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AN

ENGLISH GARNER

VOLUME VIII

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

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AN

ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS

FROM OUR

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

VOL. VIII.

JOHN LYDGATE.

The Siege of Harfleur and the Battle of Agincourt, 1415.

Hereafter followeth the Battle of Agincourt and the great Siege of Rouen, by King HENRY of Monmouth, the Fifth of the name; that won Gascony, and Guienne, and Normandy.

[See Sir HARRIS NICOLAS's *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, p. 301, 2nd Ed. 1832, 8vo.

 OD, that all this world did make
And died for us upon a tree,
Save England, for MARY thy Mother's sake!
As Thou art steadfast GOD in Trinity.
And save King HENRY'S soul, I beseech thee!
That was full gracious and good withal;
A courteous Knight and King royal.
Of HENRY the Fifth, noble man of war,
Thy deeds may never forgotten be!
Of Knighthood thou wert the very Loadstar!
In thy time England flowered in prosperity,
Thou mortal Mirror of all Chivalry!
Though thou be not set among the Worthies Nine;
Yet wast thou a Conqueror in thy time!

Our King sent into France full rath,
His Herald that was good and sure.
He desired his heritage for to have:
That is Gascony and Guienne and Normandy.
He bade the Dolphin [*Dauphin*] deliver. It should be his:
All that belonged to the first EDWARD
"And if he say me, Nay!; iwis
I will get it with dint of sword!"
But then answered the Dolphin bold,
By our ambassadors sending again,
"Methinks that your King is not so old,
Wars great for to maintain.
Greet well," he said, "your comely King
That is both gentle and small;
A ton full of tennis balls I will him send,
For to play him therewithal."

Then bethought our Lords all,
In France they would no longer abide:
They took their leave both great and small,
And home to England gan they ride.
To our King they told their tale to the end;
What that the Dolphin did to them say.
"I will him thank," then said the King,
"By the grace of GOD, if I may!"

Yet, by his own mind, this Dolphin bold,
To our King he sent again hastily;
And prayed him truce for to hold,
For JESUS' love that died on a tree.

"Nay," then said our comely King,
"For into France will I wind!
The Dolphin, anger I trust I shall:
And such a tennis ball I shall him send,
That shall bear down the high roof of his hall.

The King at Westminster lay that time,
And all his Lords every each one;
And they did set them down to dine:
"Lordings," he saith, "by St. John!
To France I think to take my way:
Of good counsel I you pray,
What is your will that I shall do?
Shew me shortly without delay!"
The Duke of CLARENCE answered soon,
And said, "My Liege, I counsel you so!"
And other Lords said, "We think it for the best
With you to be ready for to go;
Whiles that our lives may endure and last."

"Grammercy, Sirs!" the King gan say,
"Our right, I trust, then shall be won;
And I will 'quite you if I may:
Therefore I warn you, both old and young,
To make you ready without delay
To Southampton to take your way
At St. Peter's tide at Lammas; [1st August 1415.]
For by the grace of GOD, and if I may,
Over the salt sea I think to pass!"

Great ordnance of guns the King let make,
And shipped them at London all at once;
Bows and arrows in chests were take,
Spears and bills with iren [*iron*] gunstones;
And arming daggers made for the nonce:

With swords and bucklers that were full sure.
And harness [*armour*] bright that strokes would endure.

The King to Southampton then did ride
With his Lords; for no longer would he dwell.
Fifteen hundred fair ships there did him abide,
With good sails and top-castle.
Lords of France our King they sold
For a myllyant [*million*] of gold as I heard say.
By England little price they told [*reckoned*],
Therefore their song was "Well a way!"

Between [South]hampton and the Isle of Wight,
These goodly ships lay there at road,
With mastyards across, full seemly of sight,
Over the haven spread abroad:
On every pavis [*target*] a cross red;
The waists decked with serpentines [*cannon*] strong.
St. George's streamers spread overhead,
With the Arms of England hanging all along.

Our King fully hastily to his ship yede,
And all other Lords of every degree:
Every ship weighed his anchor in deed,
With the tide to haste them to the sea.
They hoisted their sails, sailed aloft:
A goodly sight it was to see.
The wind was good, and blew but soft:
And forth they went in the name of the Trinity. [7th August 1415.]

Their course they took toward Normandy,
And passed over in a day and a night.
So in the second morning early,
Of that country they had a sight:
And ever [as] they drew near the coast,
Of the day glad were they all;
And when they were at the shore almost,
Every ship his anchor let fall,
With their tackles they launched many a long boat
And over ha[t]ch threw them into the stream;

A thousand shortly they saw afloat,
With men of arms that lyth did leme [*? pleasantly did shine*].

Our king landed at Cottaunses [*Coutances*] [*It should be* Cleé de Caus.]
without delay,
On our Lady's Even [of] the Assumption ; [14th August 1415.]
And to Harflete [*Harfleur*] they took the way
And mustered fair before the town.
Our King his banner there did 'splay,
With standards bright and many [a] pennon:
And there he pitched his tent adown;
Full well broidered with armory gay.
First our comely King's tent with the crown,
And all other Lords in good array.

"My brother CLARENCE," the King did say,
"The towers of the town will I keep
With her daughters and her maidens gay,
To wake the Frenchmen of their sleep."
"'London'," he said, "shall with him meet;
And my guns that lieth fair upon the green;
For they shall play with Harflete
A game of tennis as I ween.
Go we to game, for God's grace!
My children be ready every each one."

For every great gun that there was,
In his mouth he had a stone.
The Captain of Harflete soon anon
Unto our King he sent hastily
To know what his will was to be done,
For to come thither with such a meiny?
"Deliver me the town!" the King said.
"Nay!" said the Captain, "by God and St DENIS!"
"Then shall I win it," said our King,
"By the grace of GOD and his goodness,
Some hard tennis balls I have hither brought
Of marble and iren made full round.
I swear, by JESU that me dear bought,
They shall beat the walls to the ground."

Then said the great gun,
"Hold fellows, we go to game!"
Thanked be MARY and JESU her son,
They did the Frenchmen much shame.
"Fifteen afore," said "London" then;
Her balls full fair she gan outthrow.
"Thirty" said the second gun, "I will win and I may."
There as the wall was most sure,
They bare it down without nay.
The "King's Daughter" said "Hearken this play!
Hearken Maidens now this tide!
Five and forty we have, it is no nay."
They beat down the walls on every side.

The Normands said, "Let us not abide!
But go we in haste, by one assent!
Wheresoever the gunstones do glide,
Our houses in Harfleet are all to rent:
The Englishmen our bulwarks have brent."
And women cried, "Alas that ever they were born!"
The Frenchmen said, "Now be we shent!
By us now the town is forlorn [*utterly lost*]:
It is best now therefore
That we beseech this English King of grace,
For to assail us no more;
Lest he destroy us in this place.
Then will we bid the Dolphin make him ready,
Or else this town delivered must be."

Messengers went forth by and bye, [10th September 1415.]
And to our King came they:
The Lord CORGRAUNT certainly, [*It should be* Sir LIONEL BRAQUEMONT.]
For he was Captain of the place,
And GELAM BOWSER with him did hie,
With other Lords more and less.
And when they to our King come where,
Full lowly set them on their knee:
"Hail, comely King!" gan they say
"CHRIST save thee from adversity!
Of truce we will beseech thee
Until that it be Sunday noon: [22nd September 1415.]

And if we may not recovered be,
We will deliver the town."

Then said our King full soon,
"I grant you grace in this tide [*time*];
One of you shall forth anon,
And the remnant shall with me abide!"
Their Captain took his next way,
And to Rouen fast gan he ride.
The Dolphin he had thought there to find
But he was gone; he durst not abide.

For help the Captain besought that tide
"Harflete is lost for ever and aye;
The walls be beaten down on every side,
That we no longer keep it may."
Of counsel all he did them pray.
"What is your will that I may do?
We must ordain the King battle by Sunday,
Or else deliver him the town!"
The Lords of Rouen together did rown [*whisper*];
And bade the town should openly yield.
The King of England fareth as a lion:
We will not meet with him in the field!
The Captain would then no longer abide,
And towards Harflete came he right;
For so fast did he ride
That he was there the same night.

And when he to our King did come, [22nd September 1415.]
Lowly he set him on his knee:
"Hail, comely Prince!" then did he say,
"The grace of GOD is with thee!
Here have I brought the keys all
Of Harflete that is so royal a city.
All is yours, both chamber and hall;
And at your will for to be."

"Thanked be JESU!" said our King,
"And MARY his mother truly!

My uncle DORSET, without letting,
Captain of Harflete shall he be.
And all that is within the city
Awhile yet they shall abide,
To amend the walls in every degree
That are beaten down on every side:
And after that, they shall out ride
To other towns over all.
Wife nor child shall not there abide:
But have them forth, both great and small!"
One and twenty thousand, men might see,
When they went out, full sore did weep.

The great guns and ordnance truly
Were brought into Harflete.

Great sickness among our host was, in good fay [*faith*],
Which killed many of our Englishmen:
There died beyond seven score upon a day;
Alive there was left but thousands ten.

Our King himself into the Castle yede,
And rest him there as long as his will was:
At the last he said, "Lords, so God me speed!
Towards Calais I think to pass."

After that Harflete was gotten, that royal city,
Through the grace of GOD omnipotent;
Our comely King made him ready soon,
And towards Calais forth he went.
"My brother GLOUCESTER *veramente*
Here will we no longer abide!
And Cousin of YORK, this is our intent:
With us forth ye shall, this tide!
My Cousin HUNTINGDON with us shall ride;
And the Earl of OXENFORD with you three!
The Duke of SOUTHFOLK [*Suffolk*] by our side
He shall come forth with his meiny!
And the Earl of DEVONSHIRE sikerly!

Sir THOMAS HARPING that never did fail; [*It should be* Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM.]
The Lord BROKE that came heartily
And Sir JOHN of CORNWALL:
Sir GILBERT UMFREY that would us avail; [*It should be* Sir GILBERT UMFREVILLE.]
And the Lord CLIFFORD, so GOD me speed!
Sir WILLIAM BOWSER, that will not fail; [*It should be* Sir WILLIAM BOURCHIER.]
For all they will help, if it be need."

Our King rode forth, blessed might he be! [?8th October 1415.]
He spared neither dale nor down;
By waters great fast rode he,
Till he came to the water of [the] Seine. [*It should be* Somme.]

The Frenchmen threw the bridge adown
That over the water they might not pass.
Our King made him ready then;
And to the town of Turreyn went more and less.
The Frenchmen, our King about becast
With Battles strong on every side;
The Duke of ORLEANS said in haste
"The King of England shall abide.
Who gave him leave this way to pass?
I trust that I shall him beguile
Full long ere he come to Calais."
The Duke of BOURBON answered soon
And swore by God and by St. DENIS
"We will play them every each one,
These Lords of England at the tennis;
Their gentlemen, I swear by St. JOHN!
And archers we will sell them [in] great plenty:
And so will we rid [of] them soon,
Six for a penny of our money."
Then answered the Duke of BAR,
Words that were of great pride:
"By God!" he said, "I will not spare
Over all the Englishmen for to ride,
If that they dare us abide:
We will overthrow them in fere [*company*],
And take them prisoners in this tide:
Then come home again to our dinner!"

HENRY our King that was so good;
He prepared there full royally:
Stakes he let [*caused to*] hew in a wood,
And then set them before his archers verily.
The Frenchmen our ordnance gan espy.
They that we ordained for to ride
Lighted adown, with sorrow truly;
So on their feet fast gan abide.

Our King went up upon a hill high
And looked down to the valleys low:
He saw where the Frenchmen came hastily
As thick as ever did hail or snow.
Then kneeled our King down, in that stound,
And all his men on every side:
Every man made a cross and kissed the ground,
And on their feet fast gan abide.
Our King said, "Sirs, what time of the day?"
"My Liege," they said, "it is nigh Prime [9 *a.m.*]"
"Then go we to our journey,
By the grace of JESU, it is good time:
For saints that lie in their shrine,
To GOD for us be praying.
All the Religious of England, in this time,
Ora pro nobis for us they sing."

St. GEORGE was seen over the host:
Of very truth this sight men did see.
Down was he sent by the HOLY GHOST,
To give our King the victory.

Then blew the trumpets merrily, [25th October 1415.]
These two Battles [*Armies*] together yede.
Our archers stood up full heartily,
And made the Frenchmen fast to bleed.
Their arrows went fast, without any let,
And many shot they throughout;
Through habergeon, breastplate, and bassinet.
An eleven thousand were slain in that rout [*company*].

Our gracious King, as I well know,
That day he fought with his own hand.
He spared neither high ne low.
There was never King in no land,
That ever did better on a day.
Wherefore England may sing a song:
Laus DEO! may we say;
And other prayers ever among.
The Duke of ORLEANS, without nay,
That day was taken prisoner.
The Duke of BOURBON also in fere [*company*]:
And also the Duke of BAR truly.
Sir BERGYGAUNTE he gan him yield;
And other Lords of France many.

Lo, thus our comely King conquered the field,
By the grace of God omnipotent,
He took his prisoners, both old and young,
And towards Calais forth he went.

He shipped there with good intent: [16th November 1415.]
To Canterbury full fair he passed,
And offered to St. THOMAS's shrine.
And through Kent he rode in haste;
To Eltham he came all in good time. [22nd November 1415.]
And over Blackheath, as he was riding, [23rd November 1415.]
Of the city of London he was ware.
"Hail, royal city!" said our King,
"CHRIST keep thee ever from sorrow and care!
And then he gave that noble city his blessing
He prayed JESU it might well fare!
To Westminster did he ride,
And the French prisoners with him also:
He ransomed them in that tide,
And again to their country he let them go.

Thus of this matter I make an end,
To th'effect of the Battle have I gone:
For in this book I cannot comprehend
The greatest battle of all, called the Siege of Rouen.

For that Siege lasted three years and more,
And there a rat was [sold] at forty pence
For in the city the people hungered sore.
Women and children, for [de]falt of meat, were lore [*lost*];
And some for pain, bare bones were gnawing,
That at their breasts had two children sucking.

Of the Siege of Rouen it to write were pity,
It is a thing so lamentable:
Yet every High Feast, our King, of his charity,
Gave them meat to their bodies comfortable;
And at the last the town wan, without fable.

Thus of all as now I make an end:
To the bliss of heaven, GOD our souls send!

Thus endeth the Battle of Agincourt.

Imprinted at London in Foster lane,
in Saint Leonard's parish,
by me JOHN SKOT.

F · I N I S.

JOHN FOX, the Martyrologist.

[*The Ecclesiastical History, containing the Acts and Monuments, &c.* 2nd Ed., II, pp. 1355-6, 1570.]

How the Lord CROMWELL helped Archbishop CRANMER's Secretary.

[July 1539.]

MENTION was made before how King HENRY, in the 31st year [1539-1540] of his reign, caused the *Six Articles* [31. *Hen. VIII.*, c. 14. *An Act abolishing diversity in opinions*] to pass [in June 1539]; much against the mind, and contrary to the consent of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, THOMAS CRANMER: who had disputed three days against the same in the Parliament House, with great reasons and authorities. Which *Articles*, after they were granted and passed by the Parliament, the King, for the singular favour which he ever bare to CRANMER and reverence to his learning (being desirous to know what he had said and objected in the Parliament against these *Articles*; or what could be alleged by Learning against the same) required a Note of the Archbishop's doings, what he had said and opposed in the Parliament touching that matter. And this word was sent to him from the King by CROMWELL and other Lords of the Parliament, whom the King then sent to dine with him at Lambeth: somewhat to comfort again his grieved mind and troubled spirits: as hath been above recited at page 1,298.

The Archbishop CRANMER disputeth three days in Parliament against the *Six Articles.*

[The passage referred to runs thus:

After the Parliament was finished and that matter concluded; the King (considering the constant zeal of the Archbishop in defence of his cause; and partly also weighing the many authorities and reasons whereby he had substantially confirmed the same) sent [in July 1539] the Lord CROMWELL (which within a few days after [*or rather on 10th June* 1540] was apprehended), the two Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, and all the Lords of the Parliament, to dine with him at Lambeth: where they signified to him, That it was the King's pleasure that they all should, in His Highness's behalf, cherish comfort and animate him as one that, for his travail in that Parliament, had declared himself both greatly learned, and also a man discreet and wise: and therefore they willed him not to be discouraged in anything that was passed in that Parliament contrary to his allegations.

He most humbly thanked, first the King's Highness of his singular good affection towards him; and them, for all their pains: adding moreover that he so hoped in GOD that hereafter his allegations and authorities should take place, to the glory of GOD and commodity of the realm.]

Whereupon, when this dinner was finished [in July 1539], the next day after the Archbishop (collecting both his arguments, authorities of Scripture, and Doctors [*i.e. the Fathers of the Church*] together) caused his Secretary to write a fair Book thereof for the King, after this order:

The name of this Secretary was Master RALPH MORICE, being yet alive [*i.e., in* 1570].

First, the Scriptures were alleged.

Then, the Doctors.

Thirdly, followed the arguments deduced from those Authorities.

This book was written in his Secretary's Chamber [at Lambeth Palace]; where, in a by-chamber, lay the Archbishop's Almoner.

When this Book was fair written, and while the Secretary was gone to deliver the same unto the Archbishop his Master, who was, as it chanced, ridden to Croydon; returning back to his chamber, he found his door shut, and the key carried away to London by the Almoner.

At this season also [it] chanced the father of the said Secretary to come to the city; by whose occasion it so fell out, that he [RALPH MORICE] must needs go to London. The Book he could not lay in his chamber, neither durst he commit it to any other person to keep; being straitly charged, in any condition, by the Archbishop his master, to be circumspect thereof: so he determined to go to his father, and to keep the Book about him.

And so, thrusting the Book under his girdle, he went over [the Thames] unto Westminster Bridge, with a sculler; where he entered into a wherry that went to London: wherein were four of the Guard, who meant to land at Paul's Wharf; and to pass by the King's Highness who was then in his barge, with a great number of barges and boats about him, then baiting of bears in the water, over against the Bank [Side in Southwark].

The aforesaid Yeomen of the Guard, when they came against the King's barge, they durst not pass by towards Paul's Wharf, lest they should be espied: and therefore entreated the Secretary to go with them to the Bearbaiting; and they would find the means, being of the Guard, to make room and to see all the pastime.

The Secretary perceiving no other remedy, assented thereto.

When the wherry came nigh the multitude of boats; they with poleaxes got the wherry so far that, being encompassed with many other wherries and boats, there was no refuge if the bear should break loose and come upon them: as, in very deed, within one *Paternoster* while, the bear brake loose; and came into the boat where the Yeomen of the Guard were, and the said Secretary.

The Guard forsook the wherry, and went into another barge; one or two of them leaping short, and so fell into the water. Tall Yeomen, but ill Keepers.

The bear and the dogs so shaked the wherry wherein the Secretary was, that the boat being full of water sank to the ground; and being also, as it chanced, an ebbing tide, he sat there in the end of the wherry up to the middle in water. To whom came the bear and all the dogs. The bear, seeking as it were aid and succour of him, came back with his hinder parts A Bearbaiting upon [the] Thames before the King.

upon him; and so, rushing upon him, the Book was loosed from the Secretary's girdle, and so fell into the Thames out of his reach.

The Book of Dr CRANMER against the *Six Articles* lost in the Thames.

The flying of the people, after that the bear was loose, from one boat to another, was so cumbrous that divers persons were thrown into the Thames: the King commanding certain men, that could swim, to strip themselves naked; and to help to save them that were in danger.

This pastime so displeased the King, that he bade, "Away, away with the bear! and let us go all hence!"

The Secretary, perceiving his Book to fleet away in the Thames, called to the Bearward to take up the Book.

When the Bearward had the Book in his custody, being an arrant Papist, far from the religion of his Mistress (for he was the Lady ELIZABETH'S Bearward, now the Queen's Majesty), ere that the Secretary could come to land, he had delivered the Book to a Priest of his own affinity in religion standing on the bank: who, reading in the Book, and perceiving that it was a manifest Refutation of the *Six Articles*, made much ado; and told the Bearward that whosoever claimed the Book, should surely be hanged.

This Bearward was Princess ELIZABETH'S servant.

Dr CRANMER'S Book against the *Six Articles* delivered to a Popish Priest.

Anon, the Secretary came to the Bearward for his Book.

"What," quoth the Bearward, "dare you challenge this Book? Whose servant be you?"

"I am servant to one of the [Privy] Council," said the Secretary, "and my Lord of CANTERBURY is my master."

"Yea, marry," quoth the Bearward, "I thought as much. You be like, I trust, to be both hanged for this Book."

"Well," said he "it is not so evil as you take it: and, I warrant you, my Lord will avouch the book to the King's Majesty. But I pray you let me have my Book, and I will give you a crown [6*s.*, *or in present value about* £2] to drink."

"If you will give me 500 crowns, you shall not have it," quoth the Bearward.

With that the Secretary departed from him: and, understanding the malicious forwardness of the Bearward, he learned that BLAGE the Grocer in Cheapside might do much with him. To whom the Secretary brake this matter,

requiring him to send for the Bearward to supper; and he would pay for the whole charge thereof: and besides that, rather than he would forego his Book after this sort, the Bearward should have 20s. [*in present value about £6*] to drink.

The supper was prepared. The Bearward was sent for, and came. After supper, the matter was intreated; and 20s. offered for the Book.

But do what could be done; neither friendship, acquaintance, nor yet reward of money, could obtain the Book out of his hands: but that the same should be delivered unto some of the [Privy] Council, that would not so slightly look on so weighty a matter as to have it redeemed for a supper, or a piece of money. The honest man, Master BLAGE, with many good reasons would have persuaded him not to be stiff in his own conceit: declaring that in the end he should nothing at all prevail of his purpose, but be laughed to scorn; getting neither penny nor praise for his travail. He, hearing that, rushed suddenly out of the doors from his friend Master BLAGE; without any manner of thanksgiving for his supper: more like a Bearward than like an honest man.

When the Secretary saw the matter so extremely to be used against him; he then thought it expedient to fall from any farther practising of entreaty with the Bearward, as with him that seemed rather to be a bear himself than master of the beast: determining the next morning to make the Lord CROMWELL privy of the chance that happened.

So, on the next day, as the Lord CROMWELL went to the Court, the Secretary declared the whole matter unto him; and how he had offered the Bearward 20s. for the finding thereof.

"Where is the fellow?" quoth the Lord CROMWELL.

"I suppose," said the Secretary, "that he is now in the Court, attending to deliver the book unto some of the Council."

"Well," said the Lord CROMWELL, "it maketh no matter. Go with me thither, and I shall get you your book again.!"

The Bearward waiting to give CRANMER'S Book to the Council.

When the Lord CROMWELL came into the Hall of the Court, there stood the Bearward with the Book in his hand; waiting to have delivered the same unto Sir ANTHONY BROWNE or unto [STEPHEN GARDINER] the Bishop of WINCHESTER, as it was reported.

The Lord CROMWELL getteth the Book from the Bearward.

To whom the Lord CROMWELL said, "Come hither, fellow! What Book hast thou there in thy hand?" and with that snatched the Book out of his hand: and looking in the Book, said, "I know this hand well enough. This is your hand," said he to the Secretary.

"But where hadst thou this Book?" quoth the Lord CROMWELL to the Bearward.

"This Gentleman lost it two days ago in the Thames," said the Bearward.

"Dost thou know whose servant he is?" said the Lord CROMWELL.

"He saith," quoth the Bearward, "that he is my Lord of CANTERBURY's servant."

"Why then didst thou not deliver to him the Book when he required it?" said the Lord CROMWELL. "Who made thee so bold as to detain or withhold any Book or writing from a Councillor's servant, especially being his Secretary? It is more meet for thee to meddle with thy bears, than with such writing: and were it not for thy Mistress's sake, I would set thee fast by the feet, to teach such malapert knaves to meddle with Councillors' matters. Had not money been well bestowed upon such a good fellow as this is, that knoweth not a Councillor's man from a cobbler's man!"

The words of the Lord CROMWELL to the Archbishop CRANMER.

And with those words, the Lord CROMWELL went up into the King's Chamber of Presence, and the Archbishop's Secretary with him: where he found, in the Chamber, the Lord of CANTERBURY.

To whom he said, "My Lord, I have here found good stuff for you," showing to him the paper book that he had in his hand, "ready to bring both you, and this good fellow your man, to the halter: namely [*especially*] if the knave Bearward, now in the Hall, might have well compassed it."

At these words, the Archbishop smiled, and said, "He that lost the Book is like[ly] to have the worst bargain: for, besides that he was well washed in the Thames, he must write the Book fair again."

And, at these words, the Lord CROMWELL cast the Book unto the Secretary, saying, "I pray thee, MORICE, go in hand therewith, by and bye, with all expedition: for it must serve a turn."

"Surely, my Lord, it somewhat rejoiceth me," quoth the Lord CROMWELL, "that the varlet might have had of your man 20s. for the Book: and now I have discharged the matter with never a penny; and shaken him well up for his overmuch malapertness."

"I know the fellow well enough," quoth the Archbishop, "there is not a ranker Papist within this realm than he is; most unworthy to be a servant unto so noble a Princess."

And so, after humble thanks given to the Lord CROMWELL, the said MORICE departed with his Book: which, when he again had fair written it, was delivered to the King's Majesty by the said Lord CROMWELL, within four days after.

R. W[ITC].

Against the wilful inconstancy of his dear foe E. T.

Which example may justly be a sufficient warning for all young Men to beware the feigned fidelity of unconstant Maidens.



LL youthful wights at liberty,
whom Love did never thrall;
I wish that my decay may be
a warning to you all!

That have a sore, bred in my breast.
although it be not strange;
Yet will it bring me to the grave,
without some sudden change.

For I, by suit, have servèd one
two years and somewhat more,
And now I can no longer serve;
my heart it is so sore.

Which heart I let to Usury,
through greedy fond desire;
Not doubting to receive home twain,
when I would them require.

But if that every Usurer
had such good hap as I,
There would not be so many men
would use this usury.

My Debtor hath deceivèd me;
for she is from me fled:
And I am left among the briars
to bring a fool to bed.

So that I silly [*innocent*] man remain
each day in doubtful case:
For Death doth daily lie in wait
to 'rest me with his mace.

And cast me into prison strong,
the door is made of grass:
And I might bless my hour of birth,
if it were come to pass.

For, lo, my careful choice doth choose
to keep me still in thrall;
And doth regard my love no more
than stone that lies in wall.

Whereby I see that women's hearts
are made of marble stone:
I see how careless they can be,
when pensive men do moan.

I sowed both pure and perfect seed
on fair and pleasant ground;
In hope, though harvest brought some pain,
some profit might be found.

But now the harvest ended is;
and for my faithful seeds,
And all my pain[s] and labour past,
I have nought else but weeds.

I thrust my hand among the thorns,
in hope the rose to find:
I pricked my hand, and eke my heart;
yet left the rose behind.

Not I, but many more I know
in love do lack relief:
But I, as cause doth me compel,
do wail my pain and grief.

I doubtless cannot be the first
That Love hath put to pain:
Nor yet I shall not be the last
that Women will disdain.

If I, poor wretch, should think upon
the pains that I have past;
Or if I could recount the cares
that she hath made me taste:

Into despair it would me drive,
and cleave my heart in twain;
Or else bereave me of my wits,
to think upon the pain.

I never spent one day in joy,
my careful heart doth know;
Since first I lent my love to her,
by whom my grief doth grow.

There are no greater pains assigned
for damnèd ghosts in hell,
Than I do suffer for her sake,
that I do love so well.

The price that I have paid for love,
not many men would give:
But I my bargain shall repent
as long as I do live.

I paid for love, and that full dear:
yet I received right nought.
I never was so much deceived
in anything I bought.

If every woman on her friend
such pity used to take;
Then shortly men will run to love,
as bears unto a stake.

But now let VENUS fire her forge!
Let CUPID's shaft be sent!
They can no more increase my woe:
for all my love is spent.

But here, good Reader, thou mayst see
how Love hath paid my hire!
To leave me burning in the flame;
compelled to blow the fire.

But if that thou, good friend, desire
to live in happy state:
Then seek in time to shun mishap!
Repentance comes too late!

Frequent not women's company;
but see thou from them swerve!
For thy reward shall be but small
whatever thou deserve.

Take heed, for thou mayst come in thrall
before that thou beware:
And when thou art entanglèd once,
thou canst not fly the snare.

Take thou not this to be a jest;
but think it to be true!
Before thou prove, as I have done:
lest proof do make thee rue.

Yet if thou chance to place thy love;
take heed What thou dost say!
And see thou place thy talk in print,
or else beware a fray!

And thus I end: not doubting but
these words may well suffice
To warn thy greedy heart of harm,
and ease thy roving eyes.

Ease by Disease
hath made me to halt:
Time hath so turned
my sugar to salt.

R. WITC

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, by
RICHARD JONES.

The History of Wyat's Rebellion:

With the order and manner of resisting the same.

WHEREUNTO, IN THE END, IS ADDED

An earnest Conference with the degenerate and seditious rebels for the search of the Cause of their daily disorder.

Made and compiled by

JOHN PROCTOR.

[SECOND EDITION.]

Mense Januarii, anno 1555.

[In WYAT's Rebellion, there was as much a social strife as a political conflict. Like the Rebellions of the previous reign, it was largely a rising of the Masses against the Classes. The Kentish Gentlemen and their dependents were mostly Horsemen, and went for Queen MARY. The Kentish commons were chiefly Footmen, and many of them went for WYAT.

This Rebellion was nipped in the bud, because the Kentish commons were prevented from joining hands with the lower classes of London. Had they been able to do so, it would have been the days of WAT TYLER over again.

It is clear that, as stated at page 66, WYAT thought that the Footmen opposed to him would come over to his side. This is probably the reason why the action at Hyde Park Corner was so indecisive, see pages 87 to 89. Lord PEMBROKE could not trust his Footmen ; so only the Horsemen fought there against WYAT.

PROCTOR was undoubtedly an affectionately loyal subject of Queen MARY, and magnifies her herein upon every possible occasion. He says himself at p. 44, that he has "not fully set forth the whole case, all as it was." He wrote too soon after the event to do so in print.

At Vol. IV., pp. 88-93, of this Series, we have given a Protestant account of this Rising by EDWARD UNDERHILL, the "Hot Gospeller" : and at pp. 112-142 of the same Volume will be found FOX's account of the Imprisonment of the Princess ELIZABETH, which was occasioned by this Rebellion ; though WYAT, with his dying breath, cleared her of all knowledge of it.

All these narratives should be compared with the account in Professor FROUDE's *History*.]

To the most excellent and most virtuous Lady, our most gracious Sovereign, MARY, by the grace of GOD, Queen of England, France, Naples, Hierusalem, and Ireland; Defender of the Faith; Princess of Spain, and Sicily; Archduchess of Austria; Duchess of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant; Countess of Hapsburg, Flanders, and Tyrol;
your Majesty's most faithful, loving, and obedient subject, JOHN PROCTOR, wisheth all grace, long peace, quiet reign, from GOD the Father, the Son, and the HOLY GHOST.

IT hath been allowed, most gracious Sovereign, for a necessary policy in all Ages, as stories do witness, that the flagitious enterprises of the wicked, which have at any time attempted with traitorous force to subvert or alter the Public State of their countries, as also the wise and virtuous policies of the good practised to preserve the Common Weal and to repel the enemies of the same, should by

writing be committed to eternal memory. Partly that they of that Age in whose time such things happened might by the oft reading conceive a certain gladness in considering with themselves, and beholding as it were in a glass, from what calamity and extreme ruin, by what policy and wisdom, their native countries were delivered; besides the great misery and peril they themselves have escaped: partly for a doctrine and a monition serving both for the present and future time. But chiefly and principally that the traitors themselves (who, through hatred to their Prince or country, shall, either of their own malicious disposition be stirred; or else by other perverse counsel thereunto induced) may always have before their eyes the miserable end that happeneth as just reward to all such caytives [*caitiffs*] as, either of ambition not satisfied with their own state will seek preposterously to aspire to honour; or of malice to their Prince, will enter into that horrible crime of Privy Conspiracy or Open Rebellion.

The industry of Writers doth sufficiently declare in a number of stories that conspiracy and treason hath always turned to the authors a wretched and miserable end: and if their persons happen at any time to escape temporal punishment, as rarely they have done; yet their names, specially of the notorious and principal offenders, have been always had in such vile and odible detestation in all Ages and among all nations as, for the same, they have been ever after abhorred of all good men.

These general considerations, moving others to indict [*endite*] and pen stories, moved me also to gather together and to register for memory the marvellous practice of Wyat his detestable Rebellion; little inferior to the most dangerous reported in any history, either for desperate

courage in the author, or for the monstrous end purposed by his Rebellion.

Yet I thought nothing less at the beginning than to publish the same at this time, or at this Age: minding only to gather notes thereof, where the truth might be best known, for the which I made earnest and diligent investigation; and to leave them to be published by others hereafter, to the behoof of our posterity.

But hearing the sundry tales thereof, far dissonant in the utterance, and many of them as far wide from truth, fashioned from the speakers to advance, or deprave, as they fantased [*favoured*] the parties; and understanding besides what notable infamy sprang of this Rebellion to the whole country of Kent, and to every member of the same, where sundry and many of them, to mine own knowledge, shewed themselves most faithful and worthy subjects, as by the story [it]self shall evidently appear, which either of haste or of purpose were omitted in a printed book late[ly] set forth at Canterbury.* I thought these to be special considerations whereby I ought, of duty to my country [*County*], to compile and digest such notes as I had gathered concerning that Rebellion, in some form or fashion of History; and to publish the same in this Age, and at this present, contrary to my first intent: as well that the very truth of that rebellious enterprise might be thoroughly known, as that also the Shire where that vile Rebellion was practised might, by opening the full truth in some part, be delivered from the infamy which, as by report I hear, is made so general in other Shires as though very few of Kent were free from WYAT's conspiracy.

* This account of WYAT's Rebellion, printed by JOHN MICHEL at Canterbury, has apparently perished.—E. A.

Most humbly beseeching your Highness to take this my travail in so good and gracious part; as of your Grace's benign and gentle nature it hath pleased you to accept my former books dedicated unto your Highness. Whereby I mind nothing less than to excuse, or accuse, any affectionately [*partially*]; but to set forth each man's doings truly according to their demerits: that by the contemplation hereof both the good may be encouraged in the execution of perfect obedience and unspotted loyalty; and the wicked restrained from the hateful practice of such detestable purposes.

The Blessed Trinity preserve your Highness!

To the Loving Reader.



HE safe and sure recordation of pains and perils past hath present delectation, saith TULLY. For things, were they never so bitter and unpleasant in the execution, being after in peace and security renewed by report or chronicle, are both plausible [*praiseworthy*] and profitable, whether they touched ourselves or others.

Being thus in this point persuaded, loving Reader, I thought it a travail neither unpleasant for thee, nor unthankful for me, to contrive the late Rebellion practised by WYAT in form of a Chronicle, as thou seest. Whereby as I mean not to please the evil, nor displease the good; so I much desire to amend the one by setting before his eye the lamentable Image of hateful Rebellion, for the increase of obedience; and to help the other by setting forth the unspotted loyalty of such as adventurously and faithfully served in this dangerous time, for the increase of knowledge and policy the better to repress the like dangers, if any hereafter happen.

And further, although hereby I covet not to renew a fear of a danger past, yet would I gladly increase a care and study in every good man's heart to avoid a like danger that may happen, and most times happeneth; when a danger with much difficulty avoided is not sufficient warning to beware of the next.

I have forborne to touch any man by name, WYAT only except; and a few others which the story would not permit to be left out. Yet take me not that I mean to excuse any man's fault thereby. For what, should I shew myself so ungrate or unnatural unto my natural countrymen; as

namely to blaze them to the World whom, either their own good hap or the Queen's surpassing mercy, would to be covered at this time?

And although I touch some by name, terming them in certain places "traitors and rebels," just titles of their deserts: yet, GOD is my witness!, I do it not of malice or envy to any of their persons. I never hated any of them; no, not WYAT himself! whom, although he was utterly unknown unto me, yet for the sundry and singular gifts wherewith he was largely endued, I had him in great admiration. And now I rather pity his unhappy case than malice his person: and do much lament that so many good and commendable qualities were abused in the service of cursed Heresy; whose reward was never other than shameful confusion, by one way or other, to all that followed her ways.

Finally, if thou suppose I have not fully set forth the whole case, all as it was, I shall not againsay it; neither thought I it necessary so to do; but rather so much as for this time might be both plausible [*praiseworthy*] and profitable, and should satisfy such points as in the *Dedicatory Epistle* to the Queen's Majesty are expressed.

Hereafter it may be that further be said touching this matter. In mean time thou hast no just cause, I trust, to be offended with this my present enterprise, either for the manner of handling or for the matter herein handled: the one having sufficient perspicuity and plainness, the other full truth; for which I have made such diligent investigation, as I have found it and have herein expressed the same, especially so much as concerneth Kent.

Vale!

Wyat's Rebellion: with the order and manner of resisting the same.

WHAT a restless evil Heresy is! ever travailing to bring forth mischief! never ceasing to protrude all those in whose hearts she is received to confusion! By what plausible allurements at her entry, she catcheth favourable entertainment! With what ways of craft and subtilty she dilateth her dominion! and finally how, of course, she toileth to be supported by Faction, Sedition, and Rebellion! to the great peril of subversion of that State where, as a plague, she happeneth to find habitation: as well the lamentable history of the Bohemians and Germans, with all others treating of like enterprises by heretics, as also WYAT's late conspiracy practised with open force, doth plenteously declare. Who, as it should evidently seem by the trade of his life and the late disclosing of himself, was so fervently affected to heresy, although he laboured by false persuasion otherwise to have coloured it; that, burning inwardly with a prepensed treason in his breast for the continuance of the same within the realm, he persuaded to himself such an impossibility therein (the Queen's Highness

The dangerous nature of Heresy.

Heresy the special ground of WYAT's Rebellion.

prospering and bearing the sceptre of high governance) as could by no means be brought about without rebellion: the only refuge, as I said, that indurate heretics have always sought, for maintenance of their heresy; living under a Catholic Prince.

Rebellion, the only refuge of heretics.

He therefore, being thus inflamed, could no longer contain, but immediately upon the beginning of the Queen's most happy reign, forsaking his habitation in the country, went to London of purpose to stir [HENRY GREY,] the Duke of SUFFOLK and his brethren, with others of power in further countries [*Counties*], whom he knew to be like affected to heresies and consequently to burn in sembable desire for continuance of the same: leaving nevertheless such behind him in Kent, to solicit his and their unhappy case; whom he knew so much addicted thereunto as, in his absence, for their diligence in such a ministry needed no overseer.

WYAT persuaded that the Queen and Heresy could not reign together.

WYAT'S repair to London to stir others to his Rebellion.

He remained in London till he thought himself thoroughly furnished every way, and everywhere within the realm, to attempt his determined enterprise; when apt time should serve. Which done, he returned into Kent: not of purpose then to proceed; but, understanding his strength, practised there by his agents to set things in order, and so to return to London; abiding the time appointed therefore by him and his complices.

WYAT'S return into Kent.

But, so it befell, in the mean time, that, at his being in the country, the [Privy] Council committed a Gentleman of that Shire to ward, one to WYAT above all others most dear: whereby the common bruit grew that he, (suspecting his secrets to be revealed, and upon that occasion to be sent for by the Council) felt himself, as it were for his own surety, compelled to anticipate his time. But whether that were the cause or no, doubtful it is.

WYAT preventeth the time.

But certain it was that WYAT, then proceeding in his detestable purpose, armed himself and as many as he could: and, giving intelligence of his determination to his complices, as well at London as elsewhere, the Thursday after, at Maidstone, in the market time, being the 25th day of January [1554], in the first year of the Queen's reign, by Proclamation in writing, published his devilish pretence.

The first day of WYAT'S stir, at Maidstone.

And considering with himself that to make the pretence of his Rebellion to be the restoring or continuance of the new and newly-forged Religion was neither agreeable to the nature of Heresy (which always defendeth itself by the name and countenance of other matter more plausible); neither so apt to further his wicked purpose, being not a case so general to allure all sorts to take part with him: he determined to speak no word of Religion, but to make the only colour [*pretence*] of his commotion, only to withstand Strangers [*i.e. the Spaniards*], and to advance Liberty.

The cause why WYAT made not Religion the outward pretence of his Rebellion.

The colour of WYAT's Rebellion.

For as he made his full reckoning that such as accorded with him in religion would wholly join with him in that rebellion; so he trusted that the Catholics for the most part would gladly embrace that quarrel against the Strangers; whose name he took to become odible to all sorts by the seditious and malicious report which he and his had maliciously imagined and blown abroad against that nation, as a preparative to their abominable treason.

WYAT's preparative to his Rebellion.

His Proclamation therefore published at Maidstone, and so in other places, persuaded that quarrel to be taken in hand in the defence of the realm from overrunning by Strangers and for the advancement of Liberty: where, in very deed, his only and very matter was the continuance of heresy: as by his own words at sundry times shall hereafter appear.

And to the end the people should not think that he alone, with a few other mean Gentlemen, had taken that traitorous enterprise in hand without comfort or aid of higher powers, he untruly and maliciously added further to his Proclamation, by persuasion to the people:

WYAT's untrue persuasions to further his Rebellion.

That all the Nobility of the realm and the whole [Privy] Council (one or two only except) were agreeable to his pretensed treason, and would with all their power and strength further the same; (which he found most untrue, to his subversion): and That the Lord ABERGAVENNY, [Sir THOMAS CHEYNEY,] the Lord Warden [of the Cinque Ports], Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL, High Sheriff, with all other Gentlemen would join with him in this enterprise, and set their foot by his, to repel the Strangers.

This Proclamation and such annexed persuasions made at Maidstone on the market day, and in other parts of the Shire, had so wrought in the hearts of the people that divers (which before hated him, and he them) were now, as it seemed, upon this occasion, mutually reconciled; and said unto him, "Sir, is your quarrel only to defend us from overrunning by Strangers and to advance Liberty; and not against the Queen?"

How WYAT's untrne persuasions abused the people.

"No," quod WYAT, "we mind nothing less than any wise to touch her Grace; but to serve her and honour her, according to our duties."

The nature of a heretic is to say one thing and think another.

"Well," quod they, "give us then your hand. We will stick to you to death in this quarrel!"

That done, there came to him one other, of good wealth, saying, "Sir," quod he, "they say I love potage well. I will sell all my spoons, and all the plate in my house rather than your purpose shall quail; and sup my potage with my mouth [see p. 72]. I trust," quod he, "you will restore the right religion again."

"Whist!" quod WYAT, "you may not so much as name religion, for that will withdraw from us the hearts of many. You must only make your quarrel for overrunning by Strangers. And yet to thee, be it said in counsel, as unto my friend, we mind *only* the restitution of GOD's Word. But no words!"

WYAT's own words to prove Heresy to be the ground of his Rebellion.

By these his words it appeared that his principal intent was not to keep out Strangers, which commonly do not invade to our hindrance but by rebellion amongst ourselves; nor to advance Liberty, which ever decayeth through treason: but to advance Heresy, the Lady Regent of his life and doings.

This same Thursday [25th January 1554] as WYAT, THOMAS ISLEY, and others were occupied at Maidstone with Proclamations to stir the people and such like; so were others his confederates occupied in like manner by Proclamations at Milton, Ashford, and other towns in the east parts of the Shire. Through whose allurements, the multitude were grown so earnestly affected to WYAT's purpose that they suffered Master CHRISTOPHER ROPER, a man of good worship and so esteemed of them, to be taken of

WYAT's ministers, and carried out of the market place, without any manner of rescue: for that he, having his heart and eye full fixed upon the Queen, not only withstood the reading of WYAT's traitorous Proclamation at Milton; but also in the same place proclaimed him and all his, traitors. And being roughly charged therewith by WYAT and others his gallants, when he was brought to Rochester, he answered, "This tongue spake it, and doth now avow it."

The apprehension of Master CHRISTOPHER ROPER by the rebels.

Master CHRISTOPHER ROPER's words to WYAT.

They suffered Master TUCKE also, and Master DORREL of Calehill, being Gentlemen of good worship and Justices of Peace, to be taken out of their houses by the rebels; and conveyed, without any manner of rescue, in the day time, to Rochester, being twenty miles distant: where they, with Master ROPER, were kept as prisoners in great danger of life.

The apprehension of Master TUCKE and Master DORREL.

In like manner, Sir HENRY ISLEY, ANTHONY KNEVET, WILLIAM KNEVET, with others, were at Tonbridge, Sevenoaks, and other towns in the west parts of the Shire, stirring the people by alarms, drums, and Proclamations.

Now ye shall understand that the evening afore [24th January 1554] the publishing his pretence at Maidstone, WYAT sent a letter, by one THOMAS MONDE, a man of much honesty, to Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL, being Sheriff of the Shire: unto whom long before, as I can understand, he had neither spoken nor written other than in defiance; they being in contention for matters of religion as it was said. Nevertheless to serve his purpose, dissembling his great malice and haughty courage, he wrote a letter to him of such effect as followeth:

How WYAT wrote to the Sheriff of his intent to stir.

The effect of WYAT's letter to Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL, Sheriff of Kent.

AFTER hearty commendations. There hath been between you and me many quarrels and grudges, and I ever the sufferer; and yet have you sought the end which is now friendly offered unto you, if you be willing to receive it.

But whatsoever private quarrel you have to me, I doubt not but your wisdom is too much, seeing so many perils at hand to us both (this pretensed Marriage [*of King PHILIP to Queen MARY*] taking effect), to dissent from us in so necessary a purpose as wherein we now determine to enter for the common wealth of the whole realm. And that you may the better understand our pretence, I send you the copy of our Proclamation comprehending the sum and effect of our meaning: whereunto if the common wealth shall find you an enemy, say not hereafter but that you were friendly warned.

We forbear to write to the Lord ABERGAVENNY; for what you may do with him, if you list, we know.

The style of WYAT's Proclamation.

A Proclamation agreed unto by THOMAS WYAT, GEORGE HARPER, HENRY ISLEY, Knights; and by divers of the best of the Shire; sent unto the commons of the same.

WYAT's false presumption of *the best of the Shire.*

FORASMUCH as it is now spread abroad, and certainly pronounced by [STEPHEN GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER] the Lord Chancellor and others of the [Privy] Council, of the Queen's determinate pleasure to marry with a Stranger, &c. We therefore write unto you, because you be our friends, and because you be Englishmen, that you will join with us, as we will with you unto death, in this behalf; protesting unto you before GOD, that no earthly cause could move us unto this enterprise but this alone: wherein we seek no harm to the Queen, but better counsel and Councillors; which also we would have foreborne in all other matters, saving only in this. For herein lieth the health and wealth of us all.

Because.

Such Councillors, he meaneth, as would favour heresy, &c.

For trial hereof and manifest proof of this intended purpose, lo now, even at hand, Spaniards be now already arrived at Dover, at one passage, to the number of a

Lo, loud lie!

hundred, passing upward to London in companies of ten, four, and six, with harness [*armour*] harquebusses and morians [*helmets*] with match light[ed]; the foremost company whereof be already at Rochester.

We shall require you therefore to repair to such places as the bearers hereof shall pronounce unto you, there to assemble and determine what may be best for the advancement of Liberty and common wealth in this behalf, and to bring with you such aid as you may.

The end of WYAT's Proclamation.

The messenger that brought the letter, with the Proclamation, from WYAT to the Sheriff, being not privy to the contents thereof and having charge, upon his life, to return an answer with all speed, importuned the Sheriff so much therefore (although he saw him greatly busied in giving advertisement throughout the Shire of WYAT's traitorous determination) as he nevertheless (to satisfy the messenger, whom he knew to be a right honest man; notwithstanding his diligence was abused in so lewd a message), made him answer out of hand as followeth:

The Sheriff's answer to the Messenger that brought WYAT's letter.

"NEIGHBOUR MONDE, rather to satisfy your importunity than to answer WYAT's letter, whom in this case I disdain to answer, or to speak with you apart coming from a traitor, yo may say unto him, That as indeed I have been desirous of his friendship for neighbourhood's sake, so have I much more desired his reformation in divers points of grea disorder: whereby he certainly knew, as well by my speech to himself as other means coming to his knowledge, that I have sithens the beginning of the Queen's reign holden him and some of his colleges [*colleagues*] in this conspiracy vehemently suspected for like matters as now they have attempted.

"Wherein seeing he hath not deceived me, but by opening himself hath manifestly verified mine opinion conceived of him; I purpose not to purchase his friendship so dear[ly] as for the game of him to lose myself and my posterity in perpetual infamy. And if such things which his fond [*foolish*] head hath weighed for perils, to the condemnation of the whole wisdom of the realm (they allowing the same for good), had been indeed as perilous as he with others, for want of due consideration, deemeth them: his duty had been to have opened his opinion therein as a humble and reverent petitioner to the Queen's Highness, or to some of her Grace's Council. But to press his Sovereign, in any suit or upon any occasion, with weapon and armour, by stirring her subjects to rebellion; that is, and always hath been, accounted the part of the most arrogant and presumptuous traitors: and so do I note him and his mates, as you may tell them; and shall, GOD willing, provide for them accordingly.

"Now good man MONDE, it shall be in your choice whether you will carry this message or no. But, as your friend, I shall advise you to seek out better company."

The messenger excusing himself by ignorance, departed to WYAT with answer: and, soon after, returned to the Sheriff; under whom he served the Queen very faithfully.

The Sheriff being made privy, as ye have heard, by WYAT to his traitorous pretence the night before he stirred; and wanting no good will, as it should seem, with the help of the Lord ABERGAVENNY who was as forward as he, to have resisted the reading of WYAT's Proclamation at Maidstone the day following and to disperse his force, sent for Gentlemen and yeomen in all haste to that end.

But before he could gather Power meet to attempt the repressing of such a force (sundry of his neighbours of greatest possessions, and towns most populous, which should have been his chief aid, being contrary bent), WYAT accompanied with a force well armed and weaponed marched to Rochester the same Thursday [25th January 1554]; HARPER and others meeting him in the way. Where fortifying the east parts of the town, and breaking up the bridge towards the west; he abode the coming of his appointed strength: suffering all passengers to pass quietly through the town, to

London, or to the sea; taking nothing from them but only their weapons.

And being the Friday [26th January] all day at Rochester, and not hearing from ISLEY, the town of Tonbridge, and other his conjurates of the west part of the Shire; he addressed an earnest letter the Saturday morning [27th January] to ISLEY, the KNEVETS, and others, with the town of Tonbridge, requiring them to accelerate their coming unto him.

According whereunto ISLEY, the KNEVETS, with others, being newly returned from Penshurst (where they rifled Sir HENRY SIDNEY [of] his armour; he being attendant upon the Queen's Highness as a faithful subject), perceiving WYAT to long for their coming, resolved to observe their promise and march forwards that night towards WYAT. The rifling of Sir HENRY SIDNEY his armour.

But understanding that the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, and GEORGE CLARKE had now gathered a force, and were prest to encounter them: first ere they departed out of the town, they thought it good by some kind of Proclamation, to alienate the people's hearts from them; as they did in the manner following:

The copy of the Proclamation made at Tonbridge, by Sir HENRY ISLEY, ANTONY KNEVET and his brother, with others.

YOU shall understand that HENRY [NEVILLE] Lord ABERGAVENNY, ROBERT SOUTHWELL Knight, GEORGE CLARKE Gentleman, have most traitorously, to the disturbance of the common wealth, stirred and raised up the Queen's most loving subjects of this realm to defend the most wicked and devilish enterprise of certain of the wicked and perverse Councillors, to the utter confusion of this her Grace's realm, and the perpetual servitude of all the Queen's most loving subjects. In consideration whereof, we Sir THOMAS WYAT Knight, Sir GEORGE HARPER Knight, Sir HENRY ISLEY Knight, ANTONY KNEVET Esquire, with all the faithful Gentlemen of Kent and trusty commons of the same, do

pronounce the said HENRY Lord ABERGAVENNY, ROBERT SOUTHWELL and GEORGE CLARKE Gentleman, to be traitors to GOD, the Crown, and the common wealth.

This done, with all speed calling their company together by noise of drums, and leaving their direct way to Rochester, for that they would not come under the wing of the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff, they marched that night [27th January] to Sevenoaks. Taking order with such as were left behind in the town [of Tonbridge], that they should be in a readiness to come whensoever they should be sent for by WYAT; and that by no ways they should believe any tales. "For," quod they, "the Council will now send abroad flying lies and tales to discredit us and discomfort you: for it is their policy."

ANTONY KNEVET, after he was lept to his horse, took one by the hand, and said, "Fare you well. And if you hap to hear that I am taken, never believe it: for undoubtedly I will either die in the field or achieve my purpose." But within four and twenty hours he brake his promise, and ran away no faster than his legs could carry him.

The Herald's coming to Rochester.

Well, I shall now leave them marching to Sevenoaks; and return to WYAT at Rochester. This present Saturday [27th January] came unto him from the Queen's Highness a Herald and a trumpeter.

WYAT, at the sound of the trumpet, came to the bridge, where the Herald was with his coat armour carrying the Arms of England on his back. But WYAT, without using any reverence to him either for his coat or office, would not suffer him to come into the town to declare his message; and [the Herald] pressing to come in, he offered to strike him: whereupon the Herald stayed and did his message there, so that only WYAT with a few with him heard it. Which, as men could gather by the report of them that heard it, was promise of pardon to as many as would retire to their houses within four and twenty hours after the Proclamation, and become good subjects. But WYAT would not suffer his soldiers in anywise to hear it, nor any other Proclamation coming from the Queen.

In the mean time also, Sir THOMAS CHEYNEY, Lord

Warden, being a most faithful and noble subject, had sent him such salutations as of honour ought to be used to a traitor. And being very desirous to be doing with him, and to prove on his body what in words of greeting he had affirmed, felt yet by his discretion and long experience great causes of stay. For WYAT desired nothing more than his coming forth; persuading [himself] that he wanted no friends about him, nor any others that would take in hand to repress him with force gathered in that Shire. And, undoubtedly, doubtful were the hearts of the people, and marvellously bent to favour WYAT and his purpose; as by daily events appeared.

The Lord Warden's greeting to WYAT.

The Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff who, the Saturday [27th January] next after WYAT's stir, were at Malling in the way towards Rochester (where WYAT lay); having with them a company of well appointed subjects. In whom notwithstanding for the more part they had good opinion of trustiness and honesty: yet having the general case of the people's disposition in their eye; and not without cause suspecting in their Band, amongst so many faithful and good, some such to be, upon trust of whose trustless and brittle aid it were no good policy to adventure far—pondering therewith that this illusion of the people, whereby they were so far drawn from their right course and duty, grew chiefly by such crafty and false persuasions as WYAT and his mates had set forth in sundry parts of the Shire, by way of Proclamation in writing: wherein, amongst other gross lies they had set forth also matters of untruth to discredit the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff; as WYAT, in his persuasions, that they would join with him; and ISLEY, in his Proclamation that they had traitorously assembled the Queen's loving subjects against her Grace and the realm.

It seemed unto them very good and necessary to spend some time at Malling in advising and lessening [*lessoning*] the multitude; and by way of exhortation to impugn those traitorous Proclamations, and refell such gross and false lies therein contained; and finally to dissuade the people, which, that day being market day, were assembled to a great number of all sorts, from the traitors and their attempts.

And accordingly the Sheriff had penned an Exhortation to that purpose, which was pronounced out of writing in Malling; and sent after by him into other parts. The hearing whereof did undoubtedly much move the people, as after shall appear.

I shall report the same in substance truly; howbeit not fully in the same form and manner as I found it, and as it was penned and pronounced by the Sheriff: who, in the utterance and setting forth thereof, spared not to speak plainly and touch sharply, as then the present time and case employed vehement occasion.

An Exhortation made by Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL Knight, Sheriff of Kent, at Malling, the Saturday being the 27th day of January, and market day there, to a great assembly of people; refelling and confuting WYAT and his complices' traitorous Proclamations. WYAT being at Rochester, four miles distant.

LOVING neighbours and friends. Where of late there hath been most pestilent and traitorous Proclamations, as ye have heard, set forth by THOMAS WYAT, GEORGE HARPER, HENRY ISLEY, and others, as most arrant traitors to the Queen and the realm; some of them the Queen's ancient enemies aforetime, and double traitors: yet notwithstanding accounting themselves to be the best of the Shire in their Proclamations; and in the same reputing and pronouncing others as traitors whom ye can witness to have been, from time to time, true and faithful subjects to the Queen and this our common weal, as the Lord ABERGAVENNY here

present, myself, and other Gentlemen now prest and ready with you, according to our duty, to serve our noble Queen. I shall need to spend the less time to declare unto you how evil they be, or how evil their enterprise is that they have taken in hand: forasmuch as this their arrogant presumption and presumptuous pride in advancing themselves so far from all truth, and in depraving of others so maliciously for executing their bounden duty, ought abundantly to persuade what they be, to all of consideration, without further circumstance.

"But forasmuch as in their Proclamations they fill the ears of the Queen's liege people with gross and manifest lies to stir them against her Grace, in the utterance whereof they use this demonstration, "Lo!" signifying some notable thing near at hand, for credit worthy impression in their memory, as:—

> 'Lo, a great number of Strangers be now arrived at Dover in harness [*armour*] with harquebusses morians and matchlight.'

"I say unto you, neighbours and friends, upon pain to be torn in pieces with your hands, that it is untrue; and a manifest lie invented by them to provoke and irritate the Queen's simple people to join with them in their traitorous enterprise. And therefore I have perfect hope that you, being afore time abused with their crafty and deceitful treason, will not now once again (having experience of their former evil) be trapped, for any persuasion, in so heinous a snare as this most vile and horrible crime of treason.

"Do you not see and note that, as in the beginning of the Queen's most gracious reign, some of them sought to deprive her Grace of her princely estate and rightful dignity, minding to advance thereunto the Lady JANE, daughter to the Duke of SUFFOLK; so are they and others newly confedered [*confederated*] with the Duke and his brethren, being in arms at this present for the same purpose, and daily looking for aid of these traitors and others of their conspiracy: as by the Queen's most gracious letters, signed with her own hand, and ready to be read here, may plainly appear unto you? And will you now nevertheless aid them any ways, or sit still whilst they go about thus

wrongfully and traitorously to depose their, and our, most gracious Sovereign Lady and Queen! the comfort of us all! the stay of us all! the only safeguard of us all! to whom can no displeasure or danger chance, but the same must double [*doubly*] redound to all and every of us!

"No, friends and neighbours, I trust never to live to see you so far abused. They go about to blear you with matters of Strangers, as though they should come to overrun you and us also. He seemeth very blind, and willingly blinded, that will have his sight dimmed with such a fond [*foolish*] mist! For if they meant to resist Strangers, as they mind nothing less: they would then prepare to go to the sea coasts; and not to the Queen's most royal person, with such a company in arms and weapon[s].

"Ye can consider, I trust, this noble Gentleman, the Lord ABERGAVENNY here present, being of an ancient and great parentage, born among you; and such other Gentlemen as you see here, which be no strangers unto you; myself also, although a poor Gentleman (who I trust at no time hath abused you), hath somewhat to lose as well as they; and would be as loth to be overrun with Strangers as they; if any such thing were meant. But for that we know most certainly that there is meant no manner of evil to us by those Strangers; but rather aid profit and comfort against other strangers, our ancient enemies [*the French*]; with whom they, as most arrant and degenerate traitors, do indeed unkindly and unnaturally join: we, in her Grace's defence, will spend both life and what we have beside, to the uttermost penny, against them.

"Well, I can no more now say unto you, but (understanding the Queen's Highness, as a most merciful Princess, to be once again determined to pardon as many as, by their traitorous and deceitful Proclamations and other illusions, were allured to this last treason; so they repair to their habitations within four and twenty hours after her Grace's Proclamation read, and become true subjects to her Grace) to advise such as hath taken part with those traitors, or have withdrawn themselves (contrary to their allegiance) from aiding and serving of their Sovereign, according to their duties, against her enemies, thankfully to accept and embrace her most gracious pardon; and use

means of themselves to apprehend those arrant and principal traitors, and make a present of them to the Queen's Highness; or leave them to themselves, as most detestable traitors: who being once so graciously and mercifully forgiven could not but carry the clemency of the same in their hearts to the furtherance of all obedience whiles they lived, if there had been any spark of grace in them.

"And further I have to say unto you that as these traitors, by their Proclamations without authority, have moved you to stir against the Queen your Sovereign; and appointed you places where to meet and consult for the furtherance of their traitorous purpose and to bring with you such aid as you can: so shall I require you, and in her Grace's name charge you that be here present, not to come there; but that you, and such as be absent, taking knowledge hereby, repair to such places as I, the Queen's Sheriff and Officer, shall appoint you, with such aid as you can bring for the better service of the Queen and the Shire: where you shall be assured to receive comfort, thanks, and honesty to the end of your lives and your posterity. And the other way but endless shame and utter undoing to you and yours; which shall be worst to yourselves, and yet a great grief to us your neighbours: whose advice in all other your private causes you have been content to follow; and now in this weightiest that hath, or may, happen to you will refuse us, and follow them that hath ever abused you to your and their utter confusion.

At Malling, the 27th of January [1554], *anno Mariæ primo.*
GOD save Queen MARY and all her well willers!"

The Sheriff reading this Exhortation, caused one BARRAM, a Gentleman and servant to the Lord ABERGAVENNY, to pronounce it, as he read it, so loud and so distinctly as the people assembled round about him, to a very great number, in manner of a ring, might easily hear and understand every word proceeding from BARRAM: who of his own head cried out unto them, "You may not so much as lift up your finger against your King or Queen!"

And after the people had heard the Sheriff's Exhortation;

and cried "GOD save Queen MARY!" which they did most heartily, spending therein a convenient time; the Sheriff used these words unto them:

The Sheriff's speech to the multitude.

"Masters," quod he, "although I alone did speak unto you; yet what words were spoken to you by me were also spoken to you by the Lord ABERGAVENNY and all the Gentlemen here present: in whose persons I then spake; and now require at your hands a plain and resolute answer. Will you now therefore join with such as you see evidently to be arrant traitors; or else with the Lord ABERGAVENNY and such Gentlemen as you see here present, that will live and die with you in defence of our rightful Queen against these traitors?"

The people's answer to the Sheriff.

The people with one voice defied WYAT and his complices as arrant traitors, and said that they now well espied they had but abused them. Wherefore in defence of Queen MARY, they would die upon them: expressing their minds with such earnest shouts and cries as shewed to proceed unfeignedly from their hearts; which after was confirmed by a better experience the day following, as ye shall anon hear.

WYAT's promise of BARRAM's reward.

But by the way ye shall understand that WYAT hearing of this Proclamation, said, "I know that BARRAM well; but yet I never took him to have so wide a throat. If I live, I may happen to make him crow a higher note in another place." What trow you should then have become of the author?

The Duke of NORFOLK and Sir HENRY JERNINGHAM's coming to Gravesend.

In the Sunday following [28th January 1554], the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, and the rest of the Gentlemen were determined to have marched in the morning early towards Rochester, to have aided the Duke of NORFOLK and Sir HENRY JERNINGHAM Captain of the Guard, then being at Gravesend, towards WYAT; with a certain Band [*Regiment*] of White Coats, to the number of 600, sent unto them from London; whereof BRET and others were their Captains.

ROGER APPULTON and THOMAS SWAN trusty Gentlemen.

ROGER APPULTON Gentleman was also at Gravesend with the Duke, attendant to serve: wherein likewise was THOMAS SWAN Gentleman.

This Saturday [27th January] at night, the Lord ABERGAVENNY suspecting WYAT and his complices (living within four miles of them; and being so much provoked in that they were, in the day, so rightly set forth in their colours [*illusions*] at Malling) would, for revenge, work some annoyance to them or his Band that night, either by a *camasado* [*night attack*] or by some other means; did therefore, to prevent the same, set a strong watch in the market place at Malling and other parts of entry into the town: and gave the watchword himself before he would take any rest.

The Lord ABERGAVENNY sets the watch in person.

But between one and two of the clock in the night, when everybody was taken to rest save the watch, there happened a larom [*an alarm*], sundry crying, "Treason! Treason! We are all betrayed!" in such sort that such as were in their beds or newly risen thought verily that, either WYAT with his Band had been in the town, or very near.

A larom at Malling.

The thing was so sudden and happened in such a time as men not acquainted with like matters were so amazed that some of them knew not well what to do: and yet in the end it proved to [be] nothing.

For it grew by a messenger that came, very late in the night, desiring to speak with the Lord ABERGAVENNY or Master Sheriff, to give them certain advertisement, That Sir HENRY ISLEY, the two KNEVETS, and certain others, with 500 Wealdish men [*i.e., from the Weald of Kent*] were at Sevenoaks; and would march in the morning early from thence towards Rochester, for the aid of WYAT against the Duke of NORFOLK: and in their way, burn and destroy the house of GEORGE CLARKE aforesaid.

A meaning of the rebels to burn Master GEORGE CLARKE'S house.

Whereupon the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff, by the advice of the Gentlemen before named, for that the said CLARKE had been a painful [*painstaking*] and serviceable Gentleman, changed their purposed journey from Rochester, to encounter with ISLEY and his Band, to cut them [off] from WYAT and save CLARKE from spoil.

And so, in the morning early, being Sunday [28th January 1554], the Lord ABERGAVENNY; the Sheriff; WAR-

RAM SENTLEGER, RICHARD COVERT, THOMAS ROYDON, ANTONY WELDON, HENRY BARNEY, GEORGE CLARKE, JOHN DODGE, THOMAS WATTON, HUGH CATLYN, THOMAS HENLEY, CHRISTOPHER DORREL, HUGH CARTWRIGHT, JOHN SYBIL, Esquires; JOHN CLARKE, DARSIE of Wrotham, THOMAS CHAPMAN, JAMES BARRAM, JASPER IDEN, JOHN LAMBE, WALTER HERONDEN, WALTER TAYLOR, JOHN RAYNOLDES, THOMAS TUTTESHAM, JOHN ALLEN, and THOMAS HOLDICHE, Gentlemen; with yeomen to the number of 600 or thereabouts; marched out of Malling in order till they came to Wrotham Heath: where they might easily hear the sound of the traitor's drums; and so, making haste, pursued them till they came to a place called Barrow Green [*Borough Green*] through which lay their right and ready way that the traitors should take, marching from Sevenoaks towards Master CLARKE.

The marching of the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff to encounter ISLEY.

Wrotham Heath.

Barrow Green.

The Lord ABERGAVENNY, being very glad that he had prevented [*anticipated*] them in winning the Green, sent out spials [*spies*] to understand their nearness, and to discrive [*ascertain*] their number: reposing themselves there till the return of his spials: who at their coming said, That he needed not to take further pains to pursue them, for they were at hand, coming towards him as fast as they could march. Which was glad tidings to the Lord ABERGAVENNY and his Band. And taking order forthwith to set his men in array; he determined to abide their coming, and there to take or give the overthrow.

Which the traitors understanding, Whether it was for that they misliked the match, or the place to fight; whiles the Lord ABERGAVENNY and his Band were busy in placing themselves; they shrank as secretly as they could by a bye-way. And were so far gone before the Lord ABERGAVENNY understood thereof by his spials; as for doubt [*fear*] of overtaking them afore their coming to Rochester, he was driven to make such haste for the overtaking of them as divers of his footmen were far behind at the onset giving.

The shrinking of the rebels.

The first sight that the Lord ABERGAVENNY could have of them, after they forsook their purposed way, was as they

ascended Wrotham Hill, directly over [against] Yaldam, Master PECKHAM's house. Where they, thinking to have great advantage by the winning of the Hill, displayed their Ensigns bravely: seeming to be in great ruff. But it was not long after ere their courage was abated. For the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, and the rest of the Gentlemen, with such other of the Queen's true and faithful subjects, as with great pains taking to climb the Hill and to hold way with the Horsemen, overtook the rebels at a field called Blacksoll Field in the parish of Wrotham, a mile distant from the very top of the Hill; where the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, the Gentlemen aforenamed, and others the Queen's true and faithful subjects, handled them so hot and so fiercely that, after a small shot with long bows by the traitors, and a fierce brag shewed by some of the Horsemen, they took their flight away as fast as they could. Yet of them were taken prisoners above three score.

The displaying of the rebel's Ensigns.

The rebel's overtaken.

Blacksoll Field

The Skirmish.

In this conflict WARRAM SENTLEGER, who brought with him a good company of soldiers and [was] always a serviceable Gentleman, also GEORGE CLARKE, ANTONY WELDON, and RICHARD CLARKE did very honestly behave themselves. WILLIAM SENTLEGER, hearing of a fray towards between the Queen's true subjects and the traitors, came to the Lord ABERGAVENNY into the field, with all haste, not an hour before the Skirmish; who with the rest of the Gentlemen, with certain of the Lord ABERGAVENNY's and [the] Sheriff's servants, being all well horsed, served faithfully: and from thence chased the Horsemen till they came to a wood called Hartley Wood, four miles distant from the place where the onset began.

The chase of the Horsemen.

The Queen's true subjects did so much abhor their treason, and had the traitors in such detestation, as with great difficulty any escaped with life that were taken prisoners; and yet were they all very well armed and weaponed, and had also great advantage by the place of fight. Sir HENRY ISLEY lay all that night in the Wood, and fled after into Hampshire. The two KNEVETS, being well horsed, were so hastily pursued as they were driven

to leave their horses, and creep into the Wood and for haste to rip their boots from their legs and run away in the vampage of their hose. The chase continued so long as night came on before it was full finished.

Thus were ISLEY, the KNEVETS, and their Band overthrown by the faithful service of divers Gentlemen and yeomen serving under the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff; whose forwardness courage and wisdom in this traitorous broil no doubt was very much praiseworthy; as well for their speedy acceleration of their strength which (considering how they were every way [en]compassed with the traitors) was no small matter in so little space; and for their wise and politic handling also in keeping them together from WYAT, who marvellously and by sundry ways sought to allure them away. For had not they, in their own persons, to the encouraging of their company adventured far; and by their wisdom, discretion and great charge, politically handled the matter: some think that WYAT had been at London before he was looked for by any good man, with no small train; whose journey was greatly hindered, and his company very much discomfited by this repulse given to ISLEY and his Band. Where, amongst other things, GOD's secret hand was greatly felt, to the great comfort and present aid of true subjects against the traitors: who having such advantage of the place, as indeed they had, were like rather to give, than receive, so foul an overthrow. But this it is, you see, to serve in a true cause; and her whom GOD so favoureth that he will not suffer the malice and rage of her enemies at any time to prevail against her: to whom he hath given so many notable victories and so miraculous that her enemies might seem rather to have been overthrown *Spiritu DEI* than vanquished *humano robore.*

Thank-giving to GOD for victory.

The Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, and the Gentlemen with them, after they had given humble thanks to GOD for the victory, which they did very reverently in the Field, and taken order for the prisoners, were driven to divide themselves for want of harborough [*lodging*] and vittaile [*victuals*] for the soldiers, that had well deserved both. The Lord ABERGAVENNY and certain

with him went to Wrotham. The Sheriff and certain with him to Otford, where they had much to do to get vittaile for their soldiers.

The Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff (suspecting that some of those Gentlemen lately discomfited in this Skirmish would not long tarry in the realm, but make shift to pass the seas; yea, by spial [*spies*], understanding that WYAT himself with some of his company thereunto bent) devised to lay [*warn*] the country [round] about, that they might not escape. And considering that they would not do it at Dover, nor in that coast [*district*]; they knowing [Sir JOHN CHEYNEY] the Lord Warden to have such watch unto them: but rather, for sundry respects, at Rye, or more southward. And having great proof of THOMAS DORRELL the younger his fidelity; he returned the same DORRELL, being newly come unto him with 80 men well appointed, into Sussex: giving him strait charge that, consulting with Sir JOHN GUILDFORD, they should, both day and night, set a sure watch for the passing of any that way to the sea-coast; and further to take such order as no munition, fish, wine, or other vittaile coming out of these parts, should pass to the relief of the traitors.

THOMAS DORRELL of Scotney the younger.

ANTONY KNEVET, notwithstanding great and strait watch laid round about the country by the Sheriff for the apprehension of him and others that fled, arrived that Sunday [28th January 1554] at night late at Rochester: where his news was so joyful that HARPER forthwith found the mean[s] to rid himself out of their company, without any leave taking; and ran to the Duke of NORFOLK. To whom he seemed so greatly to lament his treason, that the Duke, pitying his case, the rather for the long acquaintance between them in times past, received him to grace. But, within a day after, he ran from the Duke and returned to his old mate; as hereafter shall appear.

HARPER'S running away from WYAT.

WYAT hearing of ISLEY his overthrow, and understanding by the proceeding at Malling the day before, that those things set forth in his Proclamations whereby he thought his strength at home to be most surely knit unto him, were now become rather a weakening than otherwise;

the people there being ready to fall from him for his so abusing of them: he fell into so great extreme anguish and sorrow, as writing a letter of expostulation to some of his familiars abroad, in reprehension of their infidelity in that they sticked not to him so fast as they promised, he bedewed the paper whereupon he wrote with tears issuing so abundantly from his eyes as it would bear no ink. And so leaving to write, calling for a privy coat [of armour] that he had quilted with angels [*a gold coin of the value of* 10*s.*] not long afore; which might serve both for his defence, and [also be] a refuge for his necessity being in another country: he practised with such as were near unto him, where they might have ready passage, and most for their surety to take the sea. "For England," said he, "is no place for us to rest in."

WYAT bewailing his case with tears.

WYAT's coat of fence quilted with angels.

WYAT's practice to fly by sea.

His company also shrank from him as fast as they could devise means to escape: whereunto THOMAS ISLEY and others had a greater respect than himself; he seeming to take care for nothing but how he might safely convey himself [away]; being well friended, it was thought, with some of the ship-masters.

Thus was WYAT so mated by the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, and their Band as he was at his wits' end, as ye have heard: and chiefly by keeping him from that, which by spial about him they afterwards understood him specially to desire; which was offer of battle. He and his being fully persuaded that there could be no great force raised against him in the Shire; whereof the most part should not be his when it should come to the shew. Wherein although he might be deceived, as indeed he was; yet his quarrel, with the disposition of the people thereunto well considered, with the end of his travail which could be but spoil and ravin (ready means and lures to draw the careless multitude unto him): it seemed to the Lord ABERGAVENNY and such as served with him, better policy for to weary WYAT, and weaken him by the cutting away of his strength from him; than to offer him battle till the Duke of NORFOLK's coming: whom the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff knew to be at hand towards WYAT; unto whom they and all the Gen-

WYAT mated.

tlemen of their Band, after their Skirmish with ISLEY, made the haste possible they might.

But before their coming, the case was wonderfully changed, to the great discomfort of all the Queen's true subjects: and that came to pass that [*which*] of all men was least feared. For who was it that suspected such cruel and malicious disposition to remain in any English heart towards his country, in any subject's thought towards his Sovereign, that, receiving her Grace's armour weapons and money, would have played so traitorous a part as these Captains did with their Band? It is so strange a case as the world never saw. It is so malicious a part as the Jew would not have done the like, having received his hire to serve.

So it was that the noble Duke, being an ancient and worthy Captain (and yet, by long imprisonment, so diswonted from the knowlege of our malicious World and the iniquity of our Time, as he suspecting nothing less than that which followed; but judging every man to accord with him in desire to serve truly, marched forth the Monday [29th January 1554], about ten of the clock in the morning, from Gravesend to Stroud towards Rochester; and about four of the clock in the afternoon of the same day, he arrived at Stroud, near unto Rochester: having with him the Captain of the Guard; MAURICE GRIFFITH, now Bishop of Rochester; Sir EDWARD BRAYE, Sir JOHN FOGGE, Knights; JOHN COVERTE, ROGER APPULTON, Esquires; and THOMAS SWAN, Gentleman: with certain of the Guard, and others, to the number of 200 or thereabout.

The Duke's marching from Stroud to Rochester.

The names of the Gentlemen serving under the Duke.

Besides BRET and other five Captains: who, with their Band, being 600, all in white coats, tarried behind at a hill called Spittle [*Hospital*] Hill, near unto Stroud; whiles the Duke went to Stroud to see the planting of the ordnance. Which being ready charged and bent upon the town of Rochester; and perceiving WYAT and the other traitors, by hanging out their flags upon the bridge wall, to be in great bravery; which considering the miserable state they were in the night before, could not be, had they not received some new comfort

BRET, Chief Captain of the White Coats.

by some traitorous mean[s]: the Duke commanded one of the pieces to be fired for shot into Rochester.

And, as the gunner was firing the piece, Sir EDWARD BRAY's eldest son came in all haste to the Duke saying, "Sir, did I not tell your Grace, this morning, that yonder false wretches would deceive you?"

"How know you that?" quod the Duke.

"Why, Sir," quod BRAYE, "you may see them, as false traitors [ready] bent against you,"

The revolt of the Captains of the White Coats and their Band.

And immediately BRET and other Captains of the White Coats with their Band, being upon the Hill and at the back of the Duke, made great and loud shouts sundry times, crying "We are all Englishmen! We are all Englishmen!": fashioning themselves in array, ready bent with their weapons to set upon the Duke, if he had made any resistance.

Whereupon the Duke and the Captain of the Guard commanded the pieces that were bent upon the town, to be turned upon BRET and his Band. But, upon further consideration, the shot was spared: and the Duke's Grace with the Captain of the Guard Sir HENRY JERNINGHAM, considering (not without bleeding hearts) their chief strength thus turned upon them, so that they were now environed both behind and before with traitorous enemies, shifted themselves away; as did also their company.

After whose departure, WYAT, accompanied with two or three and not many more, came out of Rochester half a mile from the town at the least, to meet the six Captains of the White Coats. Amongst whom was HARPER, not-

HARPER returned to his old mate.

withstanding his crouching and kneeling before the Duke; and fair promises that he would undertake that WYAT should have yielded. Who, footing afore the other Captains, with his sword drawn, said to WYAT, "I promised you a good turn, and say not now but I have paid it."

Who had seen the embracing, clipping, and congratulation used at this meeting from traitor to traitor, might justly wonder thereat. Shortly after they had well clawed one another, they went together like themselves into Rochester.

When this, of all other most infortunate chance[s], came to

the knowledge of the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, and their friends; they were not a little troubled with the strangeness of the case: much doubting that the people, which before seemed brought to good frame, would be impaired by this alteration; and such as were afore evil disposed would not be greatly amended thereby.

The Sheriff's being at Maidstone.

The Sheriff, being the same night at Maidstone, that had come the same day from Otford, fourteen miles distant, to meet THOMAS GUILDFORD, STEVEN DORRELL, EDWARD HORDEN, JOHN ROBARTES, and JOHN FINCH, Esquires, to march towards the Duke. And in the morning, so far from any mistrust of that which followed the same day [Monday, 29th January 1554], as having no sure place to convey the prisoners, taken the day before in the Skirmish with ISLEY, he left the chiefest and trustiest of his servants and friends, both Gentlemen and yeomen, of all his Band at Malling, for the safeguard of the prisoners; where also lay the Lord ABERGAVENNY and his Band: doubting [*fearing*] that ISLEY and the rest that escaped would have made some means that night to have recovered the prisoners; sundry of whom, being men of good wealth and well friended, and [at that moment] living within four miles of WYAT.

The Sheriff's secret return to Malling.

Upon these news, whether it were for the absence [from Maidstone] of the Lord ABERGAVENNY and his strength, or mistrusting false measure in the town [of Maidstone], or moved with example of the revolt of the White Coats: he thought, it should seem, Maidstone no meet place for him to make any abode; nor yet good policy, all parts considered, to disclose the time of his removing. But judging plainly himself the only mark of these parts whereat the traitors shot; or falling any ways into their hands, so newly after the case of the Duke, one part of the tragedy to be then ended: he returned to his strength; giving knowledge to the Gentlemen remaining in Maidstone to repair to his house for consultation, What was to be done for the redubbing of that unhappy chance?

In which consultation there did rise so many different opinions; some saying, They would to the Queen; and some, to the Earl of PEMBROKE being her Grace's Lieutenant: that the Sheriff, without further debating,

intreating the Lord ABERGAVENNY and certain Gentlemen to remain and entertain such of their Bands as they could hold till his return, which he promised should be without delay, [and then] went to the [Privy] Council for knowledge of their pleasure; where he tarried uneth [*scarcely*] two hours, but returned in post the same night [to Malling]. And at his coming, the Lord ABERGAVENNY and he assembled as many of their force as they could call together.

The traitors and their friends were grown as men revived from death to life, flattering themselves that a thing so far above men's expectation could not have happened to them so fortunately but by GOD'S miraculous provision, as favouring greatly their case: and so it blew abroad, as well by wind as by writing; the more part of the people being ready to believe it, as the case, in the heads of the multitude, was wonderfully changed both for strength and opinion.

WYAT advertised by his letter the Duke of SUFFOLK of his victory "by GOD'S provision" as he termed it: whose letter was intercepted in Essex, as the messenger passed the ferry, by a servant of Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL'S; and brought to the Council.

WYAT advertisement to the Duke of SUFFOLK.

He wrote also to the Duke of NORFOLK, but in another style; his letters being open and importing such matter as folllowеth:

> "Be it known to all men, and especially to the Duke of NORFOLK, that I have taken nothing in hand but what I will maintain with the expense of my life; which, before it depart out of my body, shall be sold full dear, &c."

WYAT'S letter to the Duke of NORFOLK.

Such of those parts as hung in the wind, as Neuters, (whereof were no small number that had lurked in caves all the tempest, watching but where should come the victory, that for example of the evil were nothing inferior to the arrantest traitors but rather for a number of respects much worse), began to appear very cheerful, giving themselves great thanks for handling the matter so finely, that conveying themselves out of the way by their policy could avoid charge and peril so wittily.

An Invective against the Neuters.

And as they met with such as had served faithfully, with whom they durst be frank, they spared not to open their mouths largely, pouring out such language as could be but lamentable, or rather odible, to every true ear, to understand any subject so far perverted from his allegiance and duty that, for gain or security of their own persons, would rejoice in sitting still as indifferent where the Crown is a party; or to persuade security to themselves, be they never in so strong a hold, where their Sovereign is in peril. Which, all things rightly weighed, seemed a strange persuasion to account either gain or saving in sparing some part of the accidents by sitting still to adventure the loss of the principal whereupon life and the whole dependeth; or by affecting a little corruption inordinately, to lose both honest fame and good opinion of his country [*County*]; which every honest man ought to seek to preserve as tenderly as the well-doing of himself and his whole posterity.

Thus may we evidently see the divers effects of divers inclinations according to truth and untruth of perfect obedience prevailing in men's hearts. These Neuters, or counterfeits (that would be neither open foes nor adventurous friends; but as wily vultures, hovering in the wind to catch and gripe some part of the prey, although they would no part of the fray) persuaded themselves to save that which in their opinion the true hearty subject should lose by giving such adventure; that was security of body and goods. Which grant they saved; yet, in the just judgment of the honest, they deserved thereby the same blot of infamy that is due to the open enemies.

On the other side, the true and faithful, whose hearts and hands such dim colour [*illusion*] of unthankful policy could not withhold from the utterance of needful service in such general case of danger, thought it rather a gain to adventure body and goods; whereby either to preserve the head and the whole, which was cruelly pursued; or at least by defence of the same to purchase unto them and their names the honest opinion of unspotted members, and the immortality of good fame wherewith truth always rewardeth unfeigned service. For such an incomparable virtue is faithful loyalty, so much abhorring all corruptible allurements, that whose hearts she hath in governance; with such, neither savour of

gain nor hope of security, neither persuasion of friendship ne other enticement, can so much prevail as, for any respect, they will digress from the right course of true service. Where the contrary, wanting that perfection (to taste of Fortune's corruptible members, whereafter they gape; to obtain quiet to the restive carcase, and lucre to themselves, the thing they only seek), are easily drawn to run a clean contrary race.

The naughty [*worthless*] brood therefore of Counterfeits, of all others not tolerable in a common weal, are specially to be looked to in their beginning; lest their evil example by long sufferance grow to such a precedent at the last, that the common saying "Good to sleep in a whole skin," being espied to escape without danger of reprehension, be taken for a policy; and thereby outweigh the just peize [*weight*] of bounden duty.

A consultation of the rebels after the revolt of the White Coats.

After this most unhappy chance, the traitors with their new adjuncts fell to a great and solemn council that same night at Rochester for their proceeding in their pretensed [*intended*] treason. In discourse whereof proceeded such unfitting talk, as well towards the Queen's Highness as her honourable Council, tending to the alteration of the whole State, as abhorred the ears of some of the self traitors; that, understanding by that talk the end of their purpose, whereof before they were ignorant, wished themselves under the earth for being so unhappy as to be so much as acquainted with so damnable an enterprise. Such an opinion had they, as they deemed very few Councillors, or Officers of authority or of Nobility, within the realm worthy the places whereunto they were called: and persuading great choice to be amongst themselves for the supplying of that want, such overweening had they of themselves and made so sure a reckoning of the victory, as they disposed the honourable Offices of the Realm among themselves.

WYAT thought himself now so sure of the victory as seeing him that offered "to sell his spoons and all the plate that he had rather than his purpose should quail, and sup his pottage with his mouth" [*p.* 48], warranted him, That he should eat his pottage with silver, as he did.

England, when good counsel should stand it in most available steed, needed no better counsellors than such as they were, if they had half the wit they thought themselves to have, coupled with grace and honesty. But what they had indeed, their acts declare plainly to their own confusion; as it hath always, and ever hereafter shall, to as many as be of like disposition.

One of them, that had some wit indeed, although he wanted grace, perceiving by their talk in what fond [*foolish*] frenzy they were entered; to interrupt them therein, he said, That such matters were good to be treated of at further opportunity: but for the present it were meet to devise upon their next journey [*expedition*]; and whether it should be good policy in them, minding to march towards London, to leave the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff at liberty (that annoyed their friends, and by all likelihood would not so cease as they may or dare) at their back, being left at large.

One of them, taking upon him first to answer, thought nothing more necessary than their sequestration: and if his advice might have been heard in the beginning [of the Rebellion], the Sheriff should have been in hold, as I have heard, before anything should have been attempted. A device to apprehend the Sheriff.

But the Captains to the White Coats (meet counsellors for such an enterprise!), having the spoil of London in their eyes, would not dispute that was past: but for the present they persuaded clean contrary to the former opinion; saying That their going about the apprehension of the Sheriff should be but a loss of time. "For London," said they, "longed sore[ly] for their coming; which they could by no means protract without breeding great peril and weakness to themselves." And having London at their commandment, whereof they were in no manner of doubt, if it were not lost by their sloth; their revenge to the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, with others [of] their enemies, would easily follow. The mis-reckoning of the rebels upon London.

WYAT, savouring full well their disposition, and understanding their meaning by their arguments, and knowing also that without his assenting thereto he could not long have their company, yielded to their counsel.

And so, being out of measure exalted into haughty courage and pride by the revolt of the White Coats, he marched the day after, being Tuesday [30th January 1554], in great pomp and glory, carrying with him six pieces of ordnance which they had gotten of the Queen's, besides their own, to Cowling Castle, a hold of the Lord COBHAM's, four miles distant from Rochester; and not much out of their way towards London: where the Lord COBHAM was.

The assault of Cowling Castle.

WYAT at his coming to Cowling Castle, bent his ordnance against the gate; and with great and sundry shots and fire brake and burned up a way through the gate. The Lord COBHAM defended his Castle as stoutly as any man might do, having so few against so great a number; and so little munition; [he] himself discharging his gun at such as approached the gate right hardily. And in that assault two of his own men were slain.

After this assault, and talk with the Lord COBHAM, WYAT marched to Gravesend; where he reposed that night.

WYAT's marching to Dartford.

From Gravesend, he and his Band marched, the Wednesday next after [31st January 1554], to Dartford, where he reposed that night.

The coming of the Master of the Horse and Sir THOMAS CORNWALLIS to WYAT.

Whither came Sir EDWARD HASTINGS, Master of the Queen's Horse, and Sir THOMAS CORNWALLIS Knights, both of her Grace's honourable Privy Council, sent from the Queen to WYAT to understand the cause of his commotion; and also, as it was said, finding any repentant submission in him, to promise pardon, or at the least great hope thereof.

WYAT, understanding [of] their coming and taking with him certain of his Band, went to the west end of the town, where he had planted his ordnance; and at the [a]lighting of Master HASTINGS and Sir THOMAS CORNWALLIS from their horses, WYAT, having a partisan [*halberd*] in his hand, advanced himself somewhat afore such Gentlemen as were with him; and, using but little reverence due from a subject to [Privy] Councillors, traced near them.

Pride.

To whom, the Master of the Horse spake in substance as followeth:

"The Queen's Majesty requireth to understand the very cause wherefore you have thus gathered together in arms her

liege people, which is the part of a traitor; and yet, in your Proclamations and persuasions, you call yourself a true subject: which cannot stand together."

"I am no traitor," quod WYAT, "and the cause whereof I have gathered the people is to defend the realm from our overrunnning by Strangers; which follows, this Marriage taking place."

"Why," quod the Queen's Agents, "there be no Strangers yet come whom either for power or number ye need to suspect. But if this be your only quarrel, because, ye mislike the Marriage: will ye come to communication touching that case? and the Queen, of her gracious goodness, is content ye shall be heard."

To whom WYAT shaped such answer as clearly might declare his malicious intent and traitorous heart to the Queen's own person and royal estate. "I yield thereto," quod WYAT, "but for my surety I will rather be trusted than trust. And therefore I demand the custody of the Tower, and [of] her Grace in the Tower; the displacing of certain Councillors, and placing others in their rooms as to me shall seem best." WYAT'S arrogant answer.

Upon this lewd answer, long and stout conference was between them: insomuch that the Master of the Horse said unto him, with a stout courage, "WYAT, before thou shalt have that thy traitorous demand granted, thou shalt die and 20,000 with thee!"

Shortly after, the Master of the Horse with Master CORNWALLIS, finding him an arrant traitor and desperately set to all mischief, returned to the Queen's Majesty.

The common people being with him, and calling to their remembrance how WYAT, in all appearance, made his whole matter of stir for Strangers, and no ways against the Queen; and perceiving how unreverently he used himself as well to the Queen's Herald at Rochester as to the Privy Council[lors] at Dartford; and considering within themselves also that he would suffer none of the Queen's Proclamations to be read among them: their hearts began to rise against him. And among themselves sundry of them much murmured, wishing with the loss of all they had they had never been acquainted with WYAT nor his doings; and indeed sought as many ways as they could to be rid of him

Which perceived by WYAT and his mates, they devised a bruit [*rumour*] to be sounded in his Band, that the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the Sheriff did cause to be hanged as many as they could take, coming from WYAT's Band: wherewith the people, standing in a great maze what to do, were wonderfully perplexed.

A crafty policy.

The Queen understanding by the Master of the Horse and Sir THOMAS CORNWALLIS the arrogancy of WYAT, and notwithstanding that she perceived her merciful inclination rather to provoke him than otherwise: yet seemed she nothing willing, even then, by violence and force, as she easily might, to suppress him: but yet a longer time to suffer and abide, if by delay and mercy her enemy might be won to reconciliation.

The Nobility (which were at that time with her Grace, perceiving such surmounting mercy rather to increase than any ways to abate courage and malice in the insolent and proud heart of the traitors; and further understanding that the traitors deemed the contation or forbearing to proceed rather of debility or fear than of mercy and clemency) counselled with her Grace that, with her gracious leave and licence, they might set upon him and his Band before he should pass Blackheath: declaring that to suffer such an arrogant traitor, being but a mean member, to approach thus contemptuously so near her royal person, as it were in defiance of her Grace and her true subjects, should greatly redound to their dishonours in the opinion of all faithful men throughout the world.

The suit of the Nobles to the Queen.

The Queen gave them all most hearty and loving thanks saying That she nothing doubted of their true hearts towards her: yet was she loth to make any proof or trial thereof in such quarrel as should be with loss of blood. "For to repress them with violence, and subdue them by the sword could not have so happy success but many of my poor subjects" quod she, "should dearly bye [*abide*] it with the loss of their lives." Wherefore she determined to suffer as long as she might; and to forbear that practice till there were no other hope ne remedy. For albeit in the capital traitors there could be but great default: yet in the multitude she was persuaded to be no malice, but only misled by thei

The Queen's answer to the Nobles.

Captains; and rather seduced by ignorance than upon any evil purpose meant to her Grace. Wherefore she desired them to be contented: for she was fully determined to continue her merciful sufferance and other her gentle means so long as she might; and [to] vanquish her enemies without the sword, if any sparkle of obedience or natural zeal remain in their hearts. Notwithstanding, she required them to prepare and retain their force in a readiness, if their [*the rebels'*] stony hearts should drive her to use extremity.

But her Highness doubting [*fearing*] that London, being her Chamber and a city holden of dear price in her princely heart, might, by WYAT and such ruffens [*ruffians*] as were with him, be in danger of spoil, to the utter ruin of the same: her Highness therefore, as a most tender and loving Governess, went the same day [31st January 1554] in her royal person to the Guild Hall to foresee those perils.

The Queen's speech in the Guild Hall in London.

Where, among other matter proceeding from her incomparable wisdom, her Grace declared how she had sent that day two of her Privy Council to the traitor WYAT: desirous rather to quiet their tumult by mercy than by the justice of the sword to vanquish: whose most godly heart fraight[ed] with all mercy and clemency, abhorred from all effusion of blood.

Her Highness also there shewed the insolent and proud answer returned from WYAT: whereat the faithful citizens were much offended; and in plain terms defied him as a most rank traitor, with all his conjurates.

And touching the Marriage, her Highness affirmed that nothing was done herein by herself alone, but with consent and advisement of the whole Council, upon deliberate consultation, that this conjunction and Second Marriage should greatly advance this realm (whereunto she was first married) to much honour, quiet, and gain.

"For," quod her Grace, "I am already married to this Common Weal and the faithful members of the same; the spousal ring whereof I have on my finger: which never hitherto was, nor hereafter shall be, left off. Protesting unto you nothing to be more acceptable to my heart, nor more answerable to my will, than your advancement in wealth and welfare, with the furtherance of GOD's glory." And to declare her tender and princely heart towards them, she

promised constantly not to depart from them, although by her Council she had been much moved to the contrary: but would remain near and prest to adventure the spense [*shedding*] of her royal blood in defence of them.

Such matter passed from her besides as did so wonderfully enamour the hearts of the hearers as it was a world to hear with what shouts they exalted the honour and magnanimity of Queen MARY.

This done her Grace returned towards Whitehall, and passing through the streets, being full of people pressing to behold her Grace wherein they had singular delight and pleasure, one amongst all, most impudent of all others, stepped forward saying, "Your Grace may do well to make your Foreward [*Vanguard*] in battle, of your Bishops and Priests: for they be trusty, and will not deceive you!"

A malepert Artificer.

For which words, he was commanded to Newgate: who deserved to be hanged at the next bough, for example to all others, so impudently and arrogantly to assault his Sovereign and Queen with such seditious and traitorous language. The voice went that he was a Hosier. Out of all doubt, he was a traitor and a heretic; whose heart was wholly in WYAT'S bosom, although his body were absent. For it was not possible any faithful subject, or true Christian, to utter such shameless speech to his liege Lady and Princess as he did then. But such is the fruit of heresy, Contempt of GOD and man; as by daily experience is seen.

The Thursday next after [1st February 1554], WYAT having fourteen Ensigns in his Band and not past four thousand men, although they were accounted of a far greater number, marched to Deptford strand, eight miles from Dartford and within four miles of London. Where, upon such advertisement as he received by espial of the Queen's being in the Guild Hall and the order of the people to her, he remained that night and the next whole day: divers of his own company doubting [*suspecting*] by his longer tarrying there than he did in other places, with other presumptions, that he would have passed the water [*i.e. the Thames*] into Essex.

WYAT's marching to Deptford strand.

His prisoners, as Master CHRISTOPHER ROPER, GEORGE

DORREL of Calehill [and] JOHN TUCKE Esquires, who were kept very straitly, being sickly and having within the town no convenient harborough or attendance, were licensed by WYAT, upon promise of their worship to be true prisoners, to provide for themselves out from the town, where they best might. But they, thinking no part of their worship stained in breaking promise with a traitor, sought ways to escape; and came no more at him.

The departure of Master CHRISTOPHER ROPER and Master DORREL from WYAT.

On the Saturday following [3rd February 1554], very early, WYAT marched to Southwark: where approaching the Gate at London Bridge foot, [he] called for the opening of the same; which he found not so ready as he looked for.

WYAT's marching to Southwark.

After he had been a little while in Southwark, divers of the soldiers went to Winchester Place [*the town residence of the Bishop of WINCHESTER*]. Where one of them, being a Gentleman, began to shew his game before all the cards were full[y] dealed; I mean, to rifle and spoil: which indeed was the determinate end of their purpose; but the time was not yet come, nor they come to the place, where they should begin it.

Whereunto WYAT, having further respect than the young Gentleman had, shewed himself, with stern and fiery visage, so much to be offended with his doings that he made divers believe that he would have hanged him upon the wharf. Which whereof it grew, either of hatred to the evil, or of policy to purchase credit for a further mischief, as well the nature and course of rebellion, as also WYAT's own words, may easily let us understand.

Who, the Monday [22nd January 1554] next afore this stir, devising with two of his friends for the execution of his pretensed [*intended*] purpose; one of them at length said unto him, "I have no doubt but you shall be able to assemble a great force: but how you shall be able to continue the same with you, having not sufficient treasure and money, the only bait wherewith the multitude is holden, I stand much in doubt."

"What then?" quod WYAT.

"Marry," said the other, "methinketh a good way for your provision thereof, after your force is once gathered, that ye

apprehend [Sir JOHN CHEYNEY] the Lord Warden, the Lord ABERGAVENNY, Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL, Sir THOMAS MOYLE, with others; of whose hearts and affections towards you and your case you stand in doubt: whereby ye shall not only have them in safety which are most like[ly] within the Shire to withstand your enterprise; but also provide you both treasure and money, which they want not, for the relief of your Band."

"Ah," quod WYAT, "is this the best counsel ye can give? If we pretend to keep out Strangers, and begin our quarrel with the spoil of our own country [*County*] men; what will the whole realm, trow ye, then deem of us? Nay, your advice is naught; and your way, the next way to accelerate our confusion. For if we will go forwards in our matter and make the best of it to our purpose, Spoil and Tyranny may not be our guides. We must, by all means, devise, and all little enough, to continue good opinion in the heads of the multitude of some plausible [*praiseworthy*] end to succeed by our stir: otherwise we undo ourselves. For perceiving at our entry that our minds run of spoil: who will not rather resist us, and abide the adventure of that whereof we bear them in hand; than to be in certain to be spoiled by us? And I see no cause why you should doubt of money; seeing ye know that such Gentlemen as are confederced with us, keeping appointment; their soldiers shall come ready furnished to bear their own charges for nine days: and our hap shall be very hard if we be not at London shortly after we stir; and that with so great a company as shall be out of danger to be stopped by any of the Shire upon such a sudden, or letted [*hindered*] of entry into London finding half the friends there as we think to have. And being once in London, and having the Tower in our hands; I trust you think we shall not lack money long after, if any be to be had there, or in the Aldermen's coffers."

WYAT's reckoning of the spoil of the Tower and London.

To that said another, that had spoken as yet never a word, "I know Commoners in London that have more ready money than some of the Aldermen."

"Soft," quod WYAT, "I pray you in any wise forbear all such talk till we come to the place where we would be. In mean time let us work secretly; and by all tokens and signs

shew ourselves to favour and maintain our pretence of Strangers only."

Such and the like communication was betweeen WYAT and two others the Monday [22nd January] before his rising. Whereby it is evident that their final intent was to advance themselves by spoil of other men's goods: although they pretended otherwise.

And to colour [*make pretence of*] the same, WYAT so fell out with this Gentleman for rifling the Lord Chancellor's House [*i.e., the House in Southwark of* STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of* WINCHESTER,] that he made a number believe he would have hanged him out of hand: had not BRET and others entreated for him.

The Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, Admiral of England.

When they had lien in Southwark a day or two, and found themselves deceived in London: which (by the great diligence and politic handling of that worthy and faithful Knight, the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, Admiral of England, that had the special charge thereof; with the aid of Sir THOMAS WIGHT, Knight, Mayor of London, his brethren [the Aldermen] and citizens) was so well preserved as the traitors thereby were disappointed of that they looked most certainly for—WYAT, as a man desperate and setting all at sixe[s] and seven, adventuring the breaking down of a wall out of a house joining to the Gate at the Bridge foot, whereby he might enter into the leads over the Gate, came down into the Lodge about eleven of the clock in the night: where he found the Porter in a slumber; [and] his wife with others waking, watching a coal.

WYAT's coming into the Porter's Lodge at the Bridge foot.

Care away.

But seeing WYAT, they began suddenly to start as greatly amazed.

"Whist!" quod WYAT, "as you love your lives, sit you still! You shall have no hurt!"

Glad were they of that warranty, pardye! What should they do, people better accustomed with the tankard of beer to pass forth the night, than acquainted with target and spear to endure the fight.

WYAT and a few with him went forth as far as the Drawbridge [in the middle of London Bridge]: on the

further side whereof he saw the Lord Admiral, the Lord Mayor, Sir ANDREW JUDD, and one or two others in consultation for ordering of the Bridge: whereunto he gave diligent ear a good time, and [was] not seen. At length [he] conceived by their talk more than he could digest; and, perceiving the great ordnance there bent, returned, saying to his mates, "This place is too hot for us."

And when he was come to his colleges [*colleagues*], and declared upon his exploit what he had heard and seen; they then all together fell to a new council what was to be done.

The rebels at their wits' end.

Some would then return to Greenwich, and so pass the water into Essex (whereby their company as they thought should increase), and enter into London by Ald Gate.

And some would to Kingston-upon-Thames, and so further west[ward].

And some, of the which WYAT himself was chief, would return into Kent to meet with the Lord ABERGAVENNY, the Sheriff, Sir THOMAS MOYLE, Sir THOMAS KEMP, Sir THOMAS FINCH, that were at Rochester, coming on WYAT's back with a great company well appointed: falsely persuading himself that he should find among them more friends than enemies. But whether his desire to return into Kent grew upon hope he had to find aid there; or whether it was to shift himself away; it was much doubted of his own company. And some of them that knew him well, except they were much deceived, reported not long before their execution, that his desire to retire into Kent was only to shift himself over the sea.

The Lord Warden's being at Rochester towards WYAT.

The Lord Warden [Sir JOHN CHEYNEY] being now come to Rochester, as ye heard, and very honourably furnished with horse and men well appointed, to no small number, entering into consultation with such Gentlemen as were there, for the better proceeding in their service, shewed a great desire to accelerate the onset upon the traitors: lest malice should impute both his former and present stay rather to want of forwardness than to good policy. Wherefore he desired to pursue after them with all expedition.

Whereunto the Gentlemen, being then in arms with him, said, "As for your Lordship's contation [*delay*] hitherto, it shall be weighed not as fools by fancy and malice deem; but as wise men shall measure it by their discretion of wisdom. We see not but unadvised hardiness [*rashness*] and preproperous [? *preposterous*] haste in most matters have these two companions: Error in the beginning, and Repentance in the end. And for this our case, whoso understandeth the same cannot but confess your Lordship's deliberate forbearing to have proceeded of great wisdom, as wherein haste could little prevail. And whereas your Lordship is so desirous to pursue after WYAT and his Band, you see how they have lien in Southwark and within four miles of London these four days [Thursday 1st, to Sunday 4th February 1554]; and yet not meddled with by the Queen's army, being so near: which is neither for want of men, nor of forwardness in that noble Gentleman, the Earl of PEMBROKE, the Queen's Lieutenant; but upon great policy and further respect no doubt than we seem to conceive. The Earl of PEMBROKE, the Queen's Lieutenant.

"Wherefore your Lordship may do better to pause, and first to advertise the Queen's Majesty and the Lord Lieutenant [the Earl of PEMBROKE] both what your Lordship, upon grave and deep consideration, hath conceived in this doubtful time, and also in what readiness your Lordship is, and other Gentlemen with you: whose pleasures known, we may then happily proceed in service; both with good contentation to them above [us], and best surety for ourselves. Otherwise if fortune should not favour our journey [*expedition*], there may be thought in us more impotent will to haste than provident policy to speed. And danger hereby can none follow, our enemies lying between her Grace's army and us: considering withal that London is so well furnished, and so willing to resist their entry."

Whereupon the Lord Warden went in post to the Queen; leaving the Lord ABERGAVENNY and the rest of the Gentlemen with his and their Bands until his return: which was very shortly after. [See Vol. IV. p. 92.]

Who, according to his first purpose, with the rest of the Gentlemen, marched forth towards WYAT. Which who had seen so well appointed, and with what willing hearts

they went; and had known withal the faithful dealing of sundry Gentlemen besides in other parts of the Shire, ought to say, That notwithstanding there were many evil; yet were there many worthy, Gentlemen and honest faithful yeomen in Kent, free from WYAT's conspiracy: and that the same [would] receive some injury at his hand that, taking upon him to set forth any Chronicle, should name only four Gentlemen of this Shire to be workers against WYAT. For though every man pursued him not in the beginning, many of them dwelling far from him: yet were they as well occupied where they were, and as much towards WYAT's confusion, by staying and withholding [a] great force, through their earnest persuasions and labour, that else would have been with WYAT.

Now to return to WYAT: whom in this meantime BRET and the other Captains espying to have a desire to be gone, dissembling the knowledge thereof, [they] wrought all the secret means they could devise to stay his going; as having the weight of their lives depending upon this enterprise as well as he.

One of them, by agreement in their consultation, said to him: "You see," quod he, "with what difficulty you keep your soldiers here: notwithstanding they be in a town where they are in a manner as pent in, and thereby the more uneasy to get away; being so narrowly looked to. And now if you shall leave the town and retire into Kent, as some of your company suspect you will, whereby they and all others shall judge you to be in despair of the aid of London; the hope whereof hath been hitherto the greatest occasion of stay of such as be already here, and the comfort for the coming of others to the increase of your power: you may assure yourself that such as be here will not tarry long after with you, finding time to escape as they shall easily enough, being at large; nor such as be absent will have haste to repair unto you, when they shall perceive you to be in despair of London. And so you shall weaken yourself, to the comfort of your enemies and discomfort of your friends."

BRET, under colour [*pretence*] of singular affection to WYAT, devising an apt occasion to avoid suspicion (which

wanted not among them), required to speak with him apart; and having him alone, said:

"It shall not be amiss that, for your own surety, you have in remembrance the effect of the several Proclamations made at Dartford: the one by Master WILLIAM ROPER, wherein you were betraitored; the other by Master APPULTON, which, as I hear, was also made at London and in other parts of the realm, wherein is promised the inheritance of One Hundred Pounds [in] land to such as can apprehend and present you to the Queen. BRET's words to WYAT.

"Now what fantasies may grow into the heads of your own fellows, for the safeguard of themselves; of whom you have had already some experience, it is to be doubted: or what may grow in the heads of your soldiers when, failing of the aid of London, they shall be in despair of your enterprise, it is also to be doubted. On the other part, when such of Kent, on whom it seemeth you repose some trust, shall hear of your retire: their disposition perhaps will be much changed. And therefore it standeth you in hand to look to the matter substantially."

WYAT (having the same confidence in BRET, that BRET would WYAT to have had in others; remembering his most deceitful treason to the Queen, contrary to the trust reposed in him for the conduct of the White Coats; and feeling his grief doubled, and his desire to convey himself away so much the more increased, by BRET's secret talk with him); as a stricken deer, wandereth aside, all alone complaining with himself [of] his most unhappy fate. Trustless traitors!

And soon after calling THOMAS ISLEY unto him, said, "Ah, cousin ISLEY, in what extreme misery are we? The revolt of these Captains with the White Coats seemed a benefit in the beginning; and as a thing sent by GOD for our good, and to comfort us forward in our enterprise: which I now feel to our confusion. Ah, cousin, this it is to enter such a quarrel, which notwithstanding we now see must have a ruthful end; yet of necessity we must prosecute the same."

WYAT as desperate (finding others to accord with BRET'S opinion, upon his conference with them: by whom for direction of his traitorous journey [*expedition*] he was chiefly

advised; although for this shifting away there were others whom he better trusted) marched, the Tuesday being Shrove Tuesday [6th February 1554], out of Southwark to Kingston upon Thames, ten miles distant; where they arrived about four of the clock in the afternoon.

WYAT'S marching to Kingston.

And finding thirty feet or thereabouts of the bridge taken away, saving the posts that were left standing; WYAT practiced [*bargained*] with two mariners to swim over to convey a barge unto him. Which the mariners, tempted with great promises of preferment, did. Wherein WYAT and certain with him were conveyed over: who, in the time that the number of the soldiers baited [*lunched*] in the town, caused the bridge to be trimmed with ladders planks and beams, the same tied together with ropes and boards as, by ten of the clock in the night, [it] was in such plight that both his ordnance and Band of men might pass over without peril.

WYAT'S passage at Kingston.

And so, about eleven of the clock in the same night, WYAT with his Band, without either resistance or peril, marched over the bridge towards London; having such a loving heart in his body to the Queen as before day he meant to have been at the Court Gate [of Whitehall]. Which he could never have attempted, having any sparkle of that good zeal in his breast to the Queen's surety as, to further his treason, he outwardly pretended to the World; considering the danger that might have grown, by the fear thereof, to her Grace.

But, as GOD would, partly by weariness of his soldiers, and partly by the breach [*break down*] of the wheels that carried his ordnance; it was nine of the clock of the day following, being Ash Wednesday [7th February 1554], before he came so far as Hyde Park: where his courage, being tofore as ye have heard not very lusty, began now utterly to die; beholding as it were before his face the present bane and confusion whereunto his malicious intent was shaped.

Yet desperation being his lewd guide, he marcheth forward; and cometh within the power of Sir WILLIAM HERBERT, Earl of PEMBROKE; being, that day, the Queen's Lieutenant General in the field. Who yet (with divers other Noblemen and faithful subjects, being then in arms with him

prest and ready to receive so impudent a race of traitorous rebels to their deserved breakfast) understanding, partly by sure spial, partly by their own view, that the rebels exceeded not the number of four thousand, and most of them naked [*unarmed*], void of all policy and skill; considering withal that they could not set upon WYAT and his whole Band but great effusion of blood should follow, the Queen's army being so greedy to be revenged and the other so impotent to resist, determined rather by policy to achieve the victory than by bloodshed to confound the rebels. Wherein they should please GOD, answer the Queen's merciful expectation, and purchase unto themselves most renown and honour of that day's service.

Upon these resolutions, they permitted WYAT with the fore part of his Band to pass quietly along; and through between the Queen's Majesty's Horsemen: the Lord CLINTON being Marshal of the Field and Captain of the barbed horses and Demi-lances on the south side; JACK of MUSGRAVE being Captain of the Light Horsemen on the north side. The great ordnance being charged to shoot full upon the breast of the rebels coming eastward: the Earl of PEMBROKE with the Main Battle of footmen as well for handguns, morishpikes, bows, and bills, standing in goodly array on the north-east side, behind the said great ordnance, ready to set upon the rebels in the face coming towards Holborn.

WYAT, coming in the forefront of his Band, perceiving that he was thus beset with horsemen on both sides, the great ordnance and the footmen before his face north-eastward; so that he could no ways escape, but necessarily must fall into their hands, although for policy he was suffered and a great part of his men to pass so far quietly and without resistance through the Horsemen—he suddenly forsook his way intended through Holborn; and, with might and main, as fast as they could, he and his mates ran down underneath the Park Wall of brick adjoining to the Queen's Manor House, called St. James's.

The Lord CLINTON, observing his time; first with his Demi-lances brake their array, and divided WYAT's Band in two parts. Then came the Light Horsemen, who so hardly

pursued the tail of his Band, that they slew many, hurt more, and took most of them.

Whilst the said Horsemen were thus in fight with the tail of his Band; WYAT himself and 500 men or thereabouts peked [*pushed*] on still all along under St. James's Park Wall until he came to Charing Cross: where divers of the Queen's Household servants and others fought with them, and in the end killed 16 of the rebels.

Nevertheless WYAT, having escaped with a part of his company, marching along in battle [ar]ray, entered into Fleet street, and came over Fleet Bridge towards Lud Gate.

And although no man resisted his passage through the streets thus far: yet, when at length he perceived that he had no help of friends at London and the suburbs as he looked for, [he] left his men standing still in battle array; and rode back as far as the Temple Bar Gate, with a naked [*drawn*] sword in his hands the hilts upward, as some report.

At which Gate, he would have gone through towards Charing Cross, to the residue of his men: but he was then stopped by force, of the Queen's true subjects; who would not suffer him to pass without Temple Bar.

At length came one Sir MAURICE BERKELEY Knight unto him, and required him to consider that he could not prevail in this wicked purpose; and that his men were all taken and slain in the Field: and therefore willed him to cease off from any further occasion of bloodshed; exhorting him to yield himself prisoner, and to stand to the Queen's mercy.

Which to do, WYAT refused; and said That he would rather be slain than yield to any man.

And yet, nevertheless, as it chanced, there came a Herald of Arms immediately, riding in the Queen's Coat Armour to this place: to his Coat shortly after WYAT submitted himself prisoner; and so went to the Court at Westminster, and there was brought before the Privy Council; and shortly after, within one hour, sent from thence to the Tower of London [a] prisoner.

Amongst other things this is to be remembered, that whiles the said WYAT and certain of his men, as aforesaid,

were coming thus towards Fleet street; a certain Captain of the said rebels, with divers of his soldiers, returned from Charing Cross down to the Court Gate at Whitehall, and gave a larum [*an alarm*] before the Gate: and shot divers arrows into the said Court, the Gate being open. Insomuch that one Master NICHOLAS ROCKEWOOD, being a Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn and in armour at the said Court Gate, was shot through his nose with an arrow by the rebels. [*See* EDWARD UNDERHILL'S *account of this fright at* Vol. IV., p. 92.]

For the coming of the said rebels was not looked for that way: but [it was] thought that the Queen's army should have joined battle with them in the Field; according to promise made by the said WYAT on his behalf: who promised that he would come to the Queen's Foot Battle [*Infantry*], and fight with them pike against pike and man to man. Which, when it came to the very point, he refused; and shrank [by] a bye way by Saint James's Park Wall for his refuge, as you have heard before: where many of them were slain by Horsemen, so that they came not nigh the Queen's power of the Foot Battle. Which increased some desperate boldness in the despairing rebels: not without great discomfiture to all the Court and the city of London; perceiving that he was himself, and so many rebels with him, come through the Queen's army thus far.

Whereupon grew great admiration [*wonderment*] amongst them that knew not their doings in the Field: how for policy, and to avoid much manslaughter, WYAT was suffered purposely to pass along. Insomuch divers timorous and cold hearted soldiers came to the Queen, crying, "All is lost! Away! Away! A barge! A barge!"

Yet her Grace never changed her cheer, nor removed one foot out of the House: but asked for the Lord of PEMBROKE, in whom her Grace had worthily reposed great confidence.

Answer being made, That he was in the Field.

"Well then," quod her Grace, "fall to prayer! and I warrant you, we shall hear better news anon. For my Lord will not deceive me, I know well. If he would, GOD will not: in whom my chief trust is, who will not deceive me."

And indeed, shortly after, news came all of victory, [and] how that Wyat was taken.

This day [7th February 1554], the Judges in the Common Place [*Common Pleas*] at Westminster sat in armour. The Mayor, Aldermen, and the householders of the city, by four of the clock in the morning, were in armour: the Lord William Howard, High Admiral, being amongst them. Who, as I have tofore said, was by the Queen's Majesty appointed Captain General and Lieutentant for the time, to confer in counsel and join in execution with the Lord Mayor and his Brethren [the Aldermen] for the sure and speedy guarding and warding of the city: to the preservation whereof the Queen's Grace had special regard. The Gates were diligently watched; every Gate with 100 men: Moor Gate being closed up and rampired.

Thus was this wily heretic and open traitor Wyat, and his complices, brought to their confusion; and to the end which never missed all such malicious[ly] disposed wretches. Partly by the wisdom and policy of him that was armed in the Field, the worthy Earl of Pembroke; but chiefly by the mighty hand of GOD, at the contemplation of her high merits and virtues; who remaining in the closet of stedfast hope and confidence, being appointed with the armour of faith, fought with ardent and continual prayer, in perfect devotion, under the banner and ensign of GOD: who indeed alone gave this victory, and alone without policy or might of man overthrew her enemies; yet so that he therewith declared his special favour and pleasure towards his servant, that noble Knight, the Earl of Pembroke, in appointing him chief champion this day to defend his chosen and elect Virgin; whose faith hath not been wavering in his Catholic religion nor his truth and service doubtful at any time towards his Prince.

Wyat, as is said, was committed to the Tower. So were divers other Gentlemen: as, soon after, was Henry Grey Duke of Suffolk and his two brethren.

The Duke, being so hardly pursued by the Lord

HASTINGS, Earl of HUNTINGDON, was by him apprehended in Leicestershire. Whereby he declared himself, as well in honour and unspotted loyalty as in parentage and patrimony, to succeed his great grandfather the Lord HASTINGS; whose fidelity and stedfast truth towards King EDWARD IV. and his children, the Chronicles report to his immortal honour.

The Duke of SUFFOLK's apprehension by the Earl of HASTINGS.

Of the common people there was such a number taken in the chase by the Earl of PEMBROKE that besides the usual gaols, sundry churches in London were made places for their safeguard, till order was taken for their enlargement.

The Duke [of SUFFOLK] was arraigned by his Peers, and by verdict found guilty of Treason, before the Duke of NORFOLK, being Lord Constable, and that day his Judge. Both he, and his brother THOMAS, at several days, made their end at Tower Hill, by loss of their heads.

Sundry others of WYAT's complices, being arraigned, and condemned upon their confession of treason, suffered in divers parts of the Shire, as:

HENRY ISLEY Knight, THOMAS ISLEY his brother, and WALTER MANTEL, at Maidstone; where WYAT first displayed his standard.

ANTHONY KNEVET, WILLIAM his brother, with another of the MANTELS, at Sevenoaks.

BRET, at Rochester, hanging in chains.

And of the common sort very few were executed, save only of the White Coats; that, to say truth, deserved it trebly.

WYAT himself, last of all, was arraigned at Westminster; the Earl of SUSSEX, Sir EDWARD HASTINGS, and Sir THOMAS CORNWALLIS being his Judges: where and before whom, he most earnestly craved life; not by plea of his matter or justifying of himself, but by earnest suit, in humble submission, for the Queen's mercy.

It seemeth not amiss here to make report of such special words as by him were uttered at his arraignment: which I myself heard, standing not ten feet from

WYAT's words at his arraignment.

him at that time. By the which words may appear both what he himself thought of his doings, how much he misliked the same, and also how penitent and sorrowful he was therefor.

Certain words proceeding from WYAT, at his arraignment.

MY Lords, I must confess myself guilty; as, in the end, truth must enforce me to say: and that I am justly plagued for my sins, which most grievously I have committed against GOD; who hath suffered me to fall into this beastly brutishness and horrible offence of treason. And lo, in me the like end; as all such that have attempted like enterprizes, from the beginning have had. For peruse the Chronicles throughout, and you shall find that rebellion never from the beginning prospered. For the love of GOD, all you Gentlemen that be here present remember! and be here taught by the examples past, and also by this my present infelicity and heinous offence!

"O most miserable, mischievous, brutish, and beastly furious imagination of mine! For I thought that by the marriage of the Prince of Spain, this realm should have been in danger: and that I, that have lived a free born man, should, with my country, have been brought to bondage and servitude by aliens and Strangers. Which brutish beastliness then seemed reason; and wrought so far and to such effect as it led me to the practice and use of this committed treason: that now understanding the great commodity honour and surety which this realm shall receive by this marriage; if it shall please the Queen to be merciful to me there is no man living that shall be more trusty and faithful to serve her Grace; no, nor more ready to die at her Highness's foot, whatsoever the quarrel be."

Thus far touching WYAT's words at his arraignment, I thought not superfluous here to report, to the end that all others blindly fallen into the same error, would by the

example of WYAT rise also to repentance; as well confessing to the World with open voice their detestable mischief, as also from the very heart with tears detesting the same; as, in utterance of the former words, he plentifully did.

He lost his head at Tower Hill; and his body, divided, was set up in divers parts about London.

Other poor men, being taken in WYAT's Band, and kept a time in divers churches and prisons without the city [of London], kneeling all, with halters about their necks, before the Queen's Highness at Whitehall; her Grace mercifully pardoned, to the number of 600: who immediatey thereupon, with great shouts, casting their halters up into the air, cried "GOD save your Grace! GOD save your Grace!"

Of such as did penance by wearing halters before the Queen.

Howbeit sundry of them that did wear halters afore the Queen's Highness were afterwards, by means, called before the Justices in the country to be arraigned: but her Grace, being moved thereof by the Sheriff, would them to be no further vexed.

Thus have ye heard of WYAT's end, and [of] some of his complices: by whose lamentable tragedy, and others of like sort that happened in our Age, not only we, but such as shall succeed us, may be abundantly taught to foresee what it is to enter into rebellion. For neither could WYAT with his stoutness, nor yet with the pretence of his quarrel coloured with a meaning to defend his country from overrunning by Strangers, nor yet through the aid of sundry conspirators of great power, ne by any other policy, prevail.

Six of the Gentlemen that were offenders were pardoned, going to their execution, by the Queen's clemency, at Rochester: as were also all the others of the whole Kentish Gentlemen remitted; a few of the rankest excepted, that, only for example, suffered.

The Queen's Highness, not long after, sent out her Commission to Sir THOMAS MOYLE, Sir JOHN GUILDFORD,

Sir THOMAS KEMP; WARRAM SENTLEGER, THOMAS ROYDON, CHRISTOPHER ROPER, GEORGE DORRELL of Calehill, GEORGE FANE, JOHN TUCKE, JOHN ROBARTS, THOMAS LOVELACE, JOHN LEONARD, Esquires; with others: not only to bail and set at large such as were in prison in the country [*County of Kent*] for that offence, being of no small number; but also to compound [*fine*] with the offenders, according to the quality of their offences. Which manner of order, being not heard of in the like case, or at the least very rarely, declared a singular clemency and benignity in the Queen: that, being followed so cruelly, would yet be so moved with pity as to vouchsafe to answer them with so much lenity, in the executing of so few, in comparison to so great a number and so large a cause; being all in her Grace's mercy to dispose at her pleasure. And besides [to] suffer the rest to escape with so small abashment of their countenance [*small amount of fine*] after so heinous [an] offence.

He that shall peruse this Story diligently, and consider all parts thereof exactly, with remembrance of things past since the beginning of the Queen's most happy reign, must of force recognize, of what condition soever he be, the magnificence mercy and fortitude of this most noble Princess, as from time to time with such patience to endure so great malice of her own subjects, with such lenity to forbear the revenge of so intolerable outrage, with such mercy in the end to pardon and remit so heinous and great offenders. Happy was it with those heinous offenders that her Grace's most worthy and honourable Council were so agreeable to her virtuous inclination! as inclined rather to pursue merciful pardon for continuance of life than to prosecute revenge by execution of death.

It is to be wished by all good men with one assent that, provoked with so great clemency, these degenerates reform themselves! and forbear thus to attempt so gracious a Princess! unto whom, by GOD'S authority, the sword is not vainly committed; lest thereby they procure to themselves damnation in seeking by such outrage their own death and confusion. From the desire whereof we see, by a number of

evident arguments, the Queen's Highness and her honourable Council to be so far as, by all means they can imagine, they seek to eschew that they by most wilful and malicious means follow to their subversion.

[The following are omitted for want of space.]

An earnest Conference with the Degenerates and Seditious, for the search of the cause of their great disorder.

A Table [or Index].

Imprinted at London by ROBERT CALEY within the Precinct of the late dissolved House of the Grey Friars, now converted to a Hospital called Christ's Hospital [*The present Blue Coat School*], The 10th day of January 1555.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.



Love's Garland:

OR

Posies for Rings, Handkerchers, and Gloves; and such pretty Tokens that Lovers send their Loves.

Read, Skan, then Judge.

LONDON

Printed by N. O. for JOHN SPENCER, and are to be sold at his shop on London Bridge. 1624.



Love's Garland.

1. *The Posy of a Handkercher from a young Man to his Love.*

LOVE is a chain whose links of gold,
Two hearts within one bosom hold.

2. *Another signifying the mutual love that should be between Man and Wife.*

In love this good doth still remain,
Though both do give, yet both doth gain.

3. *Another from a doubtful Lover.*

By CUPID's bow, by weal or woe!

4. *A Posy sent with a Pair of Gloves, showing what a young Man should most respect in his choice.*

I love thy Beauty, Virtue most!
For Virtue's found when Beauty's lost.

5. *A Posy of a Ring, from a crossed Lover.*

No hap so hard as love debarred!

6. *Another.*

A happy breast where love doth rest!

7. All perfect love is from above.
The sight of this deserves a kiss.

8. *A young man to his Love, wrought in a Scarf.*
A constant heart within a woman's breast,
Is Ophir gold within an ivory chest.

9. *Her kind Answer.*
Of such a treasure then are thou possesst,
For thou hast such a heart in such a breast.

10. *The Posy of a Ring.*
To me till death, as dear as breath.

11. *Another.*
In thee a flame, in me the same.

12. Where once I choose, I ne'er refuse.

13. *Another.*
No cross so strange, my love to change.

14. *The Posy of a Handkercher from a young Man to his Love.*
Pray take me kindly, Mistress! kiss me too!
My master swears he'll do as much for you!

15. *A passionate Lover's Posy.*
Till that from thee I hope to gain:
All sweet is sour; all pleasure, pain!

16. *Another of the same cut.*
Thy love, my light; disdain, my night.

17. *Another.*
Tell my Mistress that a Lover
True as Love itself, doth love her.

18. *Another where the Lover doth protest and request.*
Hand, heart, and all I have, is thine!
Hand, heart, and all thou hast, be mine!

19. *Another.*
As you find me, mind me!

20. *The Posy of a young Man to his Love shewing the simplicity and truth of Love.*
Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes:
One tongue, one heart, where true love lies.

21. *Another from a Lover, far from his Love.*
Though from mine eye; yet from my heart,
No distance e'er can make thee part!

22. *Another of the same mark.*
Though absence may annoy:
To me, 'tis a double joy.

23. *A Posy in a Ring.*
Be true to me, as I to thee.

24. *Another.*
God above increase our love!

25. *Another.*
All thine is mine.

26. *Another.*
Ne'er joy in heart that seeks to part.

27. *Another sent with a pair of Bracelets.*
Fair as VENUS; as DIANA
Chaste and pure is my SUSANNA.

28. *The Posy of a young Man to his Love, shewing what a Woman should be.*
If Woman should to Man be woe,
She should not be what GOD did make her:
That was to be a helper; so
GOD then did give, Man now doth take her.

29. *The Posy of a Maid cast off, expressing how light[ly] she takes it.*

Tell him that had my heart in chase,
And now at other games doth fly:
Green Sickness ne'er shall spoil my face;
Nor puling "Heigh Ho's!" wet mine eye!

30. *The Posy of a Ring.*

I do rejoice in thee my choice.

31. *A Posy of a scornful Lover.*

Since thy hot love so quickly's done:
Do thou but go, I'll strive to run!

32. *A Posy shewing Man and Wife to be one.*

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone;
From one made two are two made one.

33. *Posies for Rings.*

As true to thee, as death to me.

34. *Another.*

If thou deny, I wish to die.

35. *Another.*

In trust, be just.

36. *Another.*

I live if "I [*Ay*]": If "No," I die.

37. *Another.*

No bitter smart can change my heart!

38. *Another.*

Rather die than faith deny!

39. *Another.*

Not lust, but love; as time shall prove.

40. *Another.*

To love as I do thee,
Is to love none but me.

41. *A Posy sent by a young Man to his Love in a Handkercher, in which was wrought the fashion of a Heart with wings.*

Of all bad things, a heart with wings is still the worst;
And he that meets with one so fleet, of all's accurst.

42. *The Maiden's reply in a Handkercher, in which was the shape of a Heart with an arrow through it.*

A flying Heart, a piercing dart doth well deserve:
So be it with me, if I from thee shall ever swerve!

43. Thou mine, I thine.

44. *Another.*

Be true to me as I to thee.

45. *A young Maid to her Love in a Scarf.*

She that of all doth love thee dearest,
Doth send thee this; which as thou wearest
And oft dost look on, think on me!
As I by thine do think on thee.

46. *From a young Man to his Love wrought in a Silk Girdle.*

Till death divide, whate'er betide!

47. *Another.*

The World's a Lottery! My prize
A love that's fair, as chaste, as wise.

48. *A young Man to his Love, describing the power and ever flourishing virtue of Love.*

Love till Doomsday in his prime;
Like APOLLO robed in gold:
Though it have been as long as Time;
Yet still is young, though Time be old.

49. *Another.*

My promise past shall ever last.

50. *From a young man to his Love shewing that Virtue and Beauty should be together.*

Thy beauty much, thy virtue such, my heart hath fired:
The first alone is worse than none; but both, admired.

51. *The Posy of a pitiful Lover writ in a Riband Carnation three pennies broad, and wound about a fair branch of Rosemary; upon which he wittily plays thus:*

Rosemary, ROSE, I send to thee;
In hope that thou wilt marry me.
Nothing can be sweet, ROSE!
More sweeter unto HARRY,
Than marry ROSE:
Sweeter than this Rosemary.

52. *The Sweet Reply, in a conceit of the same cut, sent by Rose, with a vial of Rosewater of her making.*

Thy sweet commands again, my sweetest HARRY!
My sweet Rosewater for thy sweet Rosemary:
By which, sweet HAL, sweet ROSE doth let thee see,
Thy love's as sweet to her as hers to thee.

53. *A wanton Lover's wish sent in a Handkercher with a Cupid wrought in the middle.*

To me by far more fair is my fair ANNE
Than sweet-cheeked LEDA, with her silver swan:
That I ne'er saw, but have the picture seen;
And wished myself between thine arms, sweet NAN

54. *For a Ring.*

Desire like fire doth still aspire.

55. *A Posy sent with a pair of Bracelets.*

Mine eye did see, my heart did choose;
True love doth bind till death doth loose.

56. *Another sent with a silk Girdle.*
Accept of this, my heart withal;
My love is great, though this be small.

57. *Another sent with a rich pair of Gloves.*
This for a certain truth true love approves.
"The heart's not where it lives, but where it loves."

58. *For Rings.*
Heart's content can ne'er repent.

59. *Another.*
My heart and I until I die.

60. Not two but one till life be gone.

61. *A Lover's conceit upon a Bracelet and Partlet* [neck-kerchief, or ruff]; *sent with a pair of amber Bracelets.*
Bracelets I'll give, embrace let's ever!
Let Partlets go, for part let's never.

62. Love ever, or love never.

63. *A Posy sent by a young Man to his Love, with a Looking Glass.*
Be true as fair, then past compare!

64. *For a Ring.*
A woman kind, all joy of mind.

65. As I to thee, so wish to me!

66. *A drooping Lover's conceit, playing upon the word.*
Hard and Heart in sound are near;
And both within thy breast I fear.

67. *Her coy and nipping Reply, in his own invention.*
The sound's as near in Brace and Brass,
In Hose and Horse, in Ace and Ass.

68 *The Posy of a young Man, sent with a Scarf.*

For one and love, some say are blind:
I say they see, if thou prove kind.

69. *The Posy of a Handkercher.*

Love and Wine in this degree,
The elder better still they be:
So our long suit then shall be true,
"Change not thy old Love for a new!"

70. *A Posy sent by a young Maiden to her Love, plaited in a Bracelet of her own hair.*

When this about thine arm doth rest,
Remember her that loves thee best!

71. *Another from a young Man to his Love protesting constancy.*

To thee as constant as the sun to day:
Till from this light, I must be forced away.

72. *A Posy sent with a silk Girdle.*

VENUS naked in her chamber,
Wounds more deep than MARS in armour.

73. *The Maid's Answer.*

If such a wound you fear;
Take heed you come not there!

74. *A drooping Lover's Posy, sent with a pair of Gloves.*

'Tween hope and sad despair I sail;
Thy help I crave!
My grief the sea, thy breath the sail
May sink or save.

75. *Another of the same kind.*

Hope and despair attend me still:
Hope strives to save; despair, to kill!

76. Lust loves to range:
Love knows no change.

77. Thine mine, mine thine.

78. Both must be one, or one be none.

79. Love ever, or love never!

80. *A neglected Lover, to his Mistress.*
'Tis true as old, "Hot Love, soon cold!"

81. *Another expressing the power of Love.*
Who is't withstands,
When Love commands?

Short Posies for Rings in prose.

82. The loadstone of Love is love.

83. Be true to the end!

84. I live in hope.

85. I like my choice.

86. No change in Virtue's choice!

87. Keep me in mind!

88. Desire hath no rest.

89. I present, thee absent.

90. Not the gift but the giver.

91. Be firm in faith!

92. This and myself.

93. I choose thee, not to change.

94. Advisèd choice admits no change.

95. Accept my goodwill!

96. I love no lack.

97. The heart lives where it loves.

98. Not me, nor mine; but ours.

99. Thy [?], my wish.

100. Love is the bond of Peace.

101. No life to Love!

102. Remember this, and give a kiss!

103. Thy love I crave, mine thou shalt have.

Good Counsel.

If poor thou art, yet patient bide!
For after ebb may come a tide:
Yet at full sea, keep water store!
That afterward thou want no more.

On the World.

The World's a City furnishèd with spacious streets:
And Death's the Market Place; whereat all creatures meet.

When GOD made all, he made all good;
So Woman was, if she had stood:
Though Woman was the cause of fall;
Yet JESUS' blood made amends for all.

On a Good Woman.

A wise man poor is like a Sacred Book that's never read.
To himself he lives, though to the World seems dead:
Yet this Age counts more of a golden fool
Than of a thread-bare Saint, nursed up in Wisdom's School.

FINIS.

The True Report

of the burning of the Steeple and Church of Paul's in London.

Jeremiah xviii. [7, 8.]

I will speak suddenly against a Nation, or against a Kingdom, to pluck it up, and to root it out, and destroy it. But if that Nation against whom I have pronounced, turn from their wickedness; I will repent of the plague that I thought to bring upon them.

Imprinted at London, at the West end of Paul's Church, at the sign of the *Hedgehog*, by William Seres.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.
Anno 1561, *the* 10*th of June.*

The True Report of the burning of the Steeple and Church of Paul's in London.

ON Wednesday, being the 4th day of June in the year of our Lord 1561 (and in the 3rd year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady ELIZABETH, by the Grace of God, Queen of England France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.), between one and two of the clock at afternoon, was seen a marvellous great fiery lightning; and immediately ensued a most terrible hideous crack of thunder, such as seldom hath been heard; and that, by estimation of sense, directly over the city of London. At which instant, the corner of a turret of the Steeple of St Martin's Church within Lud Gate was torn; and divers great stones casten down; and a hole broken through the roof and timber of the said Church by the fall of the same stones.

For divers persons (in time of the said tempest, being on the river of Thames; and others being in the fields near adjoining to the city) affirmed that they saw a long and spear-pointed flame of fire, as it were, run through the top of the broche [*or spire*] or shaft of Paul's Steeple; from the East, westward. And some of the parish of St Martin's, then being in the street, did feel a marvellous strong air or whirlwind, with a smell like brimstone, coming from Paul's Church; and withal heard a rush of the stones which fell from their Steeple into the Church.

Between four and five of the clock, a smoke was espied by divers to break out under the bowl of the said shaft of Paul's; and namely [*particularly*] by PETER JOHNSON, Principal Registrar to the Bishop of LONDON; who immediately brought word to the Bishop's House.

But, suddenly after, as it were in a moment, the flame brake forth in a circle, like a garland, round about the broche, about two yards, to the estimation of sight, under the bowl of the said shaft; and increased in such wise that, within a quarter of an hour, or little more, the Cross and the Eagle on the top fell down upon the South cross Ile [*Aisle*].

The Lord Mayor being sent for, and his Bretheren [the Aldermen], came with all speed possible; and had a short consultation, as in such a case might be, with the Bishop of LONDON and others, for the best way of remedy. And thither came also [Sir NICHOLAS BACON] the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and [WILLIAM PAULET, Marquis of WINCHESTER] the Lord Treasurer: who, by their wisdom and authority, directed as good order as in so great confusion could possibly be.

Some there were, pretending experience in wars, that counselled the remnant of the Steeple to be shot down with cannons; which counsel was not liked, as most perilous both for the dispersing [of] the fire, and [the] destruction of houses and people.

Others (perceiving the Steeple to be past all recovery; considering the hugeness of the fire, and the dropping of the lead) thought best to get ladders, and scale the Church; and with axes to hew down a space of the roof of the Church to stay the fire, at the least to save some part of the said Church: which was concluded [*decided upon*]. But before the ladders and buckets could be brought, and things put in any order (and especially because the Church was of such height that they could not scale it, and no sufficient number of axes could be had: the labourers also being troubled with the multitude of idle gazers); the most part of the highest roof of the Church was on fire.

First, the fall of the Cross and Eagle fired the South cross Ile [*Aisle*]; which Ile was first consumed. The beams and

brands of the Steeple fell down on every side, and fired the other three parts: that is to say, the Chancel or Quire, the North Ile, and the body of the Church. So that, in one hour's space, the broche [*or spire*] of the Steeple was burnt down to the battlements; and the most part of the highest roof of the Church likewise consumed.

The state of the Steeple and Church seeming both desperate; my Lord Mayor was advised, by one Master WINTER of the Admiralty [*i.e. Admiral Sir WILLIAM WINTER*], to convert the most part of his care and provision to preserve the Bishop's Palace adjoining to the north-west end of the Church; lest from that House, being large, the fire might spread to the streets adjoining. Whereupon the ladders, buckets, and labourers were commanded thither; and, by great labour and diligence, a piece of the roof of the North Ile was cut down, and the fire so stayed: and, by much water, that part quenched; and the said Bishop's House preserved.

It pleased GOD also, at the same time, both to turn, and calm, the wind: which afore was vehement; and continued still high and great in other parts without the city.

There were above 500 persons that laboured in carrying and filling water, &c. Divers substantial citizens took pains as if they had been labourers; so did also divers and sundry Gentlemen, whose names were not known to the Writer hereof: but amongst others, the said Master WINTER, and one Master STRANGUISH, did both take notable pains in their own persons; and also much directed and encouraged others, and that not without great danger to themselves.

In the evening, came the Lord CLINTON, [the] Lord Admiral, from the Court at Greenwich; whom the Queen's Majesty (as soon as the rage of the fire was espied by Her Majesty and others in the Court, of the pitiful inclination and love that her gracious Highness did bear both to the said Church and the city) sent to assist my Lord Mayor, for the suppressing of the fire: who, with his wisdom authority and diligent travail, did very much good therein.

About ten of the clock, the fierceness of the fire was past, the timber being fallen and lying burning upon the vaults of stone; the vaults yet (GOD be thanked!) standing unperished. So as only the timber of the whole Church was consumed, and the lead molten: saving the most part of the two low Iles of the Quire, and a piece of the North Ile, and another small piece of the South Ile in the body of the Church.

Notwithstanding all which, it pleased the merciful GOD, in his wrath, to remember his mercy; and to enclose the harm of this most fierce and terrible fire within the walls of this one Church: not extending any part of his wrath in this fire upon the rest of the city, which to all reason and sense of man was subject to utter destruction. For in the whole city, without the Church, no stick was kindled surely. Notwithstanding that, in divers parts and streets, and within the houses both adjoining and of a good distance, as in Fleet Street and Newgate Market, by the violence of the fire, burning coals of great bigness fell down almost as thick as hailstones; and flaws of lead were blown abroad into the gardens without the city, like flaws of snow in breadth: without hurt (GOD be thanked!) to any house or person.

Many fond talks go abroad of the original cause of this. Some say, It was negligence of plumbers: whereas, by due examination, it is proved that no plumbers or other workmen laboured in the Church for six months before. Others suspect that it was done by some wicked practice of wild fire or gunpowder: but no just suspicions thereof, by any examination, can be found hitherto. Some suspect Conjurors and Sorcerers, whereof there is also no great likelihood: and if it had been wrought that way; yet could not the Devil have done it without GOD's permission, and to some purpose of his unsearchable judgments, as appeareth in the story of JOB.

The true cause, as it seemeth, was the tempest, by GOD's sufferance. For it cannot be otherwise gathered, but that, at the said great and terrible thunderclap, when St Martin's Steeple was torn, the lightning (which by natural order smiteth the highest) did first smite the top of Paul's Steeple;

and entering in at the small holes, which have always remained open for building scaffolds to the works, and finding the timber very old and dry, did kindle the same: and so the fire increasing, grew to a flame, and wrought the effect which followed; most terrible then to behold, and now most lamentable to look upon.

On Sunday following, being the 8th day of June [1561], the reverend [Father] in GOD [JAMES PILKINGTON] Bishop of DURHAM, at St Paul's Cross, made a learned and fruitful Sermon; exhorting the auditory to a general repentance, and namely [*especially*] to humble obedience to the laws and Superior Powers, which virtue is much decayed in these our days: seeming to have intelligence from the Queen's Highness, that Her Majesty intendeth more severity of laws shall be executed against persons disobedient, as well in causes of Religion as Civil; to the great rejoicing of his auditors.

He exhorted also his audience to take this as a general warning to the whole realm, and namely [*especially*] to the city of London, of some greater plague to follow if amendment of life in all [e]states did not ensue. He much reproved those persons which would assign the cause of this wrath of GOD to any particular [e]state of men; or that were diligent to look into other men's lives, and could see no faults in themselves: but wished that every man would descend into himself and say with DAVID, *Ego sum qui peccavi.* "I am he that hath sinned." And so forth to that effect, very godly.

He also not only reproved the profanation of the said Church of Paul's, of long time heretofore abused [*in Paul's Walk*] by walking, jangling, brawling, fighting, bargaining, &c., namely [*particularly*] in Sermon and Service time: but also answered by the way to the objections of such evil-tongued persons which do impute this token of GOD's deserved ire to alteration, or rather, Reformation of Religion; declaring out of ancient records and histories the like, yea, and greater matters, [that] had befallen in the time of superstition and ignorance.

For, in the 1st year of King STEPHEN [1135-6 A.D.] not only the said Church of Paul's was burnt: but also a great part of the city: that is to say, from London Bridge

to St Clement's [Church] without Temple Bar, was by fire consumed.

And in the days of King HENRY VI., the Steeple of Paul's was also fired by lightning: although it was then stayed by diligence of the citizens; the fire being then, by likelihood, not so fierce.

Many other such like common calamities he rehearsed, which happened in other countries, both nigh to this realm and far off, where the Church of Rome hath most authority. And therefore [he] concluded the surest way to be, that every man should judge examine and amend himself; and embrace believe and truly follow the Word of GOD; and earnestly to pray to GOD to turn away from us his deserved wrath and indignation; whereof this his terrible work is a most certain warning, if we repent not unfeignedly.

The which GOD grant may come to pass in all estates and degrees, to the glory of His name, and to our endless comfort in CHRIST our Saviour. Amen.

GOD save the Queen.

SIX IDILLIA,

THAT IS,

SIX SMALL, OR PETTY, POEMS,

OR ÆGLOGUES,

chosen out of the right famous Sicilian Poet

THEOCRITUS,

And translated into English verse.

Dum defluat amnis.

PRINTED
At Oxford by IOSEPH BARNES.
1588.

E. D.

Libenter hic, et omnis exantlabitur
Labor, in tuæ spem gratiæ.
[HORACE, *Epodes* i. 23-24.]

SIX IDILLIA

chosen out of the famous Sicilian Poet

THEOCRITUS,

and translated into English verse.

THE EIGHTH IDILLION.

Argument.

MENALCAS a Shepherd and DAPHNIS a Neatherd, two Sicilian Lads, contending who should sing best, pawn their Whistles ; and choose a Goatherd to be their Judge : who giveth sentence on DAPHNIS his side. The thing is imagined to be done in the Isle of Sicily, by the sea-shore. Of whose singing, this Idillion is called *Bucoliastæ*, that is, " Singers of a Neatherd's Song."

BUCOLIASTÆ.

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, Goatherd.



TH lovely Neatherd DAPHNIS on the hills, they say,
Shepherd MENALCAS met upon a summer's day :
Both youthful striplings, both had yellow heads of hair ;
In whistling both, and both in singing skilful were.

MENALCAS first, beholding DAPHNIS, thus bespake:

MENALCAS.

"Wilt thou in singing, Neatherd DAPHNIS, undertake
To strive with me? For I affirm that, at my will,
I can thee pass!" Thus DAPHNIS answered on the hill.

DAPHNIS.

"Whistler MENALCAS, thou shalt never me excel
In singing, though to death with singing thou should'st swell!"

MENALCAS.

"Then wilt thou see, and something for the victor wage?"

DAPHNIS.

"I will both see, and something for the victor gage!"

MENALCAS.

"What therefore shall we pawn, that for us may be fit?"

DAPHNIS.

"I'll pawn a calf; a wennell lamb lay thou to it!"

MENALCAS.

"I'll pawn no lamb: for both my Sire and Mother fell
Are very hard; and all my sheep at e'en they tell."

DAPHNIS.

"What then? What shall he gain that wins the victory?"

MENALCAS.

"A gallant Whistle which I made with notes thrice three,
Joined with white wax, both e'en below and e'en above;
This will I lay! My father's things I will not move!"

DAPHNIS.

"And I a Whistle have with notes thrice three a row,
Joined with white wax, both e'en below and e'en above.
I lately framed it: for this finger yet doth ache
With pricking, which a splinter of the reed did make.
But who shall be our Judge, and give us audience?"

MENALCAS.

"What if we call this Goatherd here, not far from hence,
Whose dog doth bark hard by the kids?" The lusty boys
Did call him, and the Goatherd came to hear their toys.
The lusty boys did sing, the Goatherd judgment gave.
MENALCAS first, by lot, unto his Whistle brave,
Did sing a Neatherd's Song; and Neatherd DAPHNIS then
Did sing, by course: but first MENALCAS thus began:

MENALCAS.

"Ye Groves and Brooks divine, if on his reed
MENALCAS ever sang a pleasant Lay;
Fat me these lambs! If DAPHNIS here will feed
His calves, let him have pasture too I pray!"

DAPHNIS.

"Ye pleasant Springs and Plants, would DAPHNIS had
As sweet a voice as have the nightingales!
Feed me this herd! and if the Shepherd's lad
MENALCAS comes, let him have all the dales!"

MENALCAS.

"'Tis ever Spring; there meads are ever gay;
There strout the bags; there sheep are fatly fed,
When DAPHNE comes! Go she away;
Then both the Shepherd there, and grass are dead."

DAPHNIS.

"There both the ewes, and goats, bring forth their twins;
There bees do fill their hives; there oaks are high;
Where MILO treads! When he away begins
To go, both Neatherd and the neat wax dry."

MENALCAS.

"O husband of the goats! O wood so high!
O kids! come to this brook, for he is there!
Thou with the broken horns tell MILO shy,
That PROTEUS kept sea-calves, though god he were."

DAPHNIS.

"Nor PELOPS' kingdom may I crave, nor gold;
Nor to outrun the winds upon a lea:
But in this cave I'll sing, with thee in hold,
Both looking on my sheep, and on the sea."

MENALCAS.

"A tempest marreth trees; and drought, a spring:
Snares unto fowls, to beasts nets, are a smart;
Love spoils a man. O JOVE, alone his sting
I have not felt; for thou a lover art!"

Thus sang these boys, by course, with voices strong;
MENALCAS then began a latter song:

MENALCAS.

"Wolf, spare my kids! and spare my fruitful sheep!
And hurt me not! though but a lad, these flocks I guide.
Lampur my dog, art thou indeed so sound asleep?
Thou should'st not sleep while thou art by thy master's side!
My sheep, fear not to eat the tender grass at will!
Nor when it springeth up again, see that you fail!
Go to, and feed apace, and all your bellies fill!
That part your lambs may have; and part, my milking pail."

Then DAPHNIS in his turn sweetly began to sing:

DAPHNIS.

"And me, not long ago, fair DAPHNE whistly eyed
As I drove by; and said, I was a paragon:
Nor then indeed to her I churlishly replied;
But, looking on the ground, my way still held I on.
Sweet is a cow-calf's voice, and sweet her breath doth smell;
A bull calf, and a cow, do low full pleasantly.
'Tis sweet in summer by a spring abroad to dwell!
Acorns become the oak; apples, the apple-tree;
And calves, the kine; and kine, the Neatherd much set out."

Thus sung these youths. The Goatherd thus did end the doubt:

Goatherd.

"O DAPHNIS, what a dulcet mouth and voice thou hast!
'Tis sweeter thee to hear than honey-combs to taste!
Take thee these Pipes, for thou in singing dost excel!
If me, a Goatherd, thou wilt teach to sing so well;
This broken-hornèd goat, on thee bestow I will!
Which to the very brim, the pail doth ever fill."

So then was DAPHNIS glad, and lept and clapt his hands;
And danced as doth a fawn, when by the dam he stands.
MENALCAS grieved, the thing his mind did much dismay:
And sad as Bride he was, upon the marriage day.

Since then among the Shepherds, DAPHNIS chief was had!
And took a Nymph to wife when he was but a lad.

DAPHNIS his Emblem.

Me tamen urit Amor.

MENALCAS his Emblem.

At hæc DAPHNE forsan probet.

Goatherd's Emblem.

Est minor nemo nisi comparatus.



THE ELEVENTH IDILLION.

Argument.

THEOCRITUS wrote this Idillion to NICIAS a learned Physician: wherein he sheweth—by the example of POLYPHEMUS a giant in Sicily, of the race of the CYCLOPS, who loved the Water Nymph GALATEA—that there is no medicine so sovereign against Love as is Poetry. Of whose Love Song, as this Idillion, is termed CYCLOPS; so he was called CYCLOPS, because he had but one eye, that stood like a circle in the midst of his forehead.

CYCLOPS.



NICIAS, there is no other remedy for Love,
With ointing, or with sprinkling on, that ever I could prove,
Beside the Muses nine! This pleasant medicine of the mind
Grows among men; and seems but lite, yet very hard to find:
As well I wote you know; who are in physic such a Leech,
And of the Muses so beloved. The cause of this my speech
A CYCLOPS is, who lived here with us right wealthily;
That ancient POLYPHEM, when first he loved GALATE
(When, with a bristled beard, his chin and cheeks first clothed were):
He loved her not with roses, apples, or with curlèd hair;
But with the Furies' rage. All other things he little plied.
Full often to their fold, from pastures green, without a guide,
His sheep returnèd home: when all the while he singing lay
In honour of his Love, and on the shore consumed away
From morning until night; sick of the wound, fast by the heart,
Which mighty VENUS gave, and in his liver stuck the dart.

For which, this remedy he found, that sitting oftentimes
Upon a rock and looking on the sea, he sang these rhymes:

"O GALATEA fair, why dost thou shun thy lover true?
More tender than a lamb, more white than cheese when it is new,
More wanton than a calf, more sharp than grapes unripe, I find.
You use to come when pleasant sleep, my senses all do bind:
But you are gone again when pleasant sleep doth leave mine eye;
And as a sheep you run, that on the plain a wolf doth spy.

"I then began to love thee, GALATE, when first of all
You, with my mother, came to gather leaves of crowtoe [*hyacinth*] small
Upon our hill; when I, as Usher, squired you all the way.
Nor when I saw thee first, nor afterwards, nor at this day,
Since then could I refrain: but you, by Jove! nought set thereby!

"But well I know, fair Nymph, the very cause why thus you fly.
Because upon my front, one only brow, with bristles strong
From one ear to the other ear is stretchèd all along:
'Neath which, one eye; and on my lips, a hugy nose, there stands.
Yet I, this such a one, a thousand sheep feed on these lands;
And pleasant milk I drink, which from the strouting bags is presst.
Nor want I cheese in summer, nor in autumn of the best,
Nor yet in winter time. My cheese racks ever laden are;
And better can I pipe than any CYCLOPS may compare.
O apple sweet! of thee, and of myself I use to sing,
And that at midnight oft. For thee! eleven fawns up I bring,

All great with young: and four bears' whelps, I nourish up for thee!
But come thou hither first, and thou shalt have them all of me.
And let the bluish coloured sea beat on the shore so nigh,
The night with me in cave, thou shalt consume more pleasantly!
There are the shady bays, and there tall cypress trees do sprout:
And there is ivy black, and fertile vines are all about.
Cool water there I have, distilled of the whitest snow,
A drink divine, which out of woody Etna mount doth flow.
In these respects, who in the sea and waves would rather be?

"But if I seem as yet too rough and savage unto thee,
Great store of oaken wood I have, and never-quenchèd fire;
And I can well endure my soul to burn with thy desire,
With this my only eye, than which I nothing think more trim:
Now woe is me, my mother bore me not with fins to swim!
That I might dive to thee; that I thy dainty hand might kiss,
If lips thou wouldst not let. Then would I lilies bring iwis,
And tender poppy-toe that bears a top like rattles red,
And these in summer time: but others are in winter bred,
So that I cannot bring them all at once. Now certainly
I'll learn to swim of some or other stranger passing by,
That I may know what pleasure 'tis in waters deep to dwell.

"Come forth, fair GALATE! and once got out, forget thee well
(As I do, sitting on this rock) home to return again!
But feed my sheep with me, and for to milk them take the pain!
And cheese to press, and in the milk the rennet sharp to strain!
My mother only wrongeth me; and her I blame, for she
Spake never yet to thee one good, or lovely, word of me:
And that, although she daily sees how I away do pine.
But I will say, 'My head and feet do ache,' that she may whine,

And sorrow at the heart: because my heart with grief is swoll'n.

"O CYCLOPS, CYCLOPS! whither is thy wit and reason flown?
If thou would'st baskets make; and cut down brouzing from the tree,
And bring it to thy lambs, a great deal wiser thou should'st be!
Go, coy some present Nymph! Why dost thou follow flying wind?
Perhaps another GALATE, and fairer, thou shalt find!
For many Maidens in the evening tide with me will play,
And all do sweetly laugh, when I stand heark'ning what they say:
And I somebody seem, and in the earth do bear a sway."

Thus POLYPHEMUS singing, fed his raging love of old;
Wherein he sweeter did, than had he sent her sums of gold.

POLYPHEM's Emblem.

Ubi Dictamum inveniam?

THE SIXTEENTH IDILLION.

Argument.

The style of this Poem is more lofty than any of the rest, and THEOCRITUS wrote it to HIERO, King of Syracuse in Sicily. Wherein he reproveth the nigardise of Princes and Great Men towards the Learned, and namely [*especially*] Poets: in whose power it is to make men famous to all posterity. Towards the end, he praiseth HIERO; and prayeth that Sicily may be delivered by his prowess from the invasions of the Carthaginians. This Idillion is named HIERO in respect of the person to whom it was written; or *Charites*, that is, "Graces," in respect of the matter whereof it treateth.

CHARITES, or HIERO.



OETS have still this care, and still the Muses have this care;
To magnify the gods with Songs, and men that worthy are.
The Muses they are goddesses, and gods with praise they crown;
But we are mortal men, and mortal men let us renown!
But who, of all the men under the cope of heaven that dwell,
By opening of his doors, our Graces entertains so well
That unrewarded quite he doth not send them back again?
They in a chafe, all barefoot, home to me return with pain:
And me they greatly blame, &c. That they went for nought they grudge;
And all too weary, in the bottom of an empty hutch,
Laying their heads upon their knees full cold, they still remain:
Where they do poorly dwell, because they home returned in vain.

Of all that living are, who loves a man that speaketh well?
I know not one. For now a days for deeds that do excel
Men care not to be praised: but all are overcome with gain.
For every man looks round, with hand in bosom, whence amain
Coin he may get: whose rust rubbed off, he will not give again.
But straightway thus he says, "The leg is further than the knee,
Let me have gold enough; the gods to Poets pay their fee!"
Who would another hear, "Enough for all, one HOMER is;
Of poets he is Prince: yet gets he nought of me iwis!"

Madmen, what gain is this, to hoard up bags of gold within?
This is not money's use, nor hath to wise men ever been!
But part is due unto ourselves, part to the Poet's pen;
And many kinsfolk must be pleasured, and many men:
And often to the gods thou must do solemn sacrifice.
Nor must thou keep a sparing house: but when, in friendly wise,
Thou hast receivèd strangers at thy board; when they will thence,
Let them depart! But chiefly Poets must thou reverence!
That after thou art hidden in thy grave, thou mayest hear well!
Nor basely mayest thou mourn when thou in Acheron dost dwell!
Like to some ditcher vile, whose hands with work are hard and dry;
Who from his parents poor, bewails his life in beggary.

In King ANTIOCHUS his Court, and King ALEVAS' too
To distribute the monthly bread a many had to do.
The Scopedans had many droves of calves, which in their stalls

'Mong oxen lowed; and shepherds kept, in the Cranonian dales,
Infinite flocks to bear the hospital [*hospitable*] CREONDAN'S charge.
No pleasure should these men enjoy of their expenses large,
When once their souls they had embarked in the Infernal Barge;
But leaving all this wealth behind, in wretched misery
Among the dead, without renown, for ever they should lie:
Had not SIMONIDES the Chian Poet, with his pen
And with his lute of many strings so famous made these men
To all posterity. The very horses were renowned;
Which, from their races swift returned, with olive garlands crowned.
Whoever should have known the Lycian Princes and their race,
Or them of Troy, of CIGNUS [*Cycnus*] with his woman's coloured face:
Had not the Poets sung the famous Wars of them of old?
Nor yet ULYSSES (who, for ten years space on seas was rolled,
By sundry sorts of men; and who at last went down to Hell
As yet alive; and from the CYCLOPS' den escapèd well)
Had got such lasting fame: and drowned should lie in silence deep
Swineherd EUMÆUS, and PHILÆTUS who had to keep
A herd of neat; LAERTES eke himself had been unknown—
If far and wide their names, great HOMER's verses had not blown.

Immortal fame to mortal men, the Muses nine do give:
But dead men's wealth is spent and quite consumed of them that live.
But all one pain[s] it is, to number waves upon the banks,
Whereof great store, the wind from sea doth blow to land in ranks;
Or for to wash a brick with water clear till it be white:

As for to move a man whom avarice doth once delight.
Therefore "Adieu!" to such a one for me! and let him have
Huge silver heaps at will, and more and more still let him crave!
But I, Goodwill of Men, and Honour, will prefer before
A many mules of price, or many horses kept in store.
Therefore I ask, To whom shall I be welcome with my train
Of Muses nine? whose ways are hard, if JOVE guides not the rein.

The heavens yet have not left to roll both months and years on reels;
And many horses yet shall turn about the Chariot's wheels:
The man shall rise that shall have need of me to set him out;
Doing such deeds of arms as AJAX, or ACHILLES stout,
Did in the field of Simois, where ILUS' bones do rest.
And now the Carthaginians, inhabiting the West,
Who in the utmost end of Liby' dwell, in arms are prest:
And now the Syracuseans their spears do carry in rhe rest;
Whose left arms laden are with targets made of willow tree.
'Mongst whom King HIERO, the ancient Worthies' match, I see
In armour shine; whose plume doth overshade his helmet bright.

O JUPITER, and thou MINERVA fierce in fight,
And thou PROSERPINA (who, with thy mother, has renown
By Lysimelia streams, in Ephyra that wealthy town),
Out of our island drive our enemies, our bitter fate,
Along the Sardine sea! that death of friends they may relate
Unto their children and their wives! and that the towns opprest
By enemies, of th'old inhabitants may be possesst!
That they may till the fields! and sheep upon the downs may bleat
By thousands infinite, and fat! and that the herds of neat
As to their stalls they go, may press the ling'ring traveller!
Let grounds be broken up for seed, what time the grasshopper

Watching the shepherds by their flocks, in boughs close singing lies!
And let the spiders spread their slender webs in armories;
So that of War, the very name may not be heard again!

But let the Poets strive, King HIERO's glory for to strain
Beyond the Scythean sea; and far beyond those places where
SEMIRAMIS did build those stately walls, and rule did bear.
'Mongst whom, I will be one: for many other men beside,
JOVE's daughters love; whose study still shall be, both far and wide,
Sicilian Arethusa, with the people, to advance;
And warlike HIERO. Ye Graces! (who keep resiance [*residence*]
In the Thessalian Mount Orchomenus; to Thebes of old
So hateful, though of you beloved) to stay I will be bold,
Where I am bid to come: and I with them will still remain,
That shall invite me to their house, with all my Muses' train.
Nor you, will I forsake! For what to men can lovely be
Without your company? The Graces always be with me!

Emblem.

Si nihil attuleris, ibis HOMERE *foras.*

THE EIGHTEENTH IDILLION.

Argument.

Twelve noble Spartan Virgins are brought in singing, in the evening, at the chamber door of MENELAUS and HELENA on their Wedding Day. And first they prettily jest with the Bridegroom, then they praise HELENA, last they wish them both joy of their marriage. Therefore this Idillion is entitled *HELEN's Epithalamion* that is "HELEN's Wedding Song."

HELEN's Epithalamion.



N Sparta, long ago, where MENELAUS wore the crown,
Twelve noble Virgins, daughters to the greatest in the town,
All dight upon their hair in crowtoe [*hyacinth*] garlands fresh and green,
Danced at the chamber door of HELENA the Queen:
What time this MENELAUS, the younger son of ATREUS,
Did marry with this lovely daughter of Prince TYNDARUS;
And therewithal, at eve, a Wedding Song they jointly sang,
With such a shuffling of their feet that all the palace rang.

"Fair Bridegroom, do you sleep? Hath slumber all your limbs possesst?
What, are you drowsy? or hath wine your body so oppresst
That you are gone to bed? For if you needs would take your rest,
You should have ta'en a season meet. Mean time, till it be day,
Suffer the Bride with us, and with her mother dear, to play!
For, MENELAUS, She, at evening and at morning tide.

From day to day, and year to year, shall be thy loving Bride.

"O happy Bridegroom, sure some honest man did sneeze to thee,
When thou to Sparta came, to meet with such a one as She!
Among the demi-gods thou only art accounted meet
To be the Son-in-law to JOVE! for underneath one sheet
His daughter lies with thee! Of all that tread on ground with feet
There is not such a one in Greece! Now sure some goodly thing
She will thee bear; if it be like the mother that she bring.

For we, her peers in age, whose course of life is e'en the same;
Who, at Eurotas' streams, like men, are oilèd to the game:
And four times sixty Maids, of all the women youth we are;
Of these none wants a fault, if her with HELEN we compare.
Like as the rising morn shews a grateful lightening,
When sacred night is past; and Winter now lets loose the Spring:
So glittering HELEN shined among her Maids, lusty and tall.
As is the furrow in a field that far outstretcheth all;
Or in a garden is a cypress tree; or in a trace,
A steed of Thessaly; so She to Sparta was a grace.
No damsel with such works as She, her baskets used to fill;
Nor in a divers coloured web, a woof of greater skill
Doth cut off from the loom; nor any hath such Songs and Lays
Unto her dainty harp, in DIAN's and MINERVA's praise,
As HELEN hath: in whose bright eyes all Loves and Graces be.

"O fair, O lovely Maid! a Matron is now made of thee!
But we will, every Spring, unto the leaves in meadow go
To gather garlands sweet; and there, not with a little woe,

Will often think of thee, O HELEN! as the suckling lambs
Desire the strouting bags and presence of their tender dams.
We all betimes for thee, a wreath of melitoe will knit;
And on a shady plane for thee will safely fasten it.
And all betimes for thee, under a shady plane below,
Out of a silver box the sweetest ointment will bestow.
And letters shall be written in the bark that men may see,
And read, DO HUMBLE REVERENCE, FOR I AM HELEN's TREE!

"Sweet Bride, good night! and thou, O happy Bridegroom, now good night!
LATONA send your happy issue! who is most of might
In helping youth; and blissful VENUS send you equal love
Betwixt you both! and JOVE give lasting riches from above,
Which from your noble selves, unto your noble imps may fall!
Sleep on, and breathe into your breasts desires mutual!
But in the morning, wake! Forget it not in any wise!
And we will then return; as soon as any one shall rise
And in the chamber stir, and first of all lift up the head!
HYMEN! O HYMEN! now be gladsome at this marriage bed!"

Emblem.

Usque adeo latet utilitas.

THE TWENTY-FIRST IDILLION.

Argument.

A Neatherd is brought chafing that EUNICA, a Maid of the city, disdained to kiss him. Whereby it is thought that THEOCRITUS seemeth to check them that think this kind of writing in Poetry to be too base and rustical. And therefore this Poem is termed *Neatherd.*

NEATHERD.



UNICA scorned me, when her I would have sweetly kist
And railing at me said, "Go with a mischief, where thou list!
Thinkest thou, a wretched Neatherd, me to kiss! I have no will
After the country guise to smouch! Of city lips I skill!
My lovely mouth, so much as in thy dream, thou shalt not touch!
How dost thou look! How dost thou talk! How play'st thou the slouch!
How daintily thou speak'st! What Courting words thou bringest out!
How soft a beard thou hast! How fair thy locks hang round about!
Thy lips are like a sick man's lips! thy hands, so black they be!
And rankly thou dost smell! Away, lest thou defilest me!"
Having thus said, she spattered on her bosom twice or thrice;
And, still beholding me from top to toe in scornful wise,
She muttered with her lips; and with her eyes she looked aside,
And of her beauty wondrous coy she was; her mouth she wryed,
And proudly mocked me to my face. My blood boiled in each vein,
And red I wox for grief as doth the rose with dewy rain.
Thus leaving me, away she flang! Since when, it vexeth me
That I should be so scorned of such a filthy drab as She.

"Ye shepherds, tell me true, am not I as fair as any swan?
Hath of a sudden any god made me another man?
For well I wot, before a comely grace in me did shine,
Like ivy round about a tree, and decked this beard of mine.
My crispèd locks, like parsley, on my temples wont to spread;
And on my eyebrows black a milk white forehead glisterèd:
More seemly were mine eyes than are MINERVA's eyes, I know.
My mouth for sweetness passèd cheese; and from my mouth did flow
A voice more sweet than honeycombs. Sweet is my Roundelay
When on the whistle, flute, or pipe, or cornet I do play.
And all the women on our hills do say that I am fair,
And all do love me well: but these that breathe the city air
Did never love me yet. And why? The cause is this I know.
That I a Neatherd am. They hear not how in vales below,
Fair BACCHUS kept a herd of beasts. Nor can these nice ones tell
How VENUS, raving for a Neatherd's love, with him did dwell
Upon the hills of Phrygia; and how she loved again
ADONIS in the woods, and mourned in woods when he was slain.
Who was ENDYMION? Was he not a Neatherd? Yet the Moon
Did love this Neatherd so, that, from the heavens descending soon,
She came to Latmos grove where with the dainty lad she lay.
And RHEA, thou a Neatherd dost bewail! and thou, all day,
O mighty JUPITER! but for a shepherd's boy didst stray!
EUNICA only, deigned not a Neatherd for to love:
Better, forsooth, than CYBEL, VENUS, or the Moon above!
And VENUS, thou hereafter must not love thy fair ADONE
In city, nor on hill! but all the night must sleep alone!"

Emblem.

Habitarunt Dii quoque sylvas.

THE THIRTY-FIRST IDILLION.

Argument.

The conceit of this Idillion is very delicate. Wherein it is imagined how VENUS did send for the Boar who in hunting slew ADONIS, a dainty youth whom she loved: and how the Boar answering for himself that he slew him against his will, as being enamoured on him, and thinking only to kiss his naked thigh; she forgave him. The Poet's drift is to shew the power of Love, not only in men, but also in brute beasts: although in the last two verses, by the burning of the Boar's amorous teeth, he intimateth that extravagant and unorderly passions are to be restrained by reason.

ADONIS.



HEN VENUS first did see
ADONIS dead to be;
With woeful tattered hair
And cheeks so wan and scar,
The wingèd Loves she bade,
The Boar should straight be had.
Forthwith like birds they fly,
And through the wood they hie;
The woeful beast they find,
And him with cords they bind.
One with a rope before
Doth lead the captive Boar:
Another on his back
Doth make his bow to crack.
The beast went wretchedly,
For VENUS horribly
He feared; who thus him curst:
"Of all the beasts the worst,
Didst thou this thigh so wound?
Didst thou my Love confound?"

The beast thus spake in fear
"VENUS, to thee I swear!
By thee, and husband thine,
And by these bands of mine,
And by these hunters all,
Thy husband fair and tall,
I mindèd not to kill!
But, as an image still,
I him beheld for love:
Which made me forward shove
His thigh, that naked was;
Thinking to kiss, alas,
And that hath hurt me thus.
"Wherefore these teeth, VENUS!
Or punish, or cut out:
Why bear I in my snout
These needless teeth about!
If these may not suffice;
Cut off my chaps likewise!"
To ruth he VENUS moves,
And she commands the Loves,
His bands for to untie.
After he came not nigh
The wood; but at her will
He followed VENUS still.
And coming to the fire,
He burnt up his desire.

Emblem.

Raris forma viris, secula prospice,
Impunita fuit.

FINIS.

The Spoil of Antwerp.

Faithfully reported by a true Englishman, who was present at the same.

November 1576.

Seen and allowed.

Printed at London by RICHARD JONES.

[The first thing here is to settle the authorship of this anonymous tract; which was also anonymously entered at Stationers' Hall, probably from political reasons. From internal evidence at pp. 149, 155, 161, it is clear that the Writer was *not* one of the Fellowship of the English Merchant Adventurers in Antwerp; but was an Englishman who had arrived in that city on the 22nd October 1576. Who this Writer was would seem to be clearly settled by the following extracts from documents in the State Paper Office, London.

S. P. *Foreign. Eliz.* Vols. 139-140.

915. *GEORGE GASCOIGNE to Lord BURGHLEY.*

From Paris, 15 September 1576.

The troubles and news of Flanders have set all the soldiers of this realm in a triumph. . . .

But now I mean to become an eyed-witness of the stir in Flanders; and from thence your honour shall shortly (GOD willing) hear of me.

951. *GEORGE GASCOIGNE to Lord BURGHLEY.*

From Paris, 7 October 1576.

Whereof I trust shortly to understand more, for to-morrow (GOD willing) I go towards the Low Countries; and mean to spend a month, [or] two, or three, as your Honours shall like, in those parts.

For I mean to spend this winter (or as long as shall be thought meet) in service of my country. I beseech your Honour to confer with Master Secretary [Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM] who can more at large make you privy to my intent.

955. *Sir AMIAS PAULET, Ambassador for England in France, to Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.*

From Paris, 12 October 1576.

Master GASCOIGNE is departed towards Flanders; having prayed me to recommend him unto you by my letters, and also to convey these letters enclosed unto you.

If this GEORGE GASCOIGNE, who, as his handwriting shows, is doubtless the Soldier-Poet, left Paris on the 8th October, he could very well have come to Antwerp, as the Writer of this narrative states, at page 149, he did, by the 22nd of that month.

GASCOIGNE the Poet was a very tall man, so that he was called "long GEORGE." This he seems to refer to at page 155, where he says, "I got up like a tall fellow."

For further confirmation of GASCOIGNE being the Author. see pp. 164-6.

2. The best Plan of Antwerp, about the time of the Spanish Fury, that we have met with, is that of GEORGE BRAUN'S *Civitates Orbis Terrarum*, Vol. I., Plan 17.

3. All the dates in the following narrative are Old Style.

4. It is to be specially noted that Antwerp was a Roman Catholic city that had never, *in the least way possible*, rebelled against PHILIP II.; and that its awful destruction was made, without the least provocation, by the soldiers of its Sovereign, that should have protected it. Its only crime was its great wealth. 5,000 merchants met in its Bourse, or Exchange, every week. It was then the Venice of the North, with about 125,000 inhabitants.

The following extract will explain the general position of affairs in Flanders about this time.

S. P. *Foreign. Eliz.* Vol. 140.

1,021. *Dr* [*THOMAS*] *WILSON* [*Ambassador for England in Flanders*] *to the Privy Council.*

19 November 1576.

And except despair drive the Prince [of ORANGE], I do not think that ever he will yield that to [the Duke of ANJOU, the] Monsieur [of France] which he hath in his power; being now in better case since these late troubles than ever he was before: having Zierikzee and Haarlem again; and Tergoes also, which he never had before.

There are in the Spaniards' possession, Antwerp; Lierre, 8 English miles from thence; [Den]dermonde, 18 miles distant; and Maestricht, 50 miles distant; and more they have not in their power. . . .

The States, so far as I can understand, have none other intention, but that the Spaniards may be sent out of the country; and then they offer to live in all obedience to their King and Sovereign. The Spaniards will not depart except the King expressly command them. In the mean season, they do mind nothing but spoil and ravin.]

(*Continued at page* 164.)

[The following Preface occurs in the Bodleian copy of this Tract.]

To the Reader.



SHALL earnestly require thee, gentle Reader, to correct the errors passed and escaped in printing of this pamphlet according to this Table.*

And furthermore to understand that this victory was obtained with loss of but five hundred Spaniards, or six [hundred] at the most; of whom I heard no man of name recounted [as killed] saving only Don EMANUEL.

Thus much, for haste, I had forgotten in this treaty [*treatise*]; and therefore thought meet to place it here in the beginning. And therewithal to advertise thee, that these outrages and disordered cruelties done to our Nation proceeded but from the common soldiers: neither was there any of the Twelve which entered the English House [*see pp.* 161, 164], a man of any charge or reputation. So that I hope, these extremities notwithstanding, the King their master will take such good order for redress thereof as our countrymen, in the end, shall rest satisfied with reason; and the amity between our most gracious Sovereign and him shall remain also firm and unviolate: the which I pray GOD speedily to grant for the benefit of this realm. Amen.

* The necessary corrections have been herein made.—E. A.

The Spoil of Antwerp.



INCE my hap was to be present at so pitcous a spectacle as the Sacking and Spoil of Antwerp, a lamentable example which hath already filled all Europe with dreadful news of great calamity, I have thought good, for the benefit of my country, to publish a true report thereof. The which may as well serve for profitable example unto all estates of such condition[s] as suffered in the same: as also answer all honest expectations with a mean truth set down between the extreme surmises of sundry doubtful minds; and increased by the manifold light tales which have been engendered by fearful or affectionate [*prejudiced*] rehearsals.

And therewithal if the wickedness used in the said town do seem unto the well disposed Reader, a sufficient cause of GOD's so just a scourge and plague; and yet the fury of the vanquishers do also seem more barbarous and cruel than may become a good Christian conqueror: let these my few words become a forewarning on both hands; and let them stand as a lantern of light between two perilous rocks; that both amending the one, and detesting the other, we may gather fire out of the flint and honey out of the thistle.

To that end, all stories and Chronicles are written; and to that end I presume to publish this Pamphlet; protesting that neither malice to the one side, nor partial affection to the other, shall make my pen to swerve any iote [*jot* or *iota*] from truth of that which I will set down, and saw executed.

For if I were disposed to write maliciously against the vanquishers: their former barbarous cruelty, insolences, rapes, spoils, incests, and sacrileges committed in sundry other places, might yield me sufficient matter without the lawful remembrance of this their late Stratagem. Or if I would

undertake to move a general compassion by blazing abroad the miseries and calamities of the vanquished: their long sustained injuries and yokes of untollerable bondage, their continual broils in war, their doubtful dreads in peace, their accusations without cause, and condemnations without proof, might enable a dumb stone to talk of their troubles, and fetch brinish tears out of the most craggy rock to lament and bewail the burning houses of so near neighbours.

But as I said before, mine only intent is to set down a plain truth, for the satisfying of such as have hitherto been carried about with doubtful reports; and for a profitable example unto all such as, being subject to like imperfections, might fall thereby into the like calamities.

And to make the matter more perspicuous; I must derive the beginning of this Discourse a little beyond the beginning of the Massacre: that the cause being partially opened, the effect may be the more plainly seen.

It is then to be understood that the Sacking and Spoil of Antwerp hath been, by all likelihood, long pretended [*designed*] by the Spaniards: and that they have done nothing else but lie in wait continually, to find any least quarrel to put the same in execution. For proof whereof, their notable Rebellion and Mutiny began in the same [city, on 26th April 1574]; when their watch-word was *Fuora villiacco!* [This is apparently old Spanish for *Out with the townsfolk!*] might sufficiently bewray their malicious and cruel intent. And though it were then smoothly coloured over [*explained away*] and subtilly appeased by the crafty devisers of the same: yet the coals of the choler, being but raked up in the embers of false semblance, have now found out the wicked winds of wiliness and wrath; which meeting together have kindled such a flame as gave open way to their detestable devices.

For the Estates of the Low Countries, being over-wearied with the intolerable burden of their tyrannies; and having taken arms to withstand their malice and rebellious mutinies: the town of Antwerp, being left open and subject unto the Citadel, did yet remain quiet; and entered not into any martial action.

Whereat the Spaniards (being much moved; and having not yet opportunity to work their will so colourably [*with a sufficient pretence*] as they wished) bestowed certain cannon shot out of the said Castle, and slew certain innocent souls; with some other small harm and damage done to the edifices: thinking thereby to harden the hearts of the poor Flemings, and to make them take arms for their just defence; whiles they thereby might take occasion to execute their unjust pretence. And this was done on the 19th, or 20th, of October [1576] last.

Now to answer all objections; I doubt not but it will be alleged that the Castle bestowed the said cannon shot at the town; because they of the town did not shoot at the Prince of ORANGE's ships, which lay within sight thereof: but alas it is easy to find a staff when a man would beat a dog.

For the truth is, that those ships did no greater hurt either to the town or Castle than friendly to waft up [*convoy*] all manner of grain and victuals for the sustenance of the said town: which even then began to want such provisions by reason that the said Spaniards had built a Fort on [the] Flanders side upon the same river [*the Scheldt*]; and thereby stopped all such as brought victual to the said town; burning and destroying the country near adjoining, and using all terror to the poor people, to the intent that Antwerp might lack provision[s].

And about the same time also, the Spaniards cut off a bridge, which was the open passage between Antwerp and Machlen [*Malines*], at a village called Walem [*Waelhem*] A manifest proof of their plain intent to distress the said town, and to shut up the same from the rest of Brabant: since they were walled in with the river on the one side; and on that other the Spanish horsemen occupied all the country, and so terrified the poor people as they durst not bring their commodities to the same.

All this notwithstanding, the chief rulers of the said town of Antwerp appeased the people; and put up [with] these injuries until they might be better able to redress them.

Soon after, the Spaniards, assisted by the treason of certain

High Duches [*Germans*], entered the town of Maestricht upon a sudden; and put the same to sack: killing and destroying great numbers of innocent people therein. A thing to be noted. For that Maestricht had never revolted; but stood quiet under their garrisons, as faithful subjects to their King [PHILIP II]: and the one half thereof pertained also unto the Bishop of LIEGE, who had yet meddled nothing at all in these actions.

The chief rulers and people of Antwerp (perceiving thereby the cruel intent of the Spaniards; and doubting [*fearing*] their Duche [*German*] garrison, which was of the Count OBERSTEIN's Regiment, as they were also which betrayed Maestricht) began to abandon the town, leaving their houses and goods behind them; and sought to withdraw themselves into some place of safer abode.

Whereat the Estates, being moved with compassion, and doubting that the town would shortly be left desolate, levied a Power of 3,000 Footmen and 800 or 1,000 Horsemen [*mostly Walloons and Germans*]; and sent the same, under the conduct of the Marquis D'HAVRÉ, the young Count [PHILIP] D'EGMONT, Monsieur DE CAPRES, Monsieur DE BERSELLE [or BERSELEN], Monsieur DE GOGINES, and other Nobles and Gentlemen, to succour and defend the town of Antwerp against the cruel pretence [*designs*] of the said Spaniards.

And they came before the Gates thereof, on Friday the 2nd of this instant [November 1576], at a Port on the east or south-east side thereof, called Kipdorp Port. Whereat the Spaniards, being enraged, discharged sundry shot of great artillery from the Castle; but to small purpose.

At last, Monsieur [FRÉDÉRIC PERRENOT, Sieur] DE CHAMPAGNEY, who was Governor of the town, and the Count OBERSTEIN, which was Colonel of the garrison, demanded of the States' [troops], Wherefore they approached the town in such order?

Who answered, That they came to enter the same as friends, and to entrench and defend it from the Spaniards: protesting further, That they would offer no manner of violent damage or injury to the persons or goods of any such as inhabited the same.

Hereupon the said Monsieur [the Sieur] DE CHAMPAGNEY

and Count OBERSTEIN went out unto them, and conferred more privately together by the space of one hour: and returned into the town, leaving the Estates' Power at a village called Borgherhout.

On the morrow, being the 3rd of this instant [November 1576], they were permitted to enter, and came into the town: 21 Ensigns of Footmen and 6 Cornets of Horsemen.

Immediately after their entry, the inhabitants brought them sacks of wool and other such provision; wherewith they approached the Yard or plain ground which lieth before the Castle: and, placing the same at the ends of five streets which lie open unto the said Castle Yard [*Esplanade*], entrenched under them with such expedition that in less than five hours those streets' ends were all reasonably well fortified from the Castle, for any sudden [attack].

At this time and twelve days before [*i.e. from 22nd October* 1576], I was in the said town of Antwerp, upon certain private affairs of mine own; so that I was enforced to become an eyed-witness [see page 142] of their Entry [*i.e. of the States' troops*] and all that they did: as also afterwards —for all the Gates were kept fast shut, and I could not depart—to behold the pitiful Stratagem which followed.

The Castle thundered with shot at the town: but it was a very misty day; so that they could neither find their marks very well, not yet see how the streets' ends were entrenched.

It was a strange thing to see the willingness of the inhabitants, and how soon many hands had despatched a very great piece of work. For, before midnight, they had made the trenches as high as the length of a pike; and had begun one trench for a Counterskarf [*Counterscarp*] between all those streets and the Castle Yard: the which they perfected unto the half way from St George's Churchyard unto the water's side by St Michael's; and there left from work, meaning to have perfected it the next day.

That Counterscarf had been to much purpose, if it had been finished: as shall appear by a Model [*Plan*] of the whole place which I have annexed to this treaty [*treatise*]; by

view whereof the skillful Reader may plainly perceive the execution of every particularity.*

These things thus begun and set in forwardness; it is to be noted that the Spaniards (having intelligence of the States' Power, when it set forward from Brussels; and perceiving that it bent towards Antwerp) had sent to Maestricht, Lierre, and Alost to draw all the Power that could be made, unto the Castle of Antwerp. So that on Sunday, the 4th of this instant [November 1576], in the morning, they all met at the said Castle. And their Powers, as far as I could gather, were these:

There came from Maestricht, very near to 1,000 Horsemen, led by ALONZO DE VARGAS who is the General of the Horsemen; and 500 Footmen or more, governed by the Camp Master, FRANCESCO DE VALDEZ.

There came from Lierre, 500 Footmen or more, governed by the Camp Master, JULIANO DE ROMERO.

There came from Alost, 2,000 Footmen, which were the same that rebelled for their pay and other unreasonable demands, immediately after the Winning of Zierikzee [*J. DE RODAS, at page* 168, *states that these* 2,000 *soldiers were* "desperate men."] These had none other conductor than their *Electo* [or *Eletto, i.e., their elected Chief; at this time a man named NAVARETTE*], after the manner of such as mutiny and rebel: but were of sundry Companies, as Don EMANUEL's, and others. Nevertheless I have been so bold in the Model [*Plan*] as to set down the said Don EMANUEL for their leader: both because I think that, their mutiny notwithstanding, he led them at the exploit; and also because he was slain amongst them at their entry.

Thus the number of [the] Spaniards was 4,000 or thereabouts; besides some help that they had of the garrison within the Castle. And besides, 1,000 High Almains [*Germans*] or more; which came from Maestricht, Lierre, and those parts. And they were of three sundry Regiments:

* This Plan of Antwerp at the time of the Spanish Fury, drawn up from the instructions of GEORGE GASCOIGNE, is wanting in every copy of this Narrative that we have met with. We have strenuously searched for it in every direction; but without success. Its disappearance is a great loss.—E.A.

CHARLES FUGGER'S, POLWILLER'S, and FRONDSBERGER'S: but they were led all by CHARLES FUGGER. So that the whole force of the Spaniards and their complices was 5,000 and upwards.

The which assembled and met at the Castle, on the said 4th day [of November 1576], about ten of the clock before dinner: and, as I have heard credibly reported, would neither stay to refresh themselves, having marched all night and the day before; nor yet to confer of anything but only of the order how they should issue and assail: protesting and vowing neither to eat nor drink until they might eat and drink at liberty and pleasure in Antwerp: the which vow they performed, contrary to all men's reason and expectation.

Their order of entry into the Castle Yard [*Esplanade*], and their approach to the trenches I did not see: for I could not get out of the town; neither did I think it reasonable to be *Hospes in aliena republica curiosus.*

Yet, as I heard it rehearsed by sundry of themselves, I will also here rehearse it for a truth:

The Horsemen and Footmen which came from Maestricht and Lierre, came through a village on the east side of the town called Borgerhout about ten of the clock before noon, as beforesaid. The Governor and Estates, being thereof advertised, sent out presently part of their Horsemen and Footmen to discover and take knowledge of them. But before they could issue out of the Gates, the Spaniards were passed on the south-east side of the town ditch, and entered at a Gate which standeth on the Counterscarf of the Castle Yard [*Esplanade*], called the Windmill Port. There entered the Horsemen and all the Footmen; saving the High Almains [*Germans*] who marched round about the Castle, by a village called Kiel; and, trailing their pikes on the ground after them, came in at a small Postern on the Brayes by the river, and on the west side of the Castle.

Those which came from Alost, came through the said village called Kiel, and so, through the Castle, [and] issued out of the same at the Fore Gate, which standeth towards the town.

Being thus passed, and entered into the Castle Yard, about eleven of the clock; they of Alost and of the Castle

cast themselves into four Squadrons; they of Maestricht and Lierre into two Squadrons, and their Horsemen into a Troop behind them; and the High Almains [*Germans*] into a Squadron or Battalion by the river's side.

Being thus ordered, and appointment given where every Squadron should charge and endure; they cast off certain Loose Shot [*Skirmishers*] from every Squadron, and attacked the Scarmouch [? *Piquet*]. The which continued not one hour; before they drew their Squadrons so near unto the Counterscarf and Trenches, that they brake and charged *pell mell.*

The Castle had, all this while, played at the town and trenches with thundering shot: but now, upon a signal given, ceased to shoot any more, for fear to hurt their own men; wherein I noted their good order, which wanted no direction, in their greatest fury.

The Walloons and Almains [*Germans*] which served in the Trenches, defended all this while very stoutly. And the Spaniards with their Almains continued the charge with such valour, that in fine they won the Counterscarf, and presently scaled the Trenches with great fury. The Walloons and Almains, having long resisted without any fresh relief or supply, many of them in this meanwhile being slain and hurt, were not able any longer to repulse the Spaniards: so that they entered the Trenches about twelve of the clock, and presently pursued their victory down every street.

In their chase, as fast as they gained any cross street, they flanked the same with their Musquet[eer]s until they saw no longer resistance of any Power; and they proceeded in chase, executing all such as they overtook. In this good order they charged and entered; in this good order they proceeded; and in as good order, their lackays and pages followed with firebrands and wild fire, setting the houses on fire in every place where their masters had entered.

The Walloons and Almains which were to defend the town [*being chiefly those commanded by the Marquis d'*HAVRÉ] being grown into some security by reason that their Trenches were so high as seemed invincible; and, lacking sufficient generals or directors, were found as far out of order as the

Spaniards were to be honoured for the good order and direction which they kept.

For those which came to supply and relieve the Trenches came straggling and loose. Some came from the furthest side of the town. Some, that were nearer, came very fearfully! and many, out of their lodgings, from drinking and carousing; who would scarcely believe that any conflict was begun, when the Spaniards now met them in the streets to put them out of doubt that they dallied not.

To conclude, their carelessness and lack of foresight was such that they never had a *Corps du Gard* [Block House] to supply and relieve their Trenches; but only one in the Market Place of the town, which was a good quarter of a mile from their fortifications: and that also was of Almains [*Germans commanded by that double-dyed traitor* CORNELIS VAN EINDEN, *or* VAN ENDE]; who, when they spied the Spaniards, did gently kneel down, letting their pikes fall, and crying, *O liebe Spaniarden! O liebe Spaniarden!* ["O dear Spaniards!" *That is,* VAN EINDEN *traitorously joined with the invading Spaniards.*]

Now I have set down the order of their entry, approach, charge, and assault, together with their proceeding in victory; and that by credible report, both of the Spaniards themselves and of others who served in their company: let me also say a little of that which I saw executed.

I was lodged in the English House, *ut supra*: and had not gone abroad that morning by reason of weighty business which I had in hand the same day. At dinner time [*which was then about* 11 *a.m.*], the Merchantmen of my country, which came out of the town and dined in my chamber, told me, That a hot scarmouch [*skirmish*] was begun in the Castle Yard, and that the fury thereof still increased, About the midst of dinner, news came, That the shot was so thick, as neither ground, houses, nor people could be discerned for the smoke thereof: and before dinner were fully ended, That the Spaniards were like[ly] to win the Trenches.

Whereat I stept from the table, and went hastily up into

a high tower of the said English House: from whence I might discover fire in four or five places of the town towards the Castle Yard; and thereby I was well assured that the Spaniards indeed were entered within the Trenches.

So that I came down, and took my cloak and sword, to see the certainty thereof: and as I passed towards the Bourse [*Exchange*] I met many; but I overtook none. And those which I met were no townsmen, but soldiers; nether walked they as men which use traffic, but ran as men which are in fear.

Whereat, being somewhat grieved, and seeing the townsmen stand every man before his door with such weapons as they had; I demanded of one of them, What it meant?

Who answered me in these words, *Hélas, Monsieur, il n'y a point d'ordre; et voilà la ruine de cette ville!* [Alas, Sir, there is no order; and behold the ruin of this town!]

Ayez courage, mon ami! [Have courage, my friend!], quoth I; and so went onwards yet towards the Bourse: meeting all the way more and more [of those] which mended their pace.

At last, a Walloon Trumpeter on horseback, who seemed to be but a boy of years, drew his sword, and laid about him, crying *Où est ce que vous enfuyez, canaille? Faisons tête, pour l'honeur de la patrie!* [Where are you flying to, rascals? Make head, for the honour of our country!] Wherewith fifty or threescore of them turned head, and went backwards towards the Bourse.

The which encouraged me, *par compagnie*, to proceed.

But alas, this comfort endured but a while. For by that time I came on the farther side of the Bourse, I might see a great troop coming in greater haste, with their heads as close together as a school of young fry or a flock of sheep; who met me, on the farther side of the Bourse, towards the Market Place: and, having their leaders foremost (for I knew them by their javelins, boar spears, and staves), [they] bare me over backwards; and ran over my belly and my face, [a] long time before I could recover on foot.

At last, when I was up, I looked on every side, and seeing them run so fast, began thus to bethink me, "What,

in God's name, do I hear? which have no interest in this action; since they who came to defend this town are content to leave it at large, and shift for themselves."

And whilst I stood thus musing, another flock of flyers came so fast that they bare me on my nose, and ran as many over my back, as erst had marched over my stomach. In fine, I got up like a tall fellow; and went with them for company: but their haste was such as I could never overtake them until I came at a broad cross street, which lieth between the English House and the said Bourse.

There I overtook some of them grovelling on the ground, and groaning for the last gasp; and some others which turned backwards to avoid the tickling of the Spanish Musquets [*Musketeers*]: who had gotten the ends of the said broad cross street, and flanked it both ways. And there I stayed a while till, hearing the shot increase and fearing to be surprised with such as might follow in tail of us; I gave adventure to pass through the said cross street: and, without vaunt be it spoken, passed through five hundred shots before I could recover the English House.

At my coming thither, I found many of the Merchants standing before the gate: whom I would not discomfort nor dismay but said, That the Spaniards had once entered the town, and that I hoped they were gone back again.

Nevertheless I went to the Governor: and privily persuaded him to draw in the company; and to shut up the gates.

The which he consented unto: and desired me, because I was somewhat better acquainted with such matters than the Merchants, to take charge of the key.

I took it willingly, but before I could well shut and bar the gate, the Spaniards were now come forwards into the same street; and passing by the door, called to come in; bestowing five or six musquet shot at the gate, where I answered them; whereof one came very near my nose, and piercing through the gate, strake one of the Merchants on the head, without any great or dangerous

hurt. But the heat of the pursuit was yet such, that they could not attend the spoil; but passed on in chase to the New Town, where they slew infinite numbers of people: and, by three of the clock, or before, returned victors; having slain, or put to flight, all their enemies.

And now, to keep promise and to speak without partiality, I must needs confess that it was the greatest victory, and the roundliest executed, that hath been seen, read, or heard of, in our Age: and that it was a thing miraculous to consider how Trenches of such a height should be entered, passed over, and won, both by Footmen and Horsemen.

For immediately after that the Footmen were gotten in, the Horsemen found means to follow: and being, many of them, Harquebussiers on horseback, did pass by their own Footmen in the streets; and much hastened both the flight of the Walloons, and made the way opener unto speedy executioners.

But whosoever will therein most extoll the Spaniards for their valour and order, must therewith confess that it was the very ordinance of GOD for a just plague and scourge unto the town. For otherwise it passeth all men's capacity to conceive how it should be possible.

And yet the disorder and lack of foresight in the Walloons did great[ly] help to augment the Spanish glory and boast.

To conclude. The Count D'OBERSTEIN was drowned in the New Town. The Marquis D'HAVRÉ and [Sieur DE] CHAMPAGNEY escaped out of the said New Town, and recovered the Prince of ORANGE's ships.

Only the young Count [PHILIP] of EGMONT was taken, fighting by St Michael's. Monsieur DE CAPRES and Monsieur DE GOGINES were also taken. But I heard of none that fought stoutly, saving only the said Count of EGMONT; whom the Colonel VERDUGO, a Spaniard of an honourable compassion and good mind, did save: with great danger to himself in defending the Count.

In this conflict there were slain 600 Spaniards, or thereabouts. And on the Thursday next following [8th November 1576], a view of the dead bodies in the town being taken, it was esteemed at 17,000 men, women, and children. [*This would be apart from those drowned in the Scheldt.*] A pitiful massacre, though GOD gave victory to the Spaniards.

And surely, as their valiance was to be much commended; so yet I can much discommend their barbarous cruelty in many respects. For methinks that as when GOD giveth abundance of wealth, the owner ought yet to have regard on whom he bestow it: even so, when GOD giveth a great and miraculous victory, the conquerors ought to have great regard unto their execution. And though some, which favour the Spanish faction, will alledge sundry reasons to the contrary: yet, when the blood is cold and the fury over, methinks that a true Christian heart should stand content with victory; and refrain to provoke GOD's wrath by [the] shedding of innocent blood.

These things I rehearse the rather, because they neither spared *Age nor Sex, Time nor Place, Person nor Country, Professson nor Religion, Young nor Old, Rich nor Poor, Strong nor Feeble:* but, without any mercy, did tyrannously triumph, when there was neither man nor means to resist them.

For *Age and Sex, Young and Old;* they slew great numbers of young children; but many more women more than four score years of age.

For *Time and Place;* their fury was as great ten days after the victory, as at the time of their entry; and as great respect they had to the Church and Churchyard, for all their hypocritical boasting of the Catholic Religion, as the butcher had to his shambles or slaughter house.

For *Person and Country*, they spared neither friend nor foe, Portugese nor Turk.

For *Profession and Religion*, the Jesuits must give their ready coin; and all other Religious Houses, both coin and plate: with all short ends that were good and portable.

The *Rich* was spoiled because he had; and the *Poor* were hanged because they had nothing. Neither *Strength* could prevail to make resistance, nor *Weakness* move pity for to refrain their horrible cruelty.

And this was not only done when the chase was hot; but, as I erst said, when the blood was cold; and they [were] now victors without resistance.

I refrain to rehearse the heaps of dead carcases which lay at every Trench where they entered; the thickness whereof did in many places exceed the height of a man.

I forbear also to recount the huge numbers drowned in the New Town: where a man might behold as many sundry shapes and forms of man's motion at [the] time of death as ever MICHAEL ANGELO did portray in his Tables of Doomsday [*Picture of the Last Judgment*].

I list not to reckon the infinite number of poor Almains [*Germans*], who lay burned in their armour. Some [with] the entrails scorched out, and all the rest of the body free. Some [with] their head and shoulders burnt off; so that you might look down into the bulk and breast, and there take an anatomy of the secrets of Nature. Some [were] standing upon their waist; being burnt off by the thighs. And some no more but the very top of the brain taken off with fire; whiles the rest of the body did abide unspeakable torments.

I set not down the ugly and filthy polluting of every street with the gore and carcases of horses; neither do I complain that the one lacked burial, and the other flaying, until the air, corrupted with their carion, infected all that yet remained alive in the town.

And why should I describe the particularity of every such annoyance as commonly happens both in camps and castles where martial feats are managed?

But I may not pass over with silence the wilful burning and destroying of the stately Town House, and all the muniments and records of the city: neither can I refrain to tell their shameful rapes and outrageous forces presented unto sundry honest dames and virgins.

It is also a ruthful remembrance, that a poor English

Merchant, who was but a servant, having once redeemed his master's goods for 300 crowns, was yet hanged until he were half dead, because he had not 200 more to give them. And the halter being cut down, and he come to himself again; [he] besought them on knees, with bitter tears, to give him leave to seek and try his credit and friends in the town, for the rest of their unreasonable demand. At his return, because he sped not, as indeed no money was then to be had, they hung him again outright: and afterwards, of exceeding courtesy, procured the Friars Minor to bury him.

To conclude. Of the 17,000 carcases which were viewed on the Thursday: I think, in conscience, 5,000, or few less, were massacred after their victory; because they had not ready money wherewith to ransom their goods at such prices as they pleased to set on them. At least, all the World will bear me witness, that ten days after, whosoever was but pointed at, and named to be a Walloon, was immediately massacred without further audience or trial.

For mine own part, it is well known that I did often escape very narrowly; because I was taken for a Walloon. And on Sunday, the 11th of this instant [November 1576], which was the day before I gat out of the town, I saw three poor souls murdered in my presence, because they were pointed [at] to be Walloons: and it was well proved, immediately [after], that one of them was a poor artificer, who had dwelt in the town eight years before, and [had] never managed arms, but truly followed his occupation.

Furthermore, the seed of these and other barbarous facts brought forth this crop and fruit, That, within three days, Antwerp, which was one of the richest towns in Europe, had now no money nor treasure to be found therein, but only in the hands of murderers and strumpets. For every Don DIEGO must walk, jetting up and down the streets, with his harlot by him, in her chain and bracelets of gold. And the notable Bourse, which was wont to be a safe assembly for merchants and men of all honest trades, had now none other merchandise therein but as many dicing tables as might be placed round about it, all the day long.

Men will boast of the Spaniards, that they are the best and most orderly soldiers in the World: but, sure[ly], if this be their order, I had rather be accounted a *Besoigner* [French for *an indigent beggar*] than a brave soldier in such a Band: neither must we think, although it hath pleased GOD (for some secret cause only known to his divine Majesty) to yield Antwerp and Maestricht thus into their hands; that he will spare to punish this their outrageous cruelty, when his good will and pleasure shall be to do the same. For surely their boasting and bragging of iniquity is over great to escape long unscourged.

I have talked with sundry of them; and demanded, Why they would command that the Town House should be burned?

And their answer was, Because it was the place of assembly where all evil counsels were contrived.

As though it were just that the stocks and stones should suffer for the offence of men. But such is their obstinate mind and arrogancy that, if they might have their will, they would altogether raze and destroy the towns, until no one stone were left upon another. Neither doth their stubborn blindness suffer them to perceive that in so doing they should much endamage the King their Master; whom they boast so faithfully to honour, serve, and obey.

As for the injuries done by them unto our own Nation particularly; I will thus set down as much as I know.

We were quiet in the House appointed for the Mansion of English Merchants, under safe Conduct, Protection, and Placard [*Placcaet=Proclamation*] of their King: having neither meddled any way in these actions; nor by any means assisted the Estates of the country with money, munition, or any kind of aid. Yea, the Governor [THOMAS HETON] and Merchants, foreseeing the danger of the time, had often demanded passport[s] of the King's Governors and Officers to depart.

And all these, with sundry other allegations, we propounded and protested unto them before they entered the English House; desiring to be there protected, according to our Privileges and Grants from the King their Master;

and that they would suffer us there to remain, free from all outrage spoil or ransom, until we might make our estate known unto [SANCHO D' AVILA] the Castellan [of Antwerp Castle] and other Head Officers which served there for the said King.

All which notwithstanding; they threatened to fire the House unless we would open the doors: and, being once suffered to enter, demanded presently the ransom of 12,000 crowns of the Governor. Which sum, being not indeed in the House, neither yet one-third part of the same; they spared not with naked swords and daggers to menace the Governor, and violently to present him death; because he had not wherewith to content their greedy minds.

I will not boast of any help afforded by me in that distress: but I thank the Lord GOD! who made me an instrument to appease their devilish furies. And I think that the Governor and all the Company will confess that I used mine uttermost skill and aid for the safeguard of their lives, as well as [of] mine own.

But in the end, all eloquence notwithstanding; the Governor [THOMAS HETON], being a comely aged man and a person whose hoary hairs might move pity and procure reverence in any good mind; especially the uprightness of his dealing considered: they enforced him, with great danger, to bring forth all the money, plate, and jewels which were in the House; and to prepare the remnant of 12,000 crowns at such days and times as they pleased to appoint.

And of the rest of our Nation, which had their goods remaining in their several packhouses and lodgings elsewhere in the town; they took such pity that four they slew, and divers others they most cruelly and dangerously hurt: spoiling and ransoming them to the uttermost value that might be made, or esteemed, of all their goods. Yea, a certain one, they enforced to ransom his goods twice; yea, thrice: and, all that notwithstanding, took the said goods violently from them at the last.

And all these injuries being opened unto their chief Governors in time convenient; and whiles yet the whole sum, set for [the] several ransoms of our countrymen and the English House in general, were not half paid; so that

justice and good order might partly have qualified the former rigours proferred by the soldiers: the said Governors were as slow and deaf, as the others were quick and light, of hearing to find the bottom of every bag in the town. So that it seemeth they were fully agreed in all things: or, if any contention were, the same was but [a] strife who, or which, of them might do greatest wrongs. Keeping the said Governor and Merchants there still, without grant of passport or safe conduct, when there are scarcely any victuals to be had for any money in the town; nor yet the said Merchants have any money to buy it, where it is. And as for credit; neither credit nor pawn can now find coin in Antwerp.

In these distresses, I left them the 12th of this instant November 1576; when I parted from them: not as one who was hasty to leave and abandon them in such misery; but to solicit their rueful causes here, and to deliver the same unto Her Majesty and [the Privy] Council in such sort as I beheld it there.

And this is, in effect, the whole truth of the Sacking and Spoil of so famous a town. Wherein is to be noted—that the Spaniards and their faction being but 5,000; the Trenches made against them of such height as seemed invincible; the Power within the town, 15,000 or 16,000 able fighting men well armed, I mean the townsmen ready armed being counted: it was charged, entered, and won in three hours; and before six hours passed over, every house therein sacked, or ransomed at the uttermost value.

The which victory (being miraculous and past man's capacity to comprehend how it should be possible) I must needs attribute unto GOD's just wrath poured upon the inhabitants for their iniquity, more than to the manhood and force of the Spaniards. And yet I mean not to rob them of their deserved glory; but to confess that both their order and valour in charging and entering was famous: and had they kept half so good order, or shewed the tenth part of such manly courage, in using their victory and parting of their spoil; I must then needs have said that CÆSAR had never any such soldiers. And this must I needs say for them that, as their continual training in service doth make them expert

in all warlike stratagem[s]; so their daily trade in spoiling hath made them the cunningest ransackers of houses, and the best able to bring a spoil unto a quick market, of any soldiers or master thieves that ever I heard of.

But I leave the scanning of their deeds unto GOD, who will bridle their insolency when he thinketh good and convenient. And let us also learn, out of this rueful tragedy, to detest and avoid those sins and proud enormities which caused the wrath of GOD to be so furiously kindled and bent against the town of Antwerp.

Let us also, if ever we should be driven to like occasion, which GOD forbid! learn to look better about us for good order and direction; the lack whereof was their overthrow. For surely the inhabitants lacked but good guides and leaders: for (having none other order appointed, but to stand every man armed in readiness before his door) they died there, many of them, fighting manfully; when the Wallooners and High Duches [*Germans*] fled beastly.

Let us also learn to detest the horrible cruelties of the Spaniards, in all executions of warlike stratagems; lest the dishonour of such beastly deeds might bedim the honour wherewith English soldiers have always been endowed in their victories.

And finally let us pray to GOD for grace to amend our lives, and for power and foresight to withstand the malice of our enemies: that remaining and continuing in the peaceable protection of our most gracious Sovereign, we may give Him the glory; and all due and loyal obedience unto Her Majesty, whom GOD now and ever prospect and preserve. Amen.

Written the 25th day of November 1576,
by a true Englishman, who was
present at this piteous Massacre,
ut supra.

(Continued from page 143.)

[5. The following illustrative documents, now in the State Paper Office, London, carry on the story of the Spanish Fury to a somewhat later date.

The spelling of the word GASCON is so important, that we took the opinion of several experts at the State Paper Office upon it. They were all unanimous that the word is written GASCON, and not GASTON as printed in Volume 140 of the *Calendar* of those *Foreign State Papers*. That being so and the Christian name being given as GEORGE: it is clear that THOMAS HETON, in the flurry in which he wrote the *Memorial* from the Company, wrote GEORGE GASCON phonetically for GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

6. The next two documents are the letters which the Soldier-Poet brought to England, when he got out of Antwerp on 12th November 1576, as stated at page 162.

S. P. *Foreign. Eliz.* Vol. 140.

1,009. *THOMAS HETON to Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.*

From Antwerp, 10 November 1576.

Right Honourable, the 3rd of this month the States' men, Horsemen and Footmen, entered this town with consent: and on the morrow, which was Sunday the 4th of this present, the Spaniards with certain Almains, out of the Castle, entered the town and drave away the States' Power and they fled as they could: the town [being] put to sack, with a pitiful slaughter and a miserable spoil.

Our House [was] entered by Twelve Spaniards, soldiers, who put me and the rest of the Company in great fear. We were put to ransom first at 12,000 crowns; and since it it is grown one way and [an]other to 3,000 more: and what the Company have lost, that had their chambers and packhouses in the town in burghers' houses, at this present, I know not; but they are spoiled of all.

In the name of the Company there is a letter written to the honourable [Privy] Council of our state [*See next document*] most humbly beseeching that their Honours would be a mean[s] for us to Her Majesty, as to their Honours in this case they shall think good.

If we might have had passport[s] when I revuired it, first of the States, then of Monsieur [DE] CHAMPAGNEY

Governor of this town, and after of the Lords of this town, as both by the Intercourse [of 1507] and Privileges we ought in right to have had; then had we avoided this great peril of life and miserable spoil which we have sustained.

And now I most humbly beseech you to move my good Lords that some [persons and money] may be sent over for our comfort, that we may be permitted to pass out of this town in person, and [also] such goods as we have remaining. For in this town we shall lack both victuals and fuel; and also be daily in fear of the like spoil that we have sustained.

And thus, what for the great peril that I have sustained, and the burden and charge of my Office; I must crave pardon though my writing be not as it should be.

I do perceive they [*the Spaniards*] stand here in doubt how Her Majesty will take this doing to us.

The Lord send me and my wife into England, if it be his good will.

At Antwerp, the 10th of November 1576.

THOMAS HETON.

1,010 *The Merchant Adventurers to the Privy Council.*

From Antwerp, [10] November 1576.

Right Honourable our good and gracious Lords, &c. In all humbleness these are showing to your Honours that in respect of the troubles all over this country, and especially the danger in this town of Antwerp; such of our Society as are here remaining did purpose, and some attempted, to have, in due time, removed from this place both their persons and goods; some by water and some by land, as well towards England as for Duchland [*Germany.*] And being letted [*hindered*] of their purpose and attempts both the ways, and not suffered to pass their goods out of this town; whereupon [they] sought to have had free passage and passport here, according to the Intercourse and Safe Conduct.

But after many delays, from time to time; the 3rd day of this month, our requests were plainly denied, either to be granted, or by writing answered.

So as, the 4th day, we are fallen into great peril of our lives; divers of our Company being hurt, and some slain. And by sacking of this town ever since, we are not only spoiled of our money and goods that were in private houses thereof; but also we are further forced, for ransom and safeguard of our persons and goods within the principal House of our residence here, to answer and content the Spanish soldiers and others who, in the Fury, entered our said House, accounting charges, above the sum of £5,000 Flemish.

Towards furniture [*furnishing*] whereof, we have been constrained to give them all the money and plate that was in our said House; and also to use our credit for so much as we could get besides. And yet all accounted and delivered to them doth not discharge the one half of the sum; and for the rest we have given them Bills payable at a month, and some part at two months: so as now we have not money to provide for our needful sustentation.

Wherefore we most humbly beseech your good Lordships and Honours, of your accustomed clemencies, to have compassion upon us; and to be means to our most gracious Sovereign Lady, the Queen's Majesty, that speedy order may be given for our relief, and release out of this place: where presently [*at present*] we are void of money and credit; and shortly are like[ly] to be void of sustenance, and not able to get it for money.

The discourse of these tragedies we omit, and refer the same to be reported to your Lordships by this bringer, Master GEORGE GASCON; whose humanity, in this time of trouble, we, for our parts, have experimented.

And so leaving the further and due consideration of our case unto your Right Honourable wisdoms and clemencies; we beseech Almighty GOD to preserve your good Lordships and Honours in long health and felicity.

Written at Antwerp, this [10th] day of November 1576.

By your Lordships' and Honours'
Most bound and obedient,
The Governor and Fellowship of the
English Merchant Adventurers in Antwerp,
THOMAS HETON.

7. In 1602, an anonymously written Play, based on this Narrative, was published in London, under the title, *A larum for London, or the Siege of Antwerp*, in 4to.

8. Five days after GASCOIGNE got out of Antwerp; the English Ambassador was there. No doubt he helped our Merchant Adventurers in their dire extremity.

JERONIMO DE RODAS, or RODA, was the supreme villain in command of the troops that had sacked the town; as SANCHO D'AVILA was in charge of Antwerp Castle. Doctor WILSON thus reports a conversation that he had with RODAS on the 17th November 1576, thirteen days after the massacre began. This gives us the Spanish view of the matter; and also such miserable excuse as they could possibly offer for their villany, which however is no excuse at all.

We must remember that it would be the Ambassador's policy to keep fair with RODAS, who was master of the situation for the moment.

S. P. *Foreign. Eliz.* Vol. 140.

1,021. *Dr THOMAS WILSON to the Privy Council.*

19 November 1576.

And now, if it please your Honours, I am to declare my coming to RODAS, who did send unto me a Safe Conduct for me and mine, upon a letter that I did write to him from Ghent the 10th of this month: and the 17th of the same, I did speak with him; immediately after my coming to Antwerp.

And, delivering my Letters of Credit, [I] made him acquainted with all that I did at Brussels; and that my coming [to Flanders] was for the King's benefit and honour: assuring him that if either the Estates would alienate this country [of Flanders] to any foreign Prince, or would convert it to themselves in prejudice of the King [PHILIP II.]; Her Majesty would employ all her force to withstand such attempts.

These speeches he liked very well: and was persuaded, even by plain demonstration before my departure, that my coming was to none other end; as it was not indeed.

Hereupon he declared unto me at large, the whole doings at Brussels, the Mutinies made by the Spaniards at Alost and elsewhere after their victory had at Zierikzee; and blamed greatly the young heads at Brussels, and the fury of the people to use the King's Council, and to break up the door of his Palace, in such sort as they did: [*RODAS was very nearly made prisoner in the Palace at Brussels*

on 5th September 1576, by the Seigneur DE HÈZE:] clearing the Council from all intention of evil to the town, or people, of Brussels; making a very great discourse unto me of this matter.

"Well," quoth I, "you are well revenged of the people by your late victory here in Antwerp; which hath been very bloody."

"Can you blame us?" quoth he. "Is it not natural to withstand force with force; and to kill rather than to be killed? and not to lose the King's piece committed to our charge?"

All this I granted: and praised the Spaniards for their valiant courage; that, being so few, could, with policy and manhood, overcome so many.

"But now," quoth I, "I pray you give me leave to speak a little. After you were lords of the town—which you got wholly and quietly within two hours after your issuing forth—what did you mean, to continue still killing, without mercy, people of all sorts that did bear no armour at all; and to murder them in their houses? to fire the chiefest and fairest part of the city, after you were in full and quiet possession of all? And not contented to spoil the whole town, but to ransom those that were spoiled? And to spare no Nation: although they did bear no arms at all; nor yet were dealers in any practice at all against the King's Ministers, or the Spaniards?"

His answer was, That the fury of the soldiers could not be stayed: and that it grieved him much when the city was on fire; and [that there] was no sparing to kill, when all were conquered. The soldiers of Alost were adventurers, had no Captains, desperate persons: and would not be ruled by any Proclamation or commandment that could be given or made.

"Well," quoth I, "if the Fury could not be stayed; yet the Ransoming might be forbidden; which is an act against the Law of all Nations." And therefore I required him, in the name of the Queen's Majesty, to command restitution to be made to the English Nation. . . .

To conclude, he told me, That he would be glad to do what he might for restitution; but he thought it would be hard. For that which is to be paid with Bills, which for the

Company amounteth to 5,000 crowns, at the month's end: the same [Bills], he saith, shall be discharged; and the bonds cancelled. Further he hath promised to grant a Safe Conduct for all English Merchants to go (with their goods remaining, ships, and merchandizes), without danger, withersoever they will: not aiding, or abetting, the King's enemies.

9. We next give the opinion of the Sieur DE CHAMPAGNEY as to how the massacre came about.

In the following January, he was in England: and then presented a long Memorial in French, to our Privy Council; in which occurs the following reference to the Spanish Fury.

S. P. *Foreign. Eliz.* Vol. 142.

1,029. *The Sieur DE CHAPAGNEY's Declaration.*

At London, in January 1577.

That he undertook the Government of Antwerp most unwillingly, at the express desire and command of the King of Spain. That, during his Government, he did all in his power to restrain the excesses of the Spaniards in the Citadel; so far as to incur their odium and hatred. That he was unable to prevent the sack of the town, owing to the treachery of the Almain Colonels [*VAN EINDEN &c.*] of the only troops under his command; who would not suffer the burghers to arm in their defence.

10. EDWARD GRIMESTON, in his *General History of the Netherlands to* 1608 (which is mainly based on J. F. LE PETIT's *Chronique*, printed at Dordrecht in 1601) gives the following account of the destruction of Antwerp Castle, which had been built by the Duke of ALVA.

The inhabitants of Antwerp being still in fear, by reason of their Castle, so long as the war was thus wavering, fearing they should be, at some time, again surprised (terming it a den of thieves, an invention of men full of cruelty, a nest of tyranny, a receptacle of all filthy villany abomination and wickedness) obtained leave of the States to dismantle it towards the town.

The which the burghers began the 28th of August [1577],

with such spleen as there was neither great nor small (wives children, gentlewomen, and burghers; and all in general) but would pull down a piece of it; men, women, and servants going thither, with their Ensigns displayed, having many victuallers on the plain before the Castle [*the Esplanade*]; so as it seemed a camp. And although the masons' work was great, strong, and thick; yet were they not long in beating it down on that side.

Soon after, in imitation of that of Antwerp, followed the dismantling of the Castles of Ghent, Utrecht, Valenciennes, Bethune, Lille, Aire, and others; and the Citadel of Arras was laid open towards the town. p. 647.]

CHLORIS,

or

The Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd.

By WILLIAM SMITH.



Imprinted at London,
by EDMUND BOLLIFANT.
1596.

To the most excellent and learned
Shepherd COLIN CLOUT
[i.e. EDMUND SPENSER].



OLIN, my dear and most entire beloved,
My Muse audacious stoops her pitch to thee!
Desiring that thy patience be not moved
By these rude lines, written here you see.
Fain would my Muse, whom cruel Love hath wronged,
Shroud her love-labours under thy protection!
And I myself, with ardent zeal, have longed
That thou mightst know, to thee my true affection.
Therefore, good COLIN, graciously accept
A few sad Sonnets which my Muse hath framed:
Though they but newly from the shell are crept,
Suffer them not by envy to be blamed!
But, underneath the shadow of thy wings,
Give warmth to these young-hatchèd orphan things!

Give warmth to these young-hatchèd orphan things!
Which, chill with cold, to thee for succour creep.
They of my study are the budding springs:
Longer I cannot them in silence keep.
They will be gadding! sore against my mind.
But, courteous Shepherd, if they run astray,
Conduct them, that they may the pathway find:
And teach them how the Mean observe they may!
Thou shalt them ken by their discording notes!
Their weeds are plain, such as poor shepherds wear;
Unshapen, torn, and ragged are their coats:
Yet forth they wandering are, devoid of fear.
They which have tasted of the Muses' spring,
I hope, will smile upon the tunes they sing.

W. SMITH.

FINIS.

To all Shepherds in general.



Ou whom the World admires for rarest style,
You which have sung the Sonnets of True Love,
Upon my maiden verse with favour smile!
Whose weak-penned Muse, to fly too soon doth prove:
Before her feathers have their full perfection,
She soars aloft, pricked on by blind affection.

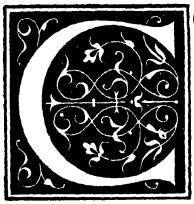
You whose deep wits, ingine, and industry,
The everlasting palm of praise have won!
You paragons of learned Poesy
Favour these mists! which fall before you sun:
Intentions leading to a more effect,
If you them grace but with your mild aspect.

And Thou, the Genius of my ill tuned note!
Whose beauty urgèd hath my rustic vein,
Through mighty oceans of despair to float;
That I in rhyme thy cruelty complain:
Vouchsafe to read these lines both harsh and bad!
Nuntiates of Woe, with sorrow being clad.

W. Smith.

CHLORIS.

SONNET I.



OURTEOUS CALLIOPE, vouchsafe to lend
Thy helping hand to my untunèd Song!
And grace these Lines, which I to write pretend,
Compelled by love which doth poor CORIN wrong.
And those, thy sacred Sisters, I beseech,
Which on Parnassus' Mount do ever dwell,
To shield my country Muse and rural speech
By their divine authority and spell.
Lastly to thee, O PAN, the shepherds' King;
And you swift footed Dryades, I call!
Attend to hear a swain in verse to sing
Sonnets of her that keeps his heart in thrall!
O CHLORIS, weigh the task I undertake!
Thy beauty, subject of my Song I make.

SONNET II.



HY beauty, subject of my Song I make;
O fairest Fair! on whom depends my life:
Refuse not then the task I undertake
To please thy rage, and to appease my strife!
But with one smile remunerate my toil;
None other guerdon I, of thee desire.
Give not my lowly Muse new-hatched the foil,
But warmth; that she may at the length aspire
Unto the temples of thy star-bright Eyes;
Upon whose round orbs perfect Beauty sits:
From whence such glorious crystal Beams arise
As best my CHLORIS' seemly Face befits.
Which Eyes, which Beauty, which bright crystal Beam,
Which Face of thine, hath made my love extreme.

SONNET III.

FEED, silly sheep! although your keeper pineth;
Yet, like to TANTALUS, doth see his food.
Skip you and leap! now bright APOLLO shineth
Whilst I bewail my sorrows in yon wood:
Where woeful PHILOMELA doth record
(And sings with notes of sad and dire lament),
The tragedy wrought by her sister's Lord.
I'll bear a part in her black discontent!
That pipe, which erst was wont to make you glee,
Upon these downs whereon you careless graze,
Shall to her mournful music tunèd be!
Let not my plaints, poor lambkins, you amaze!
There, underneath that dark and dusky bower,
Whole showers of Tears to CHLORIS I will pour!

SONNET IV.

WHOLE showers of Tears to CHLORIS I will pour
As true oblations of my sincere love.
If that will not suffice, most fairest Flower!
Then shall my Sighs, thee to pity move.
If neither Tears nor Sighs can ought prevail;
My streaming Blood thine anger shall appease!
This hand of mine by vigour shall assail
To tear my heart asunder, thee to please!
Celestial powers, on you I invocate!
You know the chaste affections of my mind!
I never did my faith yet violate!
Why should my CHLORIS then be so unkind?
That neither Tears, nor Sighs, nor streaming Blood
Can unto mercy move her cruel mood.

SONNET V.



OU Fauns and Silvans, when my CHLORIS brings
Her flocks to water in your pleasant plains,
Solicit her to pity CORIN's stings!
The smart whereof, for her, he still sustains.
For she is ruthless of my woeful song.
My oaten reed she not delights to hear.
O CHLORIS! CHLORIS! CORIN thou dost wrong;
Who loves thee better than his own heart dear.
The flames of Etna are not half so hot
As is the fire which thy disdain hath bred.
Ah, cruel Fates! why do you then besot
Poor CORIN's soul with love? when love is fled!
Either cause cruel CHLORIS to relent,
Or let me die upon the wound she sent!

SONNET VI.



OU lofty Pines, co-partners of my woe,
When CHLORIS sitteth underneath your shade;
To her those sighs and tears, I pray you show,
Whilst you attending, I for her have made.
Whilst you attending droppèd have sweet balm,
In token that you pity my distress:
ZEPHIRUS hath your stately boughs made calm;
Whilst I, to you my sorrows did express.
The neighbour mountains bendèd have their tops,
When they have heard my rueful melody;
And Elves, in rings about me leap and hop,
To frame my passions to their jollity.
Resounding echoes, from their obscure caves
Reiterate what most my fancy craves

SONNET VII.

WHAT need I mourn? seeing PAN, our sacred King,
Was, of that Nymph, fair SYRINX coy, disdained.
The World's great Light, which comforteth each thing,
All comfortless for DAPHNE's sake remained.
If gods can find no help to heal the sore
Made by LOVE's shafts, which pointed are with fire;
Unhappy CORIN, then thy chance deplore!
Since they despair by wanting their desire.
I am not PAN, though I a shepherd be;
Yet is my Love as fair as SYRINX was.
My Song cannot with PHŒBUS's tunes agree;
Yet CHLORIS doth his DAPHNE far surpass.
How much more fair, by so much more unkind
Than SYRINX coy, or DAPHNE, I her find.

SONNET VIII.

NO sooner had fair PHŒBUS trimmed his car,
Being newly arisen from AURORA's bed;
But I, in whom Despair and Hope did war,
My unpenned flock unto the mountains led.
Tripping upon the snow-soft downs I spied
Three Nymphs, more fairer than those Beauties Three
Which did appear to PARIS on Mount Ide.
Coming more near, my goddess I there see.
For She, the field Nymphs oftentimes doth haunt,
To hunt with them the fierce and savage boar:
And having sported, Virelays they chant;
Whilst I, unhappy, helpless cares deplore.
There did I call to her, ah, too unkind!
But tiger-like, of me she had no mind.

SONNET IX.



NTO the fountain, where fair DIANA chaste
The proud ACTEON turnèd to a hart,
I drave my flock that water sweet to taste;
'Cause from the welkin, PHŒBUS 'gan depart.
There did I see the Nymph whom I admire,
Remembering her locks; of which the yellow hue
Made blush the beauties of her curlèd wire,
Which JOVE himself with wonder well might view.
Then red with ire, her tresses she berent;
And weeping hid the beauty of her face:
Whilst I, amazèd at her discontent,
With tears and sighs do humbly sue for grace.
But she, regarding neither tears nor moan,
Flies from the fountain, leaving me alone.

SONNET X.



M I a GORGON? that she doth me fly!
Or was I hatchèd in the river Nile?
Or doth my CHLORIS stand in doubt that I,
With Siren songs, do seek her to beguile?
If any one of these she can object
'Gainst me, which chaste affectèd love protest;
Then might my fortunes by her frowns be checked:
And blameless She from scandal free might rest.
But seeing I am no hideous monster born;
But have that shape which other men do bear:
Which form great JUPITER did never scorn
Amongst his subjects here on earth to wear.
Why should she then that soul with sorrow fill
Which vowèd hath to love and serve her still?

SONNET XI.



ELL me, my dear, what moves thy ruthless mind
To be so cruel, seeing thou art so fair?
Did Nature frame thy beauty so unkind;
Or dost thou scorn to pity my despair?
O no, it was not Nature's ornament,
But wingèd LOVE's impartial cruel wound,
Which in my heart is ever permanent,
Until my CHLORIS makes me whole and sound.
O glorious Love-God, think on my heart's grief!
Let not thy vassal pine through deep disdain!
By wounding CHLORIS, I shall find relief;
If thou impart to her some of my pain.
She doth thy temples and thy shrines abject!
They with AMINTA's flowers by me are decked.

SONNET XII.



EASE eyes to weep, sith none bemoans your weeping!
Leave off, good Muse, to sound the cruel name
Of my love's Queen! which hath my heart in keeping;
Yet of my love doth make a jesting game.
Long hath my sufferance laboured to enforce
One pearl of pity from her pretty eyes;
Whilst I, with restless oceans of remorse,
Bedew the banks where my fair CHLORIS lies,
Where my fair CHLORIS bathes her tender skin;
And doth triumph to see such rivers fall
From those moist springs, which never dry have been
Since she their honour hath detained in thrall.
And still she scorns one favouring smile to show
Unto those waves proceeding from my woe.

A Dream.

SONNET XIII.



HAT time fair TITAN in the zenith sat
And equally the fixèd poles did heat;
When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
And underneath a broad beech took my seat:
The dreaming god, which MORPHEUS Poets call,
Augmenting fuel to my Etna's fire,
With sleep possessing my weak senses all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Methought I saw the Nymph I would embrace,
With arms abroad, coming to me for help:
A lust-led Satyr having her in chase;
Which after her, about the fields, did yelp.
I seeing my Love in perplexed plight,
A sturdy bat from off an oak I reft;
And with the ravisher continued fight
Till breathless I upon the earth him left.
Then when my coy Nymph saw her breathless foe,
With kisses kind she gratifies my pain;
Protesting never rigour more to show.
Happy was I this good hap to obtain.
But drowsy slumbers, flying to their cell,
My sudden joy convertèd was to bale.
My wontèd sorrows still with me do dwell.
I lookèd round about on hill and dale:
But I could neither my fair CHLORIS view;
Not yet the Satyr, which erst while I slew.

SONNET XIV.



OURNFUL AMYNTAS, thou didst pine with care,
Because the Fates, by their untimely doom,
Of life bereft thy loving PHILLIS fair;
When thy love's Spring did first begin to bloom.
My care doth countervail that care of thine;
And yet my CHLORIS draws her angry breath:
My hopes, still hoping, hopeless now repine;
For living, She doth add to me but death.
Thy PHILLIS dying, lovèd thee full dear.
My CHLORIS living, hates poor CORIN's love.
Thus doth my woe as great as thine appear;
Though sundry accents both our sorrows move.
Thy swan-like Song did shew thy dying anguish:
These weeping Truce-men shew I living languish.

SONNET XV.



HESE weeping Truce-men shew I living languish;
My woeful wailings tell my discontent:
Yet CHLORIS nought esteemeth of mine anguish;
My thrilling throbs, her heart cannot relent.
My kids to hear the rhymes and roundelays,
Which I, on wasteful hills, was wont to sing,
Did more delight than lark in summer days:
Whole echo made the neighbour groves to ring.
But now my flock, all drooping, bleats and cries;
Because my Pipe, the author of their sport,
All rent, and torn, and unrespected, lies:
Their lamentations do my cares consort.
They cease to feed, and listen to the plaint;
Which I pour forth unto a cruel Saint.

SONNET XVI.

WHICH I pour forth unto a cruel Saint,
Who merciless my prayers doth attend:
Who tiger-like doth pity my complaint;
And never unto my woes will lend.
But still false hope despairing life deludes;
And tells my fancy I shall grace obtain.
But CHLORIS fair, my orisons concludes
With fearful frowns, presagers of my pain.
Thus do I spend the weary wandering day,
Oppressèd with a chaos of heart's grief:
Thus I consume the obscure night away,
Neglecting sleep which brings all cares relief.
Thus I pass my lingering life in woe:
But when my bliss will come, I do not know!

SONNET XVII.

THE perils which LEANDER took in hand,
Fair HERO's love and favour to obtain;
When, void of fear, securely leaving land,
Through Hellespont he swam to Cestos main:
His dangers should not counterpoise my toil.
If my dear Love would once but pity show,
To quench these flames which in my breast do broil,
Or dry these springs which from mine eyes do flow;
Not only Hellespont, but ocean seas,
For her sweet sake, to ford I would attempt!
So that my travails would her ire appease;
My soul, from thrall and languish to exempt.
O what is't not, poor I, would undertake;
If labour could my peace with CHLORIS make?

SONNET XVIII.



Y Love, I cannot thy rare beauties place
Under those forms which many Writers use.
Some like to stones, compare their Mistress' face.
Some in the name of flowers do love abuse.
Some make their love a goldsmith's shop to be,
Where orient pearls and precious stones abound.
In my conceit these far do disagree
The prefect praise of beauty forth to sound.
O CHLORIS, thou dost imitate thyself!
Self's imitating passeth precious stones
Or all the Eastern Indian golden pelf,
Thy red and white, with purest fair atones,
Matchless for beauty Nature hath thee framed:
Only "unkind" and "cruel" thou art named.

SONNET XIX.



HE Hound, by eating grass, doth find relief:
For, being sick, it is his choicest meat.
The wounded Hart doth ease his pain and grief;
If he, the herb *Dictamion* may eat.
The loathsome Snake renews his sight again,
When he casts off his withered coat and hue.
The sky-bred Eagle fresh age doth obtain
When he, his beak decayèd doth renew.
I worse than these, whose sore no salve can cure;
Whose grief, no herb, nor plant, nor tree can ease:
Remediless, I still must pain endure
Till I, my CHLORIS's furious mood can please.
She, like the scorpion, gave to me a wound;
And, like the scorpion, she must make me sound.

SONNET XX.



E wasteful woods, bear witness of my woe!
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes abound.
Ye, careless birds, my sorrows well do know!
They, in your songs, were wont to make a sound.
Thou, pleasant spring, canst record likewise bear.
Of my designs and sad disparagement!
When thy transparent billows mingled were
With those downfalls which from mine eyes were sent.
The echo of my still-lamenting cries,
From hollow vaults, in treble voice resoundeth;
And then into the empty air it flies,
And back again from whence it came reboundeth.
That Nymph, unto my clamours doth reply,
"Being likewise scorned in love, as well as I."

SONNET XXI.

"



EING likewise scorned in love as well as I"
By that self-loving Boy; which did disdain
To hear her, after him for love to cry:
For which in dens obscure she doth remain.
Yet doth she answer to each speech and word
And renders back the last of what we speak.
But 'specially, if she might have her choice,
She of "Unkindness" would her talk forth break.
She loves to hear of Love's most sacred name;
Although, poor Nymph, in love she was despised:
And ever since she hides her head for shame,
That her true meaning was so lightly prized.
She, pitying me, part of my woes doth hear;
As you, good Shepherds, list'ning now shall hear.

SONNET XXII.

O FAIREST Fair, to thee I make my plaint, my plaint,
To thee from whom my cause of grief
doth spring: doth spring.
Attentive be unto the groans, sweet Saint! sweet Saint!
Which unto thee in doleful tunes I sing. I sing.
My mournful Muse doth always speak
of thee. of thee.
My love is pure, O do not it disdain! disdain!
With bitter sorrow still oppress not me; not me;
But mildly look upon me which complain. which complain.
Kill not my true-affecting thoughts; but
give but give
Such precious balm of comfort to my
heart, my heart,
That casting off despair, in hope to live, hope to live,
I may find help at length to ease my
smart. to ease my smart.
So shall you add such courage to my love, my love,
That fortune false, my faith shall not
remove. shall not remove.

SONNET XXIII.

THE Phœnix fair which rich Arabia breeds,
When wasting time expires her tragedy;
No more on PHŒBUS' radiant rayes she feeds:
But heapeth up great store of spicery;
And on a lofty tow'ring cedar tree,
With heavenly substance, she herself consumes.
From whence she young again appears to be,
Out of the cinders of her peerless plumes.
So I, which long have frièd in love's flame,
The fire, not made of spice, but sighs and tears,
Revive again, in hope Disdain to shame,
And put to flight the author of my fears.
Her eyes revive decaying life in me;
Though they augmentors of my thraldom be.

SONNET XXIV.



HOUGH they augmentors of my ..raldom be:
For her I live, and her I love and none else.
O then, fair eyes, look mildly upon me!
Who poor, despised, forlorn, must live alone else:
And, like AMYNTAS, haunt the desert cells
(And moneyless there breathe out thy cruelty)
Where none but Care and Melancholy dwell.
I, for revenge, to NEMESIS will cry!
If that will not prevail; my wandering ghost,
Which breathless here this love-scorched trunk shall leave,
Shall unto thee, with tragic tidings post!
How thy disdain did life from soul bereave.
Then, all too late, my death thou wilt repent!
When murder's guilt, thy conscience shall torment.

SONNET XXV.



HO doth not know that LOVE is triumphant,
Sitting upon the throne of majesty?
The gods themselves, his cruel darts do daunt:
And he, blind boy, smiles at their misery!
LOVE made great JOVE ofttimes transform his shape.
LOVE made the fierce ALCIDES stoop at last.
ACHILLES, stout and bold, could not escape
The direful doom which LOVE upon him cast.
LOVE made LEANDER pass the dreadful flood,
Which Cestos from Abydos doth divide.
LOVE made a chaos where proud Ilion stood.
Through LOVE the Carthaginian DIDO died.
Thus may we see how LOVE doth rule and reign;
Bringing those under, which his power disdain.

SONNET XXVI.



HOUGH you be fair and beautiful withal;
And I am black, for which you me despise:
Know that your beauty subject is to fall!
Though you esteem it at so high a price.
And time may come when that whereof you boast,
Which is your youth's chief wealth and ornament,
Shall withered be by winter's raging frost;
When beauty's pride and flowering years are spent.
Then wilt thou mourn! when none shall thee respect.
Then wilt thou think how thou hast scorned my tears!
Then, pitiless, each one will thee neglect;
When hoary grey shall dye thy yellow hairs.
Then wilt thou think upon poor CORIN's case!
Who loved thee dear, yet lived in thy disgrace.

SONNET XXVII.



LOVE, leave off with sorrows to torment me!
Let my heart's grief and pining pain content thee!
The breach is made; I give thee leave to enter!
Thee to resist, great god, I dare not venture!
Restless desire doth aggravate my anguish;
Careful conceits do fill my soul with languish:
Be not too cruel, in thy conquest gained!
Thy deadly shafts have victory obtained!
Batter no more my Fort with fierce affection;
But shield me, captive, under thy protection!
[*Two lines wanting.*]
I yield to thee, O LOVE, thou art the stronger!
Raise then thy siege, and trouble me no longer!

SONNET XXVIII.

WHAT cruel star, or fate, had dominion
When I was born? that thus my love is crossed.
Or from what planet had I derivation?
That thus my life in seas of woe is crossed.
Doth any live that ever hath such hap,
That all their actions are of none effect?
Whom Fortune never dandled in her lap;
But, as an abject, still doth me reject.
Ah, fickle Dame! and yet thou constant art
My daily grief and anguish to increase!
And to augment the troubles of my heart;
Thou, of these bonds will never me release!
So that thy darlings, me to be may know,
The true Idea of all Worldly Woe.

SONNET XXIX.

SOME in their hearts, their Mistress's colours bear;
Some hath her gloves; some other hath her garters;
Some in a bracelet wear her golden hair;
And some with kisses seal their loving charters:
But I, which never favour reapèd yet,
Nor had one pleasant look from her fair brow;
Content myself in silent shade to sit,
In hope at length my cares to overplow.
Meanwhile mine eyes shall feed on her fair face!
My sighs shall tell to her my sad designs!
My painful pen shall ever sue for grace!
To help my heart, which languishing now pines.
And I will triumph still amidst my woe,
Till mercy shall my sorrows overflow.

SONNET XXX.



HE raging sea, within his limits lies;
And with an ebb, his flowing doth discharge:
The rivers, when beyond their bounds they rise,
Themselves do empty in the ocean large:
But my love's sea, which never limit keepeth;
Which never ebbs, but always ever floweth,
In liquid salt unto my CHLORIS weepeth;
Yet frustrate are the tears which he bestoweth.
This sea, which first was but a little spring,
Is now so great, and far beyond all reason,
That it a deluge to my thoughts doth bring;
Which overwhelmèd hath my joying season.
So hard and dry is my Saint's cruel mind;
These waves no way in her to sink can find.

SONNET XXXI.



HESE waves no way in her to sink can find;
To penetrate the pith of contemplation.
These tears cannot dissolve her hardened mind,
Nor move her heart on me to take compassion.
O then, poor CORIN, scorned and quite despised,
Loathe now to live! since life procures my woe.
Enough thou hast thy heart anatomised,
For her sweet sake which will no pretty show.
But as cold winter's storms and nipping frosts
Can never change sweet AMARANTHUS' hue;
So, though my love and life by her are crossed,
My heart shall still be constant firm and true!
Although ERINNYES hinder HYMEN's rites,
My fixèd faith against oblivion fights.

SONNET XXXII.

MY fixèd faith against oblivion fights;
And I cannot forget her, pretty Elf!
Although she cruel be unto my plights;
Yet let me rather clean forget myself,
Than her sweet name out of my mind should go:
Which is th' elixir of my pining soul;
From whence the essence of my life doth flow.
Whose beauty rare, my senses all control;
Themselves most happy evermore accounting
That such a Nymph is Queen of their affection:
With ravished rage, they to the skies are mounting;
Esteeming not their thraldom nor subjection.
But still do joy amidst their misery;
With patience bearing LOVE's captivity.

SONNET XXXIII.

WITH patience bearing LOVE's captivity,
Themselves unguilty of his wrath alleging;
These homely Lines, abjects of Poesy,
For liberty and for their ransom pledging:
And being free, they solemnly do vow
Under his banner ever arms to bear
Against those rebels, which do disallow
That Love, of Bliss should be the sovereign Heir.
And CHLORIS, if these weeping Truce-men may
One spark of pity from thine eyes obtain,
In recompense of their sad heavy Lay;
Poor CORIN shall thy faithful friend remain.
And what I say, I ever will approve,
"No joy may be comparèd to thy love!"

SONNET XXXIV.



HE bird of Thrace, which doth bewail her rape
And murdered ITIS eaten by his Sire,
When she her woes in doleful tunes doth shape;
She sets her breast against a thorny briar.
Because care-charmer Sleep should not disturb
The tragic tale which to the night she tells;
She doth her rest and quietness thus curb,
Amongst the groves where secret silence dwells.
Even so I wake; and waking, wail all night.
CHLORIS' unkindness, slumbers doth expel.
I need not thorns, sweet sleep to put to flight.
Her cruelty, my golden rest doth quell:
That day and night to me are only one;
Consumed in woe, in tears, in sighs, and moan.

SONNET XXXV.



IKE to the shipman, in his brittle boat,
Tossed aloft by the unconstant wind;
By dangerous rocks and whirling gulfs doth float,
Hoping, at length, the wishèd Port to find:
So doth my love in stormy billows sail,
And passing the gaping SCYLLA's waves,
In hope at length with CHLORIS to prevail;
And win that prize which most my fancy craves.
Which unto me of value will be more
Than was that rich and wealthy Golden Fleece;
Which JASON stout, from Colchos island bore,
With wind in sails, unto the shore of Greece,
More rich, more rare, more worth her love I prize;
Than all the wealth which under heaven lies.

SONNET XXXVI.



WHAT a wound, and what a deadly stroke,
Doth CUPID give to us, perplexed lovers!
Which cleaves, more fast than ivy doth to oak,
Unto our hearts where he his might discovers.
Though warlike MARS were armèd at all points
With that tried coat which fiery VULCAN made;
LOVE's shafts did penetrate his steelèd joints,
And in his breast in streaming gore did wade.
So pitiless is this fell conqueror,
That in his Mother's paps his arrows stuck!
Such is his rage! that he doth not defer
To wound those orbs, from whence he life did suck.
Then sith no mercy he shews to his mother;
We meekly must his force and rigour smother.

SONNET XXXVII.



ACH beast in field doth wish the morning light.
The birds to HESPER pleasant Lays do sing.
The wanton kids, well fed, rejoice in night;
Being likewise glad when day begins to spring.
But night, nor day, are welcome unto me:
Both can bear witness of my lamentation.
All day, sad sighing CORIN you shall see;
All night he spends in tears and exclamation.
Thus still I live, although I take no rest;
But living look as one that is a dying:
Thus my sad soul, with care and grief opprest,
Seems as a ghost to Styx and Lethe flying.
Thus hath fond love bereft my youthful years
Of all good hap, before old age appears.

SONNET XXXVIII.



HAT day wherein mine eyes cannot her see,
Which is the essence of their crystal sight;
Both blind, obscure, and dim that day they be,
And are debarrèd of fair heaven's light.
That day wherein mine ears do want to hear her;
Hearing, that day, is from me quite bereft.
That day wherein to touch I come not near her;
That day no sense of touching I have left.
That day wherein I lack the fragrant smell,
Which from her pleasant amber breath proceedeth;
Smelling, that day, disdains with me to dwell.
Only weak hope, my pining carcase feedeth.
But burst, poor heart! Thou hast no better hope,
Since all thy senses have no further scope.

SONNET XXXIX.



HE stately lion and the furious bear,
The skill of man doth alter from their kind;
For where before they wild and savage were,
By Art, both tame and meek you shall them find.
The elephant, although a mighty beast,
A man may rule according to his skill.
The lusty horse obeyeth our behest,
For with the curb, you may him guide at will.
Although the flint most hard contains the fire,
By force we do his virtue soon obtain:
For with a steel you shall have your desire.
Thus man may all things by industry gain.
Only a woman, if she list not love;
No art, nor force, can unto pity move!

SONNET XL.

NO art nor force can unto pity move
Her stony heart, that makes my heart to pant:
No pleading passions of my extreme love
Can mollify her mind of adamant.
Ah, cruel sex, and foe to all mankind!
Either you love, or else you hate, too much!
A glist'ring show of gold in you we find;
And yet you prove but copper in the touch.
But why? O why, do I so far digress?
Nature you made of pure and fairest mould,
The pomp and glory of Man to depress;
And as your slaves in thraldom them to hold:
Which by experience now too well I prove,
There is no pain unto the pains of love.

SONNET XLI.

FAIR Shepherdess, when as these rustic lines
Come to thy sight, weigh but with what affection
Thy servile doth depaint his sad designs;
Which to redress, of thee he makes election.
If so you scorn, you kill; if you seem coy,
You wound poor CORIN to the very heart;
If that you smile, you shall increase his joy;
If these you like, you banish do all smart:
And this I do protest, most fairest Fair,
My Muse shall never cease that hill to climb,
To which the learned Muses do repair!
And all to deify thy name in rhyme.
And never none shall write with truer mind
As by all proof and trial you shall find.

SONNET XLII.

DIE, die my Hopes! for you do but augment
The burning accents of my deep despair;
Disdain and scorn, your downfall do consent:
Tell to the World, She is unkind, yet fair.
O Eyes, close up those ever-running fountains!
For pitiless are all the tears you shed;
Wherewith you watered have both dales and mountains.
I see, I see remorse from her is fled.
Pack hence, ye Sighs, into the empty air!
Into the air that none your sound may hear.
Sith cruel CHLORIS hath of you no care
(Although she once esteemèd you full dear);
Let sable night all your disgraces cover!
Yet truer sighs were never sighed by lover.

SONNET XLIII.

THOU glorious Sun (from whence my lesser light
The substance of his crystal shine doth borrow)
Let these my moans find favour in thy sight,
And with remorse extinguish now my sorrow!
Renew those lamps which thy disdain hath quenched,
As PHŒBUS doth his sister PHŒBE's shine:
Consider how thy CORIN, being drenched
In seas of woe, to thee his plaints incline!
And at thy feet, with tears, doth sue for grace;
Which art the goddess of his chaste desire.
Let not thy frowns, these labours poor deface!
Although aloft they at the first aspire.
And time shall come, as yet unknown to men,
When I more large thy praises forth shall pen.

SONNET XLIV.



HEN I more large thy praises forth shall show,
That all the World thy beauty shall admire;
Desiring that most sacred Nymph to know,
Which hath the Shepherd's fancy set on fire.
Till then, my dear, let these thine eyes content
Till then, fair Love, think if I merit favour!
Till then, O let thy merciful assent
Relish my hopes with some comforting savour!
So shall you add such courage to my Muse,
That she shall climb the steep Parnassus' Hill:
That learned Poets shall my deeds peruse,
When I from thence obtainèd have more skill.
And what I sing shall always be of thee,
As long as life, or breath, remains in me.

SONNET XLV.



HEN she was born, whom I entirely love,
Th' immortal gods, her birth-rites forth to grace,
Descending from their glorious seat above;
They did on her, these several virtues place:
First SATURN gave to her Sobriety;
JOVE then endued her with Comeliness;
And SOL with Wisdom did her beautify;
MERCURY with Wit and Knowledge did her bless;
VENUS with Beauty did all parts bedeck;
LUNA therewith did Modesty combine;
DIANA chaste, all loose desires did check;
And like a lamp in clearness she doth shine.
But MARS, according to his stubborn kind,
No virtue gave; but a disdainful mind.

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN CHLORIS first, with her heart-robbing eye,
Enchanted had my silly senses all;
I little did respect LOVE's cruelty:
I never thought his snares should me enthrall.
But since her tresses have entangled me,
My pining flock did never hear me sing
Those jolly notes, which erst did make them glee;
Nor do my kids about me leap and spring
As they were wont: but when they hear my cry;
They likewise cry, and fill the air with bleating.
Then do my sheep upon the cold earth lie,
And feed no more. My griefs they are repeating.
O CHLORIS, if thou then sawest them and me,
I am sure thou would'st both pity them and me!

SONNET XLVII.

BUT of thy heart too cruel I thee tell,
Which hath tormented my young budding age;
And doth, (unless your mildness, passions quell)
My utter ruin near at hand presage.
Instead of blood, which wont was to display
His ruddy red upon my hairless face;
By over-grieving, that is fled away:
Pale dying colour there hath taken place.
Those curlèd locks, which thou wast wont to twist,
Unkempt, unshorn, and out of order been;
Since my disgrace, I had of them no list,
Since when, these eyes no joyful day have seen:
Nor never shall, till you renew again
The mutual love which did possess us twain.

SONNET XLVIII.



OU that embrace enchanting Poesy,
Be gracious to perplexèd CORIN's lines!
You that do feel Love's proud authority,
Help me to sing my sighs and sad designs!
CHLORIS, requite not faithful love with scorn!
But, as thou oughtest, have commiseration.
I have enough anatomized and torn
My heart, thereof to make a pure oblation.
Likewise consider how thy CORIN prizeth
Thy parts above each absolute perfection!
How he, of every precious thing deviseth,
To make thee Sovereign! Grant me then affection!
Else thus I prize thee, CHLORIS is alone
More hard than gold, or pearl, or precious stone.

SONNET XLIX.



OLIN, I know that, in thy lofty wit,
Thou wilt but laugh at these my youthful lines;
Content I am, they should in silence sit,
Obscured from light to sing their sad designs.
But that it pleasèd thy grave Shepherdhood,
The Patron of my maiden verse to be;
When I in doubt of raging envy stood:
And now I weigh not who shall *CHLORIS* see!
For fruit before it comes to full perfection
But blossoms is, as every man doth know:
So these, being blooms, and under thy protection,
In time I hope to ripeness more will grow.
And so I leave thee to thy worthy Muse;
Desiring thee, all faults here to excuse.

FINIS.

[? THOMAS DELONEY.]

[See Vol. VII., p. 36.]

The Spanish Lady's Love.

This Ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall in June 1603, and again on 14th Dec. 1624. [ARBER. *Transcript, &c.* III. 237 ; IV. 132.] It was probably occasioned by some incident at the Winning of Cadiz, in 1596, described at Vol. VII., pp. 80–93 of this Series.

THE FIRST PART.



ILL you hear a Spanish Lady, how she
wooed an Englishman ?
Garments gay, as rich as may be, bedecked
with jewels, had she on :
Of a comely countenance and grace
was she ;
Both by birth and parentage of
high degree.

As his prisoner there, he kept her; in his hands her life did lie.
CUPID's bands did tie them faster by the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy :
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But, at last, there came commandment for to set all Ladies free,
With their jewels still adornèd : none to do them injury.
" O then," said this Lady gay, " Full woe is me !
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

" Gallant Captain, take some pity on a woman in distress ;
Leave me not within this city, for to die in heaviness !
Thou has set, this present day, my body free ;
But my heart in prison still remains with thee ! "

"*How shouldst thou, fair Lady, love me; whom thou know'st thy country's foe?*
Thy fair words make me suspect thee. Serpents lie where flowers grow!"

"All the harm I think on thee, most courteous Knight,
God grant upon my head the same may fully light!

"Blest be the time and season that thou came on Spanish ground!
If you may our foes be termed, gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one;
Then to your country, bear away that is your own!"

THE SECOND PART.

"REST *you still, most gallant Lady, rest you still and weep no more!*
Of fair flowers you have plenty. Spain doth yield you wondrous store.
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find;
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard! Thou alone enjoy'st my heart!
I am lovely, young, and tender. Love is likewise my desert.
Still to save thee, day and night my mind is pressed:
The Wife of every Englishman is counted blessed."

"*It would be a shame, fair Lady, for to bear a Woman hence;*
English soldiers never carry any such without offence."
"I will quickly change myself, if it be so;
And like a Page will follow thee, where'er thou go."

"*I have neither gold nor silver to maintain thee in this case:*
And to travel is great charges, as you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own!
And eke a hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown."

" *On the seas are many dangers. Many storms do there arise,*
Which will be, to Ladies dreadful; and force tears from watery eyes."
" Well in worth, I shall endure extremity:
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee!"

" *Courteous Lady, leave this folly! Here comes all that breeds the strife.*
I, in England, have already a sweet woman to my Wife.
I will not falsify my vow for gold, nor gain;
Nor yet for all the fairest Dames that live in Spain!"

" O how happy is that woman that enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days GOD send her! and of my suit I'll make an end.
On my knees, I pardon crave for my offence;
Which Love and true Affection did first commence.

" Commend me to that gallant Lady! Bear to her this Chain of Gold,
With these Bracelets for a token! grieving I was so bold.
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee!
For they are fitting for thy Wife: but not for me.

" I will spend my days in prayer! Love and all her laws defy!
In a Nunnery I will shroud me, far from any company!
But ere my prayer have an end; be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy Love, I will not miss.

" Thus Farewell, most gallant Captain! Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton; though to thee my mind was bent.
Joy and true prosperity remain with thee!"
" *The like fall unto thy share, most fair Lady!*"

A very true Report of the apprehension and taking of that arch-Papist EDMUND CAMPION, the Pope his right hand; with Three other lewd Jesuit Priests, and divers other Lay people, most seditious persons of like sort.

Containing also a controlment of a most untrue former book set out by one A. M., *alias* ANTHONY MUNDAY, concerning the same: as is to be proved and justified by GEORGE ELLIOT, one of the Ordinary Yeomen of Her Majesty's Chamber,

Author of this Book, and chiefest cause of the finding of the said lewd and seditious people, great enemies to GOD, their loving Prince, and country.

Veritas non quærit angulos.

Imprinted at London at the *Three Cranes* in the Vintry by THOMAS DAWSON.
1581.

[The *Edinburgh Review* of April 1891, in an article on *The Baffling of the Jesuits*, states

"Until Father PARSONS landed at Dover on June 11 [and Father CAMPION on June 25], 1580; no Jesuit had ever been seen in England. IGNATIUS LOYOLA had been dead just twenty-five years, and two of his associates in founding the Society of JESUS were still alive. LOYOLA during his lifetime had admitted only a single Englishman into the order, a lad of nineteen, of whom we know nothing but that his name was THOMAS LITH, and that he was admitted to the novitiate in June 1555. During the next ten years, six more Englishmen entered the order, two of them being men of some mark—JASPER HEYWOOD, formerly Fellow of All Souls'; and THOMAS DARBYSHIRE, who had been Archdeacon of Essex and a Canon of St Paul's. In the next decade, about the same number of English recruits joined the society; three, and three only, were scholars of any reputation—PARSONS, CAMPION, and HENRY GARNET. When the Jesuit Mission to England started, there were not thirty English Jesuits in the world."

At Vol. I., p. 130, is a letter written from Goa, 10 Nov. 1579, by THOMAS STEVENS, one of these English Jesuits.

The arrest and execution of EDMUND CAMPION—in Latin, EDMUNDUS CAMPIANUS—was one of the most important events in our political history during the year 1581. It made a profound impression throughout Western Europe, and occasioned the publication of many tracts in various languages. For further information on this subject, the Reader is referred to *EDMUND CAMPION, A Biography*, by RICHARD SIMPSON. London, 1867-8; and also to Mr JOSEPH GILLOW's *Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*, now in progress.

The following account of the arrest by the man who made it, is printed from a copy of the extremely rare original edition that is now in Lambeth Palace Library [Press Mark, xxx. 8. 17.]. It was printed [? privately printed] in 1581; but it was not entered at Stationers' Hall. It was clearly produced before the execution of CAMPION, on the 1st of December of that year; to which there is no allusion in it; but apparently not very much earlier, for the Writer says at page 217, "Some men may marvel that I would be silent so long."

By this act of patriotism ; GEORGE ELLIOT earned the titles, among the Roman Catholics, of JUDAS ELLIOT, and of ELLIOT ISCARIOT. It is however only fair to him to state what moved him to go hunting after Priests, Jesuits, etc.

ANTHONY MUNDAY, in his *Discovery of EDMUND CAMPION and his Confederates, &c.*, published on 29th January 1582, in giving an account of CAMPION's trial, states :

GEORGE ELLIOT, one of the Ordinary Yeomen of Her Majesty's Chamber, upon his oath, gave forth in evidence, as followeth :

That he, living here in England among certain of that sect, fell in acquaintance with one PAYNE, a Priest ; who gave him to understand of a horrible treason intended against Her Majesty and the State, which he did expect shortly to happen.

The order, how, and after what manner, in brief is thus :

That there should be levied a certain company of armed men ; which, on a sudden, should enterprise a most monstrous attempt. A certain company of these armed men should be prepared against Her Majesty, as many against my L[ord] of L[EICESTER], as many against my L[ord] T[reasurer, Lord BURGHLEY], as many against Sir F[RANCIS] W[ALSINGHAM], and divers others whose names he doth not well remember.

The deaths of these noble personages should be presently fulfilled : and Her Majesty used in such sort as [neither] modesty nor duty will suffer me to rehearse. But this should be the general cry everywhere, "Queen MARY ! Queen MARY !" Meaning the Queen of Scots. [A.M.]

It was also appointed and agreed upon, Who should have this Man of Honour's room, and who should have that Office. Everything was determined. There wanted nothing but the coming over of such Priests and others as were long looked for. [p. 72.]

Upon this report, the aforenamed GEORGE ELLIOT took occasion to question with this PAYNE, How they could find in their hearts to attempt an act of so great cruelty ; considering how high an offence it should be to GOD, besides great danger might arise thereby.

Whereto PAYNE made answer, That the killing [of] Her Majesty was no offence to GOD, nor the utter-most cruelty they could use to her, nor [to] any that took her part: but that they might as lawfully do it as to a brute beast. And himself would be one of the foremost in the executing [of] this villanous and most traitorous action.

A most traitorous and villanous answer. Of every true subject to be read with due reverence of the person. [A.M.]

In *Lansd. MS.* 32, No. 60, in the British Museum, there is a paper to the same effect, signed by G. E. [GEORGE ELLIOT]. It is headed *Certain Notes and Remembrances concerning a Reconciliation, &c.*; and bears marginal notes by Lord BURGHLEY.

It will probably be new to most readers that ELLIOT's arrest of CAMPION was a pure matter of accident. ELLIOT went to Lyford Manor House more particularly in search of PAYNE the Priest, and found CAMPION there by chance. The Jesuit had been secretly, but securely, wandering through the land from one Roman Catholic household to another, for more than a year; despite the *utmost* efforts of the English Government to put their hands on him: and at last he becomes their prisoner almost by a pure accident.

CAMPION was lodged in the Tower on the 22nd July 1581. Two days later, ANTHONY MUNDAY's *Brief Discourse of the taking of EDMUND CAMPION &c.*, was entered at Stationers' Hall [ARBER, *Transcript &c.*, II. 397]. It was therefore very hurriedly written, and mainly from information supplied by Master HUMPHREY FOSTER, High Sheriff of Berkshire: who, being himself a Roman Catholic, had been very slack at the capture of CAMPION [p. 214]; but who, for his own protection, puts a better face on things in MUNDAY's hurriedly written *Discourse, &c.* See pages 207, 215, 217.

It is as a reply to this tract of MUNDAY's, that ELLIOT wrote the following Text in 1581. In February 1582, they were however good friends again; as will be seen at page 223.]

To the Christian Reader, *GEORGE ELLIOT wisheth all due reverence.*

SOME experience, Christian Reader, that I have gathered by keeping company with such seditious people as CAMPION and his associates are, partly moveth me to write this book; and partly I am urged thereunto (although my wisdom and skill be very slender to set down and pen matter of less moment than this) for that I (being one of the Two in Commission at that time from Her Highness's most honourable Privy Council for the apprehending of the said seditious CAMPION and such like; and the chiefest cause of the finding out of the said lewd people, as hereafter more at large appeareth) do think it a great abuse that the most part of Her Majesty's loving subjects shall be seduced to believe an untruth; and myself and he which was in Commission with me (whose name is DAVID JENKINS, one of the Messengers of Her Majesty's Chamber) very vilely slandered with a book set out by one ANTHONY MUNDAY concerning the apprehension of the said lewd people—which, for the truth thereof, is almost as far different from truth as darkness from light; and as contrary to truth as an egg is contrary in likeness to an oyster.

And therefore considering I am able to report a truth for the manner of the finding and taking of the said seditious persons; although fine skill be far from me to paint it out: hoping the wise will bear with my want therein, and esteem a true tale, be it never so bluntly told, rather than a lie, be it never so finely handled—I have emboldened myself to take this treatise in hand; wherein, God willing, I will describe nothing but truth; as by the sequel shall appear. Which is this:

That about four years past [?1578], the Devil (being a crafty fox and chief Patron doubtless of the Pope's Prelacy; having divers and many Officers and inferior substitutes to the Pope, his chief Vicar; and intending by them to increase the kingdom of this Antichrist) dispersed his said Officers in divers places of this realm: where, like vagrant persons (refusing to live within the lawful government of their country) they lead a loose life; wandering and running hither and thither, from shire to shire and country [*County*] to country, with such store of Romish relics, Popish pelf, trifles, and trash as were able to make any Christian heart, that hath seen the trial of such practices as I have done, even for sorrow to bleed. Only thereby to draw the Queen's Majesty's subjects their hearts and faiths both from GOD and Her Highness; as namely, by delivering unto them *Bulls* from Rome, *Pardons*, *Indulgences*, Medals, *Agnus DEI*, hallowed grains and beads, crucifixes, painted pictures, and such other paltry: every part whereof they will not let [*stop*] to say to be matters very necessary for salvation.

By reason whereof, most loving Reader, I myself, about that time [1578], by the space of one quarter of a year together, was deeply bewitched and drawn into their darkness, as the blindest bayard of them all. But at the last, even then (by GOD's great goodness, mighty providence, and especial grace) all their enchantments, witchcrafts, sorceries, devilish devices and practices were so broken and untied in me; and the brightness of GOD's divine majesty shining so surely in my heart and conscience: that I perceived all their doings to be, as they are indeed, only shows without substance, manifest errors and deceitful juggling casts, and none others.

Notwithstanding I determined with myself, for certain causes which I omit, to sound the depth of their devilish drifts, if I might; and the rather therefore used and frequented their company: whereby appeared unto me not a few of their ungracious and villanous false hearts, faiths, and disloyal minds, slanderous words, and most vile treasons towards my most excellent and noble mistress, the Queen's Majesty, and towards divers of her most honourable Privy Council; in such sort as many times did make mine eyes to gush out with tears for very sorrow and fear to think of it.

Wherefore, lately [*about 14th May* 1581], I made my humble submission unto the Right Honourable Her Highness's Privy Council, for my unlawful living as aforesaid. At whose hands I found such honourable dealing, and by their means such mercy from Her Majesty, that I wish with all my heart all the Papists, which are subjects born to Her Highness, to run the same course that I have done: and then should they easily see what difference there is between the good and merciful dealing of our most gracious loving and natural Prince; and the great treacheries of that great enemy to our country, the Pope. For Her Highness freely forgiveth offenders; but the Pope pardoneth for money. Her Grace's hands are continually full of mercy, ready to deliver enough freely to any that will desire and deserve it: and the Pope his great clutches and fists are ready to deliver nothing but devilish devices and paltry stuff of his own making, to set country and country together by the ears; and yet for these, hath he money.

Truly it is a most lamentable case that ever any Christian should be seduced and drawn from the true worshipping of GOD, and their duty to their Prince and country; as many are by the Pope and his Satanical crew. I beseech GOD turn their hearts, and grant us all amendment; which can neither be too timely, if it were presently; nor never too late, whensoever it shall happen: unless wilfully they proceed in their dealings, which GOD forbid. For *humanum est errare, perseverare belluinum.*

Shortly after my submission and reconciliation, as aforesaid, it pleased my Lords of Her Highness's most honourable Privy Council to grant the Commission that I before spake of, to myself and to the said DAVID JENKINS, for the apprehension of certain lewd Jesuit Priests and other seditious persons of like sort, wheresoever we should happen to find them within England. Whereupon we determined a certain voyage [*journey*]: in which EDMUND CAMPION the aforesaid Jesuit and others were by us taken and brought to the Tower of London, in manner as hereafter followeth.

The true manner of taking of EDMUND CAMPION *and his associates.*

IT happened that after the receipt of our Commission aforesaid, we consulted between ourselves, What way were best to take first? For we were utterly ignorant where, or in what place, certainly to find out the said CAMPION, or his compeers. And our consultation was shortly determined: for the greatest part of our travail and dealings in this service did lie chiefly upon mine own determination, by reason of mine acquaintance and knowledge of divers of [the] like sect.

It then presently came to my remembrance of certain acquaintance which I once had with one THOMAS COOPER a Cook, who, in November [1578] was two years, served Master THOMAS ROPER of [Orpington in] Kent; where, at that time, I in like manner served: and both of us, about the same month [November 1578], departed the said Master ROPER his service; I into Essex, and the said COOPER to Lyford in Berkshire, to one Master YATE. From whence, within one half year after [*before May* 1579], I was advertised in Essex, that the said Cook was placed in service; and that the said Master YATE was a very earnest Papist, and one that gave great entertainment to any of that sect.

Which tale, being told me in Essex two years before [1579] we entered [on] this journey, by GOD's great goodness, came to my memory but even the day before [13th July 1581] we set forth. Hereof I informed the said DAVID JENKINS, being my fellow in Commission, and told him it would be our best way to go thither first: for that it was not meant that we should go to any place but where indeed I either had acquaintance; or by some means possible in our journey, could get acquaintance. And told him we would dispose of our journey in such sort as we might come to the

said Master YATE's upon the Sunday about eight of the clock in the morning: "where," said I, "if we find the said Cook, and that there be any Mass to be said there that day, or any massing Priest in the house; the Cook, for old acquaintance and for that he supposeth me to be a Papist, will bring me to the sight thereof."

And upon this determination, we set from London [on Friday] the 14th day of July last; and came to the said Master YATE's house, the 16th of the same month, being Sunday, about the hour aforesaid.

Where, without the gates of the same house, we espied one of the servants of the house, who most likely seemed, by reason of his lying aloof, to be as it were a Scout Watcher, that they within might accomplish their secret matters more safely.

I called the said servant, and enquired of him for the said THOMAS COOPER the Cook.

Who answered, That he could not well tell, whether he were within or not.

I prayed him that he would friend me so much as to see; and told him my name.

The said servant did so, it seemed; for the Cook came forth presently unto us where we sat still upon horseback. And after a few such speeches, as betwixt friend and friend when they have been long asunder, were passed; still sitting upon our horses, I told him That I had longed to see him; and that I was then travelling into Derbyshire to see my friends, and came so far out of my way to see him. And said I, "Now I have seen you, my mind is well satisfied; and so fare you well!"

"No," saith he, "that shall you not do before dinner."

I made the matter very earnest to be gone; and he, more earnest and importune to stay me. But in truth I was as willing to stay as he to have me.

And so, perforce, there was no remedy but stay we must. And having lighted from horseback; and being by him brought into the house, and so into the buttery, and there caused to drink: presently after, the said Cook came and whispered with me, and asked, Whether my friend (meaning the said JENKINS) were within the Church or not? Therein meaning, Whether he were a Papist or no?

To which I answered, "He was not; but yet," said I, "he is a very honest man, and one that wisheth well that way."

Then said the Cook to me, "Will you go up?" By which speech, I knew he would bring me to a Mass.

And I answered him and said, "Yea, for God's sake, that let me do: for seeing I must needs tarry, let me take something with me that is good."

Some men blame me for dissembling the matter as I did: but to do my Prince and country service, I hold it lawful to use any reasonable policy. For the Field is not always won by strength.

And so we left JENKINS in the buttery; and I was brought by the Cook through the hall, the dining parlour, and two or three other odd rooms, and then into a fair large chamber: where there was, at the same instant, one Priest, called SATWELL, saying Mass; two other Priests kneeling by, whereof one was CAMPION, and the other called PETERS *alias* COLLINGTON [*or rather* COLLETON]; three Nuns, and 37 other people.

When SATWELL had finished his Mass; then CAMPION he invested himself to say Mass, and so he did: and at the end thereof, made holy bread and delivered it to the people there, to every one some, together with holy water; whereof he gave me part also.

And then was there a chair set in the chamber something beneath the Altar, wherein the said CAMPION did sit down; and there made a Sermon very nigh an hour long: the effect of his text being, as I remember, "That Christ wept over Jerusalem, &c." And so applied the same to this our country of England for that the Pope his authority and doctrine did not so flourish here as the same CAMPION desired.

I had once my Commission in my hand to have dealt with them myself alone in the Chamber. If I had, I pray you judge what had happened unto me.

At the end of which Sermon, I gat down unto the said JENKINS so soon as I could. For during the time that the Masses and the Sermon were made, JENKINS remained still beneath in the buttery or hall; not knowing of any such matter until I gave him some intelligence [of] what I had seen.

And so we departed, with as convenient expedition as we might, and came to one Master FETTIPLACE, a Justice of the Peace in the said country [*County*]: whom we made privy of our doings therein; and required him that, according to the tenour of our Commission, he would take sufficient Power, and with us thither.

Whereupon the said Justice of Peace, within one quarter of an hour, put himself in a readiness, with forty or fifty men very well weaponed: who went, in great haste, together with the said Master FETTIPLACE and us, to the said Master YATE his house.

Where, at our coming upon the sudden, being about one of the clock in the afternoon of the same day, before we knocked at the gates which were then (as before they were continually accustomed to be) fast shut (the house being moated round about; within which moat was great store of fruit trees and other trees, with thick hedge rows: so that the danger for fear of losing of the said CAMPION and his associates was the more doubted); we beset the house with our men round about the moat in the best sort we could devise: and then knocked at the gates, and were presently heard and espied; but kept out by the space of half an hour.

In which time, as it seemeth, they had hidden CAMPION and the other two Priests in a very secret place within the said house; and had made reasonable purveyance for him as hereafter is mentioned: and then they let us into the house.

Where came presently to our sight, Mrs YATE, the good wife of the house; five Gentlemen, one Gentlewoman, and three Nuns: the Nuns being then disguised in Gentlewomen's apparel, not like unto that they heard Mass in. All which I well remembered to have seen, the same morning, at the Masses and Sermon aforesaid: yet every one of them a great while denied it. And especially the said Mistress YATE; who could not be content only to make a plain denial of the said Masses and the Priests: but, with great and horrible oaths, forsware the same, betaking herself to the Devil if any such there were; in such sort as, if I had not seen them with mine own eyes, I should have believed her.

One Nun got away in country maid's apparel.

Mistress YATE proferred us a good sum of money to have given over the search.

But knowing certainly that these were but bare excuses, and that we should find the said CAMPION and his compeers if we made narrow search; I eftsoons put Master FETTIPLACE in remembrance of our Commission: and so he, myself, and the said JENKINS Her Majesty's Messenger, went to searching the house; where we found many secret corners.

Master YATE was then, as he is still, in prison in Reading, for Papistry.

Continuing the search, although with no small toil, in the orchards, hedges, and ditches, within the moat and divers other places; at the last [we] found out Master EDWARD YATE, brother to the good man of the house, and two countrymen called WEBLIN and MANSFIELD, fast locked together in a pigeon house: but we could not find, at that time, CAMPION and the other two Priests whom we specially sought for.

It drew then something towards evening, and doubting lest we were not strong enough; we sent our Commission to one Master FOSTER, High Sheriff of Berkshire; and to one Master WISEMAN, a Justice of Peace within the same County; for some further aid at their hands.

The said Master WISEMAN came with very good speed unto us the same evening, with ten or twelve of his own men, very able men and well appointed: but the said Master FOSTER could not be found, as the messenger that went for him returned us answer.

And so the said house was beset the same night with at the least three score men well weaponed; who watched the same very diligently.

And the next day, being Monday [17th July 1581], in the morning very early, came one Master CHRISTOPHER LYDCOT, a Justice of Peace of the same shire, with a great sort [*company*] of his own men, all very well appointed: who, together with his men, shewed such earnest loyal and forward service in those affairs as was no small comfort and encouragement to all those which were present, and did bear true hearts and good wills to Her Majesty.

The same morning, began a fresh search for the said Priests; which continued with very great labour until about ten of the clock in the forenoon of the same day: but the said Priests could not be found, and every man [was] almost persuaded that they were not there.

Yet still searching, although in effect clean void of any hope for finding of them, the said DAVID JENKINS, by GOD's great goodness, espied a certain secret place,* which

* In MUNDAY'S *Brief Discourse, &c.* [24 July 1581] there is a description of this "secret place"; which may be correct as to its situation in the Manor House at Lyford:

A chamber, near the top of the house; which was but very simple: having in it a large great shelf with divers tools and instruments both

he quickly found to be hollow; and with a pin of iron which he had in his hand much like unto a harrow tine, he forthwith did break a hole into the said place: where then presently he perceived the said Priests lying all close together upon a bed, of purpose there laid for them; where they had bread, meat, and drink sufficient to have relieved them three or four days together.

Master LYDCOT was then hard by

The said JENKINS then called very loudly, and said, "I have found the traitors!"; and presently company enough was with him: who there saw the said Priests [that], when there was no remedy for them but *nolens volens*, courteously yielded themselves.

Shortly after came one Master READE, another Justice of the Peace of the said shire, to be assistant in these affairs.

Of all which matters, news was immediately carried in great haste to the Lords of the Privy Council: who gave further Commission that the said Priests and certain others their associates should be brought to the Court under the conduction of myself and the said JENKINS; with commandment to the Sheriff to deliver us sufficient aid forth of his shire, for the safe bringing up of the said people.

First myself rode post to the Court; and, after me, the said Messenger.

After that the rumour and noise for the finding out of the said CAMPION, SATWELL, and PETERS *alias* COLLINGTON, was in the said house something assuaged; and that the sight of them was to the people there no great novelty: then was the said High Sheriff sent for once again; who all that while had not been seen in this service. But then came, and received into his charge the said Priests and certain others from that day until Thursday following.

ANTHONY MUNDAY saith, The Sheriff and his men gave him instructions for the setting out of the said untrue book.

The fourth Priest which was by us brought up to the Tower, whose name is WILLIAM FILBIE,

upon it, and hanging by it; which they judged to belong to some cross-bow maker. The simpleness of the place caused them to use small suspicion in it: and [they] were departing out again; but one in the company, by good hap, espied a chink in the wall of boards whereto this shelf was fastened, and through the same he perceived some light. Drawing his dagger, he smit a great hole in it; and saw there was a room behind it: whereat the rest stayed, searching for some entrance into it; which by pulling down a shelf they found, being a little hole for one to creep in at.

was not taken with the said CAMPION and the rest in the said house: but was apprehended and taken in our watch [*on the 17th*], by chance, in coming to the said house to speak with the said PETERS [*or* COLLETON], as he said; and thereupon [was] delivered likewise in charge to the Sheriff, with the rest.

Upon Thursday, the 20th day of July last [1581], we set forwards from the said Master YATE his house towards the Court, with our said charge; being assisted by the said Master LYDCOT and Master WISEMAN, and a great sort [*company*] of their men; who never left us until we came to the Tower of London. There were besides, that guarded us thither, 50 or 60 Horsemen; very able men and well appointed: which we received by the said Sheriff his appointment.

We went that day to Henley upon Thames, where we lodged that night.

And about midnight we were put into great fear by reason of a very great cry and noise that the said FILBIE made in his sleep; which wakened the most that were that night in the house, and that in such sort that every man almost thought that some of the prisoners had been broken from us and escaped; although there was in and about the same house a very strong watch appointed and charged for the same. The aforesaid Master LYDCOT was the first that came unto them: and when the matter was examined, it was found no more but that the said FILBIE was in a dream; and, as he said, he verily thought one to be a ripping down his body and taking out his bowels.

The next day, being Friday [21st July 1581], we set forward from Henley. And by the way received commandment by a Pursuivant from the Lords of the Privy Council, that we should stay that night at Colebrook; and the next day after, being Saturday, to bring them through the city of London unto the Tower, and there to deliver them into the charge of Sir OWEN HOPTON Knight, Her Majesty's Lieutenant of the same; which accordingly we did.

And this is, in effect, the true discourse [of] that was used in the apprehension of the said CAMPION and his associates.

Some men may marvel that I would be silent so long for the setting out of the manner of their takings; considering I find myself aggrieved with the same untrue report set out before by the said A. M[UNDAY]. In good faith I meant nothing less than to take any such matter in hand, if so great an untruth had not been published against us that were doers in those affairs; and besides hitherto divers other weightier business has partly hindered me therein.

But now at the last, although very late, I have rudely set down the verity in this matter: thinking it better to tell a true tale by leisure, than a lie in haste; as the said A. M., by his former book, hath done to his own discredit, the deluding of Her Majesty's liege people, and the slander of some which have intermeddled in the said cause.

The names of those that were taken and brought up to the Tower of London, as aforesaid.

1. EDWARD CAMPION, . . Jesuit and Priest.

2. THOMAS SATWELL [*alias* FOORD],
3. JOHN PETERS *alias* COLLINGTON [*or more properly* COLLETON],
4. WILLIAM FILBIE, . . . } Priests.

5. EDWARD YATE, . . .
6. EDWARD KEYNES, . . .
7. HUMPHREY KEYNES, . .
8. JOHN COTTON, . . .
9. WILLIAM ILSLEY [*or* HILDESLEY],
10. JOHN JACOB [*or* JAMES], . . } Gentlemen.

11. JOHN MANSFIELD, . . . } Husbandmen and
12. WILLIAM WEBLIN [*or* WEBLEY], } Neighbours thereby.

SINCE the committing of the persons before-named to the Tower as aforesaid, there hath been, for my service done in those and such like affairs, no small nor few brags, threatenings, curses, and evil wishes given out against me by such as, if they were known, deserve both little liberty and small favour.

CAMPION, when he first saw me after his apprehension, said unto me, That my service done in the taking of him would be unfortunate to me. And in our journey towards the Tower, he advised me to get out of England for the safety of my body

Some of my friends have doubted [*feared*] lest that sort of lewd people would do their good wills to hurt me by some secret device, as conjuration, witchcraft, or such like; the which I rather think to be true, for that, shortly after the foresaid business ended, it pleased GOD to visit me with some sickness after I was gone to bed at night; which indeed for two or three hours handled me something hardly. But, GOD I take to witness, I never was of that opinion that it came to me by any other means but only by riding post two or three journies about the business aforesaid.

Yet, within one day or two after my sickness, there came to a neighbour's house [to] where I lodged in Southwark, one Mistress BEYSAUNT, a widow, whose abode is most about St. Mary Overies, and at the last by report smelleth of Papistry, and asked the good wife of the house for me, and what she had lately heard of me.

She answered, She knew me not; nor nothing she had heard of me.

Then said Mistress BEYSAUNT, "The very truth is, it is he that took CAMPION and the rest of the company that are in the Tower; and was the cause that Master ROPER and divers other good men are troubled: and the last day," saith she, "he did fall mad in the street, and was carried so into his lodging; and is not like[ly] to escape with life. I pray you inquire further of him, and let me have knowledge thereof."

It seemeth she was privy to some secret practice against me.

So that hereby I may plainly see that the Papists take great care for me: but whether it be for my weal or woe,

and what her meaning was, let the world judge. But let the Devil, the Pope, and them do what they can; my faith standeth so sure on CHRIST JESUS my Saviour, that through him I defy them all.

There hath been great murmuring and grudging against me about the committing of the aforesaid Master THOMAS ROPER; and many faults have been found for the same.

What I did therein I mean not here to recite: but my dealings in those causes are known to such as before whom I think the fault finders dare not shew their faces. But whatsoever I did against him, I would have done against mine own father; the case standing as it did. Yet such find-faults, to make the matter seem more odious to the World against me, do not stick to report and say, That the said Master ROPER hath brought me up from my childhood to this day at his only charges. Which is so false as GOD is true. For although I was his servant; I continued with him, in all, not past one year.

But to conclude. A great number of such like untruths have been published against me, and no few bold brags; as report goeth. I could name some if I would: but I let them pass; unless I be commanded to the contrary by such as have authority to deal with me therein. GOD grant them amendment, I mean not towards myself; or else make their doings known in such sort as they may have their deservings; or at least be put to the mercy of Her Majesty: to whose Highness, JESUS send long life, a prosperous reign, with all joy and felicity!

GEORGE ELLIOT.

Imprinted at London at the *Three Cranes* in the Vintry, by THOMAS DAWSON.

1581.

On 12 March 1582, there was entered for publication at Stationers' Hall [ARBER, *Transcript &c.*, II. 408.] *A brief Answer made unto two seditious Pamphlets.* By A. M. [ANTHONY MUNDAY.] The *Preface to the Reader* is however dated "From Barbican, the 22 of March 1582."

We give here the beginning of this *Answer*; the side notes being, of course, the comments of ANTHONY MUNDAY.

NOT long after I had published [on 22 January 1582] my book called *The Discovery of CAMPION;* there came unto my hands a seditious pamphlet in the French tongue, intituled *The History of the Death which the Reverend Father, Master EDMUND CAMPION Priest, of the Society of the name of JESUS, and others have suffered in England for the Catholic, or Romish, religion or faith, the 1st December* 1581; adding underneath *Translated out of English into French.*

Not for their religion; but for High Treason. [A.M.]

When I had thoroughly perused this book, noting the traitorous effects and slanderous speeches therein contained, receiving the judgment likewise of divers learned and godly men: as well to correct the manifest untruths wherewith this pamphlet is notably stuffed, as also that the godly and virtuous may discern their apparent impudency and wicked nature; I resolved myself to shape a brief *Answer* to such a shameless libel; myself being therein untruly and maliciously abused.

First, our nameless historiographer, because he would aim his course after some odd manner of conveyance, taketh occasion to begin his book with the taking of CAMPION, his bringing to the Tower, what happened in his time of stay there, and lastly his martyrdom (as he termeth it) with two other holy and devout Priests; and, in this manner continuing his unadvised labour, he beginneth as hereafter followeth:

The manner of the aforesaid traitorous book. [A.M.]

GEORGE ELLIOT (sometime servant to Master THOMAS ROPER; and since belonging to a Gentlewoman, the widow of Sir WILLIAM PETRE: in whose service he made show to be a sound and good Catholic) not long since committed a murder, as men say: for which offence, fearing the danger that was like[ly] to ensue, he went and submitted himself to one of the chief Lords in the Court; and, the better to win his favour, on his own behalf promised to deliver into his hands the Father EDMUND CAMPION.

To build upon hearsay proveth but a slender foundation [A.M.]

This promise, saith he, *was received; and unto the said GEORGE and an Officer, was delivered Commission to take and apprehend the said EDMUND CAMPION.*

Then went they on their way, and coming into Berkshire to [the] house of one Master YATE; GEORGE ELLIOT met with the Cook of the house with whom he was very well acquainted, because they had before both served one Master.

His Master was then in the gaol at Reading. Judge then how CAMPION could be within "with his Master." [A.M.]

The Cook, thinking no ill, began to tell him many things; and that Father CAMPION was in the house with his Master.

Upon which report, GEORGE sent his fellow to the Justice, who was a very great Calvinist. And he in mean while was brought into the house by the said Cook: where, like another JUDAS, traitor and disloyal, he first attended the sacrifice of the Mass which was celebrated that day by the Father EDMUND, as also a Sermon which he made. In which time behold a good man came running, willing them to take heed of a present treason.

Scantly was all carried away that had served for the Mass and the Sermon; but the Justice was there arrived with [a] very great force, besetting the house round about, that none should escape away.

After very diligent search through all the chambers and other more secret places; they were determined to return, as not finding anything, until they were advertised (either by GEORGE, who had understood it of the Cook; or by some other) of a certain corner, more dark and subtle; where they found the Father EDMUND and two other Priests hidden: who, the same day, with Gentlemen and other persons, were sent up to London; a spectacle of great joy unto their adversaries.

This much of our French historian's words, I thought

good in this place to set down: because the disproof thereto annexed may discover what truth all they of this sect frequent in any of their actions.

By that which followeth, written by GEORGE ELLIOT himself; consider the truth of this report. [A M.]

This aforenamed GEORGE ELLIOT came home unto my lodging [? in Barbican, see page 221; and in February 1582]; where I shewed him the slanders that were used of him in the French book.

Whereupon, taking good advice, and noting the circumstances that so highly touched him; upon his conscience, he delivereth this unreprovable Answer.

GEORGE ELLIOT his Answer, to clear himself of the former untrue Objections.

ABOUT three years since [? 1578] it was my fortune to serve Master THOMAS ROPER of [Orpington in] Kent. With whom I had not stayed past eleven weeks, but PAYNE the Priest (of whom mention is made [see page 205] in the *Discovery of CAMPION* set forth by the Author of this book [*i.e.* ANTHONY MUNDAY]) inticed me [in November 1578] from thence to serve my Lady PETRE, to whom the said PAYNE served craftily as Steward of her house.

With her I continued almost two years [? Nov. 1578–Nov. 1580]. In which time, being myself bent somewhat to that religion, frequenting the company of a number of Papists, I perceived their dealings to be, as they are indeed, full of wicked treasons and unnatural dispositions, too bad to be named. The conceit whereof (examining first my duty to GOD, next my love to my Princess [*Sovereign*], and last the care of my country,) by the grace and permission of GOD, offered me so great disliking of their dealings that, so warily and conveniently as I might, I weaned my affection from their abominable infection: nevertheless using their companies still, for that it gave me the better occasion to see into the depth of their horrible inventions.

Who frequenteth their company shall find all their dealings disloyal and traitorous. [A.M.]

From my Lady PETRE, in November was twelvemonth [1580], by entreaty I came to Master ROPER's again. With whom I continued till Whitsuntide last [14th May 1581], when my conscience hardly digesting such a weighty burden as with their devices and practices it was very sore ladened; I was constrained to give over that slavish kind of life, and humbly committed my reconciliation to the Right Honourable and my good Lord, the Earl of LEICESTER: to whom I made known the grievous estate of my life which, for the space of four years, I had endured amongst them.

Now whereas it hath pleased my adversary to set down that I

> *committed a murder, and to avoid the danger of law offered* to the aforesaid my good Lord *to deliver unto him* EDMUND CAMPION, *thereby to obtain my pardon.*

How untrue this is, his Honour very well knoweth; and so do a number more besides. For, in truth, I neither, as then, knew CAMPION, had never seen him in all my life, nor knew where or in what place he was, it is very unlike[ly] then I should make him any such promise. But that he may learn another time to order his matters with more truth and discretion; I will set down both how I went, with what Commission, and to what intent: and then let him have judgment according to the credit of his Work:

It is very unlike[ly] that he, which never saw CAMPION in all his life, nor knew where he was, could make any promise to bring him forth. [A M.]

When I had revealed the traitorous speeches of PAYNE the Priest (how, and after what manner, you may read in the book [by ANTHONY MUNDAY] before expressed [see page 205]) I was demanded, If I knew where he was at that time?

I could not make any certain answer.

Whereupon I was demanded again, If I would do my endeavour to search him out?

Whereto, according to my bounden duty, I agreed right willingly.

Then was I appointed, in company with DAVID JENKINS, one of the Messengers of Her Majesty's Chamber; and to us was delivered a Warrant to take and apprehend, not any one man, but *all Priests, Jesuits, and such like seditious persons,* as in our journey we should meet withal. Neither was CAMPION, PAYNE, or any one man named in the Warrant: for that as the one was judged hard to be found; so it was uncertain where to find him [that] I knew well enough.

I saw the Warrant myself; and neither was CAMPION, PAYNE, or any one named therein: but *all Priests, Jesuits, and such seditious persons.* [A M]

Wherefore remembering, when I served Master ROPER, that there was one THOMAS COOPER a Cook, who served him likewise, and also knew the aforesaid PAYNE; to him I thought good to go, because I had understanding that he dwelt at Lyford in Berkshire with one Master YATE who was a very earnest Papist and gave great entertainment to all of that sect: thinking as it might so fall out that we either might find the said PAYNE there, or else understand where he was. And considering the generality [*comprehensiveness*] of our Warrant, some other Priests might chance to be there; in respect that he was such a host for all of that disposition.

When we came to Lyford, and had talked with this aforesaid THOMAS COOPER; we were framing ourselves to depart thence, not having been within the house at all. But he desiring us to stay dinner, we alighted and went in with him; he not telling me that

CAMPION was there with his Master

for he [*Master YATE*] was then in the gaol at Reading; or any other Priest: though it hath pleased our nameless Author to write so.

When we were within the house, this COOPER brought us into the buttery: where he, whispering me in the ear, demanded, If my fellow were within the Church or no? as much to say as, Whether he was a Papist or no?

A holy kind of Church, whereof the Devil is Vicar. [A.M.]

I answered, "He was not; yet nevertheless," quoth I, "he is a very honest man, and one that wisheth well that way."

Then said the Cook, "Will you go up?"

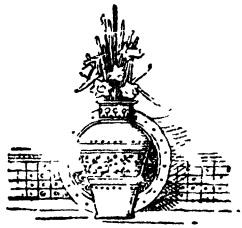
Hereby I understood that he would bring me to a Mass

Whereto I consenting, leaving DAVID JENKINS in the buttery, he brought me up: where, after one SATWELL *alias* FOORD had said Mass, CAMPION prepared himself to say Mass. And there was the first time that ever I saw CAMPION in all my life: not having heard by any that he was there in the house, before I was brought up into the chamber.

As concerning how he was taken, how he was brought up to London, and how all things passed in that service; I have already set down in my book imprinted: which conferring with his false report, you shall find it as much to differ as truth doth from falsehood.

This have I thought good here to set down, in the reproof of him who hath published such a manifest untruth: and as concerning what I have reported to be spoken by PAYNE, I am ready at all times to justify it with my death, that they are his words according as he spake them.

By me GEORGE ELLIOT.



The Copy of a Letter lately written

in metre by a young Gentlewoman

to her inconstant Lover.

WITH

An Admonition to all young Gentlewomen

and to all other Maids in general,

to beware of Men's flattery.

BY

Is. W.

NEWLY JOINED TO

A Love Letter sent by a Bachelor,

a most faithful Lover, to an unconstant

and faithless Maiden.

Imprinted at London

by Richard Jones; dwelling in the

upper end of Fleet lane,

at the sign of the

Spread Eagle.

The Printer to the Reader.



HAT lack you, Master mine?
some trifle that is true?
Why then, this same will serve your turn;
the which is also new.

Or if you mind to read
some Fables that be feigned:
Buy this same book! and ye shall find
such in the same contained.

Perchance, my words be thought
uncredible to you;
Because I say this Treatise is
both false and also true.

The matter of itself
is true, as many know:
And in the same, some feignèd tales
the Author doth bestow.

Therefore buy this same book
of him that here doth dwell;
And you, I know, will say you have
bestowed your money well.

Farewell.

Is. W.

To her unconstant Love.

AS close as you your wedding kept,
yet now the truth I hear:
Which you, ere now, might me have told.
What need you "Nay!" to swear?

You know I always wished you well;
so will I during life!
But sith you shall a Husband be;
GOD send you a good Wife!

And this, whereso you shall become,
full boldly may you boast:
That once you had as true a Love
as dwelt in any coast.

Whose constantness had never quailed,
if you had not begun:
And yet it is not so far past,
but might again be won.

If you so would, yea and not change
so long as life should last:
But if that needs you marry must;
then Farewell! Hope is past!

And if you cannot be content
to lead a single life,
Although the same right quiet be:
then take me to your Wife!

So shall the promises be kept
that you so firmly made:
Now choose, Whether ye will be true,
or be of SINON's trade?

Whose trade if that you long shall use,
it shall your kindred stain!
Example take by many a one,
whose falsehood now is plain.

As by ENEAS, first of all,
who did poor DIDO leave;
Causing the Queen by his untruth,
with sword her heart to cleave.

Also I find that THESEUS did
his faithful Love forsake;
Stealing away within the night,
before she did awake.

JASON, that came of noble race,
two Ladies did beguile:
I muse how he durst show his face
to them that knew his wile.

For when he, by MEDEA's art,
had got the Fleece of Gold;
And also had of her, that time,
all kinds of things he would:

He took his ship, and fled away;
regarding not the vows
That he did make so faithfully
unto his loving Spouse.

How durst he trust the surging seas,
knowing himself forsworn?
Why did he 'scape safe to land
before the ship was torn?

I think King ÆOLUS stayed the winds,
and NEPTUNE ruled the sea;
Then might he boldly pass the waves:
no perils could him slay.

But if his falsehood had to them
been manifest before;
They would have rent the ship as soon
as he had gone from shore.

Now may you hear how falseness is
made manifest in time;
Although they that commit the same
think it a venial crime.

For they, for their unfaithfulness,
did get perpetual fame.
Fame! Wherefore did I term it so?
I should have called it shame.

Let THESEUS be! let JASON pass!
let PARIS also 'scape,
That brought destruction unto Troy,
all through the Grecian rape.

And unto me a TROILUS be!
If not, you may compare
With any of these persons that
above expressèd are.

But if I cannot please your mind,
for wants that rest in me:
Wed whom you list! I am content
your refuse for to be.

It shall suffice me, simple soul,
of thee to be forsaken:
And it may chance, although not yet,
you wish, you had me taken.

But rather than you should have cause
to wish this, through your Wife:
I wish to her, ere you her have,
no more but loss of life.

For she that shall so happy be,
of thee to be elect;
I wish her virtues to be such,
she need not be suspect!

I rather wish her HELEN's face,
than one of HELEN's trade!
With chasteness of PENELOPE,
the which did never fade.

A LUCRECE for her constancy,
and THISBE for her truth!
If such thou have, then PETO be:
not PARIS, that were ruth!

Perchance, ye will think this thing rare
in one woman to find.
Save HELEN's beauty, all the rest
the gods have me assigned.

These words I do not speak, thinking
from thy new Love to turn thee!
Thou knowest by proof what I deserve!
I need not to inform thee.

But let that pass! Would God I had
CASSANDRA's gift me lent!
Then either thy ill chance, or mine,
my foresight might prevent.

But all in vain for this I seek.
Wishes may not attain it!
Therefore may hap to me what shall;
and I cannot refrain it.

Wherefore I pray, GOD be my guide,
and also thee defend!
No worser than I wish myself,
until thy life shall end!

Which life, I pray GOD, may again
King NESTOR's life renew!
And after that, your soul may rest
amongst the heavenly crew!

Thereto I wish King XERXES's wealth,
or else King CRŒSUS's gold!
With as much rest and quietness
as man may have on mold!

And when you shall this letter have
let it be kept in store!
For she that sent the same, hath sworn
as yet to send no more.

And now, "Farewell!" For why? At large
my mind is here exprest:
The which you may perceive, if that
you do peruse the rest.

FINIS.

Is. W.

The Admonition by the Author to all young Gentlewomen, and to all other Maids, being in love.



E Virgins, that from CUPID'S tents
do bear away the foil!
Whose hearts as yet with raging love
most painfully do boil:

To you, I speak! For you be they
that good advice do lack;
O if I could good counsel give,
my tongue should not be slack!

But such as I can give, I will
here in a few words express:
Which if you do observe, it will
some of your care redress.

Beware of fair and painted tall!
Beware of flattering tongues!
The Mermaids do pretend no good,
for all their pleasant Songs!

Some use the tears of crocodiles,
contrary to their heart:
And if they cannot always weep,
they wet their cheeks by Art.

OVID, within his *Art of Love*,
doth teach them this same knack:
To wet their hand, and touch their eyes;
as oft as tears they lack.

Why have ye such deceit in store?
have you such crafty wile?
Less craft than this, God knows, would soon
us simple souls beguile!

But will ye not leave off; but still
delude us in this wise?
Sith it is so, we trust we shall
take heed to feignèd lies.

Trust not a man at the first sight!
but try him well before:
I wish all Maids, within their breasts,
to keep this thing in store.

For trial shall declare this truth,
and show what he doth think:
Whether he be a Lover true,
or do intend to shrink.

If SCYLLA had not trust too much
before that she did try;
She could not have been clean forsake,
When she for help did cry.

Or if she had had good advice,
NISUS had livèd long!
How durst she trust a stranger, and
do her dear father wrong!

King NISUS had a hair by fate;
which hair while he did keep,
He never should be overcome,
neither on land nor deep.

The stranger, that the daughter loved,
did war against the King;
And always sought how that he might
them in subjection bring.

This SCYLLA stole away the hair,
for to obtain her will:
And gave it to the stranger, that
did straight her father kill.

Then she, who thought herself most sure
to have her whole desire,
Was clean reject, and left behind;
When he did home retire.

Or if such falsehood had been once
unto ŒNONE known;
About the fields of Ida wood,
PARIS had walked alone!

Or if DEMOPHOON's deceit,
to PHILLIS had been told;
She had not been transformèd so,
as Poets tell of old.

HERO did try LEANDER's truth
before that she did trust;
Therefore she found him unto her
both constant true and just.

For he always did swim the sea,
when stars in sky did glide;
Till he was drownèd by the way,
near hand unto the side.

She scrat[ched] her face, she tare her hair,
it grieveth me to tell,
When she did know the end of him
that she did love so well.

But like LEANDER there be few;
therefore, in time, take heed!
And always try before ye trust!
so shall you better speed

The little fish that careless is
within the water clear,
How glad is he, when he doth see
a bait for to appear!

He thinks his hap right good to be,
that he the same could spy;
And so the simple fool doth trust
too much before he try.

O little fish, what hap hadst thou,
to have such spiteful fate!
To come into one's cruel hands,
out of so happy state.

Thou didst suspect no harm, when thou
upon the bait didst look:
O that thou hadst had LYNCEUS's eyes,
for to have seen the hook!

Then hadst thou, with thy pretty mates,
been playing in the streams;
Where as Sir PHŒBUS daily doth
shew forth his golden beams

But sith thy fortune is so ill
to end thy life on shore;
Of this, thy most unhappy end,
I mind to speak no more.

But of thy fellow's chance that late
such pretty shift did make
That he, from fisher's hook did sprint
before he could him take.

And now he pries on every bait,
suspecting still that prick
For to lie hid in everything,
wherewith the fishers strike.

And since the fish, that reason lacks,
once warnèd, doth beware:
Why should not we take heed to that
that turneth us to care.

And I, who was deceivèd late
by one's unfaithful tears,
Trust now for to beware, if that
I live this hundred years.

Is. W.

FINIS.

A Love Letter,

or an earnest persuasion of a Lover,
sent, of late, to a young Maiden;
to whom he was betrothed:

Who, afterward, being overcome with
flattery, she seemed utterly to swerve
from her former promise, without
occasion; and so to
forsake him.

By W. G.



W. G.

A Love Letter sent from a faithful Lover, to an unconstant Maiden.



S duty wills, so Nature moves
thy friend these lines to write
Wherein thy fraud, O faithless Thou!
I mind to bring to light.

Can plightèd faith, so firmly plight,
without desert be moved?
Or should the man that faithful is,
so slenderly be loved?

Should hate his guerdon thus remain
in place of thy goodwill?
Should rigour reign within thy breast,
to vanquish reason's skill?

Should faith, to falsehood so be changed?
alas, the greater ruth,
When double dealing is preferred
before the perfect truth!

If case such hap as recompense
unto your friend you yield,
What bulwark canst thou claim
'gainst GOD thyself to shield?

Can they that sit in hau[gh]ty heavens,
such covert guilt abide?
Or are they partial now, deemst thou?
is Justice thrown aside?

Nay, just are they, and justice still,
as just, they justly use:
And unto them, as guiltless then,
canst thou thyself excuse?

No, no; not so, for they behold
thy double deeds, be sure!
No forgèd style, nor flatt'ring phrase,
their favour may allure.

No gifts, no gold, can them corrupt;
such justice there doth reign:
And they that disobey their 'hests,
are subject unto pain.

These are no novel news I tell,
the proof is plainly known:
To such as do offend their wills,
their power forth is shown.

They see thy conscience guilty is;
thy faithless fraud they see:
And think'st thou then, this guilt of thine
can unrewarded be?

O FAITH, think not so far to wish
from reason's limits pure!
But judge thyself, what justice they
to sinful ones inure.

And thyself such doom shall give,
as guilty shalt thou find:
Therefore relent, and once again
thy grudging conscience mind!

Which unto gods that sacrèd are,
as guilty thee bewray.
In place of fraud, let faith and truth
with thee now bear the sway!

Revoke and call to memory
the fruits of friendship shown!
Perpend in mind my torments strong,
my plaints and pensive moan!

Which, six long years, as passionate
to carping yoke of care,
I 'bode for thee, as thou thyself,
I know, canst well declare.

Remember thou the plaints and tears
which I poured forth for thee!
And ponder well the sacred vow
that thou hast made to me!

Which vow gave comfort to thy friend,
that subject served to grief:
Thou gavest thyself a pledge to me!
Thy faith was my relief!

But now what hellish hag, alas,
hath turned thy love to hate?
Or else what whelp of HYDRA's kind
in thee hath wrought debate?

Alas, wilt thou despoil me quite
of my possessèd joy?
Or wilt thou plunge me headlong thus
to gulfs of great annoy?

Who would a [*have*] thought alas,
such fraud to rest in thee?
Who would have deemed, without desert
thy heart should change from me?

Whose heart hath couched his tent
within my covert breast
And thine, I hoped, of me thy friend
likewise had been possesst.

But wavering minds, I plainly see,
so compassèd with guile,
Pretend by sleights, the perfect joys
of friends for to exile.

O should a prattling parasite
so egg thee with disdain;
That thou, the presence of thy friend,
through flattery, shouldst refrain?

Not vouching once to speak with him,
whose heart thou hadst in hold:
Sith Liking fame hath granted grace;
should Love so soon be cold!

Consider these my letters well,
and answer them again!
For I, thy friend in covert zeal,
this time hath closed my pen.

Farewell! Adieu! Ten thousand times
to GOD I thee commend!
Besecching him his heavenly grace
unto thee still to send!

Thy friend in wealth, thy friend in woe:
Thy friend while life shall flit me fro.
And whilst that you enjoy your breath,
Leave not your friend unto the death!
For greater praise cannot be won
Than to observe True Love begun.

W. G.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by Richard Jones.



The destruction, capture, &c. of Portuguese Carracks, by English seamen.

1592-1594 *A.D.*

R. HAKLUYT *Voyages*, III., 194, Ed. 1600.

In the Third Volume of this Series will be found the fullest and most exact description in our language of the annual Fleets, usually consisting of five Carracks, that went from Lisbon to Goa and back; written by JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN, a Dutchman, who made that Voyage in the years 1582-1592. The following events occurred after LINSCHOTEN reached Lisbon, on 2nd January 1592 [III. 470].

Some additional particulars from a very rare tract, *The Seaman's Triumph*, London, 1592, 4to, are given in the footnotes.

A true Report of the honourable Service at sea performed by Sir JOHN BURROUGH Knight, Lieutenant General of the Fleet prepared by the Honourable Sir WALTER RALEGH Knight, Lord Warden of the Stanneries of Cornwall and Devon. Wherein, chiefly, the Santa Clara *of Biscay, a ship of* 600 *tons, was taken: and the two East Indian Carracks, the* Santa Cruz *and the* Madre de Dios, *were forced; the one burnt, the other taken and brought into Dartmouth the 7th of September* 1592.

SIR WALTER RALEGH, upon Commission received from Her Majesty for an Expedition to be made to the West Indies, slacked not his uttermost diligence to make full provision of all things necessary: as, both in his choice of good ships, and [of] sufficient men to perform the action, evidently appeared. For [of] his ships, which were in number fourteen or fifteen, those two of

Her Majesty's, the *Garland* and the *Foresight*, were the chiefest. The rest [were] either his own, or his good friends', or [belonged to] Adventurers of London. For the Gentlemen his consorts and Officers, to give them their right, they were so well qualited in courage, experience, and discretion as the greatest Prince might repute himself happy to be served with their like.

The honour of Lieutenant General was imposed upon Sir JOHN BURROUGH, a Gentleman, for his manifold good and heroical parts, thought every way worthy of that commandment. With whom, after Sir WALTER RALEGH returned, was joined in Commission, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER: who, for his special skill and knowledge in marine causes, had formerly carried employments of like, or greater, place. The rest of the Captains, soldiers, and sailors were men of notable resolution; and, for the most part, such as heretofore had given to the World sufficient proof of their valour in divers Services of the like nature.

With these ships, thus manned, Sir WALTER RALEGH departed towards the West country, there to store himself with such further necessaries as the state of his Voyage [*Expedition*] did needfully require. Where the westerly winds, blowing for a long time contrary to his course, bound and constrained him to keep harbour so many weeks that the fittest season for his purpose was gone; the minds of his people, much altered; his victuals, consumed: and withal Her Majesty, understanding how crossly all this sorted, began to call the procedings of this preparation into question.

Insomuch that, whereas the 6th of May [1592] was first come before Sir WALTER could put to sea; the very next day, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, in a Pinnance of my [Lord HOWARD of Effingham, the] Lord Admiral's, called the *Disdain*, met him: and brought to him, from Her Majesty, Letters of Revocation, with commandment to relinquish for his own part, the intended attempt; and to leave the charge and conduct of all things in the hands of Sir JOHN BURROUGH and Sir MARTIN FROBISHER.

But Sir WALTER (finding his honour so far engaged in the undertaking of this Voyage [*Expedition*] as, without proceeding, he saw no remedy either to salve his reputation; or to content those his friends, which had put in adventures

of great sums with him: and making construction of the Queen's Letters, in such sort, as if her commandment had been propounded in indifferent terms, either to advance forward, or to retire, at his own discretion) would in no case yield to leave his Fleet now under sail.

Wherefore continuing his course into the sea, he met, within a day or two, with certain Sails lately come from Spain. Among which was a ship appertaining to Monsieur GOURDON, Governor of Calais: and [he] found aboard her, one Master NEVEL DAVIES, an Englishman, who (having endured a long and miserable captivity for the space of twelve years [1580-1592]; partly in the Inquisition in Spain) was now, by good fortune, escaped; and upon [his] return to his [own] country.

This man, among other things, reported for certain, That there was little hope of any good this year to be done in the West India: considering that the King of Spain had sent express order to all the ports, both of the Islands and of *Terra firma*, that no ship should stir that year, nor any treasure be laid aboard for Spain.

But neither this unpleasant relation, nor aught else, could stay his proceedings, until a tempest of strange and uncouth violence, arising upon Thursday the 11th of May, when he was athwart Cape Finisterre, had so scattered the greater part of the Fleet, and sunk his boats and Pinnaces: that as the rest were driven and severed, some this way, and some that; Sir WALTER himself, being in the *Garland* of Her Majesty's [Ships], was in danger to be swallowed up of the sea.

Whereupon Sir WALTER RALEGH finding that the season of the year was too far gone to proceed with the enterprise which he had upon Panama, having been held on the English coast from February till May [1592], and thereby spent three months' victuals; and considering withal that to lie upon the Spanish coast, or at the Islands [of the Azores], to attend the return of the East [Indian], or West Indian Fleets, was rather a work of patience than aught else: he gave directions to Sir JOHN BURROUGH and Sir MARTIN FROBISHER to divide the Fleet in two parts. Sir MARTIN with the *Garland*, Captain GEORGE GIFFARD, Captain HENRY THIN, Captain GRENVILLE, and others, to lie off the South Cape [*Cape St Vincent*]; thereby to amaze the Spanish

Fleet, and to hold them on their own coast, while Sir JOHN BURROUGH [in the *Roebuck*], Captain [Sir] ROBERT CROSSE [in the *Foresight*,] Captain THOMSON [in the *Dainty*], and others, should attend the Islands for the Carracks [from Goa] or any other Spanish ships coming from Mexico or other parts of the West Indies.

Which direction took effect [*was effectual*] accordingly. For the King of Spain's Admiral, receiving intelligence that the English Fleet was come on the coast, attended to defend the south parts of Spain, and to keep himself as near Sir MARTIN FROBISHER as he could, to impeach [*hinder*] him in all things which he might undertake: and thereby neglected the safe conduct of the Carracks; with whom it fared as hereafter shall appear.

The *Santa Clara*, a Biscayen ship of 600 tons, taken.

Before the Fleet severed themselves, they met with a great Biscayen on the Spanish coast, called [the] *Santa Clara*, a ship of 600 tons. The noise of the artillery on both sides being heard; immediately they drew to their Fleet. Where, after a reasonably hot fight, the ship was entered and mastered: which they found fraighted with all sorts of small ironwork, as horse-shoes, nails, ploughshares, iron bars, spikes, bolts, locks, gimbols, and such like, valued by us at £6,000 or £7,000 [=£24,000 *to* £30,000 *now*], but worth to them treble the value. This Biscayen was sailing towards San Lucar [de Barrameda, the Port of Seville], there to take in some further provision for the West India.

This ship being first rummaged, and after sent for England: our Fleet coasted along towards the South Cape of St. Vincent.

And, by the way, about the Rock [*Cape da Roca*] near Lisbon, Sir JOHN BURROUGH in the *Roebuck* spying a Sail afar off, gave her present chase: which, being a Fly-boat and of good sail [*a good sailer*], drew him far southwards before he could fetch her; but at last she came under his lee, and struck sail.

The Master of which Fly-boat coming aboard him, confessed, that the King [PHILIP II.] indeed had prepared a great Fleet in San Lucar [de Barrameda] and Cadiz; and, as the report in Spain was current, for the West Indies.

But indeed the Spanish King had provided this Fleet upon this counsel:

He received intelligence that Sir WALTER RALEGH was to put out strong for the West India. To impeach him, and to ranconter [*encounter*] his force; he appointed this Fleet: although, looking for the arrival of his East Indian Carracks, he first ordained those ships to waft [*convoy*] them from the Azores. But persuading himself that if the Fleet of Sir WALTER RALEGH did go for the West India, then the Islands should have none to infest them but small Men of War; which the Carracks of themselves would be well able to match: his order was to Don ALONSO DE BAGAN, brother to the Marquis of SANTA CRUZ, and General of his Armada, to pursue Sir WALTER's Fleet, and to confront him; what course soever he held.

And that this was true, our men in short time by proof understood. For Sir JOHN BURROUGH (not long after the taking of his last prize, the Fly-boat), as he sailed back again towards the rest of his company, discovered the Spanish Fleet to seaward of him: which, having likewise spied him betwixt them and the shore, made full account to bring him safe into [a] Spanish harbour; and therefore spread themselves in such sort before him, that indeed his danger was very great. For both the liberty of the sea was brought into a narrow straight [*distance*]; and the shore, being enemy [*hostile*] could give him no comfort of relief. So that, trusting to GOD's help only and his good sail [*sailing*], he thrust out from among them, in spite of all their force; and, to the notable illusion of all their cunning, which they shewed to the uttermost in laying the way for his apprehension.

Sir JOHN BURROUGH in great danger of the Spanish Fleet.

But now Sir JOHN BURROUGH, having happily escaped their clutches; finding the coast guarded by this Fleet; and knowing it was but folly to expect a meeting there with Sir MARTIN FROBISHER (who understanding of this Armada, as well as himself, would be sure not to come that way), began to shape his course to the Azores, according to Sir WALTER RALEGH's direction: and came in sight of St. Michael; running so near by Villa Franca, that he might easily discern the ships lying there at anchor.

The Isle of St. Michael.

Divers small Caravels both here and between St George's [Island] and the Pike [*Pico*], in his course towards Flores, he intercepted: of which no great intelligence for his affairs could be understood.

Divers small ships taken.

Arriving before Flores, upon Thursday the 21st of June, towards evening, [in the *Roebuck*], accompanied only by Captain CAUFIELD and the Master of his ship; the rest not being yet arrived: he made towards the shore with his boat: finding all the people of Santa Cruz, a village of that island, in arms; fearing their landing, and ready marshalled to defend their town from spoil.

Santa Cruz, a village in the Isle of Flores.

Sir JOHN, contrariwise, made signs of amity unto them by advancing a white flag, a common token of peace: which was answered again of them with the like. Whereupon ensued intercourses of good friendship; and pledges were taken on both sides, the Captain of the town for them and Captain CAULFIELD for ours. So that whatsoever our men wanted, which that place could supply, either in fresh water, victuals, or the like, was very willingly granted [*i.e. for payment*) by the inhabitants; and good leave had they to refresh themselves on shore, as much and as oft as they would, without restraint.

At this Santa Cruz, Sir JOHN BURROUGH was informed that indeed there was among them no expectation of any Fleet to come from the West: but from the East, that no longer since than three days before his arrival [*i.e.* 18th June 1592] a Carrack was passed by for Lisbon, and that there were four Carracks more behind, of one consort [*company or Fleet*].

News of the East Indian Carracks

Sir JOHN, being very glad of this news, stayed no longer on shore, but presently embarked himself: having only in company a small Bark, of 60 tons [? the *Phœnix*, see page 255], belonging to one Master HOPKINS of Bristol.

In the meanwhile that these things thus passed at Flores; part of the rest of the English Fleet, which Sir JOHN BURROUGH had left upon the coast of Spain, drew also towards the Azores. And whereas he quickly, at sea, had discovered one of the Carracks [the *Santa Cruz*]: the same evening, he might descry two or three of [GEORGE CLIFFORD] the Earl of CUMBERLAND'S ships [*two of them were the* Tiger *and the* Sampson], whereof one Master NORTON was Captain [*or as*

we should now say, Commodore]; which having, in like sort, kenned the Carrack, pursued her by that course which they saw her to run towards the Islands.

But on no side was there any way made, by reason of a great calm which yielded no breath to spread a sail. Insomuch that (fitly to discover her what she was; of what burden, force, and countenance) Sir JOHN BURROUGH took his boat, and rowed the space of three miles, to make her [out] exactly; and, being returned, he consulted with the better sort of the Company then present, upon the boarding [of] her in the morning.

But a very mighty storm arising in the night, the extremity thereof forced them all to weigh anchors; yet their care was such in wrestling with the weather, not to lose the Carrack: [so] that, in the morning (the tempest being qualified, and our men bearing again with the shore), they might perceive the Carrack very near the land; and the Portugals confusedly carrying on shore such things as they could, [in] any manner of way, convey out of her. And by the haste our men made to come upon them; [they] boarded her.

But first, that nothing might be left commodious to our men; [they] set fire to that which they could not carry with them: intending by that means, wholly to consume her; that neither glory of victory, nor benefit of ship, might remain to ours.

A Carrack, called the *Santa Cruz*, set on fire.

And lest the approach and industry of the English should bring means to extinguish the flame, thereby to preserve the residue of that which the fire had not destroyed: being 400 of them in number and well armed, they intrenched themselves on land so near the Carrack, that she, being by their forces protected and our men kept aloof off; the fire might continue to the consumption of the whole.

This being noted by Sir JOHN BURROUGH; he soon provided a present remedy for this mischief. For landing 100 of his men (whereof many did swim, and wade more than breast high, to shore) and easily scattering those that presented themselves to guard the coast: he no sooner drew towards their new trenches, but they fled immediately; leaving as much as the fire had spared [of the *Santa Cruz*] to be the reward of our men's pains.

A hundred of our men landed.

Here were taken, among others, one VINCENT FONSECA, a Portugal, Purser of the Carrack; with two others, one an Almain [*German*], and the second a Low Dutchman [*Hollander*] Cannoniers: who, refusing to make any voluntary report of those things which were demanded of them, had the torture threatened; the fear whereof, at the last, wrested from them this intelligence:

That, within fifteen days, three other greater Carracks than that [the *Santa Cruz*] lately fired, would arrive at the same Island [of Flores]. And that being five Carracks in the Fleet at their departure from Goa, to wit, the *Buen Jesus*, Admiral [*Flag Ship*]; the *Madre de Dios*; the *San Bernardo*; the *San Christophoro*; and the *Santa Cruz*, whose fortune you have already heard: they had received special commandment from the King [PHILIP II.] not to touch, in any case, at the Island of St. Helena, where the Portugal Carracks, in their return from the East India, were always, till now, wont to arrive, to refresh themselves with water and victuals. And the King's reason was, because of the English Men of War: who, as he was informed, lay there in wait to intercept them. If therefore their necessity of water should drive them to seek [a] supply anywhere, he appointed them Angola, in the main[land] of Africa; with order there to stay only the taking in of water, to avoid the inconvenience of infections, whereunto that hot latitude is dangerously subject. The last rendezvous for them all was the Island of Flores: where the King assured them not to miss of his Armada, thither sent of purpose for their wafting [*convoy*] to Lisbon.

Angola, a new watering place for the Carracks.

Upon this information, Sir JOHN drew to Council [of War], meeting there Captain NORTON, Captain DOWNTON, Captain ABRAHAM COCKE, Captains of three ships of [GEORGE CLIFFORD,] the Earl of CUMBERLAND; Master THOMSON of Harwich, Captain of the *Dainty* of Sir JOHN HAWKINS's, one of Sir WALTER RALEGH's Fleet; and Master CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT, Captain of the *Golden Dragon*, newly returned from the West Indies; and others.

These being assembled, he communicated with them what he had understood of the foresaid Examinates; and what great presumptions of truth their relation did carry: wishing that forasmuch as GOD and good fortune had brought them

together in so good a season, they would shew the uttermost of their endeavours to bring these Easterlings [*here meaning, the Carracks from the East: an unusual application of a word ordinarily applied to Baltic ships*] under the lee of English obedience.

Hereupon a present accord, on all sides, followed; not to part company, or leave off those seas, till time should present cause to put their consultations in execution.

The next day [? 29th June 1592], Her Majesty's good Ship the *Foresight*, commanded by Sir ROBERT CROSSE, came in to the rest: and he, likewise informed of the matter, was soon drawn into this Service.

Thus Sir JOHN, with all these ships, departing thence [to some] six or seven leagues to the West of Flores; they spread themselves abroad from the North to the South; each ship two leagues, at the least, distant from another. By which order of extension, they were able to discover the space of two whole degrees [= 140 *miles*] at sea.

In this sort, they lay from the 29th of June to the 3rd of August [1592].

[At] what time, Captain THOMSON, in the *Dainty*, had first sight of the huge Carrack, called the *Madre de Dios* [the *Mother of God*]; one of the greatest receipt [*burden*] belonging to the Crown of Portugal.

The *Dainty*, being of excellent sail, got the start of the rest of our Fleet: and began the conflict, somewhat to her cost, with the slaughter and hurt of divers of her men.*

Within a while after, Sir JOHN BURROUGH, in the *Roebuck* of Sir WALTER RALEGH's [Fleet], was at hand to second

* By noon, or one of the clock, of that day, being the 3rd of August [1592], the *Dainty* came near her so that the Gunner, whose name was THOMAS BEDOME (being a proper tall man: and had very good aim at anything, and good luck withal), desired the Captain [THOMSON] he might give them a shoot: to let them understand that they were Englishmen; and, under Her Highness, Commanders of the Seas.

The Captain (having great care; and not willing to have any shoot shot in vain) commanded him to forbear till they should come nearer her; which was not long: when the Captain commanded him to do his best; and carousing a can of wine to his Company, encouraged them to begin the fight.

And coming up, [he] hailed them, after the manner of the sea; and commanded them to strike for the Queen of England: which they no

her: who saluted her with shot of great ordnance, and continued the fight, within musket shot, (assisted by Captain THOMSON [in the *Dainty*] and Captain NEWPORT [in the *Golden Dragon*]) till Sir ROBERT CROSSE, Vice Admiral of the Fleet [there present], came up; [having] been to leeward.

At whose arrival, Sir JOHN BURROUGH demanded of him, What was best to be done?

Who answered, That if the Carrack were not boarded; she would recover the shore, and fire herself, as the other had done.

Whereupon Sir JOHN BURROUGH concluded to entangle her: and Sir ROBERT CROSS promised also to fasten himself [in the *Foresight*] to her together at the instant. Which was performed.

But, after a while, Sir JOHN BURROUGH['s ship, the *Roebuck*,] receiving a shot, with a cannon perier, under water, and [being] ready to sink; [he] desired Sir ROBERT CROSSE to fall off that he might also clear himself, and save his ship from sinking: which with difficulty he did. For both the *Roebuck* and the *Foresight* were so entangled as, with much ado, could they clear themselves.

The same evening, Sir ROBERT CROSSE (finding the Carrack then sure, and drawing near the Island) persuaded his company to board her again; or else there was no hope to recover her: who, after many excuses and fears, were by him encouraged. And so [his ship] fell athwart her foreships all alone; and so hindered her sailing, that the rest had time to come up to his succour, and to recover the Carrack ere she recovered the land.

sooner refused, but the Gunner, being ready, gave fire to two whole culverins in her chase; and racked and tore her pitifully.

Bearing up with them, [we] gave them the whole [broad] side; and boarded them presently: who resisted most courageously, and put us off again.

Thus continued the *Dainty* in fight a pretty while before any others could come to help her.

In which time, she laid her aboard three several times, tore her Ancient [*Flag*] from her Poop, and slew her Captain [?]. And more harm had done them: but that, by chance, a shot bare their Foremast by the board; which they were compelled to splice again, to their great trouble.

The Seaman's Triumph. [30th September] 1592.

And so, towards the evening, after he had fought with her alone three hours singly, my Lord of CUMBERLAND's two ships [the *Tiger* and the *Sampson*] came up: and, with very little loss, [they] entered with Sir ROBERT CROSSE; who had, in that time, broken their courage, and made the assault easy for the rest.* The *Madre de Dios* taken.

The General [Sir JOHN BURROUGH] having disarmed the Portugals; and stowed them, for better security, on all sides [*i.e. in the various English ships*]; first had presented to his eyes, the true proportion of the vast body of this Carrack; which did then, and may still, justly provoke the admiration [*wonderment*] of all men not formerly acquainted with such a sight.

But albeit this first appearance of the hugeness thereof

* The next was Her Majesty's good Ship, the *Foresight*; whose Commander for that Service was Captain [Sir ROBERT] CROSSE (a man well approved in marine causes, and far hath adventured): who with his ship laid her aboard, and very valiantly assailed them; and was most stoutly by the Spaniards also repulsed.

Insomuch that the brave Captain, of whose men, many were weak; and yet being loath Her Majesty's Ship should be shaken off without victory, fired the Carrack: rather wishing her to be burnt, than the enemies to enjoy her. But the proud and lofty-minded Spaniards, standing on their resolute points, returned the fire again, or some other: which three times was kindled [on board the *Foresight*]; to the great cumber of Captain CROSSE and his Company, that would not so leave them.

This dangerous conflict between these ships endured [a] long time. Which the *Phœnix* of Portsmouth perceiving . . . being of 60 tons or thereabouts . . . left her for a time; standing with their Admiral and Vice-Admiral, which were the *Tiger* and the *Sampson*: and coming up with them, declared unto them the hardy fight of the *Foresight*; who presently bare up with them all the night. The *Sampson*, being the first, coming up with the Carrack, gave her the whole broadside: and shutting up into the *Foresight*'s quarter, entered his men into her.

Captain NORTON, that brave and worthy Gentleman, laid her also aboard, having the *Tiger* with him.

And so [all three crews] entered together, being 100 men at the least, all resolutely minded. At whose entrance they yielded so great a cry as the dismayed Portugals and Spaniards could not bethink themselves what course to take to help themselves: in such a maze were they stricken, although they were [originally] 800 strong, all well-appointed and able men; and of ours but 100. But standing thus, as men amazed, at length [they] yielded themselves vanquished.

The Seaman's Triumph. [30th September] 1592.

yielded sights enough to entertain our men's eyes; yet the pitiful object of so many bodies slain and dismembered could not but draw each man's eye to see, and heart to lament, and hands to help, those miserable people; whose limbs were so torn with the violence of shot, and pain made grievous with the multitude of wounds. No man could almost step but upon a dead carcase, or a bloody floor. But especially about the helm; where very many of them fell suddenly from stirring [*steering*] to dying. For the greatness of the stirrage [*steering*] requiring the labour of twelve or fourteen men at once; and some of our ships, beating her in at the stern with their ordnance, oftentimes with one shot slew four or five labouring on either side of the helm: whose rooms being still furnished with fresh supplies, and our artillery still playing upon them with continual vollies; it could not be but that much blood should be shed in that place.

Exceeding humanity showed to the Enemy.

Whereupon our General, moved with singular commiseration of their misery, sent them his own chirurgions, denying them no possible help or relief he, or any of his Company, could afford them.

Among the rest of those, whose state this chance had made very deplorable, was Don FERNANDO DE MENDOZA, Grand Captain and Commander of this Carrack: who indeed was descended of the House of MENDOZA in Spain; but, being married into Portugal, lived there as one of that nation. A Gentleman well stricken in years, well spoken, of comely personage, of good stature: but of hard fortune.

In his several Services against the Moors, he was twice taken prisoner; and both times ransomed by the King [of Spain].

In a former voyage of return from [*or rather*, going to] the East India, he was driven [in August 1585] upon the *baxos* or "sands of India" [*now called* Bassas da India, *and situated midway between Africa and Madagascar*], near the coast of Cephala [*Sofala*]; being then also Captain of a Carrack [the *San Jago*], which was there lost: and himself, though escaping the sea danger, yet fell into the hands

of infidels on land, who kept him under long and grievous servitude. [*An account of this shipwreck will be found in Vol. III., pp.* 25, 311-316.] Once more the King [PHILIP II.], carrying a loving respect to the man and desirous to better his condition, was content to let him try his fortune in this Easterly Navigation; and committed unto him the conduct of this Carrack [the *Madre de Dios*], wherein he went [in 1591] from Lisbon, General of the whole Fleet: and in that degree had returned, if the Viceroy of Goa, embarked for Portugal on the *Buen Jesus*, had not, by reason of his late Office, being preferred.

Sir JOHN, intending not to add too much affliction to the afflicted, moved with pity and compassion of human misery, in the end, resolved freely to dismiss this Captain and the most part of his followers to their own country; and for the same purpose, bestowed them in certain vessels, furnished with all kinds of necessary provision.*

This business thus dispatched, good leisure had he to take such [a] view of the goods as conveniency might afford. And having very prudently, to cut off the unprofitable spoil and pillage whereunto he saw the minds of many inclined, seized upon the whole to Her Majesty's use; after a short and slender rummaging and searching of such things as first came to hand: he perceived that the wealth would arise nothing disanswerable to expectation; but that the variety and grandeur of all rich commodities would be more than sufficient to

* They gan to consult, What were best to do with the prisoners, which were many? And finding their great scarcity of victuals; and not knowing what weather they might have; nor how it might please GOD with good wind to prosper them: it was concluded to ship as many of them as they might; and to send them for Lisbon. This they fully determined; and provision was made of a Bark of Dover, which they met: the Fleet taking in her men, and such provision as they had in her; and embarked the Spaniards and Portingals, with their Negroes, whereof were many. And gave them, with them, store of victuals; and so gave them leave to depart; detaining none but the principalest of them.

The Seaman's Triumph. [30th September] 1592.

content both the Adventurers' desire and the soldiers' travail.*

And here I cannot but enter into the consideration and acknowledgment of GOD's great favour towards our nation; who, by putting this purchase [*booty*] into our hands, hath manifestly discovered those secret trades and Indian riches which hitherto lay strangely hidden and cunningly concealed from us: whereof there was, among some few of us, some small and unperfect glimpse only; which now is turned into the broad light of full and perfect knowledge. Whereby it should seem that the will of GOD for our good is, if our weakness could apprehend it, to have us communicate with them in those East Indian treasures: and, by the erection of a lawful Traffic, to better our means to advance true religion and his holy service. [*Just at the time* RICHARD HAKLUYT *printed this*, 1600 A.D.; *he and others were chartered by Queen* ELIZABETH, *as the English East India Company.*]

The Carrack, being in burden, by the estimation of the wise and experienced, [of] no less than 1,600 tons; had fully 900 of those, stowed with the gross bulk of merchandise: the rest of the tonnage being allowed, partly to the ordnance, which were 32 pieces of brass of all sorts; partly to the passengers and the victuals; which could not be any small

* The conflict ended, it were a world of wonder to recount unto you the true reports, how our men bestirred themselves in searching and prying into every corner of her as far as they might: as they might well do, having with so great danger overcome her. The sight of the riches, within the same contained, did so amaze the Companies (that were within board of her: and that still came from every ship; being desirous to see what GOD had sent them, after so long and hot a fight) that many of them could not tell what to take; such was the store and goodness thereof.

Yea, he that had known what [the] things had been worth, in a little room might have contrived great wealth. For it is credibly reported that some younkers happened to find many Jars of Civet, which is o great worth; and [it having been] of some long time closely kept was cause, when they opened the same, it yielded no savour: and they, ignorant and not knowing what it should be, thinking it but trash, as it came to their hands, heaved it overboard. Many other things were so spoiled [*destroyed*] for want of knowledge; when every man had sufficient, and that not one had cause to complain.

The Seaman's Triumph [30th September] 1592.

quantity, considering the number of the persons, betwixt 600 and 700, and the length of the navigation.

To give you a taste, as it were, of the commodities, it shall suffice to deliver you a general particularity of them, according to the Catalogue taken at Leaden Hall, the 15th of September 1592. Where, upon good view, it was found that the principal wares, after the jewels (which were no doubt of great value, though they never came to light), consisted of *Spices, Drugs, Silks, Calicoes, Quilts, Carpets,* and *Colours*, &c. A brief Catalogue of the sundry rich commodities of the *Madre de Dios*.

The *Spices* were Pepper, Cloves, Maces, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Green Ginger.

The *Drugs* were Benjamin [*the gum Benzoin*], Frankincense, Galingale [*or Galangal*], Mirabolams, Aloes, Zocotrina, Camphor.

The *Silks* [were] Damasks, Taffatas, Sarcenets, *Altobassos* that is counterfeit Cloth of Gold, unwrought China Silk, Sleaved Silk, White twisted Silk, Curled Cypress [= *Cypress lawn, a cobweb lawn or crape*].

The *Calicoes* were Book Calicoes, Calico Lawns, Broad white Calicoes, Fine starched Calicoes, Coarse white Calicoes, Brown broad Calicoes, Brown coarse Calicoes.

There were also Canopies, and coarse Diaper Towels; *Quilts* of coarse Sarcenet, and of Calico; *Carpets* like those of Turkey.

Whereunto are to be added the Pearls, Musk, Civet, and Ambergris.

The rest of the wares were many in number; but less in value: as Elephants' teeth; Porcelain vessels of China; Cocoanuts; Hides; Ebony wood, as black as jet; Bedsteads of the same; Cloth of the rinds of trees, very strange for the matter, and artificial in workmanship.

All which piles of commodities being, by men of approved judgment, rated but in reasonable sort, amounted to no less than £150,000 sterling [= £600,000 *to* £700,000 *now*]: which being divided among the Adventurers whereof Her Majesty was the chief, was sufficient to yield contentment to all parties.

The [above] cargazon [*cargo*] being taken out [at Dartmouth], and the goods freighted in ten of our ships, [and]

sent for London; to the end that the bigness, height, length, breadth, and other dimensions, of so huge a vessel might, by the exact rules of geometrical observations, be truly taken, both for present knowledge and derivation [*transmission*] also of the same unto posterity: one Master ROBERT ADAMS, a man in his faculty of excellent skill, omitted nothing in the description which either his art could demonstrate; or any man's judgment think worthy the memory.

After an exquisite survey of the whole frame, he found:

The capacity and dimensions of the *Madre de Dios*.

The length, from the beak-head to the stern, whereupon was erected a lantern, to contain 165 feet.

The breadth, in the second Close deck, whereof she had three; this being the place where was most extension of breadth, was 46 feet 10 inches.

She drew in water 31 feet at her departure from Cochin in India: but not above 26 [feet] at her arrival in Dartmouth; being lightened in her voyage, by divers means, some 5 feet.

She carried in height, seven several stories [or decks]: one main Orlop, three Close decks, one Fore-castle, and a Spar deck of two floors apiece.

The length of the keel was 100 feet: of the Mainmast 121 feet; and the circuit about, at the partners, 10 feet, 7 inches.

The main-yard was 106 feet long.

By which perfect commensuration of the parts appeareth the hugeness of the whole: far beyond the mould of the biggest shipping used among us, either for war or receit [*burden*].

Don ALONSO DE BAÇAN (having a great Fleet: and suffering these two Carracks, the *Santa Cruz* to be burnt; and the *Madre de Dios* to be taken) was disgraced by his Prince for his negligence.

Captain NICHOLAS DOWNTON.

The firing and sinking of the stout and warlike Carrack, called Las Cinque Llagas *or* The Five Wounds [*of the Cross at Calvary, usually called the* Stigmata] *by three tall ships set forth at the charges of the Right Honourable* [*GEORGE CLIFFORD*] *the Earl of CUMBERLAND and his friends.*



N the latter end of the year 1593, the Right Honourable [GEORGE CLIFFORD,] Earl of CUMBERLAND, at his own charges and his friends', prepared three tall ships, all at [an] equal rate and either [*each*] of them had [the] like quantity of victuals and [the] like number of men: there being embarked in all three ships, 420 men of all sorts.

Besides these three ships; there was a Pinnace, called the *Violet*, or the *Why not I?*

The *Royal Exchange* went as Admiral [*Flag Ship*]; wherein Master GEORGE CAVE was Captain. The *May Flower*, Vice Admiral, [was] under the conduct of [Captain] WILLIAM ANTHONIE. And the *Sampson*, the charge whereof, it please his Honour to commit unto me, NICHOLAS DOWNTON.

The directions were sent to us to Plymouth; and we were to open them at sea.

The 6th of April 1594, we set sail in the Sound of Plymouth, directing our course toward the Coast of Spain.

The 24th of the said month, at the Admiral's direction; we divided ourselves East and West from each other, being then in the height of 43° [North]: with commandment at night to come together again.

The 27th, in the morning, we descried the *May Flower* and the little Pinnace [the *Violet*] with a prize that they had taken; being of Vianna [do Castello] in Portugal, and bound for Angola in Africa. This Bark was of 28 tons; having some 17 persons in the same. There were in her, some 12

butts of Galicia wine; whereof we took into every ship a like part: with some Rusk in chests and barrels, with 5 butts of blue coarse cloth, and certain coarse linen cloth for Negroes' shirts; which goods were divided among our Fleet.

Commodities fit for Angola.

The 4th of May, we had sight of our Pinnace and the Admiral's shallop: which had taken three Portugal Caravels; whereof they had sent two away, and kept the third.

The 2nd of June, we had sight of St. Michael [,one of the Azores].

The 3rd day, in the morning, we sent our small Pinnace, which was of some 24 tons, with the small Caravel which we had taken at the Burlings, to range the road[s] [*harbours*] of all the Islands; to see if they could get anything in the same: appointing them to meet us W.S.W. 12 leagues from Fayal. Their going from us was to no purpose. They missed coming to us, when we appointed: also we missed them, when we had great cause to have used them.

The 13th of June, we met with a mighty Carrack of the East Indies, called *Las Cinque Llagas*, or *The Five Wounds*. The *May Flower* was in fight with her before night. I, in the *Sampson*, fetched her up in the evening; and (as I commanded to give her the broad side, as we term it) while I stood very heedfully prying to discover her strength; and where I might give counsel to board her in the night, when the Admiral came [*should come*] up to us; and, as I remember, at the very first shot she discharged at us, I was shot in a little above the belly; whereby I was made unserviceable for a good while after, without [the Portuguese] touching [*hurting*] any other for that night.

Yet, by means of an honest true-hearted man which I had with me, one Captain GRANT, nothing was neglected.

Until midnight, when the Admiral came up; the *May Flower* and the *Sampson* never left, by turns, to ply her with their great ordnance: but then Captain CAVE wished us to stay till morning; at what time each one of us should give her three bouts with our great ordnance, and so should clap her aboard.

But indeed it was long lingered in the morning, until ten of the clock, before we attempted to board her. The Admiral

laid her aboard in the mid ship: the *May Flower* coming up in the quarter, as it should seem, to lie at the stern of the Admiral on the larboard side.

[WILLIAM ANTHONIE,] the Captain of the said *May Flower* was slain at the first coming up: whereby the ship fell to the stern of the out-licar of the Carrack; which, being a piece of timber, so wounded her Foresail, that they said they could come no more to [the] fight. I am sure they did not; but kept aloof from us.

The *Sampson* were aboard on the bow [of the Carrack]; but having not room enough, our quarter lay on the [*Royal*] *Exchange*'s, and our bow on the Carrack's bow.

The *Exchange* also, at the first coming, had her Captain, Master [GEORGE] CAVE, shot in both the legs; the one whereof he never recovered: so he, for that present, was not able to do his office; and, in his absence, he had not any that would undertake to lead out his Company to enter upon the Enemy.

My friend, Captain GRANT, did lead my men on the Carrack's side; which, being not manfully backed by the *Exchange*'s men, his forces being small, made the Enemy bolder than he would have been: whereby I had six men presently slain, and many more hurt; which made them that remained unhurt to return aboard, and [they] would never more give the assault. I say not but some of the *Exchange*'s men did very well: and many more, no doubt, would have done the like, if there had been any principal man to have put them forward, and to have brought all the Company to the fight; and not to have run into corners themselves. But I must needs say that their ship [*the Carrack*] was as well provided for defence as any that I have seen.

And the Portugals, peradventure encouraged by our slack working, played the men; and had Barricadoes made where they might stand without any danger of our shot. They plied us also very much with fire, so that most of our men were burnt in some place or other: and while our men were putting out the fire, they would ever be plying them with small shot or darts. This unusual casting of fire did much dismay many of our men, and made them draw back as they did.

When we had not men to enter; we plied our great ordnance much at them, as high up as they might be mounted: for otherwise we did them little harm. And by shooting a piece out of our forecastle, being close by her, we fired a mat on her beak-head: which [fire] more and more kindled, and ran from thence to the mat on the bowsprit; and from the mat, up to the wood of the bowsprit; and thence to the topsail-yard; which fire made the Portugals abaft in the ship to stagger, and to make show of *parlé*. But they that had the charge before, encouraged them; making show that it might easily be put out, and that it was nothing. Whereupon again they stood stiffly to their defence.

Anon the fire grew so strong that I saw it [to be] beyond all help; although she had been already yielded to us. Then we desired to be off from her, but had little hope to [have] obtained our desire. Nevertheless we plied water very much to keep our ship well. Indeed I made little other reckoning for the ship, myself, and divers hurt men; [but] then to have ended there with the Carrack: but most of our people might have saved themselves in boats. And when my care was most, by GOD's Providence only, by the burning asunder of our spritsail-yard with [its] ropes and sail, and the ropes about the spritsail-yard of the Carrack, whereby we were fast entangled, we fell apart; with [the] burning of some of our sails which we had then on board.

The *Exchange* also, being further from the fire, afterward was more easily cleared; and fell off from abaft.

As soon as GOD had put us out of danger, the fire got into the Fore-castle [of the Carrack]; where, I think, was store of Benjamin [*the gum Benzoin*] and such other like combustible matter: for it flamed and ran all over the Carrack in an instant, in a manner. The Portugals leapt overboard in great numbers.

Then sent I, Captain GRANT with the boat; with leave to use his own discretion in saving of them. So he brought me aboard two Gentlemen:

The one, an old man, called NUNO VELIO PEREIRA which, as appeareth by the Fourth Chapter in the First Book of the worthy *History* of [JAN] HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN, was Governor of Mozambique and Cefala [*Sofala*] in the year

1582 [See *English Garner* III, 27, 28.]: and since that time, had been likewise a Governor in a place of importance in the East Indies, And the ship [*a Carrack*], wherein he was coming home, was cast away a little to the east of the Cape of *Buona Speranza* [Cape of Good Hope]: and from thence, he travelled overland to Mozambique; and came, as a passenger, in this Carrack.

The other was called BRAS CARRERO, and [he] was Captain of a Carrack which was cast away near Mozambique; and [he] came likewise in this ship for a passenger.

Also three men of the inferior sort we saved in our boat. Only these two we clothed, and brought into England. The rest, which were taken up by the other ships' boats, we set all on shore in the Isle of Flores: except some two or three Negroes; whereof one was born in the Mozambique, and another in the East Indies.

This fight was open off the Sound between Fayal and Pico; six leagues to the southward.

The people which we saved told us, That the cause why they would not yield was because this Carrack was for the King; and that she had all the goods belonging to the King in the country [*India*] for that year in her; and that the Captain of her was in favour with the King; and at his [next] return into the Indies, should have been Viceroy there.

And withal this ship was nothing at all pestered; neither within board, nor without: and was more like a Ship of War than otherwise. Moreover, she had the ordnance of a Carrack that was cast away at Mozambique, and the [Ship's] Company of her: together with the [Ship's] Company of another Carrack that was cast away a little to the eastward of the Cape of *Buona Speranza*. Yet through sickness, which they caught at Angola, where they watered; they said, They had not now above 150 white men: but negroes, a great many.

They likewise affirmed that they had three Noblemen aad three Ladies in her: but we found them to differ in most of their talk.

All this day [14th June 1594] and all the night she burned: but, next morning, her powder, which was lowest,

being 60 barrels, blew her abroad; so that most of the ship did swim in parts above the water.

Some of them say, That she was bigger than the *Madre de Dios*; and some, That she was less. But she was much undermasted, and undersailed [*carrying too little sail*]: yet she went well for a ship that was so foul.

The shot which we [in the *Samson*] made at her in great ordnance, before we lay her aboard, might be at seven bouts [*broadsides*] which we had, and 6 or 7 shot at a bout, one with another, some 49 shots. The time we lay aboard [the Carrack] might be two hours. The shot which we discharged [while] aboard the Carrack, might be [that of] some 24 sakers.

And thus much may suffice concerning our dangerous conflict with that unfortunate Carrack.

The last of June [1594], after long traversing of the seas, we had sight of another mighty Carrack; which divers of our Company, at the first, took to be the great *San Philip*, the Admiral [*or Flag Ship*] of Spain; but the next day, being the 1st of July [1594], fetching her up, we perceived her indeed to be a Carrack: which, after some few shot bestowed upon her, we summoned to yield; but they, standing stoutly to their defence, utterly refused the same.

Wherefore, seeing no good could be done without boarding her, I consulted what course we should take in the boarding. But by reason that we, which were the chief Captains, were partly slain, and partly wounded, in the former conflict; and because of the murmuring of some disordered and cowardly companions: our valiant and resolute determinations were crossed. And, to conclude a long discourse in few words, the Carrack escaped our hands.

After this, attending about Corvo and Flores for some West Indian purchase [*booty*], and being disappointed of our expectation; and victuals growing short, we returned to England: where I arrived at Portsmouth, the 28th of August [1594].

LAURA.

The Toys of a Traveller:

or

The Feast of Fancy.

DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS.

BY

R[OBERT] T[OFTE],
Gentleman.

Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda.



LONDON,
Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES.
1597.

To the no less virtuous than fair, the Honourable Lady LUCY, *sister to the thrice renowned and noble Lord,* HENRY [PERCY] *Earl of* NORTHUMBERLAND.



OOD Madam, I make bold to present unto you a few Toys of mine own travail: [the] most part conceived in Italy, and some of them brought forth in England. By which my imperfections, you may see, as in a lively mirror, your own perfections; and by the follies of my rechlesse [*heedless*] youth, behold plainly the virtues of your flowering age: hoping your Ladyship will keep them as privately, as I send them unto you most willingly.

Neither doubt I at all but that your excellent spirit will judge graciously of this my bare, yet bounden, conceit; and to accept the same, as a mean[s], at idle times, to drive away that self-pleasing, yet ill-easing, humour of never-glad melancholy, which spiteful Fortune, seeking (though in vain) most injuriously to insult over you, laboureth by all means possible to inflict upon you: the virtuous behaviour of yourself being such as, even in the midst of all your crosses, you cross her designs with an invincible heart, and with your honourable carriage carry her, with all her devices, as a slave to follow you, in all your generous and thrice-noble actions; maugre the intricate labyrinth of so many and infinite troubles allotted, most unworthily, unto you, by the irrevocable doom of your too partial and flinty Destiny. All

which notwithstanding, you bear and over-bear, with a most resolute staiedness; and a resolved courage of a right P E R C Y, and of a mind *A per se.*

But additions breed suspicions; and fair words, for the most part are counted the blazons of flattery: therefore I will leave to the temperate judgment of the wise, and to the uncorrupt censure of the worthier sort, your heroical and undaunted mind; and the integrity and never-stained proceedings of your spotless self.

Only this, with submission, will I say, that if the richness of the ground is known by the corn; the daintiness of the water, by the sweetness of the fish; and the goodness of the tree, by the rareness of the fruit: then may every man give a guess of the internal habit and excellent qualities of your inward mind, by the outward behaviour and apparent semblance of your exceeding chaste, and more than admirable, demeanour in every respect.

And thus, hoping your Honour will as debonairly accept of these Trifles, as I dutifully bequeath them unto you; and with the sun-shining favour of your gracious aspect deign to read these few lines: craving both privilege, and pardon, for all such faults and defects as shall happen to be discovered in the same,

I humbly devote myself unto

Your Ladyship's thrice-virtuous and immaculate disposition and command whatsoever,

Who am bound, as a vassal,

To do homage unto the same for ever,

R. T.

To the Gentle, and Gentlemen, Readers whatsoever.



ENTLEMEN. As the Fencer first maketh a flourish with his weapon before he cometh to strokes, in playing [for] his prize: so I thought good, *pro formâ* only, to use these few lines unto you, before you come to the pith of the matter.

What the Gentleman was, that wrote these verses, I know not; and what She is, for whom they are devised, I cannot guess: but thus much I can say, That as they came into the hands of a friend of mine [? *the* R. B. *of page* 340] by mere fortune; so happened I upon them by as great a chance.

Only in this I must confess we are both to blame, that whereas he having promised to keep private the original; and I, the copy, secret: we have both consented to send it abroad, as common; presuming chiefly upon your accustomed courtesies. Assuring ourselves, if we may have your protections, we shall think ourselves as safe as ULYSSES did, when he was shadowed under the shield of PALLAS against furious AJAX; so we, by your countenances, shall be sufficiently furnished to encounter against any foul-mouthed JACKS whatsoever.

To censure of this Work is for better wits than

mine own: and it is for Poets, not Printers [*This therefore was written by* VALENTINE SIMMES, *the Printer of this Book. See also page* 340] to give judgement of this matter. Yet, if I may be bold to report what I have heard other Gentlemen affirm, Many have written worse; Some, better; Few, so well. The Work, being so full of Choice and Change as, it is thought, it will rather delight every way than dislike any way.

Thus, courteous Gentlemen, building upon my wonted foundation of your friendly acceptance, I rest your debtors; and will study, in what I can, daily to make you amends.

Yours always

[VALENTINE SIMMES.]



Alla bellissima sua Signora.

E. C.

[The Lady's name was E. CARIL: see Book II., Poem XXXIII., at page 313.]

THROUGH thee, not of thee, Lady fair I write;
Through power of Beauty, not of Virtues, thine:
With zealous will, though slender be my might,
I, weakling, seek an eagle's nest to climb.
Then guide my feet! and if to slip I chance,
Uphold me by the favour of thy glance!

Accept in gree these verses rudely penned;
A sign of duty which to thee I owe:
And deign with sweet regard them to defend;
Which as condemnèd else are like to go.
In thee, it rests the stamp on them to set:
If current, Pass! Suppressed! if counterfeit.

And though the note, thy praises only fit,
Of sweetest bird, the dulcet nightingale:
Disdain not little Robin RedbreasT yet!
[*A line wanting.*]
What he doth want in learning or in skill;
He doth supply with zeal of his good will

[R and T stand here, and elsewhere, for the initials of the Author. E.A.]

For only Thee, they were devised alone:
And unto Thee, they dedicated are.
Who knows? Perhaps this kindness, by thee shown,
Shall make this glimpse shine like a glittering star.
Such is thy virtue in the World his sight;
Thy crow though black, may go for swan most white.

Then doubt me not, though parted we remain:
In England thou; and I in Italy.
As I did part, I will return again,
Loyal to thee; or else with shame I'll die!
True Lovers, when they travel countries strange,
The air, and not their constant minds, do change.

Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

Affettionatissimo servid, della
divina Bellezza sua.

R. T.

LAURA.

THE FIRST PART.

I.



ORTUNE, cross-friend to ever-conquering Love,
Our bodies, Lady, hath divided far;
But yet our constant minds she cannot move
Which over-strong for her devices are.
Woe's me! in England thou dost bide, and I,
Scarce shadow of my self, in Italy.
But let her do her worst, and what is frail
And mortal seek to separate and undo;
Yet what immortal is, she never shall!
A string too high for her to reach unto.
In spite of envious seeds, by malice sown,
My heart shall aye be thine; and mine, thine own!

Padoa.

II.



HOUGH I do part, my heart yet doth not part;
My poor afflicted body parts in twain,
And doth in pieces two divide my heart:
One piece my fainting spirit doth sustain,
The other part I leave with thee behind,
(The better part, and of my heart most dear);
Then to that part, so parted, be thou kind!
And to the same impart thy loving cheer!
That I, returning, may again unite
This parted heart; and find for grief, delight.

London.

III.



IKE to the blacksome Night, I may compare
My Mistress' gown, when darkness 'plays his prize:
But her sweet face, like to the sun most fair;
When he in glory 'ginneth to arise.
Yet this no whit the other doth disgrace;
But rather doubleth Beauty in the place.
Contraries like to these set opposite,
So dainty and so pleasing in their show
To lookers on, do breed no small delight;
And pleasure great thereby to them doth grow.
O wonder strange! O solace sweet! to see
In one self subject, Night and Day to be.

IV.



N the Egean dangerous Sea of Love,
In midst of faithless waves and wicked wind;
Where, to my cost, most bitter brunts I prove:
A new Arion, there, myself I find.
And though, as he, I play on harp and sing;
Yet cannot cunning mine so high aspire
As for to make the skipping fish me bring
Unto that wishèd shore I so desire.
Only my Laura, peerless for to see,
May, in this troubled flood, my dolphin be!

V.



REAT was the strife between the sun on high
And my fair Sun, when first she 'gan to 'pear,
Who should exceed in brightest majesty;
And show in sight of spacious world most clear.
The sun did shine; but she did lighten bright,
And so his burning beams extinguished quite.
Nay more, my Sun on sudden to the sun
Sent light; and yet no light at all did want:
Where else the other had been quite undone
For lack of brightness; which with him was scant.
The beauty then the sun doth use to show,
My Sun doth give; and from her, it doth grow.

VI.



URNED to a stone was he that did bewray,
Unwitting, to the crafty thief himself
The theft; not thinking he had stolen the prey,
In hope to gain a little paltry pelf.
So I, who unawares to cruel Thee,
The robber of my heart, confessed the theft;
A senseless stone like BATTUS am to see:
Only in this unlike that shape bereft,
That where to worthless stone he turnèd was;
I for a Touchstone true of Love do pass

VII.



Down from the neck unto that dainty Breast,
(Which Nature made a Mirror of Delight;
And where a World of Beauties sweet do rest)
Doth hang a costly Chain of Pearl most bright;
And of proportion are so just and round,
That such in India rich cannot be found.
Besides, their orient brightness is alike;
So that mine eyes are dazzled with the same,
And, not much used to see so fair a sight
(A sight which doth the sun in glory stain),
Cannot discern, though them they both do see,
If Breast be Pearl, or Pearl in Bosom be.

VIII.



To give that life, which had not breath before;
Prometheus, from above, stole heavenly fire:
For which his boldness he was plaguèd sore,
A just reward for such a high aspire.
So whilst I steal from thee, my heaven above,
The heat which doth revive my dying sprite:
For rashness, mine eternal grief I prove.
Yet, though our fault 's all one—the plague 's not like:
He feels of vulture one, alone, the smart;
But I have thousands, which still gnaw my heart.

IX.



OVE, being blind, hath wrought me damage sore;
Thou, blind in this my loving, evil wast;
Nor would I see the snare, being blind far more,
Wherein myself, I did entangle fast.
Yet hath this blindness harm done unto none
But unto Beauty's buzzard, me alone.
When blinded Boy did catch my harmless heart;
Thou didst not see the net so intricate
Which bound me (being blind, blind as Thou art!)
To be a thrall in this most wretched state.
So that, alone to work my misery,
LOVE blind is; blind wert Thou; and blinder, I,

X.



F, LAURA, thou dost turn 'gainst me in hate;
Then me, such busses sweet why dost thou give?
Why check'st thou not the Cheeks which give the mate?
The vital cause whereby I breathe and live?
Perhaps it is, because through too much joy,
As in sweet swound [*swoon*], I might away depart:
If so thou do, and think me so to 'noy;
Kiss hardly! and with kissing, breed my smart!
Content am I to lose this life of mine;
Whilst I do kiss that lovely lip of thine.

XI.



Pon triumphant chariot, 'passing rare,
(In which my Sun doth sit like Majesty:
And makes the day shew unto us more fair;
Whose cheerfulness delights each mortal eye.)
I, rash, like to another Phaeton,
With hare-brain haste, too hasty lept thereon.
But for my boldness dearly did I pay;
And had like plague, as he, for being o'er-brave:
Yet though in equal fortune both did stay
(For life he lost; and death She to me gave);
The punisher of both was not the same,
For he, by Jove; and I, by Love; was slain.

XII.



He beauty, that in Paradise doth grow,
Lively appears in my sweet goddess's Face;
From whence, as from a crystal river, flow
Favour divine and comeliness of grace.
But in her dainty, yet too cruel, Breast,
More cruelty and hardness doth abound;
Than doth in painful Purgatory rest.
So that, at once, She's fair, and cruel, found:
When in her Face and Breast, ah, grief to tell!
Bright Heaven she shows; and crafty, hides dark Hell.

XIII.



WHILST angry JUNO, from the scowling skies,
Thick swinging showers did downward send amain;
My Lady, mounting up in stately wise,
From heaven more fast did fiery lightning rain.
So that the people, passing, had less harm
By water wet, than by the fire o'erwarm.
The water only wet their outward skin;
A matter small, in which was danger none:
But this her fire did burn their hearts within;
And forced them, as they went, to sigh and groan.
So that their grief was greater, sans all doubt,
To have within fire, than water, without.

XIV.



THE swift Meander, turning, winds so fast,
And with his stream in circle-wise so runs;
That, wanton-like, from whence he springs, at last,
Back to his fountain-head again he comes.
In me, a river huge of tears, from heart
To watery eyes ascend; from whence they flow,
And running down, do from mine eyes depart,
Descending to my heart again below.
So that, through virtue of most mighty Love,
In heart, a new Meander I do prove.

XV.



HOU stranger, who with wand'ring steps dost wend,
Thy gazing eyes turn quickly unto me!
And to my speech, with list'ning ear attend!
In whom four Elements united be.
Mark well; and, as a wonder, tell the same
Of CUPID's force! poor Lovers' TAMBURLAINE!
First this my body 's Earth, and earth most cold.
The Fire within my heart, in covert lies.
The Air 's my sighs. Mine eyes do Waters hold.
Thus for my Saint, he doth me martyrize.
Earth is my body; (Strange seems not this same?)
The Air, my sighs; eyes, Water; heart, the Flame.

XVI.



F lovely Lass, for Fairing thine, of me
Gold, in this Fair, thou meanest for to have;
Then give me of thy hairs! which golden be.
Give unto me! since thou of me dost crave.
Nor by this bargain, shalt thou loss sustain;
Or ought hereby shalt hindered be, sweet Wench!
Since I, to courteous thee, do give again,
As thankful, gold; for gold in recompence.
Thy treasure, so shall mine be; mine, as thine:
Nor shall th' exchange be worse than gold most fine.

XVII.



OCKED in a cradle, like as infants be,
When I was young, a little wanton child,
Two dainty dugs did nourish life in me;
Whilst oft on them, with teat in mouth, I smiled.
Ah, happy I! thrice happy, might I say;
Whilst in that harmless state I then did stay.
But now that I am come to man's estate;
Such dugs as nursed me in delight and joy
Do seek my death, by poisonous sugared bait;
Whose sight, without possession, breeds me 'noy.
So what, in childhood, causèd me to live;
Now, in my youth, doth death unto me give.

XVIII.



F Sea, no other thing doth shew to be
Than most unstable waters moving oft:
With pardon, Lady, you this seem to me;
So most unstable is your changing thought.
I, likewise, hold a River, that o'erwhelms
With wat'ry salt, within these eyes of mine.
Then let us make a mixture 'mongst ourselves
Of this unsteadfastness and wat'ry brine!
Let 's fashion, both of us, a novel Sea!
So heaven, the Haven; and Love, the Bay shall be.

XIX.



Lady, the sun was in *Aquarius*
When thou wert born; which is the reason why
The water of my plaints delight thee thus;
Without once viewing me with piteous eye.
But when as I was born, the Sign I guess
In *Cancer* was; a show of my distress.
This is the cause, within my boiling breast
Doth burn a hot and unextinguished fire:
But contrary these Signs in us do rest;
Nor do they well accord to my desire.
Far better had it been, *Aquarius*'s Sign
Had happed to me; and *Cancer*'s had been thine!

XX.



What time, with brow, the Loveliest 'gins to scowl;
Shewing disdain and fury in her face:
Methinks I see the clouds wax dark and foul;
And gloomy night begins to run his race.
But, then again, when She to show begins
Her smiling cheer, adorned with favour rare:
Straightways the sun, in chariot bright forth springs;
Clear are the skies; the gladsome day, most fair.
Thus, in one face, I see, against my will,
The rising of the sun; and falling, still.

XXI.

 ANKLE the wound did in my head apace;
When fairest She, to play the Surgeon came:
And whilst her snow-white hand did me the grace
To lay the plaster on, which healed the same,
A wonder strange! No sooner did she touch
The hurt; but it appeared to be none such.
Yet, woe is me, no sooner by that hand
Was healed in head my outward fest'ring wound;
But that instead of that, as countermand,
One mortal scar at inward heart I found.
Thus, LOVE! thou seest is changèd my estate
She checks with Death, that 'fore gave Life for mate.

Venice.

XXII.

 F in the midst of kindling burning fire,
That worthy Roman burnt his valiant hand;
I like another MUTIUS in desire,
Have scorched my fist likewise, through LOVE's command,
In freshest moisture; where my Lady sweet,
Her lily hands, for coolness, divèd oft.
But though desire between us was alike;
Yet was the matter diverse which we sought.
He chose to burn his hand, with courage bold,
In flaming fire; and I, in water cold.

XXIII.



The Gentiles used, in sign of sacrifice,
The blood of men to offer; to appease
The warlike goddess's wrath, in humble wise;
And through the same, her angry mind did please:
But Thou, more wicked Warrior far than she,
In reason may'st more cruel termèd be.
On Beauty's altar, to thee dedicate;
Thousands of Lovers, mustering on a row,
Offer their blood and hearts! yet mitigate
Thy hardened mind cannot: which flint doth show.
Then is she cruel less than Thou art now:
Since blood her pleased; and Thee hearts cannot bow.

XXIV.



Or to behold my Sun, I from the sun
Did seek my face to shadow with my hand,
To shield me from the heat, that 'gan to come
In place, where gazing on her I did stand.
But I no sooner from that sun was free,
But that, in that self instant and that time,
I, of mine own Sun, found myself to be
Burnt with the heat; a most unlucky sign.
So whilst a shade from sun did me defend,
A Sun more hot did hurt me in the end.

XXV.



HITE was the orient pearl which, on a day,
That hand me gave: which scorns the proud compare
Of purest white; and bears the palm away
As of all pearly Fairs, the orient'st fair.
And whilst She offered unto me the same,
I knew not which the Pearl was, of the twain.
So white the hand was of my peerless Pearl
As it did dazzle with delight mine eyes,
And pearl seemèd to me, giving me the pearl;
Which made me, sighing, say in whisp'ring wise,
"Ah, why once may I not so happy be,
This Pearl to have; which th' other gives to me?"

XXVI.



HEN you appear, appears the Break of Day;
And shews to be most fair and passing bright:
But if you keep yourself unseen away,
The Day shows not; but keepeth out of sight.
Then if again you 'gin yourself to show;
Behold the Day to shew itself afresh
With sky most clear. So both of you do grow
In beauty like: in heat nor are you less.
Thus if your beams you ope, or hidden been:
The Break of Day appears; else ne'er is seen.

XXVII.



USTLY of thee, Love partial, I complain
That, at one instant and with one self stroke,
Thou dartèd hast into my heart, with pain,
Cold chilly frost; and fiery flaming smoke.
Ay me! within me, both I secret hold:
And whilst th' one burns me, th' other makes me cold.
Then, Cruel, since thou wilt, two contraries,
Against my soul, within my heart shall rest:
Ah, yet make peace 'twixt them, in loving wise!
Or else, sweet Love, do promise this at least!
Flame to my frost, and water to my fire;
Life to my heart, to comfort my desire.

XXVIII.



IANA shineth in the heavens clear;
Because from purest Sun she takes her light:
And Fair, she shews that of DIANA here
On Earth, doth borrow beauty passing bright.
The virtue then that is infused in her,
She from DIANA hath; or else from none:
For other thews do all in her concur;
And unto her beholding are alone.
O wonder strange of Nature to reveal!
She, DIAN' gives; yet doth from DIAN' steal.

Sienna.

XXIX.



S burnished gold, such are my Sovereign's Hairs,
A brace of stars divine, her blackish Eyes;
Like to the fairest black the raven bears;
Or fairer, if you fairer can devise.
So likewise fair 's the beauty of her Breasts;
Where Pleasure lurks, where joy still dallying rests.
This VENUS' Bower, you rightly may compare
To whitest snow that e'er from heaven fell;
Or to the mines of alabaster fair.
Woe 's me! 'Tis sweet to sleep in CUPID's cell!
Whilst he, the heart makes surfeit with delight;
Through golden Hair, black Eyes, and Breast most white.

XXX.



NTO thy favour (which when Nature formed,
She went beyond herself with cunning hand),
I may compare what is, in world, adorned
With beauty most; and with most grace doth stand.
But every mortal whiteness, ne'er so white,
The ivory white of thy white hand exceeds:
So that my soul, which doth fair whiteness like,
Rests on fair whiteness, and on whiteness feeds.
For this is thought, and hopèd of from thee:
White as thy hands, so white thy faith shall be.

XXXI.



Lady, thou seemest like Fortune unto me;
When I most wistly mark, how thou dost go
With golden tresses loose (a joy to see!),
Which gentle wind about thy ears doth blow.
And as thou her resemblest in this sort;
So dost thou in attire, and all thy port.
Only thou wantest for thy swift right hand
The rolling Wheel: and shadowing Veil to hide
Those eyes; which, like Controllers, do command.
But if thou long'st of these to be supplied,
Take me, thy prisoner, for to play this part!
For my desire 's the Wheel, the Veil 's my heart.

XXXII.



Thou, merry, laugh'st, and pleasantly dost smile:
I woeful weep, and mestful sorrow still;
Lest this thy mirth increasing, me beguile,
And weave a web for me of greater ill.
Too well perceive I this thy deep disdain,
By this thy feignèd looks and cloakèd glee.
Thou of disaster mine art glad and fain;
And fain my death, as basilisk, would'st see;
Since that of war and 'bate this laughter is,
And not of gentle peace and calmy bliss.

XXXIII.



INCE thou hast changed thy gown and thine attire;
Ah, change thy thoughts! not always cruel be!
And with new clothes, put on a new desire!
That new, in every point, I may thee see:
And if thou heretofore unkind hast been;
Be courteous now, and gentle be thou seen!
Thy glory great, thy praise more shalt thou find;
If, of unconstant, constant thou become!
And of a foe, a faithful friend and kind!
Then change henceforth thy thoughts! else I, undone.
Give me that colour which so likes mine eyen!
If death, then black: if life, then carnatine [*rosy red*].

XXXIV.



HANGED is my nature in me; where before
I like was to a chilly freezing ice;
I now a flame am, burning inward sore:
And such a flame that burneth in such wise
That if LOVE and my Mistress take no care
For this my hurt, my soul must quickly die.
Yet one doth see (for both not blinded are!)
The fire so hot doth burn, wherein I fry,
That fierce PERILLUS's boiling Bull of brass
May unto this for icy substance pass.

XXXV.

FAR better had it been, I had been dead,
And laid full low in latest home, my grave;
Than with that drink myself for to have fed,
Which Laura mine in crystal glass me gave.
The liquor pleased me, I must needs confess:
Yet to my heart, 'twas poison ne'ertheless.
So that I had contrary quite effect
To my desire; which I so much did wish.
Love was in fault, who Reason doth reject.
And see my cruel luck, what happed in this!
The wine was sweet; yet did his nature turn:
It cooled my mouth, but heart within did burn.

XXXVI.

SWEET sang thy bird, in ebon cage shut fast,
And did delight thy dainty ears so much
As thou vouchsafedst to give him meat at last;
And gently did his feathers stroke and touch.
So, Lady, I likewise, in th' ebony
Of thy bright eyes am prisoner, and do sing
Thy Beauty's praise; and yet not fed am I
By thee: yet live through thee; a wondrous thing!
Love to my heart thy beauty doth supply
For food; which else, through famine starved, would die.

XXXVII.



F white 's the Moon, thou LAURA seem'st as white;
And white 's the gown which you on body wear.
And if her whitely horns, in calmy night,
She, smoothly gliding, shows to us most clear:
You, in the daytime, more and brighter far
Your beauty show; like bright AURORA's star.
Like brightness both of you abroad do cast;
Though not effect alike *per accidens:*
You shine, she shines, your powers eternal last;
But yet between you is great difference.
Her brightness freezeth, causing deadly cold:
Yours doth inflame, and lovely fire doth hold.

XXXVIII.



VEN as the lamp goeth out, that oil doth want,
Or as the sun doth fall in th' Occident;
So did my heart within me 'gin to pant;
My vital spirits away by little went:
When, taking on me pity, graciously
My Mistress's hem of garment, trailing down,
Touched me; and me revivèd suddenly.
Then if such virtue be within her gown;
Imagine what doth stay her corpse within!
Which who seeth, through sweetness needs must sin.

XXXIX.



EATED on marble was my Lady blithe,
Holding in hand a crystal looking-glass;
Marking of Lovers thousands; who alive,
Thanks only to her beauty rare, did pass.
To pry in glasses likes her: but afterward
She takes the nature of the stone most hard.
For whilst she cheerfully doth fix her eyes,
Gazing upon the brightness of the one;
Her heart, by th' other 's made, in strangy wise,
Hard as a rock and senseless as a stone:
So that if Love this breaketh not in twain;
It will a flint become, to others' pain.

XL.



O more a man, as once I was, am I:
Since this new CIRCE, moved by fierce disdain,
Hath changed me to a Fountain never dry;
Wherein myself, with bitter tears I bain [? *bathe*].
Then am I one who always eyes do bear;
And breast of water flowing only full.
Take heed, you Lovers all, of her! and fear
The sugared baits of this deceitful Trull!
Lest by this CIRCE new, you be deceived,
As I have been; and be of shape bereaved.

The Conclusion of the First Part.

THE Macedonian Monarch once did deign,
In cheerful sort, in kind and loving wise,
To feast in village with a homely Swain;
Who entertained him, as in country guise,
With curds and creams, and such like knacks he had.
Whereof the courteous Prince accepted glad.

So, Lady, boldly I presumèd have,
To invite you to a sorry banquet base;
Nor to disdain the same, of you I crave!
Though cates too coarse for you; too poor, the place.
I cannot, as I would, give curds and cream;
But milk and whey · my fortune is so mean.

Yet (if you shall accept it graciously;
And with your favour sweet, this board adorn)
The virtue which is in you, presently,
The whey, to curds; the milk, to cream shall turn.
But if your look (you angry) turn away;
The milk shall still be milk; the whey, still whey.

Then as the sun in glorious wise doth shine
As well on valley low as mountain high;
Vouchsafe one cheerful glimpse of favour thine
On poor me, from out that heavenly eye!
Unworthy I, such grace! I do confess:
Yet worthy thou to do so, ne'ertheless.

R. T.

LAURA.

THE SECOND PART.

I.

IF I somewhile look up into the Skies,
I see, fair Lady, that same cheerful light;
Which, like to you, doth shine in glorious wise:
And if on th' Earth, I chance to cast my sight;
The moveless centre firm to me doth show
The hardness which within your heart doth grow.
If Seas I view, the flowing waves most plain
Your fickle faith do represent to me.
So as I still behold you, to my pain;
When as the Skies, or th' Earth, or Seas I see:
For in your seemly self doth plain appear
Like faith; like hardness; and like brightness clear.

II.

MARVEL I do not, though thou dost not see
My griefs and martyrs; which I still sustain.
For thou, the Mole of Love dost seem to me;
But if a Mole, th' art only to my pain.
How comes it then that, seeing thou art blind,
Thou me consum'st, as if thou had'st thy sight?
Why, as thy nature by instinct doth bind,
Stayest not below? Pack hence, and leave this light!
Either those eyes still shut, not me to grieve;
Or under ground, in darkness, always live!

III.



F whilom, in times past, that Spartan Lass
(" The Flower of Greece," Dan Paris's costly joy)
Through her fair feature, the only causer was,
So many Knights were slain at Siege of Troy:
Thou, Laura, art unlike unto her far!
In this our Age, a much more blessed star.
For she brought Wars, Strife, Death, and Cruelty;
Where thou, alone, bring'st Peace and Pleasure still.
Ah, happy thrice, that ligs in love with thee!
And if, by chance, un'wares, thou sometimes kill:
Thou, with thy smile, the wound canst heal again;
And give him life, whom thou before hadst slain.

Pisa.

IV.



Shoot forth no more those darts from lightning eyes!
Unkind! Why seek'st to stop my fainting breath?
Go, and invent some new kind exercise;
New weapons seek wherewith me to offend!
Play the right Tyrant! Choices use in death;
Whereby, I dying, content may rest thy will.
But tell me? Wouldst so fain my life should end?
And know'st not, *Sweet extremes do sudden kill*?
Cruel, kiss me but once! and thou shalt see
Ended my life with that same kiss to be.

V.



F what is heavy craves the Centre base;
The earth below, as Nature wills the same:
Heavy the woeful griefs are, in this case,
Which inward in my heart I do sustain.
And if what 's light, by kind, aloft doth mount:
Then light 's my love with thee, of light account.
So that in doubtful dangerous extreme,
Wretch that I am! myself am sore afraid:
And doubt of thee, so far from Golden Mean;
Nor know I well out of this depth to wade.
Lest that my life be shortened, or I die;
Whether it heavy, falls; or light, ascends on high.

VI.



ADY, what time I seek in mournful note
To show mine agonies and bloody moan,
My Voice doth fail; and hoarse and harsh my throat:
And this doth come through you, through you alone.
The whilst I think, by means of you in Song,
To mitigate some part of this my smart;
Instead thereof, you do me double wrong:
And with a glance you take away my Heart.
So that I find great hurt by this your theft:
Since where, before but Voice, now Heart, 's bereft.

VII.



S rocks become, exposed 'gainst waves and wind,
More hard; such is thy nature, stubborn Dame!
Opposed 'gainst waters of my plaints most kind;
And winds of mine hot sighs, which inward flame,
That hardness such to increase 'bout heart is found,
As to it, soft might seem the diamond.
Henceforward then, let no man think to move
By weeping or lamenting, to his will,
This self-willed Saint; which too too well I prove
A senseless stone to be unto me still.
Since, to my grief, from all good luck debarred;
With plaints and sighs, she doth become more hard.

VIII.



ARK, Lovers! Hark, a strange miracle
Of one, deprived of heart; yet death doth 'scape!
Mine L. a flower gave me, which sweet did smell;
And for the same, away my life did take.
So that I only breathe through scent of flower;
And without heart, not without life, I live.
Then is not this, of might LOVE his power
A wonder strange? which he for sport doth give:
When that a flower sustaineth me alone
With life; who in my body, heart have none.

IX.



HEN I did part from thee the other night;
Methought a foul black dog, with ugly shape,
Did follow me: and did me sore affright;
And all the way did greedy on me gape.
Nor I this cur, how he at me did howl,
Can well as yet forget, with chaps most foul.
Then thinking of his colour, hateful black;
Methought some ill, my thought did fear to come,
And said within me, "Turn again, turn back!
If forward thou dost go, thou art undone!"
Then pardon, Lady, if I back again
Am come this night, with you for to remain.

X.



Y mourning Mistress's garments, black doth bear;
And I in black, like her, attirèd am!
Yet diverse is the cause why black we wear;
She for another's death doth shew the same.
I for another reason bear this suit;
Only to show by this, my outward weed,
Mine inward grief (although my tongue be mute)
Of tender heart; which deadly sighs doth bleed.
Thrice happy I, if, as in habit [*dress*] we
Are both in one, our minds both one might be.

XI.

IF April fresh doth kindly give us flowers;
September yields with more increase the fruit.
Sweetest, you have in bosom, Beauty's Bowers,
Both these sweet tides: whence forth they always shoot
Both flower and fruit. All only you, alone,
Can give me, when you please; or else can none.
O dainty bosom, bosom rich in price,
Surmounting mountains huge of beaten gold;
Whose whiteness braves the whitest snow that lies
On highest hills, whose height none can behold.
In you, my soul doth hope, without annoy,
Both Spring and Harvest, one day to enjoy.

Roma.

XII.

DRAWN, cunning Painter, hast thou with great art,
The Shadow [*Image*] of my lovely LAURA fair;
Which object sweet not smally joys my heart:
But little didst thou think, nor wast thou 'ware,
That where thou thought'st my fancy for to please,
Effect contrary sorts to my desire:
So that it breeds, in body mine, unease;
And, senseless, burns my heart with feeling fire.
O strange success! What made was for content
Doth most displease; and, lifeless, doth torment.

XIII.

WHEN first the cruel Fair deigned graciously
To look on me with kind and courteous view;
And cast on me a lovely glancing eye:
She knew not that I was her servant true.
But She no sooner 'ware was of the same;
But that She turned her back with great disdain.
So as the wound I then close bare in breast;
I now, through grief, show outward in my face:
But if that She, by whom I woundèd rest,
Lives in compassion cold towards me, sans grace:
Hard hearted is She, cruel was She to her friend;
And wicked shall be, world withouten end.

XIV.

WHEN first the sun did shine upon her eyes,
Who fairest 'mongst her beauteous sex doth show;
The heavens her dainty corpse, in courteous wise,
Covered with chilly cold and whitest snow.
She, through the nature of that humour cold,
Both coldest Ice, at once, and purest White
Draws to herself. Then none, for strange should hold;
Though, to me, fair and cruel is her sight:
Since that the heavens, for favours, did impart
A snow-white corpse to her, and frozen heart.

XV.



The dusky cloud in sky, with shadow dark,
Doth cover oft the sun's most clearest light:
So as his beams we cannot see, nor mark;
And he himself doth play at least in sight.
Ah were I such a cloud on earth to cover
My sweetest Sun! as doth that cloud, the other.
But if that cloud do vanish soon away,
And doth as momentary pass and vade;
Eternal would I be to hide her aye,
And of a harder mixture would be made.
O happy I! O fortunate eclipse!
With kissing so to darken those fair lips.

XVI.



From milk of Juno, as the Poets feign,
The Lily had its whiteness, passing white:
And from Adonis' blood, that lovely Swain,
The Rose his colour red, which doth delight.
Thou, pretty Soul, hast both the colours rare
Of these sweet flowers; which others all exceed.
Thy breast 's a bed of beauteous Lilies fair;
Thy dainty cheeks, pure damask Rose breed.
O fruitful garden flow'ring; where appear
The Rose and Lily at all times of year!

XVII.



OF constant love, I am the wasted fire;
The furious wind 's my Lady's angry eye:
Who whilst She kindles both, through wrathful ire,
The flame increaseth, mounting to the sky.
In midst is LOVE, half dead of grievous pain;
And, doubtful, winds about like sparkling flame.
He fears the heat: and trembles, being turned
Unto this blast; which still more sharp doth rise.
Nor is his fear in vain, when so he is burned:
For one of these must hap, in sudden wise,
Either the fire must spoil him as his prey;
Or whirling wind else blow him quite away.

XVIII.



MY LAURA wonders that, in visage pale,
I bear of Death itself, the lively show:
But if She muse at this, her musing 's stale;
For this sad colour had I long ago.
The fire, close burning in my veins, doth make
That outward ashes in my face you view:
But if that She would on me pity take,
Who is the cause of this my palish hue,
This kindled heat shall die, which now doth burn;
And my first colour shall again return.

XIX.



Hilst foaming steed I spur unto the quick,
To make him gallop to my Love amain:
Love doth my thoughts, through Fancy, forward prick;
The end of wishèd journey mine to gain.
But light 's his hurt! 'Tis but a little smart!
Where mine is mortal, sounding to the heart.
Run then, my gelding swift, like Pegasus!
Fly hence with wings! for wings hath my desire:
Both of us, forced amain, are forward thus,
And kindled in us is a burning fire.
Thou, through two spurs in flank, provoked art sore:
But thousands inwardly, my heart do gore.

XX.



Ich is the diamond, a gem of price;
Yet such the nature strange is of the same,
That who the powder thereof drinks, straight dies:
And, as if poison 'twere, doth take his bane.
So thou another precious jewel art;
In name and nature not unmuch alike:
Since death thou giv'st unto the loving heart;
If but a kiss one sucks from thee most sweet.
Whilst he doth swallow down his sugared bait;
The joy 's so great, it kills him through conceit.

XXI.



The Grecians used to offer up their hair
Unto their rivers: whom they did esteem
As mighty gods; and them great honour bare,
As if no virtue small in them had been.
Do thou the like, sweet Laura, unto me!
Who, for my love, deserves a greater fee.
Thy golden tresses on me do bestow!
Who hold whole rivers flowing in mine eyes:
Yet would not I, thou off shouldst cut them though.
Dost muse? and ask, How this thou may'st devise?
I'll tell thee. Give thyself to me for mine!
So shalt thou give, uncut, thy tresses fine.

XXII.



One lovely glance, which from the eyes did pass
Of Lady mine, hath changed my gentle heart
From hardest diamond to brittle glass:
And now again (unto my bitter smart),
Through dreadful frown, she turns it suddenly
As 'twas before, from glass to diamond.
So if She will, She may (and presently,
As likes her) change me; who to her am bound.
If cruel She; my heart is hard to break:
If pitiful; 'tis gentle, brittle, weak.

XXIII.

TWo winds, one calm, another fierce, to see;
Th' one of the Spring, of Winter th' other right:
I plainly, Lady, do discern in thee!
The first, which makes me joy, breathes from thy sight
Such dainty flowers, in diverse coloured show,
As makes to blush Dame IRIS's rainy bow.
The second, which makes me to pine away,
Blows from thine inward breast, a deadly blast;
Where doth eternal hardness always stay,
Which I do see eternal aye to last.
So as calm ZEPHYRUS, in face, thou art!
But rough as boisterous BOREAS, in thine heart.

XXIV.

NO sooner do I earnest fix mine eyes
On my fair Sun: but that I her perceive
To vanish like a cloud, in darkest wise;
As if, eclipsed, her light it did bereave.
I know not, If She's troubled thus because
She doth disdain I should behold her so:
Or if for fear, this shadow to her draws;
Lest me her beams should hurt, which glistering show.
Say then, sweet LOVE, for thou know'st best, if still
I shall behold her; or no more, thou will.

XXV.



THAT I were sly PROTEUS! for to take
On me that form which most I like or wish:
Then would I change myself unto the shape
Of that thy little whelp, thy joy and bliss.
Into that little worm thou so dost like;
And dallying, play'st with him both day and night.
Those savoury smacks, those busses, sweet which be,
Which thou to him dost give, should all be mine:
And I would make my heart to leap for glee;
Whilst I did lick that bosom fair of thine.
But since I to despair of this am brought:
My wish shall PROTEUS be; thy dog, my thought!

XXVI.

" 

AY, gentle friend, tell me in courtesy,
Before what was I? and what am I now?
A senseless Shadow, or a Body, I?"
"Neither of both. Mark, and I'll tell thee how.
No *Body* now: for that, by proud disdain
Of scornful She, dislived was. *Shadow* none;
For that did underground go with the same,
Unwilling it should wander all alone."
"What am I then?" "Even one that doth not know
What now he is: or what he was, can show."

XXVII.



The Blazing Star foretells the hapless fall,
And sudden death of others, soon to come.
To me a Face, brighter than Comets all,
Doth, with her looks, my fortune hard forerun;
And with her shooting darts, from glancing eye,
Presageth that, ere long, I needs must die.
The Blazing Star death only prophesies;
This doth foreshew to me a harder fate:
And dares me to mine end, in warlike wise;
Nor how this Challenge know I to escape.
Ah, cruel Star! of death not only sign;
But murderer th' art of this poor life of mine.

XXVIII.



The Crow makes war with the Chameleon;
And, being hurt, to th' laurel straight doth fly:
And, through the fruit he findeth thereupon,
Is healed of hurt, finds food, and lives thereby.
Love the Chameleon is; the Crow am I:
And battle wage with him unto the death.
He wounds me deadly; whereupon I hie
To thee, my Laural! to restore my breath.
Thou me reviv'st. Such virtue 's in thee rife
As thou, at once, dost give me food and life.

XXIX.



MONGST the Parthians is a kind of ground
Of nature such as, though it far doth stand
From fire: yet fire to take it straight is found;
And flying thither, burns it out of hand.
This prey so sure of Love am I, fair Dame!
And you to me, which burneth me, the flame.
So that if I, to you far off do show;
You kindle straight in me a quenchless fire:
And yet, although within it burn me so,
Sweet is the heat whose fuel is desire.
For rather I, in fire near you would be:
Than freed from flame, you farther off to see.

XXX.



OVE, ope my heart! Hot fire thou forth shall take
Open my LAURA's! In it thou shalt find
Cold frost. Then of these two contraries make
But one; and that same one, frame thou more kind!
Of both our hearts, make but one loving heart!
And give it unto which thou please, of twain.
Give it to her! To her do it impart;
Or unto me! It skills not much the same.
I'll doubt no more, when but one heart we have
Between us both: for this is all I crave.

XXXI.

UNTO an Image may I right compare
My Mistress, since so cruel She 's to me:
Which standeth for a sign or shadow fair;
To which the simple ignorant bow with knee:
And though with eyes, mouth, ears, and feet it show;
Yet doth it neither see, talk, hear, or go.
So plays my Choice, when I appear in sight:
Nor see, nor speak, nor hear, nor stay She will.
So as an Idol, She resembleth right;
Blind, mute, deaf, moveless, senseless standing still.
Then am not I worse than a lifeless block;
To worship such a painted coloured stock.

Fiorenza.

XXXII.

BOTH gems, and pearls, their proper value have;
But yet unlike: for not alike 's their price.
Some sought for are, and each one doth them crave;
Others, more base, do pass in worthless wise.
A jewel rich, and princelike gem, is She
Whom I esteem; and such account of make:
Yet in herself no price hath for to see.
For it is holden at so high a rate
As all the gold, nor silver, which doth lie
In th' earth, or sea, the same, at worth, can buy.

XXXIII.



F love, wherein I burn, were but a fire;
I quenched it had, with water of my plaints:
If water, these my Plaints; I this desire
Had dried through inward heat, my heart that taints.
But LOVE, that in my griefs doth take delight,
Both fire and water turns, to work me spite.
Fly then, this LOVE! since such is his great power
As waves to fire, and fire to waves, he turns:
And with an absent Beauty, every hour,
My fainting heart with Fancy's fuel burns;
And, 'gainst all sense, makes me, of CARe and IL
More than of good and comfoRT, to have will.

XXXIV.



IVERS unto the Sea do tribute pay.
A most unconstant moving Sea art thou!
And I, within mine eyes, bedewèd aye,
A River hold of bitter tears as now.
Receive then, from these moistened cheeks of mine,
Into thy lap, the water forth I pour!
Of duty mine, and of thy debt, a sign:
And mix together with my sweet, thy sour!
So shall the water to the water be
More precious; and the Sea, more rich to th' Sea.

XXXV.



Uch is the virtue of the sunny heat,
As seizing on the Cockle Shell (which lies
On seaish shore), whereon his beams do beat,
It makes it brightly shine, in orient wise:
So that, through secret power of radiant sun,
Of worthless shell, a pearl it doth become.
So, Lady, you, through force of Beauty's power,
If you shall deign to glance on me your eye,
And rain with grace on me a smiling shower,
A jewel rich you make me by and bye:
And if no pearl; at least a precious stone.
This, only, can you do; or else can none.

XXXVI.



He blood of fair Adonis, Venus changed
Into a flower: who, whilst he did pursue
In forest thick, where as he hunting ranged,
The savage boar to kill; the boar him slew.
Do thou the like, sweet Love! Do thou the same,
Whilst now my life doth languish, through thy power:
And whilst my wound makes me for to remain
Withouten blood, transform me to a flower!
That where I, living, cannot; dead, I may;
A lovèd flower in Laura's bosom stay.

XXXVII.

AN ocean Sea of water calm am I;
Wherein kind LOVE the form of Fish doth take,
Leaping alongst the shore most wantonly.
Then, Lady, of a Fisher don the shape!
Ah, what sweet fishing shall you have to like;
If LOVE you chance to catch, while he doth bite?
Come then, and naked into this water hie!
He cannot 'scape; but, here, perforce must bide!
'Less to my heart, to save himself, he fly.
Then quickly strip thyself! Lay fear aside!
For of this dainty prey, which thou shalt take;
Both Sea, Fish, and Thyself, thou glad shalt make.

XXXVIII.

RICH Damask Roses in fair cheeks do bide
Of my sweet Girl, like April in his prime:
But her hard heart, cold chilly snow doth hide;
Of bitter Januar, the perfect sign.
Her hair of gold shows yellow like the corn
In July, when the sun doth scorch the ground;
And her fair breast, ripe fruit which doth adorn
September rich. So as in her is found
Both Harvest, Summer, Winter, Spring to be:
Which you in breast, hair, heart, and face may see.

XXXIX.

 H' immortal Parcæ, fatal Sisters three,
Of mortal men, do sing the shunless fate:
What once Was, what Is now, and what Shall Be;
Their life, their death, their fortune, and their state.
Our Song let be like theirs! for Three they were;
And so our number is. Three are we here.
Sing Laura then! Sing Love! and sing will I!
Of dreary fortune mine, sing let us all!
Let 's sing in doleful tune most mournfully,
How 'Tis, how 'Twas, and hapless still Shall fall;
The Present, Past, and (which none can mend)
What Shall Be, world to come, withouten end.

XL.

 He heavens, their restless sphere do always move.
In thee doth move the faith, which thou didst plight.
And I, Ixion-like, still in my love
Do roll; and yet I roll my wheel aright.
So that, 'twixt us, continual motions wend.
But which is worse, unconstant Wench, I see!
The heavens will have their motions without end;
Which, never ceasing, roll continually:
And thou, like them, to roll dost mean thy fill;
And since 'tis so, I'll roll too, against my will!

The Conclusion of the Second Part.



Hus is the Second Course now servèd in.
A Course too coarse for such a dainty Dame:
Yet, Lady, though the cheer be bad and thin;
Because it comes of zeal, accept the same!
And though not worthy of your grace it be;
Yet make it gracious through your courtesy!

Great sumptuous feasts the stomach doth dislike;
Which oft, in body dangerous surfeits breed:
Where dishes few revive our sense and sprite;
And Nature 's pleased on little for to feed.
This, as a sauce, your appetite to move,
Accept! where meat 's the heaRT, where
cook is Love.

Nor think the worse, though I have spun a thread
So fine (I mean your praise) I cannot mend:
Since 'tis a Work to ground the wisest head;
And mar I should this loom, this cloth not mend.
So Venus' matchless shape Apelles drew;
But how to finish it, he never knew.

Far more 's my mind than is my feeble might.
My pencil, for thy picture is too weak.
The sun is only for the eagle's flight.
My strength's too small, this hardened ice to break.
Not painted, scarce I thee have shadowed here:
This task 's for such as have in skill no peer.

R. T.

LAURA.

THE THIRD PART.

I.



HO joys in love? The Heart alone, to see.
Who languisheth in love? The Heart alone.
Then is 't a thing impossible for me
To joy or languish: since I Heart have none.
Withouten Heart! Then tell me, What am I?
Even bones and flesh united cunningly.
The Soul, where is 't? Love that hath ta'en away:
My Body only resteth in his place.
Deprived of Soul and Heart, how live? I say,
I live, maintained by love, in this strange case.
O wonder strange, the Body live to see;
The Heart and Soul in other place to be.

Napoli.

II.



HAT crimson gown, with drops of blood ywrought,
Which LAURA wears, a token is most true,
How that of blood desirous is her thought:
And that 'tis so, I best can tell to you.
My wrongèd heart too well doth find the same;
Who, thousand times, not once, hath wrongèd been
By her: and, now, to aggravate my pain,
(More cruel in desire for to be seen),
By outward habit [*dress*] covets She to show
What, inward, in her mind She hides below.

III.



HE flaming torch, a shadow of the light,
Put out by hasty hand, doth colour change;
And black becomes, which seemed before most bright:
Nor so to show is any marvel strange.
So was I long a lively fire of Love;
The heat whereof my body oft did prove:
But I, at last, by one who moaned my woe,
Extinguished was, by pitiful Disdain.
Then if my colour black in face do show,
You need not much to wonder at the same;
Since 'tis a sign, by part to know the whole,
That Love made me a fire, Disdain a coal.

IV.



ARDONED of every wicked fact was he,
To HEBE's Temple that, with prayers, came:
And, of such grace in sign, his bonds, as free,
He left hung up on high within the same.
I, Lady, errèd have; and humbly come
To thee, who art the Temple fair of Love:
Off'ring to thee my prayers, all and some,
To free me from my faults, thy heart let move!
In token of which gift, with thee I'll leave
My jealous thoughts; wherewith I did thee grieve.

V.



F thou art cold, as is the Winter's snow;
I, as the Summer, hot am most extreme:
Then let 's unite thy heart, which cold is so,
To mine so warm; and make of both a mean!
So th' one a help to th' other still shall be;
And linked in concord, as two doves shall 'gree.
To form this frame, LOVE shall the workman play.
Then let 's with July, January mix!
Let 's make, between us, an eternal May!
An everlasting truce, twain betwix!
Thy Winter, with my Summer let us join!
My fire so warm, with frost so cold of thine!

VI.



HE cruel NERO used on golden hook,
The harmless fish to catch with sugared bait:
So courteous LOVE, fishing, me quickly took;
Whilst he with dainty prey for me did wait.
Yet far more fortunate am I in this:
For whereas NERO's hooks most sharp did kill;
The other hooks revive the taken fish,
Whilst they do hold him gently by the gill.
But hooks they are none! For hooks they are too fair!
Two golden tresses be they of fine hair!

VII.



HEN She was born ; She came, with smiling eye,
Laughing into the world, a sign of glee.
When I was born ; to her quite contrary,
Wailing I came into the world to see.
Then mark this wonder strange ! What nature gave ;
From first to th' last, this fashion kept we have.
She in my sad laments doth take great joy :
I, through her laughing, die ; and languish must,
Unless that LOVE, to save me from this 'noy,
Do unto me, unworthy, shew so just
As for to change her laughter into pain ;
And my complaints, into her joy again.

VIII.



N LOVE his kingdom great, two Fools there be :
My Lady 's one ; myself the other am.
The fond behaviour of both, which to see ;
Whoso but nicely marks, will say the same.
Foolish our thoughts are. Foolish, our desire.
Foolish our hearts in Fancy's flame to fry.
Foolish to burn in Love's hot scorching fire.
But what? Fools are we none. My tongue doth lie.
For who most foolish is, and fond, in love ;
More wiser far than others, oft doth prove.

IX.

NO sooner LAURA mine appears to me;
But that a dainty dye, or blushing red,
In both our faces showeth for to be.
But who, alas, doth mine so overspread?
O'er-fervent LOVE doth draw this shadow pure;
Like cunning'st Painter, long for to endure.
Who painteth hers? Disdain, with pencil hard;
Which turneth all my sweetness into sour.
So that all my designs are quickly marred;
Except LOVE bind Love, by his awful power,
In Faith's firm bands. Too high th' exchange will grow,
When love, for hate; and not for like, shall go.

X.

PHŒBUS had once a bird, his chief delight,
Which, only 'cause he had an evil tongue,
He made him black; who was before most white.
So if all those who, Lovers true have stung
With spiteful speech, and have their loves betrayed;
Or to their Ladies false be and untrue,
Setting at nought the promise they have made;
LOVE would but change into this coal-black hue:
Thousands abroad, like sea-coal crows should show;
Who, now unknown, for snowy swans do go.

XI.



N silver stream, on shallow fountain's shelf,
The lively image saw he in the same;
Who was in love with shadow of himself:
Through pride forgetful how his likeness came.
Such one myself, by chance, I see to be;
When as in river I myself did see:
Yet I myself, instead of loving, hate.
And such strange hatred is this, and so strong;
That while he, loving, died by justest Fate,
Himself by seeing, whilst he himself did wrong:
I die will unto him contrary clean;
'Cause I, hating myself, myself too much have seen.

XII.



Oy of my soul! My blindfold eyes' clear light!
Cordial of heart! Right methridate of love!
Fair orient pearl! Bright shining margarite!
Pure quintessence of heaven's delight above!
When shall I taste, what favour grants me touch;
And ease the rage of mine so sharp desire?
When shall I free enjoy, what I so much
Do covet; but I doubt in vain, to aspire?
Ah, do not still my soul thus tantalise;
But once, through grace, the same imparadise!

XIII.



PAINTER, in lively colours draw Disdain!
Dost ask, How that may rightly shadowed be?
I'll tell thee. If thou, fine, wilt do the same;
My Lady paint! and thou Disdain shalt see.
Fond man! dost not believe? or think'st I jest?
If doubtful thou remain, then hear the rest!
Mark her but well; and thou shalt, in her face,
See right Disdain: which, coming from her eyes,
Makes her to look with most disdainful grace;
Then if thou seest it, in so plain a guise,
Straight shadow [*paint*] her! For this one counterfeit [*picture*]
Of her, and of Disdain, shall show the shape.

XIV.



WITH gold and rubies glistereth her small hand;
But if you match them with her lips or hair,
They seem withouten brightness for to stand:
The others have such lively colours fair.
O worthy Beauty! peerless A PER SE!
To whom all other Beauties are most vile.
O fairness such as fairer none can be!
Thou grace itself, of graciousness dost spoil!
With rubies, thou right rubies dost disgrace!
With gold, bright gold thou stainest in his place!

XV.



A GENTLE tame deer am I, called a Hart:
The cruel huntress fierce my Mistress is.
With crossbow bent, she comes to me in Park;
Paled in with pleasant thoughts of wanton wish.
She shoots, and hits me; takes me for her prey:
And (having shot, hit, taken) flies her way.
Back she retires from me, with pleasant smile;
Unloosing me, and heals my wound and pain:
When, as afresh incensed (alack the while!)
'Gainst me, desirous me to plague again,
She turns towards me, o'ertakes me, strikes me sore:
And, binding up my wounds, makes deadly more.

XVI.



THE golden tresses of a Lady fair;
At first beginning were of this my love:
But now, at last, unto my double care,
To be the end of my sad life I prove.
Then did my doubtful spirit live in hope:
But now he fears, despairing as it were,
Because he doth perceive in sudden broke
His hope, which dying heart did help and bear;
Since that the hair, that Alpha me did bind
In love, of life the Omega I do find.

XVII.

"SWEET LAURA, in the water look no more,
To see if feature thine be fair or no!
Look in mine eyes! which tears rain streaming sore
Of bitter plaints; whose water clear doth show,
As in a looking-glass, most bright to thee,
Those favours which in that sweet visage be."
So said I to her: when She answered blive,
"And thou, my Love! say, Dost thou likewise wish
To see thyself in one that is alive?
Then in this breast, look where thine image is!
Love shall alike in both our bodies rest:
Bear thou me in thine eyes; I'll thee in breast!"

XVIII.

IF, cruel, thou desirous art of blood;
Behold how I do bleed in streaming wise!
Glut then thyself therewith, if thou think good;
And do content, with blood, thy bloody eyes!
From breast it comes, where fainting heart doth lie;
And for a gift, I it present to thee!
Although I know, through this, I soon shall die;
And yet to die it little grieveth me:
Since 'tis my wish, my blood with soul as one
May rest; and that's with thee, or else with none.

XIX.



HAT ivory hand, a fan most white doth hold;
And to the milky breast blows wind apace;
And yet is full of chilly ice most cold;
Disgrace to others, to herself a grace.
But I, who wistly mark these whiteness' three,
Vouchsafe, sweet LOVE, this boon to grant to me!
Distil within the rolling of mine eyes,
By virtue of thy power, such hidden flame;
And let it tempered be, in such strange wise,
That, as I cast my look upon the same,
It quite may take away her cruelty!
Melt straight the ice! and fan burn suddenly!

XX.



HE snakes, amongst themselves, so carefully
Love one another, wonder for to see!
As if th' one want, the other straight doth die.
Lady, unto these snakes unlike we be!
For if I die, thou diest not for my death;
But, through my pain revivest! Such is thy spite!
And pleasure tak'st to see me void of breath.
Ah, yet in love let 's unto them be like!
Thou CUPID, work! that I, poor snake in love,
This 'sdainful snake for to be kind may move.

XXI.



AURA is fair and cruel both in one;
And born was of a dainty diamond.
Then is it marvel, neither wonder, none;
Although her heart as hard as stone be found.
Nature that hardness, as a Keeper, gave
To her, her beauty thereby so to save.
But fond is he, and simple in conceit,
That thinks LOVE will not, one day, burst the same.
Then quickly, mighty Lord, quickly this break!
Break thou this stony heart, so hard, in twain!
Unto thy power, let Nature's force still yield!
And be thou Conqueror 'gainst her in Field!

XXII.



HE snow-white Swan betokens brightsome Day:
The coal-black Crow, of darky Night is sign.
Thou Day, or Night, bring unto me still may,
With those bright lamps, those glistering stars, of thine.
But, cruel thou, thy heart is bent so hard,
As I that sun can never see with eyes
(That wished-for sun, from these my lights debarred):
Nor aught discern but mists, in foggy wise.
Then since I live in woe; and, blind, nought see:
A Crow, not Swan, thou still shalt be to me!

XXIII.



Say, Cupid, since thou wings so swift dost bear;
Within my heart, alone, why dost thou lie?
Why dost not seek to lodge some other where;
And to some other place, why dost not hie?
Go unto her, who hath the lily breast!
Who though she hates me; yet I love her best.
If her, to entertain thee thou shalt find;
It is a sign she hateth me no more.
Straight then, return again; and show her mind
To my desire! who for this news longs sore.
Then, prithee, go! No longer ling'ring stay!
Lest, when thou wouldst, thou canst not go thy way.

XXIV.



On quicksedge wrought with lovely eglantine,
My Laura laid her handkercher to dry;
Which had before snow-white ywashed been.
But after, when she called to memory,
That long 'twould be before, and very late,
Ere sun could do, as would her glistering eyes:
She cast from them such sparkling glances straight,
And with such force, in such a strangy guise,
As suddenly, and in one selfsame time,
She dried her cloth; but burnt this heart of mine.

XXV.



OLD upon gold, mine only Joy did plate,
Whilst She did dress her head by crystal glass:
But whilst She looked on it, it sudden brake;
So as, amazed thereat, much grieved She was;
To whom I said, "To grieve thus, 'tis in vain:
Since what is broke, whole cannot be again.
Look steadfastly, with both thine eyes on me!
Who have my heart, through love, a glass new made."
She on my face looked; and herself did see:
Wherewith contented th'roughly, thus She said,
"Most happy I! Since for to dress my head,
For broken glass, of whole one I am sped."

XXVI.



HE heavens begin, with thunder, for to break
The troubled air; and to the coloured fields,
The lightning for to spoil their pride doth threat.
Each thing unto the furious tempest yields.
And yet, methinks, within me I do hear
A gentle voice, hard at my heart, to say:
"Fear nothing, thou; but be of merry cheer!
Thou only safe, 'fore others all shalt stay.
To save thee from all hurt, thy shield shalt be
The shadow of the conquering Laural Tree."

Fano.

XXVII.

"LOVE this fair Lass!" said LOVE once unto me.
I loved her. "Love her now," saith he, "no more!"
When thousand darts within my breast there be;
And if I love her, he me threateneth sore.
He saith, "Himself is fallen in love with her;
And that himself, 'fore others, he'll prefer!"
His sense is this. He, in her beauteous eyes,
Hath found such Amours as ne'er like were seen:
But thinks he, this shall serve, in cunning wise,
To make me leave? he cozening me so clean?
In spite of him, I'll love! sith heart doth 'gree,
With LOVE in love as rival for to be.

XXVIII.

MY Mistress writing, as her hand did shake,
The pen did dash, which on her gown did spurt:
One drop, more higher than the rest did take;
And to presume to touch her breast it durst.
Upon her dainty bosom it did light:
Wherewith she blushed, in show like damask rose.
Presumptuous black! how dar'dst thou touch that white,
Wherein a World of gladsome pleasure grows?
Yet, spite of envy, happed it for the best:
To the white, more grace; more beauty, 'twas to th' breast.

XXIX.

NONE dares now look more on my LAURA's face,
So dangerous is her beauty to behold:
For he no sooner gives to her the gaze;
But straight his heart, She takes from him so bold.
Such virtue 's locked within those ebon eyes;
Where, dallying with Delight, Dan CUPID lies.
So sweetly rolleth She that radiant sphere,
As She, from whom She lists, robs suddenly:
So as to look on her, each one doth fear;
And yet to look on her, spare will not I!
For though I lose my Heart, and him disease.
I like shall my Desire; and her I'll please.

XXX.

UNBARE that ivory Hand! Hide it no more!
For though it death brings to my tender heart
To see it naked, where is Beauty's store;
And where moist pearl with azure doth impart:
Yet fear I not to die, in this sweet wise!
My fancy, so to see 't, is set on fire.
Then leave that glove! (most hateful to mine eyes!)
And let me surfeit with this kind desire!
So that my looks may have of them their fill;
Though heart decay, I'll take it for none ill.

Mantoa.

XXXI.

"MY Mistress seems but brown," say you to me.
'Tis very true, and I confess the same:
Yet love I her although that brown She be;
Because to please me, She is glad and fain.
I lovèd one most beautiful before;
Whom now, as death, I deadly do abhor.
Because to scorn my service her I found;
I gave her o'er, and chose to me this same.
Nor to be faithful, think I, I am bound
To one, in whom no kindness doth remain.
This is the cause, for brown and pitiful;
I left a fair, but yet a faithless, Trull.

XXXII.

WHITE art thou, like the mountain-snow to see;
I Black, like to the burnèd coal do show:
Then give some of thy purest white to me!
And I'll some of my black on thee bestow:
So will we these two contraries unite
Together; which so joined, will show more fair.
Let 's both then make this change, for our delight;
Unless to kill me, thou do little care!
But why of White or Black, talk I to thee?
My blood not black 'tis; which thou fain wouldst see.

XXXIII.

AS sacrifice unto a goddess bright,
My heart I offered with devotion great:
Thinking that She, Love's Temple had been right.
But what, un'wares, I spied not then, in heat,
I, wary, now discern her for to be:
Of hell below, the rightest cruelty.
I was deceived, I do confess. That smile,
That wanton smile, that bred in me delight,
Hid in those lips so fair, did me beguile.
O beauty false! O cruelty most right!
Flee, flee my heart! flee then, if thou be wise,
Thy hurt! my burning heat, her treacheries!

XXXIV.

STRANGE is this thing! My horse I cannot make
With spur, with speech, nor yet with rod in hand,
Force him to go; altbough great pains I take.
Do what I can; he still, as tired, doth stand.
No doubt he feels a heavy weight of me;
Which is the cause he standeth still as stone:
Nor is he 'ware that now he carrieth three;
He thinks, poor jade, I am on 's back alone.
But three we are, with mine own self I prove:
LAURA is in my heart; in soul is LOVE.

Pesaro.

XXXV.



HEN I, of my sweet LAURA leave did take;
Fair Fano's city, for a while to leave:
She gave to me, to wear it for her sake,
Of gold and pearl a dainty woven wreath.
Dear was the gift; because for love it came:
But dearer more; 'cause She gave me the same.
I look on 't still, and kiss it as my joy;
Kissing and bussing it, with it I play:
Which, at one instant, brings me mirth and 'noy;
And sighing oft thus to myself I say:
"White pearls are these; yet hath her mouth more fair!
Fine gold is this; yet finer is her hair!"

Fano.

XXXVI.



ITH thousand bands of furious inward heat,
Love binds my soul; and burns my gentle heart:
And, two ways, LAURA, death to me doth threat:
With Colour fresh; and wanton Eye, like dart.
This for reward for all my love I gain.
For my goodwill, two enemies I have:
LAURA and Love. Four plagues conspire my pain,
Because I like; and what 's but just, do crave:
Fire, roseal Colour, Eyes, and cruel Band.
These, at the gaze of Beauty, make me stand.

XXXVII.



F scalding sighs, my faith may testify;
And brinish tears, of love may warrant be:
Both th' one and th' other thou hast seen with eye!
Then what wouldst have, hard hearted! more of me?
But thou, perhaps, though much I have endured,
Wouldst yet be better of my faith assured.
Then with thine eyes, into my breast do peer!
Which, for the nonce, I leave to open sight;
And that which now thou doubt'st, see shalt thou clear.
Ah, mark it then; and view what shows so bright!
But too too cruel art thou, and precise;
That will not credit give to thine own eyes!

XXXVIII.



HE hapless ARGUS, happy in this same,
The glory of the sun's surpassing light;
The brightness of the stars, the fire which stain:
With hundred eyes, behold them always might.
But I, alas, who have but only twain,
Cannot behold the beauty of my Sun!
For which I live as blind, in endless pain;
And count myself, for want thereof, undone.
I can but wish that I an ARGUS were!
With hundred eyes to view her everywhere.

XXXIX.



N vasty sea, fain would my slender Muse
Wade in thy praise! to praise thy beauty right:
But, Lady, I for pardon crave excuse.
To break such waves, too brittle is her might!
Meantime, with lowly verse, in humble show,
Along the shallow shore I'll wading go.
The time may come, perhaps ere it be long,
That this my Quill, more bold, may write thy praise:
And venture for to sail in th' ocean strong;
Though now, on gravelled shore it fearful stays.
And whereas now, to dip his foot he fears:
He then shall dive himself o'er head and ears.

Fano.

XL.



HEN I did part, my soul did part from me;
And took his Farewell of thy beauteous ey'n:
But now that I, returned, do thee see;
He is returned, and lives through kindness thine:
And of thee looketh for a Welcome Home.
I then, not any more, to sorrow need;
Now I am come: and if before, alone,
On Shadow then; on Substance now I feed.
So if my parting bitter was and sad:
Sweet 's my return to thee, and passing glad.

The conclusion of the last Part.



IMANTES, when he saw he could not paint
With lively colours, to his lasting fame,
Such works he took in hand; and found too faint
His cunning: seeking for to hide the same,
He over them a subtil Shadow drew;
So that his faults, or none, or few, could view.

So, Lady, I finding my wit too weak,
With current terms, your beauty forth to blaze;
And that to arrive, too blunt is my conceit,
Unto the height of your surmounting praise:
With silence forcèd am, against my will,
To shadow my defect, the want of skill.

Yet do I hope, the Shadow you'll not scorn:
Since Princes, in their stately arbours green,
Account of shade, as trees which fruit adorn;
Because from heat they welcome shelters been.
The Shadow shields, 'gainst sun, your beauty fair;
Which else his scorching heat would much impair.

Then though a Shadow without fruit I be;
And scarce yield leaves to cover this my bark:
Accept these leaves, thy Beauty's Shade, of me!
Where wealth doth ebb, goodwill doth flow from heart.
Deign me, for all my love, but Shadow thine!
Thy Substance 's too too high for fortune mine.

R. T.

A Friend's just Excuse about the Book and [the] Author; in his absence.

WITHOUT the Author's knowledge, as is before said by the Printer [at pp. 271, 272]; this Poem is made thus publicly known; which, with my best endeavour, the Gentleman himself, suspecting what is now proved too true, at my coming up, earnestly intreated me to prevent. But I came at the last sheet's printing; and find more than thirty Sonnets not his, intermixt with his. Helped it cannot be, but by the well judging Reader: who will, with less pain distinguish between them, than I, on this sudden, possibly can. To him then, I refer that labour.

And for the Printer's faults passed in some of the Books; I have gathered them in the next page.*

With the Author, bear, I pray ye! whom I must intreat to bear with me.

R. B.

* These four Corrections have been embodied in the text. E. A.

1589.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.

THE SCOTTISH QUEEN's Burial at Peterborough, upon Tuesday, being Lammas Day [1st August] 1587.

LONDON.

Printed by A. J. [ABEL JEFFES] for EDWARD VENGE; and are to be sold at his shop without Bishops Gate.

[The unique copy of this Tract is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. As it is however, somewhat confusedly written; its information has been corrected and completed from other contemporary sources.

† This is quite incorrect. The following is a truer account:

On Sunday, being the 30th of July, 1587, in the 29th year of the reign of ELIZABETH the Queen's Majesty of England, there went from Peterborough Master WILLIAM DETHICK, *alias* Garter Principal King of Arms, and five Heralds, accompanied by 40 horse and men, to conduct the body of MARY, late Queen of Scots, from Fotheringhay Castle in Northamptonshire (which Queen had remained prisoner in England nineteen years): having for that purpose, brought a royal coach drawn by four horses, and covered with black velvet; richly set forth with escutcheons of the Arms of Scotland, and little pennons round about it.

The body (being enclosed in lead; and the same coffined in wood) was brought down, and reverently put into the coach.

At which time, the Heralds put on their Coats of Arms, and bareheaded, with torches' light, brought the same forth of the Castle, about ten of the clock at night: and so conveyed it to Peterborough [eleven] miles distant from Fotheringhay Castle.

Whither being come, about two of the clock on the Monday morning [31st July]; the body was received most reverently at the Minster Door of Peterborough, by the Bishop, Dean and Chapter, and [ROBERT COOKE] *Clarenceux* King at Arms.

And, in the presence of the Scots which came with the same, it was laid in a Vault prepared for the same, in the Quire of the said Church, on the south side; opposite to the tomb of Queen KATHARINE [of Arragon], Dowager of Spain, the first wife of King HENRY the Eighth.

The occasion why the body was forthwith laid into the Vault, and not borne in the Solemnity; was because it was so extreme[ly] heavy, by reason of the lead, that the Gentlemen could not have endured to have carried it, with leisure, in the solemn proceeding: and besides, [it] was feared that the solder might rip; and, [it] being very hot weather, might be found some annoyance.

A Remembrance of the Order and Manner of the Burial of MARY, Queen of Scots. Printed in *Archæologia*, I., 155 [for 355], 1770.

The following additional details are given in the Account drawn up by [Doctor RICHARD FLETCHER] the Dean of Peterborogh. See S. GUNTON, *History of the Cathedral of Peterburgh*, p. 78. Ed. 1686

The body, with the closures, weighed nine hundred weight; which being carried, and attended orderly by the said persons, was committed to the ground in the Vault appointed: and immediately the Vault was covered, saving a small hole left open for the Staffs to [be] broken into.

There were at that time, not any Offices of the Church Service done: the Bishop being ready to have executed therein. But it was by all that were present, as well Scottish as others, thought good and agreed, that it should be done at the day and time of Solemnity.]

The Scottish Queen's Burial at Peterborough, upon Tuesday, being Lammas Day [1*st August*], 1587.

HER body was brought in a coach, about 100 attending thereon, from Fotheringhay Castle, upon Sunday [30th July], at night. [RICHARD HOWLAND] the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, [RICHARD FLETCHER] the Dean [of Peterborough], the Prebends, and the rest [of the Chapter] met the same at the Bridge; being not far from the town: and so conveyed it to the Bishop's Palace, and from thence upon Tuesday being Lammas Day, [it] was carried to the Church, where she was buried * on the south side of the Hearse by torchlight. [*See previous page.*†]

The Hearse [*or Catafalque*] was made field-bed wise; the valance of black velvet, with a gold fringe; [and] the top of

* There is a Memorial entered on the wall of the Cathedral of Peterborough, for one [named ROBERT SCARLET] who, being Sexton thereof, interred two Queens therein (KATHARINE Dowager and MARY of Scotland); more than fifty years intercedmg betwixt their several sepultures. This vivacious Sexton also buried two generations; or the people in that place twice over. Thus having built many houses (so I find graves frequently called *domus æternales*) for others: some, as it was fitting, performed this last office unto him. [He died on 2nd July 1594, æt. 98.] THOMAS FULLER, *Worthies, &c.*, ii. 293., Ed. 1662.

the imperial covered with baize. About it, were set ten Posies [of the Motto of the Arms of Scotland], *In my defence, GOD me defend!* with ten Scutcheons great and little; and, at the top, a double one with a crown imperial thereupon. The Supporters [were] Unicorns, with 100 pennons or little flags. It was impaled with baize; and in it [were] fourteen stools, with black velvet cushions.

Upon the pillars supporting the imperial of the Hearse, the which were all covered with velvet, were fixed Scutcheons: bearing either [the] Red Lion alone; or else parted with the Arms of France, or with the arms of the Lord LENOX.

The Church and Chancel were hanged with baize and Scutcheons, as at other funerals.

[Here must be inserted some additional information:

Upon Monday, in the afternoon, came to Peterburgh, all the Lords and Ladies and other Assistants appointed; and at the Bishop's Palace was prepared [at Queen ELIZABETH's expense] a great supper for them: where all, at one table, supped in the Great Chamber; [it] being hanged with black.

Dean R. FLETCHER, in S. GUNTON's *History*, &c., p. 78, Ed. 1686.

On Tuesday, being the 1st of August, in the morning, about eight of the clock, the Chief Mourner, being [BRIDGET RUSSELL] the Countess of BEDFORD [*now the Widow of her third husband*], was attended upon by all the Lords and Ladies; and brought into the Presence Chamber within the Bishop's Palace: which [Chamber], all over, was hanged with black cloth.

She was, by the Queen's Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers, placed somewhat under a Cloth of Estate [*canopy*] of purple velvet: where, (having given to the [*Gentlemen representing, on this occasion, the*] Great Officers, their Staffs of Office (viz. to the Lord Steward; Lord Chamberlain; the Treasurer, and Comptroller [of the Household]), she took her way into the Great Hall.

A Remembrance of the Order, &c. Archæologia, I., 155 [for 355], 1770].

The Mourners came out of the Bishop's Palace; being set in order by the Heralds thus:

First 100 Releevants; poor old women, for the most part widows: in black cloth gowns, with an ell of white holland over their heads; which they had for their labour, and nine shillings apiece in money. These divided themselves in the body of the Church; and stood half on the one side, and half on the other: and there stood during the whole Solemnity.

At the Church door, the Singing Men and Quiristers met the Mourners with a *Psalm*; and led them the way into the Chancel, continuing singing, with the Organ, until the Sermon began.

Then followed two Yeomen, viz.: the Sheriff [of Northamptonshire]'s Bailiff and the Bailiff of Peterborough; with black staves.

And after them [100 poor men, in] Mourning Coats.

Then Sir GEORGE SAVILE, in a Mourning gown, carrying the great Standard: viz. a Cross on a Field azure; the Streamer, a Unicorn argent in a Field of guiles; a Posy written, *In my defence, GOD me defend!*

Then followed Mourning Cloaks, two by two, a great number: whereof the first were the late Queen's Officers.

And after them, Mourning Gowns.

Among these Officers of her House was [Monsieur DU PREAU] a French Jesuit, her Confessor, with a golden crucifix about his neck; which he did wear openly: and being told, That the people murmured and disliked at it; he said, He would do it, though he died for it. Thus we may see how obdurate their hearts are in malice; and how obstinate they shew themselves in the vain toys and superstitious trifles of their own imaginations.

Then [RICHARD FLETCHER] the Dean [of Peterborough].

Next the two Bishops: [RICHARD HOWLAND] of PETERBOROUGH, and [WILLIAM WICKHAM, of] LINCOLN.

[CHARLES WILLOUGHBY,] the Lord WILLOUGHBY of Parham;

[LEWIS MORDAUNT,] the Lord MORDAUNT [of Turvey];

[HENRY COMPTON,] the Lord COMPTON;

Sir THOMAS CECIL [*afterwards* Lord BURLEGH, *and later* Earl of EXETER]:

All four, in gowns, with White Staffs; representing the [Lord] Steward; [the Lord] Chamberlain; [the] Treasurer, and [the] Controller [of the Queen's Household].

After these, 16 Scots and Frenchmen; which had been Officers in her [*Queen MARY's*] House.

Then Sir ANDREW NOEL alone, carrying the Banner of Scotland.

Then [WILLIAM, *afterwards* Sir WILLIAM, SEGAR] Percullis the Herald [*Portcullis Pursuivant*] bearing the Crown [*or Helmet*] and Crest: thereon a red lion rampant crowned, holding a sword the point upward; the Helmet overmanteled guiles powdered ermine.

Then the Target [*or Shield*, borne by JOHN RAVEN,] *Rouge Dragon* [*Pursuivant*];

The Sword by [HUMPHREY HALES] York [Herald];

The Coat of Arms by [ROBERT GLOVER,] Somerset Herald.

Then [ROBERT COOKE] *Clarenceux* [King at Arms] with a Gentleman at Arms [*or rather, a Gentleman Usher*].

Then followed the Coffin [*empty of course*], covered with a pall of velvet; six Scutcheons fixed thereon, upon the head whereof stood a Crown of Gold.

Six Gentlemen bare [*the supposed*] corpse, under a velvet canopy borne by these four Knights:

Sir THOMAS MANNERS,
Sir JOHN HASTINGS,
Sir JAMES HARINGTON,
Sir RICHARD KNIGHTLEY.

Eight Banerols [*a Banner, about a yard square, borne at the funerals of great persons*] borne by eight Squires; four on either side of the Coffin.

After the [*supposed*] corpse, came the Head Mourner [BRIDGET RUSSELL,] the Countess of BEDFORD; assisted by the two Earls [JOHN MANNERS,] of RUTLAND and [HENRY CLINTON, of] LINCOLN: [LUCY,] the Lady St. JOHN of Basing bearing her train.

Then followed, by two and two, other Ladies:

[WILLIAM DETHICK gives us a fuller List of these Ladies than this Tract. The brackets show those who went together.

ELIZABETH MANNERS, the Countess of RUTLAND. }
ELIZABETH CLINTON, the Countess of LINCOLN. }
ANNE, the [? Dowager] Lady TALBOT. }
The Lady MARY SAVILE. }
ELIZABETH, the Lady MORDAUNT. }
CATHARINE, the Lady St. JOHN of Bletsoe. }
THEODOSIA, Wife of Sir THOMAS MANNERS. }
DOROTHY, Wife of Sir THOMAS CECIL. }
ELIZABETH, Wife of Sir EDWARD MONTAGU. }
MABEL, Wife of Sir ANDREW NOEL. }
Mistress ALINGTON. }
A Scottish Gentlewoman. }]
The other Gentlemen.

The ten Scottish and French Women of the [late] Queen's [Household]: with black attire on their heads, of Taffaty before; and behind, White Lawn hanging down, like French Hoods.

They, with the Scottish and French men, did all go out before the Sermon, except Master MELVIN [i.e. ANDREW MELVILLE; and also BARBARA MOWBRAY] who stayed; and came in when it was ended.

The Head Mourner and the [twelve] Ladies, with the two Earls assistant were placed within the Hearse [*or Catafalque*].

The two Knights, with their Banners, were set at the East end of the Hearse, without the pale: and the eight Squires, with their Bannerols, four of a side, in like manner without the pale.

All the rest of the Mourners were carried up by a Herald above the Hearse; and placed of each side, the women next the altar.

The Bishop and the Dean [of Peterborough] stood at the altar, with two gilded basons.

All which being placed and set, and the Church quiet;

[WILLIAM WICKHAM,] the Bishop of LINCOLN began his Sermon [out of *Psalm* xxxix. 5–7].*

And in his prayer [when he gave thanks for such as were translated out of this Vale of Misery, he] used these words:

"Let us bless GOD for the happy dissolution of MARY, late the Scottish Queen and Dowager of France. Of whose life and departure, whatsoever shall be expected, I have nothing to say: for that I was unacquainted with the one; and not present at the other. Of Her Majesty's faith and end, I am not to judge. It is a charitable saying of the Father LUTHER 'Many [a] one liveth a Papist; and dieth a Protestant.' Only this I have been informed, That she took her death patiently; and recommended herself wholly to JESUS CHRIST."

The Sermon ended, a long piece of velvet and a cushion were carried and laid before the Countess [of BEDFORD], to go and kneel upon; hard before the Bishop [of PETERBOROUGH]'s feet.

Then, by [Garter,] the King of Heralds, were carried the four Officers with their White Staffs; and placed two at the top of the stairs under the Bishop, and two beneath them.

Then the two principal Heralds [Garter and *Clarenceux*] fetched up the Countess; the two Earls [of RUTLAND and LINCOLN] leading her, and the Lady St. JOHN [of Basing] bearing up her train.

There she kneeled awhile.

And then all returned to their places.

This was the First Offering [for Queen ELIZABETH].

Not[e] that BRAKENBURY went this time before her [*the Countess of BEDFORD*].

The two Earls [were] placed without the pale [of the Hearse], before the Countess.

One of the Kings of Heralds fetched from the Hearse, the Coat Armour; brought it down to the other King of Heralds;

* In the discourse of his Text, he only dealt with general doctrine, of the vanity of all flesh. *Dean R. FLETCHER.*

and he delivered it to the two Earls. They carried it, obeisance being done to the Countess, to the Bishop [of PETERBOROUGH]; and kissed it in delivering of it. A third Herald took it of the Bishop; and laid it down on the altar.

The Sword, the Target, the Helmet, Crown, and Crest, in like sort was all done by the two Earls: kissing their hands before them.

Then were the two Banners carried, by one after another, severally by those that brought them; and so set upon the altar, leaning to the wall.

The other eight Bannerols were put into the Hearse as they stood.

Then went the Countess [of BEDFORD], Master JOHN MANNERS [acting as Vice Chamberlain,] holding up her train the second time; and offered alone [for herself] to the Bishop.

Then the Ladies and Gentlemen, by two and two, went up and offered.

Then the [four] Officers with White Staffs offered.

And, last of all, came there a Herald to the pulpit; and fetched the Bishop of LINCOLN.

And then the most part of the Mourners departed, in the same order they came in: and towards the door of the Chancel, stood the Scottish women, parted on both sides; and as the English Ladies passed, they kissed them all.

Then over the Vault, where the body lay; [RICHARD FLETCHER] the Dean [of Peterborough] read the ordinary words of [the] Burial [Service].

And this being done: the four Officers brake their White Staffs over their heads; and threw them into the Vault.

[Dean FLETCHER's *The Manner of the Solemnity, &c.*, concludes thus:

And so they departed to the Bishop's House: where was

a great feast appointed accordingly [at Queen ELIZABETH's expense*].

The concourse of people was of many thousands.

And, after dinner, the Nobles departed away; every one towards his own home.

The Master of the [Queen's] Wardrobe paid to the Church, for breaking of the ground in the Quire, and making the grave, £10; and for Blacks of the Quire and Church, £20.*]

FINIS.

* The total of Queen ELIZABETH'S expenses for this Funeral amounted to £321, 14s. 6d.

CUPID's Posies,

For Bracelets, Handkerchers, and Rings;
With Scarfs, Gloves, and other things.

Written by CUPID on a day,
When VENUS gave him leave to play.

Verbum sat amanti.

The Lover sheweth his intent
By gifts, that are with Posies sent.

LONDON.
Printed by E. C. for J. WRIGHT, next to
the *Globe* in Little Britain.
1674.

To his Mother VENUS, *CUPID dedicateth his Posies.*



OTHER, your love to me was shown
Before that I could go alone;
For with Nectar then you fed me,
And in tender manner bred me:
Till perceiving once that I
Was able on my wings to fly;
I did descend unto the Earth,
With my bow to make some mirth.
For all the World is my Park;
Where, when I shoot, I hit the mark.
Young Men and Maidens are my game;
While I, the little Bowman am.
Yet lest you may think my leisure
I do only waste in pleasure;
These *Posies* I have writ of late:
Which to you I dedicate,
That so the love may be exprest,
Of your Son that loves you best.

Cupid's Posies.



That Cupid callèd am,
And shall never be a Man ;
But am still the blindèd Boy
That breeds Lovers much annoy :
Having gotten, on a day,
From my Mother leave to play ;
And obtainèd use of sight,
I in wantonness did write
These same *Posies* which I send,
And to Lovers do commend.
Which if they be writ within
The little circle of a Ring ;
Or be sent unto your Loves,
With fine Handkerchers, Gloves :
I do know that, like my dart,
They have power to wound the heart ;
For instead of Flowers and Roses,
Here are Words bound up in Posies.

CUPID's Posies.

1. *A Posy written on a pair of Bracelets, and sent by a young Man to his Love.*

My Love, these Bracelets take, and think of them no harm;
But since they Bracelets be, let them embrace thy arm!

2. *Another.*

Receive this Sacrifice in part
From the Altar of my heart!

3.

I do owe both Love and Duty
To your Virtue and your Beauty.

4. *A Posy sent with a pair of Gloves.*

You are that one
For whom alone
My heart doth only care:
Then do but join
Your heart with mine,
And we will make a pair.

5. *Another.*

I send to you a pair of Gloves
If you love me,
Leave out the G.!
And make a pair of Loves.

6. *Another.*

Though these Gloves be white and fair,
Yet thy hands more whiter are.

7. *Another.*

These Gloves are happy that kiss your hands,
Which long have held my heart in CUPID's bands.

8. *The Posy of a Lover to his disdaining Mistress.*

Ut Stella in tenebris,
Sic Amor in adversis.

Englished.

As the Stars in darkest night, so Love despised shining.

9. *The Posy of a Handkercher sent from a young Man to his Love, being wrought in blue silk.*

This Handkercher to you assures
That this and what I have is yours.

10. *Another.*

Love is like a hidden flame,
Which will at last blaze forth again.

11. *Another in Letters.*

My love is true which I. O. U.:
As true to me, then C. U. B.

12. *The Posy of a Ring sent to a Maid from her Lover.*

My constant love shall ne'er remove.

13. *Another.*

This and I, until I die!

14. *Memento mei!*

When this you see, remember me!

15. Like to a circle round, no end in love is found:
Take me with it; for both are fit.

16. *A young Man's conceit to his dear Love, being wrought on a Scarf.*

This Scarf is but an emblem of my love;
Which I have sent, with full intent my service to approve.

17. *Another wherein the Lover seeketh her Love.*

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then since we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again!

18. *A young Man's Posy to his Sweetheart shewing that love is most violent in absence.*

Love is a flame that, with a violent desire,
Doth burn us most when we are farthest from the fire.

19. As those that *die* are said for to *depart*;
So when you went away, all life forsook my heart:
For though with inward pain, I draw my very breath;
Yet this I will maintain, Departure is a Death.

20. *A Lover coming into a Maiden's chamber in her absence, did write this Posy on her Looking-Glass.*

In this same Looking-Glass, my watery eyes I see;
But I do wish that thou couldst shew her cheerful eyes to me.
Yet why do I accuse thee here?
'Tis not thy fault! for thou art clear!

21. *Posies of Rings for young Lovers, which have newly discovered their affection.*

Let me serve till I desire!

22. *Another.*

Had I not spoke, my heart had broke!
The utmost scope of Love is Hope!

23. Love's delight is to unite:
I now do sue for love to you!

24. Love I have, yet love I crave!

25. *A Posy of a young Prentice sent to his Love, with a pair of amber Bracelets.*

Let these same bind
You to be kind
Unto me for love's own sake!
And when we meet,
With kisses sweet
We will Indentures make!
And I will bind myself to be
In love a Prentice unto thee!

26. *A young Man to his Sweetheart, setting forth the better effects of a disdained love.*

Love is like a Golden tree,
Whose fruit most pleasant seems to be;
Whiles Disdain doth never sleep
But this Tree of Love doth keep:
Yet I hope you will at last
Think upon my service past!

27. *A Posy sent by a young Man to a pretty young Maid in the same town, with a very fair Point of coronation* [rose pink] *coloured Ribbon.*

My dearest Love, I send this Ribbon Point to thee,
In hope the young Men of the town shall not still point at me:
Because I am thy lover true;
Then grant me thy love, sweet SUE!

28. *The Posy of a Ring.*

Thou art my heart.

29. More dearer to me than life can be.

30. *Another.*

Love is joy, without annoy.

31. *Another.*

'Tis in your will, to save or kill.

32. *A Posy wrought in red silk Letters upon an ash coloured Scarf.*

Every Letter here doth show
That my heart is linked to you:
And by this token is exprest
That you are She whom I love best.

33. *The Posy of a Handkercher very fairly laced about, with a flaming Heart wrought in the middle*

Great is the grief that I sustain,
Which is here figured by a flame
That doth torment me in each part,
But chiefly seizeth on my heart:
Yet rather than my heart shall turn
From my faith, in love I'll burn.

34. *From a young Man, to his offended Mistress.*

Dearest, if I have offended;
Enjoin me then some penance hard,
That my fault may be amended
Ere your favour be debarred:
For if I must penance do,
I'll go unto no Saint but you!

35. *A Posy sent to a Maid, being cunningly interwoven in a silk Bracelet.*

Kindly take this gift of mine,
For Gift and Giver both are thine!

36. *Posies for Rings.*

Faithful love can ne'er remove.

37. *Another.*

If you consent, I am content.

38. *To his Sweetheart, that had objected against him for want of means.*

Come, my Love, if love you grant,
What is it that love can want?
In thee, I have sufficient store.
Grant me thy love, I wish no more!

39. *A Posy sent from a Maid to a young Man, with a very fair wrought Purse.*

My heart's Purse, you are my wealth!
And I will keep you to myself!

40. *The Posy of a Ring.*

True love well placed is ne'er disgraced.

41. I am your friend unto the end.

42. Yours I am; be mine again!

43. Love itself discloses by Gifts with Posies.

44. *A Posy sent with a pair of Gloves.*

What should I write? Some words do move
Suspicion unto those that love:
Then, without any further art,
In one word, you have my heart!

45. *Her Reply.*

Lest for a heart you should complain;
With mine I send yours back again!
For Love to me this power doth give,
That my heart in your heart doth live.

46. *A young Man's Posy wrought in a Handkercher.*

A maiden virtuous chaste and fair
Is a jewel past compare:
And such are you, in whom I find
Virtue is with Beauty joined.

47. *A Maiden's Posy sent with a willow coloured Point to a young Man that had forsaken her.*

Your love was like a spark which in the ashes lies,
That shineth for a time, but afterwards it dies:
Since therefore you did faithless prove;
I do here renounce your love!

48. *Posies for Rings.*

Be true to me, as I to thee.

I love none but thee alone.

I do rejoice in thee my choice.

One love, one troth, between us both.

Constant true love comes from above.

You are my friend unto the end.

49. *To his Sweetheart, to whom he sent a Purse with these verses in it.*

Sweet-heart, my love to you I commend;
And therewithal this purse to you I send:
Which is not filled with silver or with gold;
Only my heart it doth contain and hold.

50. *To a Maid these lines were sent, with a Scarf.*

This scarf will keep off the rude wind
Which to your lips the way would find.
I would have none know the bliss
But myself, at your sweet kiss:
Which I would have none else to taste,
Lest your stock of kisses waste.

51. *On a Knife.*

If you love me as I love you,
Nothing can cut our love in two.

52. *To a Gentlewoman who appointed one to buy her a Mask; which he bought, and sent it with this Posy.*

It is a pity you should wear a mask!
This is the reason if you ask,
Because it hides your Face so fair
Where roses mixed with lilies are:

It clouds your beauty so that we
Your cherry Lips can seldom see:
And from your Face keeps off our eyes;
Which is indeed Love's Paradise.

53. *Verses sent with a pair of Bracelets.*

These bracelets like a circle shall
  Environ round your arm.
Happy are they, whate'er befall,
  That shall be kept warm.
And may they, like two Circles prove,
  To charm your heart for to love me!
Let CUPID the Magician be,
  To charm your heart for to love me!

54. *Posies for Rings.*

I will remain always the same.

You and I will Lovers die.

My vow is past, while life doth last.

Lovers' knot once tied, who can divide?

Verbum sat amanti.

Amo te, si amas me.

I love thee, if thou love me.

55. *To a fair Maid, sent with a Posy of Flowers.*

Beauty is like a flower, sweet Maid!
Which quickly doth decay and fade:
Then wisely now make use of time,
Since you are now even in your prime.

56. *Two lines embroidered on the top of a Pair of Gloves.*

I wish that we two were a pair
As these happy Gloves here are.

57. *NICK, a farmer's son, sendeth to JOAN HOBSON a yard of blue Ribbon with these lines.*

I send you here of ribbon a whole yard:
And money goeth with me very hard;
For else this yard, two yards should be,
Since I do hold nothing too dear for thee.
And part therefore my love, if that thou wilt,
In this same ribbon; which is made of silk.

58. *A Posy wrought on a Handkercher in silk Letters.*

Do not too lightly of me think,
Who write in Letters 'stead of ink.
To send this token I made shift;
Esteem the giver, and not the gift!

59. *A Posy on a Thimble.*

He that sent me, loveth thee.

60. *A Cabinet being sent to a Gentlewoman, these verses were put in one of the drawers.*

This little Cabinet will conceal
All things which you would not reveal;
Your letters and your other things,
As your jewels and your rings.
Let me know then in what part,
Or box, you will lay up my heart!
Which with it I do send; and pray
That in your heart you would it lay.
Let me such favour from you get:
Make your heart, my heart's Cabinet.

61. *To a Maid, a young Man sendeth a silk Girdle.*

This girdle haply shall be placed
To compass round your neat small waist.
I were happy if, in this place,
I might thy slender waist embrace.

62. *A Posy of four lines, written in red letters, the four sides of a Handkercher.*

Things of most constancy still are
Resembled to solid Square;
So my triangular heart shall be
A four square figure of constancy.

63. *Posies for Rings.*

Be thou mine, as I am thine.

In weal and woe, my love I'll show.

I will be true always to you.

There is no joy
Like love without annoy.

Love crossed is best,
And prospers best.

Joy doth abound, where love is found.

My vow that's past, till death shall last.

I love none but you alone.

To thee my heart I give, whilst I here do live.

Love joineth hands in wedlock's bands.

64. *A Posy engraven about a Jewel, sent to a Gentlewoman.*

There is no jewel I can see
Like love that's set in constancy.

65. *A Posy to an unkind disdainful Maid.*

Each frown of yours is like a dart
That woundeth me unto the heart.

What conquest were it, if that I
By your cruel frown should die;
Since love my only trespass is?
And shall I die, alas, for this?

66. *Her Reply.*

If alas, for love you chance to die;
'Tis your own folly kills your heart; not I.

67. *A Posy engraven on a gold Ring.*

By this ring of gold,
Take me to have and hold!

68. *Another.*

What joy in life to a good Wife?

69. *A Posy embroidered on a Scarf.*

Fairest, wear this scarf that I do send,
That may your beauty from the wind defend:
For I do know the winds, if like to me,
To kiss your lips and cheeks desirous be.

70. *On the choice of a Wife.*

If thou intend'st to choose a Wife,
With whom to lead a happy life;
Look not for Beauty, since there are
Few that can be chaste and fair.
But if thou do her Virtues find,
Which are the beauty of the mind,
Woo her then to gain consent!
For virtuous love can ne'er repent.

CUPID's Conclusion.



UPID's *Posies* now at last are done.
For if you read them all, you will like some.
For these new *Posies* are both sweet and brief,
And will disclose the sighing Lover's grief.
For CUPID, having too much idle leisure,
Composed these *Posies* for his pleasure.

Fair Maids, my *Posies* now are done ;
Which for your sakes I first begun.
And young Men here may always choose
Such *Posies* as they mean to use.
I CUPID writ them on a day,
When VENUS gave me leave to play ;
And if you like them, for my pain :
Then CUPID means to write again.

FINIS.

STRANGE AND WONDERFUL THINGS

happened to RICHARD HASLETON,
born at Braintree in Essex,
in his Ten years Travels in many foreign countries.

PENNED AS HE DELIVERED it from his own mouth.

LONDON,
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and are to be sold at his shop in Gratious [*Gracechurch*] street, near Leaden Hall.
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To the Worshipful Master RICHARD STAPAR, *one of the Worshipful Company of Merchants Adventurers of this honourable city of London, trading to Turkey and the Eastern Kingdoms.*

Your Worship's faithful well-willer W[ILLIAM] BARLEY wisheth all fortunate and happy success in all your enterprises, with increase of worldly worship; and, after death, the joys unspeakable.

WORSHIPFUL SIR. The many reports of your rare virtues generally spoken of all honest travellers who hath tasted the benefit of your bounty: not only in our home born country where you have your residence; but in those far countries where your honest Factors trade. By whose worshipful and express command given [to] them, and the good they daily do for all men which seek them; your Worship is accounted and called the Pattern of Bounty: especially of such as are, in their travail [*here meaning* labours *as well as* journeys] distressed with want; which with money are relieved, as well as [with] other great cost [that] their [*the Factors'*] favour or friendship can procure. So that not only the poor and needy are pleasured thereby; but those that swim in most abundance. All proceeding of your most kind and courteous disposition.

The remembrance of which [having] moved a longing desire in me, in some sort, to explain your worthiness and fame, by your bounty gained: it had never such opportunity until this time when, perusing my store of Papers and Writings of sundry men's labours, I chanced on this pamphlet; which importeth the troublesome travails of our near neighbour, born at Braintree in Essex, named RICHARD HASLETON. Whose miseries as they were many (being in the hands both of Christian and heathen enemies, for GOD and our country's cause; and his escapes from death so often, and so wonderful); with the constant enduring of the same: his preservation; and safe return to England, where his longing desire so often wished him.

All which considered, with your Worship's love to all travellers, emboldened me the rather under your Worship's patronage to publish the same; especial zeal procuring me thereunto. And partly in regard of your many favours to the said HASLETON in his miseries extended; [and partly] that your Worship's good ensample may lighten others to such good actions.

Hoping your Worship will accept of it no less friendly than I offer it willingly: which if you do, then is my desire satisfied, and myself rest bounden to your Worship's worthiness. Ever beseeching the Giver of all good to increase the number of such worthy-minded subjects; by whom our Prince and country are, in foreign parts, so much honoured.

Your Worship's
To command in what I may,

WILLIAM BARLEY.

The miserable Captivity of RICHARD HASLETON, *born at Braintree in Essex.*

IN the year 1582, departing the English coast toward[s] the end of May, in a ship of London called the *Mary Marten* (one of the owners [of which] was a citizen of London named Master EASTWOODE; the other of them, named Master ESTRIDGE, dwelling at Limehouse), being laden and bound for Petrach [*Patras*], a town of mart, being within the dominion of the Turk: where we safely arrived and made our mart.

And within eight and twenty days were laden homeward; and presently we weighed anchor, and set sail. And coming out of the Gulf of Lepanto, [we] grounded upon a rock, lying on the larboard side, being in very great danger, [and] in doubt to lose both ship and goods: yet it pleased GOD that we recovered.

Then, about the midst of the month of July [1582], we came right before Cape de Gatte [*Cabo de Gata, near Almeria, in Spain*] when, having a very small wind, we descried two galleys: whereupon the Master commanded the Gunner to put forth the ordnance, and to heave the skiff overboard.

Then did the Gunner demand of the Master to make a a shot: which he granted. Then did he bestow eight and twenty shot, but to no purpose: for the enemy lay very far out.

Now when we saw our shot and powder spent so much in waste, some of our company cried to our Master to shew the Turks' Letters: but he would not; but commanded the Gunner still to shoot.

For now the gallies were within shot, and did shoot at us,

both with great shot and muskets. And presently both our Gunners were slain, both with one shot; and some others maimed, whereby we were in great doubt: for the gallies lying on both sides of us, one of them had shot us under water, whereby our ship was foundered before we perceived.

Then we perceiving the ship to sink from us; such as were wariest leapt into the skiff, as many as it was able to bear: the rest leaping overboard, such as could swim saved themselves, going aboard the gallies; the others were drowned.

Now I being the last man upon the hatches, because I was at the stern, and being sore hurt with a musket shot; the Turks [having] made haste to board our ship, hoping to save some of our goods: two of them came aboard. The first came to me, and took me by the bosom. I drew out my knife very speedily, and thrust him into the body; and so slew him. The other was gone down into the ship, where I left him; for even then was the ship sinking from me.

Wherefore I betook myself to swimming; and turning me about to see the ship, I could see nothing thereof but only the flag. Then did I swim to the gallies; and laying hold upon an oar, got into the galley.

When I was aboard, I was stripped of my clothes. Then presently was I commanded to the poop, to talk with the Captain: who inquired of me, Whether I was a Merchant [*i.e., the Supercargo of the ship*]? Which because I would not confess, he gave me 15 strokes with a cudgel, and then put me in the galley's hold: where I was six days, taking very little sustenance; lying in extreme pains, by reason of my hurts which I had received in the fight; and with anguish, for my hard hap.

About three months after [? *October* 1582], the gallies returned to Argire [*Algiers*]; where immediately after my landing I was sold for 66 doubles [*the Double Pistoles or Doubloons; equal according to page* 392 *to* £4, 14*s. then; or say* £20 *now*].

Then did I fall into extreme sickness for ten days' space; notwithstanding [which] I was sent to sea by my Master to whom I was sold, to labour in the gallies at an oar's end: where I remained three months [? *November* 1582 *to January*

1583], being very feeble and weak, by reason my sickness continued the most part of that time; yet was I constrained either to labour, or else to lose my head. I had no other choice.

Then the gallies returning home to Argire [*Algiers*], after my coming on shore I was in a marvellous weakness; what with continual labour, with beating, and with sickness: which endured three months [? *February to April* 1583], being in a most miserable estate without all succour seeing no man to pity my misery; having no nourishment but only bread and water and [of] that but small quantity, no apparel on me but a thin shirt and a pair of linen breeches, and lodged in a stable on the cold ground. Thus I, being almost in despair ever to recover, yielded myself to the will of Almighty GOD; whom it pleased, in the end, to give me a little strength.

And after, for the space of two [*or rather* four years] or more [? *April* 1583 *to April* 1587], I was divers times at my labour at the oar's end, after my accustomed manner; till (such time our fleet of gallies meeting with the gallies of Genoa near the Christian shore; and they following us in chase) it chanced, [*about April* 1587] by reason of tempest, that our galley was cast away near the west side of the island [of] Formentera.

There were in it, of Christians and Turks, to the number of 250; which were all drowned except 15: of which myself, with two others, with great difficulty brake our chains; and taking hold of an oar, we escaped to the shore, not without great danger of drowning.

We being now gotten to land, and accompanied both with Turks and Christians; we took our rest under bushes and thickets. The Turks were very unwilling to depart with [*separate from*] us; thinking to find some other galley of the company to take us aboard, and carry us back to Argire [*Algiers*].

But we, hoping now to get our liberties, conveyed ourselves as secretly as we could into the woods; and went unto a rock, and with sharp stones we did beat off our irons: and fled immediately to the Christians, and yielded ourselves.

But one of them which escaped with me, who was born in Sclavony [? *Slavonia, or* ? *Cephalonia*], told them, That I was an English Lutheran.

Then was I presently carried aboard a galley of Genoa, and put in chains.

And, upon the morrow, was I sent over into the Isle of Iviza, being within the jurisdiction of Majorca: which are all in the dominion of Spain.

There was I imprisoned in the High Tower of the Town Castle [*of the town of Iviza*], with a pair of bolts upon my heels, and a clasp of iron about my neck, there hanging a chain at the clasp: where I remained nine days, fed with a little bread and water.

Now because I had in no respect offended them; I demanded, Wherefore they molested me? saying, It was contrary to [the] law and the profession of Christians.

Then did they ask me, If I had spoken anything against the King, and against the Church of Rome?

I answered, "Nothing!"

Then they told me, I should be sent to Majorca, to answer before the Inquisition.

Then the Justice, or Chief Officer, of Iviza brought me back to Genoa; requesting to have me chained in a galley: which the Captain did, asking the Justice, Who should be my surety for running away?

He demanded, If there were not a spare chain?

He said, "Yes." Then he commanded a chain to be brought forth; and chained me at the sixth oar before: where I rowed until we came to the Port of Spine [*later called* Portpin; *now the* Bay of Palma] in Majorca, guarding me with 14 gallies.

Then were the Officers of the Inquisition sent for by the Captain, which came the second day after our coming there [*i.e., to Palma*]: and at their coming, they offered me the *Pax*, which I refused to touch.

Whereupon they reviled me, and called me "Lutheran!"

[And] taking me presently out of the galley, carried me

on shore in Majorca: and finding the Inquisitor walking in the market place, [they] presented me to him, saying, "Here is the prisoner!"

He immediately commanded me to prison; whither they carried me, and put a pair of shackles on my heels. Where I remained two days.

Then was I brought forth into a church, where the Inquisitor sat usually in judgement. Who being ready set, commanded me to kneel down and to do homage to certain images which were before me.

I told him, "I would not do that which I knew to be contrary to the commandments of Almighty God; neither had I been brought up in the Roman law, neither would I submit myself to it."

He asked me, Why I would not?

I answered, "That whereas in England, where I was born and brought up, the Gospel was truly preached; and maintained by a most gracious Princess: therefore I would not now commit idolatry, which is utterly condemned by the Word of God."

Then he charged me to utter the truth, otherwise I should abide the smart.

Then was a stool set, and he commanded me to sit down before him; and offered me the cross, bidding me reverently to lay my hand upon it, and urged me instantly to do it: which moved me so much, that I did spit in the Inquisitor's face; for which the Scribe gave me a good buffet on the face.

So, for that time, we had no more reasoning. For the Inquisitor did ring a little bell to call the Keeper; and [he] carried me to ward again.

And the third day, I was brought forth again to the place aforesaid.

Then the Inquisitor asked me, What I had seen in the churches of England?

I answered, That I had seen nothing in the Church of England but the Word of God truly preached.

Then he demanded, How I had received the Sacraments?

I replied, That I had received them according to the institution of CHRIST: that is, I received the bread in

remembrance that CHRIST in the flesh died upon the cross for the redemption of man.

"How," said he, "hast thou received the wine?"

Whereto I replied and said, That I received the wine in remembrance that CHRIST shed his blood to wash away our sins.

He said, It was in their manner?

I said, "No."

Then he charged me to speak the truth, or I should die for it.

I told him, "I did speak the truth; and would speak the truth: for," said I, "it is better for me to die guiltless than guilty."

Then did he, with great vehemency, charge me again to speak the truth; and sware by the Catholic Church of Rome, that if I did not, I should die in fire.

Then I said, "If I died in the faith which I had confessed, I should die guiltless:" and told him he had made a vain oath. And so I willed him to use no circumstance to dissuade me from the truth: "for you cannot prevail. Though I be now in your hands, where you have power over my body; yet have you no power over my soul." I told him, he made a long matter far from the truth.

For which, he said I should die.

Then he bade me say what I could to save myself.

Where I replied, as followeth: Touching the manner of the receiving of Sacraments, where he said "it was like to theirs": "you," said I, "when you receive the bread, say it is the very body of CHRIST; and likewise you affirm the wine to be his very blood." Which I denied; saying it was impossible for a mortal man to eat the material body of CHRIST, or to drink his blood.

Then he said, I had blasphemed the Catholic Church.

I answered, That I had said nothing against the true Catholic Church; but altogether against the false Church.

He asked, How I could prove it? saying if I could not prove it, I should die a most cruel death.

Note, by the way, that when any man is in durance for religion; he is called to answer before no open assembly: but only in the presence of the Inquisitor, the Secretary, and

the Solicitor whom they term the Broker. The cause is, as I take it, because they doubt [*fear*] that very many of their own people would confess the Gospel, if they did but see and understand their absurd dealing.

Again, to the matter. Because it was so secret, they urged me to speak the more.

Then he inquired, Whether I had ever been confessed?

I said, "Yes."

He demanded, "To whom?"

I said, "To GOD."

He asked me, If I had ever confessed to any Friar?

I said, "No, for I do utterly defy them. For how can he forgive me my sins, which is himself a sinner, as all other men are."

"Yes," said he, "he which confesseth himself to a Friar, who is a Father, may have remission of his sins by his mediation."

"Which," I said, "I would never believe."

Wherefore seeing they could seduce me, by no means, to yield to their abominable idolatry; the Secretary cried, "Away with him!" The Inquisitor and he frowned very angerly on me for the answers which I had given: and said, They would make me tell another tale.

So, at the ringing of a little bell, the Keeper came and carried me to ward again.

At my first Examination, when the Keeper should lead me away; the Inquisitor did bless me with the cross: but never after.

Two days after was I brought again, and set upon a stool before the Inquisitor.

He bade me ask *misericordium.*

I told him, "I would crave mercy of JESUS CHRIST who died for my sins. Other *misericordium* would I crave none!"

Then he commanded me to kneel before the altar.

I said, "I would: but not to pray to any image. For your altar is adorned with many painted images which were fashioned by the hands of sinful men: which have mouths, and speak not; ears, and hear not; noses, and smell not;

hands, and handle not; feet have they, and walk not—which GOD doth not allow at his altar, for he hath utterly condemned them by his Word."

Then he said, I had been wrong[ly] taught. "For," said he, "whosoever shall see these figures in earth may the better remember him in heaven whose likeness it doth represent, who would be a Mediator to GOD for us."

But I replied, That all images were an abomination to the Lord: for he hath condemned them in express words by his own mouth, saying, "Thou shalt not make thyself any graven image, &c."

"Yes," said he, "but we have need of a Mediator to make intercession for us: for we are unworthy to pray to GOD ourselves, because we are vile sinners."

I said, "There was no Mediator but JESUS CHRIST."

Where, after many absurd reasons and vain persuasions, he took a pause.

Then I asked him, Why he kept me so long in prison, which never committed offence to them: knowing very well that I had been captive in Argire [*Algiers*] near[ly] five years space [*July* 1582 *to April* 1587]: saying, "That when GOD, by his merciful providence, had, through many great dangers, set me in a Christian country, and delivered me from the cruelty of the Turks: when I thought to find such favour as one Christian oweth to another, I found them now more cruel than the Turks, not knowing any cause Why."

"The cause," said he, "is because the King hath wars with the Queen of England."

For at that instant [*April* 1587], there was their Army [*Armada*] prepared ready to go for England. Whereupon they would, divers times, give me reproachful words; saying, That I should hear shortly of their arrival in England. With innumerable vain brags, which I omit for brevity.

Then did I demand, "If there were not peace between the King and the Queen's Majesty; whether they would keep me still?"

"Yea," said he, "unless thou wilt submit thyself to the faith of the Romish Church." So he commanded me away.

I asked, Wherefore he sent for me; and to send me away, not alleging any matter against me?

He said, I should have no other matter alleged but that which I had spoken with mine own mouth.

Then I demanded, "Why they would have the Romish Church to have the supremacy?"

Whereto he would make no answer.

Then I asked, "If they took me to be a Christian?"

"Yes," said he, "in some respect[s]; but you are out of the faith of the true Church."

Then the Keeper took me to prison again.

And after, for the space of three weeks, I was brought forth to answer three several times every week. At which times they did sometimes threaten me with death, some while with punishment; and many times they attempted to seduce me with fair words and promises of great preferment: but when they saw nothing would draw me from the Truth, they called me "shameless Lutheran!" saying many times, "See, he is of the very blood of LUTHER! He hath his very countenance!" with many other frivolous speeches.

After all this, he commanded to put me in the dungeon within the Castle [*i.e. of Palma*], five fathoms [30 *feet*] under ground; giving me, once a day, a little bread and water.

There remained I one whole year [*April* 1587 *to April* 1588], lying on the bare ground, seeing neither sun nor moon; no, not hearing man woman nor child speak, but only the Keeper which brought my small victual.

It happened about the year's end, upon the Feast of PHILLIP and JACOB [*James*], being the first day of May [1588], that a pretty boy, being the Keeper's son, came to give me my ordinary food; which he used sometimes to do.

Now, when he opened the [trap] door, and had let down the basket; I asked, "Who was there?"

He answered by his name, saying, "Here is MATTHEW!"

I asked him, "Where his father was?"

"He is gone to Mass," said he. So he let down the trap door, and went his way; leaving the rope with the basket hanging still.

And forasmuch as I lay without all comfort, reposing myself only unto GOD'S Providence; yet unwilling to lose any opportunity that lay in me, if GOD were pleased, whereby I might be delivered. So soon as I heard the boy was gone: I jumped up and took hold of the rope, and wound myself up to the [trap] door. Setting my foot against the wall, with my shoulders did I lift the trap door.

Now when I was aloft, and saw no man; for they were gone to see some ceremonies of their idolatrous exercises in the city, I knew [of] no way to escape away; being now in the midst of the way: wherefore it was impossible to convey myself [away] so secretly, but I should be espied.

Wherefore, for a present shift, I went secretly into a void [*an empty*] room of the Castle [*i.e. of Palma*] where lay great store of lime and earth: where I tied an old cloth, which I had, about my head and face to keep the dust out of my eyes and ears; and so did I creep into the lime, and covered myself so well as I could, lying there till towards midnight.

And then hearing no man stirring, I got up, and sought some way to get forth: but could find none. Then, being greatly perplexed, I bent myself to the good pleasure of Almighty GOD; making my humble prayers that he would, of his mercy, vouchsafe to deliver me out of this miserable thraldom.

And, searching to and fro, in the end I came where three great horses stood, tied by the head and feet. Then did I unloose the halters from their heads, and the ropes from their legs; and went to the Castle wall. When I had tied them end to end, I made it [*the rope*] fast to the body of a vine which grew upon the wall: and by it did I strike myself over the wall into the town ditch: where I was constrained to swim about forty paces, before I could get forth of the ditch.

Then walked I to and fro in the city [*Palma*] two hours, seeing no man: neither could I devise any way forth.

Whereforè I returned back again to the town ditch, to see if I could find any way to bring me without the town walls: and following the ditch, at the last I perceived, by the noise of the water, that there was a Water Gate through the wall; where I searched and found that the issue of the water was under the wall.

Then did I very venturously enter the water, and diving under water got into the Water Gate: and suddenly the force of the water did drive me through with such violence, that it cast me headlong against another wall on the outside; which with the blow did much amaze me.

Yet, by the help of GOD, I recovered, swimming down the ditch till I came where was a trough or pipe; which I took to be laid over the ditch, to convey some fresh water spring into the city.

There did I climb up a post which bare the same, and got upon the top of the pipe: where some of the Watch, being near the wall, perceived me; but could not any way come near to me.

Then cried they, in their tongue, "Who is there?" three or four times; but I made no answer, but crept as fast as I could to get off the pipe to land: where, before I could get down, they shot some of their muskets after me; but, thanked be GOD, none of the shot did hit me.

Thus, with great difficulty, I escaped out of the city; and went about six miles from thence before the day brake.

Then I went into a thick wood. For I perceived there were very many sent forth, with hue and cry, both footmen and horsemen, to apprehend me. Therefore I lay still the day and night following.

And after, for seven days' space [*3rd-9th May* 1588], I wandered through desert ways, among woods and bushes. Many times, as I came near the Port ways [*i.e. the roads to the seaport Palma*], I heard the pursuers inquiring after me; demanding of divers, Whether they had seen me pass? Some were very earnest to take me; others wishing that I might escape: for very many times I was so near them that I heard every word they spake.

Thus I imagined, by all possible means, to avoid [*escape from*] the hands of these unmerciful tyrants; being in great extremity with hunger and cold. For since the time I came out of the prison, which was at the least eight days, I had none other sustenance but berries, which I gathered from the bushes; and the roots of palm [trees] and other like roots, which I digged out of the earth: and no other apparel but an old linen cloth about my body, and a red cap on my

head; without either hose, shoes, or other furniture. So that, by reason the way was very hard, I was forced to cut my cap in two; and [to] lap it about my feet, to defend them from the sharp stones and gravel.

Thus travelling for the most part by night, I chanced to come where there was a house standing alone; and near the house there stood a cart wherein lay certain horse collars. Where searching among them, I found the collars lined with sheepskins: which skins I rent from the collars, and apparelled myself with them in this manner:

I put one piece before me like a breastplate, and another on my shoulders and back; with the woolly side towards my body: tying them together over my shoulders and under my arms with Palmite, which is a weed like to that whereof our hand baskets are made; which is well known to such as have travelled [in] those parts. And with another piece I made me a cap.

And in these seemly ornaments I passed forth, till about three days after [? *12th May* 1588], very early in a morning, most unhappily I crossed an highway, where a countryman, travelling with a mule laden with rundlets of wine, espied me, and demanded of me, Whither I was bound?

I said, I was going to Coothea [*Alcudia*, 31 *miles from Palma*], which is a town lying on the shore side.

But he, suspecting me to be the man which was pursued, bade me stay.

But I went onward.

He ran after me, and threw stones at me: but I (not being able to overrun him, being very feeble) turned back; and, with a pole which I carried, began to defend myself, striking at him three or four times. At the last I thrust at him, and hit him on the breast, and overthrew him: whereupon he made a horrible cry.

And immediately there came to the number of fifteen more: some having swords; some, harquebuses; and others, crossbows. When I was thus beset, knowing no way to escape, I yielded myself.

Then they bound me hands and feet, laid me on a mule, and carried me back again to [*Palma*] the city of Majorca; delivering me to the Inquisitor: who, when he had

sent me to prison, commanded a pair of bolts to be put on my legs, and an iron clasp about my neck, with a chain of five fathoms [30 *feet*] long hanging thereat; which was done accordingly.

And on the morrow [? 13*th May* 1588], I was brought forth to the accustomed place, and in the same manner: where the Inquisitor sitting, asked first, Why I had broken prison, and run away?

I said, "To save my life."

"Yea," said he, "but now thou hast offended the law more than before; and therefore shall the law be now executed upon thee."

Then I was carried away again. And immediately there was called an assembly of citizens, and such as were seen in the Law, to counsel, and to take advice, What punishment they might inflict upon me?

Which being deliberated, I was brought forth again; and carried to the Place of Torment: which was in a cell or vault underground.

There were present but four persons, that is to say,

The Inquisitor,

The Solicitor, or Broker, who is to see the law executed.

A Dutch woman that dwelt in the city; who was commanded thither to tell them what I spake; because I spake many times in the Dutch tongue.

And lastly, the Tormentor.

The rack now standing ready before them; with seven flaxen ropes lying thereon, new[ly] bought from the market.

Then the Inquisitor charged me, as at all other times he used to do, That I should speak what I had to say, and to speak the truth; otherwise I should be even now tormented to death.

I, seeing myself in the hands of such cruel tyrants as always thirst after the blood of the innocent; even as CAIN (who being wroth with his brother ABEL, and carrying a heavy countenance) could be no way eased but with his brother's blood: so I, past hope of life, turned my back towards them, and seeing my torments present before me, I fell down on my knees, and besought the Lord to forgive my sins, and to strengthen my faith, and to grant me patience to endure to the end.

Then they took me into a void room, and stripped me out of my ornaments of sheepskins which I repeated [*spoke of*] before; and put a pair of strong canvas breeches upon me.

Then bringing me to the rack again, he commanded me to lie down. The bars of the rack under me were as sharp as the back of a knife.

Now I, willingly yielding myself, lay down. Then the Tormentor bound my hands over my breast crosswise; and my legs clasped up together, were fast tied the one foot to the other knee. Then he fastened to either arm a cord, about the brawn of the arm; and likewise to either thigh another; which were all made fast again under the rack to the bars: and with another cord he bound down my head; and [he] put a hollow cane into my mouth. Then he put four cudgels into the ropes which were fastened to my arms and thighs.

Now the woman which was present, being interpreter, began to persuade me to yield, and confess the faith of the Church of Rome.

I answered, "If it were the will of GOD that I should end my life under their cruel hands, I must be content: but, if it please him, he is able to deliver me, if there were ten thousands against me."

Then the Tormentor, as he was commanded, began to wrest the ropes; which he did by little and little, to augment my pains, and to have them endure the longer: but, in the end, he drew them with such violence as though he would have plucked my four quarters in sunder; and there stayed a good space.

Yet to declare their tyrannical malice, thinking my torment not sufficient, he added more: pouring water through a cane which was in my mouth, by little and little, which I was constrained either to let down, or to have my breath stopped until they had tunned in such [a] quantity as was not tolerable to endure; which pained me extremely,

Yet not satisfied, they took and wet a linen cloth, and laid it over my mouth till I was almost strangled; when my body, being thus overcharged with such abundance of water, after they had thus stopped my breath with the wet cloth, suddenly with the force of my breath and that

my stomach was so much overcharged, the water gushed out, and bare away the cloth as if had been the force of a conduit spout.

When the Inquisitor saw that all this would not make me yield, he commanded the Tormentor for to wind the cord on my left arm more strait[ly]; which put me to horrible pains. And immediately the rope burst in sunder.

Then said the Inquisitor, "Yea, is he so strong? I will make him yield!": and commanded the Tormentor to put a new rope.

Then the woman again bade me yield; saying, It were better to yield than to die so miserable a death.

But I, beseeching Almighty GOD to ease me of my pains, and to forgive my sins, answered her, That though they had power over my body: yet there was no torment should compel me to yield to their idolatry, whereby I might bring my soul in danger of hell fire.

Then the Inquisitor asked her, What I said?

She answered, That I had said I would never submit myself to the Church of Rome.

Then did he most vehemently charge me to yield and submit myself to the Romish Church: otherwise he would pluck off one of my arms.

Whereupon I denying still, the Tormentor, in most cruel manner, wrested the ropes as if he would have rent my body in sunder. I (being now in intollerable pains; and looking for nothing but present [*instant*] death) cried out, in the extremity of my anguish, "Now, farewell wife and children! and farewell England!": and so, not able to utter one word more, lay even senseless.

The Inquisitor asked the woman again, What I said?

She laid her hand upon my head, and perceiving that I was speechless, told him, I was dead.

Wherefore the Tormentor loosed the ropes, unbound my hands and feet, and carried me into a chamber which they termed St. Walter's Chamber. Where I came to myself, and received some sense and reason; but could have no feeling of any limb or joint. Thus I lay n a most lamentable and pitiful manner for five days [? *14th–18th May* 1588], having a continual issue of blood and water forth of

my mouth all that space, and being so feeble and weak, by reason of my torments, that I could take no sustenance.

Till the sixth day [? *19th May* 1588] a little recovering my strength, they gave me a little quantity of bread and wine sod[den] together: and presently, the very same day, they carried me forth into the city, and set me upon an ass's back, and whipped me throughout every street of [*Palma*] the city of Majorca; giving me to the number of five hundred lashes, which made the blood to run down my miserable carcase in such abundance that it dropped at the belly of the ass to the ground. Now there were carried with me about the city very many harlots and whores and other malefactors which had offended the law; but none punished like me.

After this, they carried me to the chamber [*St. Walter's Chamber*] from whence I came: where I lay without all worldly comfort.

Can any man, which understandeth the absurd blindness and wilful ignorance of these Spanish tyrants or Romish monsters, think them to be of the true Church? which defend their faith with fire, sword, and hellish torments, without remorse or pity; as you may perceive by a manifest trial here set down to the open view of the World. For when these hell-hounds had tormented this miserable creature, as you have heard, with a monstrous and most unchristian kind of torment: which he endured for the space of three hours, till [he] was at the very point of death and ready to yield up the ghost: they (not yet satisfied with these torments, which he had suffered already) reserved his life, minding to increase his pains; which they were nothing slack to perform so long as he remained in their power.

Now the second night after they had whipped me about the city as aforesaid [? *the night of the 20th May* 1588], about midnight. I recounting to myself in what misery I both did and had remained; I thought to put in practice once again to get my liberty, craving of the Lord, with hearty prayer, to assist me with his mighty hand.

And immediately searching about, I found an old iron stub; with the which I brake a hole through the chamber wall: and crept through into another chamber; where I felt in the dark many pieces of plate, which I little regarded. After, I found many towels and table napkins.

Then, seeking further, I found a long cane whereon there hung many puddings and sausages. I plucked down the cane, but had little mind on the victual. Then I found certain knives.

Then I espied some light at a great window in a garret or loft over me. Wherefore I tied a crooked knife to the cane, and thrust up a long towel: and with the knife at the end of the cane, I drew the towel about a bar of the window, and drew it to me: and with that towel I did climb up into the window. But then I could not get forth between the bars, wherefore I digged forth one of the bars; and tied my towels and napkins together end to end, and fastened one end to a bar of the window: and then did slide down by them till I came within three or four fathoms [18 *or* 24 *feet*] of the ground: when the towels brake in sunder, and I fell down into a well which was direct[ly] under me, where I was almost drowned. Yet it pleased GOD to deliver me.

And being then in the city, without the Castle walls; I, knowing no other way to get out, went again to the town ditch: where I got through the Water Gate with less peril than before, by reason there was less water than [there] was the other time.

Then went I, with all speed into the woods; lying all days in [the] woods as close as I could, and travelled by nights through woods and mountains.

And upon the third night [*i.e. after his escape, say the night of the 23rd May* 1588], about midnight, I happened into an olive garden, not above half a bow shot from the sea-side; in which garden I found a little skiff or boat lying under a pomgranate tree: and there lay in the boat a hatchet. All which served happily for my delivery.

Now I, being unable to carry the boat to the water-side, did cut small truncheons of wood; and upon them did slide it down to the water-side. Then I cut an arm [*a*

branch] of an olive tree, to make my boat a mast; and, having no other shift, made a sail-cloth with my breeches and a piece of [a] mantle which I had about me. And for [*because*] my oars were very mean, yet durst I stay to look for no better, but presently set sail; and, yielding myself to the good pleasure of Almighty GOD, betook myself to the sea: willing rather to abide what the Lord would lay on me, than to die among these most cruel tyrants.

And by the providence of GOD, upon the second day [? 25*th May* 1588], in the forenoon, I descried the Coast of Barbary: for the wind stood north-east [*or rather* north-west], which served me most happily.

Understand that this cut is, from shore to shore [*that is, from some point in Majorca to the east side of the Bay of Bougiah*] 150 [*or rather* 70] leagues, which is 450 [*or, at most, say* 210] English miles; and at that time [there was] a very rough sea; insomuch if it had not been by the great and wonderful power of GOD, my vessel and I had both been overwhelmed.

But I fell in with the country of Cabyles [*i.e., the Little Kabylia, in the present Province of Constantine*], commonly called the King of Cookooe's land, near a town called Gigeley [*the present Djidjelli*]: where I went on shore, leaving my boat to swim which way the wind and weather would conduct it; thinking it had done me sufficient service.

But see now, when I had escaped through the surges of the sea from the cruelty of the Spaniard, I was no sooner landed and entered the mountains but I was espied by the Moors which inhabit the country; who pursued very earnestly to take me; supposing me to be come from the Christian shore to rob in their coast.

For, many times, the Spaniards will pass over in some small vessel, and go on shore; and if they can catch any men of the country, they will carry them away to make galley slaves: wherefore the Moors are very diligent to pursue them at their landing; and if it chance they take any Christian, they use him in like sort.

Wherefore I, being very unwilling to fall into their hands, was constrained to go into a river, which ran between two

mountains; and there to stand in water up to the chin, where the bushes and trees did grow most thick over me: where I stood certain hours, until they had left searching for me.

Now when I perceived they were departed, I went out of the water, being very feeble; for I ate nothing all that time but the bark of the trees, which I cut with my hatchet. I went forth as secretly as I could, minding to pass to Argire [*Algiers*].

I had not gone above three miles, when I espied a Moor, a very well favoured old man, who was weeding a field of wheat.

I spake to him in the tongue of Franke [*The* Lingua Franca *of the Mediterranean shore*], and called him to me. I, having my hatchet in my hand, cast it from me.

He came unto me; and, taking me by the hand, demanded very gently, What I would have?

I, perceiving that he did, even at the first sight, pity my poor and miserable estate, told him all things that had happened unto me: how I was an Englishman; how I had been captive in Argire; how I chanced to come to Genoa; their sending me to Majorca; and all the torment which I had suffered there; and finally my escape from thence, with all the rest that followed.

This good aged father, when he had heard of my lamentable discourse, shewing himself rather a Christian than a man brought up among the Turkish Mahometists, greatly pitied my misery; and forthwith led me home to his house, and caused such victuals as the country yieldeth to be set before me, which was dried wheat and honey: and baked a cake upon the fire hearth, and fried it with butter; which I thought very good meat, for I had not been at the like banquet in six years before [1582-1588]; the good father shewing me what comfort he could.

The charitable mind of a simple old man.

There I remained four and twenty hours. In the meantime the Moors which dwelt in the villages by, understanding of my being there, came; and, calling me forth, inquired of me, What I was? From whence I came? and Whither I would?: and, with great vehemency, charged their weapons against

The old man still pitied him and did what lay in him to deliver him.

my breast; insomuch that I thought they would verily have slain me. But mine host, that good old man, came forth and answered for me; and so dissuaded them from doing me any harm: and took me back again into his house.

This being past, I requested him to help me to a guide to conduct me to Argire: and he presently provided two, whereof the one was his son; to whom I promised to give four crowns for their pains.

So taking my leave of my good host, we took our way towards Argire.

When we had not passed above 24 miles on the way, we chanced to meet a Gentleman of that country who was, as it were, Purveyor to the King; and went about the country to take up corn and grain for the King's provision. He, meeting us upon the way, asked Whither we were travelling?

My guides answered, That we were going to Argire.

He asked, What had we to do there?

They said to deliver me there.

Then he demanded, What I was?

They told him, I was an Englishman that came from the Christian shore, and was bound towards Argire.

Then did this Gentleman take me from them, sending them back from whence they came; but compelled me to go with him to village by, and very earnestly persuaded me to turn Moor: promising, if I would, he would be a mean[s] to prefer me greatly; which I still denied.

Then, upon the next day, he carried me further, to a town called Tamgote [? *Tamgout*], and delivered me to a Nobleman of great authority with the King: which was Lieutenant-General for the wars. For this King of Cookoe holdeth continual war with the King of Argire; although they be both subject to the Great Turk.

I was no sooner brought before this Nobleman, but he demanded, Whether I would turn Moor?

I answered, That I would not.

Wherefore immediately he commanded a pair of shackles to be put on my heels; and a clasp of iron about my neck, with a chain thereat.

Then was I set on a mule, and conveyed to Cookooe, [*also spelt, in maps later than this narrative,* Couco *or* Cocou. *It was not far from the left bank of the river Sahel, that falls into the Bay of Bougiah, ? the present* Akbou], where the King lay.

When I was come thither, I was presently brought before the King: who inquired, What I was? and, From whence I came? and What my pretence was?

I answered, That I was an Englishman; and that I came from the Christian shore, intending to pass to Argire.

Then he asked me, What I could do?

I told him I could do nothing.

Then he demanded, Whether I were a Gunner? I said, "No."

Gunners are in great estimation with them.

Then he persuaded me very instantly to yield to their religion, offering to prefer me.

Wherefore I desired him to give me liberty to depart: "for my desire is to be in England, with my wife and children."

"Yea," said he, "but how wilt thou come there?"

For they minded to keep me still: and evermore the King assayed to seduce me with promises of great preferment, saying, If I would serve him and turn Moor: I should want nothing.

But on the contrary, I besought him to give me liberty to go to Argire; where I was in hope to be delivered, and sent home to mine own country.

Now he, seeing he could win me by no gentle means, commanded me to prison; saying, That he would either make me yield and turn Moor: or else I should die in captivity.

In this while that I remained in prison; divers of the King's House came to me, persuading me to yield to the King's demand: alleging how hardly the King might use me, being now in his power, unable to escape; and again how bountifully the King would deal with me, if I would submit myself.

Within a little time after, it happened there was great preparation to receive the King of Abbesse [? *the present tribe of the Beni-Abbas, or Beni-Abbès*], whose country adjoineth to the King of Cookooe's land: and [they] are in

league together, and join their armies in one against the King of Argire.

Now, at his coming, I was fetched forth of prison, and commanded to charge certain pieces of ordnance, which were three Sacres and two Minions of Brass [*See Vol. IV., pp.* 250-251]; which I refused not to do, trusting thereby to get some liberty. Wherefore, at the coming of the King of Abbesse into the town, I discharged the ordnance as liked them very well: for they are not very expert in that exercise. For which I had some more liberty than before.

These men are nothing expert in Artillery.

This King of Abbesse tarrying some certain time there, in consulting with the King of Cookooe for matters touching the Wars with Argire; and understanding of me, sent for me, being very desirous to talk with me: where, after certain questions he desired of the other King, that he might buy me; which he would not grant.

Then the King of the Cabyles [*Kabyles*] or Cookooe persuaded me very seriously to serve him wil[ling]ly, and to turn Moor: and offered to give me 700 Doubles [? *the Double Pistoles, or Doubloons*] by the year, which amounteth to the sum of £50 [= £200 *now*] of English money; and moreover to give me by the day, 30 Aspers, which are worth twelve pence English, to find me meat; and likewise to give me a house, and land sufficient to sow a hundred bushels of grain yearly, and two Plow of oxen furnished, to till the same; also to furnish me with horse, musket, sword, and other necessaries, such as they of that country use. And lastly he offered to give me a wife, which they esteemed the greatest matter; for all buy their wives at a great price. Yea, if there were any in his Court could content me, I should make my choice: but if there were not; he would provide one to my contentment, whatsoever it should cost him.

Very many offers of preferment to draw me from the Word of GOD.

But when he perceived all he said was in vain, he sent the Queen and her gentlewomen to talk with me. When she came, she very courteously entreated me to turn and serve the King, and to consider well what a large offer the king had made; saying, That I was much unlike to come to any like preferment in my country. And many times she would

shew me her gentlewomen, and ask me, If none of them could please me?

But I told her, I had a wife in mine own country, to whom I had vowed my faith before GOD and the World: "which vow," I said, "I would never break while we both lived."

Then she said, She could but marvel what she should be whom I esteemed so much as to refuse such offers of preferment, for her sake; being now where I must remain in captivity and slavery all the days of my life. But when she could prevail no way with me; when she had uttered these foresaid speeches, and many others which were frivolous to rehearse, she left me. Yet, by her means, I had more liberty than before.

After this, I was set to saw boards and planks; and was commanded to make a carriage for a piece of ordnance. Thus they compelled me to labour daily: which I did the more willingly, because I hoped still to get my liberty thereby in the end.

Then they willed me to shew the fashion of our edge tools, after the English [manner]: which when they saw the fashion; their smiths wrought them very artificially, and gave them very good temper. For these things I was had in more estimation; insomuch that they took off my irons, and let me walk abroad with a Keeper.

Then was I commanded by the King to teach the Carpenters to frame a house after the manner of English building: and for that purpose there were sent forth Carpenters and workmen with me to the woods, to fall timber; all which were to do what I appointed, upon the King's commandment. Now I, being Chief Master of the work, appointed out the trees which were very special good timber. In small time, we had finished our frame; which liked the King very well. By this means I had more liberty than before; and was very well intreated.

I was made Master of work, wherein I had small skill.

Yet I was greatly grieved in mind that I could not procure any means for my liberty; although at that time, I wanted few necessaries. Yet was I daily devising how I might escape away, for three special causes:

One was for the special care I had of my salvation: because, as you have heard, there were many temptations laid before me to draw me from a Christian to be an abominable idolator.

The second cause was for the love and dutiful allegiance which I owe to my Prince [*Sovereign*] and natural country.

The third was the regard of the vow which I vowed in matrimony; and the care of my poore wife and children.

Which causes moved me so much that whereas, by reason of my diligence in these foresaid matters, I [was] walking abroad with my Keeper who, not suspecting me, was not so attentive as before he had been: so soon as our frame was finished, I took opportunity; and, shewing them a clean pair of heels, took my way over the mountains intending to go for Argire [*which was in a north-westerly direction*].

But presently there was a great store of men, both on horseback and on foot: who, being more perfect in the way than I was, quickly overtook me; and carried me back again to Cookooe.

I was presently brought before the King; who asked me Why I ran away?

I told him, To have liberty.

Then he called certain of his servants to him; and commanded them to lay me down at his feet, which four of them did: and laying me flat upon the belly, one of them gave me 75 stripes with a great cudgel, till I was not able to remove out of the place.

Then the King commanded to carry me to prison again: whither two of them carried me and put me in irons, and there left me. Where I remained for the space of two months.

I was now made a Water-bearer.

Then was I brought forth of prison, and sent daily to a fountain or well, about half a league from the town, to fetch water with a couple of asses, for the use of the King's House.

Now, in this time, many artificers (as Smiths, Joiners, and

Carpenters, and many others) came to me to understand the fashion of many English tools (as plane irons, gouges, chisels and such like); for which they shewed me some favour, and gave me some money.

And when I had gotten a little money, I bestowed it upon apparel, and caused it to be made like to theirs: which I carried secretly, when I went to fetch water, and did hide it in a dry cave under the side of a rock. I bought me likewise a sword and a lance, such as they use to travel with. I also provided a file. All which I laid up with my apparel.

It happened that the King of Abbesse came again to visit the King, and to take counsel about warlike affairs; as usually they did.

Wherefore when they heard of his coming, making great preparation for him; it fell out so that there wanted water in the Offices [*Kitchens &c.*], where, in an evening, there was exceeding thunder and rain and lightning; so that there was no man would go for water, but everyone [was] calling for the Englishman.

Then I, which durst say no "Nay!", took the vessels and hung them upon the asses; and so went, through rain and wind and thunder and all, till I came to the well: where I left my asses to wander whither they would, and went to my apparel and with my file cut off my irons, and made me ready in my suit of Moors' clothing, and, with my sword by my side and my lance on my shoulder, took my way once again towards Argire.

And that night I went about 20 miles over rocks and mountains, keeping myself out of beaten ways, casting [*directing*] my way by the moon and stars. When the day began to be light, I lay me down in a brake of thick bushes; and there I slept the most part of the day: and in the evening I began to travel forth on my way.

Now, on the third night, I was to pass a bridge where was continual watch and ward, both day and night; where I must of necessity pass, by reason the river [? *the river Isser*] ran betwixt two mountains: which were so steep that no man can neither go down to enter [the] water, nor yet being in can by any possible means get up on the other side; which river is a great defence to the country.

Where I used no delay, but entered the bridge in the beginning of the night, about nine of the clock, being in great doubt [*fear*] of the Watch. But at the first end of the bridge, I saw no man, until I was happily passed over. Then there came one after me, and asked, Who goes there?

It being somewhat dark, and I in apparel and with my weapons like a Moor; [I] answered boldly, That I was a friend, and told him, I was coming to the Governor to deliver letters from the King. For near the river's side there is a village where dwelleth he who hath charge of the keeping of this passage. Whereby I went onward through the village.

But before I was far passed, I heard horsemen upon the bridge; which asked, Whether any man had passed that night?

The watermen told them, There was one gone, even now, which said, He went to deliver the King's letters to the Officer.

But I thought [it] no time now to hear any more of their talk; but betook me to my heels: and so soon as I was without the town, I went out of the Port way [*the road to Algiers*] into [the] woods; and kept desert ways that night and day following.

And the next night, I came within the liberties of the King of Argire; where I knew the Cabyles [*Kabyles*] could not fetch me back again.

In this order I escaped their hands, by the mighty power of GOD. For understand, in these desert mountains there are all manner of wild beasts, in great number; as lions, bears, wolves of marvellous bigness, apes, wild swine; and also wild horses and asses, with many other hurtful beasts: yet was I never in danger of any of them.

Many dangerous wild beasts in that country.

In this country of Cabyles, there are divers kinds of very pure metals, as gold, silver, and lead; and good iron and steel: but they, for want of knowledge and skill, make no use of any metal except iron and steel. Although at such times I have been present, while the Smiths have tried their iron, I have seen, among the dross of the iron, very perfect

gold. Which they, perceiving me to behold, were very inquisitive to understand, Whether it were gold, or any other metal of substance?

But I told them, It was but a kind of dross whereof we made colours for painting in England.

They carried me out to the mountains, and shewed me the rocks where they gathered their iron; which rocks had veins of very pure gold. Which I would not reveal to them, but answered as before: because I doubted [*feared*] if the King once knew me to have experience in such mysteries, he would keep me the more straight[ly]; whereby I might have remained in bondage during my life.

Now when I was within the country of Argire, I was out of dangers from the pursuers; and then did I walk by day and kept the common ways.

Where, coming within the view of Argire, upon the way I met a Turk who knew me at the first sight; and demanded, If I had not been captive with such a man?

I said, "Yes."

He then inquired, Whether I went to the city?

I said, "Yes."

Then turned he back, and did accompany me to the city.

When I came there, I would have gone to the English House; but he led me violently to my old Master [p. 372], where I rested me a day and night: my Master not being very earnest, for because, in this time that I was absent [1587-1588], all the English captives were redeemed and sent home.

Wherefore I went to the English Consul, hoping to be presently [*instantly*] delivered: who gave me very good words, but did not shew me that favour which he professed.

I could make some discourse of his unkind dealing with me and others of our countrymen; which I will leave till [a] more fit occasion.

For, understand, that while I was with him, there came a messenger from my old Master, with whom I was before I went to Genoa [*in the previous year*, 1587]; who would have carried me away by force: but I would not go, requesting the Consul to take order for my delivery.

But he persuaded me to go with him, saying, that he would, in time, provide for my liberty.

But by means I would not yield to go to my Master, nor yet the Consul would not take order for me: I was taken by the King's Officers, and put in chains in the King's prison, among other captives.

And at the next setting out of the gallies, I was put to my old occupation; where I remained a galley slave for three years and above after [1588–1592.] In which time, I was eight voyages at sea: and at such times as the gallies lay in harbour, I was imprisoned with the rest of the captives, where our ordinary food was bread and water; and, at some times, as once or twice in a week, a small quantity of sodden wheat.

To conclude, I passed my time in sickness and extreme slavery until, by the help of an honest Merchant [? *Master* RICHARD STAPAR, *see page* 369; *or rather* STAPERS, *see Vol. III., page* 169] of this city of London, and having a very fit opportunity by means of certain [of] our English ships which were ready to set sail, bound homeward, upon Christmas Even, being the 24th of December 1592, I came aboard [*at Algiers*] the *Cherubim* of London, which, weighing anchor, and having a happy gale, arrived in England towards the end of February [1593] following.

Thus have you heard how it hath pleased the Almighty GOD, after many and great miseries, to bring me to the port which I longed greatly to see: beseeching GOD, of his mercy, to prolong the days of our most gracious and renowned Queen; whose fame reacheth far, and whose most happy government is in admiration with foreign Princes.

So wishing all to the glory of GOD, and
[the] furtherance of the Gospel,
I end.

FINIS.

The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow [Bristol].

[*Ancient Ballads, etc.* in the Library of HENRY HUTH, 1867.]

THE FIRST PART.



EHOLD the Touchstone of True Love!
MAUDLIN, the Merchant's daughter of
Bristow town,
Whose firm affection *nothing* could move!
Such favour bears the Lovely Brown.

A gallant Youth was dwelling by.
Which many years had borne this Maiden great goodwill.
She lovèd him as faithfully:
But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends;
The force of sorrows to expell,
To view strange countries he intends.

And now to take his last Farewell
Of his True Love, his fair and constant MAUDLIN;
With music sweet, that did excell,
He plays under her window fine.

"Farewell," quoth he, "my own True Love!
Farewell, my dear; and chiefest treasure of my heart!
Through Fortune's spite, that false did prove,
I am inforced from thee to part.

"Into the land of Italy:
There will I waste and weary out my days in woe.
Seeing my True Love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortal foe.

"Fair Bristow town, therefore adieu!
For Padua must be my habitation now:
Although my Love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow."

With trickling tears thus did he sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore.
He saith, when he his hands did wring,
"Farewell, sweet Love, for evermore!"

Fair MAUDLIN, from a window high,
Beholds her True Love with his music where he stood;
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents' angry mood.

In tears she spends the doleful night,
Wishing herself (though naked) with her faithful friend:
She blames her friends, and Fortune's spite;
That wrought their loves such luckless end.

And in her heart she makes a vow
Clean to forsake her country and her kinsfolk all;
And for to follow her True Love now,
To bide all chances that might fall.

The night is gone, and the day is come;
And in the morning very early doth she arise.
She gets her down to the lower room,
Where sundry seamen she espies.

A gallant Master among them all:
The Master of a fair and goodly ship was he;
Which there stood waiting in the hall,
To speak with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand;
"Good Sir," she said, "and would you speak with any here?"
Quoth he, "Fair Maid, therefore I stand."
"Then, gentle Sir, I pray you come near."

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings this seaman all alone;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moan:

She falls upon her tender knee,
"Good Sir," she said, "now pity you a Maiden's woe!
And prove a faithful friend to me,
That I to you my grief may show."

"Sith you repose such trust," he said,
"To me that am unknown, and eke a stranger here;
Be you assured, proper Maid,
Most faithful still I will appear!"

"I have a brother, Sir," quoth she,
"Whom, as my life, I love and favour tenderly.
In Padua, alas, is he
Full sick, GOD wot; and like to die.

"And fain I would my brother see;
But that my father will not yield to let me go.
Wherefore, good Sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour show.

"Some shipboy's garments bring to me,
That I disguised may get away from hence unknown:
And unto sea I'll go with thee,
If thus much friendship may be shown."

"Fair Maid," quoth he, "take here my hand!
I will fulfil each thing that now you desire,
And set you safe in that same land;
And in the place where you require."

Then gives she him a tender kiss;
And saith, "Your servant, gallant Master, I will be!
And prove your faithful friend, for this.
Sweet Master, then forget not me!"

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soon after, early, even before the break of day,
He brings her garments then with speed;
Wherein she doth herself array.

And ere her father did arise,
She meets her Master as he walkèd in the Hall;
She did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the Merchant made an end
Of all those matters to the Master he could say;
His wife came weeping in with speed
Saying, "Our daughter is gone away!"

The Merchant, much amazed in mind,
"Yonder vile wretch enticed away my child," quoth he,
"But well I wot, I shall him find
At Padua in Italy."

With that bespake the Master brave,
"Worshipful Merchant, thither goes this pretty Youth!
And anything that you would have,
He will perform it, and write the truth."

"Sweet Youth," quoth he, "if it be so,
Bear me a letter to the English Merchants there;
And gold on thee I will bestow.
My daughter's welfare I do fear!"

Her mother takes her by the hand,
"Fair Youth," quoth she, "if there thou dost my daughter see,
Let me thereof soon understand:
And there are twenty crowns for thee!"

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when she spake unto her child.
And after her Master straight she hies,
Taking her leave with countenance mild.

Thus to the sea fair MAUDLIN is gone,
With her gentle Master. GOD send them a merry wind!
Where we awhile must leave them alone,
Till you the Second Part do find.

FINIS.

The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow [Bristol].

The Second Part.

"  elcome, sweet Maudlin, from the sea!
Where bitter storms and cruel tempests did arise:
The pleasant banks of Italy,
We may behold with joyful eyes."

"Thanks, gentle Master," then quoth she,
"A faithful friend in all my sorrows thou hast been.
If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankful heart shall well be seen!

"Blest be the land that feeds my Love!
Blest be that place whereas he doth abide!
No travail will I stick to prove,
Whereby my goodwill may be tried.

"Now will I walk with joyful heart
To view the town whereas my darling doth remain;
And seek him out in every part,
Until I do his sight attain."

"And I," quoth he, "will not forsake
Sweet M. in all her journeys up and down;
In wealth and woe thy part I'll take,
And bring thee safe to Padua town."

And, after many weary steps,
In Padua they safe arrived at the last.
For very joy, her heart it leaps:
She thinks not on her perils past.

But now, alas, behold the luck!
Her own True Love in woeful prison doth she find:
Which did her heart in pieces pluck,
And grieved her gentle mind.

Condemned he was to die, alas,
Except he would his faith and his religion turn:
But rather than he would go to Mass,
In fiery flames he vowed to burn.

How doth fair MAUDLIN weep and wail:
Her joy is changed to weeping, sorrow, grief, and care.
But nothing can her plaints prevail,
For death alone must be his share.

She walks under the prison walls,
Where her True Love doth lie and languish in distress.
Most woefully for food he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppress.

He sighs, and sobs, and makes great moan.
"Farewell," said he, "sweet England now for ever!
And all my friends that have me known
In Bristow town with wealth and store!

"But most of all, farewell," quoth he,
"My own True Love, sweet M! whom I left behind:
For never more I shall thee see!
Woe to thy father most unkind!

"How well were I, if thou wast here,
With thy fair hands to close up both these wretched eyes!
My torments easy would appear:
My soul with joy should scale the skies."

When M. heard her Lover's moan;
Her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow filled was.
To speak with him no means was known,
Such grievous doom on him did pass.

Then cast she off her lad's attire;
A Maiden's weed upon her back she seemly set:
To the Judge's house she did enquire,
And there she did a service get.

She did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently herself she did behave;
With her in love her Master fell.
His servant's favour he doth crave.

"MAUDLIN," quoth he, "my heart's delight!
To whom my heart in firm affection 's tied,
Breed not my death through thy despite!
A faithful friend I will be tried.

"Grant me thy love, fair Maid!" quoth he,
"And at my hands desire what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise."

"O Sir," she said, "how blest am I,
With such a kind and gentle Master for to meet;
I will not your request deny,
So you will grant what I do seek.

"I have a brother, Sir," she said,
"For his religion is now condemned to die.
In loathsome prison he is laid,
Oppressed with care and misery.

"Grant me my brother's life!" she said,
"And to you my love and liking I will give!"
"That may not be," quoth he, "fair Maid!
Except he turn, he may not live!"

"An English Friar there is," she said,
Of learning great, and of a 'passing pure life:
Let him be to my brother sent,
And he will finish soon the strife."

Her Master granted this request.
The Mariner in Friar's weeds she doth array:
And to her Love that lay distresst,
She doth a letter straightway convey.

When he had read her gentle lines,
His heavy heart was ravished with inward joy:
Where now she was, full well he finds.
The Friar likewise was not coy;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise his Love for him had taken in hand.
The young Man did the Friar charge
His Love should straight depart the land.

"Here is no place for her," he said,
"But woeful death and danger of her harmless life.
Professing truth, I was betrayed;
And fearful flames must end our strife.

"For ere I will my faith deny,
And swear myself to follow damnèd Antichrist:
I'll yield my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest."

"O Sir," the gentle Friar said,
"For your sweet Love, recant and save your wishèd life!"
"A woeful match," quoth he, "is made,
Where CHRIST is lost to win a Wife."

When she had wrought all means she might
To save her Friend, and that she saw it would not be:
Then of the Judge, she claimed her right
To die the death as well as he.

"For, look, what faith he doth profess;
In that same faith, be sure that I will live and die!
Then ease us both in our distress,
Let us not live in misery!"

When no persuasion would prevail,
Nor change her mind in anything that she had said:
She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire made.

And arm in arm, most joyfully,
These Lovers twain unto the fire then did go.
The mariners, most faithfully,
Were likewise partners of their woe.

But when the Judges understood
The faithful friendship in them all that did remain,
They saved their lives; and afterward,
To England sent them home again.

Now were their sorrows turned to joy,
And faithful Lovers had now their hearts' desire.
Their pains so well they did employ,
GOD granted what they did require.

And when they were in England come,
And to merry Bristow arrivèd at the last;
Great joy there was of all and some,
That heard the dangers they had past.

Her father, he was dead, GOD wot:
And eke her mother was joyful of her sight;
Their wishes she denièd not,
But wedded them with heart's delight.

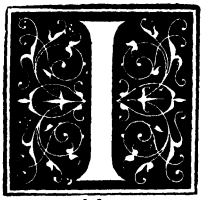
Her gentle Master she desired
To be her Father, and at church to give her then.
It was fulfilled, as she required,
Unto the joy of all good men.

FINIS.

Printed at London for William Blackwall
[about 1600].

Posies for Rings, or Mottoes fit for Presents, collected by W. P.

[*The Wits Academy*, 1677.]



LOVE you well, yourself can tell.
Let Virtue guide my lawful Bride!
Sure you mistake! That bargain 's to make.
My tender heart, disdain makes smart.
My love shall ever faithful prove!
I moan because I lie alone.
Absence ne'er parts two loving hearts.
This and the giver are thine for ever.
I vow to kiss her that reads this.
The love I owe in this I show.
No turtle dove shall shew more love!
As I affect thee, so respect me.
The gift is small, but Love is all.
When this you see, remember me!
This to a friend I freely send.
Well directed, if well accepted.
I'll not express what you may guess.
When this you see, think well of me!
Virtue and Love are from above.
More near to me than life can be.
Though friends cross love, we'll meet above!
'Tis Love alone makes two but one.
You and I will Lovers die.
I seek to be both thine and thee.
I am sure to die, if you deny.
In thee each part doth catch a heart.

My true love is endless as this.
When CUPID fails, the eye prevails.
Your blest sight is my delight.
I wish to have, but blush to crave.
I wish you knew what I owe you.
My constant love shall ne'er remove.
Take this in part of my true heart.
For one sweet kiss I give you this.
Nothing for thee too dear can be!
Desire like fire doth still aspire.
In troth you know it must be so.
My love you know, then say not "No!"
If you this forego, you are my foe!
I love thee JOAN, and thee alone!
I love thee JOHN; therefore come on!
My mind is bent, and I am content.
I'll venture till I find Love's centre.
I were an ass, should I let you pass.
In midst of grief, Love sends relief.
Where hearts agree, no strife can be.
I joy to find a constant mind.
Love never dies where Virtue lies.
Love's delight is to unite.
Let friend nor foe this secret know!
I must confess love goes by guess.
The nigher kin, the further in.
What I have done declare to none!
My name is HARRY, and DOLL I'll marry!
Come when you will, I am yours still.
I'll take my oath, to part I am loath.
I'll swear and vow that I love you!
I hope to meet some kisses sweet.
Though this be small, you shall have all!
When I am well; have at thee, NELL!
I hope your mind 's to love inclined.
Forgive, or else I cannot live.

You'll ever find me very kind.
I am full of love towards you my dove.
I this present with good intent.
What more I owe, you'll shortly know.
True friends, by love are made amends.
CUPID's command ; who can withstand ?
Think well of me when this you see.
When you see this, blow me a kiss !
My only joy, be not so coy !
I love till death shall stop my breath.
Unto the end, I'll be your friend !



LICIA,

or

POEMS OF LOVE

in honour of
the admirable and singular virtues of
his Lady.
To the imitation of
the best Latin Poets, and others.

WHEREUNTO IS ADDED
The Rising to the Crown of
RICHARD THE THIRD.

Auxit Musarum numerum SAPPHO *addita Musis.*
Fœlix si sævus, sic voluisset Amor.

In the First of the *Piscatory Eclogues*, which PHINEAS FLETCHER included in the Volume containing his *Purple Island*, printed at Cambridge in 1633 in 4to; he clearly describes, in the person of THELGON, the career of his father, GILES FLETCHER the Elder, LL.D.: who went English Ambassador to Muscovy; and, on his return home, published, in 1591, a book entitled *Of the Russ Common Wealth*; which was quickly suppressed, lest it might give offence to the Czar.

The Ninth Stanza of this First *Piscatory Eclogue* thus begins:

And whether Nature, joined with Art, had wrought me;
Or I too much believed the Fisher's praise;
Or whether PHŒBUS self, or Muses, taught me;
Too much inclined to Verse and music Plays:
So far credulity and youth had brought me,
I sang . . . .

THELGON then specifies the subjects of his Latin and English Poems: amongst which, in the next Stanza, occurs this line:

And raised my rhyme to sing of *RICHARD's climbing.*

Upon this allusion the authorship of *LICIA* is ascribed to PHINEAS FLETCHER's father.

The original edition of these Poems is undated. It was printed (? privately printed) however about September 1593; as will be seen from the date on pages 419, 423.

Ad Amorem.

Si cœlum patria est puer beatum,
Si vero peperit VENUS benigna,
Si Nectar tibi Massicum ministrat;
Si sancta Ambrosia est cibus petitus,
Quid noctes habitas, diesque mecum?
Quid victum face supplicemque aduris?
Quid longam lachrimis sitim repellis?
Quid nostræ dape pasceris medullæ?
O vere rabidum genus fœrarum:
O domo stige patriaque digne:
Jam levis sumus umbra, quid lacessis?

Ad Lectorem.

Non convitia, nec latrationes,
Nec Ronchos timeo, calumniasve,
Nec ullos obelos severiores.
Non quod judicio meo Poeta
Sim tantus, nihil ut queat reprehendi:
Sed quod judicio meo Poeta
Sim tam ridiculus, parumque doctus,
Ut nullum fore judicem eruditum,
Meos carpere qui velit labores:
Nam quis Æthiopem velit lavare?

To the Worshipful, kind, wise, and virtuous Lady, the Lady MOLLINEUX, *Wife to the right Worshipful Sir* RICHARD MOLLINEUX *Knight.*

HOWSOEVER, in the settled opinions of some wise heads, this trifling labour may easily incur the suspicion of two evils; either to be of an idle subject, and so frivolous; or vainly handled, and so odious: yet my resolute purpose was to proceed so far as the indifferent [*impartial*] Reader might think this small pains to be rather an effect, than a cause, of idleness. And howsoever LOVE, in this Age, hath behaved himself in that loose manner as it is counted a disgrace to give him but a kind look: yet I take the passion in itself to be of that honour and credit as it is the perfect resemblance of the greatest happiness; and rightly valued at his just price, in a mind that is sincerely and truly amorous, an affection of the greatest virtue, and able of himself to eternize the meanest vassal.

Concerning the handling of it, especially in this Age, men may wonder, if a Scholar, How I come by so much leisure? If otherwise, Why a Writer? Indeed to say truth, though I cannot justly challenge the first name; yet I wish none to be Writers, save only such as know Learning. And whereas my thoughts and some reasons drew me rather to have dealt in causes of greater weight; yet the present jar of this disagreeing Age drives me into a fit so melancholy as I only had leisure to grow passionate. And I see not why, upon our dissensions, I may not sit down idle, forsake my study,

and go sing of Love; as well as our Brownists forsake the Church, and write of malice.

And that this is a matter not so unfit for a man, either that respecteth himself, or is a Scholar; peruse but the writings of former times: and you shall see, not only others in other countries, as Italy and France, Men of Learning and great parts to have written Poems and Sonnets of Love; but even amongst us, men of best nobility and chiefest families to be the greatest Scholars and most renowned in this kind. But two reasons hath made it a thing foolishly odious in this Age. The one, that so many base companions are the greatest Writers. The other, that our English Genevian Purity hath quite debarred us of honest recreation: yet the great Pillar, as they make him [*i.e.* JEAN CALVIN], of that Cause hath shewed us as much wit and learning in this kind as any other before or since.

Furthermore for all students, I will say thus much; that the base conceit which men generally have of their wants is such, as I scarce term him a Scholar that hath not all the accomplyments [*accomplishments*] of a Gentleman; nor sufficiently wise that will not take opportunity in some sort to shew it. For I can say thus much, that the University wherein I lived [*evidently Cambridge*], and so I think the other [*Oxford*], hath so many wise, excellent, sufficient, men as, setting their learning aside wherein they are most excellent, yet in all habiliments of a Gentleman they are equal to any besides. This would that worthy SYDNEY oft confess; and [Sir JOHN] HARINGTON'S *ARIOSTO* (which, Madam, was respected so much by you) sheweth that his abode was in King's College [Cambridge]. Yet now it is grown to this pass, that Learning is lightly respected; upon a persuasion that it is to be found everywhere: a thing untrue and unpossible.

Now in that I have written Love Sonnets; if any man measure my affection by my style, let him say, I am in love. No great matter! For if our purest Divines have not been

so, why are so many married? I mislike not that, nor I would not have them mislike this. For a man may be in love, and not marry; and yet wise: but he cannot marry and not be in love, but be a mere fool.

Now for the manner. We will dispute that in some other place; yet take this by the way: though I am so liberal to grant thus much—a man may write of Love and not be in love; as well as of husbandry and not go to the plough; or of witches and be none; or of holiness and be flat profane.

But, wise and kind Lady, not to trouble your ears with this idle discourse, let this suffice. I found favours undeserved in such manner as my rude ability wants means to recompence; and therefore in the mean time I request you to accept this. If I had not so wondered at your admirable and rare virtues that my heart was surcharged with the exceeding measure of your worthiness, I had not written. You are happy every way, and so reputed. Live so, and I wish so you may live long! Excuse me, favour me: and, if I live (for I loath to admire without thankfulness), ere long it shall be known what favours I received from wise Sir RICHARD; to whom in all kind affects I rest bound.

For the Reader, if he look for my letters to crave his favour; he is far deceived. For if he mislike anything, I am sorry he took the pains to read: but if he do, let him dispraise; I much care not. For praise is not but as men please, and it is no chief felicity. For I have heard some men, and of late, for Sermons at Paul's Cross and for other pains, so commended by all, excepting some few Cynics that commend none that do well, that you would have thought England would have striven for their speedy preferment: but, like a wonder, it last but nine days; and all is quiet and forgotten. The best is, they are young men and may live to be preferred at another time. So what am I worse if men mislike and use terms? I can say as much by them. For our great men, I am sure, they want leisure to read: and if they had; yet, for the most part, the worst speak worst.

Well let the Printer look he grow not a beggar by such bargains, the Reader that he lose not his labour, and for mine that is past! And whoso wisely, after an afternoon's sleep, gapes, and saith, "O how young men spend their time idly!"; first, let him spend his time better than to sleep: secondly, he knows not my age. I feared a hot ague; and, with TASSO, I was content to let my Wit blood.

But leaving these to their dogged humour; and wishing your Ladyship all happiness, I humbly take my leave.

From my chamber. September 4, 1593.

To the Reader.



HAD thought, courteous and gentle Reader, not to have troubled thy patience with these lines: but that, in the neglect thereof, I should either scorn thee, as careless of thine opinion, a thing savouring of a proud humour; or despair to obtain thy favour, which I am loath to conceive of thy good nature.

If I were known, I would entreat in the best manner; and speak for him whom thou knewest. But being not known, thou speakest not against me; and therefore I much care not. For this kind of poetry wherein I wrote, I did it only to try my humour. And for the matter of Love, it may be I am so devoted to some one into whose hands these may light by chance, that she may say, which thou now sayest "That surely he is in love:" which if she do, then have I the full recompence of my labour; and the Poems have dealt sufficiently for the discharge of their own duty.

This Age is learnedly wise, and faultless in this kind of making their wits known: thinking so basely of our bare English, wherein thousands have travailed with such ill luck, that they deem themselves barbarous and the island barren, unless they have borrowed from Italy, Spain, and France their best and choicest conceits. For my own part, I am of this mind that our nation is so exquisite (neither would I overweeningly seem to flatter our home-spun stuff, or

diminish the credit of our brave travellers) that neither Italy, Spain, nor France can go beyond us for exact invention. For if anything be odious amongst us, it is the exile of our old manners, and some base-born phrases stuft up with such new terms, as a man may sooner feel us to flatter by our incrouching eloquence than suspect it from the ear.

And for the matter of Love, where every man takes upon himself to court exactly; I could justly grace (if it be a grace to be excellent in that kind) the Inns of Court, and some Gentlemen like[wise] Students in both Universities: whose learning and bringing up together with their fine natures make so sweet a harmony as, without partiality, the most injurious will prefer them before all others; and therefore they only are fitted to write of Love.

For others, for the most part, are men of mean reach, whose debased minds prey upon every bad dish. Men unfit to know what Love means; deluded fondly with their own conceit, misdeeming so divine a fancy; taking it to be the contentment of themselves, the shame of others, the wrong of virtue; and the refiner of the tongue, boasting of some few favours. These and such like errors (errors hateful to an upright mind) commonly by learnless heads are reputed for Love's Kingdom. But vain men, naturally led; deluded themselves, [they] deceive others.

For Love is a goddess (pardon me though I speak like a Poet) not respecting the contentment of him that loves but the virtues of the beloved, satisfied with wondering, fed with admiration, respecting nothing but his Lady's worthiness, made as happy by love as by all favours, chaste by honour, far from violence: respecting but one; and that one in such

kindness honesty truth constancy and honour, as were all the World offered to make a change, yet the boot were too small, and therefore bootless. This is Love, and far more than this; which I know a vulgar head, a base mind, an ordinary conceit, a common person will not, and cannot, have. Thus do I commend that love wherewith, in these Poems, I have honoured the worthy LICIA.

But the love wherewith VENUS' son hath injuriously made spoil of thousands, is a cruel Tyrant: occasion of sighs, oracle of lies, enemy of pity, way of error, shape of inconstancy, temple of treason, faith without assurance, monarch of tears, murderer of ease, prison of hearts, monster of Nature, poisoned honey, impudent courtezan, furious bastard: and in one word, not Love.

Thus, Reader, take heed thou err not! Esteem Love as thou ought[est]!

If thou muse, What my LICIA is? Take her to be some DIANA, at the least chaste; or some MINERVA: no VENUS, fairer far. It may be she is Learning's Image, or some heavenly wonder: which the Precisest may not mislike. Perhaps under that name I have shadowed "[The Holy] Discipline." It may be, I mean that kind courtesy which I found at the Patroness of these Poems, it may be some College. It may be my conceit, and pretend nothing. Whatsoever it be; if thou like it, take it! and thank the worthy Lady MOLLINEUX, for whose sake thou hast it: worthy indeed, and so not only reputed by me in private affection of thankfulness; but so equally to be esteemed by all that know her.

For if I had not received of her and good Sir RICHARD, of kind and wise Master LEE, of courteous Master HOUGH-

TON, all matchless, matched in one kindred, those unrequitable favours; I had not thus idly toyed.

If thou mislike it; yet she, or they, or both, or divine LICIA shall patronize it: or if none; I will, and can, do it myself. Yet I wish thy favour. Do but say, Thou art content; and I rest thine. If not, Farewell! till we both meet. September 8. 1593.

To LICIA,

the wise, kind, virtuous, and fair.



RIGHT matchless Star, the honour of the sky!
From whose clear shine heaven's vault hath all his light.
I send these Poems to your graceful eye.
Do you but take them, and they have their right.
I build besides a Temple to your name,
Wherein my thoughts shall daily sing your praise;
And will erect an Altar for the same,
Which shall, your virtues and your honour raise.
But heaven, the Temple of your honour is;
Whose brazen tops your worthy self made proud:
The ground an Altar, base for such a bliss,
With pity torn, because I sighed so loud.
And since my skill no worship can impart;
Make you an incense of my loving heart!

SONNET I.



AD, all alone, not long I musing sat
But that my thoughts compelled me to aspire.
A laurel garland in my hand I gat,
So the Muses I approached the nigher.
My suit was this, A Poet to become;
To drink with them, and from the heavens be fed.
PHŒBUS denied; and sware, "There was no room
Such to be Poets as fond Fancy led."
With that I mourned, and sat me down to weep.
VENUS she smiled, and smiling to me said,
"Come drink with me, and sit thee still and sleep!"
This voice I heard, and VENUS I obeyed.
That poison, Sweet, hath done me all this wrong;
For now of Love must needs be all my Song.

SONNET II.



EARY was LOVE, and sought to take his rest.
He made his choice upon a Virgin's lap;
And slyly crept from thence into her breast,
Where still he meant to sport him in his hap.
The Virgin frowned, like PHŒBUS in a cloud,
"Go pack, sir boy, here is no room for such!
My breast, no wanton foolish boys must shroud!"
This said, my Love did give the Wag a touch.
Then as the foot, that treads the stinging snake,
Hastes to be gone, for fear what may ensue:
So LOVE, my Love was forced for to forsake;
And, for more speed, without his arrows flew.
"Pardon!" he said, "for why you seemed to me,
My mother VENUS in her pride to be."

SONNET III.



HE heavens beheld the beauty of my Queen;
And all amazed, to wonder thus began:
"Why dotes not JOVE, as erst we all have seen,
And shapes himself like to a seemly man?
Mean are the matches which he sought before;
Like bloomless buds, too base to make compare:
And she alone hath treasured Beauty's store;
In whom all gifts and princely graces are."
CUPID replied, "I posted with the sun
To view the Maids that lived in all those days:
And none there was that might not well be won,
But She; most hard, most cold, made of delays."
Heavens were deceived, and wrong they do esteem;
She hath no heat, although She living seem.

SONNET IV.



OVE and my Love did range the forest wild,
Mounted alike upon swift coursers both.
LOVE her encountered, though he was a child,
"Let's strive!" said he. Whereat my Love was wroth;
And scorned the boy, and checked him with a smile.
"I mounted am, and armèd with my spear.
Thou art too weak! Thyself do not beguile!
I could thee conquer, if I naked [*unarmed*] were!"
With this LOVE wept, and then my Love replied:
"Kiss me, sweet boy, so! Weep, my boy, no more!"
Thus did my Love, and thus her force she tried:
LOVE was made ice, that fire was before.
A kiss of hers (as I, poor soul, do prove)
Can make the hottest, freeze; and coldest love.

SONNET V.



OVE, with her hair, my Love by force hath tied;
To serve her lips, her eyes, her voice, her hand.
I smiled for joy when I the boy espied
To lie unchained, and live at her command.
She, if She look, or kiss, or sing, or smile;
CUPID withal doth smile, doth sing, doth kiss.
Lips, hands, voice, eyes, all hearts that may beguile;
Because She scorns, all hearts but only this.
VENUS for this in pride began to frown,
That CUPID, born a god, inthralled should be:
She, in disdain, her pretty son threw down;
And in his place, with love she chainèd me.
So now, sweet Love, tho' I myself be thrall;
Not her a goddess, but thyself, I call.

SONNET VI.



Y Love, amazed, did blush herself to see,
Pictured by Art, all naked as she was.
"How could the Painter know so much by me,
Or Art effect what he hath brought to pass?
It is not like, he naked me hath seen;
Or stood so nigh for to observe so much."
No, Sweet, his eyes so near have never been;
Nor could his hands by Art have cunning such:
I showed my heart, wherein you printed were;
You, naked you, as here you painted are.
In that, my Love, your picture I must wear;
And show 't to all, unless you have more care:
Then take my heart, and place it with your own!
So shall you naked never more be known.

SONNET VII.



EATH, in a rage, assaulted once my heart
With love of her, my love that doth deny.
I scorned his force, and wished him to depart,
I heartless was, and therefore *could* not die.
I live in her. In her I placed my life.
She guides my soul, and her I honour must.
Nor is this life; but yet a living strife:
A thing unmeet, and yet a thing most just.
CUPID, enraged, did fly to make me love;
My heart lay guarded with those burning eyes,
The sparks whereof denied him to remove:
So conquered now, he like a captive lies.
Thus two at once by love are both undone:
My heart not loved; and armless VENUS' son.

SONNET VIII.



ARD are the rocks, the marble, and the steel,
The ancient oak with wind and weather tosst;
But you, my Love, far harder do I feel
Than flint, or these, or is the winter's frost.
My tears too weak, your heart they cannot move;
My sighs, that rock, like wind it cannot rent;
Too tiger-like, you swear you cannot love:
But tears and sighs you fruitless back have sent.
The frost too hard, not melted with my flame;
I cinders am, and yet you feel no heat:
Surpass not these, sweet Love, for very shame!
But let my tears, my vows, my sighs entreat!
Then shall I say, as I by trial find,
These all are hard; but you, my Love, are kind.

SONNET IX.



OVE was laid down, all weary, fast asleep;
Whereas my Love his armour took away.
The boy awaked, and straight began to weep;
But stood amazed, and knew not what to say.
"Weep not, my boy," said VENUS to her son,
"Thy weapons none can wield but thou alone.
LICIA the Fair, this harm to thee hath done;
I saw her here, and presently was gone.
She will restore them, for she hath no need
To take thy weapons, where thy valour lies.
For men to wound, the Fates have her decreed
With favour, hands, with beauty, and with eyes."
No, VENUS, no! She scorns them, credit me!
But robbed thy son, that none might care for thee!

SONNET X



PAINTER drew the image of the boy,
Swift LOVE, with wings, all naked, and yet blind;
With bow and arrows bent for to destroy.
I blamed his skill; and fault I thus did find:
"A needless task I see thy cunning take:
Misled by love, thy fancy thee betrayed.
Love is no boy, nor blind, as men him make;
Nor weapons wears, whereof to be afraid:
But if thou Love wilt paint with greatest skill;
A Love, a Maid, a goddess, and a Queen!
Wonder and view at LICIA's picture still!
For other Love, the World hath never seen.
For She alone, all hope, all comfort, gives:
Men's hearts, souls all, led by her favour, live."

SONNET XI.



N Ida Vale three Queens, the Shepherd saw;
Queens of esteem, divine, they were all three.
A sight of worth, but I a wonder show:
Their virtues all in one alone to be.
LICIA the Fair surpassing VENUS's pride,
(The matchless Queen, commander of the gods,
When, drawn with doves, she in her pomp doth ride)
Hath far more beauty and more grace by odds:
JUNO, JOVE's wife, unmeet to make compare;
I grant a goddess, but not half so mild:
MINERVA wise, a virtue; but not rare.
Yet these are mean, if that my Love but smiled.
She them surpasseth, when their prides are full,
As far as they surpass the meanest trull.

SONNET XII.



WISH sometimes, although a worthless thing,
Spurred by ambition, glad for to aspire,
Myself a Monarch, or some mighty King:
And then my thoughts do wish for to be higher.
But when I view what winds the cedars toss,
What storms men feel that covet for renown;
I blame myself that I have wished my loss:
And scorn a Kingdom, though it give a Crown.
A' LICIA thou, the wonder of my thought,
My heart's content, procurer of my bliss;
For whom, a Crown I do esteem as nought:
And Asia's wealth, too mean to buy a kiss.
Kiss me, sweet Love! this favour do for me;
Then Crowns and Kingdoms shall I scorn for thee.

SONNET XIII.



NAMOURED JOVE, commanding, did entreat
CUPID to wound my Love: which he denied,
And swore he could not, for she wanted heat;
And would not love, as he full oft had tried.
JOVE, in a rage, impatient this to hear,
Replied with threats, "I'll make you to obey!"
Whereat the boy did fly away for fear
To LICIA's eyes, where safe entrenched he lay.
Then JOVE, he scorned; and dared him to his face:
For now more safe than in the heavens he dwelled;
Nor could JOVE's wrath do wrong to such a place,
Where Grace and Honour have their kingdom held.
Thus, in the pride and beauty of her eyes,
The silly boy, the greatest god defies.

SONNET XIV.



Y Love lay sleeping where birds music made,
Shutting her eyes, disdainful of the light:
The heat was great; but greater was the shade
Which her defended from his burning sight.
This CUPID saw, and came a kiss to take;
Sucking sweet nectar from her sugared breath.
She felt the touch, and blushed, and did awake.
Seeing 'twas LOVE, which she did think was DEATH,
She cut his wings, and causèd him to stay;
Making a vow, he should not thence depart
Unless to her, the wanton boy could pay
The truest, kindest, and most loving heart.
His feathers still She usèd for a fan;
Till, by exchange, my heart his feathers wan.

SONNET XV.



STOOD amazed, and saw my LICIA shine
Fairer than PHŒBUS in his brightest pride;
Set forth in colours by a hand divine,
Where naught was wanting but a soul to guide.
It was a picture that I could descry,
Yet made with art so as it seemed to live;
Surpassing fair, and yet it had no eye:
Whereof my senses could no reason give.
With that the Painter bid me not to muse,
"Her eyes are shut; but I deserve no blame:
For if she saw, in faith, it could not choose
But that the work had wholly been aflame."
Then burn me, Sweet, with brightness of your eyes;
That, Phœnix-like, from thence I may arise.

SONNET XVI.

"



RANT, fairest kind, a kiss unto thy friend!"
A blush replied; and yet a kiss I had.
It is not heaven that can such nectar send;
Whereat my senses, all amazed, were glad.
This done, She fled as one that was afraid;
And I desired to kiss, by kissing more.
My Love, she frowned; and I my kissing stayed:
Yet wished to kiss her as I did before.
Then as the vine, the propping elm doth clasp,
Loth to depart, till both together die;
So fold me, Sweet; until my latest gasp!
That in thy arms, to death I kissed, may lie.
Thus whilst I live, for kisses I must call:
Still kiss me, Sweet, or kiss me not at all!

SONNET XVII.



S are the sands, fair LICIA, on the shore;
Or coloured flowers, garlands of the Spring;
Or as the frosts not seen nor felt before;
Or as the fruits that Autumn forth doth bring;
As twinkling stars, the tinsel of the night;
Or as the fish that gallop in the seas;
As airs, each part that still escapes our sight:
So are my Sighs, controllers of my ease.
Yet these are such as needs must have an end,
For things finite, none else hath Nature done:
Only the sighs which from my heart I send
Will never cease, but where they first began.
Accept them, Sweet, as incense due to thee!
For you immortal made them so to be.

SONNET XVIII.



SWEAR, fair LICIA, still for to be thine;
By heart, by eyes, by what I hold most dear!
Thou checkedst mine oath, and said, "These were not mine;
And that I had no right by them to swear."
Then by my sighs, my passions, and my tears,
My vows, my prayers, my sorrow, and my love,
My grief, my joy, my hope, and hopeless fears·
My heart is thine, and never shall remove!
These are not thine, though sent unto thy view;
All else I grant, by right they are thine own.
Let these suffice, that what I swear is true;
And more than this, if that it could be known.
So shall all these, though troubles, ease my grief,
If that they serve to work in thee belief.

SONNET XIX.



HAT time, fair LICIA, when I stole a kiss
From off those lips where CUPID lovely laid,
I quaked for cold: and found the cause was this:
My Life which loved, for love behind me stayed.
I sent my Heart, my Life for to recall;
But that was held, not able to return:
And both detained, as captives were in thrall,
And judged by her, that both by sighs should burn.
Fair, burn them both! for that they were so bold;
But let the altar be within thy heart!
And I shall live, because my life you hold;
You that give life to every living part.
A flame I took when as I stole the kiss:
Take you my life! yet can I live with this.

SONNET XX.



IRST did I fear, when first my love began;
Possessed in fits by watchful jealousy,
I sought to keep what I by favour wan,
And brooked no partner in my love to be.
But tyrant Sickness fed upon my Love,
And spread his ensigns dyed with colour white;
Then was Suspicion glad for to remove;
And loving much did fear to lose her quite.
Erect, fair Sweet, the colours thou didst wear!
Dislodge thy griefs, the short'ners of content!
For now of life, not love, is all my fear:
Lest life and love be both together spent.
Live but, fair Love, and banish thy disease!
And love, kind Heart, both when, and whom, thou please!

SONNET XXI.



ICIA, my Love, was sitting in a grove;
Tuning her smiles unto the chirping songs:
But straight she spied where two together strove,
Each one complaining of the other's wrongs.
CUPID did cry, lamenting of the harm,
"JOVE's Messenger, thou wrong'st me too too far!
Use thou thy rod! rely upon thy charm!
Think not by speech, my force thou can'st debar!"
"A rod, sir boy, were fitter for a child!
My weapons oft, and tongue, and mind you took:
And in my wrong, at my distress thou smiled;
And scorn to grace me with a loving look."
Speak you, Sweet Love, for you did all the wrong!
That broke his arrows, and did bind his tongue.

SONNET XXII.

"



MIGHT have died before my life began;
When as my father, for his country's good,
The Persians' favour and the Sophy wan:
But yet with danger of his dearest blood."
Thy father, Sweet, whom danger did beset,
Escapèd all: and for no other end
But only this, that you he might beget:
Whom heavens decreed into the world to send.
Then, father, thank thy daughter for thy life!
And Neptune praise, that yielded so to thee,
To calm the tempest, when the storms were rife;
And that thy daughter should a VENUS be.
I call thee VENUS, Sweet! but be not wroth;
Thou art more chaste, yet seas did favour both.

SONNET XXIII.



Y Love was masked, and armèd with a fan;
To see the sun so careless of his light:
Which stood and gazed; and gazing, waxèd wan
To see a star, himself that was more bright.
Some did surmise She hid her from the sun;
Of whom, in pride, She scorned for to be kissed:
And feared the harm by him to others done.
But these the reason of this wonder missed;
Nor durst the sun, if that her face were bare,
In greatest pride presume to take a kiss:
But she, more kind, did show she had more care
Than with her eyes eclipse him of his bliss.
Unmask you, Sweet, and spare not! dim the sun!
Your light's enough, although that his were done.

SONNET XXIV.



HEN as my Love lay sickly in her bed,
Pale Death did post, in hope to have a prey;
But she so spotless made him, that he fled:
"Unmeet to die," he cried; and could not stay.
Back he retired, and thus the heavens he told:
"All things that are, are subject unto me;
Both towns, and men, and what the world doth hold:
But let fair LICIA still immortal be!"
The heavens did grant. A goddess she was made,
Immortal, fair, unfit to suffer change.
So now she lives, and never more shall fade.
In earth, a goddess. What can be more strange?
Then will I hope! A goddess, and so near;
She cannot choose, my sighs and prayers but hear.

SONNET XXV.



EVEN are the Lights that wander in the skies:
And at these seven, I wonder in my Love.
To see the Moon how pale she doth arise;
Standing amazed, as though she durst not move:
So is my Sweet, much paler than the snow;
Constant her looks, those looks that cannot change.
MERCURY the next, a god sweet-tongued we know;
But her sweet voice doth wonders speak more strange.
The rising Sun doth boast him of his pride;
And yet my Love is far more fair than he.
The warlike MARS can wieldless weapons guide;
But yet that god is far more weak than She.
The lovely VENUS seemeth to be fair;
But at her best, my Love is far more bright.
SATURN, for age, with groans doth dim the air;
Whereas my Love, with smiles doth give it light.
Gaze at her brows, where heaven engrafted is;
Then sigh, and swear, There is no heaven but this.

SONNET XXVI.



LIVE, sweet Love, where as the gentle wind
Murmurs with sport, in midst of thickest boughs;
Where loving woodbine doth the harbour bind,
And chirping birds do echo forth my vows;
Where strongest elm can scarce support the vine,
And sweetest flowers enamelled have the ground;
Where Muses dwell: and yet hereat repine
That on the earth so rare a place was found.
But winds delight: I wish to be content.
I praise the woodbine: but I take no joy.
I moan the birds that music thus have spent.
As for the rest, they breed but mine annoy.
Live thou, fair LICIA, in this place alone:
Then shall I joy, though all of these were gone.

SONNET XXVII.



HE crystal streams, wherein my Love did swim,
Melted in tears, as partners of my woe;
Her shine was such as did the fountain dim,
The pearl-like fountain, whiter than the snow.
Then, like perfume resolvèd with a heat,
The fountain smoked, as if it thought to burn.
A wonder strange to see the cold so great,
And yet the fountain into smoke to turn.
I searched the cause, and found it to be this:
She touched the water, and it burnt with love.
Now, by her means, it purchased hath that bliss
Which all diseases quickly can remove.
Then if, by you, these streams thus blessèd be:
Sweet, grant me love; and be not worse to me!

SONNET XXVIII.



N time the strong and stately turrets fall.
In time the rose, and silver lilies die.
In time the monarchs captive are and thrall.
In time the sea and rivers are made dry.
The hardest flint in time doth melt asunder.
Still living fame, in time doth fade away.
The mountains proud, we see in time come under:
And earth, for aye, we see in time decay.
The sun in time forgets for to retire
From out the East, where he was wont to rise.
The basest thoughts, we see in time aspire.
And greedy minds, in time do wealth despise.
Thus all, sweet Fair, in time must have an end:
Except thy beauty, virtues, and thy friend.

SONNET XXIX.



HEN as my LICIA sailèd in the seas,
Viewing with pride, god NEPTUNE's stately crown,
A calm she made, and brought the merchant ease;
The storm she stayed, and checked him with a frown.
Love at the stern sat smiling, and did sing
To see how seas had learned for to obey;
And balls of fire into the waves did fling.
And still the boy, full wanton, thus did say:
"Both poles we burnt, whereon the world doth turn;
The round of heaven from earth unto the skies:
And now the seas, we both intend to burn;
I with my bow, and LICIA with her eyes."
Then since thy force, heavens, earth, nor seas can move;
I conquered, yield: and do confess I love.

SONNET XXX.



HEN as her lute is tunèd to her voice,
The air grows proud for honour of that sound;
And rocks do leap, to shew how they rejoice
That in the earth such music should be found.
When as her hair (more worth, more pale, than gold)
Like silver thread lies wafting in the air;
DIANA-like she looks, but yet more bold:
Cruel in chase, more chaste, and yet more fair.
When as she smiles, the cloud for envy breaks;
She JOVE in pride encounters with a check:
The sun doth shine for joy when as she speaks,
Thus heaven and earth do homage at her beck.
Yet all these graces, blots; not graces, are:
If you, my Love, of love do take no care.

SONNET XXXI.



EARS, months, days, hours, in sighs I sadly spend.
I black the night, wherein I sleepless toss.
I love my griefs, yet wish them at an end.
Thus time's expense increaseth but my loss.
I musing stand, and wonder at my Love;
That in so fair, should be a heart of steel.
And then I think, my fancy to remove:
But then more painful I my passions feel.
Thus must I love, sweet Fair, until I die;
And your unkindness doth my love increase:
I conquered am, I cannot it deny.
My life must end; yet shall my love not cease.
Then heavens, make LICIA fair most kind to me;
Or with my life, my love may finished be!

SONNET XXXII.



WROTE my sighs, and sent them to my Love.
I praised that Fair, that none enough could praise:
But plaints, nor praises, could fair LICIA move.
Above my reach, she did her virtues raise.
And thus replied, "False scrawl, untrue thou art!
To feign those sighs that nowhere can be found.
For half those praises came not from his heart;
Whose faith and love, as yet, was never found.
"Thy master's life, false scrawl, shall be thy doom!
Because he burns, I judge thee to the flame!
Both your attempts deserve no better room."
Thus, at her word, we ashes both became.
Believe me, Fair, and let my paper live!
Or be not fair, and so me freedom give.

SONNET XXXIII.



ALE are my looks, forsaken of my life:
Cinders, my bones; consumèd with thy flame.
Floods are my tears, to end this burning strife;
And yet I sigh, for to increase the same.
I mourn alone, because alone I burn:
Who doubts of this, then let him learn to love!
Her looks, cold ice into a flame can turn;
As I distressèd in myself do prove.
Respect, fair LICIA, what my torments are!
Count but the tithe both of my sighs and tears!
See how my love doth still increase my care!
And care's increase, my life to nothing wears.
Send but a sigh, my flame for to increase:
Or lend a tear, and cause it so to cease.

SONNET XXXIV.



HEN as I wish, fair LICIA, for a kiss
From those sweet lips, where rose and lilies strive;
Straight do mine Eyes repine at such a bliss,
And seek my Lips thereof for to deprive.
When as I seek to glut mine Eyes by sight;
My Lips repine, and call mine Eyes away.
Thus both contend to have each other's right;
And both conspire to work my full decay.
O force admired, of Beauty in her pride;
In whose each part such strange effects there be,
That all my forces in themselves divide,
And make my senses plainly disagree.
If *all* were mine, this envy would be gone:
Then grant me *all*, fair Sweet; or grant me none!

SONNET XXXV.



EAR how my Sighs are echoed by the wind!
See how my Tears are pitied by the rain!
Feel what a Flame possessèd hath my mind!
Taste but the Grief which I possess in vain!
Then if my Sighs, the blustering wind surpass;
And wat'ry Tears, the drops of rain exceed;
And if no Flame like mine nor is, nor was;
Nor Grief like that whereon my soul doth feed:
Relent, fair LICIA! when my Sighs do blow:
Yield at my Tears! that flintlike drops consume:
Accept the Flame! that doth my incense show:
Allow the Grief! that is my heart's perfume:
Thus Sighs, and Tears, Flame, Grief, shall plead for me;
So shall I pray, and you a goddess be.

SONNET XXXVI.



SPEAK, fair LICIA, what my torments be;
But then my speech too partial do I find:
For hardly words can with those thoughts agree:
Those thoughts that swarm in such a troubled mind.
Then do I vow my tongue shall never speak,
Nor tell my grief that in my heart doth lie:
But, cannon-like, I, then surcharged, do break.
And so my silence worse than speech I try.
Thus speech, or none, they both do breed my care:
I live dismayed and kill my heart with grief.
In all respects my case alike doth fare.
To him that wants; and dares not ask relief.
Then you, fair LICIA, Sovereign of my heart,
Read to yourself my anguish and my smart!

SONNET XXXVII.



WEET, I protest, and seal it with an oath,
I never saw that so my thoughts did please:
And yet content, displeased I see them wroth
To love so much, and cannot have their ease.

I told my thoughts, "My Sovereign made a pause:
Disposed to grant, but willing to delay."
They then repined, for that they knew no cause;
And swore they wished She flatly would say "Nay."

Thus hath my love, my thoughts with treason filled;
And 'gainst my Sovereign taught them to repine:
So thus my treason, all my thoughts hath killed;
And made fair LICIA say, She is not mine.

But thoughts too rash, my heart doth now repent:
And, as you please, they swear they are content.

SONNET XXXVIII.



AIR matchless Nymph, respect but what I crave!
My thoughts are true, and honour is my love.
I fainting die, whom yet a smile might save.
You gave the wound, and can the hurt remove.

Those eyes, like stars that twinkle in the night;
And cheeks, like rubies pale in lilies dyed;
Those ebon [*ivory*] hands that darting have such might:
That in my soul, my love and life divide.

Accept the Passions of a man possesst!
Let love be loved, and grant me leave to live!
Disperse those clouds that darkened have my rest;
And let your heaven, a sunlike smile but give!

Then shall I praise that heaven for such a sun;
That saved my life, when as my grief begun.

SONNET XXXIX.



Y grief began, fair Saint, when first I saw
Love, in those eyes, sit ruling with disdain;
Whose sweet commands did keep a world in awe:
And caused them serve, your favour to obtain.
I stood as one enchanted with a frown;
Yet smiled to see all creatures serve those eyes:
Where each with sighs paid tribute to that crown;
And thought them gracèd by your dumb replies.
But I, ambitious, could not be content
Till that my service, more than sighs made known;
And for that end, my heart to you I sent,
To say and swear that, Fair! it is your own.
Then greater graces, Licia, do impart!
Not dumb replies, unto a speaking heart.

SONNET XL.

A Sonnet made upon the Two Twins, daughters of the Lady Mollineux; both passing like, and exceeding[ly] fair.



Oets did feign that heavens a Venus had;
Matchless herself, and Cupid was her son.
Men sued to these, and of their smiles were glad;
By whom so many famous were undone.
Now Cupid mourns that he hath lost his might,
And that these Two so comely are to see;
And Venus frowns, because they have her right:
Yet both so like that both shall blameless be.
With heaven's Two Twins for godhead these may strive;
And rule a World with least part of a frown:
Fairer than these Two Twins are not alive;
Both conquering Queens, and both deserve a Crown.
My thoughts presage, which time to come shall try,
That thousands conquered, for their love shall die.

SONNET XLI.



F, aged CHARON, when my life shall end,
I pass thy ferry and my waftage pay,
Thy oars shall fail thy boat, and mast shall rend;
And through the deep shall be a dry footway.
For why? My heart with sighs doth breathe such flame
That air and water both incensèd be:
The boundless ocean from whose mouth they came
(For from my heat not heaven itself is free!).
Then since to me my loss can be no gain;
Avoid thy harm, and fly what I foretell!
Make thou my Love with me for to be slain;
That I with her, and both with thee, may dwell.
Thy fact thus, CHARON, both of us shall bless:
Thou save thy boat, and I my Love possess.

SONNET XLII.



OR if alone thou think to waft my Love,
Her cold is such as can the sea command;
And frozen ice shall let [*hinder*] thy boat to move.
Nor can thy forces row it from the land.
But if thou, friendly, both at once shall take;
Thyself mayest rest! For why? My sighs will blow.
Our cold and heat so sweet a thaw shall make
As that thy boat, without thy help, shall row.
Then will I sit and glut me on those eyes
Wherewith my life, my eyes could never fill.
Thus from thy boat that comfort shall arise,
The want whereof my life and hope did kill.
Together placed, so thou her scorn shalt cross:
Where if we part, thy boat must suffer loss.

SONNET XLIII.

ARE those two stars, her eyes, my life's light, gone?
By which my soul was freeèd from all dark:
And am I left distressed to live alone,
Where none my tears and mournful tale shall mark?
Ah, Sun! why shine thy looks, thy looks like gold;
When, horseman brave, thou risest in the East?
Ah, CYNTHIA pale, to whom my griefs I told!
Why do you both rejoice both man and beast?
And I alone, alone that dark possess
By LICIA's absence, brighter than the Sun:
Whose smiling light did ease my sad distress,
And broke the clouds when tears like rain begun.
Heavens grant that light, and so me waking keep:
Or shut my eyes, and rock me fast asleep!

SONNET XLIV.

CRUEL fair Love! I justly do complain
Of too much rigour, and thy heart unkind;
That, for mine eyes, thou hast my body slain:
And would not grant that I should favour find.
I looked, fair Love! and you my Love looked fair.
I sighed for love, and you for sport did smile.
Your smiles were such as did perfume the air;
And this perfumèd, did my heart beguile.
Thus I confess the fault was in mine eyes,
Begun with sighs, and endèd with a flame.
I, for your love, did all the world despise;
And in these Poems honoured have your name.
Then let your love so with my fault dispense,
That all my parts feel not mine eyes' offence.

SONNET XLV.



HERE shone a Comet, and it was full West.
My thought presaged what it did portend:
I found it threatened, to my heart unrest;
And might, in time, my joys and comfort end.
I further sought, and found it was a Sun;
Which day, nor night, did never use to set.
It constant stood, when heavens did restless run;
And did their virtues and their forces let.
The World did muse, and wonder what it meant:
A Sun to shine, and in the West to rise.
To search the truth, I strength and spirits spent.
At length I found it was my LICIA's eyes.
Now, never after, soul shall live in dark,
That hath the hap, this western Sun to mark.

SONNET XLVI.



F he be dead in whom no heart remains,
Or lifeless be in whom no life is found;
If he do pine, that never comfort gains;
And be distressed that hath his deadly wound:
Then must I die, whose heart elsewhere is clad;
And lifeless pass the greedy worms to feed:
Then must I pine, that never comfort had;
And be distressed, whose wound with tears doth bleed.
Which if I do, why do I not wax cold?
Why rest I not like one that wants a heart?
Why move I still like him that life doth hold;
And sense enjoy both of my joy and smart?
Like NIOBE Queen, which, made a stone, did weep:
LICIA my heart, dead and alive, doth keep.

SONNET XLVII.



IKE MEMNON'S rock, touched with the rising sun,
Which yields a sound, and echoes forth a voice:
But when it 's drowned in western seas is dumb;
And drowsy-like, leaves off to make a noise.
So I, my Love, enlightened with your shine,
A Poet's skill within my soul I shroud;
Not rude, like that which finer wits decline;
But such as Muses, to the best allowed.
But when your figure and your shape is gone;
I speechless am, like as I was before:
Or if I write, my verse is filled with moan;
And blurred with tears, by falling in such store.
Then muse not, LICIA, if my Muse be slack:
For when I wrote, I did thy beauty lack.

SONNET XLVIII.



SAW, sweet LICIA, when the Spider ran
Within your house, to weave a worthless web;
You present were, and feared her with your fan:
So that, amazèd, speedily she fled.
She, in your house, such sweet perfumes did smell;
And heard the Muses with their notes refined:
Thus, filled with envy, could no longer dwell;
But straight returned, and at your house repined.
"Then tell me, Spider, why of late I saw
Thee lose thy poison, and thy bowels gone?
Did these enchant and keep thy limbs in awe,
And made thy forces to be small or none?
No, no! Thou didst, by chance, my LICIA see;
Who, for her look, MINERVA seemed to be."

SONNET XLIX.



F that I die, fair LICIA, with disdain;
Or heartless live, surprisèd with thy wrong:
The heavens and earth shall accent both my pain,
And curse the time so cruel and so long.
If you be kind, my Queen, as you are fair;
And aid my thoughts that still for conquest strive:
Then will I sing, and never more despair,
And praise your kindness whilst I am alive.
Till then I pay the tribute of my tears,
To move thy mercy and thy constant truth.
Respect, fair Love, how these with sorrow wear
The truest heart; unless it find some ruth.
Then grace me, Sweet, and with thy favour raise me;
So shall I live, and all the World shall praise thee.

SONNET L.



' LICIA sigh! and say, Thou art my own.
Nay, Be my own! as you full oft have said.
So shall your truth unto the World be known:
And I, resolved; where now I am afraid.
And if my tongue eternize can your praise,
Or silly speech increase your worthy fame;
If aught I can, to heaven your worth can raise,
The Age to come shall wonder at the same.
In this respect, your love, sweet Love, I told;
My faith and truth I vowed should be for ever.
You were the cause, if that I were too bold;
Then pardon this my fault, or love me never
But if you frown, I wish that none believe me:
For, slain with sighs, I'll die before I'll grieve thee

SONNET LI.



HEN first the Sun, whom all my senses serve,
Began to shine upon this earthly round;
The heavens for her, all graces did reserve;
That, PANDOR'-like, with all she might abound.
APOLLO placed his brightness in her eyes,
His skill presaging, and his music sweet.
MARS gave his force. All force she now defies.
VENUS, her smiles; wherewith she MARS did meet
Python, a voice. DIANA made her chaste.
CERES gave plenty. CUPID lent his bow;
THETIS, her feet. There PALLAS wisdom placed.
With these, she, Queen-like, kept a World in awe.
Yet all these honours deemèd are but pelf:
For she is much more worthy, of herself.

SONNET LII.



SUGARED talk! wherewith my thoughts do live.
O brows! Love's trophy, and my senses' shrine.
O charming smiles! that death or life can give.
O heavenly kisses! from a mouth divine
O wreaths! too strong, and trammels made of hair!
O pearls! enclosèd in an ebon [*ivory*] pale.
O rose and lilies! in a field most fair,
Where modest white doth make the red seem pale.
O voice! whose accents live within my heart.
O heavenly hand! that more than ATLAS holds.
O sighs perfumed! that can release my smart.
O happy they! whom in her arms she folds.
Now if you ask, Where dwelleth all this bliss?
Seek out my Love! and she will tell you this.

An Ode.



OVE, I repent me that I thought
My sighs and languish dearly bought:
For sighs and languish both did prove
That he that languished sighed for love.
Cruel rigour, foe to State,
Looks disdainful, fraught with hate,
I did blame: but had no cause
(Love hath eyes, but hath no laws).
She was sad, and could not choose
To see me sigh, and sit and muse.
We both did love, and both did doubt [*fear*]
Lest any should our love find out.
Our hearts did speak by sighs most hidden;
This means was left: all else forbidden.
I did frown, her love to try
She did sigh, and straight did cry.
Both of us did signs believe
Yet either grievèd friend to grieve.
I did look, and then did smile:
She left sighing all that while.
Both were glad to see that change;
Things in love that are not strange.
Suspicion, foolish foe to Reason,
Caused me seek to find some treason
I did court another Dame.
(False in love, it is a shame!)

She was sorry this to view,
Thinking faith was proved untrue.
Then she swore, She would not love
One, whom false She once did prove.
I did vow I never meant
From promise made, for to relent.
The more I said, the worse she thought:
My oaths and vows were deemed as nought.
"False!" She said, "how can it be,
To court another; yet love me?
Crowns and Love no partners brook:
If she be liked, I am forsook!
Farewell, False! and love her still!
Your chance was good, but mine was ill.
No harm to you: but this I crave,
That your new Love may you deceive!
And jest with you, as you have done:
For light 's the love that 's quickly won."
"Kind and fair Sweet, once believe me!
Jest I did; but not to grieve thee.
Court I did, but did not love.
Words, and sighs, and what I spent
In show to her; to you were meant.
Fond [*foolish*] I was, your love to cross
(Jesting love oft brings this loss).
Forget this fault! and love your friend,
Which vows his truth unto the end!"
"Content," She said, "if this you keep."
Thus both did kiss, and both did weep.
For women long they cannot chide:
As I, by proof, in this have tried.

A Dialogue betwixt two Sea Nymphs, Doris and Galatea, concerning Polyphemus.

Briefly translated out of Lucian.

[See pages 125–128.]

THE Sea Nymphs late did play them on the shore,
And smiled to see such sport was new begun:
A strife in love, the like not heard before;
Two Nymphs contend, Which had the conquest won?
Doris the fair, with Galate did chide.
She liked her choice, and to her taunts replied.

Doris.

Thy Love, fair Nymph! that courts thee on this plain,
As shepherds say, and all the World can tell,
Is that foul rude Sicilian Cyclop-swain.
A shame, sweet Nymph, that he with thee should mell [*mix*]!

Galatea.

Smile not, fair Doris! though he foul do seem.
Let pass thy words that savour of disgrace!
He's worth my love, and so I him esteem.
Renowned by birth, and comes of Neptune's race.
Neptune, that doth the glassy ocean tame;
Neptune, by birth from mighty Jove which came.

DORIS.

I grant an honour to be NEPTUNE's child;
A grace to be so near with JOVE allied:
But yet, sweet Nymph! with this be not beguiled;
Where Nature's graces are by looks descried.
So foul, so rough, so ugly-like a Clown;
And worse than this, a Monster with one eye.
Foul is not gracèd, though it wear a Crown!
But fair is Beauty. None can that deny.

GALATEA.

Nor is he foul, or shapeless, as you say
Or worse: for that he clownish seems to be.
Rough, Saytr-like, the better he will play:
And manly looks the fitter are for me.
His frowning smiles are gracèd by his beard:
His eye-light, sun-like, shrouded is in one.
This me contents; and others makes afeard.
He sees enough, and therefore wanteth none. With one eye.

DORIS.

Nay, then I see, sweet Nymph: thou art in love;
And loving, doat'st; and doating, dost commend
Foul to be Fair. This oft do Lovers prove.
I wish him fairer, or thy love an end!

GALATEA.

DORIS, I love not: yet I hardly bear
Disgraceful terms, which you have spoke in scorn.
You are not loved: and that 's the cause I fear.
For why, my Love of JOVE himself was born.

Feeding his sheep of late, amidst this plain.
When as we Nymphs did sport us on the shore:
He scorned you all, my love for to obtain.
That grieved your hearts. I knew as much before.
Nay, smile not Nymphs! The truth I only tell.
For few can brook that others should excel.

DORIS.

Should I envy that Blind did you that spite;
Or that your shape doth please so foul a Groom?
The Shepherd thought of milk. You looked so white.
The Clown did err, and foolish was his doom.
Your look was pale, and so his stomach fed:
But far from fair, where white doth want his red.

GALATEA.

Though pale my look; yet he my love did crave:
And lovely You, unliked, unloved, I view.
It 's better far, one base, than none, to have.
Your fair is foul, to whom there's none will sue.
My Love doth tune his love unto his harp:
His shape is rude; but yet his wit is sharp.

DORIS.

Leave off, sweet Nymph! to grace a worthless Clown.
He itched with love; and then did sing, or say.
The noise was such as all the Nymphs did frown,
And well suspected that some ass did bray.
The woods did chide, to hear this ugly sound:
The prating ECHO scorned for to repeat.
This grisly voice did fear the hollow ground,
Whilst Art-less fingers did his harp-strings beat.

Two bear whelps in his arms this Monster bore:
With these new puppies did this Wanton play!
Their skins were rough; but yet your loves were more.
He fouler was and far more fierce than they.
I cannot choose, sweet Nymph! to think, but smile,
That some of us thou fearest, will thee beguile.

GALATEA.

Scorn not my Love! until it can be known
That you have one that 's better, of your own.

DORIS.

I have no Love: nor, if I had, would boast:
Yet wooed have been by such as well might speed.
But him to love, the Shame of all the coast!
So ugly foul, as yet, I have no need.
Now thus we learn what foolish love can do?
To think him fair, that 's foul and ugly too.

To hear this talk I sat behind an oak;
And marked their words and penned them as they spoke.

Ad Lectorem, distichon cujusdam de Autore.

Lascivi quæres fuerit cur carminis Autor:
Carmine lascivus, mente pudicus erat.

A Lover's Maze.

[It will be seen that Three of these Stanzas go together, rhyming in their first words: *True, True, New.—Sweet, Sweet, Meet,* &c.]

TRUE are my thoughts: my thoughts that are untrue.
Blind are my eyes: my eyes that are not blind.
New is my love: my love that is not new.
Kind is that Fair: that Fair that is not kind.
Thus eyes and thoughts, that fairest Fair, my love;
Blind and untrue, unkind, unconstant prove.

True are my thoughts: because they never flit.
Untrue my thoughts: because they me betrayed.
Blind are my eyes: because in clouds I sit.
Not blind my eyes: because I looks obeyed.
Thus eyes and thoughts, my dearest Fair, may view
In sight, in love, nor blind, nor yet untrue.

New is my love: because it never dies.
Old is my love: because it ever lives.
Kind is that Fair: because it hate denies.
Unkind that Fair: because no hope it gives.
Thus new my love, and still that Fair unkind,
Renews my love; and I no favour find.

Sweet are my dreams: my dreams that are not sweet.
Long are the nights: the nights that are not long.
Meet are the pangs: these pangs that are unmeet.
Wronged is my heart: my heart that hath no wrong.
Thus dreams and night, my heart, my pangs, and all,
In taste, in length, conspire to work my fall.

Sweet are my dreams: because my Love they show.
Unsweet my dreams: because but dreams they are.
Long are the nights: because no help I know.
Meet are the nights: because they end my care.
Thus dreams and nights, wherein my Love takes sport,
Are sweet, unsweet; are long, and yet too short.

Meet are my pangs: because I was too bold.
Unmeet my pangs: because I loved so well.
Wronged was my heart: because my grief it told.
Not wronged. For why? My grief it could not tell.
Thus you, my Love, unkindly cause this smart;
That will not love to ease my pangs and heart.

Proud is her look: her look that is not proud.
Done all my days: my days that are not done.
Loud are my sighs: my sighs that are not loud.
Begun my death: my death not yet begun.
Thus looks and days, and sighs and death, might move
So kind, so fair, to give consent to love.

Proud is her look: because she scorns to see.
Not proud her look: for none dare say so much.
Done are my days: because they hapless be.
Not done my days: because I wish them such.
Thus looks and days increase this loving strife;
Not proud, not done, nor dead, nor giving life.

Loud are my sighs: because they pierce the sky.
Not loud my sighs: because they are not heard.
My death begun: because I heartless cry.
But not begun: because I am debarred.
Thus sighs and death my heart no comfort give:
Both life deny, and both do make me live.

Bold are her smiles: her smiles that are not bold.
Wise are her words; those words that are not wise.
Cold are her lips: those lips that are not cold.
Ice are those hands: those hands that are not ice.
Thus smiles and words, her lips, her hands, and She
Bold, wise, cold, ice, love's cruel torments, be.

Bold are her smiles: because they anger slay.
Not bold her smiles: because they blush so oft.
Wise are her words: because they wonders say.
Not wise her words: because they are not soft.
Thus smiles and words, so cruel and so bold,
So blushing wise, my thoughts in prison hold.

Cold are her lips: because they breathe no heat.
Not cold her lips: because my heart they burn.
Ice are her hands: because the snow 's so great.
Not ice her hands: that all to ashes turn.
Thus lips and hands, cold ice, my sorrow bred;
Hands, warm white snow; and lips, cold cherry red.

Small was her waist: the waist that was not small.
Gold was her hair: the hair that was not gold.
Tall was her shape: the shape that was not tall.
Folding the arms: the arms that did not fold.
Thus hair and shape, those folding arms and waist,
Did make me love; and loving made me waste.

Small was her *waist: because I could it span.
Not small her waste: because she wasted all.
Gold was her hair: because a crown it wan.
Not gold her hair: because it was more pale.
Thus smallest *waist, the greatest waste doth make;
And finest hair, most fast a lover take.

[* *Spelt* waste *in the original edition—E.A.*]

Tall was her shape: because she touched the sky.
Not tall her shape: because she comely was.
Folding her arms: because she hearts could tie,
Not folded arms: because all bands they pass.
Thus shape, and arms, with love my heart did fly;
That hers I am, and must be till I die.

Sad was her joy: her joy that was not sad.
Short was her stay: her stay that was not short.
Glad was her speech: her speech that was not glad.
Sporting those toys: those toys that were not sport.
Thus was my heart, with joy, speech, toys, and stay,
Possessed with love; and so stolen quite away.

Sad was her joy: because she did suspect.
Not sad her joy: because her joy she had.
Short was her stay: because to small effect.
Long was her stay: because I was so sad.
Thus joy and stay both crossed a lover's sport;
The one was sad, the other too too short.

Glad was her speech: because she spake her mind.
Not glad her speech: because afraid to speak.
Sporting her toys: because my love was kind.
Not toys in sport: because my heart they break.
Thus speech and toys my love began in jest:
Sweet, yield to love! and make thy servant blest!

Tread you the Maze, sweet Love, that I have run:
Mark but the steps, which I imprinted have.
End but your love, whereas my thoughts begun:
So shall I joy, and you a Servant have.
If not, sweet Love, then this my suit deny:
So shall you live, and so your Servant die.

An Elegy.



OWN in a bed, and on a bed of down;
LOVE, She, and I to sleep together lay.
She, like a wanton, kissed me with a frown,
"Sleep, sleep!" she said; but meant to steal away.
I could not choose but kiss, but wake, but smile,
To see how She thought us two to beguile.

She feigned a sleep. I waked her with a kiss.
A kiss to me she gave, to make me sleep.
"If I did wrong, sweet Love, my fault was this;
In that I did not you thus waking keep.
Then kiss me, Sweet! that so I sleep may take;
Or let me kiss, to keep you still awake!"

The night drew on, and needs she must be gone.
She wakèd LOVE, and bid him learn to wait.
She sighed, She said, to leave me there alone:
And bid LOVE stay; but practise no deceit.
LOVE wept for grief, and sighing made great moan:
And could not sleep, nor stay, if she were gone.

"Then stay, sweet Love!" A kiss with that I gave.
She could not stay; but gave my kiss again.
A kiss was all that I could get or crave:
And, with a kiss, She bound me to remain.
"A' LICIA!" still I in my dreams did cry,
"Come, LICIA, come! or else my heart will die."

ELEGY II.

1.  ISTANCE of place, my Love and me did part;
Yet both did swear, We never would remove!
In sign thereof, I bade her take my heart;
Which did, and doth, and cannot choose but, love.
Thus did we part, in hope to meet again;
Where both did vow most constant to remain.

2. A she there was that passed betwixt us both;
By whom each knew how other's cause did fare:
For men to trust men in their love are loath.
Thus had we both of love a Lover's care.
Haply he seeks his sorrows to renew,
That for his love, doth make another sue.

3. By her a kiss, a kiss to me She sent;
A kiss for price more worth than purest gold.
She gave it her. To me the kiss was meant.
A she to kiss: what harm if she were bold?
Happy those lips, that had so sweet a kiss!
For heaven itself scarce yields so sweet a bliss.

4. This modest she, blushing for shame of this,
Or loath to part from that she liked so well,
Did play false play; and gave me not the kiss:
Yet my Love's kindness could not choose but tell.
Then blame me not, that kissing, sighed and swore,
"I kissed but her, whom you had kissed before!"

5. "Sweet, love me more! and blame me not, sweet Love!
I kissed those lips: yet, harmless, I do vow:
Scarce would my lips from off those lips remove;
For still, methought, sweet Fair, I kissèd you.
And thus kind love, the sun of all my bliss,
Was both begun, and ended, in a kiss.

6. "Then send me more; but send them by your friend!
Kiss none but her! nor her, nor none at all.
Beware by whom such treasures you do send!
I must them lose, except I for them call.
And love me, Dear! and still still kissing be!
Both like and love but none, sweet Love! but me!

ELEGY III.

1.  F sad Complaint would shew a Lover's pain;
Or Tears express the torments of my heart:
If melting Sighs would ruth and pity gain;
Or true Laments but ease a Lover's smart:

2. Then should my Plaints the thunder's noise surmount;
And Tears, like seas, should flow from out my eyes.
Then Sighs, like air, should far exceed all count;
And true Laments with sorrow dim the skies.

3. But Plaints and Tears, Laments and Sighs I spend:
Yet greater torments do my heart destroy.
I could all these from out my heart still send;
If, after these, I might my Love enjoy.

4. But heavens conspire; and heavens I must obey:
That seeking love, I still must want my ease.
For greatest joys are tempered with delay:
Things soon obtained do least of all us please.

5. My thoughts repine, and think the time too long.
My love impatient wisheth to obtain.
I blame the heavens, that do me all this wrong:
To make me loved; and will not ease my pain.

6. No pain like this, to love and not enjoy.
No grief like this, to mourn and not be heard.
No time so long as that which breeds annoy.
No hell like this, to love and be deferred.

7. But heaven shall stand, and earth inconstant fly;
The sun shall freeze, and ice inconstant burn;
The mountains flow, and all the earth be dry:
Ere time shall force my loving thoughts to turn.

8. "Do you resolve, sweet Love! to do the same:
Say that you do, and seal it with a kiss!
Then shall our truths [*troths*] the heavens' unkindness blame;
That cannot hurt, yet shew their spite in this.

9. "The silly Prentice, bound for many years,
Doth hope that time his service will release;
The town besieged, that lives in midst of fears,
Doth hope in time the cruel wars will cease;

10. "The toiling Ploughman sings in hope to reap;
The tossèd bark expecteth for a shore;
The boy at school to be at play doth leap,
And straight forgets the fear he had before:

11. "If those, by hope, do joy in their distress;
And constant are, in hope to conquer time:
Then let not hope in us, sweet Friend! be less;
And cause our love to wither in the prime.

"Let us conspire, and time will have an end;
So both of us in time shall have a friend."

FINIS.

The Rising to the Crown of RICHARD *the Third.*

Written by himself.

"THE Stage is set, for Stately matter fit:
Three Parts are passed, which Prince-like acted were.
To play the Fourth requires a Kingly wit;
Else shall my Muse, their Muses not come near.
Sorrow sit down, and help my Muse to sing:
For weep he may not, that was called a King.

"SHORE's Wife, a subject though a Princesse mate,*
Had little cause her fortune to lament:
Her birth was mean, and yet she lived with State.
The King was dead before her honour went.
SHORE's wife might fall, and none can justly wonder
To see her fall that useth to lie under.

"ROSAMOND was fair, and far more fair than she:
Her fall was great, and but a woman's fall.
Trifles are these. Compare them but with me!
My fortunes far, were higher than they all.
I left this land, possessed with civil strife!
And lost a Crown! mine honour! and my life!

* ? = Prince's mate, or Princess made.—E. A.

"ELSTRED I pity, for she was a Queen:
But for myself, to sigh I sorrow want.
Her fall was great; but greater falls have been.
Some falls they have, that use the Court to haunt.
A toy did happen, and this Queen dismayed:
But yet I see not why she was afraid.

"Fortune and I, for so the match began,
Two games we played at Tennis for a Crown.
I played right well, and so the First I wan:
She scorned the loss, whereat she straight did frown
We played again: and then I caught my fall.
England, the Court; and RICHARD was the ball.

"Nor weep I now, as children that have lost:
But smile to see the Poets of this Age,
Like silly boats in shallow rivers tost,
Losing their pains, and lacking still their wage,
To write of Women, and of Women's falls;
Who are too light for to be Fortune's balls.

"A King I was, and RICHARD was my name;
Born to a Crown when first my life began.
My thoughts ambitious, ventured for the same;
And from my nephews I the Kingdom wan.
Nor do I think that this my honour stained:
A Crown I sought, and I a Kingdom gained.

"Time-tyrant Fate did fit me for a Crown.
My father's fall did teach me to aspire.
He meant, by force, his brother to put down;
That so himself might hap to rise the higher.
And what he lost by fortune, I have won:
A Duke, the father: yet a King, the son.

"My father, RICHARD Duke of YORK was called:
Three sons he had, all matchless at that time.
I, RICHARD, youngest to them both was thralléd;
Yet two of us unto the Crown did climb.
EDWARD, and I, this realm as Kings did hold.
But GEORGE of CLARENCE could not, though he would.

"Sad Muse! set down, in terms not heard before,
My sable fortune, and my mournful tale.
Say what thou canst! and wish thou couldst say more!
My bliss was great; but greater was my bale.
I rose with speed: and so did fall as fast.
Great was my glory; but it would not last

"My brother GEORGE did plot for to be King.
Sparks of ambition did possess us all.
His thoughts were wise; but did not profit bring.
I feared his Rising, and did make him fall.
My reaching brain did doubt what might ensue.
I scorned his life, and so he found it true.

"My brother GEORGE, men say, was slain by me
A brother's part to give his brother wine;
And for a Crown, I would his butcher be!
(From [?] Crowns with blood, the brighter they will shine)
To gain a kingdom, still it me behoved
That all my lets [*hindrances*] full soundly were removed.

"HENRY the Sixth, deprivèd of his Crown,
Fame doth report, I put him to the death.
Thus Fortune smiled, though after she did frown
A dagger's stab, men say, did stop his breath.
I careless was, both how, or who, were slain;
So that thereby a Kingdom I could gain

" Clusters of grapes full ripened with the heat,
Nor smaller timber builded on a height,
Fall not so fast as persons that are great:
Losing their honours, bruisèd with their weight.
But fewer means, the faster I did rise!
And to be King, I Fortune did despise.

" My thoughts, ambitious spread, began to fly:
And I, a Crown did follow with full wing.
My hope was small; but yet I meant to try.
I had no right: yet longed to be a King.
Fear, or Suspect, amazed me not at all:
If I *were* crossed, the worst was but to fall.

" The lion fierce, despoilèd of his prey,
Runs not with speed so fast as did my thought.
My doubtful mind forbade me long to stay:
For why, a Kingdom was the thing I sought.
Now was the time when this was to be done;
Or blame my thoughts, because they it begun.

" My brother died, and left two sons behind;
Both under age, unfit to guide the land:
This right fell out according to my mind;
For now these two were rulèd with my hand.
'England's great Lord,' the subjects did me call;
And I was made Protector over all.

" But as the wolf defends the harmless sheep:
Whose bloody mouth can hardly be content
Until he spoil what he was set to keep;
And silly [*innocent*] sheep be all to pieces rent.
So still a Crown did hammer in my head:
Full of mistrust, till both these two were dead.

"The elder son with speed to London came;
And walls forsook where he had lived before.
London, the place of greatest strength and fame;
The island's treasure; and the English store.
For him, Lord RIVERS was appointed guide:
The King's own uncle by his mother's side.

"RIVERS was wise; but him I could not brook.
I well foresaw what harm there might ensue:
This to prevent, with speed I counsel took;
And, as I thought, so did I find it true.
For if that RIVERS should obtain his mind;
My heart's desire, then hardly could I find.

RIVERS and GREY, of treason I accused:
And told the Prince what both they did intend.
My tale was false, and I the King abused:
Thus both their lives unjustly did I end.
The King was young, and greater was the grief
And, needs, my words did urge him to belief.

"Not long this past; but hasting to the Queen
A post was sent to shew what did befall;
And who the Actors of this fact had been:
The Lord Protector was the cause of all.
The Queen amazed, did wonder at this news:
And scarce did think it; yet she could not choose.

"Possessed with fear: four daughters and her son,
She thence conveyed into a sacred place [*sanctuary*].
Supposing true, the harm but now begun;
And that I thought to murder all her race.
She, York's Archbishop did entreat for aid;
Who in the Abbey not far distant laid.

"The Bishop came, and mourning found the Queen;
Who did lament the fortune of her son;
The realm's distress, the like before not seen;
Her own misfortune; and the State undone.
Thus sighed the Queen, and wished her State were less;
And prayed that heavens would give the King success.

"'My Lord,' she said, 'my thoughts presage some ill;
And mournful sorrow seizeth on my heart.
This sudden news with grief my soul doth fill;
And I, for fear, do quake in every part.
In this distress, we cannot hope to live;
Except this sacred place some safety give.'

"He then replied, 'Dread Sovereign, do not faint!
A causeless fear in wisdom do withstand!
Yield not too soon, with grief to make complaint;
When no such cause approaching is at hand.
For feeble minds, through weakness, coin new fears;
When stronger hearts, true grief more wisely bear.

"'And if they crown some other, not your son;
A thing unlike, yet fear what may befall!
Then shall the same unto this child be done;
Whom brother's right, by due, a King shall call:
But tyrants' force will hardly be so bold;
During the time the other is in hold.'

"Then more advised, he told her what he thought.
She and her son some causes had to fear;
And England's Seal he therefore with him brought,
Which by his Place he customed was to bear.
Thus he resolved to leave the Seal behind,
Till wiser thoughts straight alterèd had his mind.

"The Bishop home returnèd in all haste;
And sadly sat, suspecting what might fall.
But then my coming made them all aghast;
And for the Bishop I did straightway call.
I knew his deed, and blamed him to his face;
And for the Seal, another had his Place.

"Thus tyrant hate possessed me for a Crown:
My mind, the anvil of a thousand harms.
I raised my friends: my foes I cast them down.
This made the subjects flock to me in swarms.
My will was strong, I made it for a law.
For basest minds are rulèd best by awe.

"I called the Council; and did straight persuade
From mother's side to fetch the other son.
My drift was further than they well could wade:
I gave them reasons why it must be done.
'The King a playmate wanted for his years;
And could not well be fitted with his Peers.'

"The Card'nal went on message to the Queen;
And used persuasions for her other child.
He plainly said, Her fear had causeless been;
Nor need she doubt by me to be beguiled.
I was Protector, chosen by consent;
With Council grave, all treason to prevent.

"'And I protest,' quoth Card'nal, 'on my life!
(For so indeed the Card'nal did suppose).
Your son, with safety, shall cut off this strife;
And you, nor place, nor land, nor son, shall lose.
Dread Sovereign, grant! and let your son be free:
If he hath harm; then set the fault on me!'

"The Queen was moved; and quaking did reply:
'A mother's love doth breed a mother's fear;
And loath I am those mischiefs for to try,
With doubtful hazard of a thing so dear.
I doubt, my Lord, the nearest of his blood;
In true intent scarce wisheth any good.

"'The Laws do make my son his mother's Ward;
Religion bids I should not slack my care;
And Nature binds mine own for to regard:
These, and his health, good Lord, good reasons are
To make my fear no smaller than it is;
Whilst fear persuades what harm may come of this.

"'Yet take my son; and with my son, take all!
Come, kiss me, son! Thy mother's last farewell!
Thy years, sweet boy! suspect not what may fall.
Nor can my tongue for tears thy fortune tell.
But hardly Crowns, their kindred will discern;
As you, sweet child! I fear yet long shall learn.

"'GOD bless thee, son! and I, my son, thee bless!
Thy mother's comfort, and thy brother's life!
Nay, weep not, son! GOD send thee good success;
And safe defend thee from that tyrant's knife!
Card'nal farewell, be careful of my son!
For once I vowed, this never to have done.'

"I and the Council in Star Chamber were:
To whom the Card'nal did in haste resort,
Who brought the child, which ended all my fear.
The mother's care he briefly did report.
I kissed the child, and took it to my arm;
Thus none did think I meant it any harm.

" Then as the wolf, half famished for his prey;
Or hungry lion, that a lamb had got:
My thirsty mind, I meant his blood should stay;
And yet the wisest not perceive my plot.
To the Tower in haste, I sent him to his brother:
And there, with speed, I both at once did smother.

" Now two there were but living, in my way;
BUCKINGHAM and HASTINGS both, to cross my mind.
The one was 'headed straight without delay;
The other, favours did unto me bind.
To match our children, I did him persuade;
And Earl of HERTFORD, he himself be made.

Now as the sea, before the storm doth swell;
Or fumes arise before we see the flame:
So whispering bruit began my drifts to tell;
And *all* imparted unto babbling Fame.
I deemed it danger, speech for to despise;
For, after this, I knew a storm would rise.

" London's Lord Mayor, I used for my turn;
And caused him speak, what treason had been done.
I, by these means, the people's hearts did turn;
And made them eye me as the Rising Sun.
Thus whilst I meant the island to bring under:
The people's heads on news I set to wonder.

Then, at the Cross, I caused a Doctor preach,
To tell the subjects what I wished them know.
The man was cunning, and had skill to teach:
Out of my brain I made his Sermon flow.
Thus everywhere I did such notice give,
As all did cry, 'Heavens, let King RICHARD live!'

"So did I live, and callèd was a King.
Friends swarmed so fast as bees unto the hive.
Thus basest means, the highest fortunes bring.
The Crown obtained did cause my thoughts revive.
I scorned my friends; and those did most despise
That were the means by which I did arise.

"Blood and Revenge did hammer in my head.
Unquiet thoughts did gallop in my brain.
I had no rest till all my friends were dead;
Whose help I used, the Kingdom to obtain.
My dearest friend I thought not safe to trust:
Nor scarce myself; but that, perforce, I must.

"Nor speak I now as if I did repent;
Unless for this a Crown I bought so cheap.
For meaner things men, wits and lives have spent;
Which blood have sown, and Crowns could never reap.
Live RICHARD long! the honour of thy name:
And scorn all such as do thy fortune blame.

"Thus have I told, how I a Crown did win;
Which now torments me that I cannot sleep.
Where I do end, my sorrow did begin;
Because I got which long I could not keep.
My verse is harsh; yet, Reader, do not frown!
I wore no garland; but a golden Crown.

FINIS.

TO THE READER.

COURTEOUS Reader, for my own fault, I refer thee to my Preface, but for the Printer's, I crave pardon. The excuse is just, if thou knew the cause. I desire thee therefore to correct the greater [faults], thus; the lesser, of thyself; and to pardon all.

[The corrections have been embodied in the text. E. A.]

Sir Robert Carey, Lord Warden of the Middle Marches; and afterwards Earl of Monmouth.

Account of the Death of Queen Elizabeth; and of his ride to King James at Edinburgh, 25th-27th March 1603.

[*Memoirs*, pp. 135-156; written about 1627, but first published by Lord Cork in 1759.]

IN this state was this Middle March when James came in King of England: and in all the time I continued Officer there, GOD so blessed me and all the actions I took in hand, that I never failed of any one enterprise: but they were all effected to my own desire and the good of that Government. Thus passed I forty-two of my years; [? 1560-1602], GOD assisting with his blessing and mighty protection.

After that all things were quieted and the Border in safety, towards the end of five years [1598-1603] that I had been Warden there; having little to do, I resolved upon a journey to Court, to see my friends and renew my acquaintance there. I took my journey about the end of the year [*which, according to the old reckoning, ended on the 24th March: say then, March* 1603].

When I came to Court [*at Richmond*], I found the Queen ill disposed, and she kept her inner lodging.

Yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me.

I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her.

I kissed her hand, and told her, It was my chiefest happi-

ness to see her in safety and health, which I wished might long continue.

She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard; and said "No, ROBIN, I am not well!" and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days: and, in her discourse, she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs.

I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight: for, in all my lifetime before, I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then [in 1587], upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and sighs; manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that Queen.

I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour; but I found, by her, it was too deep rooted in her heart; and hardly to be removed.

This was upon a Saturday night [? *19th March* 1603]: and she gave command that the Great Closet should be prepared for her to go to Chapel the next morning.

The next day, all things being in a readiness; we long expected her coming.

After eleven o'clock, one of the Grooms [of the Chambers] came out, and bade make ready for the Private Closet; for she would not go to the Great.

There we stayed long for her coming: but at last she had cushions laid for her in the Privy Chamber, hard by the Closet door; and there she heard service.

From that day forwards, she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights, [? *Saturday 19th to Tuesday 22nd March* 1603] at the least. All about her could not persuade her, either to take any sustenance, or [to] go to bed.

I, hearing that neither her Physicians, nor none about her, could persuade her to take any course for her safety, feared her death would soon after ensue. I could not but think in what a wretched estate I should be left: most of my livelihood depending on her life. And hereupon I bethought myself with what grace and favour I was ever received by the King of Scots, whensoever I was sent to him. I did

assure myself it was neither unjust, nor unhonest, for me to do for myself; if GOD, at that time, should call her to his mercy. Hereupon I wrote to the King of Scots, knowing him to be the right heir to the Crown of England; and certified him in what state Her Majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh: and if, of that sickness she should die, I would be the first man that should bring him news of it.

The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so: none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed. [The Earl of NOTTINGHAM] my Lord Admiral was sent for: who (by reason of my sister [CATHARINE]'s death, that was his wife) had absented himself some fortnight from [the] Court.

What by fair means, what by force, he gat her to bed. There was no hope of her recovery, because she refused all remedies.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of March [1603], she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her [Privy] Council: and by putting her hand to her head, when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.

About six at night, she made signs for [JOHN WHITGIFT] the Archbishop, and her Chaplains to come to her. At which time, I went in with them; and sat upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight.

Her Majesty lay upon her back; with one hand in the bed, and the other without.

The [Arch]bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith: and she so punctually answered all his several questions by lifting up her eyes, and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all beholders.

Then the good man told her plainly, What she was; and What she was to come to: and though she had been long a great Queen here upon earth; yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of Kings.

After this, he began to pray: and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her.

The Queen made a sign with her hand.

My sister [PHILADELPHIA, Lady] SCROOPE, knowing her meaning, told the Bishop, The Queen desired he would pray still.

He did so for a long half-hour after; and then thought to have left her.

The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer.

He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to GOD for her soul's health; which he uttered with that fervency of spirit as the Queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat: and gave testimony to us all, of her Christian and comfortable end.

By this time, it grew late; and every one departed: all but her Women that attended her.

This that I heard with my ears, and did see with my eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian; because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good Lady.

I went to my lodging, and left word with one in the Cofferer's Chamber to call me, if that night it was thought she would die; and gave the Porter an angel [10*s.* = £2 *now*] to let me in at any time, when I called.

Between one and two of the clock on Thursday morning [25th March 1603], he that I left in the Cofferer's Chamber, brought me word, "The Queen was dead."

I rose, and made all haste to the Gate [of Richmond Palace], to get in.

There I was answered, I could not enter: the Lords of the [Privy] Council having been with him [*the Porter*] and commanded him that none should go in or out, but by Warrant from them.

At the very instant, one of the Council [Sir EDWARD WOTTON, *afterwards* Lord WOTTON; see page 526] the Comptroller [of the Household] asked, Whether I was at the Gate?

I said, "Yes."

He said, If I pleased, he would let me in.

I desired to know how the Queen was.

He answered, "Pretty well."

I bade him "Good Night!"

He replied and said, "Sir, if you will come in; I will give you my word and credit you shall go out again at your own pleasure."

Upon his word, I entered the Gate, and came up to the Cofferer's Chamber: where I found all the Ladies weeping bitterly.

He [*the Comptroller*] led me from thence to the Privy Chamber; where all the [Privy] Council was assembled.

There I was caught hold of; and assured I should not go for Scotland till their pleasures were further known.

I told them, "I came of purpose, to that end."

From thence, they all went to [Sir ROBERT CECIL] the Secretary's Chamber: and, as they went, they gave a special command to the Porters, that none should go out at the Gates but such servants as they should send to prepare their coaches and horses for London.

Thus was I left, in the midst of the Court, to think my own thoughts till they had done counsel. I went to [GEORGE, Lord HUNSDON] my brother's chamber: who was in bed, having been over-watched many nights before.

I got him up with all speed; and when the [Privy] Council's men were going out of the Gate, my brother thrust to the Gate.

The Porter, knowing him to be a Great Officer, let him out. I pressed after him, and was stayed by the Porter.

My brother said angrily to the Porter, "Let him out, I will answer for him!" Whereupon I was suffered to pass: which I was not a little glad of.

I got to horse, and rode to the Knight Marshal's Lodging by Charing Cross; and there stayed till the Lords [of the Privy Council] came to Whitehall Garden.

I stayed there till it was nine a clock in the morning; and hearing that all the Lords were in the Old Orchard at Whitehall, I sent the [Knight] Marshal to tell them, That I had stayed all that while, to know their pleasures; and that I would attend them, if they would command me any service.

They were very glad when they heard I was not gone:

and desired the [Knight] Marshal to send for me; and I should, with all speed, be despatched for Scotland.

The [Knight] Marshal believed them; and sent Sir ARTHUR SAVAGE for me.

I made haste to them.

One of the [Privy] Council, [Sir WILLIAM KNOLLYS] my Lord of [BANBURY] that now is [see page 526], whispered the [Knight] Marshal in the ear, and told him, If I came; they would stay me, and send some other in my stead.

The [Knight] Marshal got from them; and met me coming to them, between the two Gates. He bade me, Be gone! for he had learned, for certain, that if I came to them, they would betray me.

I returned, and took horse between nine and ten a clock; and [by] that night rode to Doncaster [162 *miles from London; and* 235 *miles from Edinburgh*].

The Friday night [the 26th], I came to my own house at Widdrington [298 *miles from London; and* 99 *miles from Edinburgh*]; and presently took order with my Deputies [of the Middle Marches, HENRY WIDDRINGTON and WILLIAM FENWICK; see page 499] to see the Borders kept in quiet; which they had much to do: and gave order [that], the next morning, the King of Scotland should be proclaimed King of England [at Widdrington]; and at Morpeth [289 *miles from London*] and Alnwick [306 *miles from London*].

Very early, on Saturday [27th March 1603], I took horse [at Widdrington] for Edinburgh; and came to Norham [331 *miles from London,* 8 *miles South of Berwick, and* 66 *miles from Edinburgh*], about twelve at noon. So that I might well have been with the King at supper time: but I got a great fall by the way [*i.e. after leaving Norham*]; and my horse, with one of his heels, gave me a great blow on the head, that made me shed much blood. It made me so weak, that I was forced to ride a soft pace after: so that the King was newly gone to bed by the time I knocked at the gate [of Holyrood House, Edinburgh].

I was quickly let in; and carried up to the King's Chamber.

I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of "England, Scotland, France, and Ireland."

He gave me his hand to kiss; and bade me welcome.

After he had long discoursed of the manner of the Queen's sickness, and of her death; he asked, What letters I had from the [Privy] Council?

I told him, "None": and acquainted him how narrowly I [had] escaped from them. And yet I brought him a blue ring from a Lady,* that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported.

He took it, and looked upon it, and said, "It is enough. I know by this, you are a true messenger."

Then he committed me to the charge of my Lord HOME; and gave straight command that I should want nothing.

He sent for his Chirurgions to attend me; and when I kissed his hand, at my departure, he said to me these gracious words:

"I know you have lost a near kinswoman and a loving Mistress: but take here my hand, I will be as good a Master to you; and will requite you this service with honour and reward."

So I left him that night, and went with my Lord HOME to my lodging: where I had all things fitting for so weary a man as I was. After my head was dressed, I took leave of my Lord and many others that attended me; and went to my rest.

* *The account of the blue ring which Lady ELIZABETH SPELMAN gave to Lord CORKE was this:—*

King JAMES kept a constant and private correspondence with several persons of the English Court, during many years before Queen ELIZABETH died. Among them was [PHILADELPHIA] Lady SCROOPE [see page 478], sister of Sir ROBERT CAREY: to whom His Majesty sent, by Sir JAMES FULLERTON, a sapphire ring; with positive orders to return it to him, by a special messenger, as soon as the Queen was actually expired.

Lady SCROOPE had no opportunity of delivering it to her brother Sir ROBERT, whilst he was in the Palace of Richmond; but waiting at the window till she saw him at the outside of the Gate [see page 480], she threw it out to him; and he well knew to what purpose he received it.

S.E.B. [Sir S. E. BRYDGES.] *Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of JAMES I.*, p. 413. Ed. 1802. 8vo.

The next morning [Sunday, 28th March 1603], by ten a clock, my Lord HOME was sent to me from the King, to know how I had rested: and withal said, That His Majesty commanded him to know of me, What it was that I desired most that he should do for me? [and] bade me, Ask, and it should be granted.

I desired my Lord to say to His Majesty from me, That I had no reason to importune him for any suit; for that I had not, as yet, done him any service: but my humble request to His Majesty was to admit me a Gentleman of his Bedchamber; and hereafter, I knew, if His Majesty saw me worthy, I should not want to taste of his bounty.

My Lord returned this answer, That he [*the King*] sent me word back, "with all his heart, I should have my request."

And the next time I came to Court, which was some four days after [Thursday, 1st April 1603], at night, I was called into his Bedchamber: and there, by my Lord [the Duke of LENOX, *afterwards* Duke] of RICHMOND, in his presence, I was sworn one of the Gentlemen of his Bedchamber; and presently I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed till he was in bed.

After this, there came, daily, Gentlemen and Noblemen from our Court; and the King set down a fixed day [Tuesday, 5th April 1603] for his departure towards London.

Upon the report of the Queen's death, the East Border broke forth into great unruliness; insomuch as many complaints came to the King thereof. I was desirous to go to appease them; but I was so weak and ill of my head, that I was not able to undertake such a journey [*expedition*]: but I offered that I would send my two Deputies, that should appease the trouble and make them quiet; which was by them, shortly after, effected.

Now was I to begin a new World: for by the King's coming to the crown, I was to lose the best part of my living. For [with the death of the Queen] my Office of Wardenry ceased; and I lost the pay of 40 Horse: which were not so little, both [of them] as £1,000 per annum.

Most of the Great Ones in Court envied my happiness, when they heard I was sworn of the King's Bedchamber: and in Scotland I had no acquaintance. I only relied on GOD and the King. The one never left me: the other, shortly after his coming to London, deceived my expectation; and adhered to those that sought my ruin.

The

True Narration

of the

Entertainment of His Royal Majesty, from the time of his departure from Edinburgh till his receiving at London:

with all, or the most special, Occurrences.

TOGETHER WITH

The names of those Gentlemen whom His Majesty honoured with Knighthood.

AT LONDON.
Printed by THOMAS CREEDE
for THOMAS MILLINGTON.
1603.

To the Reader.



FTER long travail to be informed of every particular, as much as diligence might prevail in; this small Work of His Majesty's Receiving and Royal Entertainment is brought forth: which, though it may seem to have been too long deferred [*This book was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 9th May* 1603, ARBER, *Transcript, etc. III., p.* 234. *It however contains information up to the* 18*th of that month, see page* 518]; yet seeing nothing thereof hath been public, no time can be too late to express so excellent a matter. Wherein the dutiful love of many noble subjects so manifestly appeared to our dread Lord and Sovereign, and his royal thankfulness in exchange for that which was indeed but duty; though so adorned with munificent bounty, that most Houses where His Highness rested were so furnished by the owners with plenty of delights and delicates, that there was discerned no negligence; but if there were any offence, the sin only appeared in excess—as more at large you shall hereafter perceive; where the truth of everything is rather pointed at, than stood upon.

All diligence was used to get the names of those Gentlemen that in sundry places received the honour of Knighthood; and what the Heralds have in register are duly set down, both for name, time, and place. If any be omitted; let it please them but to signify their names, and the House where they received that honour: and there shall be additions put to this impression; or, at least, which will be by order more fitly, placed in the next. Many, I am sure, there are not missing: and only in that point we are somewhat doubtful. The rest is, from His Highness's departure from Edinburgh [to] his coming to London, so exactly set down as nothing can be added to it but superfluous words; which we have strived to avoid.

Thine,

T. M.

A Narration of the Progress and Entertainment of the King's most excellent Majesty, with the Occurrents happening in the same Journey.

THE eternal Majesty, in whose hand are both the mean and mighty of the earth, pleased to deliver from weakness of body and grief of mind, ELIZABETH his Hand Maid, our late royal Mistress and gracious Sovereign: easing her age from the burthen of earthly Kingdoms, and placing her, as we steadfastly hope, in his heavenly empire; being the resting place, after death, for all them that believe faithfully in their life.

Thursday, the 24th of March, some two hours after midnight [*i.e. 25th March* 1603], departed the spirit of that great Princess from the prison of her weak body; which now sleeps in the Sepulchre of her grandfather [*i.e. in HENRY VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey*].

The Council of State and the Nobility (on whom the care of all the country chiefly depended), immediately assembling together, no doubt assisted with the Spirit of Truth, considering the infallible right of our Sovereign Lord, King JAMES, took such order that the news of the Queen's death should no sooner be spread to deject the hearts of the people; but, at the instant, they should be comforted with the Proclaiming of the King.

Being hereon determined, Sir ROBERT CAREY took his journey in post towards Scotland, to signify to the King's Majesty the sad tidings of his Royal Sister's death; and the joyful hearts of his subjects that expected no comfort but in, and by, His Majesty's blessed Government.

This noble Gentleman's care was such that he intermitted no time: but, notwithstanding his sundry shift[s] of horses and some falls that bruised him very sore, he by the way, proclaimed the King at Morpeth.

And, on Saturday [26th March 1603], coming to Berwick, acquainting his worthy brother, Sir JOHN CAREY, how all things stood, posted on to Edinburgh; where he attained that night: having ridden near[ly] 400 miles in less than three days.

But before we come there, you shall understand what was instantly done at Berwick by Sir JOHN CAREY, upon the news brought by Sir ROBERT his brother. Who, like a worthy soldier and politic Statesman, considering it was a town of great import and a place of war [*Berwick was the Portsmouth of England at this time, and bridled Scotland*]; he caused all the garrison to be summoned together, as also the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses: in whose presence he made a short and pithy Oration, including Her Majesty's death, and signifying the intent of the State for submitting to their lawful Lord.

And presently, with great contentment of all parties, His Majesty was proclaimed King of England, Scotland, France, etc. on Saturday, in the afternoon, being the 26th of March [1603], about three of the clock. Where all the people, though they grieved for their late Queen; yet was grief suddenly turned to pleasure, in expectation of their new King. But we will post from Berwick after Sir ROBERT CAREY, and overtake him in Edinburgh.

You understood before, that Sir ROBERT came to Edinburgh on Saturday night; where, being admitted to the King, be-blooded with great falls and bruises, [he] brought His Highness the first news of Queen ELIZABETH's death: which howsoever it presented him with kingdoms, glory, and immense wealth; yet, like his royal self, he showed apparent signs of princely sorrow. And dismissing Sir ROBERT CAREY, after so great toil, to his repose: His Majesty continued in his grief; and through that, expressed his true piety.

It was thought necessary in so high affairs to let slip no occasion, however sorrow particularly touched His Majesty for the loss of his private friend and royal Sister; yet the general care as well of those his people in Scotland

as for us in England, caused him on Sunday, being the 27th of March [1603], to despatch [John Bothwell] the Bishop of Holyroodhouse to Berwick: that he might receive the town to his use, as the nearest place wherein, by right, he claimed possession.

Who accordingly, making all the speed he might, came to Berwick; where of the Governor he was honourably entertained: and, after signifying His Majesty's pleasure, reposed himself for that night.

On Monday, being the 28th of March, by sound of trumpet, the Governor, Mayor, Officers, and Council of the town were assembled at the Cross; where there the Governor [Sir John Carey] surrendered to the Bishop of Holyroodhouse his staff and all his authority, unto the King's Majesty's use. So likewise did the Mayor deliver up the keys of the town.

And the said Bishop, being thus seised of all authority to His Majesty's use, ministered the Oath of Allegiance unto the Governor, Mayor, and the Superior Officers belonging to the garrison and to the town.

Which oath taken, the Bishop of Holyroodhouse (expressing the gracious intention of His Majesty, as well to them as all others his subjects of England whom he found like them affected: which was rather to maintain, than to infringe, their Charters; to give, than to take from them anything) redelivered the keys and staff of authority to the Mayor and Governor. So likewise to every Commander, Captain, Lieutenant, and whatsoever Office they had before Her Majesty's death, there, in the King's name, he confirmed them: to their great joy and contentment. Thus spent the Lord of Holyroodhouse the first part of Monday in Berwick; and dined with the Magistrates.

In the afternoon, the Lord Governor and his chief Officers of place called together all the soldiers that were under pay; so did the Mayor and Aldermen convene all the communalty of the town. To whom when the oath was read, and the Magistrates had certified them that they had been their example; the Lord of Holyroodhouse wondered at, and much commended, their joy and readiness to be sworn servants to so regal a Master. Which he amply discoursed at his return to Edinburgh the next day; not hiding any

of their forward applauses, but delivered their willingness to His Highness with express and lively words: assuring him, by his entrance into England at that little door, how welcome into the wide house His Excellence should be.

While this was a doing in Berwick, there drew to the King hourly most of the Nobility in Scotland, with sundry Knights and Gentlemen; gratulating the great blessings befallen His Highness, and attending his royal pleasure.

Besides, many numbers of Gentlemen came out of England to salute His Majesty; all [of] whom he graciously welcomed, and honoured one of them with the Order of Knighthood,*—being Master JOHN PEYTON [co. Norf.], son to Sir JOHN PEYTON, Lieutenant of the Tower of London. This being to that noble Gentleman no little glory that he was first Knight—yea, named by the King's Majesty "his first Knight"—that was made by our Sovereign after he was nominated and truly known to be the mightiest King in Europe.

During the continuance of His Majesty in Scotland, before his Progress towards England, his whole care was for the peaceable government of that Realm, from which he was a while to part. And to that end, he had sundry conferences with his Nobility, laying the safest projects that, in his wisdom and their experiences, seemed likely for effecting his royal desire: which, GOD willing, will come to pass to his great liking and [the] benefit of both the Realms.

But that it might more to his people appear; he in person came graciously to the city of Edinburgh, unto the Public Sermon. And after the Sermon was finished, in a most learned but more loving Oration, he expressed his occasion of leaving them, to the burgesses and a number of the people: exhorting them to continue in obedience, being the bond that binds Princes to affect their subjects, which broken

*As recorded in this Narrative, JAMES I. made 303 Knights during his Progress to London; and, in all, 2323 during his reign in England. The spelling of their names is given here according to J. P. [JOHN PHILIPOT], Somerset Herald, his *A perfect Collection of all Knight Bachelors made by King JAMES, &c.* London. 1660. 8vo. From which authority also, their Counties are here inserted between square brackets. Names in PHILIPOT, and not in this text, are also inserted in square brackets. E. A.

on their part he trusted should never be, and of his they were assured; persuading them also to agreement amongst themselves, being the bond of charity that tied all men, especially Christians, to love and bear with one another. In which obedience to him, and agreement amongst themselves if they continued: howsoever he was, in a manner, at that time, constrained to leave them; yet he would, in his own person, visit them, and that shortly, in times convenient and most necessary for his own advancement and their benefit.

Yet for all his kingly oratory, mild behaviour, and true intention; the people's hearts against his departure were even dead: and grief seized every private man's reins, saving only those that were made happy by attending his royal person into England.

For now they began duly to think upon his unmatched virtues, which never the most malicious enemy could impeach: being in the World's eye innocent of any capital and notorious crime, but such as may be incident to any just man; who daily falls, but never falls away. They now considered his affability, mercy, justice, and magnanimity. They remembered how, in late years, Scotland, by his government, had increased in more riches than in the time of many [of] his predecessors: besides, his care for establishing true religion, his traffic almost with all nations, the royalty of his marriage, the blessings hoped for by his issue.

And such a universal sorrow was amongst them, that some of the meaner sort spake even distractedly; and [there were] none but, at his departing (which yet we are not come unto), expressed such sorrow as in that nation hath seldom been seen the like: albeit the King's Majesty was possessed of that which the common sort of the nation long wished for; I mean, the Kingdom [of England].

The 31st of March [1603], being Thursday, His Majesty, with great solemnity and pomp, was proclaimed King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, in presence of the whole Officers of Estate of the Realm, and many of the Nobility of Scotland, and sundry Knights and Gentlemen of England.

And in the evening of that day, there were many hundreds of bonfires made all about the city; with great

feasting and merriment held till the appearing of the next day.

But as joyful as they were of His Majesty's great advancement, and enlarging of his Empire; so were they, as I before noted, for their private want of him no less filled with grief as, above all other times, was most apparently expressed at his departure from Edinburgh towards England: the cries of [the] poor people being so lamentable and confused that it moved His Majesty to much compassion; yet seeing their clamours were only of affection and not grounded on reason, with many gracious and loving words he left them, and proceeded on his Progress.

It was the 5th of April, being Tuesday, that His Majesty departed from Edinburgh, gallantly accompanied with multitudes of his Nobility, Lords, Barons, and Gentlemen of Scotland; and some French, as the French Ambassor, being Leger [*? resident*] in Scotland, whose wife was carried betwixt Edinburgh and London by eight pioneers or porters; one four to relieve the other four by turns, carrying her in a chair with slings.

As also His Majesty, being accompanied with his own attendants, as the Duke of LENOX, the Earl of ARGYLE, the Earl of MURRAY, the Earl of CASSILLIS, the Earl of MAR, the Lord HOME, the Lord OLIPHANT, and sundry others too tedious in this place to be repeated; for that several their names shall hereafter be more particularly expressed.

Besides, there were in His Highness's train, many numbers of gallant and well appointed English Knights and Gentlemen: who attended His Majesty that day from Edinburgh unto Dunglass, a House of the Lord HOME's; where His Excellence reposed himself that night.

Wednesday, the 6th of April, His Majesty progressed from Dunglass towards Berwick: having then attending on him many more Noblemen Knights and Gentlemen; besides the Lords Wardens of the Borders of England and Scotland, attended by the Borderers with several companies to receive him. The Lord Governor of Berwick also, being accompanied with all the Council of War, the Constables with their Cornets of Horse, and divers of the Captains; the

Band of Gentlemen Pensioners [of Berwick] with divers Gentlemen; advanced forward to entertain and conduct His Majesty into the town of Berwick.

Happy day, when peaceably so many warlike English Gentlemen went to bring in an English and Scottish King, both included in one person, into that town that, many a hundred years, hath been a town of the enemy; or at the least held, in all leagues, either for one nation or the other. But the King of Peace have glory, that so peaceably hath ordained a King, descended from the royal blood of either nation, to make that town, by his possessing it, a harbour for English and Scots, without thought of wrong or grudging envy.

Not to digress longer, these gallants met him and were graciously respected of His Highness; so falling in among the other Trophies, they set forward.

And when His Highness came within some half mile of the town, and began to take view thereof; it suddenly seemed like an enchanted Castle. For from the mouths of dreadful engines (not long before full fed, by moderate artsmen that knew how to stop and empty the brass and iron paunches, of those roaring noises) came such a tempest as dreadful, and sometimes more deathful, than thunder; that all the ground thereabout trembled as in an earthquake, the houses and towers staggering: wrapping the whole town in a mantle of smoke, wherein the same was a while hid from the sight of his royal owner.

But nothing violent can be permanent. It was too hot to last: and yet I have heard it credibly reported, that a better Peal of Ordnance was never, in any soldier's memory (and there are some [of] old King HARRY's lads in Berwick, I can tell you!) discharged in that place. Neither was it very strange, for no man can remember Berwick honoured with the approach of so powerful a Master.

Well, the King is now very near the gates: and as all darkness flies before the face of the sun, so did these clouds of smoke and gunpowder vanish at his gracious approach.

In the clearness of which fair time, issued out of the town Master WILLIAM SELBY [co. Northumb.] Gentleman, Porter of Berwick, with divers Gentlemen of good repute; and [he], humbling himself before the King's Majesty, presented unto him the keys of all the ports [*gates*]—who

received them graciously: and when His Highness was entered betwixt the gates, he restored to the said Master SELBY the keys again, and graced him with the honour of Knighthood, for this his especial service; in that he was the first man that possessed His Excellence of those keys, Berwick indeed being the gate that opened into all his dominions.

This done, His Highness entered the second gate, and being within both the walls he was received by the Captain of the Ward: and so passed through a double Guard of soldiers, well armed in all points; but, with looks humble and words cheerful, they gave His Majesty to know their hearts witnessed that their arms were worn only to be used in his royal service.

Between this Guard, His Majesty passed on to the Market Cross, where the Mayor and his Brethren [*the Aldermen*] received him with no small signs of joy, and such signs of triumph as the brevity of time for preparation would admit. But the common people seemed so overwrapt with his presence, that they omitted nothing, their power and capacities could attain unto, to express loyal duty and hearty affection: kneeling, shouting, crying "Welcome!" and "GOD save King JAMES!" till they were, in a manner, entreated to be silent.

As soon as it pleased the people to give him leave that he might speak, Master PARKINSON, the Recorder of Berwick, being a man grave and reverend, made a brief speech to His Majesty, acknowledging him [as] their sole and Sovereign Lord. To whom, in the town's name, he surrendered their Charter: presenting His Highness also from them with a purse of gold; which, as an offering of their love, he graciously received. And for their Charter, he answered them most benignly and royally, That it should be continued: and that he would maintain their privileges, and uphold them and their town in all equity; by reason it was the principal and first place honoured with his mighty and most gracious person.

These ceremonies amongst the townsmen ended: as his usual manner is after any journey, His Majesty passed to the Church, there to humble himself before the Exalter of the humble: and [to] thank him for the benefits bestowed upon him and all his people. At which time preached be-

fore him, the Reverend Father in God, Doctor TOBY MATTHEW, Bishop of DURHAM: who made a most learned and worthy Sermon.

Which finished, the King departed to his Palace; and then they gave him a Peel of great Ordnance, more hot than before: Berwick having never had King to rest within her walls well nigh these hundred years.

The night was quickly overpassed especially with the townsmen that, never in a night, thought themselves securer: but the journey of the hours is always one, however they are made short or long by the apprehension of joy, or [the] sufferance of grief.

The morning's sun chased away the clouds of sleep from every eye; which the more willingly opened that they might be comforted with the sight of their beloved Sovereign: who, in his estate, attended upon by the Governor and the Noblemen, together with the Magistrates and Officers of the town, passed to the Church, where he stayed the Divine Prayers and Sermon; which when with his wonted humility he had heard finished, in the like estate he returned to his Palace.

This day, being Thursday the 7th of April, His Majesty ascended the walls; whereupon all the Cannoniers and other Officers belonging to the great Ordnance stood, every-one in his place: the Captains with their Bands [*Companies*] of soldiers likewise under their several Colours. Amongst which warlike train, as His Majesty was very pleasant and gracious; so to shew instance how he loved and respected the Art Military, he made a shot himself out of a cannon, so fair, and with such sign of experience, that the most expert Gunners there beheld it not without admiration: and there were none, of judgement, present but, without flattery, gave it just commendation.

Of no little estimation did the Gunners account themselves after this kingly shot: but His Majesty, above all virtues in temperance most excellent, left that part of the wall, and their extraordinary applause.

Being attended by his Nobility both of Scotland and England (the Lord HENRY HOWARD, brother to the late Duke of NORFOLK; and the Lord COBHAM, being then

newly come to the town), and guarded by the Gentlemen Pensioners of Berwick; he bestowed this day in surveying of the plots [*plans*] and fortifications, commending the manner of the soldiers, and the military order of the town: being indeed one of the best places of strength in all the north of England. All which, when, with great liking, he had to his kingly pleasure beheld; he returned to his Palace, and there reposed till the next day.

The 8th of April, being Friday, the trumpets warned for the remove. And, all that morning, His Majesty, with royal liberality, bestowed amongst the garrison soldiers, and every Officer for war according to his place, so rich and bounteous rewards that all soldiers, by his bountiful beginning there, may be assured that they shall not, as they have been, be curtailed of their duties [*what is due to them*] by exacting Pollers; but used as the servants and servitors of a King: which very name, but more his largess, adds double spirit to a man of war.

After dinner, His Highness mounted on horseback and took leave of Berwick: where, near the bridge, he knighted Master RALPH GREY [co. Northumb.]; a Gentleman of great command and possession[s] near the Borders.

As his Excellence left Berwick, and entered the Realm of England, he was received by Master NICHOLAS FORSTER [of Bamburgh Abbey], High Sheriff of Northumberland, [*whom he knighted at Widdrington*]: who, besides his own servants and followers, was accompanied with a number of gallant Gentlemen of the Shire; who, riding before His Majesty, led the way towards Widdrington, where His Majesty intended to rest that night.

By the way, of his kingly goodness, and royal inclinations to the honour of arms and reverence of virtuous age, he vouchsafed to visit that worthy honourable soldier, Sir WILLIAM READ: who, being blind with age, was so comforted with the presence and gracious speeches of the King, that his spirits seemed so powerful within him, as he boasted himself to feel the warmth of youth stir in his frost-nipt blood. The way His Majesty had to ride, being long, enforced him to stay with this good Knight the less while: but that little time was so comfortable that his friends

hope it will be a mean[s] to cherish the old Knight all his life long.

Not to be longer writing this than His Highness was riding the journey; he departed thence upon the spur, scarce any of his train being able to keep him company: for being near[ly] 37 miles, he rode it all in less than four hours. And, by the way, for a note, the miles, according to the Northern phrase, are a wey-bit longer than they be here in the South.

Well, as long as the miles were, His Majesty made short work, and attained [to] Widdrington [Castle]: where by the Master of the Place, Sir ROBERT CAREY [Lord Warden of the Middle Marches. He was afterwards made Earl of MONMOUTH. *See pages* 476-484], and his right virtuous Lady, he was received with all due affection; the House being plentifully furnished for his entertainment. Besides for situation and pleasure it stands very delightful.

His Majesty, having a little while reposed himself after his great journey, found new occasion to travel further. For, as he was delighting himself with the pleasure of the Park, he suddenly beheld a number of deer near the place. The game being so fair before him, he could not forbear; but, according to his wonted manner, forth he went, and slew two of them.

Which done, he returned with a good appetite to the House, where he was most royally feasted and banqueted that night.

On Saturday the 9th April [1603], His Majesty prepared towards Newcastle-[on-Tyne]. But before his departure from Widdrington; he knighted Master HENRY WIDDRINGTON, Master WILLIAM FENWICK, Master EDWARD GORGES [all co. Northum.].

After which, taking his leave with royal courtesy, he set forwards towards Newcastle; being 16 miles from Widdrington.

To pass the occurrents by the way, being not very material; when His Majesty drew near to Newcastle, the Mayor, the Aldermen, Council, and best Commoners of the same besides numbers of other people, in joyful manner met him.

The Mayor presented him with the Sword and Keys with humble duty and submission: which His Highness graciously accepting, he returned them again. He gave also to His Majesty, in token of their love and hearty loyalty, a purse full of gold. His Majesty gave them full power and authority under him as they lately held in Her Majesty's name: ratifying all customs and privileges that they were possessed of, and had a long time held.

And so, passing on, he was conducted to the Mayor's house, where he was richly entertained; and remained there three days.

Upon Sunday, being the 10th April [1603], His Majesty went to the Church, before whom [Dr TOBY MATTHEW] the Bishop of DURHAM preached. And that day, as it is his most Christianlike custom, being spent in devotion: he rested till Monday, which he bestowed in viewing the town, the manner and beauty of the bridge [over the Tyne] and key [*quay*]: being one of the fairest in all the north parts. Besides, he released all prisoners; except those that lay for treason, murder, and Papistry: giving great sums of money for the release of many that were imprisoned for debt; who heartily praised GOD, and blessed His Majesty, for their unexpected liberty.

So joyful were the townsmen of Newcastle of His Majesty there being, that they thankfully bare all the charge of his Household during the time of his abode with them, being from Saturday till Wednesday morning. All things were in such plenty and so delicate for variety that it gave great contentment to His Majesty: and on the townsmen's part, there was nothing but willingness appeared; save only at His Highness's departure, but [of that] there was no remedy. He hath yet many of his people by his presence to comfort: and forward no doubt he will; as he thence did, giving thanks to them for their loyal and hearty affection.

And on the bridge, before he came at Gateside; he made Master ROBERT DUDLEY [? DELAVALE, co. Northumb.], Mayor of Newcastle, Knight.

[JOHN PHILIPOT states that the following were also knighted at Newcastle on this 13th of April 1603:

Sir CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER, co. Cumb.
Sir NICHOLAS CURWEN, co. Cumb.
Sir JAMES BELLINGHAM, co. Westm.
Sir NICHOLAS TUFTON, co. Kent; *afterwards* Earl of THANET.
Sir JOHN CONYERS, co. York.]

This Wednesday, being the 13th of April [1603], His Majesty set forward towards Durham. And at Gateside, near Newcastle; he was met by the Sheriff of the County and most of the Gentlemen in the same.

In his way, near Chester a Street, a little town betwixt Newcastle and Durham, he turned on the left hand of the road to view [Lumley Castle,] a pleasant castle of the Lord LUMLEY's: which being a goodly edifice of free stone, built in quadrant manner, stands on the shoring of a hill, in the middle of a green, with a river at the foot of it; and woods about it on every side but to the townward, which is, by the river [Wear], divided from it.

After His Highness had a while delighted himself with the pleasures of the place; he returned on his way towards Durham, being 6 miles from thence. Of which way he seldom makes [a] long journey.

And when he came near; the Magistrates of the city met him; and behaving themselves as others before them, it was by His Highness as thankfully accepted. And passing through the gates, whence His Excellence entered the Market Place, there was an excellent oration made unto him, containing in effect the universal joy conceived by his subjects at his approach; being of power to divert from them so great a sorrow as had lately possessed them all.

The oration ended, he passed towards the Bishop's House; where he was royally received: [Dr. TOBY MATTHEW] the Bishop attending His Majesty with a hundred Gentlemen in tawny liveries.

Of all his entertainment in particular at the Bishop's; [of] his [*the King's*] merry and well seasoned jests, as well there as in other parts of his journey; all his words being of full weight, and his jests filled with the salt of wit: yet so facetious and pleasant as they were no less gracious and

worthy of regard than the words of so royal a Majesty—it is bootless to repeat them, they are so well known.

Thursday, being the 14th day [of April 1603], His Majesty took leave of the Bishop of DURHAM: whom he greatly graced and commended for his learning, humanity, and gravity: promising to restore divers things taken from the Bishopric; which he hath accordingly in part done, giving him already possession of Durham House in the Strand.

In brief, His Majesty left Durham, and removed towards [High] Walworth [*also called* Walworth Castle]; being 16 miles from Durham: where, by the Gentlewoman of the House, named Mistress GENISON [*or rather* the Widow of THOMAS JENISON], he was so bountifully entertained that it gave His Excellence very high contentment.

And after his quiet repose there that night, and some part of the next day; he took his leave of the Gentlewoman, with many thankful and princely congratulations for her extending costs in the entertainment of him and his train.

Friday, being the 15th of April [1603], His Majesty set forward from Mistress GENISON's of Walworth, towards York. His train [was] still increasing by the numbers of Noblemen and Gentlemen from the south parts, that came to offer him fealty and to rejoice at his sight. Whose love, although he greatly tendered; yet did their multitudes so oppress the country and make provision[s] so dear that he was fain to publish an Inhibition against the inordinate and daily access of people's coming, that many were stopped of their way; and only those that had affairs suffered to have access, some of great name and office being sent home, to attend their places.

All this notwithstanding; a number there were in His Highness's train; still increasing in every shire.

For now [Master HENRY BELLASSIS] the High Sheriff of Yorkshire, gallantly accompanied, attended His Majesty to Master [WILLIAM] INGLEBY's [*? at Baldersby Park*] besides Topcliffe, being about 16 miles from Walworth; who with great submission received His Majesty: and there he rested for that night.

On Saturday, being the 16th of April [1603], His Majesty removed from Master INGLEBY's towards York, being 16 miles from Topcliffe.

And when he came about some 3 miles from York, the Liberties of the City extending so far; Master BUCKE and Master ROBINSON Sheriffs of the City met him; and, with humble duty, presented him with their White Staffs: which His Majesty receiving, he delivered them instantly again [to them]. So they attended him towards the City.

Within a mile of which, when His Highness approached, there met him [WILLIAM CECIL] the Lord BURLEGH, Lord President of the North, with many worthy Knights and Gentlemen of the shire. These also attended on his person to York.

Where, when he came near unto the City, there met him three of the Sergeants at Arms, late servants to the deceased Queen: viz., Master WOOD, Master DAMFORT, and Master WESTROP: who delivered up their maces; which His Majesty, with royal courtesy, redelivered to them; commanding them to wait on him in their old places, which presently they did.

And, at the same time, the Sergeant Trumpeter, with some others of his fellows, did in like manner submit themselves, and render their service; which he benignly accepted, and commanded them in like manner to wait on him.

Then rode he on till he came to one of the gates of York; where [ROBERT WALTER] the Lord Mayor of the City, the Aldermen, and the wealthiest Commoners, with abundance of other people, met him.

There a long oration being made, the Lord Mayor delivered the Sword and Keys to His Majesty, together with a cup of gold, filled full of gold: which present His Majesty gratefully accepted; delivering the Keys again to the Lord Mayor.

But about the bearing of the Sword, there was some contention; the Lord President [of the North] taking it for his place, the Lord Mayor of the city esteeming it his.

But to decide the doubt, the King's Majesty merrily demanded, If the Sword being his, they would not be pleased that he should have the disposing thereof.

Whereunto when they humbly answered, It was all in his

pleasure; His Highness delivered the Sword to one that knew well how to use a sword, having been tried both at sea and on shore, [GEORGE CLIFFORD] the thrice honoured Earl of CUMBERLAND; who bare it before His Majesty, riding in great state from the gate to the Minster.

In which way, there was a conduit that, all the day long, ran white, and claret, wine[s]; every man to drink as much as he listed.

From the Minster His Majesty went on foot to his own House, being the Manor of St Mary's; having all the way a rich canopy over his head, supported by four Knights: and being brought hither, he was honourable received by the Lord BURLEGH; who gave cheerful entertainment to all the followers of His Majesty during the time of his continuance in York.

The 17th day [of April 1603], being Sunday, His Majesty passed towards York Minster; being one of the goodliest Minsters in all the land: England being as famous for churches as any one kingdom in Europe, if they were kept in reparations as that Minster is.

To this Minster, the King passed to hear the Sermon; and at the gate [*i.e., of the Manor House*] a coach was offered to His Highness. But he graciously answered, "I will have no coach. For the people are desirous to see a King, and so they shall: for they shall as well see his body as his face." So, to the great comfort of the people, he went on foot to the Church; and there heard the Sermon, which was preached by [Dr JOHN THORNBOROUGH, Dean of York and also] the Bishop of LIMERICK: whose doctrine and method of teaching was highly by His Majesty commended. And what his judgment is, is as extant to us all of any understanding as the light of the clear mid-day, or sun, to every perfect eye.

The Sermon ended, His Majesty returned afoot, in the same sort as he came, to his Manor; where he was royally feasted.

This Sunday was a Seminary Priest apprended, who before, under the title [*appearance*] of a Gentleman had delivered a Petition to His Majesty, in the name of all the English Catholics. When he was taken, His Highness had

some conference with him: but, by reason of other great affairs, he referred him to be further examined by the Bishop of LIMERICK; who, presenting the effects of his Examination, the Priest was, the next day committed.

Dinner being ended, His Majesty walked into the garden of the Palace; being a most delightful place: where there awaited him a number of Gentlemen of great name and worth; whose commendations he received from honourable persons, and beheld honour charactered in their faces. For this is one especial note in His Majesty. Any man that hath aught with him, let him be sure he have a just cause! for he beholds all men's faces with steadfastness, and commonly the look is the window for the heart.

Well, to that I should handle. Amongst these Gentlemen it pleased His Majesty to make choice of these following; whom he graced with the honour of Knighthood:

Sir WILLIAM CECIL	[Lord BURLEGH].
Sir EDMOND TRAFFORD	[co. Lanc.]
Sir THOMAS HOLCROFT	[co. Lanc.]
Sir JOHN MALLORY	[co. York]
Sir WILLIAM INGLEBY	[co. York]
Sir PHILIP CONSTABLE	[co. Durh.]
Sir CHRISTOPHER HAWARD	[co. York]
Sir ROBERT SWIFT	[co. York]
Sir RICHARD WORTLEY	[co. York]
Sir HENRY BELLASSIS	[co. York]
Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX	[co. York]
Sir HENRY GRIFFITH	[co. York]
Sir FRANCIS BOYNTON	[co. York]
Sir HENRY CHOLMLEY	[co. York]
Sir RICHARD GARGRAVE	[co. York]
Sir MARMADUKE GRIMSTONE	[co. York]
Sir LANCELOT ALFORD	[co York]
Sir RALPH ILLERKER [or ELIKER]	[co. York]
Sir GEORGE FREVILE	[co. Durh.]
Sir MAUGER VAVASOR	[co. York]
Sir RALPH BABTHORPE	[co. York]
Sir RICHARD LONDER	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List.]
Sir WALTER CRAPE	

The same day, His Majesty caused five Gentlemen to be sworn his servants, which served Queen Elizabeth before time: whose names were Master RICHARD CONNIGSBY, Master GEORGE POLLARD, Ushers, Daily Waiters; Master THOMAS ROLLES and Master HARIFFE, Gentlemen, Quarter Waiters; and Master RICHARD READ-HEAD, Gentleman Sewer in Ordinary of His Majesty's Chamber.

This day likewise, the Mayor of Kingston upon Hull delivered to His Majesty a petition, which was also subscribed and justified by divers Aldermen of the said town, to be done in the behalf of all the poor inhabitants: who, with one voice, besought His Majesty that they might be relieved and succoured against the daily spoils done to them by those of Dunkirk, that had long molested them and others the English coastmen.

His Highness, as he is naturally inclined to much pity, so at that time he seemed to have great compassion of their wrongs and afflictions; which were not hidden from him, though they had been silent: but he comforted them with his princely and heroic reply, That he would defend them; and no Dunkirker should after dare to do any of his subjects wrong.

In which assurance they departed: and, no doubt, shall find the effect of his kingly promise.

I told you before, what bounty the Lord BURLEGH used during the continuauce of the King's Majesty in the Manor [of St Mary's at York]: but it was indeed exceeding all the rest in any place of England before. Butteries, Pantries, and Cellars [being] always held open in great abundance, for all comers.

Monday, being the 18th day [of April 1603], His Majesty was feasted by the Lord Mayor of York, whom he knighted by the name of Sir ROBERT WALTER [co. York]: at whose house there was such plenty of all delicates [*delicacies*] as could be possibly devised.

After dinner, His Majesty, following the rule of mercy he had begun with, commanded all the prisoners to be set at liberty, except Papists and wilful murderers.

Which deed of charity effected, he left York, and rode to Grimstone [Hall], being a house of Sir EDWARD STANHOPE's;

where he lay that night, and dined the next day: His Majesty and all his train having their most bountiful entertainment; all the Offices in the house standing open for all comers, every man without check eating and drinking at pleasure.

Before His Majesty's departure from Grimstone, he knighted these Gentlemen:

Sir ROGER ASTON	[co. Chest.]
Sir THOMAS ASTON	[co. Chest.]
Sir THOMAS HOLT	[co. Chest.]
Sir JAMES HARINGTON	[co. Rutl.]
Sir CHARLES MONTAGUE	[co. Northt.]
Sir THOMAS DAWNEY	[co. York]
Sir WILLIAM BAMBROUGH	[co. York]
Sir FRANCIS LOVELL	[co. Norf.]
Sir THOMAS GERRARD	[co. Lanc.]
Sir ROBERT WALTER [Lord] Mayor of York	[co. York]
Sir RALPH CON[N]I[G]SBY	[co. Hertf.]
Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE	[co. York]

The 19th day [of April 1603] being Tuesday, His Majesty took his journey towards Doncaster. Where, by the way, he went to Pomfret [*Pontefract*], to see the Castle: which when he had at pleasure viewed; he took horse and rode to Doncaster where he lodged all night at the sign of the *Bear* in an Inn; giving the host of the house, for his good entertainment, a lease of a Manor House in a reversion, of good value.

The 20th day [of April 1603], being Wednesday, His Majesty rode towards Worsop [Manor], the noble [GILBERT TALBOT] Earl of SHREWSBURY's House: and at Batine [*? Bawtry*] the High Sheriff of Yorkshire took his leave of the King, and there Master [ROGER] ASKOTH [*or* ASCOUGH, *or* AYSCUE] the High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire received him; being gallantly apppointed both with horse and man.

And so he conducted His Majesty on, till he came within a mile of Blyth: where His Highness lighted, and sat down on a bankside to eat and drink.

After His Majesty's short repast, to Worsop, His Majesty

rides forward. But, by the way, in the Park he was somewhat stayed. For there appeared a number of Huntsmen, all in green; the chief of which, with a woodman's speech, did welcome him, offering His Majesty to shew him some game: which he gladly condescended [*agreed*] to see; and, with a train set, he hunted a good space, very much delighted.

At last he went into the House, where he was so nobly received, with superfluity of things, that still every entertainment seemed to exceed others. In this place, besides the abundance of all provision[s] and delicacie[s], there was most excellent soul-ravishing music; wherewith His Highness was not a little delighted.

At Worsop, he rested on Wednesday night, and in the morning stayed breakfast. Which ended, there was such store of provision left, of fowl, of fish, and almost everything, besides bread beer and wine, that it was left open for any man that would, to come and take.

After breakfast, His Majesty prepared to remove: but before his departure he made these Gentlemen, Knights; whose names are following:

Sir JOHN MANNERS	[co. Derb.]
Sir HENRY GREY	[co. Bedf.]
Sir FRANCIS NEWPORT	[co. Salop.]
Sir HENRY BEAUMONT	[co. Leic.]
Sir EDWARD LORAINE	[co. Derb.]
Sir HUGH SMITH	[co. Som.]
Sir EDMOND LUCY	[co. Warw.]
Sir EDMOND COKAYN	[co. Derb.]
Sir JOHN HARPER	[co. Derb.]
Sir WILLIAM DAMCOURT	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir HENRY PERPOINT	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir THOMAS GRESLAY	[co. Notts]
Sir JOHN BIRON	[co. Notts]
Sir PERCIVAL WILLOUGHBY	[co. Linc.]
Sir PETER FRESCHVILE	[co. Derb.]
Sir WILLIAM SKIPWITH	[co. Leic.]
Sir RICHARD THEKESTON	[co. York]
Sir THOMAS STANLEY	[co. Derb.]
[Sir WALTER COPE	co. Oxon.]

The 21st [day of April 1603], being Thursday, His Highness took his way towards Newark upon Trent; where, that night, he lodged in the Castle, being his own house: where the Aldermen of Newark presented His Majesty with a fair gilt cup, manifesting their duties and loving hearts to him: which was very kindly accepted.

In this town, and in the Court, was taken a cutpurse, doing the deed; and, being a base pilfering thief, yet was all Gentleman-like on the outside. This fellow had [a] good store of coin found about him: and, upon his examination, confessed that he had, from Berwick to that place, played the cutpurse in the Court. His fellow was ill missed, for no doubt he had a walking mate. They drew together like coach horses, and it is pity they did not go hang together. For His Majesty, hearing of this nimming gallant, directed a Warrant presently to the Recorder of Newark, to have him hanged: which was accordingly executed.

This bearing small comfort to all the rest of his pilfering faculty, that the first subject that suffered death in England, in the reign of King James, was a cutpurse: which fault, if they amend not, heaven suddenly send the rest [the same fate]!

The King, ere he went from Newark, as he had commanded this silken base thief, in justice, to be put to death; so, in his benign and gracious mercy, he gives life to all the other poor and wretched prisoners: clearing the Castle of them all.

This deed of charity done; before he left Newark [on the 22nd April], he made these Knights:

Sir JOHN PARKER	[co. Suss.]
Sir ROBERT BRETT	[co. Devon.]
Sir LEWIS LEWKENOR	[co. Suss.]
Sir FRANCIS DUCKET	[co. Salop.]
Sir RICHARD MOMPESSON	[co. Bucks.]
Sir RICHARD WARBURTON	[co. Chest.]
Sir RICHARD WIGMORE	[co. Heref.]
Sir EDWARD FOXE	[co. Salop.]
[Sir WILLIAM DAVENPORT	co. Chest.]

The 22nd day [of April 1603], being Friday, His Majesty departed from Newark, towards Belvoir Castle; hunting all

the way as he rode: saving that, in the way, he made four Knights, [the first] one being the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire.

Sir ROGER ASKOTH [*or* ASCOUGH, *or* AYSCUE]	[co. Chest.]
Sir WILLIAM SUTTON	[co. Notts.]
Sir JOHN STANHOPE	[co. Derb.]
Sir BRIAN LASSELS	[co. York]

Sir ROGER ASKOTH [or ASCOUGH, or AYSCUE], High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire, being knighted, took leave of His Majesty; and Master WILLIAM PELHAM, High Sheriff of Lincolnshire, received His Highness, being gallantly appointed both with horse and men; divers worshipful men of the same country [*County*] accompanying him: who convoyed and guarded His Majesty to Belvoir Castle, being the Right Noble [ROGER MANNERS, the] Earl of RUTLAND's. Where His Highness was not only royally and most plentifully received: but with such exceeding joy of the good Earl and his honourable Lady, that he took therein exceeding pleasure.

And he approved his contentment in the morning [of the 23rd April 1603]; for, before he went to break his fast, he made these Knights whose names follow:

Sir OLIVER MANNERS	[co. Linc.]
Sir WILLIAM WILLOUGHBY	[co. Linc.]
Sir THOMAS WILLOUGHBY	[co. Linc.]
Sir GREGORY CROMWELL	[co. Hunts.]
Sir GEORGE MANNERS	[co. Linc.]
Sir HENRY HASTINGS	[co. Leic.]
Sir WILLIAM PELHAM	[co. Linc.]
Sir PHILIP TIRWHIT	[co. Linc.]
Sir VALENTINE BROWNE	[co. Linc.]
Sir ROGER DALLISON	[co. Linc.]
Sir THOMAS GRANTHAM	[co. Linc.]
Sir JOHN ZOUCHE	[co. Derb.]
Sir WILLIAM JEPSON	[co. Southt.]
Sir EDWARD ASKOTH [or ASCOUGH, or AYSCUE]	[co. Linc.]
Sir EVERARD DIGBY	[co. Rutl.]
Sir ANTHONY MARKHAM	[co. Oxon.]
Sir THOMAS CAVE	[co. Leic.]
Sir WILLIAM TURPIN	[co. Leic.]

Sir JOHN FERRERS	[co. Warw.]
Sir HENRY PAGENHAM	[co. Linc.]
Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir WALTER CHUTE	[co. Kent]
Sir WILLIAM LAMBERT	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir EDWARD ROSSETER	[co. Linc.]
Sir EDWARD COMINES	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir PHILIP STIRLEY	[co. Leic.]
Sir EDWARD SWIFT	[co. York]
Sir BASIL BROOKE	[co. Salop.]
Sir WILLIAM FAIRFAX	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir EDWARD BUSSY	[co. Linc.]
Sir EDWARD TIRWHIT	[co. Linc.]
Sir JOHN THORNE[HAUGH]	[co. Notts.]
Sir NICHOLAS SANDERSON	[co. Linc.]
Sir EDWARD LITTLETON	[co. Salop.]
Sir WILLIAM FOMPT [or FAWNT]	[co. Leic.]
Sir THOMAS BEAUMONT	[co. Leic.]
Sir WILLIAM SKEFFINGTON	[co. Leic.]
Sir PHILIP SHERRARD	[co. Leic.]
Sir JOHN TIRRIL [or THOROLD]	[co. Linc.]
Sir EDWARD CARRE	[co. Linc.]
Sir RICHARD OGLE	[co. Linc.]
Sir HAMAN SWITHCOATE [*or rather* HUGH WHICHCOT]	[co. Linc.]
Sir WILLIAM HICKMAN	[co. Linc.]
Sir WILLIAM FIELDING	[co. Warw.]
Sir HUMPHREY CONI[G]SBY	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
[Sir WILLIAM CARRE	co. Linc.]
[Sir WILLIAM ERMINE	co. Linc.]
[Sir JOHN WENTWORTH	co. Essex]

The 23rd day [of April], being Saturday, after the making of these Knights, and having refreshed himself at breakfast; His Majesty took kind leave of the Earl of RUTLAND, his Countess, and the rest: and set forward towards Burlegh.

And, by the way, he dined at Sir JOHN HARINGTON's [House ? *at Harington-Burley*]; where that worthy Knight made him most royal entertainment.

After dinner, His Highness removed towards Burlegh, being near Stamford in Northamptonshire. His Majesty on the way was attended by many Lords and Knights. And, before his coming, there were provided train-cents and live hares in baskets [that] being carried to the Heath [*? Empington Heath*], made excellent sport for His Majesty. All the way between Sir JOHN HARINGTON's and Stamford, Sir JOHN's best hounds with good mouths followed the game; the King taking great leisure and pleasure in the same.

Upon this Heath, not far from Stamford, there appeared to the number of a hundred high men, that seemed like the Patagones [*Patagonians*], huge long fellows of twelve or fourteen feet high, that are reported to live on the Main [*mainland*] of Brazil, near to the Straits of Magellan. The King, at the first sight, wondered what they were; for that they overlooked horse and man. But, when all came to all, they proved a company of poor honest suitors, all going upon high stilts, preferring a Petition against the Lady HATTON. What their request was, I know not: but His Majesty referred them till his coming to London; and so passed on from those giants of the Fens towards Stamford.

Within half a mile whereof, the Bailiffs and the rest of the chief townsmen of Stamford presented a gift unto His Majesty; which was graciously accepted. So rode he forward through the town, in great state, having the Sword borne before him; the people joyful on all parts to see him.

When His Highness came to Stamford Bridge; the Sheriff of Lincolnshire humbly took his leave, and departed greatly in the King's grace.

On the other part, the town standing in two Shires, stood ready [Master WILLIAM TATE] the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, bravely accompanied, and gallantly appointed with men and horse; who received his Majesty, and attended him to Burlegh; where His Highness with all his train were received with great magnificence; the House seeming so rich as if it had been furnished at the charges of an Emperor. Well, it was all too little, His Majesty being worthy [of] much more; being now the greatest Christian monarch, of himself as absolute.

The next day [24th April 1603], being Easter Day, there

preached before His Highness, [Dr WILLIAM CHADERTON] the Bishop of LINCOLN; and the Sermon was no sooner done, but all [the] Offices in the house were set open, that every man might have free access to Butteries, Pantries; [and] Kitchens; to eat and drink in at their pleasures.

The next day, being Monday the 25th of April [1603], His Highness rode back again to Sir JOHN HARINGTON's [House at Harington-Burley]; and by the way his horse fell with him, and [he] very dangerously bruised his arm; to the great amazement and grief of all them that were about His Majesty at that time. But he, being of an invincible courage, and his blood yet hot, made light of it at the first: and being mounted again, rode to Sir JOHN HARINGTON's; where he continued that night.

And, on Tuesday morning, the pain received by his fall was so great that he was not able to ride on horseback; but he turned from Sir JOHN HARINGTON's, to take a coach: wherein His Highness returned to Burlegh, where he was royally entertained as before; but not with half that joy, the report of His Majesty's hurt had disturbed all the Court so much.

The next day, being Wednesday the 27th day of April [1603], His Majesty removed from Burlegh towards Master OLIVER CROMWELL's.

And, in the way, he dined at that worthy and worshipful Knight's, Sir ANTHONY MILDMAY's [at Apethorpe]; where nothing wanted in a subject's duty to his Sovereign, nor anything in so potent a Sovereign to grace so loyal a subject. Dinner being most sumptuously furnished, the tables were newly covered with costly Banquets [*Dessert*]; wherein everything that was most delicious for taste proved [the] more delicate by the art that made it seem beauteous to the eye: the Lady of the House being one of the most excellent Confectioners in England; though I confess many honourable women [to be] very expert.

Dinner and Banquet [*Dessert*] being past, and His Majesty at point to depart; Sir ANTHONY, considering how His Majesty vouchsafed to honour him with his royal

presence, presented His Highness with a gallant Barbary horse, and a very rich saddle with furniture suitable thereto: which His Majesty most lovingly and thankfully accepted: and so, taking his princely leave, set forward on the way.

In this remove towards Master OLIVER CROMWELL'S did the people flock in greater numbers than in any place northward. Though many before pressed to see their Sovereign, yet here the numbers multiplied.

This day, as His Majesty passed through a great common (which, as the people thereabout complain, Sir I. SPENSER [JOHN SPENCER] of London hath very uncharitably molested [*enclosed*]), most of the country [*district*] joined together, beseeching His Majesty that the common might be laid open again for the comfort of the poor inhabiters thereabouts: which His Highness most graciously promised should be performed, according to their hearts' desire.

And so, with many benedictions of the comforted people, he passed on till he came within half a mile of Master OLIVER CROMWELL'S [at Hinchinbrook Priory]; where met him the Bailiff of Huntingdon, who made a long oration to His Majesty, and there delivered him the Sword, which His Highness gave to the new[ly] released [HENRY WRIOTHSLEY] Earl of SOUTHAMPTON [*the Patron of SHAKESPEARE*] to bear before him.

O admirable work of mercy! confirming the hearts of all true subjects in the good opinion of His Majesty's royal compassion: not alone to deliver from the captivity such high Nobility, but to use vulgarly with great favours not only him, but also the children of his late honourable fellow in distress [*i.e.* of ROBERT DEVEREUX Earl of ESSEX]. Well, GOD have glory, that can send friends, in the hour he best pleaseth, to help them that trust in him.

But to the matter. His Majesty passed, in state, the Earl of SOUTHAMPTON bearing the Sword before him, as I before said he was appointed, to Master OLIVER CROMWELL'S house: where His Majesty and all his followers, with all comers whatsoever, had such entertainment, as the like had not been seen in any place before, since his first setting forward out of Scotland.

There was such plenty and variety of meats: such diversity of wines, and those not riffe ruffe but ever the

best of the kind; and the cellars open at any man's pleasure. And if it were so common with wine, there is little question but the Butteries for beer and ale were more common; yet in neither was there difference. For whoever entered the house, which to no man was denied, tasted what they had a mind to: and after a taste, found fullness: no man, like a man, being denied what he would call for.

As this bounty was held back to none within the house; so for such poor people as would not press in, there were many open beer-houses erected: where there was no want of beef and bread for the comfort of the poorest creatures. Neither was this provision for the little time of His Majesty's stay; but it was made ready [for] fourteen days: and, after His Highness's departure, distributed to as many as had [a] mind to it.

There attended also at Master OLIVER CROMWELL's, the Heads of the University of Cambridge, all clad in scarlet gowns and corner-caps; who, having presence of His Majesty, there was made a most learned and eloquent Oration in Latin, welcoming His Majesty, as also intreating the confirmation of their Charter and privileges: which His Majesty most willingly and free granted. They also presented His Majesty with divers books published in commendation of our late gracious Queen: all which was most graciously accepted of His Highness.

Also Master CROMWELL presented His Majesty with many rich and acceptable gifts: as a very great and a very fair wrought Standing Cup of gold, goodly horses, float [*? fleet*] and deep-mouthed hounds, divers hawks of excellent wing. And at the remove, [he] gave £50 [=£200 *now*] amongst His Majesty's Officers.

Upon the 29th day [of April 1603], being Friday, after His Highness had broke his fast; he took kind and gracious leave of Master OLIVER CROMWELL* and his virtuous Lady, late widow to that noble and opulent Knight, Signor HORATIO PAULO VICINO.

Thence, with many regal thanks for his entertainment, he departed to Royston.

* Sir OLIVER CROMWELL was uncle of his great namesake. E. A.

And as he passed through Godmanchester, a town close by Huntingdon, the Bailiffs of the town with their Brethren met him; and acknowledged their allegiance. There, convoying him through their town, they presented him with threescore and ten team[s] of horse all traced to fair new ploughs; in shew of their husbandry.

Which, while His Majesty, being very well delighted with the sight, demanded, Why they offered him so many horses and ploughs? he was resolved [*answered*], That it was their ancient custom whensoever any King of England passed through their town, so to present His Excellence. Besides, they added, that they held their lands by that tenure; being the King's tenants.

His Majesty not only took well in worth their good minds; but bade them use well their ploughs: being glad he was landlord of so many good husbandmen in one town.

I trust His Highness, when he knows well the wrong, will take order for those, as Her Majesty began, that turn ploughland into pasturage: and where many good husbandmen dwelt there is now nothing left but a great house without [a] fire: the Lord commonly at sojourn near London; and for the husbandmen and ploughs, he only maintains a shepherd and his dog. But what do I talking of sheep! when I am to follow the gests of a King. I will leave them and their wolfish Lords, that have eaten up poor husbandmen like sheep: and proceed where I left [off].

His Majesty, being past Godmanchester, held on his way to Royston; and drawing near the town, the Sheriff of Huntingdonshire humbly took his leave. And there he was received by that worthy Knight, Sir EDWARD DENNY, High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, attended upon by a goodly company of proper men, being in number seven score, suitably apparelled. Their liveries [were] blue coats, with sleeves parted in the midst, buttoned behind in jerkin fashion; and white doublets: and hats and feathers: and all of them mounted on horses with red saddles.

Sir EDWARD, after his humble duty done, presented His Majesty with a gallant horse, a rich saddle, and furniture correspondent to the same; being of great value: which His Majesty accepted very graciously, and caused

him to ride on the same before him. This worthy Knight, being of a deliver spirit and agile body, quickly mounted, managing the gallant beast with neat and eiduing workmanship [*? eye-doing horsemanship*]: being in a rich suit of a yellow dun colour; somewhat near the colour of the horse, and the furniture.

And thus, in brave manner, he conducted His Majesty to one Master CHESTER's house [at Cockenhatch]: where His Highness lay that night, at his own kingly charge.

The 30th day [of April 1603], being Saturday, His Majesty took his journey towards Standon, to Sir THOMAS SADLER's: and, by the way, [Dr RICHARD BANCROFT] the Bishop of LONDON met him; attended on by a seemly company of Gentlemen in tawny coats and chains of gold.

At SIR THOMAS SADLER's, His Majesty was royally entertained, for himself and his kingly train: nothing being wanting the best desired, nor the meanest could demand.

There His Majesty stayed [on] Sunday: before whom the Bishop of LONDON preached.

His Majesty, now drawing near to London, the numbers of people more and more increased, as well of Nobility, Gentry, Citizens, country people, and all; as well of degree as of no degree. So great a desire had the Noble that they pressed with the ignoble to see their Sovereign: this being the difference of their desires, that the better sort, either in blood or of conceit, came to observe and serve; the other to see and wonder.

The 1st of May [1603], being Monday, His Majesty removed to Sir HENRY COCK's [at Broxburn Bury], being 9 miles from Sir THOMAS SADLER's: where provision for His Majesty and his royal train was so abundant that there was no man of what condition soever, but had what his appetite desired. For His Majesty's private and most to be respected entertainment: it was such as ministered His Highness great contentment.

Continuing there but one night, and departing the

next day; [he] honoured the good Knight for his greater expenses.

The 3rd of May [1603], being Tuesday, His Majesty took his journey towards Theobalds, a house belonging to Sir ROBERT CECIL, and about 4 miles distant from Sir HENRY COCK's: where met him [Sir THOMAS EGERTON, *afterwards* Lord ELLESMERE,] the Lord Keeper [of the Great Seal], [THOMAS SACKVILLE, Earl of DORSET,] the Lord Treasurer, [CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of NOTTINGHAM,] the Lord Admiral, with most of the Nobility of the land and [the] Council of Estate; who were graciously received.

At which time, the Lord Keeper made a most grave, learned, brief, and pithy oration to His Majesty: to which His Highness answered with great grace and princely wisdom.

At this house there met His Majesty all, or the most part, of the old servants and Officers in [the] Household of our late royal Mistress, Queen ELIZABETH; and with them, the Guard of His Majesty's Body: all of them being courteously received to their own content.

Also in this house of Theobalds, His Majesty made divers Noblemen of Scotland, of his Honourable Privy Council [of England], viz:

[LODOWICK STUART,] the Duke of LENOX.
[JOHN ERSKINE,] the Earl of MAR.
[ALEXANDER HOME,] the Lord HOME.
Sir GEORGE HOME [, *afterwards* Earl of DUNBAR], Treasurer of Scotland.
Sir JAMES ELPHINSTON [, *afterwards* Lord BALMERINOCH], Secretary to the King.
[EDWARD BRUCE,] the Lord of KINLOSS, now Master of His Majesty's Rolls. [He received that appointment on 18th May 1603.]

Also of the English Nobility, he made these of his secret and Honourable [Privy] Council;

The Lord HENRY HOWARD [, *afterwards* Earl of NORTHAMPTON].
The Lord THOMAS HOWARD [, *afterwards* Earl of

SUFFOLK]: who was also made there, Lord Chamberlain.

[CHARLES BLOUNT,] the Lord MOUNTJOY [, *afterwards* Earl of DEVONSHIRE].

His Majesty stayed at Theobalds four days [*3rd–6th May* 1603]; where to speak of Sir ROBERT's cost to entertain him were but to imitate geographers that set a little o for a mighty Province: words being hardly able to express what was done there indeed, considering the multitude that thither resorted, besides the train; none going hence unsatisfied. [*See Vol. V., pp.* 623–656].

At Theobalds, His Majesty made these Knights [on 7th May]:

Sir WILLIAM KILLIGREW	[co. Cornw.]
Sir FRANCIS BARRINGTON	[co. Essex]
Sir ROWLAND LITTON	[co. Hertf.]
Sir WILLIAM PETERS[?PETRE]	[co. Essex]
Sir JOHN BROGRAVE	[co. Hertf.]
Sir WILLIAM COOKE	[co. Essex]
Sir ARTHUR CAPEL	[co Hertf.]
Sir HERBERT CROFT	[co. Heref.]
Sir EDWARD GREVILL	[co. Warw.]
Sir HENRY BOTELER	[co. Hertf.]
Sir HENRY MAYNARD	[co. Essex]
Sir RICHARD SPENCER	[co. Hertf.]
Sir JOHN LEVENTHORP	[co. Hertf.]
Sir MICHAEL STANHOPE	[co. Suff.]
Sir THOMAS POPE BLOUNT	[co. Hertf.]
Sir RICHARD GIFFORD.	
Sir THOMAS MEDCALFE	[co. York.]
Sir GAMALIEL CAPEL	[co. Essex]
Sir WILLIAM SMITH	[co. Essex]
Sir JOHN FERRERS	[co. Hertf.]
Sir ROBERT BITTON	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir VINCENT SKINNER	[co. Middl.]
Sir HUGH BEESTON	[co. Chest.]
Sir JOHN LEIGH	[not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir THOMAS BISHOP	[co. Suss.]
Sir EDWARD LEWIS	[co. Glam.]

Sir GERVASE ELWES [or ELLYS]
Sir RICHARD BAKER [the Chronicler, co. Kent]
[Sir HENRY FANSHAW co. Hertf.]

The 7th of May [1603], being Saturday, His Majesty removed from Theobalds, towards London, riding through the meadows: where, within two miles on this side of Waltham, Sir HENRY DENNY discharged his followers.

And there, Master SWINNERTON, one of the Sheriffs of London, accompanied with the Sheriff of Middlesex, met his Majesty, with sixty men in livery cloaks; where an eloquent and learned oration was made to His Highness.

Besides these men in livery cloaks that attended the Sheriff, all well mounted on gallant horses; most of the Sheriff's Officers attended him: who conducted His Majesty [to] within two miles of London.

And at Stamford Hill [Master ROBERT LEE] the Lord Mayor of London presented him with the Sword and Keys of the City: with whom were the Knights and Aldermen in scarlet gowns and great chains of gold about their necks, with the Chief Officers and Council of the City. Besides 500 citizens, all very well mounted, clad in velvet coats and chains of gold; with the chief Gentlemen of the Hundreds: who made a gallant shew to entertain their Sovereign.

There also met his Majesty, all his Officers of Estate, as Serjeants at Arms with their rich maces; the Heralds with their Coats of Arms, and Trumpeters: every one in their order and due place.

The Duke of LENOX bore the Sword of Honour before His Majesty: and so His Highness passed on in royal and imperial manner.

At this time, that honourable old Knight Sir HENRY LEIGH met with His Majesty, being attended by sixty gallant men well mounted on fair horses, thirty of them being great horses: many of his men having chains of gold; the rest wearing yellow scarfs embroidered with these words, *Constantia et fide.* To this old Knight, His Majesty spake very lovingly: and so paced through his troops very well pleased.

The multitudes of people in high ways, fields, meadows, closes, and on trees, were such that they covered the beauty

of the fields; and so greedy were they to behold the countenance of the King that, with much unruliness, they injured and hurt one another. Some even hazarded to the danger of death. But as uncivil as they were among themselves; all the way, as His Majesty past [they welcomed him] with shouts, and cries, and casting up of hats (of which many never returned into the owners' hands).

He passed by them, over the fields; and came in at the back side of the Charterhouse.

Thither being come, he was most royal received and entertained by the Lord THOMAS HOWARD. Where was such abundance of provision of all manner of things that greater could not be; both of rare wild fowls, and many rare and extraordinary banquets; to the great liking of His Majesty, and contentment of the whole train.

He lay there four nights [*7th to 10th May* 1603]: in which time the Lords of the Council often resorted thither, and sat upon their serious affairs.

At his departure [*11th May* 1603], he made divers Knights, whose names are these:

Sir CHARLES HOWARD	[co. Suss.]
Sir AMBROSE WILLOUGHBY	[co. Linc.]
Sir EDWARD HOWARD	[co. Surr.]
Sir HENRY HASTINGS	[co. Leic.]
Sir GILES ALLINGTON	[co. Camb.]
Sir RICHARD VERNEY	[co. Warw.]
Sir JOHN THINNE	[co. Wilts.]
Sir WILLIAM FITZWILLIAMS	[co. Linc.]
Sir WILLIAM CARREL	[co. Suss.]
Sir EDWARD BACON	[co. Suff.]
Sir FRANCIS ANDERSON	[co. Bedf.]
Sir JOHN POULTNEY	[co. Notts.]
Sir EDWARD DARCY	[co. York]
Sir JOHN SYDENHAM	[co. Som.]
Sir JOHN TUFTON	[co. Kent]
Sir THOMAS GRIFFIN	[co. Northt.]
Sir VALENTINE KNIGHTLEY	[co. Northt.]
Sir RALPH WISEMAN	[co. Essex]
Sir WILLIAM AYLOFFE	[co. Essex]
Sir JAMES CROMER	[co. Kent]

Sir THOMAS ROUSE [co. Suff.]
Sir RODNEY [not in J. PHILIPOT's List]
Sir HENRY VAUGHAN [not in J. PHILIPOT's List].
Sir JOHN SMITH [co. Kent]
Sir JOHN HUNNAM [co. Chest.]
Sir THOMAS MEDE [co. Kent]
Sir EUSEBIUS ISHAM [co. Northt.]
Sir ARTHUR COOPER [co. Surr.]
Sir ROBERT WINGFIELD [co. Northt.]
Sir THOMAS JOSLING [co. Herts.]
Sir HENRY GOODERICK [co. York.]
Sir MAXIMILIAN DALLISON [co. Kent]
Sir WILLIAM COPE [co. Northt.]
Sir GEORGE FLEETWOOD [co. Bucks.]
Sir PETER EVERS [co. Linc.]
Sir HENRY CLEERE [co. Norf.]
Sir FRANCIS WOLLEY [co. Linc.]
Sir ARTHUR MAINWARING [co. Chest.]
Sir EDWARD WATERHOUSE [co. York]
Sir WILLIAM TWYSDEN [co. Kent]
Sir HATTON CHEEKE [? co. Essex]
Sir HENRY GORING [co. Suss.]
Sir ROBERT TOWNSEND [co. Salop.]
Sir WILLIAM HYNDE [co. Camb.]
Sir RICHARD SANDYS [co. Kent]
Sir ROBERT BRUCE COTTON [co. Hunts.]
Sir OLIVER LUKE [co. Bedf.]
Sir THOMAS KNEVET [co. Norf.]
Sir HENRY SECKFORD [co. Suff.]
Sir EDWIN SANDYS [co. Kent]
Sir JOHN ASHLEY [co. Kent]
Sir WILLIAM FLEETWOOD [co. Bedf.]
Sir WALTER MILDMAY [co. Essex]
Sir EDWARD LEWKENOR [co. Suff.]
Sir MILES SANDYS [co. Camb.]
Sir WILLIAM KINGSMILL [co. Southt.]
Sir THOMAS KEMPE [co. Kent]
Sir EDWARD TYRREL [co. Bucks.]
Sir THOMAS RUSSELL [co. Worc.]
Sir RICHARD TICHBORNE [co. Southt.]
Sir THOMAS CORNWALL [co. Salop.]

Sir RICHARD FERMOR [co. Northt.]
Sir WILLIAM STAFFORD [co. Hunts.]
Sir THOMAS CARRELL [co. Suss.]
Sir EDWARD CARRELL [not in J. PHILIPOT's List.]
Sir THOMAS PALMER [co. Kent]
Sir ROBERT NEWDIGATE [co. Bedf.]
Sir GEORGE RAWLEIGH [co. Essex]
Sir THOMAS BEAUFOE [co. Warw.]
Sir WILLIAM LOWER [co. Cornw.]
Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX [co. York]
Sir HENRY SIDNEY [co. Norf.]
Sir GEORGE HARVEY [co. Essex]
Sir HENRY CRIPPES
[*or* CRISPE co. Kent]
Sir JOHN HEVENINGHAM [co. Norf.]
Sir WILLIAM BOWYER [co. Bucks.]
Sir JEROME WESTON [co. Essex]
Sir EDMUND BOWYER [co. Surr.]
Sir NICHOLAS HASLEWOOD [co. Northt.]
Sir JOHN JENNINGS [co. Worc.]
Sir AMBROSE TURVILLE [co. Linc.]
Sir JOHN LUKE [co. Bedf.]
Sir JOHN DORMER [co. Bucks.]
Sir RICHARD SAUNDERS [co. Linc.]
Sir JOHN SHERLEY [co. Suss.]
Sir THOMAS WAYNEMAN [co. Oxon.]
Sir GODDARD PEMPTON
Sir THOMAS METHAM [co. York]
Sir EDMUND BELLINGHAM [co. Camb.]
Sir JOHN HARINGTON [co. York]
Sir EDWARD HARINGTON [co. York]
Sir WILLIAM DYER [co. Som.]
Sir WILLIAM DYER [co. Som.]
Sir WALTER MONTAGUE [co. Som.]
Sir GUY PALMES [co. Rutl.]
Sir HENRY ASHLEY [co. Surr.]
Sir THOMAS VACKATHELL
[*or* VACHILL.]
Sir THOMAS STUKELEY [co. Suss.]
Sir EDWARD WATSON [co. Northt.]
Sir THOMAS PRESTON [co. Dors.]

Sir WILLIAM LEEKE
Sir CHARLES CORNWALLIS [co. Suff.]
Sir EDWARD FRANCIS [not in J. PHILIPOT's List.]
Sir HUGH LOSSE [co. Middl.]
Sir WILLIAM LYGON [co. Worc.]
Sir THOMAS [LE] GROSSE [co. Norf.]
Sir JOHN TASKEROW
[*or* TASBURGH co. Suff.]
Sir THOMAS FOWLER [co. Middl.]
Sir EUSEBIUS ANDREW [co. Northt.]
Sir EDWARD ANDREW [not in J. PHILIPOT's List.]
Sir WILLIAM KINGSMILL [co. Southt.]
Sir ROBERT LUCY [co. Warw.]
Sir WILLIAM WALTER
Sir JOHN CUTTS [co. Camb.]
Sir RICHARD BLOUNT [co. Oxon.]
Sir ANTHONY DERING [co. Kent]
Sir H. VAUGHAN [not in J. PHILIPOT's List.]
Sir JOHN CAREW [co. Som.]
Sir EDWARD APSLEY [co. Suss.]
Sir BERTRAM BOOMER
Sir WILLIAM ALFORD [co. York]
Sir ROBERT LEE [co. Linc.]
Sir THOMAS BEAUMONT [co. Leic.]
Sir ROBERT MARKHAM [co. Oxon.]
Sir FRANCIS CASTILION [co. Berks.]
Sir GEORGE SAVILE [co. York]
Sir GEORGE MARTHAM [not in J. PHILIPOT's List.]
Sir ARTHUR ATTIE
[*or* ATEY co. Middl.]
Sir PECKSALL BROCAS [co. Southt.]
Sir JOHN WASHALL [*or*
? Sir ROBERT MARSHALL]
Sir ROBERT CLEVELAND
Sir RICHARD FERMOR [co. Northt.]
[Sir THOMAS CHEKE co. Essex]
[Sir THOMAS AYLOFFE co. Essex]
[Sir WALTER TICHBORNE]
[Sir THOMAS BAKER]

Upon Wednesday, the 11th of May 1603, His Majesty set forward from the Charterhouse, to the Tower of London; in going quietly on horseback to Whitehall, where he took [his] barge.

Having shot the Bridge [*London Bridge*], his present landing was expected at [the] Tower Stairs. But it pleased His Highness to pass the Tower Stairs, towards St Katharine's: and there stayed on the water to see the ordnance on the White Tower, commonly called JULIUS CÆSAR's Tower, being in number 20 pieces; [together] with the great ordnance on Tower Wharf, being in number 100; and chambers to the number of 130, discharged off. Of which all services were so sufficiently performed by the Gunners, that a peal of so good order was never heard before: which was most commendable to all sorts, and very acceptable to the King.

Then his royal person arrived at his own Stairs, so called the King's Stairs; and with him these Nobles, besides other gallant Gentlemen of worthy note, viz:

[CHARLES HOWARD, the Earl of NOTTINGHAM,] the Lord Admiral,
[HENRY PERCY,] the Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
[EDWARD SOMERSET,] the Earl of WORCESTER,
Lord THOMAS HOWARD, &c.

At his coming up the Stairs, the Sword was presented to His Majesty by Sir THOMAS CONI[G]SBY, Gentleman Usher of his Privy Chamber; and by the King delivered to the Duke of LENOX: who bare it before him into the Tower.

Upon the Stairs, the Gentleman Porter delivered the Keys of the Tower to [Sir JOHN PEYTON] the Lieutenant of the Tower; and the Lieutenant presented them accordingly to the King's Majesty: who most graciously acknowledged the most faithful discharge of the loyal and most great trust put in him; so, taking him about the neck, [he] redelivered them again.

After his repose in the Tower some [*i.e. about an*] hour; it was His Majesty's pleasure to see some [of the] Offices: as the Armory, the Wardrobe, the rich Artillery, and the Church. And after, for recreation, he walked in the garden: and so rested for that night.

The next day, being Thursday and the 12th of May [1603] he saw the Ordnance House; and after that, the Mint Houses; and, last of all, the lions.

The next day, being Friday the 13th of May [1603], he made these Lords and Knights following, viz:

In his Presence Chamber, before dinner.

[Sir ROBERT CECIL,] Lord ESSENDON [, co. Rutl.: *afterwards* Earl of SALISBURY].

[Sir ROBERT SYDNEY,] Lord SYDNEY of Penshurst [, co. Kent: *afterwards* Earl of LEICESTER].

[Sir WILLIAM KNOLLYS,] Lord KNOLLYS of Grays [, co. Oxon.: *afterwards* Earl of BANBURY].

[Sir EDWARD WOTTON,] Lord WOTTON of Mar[her]ley [, co. Kent].

Sir JOHN DEANE	[co. Essex]
Sir JOHN TREAVOR	[co. Flint]
Sir THOMAS SMITH	[co. Kent]
Sir THOMAS HUBERT	[co. Norf.]

And [in the] afternoon, in the Gallery.

Sir WILLIAM DETHICK, Garter [King at Arms	co. Surr.]
Sir ROBERT MACKLARAND	[co. Oxon.]
Sir GEORGE MORTON	[co. Dors.]
Sir EDMUND BELL	[co. Norf.]
Sir THOMAS PEYTON	[co. Kent]
Sir DAVID FOWLES Sir WILLIAM GARDNER	[co. Surr.]

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Odes.

[1606, and 1619.]

The following twelve *Odes* made their first appearance in an undated Volume of *Poems Lyrical and Pastoral*: but its date is fixed, as being in 1606, mainly by the 11th *Ode* on *The Virginian Voyage*.

As will be seen from pages 358–359 of the Second Volume of this Series; JAMES I., on 10th April 1606, divided Virginia into two Colonies. The Southern (34° to 41° N.), or First, Colony, he granted to the London Company: and the Northern (38° to 45° N.), or Second, Colony, to the Plymouth Company.

This 11th Ode must therefore have been written somewhat before 12th August 1606; as, on that day, the Plymouth Company sent off, for North Virginia, Captain HENRY CHALLON'S ship: which was however taken by the Spanish Plate Fleet, and its crew brought prisoners into Spain.

Of these twelve *Odes*; Nos. 4 and 8 were not reprinted in the Second Edition of 1619. The text of the other ten is largely that of that later edition, which was carefully revised by DRAYTON; who, amongst other changes, added in it those Headings which are here inserted between square brackets.

To the Reader.

ODES I have called these, the first of my few Poems; which how happy soever they prove, yet Criticism itself cannot say, That the name is wrongfully usurped. For (not to begin with Definitions, against the Rule of Oratory; nor *ab ovo*, against the Prescript of Poetry in a poetical argument: but somewhat only to season thy palate with a slight description) an Ode is known to have been properly a Song moduled to the ancient harp: and neither too short-breathed, as hastening to the end; nor composed of [the] longest verses, as unfit for the sudden turns and lofty tricks with which APOLLO used to menage it.

They are, as the Learned say, divers:

Some transcendently lofty; and far more high than the Epic, commonly called the Heroic, Poem—witness those of the inimitable PINDARUS consecrated to the glory and renown

of such as returned in triumph from [the Games at] Olympus, Elis, Isthmus, or the like.

Others, among the Greeks, are amorous, soft, and made for chambers; as others for theatres: as were ANACREON's, the very delicacies of the Grecian ERATO; which Muse seemed to have been the Minion of that Teian old man, which composed them.

Of a mixed kind were HORACE's. And [we] may truly therefore call these mixed; whatsoever else are mine: little partaking of the high dialect of the first

Though we be *all* to seek
Of PINDAR, that great Greek, [p. 531]

nor altogether of ANACREON; the Arguments being amorous, moral, or what else the Muse pleaseth.

To write much in this kind neither know I how it will relish: nor, in so doing, can I but injuriously presuppose ignorance or sloth in thee; or draw censure upon myself for sinning against the decorum of a Preface, by reading a Lecture, where it is enough to sum the points. New they are, and the work of Playing Hours: but what other commendation is theirs, and whether inherent in the subject, must be thine to judge.

But to act the Go-Between of my Poems and thy applause, is neither my modesty nor confidence: that, oftener than once, have acknowledged thee, kind; and do not doubt hereafter to do somewhat in which I shall not fear thee, just. And would, at this time, also gladly let thee understand what I think, above the rest, of the last Ode of the number; or, if thou wilt, Ballad in my book. For both the great Master of Italian rymes PETRARCH, and our CHAUCER, and others of the Upper House of the Muses, have thought their Canzons honoured in the title of a *Ballad*: which for that I labour to meet truly therein with the old English garb, I hope as ably to justify as the learned COLIN CLOUT his *Roundelay*.

Thus requesting thee, in thy better judgment, to correct such faults as have escaped in the printing; I bid thee farewell.

[M. DRAYTON.]

O D E S.

[1606.]

ODE I.

To Himself, and the Harp.



ND why not I, as he
That 's greatest, if as free,
(In sundry strains that strive,
Since there so many be),
Th' old Lyric kind revive?

I will, yea; and I may:
Who shall oppose my way?
For what is he alone,
That of himself can say,
He 's Heir of Helicon.

APOLLO and the Nine
Forbid no man their shrine,
That cometh with hands pure;
Else, they be so divine,
They will not him endure.

For they be such coy things;
That they care not for Kings,
And dare let them know it:
Nor may he touch their Springs
That is not born a Poet.

The Phocean it did prove,
Whom when foul lust did move
Those Maids, unchaste to make;
Fell as with them he strove,
His neck and justly brake.

PYRENÆUS, King of Phocis attempting to ravish the Muses.

That instrument ne'er heard,
Struck by the skilful Bard,
It strongly to awake;
But it th' infernals scared,
And made Olympus quake.

1 Samuel xvi.

As those prophetic strings,
Whose sounds with fiery wings
Drave fiends from their abode;
Touched by the best of Kings,
That sang the holy Ode.

ORPHEUS the Thracian Poet. *Caput, Hebre, lyramque excipis, &c.* OVID. *Metam.* xi.

So his, which women slew:
And it int' Hebrus threw;
Such sounds yet forth it sent,
The banks to weep that drew,
As down the stream it went.

MERCURY, inventor of the harp, as HORACE. Ode 10, Lib. I., *curvaque lyræ parentem.*

That by the tortoise shell,
To MAYA's son it fell,
The most thereof not doubt:
But sure some Power did dwell
In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,
And air, with rivers t' yield,
Which moved; that sturdy glebes,
And mossy oaks could wield,
To raise the piles of Thebes.

Thebes feigned to have been raised by music.

And diversely though strung,
So anciently We sung
To it; that now scarce known,
If first it did belong
To Greece, or if our own.

The ancient British Priests, so called of their abode in woods.

The Druids embrued
With gore, on altars rude
With sacrifices crowned,
In hollow woods bedewed,
Adored the trembling sound.

Though we be *all* to seek
Of PINDAR, that great Greek,
To finger it aright;
The soul with power to strike:
His hand retained such might.

PINDAR, Prince of the Greek Lyrics, of whom HORACE, *PINDARUM quisquis studet*, &c. Ode 2, Lib. IV.

Or him that Rome did grace,
Whose Airs we all embrace:
That scarcely found his peer;
Nor giveth PHŒBUS place,
For strokes divinely clear.

HORACE, first of the Romans in that kind.

The Irish I admire,
And still cleave to that Lyre
As our Music's mother:
And think, till I expire,
APOLLO's such another.

The Irish Harp.

As Britons that so long
Have held this antique Song;
And let all our carpers
Forbear their fame to wrong:
Th'are right skilful harpers.

SOOWTHERN, I long thee spare;
Yet wish thee well to fare,
Who me pleasedst greatly:
As first, therefore more rare,
Handling thy harp neatly.

SOOWTHERN, an English Lyric. [His *PANDORA* was published in 1584.]

To those that with despite
Shall term these Numbers slight;
Tell them, Their judgment 's blind!
Much erring from the right.
It is a noble kind.

Nor is 't the Verse doth make,
That giveth, or doth take:
'Tis possible to climb,
To kindle, or to slake:
Although in SKELTON's rhyme.

An old English Rhymer.

ODE 2.

To the New Year.



ICH statue double faced!
With marble temples graced,
To raise thy godhead higher;
In flames where, altars shining,
Before thy Priests divining,
Do od'rous fumes expire.

Great JANUS, I thy pleasure,
With all the Thespian treasure,
Do seriously pursue:
To th' passed year returning,
As though the Old adjourning;
Yet bringing in the New.

Thy ancient Vigils yearly,
I have observèd clearly;
Thy Feasts yet smoking be!
Since all thy store abroad is;
Give something to my goddess,
As hath been used by thee!

Give her th' Eoan Brightness!
Winged with that subtle lightness
That doth transpierce the air;
The Roses of the Morning!
The rising heaven adorning,
To mesh with flames of hair;

Those ceaseless Sounds, above all,
Made by those orbs that move all;
And ever swelling there:
Wrapped up in Numbers flowing,
Them actually bestowing
For jewels at her ear.

O rapture great and holy,
Do thou transport me wholly
So well her form to vary!
That I aloft may bear her
Where as I will insphere her
In regions high and starry.

And in my choice Composures,
The soft and easy Closures
So amorously shall meet,
That every lively Ceasure
Shall tread a perfect measure,
Set on so equal feet.

That spray to fame so fert'le,
The lover-crowning myrtle,
In wreaths of mixèd boughs;
Within whose shades are dwelling
Those beauties most excelling,
Enthroned upon her brows.

Those parallels so even,
Drawn on the face of heaven,
That curious Art supposes;
Direct those gems, whose clearness
Far off amaze by nearness,
Each globe such fire encloses.

Her bosom full of blisses,
By Nature made for kisses;
So pure and wondrous clear:
Where as a thousand Graces
Behold their lovely faces,
As they are bathing there.

O thou self-little Blindness!
The kindness of unkindness,
Yet one of those Divine:
Thy Brands to me were lever,
Thy Fascia, and thy Quiver,
And thou this Quill of mine.

This heart so freshly bleeding,
Upon its own self feeding:
Whose wounds still dropping be:
O Love, thyself confounding,
Her coldness so abounding,
And yet such heat in me.

Yet, if I be inspirèd,
I'll leave thee so admirèd
To all that shall succeed;
That were they more than many,
'Mongst all there is not any
That Time so oft shall read.

Nor adamant ingravèd,
That hath been choicely savèd,
IDEA's name outwears:
So large a dower as this is;
The greatest often misses,
The diadem that bears.

ODE 3.

[*To CUPID*]



AIDENS, why spare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind Shooter?'
"Because wanton VENUS,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her son's tutor.

"Now in the Spring,
He proveth his wing;
The field is his Bower:

And as the small bee,
About flyeth he,
From flower to flower.

"And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers;
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth
In sighs of true Lovers.

"And since doomed by Fate
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind;
For very despite,
Our eyes be his White:
So wayward his kind!

"If his shafts losing
(Ill his mark choosing)
Or his bow broken;
The moan VENUS maketh,
And care that she taketh,
Cannot be spoken.

"To VULCAN commending
Her love; and straight sending
Her doves and her sparrows,
With kisses, unto him:
And all but to woo him
To make her son arrows.

"Telling what he hath done;
Saith she, 'Right mine own son!'
In her arms she him closes.
Sweets on him fans,
Laid in down of her swans;
His sheets, leaves of roses.

"And feeds him with kisses;
Which oft when he misses,
He ever is froward.
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes, by much coying,
The child so untoward."

Yet in a fine net,
That a spider set,
The Maidens had caught him.
Had she not been near him,
And chancèd to hear him;
More good they had taught him!

To my worthy friend Master JOHN SAVAGE of the Inner Temple.

ODE 4.

UPON this sinful earth,
If Man can happy be,
And higher than his birth,
Friend, take him thus of me:

Whom promise not deceives,
That he the breach should rue;
Nor constant reason leaves
Opinion to pursue.

To raise his mean estate,
That soothes no Wanton's sin:
Doth that preferment hate,
That virtue doth not win.

Nor bravery doth admire:
Nor doth more love profess
To that he doth desire,
Than that he doth possess.

Loose humour nor to please,
That neither spares nor spends;
But by discretion weighs
What is to needful ends.

To him deserving not,
Not yielding: nor doth hold
What is not his: doing what
He ought, not what he could.

Whom the base tyrants' will
So much could never awe
As him, for good or ill,
From honesty to draw.

Whose constancy doth rise
'Bove undeservèd spite;
Whose valuers to despise
That most doth him delight.

That early leave doth take
Of th' World, though to his pain,
For Virtue's only sake;
And not till need constrain.

No man can be so free,
Though in imperial seat;
Nor eminent: as he
That deemeth nothing great.

ODE 5.

[*An Amourct Anacreontic.*]



OST good! most fair!
Or thing as rare!
To call you 's lost;
For all the cost
Words can bestow
So poorly show
Upon your praise,
That all the ways
Sense hath, come short.
Whereby Report
Falls them under:
That when Wonder
More hath seized;
Yet not pleased
That it, in kind,
Nothing can find,
You to express.
Nevertheless
As by globes small
This mighty A L L
Is shewed, though far
From life; each star
A World being:
So we seeing
You, like as that,
Only trust what
Art doth us teach.
And when I reach
At Moral Things,
And that my strings
Gravely should strike;
Straight some mislike
Blotteth mine Ode;
As, with the Load,
The Steel we touch:
Forced ne'er so much;

Yet still removes
To that it loves,
Till there it stays.
So to your praise
I turn ever:
And though never
From you moving;
Happy so loving.

ODE 6.

[*Love's Conquest.*]



ER 'T granted me to choose,
How I would end my days,
Since I this life must lose;
It should be in your praise:
For there are no Bays
Can be set above You.

S' impossibly I love You;
And for You sit so high
(Whence none may remove You)
In my clear Poesy,
That I oft deny
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit
Maintaining, still, my cause;
Your sex not to inherit,
Urging the Salic Laws:
But your virtue draws
From me every due.

Thus still You me pursue,
That nowhere I can dwell;
By fear made just to You,

Who naturally rebel;
Of You that excel
That should I still endite.

Yet will You want some rite.
That lost in your high praise,
I wander to and fro;
As seeing sundry ways:
Yet which the right not know
To get out of this Maze.

ODE 7.

[*An Ode written in the Peak.*]

THIS while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our Lyre?
Shall we not sing an Ode?
Shall that holy fire,
In us that strongly glowed,
In this cold air expire?

Long since the Summer laid
Her lusty bravery down;
The Autumn half is weighed,
And BOREAS 'gins to frown:
Since now I did behold
Great BRUTE's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak,
A while we do remain;
Amongst the mountains bleak,
Exposed to sleet and rain:
No sport our hours shall break,
To exercise our vein.

What though bright PHŒBUS' beams
Refresh the southern ground;
And though the princely Thames
With beauteous Nymphs abound;
And by old Camber's streams
Be many wonders found:

Yet many rivers clear
Here glide in silver swathes;
And what of all most dear,
Buxton's delicious baths,
Strong ale, and noble cheer,
T'assuage breem Winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose looks affright the day;
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray:
Our better leisure craves,
And doth invite our Lay.

In places far, or near,
Or famous, or obscure;
Where wholesome is the air,
Or where the most impure;
All times, and everywhere,
The Muse is still in ure.

ODE 8.



ING we the Rose!
Than which no flower there grows
Is sweeter;
And aptly her compare
With what in that is rare:
A parallel none meeter.

Or made posies,
Of this that encloses
Such blisses:
That naturally flusheth,
As she blusheth
When she is robbed of kisses.

Or if strewed,
When with the morning dewed;
Or stilling;
Or how to sense exposed:
All which in her enclosed,
Each place with sweetness filling.

That most renowned
By Nature richly crowned
With yellow;
Of that delicious lair:
And as pure her hair,
Unto the same the fellow.

Fearing of harm;
Nature that flower doth arm
From danger:
The touch gives her offence,
But with reverence
Unto herself, a stranger.

The red, or white,
Or mixed, the sense delight,
Beholding,
In her complexion:
All which perfection,
Such harmony infolding,

That divided,
Ere it was decided
Which most pure,
Began the grievous War
Of YORK and LANCASTER,
That did many years endure.

Conflicts as great
As were in all that heat,
I sustain:
By her, as many hearts
As men on either parts,
That with her eyes hath slain.

The Primrose flower,
The first of FLORA's bower
Is placed:
So is She first, as best:
Though excellent the rest;
All gracing, by none graced.

ODE 9.

[*A Skeltoniad.*]



HE Muse should be sprightly;
Yet not handling lightly
Things grave: as much loath
Things that be slight, to cloathe
Curiously. To retain
The Comeliness in mean
Is true Knowledge and Wit.
Nor me forced rage doth fit,
That I thereto should lack
Tobacco, or need Sack;
Which to the colder brain
Is the true Hippocrene.
Nor did I ever care
For Great Fools, nor them spare.
Virtue, though neglected,
Is not so dejected
As vilely to descend
To low baseness, their end:
Neither each rhyming slave

Deserves the name to have
Of Poet. So, the rabble
Of Fools, for the table,
That have their jests by heart,
As an Actor his part,
Might assume them chairs
Amongst the Muses' heirs.
Parnassus is not clomb
By every such Mome:
Up whose steep side who swerves,
It behoves t' have strong nerves.
My resolution such
How *well*, and not how *much*,
To write. Thus do I fare
Like some few good, that care
(The evil sort among)
How *well* to live, and not how *long*.

ODE 10.

[*His Defence against the idle Critic.*]



HE Ryme nor mars, nor makes;
Nor addeth it, nor takes,
From that which we propose:
Things imaginary
Do so strangely vary
That quickly we them lose.

And what 's quickly begot,
As soon again is not;
This do I truly know.
Yea, and what 's born with pain;
That, Sense doth long'st retain,
Gone with a greater flow.

Yet this Critic so stern,
(But whom, none must discern
Nor perfectly have seeing)
Strangely lays about him,
As nothing without him
Were worthy of being,

That I myself betray
To that most public way;
Where the World's old bawd
Custom, that doth humour,
And by idle rumour,
Her dotages applaud.

That whilst she still prefers
Those that be wholly hers,
Madness and Ignorance;
I creep behind the Time,
From spertling with their crime;
And glad too with my chance.

O wretched World the while,
When the evil most vile
Beareth the fairest face;
And inconstant lightness,
With a scornful slightness,
The best things doth disgrace!

Whilst this strange knowing beast,
Man; of himself the least,
His envy declaring,
Makes Virtue to descend,
Her title to defend
Against him; much preparing.

Yet these me not delude,
Nor from my place extrude,
By their resolvèd hate;
Their vileness that do know:
Which to myself I show,
To keep above my fate.

ODE II.

To the Virginian Voyage.



OU brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That Honour still pursue;
Go and subdue!
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britans, you stay too long;
Quickly aboard bestow you!
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail!
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West-and-by-South forth keep!
Rocks, Lee-shores, nor Shoals,
When EOLUS scowls,
You need not fear!
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold;
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish:
And the fruitful soil;
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns, with his purple mass,
  The cedar reaching high
  To kiss the sky.
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose, the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give:
  No other cares that tend,
  But them to defend
From winter's age,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
  Above the seas that flows,
  The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell,
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to GOD first given!)
  O you, the happiest men,
  Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar!
Frightening the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
  As those from whom We came!
  And plant our name
Under that Star
Not known unto our North!

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
  APOLLO's sacred tree;
  You it may see
A Poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend,
Industrious HAKLUYT!
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame;
And much commend
To after Times thy wit.

ODE 12.

To the Cambro-Britans and their Harp, his Ballad of Agincourt.

[Besides this Ballad: MICHAEL DRAYTON published, in 1627, a much longer Poem upon this celebrated Battle.]



AIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry.
But putting to the main;
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King HARRY.

And taking many a fort
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay
With all his Power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King HENRY to deride;
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending.

Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile;
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave HENRY then:
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazèd!
Yet have we well begun:
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raised!"

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall She sustain
Loss to redeem me!

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lillies."

The Duke of YORK so dread
The eager Vanward led;
With the Main, HENRY sped
Amongst his henchmen:
EXETER had the Rear,
A braver man not there!
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan:
To hear, was wonder.
That, with cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet, to trumpet spake;
Thunder, to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble ERPINGHAM!
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces:
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English Archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong;
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts;
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw;
And forth their bilbowes [*swords*] drew
And on the French they flew:
Not one was tardy.
Arms were from the shoulders sent
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went:
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it.

And many a deep wound lent;
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

GLOUCESTER that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother.
CLARENCE, in steel so bright,
Though but a Maiden Knight;
Yet in that furious fight,
Scarce such another!

WARWICK, in blood did wade;
OXFORD, the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
SUFFOLK his axe did ply;
BEAUMONT and WILLOUGHBY
Bare them right doughtily:
FERRERS, and FANHOPE.

Upon Saint CRISPIN'S Day,
Fought was this noble Fray;
Which Fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King HARRY?

FINIS.

To the worthy Knight, and my noble friend,
Sir HENRY GOODERE, *a Gentleman of*
His Majesty's Privy Chamber.



HESE Lyric pieces, short, and few,
Most worthy Sir, I send to you;
To read them be not weary!
They may become JOHN HEWES his lyre,
Which oft, at Polesworth,* by the fire,
Hath made us gravely merry.

Believe it, he must have the trick
Of Ryming, with Invention quick,
That should do Lyrics well:
But how I have done in this kind,
Though in myself I cannot find,
Your judgment best can tell.

Th' old British Bards (upon their harps
For falling Flats, and rising Sharps,
That curiously were strung)
To stir their Youth to warlike rage,
Or their wild fury to assuage,
In these loose Numbers sung.

No more I, for fools' censure pass,
Than for the braying of an ass;
Nor once mine ear will lend them:
If you but please to take in gree
These *Odes*, sufficient 'tis to me:
Your liking can commend them.

Yours,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

* In Warwickshire.

ODES,

WITH OTHER LYRIC POESIES.

To his Valentine.



USE, bid the Morn awake!
Sad Winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a Make;
This day 's Saint VALENTINE's.
For that good Bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see
What Beauty it shall be
That Fortune us assigns!

But, lo, in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies;
In yonder climbing Tower,
Gilt by the glitt'ring Rise!
O, JOVE, that in a shower
(As once that Thunderer did,
When he in drops lay hid)
That I could her surprise!

Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight:
No mortal ever saw
So ravishing a sight;
That it the Gods might awe,
And pow'rfully transpierce
The globy Universe,
Outshooting every light.

My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
As polished ivory sleek;
And in her ear I'll say:
"O thou bright Morning Star!
'Tis I, that come so far,
My Valentine to seek.

"Each little bird, this tide,
Doth choose her lovèd pheere;

Which constantly abide
  In wedlock all the year,
As Nature is their guide;
So may we Two be true
This year, nor change for new;
  As turtles coupled were.

"The sparrow, swan, the dove,
  Though VENUS' birds they be;
Yet are they not for love,
  So absolute as we!
For reason us doth move;
But they by billing woo.
Then try what we can do!
  To whom each sense is free.

"Which we have more than they,
  By livelier organs swayed;
Our Appetite each way
  More by our Sense obeyed.
Our Passions to display,
This season us doth fit;
Then let us follow it,
  As Nature us doth lead!

"One kiss in two let 's breathe!
  Confounded with the touch,
But half words let us speak!
  Our lips employed so much,
Until we both grow weak:
With sweetness of thy breath,
O smother me to death!
  Long let our joys be such!

"Let 's laugh at them that choose
  Their Valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use,
  Whom idly they have got."
Saint VALENTINE, befriend!
We thus this Morn may spend:
  Else, Muse, awake her not!

The Heart.



F thus we needs must go;
What shall our one Heart do,
This One made of our Two?

Madam, two Hearts we brake;
And from them both did take
The best, one Heart to make.

Half this is of your Heart,
Mine in the other part;
Joined by an equal Art.

Were it cemented, or sewn;
By shreds or pieces known,
We might each find our own.

But 'tis dissolved and fixed;
And with such cunning mixed,
No diff'rence that betwixt.

But how shall we agree,
By whom it kept shall be:
Whether by you or me?

It cannot two breasts fill;
One must be heart-less still,
Until the other will.

It came to me to-day:
When I willed it to say,
With Whether would it stay?

It told me, "In your breast,
Where it might hope to rest:
For if it were my guest,

"For certainty, it knew
That I would still anew
Be sending it to you!"

Never, I think, had two
Such work, so much, to do:
A Unity to woo!

Yours was so cold and chaste:
Whilst mine with zeal did waste;
Like Fire with Water placed.

How did my Heart intreat!
How pant! How did it beat,
Till it could give yours heat!

Till to that temper brought,
Through our perfection wrought,
That blessing either's thought.

In such a height it lies
From this base World's dull eyes;
That Heaven it not envies.

All that this Earth can show,
Our Heart shall not once know!
For it's too vile and low.

The Sacrifice to APOLLO.



RIESTS of APOLLO, sacred be the room
For this learned meeting! Let no barbarous groom,
How brave soe'er he be,
Attempt to enter!
But of the Muses free,
None here may venture!
This for the Delphian Prophets is prepared:
The profane Vulgar are from hence debarred!

And since the Feast so happily begins;
Call up those fair Nine, with their violins!
They are begot by JOVE.
Then let us place them
Where no clown in may shove,
That may disgrace them:
But let them near to young APOLLO sit;
So shall his foot-pace overflow with wit.

Where be the Graces? Where be those fair Three?
In any hand, they may not absent be!
They to the Gods are dear:
And they can humbly
Teach us, ourselves to bear,
And do things comely.
They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem:
They grace the Muses; and the Muses, them.

Bring forth your flagons, filled with sparkling wine
(Whereon swollen BACCHUS, crownèd with a vine,
Is graven); and fill out!
It well bestowing
To every man about,
In goblets flowing!
Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound!
To our god PHŒBUS, let the Health go round!

Let your Jests fly at large; yet therewithal
See they be Salt, but yet not mixed with Gall!
Not tending to disgrace:
But fairly given,
Becoming well the place,
Modest and even,
That they, with tickling pleasure, may provoke
Laughter in him on whom the Jest is broke.

Or if the deeds of Heroes ye rehearse:
Let them be sung in so well-ordered Verse,
That each word have its weight,
Yet run with pleasure!

Holding one stately height
In so brave measure
That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak;
And damp JOVE's thunder, when it loud'st doth speak.

And if ye list to exercise your vein,
Or in the Sock, or in the Buskined strain;
Let Art and Nature go
One with the other!
Yet so, that Art may show
Nature her mother:
The thick-brained audience lively to awake,
Till with shrill claps the Theatre do shake.

Sing Hymns to BACCHUS then, with hands upreared!
Offer to JOVE, who most is to be feared!
From him the Muse we have.
From him proceedeth
More than we dare to crave.
'Tis he that feedeth
Them, whom the World would starve. Then let the lyre
Sound! whilst his altars endless flames expire.

To his Rival.

HER loved I most,
By thee that 's lost,
Though she were won with leisure;
She was my gain:
But to my pain,
Thou spoilest me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmèd,
May suffer wrack
In sailing back,
By tempest overwhelmèd.

But She, good Sir!
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging:
But for that She
Found faith in me,
And She loved to be changing.

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot;
Be silent now you have her!
The time I knew
She slighted you,
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast
But may be cast
By Fortune, and disgracèd:
Once did I wear
Her garter there,
Where you her glove have placèd.

I had the vow
That thou hast now,
And glances to discover
Her love to me;
And She to thee,
Reads but old lessons over.

She hath no smile
That can beguile;
But, as my thought, I know it:
Yea to a hair,
Both when, and where,
And how, she will bestow it.

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And first to me was given;
Thou laugh'st at me!
I laugh at thee!
And thus we two are even.

But I'll not mourn,
But stay my turn;
The wind may come about, Sir!
And once again
May bring me in;
And help to bear you out, Sir!

The Crier.



OOD folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a Crier!
For my poor Heart is run astray
After two Eyes, that passed this way.

Oh yes! O yes! O yes!
If there be any man,
In town or country, can
Bring me my Heart again;
I'll please him for his pain.

And by these marks, I will you show
That only I this Heart do owe [*own*]:
It is a wounded Heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart.
Every piece sore hurt throughout it:
Faith and Troth writ round about it.
It was a tame Heart, and a dear;
And never used to roam:
But having got this haunt, I fear
'Twill hardly stay at home.

For God's sake, walking by the way,
If you my Heart do see;
Either impound it for a Stray,
Or send it back to me!

To his coy Love.

A Canzonet.



PRAY thee leave! Love me no more!
Call home the heart you gave me!
I but in vain that Saint adore
That can, but will not, save me.
These poor half kisses kill me quite!
Was ever man thus servèd?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starvèd.

Show me no more those snowy breasts
With azure rivcrets branchèd!
Where whilst mine Eye with plenty feeds,
Yet is my thirst not staunchèd.
O TANTALUS, thy pains ne'er tell!
By me thou art prevented:
'Tis *nothing* to be plagued in Hell;
But, *thus*, in Heaven, tormented!

Clip me no more in those dear arms;
Nor thy "Life's Comfort" call me!
O these are but too powerful charms;
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee!
Come, nice Thing, let thy heart alone!
I cannot live without thee!

A Hymn to his Lady's Birth-place.



OVENTRY, that dost adorn
The country [*County*] wherein I was born:
Yet therein lies not thy praise;
Why I should crown thy Towers with bays?
'Tis not thy Wall, me to thee weds; Coventry finely walled.
Thy Ports; nor thy proud Pyramids;

The shoulder-bone of a Boar of mighty bigness.

Nor thy trophies of the Boar:
But that She which I adore,
(Which scarce Goodness's self can pair)
First there breathing, blest thy air.

IDEA; in which name I hide
Her, in my heart deified.
For what good, Man's mind can see;
Only her ideas be:
She, in whom the Virtues came
In Woman's shape, and took her name.
She so far past imitation
As (but Nature our creation
Could not alter) she had aimed
More than Woman to have framed.
She whose truly written story,
To thy poor name shall add more glory,
Than if it should have been thy chance
T' have bred our Kings that conquered France.

Two famous Pilgrimages: one in Norfolk, the other in Kent.

Had she been born the former Age,
That house had been a Pilgrimage;
And reputed more Divine
Than Walsingham, or BECKET's Shrine.

GODIVA, Duke LEOFRIC's wife, who obtained the freedom of the city of her husband, by riding through it naked.

That Princess, to whom thou dost owe
Thy Freedom (whose clear blushing snow
The envious sun saw; when as she
Naked rode to make thee free),
Was but her type: as to foretell
Thou shouldst bring forth One should excel
Her bounty; by whom thou shouldst have
More Honour, than she Freedom gave.

Queen ELIZABETH.

And that great Queen, which but of late
Ruled this land in peace and State,
Had not been; but Heaven had sworn
A Maid should reign when She was born.

Of thy streets, which thou hold'st best,
And most frequent of the rest:

Happy *Mich Park!* Every year,
On the Fourth of August there,
Let thy Maids, from FLORA's bowers,
With their choice and daintiest flowers
Deck thee up! and from their store,
With brave garlands crown that door!

A noted street in Coventry.
His Mistress's birthday.

The old man passing by that way,
To his son, in time, shall say:
"There was that Lady born: which
Long to after Ages shall be sung."
Who, unawares being passed by,
Back to that house shall cast his eye;
Speaking my verses as he goes,
And with a sigh shut every Close.

Dear City! travelling by thee,
When thy rising Spires I see,
Destined her Place of Birth;
Yet methinks the very earth
Hallowed is, so far as I
Can thee possibly descry.
Then thou, dwelling in this place,
(Hearing some rude hind disgrace
Thy city, with some scurvy thing
Which some Jester forth did bring)
Speak these Lines, where thou dost come,
And strike the slave for ever dumb.

THOMAS, third Lord FAIRFAX.

Short Memorials of some things to be cleared during my Command in the Army.

[1645 to 1650 A.D.]

[From the holograph, now *Fairfax MS.* 36, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.]

[These *Memorials* are not written in a strictly chronological sequence. They are of surpassing interest: being the recollections, about 1665, of many stirring events in England between 1642 and 1650, by a chief Actor in the same; whose personal motto was, *Mon DIEU, je servirai tant que je vivrai.*]

NOW when GOD is visiting the nation [? *an allusion to the Plague of London in* 1665] for the transgressions of their ways, as formerly he did to one sort of men so doth he it to another sort; so that all may see their errors and his justice: and as we have cause to implore his mercy, having sinned against him; so must we still vindicate his justice, who is always "clear when he judgeth." [*Ps.* li. 4.]

Now therefore, by his grace and assistance, I shall truly set down the grounds my actions moved upon during that unhappy War; and those actions which seemed to the World the more questionable in my steering through the turbulent and perilous seas of that time.

The first embarking into the sad calamities of War was about the year 1641 when the general distemper of the Three Kingdoms had kindled such a flame even in the hearts (I

mean the Difference between the King and Parliament), as every one sought to guard his own house by the authority of both these. But the different judgements and ways were so contrary that, before a remedy could be found out, almost all was consumed to ashes.

I must needs say my judgement was for the Parliament, as the King's, and Kingdom's, great and safest Council; as others were for the King, and averse to Parliament, as if it could not go high enough for the Perogative.

Upon which division, different Powers were set up, viz.: The Commission of Array for the King; and [the Militia for] the Parliament. But those of the Array so exceeded their Commission by oppressing many honest people; whom, by way of reproach, they called Roundheads: they being (for Religion, Estates, and Interest) a very considerable part of the country; that occasioned them to take up arms in their own defence, which was afterwards confirmed by Parliamentary authority.

Now my father being yet at his house at Denton, where I then waited on him, though he had notice from his friends that it was resolved that he should be sent for, as a prisoner, to York: yet he resolved not to stir from his own house; not knowing anything in himself to deserve it. But the country [*Yorkshire*] suffering daily more and more, many were forced to come and intreat him to join with them in defence of themselves and country [*Yorkshire*]; which [were] being sadly oppressed by those of the Array, which afterwards had the name of Cavaliers.

And being much importuned by those that were about him; he was resolved, seeing his country [*Yorkshire*] in this great distress, to run the same hazard with them for the preservation of it.

Then did the Parliament grant a Commission to him, to be General of the Forces in the North: myself also having a Commission under him, to be General of the Horse. But it is not my intention, in this place, to mention the several Services that were done in this Cause of the Parliament: being rather desirous to clear my actions in it than to declare them. Therefore I shall say no more [*See however pp.* 577-610] of this Three Years' War in the North; there being

nothing, I thank GOD! in all that time to be alleged against me.

But now I shall come to say something how I came to be engaged in the South.

There being some years spent, in those parts, in a lingering War between the forces of the King and [the] Parliament; and several battles so equally fought, as could scarce be known on which side the business in dispute would be determined; though it must be confessed the Parliament's Army was under the command of a very noble and gallant person, [ROBERT DEVEREUX] the Earl of ESSEX: yet finding Time and Delay gaining more advantage on their affairs than Force had done; the Parliament resolved to make a change in the constitution of their Army; hoping by it to find a change also in businesses, which were then something in a declining condition.

So as, in this distemper of affairs, the Army was New Modelled; and a new General was proposed to command it. For which, by the Votes of the Two Houses of Parliament [in February 1645], myself was nominated; though most unfit: and so far from desiring of it, that had not so great an authority commanded obedience, [I also] being then unseparated from the royal Interest; besides the persuasions of nearest friends, not to decline so free and general a Call; I should have "hid myself [among the stuff," 1 *Samuel* x. 22.] to have avoided so great a charge. But whether it was from a natural facility in me, that betrayed my modesty; or the powerful hand of GOD, which all things must obey: I was induced to receive the Command.

Then was I immediately voted by the Parliament [in February 1645], to come to London to take up my charge [*where he arrived on 18th February* 1645]; though not fully recovered of a dangerous wound, which I had received a little before; and which, I verily believe, without the miraculous hand of GOD had proved mortal.

But here, alas! when I bring to mind the sad consequences that designing men have brought to pass since, from these first innocent undertakings, I am ready to let go that confidence I had, with JOB to say: "Till I die, I will not remove

my integrity from me; nor shall my heart reproach me so long as I live" [*Job* xxvii. 5]. But now more fit to take up his Complaint with a little alteration and to say, Why did I not die when I had that hurt? Why did I not give up the ghost when my life was on the confines of the grave? [See *Job* x. 18.]

But GOD having been pleased thus to give me my life as a prey; I took my journey southward: hoping I might be someway serviceable to the Public. But when I came thither, had it not been in the simplicity of my heart, I could not have supported myself under the frowns and displeasures showed me by those who were disgusted at this alteration; in which many of them were themselves so much concerned: and these did not only outwardly express it, but sought by all means to obstruct my proceedings in this new charge. Who though they could not prevent what the necessity of affairs pressed most to do, viz.: To march speedily out with the Army; yet were we, by them, made so inconsiderable for want of fit and necessary accommodations, as it rather seemed that we were sent to be destroyed and ruined than to do any service for the Kingdom by it. Insomuch as when I went to take my leave of a Great Person [*Can this have been* DENZIL HOLLES?]; he told me, He was very sorry I was going out with the Army, for he did believe we should be beaten.

Surely then had some of our ends been Self Interest merely, this might have discouraged us: but it working no such effects, gave the more hopes of future success; as it did to the Parliament's advantage. But if any ill use hath been made of such mercies, let the mercies be acknowledged from GOD: but let the abuses receive their due reward of shame and punishment.

Thus, being led on by good success, and clear intentions of a Public Good; some of us could not discern the serpent which was hid in these spreading leaves of so Good Fortune: nor could believe the fruits of our hopes would prove as cockatrice's eggs; from whence so viperous a brood should afterwards spring up.

But, how ill deserving so ever we were: yet still it pleased GOD to give the Army such success in the years [16]45 and

[16]46; that there remained in England neither Army nor fortress to oppose the Parliament in settling the peace of the Kingdom.

But this shining mercy soon became clouded with the mists of abominable hypocrisy [and] deceit; even in those men, who had been instrumental in bringing this War to a conclusion. Here was the vertical point on which the Army's honour and reputation turned into reproach and scandal. Here the power of the Army, which I once had, was usurped by the Forerunners of Confusion and Anarchy, viz.: the Agitators. [*The Army appointed a Committee of Adjutators on 14th May* 1647.]

My Commission as General bound me to act with [the co-operation of my] Council: but the arbitrary and unlimited power of this new Council would act without a General: and all that I could do, could not prevail against this stream; especially when the Parliament itself became divided, so that the pay was withheld from the Army, which heightened their distempers.

Then followed, Free Quarter [in November 1647]; and that brought a general discontent through the whole nation: which gave these factious Agitators matter enough for the carrying on of their designs; viz., To raise their own fortunes by the ruin of others.

But now, being much troubled to see things in this condition, I did rather desire to be a sufferer than to be a Commander: but, before I laid down my Commission, I thought it fit to consult with some friends rather than gratify my private sense and reason, which much desired it; especially having received it from a Public Authority, which might justly expect to have notice of it before I laid it down. Which was the cause of my continuing in the Army longer than I would have done (seeing I could not have my desire granted): which did indeed preserve the Parliament for some time, from those confusions and breakings, which afterwards Time and Confidence emboldened these men to.

But now I shall descend to some particulars of their Agitation:

At Nottingham was the first time that I took notice of it, by the soldiers' meetings to frame a *Petition* to the Parliament

about their arrears [of pay]. The thing seemed just: but, not liking the way, I spake with some Officers that were principally engaged in it; and got it suppressed for that time.

Which was but as the cutting off of Hydra's head, which soon sprang up again (though not so near the Head Quarters; but in more remote corners of the Army, which I could not so timely prevent) so that they presented it to the Parliament; which they were highly displeased with. And now falling into difference[s]; the consequence of which proved fatal not only to the King, but also destructive to one another. The one striving to uphold his authority: the other (who had a spirit of unsettlement) to preserve themselves from the ruin they feared. This (with a natural inclination to change) I believe created the thoughts of a New Government; which, in time, attained the name of a Common Wealth: though it never arrived to the perfection of it; being sometimes Democratical, sometimes Oligarchial, lastly Anarchial—as indeed all the ways attaining to it seemed nothing but a Confusion.

For now the Officers of the Army were placed and displaced by the will of the new Agitators; who, with violence, so carried all things, as it was above my power to restrain it. This made me have recourse to my friends to get me a discharge of my Command; so as there was a consultation with several Members of Parliament, who met about it: but none would undertake to move it to the House, as affairs then stood. And they perceiving that such a Motion would be unpleasing to them: which was the answer I received from them. And further that I should satisfy myself: for it would be the Parliament's care to compose all things in as good order as might be most for the good and settlement of the Kingdom. But these hopes, though they something supported my spirit; yet could not they balance the grief and trouble I had, that I could not get my discharge. So that, if you find me carried on with this stream; I can truly say, It was by the violence of it, and no consent of mine.

But the Army, having gotten this power and strength by correspondence with some in Parliament (who themselves did after find it [to their disadvantage] in the end) they] *the*

Army] march nearer London [26th June 1647]: and, at Windsor [20th November 1647], after two days' debate in a Council of War, it was resolved to remove all out of the House [of Commons] whom they conceived to "obstruct," as they called it, "the Public Settlement."

Upon which expedition in this march, I was vehemently pressed: but here I resolved to use a restrictive power, when I had not a persuasive one. So when the Lieutenant General [OLIVER CROMWELL] and others pressed me to sign orders for marching, I still delayed the doing of it [in November 1647]; as always dreading the consequences of breaking Parliament, and at a time when the Kingdom was falling into a new War: which was so near, that my delaying but three or four days giving out Orders, diverted this humour of the Army from being Statesmen to their more proper duty of soldiers.

For, even then, Colonel POYER declared [for the King] in Wales; great forces were raised with the Lord GORING in Kent; and Duke [of] HAMILTON (almost at the same time) with a powerful Army of the Scots. All which set out work enough for that summer [of 1648].

This I write to shew how, by Providence, a few days' delay did prolong the Parliament more than a year from the violent breaches that afterwards happened to them.

Here again might be mentioned the great and difficult businesses the Army went through that year [1648]: hoping, as well aiming, it would be a good service to the Kingdom. But, seeing the factious Party grew more insolent as success made them more powerful, I shall forbear to relate those Actions; which would, otherwise, have deserved a better remembrance than, in modesty, [it] were fit for me to record: and [I] will rather punish myself here, with the continuance of the Story of the Army's Irregularities.

But one thing, of very great concernment in all after changes, should have been inserted before the mention of this Second War: but [it] will come in well enough in this place, without much interruption of this Discourse, viz.:

THE KING'S REMOVAL FROM HOLMBY,

the sad consequences whereof fill my heart with grief with

the remembrance of it now; as it did then, with thoughts and care how to have prevented it.

Being then at Saffron Walden in Essex, I had notice that Cornet JOYCE (an arch-Agitator that quartered about Oxford) had [on 4th June 1647] seized on the King's person, and removed his Quarters: and [had] given such a check to the Commissioners of Parliament which were ordered to attend His Majesty, that they refused to act any further in their Commission; being so unwarrantably interrupted.

But, as soon as I heard it, I immediately sent away two Regiments of Horse, commanded by Colonel WHALLEY to remove this force; and to set all things again in their due order and course.

But before he reached Holmby [or Holdenby]; the King was advanced two or three miles [from thence] on his way towards Cambridge; attended by JOYCE. Here Colonel WHALLEY acquainted the King, That he was sent by the General to let him know how much he was troubled at those great insolencies that had been committed so near his person: and as he had not the least knowledge of it before it was done, so he had omitted no time in seeking to remove the force; which he had orders from me to see done. And therefore [Colonel WHALLEY] desired that His Majesty would be pleased to return again to Holmby, where all things should again be settled in as much order and quietness as they were before. And also he [*Colonel WHALLEY*] desired the Commissioners to resume their Charge, as the Parliament had directed them: which he had in charge also to desire them to do, from the General.

But the King refused to return; and the Commissioners refused also to act any more as Commissioners. Which Colonel WHALLEY still further urged, saying, He had an express command to see all things well settled again about His Majesty; which could not be but by his returning again to Holmby.

Which the King said positively, He would not do.

So Colonel WHALLEY pressed him no further: having indeed a special direction from me to use all tenderness and respect, as was due, towards His Majesty.

So the King came that night, or the second [6th June

1647] to Sir JOHN CUTT's house [at Childerley] near Cambridge: where, the next day, I waited on His Majesty. It being also my business to persuade his return to Holmby. But he was otherwise resolved.

I pressed the Commissioners also to act again, according to the power that Parliament had given them: which they also refused to do.

So having spent the whole day [7th June 1647] about this business; I returned to my Quarters.

But before I took my leave of the King, he said to me, "Sir, I have as great an Interest in the Army as you." By which I plainly saw the broken reed he leaned upon.

These Agitators [*or Adjutators*], chameleon-like, could change into that colour which best served their ends; and so had brought the King into an opinion that the Army was for him: though [it was] never less for his safety and rights, than when it was theirs.

And that it might appear what real trouble this act was to me; notwithstanding the Army was almost wholly infected with the humour of Agitation, I called for a Court of War, to proceed against JOYCE for this high offence, and the breach of the *Articles of War*. But the Officers (whether for fear of the distempered soldiers; or rather, as I fear, from a secret allowance of what was done) made all my endeavours herein ineffectual: and now (no punishment being able to reach them) all affairs steer after this compass:

The King and all his Party are in hopes. Those of the Parliament, and others who kept to their Covenant Interest, in fears. So as, for many months, Public Councils were turned into private Junto's. Which would have been less criminal, if it had ended in General Consent. But, on the contrary, it begat greater emulations and jealousies one of another. So that the Army would not entrust the King any longer with the liberty he had; nor would the Parliament suffer the King to undertake that which was properly their work to do, viz.: [the] Settling [of] the Kingdom with its just rights and liberties. And the Army were as jealous of the Parliament, that they [*the Parliament*] would not have care enough of their [*the Army's*] security.

All things growing worse and worse made the King endeavour his own escape, as he did [11th-14th November 1647]; but out of a larger confinement at Hampton Court, to a straiter one in the Isle of Wight.

Here the Parliament treated upon *Propositions of Peace* with the King. But, alas, the Envious One sowed tares that could not be rooted out, without plucking up the corn also.

And here was the King, as the golden ball, tossed before the two great Parties; the Parliament, and the Army: [which] grew to a great contest, which must again have involved the kingdom in blood.

But the Army, having the greater power, got the King again into their hands; notwithstanding all the means that could be used. The *Treaty* [*? of Newport, ? October* 1648] was scarcely ended, before the King was seized upon by the hands of the same person, Lieutenant Colonel COBBETT, who took him from Holmby [; *and who now removed him, on 1st December* 1648, *from Carisbrooke Castle to Hurst Castle*]. Soon after followed his Trial.

But to prepare a way to this work [*the Trial*] this Agitating Council had thought first how to remove out of the Parliament all those who were likely to oppose them in that work; which they carried on with that secrecy as that I had not the least intimation of it, till it was done: as some Members of the House can witness, with whom I was met, at that very time, upon especial business, when that horrible attempt was made by Colonel PRIDE upon the Parliament [on 6th December 1648]. It was so secretly carried on that I should get no notice of it: because I always prevented those designs when I knew of them. But by this "Purging of the House," as they called it, the Parliament was brought into such a consumptive and languishing condition as that it could never recover again that healthful Constitution which always kept the Kingdom in its strength and vigour.

But now, this Three-fold Cord being cut by the sword, the Trial of the King was the easier for them to accomplish. My afflicted and troubled mind for it, and my earnest endeavours to prevent it, will, I hope, sufficiently testify my abhorrence of the fact. And what might they not now

do to the lower shrubs, having thus cut down the cedar? For, after this, [the] Duke [of] HAMILTON, [the] Earl of HOLLAND, and Lord CAPEL, and others, were condemned to death.

But here it is fit to say something for my own vindication about my Lord CAPEL, Sir CHARLES LUCAS, and Sir GEORGE LISLE; who were *prisoners at mercy* upon the rendition of Colchester: seeing some have questioned the just performance of those *Articles* [*of Surrender*].

I (having laid siege to the town, and several assaults being made upon it) finding their forces within [to be] much more numerous than those I had without, forced me to take another course: blocking them up; and so, by cutting off all supplies, to bring them to a surrender. Which, after [a] four months' siege, they were necessitated to; and that *upon mercy*: they being between 3,000 and 4,000 men.

Now by *Delivering upon mercy* is to be understood, that some are to suffer, and the rest to go free.

So those forementioned persons only were to suffer; and all the rest freed.

So immediately after our entrance into the town [on 26th August 1648], a Council of War being called; those persons were sentenced to die, the rest to be quit.

Yet, on they being so resolved, I thought fit to manumit the Lord CAPEL, the Lord NORWICH, &c. over to the Parliament (being the Civil Judicature of the Kingdom, consisting then of Lords and Commons) as the most proper Judges of their cases: being considerable for estates and families.

But Sir CHARLES LUCAS and Sir GEORGE LISLE being mere Soldiers of Fortune; and falling into our hands by the chance of war, execution was done upon them. And in this distribution of Justice I did nothing but according to my Commission, and the trust reposed in me.

But it may be objected that I went into the Court during the Trial.

To this, I answer. It was upon the earnest entreaties of my Lord CAPEL's friends; who desired me to explain there, what I meant by *Surrendering to mercy*: otherwise I had not gone, being always unsatisfied with the Court.

But for this I shall need to say no more: seeing I may as well be questioned for the *Articles* of Bristol, Oxford, Exeter; or [for] any other Action in the War, as for this.

And now I have related the most remarkable things that might be alleged against me during the prosecution of the War.

Yet one thing more requires that I should say something to it, before I conclude, viz.: Concerning Papers and Declarations of the Army that came out in my name and the Council of Officers. I must needs say. From the time they declared their Usurped Authority at Triplow Heath [10th June 1647], I never gave my free consent to anything they did: but (being then undischarged of my place) they set my hand [*signature*], by way of course, to all their Papers; whether I consented or not.

And unto such failings all Authority may fall. As sometimes Kingly Authority may be abused to their, and the Kingdom's, prejudice; sometimes, under a Parliamentary Authority, much injury hath been done: so here, hath a General's Power been broken and crumbled into a Levelling Faction, to the great unsettlement of the Nation.

Yet, even in this, I hope all impartial judges will interpret as a force and ravishment of a good name; rather than a voluntary consent whereby it might make me seem to become equally criminal. Though I must confess, if in a multitude of words, much more in a multitude of actions, there may be some transgressions: yet, I can as truly say, they were never designedly or wilfully committed by me.

But now, when all the power was got into the Army, they cut up the root of Kingly Government. After this, were Engagements to relinquish the Title. Then [was] War declared against Scotland for assisting the King [CHARLES II.]: and several Leagues made with foreign Princes to confederate with their new Government, which was now a Common Wealth, against the Kingly Power.

Seeing which, with grief and sorrow, though I had as much the love of the Army as ever; though I was with much importunity solicited by the remaining Parliament, the Lieutenant General [OLIVER CROMWELL], and other

Officers and soldiers, to continue my Command; and though I might, so long as I acted their designs, attain to the height of power and other advantages I pleased (for so I understood from themselves): yet (by the mercy and goodness of GOD, ever valuing Loyalty and Conscience before this perishing felicity) I did, so long as I continued in the Army, oppose all those ways in their counsels; and, when I could do no more, I also declined their actions, though not their Commission I had from the Parliament, till the remaining part of it, took it from me [25th June 1650].

Thus I have given you, in short, the sum of the most considerable things that the World may censure me for, during this unhappy War. Yet, I hope, among many weaknesses and failings there shall not be found crimes of that magnitude [for me] to be counted amongst those who have done these things through ambition and dissimulation. Hoping also that GOD will, one day, clear this Action we undertook, so far as concerns his honour; and the integrity of such as faithfully served in it. For I cannot believe that such wonderful successes shall be given in vain. Though cunning and deceitful men must take shame to themselves; yet the purposes and determination of GOD shall have happy effects to his glory, and the comfort of his people.

THOMAS, third Lord FAIRFAX.

A Short Memorial of the Northern Actions; during the War there, from the year 1642 *till the year* 1644.

I DID not think to have taken up my pen any more, to have written on this subject: but that my silence seemed to accuse me of ingratitude to GOD for the many mercies and deliverances I have had; and of injuriousness to myself in losing the comfort of them, by suffering them to be buried in the grave of Oblivion in my lifetime.

Wherefore I shall set down, as they come to my mind, such things wherein I have found the wonderful assistance of GOD to me in the time of the War I was in the North: though not in that methodical and polished manner as might have been done; being but intended only for my own satisfaction, and the help of my memory.

As I said, in the First Part [*p.* 565], my father was called forth by the importunity of the country [*Yorkshire*], to join with them in the defence of themselves: and [was] confirmed by a Commission of the Parliament [*by Vote on the 23rd August* 1642. *He however did not actually receive the Commission till the 3rd December following.*]

The first Action we had was at Bradford, where we had about 300 men. The Enemy, having about 700 or 800 and

2 pieces of ordnance, came thither to assault us [in October 1642]. We drew out close to the town to receive them. They had [the] advantage of [the] ground, the town being compassed with hills; which made us more exposed to their cannon shot, from which we received some hurt. Yet notwithstanding, our men defended the passages, which they [*the Enemy*] were to descend, so well that they got no ground of us. And now, the day being spent, they drew off; and returned back again to Leeds.

A few days after, Captain HOTHAM, with 3 Troops of Horse and some Dragoons, came to me; and then we marched to Leeds. But the Enemy, having notice of it, quitt[ed] the town in haste; and fled to York.

And that we might have more room, and be less burthensome to our friends; we presently advanced [in November 1642] to Tadcaster, 8 miles from York.

Now we being increased to 1,000 men, it was thought fit, for securing of the West Riding, at least the greatest part of it, from whence our greatest supply came, to keep the Pass at Wetherby; whither my father sent me with about 300 Foot and 40 Horse. The Enemy's next design, from York, was to fall on my Quarters there; which was a place very open and easy for them to do: there being so many back ways to enter in; and friends enough to direct and acquaint them with all we did.

About six of the clock in the morning [in November 1642], they set upon us with 800 Horse and Foot. The woods thereabouts favoured them so much as that our Scouts could get no notice of them; so as no alarm was given till they were ready to enter the town, which they might soon do for the Guards were all asleep in houses.

For in the beginning of the War, men were as impatient of Duty as ignorant of it.

Myself only was on horseback; going out, at the other end of the town, to Tadcaster: where my father lay.

One came running to me, and told me, The Enemy was entering the town. I presently galloped to the Court of Guard [*the Piquet*], where I found not above four men at their arms; as I remember, two Foot Sergeants and two

Pike men, [who] withstood with me when Sir THOMAS GLENHAM, with about six or seven Commanders more, charged us: where, after a short but sharp encounter, in which Major CARR was slain, they retired. And in this time more of the Guard were gotten to their arms. But I must confess I know [of] no strength, but the powerful hand of GOD, that gave them this repulse.

Afterward they made another attempt, in which Captain ATKINSON was slain.

And here again, there fell out another remarkable Providence. During this conflict, our Magazine was blown up: which struck such a terror in the Enemy, thinking we had cannon (which they were informed we had not), that they instantly retreated. And though I had but a few Horse; they pursued the Enemy some miles, and took many prisoners.

We lost about eight or ten men, whereof seven were blown up with [the] powder: the Enemy, many more.*

At this time [HENRY CLIFFORD] the Earl of CUMBERLAND commanded the Forces in Yorkshire for the King.

* *Sir HENRY SLINGSBY gives the following Account of this Action:*
My Lord of CUMBERLAND sent out Sir THOMAS GLENHAM once again to beat up Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX's Quarters at Wetherby: commanding out a party both of Horse and Dragoons. He comes close up to the town, undiscovered, a little before sunrise; and PRIDEAUX and some others enter the town through a back yard. This gave an alarm quite through the town.

Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX was, at this juncture, drawing on his boots, to go to his father at Tadcaster. He gets on horseback, draws out some Pikes, and so meets our Gentlemen. Every one had a shot at him: he only making at them with his sword; and then retired again, under the guard of his Pikes.

At another part, Lieutenant Colonel NORTON enters with his Dragoons. Captain ATKINSON encounters him on horseback: the other being on foot. They meet. ATKINSON missed with his pistol. NORTON pulls him off horseback by the sword-belt. Being both on the ground; ATKINSON's soldiers come in, fell NORTON into the ditch with the butt ends of their muskets, to rescue their Captain. NORTON's soldiers come in, and beat down ATKINSON; and with repeated blows break his thigh; of which wound, he died. A sore scuffle between two that had been neighbours and intimate friends. After this they [*NORTON's Dragoons*] retreated out of the town; with the loss of more than one Trooper killed, and one Major CARR, a Scotchman.

Memoirs, p. 40, Ed. 1806, 8vo.

But (being of a peaceable nature; and by his amiable disposition having but few enemies, or rather because he was an enemy to few) he did not suit with their present condition and apprehension of fears. Therefore they sent to [WILLIAM CAVENDISH] the Earl of NEWCASTLE, who had an Army of 6,000 men, to desire his assistance: which he answered by a speedy march to York.

Being now encouraged by this increase of force, they resolved to fall on Tadcaster. My father drew all his men thither. But by a Council of War the town was judged untenable; and that we should draw out to an advantageous piece of ground by the town. But before we could all march out; the Enemy advanced [on 7th December 1642] so fast that we were necessitated to leave some Foot in a slight Work above the bridge to secure our retreat.

But the Enemy pressing still on us, forced us to draw back [*return back*], and maintain that ground.

We had about 900 men. The Enemy above 4,000: who, in Brigades, drew up close to the Works, and stormed us. Our men reserved their shot till they were very near; which then they disposed to so good purpose as forced them to retire, and shelter themselves behind the hedges that were hard by.

And here did the fight continue from 11 a clock at noon till 5 at night, with cannon and musket, without intermission.

They had, once, possessed a house by the bridge; which would have cut us [off] from our reserves that were in the town: but Major General GIFFORD, with a commanded party, beat them out again; where many of the enemies were slain and taken prisoners.

They attempted at another place; but were also repulsed by Captain LISTER, who was there slain: which was a great loss, [he] being a discreet Gentleman.

And now, it growing dark, the Enemy drew off into the fields hard by; with intention to assault us again the next day. They left that night about 200 dead and wounded upon the place.

But our ammunition being all spent in this day's fight; we drew off that night, and marched to Selby: and the Enemy entered, the next day [8th December 1642], into the

town [of Tadcaster]. And thus, by the mercy of GOD, were a few delivered from an Army who, in their thoughts, had swallowed us up.

Now, the Earl of NEWCASTLE lay between us and our friends in the West Riding; and so [was] equally destructive to us both. But, to give them encouragement and help, I was sent [on Friday, 9th December 1642], with about 200 Foot and 3 Troops of Horse and some arms, to Bradford. I was to go by Ferrybridge: our intelligence being that the Enemy was advanced yet no further than Sherburn.

But when I was within a mile of the town [*i.e. Ferrybridge*]; we took some prisoners who told us That my Lord NEWCASTLE laid at Pontefract, 800 men in Ferrybridge, and the rest of the Army in all the towns thereabouts.

So as now, our advance, or retreat, seemed [to be] alike difficult. But, there being not much time to demur in, a retreat was resolved on back again to Selby. 300 or 400 of the Enemy's Horse shewed themselves in our rear, without making any attempt upon us; and so, through the goodness of GOD, we got safe thither.

[*Here, chronologically, comes in the Fight at Sherburn in Elmet, on Wednesday, 14th December* 1642, *described at page* 584.]

And, in three days after,* having better intelligence how they lay, with the same number as before, I marched in the night by several towns where they lay, and arrived, the next

* *This is clearly wrong, and a slip of the memory. The Writer did not again go to Bradford until after the Victory of the Club Men there, on Sunday, 18th December* 1642; *which is thus described by* FERDINANDO, *Lord* FAIRFAX, *in a letter from Selby on 29th December* 1642.

I have formerly advertised that the Earl of NEWCASTLE's Army have seized upon Leeds: where they plunder the well-affected party; and raise a very great sum of money out of those that they can draw to compound for their securities.

And from Leeds, they marched on Sunday, the 18th of this month, with 5 Troops of Horse, 6 Companies of Dragoons, 200 Foot, and two drakes [*small cannon, or field pieces*], of the Earl of NEWCASTLE's Army; besides Sir WILLIAM SAYILE and divers other Gentlemen of Yorkshire and their forces, that joined themselves with them: and came to Bradford, about ten a clock in the morning; intending to surprise the town, in [the] time of Prayer.

day, at Bradford: a town very untenable; but, for their good affections, deserving all we could hazard for them.

But the town, having scouts abroad, had notice of their coming; and gave the alarm to the country [*district*]: who came in to their succour from the parts adjoining.

Yet they had not in all above 80 muskets: the rest being armed with clubs and such rustic weapons; with which small force, they put the cause to trial with [*against*] the great strength of the Enemy. Who planted their drakes, and discharged each of them seventeen times upon the town; until a townsman, with a fowling piece, killed one of the Cannoniers. And then they all, with great courage, issued from the town upon the enemies; and killed many of them, and took about 30 prisoners: and forced the rest to retreat, leaving 40 of their muskets and [a] barrel of powder, with much other provision, behind them. And this, with [the] loss of 3 Bradford men.

The report of the country is that [of] the enemies, amongst those that were killed were Colonel EVERS, and Captain BINNS, and another Commander; and that Colonel GORING, General of the Horse with the Earl of NEWCASTLE, was wounded; and Serjeant Major CARR, taken prisoner. And it is generally spoken, That 150 more are run away, upon the retreat; and are not since returned to Leeds.

In which victory the hand and power of GOD was most evident, the town being open on all sides and not defensible; assaulted on every side by a malicious and bloody Enemy; and defended by a few half-naked [*half-armed*] men: there being in the town not above 80 muskets before they got 40 more by the spoils of their enemies; so that [the] slaughter was, for the most part, with clubs and scythes mounted on poles, and came to hand blows.

With this defeat, the enemies are so enraged as they threaten revenge to Bradford.

Whereupon the Bradford men sent to me for succour of men and arms. And I have sent my son [Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX] and Sir HENRY FOULIS to them, with 3 Troops of Horse and 120 Dragooners; who are safely arrived there: and [have been] received with great joy and acclamation of the country [*district*]; who flock to him and offer themselves most willingly to serve against their Popish enemies, if arms could be furnished to them.

He hath already surprised some victuals [*convoys of provisions*] sent in, upon warrants [*requisitions*], to the Enemy at Leeds, by the over-awed country [*district*]. And he hath sent Captain MILDMAY, with his Troop of Horse, into Craven [*i.e. the upper Wharfe-dale*] to stop the raising of forces and money in that country: which is attempted by the Earl of CUMBERLAND; who is lately retired from York to Skipton. And I hope he may leave nothing unattempted that may conduce to the safety of the country, so far as can be expected from the few forces he hath with him.

A Second Letter from the Lord FAIRFAX. Printed 5th Jan. 1642[-3]. British Museum Press Mark, E. 84. (15).

Our first work there was to fortify ourselves; for we could not but expect strong opposition in it: seeing there lay at Leeds 1,500 of the Enemy, and 1,200 at Wakefield; neither above six or seven miles from us. They visited us every day with their Horse; for ours went not far from the town, being so unequal in number: yet they seldom returned without loss. Till, at length, our few men grew so bold; and theirs, so disheartened: as they durst not stir a mile out of their garrison.

But while these daily skirmishes were among the Horse; I thought it necessary to strengthen ourselves with more Foot. So, summoning the country [*i.e. the West Riding of Yorkshire*], which now our Horse had given some liberty to come into us; I presently armed them with the arms we brought along with us: so that, in all, we were now about 800 Foot.

But being too many to lie idle, and yet too few to be in continual duty; we resolved rather, through the assistance of GOD, to attempt them in their garrison than endure longer this trouble. So summoning the country in again; we made a body of about 1,200 or 1,300 men: with which we marched to Leeds, and drew them up [on Monday, 23rd

Another Account of the Bradford Victory, dated 21st December 1642, *states:*

They appeared in Barker End, about 9 a clock, when we had not ir [the] town above 40 Musketeers; planted their ordnance in WILLIAM COOKE's Barn; marched down the Causey [*Causeway*] with their Foot, whilst their Horse coasted about the town to hinder aid from coming in; possessed themselves of those houses under the Church; and from thence played hotly upon our Musketeers in the Church till 11 a clock: about which time [the] Halifax men, and other neighbours, came in to our help.

The fight, before hot, was then hotter. Our men, impatient to be cooped up in the Church, rushed out [and] forced a passage into the foresaid houses; and there our Club Men did good execution upon them. Thereabouts the fight continued till it was dark. Many of theirs were slain. . . . . .

Their cannon, one of which shoots a 9 lb. ball [*if so, it was a Demi-Culverin: see Vol. IV., p.* 251] played all that time upon the town: but hurt no man, praised be GOD! who hath delivered those that were ordained to death, &c.

Brave News of the taking of Chichester, &c. &c. Printed 30th Dec. 1642. British Museum Press Mark, E. 83. (36).

January 1643] within [a] half cannon shot of their Works, in Battalia; and then sent in a Trumpet[er] with a Summons to deliver up the town to me, for the use of [the] King and Parliament.

They presently returned this answer, That it was not civilly done to come so near before I sent the Summons; and that they would defend the town, the best they could, with their lives.

So presently ordering the manner of the Storm, we all fell on at one time. The business was hotly disputed for almost two hours: but, after, the Enemy were beaten from their Works. The Barricadoes were soon forced open into the streets: where Horse and Foot resolutely entering, the soldiers cast down their arms, and rendered themselves prisoners. The Governor and some chief Officers swam the river and escaped. One Major BEAUMONT was drowned, as was thought. In all, there were about 40 or 50 slain; and [a] good store of ammunition [was] taken, which we had much want of.

But the consequence of this Action was yet of more importance. For those that fled from Leeds and Wakefield, (for they also quitted that garrison) gave my Lord NEWCASTLE such an alarm at Pontefract, where he lay; as he drew all his Army back again to York: leaving once more a free intercourse between my father [at Selby] and me, which he had so long time cut off.

But, after a short time, the Earl of NEWCASTLE returned again to the same Quarters [at Pontefract]; and we to our stricter duties.

But, after some time, we found that our men must either have more room, or more action. [*This Fight at Sherburn took place on the 14th December 1642; and should have been mentioned earlier in this Narrative.**] Therefore Captain

* *Sir HENRY SLINGSBY says of this Fight:*

Two days after, His Excellency [the Earl of NEWCASTLE] came to York [5th December 1642]; he undertook to attempt to beat Lord FAIRFAX out of Tadcaster: in this he succeeded pretty well [on 7th December 1642]; and marched to Pomfret [*Pontefract*], which he made his Head Quarters. His Horse [was] at Sherburn, and towns next adjacent.

Here we were a little too secure. Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX (with a

HOTHAM and I took a resolution, early in the morning to beat up a Quarter [*Encampment*] of the Enemy that lay at [Church] Fenton. But they being gone, we marched towards Sherburn [in Elmet]; intending only to give them an alarm there.

But they might see us, a mile or two, march over a plain common which lay by the Town; and therefore had sent about 20, or 30, Horse to guard a Pass near the town. I having the Van (For, at this time we [*FAIRFAX and HOTHAM*] commanded our Troops distinct one from another; both making 5 Troops of Horse and 2 of Dragoons), I told him, If he would second me, I would charge those Horse; and if they fled, I would pursue them so close[ly] as to get into the town with them. He promised to second me. I went to the head of my Troops, and presently charged them: who fled, and we pursued [them] close to the Barricado. But they got in, and shut it upon us; where my horse was shot at the breast. We so filled the lane; being strait [*narrow*], that we could not retreat without confusion, and danger of their falling in our rear. So we stood to it; and stormed the Work with pistol and sword. At the end of the Barricado, there was a straight passage for one single horse to go in. I entered there, and others followed one by one. Close at one side of the entrance stood a Troop of Horse: but so soon as eight or ten of us got in they fled. And by this time, the rest of our men had beaten them from their Barricado, and entered the town, which soon cleared the streets, and pursued those that fled. And now my horse, which was shot in the lane, fell down dead under me: but I was presently mounted again.

party of 300 Horse; and, it seems, hearing the Officers in Sherburn were to have a feast) comes at noon-day, beats up our Quarters; [and] takes Commissary WINDHAM, Sir WILLIAM RIDDALL, and many others, prisoners. *Memoirs*, p. 42, Ed. 1806, 8vo.

The date of this Fight is fixed by the following passage:

On Tuesday last [13th December 1642], about four of the clock in the morning, Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX marched from Selby; fetching a compass, as if he declined Sherburn: yet, at last, [he] wheeled about, and assaulted that town about one of the clock, the next day [14th December 1642] &c. &c. *A True Relation of the Fight at Sherburn, &c.* Written on [Friday] 16th December 1642. British Museum Press Mark, E. 83. (15).

They in the towns about having taken the alarm, now made us think of securing our retreat with the prisoners we had gotten: and some of them [were] very considerable; among whom was Major General WINDHAM. But we scarce[ly] got into good order before General GORING came, with a good body of Horse, up to us: and as we marched on, he followed close in the rear, without [our] receiving any hurt; only my Trumpet[er] had his horse shot close by me. So we returned again to Selby.

But though this could not free us wholly from a potent Enemy; yet we lay more quietly by them a good while after.

In this recess of action, we had several treaties [*negotiations*] about prisoners. And this I mention the rather, for that Captain HOTHAM here began to discover his intention of leaving the Parliament's Service, by making conditions for himself with the Earl of NEWCASTLE (though [it was] not discovered till a good while after): which had almost ruined my father, and the forces that were with him.

For, being now denied help and succour from Hull and the East Riding; he was forced to forsake Selby, and retire to Leeds and those western parts where [I] myself was.

But to make good this retreat, I was sent to, to bring what men I could to join with him at Sherburn. For NEWCASTLE's forces lay so, as he might easily intercept us in our way to Leeds: which he had determined [to do], and to that end lay with his Army on Clifford Moor; having perfect intelligence of our march.

But while my father, with 1,500 men ordnance and ammunition, continued [on 2nd April 1643] his way from Selby to Leeds; I, with those I brought to Sherburn, marched a little aside, between my Lord NEWCASTLE's Army and ours. And to amuse [*deceive*] them the more, [I] made an attempt upon Tadcaster: whither they had 300 or 400 men; who presently quitted the town, and fled to York. Here we stayed three or four hours sleighting [*destroying*] the Works.

This put NEWCASTLE's Army to a stand, which was on their march to meet us: thinking that he was deceived in his intelligence; and that we had some other design upon York.

He presently sent back the Lord GORING, with 20 Troops of Horse and Dragoons, to relieve Tadcaster. We were newly drawn off when they came. GORING pressed over the river to follow us.

But seeing we were far unequal to him in Horse, for I had not above 3 Troops; and [having] to go over Bramham Moor, a large plain: I gave direction to the Foot to march away, while I stayed with the Horse to interrupt the Enemy's passage in those narrow lanes that lead up to the Moor. Here was much firing at one another. But, in regard of their great number, as they advanced we were forced to give way: yet had gained by it sufficient time for the Foot to be out of danger.

But when we came up to the Moor again, I found them where I left them: which troubled me much, the Enemy being close upon us, and a great plain yet to go over. So [I] marched the foot in two Divisions, and the Horse in the rear. The Enemy followed, about two musket shot from us, in three good bodies: but yet made no attempt upon us. And thus we got well over the open *campania*.

But having again gotten to some little enclosures, beyond which was another Moor, called Seacroft Moor [*now called Whin Moor. It is about five miles from Leeds*], much less than the first. Here our men thinking themselves more secure, were more careless in keeping order; and while their officers were getting them out of houses, where they sought for drink, [it] being an exceedingly hot day: the Enemy got, another way, as soon as we, on to the Moor. But we had almost passed this plain also.

They [*the Royalists*] seeing us in some disorder, charged us both in Flank and Rear. The countrymen presently cast down their arms, and fled. The Foot soon after: which, for want of pikes, were not able to withstand their Horse. Some were slain; and many taken prisoners. Few of our Horse stood the charge. Some Officers, with me, made our retreat with much difficulty; in which Sir HENRY FOULIS had a slight hurt. My Cornet was taken prisoner. Yet [we] got to Leeds about two hours after my father, with those forces with him, was arrived safe thither.

This was one of the greatest losses we ever received. Yet was it a great Providence that it was a part, and not the

whole, [of the] Force which received this loss: it being the Enemy's intention to have fought us that day with their whole Army, which was, at least, 10,000 men; had not the Attempt at Tadcaster put a stand to them. And so concluded that day with this storm that fell on us.

But now, being at Leeds, it was thought fit to possess some other place also: wherefore I was sent to Bradford, with 700 or 800 Foot and 3 Troops of Horse. These two towns being all the garrisons we had. At Wakefield, six miles off, lay 3,000 of the Enemy: but yet [we] had not much disturbance from them.

Being most busied about releasing our prisoners that were taken at Seacroft Moor, most of them being countrymen [*Yorkshire peasants*]; whose wives and children were still importunate for their release: which was as earnestly endeavoured by us; but no conditions would be accepted. So their continual cries, and tears, and importunities compelled us to think of some way to redeem these men: so as we thought of attempting Wakefield; our intelligence being that the Enemy had not above 800 or 900 men in the town.

I acquainted my father with our design: who approved of it; and sent [to Bradford] some men from Leeds; which enable us to draw out 1,100 Horse and Foot.

So upon Whit-Sunday [21st May 1643], early in the morning, we came before the town. But they had notice of our coming, and had manned all their Works, and set about 800 Musketeers to line the hedges about the town: which made us now doubt our intelligence; which was too late. Notwithstanding, after a little consultation, we advanced, and soon beat them back into the town; which we stormed in three places.

After two hours' dispute, the Foot forced open a Barricado, where I entered with my own Troop. Colonel ALURED, and Captain BRIGHT, followed with theirs. The street which we entered was full of their Foot: which we charged through, and routed; leaving them to the Foot which followed close behind us. And presently we were charged again with Horse led by General GORING: where, after a hot encounter, some were slain; and [he] himself taken prisoner by [the brother of] Colonel ALURED.

And I cannot but here acknowledge GOD's goodness to me this day: who being advanced a good way single [*alone*] before my men, having a Colonel and a Lieutenant Colonel, who had engaged themselves to be my prisoners, only with me; and many of the enemies between me and my men, I light[ed] on a Regiment of Foot standing in the Market Place.

Thus encompassed, and thinking what to do; I espied a lane which I thought would lead me back to my men again. At the end of this lane, there was a Corps du Guard [*Piquet*] of the Enemy's, with 15 or 16 soldiers; who were then just quitting it, with a Serjeant leading them off: whom we met. Who, seeing their [two] Officers, came up to us; taking no notice of me. They asked them, What they would have them do? for they could keep the Work no longer; because the Roundheads, as they called them, came so fast upon them.

But the Gentlemen, who had passed their words to me to be my true prisoners, said nothing. So, looking upon one another, I thought it not fit now to own them; as so much less to bid the rest to render themselves to me: so, being well mounted, and seeing a place in the Work where men used to go over, I rushed from them, seeing no other remedy, and made my horse leap over the Work. And so, by a good Providence, got to my men again: who, before I came, had, by the direction of Major General GIFFORD, brought up a piece of ordnance, and planted it in the Churchyard, against the body that stood in the Market Place; who presently rendered themselves.

All our men being got into the town, the streets were cleared, [and] many prisoners taken. But the Horse got off almost entire. But this seemed the greater mercy when we saw our mistake: now finding 3,000 men in the town, [and] not expecting half the number. We brought away 1,400 prisoners, 80 Officers, 28 Colours; and [a] great store of ammunition, which we much wanted.*

* Saturday night, the 20th of May [1643]. The Lord General [i.e. FERDINANDO, Lord FAIRFAX] gave Order for a party of 1,000 Foot, 3 Companies of Dragooners, and 8 Troops of Horse, to march from the garrisons of Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Howley. Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX commanded in chief. The Foot were commanded by Serjeant

But seeing this was more a Miracle than a Victory; more the effect of GOD's divine power than human force; and more his Providence than the success of our prudence in making so hazardous an attempt: let the honour and praise of it be His only!

After this, we exchanged our men that were prisoners, with these: and were freed, a good while; from any trouble or attempt from [the] Enemy.

But then again it pleased GOD to mix water with our

Major General GIFFORD and Sir WILLIAM FAIRFAX. The Horse were divided into two bodies: 4 Troops commanded by Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX, and the other 4 Troops by Sir HENRY FOULIS.

Howley was the rendezvous, where they all met on Saturday [20th May] last, about twelve a clock at night.

About two, next morning, they marched away: and coming to Stanley, where 2 of the Enemy's Troops lay, with some Dragooners; that Quarter was beaten up, and about one and twenty prisoners taken.

About four a clock in the morning [of 21st May 1643], we came before Wakefield. Where, after some of their Horse were beaten into the town, the Foot, with unspeakable courage, beat the enemies from the hedges, which they had lined with Muskeeters, into the town; and assaulted it in two places, Wrengate and Norgate: and, after an hour and a half's fight, we recovered [*captured*] one of their Pieces [of Ordnance] and turned it upon them; and entered the town, at both places, at one and the same time.

When the Barricadoes were opened, Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX, with the Horse, fell into the town; and cleared the street: where Colonel GORING was taken by Lieutenant ALURED, brother to Captain ALURED, a Member of the House [of Commons].

Yet in the Market Place, there stood 3 Troops of Horse; and Colonel LAMPTON's Regiment: to whom Major General GIFFORD sent a Trumpet[er], with offer of Quarter, if they would lay down their arms.

They answered, They scorned the motion.

Then he fired a Piece of their own Ordnance upon them: and the Horse fell in upon them, [and] beat them out of [the] town. We took 39 Officers, 27 Colours of Foot, 3 Coronets of Horse, and about 1,500 common soldiers.

The Enemy had in the town 3,000 Foot and 7 Troops of Horse: besides Colonel LAMPTON's Regiment; which came into the town, after we had entered the town.

The Enemy left behind them 4 Pieces of Ordnance, with Amunition; which we brought away.

THOMAS FAIRFAX. JOHN GIFFORD. JOHN HOLMAN. TITUS LEIGHTON. HENRY FOULIS. WILLIAM FAIRFAX. ROBERT FOULIS. FRANCIS TALBOT.

A Miraculous Victory . . . . at Wakefield. Printed 27th May 1643. British Museum Press Mark, E. 104. (13).

wine; and to bring us into a better condition by the brinks of ruin and destruction.

Hitherto, through His mercy, we had held up near[ly] two years against a potent Army: but they finding us now almost tired, with continual Services; treacherously used by our friends; and in want of many things necessary for support and defence—the Earl of NEWCASTLE marched with an Army of 10,000 or 12,000 men to besiege us; and resolved to sit down before Bradford, which was a very untenable place.

My father drew all the forces he could spare out of the garrisons hither.

But seeing it impossible to defend the town but by strength of men; and not [having] above ten or twelve days' provisions for so many as were necessary to keep it: we resolved [on 29th June 1643] the next morning, very early, with a party of 3,000 men, to attempt his whole Army, as they lay in their Quarters, three miles off; hoping thereby, to put him into some distraction; which could not, by reason of the unequal numbers, be done any other way.

For this end, my father appointed four of the clock next morning [30th June 1643] to begin the march. But Major General [JOHN] GIFFORD, who had the ordering of the business, so delayed the execution of it that it was seven or eight before we began to move: and not without much suspicion of treachery in it; for when we came near the place we intended, the Enemy's whole Army was drawn up in Battalia.

We were to go up a hill to them, which our Forlorn Hope [*or Advanced Guard*] gained by beating theirs into their Main Body; which was drawn up half a mile further, upon a plain called Adderton [*the correct spelling is Adwalton*] Moor. [*It is also spelt Atherston and Atherton.*]

We, being all up the hill, drew into Battalia also. I commanded the Right Wing, which was about 1,000 Foot and 5 Troops of Horse; Major General [JOHN] GIFFORD, the Left Wing, which was about the same number. My father commanded all in chief.

We advanced through the enclosed grounds till we came to the Moor; beating the Foot that lay in them to their Main Body.

10 or 12 Troops of Horse charge us in the Right Wing [*which was at the head of Warren's Lane*]. We kept [to] the enclosures, placing our Musketeers in the hedges next the Moor; which was a good advantage to us, that had so few Horse.

There was a gate, or open place, to the Moor: where five or six might enter abreast. Here they strove to enter: we, to defend. But, after some dispute, those that entered the pass found sharp entertainment; and those that were not yet entered, as hot welcome from the Musketeers, that flanked them in the hedges. All, in the end, were forced to retreat; with the loss of Colonel HOWARD, who commanded them.

The Left Wing, at the same time, was engaged with the Enemy's Foot. Ours gained ground of them.

The Horse came down again, and charged us: being about 13 or 14 Troops. We defended ourselves as before; but with much more difficulty, many having got in among us: but [they] were beat[en] off again, with some loss; and Colonel HERNE, who commanded that party, was slain. We pursued them [back] to their cannon.

And here I cannot omit a remarkable passage of Divine Justice. Whilst we were engaged in the fight with those Horse that entered the gate, four soldiers had stripped Colonel HERNE naked; as he lay dead on the ground, [and] men still fighting round about him: and so dextrous were these villains, as they had done it, and mounted themselves again, before we had beaten them off. But after we had beaten them to their ordnance, as I said; and [were] now returning to our ground again; the Enemy discharged a piece of cannon in our rear. The bullet fell into Captain COPLEY's Troop, in which these four men were: two of whom were killed; and some hurt or mark remained on the rest, though dispersed into several Ranks of the Troop, which was [the] more remarkable.

We had not yet Martial Law amongst us: which gave me a good occasion to reprove it; by shewing the soldiers the sinfulness of the act, and how GOD would punish when men wanted power to do it.

This charge, and the resolution our soldiers shewed in the Left Wing, made the Enemy think of retreating. Orders were given for it; and some marched off the Field.

Whilst they were in this wavering condition, one Colonel SKIRTON, a wild and desperate man, desired his General to let him charge [on our Left Wing] once more, with a Stand of Pikes. With which he brake in upon our men; and they not [being] relieved by our Reserves, ([which were] commanded by some ill-affected Officers; chiefly Major General GIFFORD, who did not his part as he ought to do), our men lost ground: which the Enemy seeing, pursued this advantage by bringing on fresh troops. Ours, being herewith discouraged, began to flee; and so [were] soon routed.

The Horse also charged us again. We, not knowing what was done in the Left Wing; our men maintained their ground till a command came for us to retreat: having scarce any way now to do it; the Enemy being almost round about us, and our way to Bradford cut off. But there was a lane [*Warren's Lane*] in the field we were in, which led to Halifax: which, as a happy Providence, brought us off without any great loss; save of Captain TALBOT and twelve more, which were slain in this last encounter.

Of those [on the Left Wing] that fled, there were about 60 killed, and 300 taken prisoners.

This business, having such ill success, our hopes of better could not be much: wanting all things that were necessary for defence, and [no] expectations of helps from any place.

The Earl of NEWCASTLE presently lay siege to the town [of Bradford]: but before he had surrounded it, I got in with those men I brought from Halifax.

I found my father much troubled; having neither a Place of Strength to defend ourselves in, nor a garrison in Yorkshire to retreat to. For [Sir JOHN HOTHAM the Elder,] the Governor of Hull had declared himself, If we were forced to retreat thither, that he would shut the gates on us.

But, while he was musing on these sad thoughts, a messenger was sent from Hull to let him know, The townsmen had secured [*taken prisoner*] the Governor [on the morning

of the 29th June 1643]; and if he had any occasion to make use of that place, for they were sensible of the danger he was in, he should be very readily and gladly received [there]. Which news was joyfully received, and acknowledged as a great mercy of GOD to us: yet was it not made use of till a further necessity compelled it.

So my father, having ordered me to stay here [at Bradford] with 800 Foot and 60 Horse: he intruded [*retired*] that night [of 30th June 1643] for Leeds, to secure it.

Now NEWCASTLE, having spent three or four days in laying his Quarters about the town; they brought down their cannon: but needed to raise no batteries, for the hills, within half [a] musket shot, commanded all the town; which [cannon], now being planted in two places, shot furiously upon us. [They] making also Approaches; which made us spend very much [ammunition].

Our little store was not above five and twenty, or thirty, barrels of powder at the beginning of the siege: yet, notwithstanding, the Earl of NEWCASTLE sent a Trumpet[er] to offer us Conditions; which I accepted so they were honourable for us to take, and safe for the inhabitants.

Upon which, two Captains were sent to treat with him, and a Cessation [was agreed upon] during the time; but he continued working still, contrary to [the] agreement: whereupon I sent for the Commissioners again, suspecting a design of attempting something against us; but he returned them not till eleven a clock at night [of 1st July 1643], and then with a slight answer.

Whilst they were delivering it to us, we heard great shooting of cannon and muskets. All ran presently to the Works, which the Enemy was storming. Here, for three-quarters of an hour, was very hot service: but, at length they retreated.

They made a second attempt: but were also beaten off.

After this, we had not above one barrel of powder left; and no Match. So I called the Officers together: where it was advised and resolved [*evidently about 1 a.m. on the 2nd July* 1643] to draw off presently, before it was day; and by forcing a way, which we must do (they having surrounded the town), [in order] to retreat to Leeds.

Orders were despatched, and speedily put in execution.

The Foot, commanded by Colonel ROGERS, was sent out, through some narrow lanes; who were to beat up the Dragoons' Quarters [*Encampment*]; and so to go on to Leeds.

[I] myself, with some other Officers, went with the Horse, which were not above 50, in an opener way.

Here I must not forget to mention my Wife, who ran great hazards with us in this retreat as any others; and with as little expression of fear: not from any zeal or delight, I must needs say, in the War; but through a willing and patient suffering of this undesirable condition.

But now I sent two or three Horsemen to discover what they could of the Enemy: which presently returned, and told us, There was a Guard of Horse close by us.

Before I had gone forty paces, the day beginning to break, I saw them on the hill above us; being about 300 Horse.

I, with some 12 more, charged them. Sir HENRY FOULIS, Major General GIFFORD, and myself, with three more [*i.e.*, 6 *out of* 13] brake through. Captain MUDD was slain: and the rest of our Horse, being close by, the Enemy fell upon them, taking most of them prisoners; amongst whom my Wife was, the Officer behind whom she was [on horseback] being taken.

I saw this disaster; but could give no relief. For after I was got through, I was in the Enemy's Rear alone; for those that had charged also through, went on to Leeds; thinking I had done so too.

But being unwilling to leave my company: I stayed till I saw there was no more in my power to do; but to be made a prisoner with them. Then I retired to Leeds.

The like disorder fell amongst the Foot that went the other way, by a mistake. For after they had marched a little way, the Van fell into the Dragoons' Quarters [*Encampment*], clearing the way. But through a cowardly fear of him that commanded those men who were in the Rear; [he] made them face about, and march again into the town [of Bradford]: where, the next day [2nd July 1643], they were all taken prisoners.

Only 80, or thereabouts, of the Front, which got through, came to Leeds; all mounted on horses which they had taken from the Enemy: where I found them when I came thither;

which was some joy to them, all concluding I was either slain or taken prisoner.

I found all in great distraction here [*i.e., at Leeds*].

The Council of War was newly risen, where it was resolved to quit the town, and make our retreat to Hull; which was 60 miles off, and many garrisons of the Enemy on the way. Which, in two hours time was done: for we could expect no less than that the Enemy should presently send Horse to prevent it. For they had 50, or 60, Troops within three miles.

But we got well to Selby; where there was a ferry: and, hard by, a garrison at Cawood.

My father, being a mile before, with a few men getting over the ferry; word came to us that he was in danger to be taken. I hastened to him with about 40 Horse: the rest [of the Horse] coming on after in some disorder. He was newly got into the boat.

The Enemy, with 3 Cornets of Horse, entering the town; I was drawn up in the Market Place, just before the street they came down. When they were almost half come into the Market Place, they turned on the right hand.

With part of my Troop, I charged them in the Flanks; [and] so divided them. We had the chase of them down the long street that goes to Brayton.

It happened, at the same time, [that] those men [which] I left behind, were coming up that street: [but] being in disorder, and under [the] discouragements of the misfortunes of many days before, [they] turned about, and gave way; not knowing that we were pursuing them in the rear. [*That is, there were tearing along the Brayton road;* (1) *FAIRFAX's disordered Cavalry; then* (2) *the Royalist Cavalry; followed by* (3) *FAIRFAX with a part of his Troop.*]

At the end of this street, was a narrow lane which led to Cawood. The Enemy strove to pass away there; but [it] being strait [*narrow*], caused a sudden stop: where we were mingled one among another.

Here I received a shot in the wrist of my arm, which made the bridle fall out of my hand: which [wound], being

among the nerves and veins, suddenly let out such a quantity of blood as that I was ready to fall from my horse. So taking the reins in the other hand, wherein I had my sword; the Enemy minding nothing so much as how to get away: I drew myself out of the crowd, and came to our men that turned about; which were standing hard by. Seeing me ready to fall from my horse, they laid me on the ground: and [I] now, [being] almost senseless. My Chirurgeon came seasonably, and bound up the wound, [and] so stopped the bleeding.

After a quarter of an hour's rest there, I got on horseback again.

The other part of our Horse also beat the Enemy to Cawood back again, that way they first came to us.

So, through the goodness of GOD, our passage here was made clear. Some went over the ferry, after my father.

Myself, with others, went through the Levels [*of the Fen Country, in North Lincolnshire; and south of the Humber*] to Hull. But it proved a very troublesome and dangerous passage; having oft interruptions from the Enemy; sometimes in our front, sometimes in our rear.

And now I had been at least twenty hours on horseback, after I was shot [at Selby], without any rest or refreshment: and as many hours before. [40 *hours from* 1 *a.m. on the night of 2nd July* 1643, *when* FAIRFAX *decided to cut his way out of Bradford, would make it about* 5 *p.m. of the 3rd July* 1643.]

And, as a further addition to my affliction, my daughter [*MARY, who afterwards married* GEORGE VILLIERS, *second Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *see p.* 611], not above five years old, being carried before her maid, endured all this retreat on horseback: but, Nature not [being] able to hold out any longer, [she] fell into frequent swoonings; and [was], in appearance, ready to expire her last [breath]. And having now passed the Trent [*and therefore come into North Lincolnshire*], and seeing a house not far off, I sent her, with her maid only, thither: with little hopes of seeing her any more alive; but intending, the next day, to send a ship from Hull for her.

So I went on to Barton [*upon Humber: nearly opposite*

Hull]; having sent before to have a ship ready against my coming thither

Here I lay down a little to rest; if it were possible to find any in a body so full of pain; and [in] a mind so full of anxiety and trouble. Though I must acknowledge it, as the infinite goodness of GOD, methought my spirits were nothing at all discouraged from doing still that which I thought to be my work and duty.

But I had not laid [down] a quarter of an hour before the Enemy came close to the town [of Barton]. I had now not above 100 Horse with me. We went to the ship; where, under the covert of her ordnance, we got all our men and horses aboard.

So passing [the] Humber, we arrived at Hull; our men faint and tired: [and I] myself having lost all, even to my shirt; for my clothes were made unfit to wear, with rents and the blood which was upon them. Considering which, in all humility and reverence, I may say, I was in JOB's condition when he said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord." [*Job* i. 21.]

But GOD, who is a GOD of Mercy and Consolation, doth not always leave us in distress.

I having sent a ship, presently after I came into the town, for my daughter: she was brought, the next day [4th July 1643], to Hull; pretty well recovered of her long and tedious journey.

And, not many days after, the Earl of NEWCASTLE sent my Wife back again, in his coach, with some Horse to guard her: which generosity gained more than any reputation he could have gotten in detaining a Lady prisoner upon such terms.

And many of our men, which were dispersed in this long retreat, came hither again to us.

Our first business now, was to raise new forces: which, in a short time, were about 1,500 Foot and 700 Horse.

The town [of Hull] being little; I was sent to Beverley with the Horse and 600 Foot.

But my Lord [of] NEWCASTLE, who now looked upon us as inconsiderable, was marched with his whole Army into Lincolnshire: only leaving some few garrisons at York and other few places. He took in Gainsborough and Lincoln; and intended [to take] Boston next, which was the Key of the Associated Countries [*Counties*]. For his Orders, which I have seen, were to go into Essex; and block up London on that side.

But we, having laid a great while [*from 4th July to 26th August* 1643] still, were now strong enough in the Field for those forces that remained in the Country [*Yorkshire*]. So we sent out a good party to make an attempt upon Stamford Bridge, near York. But the Enemy, upon the alarm, fled thither [*i.e. to York*]; which put them all there in such a fear as they sent earnestly to desire him to return, or the Country [*Yorkshire*] would again be lost: for the Lord FAIRFAX had considerable forces.

Upon which, he returned again into Yorkshire; and, not long after, came to besiege Hull.

I, lying then at Beverley in the way of his march, finding that we were not able to maintain such an open place against an Army, desired Orders from my father to retire back to Hull.

But the Committee there (having always more mind of raising money, than to take care of the Soldiers; yet these [Committee] Men had the greatest share in command at this time) would not let any Orders be given for our retreat; and [it were] unfit for us to return without [them].

The Enemy marcheth from York, with his whole Army, towards us. Retreat, we must not. Keep the town, we could not. So to make our retreat more honourable, and useful both; I drew out all the Horse and Dragoons toward the Enemy, and stood, drawn up by a wood side, all that night.

The next morning [2nd September 1643], by day[time], our Scouts, and theirs, fired on one another. They march[ed] on with their whole body; which was about 4,000 Horse and 12,000 Foot.

We stood till they were come very near [to] us. I then drew off (having given directions before for the Foot to march away toward Hull), thinking to make good the retreat with the Horse.

The Enemy, with a good party, were upon our rear. The lane being but narrow, we made good shift with them till we got into Beverley, and shut the gates: which we had scarce time to do; they being so close upon us. But, in this business, we lost Major LAYTON, and not above 2 more.

The Enemy, not knowing what forces we had in the town, stayed till the rest of the Army came up; which was about a mile behind. This gave our Foot some advantage in their retreat: it being 5 miles to Hull, on narrow banks [and] so fittest for our Foot. I sent the Horse by Cottingham, an opener road; who got well thither.

But they [*the Royalists*] overtook the Foot: which, notwithstanding, made good their retreat till we got to a little bridge, 2 miles from Hull; where we made a stand.

The Enemy following close, our men here gave them a good volley of shot; which made them draw back, and advance no further. So, leaving a small Guard at the bridge, we got safe to Hull.

Thus not only for want of military skill in the Gentlemen of the Committee; but, to say no more, for want of good nature: we were exposed to this trouble and danger.

My Lord of NEWCASTLE now lay siege to Hull, but at a great distance. The sluices being open, drowned the land two miles about the town: yet upon a bank, which was the highway, he approached so near as to shoot cannon shot at random into the town; which were, for the most part, fiery bullets. But the diligence and care of the Governor (who caused every inhabitant to watch his own house; and wheresoever they saw these bullets fall, to be ready to quench them) prevented the danger.

Our Horse was now useless: and many [horses] died every day; having nothing but salt water about the town.

I was therefore sent with the Horse, over [the Humber] into Lincolnshire, to join with [EDWARD MONTAGU,] the Earl of MANCHESTER's forces; which were then commanded

by Major General [OLIVER] CROMWELL: who received us at our landing, with his troops.

Sir JOHN HENDERSON lay within three or four miles of this place with 5,000 men, to prevent our conjunction: but durst not attempt [it].

He marched three or four days near to us: but, for want of good intelligence, we did not know so much. For I altogether trusted to the care of our new friends, being a stranger in those parts: till one morning [9th October 1643] he set upon our Guards at Horncastle; which, being but newly raised in that Country [*Lincolnshire*], fled towards Lincoln, without giving any alarm to our Quarters, who lay dispersed and secure.

But Sir JOHN HENDERSON, marching slowly with his Army, gave the alarm to some of our Quarters; which was soon taken by the rest: but, with some disorder, before we could get into a considerable body. My Lord WILLOUGHBY with his Horse, and my Dragoons commanded by Colonel MORGAN, brought up the Rear. After some skirmishes, we lodged that night all in the Field.

And, next day [10th October 1643], the Earl of MANCHESTER came to us with his Foot.

The day following [11th October 1643], we advanced again towards the Enemy; and choosing a convenient ground to fight on, we drew up the Army there. The Enemy did so on the side of another hill close by, having a little plain betwixt us.

Lieutenant General [OLIVER] CROMWELL had the Van [of Horse]; I, the Reserve [of Horse]: my Lord [of] MANCHESTER all the Foot. After we had faced one another a little while; the Forlorn Hopes [*Advanced Guards*] began the fight. Presently the [Main] Bodies met in the plain: where the fight was hot for half an hour; but then we forced them to a rout. Above 200 killed, and 2000 taken prisoners. This was the issue of Horncastle Fight, or, as some call it, Winceby Fight.

At the same instant, we heard great shooting of ordnance towards Hull: which was a sally my father made [out of the town] upon my Lord of NEWCASTLE'S Trenches; who drew out most part of his Army to relieve them. But our men charged so resolutely as they possessed themselves of the

cannon; and so pursued their advantage as [they] put the enemy into a total rout. Upon which, he raised the Siege, and returned again to York.

These two defeats together, the one falling heavy on the Horse, the other on the Foot, kept the Enemy all that Winter [of 1643-1644] from attempting anything.

And we, after the taking of Lincoln, settled ourselves in Winter Quarters.

But, in the coldest season of it, I was ordered by the Parliament to go and raise the Siege of Nantwich; which the Lord BYRON, with the Irish Army, had reduced to great extremity.

I was the most unfit of all the forces; being ever the worst paid; my men sickly, and almost naked for want of clothes. I desired the Parliament that they would be pleased to supply these wants: not to excuse myself, as some who had no will to stir, though well enough accommodated with all these; and a business of so much importance. But their answer was a positive direction to march; for it would admit of no delay: which indeed was as grievous to me as that injunction was to the Israelites, to make bricks without straw.

But, foreseeing I should have such a return to my desires, I had, seeing the necessity of the business, upon my own credit got so much cloth as clothed 1,500 men: and [they were] all ready to march when these Orders came to me.

So, the 29th of December [1643], we got forwards from Falkingham in Lincolnshire to Nantwich, with 1,800 Horse and 500 Dragoons; and a Power to call the Regiments [of Foot] of Lancashire and Cheshire to make up the body of the Army. But it was not a little trouble to me, when I came to Manchester, to find some of them 30, some 40 miles distant: besides the disaffection of some of their Colonels, who went as their peculiar [*individual*] safety or Interest swayed them. But, finding more readiness in the inferior Officers and common soldiers, I got up, in a few days, near[ly] 3,000 Foot.

With this Army, we marched [from Manchester, on the

21st January 1644] to Nantwich; which was at the point of surrendering.

When we were within two days' march, I had intelligence that the Lord BYRON had drawn off his Siege; and intended to meet us in the Field. I put my men into the order I intended to fight [in]; and so continued my march till we came within 3 miles of the town.

There, was a Pass kept with about 250 men. I sent Colonel MORGAN, with his Dragoons, to beat them off: in which, his brother, who was his Lieutenant, was slain. The Major who commanded the other party, with some others, were taken prisoners.

We marched on till we came within cannon shot of their Works, where half of their Army was drawn up. The river [Weaver], which runs through the town, being raised with the melting of the snow, hindered, as we were informed, those that lay on the other side of the town from joining with them.

We called a Council [of War, on 25th January 1644] wherein it was debated, Whether we should attempt those in their Works [*Entrenchments*], being divided from the rest of the Army: or march into the town and relieve them; and, by increase of more force be better able, the next day [26th January 1644] to encounter them.

The latter was resolved on. So, making a way with [the] Pioneers through the hedges, we marched to[wards] the town.

But, after we had gone a little way, word came that the Enemy were in the Rear. So, facing about two Regiments [of Foot] and my own Regiment of Horse, commanded by Major ROUSBY, we relieving those that were already engaged. And so the fight began on all sides. These that fell on our Rear were those that lay [on] the other side of the town; which had passed the river [Weaver]. Those that were drawn up under their Works [about Acton Church], fell upon our Van, which was marching to the town. Thus was the battle divided; there being a quarter of a mile betwixt us.

In the division first engaged, our Foot, at the beginning, gave a little ground: but our Horse recovered this, by beating the Enemy's Horse out of the lanes that flanked our

Foot; which did so encourage our men as they gained now of the Enemy, so as they made them retire from hedge to hedge till, at length, they were forced to fly to their Works [*Entrenchments*]. But their Horse retreated in better order towards Chester, without much loss.

Our other Wing [*the Van*], being assisted from the town, who sallied out with 700 or 800 Musketeers, beat the Enemy also back into the same Works [at Acton Church]; which we presently surrounded. ["*Where*," *as Sir T.* FAIRFAX *said in his despatch*, "*they were caught as in a trap.*"]

But, being in great disorder and confusion, [they] sooner yielded themselves prisoners; with all their Chief Officers, arms, Colours, and ammunition.

Thus, by the mercy of GOD, was this victory obtained: being yet the more signal in that we were not to deal with young soldiers, but with men of great experience; and an Army which had ever been victorious.

After this, we took in several garrisons in Cheshire: Lathom [House] only in Lancashire held out; which was besieged by the forces of that Country [*County*], but afterwards [the siege was] raised by Prince RUPERT.

Having spent three or four months in this Expedition; my father commanded me back into Yorkshire, that by the conjunction of forces he might be the more able to take the Field.

We met about Ferrybridge [in April 1644]: he being come out of Hull thither, with intention to fall upon the Enemy's garrison at Selby.

And here I received another Command from the Parliament, to march immediately with my Horse and Dragoons, into Northumberland, to join with the Scots Army. The Earl of NEWCASTLE, who was then at Durham, being much stronger in Horse than they; for want of which they could not advance no further. But it being resolved, within a day or two to storm Selby; I stayed till that business was over: which proved as effectual for the relief of the Scots Army.

The Governor of York lay in the town with 2,000 men. We drew Horse and Foot close to it. Sir JOHN MELDRUM

led on the Foot; which had their General Posts appointed, where they should storm: I, with the Horse, ready to second them.

The Enemy within defended themselves [on the 11th April 1644] stoutly a good while. Our men at length beat them from the Line; but could not advance farther because of the Horse within.

I getting a Barricado open, which let us in betwixt the houses and the river. Here we had an encounter with their Horse. [After one charge, they fled over a Bridge of Boats to York.]

Other Horse came up, and charged us again, where my horse was overthrown; [I] being single [*alone*] a little before my men: who presently relieved me, and forced the Enemy back; who retreated also to York. In this charge, we took Colonel [Lord] BELLASIS, Governor of York.

By this, the Foot had entered the town; and also took many prisoners.

This good success put them into great distraction and fears at York: who speedily sent to the Earl of NEWCASTLE, to haste back thither; believing we would presently attempt them. This news suddenly called him back, leaving the Scots: who, with cold and oft alarms, were reduced to great extremity; but now advanced without delay after him.

The Earl of NEWCASTLE gets into York [on 19th April 1644].

The Scots joined their forces with my father's at Wetherby: altogether making 16,000 Foot and 4,000 Horse. They marched on to York [, from Tadcaster, on 19th April 1644].

But for this work, it was thought fit to have more men; the town [of York] being large in compass, and strongly manned. Therefore the Earl of CRAWFORD, [Lord] LINDSAY and myself were sent to the Earl of MANCHESTER, to desire him to join with us in the Siege: which he willingly consented to, bringing an addition of 6,000 Foot and 3,000 Horse [on 2nd June 1644].

So now the Army had three Generals, [ALEXANDER] LESLIE [, Earl of LEVEN], MANCHESTER, and FAIRFAX; who lay apart in three Quarters before the town. But the north side still remained open to the town.

Some time was spent here without any considerable action till, in my Lord of MANCHESTER's Quarters, approaches were made to St Mary's Tower; and soon came to mine it. Which Colonel [LAURENCE] CRAWFORD, a Scotsman, who commanded that Quarter, (ambitious to have the honour alone of springing the mine [on 16th June 1644] undertook, without acquainting of the other two Generals with it, for their advice and concurrence): which proved very prejudicial. For, having engaged his party against the whole strength of the town, without more force to second him, he was repulsed with the loss of 300 men. For which, he had been surely called to account; but that he escaped the better by reason of this triumviral goverment.

So after, Prince RUPERT came to relieve the town. We raised the siege [*which had lasted from Monday the 3rd June to Monday the 1st July* 1644] and Hessa[y] Moor [*a portion of Marston Moor, 7 miles from York*] being appointed the rendezvous, the whole Army drew thither.

About a mile from whence, Prince RUPERT lay; the river Ouse being only betwixt us: which he, that night, passed over at Poppleton. And, the next day, [he] drew his Army into the same Moor we were on: who, being now joined with the Earl of NEWCASTLE's forces, made about 23,000 or 24,000 men. But we, something more.

We were divided in our opinions what do do. The English were for fighting them; the Scots, for retreating, to gain (as they alleged) both time and place of more advantage. This latter being resolved on; we marched away [on Tuesday 2nd July 1644] to[wards] Tadcaster; which made the Enemy to advance the faster.

Lieutenant General CROMWELL, Major General [DAVID] LESLIE, and myself, being appointed to bring up the Rear; we sent word to the Generals, of the necessity of making a stand. For else, the Enemy, having the advantage, might put us in some disorder; but, by the advantage of the ground we were on, we hoped to make it good till they came back to us.

[Which they did.]

The place was Marston Fields, which afterwards gave the name to this battle.

Here we drew up our Army. The Enemy was drawn up in Battalia on the Moor a little below us.

The day being, for the most part, spent in preparation we now began to descend toward them.

Lieutenant General CROMWELL commanded the Left Wing of Horse; and [was] seconded by Major General [DAVID] LESLIE. I had the Right Wing [of Horse], with some Scotch Horse and Lances for my Reserves. The three Generals were with the Foot.

Our Left Wing charged first the Enemy's Right Wing; which was performed for a while with much resolution on both sides; but the Enemy, at length, was put to the worst.

Our Right Wing had not, all, so good success, by reason of the whins [*furze*] and ditches which we were to pass over before we could get to the Enemy, which put us into great disorder: notwithstanding, I drew up a body of 400 Horse. But because the intervals of [their] Horse, in this Wing only, were lined with Musketeers; which did us much hurt with their shot: I was necessitated to charge them. We were a long time engaged one with another; but at last we routed that part of their Wing. We charged, and pursued them a good way towards York.

[I] myself only [*alone*] returned presently, to get to the men I left behind me. But that part of the Enemy which stood [opposite to them], perceiving the disorder they were in, had charged and routed them, before I could get to them. So that the good success we had at first was eclipsed much by this bad conclusion.

But our other Wing, and most of the Foot, went on prosperously till they had cleared the Field.

But I must not forget to remember with thankfulness GOD's goodness to me this day. For having charged through the Enemy, and my [400] men going after [in] the pursuit; returning back [alone] to go to my other troops, I was gotten in among the Enemy, which stood up and down the Field in several bodies of Horse. So,

taking the Signal [*a white handkerchief, or a piece of paper*] out of my hat, I passed through, for one of their own Commanders; and so got to my Lord of MANCHESTER's Horse in the other Wing; only with a cut in my cheek which was given me in the first charge, and a shot [which] my horse received.

In which [first] charge also, many of my Officers and soldiers were hurt and slain. The Captain of my own Troop was shot in the arm. My Cornet had both his hands cut, that rendered him ever after unserviceable. Captain MICKELTHWAITE, an honest stout man, was slain. And [there was] scarce[ly] any Officer which was in this charge, which did not receive a hurt.

But Colonel LAMBERT (who should have seconded me; but could not get up to me) charged in another place. Major FAIRFAX, who was Major to his Regiment, had, at least, thirty wounds: of which he died; after he was abroad [*out of doors*] again, and [had] good hopes of his recovery.

But that which nearest of all concerned me, was the loss of my brother [CHARLES FAIRFAX]: who, being deserted of his men, was sore wounded; of which, in three or four days after, he died.

So as, in this charge, as many were hurt and killed as in the whole [Parliamentary] Army besides.*

* A modest Refutation of an Error published in print by Master [THOMAS] FULLER, in his book of *Worthies* [*of England*]. Title, [*Yorkshire*] *Battles*, pagina 225 [, Ed. 1662], in these words, viz.

GORING, [at the fight of Marston Moor,] *so valiantly charged the Right Wing of the Enemy, that they fairly forsook the Field.*

On this, Lord FAIRFAX made the following marginal Note in his copy:

I envy none the honour they deservedly got in this battle; nor am I ambitiously desirous of a branch of their laurel. But I see no reason to be excluded [from] the Lists: in which I underwent equal hazards with any others that day.

But [it] being my lot to be cast upon many disadvantages, having command of the Right Wing, with much difficulty I could get but

Of the Enemy's part, there were above 4,000 slain, and many taken prisoners.

Prince RUPERT returned into the South. The Earl of NEWCASTLE went beyond the seas [on 5th July 1644], with many of his Officers. York presently surrendered [on the 15th July 1644], and the North now was wholly reduced by the Parliament's forces, except some garrisons.

Soon after this, I went to Helmsley, to take in the Castle there: but received a dangerous shot in my shoulder; and was brought back to York. All, for some time, being doubtful of my recovery.

Yet, at the same time, the Parliament voted me to command in the South.

But my intention being only to keep in mind what I had been present in, during this Northern War; I shall put an end to this Discourse, where it pleased GOD to determine my service there.

Yet thus, with some smart from his rod, to let me see I was not mindful enough of returning my humble thanks and acknowledgments for the deliverances and mercies I received; and for which, alas, I am not yet capable enough

5 Troops in order: with which I charged the Enemy's Left Wing; when the business was hotly disputed a long time, at [the] sword's point. We broke through; and had the chase of many of them.

But, indeed, the rest of the Horse, [that] I could not draw up to charge with me, were soon routed with that part of the Enemy we left behind.

But to shew that some did their parts: having routed some of the Enemy, and taken GORING's Major General prisoner; few of us came off without dangerous wounds; and many [of them] were mortal.

Which shews that the Right Wing did not wholly leave the Field; as the Author of that book relates.

F. GROSE, *Antiquarian Repertory*, 2nd Ed., III., p. 31, 1808, 4.

to praise him as I ought. [I] that may say by experience, "Who is a GOD like unto our GOD?" [*Ps.* lxxi. 19.] Therefore, "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto Thy Name; give we the praise!" [*Ps.* cxv.]

But as for myself, and what I have done, I may say with SOLOMON, "I looked on all the works that my hands have wrought; and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit. For there is no remembrance of the Wise more than of the Fool for ever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall be forgotten." *Eccles.* ii. 16.

FINIS.

GEORGE VILLIERS,
second Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

An Epitaph on
THOMAS, third Lord FAIRFAX.

[*A Third Collection of . . . . Poems, Satires, Songs, &c against Popery and Tyranny.* London, 1689. 4to.

[Lord FAIRFAX, the great General on the side of the Parliament, died in 1671; and his son-in-law, the Writer of this *Epitaph*, in 1688. VILLIERS never wrote a nobler Poem, irregular though it be.]

Under this stone does lie
One born for Victory,

I.

FAIRFAX the valiant; and the only He
Whoe'er, for that alone a Conqueror would be.
Both sexes' virtues were in him combined:
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And eke the meekness too of womankind.
He never knew what Envy was, or Hate.
His soul was filled with Worth and Honesty;
And with another thing, quite out of date,
Called Modesty.

2.

He ne'er seemed impudent but in the Field: a place
Where Impudence itself dares seldom show her face.
Had any stranger spied him in the room
With some of those whom he had overcome,
And had not heard their talk; but only seen
  Their gestures and their mien:
They would have sworn he had, the vanquished been.
For as they bragged, and dreadful would appear;
While they, their own ill lucks in war repeated:
His modesty still made him blush to hear
  How often he had them defeated.

3.

Through his whole life, the Part he bore
  Was wonderful and great:
And yet it so appeared in nothing more
  Than in his private last retreat.
  For it 's a stranger thing to find
  One man of such a glorious mind,
  As can dismiss the Power he has got;
Than millions of the Polls and Braves
(Those despicable fools and knaves),
  Who such a pother make,
  Through dulness and mistake,
In seeking after Power: but get it not.

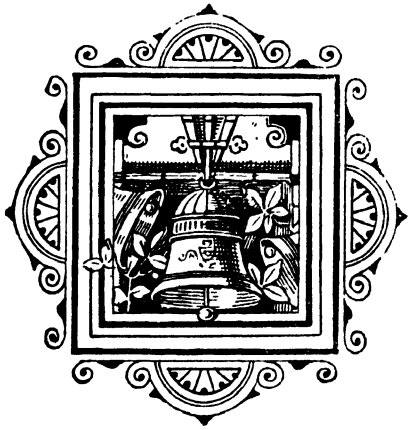
4.

When all the nation he had won,
And with expense of blood had bought;
Store great enough, he thought,
Of fame and of renown:
He then his arms laid down
With full as little pride
As if he had been of his Enemies' side;
Or one of them could do that were undone.
He neither wealth, nor Places sought.
For others, not himself, he fought.
He was content to know
(For he had found it so)
That when he pleased, to conquer he was able;
And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.
He might have been a King:
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly Great, than honourably Good.

5.

This from the World, did admiration draw;
And from his friends, both love and awe:
Remembering what in fight he did before.
And his foes loved him too,
As they were bound to do,

Because he was resolved to fight no more.
So blessed of all, he died. But far more blessed were we,
If we were sure to live till we could see
A Man as great in War, in Peace as just, as he.



ADVICE

TO A

YOUNG REVIEWER,

WITH A

SPECIMEN OF THE ART.

OXFORD:

SOLD BY J. PARKER AND J. COOKE;
AND BY
F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

1807.

[This splendid piece of irony was occasioned by the omniscient arrogance of the first Writers of the *Edinburgh Review*, then in its fifth year of publication, with, as Sir WALTER SCOTT tells us, a sale of 9,000 copies each quarter, and a paramount influence in British society.

One usually looks to the reign of Queen ANNE, to a DEFOE, a SWIFT, or an ARBUTHNOT, for depth and subtilty of invention in prose; but here it is in abundance: not so much, perhaps, in what is so wittily said, as in the management and studied unfairness of the pettifogging malignant sham Review; where everything is said that ought to have been left out, and everything is left out that ought to have been said.

The Writer, of course, would only take a noble Poem for such maltreatment; and we must note the extreme liberality of his mind that, being a strong Churchman, and also at that time Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, he selected a poem of the then scouted MILTON for his example.

Among the brilliant strokes of this Satire, two seem pre-eminent:

(1) The designation of the Archangel of English Song as—*Mr. M.*

(2) Speaking thus of one whose life and thought were Purity itself—

But we have already had occasion to remark on the laxity of Mr M.'s amatory notions.]

ADVICE

TO A

YOUNG REVIEWER, &c.

YOU are now about to enter on a Profession which has the means of doing much good to society, and scarcely any temptation to do harm. You may encourage Genius, you may chastise superficial Arrogance, expose Falsehood, correct Error, and guide the Taste and Opinions of the Age in no small degree by the books you praise and recommend. And this too may be done without running the risk of making any enemies; or subjecting yourself to be called to account for your criticism, however severe. While your name is unknown, your person is invulnerable: at the same time your aim is sure, for you may take it at your leisure; and your blows fall heavier than those of any Writer whose name is given, or who is simply anonymous. There is a mysterious authority in the plural, *We*, which no single name, whatever may be its reputation, can acquire; and, under the sanction of this imposing style, your strictures, your praises, and your dogmas, will command universal attention; and be received as the fruit of united talents, acting on one common principle—as the judgments of a tribunal who decide only on mature deliberation, and who protect the interests of Literature with unceasing vigilance.

Such being the high importance of that Office, and such its opportunities; I cannot bestow a few hours of leisure better than in furnishing you with some hints for the more

easy and effectual discharge of it: hints which are, I confess, loosely thrown together; but which are the result of long experience, and of frequent reflection and comparison. And if anything should strike you, at first sight, as rather equivocal in point of morality, or deficient in liberality and feeling; I beg you will suppress all such scruples, and consider them as the offspring of a contracted education and narrow way of thinking, which a little intercourse with the World and sober reasoning will speedily overcome.

Now as in the conduct of life nothing is more to be desired than some Governing Principle of action, to which all other principles and motives must be made subservient; so in the Art of Reviewing I would lay down as a fundamental position, which you must never lose sight of, and which must be the mainspring of all your criticisms—*Write what will sell!* To this Golden Rule every minor canon must be subordinate; and must be either immediately deducible from it, or at least be made consistent with it.

Be not staggered at the sound of a precept which, upon examination, will be found as honest and virtuous as it is discreet. I have already sketched out the great services which it is in your power to render mankind; but all your efforts will be unavailing if men did not read what you write. Your utility therefore, it is plain, depends upon your popularity; and popularity cannot be attained without humouring the taste and inclinations of men.

Be assured that, by a similar train of sound and judicious reasoning, the consciences of thousands in public life are daily quieted. It is better for the State that their Party should govern than any other. The good which they can effect by the exercise of power is infinitely greater than any which could arise from a rigid adherence to certain subordinate moral precepts; which therefore should be violated without scruple whenever they stand in the way of their leading purpose. He who sticks at these can never act a great part in the World, and is not fit to act it if he could. Such maxims may be very useful in ordinary affairs, and for the guidance of ordinary men: but when

we mount into the sphere of public utility, we must adopt more enlarged principles; and not suffer ourselves to be cramped and fettered by petty notions of Right and Moral Duty.

When you have reconciled yourself to this liberal way of thinking; you will find many inferior advantages resulting from it, which at first did not enter into your consideration. In particular, it will greatly lighten your labours, to *follow* the public taste, instead of taking upon you to *direct* it. The task of Pleasing is at all times easier than that of Instructing: at least it does not stand in need of painful research and preparation; and may be effected in general by a little vivacity of manner, and a dexterous morigeration [*compliance, or obsequiousness*], as Lord BACON calls it, to the humours and frailties of men. Your responsibility too is thereby much lessened. Justice and Candour can only be required of you so far as they coincide with this Main Principle: and a little experience will convince you that these are not the happiest means of accomplishing your purpose.

It has been idly said, That a Reviewer acts in a judicial capacity, and that his conduct should be regulated by the same rules by which the Judge of a Civil Court is governed: that he should rid himself of every bias; be patient, cautious, sedate, and rigidly impartial; that he should not seek to shew off himself, and should check every disposition to enter into the case as a partizan.

Such is the language of superficial thinkers; but in reality there is no analogy between the two cases. A Judge is promoted to that office by the authority of the State; a Reviewer by his own. The former is independent of control, and may therefore freely follow the dictates of his own conscience: the latter depends for his very bread upon the breath of public opinion; the great law of self-preservation therefore points out to him a different line of action. Besides, as we have already observed, if he ceases to please, he is no longer read; and consequently is no longer useful. In a Court of Justice, too, the part of amusing the bystanders rests with the Counsel: in the case of criticism, if the Reviewer himself does not undertake it, who will?

Instead of vainly aspiring to the gravity of a Magistrate; I would advise him, when he sits down to write, to place himself in the imaginary situation of a cross-examining Pleader. He may comment, in a vain of agreeable irony, upon the profession, the manner of life, the look, dress, or even the name, of the witness he is examining: when he has raised a contemptuous opinion of him in the minds of the Court, he may proceed to draw answers from him capable of a ludicrous turn; and he may carve and garble these to his own liking.

This mode of proceeding you will find most practicable in Poetry, where the boldness of the image or the delicacy of thought (for which the Reader's mind was prepared in the original) will easily be made to appear extravagant, or affected, if judiciously singled out, and detached from the group to which it belongs. Again, since much depends upon the rhythm and the terseness of expression (both of which are sometimes destroyed by dropping a single word, or transposing a phrase), I have known much advantage arise from *not* quoting in the form of a literal extract: but giving a brief summary in prose, of the contents of a poetical passage; and interlarding your own language, with occasional phrases of the Poem marked with inverted commas.

These, and a thousand other little expedients, by which the arts of Quizzing and Banter flourish, practice will soon teach you. If it should be necessary to transcribe a dull passage, not very fertile in topics of humour and raillery; you may introduce it as a "favourable specimen of the Author's manner."

Few people are aware of the powerful effects of what is philosophically termed Association. Without any positive violation of truth, the whole dignity of a passage may be undermined by contriving to raise some vulgar and ridiculous notions in the mind of the reader: and language teems with examples of words by which the same idea is expressed, with the difference only that one excites a feeling of respect, the other of contempt. Thus you may call a fit of melancholy, "the sulks"; resentment, "a pet"; a steed, "a nag"; a feast, "a junketing"; sorrow and

affliction, "whining and blubbering". By transferring the terms peculiar to one state of society, to analogous situations and characters in another, the same object is attained. "A Drill Serjeant" or "a Cat and Nine Tails" in the Trojan War, "a Lesbos smack putting into the Piræus," "the Penny Post of Jerusalem," and other combinations of the like nature which, when you have a little indulged in that vein of thought, will readily suggest themselves, never fail to raise a smile, if not immediately at the expense of the Author, yet entirely destructive of that frame of mind which his Poem requires in order to be relished.

I have dwelt the longer on this branch of Literature, because you are chiefly to look here for materials of fun and irony.

Voyages and Travels indeed are no barren ground; and you must seldom let a Number of your *Review* go abroad without an Article of this description. The charm of this species of writing, so universally felt, arises chiefly from its uniting Narrative with Information. The interest we take in the story can only be kept alive by minute incident and occasional detail; which puts us in possession of the traveller's feelings, his hopes, his fears, his disappointments, and his pleasures. At the same time the thirst for knowledge and love of novelty is gratified by continual information respecting the people and countries he visits.

If you wish therefore to run down the book, you have only to play off these two parts against each other. When the Writer's object is to satisfy the first inclination, you are to thank him for communicating to the World such valuable facts as, whether he lost his way in the night, or sprained his ankle, or had no appetite for his dinner. If he is busied about describing the Mineralogy, Natural History, Agriculture, Trade, etc. of a country: you may mention a hundred books from whence the same information may be obtained; and deprecate the practice of emptying old musty Folios into new Quartos, to gratify that sickly taste for a smattering about everything which distinguishes the present Age.

In Works of Science and recondite Learning, the task

you have undertaken will not be so difficult as you may imagine. Tables of Contents and Indexes are blessed helps in the hands of a Reviewer; but, more than all, the Preface is the field from which his richest harvest is to be gathered.

In the Preface, the Author usually gives a summary of what has been written on the same subject before; he acknowledges the assistance he has received from different sources, and the reasons of his dissent from former Writers; he confesses that certain parts have been less attentively considered than others, and that information has come to his hands too late to be made use of; he points out many things in the composition of his Work which he thinks may provoke animadversion, and endeavours to defend or palliate his own practice.

Here then is a fund of wealth for the Reviewer, lying upon the very surface. If he knows anything of his business, he will turn all these materials against the Author: carefully suppressing the source of his information; and as if drawing from the stores of his own mind long ago laid up for this very purpose. If the Author's references are correct, a great point is gained; for by consulting a few passages of the original Works, it will be easy to discuss the subject with the air of having a previous knowledge of the whole.

Your chief vantage ground is, That you may fasten upon any position in the book you are reviewing, and treat it as principal and essential; when perhaps it is of little weight in the main argument: but, by allotting a large share of your criticism to it, the reader will naturally be led to give it a proportionate importance, and to consider the merit of the Treatise at issue upon that single question.

If anybody complains that the greater and more valuable parts remain unnoticed; your answer is, That it is impossible to pay attention to all; and that your duty is rather to prevent the propagation of error, than to lavish praises upon that which, if really excellent, will work its way in the World without your help.

Indeed, if the plan of your *Review* admits of selection, you had better not meddle with Works of deep research and original speculation; such as have already attracted

much notice, and cannot be treated superficially without fear of being found out. The time required for making yourself thoroughly master of the subject is so great, that you may depend upon it they will never pay for the reviewing. They are generally the fruit of long study, and of talents concentrated in the steady pursuit of one object: it is not likely therefore that you can throw much new light on a question of this nature, or even plausibly combat the Author's propositions; in the course of a few hours, which is all you can well afford to devote to them. And without accomplishing one or the other of these points; your *Review* will gain no celebrity, and of course no good will be done.

Enough has been said to give you some insight into the facilities with which your new employment abounds. I will only mention one more, because of its extensive and almost universal application to all Branches of Literature; the topic, I mean, which by the old Rhetoricians was called ἐξ ἐναντίων, That is, when a Work excels in one quality; you may blame it for not having the opposite.

For instance, if the biographical sketch of a Literary Character is minute and full of anecdote; you may enlarge on the advantages of philosophical reflection, and the superior mind required to give a judicious analysis of the Opinions and Works of deceased Authors. On the contrary, if the latter method is pursued by the Biographer; you can, with equal ease, extol the lively colouring, and truth, and interest, of exact delineation and detail.

This topic, you will perceive, enters into Style as well as Matter; where many virtues might be named *which are incompatible*: and whichever the Author has preferred, it will be the signal for you to launch forth on the praises of its opposite; and continually to hold up that to your Reader as the model of excellence in this species of Writing.

You will perhaps wonder why all my instructions are pointed towards the Censure, and not the Praise, of Books; but many reasons might be given why it should be so. The chief are, that this part is both easier, and will sell better.

Let us hear the words of Mr BURKE on a subject not very dissimilar:

"In such cases," says he, "the Writer has a certain fire and alacrity inspired into him by a consciousness that (let it fare how it will with the subject) his ingenuity will be sure of applause: and this alacrity becomes much greater, if he acts upon the offensive; by the impetuosity that always accompanies an attack, and the unfortunate propensity which mankind have to finding and exaggerating faults." Pref., *Vindic. Nat. Soc.*, p. 6.

You will perceive that I have on no occasion sanctioned the baser motives of private pique, envy, revenge, and love of detraction. At least I have not recommended harsh treatment upon any of these grounds. I have argued simply on the abstract moral principle which a Reviewer should ever have present to his mind: but if any of these motives insinuate themselves as secondary springs of action, I would not condemn them. They may come in aid of the grand Leading Principle, and powerfully second its operation.

But it is time to close these tedious precepts, and to furnish you with, what speaks plainer than any precept, a Specimen of the Art itself, in which several of them are embodied. It is hastily done: but it exemplifies well enough what I have said of the Poetical department; and exhibits most of those qualities which disappointed Authors are fond of railing at, under the names of Flippancy, Arrogance, Conceit, Misrepresentation, and Malevolence: reproaches which you will only regard as so many acknowledgments of success in your undertaking; and infallible tests of an established fame, and [a] rapidly increasing circulation.

L'Allegro. A Poem.

By JOHN MILTON.

No Printer's name.

IT has become a practice of late with a certain description of people, who have no visible means of subsistence, to string together a few trite images of rural scenery, interspersed with vulgarisms in dialect, and traits of vulgar manners; to dress up these materials in a Sing-Song jingle; and to offer them for sale as a Poem. According to the most approved recipes, something about the heathen gods and goddesses; and the schoolboy topics of Styx and Cerberus, and Elysium; are occasionally thrown in, and the composition is complete. The stock in trade of these Adventurers is in general scanty enough; and their Art therefore consists in disposing it to the best advantage. But if such be the aim of the Writer, it is the Critic's business to detect and defeat the imposture; to warn the public against the purchase of shop-worn goods and tinsel wares; to protect the fair trader, by exposing the tricks of needy Quacks and Mountebanks; and to chastise that forward and noisy importunity with which they present themselves to the public notice.

How far Mr. MILTON is amenable to this discipline, will best appear from a brief analysis of the Poem before us.

In the very opening he assumes a tone of authority which might better suit some veteran Bard than a raw candidate for the Delphic bays: for, before he proceeds to the regular process of Invocation, he clears the way, by driving from his presence (with sundry hard names; and bitter reproaches on her father, mother, and all the family) a venerable Personage, whose age at least and staid matron-like appearance, might have entitled her to more civil language.

> Hence, loathèd Melancholy!
> Of CERBERUS and blackest Midnight born,
> In Stygian cave forlorn, &c.

There is no giving rules, however, in these matters, without a knowledge of the case. Perhaps the old lady had been frequently warned off before; and provoked this violence by continuing still to lurk about the Poet's dwelling. And, to say the truth, the Reader will have but too good reason to remark, before he gets through the Poem, that it is one thing to tell the Spirit of Dulness to depart; and another to get rid of her in reality. Like GLENDOWER's Spirits, any one may order them away; "but will they go, when you do order them?"

But let us suppose for a moment that the Parnassian decree is obeyed; and, according to the letter of the *Order* (which is as precise and wordy as if Justice SHALLOW himself had drawn it) that the obnoxious female is sent back to the place of her birth,

'Mongst horrid shapes, shrieks, sights, *&c.*

At which we beg our fair readers not to be alarmed; for we can assure them they are only words of course in all poetical Instruments of this nature, and mean no more than the "force and arms" and "instigation of the Devil" in a common Indictment.

This nuisance then being abated; we are left at liberty to contemplate a character of a different complexion, "buxom, blithe, and debonair": one who, although evidently a great favourite of the Poet's and therefore to be received with all due courtesy, is notwithstanding introduced under the suspicious description of an *alias*.

In heaven, ycleped EUPHROSYNE;
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.

Judging indeed from the light and easy deportment of this gay Nymph; one might guess there were good reasons for a change of name as she changed her residence.

But of all vices there is none we abhor more than that of slanderous insinuation. We shall therefore confine our moral strictures to the Nymph's mother; in whose defence the Poet has little to say himself. Here too, as in the case of the *name*, there is some doubt. For the uncertainty of descent on the Father's side having become trite to a proverb; the Author, scorning that beaten track, has

left us to choose between two mothers for his favourite: and without much to guide our choice; for, whichever we fix upon, it is plain she was no better than she should be. As he seems however himself inclined to the latter of the two, we will even suppose it so to be.

> Or whether (as some sager say)
> The frolic *wind that breathes the Spring*,
> ZEPHYR with AURORA playing,
> *As he met her once a Maying;*
> There on beds of violets blue,
> And fresh-blown roses washed in dew, *&c.*

Some dull people might imagine that *the wind* was more like *the breath of Spring*; than *Spring, the breath of the wind*: but we are more disposed to question the Author's Ethics than his Physics; and accordingly cannot dismiss these May gambols without some observations.

In the first place, Mr. M. seems to have higher notions of the antiquity of the May Pole than we have been accustomed to attach to it. Or perhaps he sought to shelter the equivocal nature of this affair under that sanction. To us, however, who can hardly subscribe to the doctrine that "Vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness"; neither the remoteness of time, nor the gaiety of the season, furnishes a sufficient palliation. "Violets blue" and "fresh-blown roses" are, to be sure, more agreeable objects of the Imagination than a gin shop in Wapping or a booth in Bartholomew Fair; but, in point of morality, these are distinctions without a difference: or it may be the cultivation of mind (which teaches us to reject and nauseate these latter objects) aggravates the case, if our improvement in taste be not accompanied by a proportionate improvement of morals.

If the Reader can reconcile himself to this latitude of principle, the anachronism will not long stand in his way. Much indeed may be said in favour of this union of ancient Mythology with modern notions and manners. It is a sort of chronological metaphor—an artificial analogy, by which ideas, widely remote and heterogeneous, are brought into contact; and the mind is delighted by this unexpected assemblage, as it is by the combinations of figurative language.

Thus in that elegant Interlude, which the pen of BEN JONSON has transmitted to us, of the loves of HERO and LEANDER:

Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
Behold our chief actor, amorous LEANDER!
With a great deal of cloth, lapped about him like a scarf:
For he yet serves his father, a Dyer in Puddle Wharf:
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus;
As the Bankside is our Sestos, and *let it not be denied us.*

And far be it from us to deny the use of so reasonable a liberty; especially if the request be backed (as it is in the case of Mr. M.) by the craving and imperious necessities of rhyme. What man who has ever bestrode Pegasus for an hour, will be insensible to such a claim?

Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

We are next favoured with an enumeration of the Attendants of this "debonair" Nymph, in all the minuteness of a German *Dramatis Personæ,* or a Ropedancer's Handbill.

Haste thee, Nymph; and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on HEBE's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

The Author, to prove himself worthy of being admitted of the crew, skips and capers about upon "the light fantastic toe," that there is no following him. He scampers through all the Categories, in search of his imaginary beings, from Substance to Quality, and back again; from thence to Action, Passion, Habit, &c. with incredible celerity. Who, for instance, would have expected *cranks, nods, becks,* and *wreathèd smiles* as part of a group in which Jest, Jollity, Sport, and Laughter figure away as full-formed entire Personages? The family likeness is certainly very strong in the two last; and if we had not been told, we should perhaps have thought the act of *deriding* as appropriate to Laughter as to Sport.

But how are we to understand the stage directions?

Come, and trip it as you *go*.

Are the words used synonymously? Or is it meant that this airy gentry shall come in a Minuet step, and go off in a Jig? The phenomenon of a *tripping crank* is indeed novel, and would doubtless attract numerous spectators.

But it is difficult to guess to whom, among this jolly company, the Poet addresses himself: for immediately after the Plural appellative *you*, he proceeds,

And in *thy* right hand lead with *thee*
The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty.

No sooner is this fair damsel introduced; but Mr M., with most unbecoming levity, falls in love with her: and makes a request of her companion which is rather greedy, that he may live with both of them.

To live with her, and live with thee.

Even the gay libertine who sang "How happy could I be with either!" did not go so far as this. But we have already had occasion to remark on the laxity of Mr M.'s amatory notions.

The Poet, intoxicated with the charms of his Mistress, now rapidly runs over the pleasures which he proposes to himself in the enjoyment of her society. But though he has the advantage of being his own caterer, either his palate is of a peculiar structure, or he has not made the most judicious selection.

To begin the day well, he will have the *sky-lark*
to come *in spite of sorrow*
And at his window bid "Good Morrow!"

The sky-lark, if we know anything of the nature of that bird, must come "in spite" of something else as well as "of sorrow," to the performance of this office.

In the next image, the Natural History is better preserved; and, as the thoughts are appropriate to the time of day, we will venture to transcribe the passage, as a favourable specimen of the Author's manner:

While the Cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;

Oft listening how the hounds and horns
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing still.

Is it not lamentable that, after all, whether it is the Cock, or the Poet, that listens, should be left entirely to the Reader's conjectures? Perhaps also his embarrassment may be increased by a slight resemblance of character in these two illustrious Personages, at least as far as relates to the extent and numbers of their seraglio.

After a *flaming* description of sunrise, on which the clouds attend in their very best liveries; the Bill of Fare for the day proceeds in the usual manner. Whistling Ploughmen, singing Milkmaids, and sentimental Shepherds are always to be had at a moment's notice; and, if well grouped, serve to fill up the landscape agreeably enough.

On this part of the Poem we have only to remark, that if Mr JOHN MILTON proposeth to make himself merry with

Russet lawns, and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks *do* stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds *do* often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements, &c. &c. &c.

he will either find himself egregiously disappointed; or he must possess a disposition to merriment which even DEMOCRITUS himself might envy. To such a pitch indeed does this solemn indication of joy sometimes rise, that we are inclined to give him credit for a literal adherence to the Apostolic precept, "Is any merry, let him sing Psalms!"

At length, however, he hies away at the sound of bell-ringing, and seems for some time to enjoy the tippling and fiddling and dancing of a village wake: but his fancy is soon haunted again by spectres and goblins, a set of beings not, in general, esteemed the companions or inspirers of mirth.

With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy MAB the junkets eat.
She was pinched, and pulled, she said:

And he, by friar's lanthern led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy Flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end.
Then lies him down the lubbar Fiend;
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength:
And, crop-full, out of door he flings
Ere the first cock his Matins rings.

Mr. M. seems indeed to have a turn for this species of Nursery Tales and prattling Lullabies; and, if he will studiously cultivate his talent, he need not despair of figuring in a conspicuous corner of Mr NEWBERY's shop window: unless indeed Mrs. TRIMMER should think fit to proscribe those empty levities and idle superstitions, by which the World has been too long abused.

From these rustic fictions, we are transported to another species of *hum*.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold:
With *store of Ladies*, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit or Arms; while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

To talk of the bright eyes of Ladies judging the Prize of Wit is indeed with the Poets a legitimate species of humming: but would not, we may ask, the *rain* from these Ladies' bright eyes rather tend to dim their lustre? Or is there any quality in a shower of *influence*; which, instead of deadening, serves only to brighten and exhilarate?

Whatever the case may be, we would advise Mr. M. by all means to keep out of the way of these "Knights and Barons bold": for, if he has nothing but his Wit to trust to, we will venture to predict that, without a large share of most undue influence, he must be content to see the Prize adjudged to his competitors.

Of the latter part of the Poem little need be said.

The Author does seem somewhat more at home when he gets among the Actors and Musicians: though his head is still running upon ORPHEUS and EURYDICE and PLUTO, and other sombre personages; who are ever thrusting themselves in where we least expect them, and who chill every rising emotion of mirth and gaiety.

He appears however to be so ravished with this sketch of festive pleasures, or perhaps with himself for having sketched them so well, that he closes with a couplet which would not have disgraced a STERNHOLD.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I *mean* to live.

Of Mr. M.'s good *intentions* there can be no doubt; but we beg leave to remind him that there are two opinions to be consulted. He presumes perhaps upon the poetical powers he has displayed, and considers them as irresistible: for every one must observe in how different a strain he avows his attachment now, and at the opening of the Poem. Then it was

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew!

But having, it should seem, established his pretensions; he now thinks it sufficient to give notice that he means to live with her, because he likes her.

Upon the whole, Mr. MILTON seems to be possessed of some fancy and talent for rhyming; two most dangerous endowments which often unfit men for acting a useful part in life without qualifying them for that which is great and brilliant. If it be true, as we have heard, that he has declined advantageous prospects in business, for the sake of indulging his poetical humour; we hope it is not yet too late to prevail upon him to retract his resolution. With the help of COCKER and common industry, he may become a respectable Scrivener: but it is not all the ZEPHYRS, and AURORAS, and CORYDONS, and THYRSIS's; aye, nor his "junketing Queen MAB" and "drudging Goblins," that will ever make him a Poet.

W. HUNNEMAN.

Old King COLE, his life and death.

[? Written between 1830 and 1837

1.



LD King COLE was a merry old Soul,
And a merry old Soul was he:
He called for his Pipe, and he called for his Glass,
And he called for his Fiddlers three.
There were PA-GAN-IN-I and SPAGNIOLETTI,
And to make up the three, MORI:
For King COLE he was fond of a Tri-
O, fond of a Trio was he.

For old King COLE was a merry old Soul,
And a merry old Soul was he:
He called for his Pipe, and he called for his Glass,
And he called for his Fiddlers three.

2.

Old King COLE kept Court at the "Hole
'o the Wall" in Chancery
lane, near the street which is termèd "Fleet"
(A queer name for Chancery!):
So his subjects to cloak from the very provoking Bills of an Attorney;
Old King COLE turned his eyes to COKE,
and a very good Lawyer was he.

For old King COLE, *&c.*

3.

Old King COLE, though a merry old Soul,
Not read nor write could he;
For to read and write, 'twere useless quite
When he kept a Secretary.
So his mark for *Rex* was a single "X,"
And his drink was ditto double:
For he scorned the fetters of four and twenty Letters,
And it saved him a vast deal of trouble.

For old King COLE, *&c.*

4.

Old King COLE was a musical Soul,
So he called for his Fiddlers three;
And he served 'em out a dozen pounds of best German resin,
And they played him a Symphony.
SPAGNIOLETTI and MORI, they play an Oratori;
While the great PA-GAN-IN-I
Played *God save the King*, on a single string;
And he went twelve octaves high!

For old King COLE, *&c.*

5.

Old King COLE loved smoking to his Soul,
And a Pipe hard, clean, and dry;
And Virginny and Canaster, from his Baccy Box went faster
Than the "Dart" or the Brighton "Fly."
With his Fiddlers three, and his Secretary,
He'd kick up such a furious fume;
You'd think all the gas of London in a mass
Had met in his little back room.

For old King COLE, *&c.*

6.

Old King COLE was a mellow old Soul
And he loved for to lave his clay:
But not with water; for he had in that quarter
An hy-dro-pho-bi-a.
So he always ordered Hemp for those that joined a Temperance Society;
And he swore a *Drop* too much, should always finish such
As refused for to wet t'other eye.

For old King COLE, *&c.*

7.

On old King COLE's left cheek was a mole,
So he called for his Secretary;
And bade him look in a Fortune-telling Book,
And read him his destiny.
And the Secretary said, when his fate he had read,
And cast his nativity,
A mole on the face boded something would take place;
But not what that something might be.

For old King COLE, *&c.*

8.

Old King COLE, he scratched his poll;
And resigned to his fate was he:
And he said, "It is our will, that our Pipe and Glass you fill,
And call for our Fiddlers three."
So PAGAN-IN-I took VIOTTI in G;
And his *Concerto* played he:
But at page forty-four, King COLE began to snore:
So they parted company.

For old King COLE, *&c.*

9.

Old King COLE drank so much Alcohol
That he reeked like the worm of a still;
And, while lighting his pipe, he set himself alight,
And he blew up like a gunpowder mill.
And these are the whole of the records of King COLE
From the COTTON Library;
If you like you can see 'em at the British Museum
In Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

For old King COLE was a merry old Soul,
And a merry old Soul was he:
He called for his Pipe, and he called for his Glass,
And he called for his Fiddlers three.

THE END OF THE

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