of caution against me: when I had taken upon me to say, it was I that did it! out of tenderness to him.

As the imputation of any the Least Attempt of arrogating to myself, or detracting from Mr. ADDISON, is without any Colour of Truth: you will give me leave to go on in the same ardour towards him, and resent the cold, unaffectionate, dry, and barren manner, in which this Gentleman gives an Account of as great a Benefactor as any one Learned Man ever had of another. Would any man, who had been produced from a College life, and pushed into one of the most considerable Employments of the Kingdom as to its weight and trust, and greatly lucrative with respect to a Fellowship [*i.e., of a College*]: and who had been daily and hourly with one of the greatest men of the Age, be satisfied with himself, in saying *nothing* of such a Person besides what all the World knew!

except a particularity (and that to his disadvantage!) which I, his friend from a boy, don't know to be true, to wit, that "he never had a regular pulse"!

As for the facts, and considerable periods of his life, he either knew nothing of them, or injudiciously places them in a worse light than that in which they really stood.

When he speaks of Mr. ADDISON's declining to go into Orders, his way of doing it is to lament *his seriousness and modesty*, which might have recommended him, *proved the chief obstacles to it, it seems these qualities, by which the Priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendered him still more worthy of that honour which they made him decline.* These, you know very well! were not the Reasons which made Mr. ADDISON turn his thoughts to the civil World; and, as you were the instrument of his becoming acquainted with my Lord HALIFAX, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble Lord made to the Head of the College, not to insist upon Mr. ADDISON's going into Orders. His arguments were founded on the general pravity [*depravity*] and corruption of men of business [*public men*] who wanted liberal education. And I remember, as if I read the letter yesterday, that my Lord ended with a compliment, that "however he might be represented as no friend to the Church, he would never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. ADDISON out of it!"

The contention for this man in his early youth, among the people of greatest power; Mr. Secretary TICKELL, the Executor for his Fame, is pleased to ascribe to "a serious visage and modesty of behaviour."

When a Writer is grossly and essentially faulty, it were a jest to take notice of a false expression or a phrase, otherwise *Priesthood* in that place, might be observed upon; as a term not used by the real well-wishers to Clergymen, except when they would express some solemn act, and not when that Order is spoken of as a Profession among Gentlemen. I will not therefore busy myself about the "unconcerning parts of knowledge, but be content like a reader of plain sense without politeness." And since Mr. Secretary will give us no account of this Gentleman, I admit "the Alps and Apennines" instead of the Editor, to be "Commentators of his Works," which, as the Editor says, "have raised a demand for correctness."

This "demand," by the way, ought to be more strong upon those who were most about him, and had the greatest advantage of his example. But as our Editor says, "that those who come nearest to exactness are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection."

Believe me, Sir, Mr. ADDISON's example will carry no man further than that height for which Nature capacitated him: and the affectation of following great men in works above the genius of their imitators, will never rise farther than the production of uncommon and unsuitable ornaments in a barren discourse, like flowers upon a heath, such as the Author's phrase of "something better than perfection."

But in his *Preface*, if ever anything was, is that "something better:" for it is so extraordinary, that we cannot say, it is too long or too short, or deny but that it is both. I think I abstract myself from all manner of prejudice when I aver that no man, though without any obligation to Mr. ADDISON, would have represented him in his family and in his friendships, or his personal character, so disadvantageously as his Secretary (in preference of whom, he incurred the warmest resentments of other Gentlemen) has been pleased to describe him in those particulars.

Mr. Dean ADDISON, father of this memorable Man, left behind him four children, each of whom, for excellent talents and singular preferments, was as much above the ordinary World as their brother JOSEPH was above them. Were things of this nature to be exposed to public view, I could shew under the Dean's own hand, in the warmest terms, his blessing on the friendship between his son and me; nor had he a child who did not prefer me in the first place of kindness and esteem, as their father loved me like one of them: and I can with pleasure say, I never omitted any opportunity of shewing that zeal for their persons and Interests as became a Gentleman and a Friend.

Were I now to indulge myself, I could talk a great deal to you, which I am sure would be entertaining: but as I am speaking at the same time to all the World, I consider it would be impertinent.

Let me then confine myself awhile to the following Play [*The Drummer*], which I at first recommended to the Stage, and carried to the Press.

No one who reads the *Preface* which I published with it, will imagine I could be induced to say so much, as I then did, had I not known the man I best loved had had a part in it; or had I believed that any other concerned had much more to do than as an amanuensis.

But, indeed, had I not known at the time of the transaction concerning the acting on the Stage and the sale of the Copy; I should, I think, have seen Mr. ADDISON in every page of it! For he was above all men in that talent we call Humour; and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from the World, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of TERENCE and CATULLUS, who had all their Wit and Nature heightened with Humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.

They who shall read this Play, after being let into the secret that it was written by Mr. ADDISON or under his direction, will probably be attentive to those excellencies which they before overlooked, and wonder they did not till now observe that there is not an expression in the whole Piece which has not in it the most nice propriety and aptitude to the Character which utters it. Here is that smiling Mirth, that delicate Satire and genteel Raillery, which appeared in Mr. ADDISON when he was free among intimates; I say, when he was free from his *remarkable* bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit: and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.

The *Drummer* made no great figure on the Stage, though exquisitely well acted: but when I observe this, I say a much harder thing of the Stage, than of the Comedy.

When I say the Stage in this place, I am understood to mean, in general, the present Taste of theatrical representations: where nothing that is not violent, and as I may say, grossly delightful, can come on, without hazard of being condemned or slighted.

It is here republished, and recommended as a closet piece [*i.e., for private reading*], to recreate an intelligent mind in a

vacant hour: for vacant the reader must be, from every strong prepossession, in order to relish an entertainment, *quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*, which cannot be enjoyed to the degree it deserves, but by those of the most polite Taste among Scholars, the best Breeding among Gentlemen, and the least acquainted with sensual Pleasure among the Ladies.

The Editor [*THOMAS TICKELL*] is pleased to relate concerning *CATO*, that a Play under that design was projected by the Author very early, and wholly laid aside; in advanced years, he reassumed the same design; and many years after Four acts were finished, he wrote the Fifth; and brought it upon the Stage.

All the Town knows, how officious I was in bringing it on, and you (that know the Town, the Theatre, and Mankind very well) can judge how necessary it was, to take measures for making a performance of that sort, excellent as it is, run into popular applause.

I promised before it was acted (and performed my duty accordingly to the Author), that I would bring together so just an audience on the First Days of it, it should be impossible for the vulgar to put its success or due applause at any hazard: but I don't mention this, only to shew how good an Aide-de-Camp I was to Mr. ADDISON; but to shew also that the Editor does as much to cloud the merit of this Work, as I did to set it forth.

Mr. TICKELL's account of its being taken up, laid down, and at last perfected, after such long intervals and pauses, would make any one believe, who did not know Mr. ADDISON, that it was accomplished with the greatest pain and labour; and the issue rather of Learning and Industry than Capacity and Genius: but I do assure you, that never Play which could bring the author any reputation for Wit and Conduct, notwithstanding it was so long before it was finished, employed the Author so little a time in writing.

If I remember right, the Fifth Act was written in less than a week's time! For this was particular in this Writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his Plan for what he designed to write; he would walk about the room and dictate it into Language, with as much freedom and ease as

any one could write it down: and attend to the Coherence and Grammar of what he dictated.

I have been often thus employed by him; and never took it into my head, though he only spoke it and I took all the pains of throwing it upon paper, that I ought to call myself the Writer of it.

I will put all my credit among men of Wit for the truth of my averment, when I presume to say that no one but Mr. ADDISON was, in any other way, the Writer of the *Drummer*.

At the same time, I will allow, that he sent for me (which he could always do, from his natural power over me, as much as he could send for any of his clerks when he was Secretary of State), and told me that a Gentleman then in the room had written a play that he was sure I would like; but it was to be a secret: and he knew I would take as much pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him.

I hope nobody will be wronged or think himself aggrieved, that I give this rejected Work [*the Comedy of* The Drummer *not included by* TICKELL *in his collected edition of* ADDISON's *Works*] where I do: and if a certain Gentleman [*TICKELL*] is injured by it, I will allow I have wronged him upon this issue; that if the reputed translator [*TICKELL*] of the *First Book of* HOMER shall please to give us another *Book*, there shall appear another good Judge in poetry, besides Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, who shall like it!

But I detain you too long upon things that are too personal to myself, and will defer giving the World a true Notion of the Character and Talents of Mr. ADDISON, till I can speak of that amiable Gentlemen on an occasion void of controversy.

I shall then perhaps say many things of him which will be new even to you, with regard to him in all parts of his Character: for which I was so zealous, that I could not be contented with praising and adorning him as much as lay in my own power; but was ever soliciting and putting my friends upon the same office.

And since the Editor [*TICKELL*] has adorned his heavy

Discourse with Prose in rhyme at the end of it, upon Mr. ADDISON's death: give me leave to atone for this long and tedious *Epistle*, by giving after it, what I dare say you will esteem, an excellent Poem on his marriage [*by Mr. WELSTED*].

I must conclude without satisfying as strong a desire, as every man had, of saying something remarkably handsome to the Person to whom I am writing: for you are so good a judge, that you would find out the Endeavourer to be witty! and therefore, as I have tired you and myself, I will be contented with assuring you, which I do very honestly, I would rather have you satisfied with me on this subject, than any other man living.

You will please pardon me, that I have, thus, laid this nice affair before a person who has the acknowledged superiority to all others; not only in the most excellent talents; but possessing them with an equanimity, candour, and benevolence which render those advantages a pleasure as great to the rest of the World as they can be to the owner of them. And since Fame consists in the Opinion of wise and good men: you must not blame me for taking the readiest way to baffle any Attempt upon my Reputation, by an Address to one, whom every wise and good man looks upon, with the greatest affection and veneration.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged,

most obedient, and

most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

LAW

IS A

Bottomless Pit.

Exemplified in the CASE of

The Lord STRUTT, JOHN BULL,

NICHOLAS FROG, and LEWIS BABOON:

Who spent all they had in a Lawsuit.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir HUMPHRY POLESWORTH.

LONDON:

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THE CONTENTS.

CHAP. I. *The Occasion of the Lawsuit...* ... ... *p.* 541

II. *How* BULL *and* FROG *grew jealous, that the Lord* STRUTT *intended to give all his custom to his grandfather* LEWIS BABOON ... ... *p.* 542

III. *A copy of* BULL *and* FROG*'s letter to Lord* STRUTT... ... ... *p.* 543

IV. *How* BULL *and* FROG *went to law with Lord* STRUTT *about the premisses, and were joined by the rest of the Tradesmen* ... ... *p.* 544

V. *The true characters of* JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, *and* HOCUS ... ... *p.* 545

VI. *Of the various success of the Lawsuit* ... ... *p.* 546

VII. *How* JOHN BULL *was so mightily pleased with his success, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer* ... ... *p.* 547

CHAP. VIII. *How* JOHN *discovered that* HOCUS *had an intrigue with his wife, and what followed thereupon* ... ... *p.* 548

IX. *How Signior* CAVALLO, *an Italian Quack, undertook to cure Mrs.* BULL *of her ulcer* .. *p.* 550

X. *Of* JOHN BULL's *second wife, and the good advice that she gave him* ... ... *p.* 552

XI. *How* JOHN *looked over his Attorney's bill* ... ... *p.* 553

XII. *How* JOHN *grew angry, resolved to accept a Composition; and what methods were practised by the lawyers for keeping him from it*... ... ... *p.* 554

XIII. *How the lawyers agreed to send Don* DIEGO DISMALLO *the Conjuror, to* JOHN BULL, *to dissuade him from making an end of his Lawsuit; and what passed between them* ... *p.* 556

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

CHAPTER I.

The Occasion of the Lawsuit.

NEED not tell you the great quarrels that have happened in our neighbourhood, since the death of the late Lord STRUTT [*the late King of Spain, CHARLES II., who died in* 1700], how the Parson [*Cardinal PORTOCARRERO*] and a cunning Attorney got him to settle his estate upon his cousin PHILIP BABOON [*the Duke of ANJOU, afterwards PHILIP V.*], to the great disappointment of his cousin, Esquire SOUTH [*the Archduke CHARLES*]. Some stick not to say, that the Parson and the Attorney forged a Will, for which they were well paid by the Family of the BABOONS [*the House of BOURBON*]. Let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of PHILIP BABOON.

You know that the Lord STRUTTS have, for many years, been possessed of a very great landed estate, well conditioned, wooded, watered; with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c., all within themselves: that it has been the misfortune of the Family, to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; and, at the same time, the not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortage their best manors. It is credibly reported, that the butcher's and baker's bills of a Lord STRUTT that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When PHILIP BABOON came first to the possession of the Lord STRUTT's estate, his Tradesmen [*the Allies*], as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him, to wish him joy, and to bespeak his custom. The two chief were JOHN BULL [*the English*] the clothier, and NIC. FROG [*the Dutch*] the linen draper. They told him, that "the BULLS and the FROGS had served the Lord STRUTTS with drapery ware for many years, that they were honest and fair dealers, that their bills had never been questioned, that the Lord STRUTTS lived generously and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters, that his Lordship might depend upon their honesty, and they would use him as kindly as they had done his predecessors."

The young Lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed with a deal of seeming content; assuring them that he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

CHAPTER II.

How BULL and FROG grew jealous, that the Lord STRUTT intended to give all his custom to his grandfather LEWIS BABOON.

IT HAPPENED, unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young Lord had an old cunning rogue, or, as the Scots call it, a "false loon" of a grandfather, that one might justly call a "JACK of all trades." Sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth; sometimes, measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware. High heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety; CHARLES MATHER could not bubble a young beau better with a toy! nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoebuckles. When shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at back-sword, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure; and challenged all the country.

You will say it is no wonder if BULL and FROG should be jealous of this fellow.

"It is not impossible," says FROG to BULL, "but this old rogue will take the management of the young Lord's business into his hands; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody, in that case. I leave you to judge, what must become of us and our families! we must starve, or turn journeymen to old LEWIS BABOON! therefore, neighbour, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord STRUTT, to know the bottom of this matter.

CHAPTER III.

A copy of BULL and FROG's letter to Lord STRUTT.

MY LORD,

I SUPPOSE your Lordship knows that the BULLS and the FROGS have served the Lord STRUTTS with all sorts of drapery ware, time out of mind; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your Lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old LEWIS BABOON: this is to inform your Lordship, that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the World by the generosity of the Lord STRUTTS. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your Lordship, that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ LEWIS BABOON, or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and destrain your goods and chattels; which, considering your Lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself: therefore we hope when your Lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of BULL's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young Lord; but JOHN naturally loved rough play.

It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord STRUTT, upon the receipt of this letter. He was not flush in "ready"

[money], either to go to law or to clear old debts; neither could he find good bail.

He offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised, upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers: but all to no purpose, for BULL and FROG saw clearly that old LEWIS would have the cheating of him!

CHAPTER IV.

How BULL and FROG went to law with Lord STRUTT about the premisses, and were joined by the rest of the Tradesmen.

ALL endeavours of accommodation between Lord STRUTT and his drapers proved vain. Jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that the Lord STRUTT had bespoke his new liveries of old LEWIS BABOON.

This coming to Mrs. BULL's ears, when JOHN BULL came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. BULL [*the late Ministry of Lord GODOLPHIN and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH*], you must know, was very apt to be choleric.

"You sot!" says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns! spend your time at billiards, nine-pins or puppet-shows! or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot! never minding me, nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord STRUTT has bespoke his liveries at LEWIS BABOON's shop! Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day; and you sit, like an idle drone, with your hands in your pockets! Fie upon it! Up man! rouse thyself! I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave!"

You must think Mrs. BULL had been pretty well tuned up by FROG; who chimed in with her learned harangue.

No further delay, now! but to Counsel learned in the Law they go! who unaminously assured them of the justice and infallible success of their Lawsuit.

I told you before, that old LEWIS BABOON was a sort of a "JACK of all trades"; which made the Tradesmen jealous, as well as BULL and FROG. They hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old LEWIS BABOON,

provided that BULL and FROG would bear the charges of the suit; even lying NED the Chimney-sweeper [*the Duke of SAVOY*], and TOM the Dustman [*the King of PORTUGAL*] put in their claims; and the Cause [*war*] was put into the hands of HUMPHRY HOCUS [*the Duke of MARLBOROUGH*] the Attorney [*the General*].

A *Declaration* was drawn up to shew, that *BULL and FROG had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord STRUTTS; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that LEWIS BABOON had taken up the trade of Clothier and Draper, without serving his time or purchasing his Freedom; that he sold goods, that were not marketable without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs, challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel-play.* And abundance more to this purpose.

CHAPTER V.

The true characters of JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, and HOCUS.

FOR the better understanding of the following History, the reader ought to know, that BULL, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper. He dreaded not old LEWIS either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered him, you might lead him like a child! JOHN's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. JOHN was quick, and understood his business very well: but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts; or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion: for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than JOHN, or spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, JOHN had acquired some "plumbs"; and might have kept them, had it not been for this unhappy Lawsuit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning sly whoreson, quite the reverse

of JOHN in many particulars: covetous, frugal, minded domestic affairs: would pine his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of High German artistes and legerdemain. No man exceeded NIC. in these. Yet it must be owned, that NIC. was a fair dealer; and, in that way, had acquired immense riches.

HOCUS [*the Duke of MARLBOROUGH*] was an old cunning Attorney. What he wanted of skill in law, was made by a Clerk which he kept [?], that was the prettiest fellow in the world. He loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper. He was *not* "worse than an Infidel"; for he provided plentifully for his family: but he loved himself better than them all. He had a termagant wife [*the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH*], and, as the neighbours said, "was plaguy henpecked!" He was seldom observed, as some Attorneys will practise, to give his own personal evidence in causes: he rather chose to do it *per test. conduct.* In a word, the man was very well for an Attorney [*General*].

CHAPTER VI.

Of the various success of the Lawsuit.

"LAW is a bottomless pit! It is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything!"

JOHN BULL was flattered by his lawyers that his suit would not last above a year or two, at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business; yet ten long years did HOCUS steer his Cause [*the war*] through all the meanders of the Law, and all the Courts: no skill, no address was wanting. And, to say truth, JOHN did not starve the cause. There wanted not "yellow boys" to fee Counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries. Lord STRUTT was generally cast, never had one verdict [*victory*] in his favour: and JOHN was promised, that the Next, and the Next, would be the *final Determination.* But, alas, that final Determination and happy conclusion were like an enchanted island: the nearer JOHN came to it, the further it went from him. New trials upon new points still arose! new doubts, new matters to be cleared! In short,

lawyers seldom part with so good a cause, till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell.

JOHN's ready money, book debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers' pockets. Then JOHN began to borrow money on *Bank Stock*, *East India Bonds*: and now and then a farm went to pot.

At last, it was thought a good expedient to set up Squire SOUTH's [*Archduke CHARLES*'] title, to prove the Will forged, and dispossess PHILIP, Lord STRUTT, at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers! and the Cause grew more intricate than ever. JOHN grew madder and madder. Wherever he met any of Lord STRUTT's servants, he tore off their clothes. Now and then, you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen.

As for old LEWIS BABOON, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other. His children were reduced from rich silks to doily stuffs. His servants were in rags and barefooted: instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck beef and bullock's liver. In short, nobody got much by the matter, but the men of law.

CHAPTER VII.

How JOHN BULL was so mightily pleased with his success, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer.

IT is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that "habit is a second nature." This was verified in the case of JOHN BULL, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the Courts of Justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench.

He was overheard, one day, talking to himself after this manner. "How capriciously does Fate or Chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man for which he is fitted by Nature! It is plain I was intended for a man of law! How did my guardians mistake my genius, in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter! Bless me! what immense estates these fellows raise by the Law! besides, it is the profession of a Gentleman. What a pleasure

it is to be victorious in a cause! to swagger at the bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade! for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be! One is never too old to learn!"

All this while, JOHN had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the Devil. These he used to bubble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffeehouses; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company, as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs of Blackwall Hall, and price of broad cloth, wool, bayes; he talked of nothing but "Actions upon the Case, Returns, *Capias*, *Alias capias*, Demurrers, *Venire facias*, Replevins, *Supersedeas*, *Certioraris*, Writs of Error, Actions of Trover and Conversion, Trespasses, *Precipes et Dedimus*."

This was matter of jest to the learned in law. However, HOCUS and the rest of the tribe, encouraged JOHN in his fancy: assuring him, that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not but, in time, he might raise money enough by it, to reimburse him of all his charges; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord Chief Justice. As for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, JOHN despised it. He looked upon them as fellows of a low genius; poor grovelling mechanics! JOHN reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have sold a bale of broad cloth.

As for NIC. FROG, to say the truth, he was more prudent: for though he followed his Lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business; but was both in Court and in his shop at the proper hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

How JOHN discovered that HOCUS had an intrigue with his wife, and what followed thereupon.

JOHN had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant wife [*the Administration of Lord GODOLPHIN*], whom HOCUS perceiving JOHN to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that HOCUS had

dealings with JOHN's wife, that were not so much for his honour: but this was perceived by JOHN a little too late.

She was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats, and balls; differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. HOCUS fed her extravagancy, and, what was still more shameful, with JOHN's own money! It is matter of fact, that upon all occasions, she ran out extravagantly on the praise of HOCUS. When JOHN used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor! one that had taken so much pains in his Lawsuit. and retrieved his Family from the oppression of old LEWIS BABOON.

A good swinging sum of JOHN's readiest cash went towards building of HOCUS's country-house [*the Vote for the building of Blenheim*]. This affair between HOCUS and Mrs. BULL was so open, that all the world were scandalized at it. JOHN was not so clodpated, but at last he took the hint.

The Parson of the parish [*Doctor SACHEVEREL*] preaching one day, a little sharply against adultery [*Resistance to Kings*], Mrs. BULL told her husband, that "he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before People of Condition;" that "HOCUS was of the same mind, and that they would join, to have him turned out of his living, for using personal reflections."

"How do you mean," says JOHN, "by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect on you!"

"No, thank God! my reputation is too well established in the world, to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouthed scoundrel as he! His doctrine tends only to make husbands [*Sovereigns*], tyrants; and wives [*Nations*], slaves. Must we be shut up, and husbands left to their liberty? Very pretty, indeed! A wife must never go abroad with a Platonic to see a play or a ball! she must never stir without her husband, nor walk in Spring Gardens with a cousin! I do say, husband! and I will stand by it, that without the innocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state! and that a wife's virtue ought to be the result of her own reason, and not of her husband's government. For my part, I would scorn a husband that would be jealous!"

All this while, JOHN's blood boiled in his veins. He was

now confirmed in his suspicions. Jade was the best word that JOHN gave her.

Things went from better to worse, until Mrs. BULL aimed a knife at JOHN; though JOHN threw a bottle at her head very brutally indeed. After this, there was nothing but confusion. Bottles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust. The result of which was, that Mrs. BULL received a bruise in her right side, of which she died half a year after [*the fall of Lord GODOLPHIN's Administration, about six months after the trial of Doctor SACHEVEREL in March*, 1710].

The bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turned into an ulcer, which made everybody shy to come near her, she smelt so; yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill could do: but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate; all regular physicians and her nearest relations having given her over.

CHAPTER IX.

How Signior CAVALLO, an Italian Quack, undertook to cure Mrs. BULL of her ulcer.

THERE is nothing so impossible in Nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm. Mrs. BULL's condition was looked upon as desperate by all Men of Art. Then Signior CAVALLO [*the Duke of SHREWSBURY*] judged it was high time for him to interpose. He bragged that he had an infallible ointment and plaster, which, being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time, he would give her a pill that would purge off all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imagination.

In spite of all Signior CAVALLO's applications, the patient grew worse. Every day she stank so, that nobody durst come within a stone's throw of her; except Signior CAVALLO and his wife, whom he sent every day to dress her, she having a very gentle, soft hand. All this while, Signior apprehended no danger.

If one asked him, "How Mrs. BULL did?"

"Better and better!" says Signior CAVALLO; the "parts heal and her constitution mends. If she submits to my Government, she will be abroad in a little time."

Nay, it is reported that he wrote to his friends in the country that "she should dance a jig [*meet the Parliament*] next October, in Westminster Hall! that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad physicians."

At last, Signior, one day, was sent for in great haste, his patient growing worse and worse.

When he came, he affirmed that "it was a gross mistake, that she was never in a fairer way. Bring hither the salve," says he, "and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial!"

As he was applying his ointments, and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost: to the confusion of Signior CAVALLO, and the great joy of BULL and his friends. Signior flang away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure that his medicines were infallible.

Mrs. BULL having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the Clergy would hardly allow her Christian burial.

The Relations had once resolved to sue JOHN for murder: but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased; they dropped their design.

She left no Will: only there was found in her strong box the following words written on a scrip of paper. "My curse on JOHN BULL and all my posterity, if ever they come to any Composition with my Lord STRUTT!"

There were many epitaphs written upon her. One was as follows,

Here lies JOHN's wife,
Plague of his life!
She spent his wealth!
She wronged his health!
And left him daughters three
As bad as She!

The daughters' names were POLEMIA [*War*], DISCORDIA [*Discord*], and USURIA [*High rate of Interest*].

CHAPTER X.

Of JOHN BULL's second wife, and the good advice that she gave him.

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and it being that neither his constitution, nor the affairs of his Family could permit him to live in an unmarried state: he resolved to get him another wife.

A cousin of his last wife was proposed; but he would have no more of that breed! In short, he wedded a sober Country Gentlewoman, of a good family, and plentiful fortune [*Queen ANNE*]: the reverse of the other in her temper. Not but that she loved money, for she was of a saving temper; and applied her fortune to pay JOHN's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and this ruinous Lawsuit had brought him into.

One day, as she had got her husband into a good humour, she talked to him after the following manner: "My Dear! since I have been your wife, I have observed great abuses and disorders in your Family. Your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably. Your cook-maid is in a combination with your butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger. Your butler purloins your liquor, and your brewer sells you hogwash. Your baker cheats, both in weight and tale [*number*]. Even your milk-woman and your nursery-maid have a fellow feeling. Your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages [*steals*] whole yards of cloth. Besides, having such long scores, and not going to market for ready money, forces us to take bad ware of the Tradesmen, at their own price. You have not posted your books these ten years. [*Lord GODOLPHIN carrying War Credits over from year to year, during the period of his Administration.*] How is it possible for a man of business to keep his affairs even in the World, at this rate? Pray God, this HOCUS be honest! Would to God, you would look over his bills, and see how matters stand between FROG and you! Prodigious sums are spent in this Lawsuit, and more must be borrowed of scriveners and usurers, at heavy interest. Besides, my Dear! let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project, of leaving your business to turn lawyer: for which, let me tell you, Nature never

designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flatter, that they may pick your pocket!"

JOHN heard all this while, with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point. Then, he broke out into a violent passion, "What, I not fit for a lawyer! Let me tell you, my clodpated relations spoilt the greatest genius in the World, when they bred me a mechanic! Lord STRUTT and his old rogue of a grandsire have found, to their cost, that I can manage a Lawsuit as well as any other."

"I do not deny what you say," says Mrs. BULL, "nor do I call in question your parts; but I say it does not suit with your circumstances. You and your predecessors have lived in good reputation among your neighbours by this same clothing trade; and it were madness to leave it off! Besides, there are few that know all the tricks and cheats of these lawyers. Does not your own experience teach you, how they have drawn you on from one Term to another; and how you have danced the round of all the Courts, still flattering you with a final issue: and, for aught I can see, your Cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven years ago."

"I'll be hanged," says JOHN, "if I accept of any Composition from STRUTT, or his Grandfather! I'll rather wheel about the streets an engine to grind knives and scissors! However, I will take your advice, and look over my accounts."

CHAPTER XI.

How JOHN looked over his Attorney's bill.

WHEN JOHN first brought out the bills [*the War Credits*], the surprise of all the Family was unexpressible, at the prodigious dimensions of them. In short, they would have measured with the best bale of cloth in JOHN's shop. Fees to Judges, *puisne* Judges, Clerks, Protonotaries, Philizers, Chirographers, Under Clerks, Proclamators, Counsel, Witnesses, Jurymen, Marshals, Tipstaffs, Cryers, Porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, *caveats*, examinations, filings of words, entries, declarations, replications, *recordats*, *nolle prosequis*, *certioraris*, *mittimus*, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, *scire facias*, *supersedeas*, *Habeas Corpus*, coach hire, treating of witnesses, &c.

"Verily," says JOHN, "there are a prodigious number of learned words in this Law; what a pretty science it is!"

"Ay, but husband! you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words! Bless me! what immense sums are at the bottom of the account!"

JOHN spent several weeks in looking over his bills, and by comparing and stating his accounts, he discovered that, besides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for Counsel that were never fee-ed, for Writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never made.

In short, that HOCUS and FROG had agreed to throw the burden of the Lawsuit upon his shoulders.

CHAPTER XII.

How JOHN grew angry, resolved to accept a Composition; and what methods were practised by the lawyers for keeping him from it.

WELL might the learned DANIEL BURGESS say, that "a Lawsuit is a suit for life!" He that sows his grain upon marble, will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This JOHN felt, by woful experience. JOHN'S Cause was a good milch cow; and many a man subsisted his family out of it.

However JOHN began to think it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country, one Sir ROGER BOLD [*ROBERT HARLEY, Earl of OXFORD*]; whose predecessors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as anybody; but having left off the profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding lawsuits amongst their neighbours: for which, they were the aversion of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys.

JOHN put his Case in Sir ROGER'S hands, desiring him to make the best of it.

The news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the rest of the Tradesmen [*the Allies*] upon JOHN. Squire SOUTH [*Archduke CHARLES*] swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded. FROG said he was highly wronged. Even NED the Chimney-sweeper [*Duke of SAVOY*] and TOM

the Dustman [*King of PORTUGAL*] complained that their Interest was sacrificed.

As for HOCUS's wife [*the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH*], she took a hackney chair, and came to JOHN's house immediately; and fell a scolding at his wife [*Queen ANNE*], like the mother of BEELZEBUB! "You silly, awkward, ill-bred, country sow, you! Have you no more manners than to rail at my husband, that has saved that clodpated, numskulled, ninny-hammer of yours from ruin, and all his Family! It is well known how he has risen early, and sat up late to make him easy; when he was sotting at every alehouse in the town! I knew his last wife! She was a woman of breeding, good-humour, and complaisance! knew how to live in the world; but as for you, you look like a puppet moved by clockwork! Your clothes hang upon you as if they were upon tenter-hooks; and you come into a room as if you were going to steal something! Get you gone into the country, to look after your mother's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the butter, and dress up nosegays for a holiday! and meddle not with matters that you know no more of, than the signpost before your door! It is well known that my husband has an established reputation! He never swore an oath, nor told a lie in all his life! He is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependents, and dutiful to his superiors! He values not your money more than the dust under his feet; but he hates to be abused! Once for all, Mrs. MYNX! leave off talking of my husband, or I will put out these saucer eyes of yours! and make that red streaked country face look as raw as an ox-cheek upon a butcher's stall! Remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking stools!" With this, away she flang; leaving Mrs. BULL no time to reply.

No stone was left unturned to fright JOHN from this Composition [*the Peace, finally settled by the treaties signed at Utrecht, on the 31st March of the next year after this tract*]. Sometimes they spread reports at the coffeehouses, that JOHN and his wife had run mad! that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to old LEWIS BABOON! that JOHN had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings! that he did nothing, from morning to night, but beat his servants; after having been the best master alive! As for his wife, she was a mere natural!

Sometimes JOHN's house was beset with a whole regiment of Attorneys' clerks, bailiffs and bailiffs' followers, and other small retainers of the law; who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself as he went along the street.

When JOHN complained of want of ready money to carry on his Suit; they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. BULL should sell her linen and wearing clothes!

CHAPTER XIII.

How the lawyers agreed to send Don DIEGO DISMALLO the Conjuror, to JOHN BULL, to dissuade him from making an end of his Lawsuit; and what passed between them.

Bull. HOw does my good friend Don DIEGO [*DANIEL FINCH, Earl of NOTTINGHAM*]?

Don. Never worse! Who can be easy, when their friends are playing the fool?

Bull. But then you may be easy, for I am resolved to play the fool no longer! I wish I had hearkened to your advice, and compounded this Lawsuit sooner.

Don. It is true, I was then against the ruinous ways of this Lawsuit; but looking over my Scheme since, I find there is an error in my calculation. Sol and Jupiter were in a wrong House, but I have now discovered their true places. I tell you I find that the stars are unanimously of opinion, that you will be successful in this Cause, that LEWIS will come to an untimely end, and STRUTT will be turned out of doors by his wife and children.

[*The Satire here is against Lord NOTTINGHAM; and the Party of the High Flyers or the Warm Gentlemen, of which he was one of the leaders. He had, while Secretary of State, in* 1703, *brought DEFOE to the Pillory: see Vol. VII.*]

Then he went on with a torrent of ecliptics, cycles, epicycles, ascendants, trines, quadrants, conjunctions, Bulls, Bears, Goats, Rams, and abundance of hard words; which being put together, signified nothing. JOHN, all this while, stood gaping and staring, like a man in a trance.

FINIS.

JOHN BULL

in his SENSES:

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir HUMPHRY POLESWORTH.

LONDON,
Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near Stationers' Hall, 1712. Price 3d.

[It appears by an advertisement in No. 16, of Volume II. of the *Examiner*, that the Second Edition of Part I. was published on the 13th March, 1712. That edition contains the following announcement.

On *Tuesday* next will be Publish'd,
JOHN BULL in his Senses: Being the
Second Part of *Law is a Bottomless Pit.*

This fixes the first appearance of Part II. to be on Tuesday, 18th March, 1712.]



THE CONTENTS.

CHAP. I. *Mrs. BULL's Vindication of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom* [Resistance to Arbitrary Power] *incumbent upon wives* [Nations] *in case of tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands* [Sovereigns]: *being a full Answer to the Doctor's* [SACHEVEREL] *Sermon against Adultery* [Resistance to Arbitrary Power] ... ... *p.* 561

II. *The two great parties of Wives, the Devotoes* [High Church] *and the Hitts* [Low Church] *p.* 563

III. *An account of the Conference between Mrs. BULL* [Queen ANNE] *and Don DIEGO DISMALLO* [Lord NOTTINGHAM] ... ... *p.* 564

The Articles of Agreement between JOHN BULL and NICHOLAS FROG ... ... *p.* 567

NICHOLAS FROG's letter to LEWIS BABOON, Master of the noble Science of Defence... ... *p.* 568

CHAP. IV. *How the Guardians of the deceased Mrs. BULL's three daughters, came to JOHN BULL, and what advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated the characters of the three daughters* ... ... *p.* 570

Also JOHN BULL's answer to the three Guardians ... ... *p.* 573

V. *Esquire SOUTH's message and letter to Mrs. BULL* ... ... *p.* 575

John Bull in his Senses.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Bull's Vindication of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom [Resistance to Arbitrary Power] *incumbent upon wives* [Nations] *in case of tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands* [Sovereigns]: *being a full Answer to the Doctor's* [Sacheverel] *Sermon against Adultery* [Resistance to Arbitrary Power].



John found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife. Amongst other things, one day, looking over his Cabinet, he found the following paper:

It is evident that Matrimony [Government in a State] *is founded upon an Original Contract* [see Vol. VII. p. 539], *whereby the wife makes over the Right she has by the Law of Nature, in favour of the husband, by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual; and where the Contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a Right, there must be a Power to maintain it, and to punish the offending party.*

This power, I affirm to be that Original Right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom [Resistance to Oppression and Arbitrary Power] *lodged in all wives, in the cases above mentioned. No wife is bound* [i. e., People to any Sovereign] *by any law to which she herself has not consented. All œconomical power is lodged originally in the husband and wife* [Sovereign and People]; *the executive part being in the husband. Both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason: but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom* [Re-

sistance to Arbitrary Power]? *and that she has no remedy left but* preces et lachrymæ, *or an appeal to a supreme Court of Judicature?*

No less frivolous are the arguments drawn from the general appellations and terms of Husband and Wife [Sovereign and People]. *A husband denotes several different sorts of Magistrates, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some Eastern nations, it signifies a Tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death. In Turkey, it denoteth an Arbitrary Governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment. In Italy, it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks. In the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has quite a different meaning, implying a free and equal Government: securing to the wife, in certain cases, the liberty of cuckoldom* [Resistance], *and the property of pin money and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of Husband and Wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of Absolute unlimited Chastity* [Passive Obedience] *and conjugal fidelity.*

The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases; but suppose the three conditions of Ability, Justice, and Fidelity in the Husband. Such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the Wife could never be supposed by reasonable men. It seems a reflection upon the Church, to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

The doctrine of the Original Right of cuckoldom is congruous to the Law of Nature, which is superior to all human laws; and for that, I dare appeal to all wives! It is much to the honour of our English wives that they have never given up that Fundamental Point; and that, though in former Ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression was so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom [Resistance], *upon any pretence whatever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families. Such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the increase of mankind. I call them necessary means, for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families, unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates; for if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be*

so too: but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans, at present, under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war; but the tyrannical custom of a certain Nation [Spain] *and the scrupulous nicety of a silly Queen; whereby the Kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your Clergy, "That one must* not *do evil, that good may come of it."*

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of the seditious, discontented, hotheaded, ungifted, unedifying Preacher [Doctor SACHEVEREL] *asserting that "the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an* absolute unconditional *fidelity to the husband." By which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis upon which the happiness of a married state is built.*

As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know, who are those Wanton Wives he speaks of? who are those Ladies of high stations that he so boldly traduces in his Sermon? It is pretty plain, whom these aspersions are aimed at! for which he deserves the pillory, or something worse.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom [Resistance], *I could bring the example of the wisest wives of all Ages; who, by these means, have preserved their husbands' families from ruin and oblivion: but what has been said, is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical Parson.*

CHAPTER II.

The two great parties of Wives, the Devotoes and the Hitts.

THE doctrine of unlimited chastity [*non-resistance*] and fidelity in wives, was universally espoused by all husbands [*Sovereigns*]; who went about the country, and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. BULL's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty; which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives—the Devotoes [*High Church*], and the Hitts [*Low Church*]; though it must be owned that the distinction was more nominal

than real. For the Devotoes would abuse freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of Hitts, were often very honest.

At the same time, there was an ingenious treatise, that came out with the title of *Good advice to husbands.* In which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives' owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation: many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions; as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband [*JAMES II.*], who, trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him [*The Revolution of* 1688].

CHAPTER III.

An account of the Conference between Mrs. BULL and Don DIEGO DISMALLO.

Don Diego. IS it possible, Cousin BULL! that you can forget the honourable maxims of the Family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest, best-meaning persons in the world, Esquire SOUTH, FROG, and HOCUS, that have sacrificed their Interest to yours? It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last!

Mrs. Bull. I am sure, they have left my Family in a bad condition. We have hardly money to go to market, and nobody will take our words for sixpence. A very fine spark, this Esquire SOUTH [*Archduke CHARLES*]! My husband took him in, a dirty boy. It was the business of half the servants to attend to him, the rogue did bawl and make such a noise! Sometimes he fell into the fire, and burnt his face; sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches: and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing, shuffle-cap, and all-fours; sold his books, and pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the

whole generation of him are so in love with 'bagpipes and puppet-shows! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastrycooks and confectioners, for Naples biscuit, tarts, custards, and sweetmeats. All this while, my husband considered him as a Gentleman of good family that had fallen into decay, gave him a good education, and has settled him in a good credible way of living; having procured him, by his Interest, one of the best places in the country: and what return, think you! does this fine Gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my husband, a good word or a civil expression! Instead of plain Sir, and Madam; which (though I say it) is our due: he calls us *Goody*, and *Gaffer* such a one! that he did us a great deal of honour to board with us: huffs and dings at such a rate, because we did not spend the little we have left, to get him the title and estate of Lord STRUTT; and then, forsooth! we shall have the honour to be his woollen-drapers.

Don Diego. And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept the scandalous Composition, and trust that old rogue LEWIS BABOON?

Mrs. Bull. Look you, friend DIEGO! if we law it on till LEWIS turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwall Hall! I wish every man had his own! but I still say, that Lord STRUTT's money shines as bright, and chinks as well as Squire SOUTH's. I don't know any other hold that we Tradesmen have of these Great Folks, but their Interest. *Buy dear, and sell cheap!* and, I'll warrant ye! you will keep your customer. The worst is, that Lord STRUTT's servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again: and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

Don Diego. But poor FROG! what has he done? On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that FROG!

Mrs. Bull. I think, I need not tell you how much FROG has been obliged to our Family from his childhood. He carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is, without our help. Ever since the commencement of this Lawsuit, it has been the business of HOCUS, in sharing our

expenses, to plead for FROG. "Poor FROG," says he, "is in hard circumstances. He has a numerous family and lives from hand to mouth; his children do not eat a bit of good victuals from one year's end to the other; but live on salt herrings, sour curd, and bore-cole. He does his utmost, poor fellow! to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this Lawsuit: but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds? place it upon your side of the account! It is a great deal for poor FROG, and a trifle for you."

That has been HOCUS's constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us, to have acted another part.

Don Diego. No doubt HOCUS meant all this for the best; but he is a tender-hearted charitable man. FROG is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. Bull. Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. All the time of the Lawsuit, as fast as we have mortgaged, FROG has purchased. From a plain tradesman, with a shop, warehouse, and a country hut with a dirty fishpond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich Country Gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every Term, FROG should be purchasing some new farm or manor? So that if this Lawsuit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country.

What is worse than all this, he steals away my customers every day. I have twelve of the richest and the best that have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom to my knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again. Judge you, if this be neighbourly dealing!

Don Diego. FROG is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest! You are so touchy and take things so hotly; I am sure there must be some mistake in this!

Mrs. Bull. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and you have often told me, how HOCUS and those rogues kept my husband, JOHN BULL, drunk for five years together, with punch and strong waters (I am sure he never went one night sober to bed), till they got him to sign the strangest deed that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took

to manage him, I'll tell you another time: at present, I only read the writing [*the Barrier Treaty*].

Articles of Agreement between JOHN BULL, Clothier, and NICHOLAS FROG, Linendraper.

I. *That for maintaining the ancient good correspondence and friendship between the said parties, I, NICHOLAS FROG, do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in JOHN BULL's family: that neither his wife, children, nor servants give him any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatever; but to oblige them all, to do their duty quietly in their respective stations. And whereas the said JOHN BULL, from the assured confidence that he has in my friendship, has appointed me Executor of his last Will and Testament, and Guardian to his children; I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts, by JOHN BULL or anybody else. For that purpose, it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night, to break open bars, bolts, and doors, chests of drawers and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend JOHN BULL's family, and to see his Will duly executed.*

II. *In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of NICHOLAS FROG, in that he has been pleased to accept of the aforesaid Trust, I, JOHN BULL, having duly considered that my friend NICHOLAS FROG at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps, destructive of the health of himself, wife, and children, do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said NICHOLAS FROG, with the best and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods and chattels, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, consisting of as large extent as the said NICHOLAS FROG shall think fit. And whereas the said NICHOLAS FROG is at present hemmed in too closely by the grounds of LEWIS BABOON, Master of the Science of Defence; I, the said JOHN BULL, do oblige myself, with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and enclose the said grounds for as many fields and acres as the said NICHOLAS shall think fit; to the extent that the said NICHOLAS may have free egress and regress, without let or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.*

III. *Furthermore, the said* JOHN BULL *obliges himself to make the country neighbours of* NICHOLAS FROG *allot a certain part of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend* NICHOLAS FROG *may be eased of all charges.*

IV. *And whereas the said* NICHOLAS FROG *did contract with the deceased Lord* STRUTT *about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said* JOHN BULL *; I, the said* JOHN BULL, *do freely, by these Presents, renounce, quit, and make over to the said* NICHOLAS, *the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, as if they never had belonged to me.*

V. *The said* JOHN BULL *obliges himself, his heirs and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the said* NICHOLAS, *except in such quantities and such rates as the said* NICHOLAS *shall think fit.*

Signed and sealed,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

The reading of this paper put Mrs. BULL in such a passion that she fell down right into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the Spirits of Hartshorn before she recovered.

Don Diego. Why in such a passion, Cousin? Considering your circumstances at that time, I don't think such an unreasonable contract. You see FROG, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain! He scorns to hearken to any competition without your privacy.

Mrs. Bull. You know the contrary, read that letter!

(Reads the superscription.) *For* LEWIS BABOON, *Master of the noble Science of Defence.*

SIR,

I *UNDERSTAND that you are, at this time, treating with my friend* JOHN BULL, *about the restoring of the Lord* STRUTT's *custom; and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fishponds. I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the World, can talk with that simple fellow! He has been my bubble* [tool] *these twenty years; and to*

my certain knowledge, understands no more of his own Affairs than a child in swaddling clothes. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatical silly jade of a wife that pretends to take him out of my hands; but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken. I'll find those that shall manage her! and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his Affairs without my consent.

If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the Deeds of Ejectment against Lord STRUTT; *if you will not, take what follows! I shall have a good Action against you, for pretending* [designing] *to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from*

Your loving friend,

NICHOLAS FROG.

I am told, Cousin DIEGO! you are one of those that have undertaken to govern me, and that you have said, you will carry a green bag yourself rather than we shall make an end of our Lawsuit. I'll teach them, and you too, to manage!

Don Diego. For God's sake, Madam! why so choleric! I say, this letter is some forgery! It never entered into the head of that honest man, NIC. FROG, to do any such thing!

Mrs. Bull. I can't abide you! You have been railing, these twenty years, at Esquire SOUTH, FROG, and HOCUS; calling them rogues and pickpockets: and, now, they are turned the honestest fellows in the world! What is the meaning of all this?

Don Diego. Pray tell me, how you came to employ this Sir ROGER in your Affairs, and not think of your old friend DIEGO?

Mrs. Bull. So, so, there it pinches! To tell you the truth, I have employed Sir ROGER in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest; and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper terms than we have been.

Don Diego. Well, Cousin, I find I can do no good with you! I am sorry that you will ruin yourself, by trusting this Sir ROGER.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Guardians of the deceased Mrs. BULL's three daughters, came to JOHN BULL, and what advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated the characters of the three daughters. Also JOHN BULL's answer to the three Guardians.

I TOLD you in my First Part [*p.* 551], that Mrs. BULL, before she departed this life, had blessed JOHN with three daughters. I need not repeat their names; neither would willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled: but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood, that it is doing them no injury to make a short description of them.

The eldest [*WAR*] was as termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench as ever breathed. She used to rantipole about the house, pinch the kitten, kick the servants, and torture the cats and dogs. She would rob her father's strong-box for money to give the young fellows she was fond of. She had a noble air, and something great in her mien; but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dressed her into consumption. If she smelt the fresh nosegay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted. She used to come home in her cups, and break the china and the looking-glasses; was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given to her passion, that you might as well argue with the North Wind as with her Ladyship; and so expensive, that the income of three Dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. HOCUS loved her best.

The second daughter [*DISCORD*], born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was born, ugly as the Devil; lean, haggard, pale; with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunchbacked: but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night [*i.e., Discord fed on the controversies in the Coffechouses*]. She never rested quietly abed, but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams; and plague them, next day, with interpreting them: for she took them all for Gospel! She would cry out

"Murder!" and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when JOHN came running downstairs to inquire what the matter was, "Nothing," forsooth! "only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown."

She turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her salad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel. But such as, by flattery, had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crimes. Her father had two coachmen [*Prime Ministers*]. When one [*HARLEY*] was on the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud that all the street concluded she was overturned: but, though the other [*GODOLPHIN*] was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole Family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away.

Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad but what she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her; of "a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships"; of "the lions being let out of the Tower, to destroy the Protestant religion"; of "the Pope's being seen in a brandy shop at Wapping"; and a "prodigious strong man that was going to shove down the cupola of St. Paul's"; of "three millions of Five Pound pieces that Esquire SOUTH had found under an old wall"; of "blazing stars," "flying dragons," and abundance of such stuff.

All the servants in the Family made high court to her, for she domineered there; and turned out and in, whom she pleased. Only there was an old grudge between her and Sir ROGER: whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him, as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

As for the third [*USURY*], she was a thief and a common mercenary prostitute. In the practice of her profession, she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things. She had above five hundred suits of clothes; and yet went abroad like a cinder-wench. She robbed and starved all the servants, so that nobody could live near her.

So much for JOHN's three daughters; which you will say were rarities to be fond of. Yet Nature will shew itself! Nobody could blame their Relations for taking care of them; and therefore it was that HOCUS, with two other of the Guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the Interest of the three girls, and give JOHN their best advice before he compounded the Lawsuit.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There is nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs! As I hoped to be saved! I would do anything to serve you! I would crawl upon all fours to serve you! I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service! I have indeed a small pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good conscience as any man. But the thoughts of this disgraceful Composition so touches me to the quick, that I cannot sleep. After I had brought the Cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old LEWIS and Lord STRUTT, and put you in the quiet possession of everything: then to Compound! I cannot bear it.

This Cause was my favourite. I had set my heart upon it! It is like an only child, I cannot endure that it should miscarry. For God's sake, consider only to what a dismal condition old LEWIS is brought! He is at an end of all his cash; his Attorneys [*Generals*] have hardly one trick left, they are at an end of all their *chicane*: besides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out one Term longer! and, I'll warrant you! before the next, we shall have him in the Fleet. I'll bring him to the pillory! his ears shall pay for his perjuries! For the love of God, don't compound! Let me be hanged, if you have a friend in the World that loves you better than I! there is nobody can say I am covetous! or that I have any Interest to pursue, but yours!

Second Guardian [*Lord GODOLPHIN, the late Lord Treasurer*]. There is nothing so plain than that this LEWIS has a design to ruin all his neighbouring Tradesmen; and at this time, he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize everything, and nobody will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery ware but himself.

I therefore hold it advisable that you continue the Lawsuit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their estates, poor girls! depend upon the success of this Cause.

Third Guardian [*Lord* COWPER, *the late Lord Chancellor*]. I own this Writ of Ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. BULL's declared enemies can say, he has any other security for his clothing trade but the ejectment of Lord STRUTT. The only question then, that remains to be decided, is, Who shall stand the expenses of the Suit? To which the answer is plain. Who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence! When Esquire SOUTH has got possession of his title and honour, is not JOHN BULL to be his Clothier? Who then but JOHN, ought to put him in possession! Ask but an indifferent Gentleman, who ought to bear *his* charges at Law? and he will readily answer, "His tradesmen!" I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it! that being his Clothier; you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate! and with the same generous spirit you have begun it, complete the good work! If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor orphans? my heart bleeds for the poor girls!

John Bull. You are very eloquent persons, but give me leave to tell you, that you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me. I think my Interest ought to be considered in the first place.

As for you, HOCUS! I can't but say you have managed my Lawsuit with great address and much to my honour: and, though I say it! you have been well paid for it! Never was Attorney's bill more extravagant! and, give me leave to say, there are many articles [in it], which the most griping of your profession never demanded. I have trusted you with the disbursing of great sums of money, and you have constantly sunk some into your own pocket. I tell you, I don't like that sinking!

Why must the burden be taken off FROG's back, and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot; when I have been forced to mortgage my estate! His Note will go further than my

Bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richest tradesman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from Scriveners and Usurers [*The National Debt*], that suck the heart and blood out of me: and what was all this for? Did you like FROG's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had a hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the Tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbidden to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine?

As to holding out this Term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, "One Term more, and old LEWIS goes to pot!" If thou art so fond of my Cause, be generous for once! and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah HOCUS! HOCUS! I know thee! Not a *sou*, to save me from gaol, I trow!

Look ye, Gentlemen! I have lived with credit in the World; and it grieves my heart, never to stir out of my doors, but to be pulled by the sleeve, by some rascally dun or another, "Sir, remember my bill!" "There is a small concern of a thousand pounds; I hope you think on it, Sir!" And to have these usurers transact [*sell and buy*] my debts at coffeehouses and alehouses; as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous JOHN BULL, Clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of Bankrupt! The thought of it makes me mad! I have read somewhere in the *Apocrypha*, that one should *not consult with a woman, touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant, concerning exchange; nor with a buyer, of selling; nor with an unmerciful man, of kindness; &c.* I could have added one thing more. *Nor with an Attorney, about compounding a Lawsuit.*

This Ejectment of Lord STRUTT will never do! The evidence is crimp [*concocted*]; the witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his tenants [*the people of Spain*] stick by him. If it *were* practicable, is it reasonable that when Esquire SOUTH is losing his money to sharpers and pickpockets, going about the country with fiddlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks

and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a Lawsuit for him, only upon the hopes of being his Clothier? and when the Cause is over, I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market!

Look ye, Gentlemen! JOHN BULL is but a plain man; but JOHN BULL knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our Family! We *are* apt to play the boon companion; and throw away our money in our cups. But it was an unfair thing in you, Gentlemen! to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me, day and night, with huzzas and hunting horns, and ringing the changes on butchers' cleavers! never to let me cool! and make me set my hands to papers, when I could hardly hold my pen! There will come a Day of Reckoning for all that proceeding.

In the mean time, Gentlemen! I beg you will let me look into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me a very small remainder of a very great estate!

CHAPTER V.

Esquire SOUTH's message and letter to Mrs. BULL.

THE arguments used by HOCUS and the rest of the Guardians had hitherto proved insufficient. JOHN and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expense of Esquire SOUTH's Lawsuit. They thought it reasonable that, since he was to have the honour and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges; and retrench what he lost to sharpers, and spent upon country dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful [*agreeable*] to the Esquire [*here standing for the Emperor of AUSTRIA, the father of Archduke CHARLES*].

Therefore, as the last experiment, he was resolved to send Signior BENE-NATO, Master of his Foxhounds [*Prince EUGENE of Savoy, who came to England on this political mission to Queen ANNE, in Jan.–March*, 1711] to Mrs. BULL, to try what good he could do with her.

This Signior BENE-NATO had all the qualities of a fine Gentleman, that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he!

But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his Interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised could not seduce her loyal heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered; she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the noise of a screech owl. However, she received Esquire SOUTH's letter by the hands of Signior BENE-NATO, with that respect which became his Quality.

The copy of the letter is as follows; in which you will observe, he changes a little his usual style.

MADAM,

THE Writ of Ejectment against PHILIP BABOON pretended Lord STRUTT, is just ready to pass. There want but a few necessary forms, and a Verdict [victory] *or two more, to put me in the quiet possession of my Honour and Estate. I question not but that, according to your wonted generosity and goodness, you will give it the finishing stroke: an honour that I would grudge anybody but yourself.*

In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my Steward to pay, out of the readiest and best of my rents, £5 10s. a year, till my Suit is finished. I wish you health and happiness, being

With due respect,
Madam,
Your assured friend,
SOUTH.

What answer Mrs. BULL returned to this letter, you shall know in my Third Part: only they were at a pretty good distance in their Proposals. For as Esquire SOUTH only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper; Mrs. BULL refused any more than to lend her barge to carry his Counsel to Westminster Hall [*the English fleets transporting the forces to Barcelona*].

FINIS.

JOHN BULL

Still

In his SENSES:

BEING THE

THIRD PART

OF

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir HUMPHRY POLESWORTH: *and published (as well as the two former Parts) by the Author of the* New Atlantis.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near Stationers' Hall, 1712. Price 6d.

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THE CONTENTS.

The Publisher's Preface... ... ... *p.* 580

CHAP. I. *The Character of* JOHN BULL*'s mother* ... *p.* 581

II. *The Character of* JOHN BULL*'s sister* PEG*, with the quarrels that happened between Master and Miss in their childhood* ... ... *p.* 583

III. JACK*'s Charms, or the method by which he gained* PEG*'s heart*... ... ... *p.* 585

IV. *How the Relations reconciled* JOHN *and his sister* PEG*; and what return* PEG *made to* JOHN*'s message* ... ... *p.* 587

V. *Of some quarrels that happened after* PEG *was taken into the Family* ... ... *p.* 590

VI. *The Conversation between* JOHN BULL *and his wife* ... ... *p.* 592

VII. *Of the hard shifts Mrs.* BULL *was put to, to preserve the Manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir* ROGER*'s method of keeping off importunate duns* ... ... *p.* 596

VIII. *A continuation of the Conversation betwixt* JOHN BULL *and his wife* ... ... *p.* 598

IX. *A copy of* NICHOLAS FROG*'s letter to* JOHN BULL ... ... *p.* 604

X. *Of some extraordinary things that passed at the* Salutation *tavern, in the Conference between* BULL, FROG, *Esquire* SOUTH, *and* LEWIS BABOON ... ... *p.* 607

The Publisher's Preface.

THE World is much indebted to the famous Sir HUMPHRY POLESWORTH, for his ingenious and impartial Account of JOHN BULL's Lawsuit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he retails it only by parcels, and won't give us the whole Work. This forces me, who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance, to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour, and to gratify the curiosity of the public at once. He pleads in excuse, that "they are only Private Memoirs, written for his own use, in a loose style, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation."

I represented to him the good reception of the two first Parts had met [with], that though they had been calculated by him only for the meridian of Grub street, yet they were taken notice of by the better sort; that the World was now sufficiently acquainted with JOHN BULL, and interested in his little concerns. He answered with a smile, that "he had, indeed, some trifling things to impart that concerned JOHN BULL's Relations and domestic affairs: if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them! because they would serve to make the History of the Lawsuit more intelligible."

When I had looked over the manuscript, I found likewise some further account of the Composition; which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the two former Parts.

CHAPTER I.

The Character of JOHN BULL's mother.

JOHN had a mother [*the Church of England*] whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old Gentlewoman as ever lived. She was none of your cross-grained, termagant scolding Jades that one had as good be hanged, as live in the house with! such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories, of their neighbours; extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit: and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours; except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your phantastical old belles that dress themselves like girls of fifteen: as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dress, furbelow [*flounce*], scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch [*wear black spots on the face*] and paint; yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel. Though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross. She was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, twiser

[*tweezer*] cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles! she used only a gold watch, and an *Almanack* to mark the hours and the Holy Days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a State with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair. She had laid aside your carving, gilding, and Japan [*japanned*] work, as being too apt to gather dirt: but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies who affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms [*Roman Catholic worship*]: she was above such affectation; yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well bred without affectation; in the due mean between one of your affected curtseying pieces of formality [*Nonconformity*], and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations. "We must not eat to-day, for my uncle TOM or my cousin BETTY died this time ten years! [*Saints Days*]." "Let us have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour Such-a-one's birthday!" She looked upon all this as a grimace [*mask*], yet she constantly observed her Husband's birthday [*Christmas Day*], her wedding day [? *Whitsunday*], and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son JOHN; yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them: and they had so far prevailed with him once [*in the time of the Commonwealth*] that he had turned her out of doors [*exclusion of the Episcopacy from the House of Lords in* 1644]; to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went all at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation, and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex [*all other Churches*]. Your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave Gentlewomen, would bear hers: and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim, than some that were more sour and reserved [*Nonconformists*]. She was a zealous preacher up of Chastity and Conjugal Fidelity

in wives [*obedience and submission to the King*]; and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the "Indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom" [*Resistance to Arbitrary Power*]. Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance; yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures do, with dogmatic assertions, "This is infallible!" "I cannot be mistaken!" "None but a rogue can deny it!" It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults: amongst which, one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants; to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction.

I thought I could not say less of JOHN BULL's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

CHAPTER II.

The Character of JOHN BULL's sister PEG, with the quarrels that happened between Master and Miss in their childhood.

JOHN has a sister [*the Kirk of Scotland*], a poor girl that had been starved at nurse. Anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and JOHN to be the fondling of a tender mother. JOHN looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness: and, no wonder, for JOHN was the darling! He had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon: while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. JOHN had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber [*England*] towards the south sun: Miss lodged in a garret [*Scotland*], exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution.

She had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she

was ill used. Now and then, she would seize upon JOHN's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet or a bit of good beef: for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her, but Miss would not yield in the least point; but even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger. When he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting needle. JOHN brought a great chain, one day, to tie her to the bed-post: for which affront, Miss aimed a penknife at his heart. In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions. They gave one another nicknames. She called him "GUNDY-GUTS!" and he called her "Lousy PEG!"

Though the girl was a tight clever wench, as any was: and, through her pale looks, you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her, not indeed a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable.

It was barbarous in parents, not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together: such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasions of misfortunes to them both.

PEG had indeed some odd humours and comical antipathy; for which JOHN would jeer her. "What do you think of my sister PEG," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ! and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?"

"What is that to you, GUNDY-GUTS!" quoth PEG, "everybody is to choose their own music!"

Then PEG had taken a fancy, not to say her *Paternoster*; which made people imagine strange things of her.

Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord PETER, MARTIN, and JACK [*the names by which SWIFT in his* Tale of a Tub *distinguished the Roman Catholics, the Church of England, and the Fanatics* (Dissenters)], JACK had, of late, been her inclination. Lord PETER she detested, nor did MARTIN stand much better in her good graces; but JACK had found the way to her heart. I have often admired [*wondered*] what charms she discovered in that awkward booby! till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

CHAPTER III.

JACK's Charms, or the method by which he gained PEG's heart.

IN THE first place, JACK [*the Fanatics* (Dissenters)] was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers; and people indeed wondered how such a young upstart jackanapes [*puppy*] should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

2. JACK bragged of greater abilities than other men. He was well gifted! as he pretended. I need not tell you, what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

3. JACK had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded PEG that all mankind besides himself was diseased by that scarlet-faced whore, Signiora BUBONIA [*the Pope*]. "As for his brother, Lord PETER; the tokens were evident in him, blotches, scabs, and the corona [*the tonsure*]! His brother MARTIN, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal pains; which his friends pretended were only scorbutical, but he was sure proceeded from a worse cause."

By such malicious insinuations, he had possessed [*persuaded*] the lady, that he was the only man in the world of a sound pure and untainted Constitution; though there were some that stuck not to say, that Signiora BUBONIA and JACK railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and that JACK had been found with Signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

4. JACK was a prodigious ogler. He would ogle you the outside of his eye inward, and the white upward!

5. JACK gave himself out for a man of great estate in the Fortunate Islands [*Heaven*], of which the sole property was vested in his person. By this trick, he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over plantations in the said Islands: but when the poor wretches came there with JACK's *Grant*, they were beaten, mocked, and turned out of doors.

6. I told you that PEG was whimsical, and loved anything that was particular [*peculiar*]. In that way, JACK was her man! for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals. He was for your "bold strokes"! He railed

at fops, though himself the most affected in the World; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which he said "shewed more humility and less affectation." Where other people stood, he sat [*in singing*]; where they sat, he stood [*in prayer*]. When he went to Court, he used to kick away the State, and sit down by his Prince, cheek by jowl. "Confound these States," says he, "they are a modern invention!"

When he spoke to his Prince, he always turned his back upon him. If he were advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast beef. If he was allowed a more plentiful diet; then he would be sure, that day! to live upon water-gruel. He would cry at a wedding, and laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions. You would have burst your sides, to hear him talk politics. "All Government," says he, "is founded upon the right distribution of punishments; decent executions keep the world in awe: for that reason, the majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year! For example, I suppose the Magistrate ought to pass an irreversible sentence upon all blue-eyed children from the cradle [*Predestination*]: but that there may be some shew of justice in this proceeding, these children ought to be trained up by masters appointed for that purpose, to all sorts of villainy, that they may deserve their fate; and the execution of them may serve as an object of terror to the rest of mankind."

As to giving pardons, he has this singular method:

That when the wretches had the ropes about their necks, it should be inquired [of them] Who believed they should be hanged? and Who not? The first were to be pardoned, the latter hanged outright. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterwards, for any crime whatever.

He had such skill in physiognomy, that he would pronounce, peremptorily, upon a man's face. "That fellow," says he, "do what he will, cannot avoid hanging! He has a hanging look!" By the same Art, he would prognosticate a Principality to a scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies. They were generally bent toward exploded Chimeras, the *perpetuum mobile*, the circular shot, philosopher's stone, and

silent gunpowder; making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs and split hairs.

Thus I think I have given you a distinct account of the methods he practised upon PEG.

Her brother would, now and then, ask her, "What a Devil! dost thou see in that pragmatical [*busybody of a*] coxcomb, to make thee so in love with him? He is a fit match for a tailor's or a shoemaker's daughter: but not for you, that are a Gentlewoman!"

"Fancy is free!" quoth PEG, "I will take my awn way, do you take yours! I do not care for your flaunting beaus that gang with their breast open, and their sarks [*? shirts*] over their waistcoats! that accost me with set speeches out of SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*, or *The Academy of Compliments*! JACK is a sober, grave young man: though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere. He has a great regard to his father's Will; and he that shews himself a good son, will make a good husband! Besides, I know he has the *original* Deed of Conveyance to the Fortunate Islands: the others are counterfeits!"

There is nothing so obstinate as young ladies in their amours; the more you cross them, the worse they are!

CHAPTER IV.

How the Relations reconciled JOHN and his sister PEG; and what return PEG made to JOHN's message.

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hard hearted to his sister Peg; chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade; poor PEG was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets, selling knives, scissors, and shoe-buckles; now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, span, and knitted for a poor livelihood till her fingers' ends were sore. And when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journeywork to their neighbours [*the emigration of the Scotch to other countries*]. Yet in these, her poor circumstances, she still preserved the

air and mien of a Gentlewoman, a certain decent pride that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her neighbours. When she came into any full assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them! If one asked her, "Are not you related to JOHN BULL?" "Yes," says she, "he has the honour to be my brother!"

So PEG's affairs went on, till all the Relations cried out "Shame!" on JOHN, for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood: that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himself; she being an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business.

"Hang her! Jade!" quoth JOHN, "I cannot endure her, as long as she keeps that rascal JACK's company!"

They told him the way to reclaim her was to take him into his house [*the Act of Toleration in* 1689], that by conversation, the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out.

These arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that JOHN was, at that time, making his Will [? *the Act of Settlement in* 1700], the very same in which NIC. FROG is named Executor. Now his sister PEG's name being in the entail [*the right of the Succession to the Scottish Crown, if Queen ANNE should die childless*], he could not make a thorough Settlement without her consent.

There was indeed a malicious story went about, as if JOHN's last Wife [*the GODOLPHIN Administration*] had fallen in love with JACK, as he was eating custards on horseback;* that she persuaded JOHN to take his sister PEG into the house, the better to drive on her intrigue with JACK, concluding he would follow his Mistress, PEG. All I can infer from this story is, that when one has got a bad character in the World,

* [Dean SWIFT in the Fifth edition of the *Tale of a Tub*, p. 133, 1710, has in the Text]

How JACK's tatters came into fashion in Court and City. How he got upon a great horse, and eat custard.

[And in the notes to the same]

Sir HUMPHRY EDWYN, a Presbyterian, was some years ago [1697] Lord Mayor of London; and had the insolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office.

Custard is a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast.

people will report and believe anything of them, true or false. But to return to my story.

When PEG received JOHN's message, she huffed and stormed like the Devil!

"My brother JOHN," quoth she, "is grown wondrous kind-hearted, all of a sudden! but I meikle doubt whether it be not mair for his awn conveniency than my good! He draws up his weits and his deeds, forsooth; and I mun set my hand to them unsight unseen! I like the young man [*the House of Hanover*] he has settled upon well enough; but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm [*Scotland*], because it makes a nook in his park wall [*Great Britain*]. Ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use of! He gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling through all the country markets! making foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is sober! like a thriftless wretch, spending the goods and gear that his forefathers wan with the sweat of their brows! 'light come, light go,' he cares not a farthing! But why should I stand surety for his silly contracts? The little I have is free, and I can call it my own! 'Hame's hame, be it never so hamely!' I ken him well enough! he could never abide me: and when he has his ends, he'll e'en use me as he did before! I am sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge! I shall be set to tend the bairns, darn the hose, and mend the linen!

"Then there's no living with that old carline [? *thistle*] his mother! She rails at JACK, and JACK is an honester man than any of her kin! I shall be plagued with her spells and *Paternosters*, and silly auld warld Ceremonies! I mun never pair my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermass [*Christmas*] Day! and I mun stand becking and binging [*bowing and scraping*] as I gang out and into the hall [*Church*].

"Tell him he may e'en gan his gait! I'll have nothing to do with him! I'll stay, like the poor country mouse, in my own habitation!"

So PEG talked. But for all that, by the interposition of good friends; and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that was promised PEG, the matter was concluded: and PEG was taken into the House, upon certain Articles [*Act of Union between England and Scotland*, 1707] one of which

That she might have the freedom of JACK's conversation, and might take him for better and for worse, if she pleased; provided always, he did not come into the house at unseasonable hours; and disturb the rest of the old woman, JOHN's mother.

CHAPTER V.

Of some quarrels that happened after PEG was taken into the Family.

IT is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old sages, called ESOP, in the story of the bird that was grieved extremely for being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as also of the oak that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than JOHN BULL, considering how often his good nature had been abused: yet I don't know but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people that carried tales between him and his sister PEG, on purpose to sow jealousies and set them together by the ears.

They say, that there were some hardships put upon PEG, that had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other. A good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do!

The purchase money of PEG's farm was ill paid. Then PEG loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine cellar: but for that PEG found a trick; for she made a false key [*Occasional Conformity*]. PEG's servants complained that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house. If they offered to come into the warehouse, then straight went the yard [*measuring rod*] slap over their noddle! If they ventured into the counting-house, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head! If they came into the best apart-

ment, to set anything there in order; they were saluted with a broom! If they meddled with anything in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle! One that would have gone into the stables, was met by two rascals, who fell to work with him, with a brush and a curry comb! Some climbing up into the coach box, were told that "one of their companions [?] had been there before, that could not drive!" then slap went the long whip about their ears!

On the other hand, it was complained that PEG's servants were always asking for drink money! that they had more than their share of the Christmas Box. To say the truth, PEG's lads bustled pretty hard for that: for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fists, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, some shillings and sixpences; others in the scramble picked up guineas and broad pieces.

But there happened a worse thing than this. It was complained that PEG's servants had great stomachs [*Fanatics* (Dissenters) *getting into places of trust*], and brought too many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that JOHN's family was like[ly] to be eaten out of house and home.

Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, PEG's young men were thrust from the table [*Fanatics excluded by the passing of the Occasional Conformity Act, in* 1711]. Then there was the Devil and all to do! spoons, plates and dishes flew about the room like mad; and Sir ROGER [*ROBERT HARLEY*], who was now *Major Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them.

PEG said this was contrary to agreement, whereby she was, in all things, to be treated like a child of the family. Then she called upon those that had made her such fair promises, and undertook for her brother JOHN's good behaviour; but, alas, to her cost, she found that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury.

JOHN, at last, agreed to this regulation, that PEG's footmen might sit with his book-keeper, journeymen, and apprentices; and PEG's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased.

Then, they began to order plum-porridge and minced pies

for PEG's dinner [*the Act of* 1712, *restoring the ancient rights of Patrons in the bestowal of Scotch ecclesiastical presentations; which had been, of late, in the power of the Kirk*]. PEG told them, "She had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon the forcing down of a mess of it some years ago, it threw her into a fit until she brought it up again." Some alleged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning: others would have made use of a horn. But the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CHAPTER VI.

The Conversation between JOHN BULL and his wife, [Queen ANNE].

Mrs. Bull. THOUGH our affairs, Honey! are in a bad condition; I have a better opinion of them, since you seem to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business; I have a curiosity to know, what Fate or Chance has brought you into this condition?

John Bull. I wish you would talk of some other subject. The thoughts of it make me mad! Our Family must have their run!

Mrs. Bull. But such a strange thing as this, never happened to any of your Family before! They have had Lawsuits [*wars*]; but though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the Stock [*Capital*]! Sure, you must have some of the Norman or Norfolk blood in you: prithee, give me some account of these matters!

John Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread, as that old LEWIS BABOON! It is the cheatingest, [most] contentious rogue upon the face of the earth!

You must know, one day, as NIC. FROG and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old knave would

needs have us drink a bottle of his Champagne: and so, one after another, till my friend NIC. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got drunk. LEWIS, all the while, either by the strength of his brain or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge.

"My worthy friends," quoth LEWIS, "henceforth, let us live neighbourly! I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own temper; but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrelsome neighbours. There is but one thing that can make us fall out, and that is the Inheritance of Lord STRUTT's estate. I am content, for peace sake, to waive my right, and submit to any expedient to prevent a Lawsuit. I think an equal division will be the fairest way!"

"Well moved, old LEWIS!" quoth FROG, "and I hope my friend JOHN here, will not be refractory!" At the same time, he clapped me on the back, and slabbered me all over, from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue.

"Do as you please, Gentlemen!" quoth I; "it is all one to JOHN BULL!"

We agreed, to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord STRUTT's park wall, with our surveying instruments: which accordingly we did [*the negotiations for the first Treaty of Partition in* 1698].

Old LEWIS carried a chain and a semicircle; NIC., paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole.

We began first surveying the meadow grounds; afterwards, we measured the cornfields, close [*field*] by close; then we proceeded to the woodlands, the copper and tin mines [*the West Indies*]. All this while, NIC. laid down everything exactly, upon paper, and calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens, to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. Bull. What said Lord STRUTT to all this?

John Bull. As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some one of Lord STRUTT's servants. "Hey day! what's here? What a Devil! is the meaning of all these trangrams and gimcracks, Gentlemen? What, in the name of wonder! are you going about, jumping over my Master's hedges, and running your lines across his grounds?

If you are at any field pastime, you might have asked leave! my Master is a civil well bred person as any is!"

Mrs. Bull. What could you answer to this?

John Bull. Why, truly, my neighbour FROG and I were still hot-headed. We told him, "His Master was an old doating puppy that minded nothing of his own business! that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him; since he would not do it himself!"

Upon this, there happened a quarrel; but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear.

They went home, and told their Master. "My Lord!" say they, "there are three odd sort of fellows going about your grounds, with the strangest machines that ever we beheld in our life. We suppose they are going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, or drive away your cattle. They told us strange things, about 'settling your estates.' One [*LEWIS BABOON*] is a lusty old fellow in a black wig with a black beard, and without teeth. There's another [*NICHOLAS FROG*] thick squat fellow in trunk hose [*knee-breeches*]. The third is a little long-nosed thin man (I was then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness [? *the war* 1689—1697]). We suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away!"

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweag [*passion*]!

John Bull. Weak as he was, he called for his long Toledo [sword], swore, and bounced about the room, "'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my tradesmen? I know the rascals! My barber, linendraper, and clothier dispose of my estate! Bring hither my blunderbuss! I'll warrant ye, you shall see daylight through them! Scoundrels! dogs! the scum of the earth! FROG! that was my father's kitchen-boy; he pretend to meddle with my estate! with my Will! Ah, poor STRUTT! what art thou come to at last! Thou hast lived too long in the world to see thy age and infirmity so despised! How will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these tidings? they cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their graves!" In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit; and, after bleeding in both arms, hardly recovered.

Mrs. Bull. Really, this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it!

John Bull. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken the other bottle of Champagne, we quarrelled a little about the division of the estate. LEWIS hauled and pulled the map on one side, and FROG and I on the other; till we had like to have torn the parchment to pieces.

At last, LEWIS pulled out a pair of tailor's great shears, and clipped off a corner for himself [*Guipuscoa and Sicily went to France, by the First Partition Treaty of* 1698], which he said was a Manor that lay convenient for him: and left FROG and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased.

We were overjoyed to think that LEWIS was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the plot.

There happened, indeed, an incident that gave us some disturbance A cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after, peeping through the keyhole, observed that old LEWIS had stole away our part of the map, and saw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces again. He was muttering something to himself, which he did not well hear, only these words, "'Tis a great pity! 'tis a great pity!" My servant added, that he believed this had some ill meaning.

I told him, "He was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions! LEWIS and I are good friends. He is an honest fellow; and, I dare say! will stand to his bargain.

The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded. For LEWIS revealed our whole secret to the deceased Lord STRUTT, who (in reward to his treachery, and revenge to FROG and me), settled his whole estate upon the present PHILIP BABOON [*PHILIP, Duke of ANJOU, afterwards PHILIP V.*]. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map together.

Mrs. Bull. And were you surprised at this? Had not Lord STRUTT reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

John Bull. Why, truly, Wife! it was not easily reconciled to the common methods! but then it was the fashion to do such things.

I have read of your Golden Age, your Silver Age, &c.: one might justly call this, the Age of the Lawyers [*Claimants*]. There is hardly a man of substance in all the country, but

had a Counterfeit that pretended to his estate. As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestial animal, at sea; so it was in this Age of Lawyers, there were, at least, two of everything. Nay, on my conscience! I think there were three Esquire HACKUMS [?] at one time.

LEWIS BABOON entertained a fellow [*the Chevalier ST. GEORGE, afterwards called the Old Pretender*] that called himself JOHN BULL's Heir. I knew him no more than the child unborn; yet he brought me into some trouble and expense. There was another that pretended to be Esquire SOUTH [*Emperor of AUSTRIA*]: and two Lord STRUTTS, you know!

In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet and dispose of the whole estates in the country.

"This lies convenient for me, TOM!" "Thou would do more good with that, DICK! than the old fellow that has it!" So to law they went with the true owners. The lawyers got well by it: everybody else was undone.

It was a common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, and calling for his supper. In every house, you might observe two *SOSIAS* quarrelling who was Master! For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment! that I should find somebody behind my counter selling my broadcloth.

Mrs. Bull. There are a sort of fellows that they call Banterers and Bamboozlers, that play such tricks; but it seems these fellows were in earnest!

John Bull. I begin to think that Justice is a better rule than Conveniency, for all some people make so slight on it.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the hard shifts Mrs. BULL was put to, to preserve the Manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir ROGER's method to keep off importunate duns.

AS JOHN BULL and his wife were talking together, they were surprised with a sudden knocking at the door.

"Those wicked Scriveners and Lawyers, no doubt!" quoth JOHN. And so it was; some asking for the

money that he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching Term.

"What a cursed life do I lead!" quoth JOHN. "Debt is like deadly sin. For GOD's sake! Sir ROGER! get me rid of these fellows!"

"I'll warrant you!" quoth Sir ROGER, "leave them to me!"

And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir ROGER's method with those importunate duns. His sincere friendship for JOHN BULL, made him submit to many things, for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself.

Sometimes he would stand at the door with his long pole, to keep off the duns, till JOHN got out at the back door. When the lawyers and Tradesmen [*the Allies*] brought extravagant bills, Sir ROGER used to bargain beforehand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased: he wore a pair of scissors in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely, as you cannot imagine! Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays [*i.e., to gain more time*]: there was not one wanting in his Calendar! When ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling [*counting*] a Thousand Pounds in sixpences, groats, and threepenny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of Lawyers, Attorneys, Clerks, and Tradesmen! sometimes with sword in hand, at other nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a burr that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country! he would call them all by their names: for he knew everybody, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent, he would send them away to see some strange sight, as the dragon at Hockley the Hole, or bid him call the 30th of next February.

Now and then, you would see him in the kitchen, weighing the beef and butter, paying ready money that the maids might not run a [*on*] tick at the market, and the butchers (by bribing of them) sell damaged and light meat. Another time, he would slip into the cellar, and gauge the casks.

In his leisure minutes, he was posting his books, and

gathering in his debts: such frugal methods were necessary where money was so scarce, and duns so numerous.

All this while, JOHN kept his credit, could show his head both at the Change and Westminster Hall; no man protested his bill, nor refused his bond: only the Sharpers and Scriveners, the Lawyers and other Clerks pelted Sir ROGER as he went along. The Squirters were at it, with their kennel water; for they were mad for the loss of their bubble [*victim*], and that they could not get him to mortgage the Manor of Bullock's Hatch [*to repeal the Sacramental Test Act of* 1673].

Sir ROGER shook his ears, and nuzzled along; well satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable work, in rescuing an honest man from the claws of harpies and blood-suckers.

Mrs. BULL did all that an affectionate wife and a good housewife could do. Yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines. It is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things. Therefore some blamed Mrs. BULL for new heelpiecing of her shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of soap and sand to scour the rooms: but especially that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of *JOHN BUNYAN, the London Apprentice,* or *the Seven Champions* in the black letter [*the Act for restraining the Press, against seditious pamphlets*].

CHAPTER VIII.

A continuation of the Conversation betwixt JOHN BULL and his wife.

Mrs. Bull. IT is a most sad life we lead, my Dear! to be so teazed, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I do not blame you for vindicating your honour, and chastizing old LEWIS. To curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the Law. The only thing I want to know is, how you come to make an end of your money, before you have finished your Suit?

John Bull. I was told by the Learned in the Law, that my Suit stood upon three firm pillars: *More Money for more Law, more Law for more Money, and no Composition.* "More Money for more Law," was plain to a demonstration; for who can go to Law without money? and it was as plain, that any man that has Money, may have Law for it! The third was as evident as the other two: for what Composition [*Peace*] could be made with a rogue that never kept a word he said?

Mrs. Bull. I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity! But you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but to have paid too dear for what you have bought! else how was it possible to run so much in debt, when, at this very time, the yearly income that is mortgaged to those usurers, would discharge HOCUS's bills, and give you your bellyful of Law for all your life, without running one sixpence in debt! You have been bred up to business! I suppose you can cypher! I wonder you never used your pen and ink!

John Bull. Now, you urge me too far! Prithee, dear wife! hold thy tongue! Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw, and inexperienced; full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of Money Scriveners [*Money Lenders*]! Such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills! if they get hold of a man's finger they will pull in his whole body at last, till they squeeze the heart, blood, and bowels out of him. When I wanted money, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my antechamber, with their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the "ready"! Some farm or other went to pot! I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other, to Lawyers that, like so many hell-hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty and scarcity of money. That always ended in [my] receiving Ninety for the Hundred! After they had gotten possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money! But what was worse, when I looked into my securities [*Perpetual Consols*], there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs. Bull. "No Clause of Redemption," say you! that's hard!

John Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them! They had got a worse trick than that! The same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance The same man was Butcher and Grazier, Brewer and Butler, Cook and Poulterer. There is something still worse than all this. There came twenty bills on me, at once; which I had given money to discharge. I was like[ly] to be pulled to pieces by Brewer, Butcher, and Baker; even my Herb-Woman dunned me as I went along the streets (thanks to my friend Sir ROGER! else I must have gone to gaol). When I asked the meaning of this, I was told, "The money went to the Lawyers; Counsel won't tick [*give credit*], Sir!" HOCUS was urging, my Bookkeeper [*Lord Treasurer GODOLPHIN*] sat sotting all day, playing at Putt and All Fours. In short, by griping Usurers, devouring Lawyers, and negligent Servants, I am brought to this pass!

Mrs. Bull. This was hard usage; but, methinks, the least reflection might have retrieved you!

John Bull. 'Tis true! yet consider my circumstances! My honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out! Besides, I was, for five years, often drunk; always muddled! They carried me from tavern to tavern, to ale-houses and brandy-shops; and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs! "There goes the prettiest fellow in the world," says one, "for managing a jury; make him yours!" "There is another can pick you up witnesses!" "Serjeant Such-a-One has a silver tongue at the bar!" I believe in time I should have retained every single person within the Inns of Court!

The night after a trial, I treated the Lawyers, their wives, and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed! Then they placed me in the middle; the Attorneys and their Clerks dancing about me, whooping and holloaing, "Long live JOHN BULL! the glory and support of the Law!"

Mrs. Bull. Really, Husband! you went through a very notable course!

John Bull. One of the things that first alarmed me, was that they shewed a spite against my poor old Mother.

"Lord!" quoth I, "what makes you so jealous of a poor old innocent Gentlewoman that minds only her *Prayers* and

her *Practice of Piety*? She never meddles in any of your concerns!"

"Foh!" say they, "to see a handsome, brisk, genteel, young fellow so much governed by a doating old woman! Why don't you go and suck the bubby [*breasts.* Bu bu *is the cry of the child needing its mother's milk*]? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good jointure! She has the best of your estate settled upon her for a rent-charge [*tithes*]! Hang her, old thief! turn her out of doors! seize her lands! and let her go to Law if she dares!"

"Soft and fair, Gentlemen!" quoth I; "my mother is my mother! Our Family is not of an unnatural temper! Though I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her jointure! Long may she enjoy it, good woman! I don't grudge it her! She allows me, now and then, a brace of Hundreds [*taxation of the Clergy*] for my Lawsuit; that is pretty fair!"

About this time, the old Gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a distemper [*deterioration and worldliness of the Established Clergy*]. It began with a coldness and numbness in her limbs; which, by degrees, affected the nerves (I think the Physicians call them), seized the brain, and at last ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itself, at first, in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply; now if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, she threw away her money upon roaring swearing bullies and randy beggars that went about the streets.

"What is the matter with the old Gentlewoman?" said everybody; "she never used to do in this manner!"

At last, the distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving fits [*Complaints against Moderation*]; in which, she shrieked out so loud, that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits, she call out upon Sir WILLIAM [*WILLIAM III.*]: "O, Sir WILLIAM! thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me! sold me! See, see, *CLUM* with his bloody knife! seize him! seize him! stop him! Behold the Fury with her hissing snakes! Where is my son JOHN? Is he well? is he well? Poor man, I

pity him!" And abundance more of such strange stuff that nobody could make anything of.

I knew little of the matter; for when I inquired about her health, the answer was, "She was in a good moderate way!"

Physicians were sent for in haste: Sir ROGER with great difficulty brought R[ADCLI]FF [*the Tory party*]. G[AR]TH [*the Whig party*] came upon the first message. There were several others called in: but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the Consultation.

At last they divided into two parties; one sided with G[AR]TH, and the other with R[ADCLI]FF.

Dr. G[AR]TH. This case seems to me, to be plainly hysterical. The old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so! I'll pawn my life! Blisters with the Steel diet will recover her!

Others suggested strong purging and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad; and that nothing would do better than a little corporal correction.

R[ADCLI]FF. Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case. It is plainly an acute distemper! and she cannot hold out three days, without she is supported with strong cordials!

I came into her room with a good deal of concern, and asked them, "What they thought of my mother?"

"In no manner of danger, I vow to God!" quoth G[AR]TH, "the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, Sir, I vow to God!"

"I tell you, Sir!" says R[ADCLI]FF, "she can't live three days to an end, unless there is some very effectual course taken with her! She has a malignant fever!"

Then "Fool!" "Puppy!" and "Blockhead!" were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads.

I forgot to tell you, that one party of the physicians desired I should take my sister PEG into the house to nurse her; but the old Gentlewoman would not hear of that.

At last, one physician asked, "If the Lady had ever been used to take laudanum?"

Her maid answered, "Not that she knew!" that "indeed there was a High German liveryman of hers, one YAN

PTSCHIRNSOOKER [*Inviting over the Palatines*] that gave her a sort of a Quack powder."

The physician desired to see it; "Nay," says he, "there is opium in this, I am sure!"

Mrs. Bull. I hope you examined a little into this matter!

John Bull. I did indeed! and discovered a great mystery of iniquity.

The witnesses made oath, that they had heard some of the liverymen frequently railing at their Mistress. They said "She was a troublesome fiddle faddle old woman, and so ceremonious that there was no bearing of her! They were so plagued with bowing and cringing, as they went in and out of the room, that their backs ached! She used to scold at one, for his dirty shoes: at another, for his greasy hair, and not combing his head! Then she was so passionate and fiery in her temper, that there was no living with her! She wanted something to sweeten her blood! They never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the morning to early sacraments! They wished they could find some way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed!"

Such discourses were so often overheard among the liverymen, that the said YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER had undertaken this matter.

A maid made affidavit, that she "had seen the said YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER, one of the liverymen, frequently making up of medicines, and administering them to all the neighbours"; that she "saw him, one morning, make up the powder which her mistress took," that she "had the curiosity to ask him, whence he had the ingredients?"

"They come," says he, "from several parts of de world. Dis I have from Geneva! dat from Rome! this white powder from Amsterdam! and the red from Edinburgh: but the chief ingredient of all comes from Turkey!"

It was likewise proved, that the said YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER had been frequently seen at the *Rose* with JACK, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his Mistress; that he brought a certain powder to his Mistress, which the Examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: *Madam, here is grand secret van de warld! my sweetning powder! It does temperate de humour, despel de windt, and cure de vapour! It lulleth and quieteth de animal spirits,*

procuring rest and pleasant dreams! It is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon de skin! It is de true bloodt stauncher, stopping all fluxes of de bloodt! If you do take this, you will never ail anything! it will cure you of all diseases! and abundance more to this purpose, which the Examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his story by a porter, that brought him a letter from NICHOLAS FROG; which is as follows:

CHAPTER IX.

A copy of NICHOLAS FROG's letter to JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL reads

Friend JOHN!

What schellum is it, that makes thee jealous of thy old friend NICHOLAS? Hast thou forgot how, some years ago, he took thee out of the Sponging-house [The Revolution of 1688].

'Tis true, my friend NIC. did so, and I thank him! but he made me pay a swinging reckoning.

Thou beginst now to repent the bargain that thou wast so fond of! and, if thou durst, would foreswear thy own hand and seal. Thou sayst that "thou hast purchased me too great an estate already!" when, at the same time, thou knowest I have only a mortgage [the Spanish Netherlands]. *'Tis true, I have possession, and the tenants own me for Master; but has not Esquire SOUTH the equity of redemption?*

No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily! Poor NIC. has only possession; eleven points of the Law!

As for the turnpikes [the prohibition of trade to all but the English] *I have set up; they are for other people, not for my friend JOHN! I have ordered my servant constantly to attend,*

to let thy carriages through, without paying anything; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy ladened, to spoil my ways!

Certainly, I have just cause of offence against thee, my friend! for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel. What houndsfoot is it, that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand lasts [a Last was estimated to contain 10,000 herrings] *of devils haul me, if I do not love thee as I love my life!*

No question! as the Devil loves holy water!

Does not thy own hand and seal oblige thee to purchase for me, till I say "It is enough!" Are not these words plain? I say, it is not *enough! Dost thou think thy friend* NICHOLAS FROG *made a child's bargain! Marks the words of thy contract,* tota pecunia, *with all thy money!*

Very well! I have purchased with my own money, my children's, and my grandchildren's money: is that not enough? Well, *tota pecunia*, let it be! for, at present, I have none at all! He would not have me purchase with other people's money, sure! Since *tota pecunia* is the bargain, I think it is plain "no more money, no more purchase!"

And, whatever the World may say! NICHOLAS FROG is but a poor man in comparison of the rich, the opulent JOHN BULL, great Clothier of the World!

I have had many losses! Six of my best sheep were drowned; and the water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a pipe of my best brandy. It would be a more friendly act in thee, to carry a Brief *about the country, to repair the losses of thy poor friend! Is it not evident to all the World, that I am still hemmed in by LEWIS BABOON? Is he not just upon my borders?*

And so he will be, if I purchase a thousand acres more; unless he gets somebody betwixt them!

I tell thee, friend JOHN! thou hast flatterers that persuade thee

thou art a man of business. Do not believe them! If thou wouldst still leave thy affairs in my hands, thou shouldst see how handsomely I would deal by thee! That ever thou *shouldst be dazzled with the Enchanted Islands* [the South Seas, *i.e.*, the Spanish Colonies in the Pacific] *and mountains of gold, that old* LEWIS *promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy money to purchase a place at Court, of honest* ISRAEL? *I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a Composition* [Peace].

Not think of a Composition, that is hard indeed! I cannot help thinking of it, if I would!

Thou complainest of want of money, let thy wife and daughters burn the gold lace upon their petticoats! sell thy fat cattle! retrench but a sirloin of beef and a peck-loaf in a week, from thy gormandizing stomach!

Retrench my beef, a dog! retrench my beef! Then it is plain the rascal has an ill design upon me! He would starve me!

Mortgage thy Manor of Bullock's Hatch, or pawn thy crop for ten years!

A rogue! Part with my country seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world! I'll see thee hanged first!

Why hast thou changed thy Attorney! Can any man manage thy Cause better for thee?

Very pleasant! Because a man has a good Attorney, he must never make an end of his Lawsuit!

Ah, JOHN! JOHN! *I wish thou knewst thy own mind! Thou art as fickle as the wind! I tell thee, thou hadst better let this Composition alone, or leave it to thy*

Loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAPTER X.

Of some extraordinary things that passed at the Salutation *tavern, in the Conference between* BULL, FROG, *Esquire* SOUTH, *and* LEWIS BABOON.

FROG had given his word that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the *Salutation* [*the Congress at Utrecht*], to talk of this Agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse. One time, he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold that had struck him deaf of one ear: afterwards two of his coach horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague.

JOHN would take no excuse; but hurried him away. "Come NIC.!" says he, "let us go and hear at least, what this Old Fellow has to propose! I hope there is no hurt in that!"

"Be it so," says NIC., "but if I catch any harm, woe be to you! My wife and children will curse you as long as they live!"

When they were come to the *Salutation*, JOHN concluded all was sure, then! and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs. He thought everybody as plain and sincere as he was.

"Well, neighbours!" quoth he, "let us now make an end of all matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come! If everybody is as well inclined as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our affair!" And so, pointing to FROG to say something: to the great surprise of all the company, FROG was seized with a dead palsy in the tongue.

JOHN began to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and holloaed in his ear.

John Bull. Let us come to the point, NIC.! Who wouldst thou have to be Lord STRUTT? Wouldst thou have PHILIP BABOON?

NIC. shook his head, and said nothing.

John Bull. Wilt thou then have Esquire SOUTH to be Lord STRUTT?

NIC. shook his head a second time.

John Bull. Then who, the Devil! wilt thou have? Say something or another!

NIC. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue; and cried, "A! a! a! a!"; which was as much as to say he could not speak.

John Bull. Shall I serve PHILIP BABOON with broadcloth; and accept of the Composition that he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fishponds?

Then NIC. roared like a bull, "O! o! o! o!"

John Bull. If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?

Then NIC. grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himself; and seemed to be so pleased that he fell a frisking and dancing about the room.

John Bull. Shall I leave all this matter to thy management, NIC.! and go about my business?

Then NIC. got up a glass and drank to JOHN; shaking him by the hand till he had like to have shaken his shoulder out of joint.

John Bull. I understand thee, NIC.! but I shall make thee speak before I go!

Then NIC. put his finger to his cheek, and made it cry "Buck!": which is as much as to say, "I care not a farthing for thee!"

John Bull. I have done, NIC.! If thou wilt not speak, I will make my own terms with old LEWIS here!

Then NIC. lolled out his tongue, and turned his back to him.

JOHN perceiving that FROG would not speak, turned to old LEWIS, "Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak, LEWIS! pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it on another scrap!"

"I am infinitely sorry," quoth **Lewis**, "that it happens so unfortunately! for, playing a little at cudgels the other day, a fellow has given me such a rap over the right arm that I

am quite lame [*disabled*]. I have lost the use of my forefinger and my thumb, so that I cannot hold my pen."

John Bull. That is all one, let me write for you!

Lewis. But I have a misfortune that I cannot read anybody's hand but my own.

John Bull. Try what you can do with your left hand!

Lewis. That is impossible! It will make such a scrawl that it will not be legible!

As they were talking of this matter, in came Esquire SOUTH, all dressed up in feathers and ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, "Room, room, boys! for the grand Esquire of the world! the flower of Esquires! What! covered in my Presence! I will crush your souls, and crack you like lice!"

With that, he had like to have struck JOHN BULL's hat into the fire; but JOHN, who was pretty strong fisted, gave him such a squeeze, as made his eyes water.

He still went on with his pranks, "When I am Lord of the Universe, the sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, FROG! shalt be my bailiff! LEWIS! my tailor! and thou JOHN BULL! shalt be my fool!"

All this while, FROG laughed in his sleeve, gave the Esquire the other noggin of brandy, and clapped him on the back; which made him ten times madder.

Poor JOHN stood in amaze, talking thus to himself, "Well, JOHN! thou art got into rare company! One has a dumb devil! the other a mad devil! and the third, a spirit of Infirmity! An honest man has a fine time of it amongst such rogues! What art thou asking of them, after all? some mighty boon, one would think! Only to sit quietly at thy own fireside. 'Sdeath! what have I to do with such fellows? JOHN BULL, after all his losses and crosses, can live better without them; than they can, without him! Would to God! I lived a thousand leagues off them! but the Devil is in it."

As he was talking to himself, he observed FROG and old LEWIS edging towards one another to whisper; so that JOHN was forced to sit with his arms akimbo to keep them asunder.

Some people advised JOHN to bleed FROG under the tongue: or take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire SOUTH, hellebore: as for LEWIS, some were for emollient pultas's [*poultices*]; others for opening his arm with an incision knife.

I could not obtain from Sir HUMPHRY, at this time, a copy of JOHN's letter, which he sent to his nephew by the young Necromancer; wherein he advises him not to eat butter and ham, and drink old hock in the morning with the Esquire and FROG, for fear of giving him a sour breath.

FINIS.

AN

APPENDIX

TO

JOHN BULL

Still

In his SENSES:

OR

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir HUMPHRY POLESWORTH: *and published (as well as the Three former Parts) by the Author of the* New Atlantis.

LONDON,

Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near Stationers' Hall, 1712. Price 3d.

[In an advertisement in the *Examiner*, Vol. II., No. 23, 1st May, 1712; it is stated that this *Appendix* would be published "to-morrow:" therefore its date is 2nd May, 1712.]

AN APPENDIX TO JOHN BULL

Still in his Senses, &c.

CHAPTER I.

The apprehending, examination, and imprisonment of JACK, *for suspicion of poisoning.*

THE attentive Reader cannot have forgotten that, in my last Part, the Story of YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER's Powder, was interrupted by a message from FROG. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore, to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my Reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER came off, as rogues usually do upon such occasions, by peaching [*turning evidence on*] his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows, JACK was accused as the contriver of all the roguery.

And, indeed, it happened, unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spite against the old Gentlewoman; and, consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger; Jack, to be sure, laid the pin in the way! If some noise in the street disturbed her rest; who could it be but Jack? in some of his nocturnal rambles. If a servant ran away, Jack had debauched [*corrupted*] him! Every tittle tattle that went about, JACK was always suspected for the author of it!

However all was nothing to this last affair of the

Temperating Moderating Powder. The Hue and Cry went after JACK, to apprehend him, dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The Constables looked out for him, in all his usual haunts; but to no purpose! Where, do you think, did they find him at last? Even smoking his pipe very quietly, at his brother MARTIN'S! from whence, he was carried, with a vast mob at his heels, before the Worshipful Mr. Justice OVERDO.

Several of his neighbours made oath, that, of late, the prisoner had been observed to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy and pretences to sobriety; that he frequented taverns and eating-houses, and had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my Lord Mayor's table [*the Dissenters holding Civic appointments*]; that he had been seen in the company of lewd women; that he had transferred his usual religious care of the engrossed copy of his father's Will [*the printed* Bible], to Bank Bills, Orders for Tallies, and Debentures [*Dissenters becoming worldly minded*];

* *Tale of the Tub*

these he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be *meat, drink, and cloth; the Philosopher's Stone, and the Universal Medicine**; that he was so far from shewing his customary reverence to the Will, that he kept company with those [? *sceptics*] that called his Father a "cheating rogue!" and his Will "a forgery!"; that he not only sat quietly and heard his Father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends; that

† *Tale of the Tub*

instead *of asking for blows at the corners of the streets*,† he bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short, that he was grown a mere rake, and had nothing left in him of old JACK, except his spite to JOHN BULL'S mother.

Another witness made oath, that JACK had been overheard bragging of a trick he had found out to manage the "old formal Jade," as he used to call her. "D—— this numbed skull of mine," quoth he, "that I could not light on it sooner! As long as I go in this ragged tattered coat, I am so well known that I am hunted away from the old woman's door by every barking cur about the house; they bid me defiance! There is no doing mischief as an open enemy! I must find some way or another of getting within doors! and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my pranks, besides the benefit of good keeping! [*The suggestion here is, that the Dis-*

senters turned Low Church, for the sake of the good things in the Establishment.]

Two witnesses swore, that several years ago, there came to their mistress's door, a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of TIMOTHY TRIM; whom they did, in their conscience, believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in shape, stature, and the features of his countenance; that the said TIMOTHY TRIM being taken into the family, clapped their mistress's livery over his own tattered coat [*Church forms over Dissenting principles*]; that the said TIMOTHY was extremely officious about their mistress's person, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing, to set her against the rest of their servants. Nobody was so ready to fetch anything that was wanted, or reach what was dropped! that he used to shove and elbow his fellow servants, to get near his mistress: especially when money was a paying or receiving, then he was never out of the way! That he was extremely diligent about everybody's business but his own.

That the said TIMOTHY, while he was in the Family, used to be playing roguish tricks. When his mistress's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like a harlequin, ridiculing her motions and gestures: if his mistress look about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as [if] he had been in a fit of devotion. That he used often to trip upstairs so smoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order; that he would pinch the children and servants, when he met them in the dark, so hard that he left the print of his forefingers and thumb in black and blue; and then slink into a corner, as if nobody had done it. Out of the same malicious design, he used to lay chairs and joint-stools in their way, that they might break their noses by falling over them. The more young and unexperienced, he used to teach to talk saucily and call names.

During his stay in the Family, there was much plate missing; that being catched with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said, "He was only going to carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended!"

That the said TIMOTHY was hated by all the honest servants, for his ill-conditioned, splenetic tricks: but especially for his slanderous tongue; traducing them to his mistress, as drunkards and thieves.

That the said TIMOTHY, by lying stories, used to set all the Family together by the ears; taking delight to make them fight and quarrel. Particularly, one day sitting at table, he spoke words to this effect:

"I am of opinion," quoth he, "that little short fellows, such as we are, have better hearts, and could beat the tall fellows. I wish it came to a fair trial! I believe these long fellows, as sightly as they are, should find their jackets well thwacked!" A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themselves affronted by this discourse, took up the question: and to it they went! the Tall Men [*High Church*] and the Low Men [*Low Church. These ecclesiastical badges first sprang up in Queen* ANNE's *reign*]; which continues still a faction in the Family, to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs.

That the said TIMOTHY carried this frolic so far, that he proposed to his mistress, that she should entertain no servant that was above four feet seven inches high; and for that purpose he prepared a gauge, by which they were to be measured.

That the good old Gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his projects. She began to smell a rat. "This TRIM," quoth she, "is an odd sort of a fellow! Methinks, he makes a strange figure with that ragged tattered coat appearing under his livery! Can't he go spruce and clean, like the rest of the servants? The fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I don't like by any means. Besides he has such a twang in his discourse, and such an ungraceful way of speaking through the nose, that one can hardly understand him! I wish [*hope*] the fellow be not tainted with some bad disease!"

The witnesses further made oath, that the said TIMOTHY lay out a nights, and went abroad often at unseasonable hours; that it was credibly reported, he did business in another family; that he pretended to have a squeamish stomach, and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants [? *the strict Communion of some Dissenters*], though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself; that he refused to dine upon salt fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head, his favourite dish, in private [*alluding to the Calf's Head Club*]; that for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he would devour capons, turkeys, and sirloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence. That in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip in a powder into her drink; and that once he was catched endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow as she was asleep: that he and PTSCHIRNSOOKER were often in close conference, and that they used to drink together at the *Rose*, where it seems he was well enough known by the true name of JACK.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence. He endeavoured to prove him *alibi*; so that the trial turned upon this single question, Whether the said TIMOTHY TRIM and JACK were the same person? which was proved by such plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withstanding the evidence. Therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his trial.

CHAPTER II.

How JACK's friends came to visit him in prison, and what advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had passed in the World, for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprised to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old Gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her! They said that it was more generous to profess an open enmity, than, under a profound dissimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust, and of the sacred rights of hospitality.

In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends. They told him, in plain terms, that "this was come as a judgement upon him, for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice, laying aside his Father's Will in an old mouldy trunk, and turning stock-jobber, newsmonger, and busybody, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pickpockets, his Father's sworn enemies!" that "he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the Court, repent, and change his manners!"

To say truth, JACK heard these discourses with some compunction; however he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him.

They sent HABBAKUK SLYBOOTS [?] who delivered him the following message, as the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

Habbakuk. Dear JACK! I am sorry for thy misfortune! Matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however, we must make the best of a bad bargain! Thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that is certain! *hang! draw!* and *quarter!* are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life. Thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by means of Don DIEGO DISMALLO. He assures us, there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape. It is indeed somewhat out of the common road: however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation!

Jack. Prithee, tell me quickly! for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Habbakuk. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you make as if you hanged yourself! they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and that JOHN BULL, being busied with his Lawsuit, will not inquire further into the matter.

Jack. How do you mean, "make as if I had hanged myself"?

Habbakuk. Nay, but you must really hang yourself up in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it; and leave the rest to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of some concern, and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I inquire into the means by which they intend to deliver me. A rope and a noose are no jesting matters!

Habbakuk. Why so mistrustful! Hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down!

Jack. May I presume to ask, who it is, that is entrusted with that important office?

Habbakuk. Is there no end of thy "Hows?" and thy "Whys?" That is a secret!

Jack. A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with! for I am not like[ly] to tell it again! I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to inquire who is to cut him down!

Habbakuk. Thou suspicious creature! If thou must needs know it, I tell thee, it is Sir Roger! He has been in tears ever since thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next room; and before the rope is well about thy neck, rest satisfied he will break in, and cut thee down! Fear not, old boy! we'll do it, I warrant thee!

Jack. So I must hang myself up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down; and all this, upon the credit of Don Diego! A fine stratagem indeed to save my life, that depends upon hanging, Don Diego, and Sir Roger!

Habbakuk. I tell thee there is a mystery in all this, my friend! a piece of profound policy! If thou knew what good this will do to the common Cause, thy heart would leap for joy! I am sure thou wouldst not delay the experiment one moment!

Jack. This is to the tune of *All for the better!* What is your Cause to me, when I am to be hanged?

Habbakuk. Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows! Know assuredly, before next full moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places of the kingdom! Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging! they talk of *impaling!* or *breaking on the wheel!* and thou choosest that, before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute! Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoken with several that have undergone it. They all agree it is no manner of uneasiness! Be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms; the relation will be curious! It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or so! Sir Roger will be with thee, in the twinkling of an eye!

Jack. But what if Sir Roger should not come? will my friends be there to succour me?

Habbakuk. Doubt it not! I will provide everything against to-morrow morning! Do thou keep thy own secret! say nothing! I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common good, that thou shouldst go through this operation.

CHAPTER III.

How JACK hanged himself up, by the persuasion of his friends; who broke their word, and left his neck in the noose.

JACK was a professed enemy to Implicit Faith; and yet I dare say, it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his friends, in the state of a poor disbanded Officer after a Peace, or rather a wounded soldier after a battle; like an old favourite of a cunning Minister after the job is over, or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game: or like a hundred such things that one sees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot. JACK's life was the purchase of DIEGO's friendship; much good may it do them! The Interest of HOCUS and Sir WILLIAM CRAWLEY [?], which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor JACK absolutely necessary.

You may easily guess that his rest, that night, was but small, and much disturbed: however the remaining part of his time, he did not employ, as his custom was formerly, in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a *Psalm*; but amused himself with disposing of his Bank Stock.

Many a doubt, many a qualm overspread his clouded imagination. "Must I then," quoth he, "hang up my own personal, natural, individual Self, with these two hands! *Durus Sermo*! What if I should be cut down, as my friends tell me; there is something infamous in the very attempt! The world will conclude I had a guilty conscience. Is it possible that good man, Sir ROGER, can have so much pity upon an unfortunate scoundrel that has persecuted him so many years? No, it cannot be! I don't love favours that pass through Don DIEGO's hands! On the other side, my blood chills about my heart, at the thought of these rogues with their hands pulling out my very entrails! Hang it! for once, I'll trust my friends!"

So JACK resolved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form. Many things happen between the cup and the lip. Witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecution stopped.

But so it was. JACK, for this time, had a sufficient stock of Implicit Faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to see it put in practice.

HABBAKUK brought him a smooth strong tough rope made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipped as glib as a bird-catcher's gin.

JACK shrank and grew pale at first sight of it. He handled it, measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it! He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist: nay, the very colour did not please him!

"Will nothing less than hanging serve?" quoth JACK. "Won't my enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will they accept of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment, a good sound whipping, or burning in the cheek?"

Habbakuk. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage! Make haste, else we shall be discovered! There is nothing like surprising the rogues! How they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self!

Jack. That is true! but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? We are not so unlike but it may pass!

Habbakuk. That can never be put upon Sir ROGER!

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife in case of the worst?

Habbakuk. Dost thou take me for a common liar! Be satisfied no damage can happen to your person! Your friends will take care of that!

Jack. Mayn't I quilt the rope! It galls me strangely. Besides, I don't like this running knot; it holds too tight! I may be stifled all of a sudden!

Habbakuk. Thou hast so many "Ifs" and "Ands!" Prithee, despatch! it might have been over before this time!

Jack. But now I think on it, I would fain settle some affairs for fear of the worst: have a little patience!

Habbakuk. There is no having patience: thou art such a fainting silly creature!

Jack. O thou most detestable abominable Passive Obedience! did I ever imagine I should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance! How will my brother MARTIN laugh at this story, to see himself outdone in his own calling! He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice!

No sooner had he uttered these words, but like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a *Tub*, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool, HABBAKUK kicked away; and left poor JACK swinging like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and, with most strict ligature, squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple dye.

While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, HABBAKUK walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room, to acquaint his friends; who received the news with great temper [*equanimity*], and with jeers and scoffs instead of pity.

"JACK has hanged himself!" quoth they, "let us go and see how the poor rogue swings!"

Then they called SIR ROGER.

"SIR ROGER!" quoth **Habbakuk,** "JACK has hanged himself; make haste and cut him down!"

SIR ROGER turned, first one ear, and then the other, not understanding what he said.

Habbakuk. I tell you, JACK has hanged himself up!

Sir Roger. Who is hanged?

Habbakuk. JACK!

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging day!

Habbakuk. But the poor fellow has hanged himself!

Sir Roger. Then let him hang! I don't wonder at it: the fellow has been mad these twenty years!

With this, he slank away.

Then JACK's friends began to hunch and push one another.

"Why don't you go and cut the poor fellow down?"

"Why don't you?"

And "Why don't you?"

"Not I!" quoth one.

"Not I!" quoth another.

"Not I!" quoth a third, "he may hang till Doomsday before I relieve him!"

Nay it is credibly reported that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that PTSCHIRNSOOKER and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast.

Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had both advised and justified before; viz., his getting into the old Gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery.

The Keeper who performed the last office, coming up, found JACK swinging with no life in him. He took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company.

"This, Gentlemen! is the rope that hanged JACK! What must be done with it?"

Upon which, they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham College; and it is called "JACK's rope" to this very day.

However, JACK, after all, had some small tokens of life in him: but lies, at this time, past hopes of a total recovery; with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion.

The Coroner's Inquest supposing him dead, brought him in *Non Compos.*

CHAPTER IV.

The Conference between Don DIEGO DISMALLO and JOHN BULL.

DURING the time of the foregoing transaction, Don DIEGO was entertaining JOHN BULL.

Don Diego. I hope, Sir, this day's proceedings will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend DIEGO, and the treachery of Sir ROGER.

John Bull. What's the matter now?

Don Diego. You have been endeavouring for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue JACK; but, what through the remissness of Constables, Justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

John Bull. What then?

Don Diego. Consider, then, who is your best friend, he that would have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him? By my persuasion, JACK had hanged himself, if SIR ROGER had not cut him down!

John Bull. Who told you that SIR ROGER has done so?

Don Diego. You seem to receive me coldly! Methinks, my services deserve a better return!

John Bull. Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel; I tell you, when I have any more hanging work, I will send for thee! I have some better employment for SIR ROGER. In the meantime, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after.

When he first came out of the North country into my Family, under the pretended name of TIMOTHY TRIM, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel till somebody turned his head. Then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole Family [*the Commonwealth*]. I could never order anything within or without doors; but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth! Nevertheless, tell him I will forgive what is past! and if he would mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere; he will find that JOHN BULL is not of a cruel disposition!

Don Diego. Yet all your skilful physicians say that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of JACK'S liver boiled in her soup!

John Bull. Those are Quacks! My mother abhors such cannibal's food! She is in perfect health at present. I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well, some time ago.

There are indeed two or three troublesome old nurses, that because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest, with knocking me up, "Oh, Sir! your mother is taken extremely ill! She is fallen into a fainting fit! She has a great emptiness, and wants sustenance!" [*The Tory cry of "The Church is in danger!"*] This is only to recommend themselves, for their great care. JOHN BULL, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

FINIS.

LEWIS BABOON Turned Honest,

AND

JOHN BULL POLITICIAN.

Being

The FOURTH PART

OF

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir HUMPHRY POLESWORTH *and published (as well as the Three former Parts and* Appendix*) by the Author of the* New Atlantis.

LONDON: Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near Stationers' Hall, 1712. Price 6d.

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THE CONTENTS

CHAP. I. *The Sequel of the History of the Meeting at the* Salutation ... ... *p.* 633

II. *How* JOHN BULL *and* NICHOLAS FROG *settled their accounts* ... ... *p.* 637

III. *How* JOHN BULL *found all his Family in an uproar at home* ... ... *p.* 641

IV. *How* LEWIS BABOON *came to visit* JOHN BULL, *and what passed between them* ... ... *p.* 644

V. NICHOLAS FROG's *letter to* JOHN BULL; *wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct with relation to* JOHN BULL *and the Lawsuit* ... ... *p.* 647

VI. *The discourse that passed between* NICHOLAS FROG *and Esquire* SOUTH, *which* JOHN BULL *overheard* ... ... *p.* 649

CHAP. VII. *The rest of* NICHOLAS's *fetches to keep* JOHN *out of Ecclesdown Castle* [Dunkirk] *p.* 652

VIII. *Of the great joy that* JOHN *expressed when he got possession of Ecclesdown* ... . *p.* 655

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I was first called to the Office of Historiographer to JOHN BULL, he expressed himself to this purpose, "Sir HUMPHRY! I know you are a plain dealer! It is for that reason that I have chosen you for this important trust! Speak the truth, and spare not!"

That I might fulfil those his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret retirements: and I put the Journals of all transactions into a strong box, to be opened at a fitting occasion; after the manner of the Historiographers of some Eastern monarchs. This I thought was the safest way; though I declare I was never afraid to be chopped [off] by my Master, for telling the truth.

It is from those Journals, that my Memoirs are compiled. Therefore let not Posterity, a thousand years hence, look for truth in the voluminous Annals *of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret springs of great actions! If they do, let me tell them, they will be* nebused*!*

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the several beauties of the ancient and modern historians, the impartial temper of HERODOTUS, the gravity, austerity, and strict morals of THUCYDIDES, the extensive knowledge of XENOPHON, the sublimity and grandeur of TITUS LIVIUS; and to avoid the careless style of

POLYBIUS! I have borrowed considerable ornaments from DIONYSIUS Harlicarnasseus and DIODORUS SICULUS! The specious gilding of TACITUS, I have endeavoured to shun! MARIANA, D'AVILA, and Fra PAULO are those among the Moderns, whom I thought most worthy of imitation; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progress *of JOHN BUNYAN, and the* Tenter Belly *of the Rev. JOSEPH HALL.*

From such encouragement and helps, it is easy to guess, to what a degree of perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nipped in the bud, by some illiterate people in both Houses of Parliament: who, envying the great figure I was to make in future Ages, under pretence of raising money for the war, have padlocked [by the Stamp Act] *all those very pens that were to celebrate the actions of their heroes, by silencing at once the whole University of Grub street. I am persuaded that nothing but the prospect of an approaching Peace could have encouraged them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of the Matriculates of that famous University, to ask them some plain questions. Do they think that Peace will bring along with it a Golden Age? Will there be never a dying speech of a Traitor? Are CETHEGUS and CATALINE turned so tame that there will be no opportunity to cry about the streets, "A dangerous Plot!"? Will Peace bring such Plenty that no gentleman will have occasion to go upon the highway, or break into a house?*

I am sorry that the World should be so much imposed upon, by the dreams of a false prophet, as to imagine the Millenium is at hand. O Grub street! thou fruitful nursery of towering geniuses! how do I lament thy downfall! Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English Liberty! No modern Lycæum will ever equal thy glory, whether in soft Pastorals thou sangst the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cookmaids, or mournful

Ditties of departing lovers! or if to Mœonian strains, thou raisedst thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizen! describing the powerful BETTY, *or the artful* PICKLOCK, *or the secret caverns and grottoes of* VULCAN *sweating at his forge and stamping the Queen's image on viler metals, which he retails for beef and pots of ale! or if thou wert content in simple Narrative to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge; or the complaints of ravished virgins blushing to tell their adventure before the listening crowd of City damsels: whilst, in thy faithful History, thou interminglest the gravest counsels and the purest morals! nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the Works of Nature; whether, in proper and emphatic terms, thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations! Sometimes, with Machiavellian sagacity, thou unravelledst the intrigues of State, and the traitorous conspiracies of rebels; giving wise counsel to Monarchs! How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes between* JACK CATCH *and the heroes of the Old Bailey! how didst thou describe their intrepid march up Holborn Hill! Nor didst thou shine less in thy Theological capacity, when thou gavest ghostly counsel to dying felons, and recorded the guilty pangs of Sabbath-breakers! How will the noble Arts of* JOHN OVERTON's *painting and sculpture now languish! where rich invention, proper expression, correct design, divine altitudes, and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of Clar Obscur* [Chiar obscuro] *imbellish thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude!*

Adieu, persuasive Eloquence! The quaint Metaphor, the poignant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile are fled to Burleigh on the Hill!

Instead of these, we shall have I know not what! "*The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure.*"*

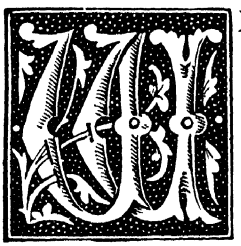
* Vide [WILLIAM FLEETWOOD] the Bishop of ST ASAPH'S *Preface* [to his *Four Sermons*]

I hope the Reader will excuse this digression, due, by way of condolence, to my worthy brethren of Grub street, for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overspread all its regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant tax [the Stamp duty]. *It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and so long as I preserved some figure and rank among the Learned of that Society, I scorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I were offered it gratis by the Professors there.*

LEWIS BABOON
Turned Honest,
AND
JOHN BULL
POLITICIAN.

CHAPTER I.

The Sequel of the History of the Meeting at the Salutation:



HERE, I think I left JOHN BULL sitting between NIC. FROG and LEWIS BABOON, with his arms akimbo, in great concern to keep LEWIS and NIC. asunder.

As watchful as he was, NIC. found means, now and then, to steal a whisper; and, by a cleanly conveyance under the table, to slip a short note into LEWIS's hand: which LEWIS as slyly, put into JOHN's pocket, with a pinch or a jog to warn him what he was about

JOHN had the curiosity to retire into a corner, to peruse

these *billet-doux* of NIC.'s; wherein he found that NIC. had used great freedoms, both with his Interest and reputation.

One contained these words:

Dear LEWIS,

Thou seest clearly that this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear! Let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves at the Rose, *and I will give thee satisfaction!*

Another was thus expressed:

Friend LEWIS,

Has thy sense quite forsaken thee, to make BULL such offers? Hold fast! part with nothing! and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll warrant thee!

In some of his billets, he told LEWIS that *JOHN BULL was under his guardianship!* that *the best part of his servants were at his command!* that *he could have JOHN gagged and bound, whenever he pleased, by the people of his own Family!*

In all these epistles, *blockhead! dunce! ass! coxcomb!* were the best epithets he gave poor JOHN.

In others, he threatened that, *he, Esquire SOUTH, and the rest of the Tradesmen* [the Allies] *would lay LEWIS down upon his back, and beat out his teeth, if he did not retire immediately, and break up the meeting!*

I fancy I need not tell my reader that JOHN often changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give NIC. a good slap on the chops: but he wisely moderated his choleric temper.

"I saved this fellow," quoth he, "from the gallows, when he ran away from his last master [*the rise of the Dutch Republic with English help*]; because I thought he was harshly treated: but the rogue was no sooner safe under my protection, than he began to lie, pilfer, and steal, like the Devil!

"When I first set him up in a warm house; he had hardly put up his Sign, when he began to debauch [*entice*] my best customers from me. Then it was his constant practice to rob my fish-ponds [*Dutch fishing for herrings off the English coast; see Vols. II. p.* 61; *III. p.* 621; *IV. p.* 323]; not only to feed his family, but to trade with the fishmongers. I connived at the fellow, till he began to tell me that 'they were his, as much as mine!'

"In my Manor of Eastcheap [*East Indies*], because it

lay at some distance from my constant inspection, he broke down my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat my servants. When I used to reprimand him for his tricks; he would talk saucily, lie, and brazen it out as if he had done nothing amiss. 'Will nothing cure thee of these pranks, NIC.?' quoth I. 'I shall be forced, some time or another, to chastise thee!' The rogue got up his cane and threatened me; and was well thwacked for his pains [*the wars with the Dutch in* 1652, 1665, *and* 1671].

"But I think his behaviour at this time, worst of all! After I have almost drowned myself, to keep his head above water; he would leave me sticking in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out! After I have beggared myself with this troublesome Lawsuit, he takes it in mighty dudgeon, because I have brought him here, to end matters amicably! and because I won't let him make me over, by deed and indenture, as his lawful cully [*dupe*]! which to my certain knowledge, he has attempted several times.

"But, after all, canst thou *gather grapes from thorns*? NIC. does not pretend to be a Gentleman! He is a tradesman, a self-seeking wretch! But how comest thou to bear all this, JOHN? The reason is plain; thou conferrest the benefits, and he receives them: the first produces love, and the last ingratitude.

"Ah, NIC.! thou art a dog, that is certain! Thou knowest too well, that I will take care of thee, else thou wouldst not use me thus. I won't give thee up, it is true: but, as true it is, that thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable custom!"

While JOHN was deep in this soliloquy, NIC. broke out into the following protestation:

"Gentlemen,

I believe everybody here present, will allow me to be a very just and disinterested person. My friend JOHN BULL here, is very angry with me; forsooth, because I won't agree to his foolish bargains. Now I declare to all mankind, I should be ready to sacrifice my own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his Interest and that of the honest Tradesmen [*the Allies*] that are embarked with us, keeps me from entering into this Composition. What shall become of those poor creatures? The thought of their impending ruin

disturbs my night's rest! Therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this affair, I shan't make two words of it!"

JOHN BULL begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him: and withal, put him in mind that the Interest of those Tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him, some years ago, on a like occasion.

NIC. answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain's whistle. Upon the first whiff, the Tradesmen came jumping in the room, and began to surround LEWIS like so many yelping curs about a great boar: or, to use a modester simile, like duns at a great Lord's levee, the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by the sleeve! another by the skirt! a third holloaed in his ear! They began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers, by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase! Some asked for Manors! Others, for acres that lay convenient for them! that he would pull down his fences! level his ditches! All agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited, and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk like that of his neighbours.

One modestly asked him leave to call him "Brother!" NIC. FROG demanded two things, to be his Porter and his Fishmonger; to keep the keys of his gates, and furnish his kitchen. JOHN's sister, PEG, only desired that he would let his servants [*French Protestants*] sing *Psalms* a Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old clothes, shoes and boots, broken bottles, tobacco pipes, and ends of candles.

"Monsieur BULL," quoth LEWIS, "you seem to be a man of some breeding! For God's sake! use your Interest with these Messieurs, that they would speak but one at once! for if one had a hundred pair of hands and as many tongues, he cannot satisfy them all, at this rate!"

JOHN begged they might proceed with some method.

Then they stopped all of a sudden, and would not say a word.

"If this be your play," quoth JOHN, "that we may not be like a Quaker's dumb meeting; let us begin some diversion! What do ye think of Rouly Pouly, or a Country Dance? What if we should have a match at football? I am sure we shall never end matters at this rate!"

CHAPTER II.

How JOHN BULL and NICHOLAS FROG settled their accounts.

John Bull. DURING this general cessation of talk, what if you and I, NIC.! should inquire how money matters stand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart! I love exact dealing; and let HOCUS audit! he knows how the money was disbursed.

John Bull. I am not for that, at present! We will settle it between ourselves! Fair and square, NIC.! keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this Lawsuit, at one time, 36,000 pounds and 40,000 crowns. In some cases, I, in others you, bear the greater proportion.

Nic. Right! I pay Three-fifths of the greater number; and you pay Two-thirds of the lesser number. I think this is "fair and square" as you call it.

John. Well, go on!

Nic. Two-thirds of 36,000 pounds is 24,000 pounds for your share; and there remains 12,000 pounds. Again, of the 40,000 crowns, I pay 24,000; which is Three-fifths; and you pay only 16,000, which is Two-fifths. 24,000 crowns make 6,000 pounds, and 16,000 crowns make 4,000 pounds: 12,000 and 6,000 make 18,000; 24,000 and 4,000 make 28,000. So there are 18,000 pounds to my share of the expenses, and 28,000 pounds to yours."

After NIC. had bamboozled JOHN a while about the 18,000 and the 28,000; JOHN called for counters. But what with sleight of hand, and taking from his own score and adding to JOHN'S, NIC. wrought the balance always on his own side.

John Bull. Nay, good friend NIC., though I am not quite so nimble in the figures, I understand ciphering as well as you! I will produce my accounts one by one, fairly written out of my own books.

And here I begin with the first. You must excuse me, if I don't pronounce the Law terms right.

John reads.

		£	s.	d.
Fees to the Lord Chief Justice and other Judges, by way of dividend...		200	10	6
Fees to *puisne* Judges		50	0	0
To Esquire SOUTH, for *post Terminums*		100	10	6
To ditto	for *Non est factums*	200	0	0
To ditto	for Discontinuance, *Noli prosequi*, and *Retraxit*	80	10	6
To ditto	for a *Non Omittas*, and filing a *post Diem*	50	0	0
To HOCUS,	for a *Dedimus protestatem* ...	300	0	0
To ditto	for *Casas* and *Fifas* after a *Devastavit*	500	0	0
To ditto	for a *Capias ad computandum*	100	10	6
To FROG's New tenants [*the Barrier towns*],	*per* Account to HOCUS, for *Audita querelas*	200	0	0
	On the said Account, for Writs of Ejectment and *Destringas*	300	0	0
To Esquire SOUTH's quota for a Return of a	*Non est inventus* and *nulla habet bona*	150	10	0
To ———	for a Pardon *in formâ pauperis*	200	0	0
To JACK	for a *Melius inquirendum* upon a *Felo de se*	100	0	0
To Don DIEGO	for a *Deficit*...	50	0	0
To Coach hire	... ...	500	0	0
For treats to Juries and Witnesses		300	0	0
	Sum	£3,382	12	0
	Due by NIC. FROG	£1,691	6	0
	Of which, paid by NIC. FROG	1,036	11	0
	Remains due by NIC. FROG	£654	15	0

Then NIC. FROG pulled out his bill out of his pocket, and began to read

NICHOLAS FROG's Account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account:	£	s.	d.
To HOCUS for Entries of a *Rege inconsulto* ...	200	0	0
To JOHN BULL's Nephew [*the Old Pretender*] for a *Venire Facias*: the money not yet all laid out	300	0	0
The coach hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this Lawsuit	200	10	6
For the extraordinary expenses of feeding my family, during this Lawsuit...	500	0	0
To *Major AB.*	300	0	0
To *Major WILL.*	200	0	0
Sum	£1,700	10	6
From which deduct	1,691	6	0
There remains due to NIC. FROG	£9	4	6

Besides; recollecting, I believe I paid for DIEGO's *Deficit.*

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias*, I have paid you for one already! In the other, I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take care of my nephew myself. Your coach hire and family charges are most unreasonable deductions! At that rate, I can bring in any man in the world, my debtor! But who, the Devil! are those two *Majors* that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accounts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest Gentlemen, I assure you! that have done me some service.

To tell you plainly, *Major AB.* denotes thy "greater Ability," and *Major WILL.*, thy "greater Willingness," to carry on this Lawsuit. It was but reasonable, thou shouldst pay both for thy Power and thy Positiveness!

John Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest Majors' discount on my side, in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend, about

such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich JOHN BULL? I wonder thou art not ashamed! O HOCUS! HOCUS! where art thou? It used to go another-guess manner in thy time! When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake; thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him! Is that thy conscience, JOHN?

John Bull. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy Lawyers by the year; so that a fresh Lawsuit adds but little to thy expense. They are thy customers: I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of anything! Nay, thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run [*i.e., all the ready money they can chink, and all the credit they can run*]. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou gettest more of my money than thou spendest of thy own. However, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least that thy Accounts are false.

Nic. Frog. No, marry! won't I! I refer myself to these honest Gentlemen [*the Tradesmen, i.e., the Allies*]! Let them judge between us! Let Esquire SOUTH speak his mind, Whether my accounts are not right? and Whether we ought not to go on with the Lawsuit?

John Bull. *Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent!* I tell you, once for all, JOHN BULL knows where his shoe pinches. None of your Esquires shall give him the law, as long as he wears this trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad-cloth in his shop!

Nic. Frog. Why, there it is! You will be Judge and Party! I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy headstrong humour before these strange Gentlemen! I have often told you, that it would prove thy ruin some time or another!

JOHN saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling; and that he should have as little success in settling his accounts as in ending the Composition.

"Since they will needs overload my shoulders," quoth JOHN, "I shall throw down the burden with a squash amongst them; take it up who dares! A man has a fine time of it, among a combination of sharpers that vouch for one another's honesty! JOHN, look to thyself! Old LEWIS makes reasonable offers! When thou hast spent the small pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to

live upon NIC. FROG's and Esquire SOUTH's generosity and gratitude. If they use thee thus, when they want thee; what will they do, when thou wantest them? I say again, JOHN look to thyself!"

JOHN wisely stifled his resentments; and told the company that, "in a little time, he should give them law, or something better!"

All. Law! Law! Sir, by all means! What are twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a Lawsuit? For the love of God! more Law, Sir!

John Bull. Prepare your demands, how many years more of Law you want! that I may order my affairs accordingly. In the meanwhile, farewell!

CHAPTER III.

How JOHN BULL found all his Family in an uproar at home.

NIC. FROG (who thought of nothing but of carrying JOHN to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods) was mad to find that JOHN thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project, and to make him uneasy in his own Family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world, that their Master was run mad! and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poison in the other! he had sold his wife and children to LEWIS! disinherited his heir! and was going to settle his estate upon a parish boy! that if they did not look after their Master, he would do some very mischievous thing!

When JOHN came home, he found a more surprising scene than any he had yet met with [*the national excitement as to the Hanoverian Succession*]; and that, you will say, was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid BETTY to bespeak his dinner.

BETTY told him that "she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his Will [*the Act of Settlement, ensuring the Hanoverian Succession*]!"

"Why, BETTY, forsooth, thou art not run mad! art thou? My will at present, is to have dinner."

"That may be," quoth BETTY, "but my conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir [*the Princess SOPHIA*]?"

"I am sorry for that, BETTY!" quoth JOHN, "I must find somebody else then!"

Then he called JOHN the barber.

"Before I begin," quoth JOHN, "I hope your Honour won't be offended, if I ask you, Whether you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle, for me!"

"I gad, and so it shall!" quoth BULL, "for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands!"

"Where is DICK the butler?"

"Look ye!" quoth DICK, "I am very willing to serve you in my calling, do ye see! but there are strange reports, and plain dealing is best, do you see! I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew, and if NIC. FROG is still your executor, do you see! If you will not satisfy me as to these points, do you see! you may drink with the ducks!"

"And so I will!" quoth JOHN, "rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself."

HOB the shoemaker and PRICKET the tailor told him that they "would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them, never to talk with LEWIS BABOON, and let NICHOLAS FROG, linendraper, manage his concerns!" that they "could neither make shoes nor clothes to any that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend NICHOLAS."

John Bull. Call ANDREW my journeyman! How go affairs, ANDREW? I hope the Devil has not taken possession of thy body too!

Andrew. No, Sir! I only desire to know, what you would do if you were dead?

John Bull. Just as other dead folks do, ANDREW!

[*Aside.* This is amazing!

Andrew. I mean if your nephew shall inherit your estate?

John Bull. That depends upon himself! I shall do nothing to hinder him!

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

John Bull. Thou meanest that I should put him in possession; for I can make no surer without that! He has all the Law can give him!

Andrew. Indeed, Possession, as you say, would make it much surer. They say "it is eleven points of the Law!"

JOHN began now to think they were all enchanted. He inquired about the age of the moon? if NIC. had not given them some intoxicating potion? or if old mother JENISA was not still alive?

"No, on my faith!" quoth HARRY, "I believe there is no potion in the case but a little *aurum potabile*. You will have more of this, by and by!"

He had scarce spoken the word, when, of a sudden, Don DIEGO, followed by a great multitude of his tenants and workpeople, came rushing into the room.

Don Diego. Since those worthy persons, who are as much concerned for your safety as I am, have employed me as their Orator; I desire to know whether you will have it, by way of Syllogism, Enthymeme [a *syllogism drawn from probable premisses, and which therefore does not pretend to be demonstrative*], Dilemma [*an argument in which the adversary is caught between two difficulties*], or Sorites [*a heap of syllogisms, the conclusion of the one forming the premiss of the next*].

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

John Bull. Let us have a Sorites, by all means! though they are all new to me!

Don Diego. It is evident to all that are versed in history, that there were two sisters that played the whore two thousand years ago: therefore it follows, that it is not lawful for JOHN BULL to have any manner of intercourse with LEWIS BABOON. If it is not lawful for JOHN BULL to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence if you will! that is much the same thing!); then, *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said JOHN to make over his wife and children to the said LEWIS. If his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratsbane in his pockets. If he wears a dagger and a ratsbane, it must be to do mischief to himself or somebody else. If he intends to do mischief, he

ought to be under Guardians: and there are none so fit as myself and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from NIC. FROG, the Executor of his Will and Testament.

John Bull. And this is your Sorites, you say!

With that, he snatched a good oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it. Then happy was the man that was first at the door! Crowding to get out, they tumbled down stairs: and it is credibly reported, some of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the Family.

"That any of these rogues," quoth JOHN, "should imagine, I am not as much concerned as they, about having my affairs in a settled condition; or that I would wrong my heir, for I know not what! Well, NIC.! I really cannot but applaud thy diligence! I must own this is really a pretty sort of a trick; but it shan't do thy business, for all that!"

CHAPTER IV.

How LEWIS BABOON came to visit JOHN BULL, and what passed between them.

I THINK it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not written by Sir HUMPHRY himself, but by another very able Pen of the University of Grub street.

JOHN had, by some good instructions that were given him, got the better of his choleric temper; and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of mind to pursue his own Interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way. He began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets. He put on a serious air, knitted his brows: and, for a time, had made a very considerable progress in politics; considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a foot-ball, or a match at cricket: for which Sir ROGER was sure to take him to task.

JOHN was walking about his room, with folded arms and a most thoughtful countenance, when his servant brought him word, that one LEWIS BABOON, below, wanted to speak with him.

JOHN had got an impression that LEWIS was so deadly a cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him. At last, he took heart of grace. "Let him come up," quoth he, "it is but sticking to my point, and he can never overreach me!"

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur BULL! I will frankly acknowledge that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil; and I believe you will readily grant me! that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of backsword and cudgel-play from my youth; and I now bear in my body, many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows! I had as good a warehouse and as fair possessions as any of my neighbours, though I say it! but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you.

These my misfortunes are heightened by domestic calamities that I need not relate. I am a poor old battered fellow; and I would willingly end my days in peace! But, alas, I see but small hopes of that! for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge! Formerly, I was to be banged, because I was too strong; and now, because I am too weak to resist! I am to be brought down, when too rich; and oppressed, when too poor! NIC. FROG has used me like a scoundrel! You are a Gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands, to dispose of me as you think fit.

John Bull. Look you, Master BABOON! as to your usage of your neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter! let it suffice, at present, that you have been met with. You have been rolling a great stone uphill all your life; and, at last, it has come tumbling down till it is like[ly] to crush you to pieces.

Plain dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Monsieur BABOON! whereby one may know when you fib, and when you speak truth; you had best tell it me! that one may proceed accordingly. But since, at present, I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I should trust you!

Lewis Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongst us Tradesmen, but Interest: and it is manifestly mine, not to deceive you at this time. You may safely trust me, I can assure you!

John Bull. The trust I give is, in short, this. I must have something in hand, before I make the bargain; and the rest, before it is concluded.

Lewis Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your something!

John Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy! thou canst guess!

Lewis Baboon. Ecclesdown Castle, I'll warrant you! because it has been formerly in your family! [*Dunkirk, sold by* CHARLES *II. to France, in* 1662, *for* £500,000]. Say no more, you shall have it!

John Bull. I shall have it to mine own self!

Lewis Baboon. To thine own self!

John Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Ecclesdown Castle, you say!

Lewis Baboon. Just so!

John Bull. Every single stone of Ecclesdown Castle to mine own self, speedily!

Lewis Baboon. When you please! What need more words!

John Bull. But tell me, old boy! hast thou laid aside all thy Equivocals and Mentals [*reservations*] in this case?

Lewis Baboon. There is nothing like matter of fact. Seeing is believing.

John Bull. Now thou talkest to the purpose! let us shake hands, old boy! Let me ask thee one question more! What hast thou to do with the affairs of my Family, to dispose of my estate, old boy?

Lewis Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord STRUTT!

John Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that!

Lewis Baboon. And my Interest was concerned in the other. But let us drop both our pretences! for I believe it is a moot point whether I am more likely to make a Master BULL; or you, a Lord STRUTT.

John Bull. Agreed, old boy! but then I must have

security that I shall carry my broadcloth to market, old boy!

Lewis Baboon. That you shall! Ecclesdown Castle! Ecclesdown, remember that! Why wouldst thou not take it, when it was offered thee, some years ago?

John Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou wouldst not give to me!

Lewis Baboon. How could Monsieur BULL be so gross abused by downright nonsense! They that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give! else why would they not make the experiment? But I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at present.

John Bull. But what sayst thou as to the Esquire, NIC. FROG, and the rest of the Tradesmen [*the Allies*]? I must take care of them.

Lewis Baboon. Thou hast but small obligations to NIC., to my certain knowledge. He has not used me like a Gentleman!

John Bull. NIC., indeed, is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony: he is clownish, as a man may say. Belching and calling of names have been allowed him, time out of mind, by prescription. But however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

Lewis Baboon. All matters that relate to him and the rest of the Plaintiffs in this Lawsuit, I will refer to your justice!

CHAPTER V.

NICHOLAS FROG's letter to JOHN BULL; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct with relation to JOHN BULL and the Lawsuit.

NIC. perceived now that his cully [*dupe*] had eloped, that JOHN intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble.

Among other artifices, he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character [*type*].

Dear friend,

When I consider the late ill usage I have met with from you,

I am reflecting, What it was that could provoke you to it? but upon a narrow inspection into my conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a concern for your Interest. You no sooner set this Composition afoot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented [anticipated] *your every wishes: and the Affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater concerns of Esquire* SOUTH *and the other poor creatures embarked in the same common Cause, whose safety touches me to the quick.*

You seemed a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in money matters, till it appeared, by your own accounts, that there was something due to me upon the balance.

Having nothing to answer to so plain a demonstration, you began to complain as if I had been familiar with your reputation: when it is well known, not only I, but the meanest servant in my family, talk of you with the utmost respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your servants and tenants to be dutiful: not that I any ways meddle in your domestic affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your servants express their great concern for you in a manner that is not so polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary zeal, which deserves a reward rather than a reproof.

You cannot reproach me for want of success at the Salutation; *since I am not master of the passions and Interests of other folks. I have beggared myself with this Lawsuit, undertaken merely in complaisance to you! and, if you would have had but a little patience, I had greater things in reserve that I intended to have done for you.*

I hope what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable jealousies; and that we may have no more meetings at the Salutation, *spending our time and money to no purpose. My concern for your welfare and prosperity almost makes me mad! You may be assured, I will continue to be,*

Your affectionate friend and servant,

NICHOLAS FROG.

JOHN received this with a good deal of *sang froid*.

"*Transeat*," quoth JOHN, "*cum cæteris erroribus!*"

He was now at his ease. He saw he could now make a very good bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks.

"My shirt," quoth he, "is near me, but my skin in nearer! Whilst I take care of the welfare of other folks, nobody can blame me for applying a little balsam to my own sores! It is a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do his own business: a man has such a tender concern for himself, there is nothing like it! This is somewhat better, I trow! that for JOHN BULL to be standing in the market like a great dray horse, with FROG's paws upon his head, 'What will ye give me for this beast?'

"*Serviteur* NIC. *FROG!* though JOHN BULL has not read your ARISTOTLES, PLATOS, and MACHIAVELLIS, he can see as far into a millstone as another!" With that, JOHN began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to burst his sides.

CHAPTER VI.

The discourse that passed between NICHOLAS FROG *and Esquire* SOUTH, *which* JOHN BULL *overheard.*

JOHN thought every minute a year till he got into Ecclesdown Castle. He repaired to the *Salutation*, with a design to break matter the gently to his partners. Before he entered, he overheard NIC. and the Esquire in a very pleasant conference.

Esquire South. O the ingratitude and injustice of mankind! That JOHN BULL, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protection so long, should flinch at last; and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me! that the family of the SOUTHS, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An [*if*] it like your Worship! I am in amaze at it! I think the rogue should be compelled to do his duty

Esquire South. That he should prefer his scandalous self, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too! for he would quickly lick himself whole again, by his vails [*tips*]. It is strange he should prefer LEWIS BABOON's custom to Esquire SOUTH's.

Esquire South. As you say, that my clothier, that is to

get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession! Did you ever know any man's tradesmen serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an it please your Worship! it is a very unusual proceeding! and I would not have been guilty of it for the world! If your Honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it so well as you do!

Esquire South. It is most intolerable, that is certain, NIC.! and I will be revenged!

Nic. Frog. Methinks, it is strange that PHILIP BABOON'S tenants [*the Spaniards*] do not all take your Honour's part, considering how good and gentle a master you are!

Esquire South. True, NIC.! but few are sensible of merit in this world. It is a great comfort to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world should forsake you, be assured NIC. FROG never will! Let us stick to our point, and we will manage BULL, I'll warrant ye!

Esquire South. Let me kiss thee, dear NIC.! I have found one honest man among a thousand at last!

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your Honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest!

Esquire South. Tell me quickly, dear NIC.!

Nic. Frog. You know I am your tenant. The difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend! That will be an encouragement to go on! Besides, it will make BULL as mad as the Devil. You and I shall be able to manage him then, to some purpose!

Esquire South. Say no more! It shall be done, NIC.! to thy heart's content!

JOHN, all this while, was listening to this comical dialogue; and laughed heartily in his sleeve, at the pride and simplicity of the Esquire, and the sly roguery of his friend NIC.

Then, of a sudden, bolting into the room, he began to tell them that he believed he had brought LEWIS to reasonable terms, if they would be pleased to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, "No Composition! Long live Esquire SOUTH and the Law!"

As JOHN was going to proceed, some roared, some stamped

with their feet, and others stopped their ears with their fingers.

"Nay, Gentlemen," quoth JOHN, "if you will but stop your proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether LEWIS's proposals are reasonable.

All. Very fine indeed! Stop proceeding, and so loose a Term [*a campaign*].

John Bull. Not so, neither! We have something by way of advance. He will put us in possession of his Manor and Castle of Ecclesdown.

Nic. Frog. What dost thou talk of Us. thou meanest thyself!

John Bull. When FROG took possession of anything, it was always said to be for Us; and why may not JOHN BULL be Us, as well as NIC. FROG was Us? I hope JOHN BULL is no more confined to Singularity than NIC. FROG! or take it so, the constant doctrine that Thou hast preached up, for many years, was that thou and I are One; and why must we be supposed Two in this case, that were always One before? It is impossible thou and I can fall out, NIC.! we must trust one another! I have trusted thee with a great many things; prithee, trust me with this one trifle!

Nic. Frog. That principle is true in the main; but there is some speciality in this case that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

John Bull. Those are your jealousies, that common enemies sow between us. How often hast thou warned me of those rogues, NIC.! that would make us mistrustful of one another?

Nic. Frog. This Ecclesdown Castle is only a bone of contention!

John Bull. It depends upon you to make it so! For my part, I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expenses of reparations and servants! I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire!

John Bull. You are a great man, NIC.! but in my circumstances, I must be even content to take it as it is.

Nic Frog. And are you really so silly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you!

John Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact. I stand and fall by that! I am resolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopefullest Cause in the world! a claim that will certainly, in the end, make thy fortune for ever!

John Bull. Wilt thou purchase it, NIC.? Thou shalt have a bumping pennyworth! Nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands!

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldst but moderate that hasty impatient temper of thine, thou shouldst quickly see a better thing than all that! What shouldst thou think to find old LEWIS turned out of his paternal estates and mansion house of Clay Pool [*Paris*]? Would not that do thy heart good, to see thy old friend NIC. FROG, Lord of Clay Pool? Then thou and thy wife and children shall walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade; and now and then we should have a country dance.

John Bull. I love to be plain. I'd as lief see myself in Ecclesdown Castle, as thee in, Clay Pool! I tell you again, LEWIS gives this as a pledge of his sincerity: if you won't stop proceeding, to hear him, I will!

CHAPTER VII.

The rest of NICHOLAS's fetches to keep JOHN out of Ecclesdown Castle.

WHEN NIC. could not dissuade JOHN by argument, he tried to move his pity. He pretended to be sick and likely to die; that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition, if JOHN did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl after such a troublesome business as this Lawsuit: and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him!

When he saw that JOHN was still inexorable, he pulled out a case-knife, with which he used to *sneaker-snee*; and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his windpipe with a most determined threatening air. "What signifies life!" quoth he, "in this languishing condition? It will be some pleasure that my friends will revenge my death upon this barbarous man, that has been the cause of it!"

All this while, JOHN looked sedate and calm, neither offering

in the least to snatch the knife, nor stop his blow; trusting to the tenderness NIC. had for his own person.

When he perceived that JOHN was immoveable in his purpose, he applied himself to LEWIS.

"Art thou," quoth he, "turned bubble [*a deluder*] in thy old age, from being a sharper in thy youth? What occasion hast thou to give up Ecclesdown Castle to JOHN BULL? his friendship is not worth a rush! Give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while! If thou dislikest that proposition, keep it thyself! I had rather thou shouldst have it, than he! If thou hearkenest not to my advice, take what follows. Esquire SOUTH and I will go on with the Lawsuit in spite of JOHN BULL's teeth!"

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur BULL has used me like a Gentleman! and I am resolved to make good my promise, and trust him for the consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating fool!

With that, NIC. bounced up with a spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tumblers or rope dancers, falls foul upon JOHN BULL to snatch the cudgel he had in his hand, that he might thwack LEWIS with it. JOHN held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last Esquire SOUTH buckled to, to assist his friend NIC.

JOHN hauled on one side, and they two on the other. Sometimes they were like to pull JOHN over: then it went, all of a sudden, again on JOHN's side. So they went seesawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco pipes. The wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room; and the little fellows were almost trod under foot: till more of the Tradesmen [*Allies*] joining with NIC. and the Esquire, JOHN was hardly able to pull against them all. Yet he never quitted hold of his trusty cudgel; which by the contranitent force of two so great Powers broke short in his hands.

NIC. seized the longer end, and with it began to bastinado old LEWIS: who had slank into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. NIC. came up to him with an insolent, menacing air; so that the old fellow was forced to scuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to NIC. "Thou insolent jackanapes! Time was when thou durst not have used me so! Thou now takest me unprovided,

but old and infirm as I am, I shall find a weapon, by and by, to chastise thy impudence!"

When JOHN BULL had recovered his breath, he began to parley with NIC. "Friend NIC.! I am glad to find thee so strong after thy great complaints! Really thy motions, NIC.! are pretty vigorous for a consumptive man! As for thy worldly affairs, NIC.! if it can do thee any service, I freely make over to thee this profitable Lawsuit; and I desire all these Gentlemen to bear witness to this my act and deed, yours be all the gain! as mine have been the charges. I have brought it to bear finely! However, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing; thou shalt have it with all its appurtenances! I ask nothing but leave to go home!

Nic. Frog. The Counsel are fee-ed, and all things prepared for a trial: thou shalt be forced to stand the issue! It shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine! Go home, if thou canst! The gates are shut, the turnpikes locked, and the roads barricadoed [*Dutch refusal to admit English goods in the district of the Barrier towns*].

John Bull. Even these very ways, NIC.! that thou toldest me, "were as open to me as thyself!" If I can't pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage through those very grounds, that I have purchased with my own money! However, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

JOHN BULL was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of Ecclesdown, that nothing could vex him, "NIC.!" quoth he, "I am just going to leave thee! cast a kind look upon me at parting!"

NIC. looked sour and glum, and would not open his mouth.

John Bull. I wish thee all the success that thy heart can desire! and that these Gentlemen of the long robe may have their bellyful of Law!

NIC. could stand it no longer; but flang out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

John Bull. Bye! bye, NIC.! Not one poor smile at parting! Won't you like to shake you *day-day*, NIC.? Bye, NIC.!

With that, JOHN marched out of the common road, across the country, to take possession of Ecclesdown.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the great joy that JOHN expressed when he got possession of Ecclesdown.

WHEN JOHN had got into his Castle, he seemed like ULYSSES upon his plank, after he had been well soused in cold water; who, as HOMER says, was as glad as a Judge going to sit down to dinner, after hearing a long cause upon the Bench. I dare say JOHN BULL's joy was equal to that of either of the two. He skipped from room to room, ran upstairs and downstairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen. He peeped into every cranny. Sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the mason's work: at other times, he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens. He bathed himself in the Canal; swimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin and the martial hautboy. The Family tripped it about, and capered like hailstones bounding from a marble floor. Wine, Ale, and October [beer] flew about as plentifully as kennel-water.

Then a frolic took JOHN in the head, to call up some of NIC. FROG's pensioners [*the Whigs*], that had been so mutinous in his Family.

John Bull. Are you glad to see your master in Ecclesdown Castle?

All. Yes, indeed, Sir!

John Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad!

John Bull. Swear to me that ye are so!

Then they began to sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell, if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did!

John Bull. Now, hang me! if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals! However, take this bumper of October, to your master's health!

Then JOHN got upon the battlements; and looking over, he called to NIC. FROG:

"How do you do, NIC.! Do you see where I am, NIC.? I hope the Cause goes on swimmingly, NIC.! When dost thou intend to go to Clay Pool, NIC.? Wilt thou buy there some high-heads of the newest cut, for my daughters? How comest thou to go with thy arm tied up? Has old LEWIS given thee a rap over the finger ends? Thy weapon was a good one when I wielded it; but the butt end remains for my hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods, that I have no time to talk with thee any longer! It would do thy heart good, to see what waggon loads I am preparing for market! If thou wantest any good office of mine; for all that has happened, I will use thee well, NIC.! Bye, NIC.!"

*** *JOHN BULL's thanks to Sir ROGER, and NIC. FROG's malediction upon all shrews, the original cause of his misfortunes, are reserved for the next volume.*

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17. E. W. Thameseidos. In 3 Cantos. 1600.
18. Some Collections of Posies. 1624-1679.

Chronological List of Works included in the Series.

Index.

English Reprints.

No.		Text		s	d
1.	**Milton**	*Areopagitica*	1644	1	0
2.	**Latimer**	*The Ploughers*	1549	1	0
3.	**Gosson**	*The School of Abuse* . . .	1579	1	0
4.	**Sidney**	*An Apology for Poetry* . . .	? 1580	1	0
5.	**E. Webbe**	*Travels*	1590	1	0
6.	**Selden**	*Table Talk*	1634-54	1	0
7.	**Ascham**	*Toxophilus*	1544	1	0
8.	**Addison**	*Criticism on* Paradise Lost . .	1711-12	1	0
9.	**Lyly**	*Euphues*	1579-80	4	0
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12.	**Earle**	*Micro-cosmographie* . . .	1628	1	0
13.	**Latimer**	7 *Sermons before Edward VI.* .	1549	1	6
14	**More**	*Utopia*	1516-57	1	0
15.	**Puttenham**	*The Art of English Poesy* . .	1589	2	6
16.	**Howell**	*Instructions for Foreign Travel* .	1642	1	0
17.	**Udall**	*Roister Doister*	1553-66	1	0
18.	**Mk. of Eves.**	*The Revelation*, etc. . . .	1186-1410	1	0
19.	**James I.**	*A Counterblast to Tobacco*, etc .	1604	1	0
20.	**Naunton**	*Fragmenta Regalia*	1653	1	0
21.	**Watson**	*Poems*	1582-93	1	6
22.	**Habington**	*Castara*	1640	1	0
23.	**Ascham**	*The Schoolmaster*	1570	1	0
24.	**Tottel's**	*Miscellany* [Songs and Sonnets] .	1557	2	6
25.	**Lever**	*Sermons*	1550	1	0
26.	**W. Webbe**	*A Discourse of English Poetry* .	1586	1	0
27.	**Lord Bacon**	A Harmony of the *Essays* .	1597-1626	5	0
28.	**Roy, etc.**	*Read me, and be not wroth!* . .	1528	1	6
29.	**Raleigh, etc.**	*Last Fight of the 'Revenge'* . .	1591	1	0
30.	**Googe**	*Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets* .	1563	1	0
				41	**6**

(For full titles, etc., see pp. 11-20.)

1.

JOHN MILTON

Areopagitica.

1644.

(*a*) AREOPAGITICA: *A Speech of Mr.* JOHN MILTON *For the Liberty of Vnlicenc'd Printing, To the Parliament of England.*

(*b*) A Decree of Starre-Chamber, concerning Printing, made the eleuenth of July last past, 1637

(*c*) An Order of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament for the Regulating of Printing, &c 1643

LORD MACAULAY. He attacked the licensing system in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes —*Edinburgh Review*, *p* 344, *August* 1825

H HALLAM Many passages in this famous tract are admirably eloquent an intense love of liberty and truth flows through it the majestic soul of MILTON breathes such high thoughts as had not been uttered before —*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii 660 *Ed* 1839

W H PRESCOTT The most splendid argument, perhaps, the world had then witnessed on behalf of intellectual liberty —*History of FERDINAND and ISABELLA*, iii. 391 *Ed* 1845

2.

HUGH LATIMER.

Ex-Bishop of Worcester

The Ploughers.

1549.

A notable Sermon of ye reuerende father Master HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules churche in London on the xviii daye of Januarye.*

SIR R MORISON Did there ever any one (I say not in England only, but among other nations) flourish since the time of the Apostles, who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely, and honestly, than HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of *Worcester.* — *Apomaxis Calumniarum . quibus JOANNES COCLEUS &c*, f 78 *Ed* 1537

It was in this Sermon, that LATIMER (himself an ex-Bishop) astonished his generation, by saying that the Devil was the most diligent Prelate and Preacher in all England. "Ye shal neuer fynde him idle I warraunte you"

3.

STEPHEN GOSSON

Stud Oxon.

The School of Abuse.

1579.

(*a*) *The Schoole of Abuse. Conteining a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Common wealth; Setting vp the Flagge of Defiance to their mischieuous exercise, and ouerthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason and common experience.*

1579.

(*b*) *An Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers.* [*Dec.*]

1579.

∴ This attack is thought to have occasioned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's writing of the following *Apologie for Poesie*

GOSSON was, in succession, Poet, Actor, Dramatist, Satirist, and a Puritan Clergyman

4.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

An Apology for Poetry.

[? 1580.]

An Apologie for Poetrie. Written by the right noble, vertuous, and learned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knight.* 1595.

H. W LONGFELLOW The defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as CHRYSOSTOM did the works of ARISTOPHANES — *North American Review, p* 57 *January* 1832

The Work thus divides itself
The Etymology of Poetry.
The Anatomy of the Effects of Poetry
The Anatomy of the Parts of Poetry
Objections to Poetry answered
Criticism of the existing English Poetry.

5.

EDWARD WEBBE.

A Chief Master Gunner

Travels.

1590.

The rare and most vvonderful thinges which EDWARD WEBBE *an Englishman borne, hath seene and passed in his troublesome trauailes, in the Cities of Ierusalem, Damasko, Bethelem and Galely: and in all the landes of Iewrie, Egipt, Grecia, Russia, and in the Land of Prester John.*

Wherein is set foorth his extreame slauerie sustained many yeres togither, in the Gallies and wars of the great Turk against the Landes of Persia, Tartaria, Spaine, and Portugall, with the manner of his releasement and coming to England. [1590.]

6.

JOHN SELDEN.

Table Talk.

[1634-1654.]

Table Talk: being the Discourses of JOHN SELDEN, *Esq.; or his Sence of various Matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to Religion and State.* 1689.

S T COLERIDGE There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer O! to have been with SELDEN over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom —*Literary Remains,* III 361-2. *Ed* 1836.

H HALLAM This very short and small volume gives, perhaps, a more exalted notion of SELDEN'S natural talents than any of his learned writings — *Introduction to the Literature of Europe,* III 347 *Ed* 1836.

Above all things, Liberty!

7.

ROGER ASCHAM.

Toxophilus.

1544.

Toxophilus, the Schole of Shootinge, conteyned in two bookes.

To all Gentle men and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastime to rede, and profitable for theyr use to follow both in war and peace.

In a dialogue between *TOXOPHILUS* and *PHILOLOGUS*, ASCHAM not only gives us one of the very best books on Archery in our language, but as he tells King Henry VIII, in his Dedication, "this litle treatise was purposed, begon, and ended of me, onelie for this intent, that Labour, Honest pastime, and Vertu might recouer againe that place and right, that Idlenesse, Unthriftie Gaming, and Vice hath put them fro"

8.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Criticism on *Paradise Lost.*

1711-1712.

From the *Spectator*, being its Saturday issues between 31 December, 1711, and 3 May 1712 In these papers, which constitute a Primer to *Paradise Lost*, ADDISON first made known and interpreted, to the general English public, the great Epic poem, which had then been published nearly half-a-century.

After a general discussion of the *Fable*, the *Characters*, the *Sentiments*, the *Language*, and the *Defects* of MILTON'S Great Poem, the Critic devotes a Paper to the consideration of the *Beauties* of each of its Twelve Books

9.

JOHN LYLY,

Novelist, Wit, Poet, and Dramatist.

Euphues.

1579-1580.

EUPHVES, *the Anatomy of Wit. Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember.*

VVherein are conteined the delights that Wit followeth in his youth, by the pleasantnesse of loue, and the happinesse he reapeth in age by the perfectnesse of Wisedome.

1579.

EUPHUES *and his England. Containing his voyage and aduentures, myxed with sundry pretie discourses of honest Loue, the description of the countrey, the Court, and the manners of that Isle.*

1580.

Of great importance in our Literary History.

10.

GEORGE VILLIERS,

Second Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

The Rehearsal.

1671.

The Rehearsal, as it was Acted at the Theatre Royal.

Many of the passages of anterior plays that were parodied in this famous Dramatic Satire on DRYDEN in the character of *BAYES*, are placed on opposite pages to the text BRIAN FAIRFAX's remarkable life of this Duke of BUCKINGHAM is also prefixed to the play.

The Heroic Plays, first introduced by Sir W D'AVENANT, and afterwards greatly developed by DRYDEN, are the object of this laughable attack LACY, who acted the part of *BAYES*, imitated the dress and gesticulation of DRYDEN

The Poet repaid this compliment to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in 1681, by introducing him in the character of *ZIMRI* in his *ABSOLOM and ACHITOPHEL*.

11.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

Soldier and Poet

The Steel Glass, &c.

1576.

(*a*) *A Remembraunce of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of* GEORGE GASKOIGNE, *Esquire, who deceassed at Stalmford in Lincoln shire, the 7 of October,* 1577. *The reporte of* GEOR. WHETSTONS, *Gent.* [1577.]

There is only one copy of this metrical Life. It is in the Bodleian Library.

(*b*) *Certayne notes of instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English.* 1575.

This is our First printed piece of Poetical Criticism

(*c*) *The Steele Glas.*

Written in Blank Verse

Probably the fourth printed English Satire those by BARCLAY, ROY, and Sir T WYATT being the three earlier ones

(*d*) *The Complaynt of* PHILOMENE. *An Elegie.* 1576.

12.

JOHN EARLE,

Afterwards Bishop of SALISBURY

Microcosmographie.

1628.

Micro-cosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essays and Characters.

This celebrated book of Characters is graphically descriptive of the English social life of the time, as it presented itself to a young Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, including *A She precise Hypocrite, A Sceptic in Religion, A good old man*, &c

This Work is a notable specimen of a considerable class of books in our Literature, full of interest, and which help Posterity much better to understand the Times in which they were written.

13.

HUGH LATIMER,

Ex-Bishop of WORCESTER

Seven Sermons before Edward VI.

1549.

The fyrste [*—seuenth*] *Sermon of Mayster* HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached before the Kynges Maiestie wythin his graces palayce at Westminster on each Friday in Lent.*

1549.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH LATIMER, . . brave, sincere, honest, inflexible, not distinguished as a writer or a scholar, but exercising his power over men's minds by a fervid eloquence flowing from the deep conviction which animated his plain, pithy, and free-spoken Sermons —*History of England*, II. 291 *Ed.* 1831

14.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

Translation of Utopia.

1516-1557.

A frutefull and pleasaunt worke of the best state of a publique weale, and of the new yle called Utopia: VVritten in Latine by Sir THOMAS MORE *Knyght, and translated into Englyshe by* RALPH ROBYNSON.

Lord CAMPBELL Since the time of PLATO, there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia* —*Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (*Life of Sir T. More*) I. 583, *Ed* 1845

In the imaginary country of Utopia, MORE endeavours to sketch out a State based upon two principles—(1) community of goods, no private property, and consequently (2) no use for money.

15.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

A Gentleman Pensioner to Queen ELIZABETH

The Art of English Poesy.

1589.

The Arte of English Poesie. Contriued into three Bookes: The first of POETS *and* POESIE, *the second of* PROPORTION, *the third of* ORNAMENT.

W OLDYS It contains many pretty observations, examples, characters, and fragments of poetry for those times, now nowhere else to be met with — *Sir WALTER RALEIGH*, liv. *Ed.* 1736

O GILCHRIST. On many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically one of the most valuable, books of the age of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry nowhere else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value — *Censura Literaria*, I. 339. *Ed.* 1805.

This is still also an important book on Rhetoric and the Figures of Speech

16.

JAMES HOWELL,

Clerk of the Council to CHARLES I, afterwards Historiographer to CHARLES II

Instructions for Foreign Travel.

1642.

Instructions for forreine travell. Shewing by what cours, and in what compasse of time, one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practicall knowledge of the Languages, to good purpose.

The *MURRAY, BÆDEKER*, and *Practical Guide* to the Grand Tour of Europe, which, at that time, was considered the finishing touch to the complete education of an English Gentleman

The route sketched out by this delightfully quaint Writer, is France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland. The time allowed is 3 years and 4 months. the months to be spent in travelling, the years in residence at the different cities.

17.

NICHOLAS UDALL,

Master, first of Eton College, then of Westminster School

Roister Doister.

[1553-1566.]

This is believed to be the first true English Comedy that ever came to the press.

From the unique copy, which wants a title-page, now at Eton College, and which is thought to have been printed in 1566

Dramatis Personæ

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.
MATTHEW MERRYGREEK
GAWIN GOODLUCK, *affianced to Dame* CUSTANCE
TRISTRAM TRUSTY, *his friend*
DOBINET DOUGHTY, "*boy*" *to* ROISTER DOISTER
TOM TRUEPENNY, *servant to Dame* CUSTANCE
SIM SURESBY, *servant to* GOODLUCK.
Scrivener.
Harpax

Dame CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, *a widow*
MARGERY MUMBLECRUST, *her nurse*
TIBET TALKAPACE } *her*
ANNOT ALYFACE } *maidens*

18

A Monk of Evesham.

The Revelation, &c.

1186[-1410]. 1485.

¶ *Here begynnyth a maruelous reuelacion that was shewyd of almighty god by sent Nycholas to a monke of Euyshamme yn the days of Kynge Richard the fyrst. And the yere of owre lord. M.C.Lxxxxvi.*

One of the rarest of English books printed by one of the earliest of English printers, WILLIAM DE MACLINIA, who printed this text about 1485, *in the lifetime of CAXTON.*

The essence of the story is as old as it professes to be, but contains later additions, the orthography being of about 1410, It is very devoutly written, and contains a curious Vision of Purgatory

The Writer is a prototype of BUNYAN, and his description of the Gate in the Crystal Wall of Heaven, and of the solemn and marvellously sweet Peal of the Bells of Heaven that came to him through it, is very beautiful.

19.

JAMES I.

A Counterblast to Tobacco.

1604.

(*a*) *The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Diuine, Arte of, Poesie.*

Printed while JAMES VI of Scotland, at Edinburgh in 1585, and includes *Ane Schort treatise, conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, which is another very early piece of printed Poetical Criticism

(*b*) *A Counterblaste to Tobacco.* 1604.

To this text has been added a full account of *the Introduction and Early use of Tobacco in England* The herb first came into use in Europe as a medicinal leaf for poultices smoking it was afterwards learnt from the American Indians

Our Royal Author thus sums up his opinion

"A custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse"

20.

Sir ROBERT NAUNTON,

Master of the Court of Wards

Fragmenta Regalia.

1653.

Fragmenta Regalia: or Observations on the late Queen ELIZABETH, *her Times and Favourites.*

[1630.]

Naunton writes

"And thus I have delivered up this my poor Essay, a little Draught of this great Princess, and her Times, with the Servants of her State and favour."

21.

THOMAS WATSON,

Londoner, Student-at-Law

Poems.

1582-1593.

(*a*) *The* Ἑκατομπαθια *or Passionate Centurie of Loue. Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authours sufferance in Loue, the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie.* 1582.

(*b*) MELIBŒUS, *Siue Ecloga in obitum Honoratissimi Viri Domini* FRANCISCI WALSINGHAMI. 1590.

(*c*) *The same translated into English, by the Author.* 1590.

(*d*) *The Tears of Fancie, or Loue disdained.* 1593.

From the *unique* copy, wanting *Sonnets* 9-16, in the possession of S CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq, of Britwell.

22.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Castara.

1640.

CASTARA. *The third Edition. Corrected and augmented.*

CASTARA was Lady LUCY HERBERT, the youngest child of the first Lord POWIS, and these Poems were chiefly marks of affection during a pure courtship followed by a happy marriage With these, are also Songs of Friendship, especially those referring to the Hon GEORGE TALBOT

In addition to these Poems, there are four prose Characters, on *A Mistress*, *A Wife*, *A Friend*, and *The Holy Man*

23.

ROGER ASCHAM.

The Schoolmaster.

1570.

The Scholemaster, or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children, to vnderstand, write, and speake, in Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate brynging vp of youth in Ientlemen and Noble mens houses, &c.

This celebrated Work contains the story of Lady JANE GREY'S delight in reading *PLATO*, an attack on the *Italianated* Englishman of the time, and much other information not specified in the above title.

In it, ASCHAM gives us very fully his plan of studying Languages, which may be described as *the double translation of a model book.*

24

HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of SURREY.* Sir THOMAS WYATT. NICHOLAS GRIMALD. Lord VAUX.

Tottel's Miscellany.

5 June, 1557.

Songes and Sonettes, vvritten by the right honorable, Lorde HENRY HOWARD *late Earle of* SURREY, *and other.*

With 39 additional Poems from the second edition by the same printer, RICHARD TOTTEL, of 31 July, 1557

This celebrated Collection is the First of our Poetical Miscellanies, and also the first appearance in print of any considerable number of English Sonnets

TOTTEL in his *Address to the Reader*, says:

"That to haue wel written in verse, yea and in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthely as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depewitted Sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in sondry good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly."

25.

Rev. THOMAS LEVER,

Fellow and Preacher of St John's College, Cambridge

Sermons.

1550.

(*a*) *A fruitfull Sermon in Paules church at London in the Shroudes.*

(*b*) *A Sermon preached the fourth Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Maiestie, and his honorable Counsell.*

(*c*) *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse.*

1550.

These Sermons are reprinted from the original editions, which are of *extreme* rarity They throw much light on the communistic theories of the Norfolk rebels, and the one at Paul's Cross contains a curious account of Cambridge University life in the reign of EDWARD VI.

26.

WILLIAM WEBBE,

Graduate

A Discourse of English Poetry.

1586.

A Discourse of English Poetrie. Together with the Authors iudgement, touching the reformation of our English Verse.

Another of the early pieces of Poetical Criticism, written in the year in which SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have left Stratford for London

Only two copies of this Work are known, one of these was sold for £64

This Work should be read with STANYHURST'S *Translation of Æneid, I-IV.*, 1582, see p 64. WEBBE was an advocate of English Hexameters, and here translates VIRGIL'S first two Eglogues into them He also translates into Sapphics COLIN'S Song in the Fourth Eglogue of SPENSER'S *Shephard's Calendar.*

27.

FRANCIS BACON,

afterwards Lord VERULAM Viscount ST ALBANS.

A Harmony of the *Essays*, &c.

1597-1626.

And after my manner, I alter ever, when I add So that nothing is finished, till all be finished—SIR FRANCIS BACON, 27 Feb 1610-[11]

(*a*) *Essayes, Religious Meditations, and Places of perswasion and dissuasion.* 1597.

(*b*) *The Writings of Sir* FFRANCIS BACON *Knight the Kinges Sollicitor Generall in Moralitie, Policie, Historie.*

(*c*) *The Essaies of Sir* FRANCIS BACON *Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall.*

1612.

(*d*) *The Essayes or Counsells, Civill and Morall of* FRANCIS *Lord* VERULAM, *Viscount* ST. ALBAN. 1625.

28.

WILLIAM ROY. JEROME BARLOW.

Franciscan Friars

Read me, and be not wroth!

[1528].

(*a*) *Rede me and be nott wrothe,*
For I saye no thynge but trothe
I will ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye
O Caytyfe when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall

This is the famous satire on Cardinal WOLSEY, and is the First English *Protestant* book ever printed, not being a portion of Holy Scripture See *p* 22 for the Fifth such book

The next two pieces form one book, printed by HANS LUFT, at Marburg, in 1530

(*b*) *A proper dyaloge, betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman, eche complaynynge to other their miserable calamite, through the ambicion of the clergye.*

(*c*) *A compendious old treatyse, shewynge, how that we ought to haue the scripture in Englysshe.*

29.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.
GERVASE MARKHAM.
J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge."

1591.

(*a*) *A Report of the trvth of the fight about the Iles of Acores, this last la Sommer. Betwixt the* REUENGE, *one of her Maiesties Shippes, and an* ARMADA *of the King of Spaine.*

[By Sir W RALEIGH.]

(*b*) *The most honorable Tragedie of Sir* RICHARD GRINUILE, *Knight.* 1595.

[By GERVASE MARKHAM]

(*c*) [*The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.*

By JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN]

Several accounts are here given of one of the most extraordinary Sea fights in our Naval History

30.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets.

1563.

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes Newly written by BARNABE GOOGE.

Three copies only known Reprinted from the *Huth* copy

In the prefatory *Notes of the Life and Writings of B GOOGE*, will be found an account of the trouble he had in winning MARY DARELL for his wife.

A new Literature generally begins with imitations and translations When this book first appeared, Translations were all the rage among the "young England" of the day This Collection of *original* Occasional Verse is therefore the more noticeable The Introduction gives a glimpse of the principal Writers of the time, such as the Authors of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the Translators of SENECA'S *Tragedies*, &c , and including such names as BALDWIN, BAVANDE, BLUNDESTON, NEVILLE, NORTH, NORTON, SACKVILLE, and YELVERTON

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1.

William Caxton,

our first Printer

Translation of REYNARD THE FOX.

1481.

[COLOPHON.] *I haue not added ne mynusshed but haue folowed as nyghe as I can my copye which was in dutche | and by me* WILLIAM CAXTON *translated in to this rude and symple englyssh in th*[*e*] *abbey of westmestre.*

Interesting for its own sake, but especially as being translated as well as printed by CAXTON, who finished the printing on 6 June 1481

The Story is the History of the Three fraudulent Escapes of the Fox from punishment, the record of the Defeat of Justice by flattering lips and dishonourable deeds It also shows the struggle between the power of Words and the power of Blows, a conflict between Mind and Matter It was necessary for the physically weak to have Eloquence the blame of REYNARD IS in the frightful misuse he makes of it

The author says, "There is in the world much seed left of the Fox, which now over all groweth and cometh sore up, though they have no red beards."

2.

John Knox,

the Scotch Reformer

THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET, &C.

1558.

(*a*) *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*

(*b*) *The Propositions to be entreated in the Secona* BLAST.

This work was wrung out of the heart of JOHN KNOX, while, at Dieppe, he heard of the martyr fires of England, and was anguished thereby At that moment, the liberties of Great Britain, and therein the hopes of the whole World, lay in the laps of four women —MARY of Loraine, the Regent of Scotland, her daughter MARY (the Queen of Scots), Queen MARY TUDOR, and the Princess ELIZABETH

The Volume was printed at Geneva.

(*c*) KNOX'S *apologetical Defence of his* FIRST BLAST, &C. *to Queen* ELIZABETH.

1559.

3.

Clement Robinson,

and divers others

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS.

1584.

A Handefull of pleasant delites, Containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in vse, to be sung: euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore.

OPHELIA quotes from *A Nosegaie &c* in this Poetical Miscellany, of which only one copy is now known

It also contains the earliest text extant of the *Ladie Greensleeues*, which first appeared four years previously

This is the Third printed Poetical Miscellany in our language.

4.

[Simon Fish,

of Gray's Inn.]

A SUPPLICATION FOR THE BEGGARS.

[? 1529.]

A Supplicacyon for the Beggars.

Stated by J. Fox to have been distributed in the streets of London on Candlemas Day [2 Feb 1529]

This is the Fifth Protestant book (not being a portion of Holy Scripture) that was printed in the English Language.

The authorship of this anonymous tract, is fixed by a passage in Sir T MORE's *Apology*, of 1533, quoted in the Introduction.

5.

[Rev. John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames]

DIOTREPHES.

[1588.]

The state of the Church of Englande, laid open in a conference betweene DIOTREPHES *a Byshopp,* TERTULLUS *a Papiste,* DEMETRIUS *an vsurer,* PANDOCHUS *an Innekeeper, and* PAULE *a preacher of the word of God.*

This is the forerunning tract of the *MARTIN MARPRELATE Controversy* For the production of it, ROBERT WALDEGRAVE, the printer, was ruined, and so became available for the printing of the Martinist invectives.

The scene of the Dialogue is in PANDOCHUS's Inn, which is in a posting-town on the high road from London to Edinburgh.

6.

[?]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS.

[Acted 1602.] 1606.

The Returne from Pernassus: or The Scourge of Simony. Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge in Cambridge.

This play, written by a University man in December 1601, brings WILLIAM KEMP and RICHARD BURBAGE on to the Stage, and makes them speak thus:

"KEMP Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid* and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Iuppiter* Why herees our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I [*Ay*] and *Ben Ionson* too O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit

"BURBAGE. It's a shrewd fellow indeed "

What this controversy between SHAKESPEARE and JONSON was, has not yet been cleared up It was evidently recent, when (in Dec. 1601) this play was written

7.

Thomas Decker,

the Dramatist

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF LONDON, &c.

1606.

The Seuen deadly Sinnes of London: drawn in seuen seuerall Coaches, through the seuen severall Gates of the Citie, bringing the Plague with them.

A prose allegorical Satire, giving a most vivid picture of London life, in October 1606

The Seven Sins are—

FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.
LYING.
CANDLELIGHT (*Deeds of Darkness*)
SLOTH
APISHNESS (*Changes of Fashion*)
SHAVING (*Cheating*), and
CRUELTY

Their chariots, drivers, pages, attendants, and followers are all allegorically described.

8.

The Editor.

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH TO THE MARTIN MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY.

1588-1590.

(*a*) *The general Episcopal Administration, Censorship, &c.*
(*b*) *The Origin of the Controversy.*
(*c*) *Depositions and Examinations.*
(*d*) *State Documents.*
(*e*) *The Brief held by Sir* JOHN PUCKERING, *against the Martinists.*

The Rev J UDALL (who was however *not* a Martinist), Mrs CRANE, of Molesey, Rev J PENRY, Sir R KNIGHTLEY, of Fawsley, near Northampton, HUMFREY NEWMAN, the London cobler, JOHN HALES, Esq of Coventry, Mr and Mrs WEEKSTON, of Wolston, JOB THROCKMORTON, Esq, HENRY SHARPE, bookbinder of Northampton, and the four printers

(*f*) *Miscellaneous Information.*
(*g*) *Who were the Writers who wrote under the name of* MARTIN MARPRELATE?

9.

[Rev John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames]

A DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE.

1588.

A Demonstration of the trueth of that discipline which CHRISTE *hath prescribed in his worde for the gouernement of his Church, in all times and places, vntill the ende of the worlde.*

Printed with the secret Martinist press, at East Molesey, near Hampton Court, in July 1588, and secretly distributed with the *Epitome* in the following November.

For this Work, UDALL lingered to death in prison.

It is perhaps the most complete argument, in our language, for Presbyterian Puritanism, as it was then understood Its author asserted for it, the infallibility of a Divine Logic, but two generations had not passed away, before (under the teachings of Experience) much of this Church Polity had been discarded

10.

Richard Stanyhurst,

the Irish Historian

Translation of

ÆNEID I–IV.

1582.

Thee first fovre Bookes of VIRGIL *his* Æneis *translated intoo English heroical* [*i.e.*, hexameter] *verse by* RICHARD STANYHURST, *wyth oother Poetical diuises theretoo annexed. Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by* IOHN PATES, *Anno M. D. LXXXII.*

This is one of the oddest and most grotesque books in the English language, and having been printed in Flanders, the original Edition is of *extreme* rarity

The present text is, by the kindness of Lord ASHBURNHAM and S CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq, reprinted from the only two copies known, neither of which is quite perfect

GABRIEL HARVEY desired to be epitaphed, *The Inventor of the English Hexameter*, and STANYHURST, in imitating him, went further than anyone else in maltreating English words to suit the exigencies of Classical feet

11.

Martin Marprelate.

THE EPISTLE.

1588.

Oh read ouer D. JOHN BRIDGES, *for it is a worthy worke: Or an epitome of the fyrste Booke of that right worshipfull volume, written against the Puritanes, in the defence of the noble cleargie, by as worshipfull a prieste,* JOHN BRIDGES, *Presbyter, Priest or Elder, doctor of Diuillitie, and Deane of Sarum.*

The Epitome [*p.* 26] *is not yet published, but it shall be, when the Byshops are at conuenient leysure to view the same. In the meane time, let them be content with this learned Epistle.*

Printed oversea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. MARPRELATE, *gentleman.*

12.

Robert Greene, M.A.

MENAPHON.

1589.

MENAPHON. CAMILLAS *alarum to slumbering* EUPHUES, *in his melancholie Cell at Silexedra. VVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions* (*figured in a continuate Historie*) *the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune.*

One of GREENE's novels, with TOM NASH's Preface, so important in reference to the earlier *HAMLET*, before SHAKESPEARE's tragedy

GREENE's "love pamphlets" were the most popular Works of Fiction in England, up to the appearance of Sir P. SIDNEY's *Arcadia* in 1590.

13.

George Joy,

an early Protestant Reformer.

AN APOLOGY TO TINDALE.

1535.

An Apologye made by GEORGE JOYE *to satisfye (if it may be)* W. TINDALE: *to pourge and defende himself ageinst so many sclaunderouse lyes fayned vpon him in* TINDALS *vncharitable and vnsober* Pystle *so well worthye to be prefixed* for the Reader *to induce him into the vnderstanding of hys* new Testament, diligently corrected and printed in the yeare of our Lorde 1534, in Nouember

[Antwerp, 27 Feb. 1535.]

This almost lost book is our only authority in respect to the surreptitious editions of the English *New Testament*, which were printed for the English market with very many errors, by Antwerp printers who knew not English, in the interval between TINDALE'S first editions in 1526, and his revised Text (above referred to) in 1534

14.

Richard Barnfield,

of Darlaston, Staffordshire.

POEMS.

1594-1598.

The affectionate Shepheard. Containing the Complaint of DAPHNIS *for the Loue of* GANYMEDE.

In the following Work, BARNFIELD states that this is "an imitation of *Virgill*, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*"

CYNTHIA. *With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of* CASSANDRA. 1595.

The Author thus concludes his Preface "Thus, hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the First Imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*), I leaue you to the reading of that, which I so much desire may breed your Delight."

The Encomion of Lady PECUNIA: *or, The praise of Money.* 1598.

Two of the Poems in this Text have been wrongly attributed to SHAKESPEARE. The disproof is given in the Introduction

15.

T[homas] C[ooper].

[*Bishop of* WINCHESTER]

ADMONITION TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

[1589.]

An admonition to the people of England. VVherein are answered, not onely the slanderous vntruethes, reprochfully vttered by MARTIN *the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredite the present state of the Church.*

[*Jan.* 1589.]

This is the official reply on the part of the Hierarchy, to *MARTIN MARPRELATE's Epistle of* [Nov] 1508: see No 11 on *p* 24

It was published between the appearance of the *Epistle* and that of the *Epitome*

16.

Captain John Smith,

President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England.

WORKS.—1608-1631.

A complete edition, with six facsimile plates.

Occasion was taken, in the preparation of this Edition, dispassionately to test the Author's statements The result is perfectly satisfactory. The Lincolnshire Captain is to be implicity believed in all that he relates of his own personal knowledge

The following are the chief Texts in this Volume:—

(1.) **A true Relation of Occurences in Virginia.** 1608.
(2.) **A Map of Virginia.** 1612.
(3.) **A Description of New England.** 1616.
(4.) **New England's Trials.** 1620 and 1622
(5.) **The History of Virginia, New England, and Bermuda.** 1624.
(6.) **An Accidence for young Seamen.** 1626
(7.) **His true Travels, Adventures, and Observations.** 1630.
(8.) **Advertisements for Planters in New England, or anywhere.** 1631.

The first Three English Books on America. [? 1511]-1555.

This Work is a perfect Encyclopædia respecting the earliest Spanish and English Voyages to America.

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The Three Books are—

(1.) **Of the new landes, etc.** Printed at Antwerp about 1511. *This is the first English book in which the word* America [*i.e.*, Armonica] *occurs.*

(2.) **A Treatise of the new India, etc.** Translated by RICHARD EDEN from SEBASTIAN MUENSTER'S *Cosmography:* and printed in 1553. *The Second English Book on America.*

(3.) **The Decades of the New World, etc.,** by PIETRO MARTIRE [PETRUS MARTYR], translated by RICHARD EDEN, and printed in 1555. *The Third English Book on America.* SHAKESPEARE obtained the character of CALIBAN from this Work.

A List of 837 London Publishers, 1553-1640.

This Master Key to English Bibliography for the period also gives the approximate period that each Publisher was in business.

Demy, 4*to*, 32 *pp.*, 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Fcap. 4to, Cloth, Gilt, 10s. 6d. *net.*

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The First printed English New Testament, in Quarto.

By W. TINDALE and W. ROY.

Sixty photo-lithographed pages; preceded by a critical PREFACE.

BRIEFLY told, the story of this profoundly interesting work is as follows:—

In 1524 TINDALE went from London to Hamburg; where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne; and there, assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the satire on WOLSEY, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see *p.* 19], he began this first edition in 4to, *with glosses*, of the English New Testament.

A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne; learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. QUENTAL the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed HERMAN RINCK, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing; but COCHLÆUS could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

TINDALE and ROY fled with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in 8vo, *without glosses.* Both editions were probably in England by March 1526.

Of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition, in 4to; and of the Second Edition, in 8vo, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

In the *Preface*, the original documents are given intact, in connection with *Evidence connected with the first Two Editions of the English New Testament, viz., in Quarto and Octavo—*

I. WILLIAM TINDALE'S antecedent career.
II. The Printing at Cologne.
III. The Printing at Worms.
IV. WILLIAM ROY'S connection with these Editions.
V. The landing and distribution in England.
VI. The persecution in England.

Typographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment—

I. It was printed for TINDALE by PETER QUENTAL at Cologne, before 1526.
II. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of *Matthew* printed previous to that year.
III. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto.

Is the Quarto a translation of LUTHER'S *German Version?*

Text. The prologge. Inner Marginal References. Outer Marginal Glosses.

For a continuation of this Story see G. JOY'S *Apology*, at *p.* 25.

Captain WILLIAM SIBORNE.

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