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THE  
**British Bibliographer.**

BY

*SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.*

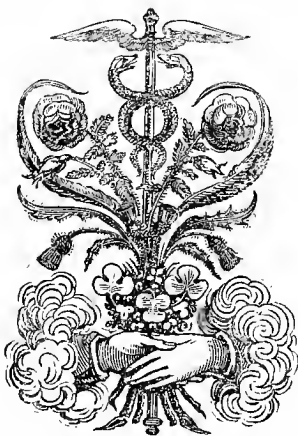
AND

*JOSEPH HASLEWOOD.*

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VOLUME II.

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LONDON:

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1812.





## P R E F A C E.

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IF custom requires a Preface to this new volume, after what have preceded it as well in the *CENSURA LITERARIA* as in the former one of the present undertaking, it can hardly be expected that we should still enforce at much length the use of Bibliographical knowledge. The growing fashion of this pursuit has excited some obloquy, originating perhaps rather from a superficial than profound view of its tendency. It is so easy to speak with scorn of a skill in title-pages, and all the numerous haters of books are so ready and so happy to join in the contempt, that it is caught without examination, and repeated with a senseless triumph.

To this triumph Ignorance is perfectly welcome: she may, if she chooses, glory in her own blindness: for my part, I shall leave her to herself.

It is clearly for the interests of learning, that a due attention should be raised to all its curiosities. The value of literary history has been duly appreciated by all men of cultivated minds: and it cannot well be questioned, that the present zeal for the possession of old books tends to encourage and advance it.

Much has been said, and many strange lamentations have been uttered about the prices of the Roxburgh Library. It is the individual opinion of the present writer that they form a subject of exultation, rather than of regret. A

ore effectual impulse to the search and revival of these treasures could not have been given! Some selfish Collector, who wished for his own private ends to obtain the articles he wanted without rivalry, may declaim at the folly and extravagance of that sale. But hence the attention will be drawn to many a rare gem, which, while it was cheap, would have called forth no interest. I care not, if it be only him and fashion that direct these things: the whim and passion are directed to very good ends.

How can a young nobleman of illustrious rank, and princely fortune, begin life more innocently, more generously, nay more virtuously, than by entering into these rivalries? And in whose hands is there a probability that these treasures will be more safe or more accessible?

As to Bibliography, it is so idle to suppose that the books of the present day only are wanting, and that all are in use which are worthy of being used, that most liberal inquirers, however book-learned, will be astonished and shocked on looking into any copious and learned catalogues of the last and precedent centuries, more especially the foreign, to observe how much has been done in the most laborious and profound manner, of which they had not even a conception!\*

Whatever may be said, Bibliography, so far from being exhausted, is still in a very infant state with us. Much remains to be known of the early printed books; and even the actions have not yet been perfectly investigated. Though Cotton had such confidence in his own researches, that he boldly pronounced the mention of a work, of which he himself could not otherwise ascertain the existence, to be a

\* Take for instance *Bibliotheca Heinsiana*, Lugd. Bat. 1692, 12mo.

forgery;

forgery; yet time has since produced several of which he had never even heard.

It is among the advantages of the progression of such a work as this, that

—————vires acquirit eundo.

It gradually unlocks the collections, and draws forth the assistance, of those who have been engaged in similar pursuits. How important, nay how necessary such assistance is, scarce any one will be so confident in his own strength as to deny! Conference and comparison are peculiarly requisite in these inquiries: and the result of much casual information, which would otherwise have perished with the occasion, is thus preserved and embodied!

Whether from the oblivion into which they had formerly fallen, or the very high prices which they have now attained, black-letter books have for perhaps a century been little accessible to the generality of the literati! But that a large portion of them are worthy of attention, and that of many the perusal is positively necessary to the investigations which occupy the various labours of the learned, I shall scorn to endeavour to prove; but take as an admitted truth.

Hence then the obvious use of the contents of the BIBLIOGRAPHER will follow! Setting aside the mere selfish Collector whose whole view is the possession of an exclusive treasure, all who seek books for their legitimate purposes must be sensible of essential aid from these notices and abstracts, when the originals are not to be procured: while the entire reprints of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* and *The England's Helicon* add most valuable desiderata to their poetical libraries.

Of how much remains to be done every day's experience  
continues

continues to enlarge the proof; and so far are the Editors from having exhausted their materials, that they are rather distracted by abundance. Were they inclined to boast, they would boast of the proud aid they have derived from Oxford, the illustrious scene of the studies of Thomas Warton; where the stores of the Bodleian and the Ashmole remain yet rich in the promise of plentiful harvests.

Does the Reader require more? Does he ask any further excitement to these investigations? Will he listen to some superficial, idle, and pert exclaimer, that these are but “dull and obsolete antiquarian scraps not worth the print and paper they consume!” Let him rather persevere, and every day will open some interest to him, which at first escaped his attention. His ideas will expand; he will not think all wisdom, all learning, and all eloquence centered in his cotemporaries; Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton; More, and Hooker, and Bacon, will have new charms for him; and he will see before him matters of inexhaustible investigation, and themes for works which ages cannot fill up!

Aug. 24, 1812.

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# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup> VI.

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## ¶ *Memoirs of Gower and Chaucer.*

OF the two great Fathers of English Poetry, GOWER and CHAUCER, it would be difficult to say any thing new. Yet a work which undertakes to give the biography of the most eminent of the early professors of this high art, would be very deficient without some memorials of those celebrated men. It has struck me therefore that under these circumstances, when so much has lately been written about them, without throwing many new lights on their history, it would usefully gratify curiosity to introduce a transcript of the account given of them by the celebrated *John Leland*, one of the first, most learned, and most accomplished of our biographers and critics.

The book, in which these memoirs occur, though not scarce, is now, I believe, but seldom thought of, and still seldomer consulted. It is entitled:

“*Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis, Auctore Joanne Lelando Londinense. Ex Autographo Lelandina nunc primus edidit Antonius Hall, A. M. Coll. Reg. Oxon. Socius. Oxonii E Theatro Sheldoniano MDCCIX.*” 2 vols. 8vo.

The opportunity to compare the very words of this eloquent old scholar, who lived within a century and an half of the two illustrious bards, may be both amusing and useful.

OF GODWIN'S late *Life of Chaucer*, in two quarto, (or four octavo,) volumes, the merits and defects have already been accurately settled. It is much too diffuse and digressive; and contains little new matter; but still it is both entertaining and instructive. The severity of witty and sportive satire has nearly driven it from among the living records of the press to sleep in dusty corners beneath the mantle of oblivion. The ingenious biographer was new to his subject; his eyes were unaccustomed to the ways of hoar antiquity; but he displays great labour, comprehensive research, much occasional eloquence, and powers of criticism of the higher sort.

MR. TODD'S *Illustrations* are distinguished by that accuracy and industry of investigation, which have justly obtained him a high place among our modern antiquaries and commentators.

“ *De Joanne Govero.* ”

“ JOANNES GOVERUS, vir equestris ordinis, ex *Stitenhamo*, \* *villa Eboracensis* provincię, ut ego accepi, originem ducens; ta in doctis studiis florentes adolescentię suę annos exegit, ut nter nobiles *Anglos*, literatos quidem illos, suę ætatis facile ntesignanus fuerit. Coluit forum & patrias leges, lucri causa;

\* Francis Thynne in his *Animadversions on Speight's Chaucer*, 1599) lately published by Mr. Todd, says: “ Bale hath mistaken t, as he hath done infinite things in that book, *De Scriptoribus Anglię*, being for the most part the collections of Leland. For n truth your arms of this Sir John Gower being *Argent on a bevron azure 3 leopards heads, Or, do prove that he came of a conrary house from the Gowers of Stitenham in Yorkshire*, who bare *Sarrule of argent and gules a cross patteè floreè sable*. Which difference of arms seemeth a difference of families, unless you can prove that being of one house, they altered their arms upon some ust occasion, as that some of the house marrying an heir did leave his own arms and bare the arms of his mother, as was accustomed n times past. But this difference of coats for this cause, or any other that I could ever yet learn, shall you not find in this family of Gower: and therefore several houses from the first original.” *Todd, ut supra, p. 23.* Mr. Todd, however, has brought forward some presumptive evidence that the poet was of the *Stitenham* family. Yet if the fact of the arms be accurate, Thynne's reasoning is powerful. See Collins's *Peerage*, II. 443, new edition, *hereafter to be published.*)

præter

præter cætera tamen humaniores literas: multumque in poësi sudavit. Hoc ejus testantur carmina, quæ multa *Latine* scripsit, studiosius quam feliciter *P. Ovidium* imitatus. Nec mirum illud videri debet, præsertim in semi-barbaro sæculo; cum vix hac nostra tam florenti ætate inveniatur, qui redundantem illam *Nasonis* in carmine felicitatem belle exprimat. Quanquam *Eobanus Hessus* in hac parte tam se industrium, quam qui maxime, nostro tempore exhibuit: sed primam ante ejus tempora palmam tulit *Jovianus Pontanus*, mel merum et Musarum deliciæ. Conniveamus igitur ad hanc *Goveri* qualemcunque infelicitatem, et ostendamus illum omnium fuisse primum patriæ linguæ expolitorem. Nam ante ejus ætatem *Anglica* lingua inculta, et fere tota rudis jacebat. Nec erat qui opus aliquod, vernaculo idiomate, eleganti lectore dignum scriberet. Itaque operæ pretium esse duxit, diligentem adhibere culturam, ut sic extirpatis tandem rudibus herbis, pro carduo et paliuro, mollis viola et purpureus surgeret narcissus. Patrio multa scripsit sermone, non solum rhythmis, verum etiam soluta oratione; quæ vel hoc nostro florentissimo tempore a doctis studiose leguntur. Inter majuscula ejus opera primum est *Speculum Meditantis*, proximum *Vox Clamantis*, tertium *Confessio Amantis*.

“ Non videbuntur delicato forsân lectori hæc nomina libris per elegantiam imposita. Est tamen nescio quid in nominibus mysterii, et quædam, ut ita dicam, conspiratio, utpote unius ab altero pendentis. Sed hæc nemini nisi legenti liquido apparebunt.

“ Floruit *Goverus* \* rognante in *Anglia* *Richardo* secundo, cui libros suos dedicavit et cui de *Laude Pacis* cantionem, plenissimam consilii et virtutis, etiam cæcus obtulit. Vixit ad justam usque senectutem, ut ex ejus versibus, quos subscribam, apparet:

Dum potui, scripsi; sed nunc quia curva senectus  
Turbavit sensus, scripta relinquo scholis.

“ De tempore ejus obitus † non possum recte computare. Hoc interim constat, quod honorifice sepultus sit *Londini* apud canonicos *Marianos* in ipsa *Tamesis* ripa, ubi etiam et ejus uxor sepulchro, sed humiliori conditur. Habet ibidem

\* He is supposed to have been born about 1326.

† It is now ascertained by the probate to his will that he died in 1408. See *Todd's Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*, xvii. 88. *Gough's Sepulchral Monuments*, Centur xv.

statuam\* duplici insignem nota, nempe aureo torque, et hederaea † corona rosis interserta : illud militis, hoc poetæ ornamentum. Quod autem sepulchrum apud *Marianos* sibi posuerit, hoc in causa fuisse arbitrator. Conflagravit bona pars suburbii, quod ponti *Londinensi* adjacet, Anno D. 1212, regnante rege Joanne. Ex quo casu *Marianorum* cœnobium igne correptum est, et fœde deturpatum, nec pristino decori restauratum fuit ante primos annos *Richardi* secundi. Tunc *Goverus* miseratus tantæ calamitatis, partim per amicos suos, quos multos et potenteis habuit, partim propriis impensis basilicam una cum ornamentis reparandam curavit. Ipsi hodie *Mariani* agnoscunt *Goveri* erga se liberalitatem, ; quamvis non ita magnam, ac ego prædico. Hæc meo judicio causa fuit, quod suis *Marianis* reliquias commendaverit. Sed de *Govero* plura in *Chaucero* dicamus."

### ¶ " De Gallofrido Chaucero.

" GALLOFRIDUS CHAUCERUS, nobili loco natus, et summæ æpei juvenis *Isiacas* scholas tam diligenter, quam quæ maxime, celebravit : id quod ut faceret, academix vicinitas quodammodo invitavit. Nam quibusdam argumentis adducor ut credam, *Isiacam* vel *Berochensem* provinciam illius natale solum fuisse. Hinc acutus dialecticus, hinc dulcis rhetor, hinc lepidus poeta, hinc gravis philosophus, hinc ingeniosus mathematicus, (qua parte et a *Joanne Somæo*, et *Nicola Carmelita Linensi*, viris in mathesi eruditissimis, quos in libro de *Sphæra* nominat, instructus fuit) hinc denique sanctus Theologus evasit. Maxima equidem sum locutus ; at quisquis ejus libros curiosâ manu evolverit, me bonæ fidei præconem facile judicabit. Ingenue tamen fatebor sic eum *Isiaci* studuisse, ut et alibi etiam longo studiorum usu multa ad scientiæ cumulum adjecerit. Constat utique illum circa postremos *Richardi* secundi, ‡ cui non incognitus erat, annos in *Gallia* floruisse, magnamque ex assidua in literis

\* See an elegant engraving of the monument in *Todd*, ut supra, b. 142.

† Thynne says, it is not a garland of ivy and roses : but a simple garland of roses only, "one of the peculiar ornaments of a Knight, as well as his collar of SSS, his gilt sword, and spears." *Ibid*, p. 24.

‡ Tyrwhitt says "Leland's account is full of inconsistencies." But Godwin observes on this, that "Leland's account is indeed erroneous in his chronology, and appears to have supposed Chaucer to have been born and to have died thirty years later than he actually did. In treating of Chaucer's studies, he refers them expressly

exercitatione gloriam sibi comparasse: tum præterea eadem opera omnes veneres, lepores, delicias, sales, ac postremo gratias linguæ *Gallicæ* tam alte coimbibisse, quam cuiquam vix credibile. Laus ista *Gallofridum in Angliam* reversum sequebatur, tanquam comes ejus virtutis individua. Ejusmodi igitur lætus successibus forum *Londinense* et collegia leguleiorum, qui ibidem patria jura interpretantur, frequentavit, ut et ante *Galliam* cognitam forsam fecerat.

“ Illis temporibus inter forenses clarissimus erat *Joannes Goverus*, cujus vitam præscripsimus, homo venerandæ ætatis, et qui mirum in modum *Anglicæ* linguæ politiesi studebat. Hic, perspecta indole et examinatâ *Gallofridi* probitate, illum in familiarem sibi accivit, illum ulnis amplexus est, illum etiam in honestis deliciis habuit, illum denique tanquam *numen aliquod* modo non veneratus est. Ut ego taceam, ipsemet *Goverus* in libro, qui titulo *Amantis* inscribitur abunde declarat, quanti suum *Chaucerum* fecerit; quem acutatissime prius laudatum, eximum vocat poetam, et in operis quasi *Aristarchum* facit.\* Ecce tibi, lector, pulcherrimum virtutis certamen. Nam ut *Goverus*, homo parum sibi tribuens, lucubrations, quas consummaverat *Gallofridi* judicio modeste submitit; sic rursus *Chaucerus* amores *Troili Goveri et Strodxæi* calculis subjecit. Sed quis hic *Strodxæus* fuerit, apud autorem nullum hactenus legi. At nemini interim legisse me illustria de *Strodxæo*, *Maredunensis* societatis ad *Isidis Vadum* alumno, in poesi eruditissimo, qui et in Catalogo *Maridunensium* postremis *Eadveardi* tertii annis adscribitur. Tantum apparet ex *Gallofridi* versiculis philosophiæ studiosum fuisse. Adde huc quod quemadmodum *Chaucerus* admirator sinul et sectator *Goveri*, ita. . . *Schoganus*, cujus sepulchrum *Visimonasterii* estat, vir ad omnes facetias et sales compositus, *Chauceri* admirator ac imitator fuit. Ac rursus quanto discipulus *Chaucerus* major *Govero* præceptore suo, tanto minor erat *Schoganus Chaucero*.

pressly to the concluding years of Richard II. But though glaringly defective in his dates, he has introduced no inconsistencies or contradictions into his statement of the consecutive series of Chaucer's education.” *Godwin's Life of Chaucer*, 8vo. II. 45.

\* “ The friendship of Chaucer and Gower, which probably commenced in their boyish days, and which we are sure continued undiminished for more than forty years, ceased to exist while both the parties were yet living. Chaucer is construed as throwing out an indirect sarcasm against Gower in his Prologue to the *Man of Law's Tale*; and the compliment to Chaucer in the Epilogue to Gower's *De Confessione Amantis*, is suppressed in some MSS. of that work being probably withdrawn by the hand of the author.” *Godwin*, II. 32.

“ Nunc vero orationis series postulat, ut aperte doceamus quem scopum *Gallofridum* studiis præfixerit. Profecto ejus scopus unicus fuit, ut linguam *Anglicam* numeris omnibus quam ornatissimam redderet. Viderat enim *Goverum* in eodem negotio belle processisse. Quare nullum non movendum sibi lapidem putabat, quo ad supremam felicitatis metam perveniret. Et quoniam Poesim præter cætera semper dilexit, amavit, coluit; visum est ei vel commodissimum per illam ad ipsa eloquentiæ culmina viam patefacere. Tale etenim est poesis, ut tropos, elegantias, ornamenta, copiam, et quicquid venerum et leporum est, non modo admittat, verum, quod multo majus, suo quodam jure poscat. Adde huc, quod *Italos et Gallos*, qui plurima suis linguis terse nitide eleganter scripserunt, in partem operis evocaverit. Tantum est inclytos habere duces, quos sequaris. *Petrarcha* circa hæc tempora in *Italia* claruit, cujus opera lingua ibidem vernacula eo elegantiae perducta est, ut cum ipsa *Latina* de eloquentiæ palma contenderit. Quidam etiam *Alanus* linguam *Gallicam* infinitis modis expoliebat. Uterque istorum (multos alios clarissimæ notæ homines qui eadem fecerunt, omitto) calcar *Chaucero*, alioqui sua sponte satis currenti, addidit. Bonis igitur avibus incepto operi incubuit, nunc libellos *Gallica* lingua compe, ornate, diserte scriptos in patrium sermonem transferens; nunc *Latinos* versus *Anglicis*, sed docte, sed apte, sed canore exprimens; nunc multa e suo capite nata, et *Latinorum* felicitatem æquantia, victuris chartis commendans. Nunc lectori ut prodesset iervis omnibus contendens, et vicissim ut eundem delectaret edulo curans: nec antea finem fecit, quam linguam nostram ad eam puritatem, ad eam eloquentiam, ad eam denique breviter ac gratiam perduxerat, ut inter expolitas gentium linguas posset recte quidem connumerari, itaque in libris meorum *Epigrammatôn* his versibus ejus gloriæ assurgo:

Prædicat *Aligerum* merito *Florentia* *Dantem*,

*Italia* et numeros tota, *Petrarche*, tuos:

*Angliâ* *Chaucerum* veneratur nostra poetam,

Cui veneres debet patria lingua suas.

Et rursus:

Dum juga montis aper, frondes dum læta volucris,

Squamiger et liquidas piscis amabit aquas:

*Mæonides*, *Gracæ* linguæ clarissimus auctor,

*Aonio* primus carmine semper erit.

Sic quoque *Virgilius* *Romanæ* gloria Musæ

Maxima, vel *Phæbo* iudice, semper erit.

Nec minus et noster *Galfridus* summa *Britannæ*

*Chaucerus* citharæ gratia semper erit.

Illos

Illos quis nescit felicia sæcla tulisse;  
 Hunc talem et tantum protulit hora rudis.  
 Tempora vidisset quod si florentia Musis,  
 Æquasset celebres, vel superasset avos.

Neque hic pigebit in medium adducere Hendecasyllabos, ex eodem fonte petitos, quos aliquot abhinc annis, orante *Thoma Bertholeto*, typographo cum diligenti tum erudito, scripsi:

Cum novum brevis *Atticus* leporem  
 Invenisset, et undecunque *Græcam*  
 Linguam perpoliiset, insolenter  
 Barbaros reliquos vocare cœpit.  
 Cujus vestigia impiger *Quirinus*  
 Ter certo pede persequens, *Latinum*  
 Sermonem bene reddidit venustum;  
 Et cum *Græco* alios rudes vocavit.  
 At quanto mihi rectius videtur  
 Fecisse officium suum disertus  
*Chaucerus*, brevitate primus apta  
 Linguam qui patriam redegit illam  
 In formam, ut venere et lepore multo,  
 Ut multo sale, gratiaque multa,  
 Luceret, velut *Hesperus* minora  
 Inter sidera; nec tamen superbe  
 Linguæ barbariem exprobavit ulli.  
 Quare vos juvenes manu *Britanni*  
 Læta spargite nunc rosas sūave  
 Spirantes, violasque molliores,  
 Et vestro date, candidi, poetæ  
 Formosam ex hедера (citi) coronam.

Sed jam satis nostrarum neigarum adposuimus. Alius ille sortis homo erat, quam ut meæ præconio Musæ meritas laudes accipere queat. O quanto citius sub æquo judice a suis operibus justam consequetur laudem. Ideoque optarem quidem nostram linguam poetis *Latinis* familiarem esse: tunc facile inquam, facile in meam sententiam irent. At quoniam quod opto vix fieri potest, tantum exoratos volo, ut mihi *Latinarum* literarum amatori aliquid in hac parte fidei habeant, quo auspicio non gravabor ejus lucubrationum inscriptiones *Latinitate* donare; ut sic saltem leonem, quemadmodum in proverbio est, ex ipsis æstiment unguibus.

“ Quamquam priusquam id, quod modo sum pollicitus præstitero, non alienum meo erit instituto palam facere *Gulielmum Coxodunum*, hominem nec indiligentem nec indoctum, et quem constat primum *Londini* artem exercuisse typographi-

cam, *Chauceri* opera, quotquot vel pretio vel precibus comparare potuit, in unum volumen collegisse. Vicit tamen *Caxo-dunicam* editionem *Bertholetus* noster opera *Guhelmi Thynni*; qui, multo labore, sedulitate ac cura usus in perquiendis vetustis exemplaribus, multa primæ adjecit editioni. Sed nec in hac parte caruit *Brianus Tucca*, mihi familiaritate conjunctissimus, et *Anglicæ* linguæ eloquentia mirificus, sua gloria, edi a in postremam impressionem præfatione climata, luculenta, elegantia. Sequar igitur codicem paucis abhinc annis impressum, et promissum adponam syllabon.

*Fabulæ Cantianæ* xxiv.

Quarum duæ soluta oratione scriptæ; sed *Petri Aratoris* fabula, quæ communi doctorum consensu *Chaucero*, tanquam vero parenti, attribuitur in utraque editione, quia malos sacerdotum mores vehementer increpavit, suppressa est.

*De arte Amandi*, alias *Romaunce of the Rose*.

*Amores Troiæ et Chrysidis*, lib 5.

*Testamentum Chrysidis*, et ejusdem lamentatio.

*Amores Heroïdum*.

\* *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, soluta oratione.

*Somnium Chauceri*.

*Chorus Avium*.

*Flos Humanitatis*,

libellulus a multis, tanquam nothus, rejicitur.

*De Pietate mortua*, et ejus *Sepultura*.

*Chorus Heroïdum*.

*De Astrolabio ad Ludovicum filium suum*, prosa.

*Querela Equitis cogn. Nigri*.

*Encomium Mulierum*.

*De Fama*, lib. 3.

*Testamentum Amoris*, lib. 3.

*Threni Magdalensæ*.

*De Remedio Amoris*.

*Querelæ Martis et Veneris*.

*Epistola Cupidinis*.

*Cantiones*.

Hactenus de nomenclatura ejus librorum cui hodie passim eguntur. Præter illos tamen, quos ego recensui ipsemet in prologo, *Amoribus Heroïdum* præfixo, fatetur se scripsisse libellum de morte *Blanchæ Ducis*; tum etiam *Origenis de Magdalena* opusculum transtulisse: quod ego, (si modo *Origenes* tale quidquam scripsit) idem esse arbitror cum *Lamentatione Magdalensæ*, de qua superius in syllabo mentionem feci.

“ Forsitan hic aliquis finem dicendi a me expectaret, sed ego pauca



pauca adhuc habeo, quæ *Chaucerum* posteritati magnifice commendabunt. Nam, quemadmodum *Richardo Burdegalensi*, *Anglorum* Regi, cognitus, et virtutum nomine charus fuit; ita etiam *Henrico* quarto, et ejus filio, qui de *Gallis* triumphavit eisdem titulis commendatissimus erat. Quid quod et tota nobilitas *Anglica* illum, tanquam absolutum torrentis eloquentiæ exemplum, suspexit. Accessit insuper ad ejus gloriam, quod sororem \* habuerit, quæ *Gulielmo Polo* (nisi me nomen fallit) *Sudovolgice* duci, nupsit, ac magno in splendore *Aquelmi* vitam egit: ubi postea, fatis sic volentibus, diem quoque obiit, et, ut ego aliquando accepi, sepulta est.

“ Inter hæc *Chaucerus* ad canos devenit, sensitque ipsam senectutem morbum esse; qua ingravescente, dum is *Londini* causas suas curaret, mortuus est, et *Visimonasterii* in *Australi* insula basilicæ, D. Petro sacræ, sepultus. *Ludovicum* autem reliquit fortunarum suarum, quas utcumque amplas habebat, hæredem, et præcipue villæ suæ *Vodestochæ*, regiæ admodum vicinæ. Aliquanto post tempore *Gulielmus Caxodunus Chauceri* monimentum hoc disticho inscribi fecit:

GALFRIDUS CHAUCER vates, et fama poesis  
Maternæ, hac sacra sum tumulatus humo.

Hi duo versus desumpti fuerunt ex quadam nœnia, quam *Stephanus Surigonus Mediolanensis*, poeta suo tempore clarus, rogante *Gulielmo Caxtono*, scripsit. Quare juvat totam ipsam nœniam, quoniam tersa, canora, et rotunda est, in præsentia recitare. Sic enim *Chaucerus*, qui re vera maximus fuit, nobili testimonio externi scriptoris major videbitur:

*Pierides* Musæ, si possunt numina fletus  
Fundere, divinas atque rigare genas,  
GALFRIDI CHAUCER vatis crudelia fata  
Plangite; sit lacrymis abstinuisse nefas.  
Vos coluit vivens, at vos celebrate sepultum:  
Reddatur merito gratia digna viro.  
Grande decus nobis est docti *Musa Maronis*,  
Qua didicit melius lingua *Latina* loqui:

\* It seems to be well established that *Thomas* Chaucer, whose daughter *Alice* married *William De la Pole* Duke of *Suffolk*, was eldest son of the poet. The tomb of this *Thomas* Chaucer and of his daughter the *Duchess* at *Exwelme* in *Oxfordshire*, is ornamented with the spinning wheel, the emblem of the family name of the poet's wife, *Rouet*; and the paved bricks of the church are ornamented with the same figure. *Godwin*, IV. 159, &c. &c.

The poet had a younger son, *Lewis*, who is supposed to have died young, contrary to *Leland's* assertion.

Grande novumque decus CHAUCER famamque paravit,  
 Heu quantum fuerat prisca *Britanna* rudis!  
 Reddidit insignem maternis versibus, ut jam  
 Aurea splendescat, ferrea facta prius.  
 Hunc latuisse virum nil, si tot opuscula vertes,  
 Dixeris, egregiis quæ decorata modis  
*Socratis* ingenium, vel fontes philosophiæ,  
 Quicquid et arcani dogmata sacra ferunt:  
 Et quoscunque velis tenuit doctissimus artes,  
 Hic vates parvo conditus in tumulo.  
 Ah! laudis quantum præclara *Britannia* perdis,  
 Dum rapuit tantum mors odiosa virum;  
 Crudeles Parcæ, crudelia fila sorores,  
 Non tamen extincto corpore fama perit.  
 Vivet in æternum, vivent dum scripta poetæ,  
 Vivant æterno tot monumenta die,  
 Si qua bonos tangit pietas, si carmine dignus,  
 Carmina qui cecinit tot cumulata modis.  
 Hoc sibi marmoreo scribantur verba sepulchro  
 Hoc maneat laudis sarcina summa suæ:  
 GALFRIDUS CHAUCER vates, et fama poesis  
*Materna, hæc sacra sum tumulatus humo.*  
 Post obitum CAXTON voluit te vivere cura  
 GUILHELMI, CHAUCER, clare poeta, tui:  
 Nam tua non solum compressit opuscula formis,  
 Hac quoque sed laudes jussit hic esse tuas.

Habes nunc, humanissime lector, elegos in nivea tabella depictos, quos *Surigonus Visimonasterii* columnæ, *Chauceri* sepulchro vicinæ, adfixit. Tu sæpe eosdem in nostri vatis gratiam legas sic tibi quisquis eris, faveat suadela, leposque.\*

The

\* Thynne in his *Animadversions* already cited, makes the following remarks on the Origin of Printing. "In the latter end of the title of Chaucer's death, you say that printing was brought out of Germany in the year 1471, being the 37 H. 6. into England, being first found at *Mogunce* by one John Guthembergus, and brought to Rome by Conradus an Almaine. But the year of Christ 1471 was not the 37 H. 6, but the eleventh of King Edward the Fourth; and as some have it, [it] was not first found at *Mogunce* or *Mentz*, but at *Strasburgh*, and perfected at *Mentz*. David Chryteus, in his History, saith, it was first found in Anno 1440, and brought to Rome by *Henricus Han*, a German, in the year 1470; whereof Antonius Campanus formed this excellent epigram:

Anser Tarpeii custos Jovis, unde, quod alis  
 Constrepere, Gallus decidit; ultor adest

Ulricus

¶ *The Byble in Englishe, that is, the olde and new Testament, after the translacion appoynted to bee read in the Churches. Imprynted at London in Flete strete, at the signe of the Sunne, ouer agaynst the Conduyte, by Edwarde Whitechurche. The xxix day of December, the yeare of our Lorde M.D.XL.IX. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

The above work is noticed only for the purpose of introducing the following narrative, transcribed from the back of its title-page; as an anecdote of Bishop Styll, the author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* it seems worthy preservation. The omissions I have not been able to decypher.

“ On Sundaye the fovrthe daye of December in the nyne and thurtie yere of the raigne of Queene Elizabethe in Anno d̄no 1596, one Doctor Rogers, Chancellor of the Church of St. Andrew in Welles, did preache in the quier of the same church the forenoone, and continued his sermon after seven of the clocke almost one quarter—in the \*\*\*\* of Iolin Still, Byshopp, Doctor Langworthe, dyvers others of the canons, Mr. Towse\*\*\* and many other to the number by estimate of fyve hundredes. The wether did grow very clowdy, and it rayned and hayled wonderfull fast and verye darke, and in one momenthe a fyery flame went through the chancell from the lower dore vpwards, and w<sup>th</sup>all a wonderfull thunder clapp to the great feare & terror of all the people, that the Byshop and all other fell on their knees & prayed hartely to God, and so only the rayne continued, but no more thunder nor lytening, and in this lytening & thunder, one damsell \*\*\*\*\* ij of the Byshops men were marked w<sup>th</sup> spotts, and dyvers other, and fell downe therew<sup>th</sup>. to the great feare & terror of all the people, I praye God geve us grace to amend our lyves.”

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

Ulricus Gallus; ne quem poscantur in usum,  
Edocuit pennis nil opus esse tuis.

But others do suppose that it was invented at *Argenterote*, as doth Matthew Parker in the Life of Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury: which for the uncertainty thereof I leave at this time to further examination, not having now present leisure therefore.” *Todd, ut supra, 31, 32.*

*The*

¶ *The Fraternity of Uacabondes. As wel of rustyng Vacabondes, as of beggerly, of women as of men, of Gyrls as of Boyes, with their proper names and qualities. With a description of the crafty company of Cousoners and Shifters. ¶ Wherunto also is adioyned the. xxv. Orders of Knaues, otherwyse called a Quartern of Knaues. Confirmed for euer by Cocke Lorell.*

¶ *The Vprightman speaketh.*

¶ Our Brothethood of Uacabondes,  
If you would know where dwell:  
In graues end Barge which syldome standes,  
The talke wyll shew ryght well.

¶ *Cocke Lorell aunswereth.*

¶ Some orders of my knaues also  
In that Barge shall ye fynde:  
For no where shall ye walke J trow,  
But ye shall see their kynde.

¶ *Imprinted at London by Iohn Awdeley, dwellyng in little Britayne streete without Aldersgate. 1575. [4to. black letter, containing nine leaves.]*

Such is the title of this very curious tract, which is briefly mentioned by Warton (*History of English Poetry*, V. 75.) as one of the first books, exhibiting not only the tricks but the language of thieves. Mr. W. supposes it to have been taken from another piece of the same description, by Thomas Harman, entitled *A Caueat for Commen Cursetors vulgarely called Uagabones, &c.* 567, but this cannot be the case, since we find in Herert's *Ames*, (II. 885,) that an edition appeared by the same printer, so early as 1565. The second, of which we here propose to offer some account, has escaped the observation of these diligent bibliographers.

The source from which the information contained in the tract was procured, is declared in the following lines on the back of the title.

*The*

“ *The Printer to the Reader.*

“ This brotherhood of Uacabondes  
 To shew that there be such in deede:  
 Both justices and men of landes,  
 Wyll testifye it if it nede.  
 For at a sessions as they sat,  
 By chaunce a Uacabond was got.  
 Who promysde if they would him spare,  
 And keepe his name from knowledge then:  
 He would as straunge a thing declare  
 As euer they knew synce they were men.  
 But if my fellowes do know (sayd he,)
 That thus J dyd, they would kyll me.  
 They graunting him this his request,  
 He dyd declare as here is read,  
 Both names and states of most and least,  
 Of this their Uacabondes brotherhood.  
 Which at the request of a worshipful ma  
 J haue set it forth as well as J can.”

The compiler, who it seems was Audley the printer, then goes on to enumerate and characterize the several denominations of cheats and pick-pockets, company which the readers of the *BIBLIOGRAPHER* might justly condemn me for introducing them to, did not the publication command some interest from being the undoubted *earliest* tract extant on this subject.

In the following list of contents I shall transcribe, in the notes, descriptions of such characters as are least known. “ An Abraham man. A Ruffeler. A Prygman.\* A Whipiacke. A Frater.† A Quire bird.‡

\* “ A prygman goeth with a stycke in hys hand like an idle person. His propertye is to steale cloathes of the hedge, which they call storing of the roge man: or els filch poultry, carrying them to the alehouse, whych they call the bowsyng in, & thier syt playing at cardes and dice, tyl that is spent which they haue so fylched.”

† “ A frater goeth wyth a like [a counterfeit] lisenche to beg for some spittle house or hospital. Their pray is cōmonly vpo poore women as they go and come to the markets.”

‡ “ A quire bird is one that came lately out of prison, & goeth to seeke seruice. He is cōmonly a stealer of horses, which they terme a prigger of paulfreys.” Harman gives a long account of “a prygger of *prauncers*.”

An vpright man. A Curtall. A Palliard. An Irishe toyle. A Iack man. A Swygman. \* A Washman. † A Tinkard. A wylde Roge. A Kitchen Co. A Kitchen Mortes. Doxes. A Patriarke Co." ‡

*The company of Cousoners and Shifters* consists of "a Curtesy man. A Cheatour or Fingerer. A Ring faller."

“ ¶ *A Curtesy man.*

“ A Curtesy man is one that walketh about the back lanes in London in the day time, and sometime in the broade streetes in the night season, and when he meeteth some handsome yong man clenely apareled, or some other honest citizen, he maketh humble salutatio's and low curtesy, and sheweth him that he hath a worde or two to speake with his mastership. This child can behaue him selfe manerly, for he wyll desire him that he talketh withall to take the ypper hand, and shew him much reuerence, and at last, like his familier acquaintance, will put on his cap, and walke syde by syde and talke on this fashion: oh, syr, you seeme to be a man, and one that faouureth men, and therefore J am the more bolder to breake my mind vnto your good maistership. Thus it is, syr, ther is a certaine of vs (though J say it, both taule and handsome men of theyr hands,) which haue come lately from the wars, and as God knoweth haue nothing to take to, being both maisterles and moniles, & knowing no way wherby to verne one peny. And further, wher as we haue bene welthely brought vp, and we also haue beene had in good estimatio, we are a shamed now to declare our misery, and to fall a craung as common beggers, and as for to steale and robbe, (God s our recorde) it striketh vs to the hart to thinke of such a nischeife that euer any handsome man should fall into such a launger for thys worldly trash. Which if we had to suffise our

\* “ A swygman goeth with a pedlers pack.”

† “ A washman is called a palliard, but not of the right making. He vseth to lye in the hye way with lame or sore legs, or armes to beg. These me<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> right pilliards wil often times spoile, but they lare not co'playn. They be bitten with Spick worts, & sometime with rats bane.” If a table of precedence were drawn out, I should place the senior members of this community in the following order. 1. an upright man. 2. a ruffler. 3. a curtall. 4. a jacknan. 5. a patriarch co. 6. a palliard, &c. &c.

‡ “ A patriarke co doth make mariages, & that is vntill death lepart the married folke, which is after this sort: when they come o a dead horse, or any dead catell, then they shake hands and so lepart every one of them a seuerall way.”

want

want and necessity, we should neuer seeke thus shamefastly to craue on such good pityfull men as you seeme to be, neither yet so dangerously to hasarde our liues for so vyle a thing. Therefore, good syr, as you seeme to be a handsome man your selfe, and also such a one as pitieth the miserable ease of handsome men, as now your eyes and countenaunce sheweth to haue some pity vppon this my miserable complainte: so, in God's cause J require your maistershyp & in the behalfe of my poore afflicted fellowes, which though here in sight they cry not with me to you, yet where soeuer they bee, J am sure they cry vnto God to moue the heartes of some good men to shew forth their liberality in this behalfe. All which & J with them craue now the same request at your good masterships hand. With these or such like words he frameth his talke. Now if the party (which he thus talketh withall,) proffereth hym a peny or ii.d. he taketh it, but veye scornfully, and at last speaketh on this sorte: Well, syr, your good will is not to be refused: but yet you shall vnderstand, (goodsyr,) that this is nothing for them for whom J do thus shamefastly entreate. Alas, syr! it is not a groate or xii.d. J speake for, being such a company of seruitors as wee haue bene; yet, neuertheles, God forbid J should not receiue your geñtle offer at this time, hoping hereafter through your good motions to some such lyke good gentleman as you be, that J, or some of my fellowes in my place, shall finde the more liberality. These kind of ydle uacabondes wyll go commonly well appareled, without any weapon, and in place where they meeete together, as at their hosteryes \* or other places, they wyll beare the post of ryght good gentlemen, & some are the more trusted but cōmonly thei pay them w̃ † stealing a paire of sheetes, or couerlet, & so take their farewell earely in the morning before the mayster or danie be stirring."

*A cheatour or fingerer* is nothing more than a decoy to entrap unwary persons and introduce them to sharpers, in order to be pillaged at cards or dice. "Their trade is to walke in such places where as gentelmen & other worshipfull citizens do resorte, as at Poules, or at Christes hospital, & sometime at y<sup>e</sup> Royal exchange."

*A ring faller* is too well known in the present day to make any description necessary. It is only surprising that this deception which has been carried on for two

\* Chaucer and Spencer both make use of *bolsterie* as an inn, or place of reception for travellers.

† *Sic.*

hundred and forty-five\* years, and probably much longer, should still find persons sufficiently simple to become dupes to it.

*The xxv Orders of Knaues,*" which conclude the tract, are "1. Troll and Trole by. 2. Trole with. 3. Trole hazard of trace. 4. Trole hazard of tritrace. 5. Chafe Litter. 6. Obloquium. 7. Prince Pytcher. 8. Jeffrey Gods Fo. 9. Nichol Hartles. 10. Simon soone agon. 11. Grene winchard. 12. Proctour. 13. Commitour of Tidings. 14. Gyle Hather. 15. Bawde Phisicke. 16. Mounch present. 17. Cole prophet. 18. Cory fauele. 19. Dyng thrift. 20. Esen Droppers. 21. Coplogyke. 22. Vnthrifte. 23. Vngracious. 24. Nunquam. 25. Ingratus."

Explanations of a few of these singular terms shall end his article.

"Chafe Litter is he that wyl plucke vp the fetherbed or natrice, and pyse in the bedstraw, and wyl neuer ryse vnalled. This knaue berayeth many tymes in the corners of his maisters chamber, or other places inconuenient, and maketh leane his shooes with the couerlet or curtaines.

Obloquium is hee that wyl take a tale out of his maisters mouth and tell it him selfe. He, of right, may be called a nalapert knaue.

Jeffery Gods Fo is he that wil sweare & maintaine othes. This is such a lying knaue that none wil beleue him, for the more he sweareth y<sup>e</sup> les he is to be beleued.

Proctour is he that will tary long, and bring a lye, when his maister sendeth him on his errand. This is a fibber gibber† knaue that doth fayne tales.

Cory fauel ‡ is he that wyl lye in his bed and cory the bed boades in which hee lyeth in steede of his horse. This slouthfull knaue wyl buskill § and scratch when he is called in the morning for any hast.

Dyng thrift is he that wil make his maisters' horse eat pie and rybs of beefe and drinke ale and wyne. Such false knaues oft tymes will sell their maisters' meate to their owne profit."

P. B.

\* The first edition of this tract was in 1565.

† *Hibber gibber* I conceive to mean *talkative*. Minshew calls *ibbrish, gibble gabble*.

‡ See Puttenham *Arte of English Poesie*, 4to. 1589. p. 134.

§ What *buskil* signifies is not so easy, at this time, to discover. *'o busk* in the Scottish language is *to dress or attire*. It may here mean *to delay, to dress slowly*.



¶ *Chronological List of the Works, in verse and prose, of George Wither.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. I. P. 440.]

79. "*Tuba Pacifica*. Seasonable precautions, whereby is sounded forth a retreat from the War intended between England and the United Provinces of Lower Germany. By George Wither; a lover of peace, and heartily well affected towards both nations. 8vo. 1664. Imprinted for the Author, and is to be disposed of rather for Love than Money."\*

This begins:—"An ancient *Emblem* (two pitchers) relating to the said nations, *Si collidimur, frangimur*. If we knock, we are broke." These pitchers are England and Holland. The Dutch having invaded the rights of the English in India and Africa, the Parliament petitioned Charles II. to make reprisals, which was done upon their merchant-ships; and war was declared against them in March 1664-5. Wither, before this event took place, blew the metrical trump of pacification, but with a tone that was little likely to be heard, and still less to be regarded. Yet some of his political monitions are valuable.

"If wrongs are done, let all good means be us'd  
To judge between th' accuser and accus'd,  
Ere sentence pass: and do not then prolong  
Due recompence to them who have had wrong.  
Ere battle you begin, let peace be offer'd;  
Accept a good expedient, when 'tis proffer'd.  
Make not the sword your umpire, till you see  
A remedy no other way can be:  
Yet to avoid the mischief and the curse  
Of war, make not a peace that shall be worse."

While employed on this tract, he says

"————— there doth appear  
A blazing star within our hemisphere."

\* Qu. whether given away, or disposed of at a very low price? The tract was not known to Wood.

This must have been the comet, visible in Nov. 1664; in the alarm excited by which he thus reasons.

“ ———— this exhalation doth portend  
 Some judgment on offenders will descend  
 Ere long, to make them watchful, and prepare  
 To do those duties which expected are.—  
 He that is so affected, seldom fears  
 The influence of comets, or of stars;  
 Whereas, they who in folly are benighted,  
 Oft with a harmless glow-worm are affrighted.” \*

80. “ *A Memorandum to London.* Occasioned by the pestilence there begun, this present year MDCLXV: and humbly offered to the Lord-Maior, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the said City. By George Wither. Thereto is by him added, a Warning-piece to London,

\* He then proceeds to speak of himself, with an egotism that becomes more interesting to modern readers than all that concerns the local events of the turbid time in which he wrote :

“ Thus far, my mind I have once more exprest,  
 And hopeful am ere long to be at rest  
 From all my labours: for my life, almost,  
 To bring this seasonably forth, it cost.  
 But some perhaps will now say—what is *he*  
 That your *Remembrancer* presumes to be?  
 To those I make this answer:—I am one  
 Who stands instead of such a block or stone,  
 As Charity did set up heretofore  
 By high-way sides, and sometimes at each door,  
 To save men from the violent approaches  
 Of drunken horse-men, waggons, carts, and coaches;  
 And in that service often are abused, [bruised,  
 Curs'd, broken, hackt, trackt, cut, slasht, knockt, and  
 By those who, stumbling on them, heedless are  
 To what good purpose they were fixed there.—  
 If you consider these things as you ought,  
 And shall not be displeas'd to hear them brought  
 Thus bluntly to remembrance, I have hope  
 I may still 'scape the gallows and the rope  
 For speaking truths in season, unto them  
 Who their well-willers causelessly condemn;  
 And from their native countries banish those,  
 For whose sakes God hath kept them from their foes.”

Wither seems frequently to have written with Tyburn or transportation in his immediate view, yet without any relaxation of his censorial rigour.

discharged

discharged out of a loophole in the Tower, upon meditating the deplorable Fire which consumed the house of an eminent Citizen, with all the persons and goods therein, at the beginning of our most joyful festival, in December 1662. Also, a Single Sacrifice offered to Almighty GOD, by the same Author in his lonely confinement, for prevention of the Dearth feared, and probably portended, by immoderate rains in June and July, 1663. Moreover, in regard many have reported and believed this Author to be dead, we have annexed his Epitaph, made by Himself upon that occasion." Ver. 8vo. 1665.

In the pestilence of 1625, which swept away more than 35,000 persons, within the bills of mortality, Wither first sounded, in the desolate streets of London,\* that warning-voice which would have roused its remaining inhabitants to serious thought and moral reformation. Of course he was slighted as a superstitious alarmist. Not discomfited however by unsuccess, he again mounts his watch-tower of observation, at the distance of forty years; and during the terrific and more calamitous plague of 1665, he renews his solemn exhortations to the Londoners, that they would improve each favour and deliverance of their Almighty Preserver, to the advancement of his glory, and to the charitable relief of such of

\* Which, as an act of conscience, he forbore to quit.

“ During that plague, not one night, all the while  
Remov'd I thence, the distance of a mile:  
Or shunned either person, place, or sight,  
Which me experimentally then might  
Acquaint with any thing, whereby to learn  
My Duty, or what would my work concern.”

With the same temper and principles he meets the second Visitation of the Plague at London,

“ ——— and this (he says) inclineth me  
To send these *Memorandums* now to thee;  
Intending, in thy sickness, here to stay  
Once more, when thy false lovers fly away:  
And in or near thy borders to remain,  
Till God restores thee unto health again;  
Or till by being quite deserted here,  
I shall be forc'd to seek my bread elsewhere.”

neir fellow-creatures as were in want—instead of unprofitably squandering their superfluous money upon noisy rejoicings, as is usually the case at all public festivities. Hence he observes, with much poignancy of satire, manly sense, and humane indignation of feeling,

“ It is no beseeming Thank-oblacion  
For mercies, when a city or a nation,  
Shall solemnize it with but little else  
Save gun-shot, bonfires, jangling of the bells,  
Or making others of their joys partakers,  
Only in smoke and stink of squibs and crackers;  
Or gathering rude throngs of men and boys,  
To make about those flames a barb'rous noise;  
Which must be fed with *fewel forc'd from some,*  
*Who had none left to make a fire at home.*”

From a prose PS. to this piece, it appears that some of Wither's civic friends, after the publication of his “ Britain's Remembrancer,” had proposed, when the office became vacant, to have the *City-Remembrancer-ship* conferred on him: but the proposal failed. His “ Warning-piece to London,”\* was written in the Tower, 1662, and has less pith than is usual. In his “ Single Sacrifice,” he complains that he was not suffered to present a prayer to the King, Lords, or Parliament: he therefore prefers his petition to the throne of grace! This was meditated and composed during the Author's close confinement in the Tower, 1663. It is followed by “ a precaution relating to the time present, June 15, 1665.” To this succeeds “ the Author's Epitaph:” † most of which has been printed in the BIBLIOGRAPHER, I. 16. And the tract closes with “ a petitionary meditation on the behalf of F. S. the author's much honoured and charitable friend, then visited by a languishing sickness.” This well sustains the character of being earnestly supplicative, and meekly pious.

\* This “ Warning-piece” was occasioned by a sudden fire which happened during the night, at Lothbury, in the city of London, and consumed the house of a citizen, with all its tenants.

† This has a “ Preface” and an “ Epilogue:” in the latter he states his apprehension that the “ Epitaph” will need a larger stone than his estate can buy, to write it on.

81. "*Three private Meditations*: which being for the most part of publick concernment, are therefore published by their Author, George Wither. The first is a private Thanksgiving, consisting of three Hymns, whereby God is magnified for his mercy vouchsafed in the late Ingagement between the English and the Dutch in June 1665: composed after celebrating the publick Thanksgiving commanded by the King. The second is, a sacrifice of praise and prayer by him offered to Almighty God for his providential respect to Him, his Wife, and Children, during his Imprisonment in the disgraceful goal of Newgate, when left destitute of all ordinary means of subsistence, by being deprived both of his estate and liberty. The third, intituled Nil Ultra, is a Soliloquium, wherein this Author expresses the improbability of an effectual proceeding further, to prevent the Sins and Plagues increasing, by ought which he can offer to consideration. Reprinted in the year 1666. 8vo. Ver.

First printed in 1665, and includes a prose address to his "dearly beloved Children," dated from Newgate, Feb. 15, 1662; which is followed by a poem from Newgate, with a prose advertisement from his "house in the Savoy, June 1665." In the latter he says—"When that private poem was taken from me, for which I am now a prisoner, many printed books, writings, and evidences, being my proper goods, were therewith unlawfully taken away; among which there was a manuscript in verse intituled "*A Legacy to my Children*;" consisting (as I remember) of about three or four sheets, wherein that which is prayed for in the preceding Meditation, in relation to my posterity, was much enlarged. And this Advertisement is inserted, in hope one of those to whose hand it may come, will be a means of restoring unto me, both that MS. and an Elegy, which was also therewith taken from me. I would be thankful to the restorer." The tract closes with a brief "Defence" in answer to private Objections made against some passages in the Author's writings.\*

82.

\* In this he briefly declares the Christian professions and tolerating practice of his creed. "It is questioned by some what I

12. "*Meditations upon the Lord's Prayer*: with a preparatory preamble, to the right understanding and true use of this pattern. Contemplated by the Author, during the time wherein his House was visited by the Pestilence,\* 1665: and is dedicated to them, by whose

am as to religion, and of what society I profess myself to be?" Whereto I answer, that I profess myself a *Catholick Christian*. Mistake me not: I do not mean a Roman Catholick; which are terms contradictory to themselves, being so united; because the addition of Roman to Catholick, destroys that denomination. I am a member of that Church which is universal, and of every particular Church in those places where I reside, so far forth only, and no further, as it is a member of the Church-Catholick, professing and practising in purity the faith, doctrine and discipline thereof.—I separate from no Church, adhering to the foundations of Christianity.—Our national Church was my first nurse, and I confess, with thankfulness, I from thence first drew nourishments, strengthening me towards eternal life. I had there also dry nurses, some of which fed me wholesomely, and some to the endangering my being poisoned or starved. But I have but one spiritual mother, which is the Catholick Church aforementioned.—I am not of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or of any society, but as they are of Christ Jesus.—I can communicate with any professing belief in Christ Jesus, either in humiliations, thanksgivings, breaking of bread in commemoration of our Saviour's passion, or in prayer: where nothing is so practised that it derogates from the honour of God, or is contrary to the canon of his word, &c." These sentiments seem to range him with the Independents; but Wood pronounces him a Presbyterian satirist.

\* The dedication of this book, to the Author's Christian friends, is dated from the "Savoy, Dec. 30, 1665." In April the Plague revealed itself, and in June it appears he had escaped contagion; for he says in his "Memorandum to London," p. 28. "God be praised! not so much as *one* hath been sick of any disease in my house, since the Plague began; nor is it, to my knowledge, near my habitation." But afterwards it appears that he had been a sufferer by this dreadful calamity; and bore it with his habitual firmness; as a Preamble to this book states: "During the great mortality yet continuing, and wherein God evidently visited his own household, my little family, consisting of three persons only, was visited; and I, with my dear consort, long detained in daily expectation of God's divine purpose concerning our persons; yet with confidence, whether we were smitten or spared, lived or died, it would be in mercy: for having nothing left to make us in love with this world, we had placed our best hopes in the world to come." With a versatility of thought, less peculiar to Wither than to human nature, he soon after expresses himself, like a sturdy begger, in terms of almost dramatic levity: "when

whose charity God preserved him and his family from perishing in their late Troubles.

That which we have, we are oblig'd to give,  
In recompence of that which we receive;  
And with some this will relish, though it be  
Fruit gather'd from an aged *Wither'd* tree.

Many particulars pertinent to these last times, are humbly offered to consideration, by the said Authour, George Wither.

*Legite, et perlegite.*

Read all, lest wrong, by prejudice ensue,  
Either unto this Author, or to you:  
For since all cannot be exprest together,  
One place must often help expound another.

London, printed in the year 1665." Pr. 8vo.

Walkley the stationer had put forth a concise version of the Lord's Prayer by Wither, at the end of his Works, 1620. These Meditations on the same Christian and Catholic pattern of prayer and praise; were composed in his solitary seclusion during the great Plague of London. " Providence (he says) then inclined my heart to contemplate the foresaid Prayer, when I seemed but ill accommodated to prosecute such an undertaking; for it was in the eleventh climacterical year of my life, and when, beside other bodily infirmities, I was frequently assaulted with such as were perhaps pestilential symptoms; and the keeping of two fires requiring more than my income seemed likely long to maintain, I prosecuted my Meditations all the day-time, even in that room wherein my family and all visitants talked and dispatched their affairs, yet was neither diverted nor discomposed thereby: but, by God's assistance, finished my undertaking within a short time after the recovery of my ser-

" when I sought the world, I lost it, with all I had therein; so that if God had not inclined his servants to provide for me, I might truly have sung this old catch—

" Now I am a gallant; for my friends have left me  
Neither money in my purse, nor a rag to shift me."

vant (whose life God spared); not gathering ought, as bees do, from flowers growing without me; but spinning out, like the silk-worm, that only which God had stored up within me. And having put into words, that which was, as it were, distilled out of my heart by fire, (as were my *Remembrances* to this nation in the great Pestilence this time forty years,) I do now, as a testimonial of my thankfulness, bequeath it to my friends, by whose charity I was then and heretofore seasonably furnished with such necessaries as have hitherto preserved me and mine from likely ruin: and in the first place offer it for a thank-oblation to God." Wither had well prepared his mind for such an oblation by his former scriptural studies, and by the tenor of these comments. At the close he adds, "a new version of our Lord's Prayer," which I subjoin.

" Our Father, who in heaven doth reside,  
Thy name for evermore be sanctified.  
Thy kingdom come. Thy will on earth be done  
Even as it is in heaven, by every one.  
This present day with daily bread relieve us;  
As others we forgive, our sins forgive us:  
And when thou leadest us into temptation,  
From evil then vouchsafe us preservation.  
For thine the kingdom, power, and glory be  
For ever: and belong to none but thee." \*

\* On a few succeeding pages follows "a Hymn of Praise to God, for his abatement of the late raging pestilence; containing some cautionary acknowledgments of our undeserving so great a mercy:" and the volume concludes with five stanzas intended for insertion in his "Warning-piece to London," mentioned at p. 18; but being in manuscript in the hands of friends, they were not recovered till after the tract itself was printed. I insert stanza 1.

" Our seeming pious Holy Days  
In which the vulgar much delight,  
Are kept as little to God's praise,  
As heathenish Bacchanalian rite.  
The feast-days which thou dost pretend  
In honour of our Saviour's birth,  
Thou dost in lawless gaming spend,  
In drunken riot and vain mirth;  
Whereas, if thou hadst fed the poor,  
Thy feasting him would honour more."



83. "*Sighs for the Pitchers*: breathed out in a personal Contribution to the national Humiliation the last of May, 1666; in the cities of London and Westminster, upon the near approaching Engagement then expected between the English and Dutch Navies. Wherewith are complicated such Musings as were occasioned by a report of their actual Engagement: and by observing the publicke rejoycing whilst this was preparing by the author, George Wither. Imprinted in the sad year expressed in this seasonable chronogram LorD haVe MerCieVponVs." Ver. 1666. 8vo.

In the title-page of this, as in "*Tuba Pacifica*," is an emblem of two pitchers, for England and Holland, with an inscription between—"If ye knock, ye are broke: unless God prevent." Then follows a short address to the English nation and to every individual person within the British isles. The poem itself is long, desultory, and little interesting; and with less pretension perhaps than any of Wither's rhyming productions to be called a poem. The following allusion to himself and his writings is the only passage that invited transcription.

"I had some education in the schools,  
 But my best touchstone came another way;  
 And neither to the wisest, nor meer fools,  
 Is that intended, which I have to say.  
 My Muse is to a middling temper fitted,  
 What suits with their capacities to write,  
 Who (not much under nor much over witted)  
 More in the matter than the words delight.  
 By that means, when with trifles I begin,  
 Things useful are oft thereby, screwed in;  
 Which, peradventure, had not else been sought  
 Where they appear'd more likely to be taught:  
 So sometimes, twenty businesses are done  
 By him, who went from home to do but one."

84. "*Ecchoes from the sixth Trumpet*. Reverberated by a review of neglected Remembrances, abbreviating precautions and predictions heretofore published at several times, upon sundry occasions; to forewarn what the future effects of Divine Justice would be, as

soon

soon as our Sinnes were full ripe, if not prevented by timely repentance. Most part of the predictions have been already seen or heard verified, both by the Author, yet living, and by many others who observed at what times, in what manner, upon what persons, and in what places they were literally or mystically fulfilled. Collected out of the said Author's printed books, who conscientiously observed on what divine propheties the said predictions were grounded: as also God's late frequent intermixture of Judgments and Mercies to reclaim this generation. The first part.\* Imprinted in the year chronogrammmically expressed in this seasonable prayer LorD haVe MerCie Vpon Vs." 1666. Ver. and Pr. 8vo.

This had a second title of "*Nil Ultra*," in 1668, and a third of "*Fragmenta Prophetica*, † or the remains of George Wither, Esq." in 1669, being the last work of the Author, and collected by his own hand a little before his death, in 1667. His Preface is biographically retrospective. He was thirteen years old (he tells us) when Queen Elizabeth reigned; (or rather ceased to reign) i. e. in 1603. "He came into the world at a time which gave him such an experimental knowledge both of God and men, as he could not have had in many preceding generations; for he hath lived to see eleven signal changes, in which not a few signal transactions providentially occurred: to wit, under the government of Queen Elizabeth, King James, Charles I. the King and Parliament together; the Parliament alone, the Army,

\* Colophon, "A second part shall be added, as God enables and permits." This was prevented by the death of Wither.

† With this seems to have been published *Vera Effigies Georgii Wither, Armigeri, qui obiit Anno 1667, Ætat. suæ 79*, a laureated portrait in armour, with a military scarf, and the following lines underneath:

"The shadow of the body's here design'd,  
Because we know not how to draw the mind  
Of him, who soe exactly did presage  
The greatest changes of this latter age:  
And 'tis an ill sign of our doeing well,  
When those are gon who us'd our signs to tell,"

Oliver

Oliver Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, a Council of State, the Parliament again, and now King Charles the Second: during all which times he lived in those places, and in such middling stations, which gave him opportunity to heed what was done by those who were above and below him. God had also bestowed upon him a faculty, which (though it be despised, and he therewith but meanly endowed) would not permit him to be altogether idle or silent; for it compelled him to a conscientious exercise of his talent in that which he thought required at his hand; and to take all occasions to commemorate and offer to consideration those things whereby God might be glorified, and his countrymen benefited in some degree: which duty, though not so well as he would, he hath so well as he could, prosecuted to this day. He began very early, by expressing and publishing those conceptions which the affections and inclinations of youth had awakened in him: endeavouring to season them with as much morality and piety as subjects of that nature are capable of; suiting them to capacities of young men who delight to see their own natural passions represented as it were in a glass; wherein they not only met with some better things than they looked for, but with such notions also therewith mixed, as insinuated into their hearts that seasoning, which made them much delighted with his poems, and rendered him so generally known, that many thousands were desirous to peruse his future writings, and to take better heed of that whereof else perhaps they had taken little or no notice, though expressed by a more elegant and learned author. Length of time hath given him so many several occasions to declare what he thought necessary or expedient, that his published poems and writings amount now to *about a hundred*, besides many never printed: in which, though he hath exprest much to the same purpose, in various forms and words, yet the same or like occasions warrant the application of the same, or like matter and words, as the practise of the holy prophets and apostles hath evidenced to be sometimes necessary. Wherefore he hath endeavoured to put his matter into such a dress (otherwhile in prose, and otherwhile in a poetical mode) that it may suit with vulgar capacities, and not be despised

spised by the most judicious: mixing so far forth as may be decent, delight and profit, according to this old verse [of Horace]

“ *Et prodesse solent, et delectare poetæ.* ”

His presuming to give counsel to them who neither desire it nor care for his advice, hath much offended many, and made them heedless of that which might have prevented their sorrow; but it hath pleased and benefited some, and that makes him slight their proverb, which forbids coming to give counsel before we are called.” He proceeds to state his reasons for the title given to his present book, viz. because it *echoes* to what was predicted should come to pass between the sounding of the sixth and seventh trumpet, upon pouring forth the sixth viol, in the Revelations: and he enters into much mystical jargon on the Roman numerals of the year 1666, which is contemplated as the final doom of Rome’s Babylon and the papal Antichrist. He then describes himself to have been this Isle’s *Remembrancer*, and to have continued within the city of London, both in her sicknesses and health, in war and peace, almost sixty years together: taking all occasions that offered, to remember her from time to time of such things as he thought might probably conduce to her welfare; though he never obtained from any of her Chiefs so much as might have been expected for penning one speech to illustrate her Lord Mayor’s pageants. Being now wearied and almost worn out in such profitless employ, he proposes speedily to seek a retreating-place for himself and his consort, at a lonely habitation in his native country; here to wait upon God’s future dispensations during the remainder of his life, or until Providence otherwise should dispose of him: not doubting that he shall rest gratefully contented whatsoever his lot may be. This intimation is conveyed in his Preface. From a Postscript at the end of the volume, we find that his plan of rural retirement was soon relinquished; his London friends having persuaded him to the contrary, from thinking that future inconvenience would thereby be rather multiplied than diminished. He closed his literary labours  
with

with the present publication, and his adventurous life in the succeeding year.

Most of this volume is a compilation, and consists of selected extracts from his own performances. But one new essay, extending to fifteen pages, occurs with the following title: "An Interjection, occasioned by a sudden Ejaculation whilst this review of neglected Remembrances was transcribing; which shall here stand inserted, though it be no part of what was heretofore expressed or intended to be hereunto added." In this he religiously trusts to be honoured with a celestial record for all his unrequited efforts as a national and moral monitor. He at the same time breathes friendly encouragement to his fellow-citizens, while he finally exhorts them to reform:

"When penitence brings reformation in,  
It makes a blessing, what a plague had been:  
Yea, then 'twill to her future weal be turn'd,  
That this great City was to ashes burn'd.—  
She, Phoenix-like, shall gloriously arise,  
Out of that rubbish wherein now she lies;  
And I, who now am disrespected here,  
Shall have a monument erected there."

85. "*Mr. Geo. Withers Revived: or his Propheſie of our present Calamity, and (except we repent) future misery. Written by him in the year 1628. London, printed for William Marshall, at the Bible in Newgate street, 1683.*" Single sheet, folio.

At N<sup>o</sup> 22 of the present list of Withers's productions, this is only noticed as mentioned by Wood. I have since seen two editions: the former in quarto, with a manuscript date of 1642; the latter in folio, with a printed date of 1683. It proves, on examination, to contain a selection of extracts from the eighth Canto of "*Britain's Remembrancer*," first published in 1628: many passages in which publication are justly described as "eminently beautiful," by Mr. Brayley. See *Gent. Mag.* Vol. lxxx. p. 217.

86. "*Divine Poems: by way of paraphrase on the Ten Commandments. Illustrated with twelve copper-plates;*

plates: shewing how personal punishments have been inflicted on the transgressors of these Commandments; as is recorded in the Holy Scripture. Never before printed. Also a metrical paraphrase upon the Creeds and Lord's Prayer. Written by George Wither, Esq. author of Britain's Remembrancer." Ver. 8vo. 1688.

Wood informs us this was first entitled *Meditations* on the Ten Commandments. It was republished, or at least had a new title-page, in 1697, and again in 1728: but the following explanatory prefix, by his daughter and only surviving child, did not reappear.

*' To all such as have formerly been Friends to the Author.*

"It was seldom my Father's practice, especially of late years, to dedicate his works to particular or great persons; and did I attempt any such thing now, I should be afraid lest I might disturb his rest in the grave. All you therefore that had a kindness as well for his person as his works, I desire to accept of my good-will in sending this relique of his abroad in publick, which, though it hath been written some considerable time, is but lately minded, or come to hand. And however it happened to be bundled up with other old writings where I found it, yet I verily believe it was designed for the press, by those many alterations\* he had made, which so blur'd the original copy, that I was forced to get it transcribed, before it was fit for myself or any body else to read. And having now perused it, I could not in conscience conceal such necessary truths as are therein contained, in hopes that it may take the effect himself desires in his Epistle to the reader, exprest in his prayer; believing that that good Spirit which first dictated those petitionary words will accompany them to the world's end. And then I also believe that what I have done in making this publick, will be acceptable both to God and man: which

\* This goes far to refute the sarcasm on Wither, cited by Granger from Dryden; that if he "rhymed and rattled, all was well."

that

that it may, shall ever be the prayer of your assured friend in all offices of love and service.

E. B."

"From my lodgings at Mr. Snowdens, a printer, at the lower end of Great Carter-Lane, the 23d of April, 1688."

An address written by Wither himself, denotes this commentary on the Deecalogue to have been composed, during the visitation of the great plague, in some obscure retreat, where neither his estate nor the place he lived in, could afford the use of books; instead of which therefore he perused his own heart to see what he could read there. "For in the heart of man (he argues) the holy text of God's law was originally written, though human corruption hath now so defaced it." The copper-plate, made use of in his book, Wither acknowledges to have received, among other kindnesses, from some of his neighbours: but we are advertised by his daughter that the copper-plates mentioned by her father were lost in some of his removals from one habitation to another, so that she had been forced to get new ones made. These are but indifferently executed, from very indifferent designs. Wither's illustrations are written in twofold measures, after the following mode.

"*V. Honor thy Father and thy Mother, &c. (Cut of Absalom hanging on a tree, &c.)*

"He that sought his Father's death,  
 Sonless yielded up his breath.  
 He that would his prince have slain,  
 Had his pardon sent in vain;  
 For although the king forgave,  
 Justice urg'd her due to have,  
 That rebellious children may  
 Learn this precept to obey;  
 And the subject stand in awe  
 How he sins against this law.

What of rebelling subjects will become  
 And graceless children, view in Absalom:  
 For whose offence the earth did, as it were,  
 Refusal make the body's weight to bear,  
 And Heav'n rejects it: that they might present  
 Him hanging for a dreadful monument:

Through

Through ages all, to warn and keep in awe  
The slighters and infringers of this law."

His paraphrastic version of the Creed, &c. had long before been printed. See note on N<sup>o</sup> 11 of this List.

T. P.

[To be continued.]

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¶ *Pan his Pipe: conteyning three pastorall Egloges in Englyshe hexameter; with other delightfull verses. London: Imprinted by Richard Jones. 1595. qto.*

The *title* of this book was gathered from the Stationers' register by Mr. Warton, from him by Mr. Herbert, and from both by Mr. HASLEWOOD in the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER, Vol. I. p. 501. The *date*, according to the licence, was 1594; but a copy of the book in his Majesty's library, ascertains it to have been published in 1595. The author was Francis Sabie. His introductory verses to the first Eclogue are not displeasing.

“ It was in the moneth of May,  
All the fields, now looked gay,  
Little Robin finely sang,  
With sweet notes each green wood rang;  
Philomene, forgetfull then  
Of her rape by Tereus done,  
In most rare and joyfull wise  
Sent her notes unto the skies:  
Progne, with her bloody breast,  
'Gan in chimney build her nest:  
Flora made each place excell  
With fine flowers, sweet in smell;  
Violets of purple hue,  
Primroses most rich in shew,  
Unto which with speedie flight  
Bees did flie and on them light,  
And with thyme loading their thighs,  
Did it carry to their hives:  
Some it tooke which they had brought,  
And in combs it rarely wrought.

Fish



Fish from chrystall waves did rise  
 After gnats and little flies:  
 Little lambs did leape and play  
 By their dams in medowes gay;  
 And as soon as Lucifer  
 Had expelde the lesser starres,  
 Tyterus and Thirsis hight,  
 Through a lattice seeing light,  
 Which did come from Ecus \* bright,  
 As they lay in drowsie beds,  
 Up did lift their sluggish heads,  
 Hasting sheep from fouldes to let,  
 Sheep, which bleated for their meate,  
 Greedilie did plucke up grasse,  
 Sheep let out from place to place;  
 And by chance as heards did meet,  
 Shepheards did each other greeete.  
 Thirsis looked very sad,  
 As he some ill fortune had,  
 Tyterus first 'gan to speake,  
 And his mind in this sort breake:" &c. T. P.

¶ *Julyan Notary's 2d Edition of Caxton's Chronicle,*  
*printed in 1515.*

COLOPHON—"Here endeth this present Cronycle of En  
 glonde with the fruyte of tymes. compyled in  
 A booke. And also newly Enprynted in the ye  
 re of our lorde god. M.CCCCC & XV. by me  
 Julyau Notary dwellynge in Powlys chyrche  
 yarde besyde y<sup>e</sup> westedore by my lordes palyes."

It consists of folios cxxviii.

"*The Prologue.* †

In so moche that it is necessary to  
 all Creatures of Chrysten Relygion  
 or of fals Relygyons or Gentyles &  
 machomytes to knowe theyr pryn  
 ce or Pryncis that regne upon the

\* A misprint probably for Eos or Eous, i. e. Aurora.

† This Prologue was first added by "one sometyme schole-  
 master," who printed the Chronicles at St. Albans, 1483. As  
 usual, the orthography of the two copies varies throughout. A  
 few material alterations are noticed.

& y<sup>m</sup> to obey, so it is comodeus to knowe theyr noble acts & deedes, & the cyrcūstau<sup>ce</sup> of theyr lyves. Therfore in the yere of oure lorde M CCCC LXXXIII. y<sup>e</sup> yere of y<sup>e</sup> regne of kyn\* ge Edwarde y<sup>e</sup>. fourth at saynt Albons, so that all men may knowe y<sup>e</sup> actes namely of our noble kynges of Englonde, is cōpyled togyder i<sup>n</sup> thys boke, & moreover is translated out of la tyn into englysshe fro the begynnyng of the worlde y<sup>e</sup> lygnage of Cryst from Adam tyll it be comen to Davyd & from Davyd y<sup>e</sup> kynges of Israel & of Jewes y<sup>e</sup> hyghe bysshops i<sup>n</sup> theyr dayes with the Juges & prophetes. The foure pryncypall reames of y<sup>e</sup> worlde, that is to say of Babylon. of Percees. of Grekes. & of Ro mayns. And all the Emperours of Rome or Popes by ordre & theyr names. And many a notable fader with certē of theyr actes.† As mo re playnly is declared in the chapytre nexte af ter. ¶ And here ben rehersed the names of the Auctours, of whom these Cronycles ben tras lated moost namely. ¶ Galfridus Nunmoth‡ monke in his boke of Brute Saynt Bede in y<sup>e</sup> actes of Englōde. I<sup>n</sup> Bede in his boke of ty mes. Gyldas in the actes of Brytayne. Wyllyā Malmsbury monke in y<sup>e</sup> actes of kynges of Englonde & bysshops. Cassider<sup>o</sup> of the actes of Emperours & bysshops. Saynt Austyn de ci. § dei. Titus Liuius de gestis Romanor. Mar tyn Penytencyary to y<sup>e</sup> pope in his cronycles of Emperours & bysshops. And namely Theo bald<sup>o</sup>. Cartusiensis conteynyng in his boke y<sup>e</sup> progresse of all notable faders from y<sup>e</sup> begyn nyng of the worlde unto our tyme with y<sup>e</sup> no table actes of the same. ¶ In thys newe tra<sup>n</sup>slacyon are contayned many notable & maruay lous thynges & those ben alledged by auc toryte of many famous clerkes. And that eve ry man may knowe how these Cronycles ben ordred, ye shall understande that this boke is devyded in. vii. partes. Of the whiche y<sup>e</sup> fyrst parte contayned from Adam tyll Brute came in to Brytayne. The seconde parte cōtayneth from Brute came fyrst in to Englonde, unto

\* "Yeer of our lorde. M. iijc lxxx iij and in the xxij yeer."  
 † "Actys breuyally."  
 ‡ "Manmoth."  
 § "De Ciuitate Dei."

the cyte of Rome was buylded by Romulus. The thyrde parte conteyneth syth Rome was buylded unto Cryste was borne of oure lady Mary. The fourth from thens vnto y<sup>e</sup> comynge of Saxons in to Englonde. The fyfth parte from thens unto the comynge of the Danys. The syxte parte from thens unto y<sup>e</sup> comynge of y<sup>e</sup> Normans. The seve<sup>n</sup>th parte fro the Normans unto our tyme. which is under y<sup>e</sup> regne of Edwarde the fourth xxiiii yere. whoos noble cronycles by custome maye not be sene.

¶ And soo in every parte of these vii partes ben shewed y<sup>e</sup> moost & necessary actes of all y<sup>e</sup> kynges of Englonde & theyr names wryten aboue in y<sup>e</sup> margent that euery man maye fynde them some. And afore the kyng of Englonde's actes ben wryten there is wryten y<sup>e</sup> lygnage of cryst from Adam tyll that Cryst was borne of our lady, with the hie bysshop & the Juge that were in that tyme, & certayne of theyr actes necessary, tyl it be comyn tyl cryst was borne. And after that Cryste was borne & Peter was Pope of rome, is shewed by ordre the names of all the popes & emperours of Rome, afore & after, with certeyne of theyr actes breuyatly, & many other dyuers thynges & merueyles in those mennes dayes fallynge. And it is shewed euery thyng in his place, howe many yere it fell after the begynnynge of y<sup>e</sup> worlde & howe longe afore that Cryste was borne. And whan that I come to Cryst was borne, then it is wryten, how longe ony thyng fell after the Natyuite of Cryst. And this is the ordre of this boke, & the thynges that ben spoken of.

And as to mennes desyringe to have a very knowledge of these Cronycles or of any other, it is necessary: to knowe. vii. thynges. ¶ The fyrst is the states of thynges, and those ben two. One fro the begynnynge of y<sup>e</sup> worlde unto Cryst, the whiche is called the state of Diuincion. The secunde is frome Cryste to the ende of y<sup>e</sup> worlde, y<sup>e</sup> whiche is called the state of Reconsiliacion. ¶ The seconde thyng is the diuision of tymes, & those ben three, one is afore the lawe of moyses, & an other is under y<sup>e</sup> lawe of Moyses, an other is under lawe of grace after cryst dyed. ¶ The thyrde is y<sup>e</sup> gouernynge of kyngdomes. And as for that

ye must know : that although there wer fore pryncypall kyngdomes, that is to say. Of Babylon, of Persees, of Greekis, and Romayns neuertheles : as to the cours of the worlde : & the ordre of holy scrypture : y<sup>e</sup> fyrst gouernynge was under faders: from Adam unto Moyses The seconde under Juges from Moyses unto Saul. The thyrde under kynges : fro<sup>n</sup> Saul unto Zorobabel. The fourthe under bysshops from Zorobabel unto Cryst. ¶ The fourth is the dyuersyte of lawes & those were fyve. The fyrst was the lawe of nature: & that was comen of all men. The seconde is the lawe or the custome of gentyles : whan that under kynge Nyon y<sup>e</sup> peple began to worshyp fals goddes. The thyrde is under the lawe wryten : rose the lawe of Jewes : whā y<sup>e</sup> Circūcisyon deuyded y<sup>e</sup> Jewes from other people The fourth is under Cryst, rose the lawe of cristen men, whan faythe & grace of the sacramentes, enformed y<sup>e</sup> lyf of men. The fyfth under Machomete, rose the lawe of Sarrazyns & Turkes. ¶ The fyf\* the is, the noblenesse or unnoblenesse in dedes ¶ And as to these it is to knowe. that vii persons ben redde of, whome the dedes many tymes are had in mynde in hystories That is to wyte, of a prynce in his reame, of a knyght in batayll. of a Juge in his place, of a bysshop in the clergy, of a polytyk man in the peple of an husbonde man in the hous, & of an abbot i<sup>n</sup> his chirche. And of these are wryten many tymes the laudes of good men, & the punysshmentes of the cursyd men. ¶ The sixthe is y<sup>e</sup> true countyng of the yeres & as to that it is to be knowe, that there were viii. maner of nombryng or countyng of the yeres. Thre after the Hebrewes. Thre after the Grekis. One after y<sup>e</sup> Romayns. And one now after the crysten men. The Hebrewes thre maner of wyse begynneth theyr yere. After the Hebrewes there is the yere usuall, begynnyng at January, the whiche they use i<sup>n</sup> covenantes & barges making. And the yere leyfull begynnyng at Marche, y<sup>e</sup> whiche they use in theyr cerymonyes. And the yere Emergens from May begynnyng whan

\* "Sext," sic in orig.

they went from Egypt, they use in their croles & calculations. ¶ The Grekis nombreth the yere thre manere of wyse. Fyrst to the glory & joye of theyr victory, cou<sup>t</sup>eth theyr yeres from the destruccyon of Troy. The fyrst, the seconde, the thyrde, the fourth &c. ¶ Thenne after the chyualry beganne at the hylle of Olympus, they notefyed y<sup>e</sup> yeres after the same Olympiadum, & what Olympodes is, ye shall know after in the boke the thyrde whan they bega to have lordship of all the world they notefyed theyr yeres thys manere of wyse, in y<sup>e</sup> yere of the Regne of Grekis y<sup>e</sup> 4, y<sup>e</sup> 10, y<sup>e</sup> xii, xv. &c. As it is open in the boke of Machabe.

¶ Thenē after the Romayns governynge y<sup>e</sup> worlde, counted & nombred theyr yeres ab ur be condita. ¶¶ The last of all Christen men cou<sup>t</sup>eth theyr yeres from y<sup>e</sup> Incarnacyon of Criste And bycause we ben Crysten men we use mooste to nombre, from y<sup>e</sup> begynnyng of the worlde, unto cryst was borne. And fro Cryst being borne unto our tyme And this ordre is obserued & kepte in all the booke, of every thyng in his place as it is sayd before.

¶ Explicit Prologus.

¶ Hic incipit Fructus Temporis.

Bycause of this bokes made, to tel what tyme of ony thyng notable was. Therfore the begynnyng of all tymes shortely shall be touched For the whiche after doctours it is to be knowen, that iiii. thynges were made fyrste, & in one tyme: & of one aege. That is to wyte, the heuen Imperyall, au<sup>g</sup>els nature: y<sup>e</sup> matere of y<sup>e</sup> foure elem<sup>e</sup>tes: & tyme. And that doctours calle, the werke of the creacyon: the which was made afore ony daye or nyght of the myghty power of God. Ane was made of nothyng ¶ Thenne after foloweth the werke of the dyuysyon: the whiche was made in thre of the fyrst dayes in whiche is shewed the hyghe wysdome of the maker. ¶ Thennē after foloweth the arayenge of this werke in the which is sbewed the goodnes of the creature the whiche was made, iii, of the nexte dayes folowynge (ut pat<sup>r</sup> clare in textu gen. primo)

¶ The fyrst day god made & devyded y<sup>e</sup> lyght from the derknesse. ¶ The seconde daye god

made: & ordeyned the fyrmament: & devyded the water from the water. ¶ The thyrde daye god made in the whiche he gadered y<sup>e</sup> waters in to one place: & y<sup>e</sup> erthe then appered. ¶ The fourth daye god made: in the which he ordeyned the sonne: y<sup>e</sup> moone & the sterrers & put them in the fyrmament. ¶ The fyfth daye god made: in the whiche he ordeyned fysshes & foules: & grete whales in the water. ¶ The sixte daye god ordeyned: in the which he made bests & man. The vii day god made and in that day he rested of all werkes that he had ordeyned not as in werkyng beyng wery, but he cessyd to make no new creatures. (vid. Gen. I.)

Understande ye y<sup>e</sup> Adam y<sup>e</sup> fyrst man, of whome it is wryten in this fyrst age next folowynge lyved. CCL yere & xxx. And he gatte xxxii. son'es, & as many doughters.

Then begins "the fyrste aege duryng the floode of Noy," which ends in the fourth column of this folio.

The last chapter on the first page of folio cxxviii is

"Of the deposing of Kynge Heñry the sixte & how kynge Edward the fourth took possession. & of the batayll on Palm Sondaye, & howe he was crowned."

After giving an account of the battle of Tooton, it ends thus:

Thenne Kynge Henry that had be kynge. be ynge wyth the quene & the prynce att Yorke herynge the losse of that felde. And so moche people slayne & overthrowe, anone forthe with departed all thre wyth the Duke of Somersset the lorde Roos, & other towarde Scotlande And the nexte daye after kynge Edward with all his armye entred in to yorke, & was ther proclaymyd kynge & obeyed as he ought to be. And the Mayre & comyns swore to be his lyegemen. & whan they had taryed a whyle in the northe & that all the north & that al the north countree had torned to hym he returned south warde. levynge behynde hym the erle of

werwyk in the partyes to governe & rule that countre. And aboute Mydsomer after the yere of our lorde. M.CCCC.LX. & the fyrste yere of hys regne he was crowned at westm̄. & anoynted kiḡe of englōde havynḡ possessyō of al y<sup>e</sup> reame.”

The last page is principally \* occupied by an account of the existing Pope Sextus IV. and his three predecessors.

“ Sixtus the fourth a Iohannēs, & a frere minor was pope after poule. This mā was geneall in y<sup>e</sup> ordre of y<sup>e</sup> frere mynors or he was Cardynal. And he was chose in y<sup>e</sup> yere of our lorde. M.CCCC.LXXI. And was called Frānciscus de Sanona, of good fame & vertuost He was chose Cardynall without his knowlege tyll he was made, & y<sup>e</sup> same yere y<sup>t</sup> he was chose pope. The turke had take frome cristē mā two empyres, & four kyngdomes, xx. provi<sup>nces</sup>. and two hundred cytyes, & had destroyed mē & wym mē without nōbre. And y<sup>t</sup> mevyd the pope y<sup>t</sup> he sholde dyspose hym to goo to withstonde hym. And for an armye to be made ayenst the Turke y<sup>e</sup> pope gave grete Indulgentes of pardon of y<sup>e</sup> tresori of the cyrche unto all cryste reames. y<sup>t</sup> he myght ordeyne some tresore to withstande y<sup>e</sup> mysbeleved Turke. And in the lōde of Englonde, Iohn abbot of Abyngdon was the popes legate. to dyspose this goodli tresoure. of y<sup>e</sup> chyrche to every feythful mā. y<sup>t</sup> was disposed & that wolde able hym to receyue it.”

Then follows the Colophon.

The “*Description of Britayne*,” is wanting to this copy, and perhaps was not published with it.

Former editions of this work were

1. Caxton's, 1480. See *Dibdin's Ames*, I. 85 *Herbert*, I. 306.

\* On the same page is this paragraph :

“ Pryn timers of bookes were myghtely mul typlyed in Maguncie, & throughtout the worlde & there began fyrste. & there helde theyr craftes. & thys tyme myny mē begā to be more subtyll in craftes & swyterf† thā ever they were afore.”

† Sic. Qu? this word?

2. At St. Alban's, 1483. See *Herbert*, III. 1431.
3. By Machlinia. No date. See *Dibdin's Specimen of an English De Eure*, p. 18.
4. By Gerard de Leew, at Antwerp, 1493. *ibid.*
5. By Wynkin De Worde, 1497, *ib.* and *Herbert*, I. 133, 134.
6. Do. 1502. *ib.*
7. Do. 1515. *ib.*
8. Do. 1520. *ib.*
9. Do. 1528, and perhaps again. *ib.*
10. Do. by Julyan Notary, 1504. *ib.*
11. Do. by Pynson, 1510. *ib.* and *Herbert*, I. 256.\*

¶ *The Tresuri of Helth contaynyng many profytable medicines, gathered out of Hipocratz, Galē & Auicen, by one Petrus Hyspanus & trāslated into Englysh by Hūfre Lloyd, who hath added thereunto ye causes & sygnes of every dysease, w<sup>ch</sup> the Aphorismes of Hipocrates & Jacobus De Partybus redacted to a certayne order according to the mēbres of mans bodys, and a compendious table conteyning the purging & comfortative medicines wyth the exposition of certayne names & weyghtes in thys boke contayned wyth an Epistle of Diocles unto kyng Antigonus. Ecclesiast. xxxvii. The Lorde hath created physycke of the earth, & he that is wyse wyll not abhorre it. Colophon. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete at the signe of the Rose garlād, by Wylllyam Copland. Small 8vo.*

The copy from whence this title was transcribed belonged to Mr. Brand, whose autograph, "John Brand, 1796," has the addition of "rariss."

Herbert mentions, in Vol. I. 360, 361, a supposed former edition. See also p. 899, where it appears to have been reprinted by Tho. Hacket. n. d.

\* See also Burnett's *Specimens of English Prose Writers*, I. 173 to 209.



This edition is not paged, but extends to Sign. G. It has an Epistle Dedicatory of "Humfery Lloyde, to the gentel harted reader," followed by a page of "Places in scripture which seeme to make for the prayse of physyke." Of this book, the Buchan of its day, I take the following specimen, for its shortness :

*" Against Madnesse, called Mania.*

*" The Causes.*

" Great quantitie of incorrupte bloud flowyng to the brayne."

*" The Sygnes.*

" It is lyke to the phrenesy sayyng that the frenesy, comyth wyth a fever, & thys wythout."

*" Remedies. Capi xi.*

" Certeyne men say that a rosted mous eaten doth heale franticke persons.

" A redde stone founde in a swallowe carryed about the pacient & tyed in a cloth of lymen & put under the lyfte arme doth heale frantike & lunatike persons.

" A radishe be staḗpt & bound to the brayne will heale one of y<sup>e</sup> fallynge sycknes by & by."

¶ *A Short and Plaine Dialogue concerning the unlawfulness of playing at Cards or Tables, or any other game consisting in chance Offered to the religious consideration of all such as make conscience of all their waies. 1 Thessal. v. 21. Trye all things and keepe that which is good. Imprinted at London for Richard Boile. Twelves. Eight leaves.*

Dedicated by James Balmford to "Maister Lionel Maddison, Maior, the Aldermen his brethren, and the godly Burgresses of Newcastle vpon Tine; and what he had theretofore propounded to them in teaching he published to all men by printing, to wit, his opinion of the unlawfulness of games consisting in chance." Dated from his "studie the first of Ianuarie, 1593."

The

The interlocutors in this plain Dialogue, which is “brimfull of scripture,” are the Professor and Preacher.

“*Profes.* The wit is exercised by tables and cards, therefore they be no lots.

*Preach.* Yet lotterie is vsed by casting dice and by shuffling and cutting, before the wit is exercised. But how doth this follow? Because cards and tables bee not naked lots, consisting only in chance (as dice) they are therefore no lots at all. Although being vsed without cogging, or packing, they consist principally in chance, from whence they are to receive denomination. In which respect a lot is called in Latin *Sors*, that is, chance or hazard. And *Lyra* vpon *Prou.* 16, saith, To vse lots, is, by a variable euent of some sensible thing, to determine some doubtfull or vncertaine matter, as to draw cuts or to cast dice. . . . .

*Profes.* Lots are secret, and the whole disposing of them is of God, *Pro.* 16, 33, but it is otherwise in tables or cards.

*Preach.* Lots are cast into the lap by man, and that openly, lest conueiance should be suspected: but the disposing of the chance is secret, that it may be chance indeede, and wholly of God, who directeth all things, *Prou.* 16, 13. 9, 33. So in tables, man by faire casting dice truly made, and in cardes by shuffling & cutting, doth openly dispose the dice and cards so, as whereby a variable euent may follow: but it is onely and immediatly of God that the dice bee so cast, and the cards so shuffled and cut, as that this or that game followeth, except there be cogging and packing. So that in faire play mans wit is not exercised in disposing of the chance, but in making the best of it being past.” \* \*

¶ *An Astrological Discourse upon the great & notable conjunction of the two superiour planetes Saturne & Jupiter, which shall happen the 28 day of April 1583. With a declaration of the effectes, which the late eclipse of the sunne 1582 is yet heerofter to woorke. Written newly by Richard Harvey: partley to supplie that is wanting in common prognostications: and partley by prædiction of mischiefes ensuing, either to breed some endeavour of prevention by foresight, so far as lyeth in us: or at leastwise to arme us with pacience beforehande. Seene & allowed.*  
Colophon.

Colophon. *Imprinted by Hen. Bynneman, with the assent of R. W.* (Richard Watkins.) 8vo.\*

¶ *An Astrological addition, or supplement to be annexed to the late discourse upon the great conjunction of Saturne & Jupiter. Wherin are particularly declared certaine especiall points before omitted as well touching the elevation of one plannet above another, with theyr severall significations: as touching æconomical & household provision: with some other judicials no lesse profitiable. Made & written this last March by John Harvey, student in phisicke. Whereunto is adjoyned his translation of the learned worke of Hermes Trismegistus, intituled Iatromathematica: a booke of especiall great use for all students in astrologie & phisicke. London, imprinted by Richard Watkins. 1583. 12mo.*

Our poetical historian remarks, that the numerous astrological tracts, particularly pieces called *prognostications*, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are a proof how strangely the people were infatuated with that sort of divination. One of the most remarkable (continues he) was a treatise written in the year 1582, by Richard Harvey, brother to Gabriel Harvey, a learned astrologer at Cambridge, predicting the portentous conjunction of the primary planets Saturn and Jupiter which was to happen the next year. It had the immediate effect of throwing the whole kingdom into the most violent consternation. When the fears of the people were over, Nash published a droll account of their opinions and apprehensions, while this formidable phænomenon was impending; and Elderton, a ballad-maker, and Tarleton, the comedian, joined in the laugh. This was the best way of confuting the impertinencies of the science of the stars. True knowledge must have been beginning to dawn, when these profound fooleries became the objects of wit and ridicule. †

\* Herbert mentions another edition of the same date. *Typog. Antiq.* page 989.

† *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. IV. p. 23.

The publication of Nash, to which Warton alludes, is that entitled *Pierce Penilesse his supplication to the Divell*,\* 1592, 4to; a tract, no less remarkable for its inexhaustible stream of satire, than the extraordinary vigour of expression which conveys it, though disguised by verbal licentiousness and quaintness of language. The passage in which he ridicules Harvey's Prediction, is as follows:

“Gentlemen, I am sure you have heard of a ridiculous asse, that manie yeares since sold lyes by the great, and wrote an absurd astrologicall discourse of the terrible conjunction of Saturne and Jupiter, wherein (as if hee had latelie cast the heaven's water, or been at the anatomizing of the skies intrayles, in Surgeons-hall) hee propbecieth of such strang wonders to ensue from starres distemperature and the universal adultry of planets, as none but he that is bawd to those celestiall bodies, could ever descry. What expectation there was of it, both in towne and country, the amazement of those times may testifie: and the rather, because he pawned his credit † upon it, in these expresse tearmes. ‘If these things fall not out in everie poynt as I have wrote, let mee for ever hereafter loose the credit of my astronomie.’ Wel so it happend, that he happend not to be a man of his word: his astronomie broke his day with his creditors, and Saturne and Jupiter proov'd honeste men than all the world tooke them for: whereupon the poore prognosticator was readie to runne himselfe through with his Jacob's staffe, and cast himselfe headlong from the top of a globe (as a mountaine) and breake his necke. The whole universitie hyst at him, Tarlton at the theater made jests of him, and Elderton consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing, in bear-bayting him with whole bundells of ballets. Would you in likely reason gesse it were possible for anie shame-swoln toad to have the spet-prooffe-face to outlive this disgrace? It is, deare brethren, *vivit, imo vivit*, and which is more, he is a vicar.”

The book for which Richard Harvey was thus deservedly lashed, is dedicated “to John [Aylmer] Bishop of London.” “Here in London this 23 Jan. 1581,” (a misprint for 1583). The discourse is addressed to his “verie good and most loving brother, Master Gabriel

\* See CENS. LIT. VII. 10, 169, 362.

† “Which at home I wis was worth a dozen of halters at least, for if I be not deceivd his father was a ropemaker.”

Harvey,

Harvey, at his chamber in Trinitie Hall," and contains 76 pages. "A compendious table of Phlebotomie," &c. is added to it, which occupiēs eight pages more. Dated "from my father's in Walden, 6 Dec. 1582.—Richard Harvey."

Very shortly after the publication of this, his younger brother, John Harvey, added a supplement, the title of which follows that of the Discourse at the head of this article. This is dedicated "to the Right Worshipful Master Justice Meade,\* returning from his honourable circuite," to whom "John Harvey wisheth long health, and continuall increase of all prosperitie." He says "having sundry times perused the astrologically discourse touching the great conjunction of Saturne and Jupiter, published the laste January by my brother Richard, and therein noting by the way some wante of certaine necessarie and profitable judicials, which seemed convenient to be added, for the more expres and particular discussing of some pointes, generally and that diligently too by him considered, but not so narrowly and precisely examined as they might have been (which was not my opinion only, but the judgement of some his learned wellwillers, and great commenders, otherwise,) I resolved, in the end, to ease him of that labour, knowing himselfe to bee otherwise busied upon more special and necessary occasion."—"This first of Aprill, 1583. John Harvey." After this follows the Astrological addition "newlie sent by John Harvey, to his worshipfull and beloved brother, M. Gahriell Harvey:" "Good brother, understanding here in Walden, how desirous some have been both in London and Cambridge, to espie a hole in my brother Richard's cote, and knowing his own businesse otherwise at this present, I have adventured to adde unto his *Astrologically Discourse* what I (upon some conference) thought might reasonablie be demaunded as therein requisite. My meaning is not to perfect Apelles' picture, or to teach him of whom I may learne; but to doe as

\* Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, says, "this John was hee, that beeing entertand in Justice Meade's house (as a schoole-master) stole away his daughter, and to pacifie him, dedicated to him an *Almanacke*." Sign. N. 1.

much for him in his wante of leysure (so farre as my reading would extend) as I would wish him to doe for me upon like occasion."

The treatise itself is occupied with an account of the "terrible accidents and feareful events threatned by this grand copulation of Saturne and Jupiter; first prognostically entreated of my brother Richard in his discourse, and nowe enlarged by myself in this tractate: I am perswaded that they shall forcibly begin to take place even in this present yeere 1583." !!

J. J. P.

¶ *The Diall of Destiny: a booke very delectable and pleasaunt: wherein may be seene the continuall and customable course, disposition, qualities, effectes, and influence of the seven planets upon all kyndes of creatures here below: and unto the severall and sundry situation of countryes and kingdomes. Compiled and discussed, briefly, aswell astrologically as poetically. By John Maplet, Maister of Arte. Imprinted at London in Fleestrea: neere Sainte Dunstone's Church. by Thomas Marshe. 1581. 12mo. pp. 162.*

Dedicated "to the Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, one of the Queene's Maiestie's most honourable Privy Counsell, and Captayne of her Grace's Garde," who (says the dedicator) was to his "renowned Prince even the same that Phocion, a most repowmed captayne, was to the Athenians; and as Epaminondas to the Thebanes," &c. Dated "from Northall, the last of December, 1581," by his "Honor's humble and dayly orator, John Maplet." Then follows "the preface to the reader," of six pages, in defence of astrology, concluding thus: "The name also which I have given to this booke, callinge it the 'Dyall of Destiny,' doth well enough, as I thinke, agree to the purpose; for, dyall wise, it goeth from poynte to poynte, and from degree to degree, shewing the subjection of every eche kinde to his sundry and severall superior planet. Which labour of mine, such as it is, receyve thou thanckfully; and then have I that recompence that I doe require. Fare-well." After a short caveat "to the scornfull sort of sycophants,"

phants," follows the discourse itself, treating "of the concord or common felowship of the seven planets; as also of their dreádeful debate and discorde." Each planet has a separate article allotted to it, arranged in the order of the Ptolemaic system. The book concludes with "a description of such dayes as are most happie and unhappie throughout the yeare."

The accounts of the supposed effects of the planets upon the persons and dispositions of men, are here transcribed, to give some idea of the author's style. They are by far the least pedantical parts of the work.

"Touching the inclination of all such parties which bee borne under Luna or the moone, they be naturally mutable and moveable, without fidelity and constancy; geven to provoke much anger and discord between friends: they bee also so ful of hatred, and in their conversation and manner of lyfe they be verye childish. The coloure of these commonlye is a pale or whyte colour, although now and then they have therewithal a little red intermedled. Their face is round, their stature indifferent; their eies black, and their browes wrinkled."

"Those that be borne under Mercury are lusty and lyking, and valiant of body; but of slippery and chaungeable mindes. The colour of their face is after a browne, betweene white and blacke; their face is also somewhat long; they are also of a highe and broad foreheade; their eyes comely and rowling; their nose flat, their beard thinne, and their fingers long."

"Those that be borne under Venus, are amiable and of merry and smylngne looke or countenance, greate laughers, very wanton, and suche as do greatly delight in musicke: they have also a very perfect smell and taste, and their voyce is very sweete or delectable. They are also given much to the composing oyntments and odoures. Their bodies are wel set, and be of proper features; their faces and vysages are round, their hayre yealow, their eyes glittering and rowling. In conditions they be gentle, curteous, fayre spoken, milde, and modest; meete for all companies."

"Such as be borne under Sol, are for the moste parte of a browne colour, and of smal stature, yet well and comely knit and proporcioned; they be also of a very thin haire and curled head, gray eyed: they be also hawty stomacked, and they are advanced often to great honours and dignities. And the disposition of their minde is such that they be studious of difficult and hard matters, very desirous of glory and renowne. They bee also fast and faythfull in friendship, and constant in fact and worde. They bee likewise wise and polliticke touch-  
ing

ing common-wealth affayres, and are given much to procure the profit of their country."

"Such as are borne under Mars are cruell, dreadfull, despitefull, malicious; quickly moved and styrred up to wrath and anger. Theyr countenance and looke also is sowre, grim, and fearful. Theyr colour for the most parte is after a fiery red, theyr hayre cole black, theyr face roundwise, their eies yellowish. In conversation and demeanure or manner of life, they be impudent and shameless, very adventrous and bold, hardy, hie-minded, proude, crafty, and subtile."

"Such as are under the government of Iupiter are outwardly of merry countenance, and comely and seemely behaviour and gesture; they be also lovers of cleynnesse and such as be fayre speached. Their colour is commonly white, yet stayned here and there with some red among: their body is well set and proportioned, and their stature and height is indifferant; they be also of thyn haire, of great eyes and the pupill or ball of their eye exceedeth and is after a black. They bee moreover of shorte nose, curled bearde, and their fore teeth are great and long. And inwardly concerning the frame or qualities of their minde they be studious, quiet and well affected towards all men, but their love is sodaynly got, and quickly lost againe. Moreover, as concernynge worldly benefits, Iupiter advanceth his to great prosperity, good succeſse, much riches, high honoure; and getteth them favour and friendship in the worlde, and preserveth them from the assaults of their enemies."

"Such as are borne under Saturne, commonly called Saturnysts, are lumpish, heavy and sad, dull-witted, full of melancholy, hard and straunge a long time to receive understandinge and learninge, but yet, after they have once with much adoe apprehended and taken the same, they after become fast keepers and retayners thereof."

Of the author of this scarce little volume, I know nothing more than that he was educated at Cambridge, and published a book entitled, "*A greene forest, or a naturall historie, wherein may bee seene, first, the most sufferaigne vertues in all the whole kinde of stone, and mettals; next of plantes, as of herbes, trees, and shrubs; lastly, of brute beasts, foules, fishes, creeping wormes, and serpents; and that alphabetically: so that a table shall not neede.* 1567." 8vo.

The present edition of his "*Diall of Destiny*," was unknown to Ames and Herbert, who only mention one of 1582.

J. J. P.

A



¶ *A Display of dutie, deckt with sage sayings, pythie sentences, and proper similies: Pleasant to reade, delightfull to heare, and profitable to practise. By [Leonard] Wright. Good nurture leadeth the way unto vertue, and discreet behaviour plaineth the path to felicitie. London, printed by John Wolfe. 1589. qto. 24 leaves.*

[Again] *printed by V. S. for Nicholas Lyng. 1602. qto. 22 leaves.*

The subject of this and the next article are the only performances known by this writer. The present is an early and pleasing specimen of what is now generally approved of as a parlour-window miscellany.

By the dedication "to the Right Worshipfull, most valiant, and famous, Thomas Candish, Esquier: L. Wright wisheth all happinesse in this life, and in the world to come, to ioy with Christ in felicitie for euer." Then follows an address to the reader, telling him the book contains "both profitable rules for the instruction of youth, and sound reasons for reformation of age."

In describing "the property of a faithfull and fained friend," he observes "touching the naturall inclination of men, hee that is light and toyesh in youth, proneth often teastie and waspish in age. A bold malipart boye, a wilfull sediticus man. A grimme crabtree countenance doth com only shew a hard churlish disposition. A smooth glosing toong, a crafty dissembling bart. And a quicke sharpe wit, an vnconstant and wauering condition, neither faithfull to friend, nor fearefull to foe. But especially a proud, furious, or scornfull person, is apt to take displeasure and thinke vnkindnesse vpon every light occasion, and if such a heart, where friendship hath dwelt begin once to hate, it is like a spung which sucketh vp as much matter of malice, as before of fauour and affection; and euen as the best wine, maketh the sharpest veniger; so the deepest loue, turneth to the deadliest hate.

*" In prayse of Friendship.*

" Of all the heavenly giftes on earth,  
Which mortall men commend:  
No treasure well may counteruaile,  
A true and faithfull friend.

What sweeter solace can befall,  
 Then such a one to finde:  
 As in whose breast thou maiest repose,  
 The secrets of thy minde.  
 If flattering Fortune chance to frowne,  
 And drue thee to distresse:  
 True faithfull friend will helpe at need,  
 And make thy sorrowes lesse.  
 Oh precious iem! Oh ieuell great!  
 Oh friendship, pearle of price!  
 Thou surely doest each thing excell,  
 That man can well deuce.  
 The golden mines are soone decayde,  
 When Fortune turnes the wheele;  
 And force of armes are soon allayed,  
 If body sicknesse feele.  
 And cunning art soone ouerthrowne,  
 Experience teacheth plaine:  
 And all things else their course doth change,  
 When friendship doth remaine.  
 But since by prooffe they haue beene taught,  
 A fained friend to know:  
 I will not trust such glosing tongues,  
 More then my open foe.

Where fairest face doth harbour foulest hart,  
 And sweetest tongue most treason doth impart;  
 Oh false deceat, I'le trust to such no more,  
 But learne to keepe a hatch before the doore.

*“ A friendly aduertisement touching marriage.*

“ Though wedlocke be a thing so doubtfull and daunge-  
 rous to deale withall, as to seeke roses amongst thorns, honny  
 amongst hornets, or eeles amongst adders. Notwithstanding  
 might my words craue pardon, though more willing to wish  
 well then able to perswade, I would (according to my simple  
 skill) shew my opinion touching the commoditie, and discom-  
 moditie of mariage, and the best meane to liue quiet in wed-  
 lock chausing vpo a shrew.

“ First, considering the state of mariage in generall, God  
 himselfe hath ordayned it as holy: Nature hath established  
 it as honest: Reason doth counsell it as profitable: and all  
 nations haue allowed it, as necessarie: and therefore, with  
 the apostle, I commend it as honorable amongst all men.

“ Happy is that man (sayth Jesus Syrach) that hath a  
 vertuous

vertuous wife. The number of his yeares shall be double. A vertuous woman maketh her husband a ioyful man; whether he be rich or poore, he may alwayes haue a merry hart. A woman that is silent of tongue, shamfast in countenance, sober in behaiour, and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities correspondent, is like a goodly pleasant flower, dect with the colours of al other flowers in the field which shall be giuen for a good portion to such a one as feareth God. But he that shall preferre the gifts of nature and fortune, before grace and vertue: hauing more respecte to a cleane hand with a faire smiling countenance: the a cleane hart with good conditions, shall after find that he feareth, and misse that he most desireth. Wanting neyther time to repeat nor matter to complaine vpon.....

“ A quiet man that matcheth himselfe to a shrewe, taketh vpon him a verie harde aduenture, hee shall finde compact in a little flesh, a great number of bones too hard to digest. Yea [with] such saintes are some men matched withall, that if all their demaundes should be graunted, and all that they are agreede withall; redressed, Sampson's strength, Job's patience, and Salomon's wisdome, were all too little. And therefore some do thinke wedlocke to be that same purgatorie, which learned diuines haue so long contended about, or a sharpe penance to bring sinnefull men to heauen. A merry fellow hearing a preacher say in his sermon, that whosoever would be saued, must take vp and beare his cross, ran straight to his wife, & cast her vpon his back.....

“ Finally, he that will liue quiet in wedlocke, must be courteous in speech, cheareful in countenance, prouident for his house, carefull to traine vp his children in vertue, and patient in bearing the infirmities of his wife. Let all the keyes hang at her girdle, only the purse at his own. He must also be voide of ielositie, which is a vanity to thinke, and more folly to suspect. For eyther it needeth not, or booteth not, and to be ielious without a cause is the next way to haue a cause.

This is the only way, to make a woman dum: [mum].  
To sit & smyle & laugh her out, and not a word, but

\* The bird that seelly foule  
Doth warne men to beware:  
Who lighteth not on euery bush,  
For feare of craftie snare.

\* A few passages from contemporary poets were adopted by Wright. In the margin of these lines are the initials E. S. and it is evidently the production of the writer with same signature in the *Paradise of Dainty Deuices*.

The mouse that shunnes the trappe,  
 Do shewe what harmes do lye:  
 Within the sweete betraying bayte,  
 That oft deceauneth the eye.  
 The fish alwayes \* the hooke,  
 Though hunger bids him bite,  
 And houereth still about the worme,  
 Whereon is hid delight.  
 If birdes and beastes can see,  
 Whereas their danger lyes:  
 How should a mischiefe scape man's head,  
 That hath both wit and eyes?"

The author then gives "certaine necessarie rules both pleasant and profitable for preuenting of sicknesse, and preseruing of health: prescribed by D. Dyet, D. Quiet, and D. Merryman," which appears to have suggested to Samuel Rowlands a versification of a similar nature.† At the end "followeth certaine pretty notes and pleasant conceits, delightfull to many, and hurtfull to none." I shall select two.

*"The naturall inclination of an English man.*

"An Englishman by nature is sayde to be firme in friendship, constant in promise, vnpatient in anger, courragions in fight, without feare of death, courteous to his inferiours, pittifull to strangers, faithfull to his friends, and fearefull to his foes. More readie to reuenge an iniurie then proffer any without cause, he can not brooke a stranger to be his equall, nor to be dared of any. Alwayes desirous of nouelties, neuer long content with one state, nor one fashion, greatly delighted in royal brauery, and excesse of dyet, taking more pleasure to heare himselfe commended with lyes, then reprovued with truthe. He is sayd to haue long eares, a short tongue, broade eyes, and light fingers; quicke to heare, slow to speake, ready to spye, and apt to strike. Few words and gentle speeches winneth his heart."

*"A poisie for a glasse penned merrily at the request of a Gentlewoman.*

"Vewing in this glasse the singular shape wherewith God hath garnished you aboute other creatures to his owne image, it

\* Qu. misprint for "all eyes."

† See p. 161 of Vol. I. of the present work.

shall be requisite with continuall travell and labour (least so excellent a worke be stayned by your negligence or misdemeanour) that you be answerable as abilitie shall serue, in working his will: which is not in crispering and curling: frisking and frowning: painting and proining: to better your beauty with strange trim attyre, as not content with his fashion in framing you, but rather as you excell in giftes, seeke to excell in grace, remembring alwayes that as plainnesse putteth on, so painting putteth out the image of Christ: which considered your attyre shall not be sluttish, but sober: not drab-bish, but decent: not whoorish, but honest: not gawish, but godly: as beseemeth Christianitie."

J. H.

¶ *A Summons for Sleepers. Wherein most grievous and notorious offenders are cited to bring forth true frutes of repentance, before the day of the Lord now at hand. Hereunto is annexed, a patterne for Pastors, deciphering briefly the dueties pertaining to that function, by Leonard Wright. Woe be to the inhabitants of the earth, and the sea, for the diuel is come downe vnto you; whose wrath is great, because hee knoweth that his time is but short. Apoc. xii. 12. Be sober and watch, &c. Pet. v. 8. Happie are those seruants which the Lord when he commeth shall find waking. Luke xii. 37. 1589. qto. 30 leaves. no printer's name.*

[Again as] *newli corrected and augmented. Imprinted by George Purslowe, 1612. qto.*

"The Epistle to the Reader [commences]; To feede thy fancie with frinulous fables, gentle reader, (as to tell thee of drowsie Endimion, who desired of Iupiter, to sleepe perpetuall: or Epimenides, who in seeking his father's sheepe, tooke a nappe of fortie and seuen yeares long, or those seuen supposed saintes, whom the golden legend reporteth to haue slept two hundreth yeares and odde) is no part of my purpose. But rather as one in grieffe of conscience, for the zeale of my God, what in me lyeth, to wake and stirre vp those wicked and sinfull sluggards, whom the cursed serpent in paradise, aboue five  
8 3
thousand

thousand five hundredth sixtie and two yeares past, applying not the finne of the sea calfe to their heades, but that inchaunted apple of perdition to their hartes, hath so venoumously infected with contagious poyson of iniquitie, and lulled so soundly a sleepe in the carelesse cradle of securitie: that neither the golden belles of Aaron, the thundring trumpe of Esay, the well tuned simbals of Dauid, the pleasant harmonie of the Euangelists, nor the sweete comfortable pipe of Christe himselfe, could once as yet allure them to repentance and amendment of life: trusting that God by this my plaine rough summons, penned without feare, or flatterie, shall now, in the dawning of the day, ring such a peale at the dore of their conscience, as shall either moue them at length to loue him in his mercies, prouoke them to feare him in his iustice, or leaue them vnexcusable in the day of vengeance. . . . To conclude, gentle reader, I craue only thy friendly censor without partialitie, not forgetting the good Hermit, who hauing three of his friendes come to visit him, for want of better dainties to entertaine them, bestowed on euerie of them an olde apple, halfe putrified with spots. The first friend, to shew his affection, deuoured his apple hartely, sound and rotten together as it was. The second, more nice then wise, because his was spotted in part, disdainefully threw away the whole. The third, making choice of the best, reiected onely the rest. So doe I wish thee, not with the first friend, to deuoure the badde with the good: neither with the second, to cast away that is good because of some bad: but with the third, to accept and vse that is wholesom, and refuse that is lothsom. Vale in Christo. Leonard VVright."

Vice and folly called forth the warm and honest indignation of the writer. Rough, pointed, and temperately severe, the attack was general: like the Fool in a crowd, who, fearful a knave might escape, belaboured every one. The usual characters of usurers, lawyers, courtiers, priests, matrons, &c. pass more conspicuously beneath the lash of the satirist.

" Grieuous abuse in this land, is the corruption of iustice, by meanes of too many ambitious lawiers, who swarme as thicke now, as the friers in times past, and are as couetous as they were superstitious: and as those wilfull beggers were maintained of deuotion and charitie, and the marchants are enriched through pride and brauerie: so doe these liue by malice and enuie, by whom our good lawes are abused, as though they had beene made rather to enrich those lawiers  
then

then for execution of iustice, and become like spider webbes, where great flies passe easily through, but litle flies are strangled: or as a baite to catch birds: the lawiers are the foulers, the iudge the net, and the poore clients the birdes: for though their cause be neuer so plaine and sure, yet were he much better to giue halfe the price of his coate at the first, then to defend the whole through briberie and corruption of iustice: so long as their clients continue in greasing their vnsatiable handes with *unguentum rubrum*, they seeme to feele their matter, incourage them to proceede, and extolling their cause, as though the day were alreadye wunne, till they haue drawne all the money out of their purses, and the marrow out of their bones. At last when all is gone, so as they cease to feede them, as the crow doth her brattes, then waxe they colde as a stone, and finding one cauell or other send them home to agree amongst their neighbors, ah fooles so they might haue done before! . . . . .

“ Couetous patrones, are so greatly infected with the golden dropsie, as their church doores wil not be opened without a siluer key: hee that will haue a church liuing (what other good gifts soever he bee indued withall) he must needes bringe this learning with him, to know who was Melchizedeck’s father and mother, or els a dish of Maister Latimer’s apples, or he may cough for any benefice. . . . .

“ This land is also most vily corrupted with intollerable pride, with such a confused mingle mangle, and varietie of apish toyes in apparrell, enery day flanting in new fashions, to deforme God’s workemanship in their bodies, as great monstrous ruffes starched in the diuel’s licour, and set with instruments of vanitie, dublets with great burssen bellies, as though their guttes were readie to fall out, some garded like Frenchmen,\* some fringed like Venitians, some their heades Turkish, their backes Spanish, and their wastes Italians: some their haire curled, and their beardes writhen to make them looke grimme and terrible, as though they had seene the diuel, with long daggers at their backes, to kill euery one they meete prouder then themselues: with such vaine riot, excesse and vaine curiositie, that I thinke they haue made a league with Satan, a couenant with hell, and an obligation with the diuel to marrie his eldest daughter.”†

In

\* French nets do catch English fooles. *Margin.*

† The curious reader may be amused with comparing this with the following account of the fashions as existing in the time of Edward III, where the honesty of description must excuse the

In the Pattern for Pastors, the admonition extends to women preachers, and the author blushes "in their behalfe in calling to mind the vnshamefastness of that sexe."

J. H.

¶ *A Treatise entytuled the Treasure of a Good Mynde, familiarlie written to a frinde, by Ry. Denys, Esquyor.* MS. 4°. 170 leaves, exclusive of Dedication, &c. &c.

This unfinished MS. seems to have been intended for the press by the author, and its numerous classical allusions shew him to have been a man of learning: there are several pieces of poetry interspersed, and a few extracts may be acceptable.

On the last leaf appears the following memorandum, written by some possessor of the MS. probably, of the author's family. As it throws light on the "close of his days," I transcribe it.

"At the seige of Eunigande in Brittain, in May, 1591, during the tyme of the assault, Captaine Denys, a braue gentellman, being sent w<sup>th</sup> some forcis to make offers of a scalado to one other part of the towne: advanci'g himselfe to farre re-

blunt expression of the chronicler. "In this time [about 1346] englishme' so moch haunted & cleued to the wodnesse & foly of the strangers, That fro' tyme of comyng of the Henaudres [the queen, Philippa, was daur. of Count Heinault.] xvij yere passed. they ordeyned & changid them eu'y yere diu'se shappis & disgyngs of clothing of long large and wide clothis destitut & diseit, from al old honeste & good vsage. And an other tyme short clothis strait wasted dagged & kyt & on eu'y side slatered & botoned and with sleues & tapitis of surcotes & hodis ou' long & ou' moch hangyng, that if J the soth shall say, they wer more like to tormentouris & deuels in ther clothing & shoyng & other aray, than to men. And the women more nysely yit passid the men in aray & corious loker, for they wer so strait clothid that they let hang fox tailles sewed by neth within ther clothis for to hele & hide ther ar. . . , the wich disgy syngee and pride p'auentur aft ward brought forth & caused mony myshappis & myschief in the reame of england. *Chronicle of St. Albans*, 1483. A viij rev.

ceued



ceued a musket shote in the bottome of his belly, whereof he died about twelue of the clocke the same night."

*" The auctor to hys booke.*

" Go lytle booke, shame nott to show thy face,  
 Thy father's fawtes, excuse yff y<sup>t</sup> thow may;  
 Yff not, yett pray they wyll the nott disgrace,  
 Synce to thy betters, thow wyltt styll obay;  
 Butt tell them playne thy subject ys not vayne,  
 Werby they nede thy presens to dysdayne.  
 Yff y<sup>t</sup> thy scyll, or larninge they do blame,  
 Confes the same & say y<sup>tt</sup> ys butt smalle,  
 & y<sup>t</sup> thow sekyst nether prayse nor fame.  
 Butt to advance Godes glory chefe of all,  
 & to sett forthē in spyght of all thy foes,  
 Thy minde \* thow menyst to dysclose."

Following the above are dedications "To the Right Worshipfull his singulor good newew, Oliuiere Saint Iohn, Esquier, brother to the Right Honorable the Lord Saint Iohn, of Bletsoe, health and happie felicitie."

"To the Ryghte Honorable his singulor good Lordes Henrye, Earle of Kent, and Iohn Lorde Saynt Iohn, barne of Bletsoe: healthe, honor, and happie felicitie."

"The Epistle to the Reader," next, occupying seven pages.—"The author in the praise of a good mynde," eighty-four lines.

" What thinge of greater price  
 On earth may any fynde,  
 What goulde or ryches may compare  
 Wyth vertu of the mynde,  
 The mynde doth still possesse,  
 In man a kinglie place,  
 And guydes the steppes of mortall wightes,  
 And rules in every case.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now will I saie no more,  
 But he that doeth enioy  
 So good a mynde, so greate a grace,  
 May lyve w<sup>th</sup>out anye.  
 Finis."

\* An uncertain word in the MS.

“ *The Author in the praise of Vertue.*” 118 lines.

“ Who wyll ensue the statelie steppes,  
 That mountes to honor hie,  
 And doth entende wyth fame to lyve,  
 And after mounte the skie,  
 Let him fyrst clymbe the loftie hill  
 Wheron dame Prudence syttes,  
 Wyth watchfull eye there to behould,  
 All things that chieffye fyttes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Loe thus is vertu of the mynde  
 The iuell of this lief.  
 The onelie staie of happie state,  
 A gyft that is not ryef,  
 And as the glyttering goulde doe shine  
 From forge all fined new,  
 So doe they shine about the rest,  
 That vertu doth ensue.

Finis.”

The first part containeth fourteen chapters—the seconde part thirteen chapters—the thirde part left unfinished, apparently from the author’s death.

At the end are several meditations and godly rules. Take “gentle reader,” as a specimen of his prose, the following from the thirteen chapter, part first.

“ To speake further of good and ill princees, the good Emperour *Marcus Aurelius* was not so much praised and beloved for his vertues as *Comodus* his sonne was hated in *Rome* for his vices; what eares do not abhorre to heare of the cruelties of *Nero*, and the wickedness of *Tyberius* and *Heliogabalus*, all three wycked Emperours, that corrupted all the world w<sup>th</sup> their vices, and who doth not delight to heare the praises of the gentill Emperour *Traianus*, that was an example of vertu to all Princees, but the noble *Jarmanicus* for his worthyenes & vertue was so beloved, that when the *Romaynes* heard of his deathe, as *Swetonius* reporteth, they battered the temples w<sup>th</sup> stones, they threw downe the aultors of their goddes some dyd hurle their houshold goddes into the streetes, and finally other did cast awaie their children latelie borne. Such is the commendacion and love of vertu w<sup>ch</sup> is of so greate force that it wyntnes praise of a man’s oune enemies——”

*Bristol*, 1810.

J. F.

*Old*

¶ *Old Musical Airs,*

i. \*

“ All ye that sleep in pleasure,  
 Awake and loose not time's faire treasure ;  
 Time doth neuer cease his restlesse turning,  
 O I repent the time I spent in loue's sweet burning.

ii.

First with lookes he liu'd and dy'd,  
 Then with sighes her faith he try'd :  
 After sighes he sent his teares,  
 All to shew his trembling feares :  
 At last he said a truer heart was neuer,  
 Pittie Daphnie, disdaine me not for euer.

iii.

I alwaies lou'd to call my Lady, Rose,  
 For in her cheekes doe roses sweetly glose ;  
 And from her lips she such sweet odours threw,  
 As roses doe 'gainst Phœbus morning view ;  
 But when I thought to pul 't, Hope was bereft me,  
 My Rose was gone and naught but prickles left me.

iv.

Ay me, when to the ayre I breath my playning,  
 To merry fountaines my disdainng ;  
 When to rude rockes and pleasant groues,  
 I tell all my vnhappy loues ;  
 They heare me whilst I thus condole,  
 But with their Ecco, call me foole.

\* *Altus.* *The first set of Madrigals of 5 parts: apt both for Viols and Voyces. Newly composed by Henry Lichfield. London: printed for M. L. I. B. and T. S. the Assignes of W. Barley. 1613.* Dedication addressed “ to the Right Honorable and most renowned Lady for all Honour and Vertue, and my most noble Lady and Mistris the Lady Cheyney,” wherein Lichfield observes on the pains bestowed “ this I can say, that as stories relate of Cleanthes, Lenos scholler, how in the night time he drew water that in the day time he might haue leasure to heare and study philosophie, so I bestowing the day in your Ladyships more necessarie businneses, borrowed some howres of the night to bestow vpon these my compositions, so that whatsoever dulnesse and vnpleasingnesse is in them may well be imputed to the dull and sullen time wherein they tooke their being.” Christopher Brooke has two sonnets prefixed, one vpon “ Lady Cheney and her court-like house, at Tuddington,” the other “ to the Avthor vpon his musicall muse.” Contains xx Songs,

v. (*First part.*)

When first I saw those cruell eyes,  
 The author's of my cryes,  
 Adoring them for saints diuine,  
 Plac'd in such a heau'nly shrine;  
 You told me then to proue me,  
 You would for euer loue me.

vi. (*Second part.*)

If this be loue to scorne my crying,  
 To laugh at me when I lye dying;  
 To kill my hart with too much grieuing,  
 To flye and yeeld me no releuing:  
 If loue be thus to proue me,  
 O then I know you loue me.

## vii.

Iniurious houres whilst any ioy doth blesse me,  
 With speedy wings you flye and so release me;  
 But if some sorrow doe oppresse my hart,  
 You creepe as if you neuer ment to part.

## viii.

O, my grieffe were it disclosed,  
 To her that scornes my playning:  
 Or were she but disposed,  
 To turne her eyes disdayning:  
 From me that sit in sadnesse,  
 My grieffe would turne to gladnesse."

J. H.

¶ *Choice Psalmes put into Musick, for three voices. The most of which may properly enough be sung by any three, with a thorough Base. Compos'd by*

Henry  
 and  
 William } Lawes, Brothers; and Servants to his  
 Majesty.

*With divers Elegies, set in musick by seu'rall friends upon the Death of William Lawes. And at the end of the Thorough Base are added nine Canons of three and foure voices made by William Lawes. London, printed by James Young, for Humphrey Moseley, at the*

*the Prince's Armes in S. Pauls Church yard, and for Richard Wodenothe at the Star under S. Peter's Church in Cornhill. 1648.*

Dedicated by Henry Lawes to Charles the First, telling him "many of them were compos'd by my brother (William Lawes) whose life and endeavours were devoted to your service; whereof I, who knew his heart, am a surviving witness and therein he persisted to that last minute when he fell a willing sacrifice for your Majestie." And in the address "to the reader," says, "I have been much importuned to send to the presse and should not have been perswaded to it now (especially in these dissonant times) but to doe a right (or at least to shew my love) to the memory of my brother, unfortunately lost in these unnaturall warres; yet lyes in the bed of honour, and expir'd in the service and defence of the King, his master. Living he was generally known, and (for his parts) much honoured by persons of best quality and condition. To give a further character of him I shall forbear because of my neer relation, and rather referre that to those Elegies which many of his noble friends have written in a peculiar book. . . . Besides his fancie, of the three four five and six parts to the viols and organ, he hath made above thirty severall sorts of musick for voices and instruments: neither was there anye instrument then in use but he compos'd to it so aptly as if he had only studied that."

The introductory poems commence with one written by a friend of Sandys, whose version of the Psalms the brothers united in composing music to. It is addressed

*"To the incomparable brothers, Mr. Henry and Mr. William Lawes, (Servants to his Majestie) upon the setting of these Psalmes.*

"The various Musick, both for aire and art,  
 These arch-musicians, in their sev'ral waies  
 Compos'd, and acted; merit higher praise  
 Then wonder-wanting knowledge can impart.  
 Brothers in blood, in science and affection,  
 Belov'd by those that envie their renowne;  
 In a false time true servants to the crowne:  
 Lawes of themselves, needing no more direction.  
 The depth of musique one of them did sound,  
 The t'other took his flight into the aire;  
 O then thrice happy and industrious paire,  
 That both the depth and height of musique found.

Which

Which my sweet friend, the life of lover's pens,  
 In so milde manner hath attain'd to do,  
 He looks the better and his hearers too;  
 So in exchange all ladies are his friends.  
 And when our meditations are too meane  
 To keep their raptures longer on the wing,  
 They soar'd up to that prophet and that King,  
 Whose love is God and Heav'n his glorious scene.  
 Setting his psalmes, whereby both they and we  
 May singing rise to immortalitie.

*A. Tounshend."*

The others are "to his friend Mr. Henry Lawes," by J. Harrington, followed by the well-known sonnet of J. Milton; "to my worthy friend (and countriman)" by Fr. Sambrooke.

The work is divided into three portions; the first of Psalms set by Henry Lawes, who commences the second the "peculiar book," with "a pastorall Elegie to the memory of my deare brother, William Lawes.

"Cease, oh cease, ye jolly shepherds, cease your merry layes;  
 Pipe no more in medowes green, crown'd with ivie and with  
 bayes :

Let your flockes no more be seen on the verdant hillocks spread,  
 But tune your oaten reeds with saddest notes to mourn ;

For gentle Willy, your lov'd Lawes, is dead!

Weep shepherd swaines,

For him that was the glory of your plaines ;

He could appease

The sullen seas,

And calme the fury of the mind :

But now, alas! in silent urne hee lyes,

Hid from us, and never must returne.

*Henry Lawes."*

"*An Elegie to the memory of his friend and fellow,  
 Mr. William Lawes, servant to his Majestie.*

"O doe not now lament and cry,  
 'Tis fate concludes we all must die :  
 Rather rejoyce that he is there  
 Mending the musique of the sphere;  
 We are dull soules of little worth,  
 And coldly here his praise set forth :

Who

Who doth that truly, sure must be  
 Instructed in divinity :  
 Harke, O harke, the celestial quire,  
 Doth pause to heare his sweeter lyre :  
 There he is set free from vaine feares,  
 Or heart-heav'd sighes, or brinish teares :  
 Could thou thy faucy send us downe,  
 In musique we should place a crowne  
 So harmonious on thy faire herse,  
 Should out-tongue Ovid in his sweetest verse.

*By John Wilson, Doctor in Musique."*

*" To the memory of his much respected friend and  
 fellow, Mr. William Lawes.*

" But that, lou'd fricnd, we have been taught,  
 Our dearest dust to mixe with dust;  
 I'm with thy lyre so strangely caught,  
 My true affection counts it iust :  
 And grounds it on a pious care,  
 Thy ashes to involve in aire :  
 For thy rare fancy from its birth,  
 Far inconsistent is with earth,  
 Or any inferiour element,  
 Bring for that subtle region meant :  
 How can dull clay press down thine eyes,  
 And not an earth-quake straight arise.

*John Taylor."*

Others by John Cob, Organist of his Majesties Chap-  
 pell Royall; Captain Edmond Foster; Simon Ive; John  
 Jinkins; and

*" An Elegie on his friend Mr. William Lawes.*

" Bound by the neere conjunction of our soules,  
 Thus I condole thee, thus bedew thy herse;  
 And whilst my throbbing heart thy exit towles,  
 Accept this sacrifice of weeping verse.  
 What eyes can drily stubborne bee, when Lawes  
 Resteth at such a long continued pause?  
 Let teares like pendants garnish eu'ry note,  
 Wav'd to and fro with gales of mournfull sighes;  
 And let the widow'd Muses joyntly vote,  
 To celebrate with griefe thy obsequies :  
 For with thee vanish't all their airie pride,  
 Muffled in clay that erst was stellifi'd.

Since

Since then i' th' center sleeps true harmony,  
 Let him, that's greedie of that sacred gaine,  
 Close to his mother earth his care apply,  
 There wait to heare some sad melodious straines.  
 Within this womb hath pale impartiall death,  
 Too soon confin'd the quintessence of breath."

*John Hilton.*

The third portion is the composition of William Lawes, and consists of the Psalms, thirty in number, and "an Elegie on the death of his very worthy friend and fellow servant, M. John Tomkins, Organist of his Majesty's Chappell Royall.

"Musick, the master of thy art is dead,  
 And with him all thy ravisht sweets are fled:  
 Then bear a part in thine own tragedy,  
 Let's celebrate strange grieffe with harmony:  
 Instead of teares shed on his mournfull herse,  
 Let's howle sad notes stol'n from his own pure verse.

*By William Lawes."*

J. H.

¶ *A Proclamation set out by the K. of Spaine. Wherein order is taken for the vse and trafficke of merchandise, with those of Holland Zealand and others, aswell by water as by land. Truely translated out of the Dutch copy printed at Andwerpe in February last. [Printer's device of "vbique floret."] London: Imprinted by John Wolfe, and are to be sold by William Wright. [1592] qto. 4 leaves.*

The prohibition was "all sorts of armor, & munitions of warre, corn, and vittels, bell-mettle, and mettle, Teasels, Hops. barks of trees, flax, thred of flax, and of woosted, talwood as of oake-trees, elme trees and ash trees. And touching the marchandizes which we will not to be brought hither, are these following; to wit: all clothes, stammels, and generallie all commodities of wollen, worsted and linnen, wrought and made in England, Holland, Zealand, and like prouinces." Given at Brussels 6th December, 1591. Published at Andwerp, 2d February, 1592. \* \*



¶ CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF THE WORKS PUBLISHED BY HEARNE.

[Continued from Vol. I. p. 397.]

The last communication upon this subject treated of those works, published by Hearne, which related to REGAL BIOGRAPHY; the present is a continuation and conclusion of the same department of history.

V. BENEDICTUS ABBAS Petroburgensis de vita et gestis Henrici II. et Ricardi I. e Cod. MS. in Bibl. Harleiana descripsit et nunc primus edidit Thomas Hearne. Oxon. e Th. Sheld. 1735. 8vo. 2 Vols.

The following are the contents of these volumes.

1. *Præfatio*. p. vi. to xxvii.
2. *Appendix* to p. lxiv.

Some remarks in this preface and appendix are worth here bringing forward to the reader's notice:

“ *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum.* ”

“ Quamobrem rectissime faciunt, qui Monastici Anglicani, aliorumque id genus operum [etsi in iisdem inculta quædam inveniantur; et horrida] sibi comparant exemplaria, absque quorum subsidio quot quantæque re vera fuerint monachorum possessiones ne quidem conjectura assequi possumus.” *Præfat.* ix. [Hearne then notices how very rich the Harleian library was in this department of antiquities—calling it, at p. x. “optimis auctoribus undiquaque conquisitis instructa.”]

“ *Burning of the Cotton Library.* ”

———— incendio illo acerbo, quo nuper perplura itidem alia antiquitatis, monumenta, in ILLA BIBLIOTHECA, per totum orbem terrarum litterarium celeberrima, reposita, absumpta fuerunt, hominibus sane doctis, aliisque etiam bonis, miserum in modum eo nomine lugentibus. quippe qui optime viderunt, quanta inde perburbatio, quanta confusio jacturaque antiquarum litterarum consecutura fuerit.” *Præfat.* xvi.

“ *Bale and Leland.* ”

———— Adeo ut mihi videatur, Baleium etiam, si adspexisset, aliter de Benedicto iudicaturum fuisse, ita scilicet, ut inter scriptores pressæ fidei forsitan numerasset. *Forsitan* inquam, quia Baleus, quomodocunque bonarum litterarum admirator maximus, [quem tamen non detulerunt, qui blasphemum, quid sonet hæc vox omnes intelligunt, appellaverint] adeo immoderata erat intemperantia [omnium, Zenonis opinione, perturbationum matre] ut medicum eminentissimum Andreæ Bordium, &c. summis affecerit contumeliis—raroque de monachis [in quos convicia falsa, absurda, ridicula, Creten-sis scelestus ad instar, effudit] honorifice vel loqueretur, vel etiam sentiret; secus atque Lelandus, vir fortis et constantis animi, qui illos, ut decuit, laudibus, in qua re dixit proprie et copiose, cumulavit.” Præfat. xx.

“ *Cave.* ”

———— Guilielmus Caveus, vir et orationis suavis, et diligentia pariter atque emulatione clarus—quem sane ego his in rebus, erat enim in eo inexhausta aviditas legendi scriptores Ecclesiasticos—cum summis viris comparo.” Præf. xix.

“ *Of the Author.* ”

[Mr. Tyrrel’s account of Benedictus Abbas.]

“ Though Mr. Tyrrell had a great opinion of the history of Benedictus Abbas, that I now publish, yet what I find concerning this historian in Mr. Tyrrell’s history, is only this, viz. in his Catalogue of Authers, quoted by him, &c. In his preface to his second volume, page xii. thus; ‘ I must here moreover mention as to civil affairs, the exact chronicle of Benedict Abbot of Peterburgh, who begins to write about the fourth \* year of Henry the Second, and carries his history as far as about A. D. 1178, † being the 24th year of his reign: and I wish he had continued it further, he being a judicious

\* “ Mr. Tyrrel is mistaken. He begins A. D. 1170, which was the 16th of Hen. II.”

† Julius A. XI. 4. ends A. D. 1177 [23d Hen. II.] abruptly, but the complete copy Vitellius E. XVII. 3. now burnt, which Mr. Tyrrel seems not to have seen, ends A. D. 1192 [3d R. I.] and Benedictus died A. D. 1194. Hearne’s note, ut supra.

and

and faithful writer, and from whom Roger Hoveden has borrowed a great deal of his history, word for word, tho' without owning where he had it: which, by the way, is a fault in this author, he having done the like by Simeon of Denham." Appendix, xxviii.

*" Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham.*

" I never doubted \* but that these related to certain ancient tenures, and for that reason, I think Mr. Blount should have taken notice of this book, in the tract he wrote and published expressly upon that subject. The first edition of these Tales came out in the latter end of Henry VIIIth's reign, [as is conjectured by my ingenious friend Mr. John Murray] long after the tenures and customs, to which they relate, were grown obsolete." *Idem.* liv.

*" Scoggan's Jests.*

" After this book was printed, there were other books of mirth ascribed to Dr. Borde, on purpose to promote a sale of them, one of which is that called Scoggan's Jests, which tho' an idle thing [and therefore unjustly fathered upon Dr. Borde] hath been often printed in Duck Lane, and much bought up by those, that to their collections of books of the first class, aim at adding little pieces, that tend to promote mirth." *Id.* lv.

*" Robert Burton, Tom Thumb, and the Mylner of Abingdon.*

" Robert Burton, the famous author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, was such a collector, as may appear from the great variety of little ludicrous pieces he gave, with a multitude of books, of the best kind, to the Bodleian Library; one of which

\* " Nor is there more reason to esteem ' The merry tales of the mad Men of Gotham,' (which was much valued and cry'd up in H. the Eighth's time, tho' now sold at ballad singers stalls) the authour whereof was Dr. Andrew Borde, as altogether a romance; a certain skillful person having told me more than once, that he was assured by one of Gotham, that they formerly held lands there by such sports & customs as are touched upon in this book; for which reason, I think, particular notice should have been taken of it in Blount's Tenures; as I do not doubt but there would, had that otherwise curious author been apprised of the matter." Edit. *Guilel. Neubrig.* vol. iii, p. 744.

little pieces was *The History of Tom Thumb*—which, however looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was certainly founded upon some authentic history, as being nothing else originally but a description of King Edgar's dwarf."————

"Robert Furton being so curious and diligent in collecting ludicrous and merry little pieces, tis no wonder that he procured Dr. Borde's *right pleasant and merry history of the Mylner of Abingdon*. As I remember, 'twas his copy that Mr. Wood made use of. I have seen it, if I am not much mistaken, with Thomas Newton's note. Tis probable Dr. Borde took the hint of this merry piece from Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale*, with which it ought, by such as have opportunity, to be compared. If it should prove so, it will then perhaps be deemed that there is a mistake in *Abingdon* for *Trumpington*. 'Tis certain that in the said Reeve's tale, we have an account of the Mylner of Trumpington, his wife, and fair daughter, & two poore scholars of Cambridge. But if, after all, Abingdon & not Trumpington, be the true reading in Borde, at the same time, methinks, for two poore *scholars of Cambridge*, should be read two *poore scholars of Oxford*, the situation of Oxford being more agreeable to the Mill of Abingdon than Cambridge." *Id.* lv. lvi.

In the Preface and Appendix, besides the foregoing matter, there are, in the latter, some very curious particulars concerning the Rev. Mr. Nathaniel Wanley, father of Mr. Humphrey Wanley. Some notes concerning the Cotton MSS. of the historian, collected by Humphrey Wanley—and observations concerning Dr. Andrew Borde, in addition to Wood's account of him in the *Athen. Oxon.*—are also incorporated.

3. *De Benedicto Petroburgensi, e Roberti Swashami Historia Cœnobii Burgensis.*
4. *Lamentatio de morte Regis Ricardi I.* pag. 478. e Cod. MS. in Bibl. Harleiana.
5. *Item de gloriosis ejus victoriis in itinere Jerosolymitano.* p. 750. ex eod. Cod. MS.
6. *An authentic Evidence (never before published) concerning the Relick of the blood of Hales; with proper Remarks upon it, shewing that by the help of this Evidence the Mistakes of several Historians may be rectified, and some of the many calumnies that have been thrown upon the religious Houses may be detected. From the learned M<sup>r</sup>. George Cossingesbey, Rector of Bodenham, in Herefordshire.* p. 751.

7. *The Peregrination of Dr. Boarde*, e Cod MS. manu Laurentii Noëli Viri cl. penes Thomam Lambard, de Sevenoke, in agro Cantieno, Maii 9<sup>o</sup>. DCCXXVI. p. 764, Epistolæ quædam (antehac ineditæ) Regum optimi CAROLI PRIMI, ad Abrahamum Doucettum, &c. una cum aliis quibusdam pauculis ad eundem Doucettum pertinentibus. p. 866.
8. *Notæ*. p. 805.
9. *Index*. 808.
10. *Catalogus Operum*. \*

This is the last and the best work (of its kind) which Hearne ever put forth. The intrinsic excellence of the

\* At the end of the notice of the Annals of Dunstable Priory, is this memorandum. "As Elias de Beckingham occurs several times in the Annals of Dunstable, his epitaph may possibly be acceptable. 'He lies buried under a large flat marble in the nave of Bottisham church, a village about seven miles N. E. of Cambridge. The letters of the inscription round the edge of this stone seem to have been brass, and were probably stolen for the sake of the metal, but the cavities cut to receive the letters, remain still legible, though not fair enough to imitate the hand with any exactness, which I therefore shall not attempt:

‘ HIC : IACET : ELIAS : DE : BEKINGHAM : QUONDAM : IVSTI  
CIARVS : DOMINI : REGIS : ANGLIE : CVIVS : ANIME : PRO  
PICIE TVR : DEVS.

V. Rymeri Fœd. Tom. ii. fol. 535: also Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. A<sup>o</sup> Edv. I. et seq. Hactenus Beaupreus Bell, in litteris ad me datis apud Beaupré-Hall in agro Norfolciano, Aprilis 22. 1734.

"N. B. In the Appendix to the said Annals of Dunstable is a collection of Letters relating to Charles the First's escape from Oxford, and to the straits he was put to on that occasion. Since the publication of them, my friend Philip Harcourt, of Ankerwycke, in Bucks, Esq. hath given me copies of several letters, written by that truly great and good king, then also in his straits, which I shall here annex in the manner they were transcribed by Mr. Harcourt from the Originals, communicated to him by a lady, who keeps 'em carefully, as a proof of the confidence which was reposed in her grandfather by his Sovereign." p. 866.

These letters, nine in number, extend to p. 870; and are succeeded by two others, sent to Hearne by Mr. T. Baker, from the Paper Office. Vide also Clarendon's Hist. Rebellion, vol. iii. 230, Ed. 1706, 8vo. Whitelock's Memorials, p. 309, 312, 329.

history is such as to put the author of it quite in the foremost rank of the historians of his day. The Benedictine Editors of the "*Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*," are prodigal in their praise of BENEDICTUS ABBAS; and as this very carefully executed edition of his labours is the only one ever published, scholars and collectors will do well to let no opportunity slip of obtaining possession of it. Mr. Gough's copy was sold (if I recollect rightly) for somewhere about four guineas.

VI. JOHANNIS DE TROKELowe Annales Edvardi II. Angliæ Regis. E. Cod. MS. in Bibl. Cott. [*Claudius D. VI. 8*] Oxonii e Th. Sheld. 1729. 8vo.

1. *Prefatio*

In this preface, speaking of the Antiquities of Glastonbury, Hearne thus strongly reprobates the destruction of old monuments and records, and the fatalities attending religious persecutions.

———"Optime igitur facit Vir eruditissimus Edmundus Archerus, Archidiaconus Wellensis, qui [communione studiorum arctissima nobis conjunctus] nostram in gratiam registra pervolvit vetera, idque tanta cum felicitate, ut inde depromat viris probis atque doctis [qui ejusmodi reliquias videre avent] multa pergrata, è quibus sunt chartæ illæ eximix ad Glastoniam spectantes, nuper à nobis editæ. Quæ quidem chartæ vel idcirco magni sunt faciendæ, quod inde ecclesiæ Glastoniensis jura clare [periunde ac si præsto adesset] lector colligit. Adeo ut, eandem etiam ob rationem, rectissime fecerint Dodsworthius, Dugdalius, Galeus, aliique viri summi [judicio acri ac doctrina exquisita ornati] qui ad eandem ecclesiam Glastoniensem, cœnobiaque nostra vetusta, chartas similiter pertinentes diligentissime sibi compararunt, et juris publici fieri curarunt. Neque hujusmodi monumenta [quorum indagatio summam habet oblectationem] proferentibus quis unquam succensuit, Wiclevistas, Calvinianos, fanaticosque aliossi demas, qui [ut ignorare φιλόμασος nemo potest] in veræ religionis cultores irritati quamlibet nacti occasionem, plerosque omnes convitiis conscindunt, antiquitatibus Britannicis oleum operamque impendentes. Verum cur his insistam, causæ nihil video. Detrectent, si lubet [nam quis adeo demens, ut aurem præbeat?] virorum præstantissimorum auctoritatem Wiclevistæ et reliqui Puritani, [scripturiendi et maledicendi impetigine incitati] Dugdaliūque Galeum, aliosque subsellii superioris scriptores imperitiæ

imperitiæ imperitissimæ simulent, stultissimosque appellent. Nos, verecundius agentes, Archeroque aliisque fautoribus gratias habentes, in studio veritatis ac antiquitatis horas collocemus, nobiscumque præclare agi putemas, si in hujusmodi nostris conatibus utile quod sit invenerint eruditi." p. xvii. xviii.

2. *Henrici de Blanesforde Chronica*, e Cod. MS. in Bibl. Cott. Cott. (Claudius D. VI. 9) p. 67.

3. *Monachi ejusdem Malmesburiensis Vita Edwardi II.* a Cod. MS. penes Jacobum Westum, Armigerum, p. 93.

4. *An Account of the Canonization of William de Morchia*, Bishop of Bath and Wells. E. Registr. Wellensibus. p. 255. (preceded by a title-page, and Dr. Archer's letter to the publisher.)

5. *The Commission to shut up John Cherde (Monk of Ford Abbey) in his solitary Apartment during Life.* E. Reg. vet. Well. p. 261.

I. Chartæ Aulæ Ibelcestre. 265.

II. Literæ Abbatis de Cernel super ratificatione appropriationis prædictæ.

III. Literæ Domini Jocelini super ordinatione appropriationis ecclesiæ beatæ Mariæ minoris.

6. *K. H. VIII's. Letter of Thanks upon the Lord Privy Seal Thomas Cromwell's being elected, chosen, and installed Dean of Wells.* E. Reg. vet. Well. p. 271.

7. *A short account of Dr. Robert Brady, and Mr. John Lightwine. From my learned friend Mr. Thomas Baker of Cambridge.* p. 273.

8. *A note about Jervais Hollis*, from the genuine or 1st edition of Mr. Ant. à Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. II. col. 702. p. 275.

9. *Notæ MSS. ipsius Joannis Bale*, adjunctæ Codici impresso de Scriptoribus, &c. Ex Autographo descripsit V. amiciss. Tho. Bakerus Cantabrigiensis. p. 276. 426.

10. *Ordinationes Collegii Orielenſis.* In quibus & Statuta Universitatis Oxoniensis, ab Edvardo VI. lata ac sancita. E Codice. vet. penes Edit. p. 295.

11. *Epitaphium Saræ Cherriæ*, Filix Francisci Cherrii. p. 373.

12. *A remarkable Story of a great sum of money found in a cumbersome wooden Bedstead, at Leycester, on which R. III. had layn before the battle at Bosworth. From a MS. intituled, Remembrances collected by Sir Roger Twysden.* p. 374.

13. *Notæ.* p. 376.

14. *Francisci Godwini narratio de Gulielmo de Marchia*, e Godwini libro inedito de Episcopis Batho Wellensibus. p. 378.
15. *Observationes de Cœnobio Sanctimonialium de Wintenay*, in agro Hartoniensi. p. 382. 427.
16. *Statutum illud Collegii novi, Oxoniæ, in quo prohibetur consuetudo radendi barbas*. p. 393.

This is a long gossiping note upon the antiquity and propriety (or otherwise) of wearing beards at New College, Oxford; in which the ancient Latin version, from Leviticus chap. xix. 27, is thus rendered: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." An English translation, printed in 1541, thus renders it: "Ye shall not rounde the lockes of your heades, neyther shalte thou marre the tufes of thy bearde."

17. *Index*. p. 396.
18. *Operum Hearnii Catalogus*.
19. Various Readings relating to the will of Richard Beauchamp, E. of Warwick, that I printed in John Ross. p. 423 to 428.

To this scarce and not incurious work there are no subscribers' names prefixed or subjoined. The large paper was sold for 1l. 1s. the small for 1cs. 6d.

VII. WALTERI HEMINGFORD Canonici de Gissburne Historia de rebus gestis Edvardi I. Edv. II. et Edv. III. E. Codicibus MSS. nunc primus publicavit Thomas Hearne. Oxon. e Th. Sheld. 1731. 8vo. 2 vols.

1. *Prefatio*—to p. cxvi.
2. *Appendix* to p. clxxxvi.

In this preface and appendix are comprehended the following miscellaneous articles:

3. *A very scarce Coin of Caurasius*. p. xlix.
4. *An ancient inscription* found at Dorchester, near Oxford. p. lvii.
5. *The old Form of admitting Ch. Wardens* into their office, at Great Farington, in Berks, from an old Church Warden's book of Accounts. p. lix.
6. *Instructions given by Thomas Bourcher*, Abp. of Canterbury, to the abbot of Thorney, how Reginald Peacock, who



who was sent thither, should be treatyd in the Monastery aforesaid. p. lxxxvi. e Coll. H. Wharton.

7. *A Note relating to Julianæ Barne's book pr. at St. Alban's, of Hawking, Hunting, & Armory.* p. xcvi.

As the public curiosity has been of late somewhat attracted towards this curious and rare publication, from the notice of a forthcoming reprint of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of it by my friend Mr. J. Haslewood, (who has spared no pains to make himself master of every thing connected with the authoress and her publication) I subjoin the following bibliographical morçeau, by Hearne, for the sake of the curious: premising, that Bagford's notice of a supposed anterior edition of 1481 is not worth a moment's consideration—such edition being purely chimerical.

“ Inde profecto suspicor, panca etiam in Julianæ Barnesiæ vel potius Berners, feminæ clarissimæ, priorissæ abbatix monalium de Sopewell cœnobii S. Albani cellæ opere insigni de aucupatione &c. inesse, quæ non sint re vera ipsius Barnesiæ,\* atque

\* “ In Bp. More's study, [now, I suppose at Cambridge Public Library] I formerly saw the books of *Hawking, Hunting, and Armory*, usually ascribed to Julian Barnes, [the book of Fishing was not there, or else it had been torn out] printed at St. Albans in 1486 in small folio, and had a remarkable note writ in the beginning under the hand of Will Burton, of Leicestershire, to this effect: Julian Barnes said to be author. Her name should ratlier be Berners: daughter she was of Sir James Berners, of Berners Roding in Essex, sister to Richard Lord Berners—Prioress of Sopewell [which you know, was a nunnery, cell to and very near St. Alban's] This is the substance of my extracts, which are in Latin, but whether Burton's note was so, or in English, or what the words were verbatim, I can't tell.” Tanner's Letter to Hearne, Sep. 20, 1731.

“ Atque in Bibliotheca Mooriana re vera exstitisse Julianæ Barnesiæ [quâ priorissa alia nulla vel pulcrior, vel etiam doctior erat] librum, monuit item Joannes Bagfordius, vir ille inclytus, artis typographicæ incunabulorum longè peritissimus, in adversariis quibusdam, satis egregiis, penes nos, ex dono amicissimi Bakeri. In hoc autem à Tannero discrepat Bagfordius, quod librum typis excusum fuisse innuit A. D. M. cccc. lxxxvi. Imo et Bagfordius mihi videtur fere prodere, bis equidem prodisse in villa S. Albani. Quid quod et ipse etiam, ni fallor, viderim duas in folio editiones? uti etiam adspexi non ita pridem Guilielmi Caxtoni editionem, rarissimam sane, et auro contra non caram; quemadmodum

atque eo speciatim in loco, ubi de locutionibus aliquot, ab hominibus, accurate dicentibus, usurpandis agitur. Nam his in artibus, de quibus egit Juliana, Anglice et perspicue dicendi magna laus non est: decore vero et apte dicendi etiam admiratio. In iisdem enim considerare, quid rebus, quid personis, quid locis, quid temporibus conveniat, non est artis literariæ, sed ingenii planæ et experientiæ. Loco illo, quam inuimus, Julianæ legas de execrabili monachorum copia; quod plane facit, ut locus omnino sit nobis suspectus—quippe qui putamus, ab ipso Julianæ judicio penitus abhorrere. Neque reclamabit (ut videtur) si nunc uspiam exstet ipsum Barnesiæ *απογραφον*, quod tamen omnino periisse, arguit Codicum MSS. Julianæ mira raritas. At ab initio multos fuisse codices chirographos, nullus dubito. Tam enim nobilibus, quam aliis, perplacuit feminæ, tum corporis tum animi dotibus conspicuæ, opus, unde et in Linguam Latinam versum fuisse legimus. [Pitseus p. 649] Sed en tibi verba ipsa Julianæ, sicuti concepta exstant in fragmento Codicis impressi, ex editione, ni fallor, Pynsoniana. Reperi autem inter Fragmenta Neviana.

a multiplyeinge of husbandes  
 a pontyfcalyte of prelates  
 a dynnyte of chanons  
 a charge of curates.  
 dyscrecyon of preestes.  
 a scoll of freres  
 abominable syght of monkes.

Pro 'monkes,' sive *monachorum* reposuerim 'monkeys,' vel *simiarum*, nisi quod de viris in mox præcedentibus loquatur. Quod quum ita sit, additamentum esse hunc ultimum versicu-

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quemadmodum et maximi similiter æstimandos esse duco non tantum Julianæ Barnesiæ librum, in villa Albanensi impressum, sed et omnes alios libros ibidem excusos, ne quidem excepto aditu illo ad linguam Latinam, cujus *ἀπογραφόν* nos habemus in Fragmentis Nevianis. Sed Bagfordii mens manifestior erit, si verba ejus ipsissima adferam, quod eolubentius facio, quia non sint aliis animadversa. 'Julian Barnes her Gentleman's Academie of Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, and Heraldry, the arnes in proper colours, printed and called the Boke of St. Alban's, because there first printed [1481.] A pot folio. The first that ever I saw had been the book of John Leland: after, it came into the hands of Burton of Leycestershire, and is now in the collection of the Bishop of Ely [Dr. Moore.] Julian Barnes was Abbess of the Nunnery of Sopewell near St. Alban. There have been two impressions of it in folio.'

lum potius suspicor. Nam plane per mihi mirum visum est, Julianum perperam de monachis potuisse sentire, fæminam excultissimam, et quæ neque ad dicendum, neque ad intelligendum esset invalida. Eo modo etiam de ipsa scribunt biographi, perinde ac si bona sapiensque simul esset pariter atque erudita. Imo viraginem vocant, innuentes nimirum, neque voluptariis disputationibus, neque voluptariis vocibus, fuisse delectatam, verecundiusque proinde egisse, quam ut inter homines illos, qui voluptate omnia metiuntur, numeretur. Hæc faciunt, ut et hæc verba, *a scoll of freres*, mihi etiam sint fidei suspectæ, a *scoll* idem est atque Anglo-Sax. *reole*, sive cœtus magnus, vulgo *a shole*. Hic autem eo fine usurpatur, ut in contentionem adducantur fratres, aliter, ut opinor, atque voluerat Juliana, quæ de his etiam pariter atque monachis optime, ut videtur, sentiebat. Itaque et hæc itidem verba ab hominibus male feriatibus inserta fuisse fere dixerim. Wiccelevistis nempe, vel certe Wiccelevistarum fautoribus. Neque tamen inficias iverim, *freres* exstare in Codice Henrico Vito. regnante scripto, penes Thomam Rawlinson, V. egregium, qui sanè Codex sententiam nostram stabilit, opus Barnesiæ, quod nunc vulgo circumfertur, in aliquibus minus esse authenticum. In eo *sculk* pro *scoll*, et *mockes* pro *monkes*, legitur, hoc modo scilicet.

“A sculk of foxus. of freres. of theves. an homynable shyf of mockes. a superfluite of nonnes.” \*

Præfat. p. xcvi—xcix.

8. *A Note about Durandus's Rationale divinorum, in All-Soul's College Library. p. cx.*

“They have in All Soul's College-Library a noble folio book printed on vellum, of Durandus's Rationale Divinorum, but then it hath been horribly abused, several leaves being cut out. Nor does the date when printed appear, though it was very early, as may appear from the following MS. note at the beginning of the book. “*Liber Collegii omnium animarum Oxon, quem Reverendus pater Jacobus Goldwell, † Episcopus Norwicensis. emit in civitate Hamburgensi, dum erat missus in ambassiatum a Christi-nissimo principe Edwardo Rege Angliæ &c. ad illustrissimum principem Regem Daniæ, voluitque dictus Reverendus pater, ut cathanetur in choro dicti Collegii, ad utilitatem studencium. Et si quis eum alienaverit, vel contra hunc dispositio-*

\* *Coll. nost. MSS.* Vol. cxxxii. p. 87.

† “Goldwell was made Bishop of Norwich 1472 12 Edw. 4. Godwin 497. He was before Dean of Salisbury, and Secretary to K. Edward IV.”

*nem fecerit, anathema sit. Et hæc dispositio erat per præfatum Reverendum patrem anno Domini millimo cccc lxxxxviii.*"

"This book is even imperfect at the end, where, in all likelihood, was the date. [A superficial extract from Beughem is then given.] It is, as it is, a book of great value, but were it perfect, it would be looked upon as worth about an hundred pounds\* among curious men." Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 103, 156.

"Licet fortasse non desint, qui ex hac nota conjicient, nos esse stultos pretii librorum existimatores, haudquaquam tamen hercle nos inepte sensisse judicabunt alii, simul atque cognoverint, suam cuique rem esse carissimam." cix. cx. cxi.

9. *De magnæ discordia Oxoniensi.* A<sup>o</sup>. Dom. MCCLXIII<sup>o</sup>. inter Academicos & Oppidanos, e Chronico Abbingtoniensi. p. cxii.

\* It would appear, from the sequel, that Sir T. Sebright had valued a perfect copy of it, in his own collection, described to Hearne by Howell, at this sum.

At the end of the volume is the following account of the Mentz edition. "Nunc tandem intellexi, exemplar ejusdem editionis penes se habere Comitem nobilissimum Oxoniensem, Edvardum Harleiam, idque etiam membraneum et perquam nitidum. Me per litteras, docte et candide propria sua manu scriptas, certiores fecit ipse Comes confatum nostrorum litterariorum fautor eximius. p. 731. Operum Catalog.

*Catholicon*: cujus bina [unum membraneum, alterum chartaceum] exemplaria in bibliotheca sua, libris omnibus instructissima, habet Comes, quem diximus, præstantissimus Oxoniensis." p. 733.

[More, Bp. of Ely.]

———— In sua item bibliotheca *Catholicon* habuit episcopus nuperus Elyensis Joannes Moorus [sicuti a Catalogo Codicum MSS. observari est, ubi tamen, Tom. ii. p. 379, mendose, quam dedimus, nota exstat] qui de eodem mecum hæc Oxoni coram egit; ita tamen ut de Durandi editione principe Moguntina nihil audivisse videretur. Quod moneo, quia rei librariæ admodum peritus esset Moorus, certa que sit conjectura, ipsum mihi commemoraturum fuisse, si modo ad aures, harum rerum avidissimas, de Durandi illa editione quid pervenisset, utpote qui de aliis, huc spectantibus, expresse, licet strictum, tunc temporis disseruerit." p. 733.

It may be worth adding to this note of Hearne, that his Majesty, the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Spencer, and Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart. each possess a beautiful vellum copy of the *Durandus*, which is well described by Wurdwein in his *Bibliotheca Moguntina*; p. 65; and by Mr. Edwards, in his Catalogue of 1794, No. 1291, where it is marked at 1261.

10. *Notæ in eam partem Hemingfordii*, quam edidit V. doctissimus Thomas Galeus. p. cxxiii.
11. *Concerning Reginolde Peacock's Opinions, not only from Nich. Doleman's Three Conversions of England, but from a MS. in the hands of Thomas Ward of Warwick, Esqr.* p. cli.
12. *The learned Mr. Henry Dodwell's Letter, concerning the power of Metropolitans in depriving Suffragan Bishops, occasioned by a Letter from the learned Thomas Smith, whose Letter and his Answer to Mr. Dodwell, are here likewise published.* p. cliii.
13. *Processus sub brevibus, super modo & forma, quibus Johannis Wethamstede fuit iterum post resignationem in Patrem & Pastorem ecclesiæ S. Abani reelectus. e Registro Johannis de Wethamstede in Bibliotheca Collegii Armorum Londini.* p. clx.
14. *A Letter from Dr. William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, to Bishop Fell, concerning the execution, and last behaviour of the Duke of Monmouth.* Ex Autographo penes Editorem. p. clxxvii.
15. *An account of the Ch. of Swafham, in Norfolk, extracted from a Letter written to the Publisher, by the ingenious Beauprè Fell, of Beauprè Hall, in Norfolk, Esqr.* p. clxxx.
16. *A Letter relating to the last behaviour of Sir Walter Rawleigh, written by Dr. Robert Tounson, Dean of Westminster, and afterwards Bishop of Sarum, to Sir John Isham.* p. clxxxiv. ex Autographo penes D. Justinianum Ishamum, Baronettum, V. & ingeniosum & eruditum, ac D. Joannis Ishami (ad quem scripta est hæc epistola) pronepotem mihi mutuo dato Oct. 1. 1731.
17. *Anonymi Historia Edvardi III.* antehac inedita. e Codice vet. MS. p. 387.
18. *Notæ in vitam Ricardi II.* a nobis divulgatam. p. 453.
19. *Johannis de Wethamstede narratio de Reginaldi Pecockii (Episcopi Cicestrensis) abjuratiōe.* 490 E. Registro sive Chronico Johannis de Wethamstede MS. in Bibl. Collegii Armorum Londini. fol. 117.
20. *Viri clariss. Georgii Harbinii Collectanea Historica* ex Dictionario Theologico Thomæ Gascoygne, S. Theologie Doctoris Oxoniensis, MS. fol. in Bibliotheca Collegii Lincolnensis, Oxou. p. 509.
21. *An Account of K. Charles 1<sup>st</sup>s. escape or departure from Oxford, in the year 1646.* By Dr. Michael Hudson. Together with Mr. Robert Barham, of Sandwicke's Examination, relating to the said Dr. Michael Hudson. As also  
somewhat

- somewhat of curious Remark, that concerns Sir Kenelm Digby. Now first published from Original Papers. p. 551.
22. *Dr. Archer's account of the religious houses in the Diocese of Bath and Bristol*, and of those out of it that had any revenues in it. p. 585.
23. *An alphabetical list of the religious houses in Somersetshire*, rectifying some mistakes and omissions in Harpsfield, Speed, and Dugdale's Catalogues. By John Strachey of Sutton Court, in Somersetshire, Esq. p. 643.
24. *Annotations*; viz. 1. A note relating to the word Bachalarius, in which is something of curious remark about the old University of Oxford, as also about Siward Earl of Northumberland's being buried at York. p. 669. 2. A Coin (a silver Groat) of David the Second's King of Scotland. 3. A note about square cups. p. 678. 4. A curious fragment about Glastonbury Abbey, from a MS. in the hands of the ingenious John Murray. p. 680. [*Vide British Bibliographer*, Vol. I. p. 259.]
25. *Index*. p. 687 to 720.
26. *Operum Catalogus* to 736. In this catalogue are some further particulars relating to the Rationale Div. Off. of Durandus, and to other circumstances about Old Printing, and particularly about the first book printed at Cambridge.

There were 120 subscribers to this work; of which forty subscribed for large paper, at 2l. 2s. the copy; and eight for several copies: the small paper was sold for a guinea. It is, without doubt, one of Hearne's most curious and scarce publications.

VIII. ROBERTI DE AVESBURY *Historia de Mirabilibus gestis Edvardi III.* [hactenus inedita] e Codicibus MSS. descripsit ediditque Tho. Hearnus. Qui et Appendicem subnexuit. E Th. Sheld. 1720. 8vo.

From an analysis of the leading contents of this volume, it will be seen that few of Hearne's publications are more precious to the curious antiquary.

1. *Tho. Hearnus Lectori*. p. iii. xlii.

The opening of the preface is characteristic of Hearne's mental activity. "Dum antiquitates nostras paullo diligentius et curiosius perquiro (nam ad agendum nati sumus)" &c. From this preface it appears that the copy of Robert of Avesbury from which Hearne printed his edition, was a MS. in the possession

session of Sir Thomas Sebright. This he seems to have collated with an Harleian MS. Meanwhile his friend Thomas Baker informed him of a Cambridge MS.—and these three MSS. bear evidence of being composed in the reign of Edward III.; during which reign, [that is, A. D. 1357,] Hearne has no doubt but that Robert de Avesbury lived; and died at Cambridge. It embraces the history of Edward III. up to the year 1356 inclusive. p. iv. v.

Hearne thinks that the second, or latter, part of this MS. has been destroyed or lost; and that it would be worth while to inspect every library in the kingdom in order to recover it. ix.

At page xxiii. He thinks John Josceline was the real author of Abp. Parker's work *De Antiq. Brit. Ecclesiæ*; and that the Abp. might have put a finishing hand to it.

Neither Josceline nor Antony Wood\* knew of Robert de Avesbury.

*“ Antony Wood.*

“ *Is re vera erat admirandæ industriæ, [utinam et iudicium adfuisset, amicorumque liberis admonitionibus aures non habuisset clansas] omnemque animi cogitationem ad res Oxonienses illustrandas atque exponendas convertit. Quem in finem innumera pene antiquitatis monumenta consuluit, omnemque ferre laborem [nam dolere solebat, si quando vel Academicorum, vel etiam Oppidanorum antelucana victus esset industria] consuetudo docuit: immo de his rebus nihil fere intermisit nec disputare, nec scribere; præcipue autem de iisdem disputavit, quum esset cum familiaribus [quorum naturam ex forma se perspicere, velut alter Zopyrus, profitebatur] in villis prope Oxonium, haud aliter atque a Cicerone de maximis rebus tum vehementissime erat disputatum, quum ageret in Tusculano, quo non pauci, suis sedibus exciti, eruditi, disceptatum cum eo de maximi momenti controversiis, confluebant. Quamobrem de Academia Oxoniensi (cujus honore et salute nihil antiquius habuit) imo de toto orbe litterario, optime meritus est Antonius. Nec vero quisquam est, qui eum, qui tantos tulerit labores, non laudandum putet. Hac de causa certe qui vivo detrectare soliti erant, jam mortuum desiderio prosecuti sunt. Verum enimvero denegandum non est, hominem hunc laborio-*

\* He concludes that Wood did not know him, because he borrows nothing from R. de A. concerning the sharp conflict between the Government & Townsman A. D. 1354—In quo [nim. R. de A.] tamen hoc de certamine satis egregia. xxxii.

sum (utcumque fortem et magno animo, eo etiam vultu, oratione, omni reliquo motu, et statu, ut antiquarium diceres) per plura è Briani Twyni et Gerardi Langbainii Analectis ineditis, eorum tamen nominibus celatis, decerpissè. Hæc expertus scribo, quippe qui ante annos aliquammultos Twyni atque Langbainii Collectanea in Turri Scholarum Oxonii adservata (ne quid dicam de illis ab Antonio nostro Museo Ashmoliano legatis) forte fortuna pervolutavi. Quod quum rescisset amicus quidam gravis, pereruditus, his in rebus versatissimus, multorumque librorum doctissimorum scriptor, mecum per litteras (nam tum Londini degebat, quamvis Academiæ nostræ, utpote vir spectatæ integritatis, decus clarissimum) egit, docuitque plane, virum, quem dixi, diligentissimum Twyni et Langbainii scrinia compilasse, quod idcirco graviter et ægre ferendum esse monuit, quia eorum nomina reticuisset, perinde ac si omnia ipse collegisset, nemoque jam antea in eadem arena desudasset. Singula persequi hac occasione tum esset prolixum, tum et præter institutum. Illud saltem constat è lectione Antonii à Wood librorum, non obstantibus his quæ, animadvertenda esse duximus, ipsum otio abundantem, et in his studiis nunquam non occupatum, infinitos pene libros, aliaque antiquitatis *μνημόσυνα* evoluisse, de quibus vix unquam audiverat vel Twynus, vel etiam Langbainius, &c.

“————— Quinimmo idem liquet ex Historia et Antiquitatibus Universitatis Oxoniensis, in quibus operibus conficiendis totos dies et noctes (idque etiam ad clepsydram) meditatam fuisse nemo dubitabit, qui inspexerit. Neque est cur verearis ne vel operam vel oleum perdidit. Hominum enim illustrium vim magnam in iisdem operibus memoria et litteris pro virili sua consecravit. xxvi. xxxiii.

2. *Testimonia de Roberto de Avesbury*. xliii-xlvii.

3. *The Subscriber's Names*. 176 names: no l. p. specified.

4. *R. de Avesbury Hist. Edwardsterty I.* 255.

5. *Minutiæ (R. de Avesbury, 256, 266*. With a genealogical plate opposite p. 265.

The following, which are taken from these minutiæ of R. de Avesbury, are not to be found in the Harleian MS.

For to stanche bledyng atte the nose, take clene clay, and tempre hit with vynegre, and with the juys of an herbe that is y clepud bursa pastoris, and make there of a chapelet of good brede, and do a boutte the hed of hym that bledeth, and hit shal stanche.

As thou for holy churche right  
bare the bloody face

To



To the y praye both day and nyght  
 Of joye sende me a space.  
 With an O. for & an I. a space for to a byde  
 Thu bere myn arnde to that lord, that bare the bloody syde.

“ Ihesu kyng in trone  
 Lord in mageste  
 To the y make my mone  
 With herte good and fre  
 frendes have y none  
 That wolde me know ne se  
 My wonynge ys allone  
 Lord wel wo ys me

With an O. & an I. my wonynge is wel nykke  
 frendes haue y fewe my fomen walketh thykke.”

p. 264-5.

“ *The saying of Erra Pater to the Husbandman.*

“ If the day of Saint Paule be cleere,  
 Then shall betide an happie yeere ;  
 If it doe chaunce to snow or raine,  
 Then shall bee deare all kinde of graine.  
 But if the winde then bee a loft,  
 Warres shall vex this realme full oft :  
 And if the cloudes make dark the skie,  
 Both Neate and Fowle this yeare shall dye.” 266.

“ *Beef Hall.*

“ In the year 1352, which was about the 26th year of the Reign of K. Edw. III. the University made a great complaint about the vast expenses they had been at in repairing *Beef-Hall*, &c. This hall was situated in Saint Ebb's parish, not far from St. Aldate's church, on the south side of the lane that to this day is called *Beef-Lane*. John Rowse, the Warwick antiquary, mentions it in the fragments of his table that are preserved by Mr. Leland, and printed by me at the end of the fourth volume of Leland's Itin. It is said there, that it was near St. Aldate's church, and that it was for civilians. Mr. Wood tells us, that this hall was so called from the sign of an ox that was formerly painted either in one of the windows, or else over the gate; though others doe not approve of this derivation, observing, that if it had been called so from the sign of an ox, the true name must have been *Ox-HALL*; and therefore it seems to them, that in old time, before it was purchased for the use of scholars, a club met here, and that they had

*meals of beef*, and that from thence it received its name, and that it retained the same even after it came to be possessed by scholars; to confirm which opinion they alledge diverse instances. There are some remains of this hall to this day."

p. 316-318.

“ *Beadles.*

“ It was an old custom for the beadles to dine with the Master Inceptors at the time of their proceeding, and to be splendidly entertained upon that occasion. But whereas at such times the beadles used to ask the inceptors to gratify them with some dishes and wine and ale for their own private families (which brought an unnecessary charge upon the inceptors) a statute was made against such abuses, and such an extravagant custom.” p. 319.

“ It was, moreover, decreed, at the same time, that the superior beadles should, besides the abovementioned allowance, given ten shillings a piece to each of the inferior beadles every year to provide themselves with shoes, and that they should every year at the laying down their staves, and taking them again, be bound to oblige themselves, that they would punctually and religiously observe this order.” 321.

E. Coll. nostris MSS. Vol. lx. p. 1. Notes relating to Oxford.

6. *Nomina eorum, qui scripserunt historiam Gentis Anglorum & ubi extant*; per Joannem Joscelinum ex eodem Cod. MS. Cott. fol. 191. p. 269.

7. *Antiquus Liber Bedellorum Universitatis Oxon.* p. 299.\*

8. *Notes relating to Oxford.* E. Coll. nostris MSS. Vol. lx. p. 1.—p. 314.

9. *A Letter written by the Reverend Dr. Christopher Potter, relating to the Privileges of the University of Oxford, with the form of degrading Mr. William Prynne. Sent me by the learned Mr. Thomas Baker from the Archives of Cambridge.* p. 328.

\* A part of Hearne's note is worth adding: “Volumen, in quo hicce liber, ex officina bibliopolæ cujusdam Oxoniensis redemi mense Septembris A. D. CIO.DCC.XX. Olim pertinebat ad Antonium à Wood, qui titulum, quem hîc dedimus, præfixit. Continet et impressu quodam, *Tabulam nimirum Festorum mobilium, Calendarium, et Fratris Hieronymi Sauonarole de Ferrarii Ordinis Predicatorum. expositionem in psalmos Miserere Mei Deus. Qui reges Israel et tres versus psalmi In te d'ne speravi.* Verum hæc [quæ e prelo Ascensiano prodierunt] omittenda plane esse duximus, utpote à re nostra quasi aliena. Hoc tamen sciendum est, in Bibliotheca Bodleiana me olim vidisse Codicem MS. in quo hisce, quæ nunc edimus, similia reperi, &c.”

10. *Dominicum Domini Regis de Wodestok.* e Recordo in Turri Londinensi. p. 331. In hoc Recordo perveteri mentio fit Rosamundæ pulchræ.
11. *Letters of K. Henry VIII. to Anne Bolen.* p. 347. e Coll. MSS. Smithianis penes Editorem. Vol. xcviij. p. 1.
- “ *Letters of K. Henry VIII. to Anne Bolen E Coll. MSS. Smithianis penes me, Vol. xcviij. p. 1.*

N° 1.

———— Vous assurant que de ma part l'annuyé d'absence déjà m'est trop grande; et quant je pense a l'augmentation d'icelleuy, que per force faut que je souffre, il m'est presque intollerable, si n'estoit la ferme espoire, que J'aye de votre indissoluble affection vers moy; et pur le vous remercioir aucune fois cela, et voyant qui personnellement je ne puis estre en votre presence, chose la plus approchant a cella, qui m'est possible au present, je vous envoye, c'est a dire, ma picture misse en braselettes a toute la device, que déjà saves, me souhaitant en leur place, quant il vous plairoit, c'est de la main de

Votre serviteur et ami

H. H.

N° IV.

———— Vous suppliant me faire entiere responce de cette ma rude lettre, a quoy et en quoy me puis fier; et si ne vous plaît de me fair responce per escrite, assuré moi quelque lieu là, ou je la pourroy avoir de bouche, et je m'y trouveray de bien bon cœur. Non plus de peur de vous enuyer. Escrite de la main de celluy, qui volontiers demeureroit votre

H. H.

N° V.

———— Vous priant aussi, que si aucunement je vous aye per cy devant offence, que vous me donnes la mesme absolution, que vous demandes, vous assevrant, que d'ornnevant a vous seule non ceur sera dedié, desirant fort, que le corps ainsi pouvoit, comme dieu le peut fair, si luy plaît, a qui je supplie une fois le jeur pour ce fair, esperant que a la long ma priere fera ouye, desirant le temps, pansant le long jusques au reveu d'entre nous deux. Escrite de la main du secretair qui en ceur, corps, et volonté est.

*Votre loyal & plus assure serviteur*

H autre [A.] ne chierche B.

G 2

N°

## N° VI.

The reasonable request of your last letter with the pleasure I also take to know them true cause[s] me to send you now this news. The Legat, which we most desire, arrived at Paris on Sunday or Munday last past, so that I trust by the next Munday to hear of his arrival at Calais, and then I trust within a while after to enjoy that, which I have so long longed for, to God's pleasure and our both comforts. No more to you at this present, mine own darling, for lack of time; but that I would you were in mine arms, or I in yours: for I think it long since I kyst you. Written after the killing of an hart at xi of the clock, minding with God's grace to morrow mightily timely to kill another. By the hand of him, which I trust shortly shall be yours.

Henry H.

## N IX.

“ The cause of my writing at this time (good sweet heart) is wonly to understand of your good health and prosperity; whereof to know, I would be as glad as in manner mine awn, praying God (that and it be his pleasure) to send us shortly togydir; for I promise you I long for it; howbeit trust it shall not be long to; and seeing my Darling is absent, I can no less do than to send her some flesh, representing my name, which is Harts' flesh for Henry; prognosticating that, hereafter, God willing, you must enjoy some of mine, which, if he pleased, I wold were now.” &c.

H. H.

## N° X.

In this letter Henry entreats Ann Boleyn to beg of her father to hasten their nuptials—“ vous suppliant ma mestress, de dire a Monsr. votre pere, de ma part, que je luy prie de arancer de deux jours le temps assiné.” &c.

## N° XVI.

“ Mine own sweet heart, this shall be to advertise you of the great ellengeness, that I find here, since your departing: for I ensure you me thinketh the time longer since your departing now last, than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervence of love causeth it; for otherwise I would not thought it possible, that for so little a while it should have grieved me; but now that I am coming towards you, me thinketh my pains been half released; and also I am right well comforted, in so much that my book maketh substantially for my matter: in writing whereof I have spent above IV hours this day, which caused me now to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain

pain in my head; wishing myself (specially on evening) in my sweet hearts' arms, whose pretty dukkyes I trust shortly to cusse. Written with the hand of him, that was, is, and shall be yours by his will. H. H.

"*These are the Letters* (adds Hearne) *of H. VIII. to Ann Bullen, faithfully transcribed from a copy taken from the Originals, which are kept in the Vatican at Rome. The copy taken 1682.*" p. 347 362.

12. *Injunctions given in the Visitation of the moste Reverende father in god, the lorde cardinall Poole's grace, legate de Latere, by his subdelegate James, by the permission of god, bishope of Gloucestre, throughout his Dioceses of Gloucestre, 1556.*

13. *Inlex.* p. 363.

14. *Operum Nostrorum Catalogus.* 371.

With these curious extracts I take leave of those publications of Hearne which relate to REGAL BIOGRAPHY. Annals, Antiquities, and Biography in General, will form the subjects of the remainder of this *Catalogue Raisonné*. If the reader, who is well versed in Hernëan lore, approve of the minute but desultory manner in which the foregoing communications are made, the compiler of this Catalogue will never think the labour it has cost him thrown away. Bibliography is a severe study: in due time it may become a popular one.

T. F. D.

Kensington, August 25, 1810.

¶ *New Epigrams, and a Satyre. Written by Ios. Martyn, a wel-wisher to study. Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra. London, printed by G. Eld, dwelling in Little-Britaine. 1621. qto. 16 leaves.*

Dedicated in rhyme "to the Right Worshipfull Sir Henry Martyn, Knight," by, "in all true devotion, Ioseph Martyn." In "a poetical insinuation," the author introduces his muse, "that for these sixe yeeres day was mute," as unacquainted with the wits of Per-nassus. The epigrams are sixty in number, and the

satire is addressed to his "kinsman, William Martyn, of the Middle Temple, Gent." At the end he is commended by his dear friend, Rob. Cooke, "though yong and scarcely fledg'd," as daring to be heard amongst old chaunters.

*" To the unkind Reader.*

" Authors that write, and readers that suruey,  
Like verbs do in their kinds themselques display :  
Authors, we actiue, passiue, common call,  
They must inuent, endure, be read of all.  
Readers both wise and weake of each degree,  
In censure must like verbs deponent be.  
But fearing, least thy censure should deprauē me,  
No verbe, unlesse a neuter, I would haue thee."

*" A Carpet-Knight.*

" Thou like the fox, the ape, the lyon art,  
Thy words are wounds, thy tongue it selfe the dart,  
Thou, like the fox, dost tell the crow he'es white,  
To please his eare, and feed thine appetite:  
Thou art the ape of other men's affection,  
And to their wils, thy words haue still reflexion.  
Hauing beguil'd them thus, like foxe and ape,  
Thou dost deuoure them in a lyon's shape."\*

" A

\* The carpet knight appears to have been a term characteristically applied to those who obtained their honours, with an "unhacked rapier:" amidst the holiday gifts of their sovereign, rather than bravely acquired in the field of battle, or boasting a prescriptive claim by proving victorious at a tournament. Of their insignificance and futile employments innumerable passages may be adduced from early writers, with whom the expression was long and generally used. Whetstone, in the story of Rinaldo and Giletta, in the Rock of Regard, 1576, says, "now he cōsults, wt. carpet knights, about curious masks & other delightful shewes: anon he runs vnto the tailers, to see his apparell made of y<sup>e</sup>. straungest & costliest fashion:" and as late as 1634, in "A strange Metamorphosis of Man," the squirrell is declared to be "no carpet-knight that danceth on strewed tapestries, for he will dance upon a tree without any musicke." The character is minutely delineated in the following lines from "A Happy Husband, or Directions for a maid to chuse her mate, together with a wives behauiour after Mariage, by Patrick Hannay, Gent. 1622."

" A carpet knight, who makes it his chiefe care  
To trick him neatly vp, and doth not spare

(Though

“ *A Gam’ster.*

“ I much admir’d, that mong’st all other wights  
Compos’d of earthly mould, and heauenly sprights,  
Others, of all sorts, plentifully liue,  
Yet, most vnhappy, Gamsters neuer thriue,  
I guess the reason: others purchase land,  
Their whole estate on moueables doth stand.”

“ *Of the merry Host.*

“ Mine Host, to entertaine his weary guest,  
Would now and then put forth a merry jest;  
And did so please him, with his iesting veine,  
His guest resolu’d a while with him t’ remaine.  
But staid so long vntill his merry host  
Had left no roome to score vpon the post,  
And calling for a reckoning soone he found  
Hee’d much out stript his ordinary bound.  
But ere he went, by jesting this he got,  
To leaue his horse in earnest, for the shot.”

J. H.

(Though sparing) precious time for to deuoure,  
Consulting with his glasse, a tedious houre  
Soone flees, spent so, while each irregular haire  
His Barbor rectifies, and to seeme rare,  
His heat-lost-lockes, to thicken closely curles,  
And curiously doth set his misplac’d purles;  
Powders, perfumes, are then profusely spent,  
To rectifie his natiue nasty s[c]ent:  
This forenoones task perform’d, his way he takes,  
And chamber-practis’d crauing cur[t]sies makes  
To each he meets; with cringes, and screw’d faces,  
(Which his too partiall glasse approu’d for graces:)  
Then dines, and after courts some courtly dame,  
Or idle busie-bout misspending game;  
Then suppes, then sleeps, then rises for to spend  
Next day as that before, as ’twere the end  
For which he came; so womaniz’d turn’d Dame,  
As place ’mongst Ouid’s changlings he might claime;  
What? doe not such discover their weake minde  
(Vnapt for actiue vertue) is inclin’d  
To superficiall things, and can imbrace  
But outward habits for internall grace.”

¶ *The Man in the Moone, telling Strange Fortunes, or the English Fortune-teller. Nihil sub sole certum. London, printed by I. W. for Nathaniel Butter. 1609. qto. 27 leaves.*

The Dedication to M. Thomas Smith of Clarkenwell, gentleman to the Lord Lisle, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, and advertisement to the reader, are subscribed with W. M.

In this trifle three orators are introduced. "Mockso, described the habite and gesture; Opinion, reueile their conditions; Fido, tolde euery man his fortune, as he came vnto him." The number of characters extends to thirteen, viz. the drunkard, tobacconist, prodigal,\* seruingman, lewde woman, retainer, extortioner, glutton, parasite, wanton wife, jealous man, lover and virgin. The jealous man may serve as a specimen. Restless inquietude, doubtful and anxious suspicion, and with all void of foundation, gives the delineation close similarity to Ben Jonson's character of Knowell the elder, in the play of Every Man in his Humour.

*"The iealous man entereth to know his fortune, Mockso describing him.*

"Who is that, said Fido? One as melancholie as a cat, answered Mockso, and glared vpon me as if he would have looked through me: sure hee lacketh something, he gazeth so about him: holde not downe thine head for shame, like a

\* Mockso thus decyphers his apparell and gait. "I know not of what cuntry, nation, sex or fashion he is, his face is like a man's: but the t'one side of his head like a woman: some purblinde barber powled him, to cut his haire so vnequally, and leaue one locke a quarter of a yard longer then the other: by the blocke of his head (put them both together, and see what they spell) he should bee a Spaniard, but his dublet sheweth him a Frenchman: now I see his breeches made like a paire of smiths bellows, erected with the small end vpwards: he seemeth a Walloone: marrie there is no excasse in his cloake, he tooke the length thereof by the old apes of Paris Garden: a sweete youth no doubt, for he hath two roses on his shoes, to qualifie the heat of his feete: he looketh very bigly, and commeth prauncing in."

beast:



beast: but erect thy countenance like a man. Heigh-ho how he sigheth, & beateth his brest, as if there were something there angering him; Why doth he feele his forehead so often, it is smooth enough, he doubteth (I lay my life) they wil sprout out shortly, and shal sone become as huge headed as was Acteon, after hee gazed on the goddesse bathing her selfe with her nymphes in the fountaine.

*“ Opinion of the iealous man.*

“ He is more afraid then hurt (said Opinion) hee mace-rateth his minde without cause, and troubleth his thoughts without true reason: his wife is faire, therefore he thinketh her false: of a wittie disposition, therefore he deemeth her a wagge-taile: all that speake to her, hee thinketh woœ her, & every man that looketh on her, he iudgeth loues her: let her speake him faire, then she faigneth, let her vse him dutifully, then she doth counterfet: if she keepeth home, it is *volens nolens* against her wil: let her goe abroad, then his head aketh, and his heart panteth: is shee neatly arraied, that is but to allure and please others: is she homely dressed she knoweth he wil keepe house that day: goe they in the streetes together, if she glanceth but a side, hee knoweth her minde forsooth: courtesie in her, is the loadstone of h r lust: and affabilitie the cunning orator for her concupiscence: bringeth he any to his table, if she carue them, it is in hope of some amorous requitall: if shee drinke to them, their pledgings are but as pledges of their concealed loues: they which proffer their kindnesse, he surmiseth it pretendeth for opportunitie to his wife; and they which frequent his house be they of his nearest alliance or kindred, he suspecteth: to be brieve with him, he is fortune’s forestaller, his mindes miserie, his bodies bane, a reiecter of his most intimate familiers, a suspicious ill liuer (for the wife would neuer haue sought her daughter in the ouen, vnlesse she herselfe had beene there in former times) an erroneous hereticke in the opinion of his wife, an vnrea-sonable and causelesse iealous man.

*“ The Fortune-teller’s Oration to the iealous man, de-  
claring his folly and fortune.*

“ Sir, of all men, I holde you most senselesse, who without certaine grownd and sure experience should misconceit that which was neuer meant you: cannot your wife be faire, but lasciuious? what say you to Lucretia? can you not be absent?  
but

but she will play foule? how think you of Penelope? who in the tenne years absence of her husband liued chaste and vntouched: but suppose that which you suspect, were certaine: sores past cure are past care: *Quod factum est, infectum esse nequit*: that which is done cannot be vndone: that which will be shall be: if she be chaste and vertuous, no beautie can tempt her, no giftes allure her, no perswasions winne her: but if she be disloyall, keepe her neuer so close, she will sometime or other flie out in despiht of you.

*Vt iam seruaris bene corpus adultera mens est,  
Nec custodiri, ni velit, ipsa potest.*

When Iupiter loued Io, a delicious damsell, his wife being mistrustfull, dogged him, to finde out his dealing: who to conceale his fault, turned the lady into an haifer, which Iuno begged, and resigned to the custodie of Argus, who although he was faigned to haue an hundred eies: yet was he beguiled of the iewell he watched so narrowly: so be you neuer so vigilant and circumspect, if she be so disposed, she will, *Non caret effectu quod voluere duo*: needlesse therefore will your care be if you haue no cause: and although you haue good reason of none effect, *Naturom expellas furca, licet usque recurret*: Now to your fortune: if you be obstinate in your beleeffe, and so confirme in your false faith, you will martir your selfe most miserably, your body will be soone wasted, and your substance consumed, because when your thoughts are distracted with such friuolous matters, you can neuer seriously negotiate your estate-concerning, and supporting designes, your best way therefore is to thinke the best, iudge the best, *et modo te sanum fingito, sanus eris*. Away the ielous man departed, and another knocked at the gate."

J. H.

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¶ *Seuen Sobs of a Sorrowfull Soule for Sinne: comprehending those seuen psalms of the princelie prophet David, commoulie called Penitentiall; framed into a form of familiar praiers, and reduced into meetre by William Hvnnis, one of the Gentlemen of hir Majesties honourable Chappel. and maister to the children of the same. Whereunto are also annexed his Handfull of Honisuckles; the Poore Widowes Mite;*

*Mite; a Dialogue betweene Christ & a Sinner; diuers godly and pithy ditties, with a Christian confession of and to the Trinitie; newly printed and augmented. 1615. 24mo.*

There are separate title pages to the *Handfull of Honisuckles*, the *Poore Widowes Mite*, and the *Confession of and to the Trinitie*, which bear the imprint of "H. L. for the Company of Stationers." Although Warton has passed rather a severe censure on this volume, some of the smaller pieces will bear transcription. The above edition is not noticed in Ritson. Following the title is a dedication "To Frances, Countesse of Sussexe."

*"The Author to his Booke.*

"Passe forth my booke into the hands  
and view of sundry men:  
Humble thy selfe, declare thy name  
who thee thus clad, and when.  
And blush not at the frumps of some,  
ne feare at others frowne:  
More rich thou art in threadbare coate  
then some in silken gowne.  
And giue them all to vnderstand,  
from whence thou first did spring;  
How thou wert fostred in the breast  
and bosome of a King.\*  
And so (perhaps) some worthy wight  
will shape thee rich array,  
And set thee forth, as thou deserv'st  
with costly iewels gay.  
Behaue thy selfe in such good sorte,  
if possible may be,  
That euery one may thee embrace,  
and wish well vnto me.  
Vale,"

*"A prayer for the King's most Excellent Majesty.*

"O King of heauen, of earth, of sea,  
and all things else beside;  
Vnder whose power, & in whose hands,  
the hearts of Kings abide?

\* j. e. David.

Vouchsafe to guide our gracious King,  
 thy seruant *James* aright,  
 That he in peace with health may raigne,  
 and gouerne through thy might;  
 And when thy godly will shall be,  
 to end his liuing dayes,  
 His soule may then with angels thine  
 sound forth thy endless praise. Amen."

The *Poore Widow's Mite* is inscribed in an acrostic  
 "To the Queenes Majesties Highness," Elizabeth Regina,  
 and on the back is an acrostic on himself.

"*A prayer for the good estate of King James.*

"Thou God that guidst<sup>1</sup> both heauen & earth,  
 on whom we all depend;  
 Preserue our King<sup>2</sup> in perfect health,  
 and him<sup>3</sup> from harme defend.  
 Conserue his<sup>4</sup> life in peace to raigne,  
 augment his<sup>5</sup> ioyes withall;  
 Increase his friends, maintaine his cause,  
 and heare vs when we call.  
 So shall all wee that faithfull be,  
 reioyce and praise thy name:  
 O God, O Christ, O Holy Ghost,  
 give eare and grant the same. Amen."

This last piece, and four others, in Hunnis' volume,  
 are also to be found in the Wenman MS.\* See Appendix  
 p. xvi and xvii to "*The Legend of Mary and other  
 ancient Poems from MSS. of the 16th Century.* 1810.  
 8vo. The poem which is common to the MS. and to  
 the *Paradise of daintie deuices* (see British Bib. Vol. I.  
 351) is also in Hunnis, page 60, of the *Widowes Mite*.

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

¶ *A shorte treatise vpon the Turkes Chronicles, compyled  
 by Paulus Jouius byshop of Nucerne, and dedicated  
 to Charles the V Emperour. Drawen oute of the  
 Italyen tong in to Latyne, by Franciscus Niger Bas-*

\* Variations in the Wenman MS. <sup>1</sup> guides, <sup>2</sup> Queene, <sup>3</sup> her,  
<sup>4</sup> her, <sup>5</sup> her.

*sianates.*

*sianates. And translated out of Latyne into englysh by Peter Ashton. The contētes of the boke. The begynnyng of the turkysse empyre. The lyues of al the Turkysh Emperours. The araye and discipline of the Turkysh warfare described & set forth most exactly, the sayd Paulus beyng the authour.*

*Wake up now, Christiens out of your slumbre,  
Of the Turkes to recouer your long lost glory  
Feare not theyr strength, theyr power, ne numbre,  
Sith ryght & not myght, atchyueth the victory.*

(Col.) *Imprinted at London, in Flete strete, at the signe of the Sunne, ouer against the conduyte, by Edwarde VWhitchurche. The xii day of Auguste, the yere of our lorde M.D.XLVI. Cum, &c. Oct. 152 leaves.*

“A singular poem,” according to Ritson’s *Bibliographia Poetica*, is at the back of the title.

“*Thomas Cicell.*”

“As warres betwene Rome and Carthage were aye moral,  
When Amylcar had sworne hys yonge sonne Annibal  
He then vnnethe 1x yeres of age,  
When he myght for hys tender age,  
To the people of Rome to be most deadly foe :  
To whome he plyght his faythe and truthe it shulde be so.  
Wherefore although he dyd sore dere  
The Romaynes theyr empyre.  
Wyth beastly crueltie, which forst not of the goddes :  
Yet at last, as by wyll of thalmyghty Goddes  
Stept forth Scipio that worthy knyght,  
Whome Annibal wyth al hys myght [stede,  
Could not w’stand: for why his wyles stode hym no  
Then Carthage thou layest al along: the goddes indede  
Such desteny for the had dyght:  
So stode theauens when thou wert buylt.  
So O Christendome, Thottoman hath ben enermore  
Thy cruel and heauy foe, and greued the ryght sore.  
Bloodshed and slaughter he hath wrought,  
To destroye the al meanes hath he sought.  
Thy fresh flowers he hath bereued, thy riche, thy stronge,  
Thy noble cities they ben his. Thou hast more wronge,  
Constantinople,

Constantinople, Rhodes, Belgrade,  
 Bude hys herytage he hath made.  
 Whylom whiche were thyne, and shalbe I hope agayne,  
 For well I wot, that cursed seede shal not long raygne.  
 For some Christien Camillus,  
 Or Scipio Africanus. [store  
 (Be of good chere) shall spryng vp, which wyll the re-  
 To ioye, ryches, and wealth, double thou had before.  
 This blooddye Turkeysh Annibal  
 His power shall fade and haue a fall.  
 Nowe all ye gentrye of Englande this boke embrace,  
 For of Christendome so standeth the plyght and case.  
 No hystorye is more requisite,  
 And it is nowe set forthe with lyght."

The Epistle Dedicatory is addressed to Sir Rafe Sadler, Knight, Master of the King's Wardrobe, by "his most humble seruant Peter Assheton;" who, after urging the great advantages derived from the knowledge of history, speaks with becoming diffidence of his own performance.

"This simple translation althoughe it be, of my behalfe but rudely and groslye turned, yet neuerthelesse I shal most humbly beseeche your getylnes to accept and take it in good worthe. So that al other, (to whose hands it shal come) este-myng it, as a thinge, through the name of your right honorable mastership, sufficiently auctorised worthy to be looked on maye the more earnestly read & embrace it. Desyryng your goodnes, not so muche to regarde & loke for picked termes & strange Englishe wordes, (whiche in deed be not here) as for the playne settinge forthe of the sentence and right declaration of the history. For truly, throwghe out al this simple & rude translation, I studyed rather to vse the most playn and famylier english speeche, the ether Chaucers wordes (which by reason of antiquitie be almost out of vse) or els inkhorne termes, (as they call them) whiche the common people, for lacke of latin, do not vnderstand. . . . In this poynt I dyffer somewhat fro the most parte of writers now a dayes."

The history is divided into twenty chapters, commencing with the choice of Solyman as captain to oppose "the noble and valiant christen capitayne Godfray de Boleigne," and concludes with the Solyman then reigning. In the last chapter is described an intended combination of Christian powers to overthrow the Turkish empire in the time of Leo X.

"But

“ But lyke as there was nothyng more difficulte ne harde, at that tyme, than to assemble and bring together the strength and power of the Christyens, and namelye those mightye princes, so it pleased God that al this consultatio<sup>n</sup> and appoyntment shulde be dashed and lefte vndone, that this occasion to vanquissb and bryng vnder the Turkes, myght be deferred vnto a more quyete, and conuenient tyme, and thus beyng reserved for youre noble maiestie, readye nowe and of sufficiente age to vndertake the same, might aduau<sup>n</sup>ce you (as through your manyfolde vertues your maiestie well deserueth) to the hyghest step and prycke of sincere prayse and glorye.”

\* \*

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¶ *A Regiment for the Sea: contaynyng most profitable Rules, Mathematical experiences, and perfect knowledge of Nauigation, for all Coastes and Countreys: most needful and necessary for all Senfaryng men and Travellers, as Pilotes, Mariners, Marchauntes, &c. Exactly deuised and made, by William Bourne. [Wood-cut of a ship.] Imprinted at London nigh vnto the three Cranes in the Vintree, by Thomas Dawson, and Thomas Gardyner, for John Wight. No date.\* 4to. folios 63, with 12 of prefatory matter.*

It is dedicated “ to the Right. Honourable Edward Earle of Lincolne, Baron of Clinton and Say, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, Lord High Admirall of England, Ireland, and Wales, and of the Dominions and Iles therof, of the Towne of Calice, and Marches of the same, Normandie, Gascoygne, and Guyone, and Captayne Generall of the Queenes Majesties Seas and Nauie Royall.” Following are a “ Preface to the Reader;” three commendatory verses not mentioned by Ritson;

\* This edition does not seem noticed in *Herbert*; for others by *Hacket*, 4to. no date (circa 1574); *East* for *Wight*, 1584, 4to.; *East* for *Thomas Wight*, 4to. 1596; vide *Herbert*, Vol. II. 899, 783, 1020.

“ I. H.

“ I. H. in Commendation of the Booke,” seven lines.  
 “ T. H. in prayse of the Author,” eighteen lines. “ A. R.  
 to the Author,” eighty lines, neither of them worth trans-  
 scribing. “ The Kalendar;” “ A Table or Kalender for  
 30 years,” from 1574 to 1603; on the length of the day.  
 “ A Table of the reigne of Kinges since the Conquest.”  
 “ A profitable and necessary Rule to knowe the begyn-  
 ning and endyng of every Terme, with their Returnes.”  
 Then succeeds the work, which is completed in sixty-three  
 folios. It concludes, “ shortly after this, looke for two  
 other workes of myne, the one called, *The Shootyng in  
 great Ordinance*, and another named, *A Treasure for  
 Trauellers*: whiche two bookes wyll be profitable, I trust,  
 for al men. If these my labors may profit my countrey,  
 then haue I my desire. And thus I byd thee moste  
 hartily farewell ”

A MS. note in my copy says this edition was printed  
 in 1577.

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

¶ *A Sermon preached upon Sunday, beeing the twelfth  
 of March, Anno 1581, within the Tower of London:  
 In the hearing of such obstinate Papistes as then  
 were prisoners there: by William Fulke, Doctor in  
 Diuinitie, and M. of Penbroke Hall in Cambridge.  
 Imprinted at London, by Thomas Dawson, for  
 George Bishop. 1581. Col. Imprinted at London  
 at the three Cranes in the Vintree, by Thomas Daw-  
 son, for George Bishop. 1581. Sixteens. 65 leaves.*

The text John xvii. v. 17, and the writer alledges the sanc-  
 tification of Papists detestable. “ As their holie water, their  
 holie bread, their holie candles, crosses, and such like; and,  
 especially, their holie masse, wherof they make greatest ac-  
 count, and their holie father, whom they name and affirme  
 not only to be most holy, but to be holinesse it selfe.”

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# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup> VII.

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¶ *The Funerallles of King Edward the sixt. Wherin are declared the causers and causes of his death.* [Wood-cut. Portrait of the king in an ornamented oval,\* having on the rim *Edwardvs sextvs dei gracia, Anglie, Francie, et Hibernie rex, etc. Ætatis svæ xv.*] *Wisedome. iiii. He pleased God, and was beloved of him, and therefore hath God removed him from sinners among whom he lived. Yea sodaynly was he taken awaye, to the ende that wickednes should not alter his vnderstanding. Though he dyed yong, yet fulfilled he much time, for his soule pleased God, therfore hasted he to take him awaye from among the wycked.* [Last leaf recto wood-cut repeated; rev. the man in a labyrinth, beneath] *Imprinted at London in Flete-strete nere to saynct Dunstons church by Thomas Marsh. Anno Domini 1560. qto. 12 leaves.*

AT the back of the title the following account of this work is given in an address from

“ *William Baldwin to the Reader.* Great hath been the doubt among many, ever since the death of our late vertuous soverayne Lorde King Edward the syxt, by what meane he dyed, and what were the causes of his death. This doubte is fully resolved in this booke penned before his corse was buried,

\* Not inserted in Bromley or Granger.

& endeoured since by many meanes to have had been printed: but such was the time, that it could not be brought to passe: Wherefore now at length (good Reader) it is set furth both to take away all doubt in this matter, and to exhort thee to leave thy sinnes, and noughty living: least, that as they wer in part the vndoubted cause of that moost godly prynces death, so they becum the destruction of our vertuous Queen his sister, and vtter ruine of this whole realme. For as thou shalt perceyue by this true treati[s]e, our innumerable sinnes were the chiefe, yea the only cause why God so soone tooke good Kyng Edward from vs: which surely if we do not spedely repent and amend, I dare not declare with how grevous and heavy plagues God him selfe will purge and punish them. Wherefore I earnestly besече thee, as thae lovest the Queen, the realme, yea, thine owne body and soule, amend thy life. God graunt this may perswade thee. Amen. Love and live."

This is one of the rarest of Baldwin's publications. It consists of three poems, the first on the funeral of the king commences with no less characters than the Almighty and his Son. The intercession of the latter, to preserve the nation from divine vengeance and entire destruction from the prevalence of sin, obtains that only the monarch shall be afflicted as a warning, which, if not attended to, must end with his death. The directions of the Almighty to his agent "Crazy Cold," the journey and attack on the King, are thus described:

" This sayd, he called to his seruant Crazy cold,  
Whom the isy king kept prisoner in his hold  
Beneath the poales, where vnder he doth dwell  
In grysy darke like to the diepe of hell,  
In rockes and caves of snow and clotted yse  
That never thaw, and sayd him, in this wise:  
About five climates henceward to the south,  
Betwene the maynland and the ocean mouth,  
Two ylandes lye, skarce distant forty mile,  
Whereof the larger, and more eastward yle;  
Cald Britaine once, til time that peoples sin  
Draue out them selves & brought straunge nacions in:  
Is now devided into porcions three,  
And in the same thre sundry peoples be,  
Of which the best and cyuil like in sight,  
But wurst in deede, the English nacion hight,  
And they indwel the south part of the land.  
Ero the midst wherof (marke wel, and vnderstand)

A. rive.

A river runneth eastward to the mayne  
 Sea arme, that parteth it and Fraunce in twayne,  
 About this riuer mighty bowres  
 Are cumly buylt, with castels, halles, and towres.  
 In which the king and rulers commonly  
 In wynter time, with al theyr housholdes lye.  
 To one of these I wil thou hye in poste,  
 To that I meane where as the prince is moste:  
 I thought to byd thee marke the great resort,  
 But do not so, for other beare a porte  
 As great as he, and greater otherwhile;  
 But take this note, which will the not begile,  
 The mournful chere of many a suters face  
 Will shew the sure which is his bidding place.  
 And when thou hast his place and person found  
 I will thou shalt his helthy body vnsound:  
 But see thou hurt him not vnto the death,  
 Thou shalt but stop his loung pipes, that his breth  
 Constraynd, may cause the cough brede in his breast:  
 Els what shall cure or quel vp all the rest.  
 But in this feat I charge the see thou looke  
 Thou harme him not while he is at his booke,  
 Or other kinde of vertuous exercise:  
 Neyther yet at game so it be voyd of vice.  
 But if this winter time thou mayst him marke  
 To ride all day, all armde about the parke,  
 Or els at dice or tenis out of time  
 To over-watch or toyle him selfe, for such a crime  
 Strike hardily, but not to hard, I say,  
 This is thy charge, about it, go thy way.

Scarce was this errand throwly to him tolde,  
 But forth he came this shivering crasy cold,  
 With ysickles bebristled like a bore,  
 About his head behind and eke before.  
 His skin was hard, al made of glassy yse,  
 Ouerheard with hore frost, like gray Irishe frise,  
 His armes and legges, to kepe him warme I trowe,  
 Wer skaled through with flakes of frosen snowe,  
 And from his mouth there reekt a breth so hot,  
 As touched nothing that congeled not.

And when he had arowd him selfe a while,  
 And stretcht his ioyntes as stiffe as any stile:  
 Because he would his charge no longer slacke,  
 He got vp on blustring Boreas backe,  
 And forth he went: but his horse so heaty trode,  
 That al the world might knowe which way he rode:

For in his way there grew no maner grene,  
 That could in thre dayes after wel be sene.  
 His breth and braying was so sharpe and shrill,  
 That fluds for feare hard cluddered, stood full still.  
 The seas did quake and tremble in such sort,  
 That neuer a ship durst venter out of port.  
 The holtes, the heathes, the hilles became al hore,  
 The trees did shrinke, al thinges were troubled sore.

When this fel horseman with his griesly stede,  
 Had passed Iseland and made forth such spede,  
 That many Skots bad: fuleyle ta the churle,  
 That slue their lambes and cattall with his whurle,  
 He passed Yorke, and came to London strait  
 And there alight to geve his horse a bayt.  
 Where ere he had three dayes in stable stood,  
 He eat so much, the poore could get no wood,  
 Except they would pay after double price,  
 For billet treble vnder common cise.

But Crasy cold lurkt al this while at court,  
 To watche his time when he the king might hourt:  
 And when he saw him on a morning sweat,  
 And call for drinke to coole his tennis heat,  
 He slyly crept, and hid him in the cup:  
 And when the King, alas, had drunke him vp,  
 Into his stomacke downward he him got,  
 And there parceyving all the inwards hot,  
 And that eche part ful gredily did plucke.  
 To save it selfe, all succour it might sucke,  
 He markt the chill that went vnto the lounges,  
 And throwly myxt his vertue ther amonges:  
 And cooling it so stopt the pipes therwith,  
 As to dissolve pure nature wanted pith.

This doen to London strait this fryend he came,  
 And there infected divers with the same:  
 Wherof most part, not over charly tended,  
 Recovered well and throwly are amended,  
 And sum whose nature phisicke overprest  
 Are goen to God, and slepe in quyet rest.

Whan crasy cold this cruel feat had wrought,  
 He tookē his steede that had him thither brought,  
 And furth he rode to him that sent him hither,  
 And so forth home, or els I wot not whither."

The preachers having in vain addressed their discourses to the people, to amend their lives, who made a  
 "common

“common iesting stocke,” of these prophets; the same all-ruling Power finally dispatches Death to the suffering monarch to “cleave in twayne his vertuous godly hart.”

The next poem is entitled “an exhortation to the repentaunce of sinnes, and amendment of life, which were the cause of the kinges death, & wil be the destruction of the Realme if God be not the more mercifull vnto vs.” This is in twelve stanzas, such as:

“Repent you marchantes your straunge marchandises,  
Of personages, prebends, anowsons of benefices,  
Of landes, of leases, of office, of fees,  
Your monging of vitayles, corne, butter, and cheese:  
Your caryng out good wares, and bringing such in  
As sarve to no purpose, save bredyng vp sin.  
For this was the cause of the kinges death in dede,  
And wil be his sisters without better hede.”

“The Death playnt or life prayse of the most noble and vertuous Prince, King Edward the syxt,” is given in the last piece of four stanzas, thus concluding:

“Wo wurth our sinnes, our sinnes, our sins I say,  
The wreke wherof hath reft vs such a loan,  
As never realme the like recover may,  
In princely giftes, the Phenix byrd alone.  
Oh happy he, but we full wo begoen  
Whose haynous sins have slayne the giltles gide,  
Whose soule the heave~, whose corse this herse doth hide.

Finis.

King Edward sickened the first day of February, at Whitehall, and on the syxte day of Julye next folowing, died he at Greenwich, and was buried in Westminster church. Anno 1553.”

The subject of this article escaped the researches of Ritson: it is noticed by Herbert in his account of Baldwin as a printer.

J. H.

¶ *A Prayer sayd in the kinges Chappell in the tyme of hys graces Sicknes, for the restauracion of his helth, commaunded to be sayd there, by the right Honorable*

*Erle of Bedford, and mete to be used of all the kinges  
trew Subiectes. Set forth the xix. day of June.  
M. D. LIII.*

“ O Almighty, and moste mercifull Lorde, the onely lyfe and helth, of all theym that trust in thee, whhich workest saluacio<sup>n</sup> in thy elect, aswell by sicknes as other wise, and therefore bringest them very lowe, and yet restorest to helth againe looke downe wyth thy pytyfull Eies vpon thy seruauant Edward our Kyng, and vpon this Realme of England, professing th worde & holy name, and as thou didest moste fauorably deliuer King Ezechias fro<sup>m</sup> extreame sicknes, and prolongedst hi lyfe for the saluegarde of thy people the Israelites, & defendedst them and the citie from the tyranny of the Assyra<sup>n</sup>s: so we moste entierlye appeale to thy great mercies, graciously to restore the helth and stre<sup>n</sup>gth agayne of thy seru[au]nt Edward our Soueraine Lorde, that as thou haste begonne by him the rooting out of Errour, Idolatry & Supersticion and the planting of trew Religion, trew worshippyng & veritie: so it may please thy mercifull goodnes, lo<sup>n</sup>ge to preserue hym for the confyr macy<sup>o</sup> & establishme<sup>n</sup>t of the same, and also for the saulfgard and defence of this Realme, from al outward & inward Enemies for the glorye of thy holye name. Looke not herin (O Lorde vpon our desertes, whyche for abusinge thy worde, and sinfulness, deserue great punishmentes, but vpon thy plentyful mer eyes, whyche reioycest to heale the greatest myseries. Be no lesse fauorable (O Lorde) at this present, to Edward our kyng restorynge thy trew religion: then in times past to Ezechia reformyng thy Religio<sup>n</sup>. Be no lesse mercyfull to Englan thy Church now: then in those dayes to Jury thy Church than. But as thy heauc<sup>n</sup>ly grace hath ben more reueled i these dayes by the co<sup>m</sup>myng of thy deare So<sup>n</sup>e our Sauour an mayster Chryste, and preachyng of the Gospell: so it ma please thy fatherlye loue and goodnes, to bestow vpon vs mor abundaunce of the same fauorable grace and mercy, accord ing to thy wyl in this our hu<sup>m</sup>ble request. Do thys O mos mercifull Father for thy owne names sake, and for the meryte and death of thy Sonne our only medyator and redemer Jesu Christe. Amen.

“ Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the Sygne of th Rose Garland, by wyllyam Copland.”

From a broad sheet, with metal borders up the sides. The capital O elegantly cut, having a shield with the royal arms of Edward the Sixth in the center.

J. H.  
Th

¶ *The Knave of Clubbs.* [Wood-cut of the Knave, with an arrow, having a javelin point.] Printed at London by E. A. dwelling on Lambard hill neere olde Fish-street. 1611. qto. 23 leaves.

This is the first of the series of Knaves by Samuel Rowlands. It is dedicated

“ *To Fustis, Knave of Clubbs.*

“ Fvstis, the humours of a knaue  
 To thee I dedicate;  
 Which hath bin christned knaue of Clubs,  
 By gentle-men of late.  
 For thy notorious swaggering life,  
 Thou liu’st about the towne;  
 And Fleet-street fraies, when prentices  
 With clubs did knock thee downe:  
 Thy tricks, and feates, thou hast at cards,  
 To cut vpon a knaue,  
 That let a man draw where he will,  
 Thy picture he shall haue.  
 Thy haunting of the dicing-house,  
 To cheate a liuing there,  
 The panders profit out of whores,  
 For whome thou’lt fight and sweare.  
 Thy bould and brasen fac’d exploit  
 In want, some quoine to get,  
 At Bedlem bouling-alley late,  
 Where citizens did bet:  
 And threw their money on the ground,  
 To which thou didst incline,  
 And taking vp an angell, swore  
 By God this game is mine.  
 While they vpon each other looke  
 Not knowing what to say:  
 Clubs calls (come sirha) to his man,  
 And goes with quoine away.  
 These and a thousand villanies,  
 Which now I will omit,  
 Hath got thee placed Captain heere,  
 Because thou merrits it,

March in the fore front of my booke,  
 And say I vse thee kinde:  
 A crew of madmen, knaues and fooles,  
 Thy fellowes, come behinde.

S. R.\*

Versifying some old or familiar and humorous stories satirical sketches of the lower classes of society, and an occasional epigram, forms the present medley. A poem rather too long for our occasion, describes largely the various Gulls: their manners, imbecility of character and tricks practised upon them by artfull cozeners. A short extract will suffice.

“ One wittily describ'd a Gull,  
 In different sorte and kinde,  
 And to the life doth paint a fop,  
 For eies that are not blinde.  
 His first Gull feares a silken wench,  
 Her veluet gowne doth scare him;  
 Another weares a siluer hilt,  
 Yet every boy will dare him.  
 Next commeth fashion's Iack-an-apes,  
 A Gull compos'd of pride,  
 That hath his goodnes in good cloathes,  
 And nothing good beside.  
 And lastly he's a Gul of Guls,  
 That makes an outward seeming,  
 Yet hath not one poor ounce of wit,  
 That's worth wise mens esteeming.. . . .

In another part one would

learne besides forsooth,  
 To make a deuill rise.  
 This was allowed to the match,  
 And he must fall to charme,  
 So both against the poynted day,  
 Themselues for spirits arme.  
 The Gull gets on a surplis  
 With a crope vpon his brest,  
 Like *Allen* playing *Faustus*,\*  
 In that manner was he drest.

\* In the title of C. Marlow's *Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*, is a wood-cut, with such a representation and the lines identify the actor.



And hauing all his furniture,  
 He steps into the ring,  
 Saies his instructor, stir not out,  
 I must go fetch a thing. . . . .”

This proves to be a constable. At the end a short epilogue, declares,

“ The knaue of Clubs his part hath plaid,  
 But now wee want Hart, Diamond, Spade. . . .  
 So till they be together drawne,  
 Pray keepe the knaue of Clubs in pawne.”

A fly leaf, with wood-cut, as in the title, repeated.

J. H.

¶ *The Knave of Harts. Haile Fellow, well met*  
 [Wood-cut of the Knave of Harts accosting the Knave  
 of Clubs.] *London; Printed by T. S. and are to be*  
*solde by George Loftus at his shop vnder S. Sepulcher*  
*Church. 1612. qto. 24 leaves.*

The muse of Rowlands is seldom found in good company. Her best characters are generally picked up by the way side among the idle and vicious; sometimes on benches of tippling houses, and too often the precinct of Bridewell; or from the crowd that usually waited upon a delinquent wearing “Tyburne-tiffany.” Her only interest is founded upon locality of description, which may be presumed a faithful, if not a flattering copy of the times. An address from “the Knave of Harts to his three Brethren Knaues,” is succeeded by the following curious supplication from the hero Hearts describing the habiliments of himself and colleagues.

“ *The Knaue of Harts his Supplication to Card Makers.*

“ We are abused in a great degree;  
 For, there’s no Knaues so wronged as are wee.  
 By those that chiefly should be our part-takers:  
 And thus it is my Maisters, you Card-makers,

A

All other Knaues are at their owne free-will,  
 To braue it out, and follow fashion still  
 In any cut, according to the time,  
 But we poor Knaues (I know not for what crime)  
 Are kept in pie-bald suites, which we haue worne  
 Hundred of yeares, this hardly can be borne.  
 The idle-headed French deuise'd vs first,  
 Who of all fashiou-mongers is the worst :  
 For he doth change farre oftner than the moone,  
 Dislikes his morning suite in th' after-noone.  
 The English is his imitating ape,  
 In euery toy the tailers-sheares can shape,  
 Come dropping after, as the diuell entices,  
 And putteth on the French-mans cast deuises.  
 Yet wee (with whom thus long they both haue plaid)  
 Must wear the suites in which we first were made.  
 It is no maruell euery base consort,  
 When he hath lost his money, will report  
 All ill of vs, and giueth these rewards,  
 A poxe vpon these scuruy lowsie Cardes :  
 How can we choose but haue the itching gift,  
 Kept in one kinde of cloaths, and neuer shift ?  
 Or, to be scuruie, how can we forbear,  
 That neuer yet had shirt or band to weare ?  
 How bad I and my fellow Dimond goes,  
 We neuer yet had garter to our hose ;  
 Nor any shooe to put vpon our feete,  
 With such base cloaths, tis e'en a shame to see't.  
 My sleeues are like some morris-dancing fellow,  
 My stockings ideot-like, red, greene and yealow.  
 My breeches like a paire of lute-pins be,  
 Scarse buttocke-roome, as euery man may see.  
 Like three-penie watch-men, three of vs doe stand,  
 Each with a rustie browne-bill in his hand :  
 And Clubs he holds an arrow, like a clowne,  
 The head-end vpward, and the feathers downe.  
 Thus we are wrong'd and thus we are agrieu'd,  
 And thus long time we haue beene vnrelieu'd.  
 But, Card makers, of you, Harts reason craues,  
 Why we should be restrain'd aboue all Knaues  
 To weare such patched and disguis'd attire ?  
 Answere but this of kindnesse we require :  
 Shew vs (I pray) some reason, how it haps,  
 That we are euer bound to weare flat-caps.  
 As though we had vnto a cities trade,  
 Bin prentises, and so were free-men made.

Had we blacke gownes, vpon my life I sweare,  
 Many would say that we foure sericants were:  
 And that would bring Card-play in small request  
 With gallants that were fearefull of arrest:  
 For, melancholy they would euer be  
 A sericants picture in their hands to see:  
 Others that Clubs and Spades apparrell notes  
 Because they both are in side-guarded coates.  
 Tearme them two vsurers, villanous rich,  
 To whom the diuell is beholden much.  
 And loues their trades of getting gold so well,  
 They shall be welcome to his flames in hell.  
 Others say, if we had white aprons on,  
 We would be like vnto *Anon, Anon,*  
*What is it Gentlemen you please to drinke?*  
 And some, because we haue no beards doe thinke  
 We are foure panders, with our lowsie lockes,  
 Whose naked cbinnes are shauen with the poxe:  
 Diuers opinions there be other showes,  
 Because we walke in jerkins and in hose,  
 Without an vpper garment, cloake, or goune,  
 We must be tapsters running vp and downe  
 With cannes of beere, (malt sod in fishes broth)  
 And those they say are fil'd with nick and froth.  
 Other auouch w'are of the smoky crew,  
 A trade that stinckes, although it be but new.  
 Such fellowes as sit all the day in smother,  
 And drinke, like diuels, fire to each other.  
 Thus are we plaid vpon by each base groome,  
 Nay, let a paire of Cards lye in a roome,  
 Where any idle fellow commeth in,  
 The Knaues hee'll single out and thus begin.  
 Here are foure millers for their honest dealing,  
 Or tailers, for the gift they haue in stealing:  
 Or brokers for their buying things are stole:  
 Or bakers, for their looking throw a hole:  
 Or colliers, for not filling of their sakes:  
 Thus we are plaid vpon by sawcy Iackes.  
 And therefore if perswasions may but winne you,  
 Good Card-makers, (if there be any goodnes in you)  
 Apparrell vs with more respected care,  
 Put vs in hats, our caps are worne thread-bare.  
 Let vs haue standing collers, in the fashion:  
 (All are become a stiffe-neck generation)  
 Rose hat-bands, with the shagged ragged ruffe,  
 Great cabbage-shoestrings (pray you bigge enongh)

French doublet, and the Spanish hose to breech it,  
 Short cloakes, like old Mandilions (wee beseech it)  
 Exchange our swords, and take away our bits,  
 Let vs haue rapiers (knaues loue fight that kills)  
 Put vs in bootes, and make vs leather legs,  
 This Harts most humbly, and his fellowes begs."

Our author next describes a band of worldly knaves to the number of sixteen: such as the proud, shifting, lying, whoring, dissembling, hypocritical, drunken, swearing, theeuing, slothfull, busie, prophane, prodigall, ingratefull, couetous, and enuious knave. Of his narrative pieces I shall select one that has been closely copied by a modern writer of some eminence.

*" Craft beguiles Subtiltie.*

" A morning draught one was enioyn'd,  
 For to allow his wife,  
 Condition'd in her widdow-hood:  
 And to auoide all strife  
 Kept couenant, vnwilling tho:  
 For euery day a cup  
 Must be prepar'd of Muscadine,  
 Against her rising vp,  
 And that she emptied all alone,  
 (Her husband had no share,)  
 Telling him she great reason had,  
 To see the bottome bare:  
 Because there was a crucifixe  
 Grauen within the bowle:  
 And to behold that image was  
 A comfort to her soule.  
 He, hearing this, taketh the cuppe,  
 And to a goldsmith goes,  
 Willing him race that picture out,  
 And in the stead, bestowes  
 The domge \* of a diuels face  
 With hornes most largely fraught,  
 Conueying it in place againe,  
 To serue the morning's draught.  
 His wife next day doth take the same,  
 According to her vse:  
 And filling out the wine therein,  
 Perceiuing the abuse,

\* Sic. Qu. image?

Smiles to herselfe, then drinke it of,  
 And firs out againe.  
 And that she turneth likewise downe  
 In a carousing vaine.  
 Hold wife (quoth he) you drinke too deepe,  
 Your 'lowance you exceed:  
 You see no Sauour's picture now,  
 And therefore pray take heed.  
 I know it very well (said she)  
 My husband, thinke not strange;  
 My cup hath alter'd fashion now,  
 And that doth make me change:  
 In place of Christ I doe behold,  
 A diuell sterne and grim,  
 Which makes me drinke a double draught  
 Euen in despight of him.  
 Sure wife (quoth he) I like not this:  
 The picture shall be mended:  
 For if you spite the diuell thus,  
 My purse will be offended."\*

The

\* The late Rev. Mr. Bishop, with his usual felicity, has given to this "impotent conclusion" a turn that renders the dross gold, by the following Epigram.

*"Quod Petis, hic est.*

"No plate had John and Joan to hoard,  
 Plain folk in humble plight;  
 One only tankard crown'd their board;  
 And that was fill'd each night;—  
 Along whose inner bottom sketch'd  
 In pride of chubby grace,  
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd  
 A baby angel's face.  
 John swallow'd first a moderate sup;  
 But Joan was not like John;  
 For when her lips once touch'd the cup  
 She swill'd till all was gone.  
 John often urg'd her to drink fair,  
 But she ne'er chang'd a jot;  
 She lov'd to see the angel there,  
 And therefore drain'd the pot.  
 When John found all remonstrance vain,  
 Another card he play'd;  
 And where the angel stood so plain,  
 He got a devil portray'd.  
 Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,  
 Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;

And

The following Epigrams are upon the same subject as an article in our last volume, p. 537.

“ They say, the better day, the better deede:  
 Sellman sayes no, who with the diuell decreed,  
 Vpon the day of Christ's natiuitie,  
 In the King's Chappell, to commit fellonie.  
 Oh daring wretch, so spent of heauenly grace,  
 To steale at such a time, in such a place:  
 Too true thy name and deedes alike haue bin,  
 Thou wast a Sell-man of thy self to sinne.”

“ When this picke pocket, suffer'd vitall losse  
 Betweene the Court-gate hang'd, & Charing Crosse:  
 One of his fellowes (for the diuing trickes)  
 At th' execution place a pocket pickes:  
 One in the church, where God is honour'd chiefe,  
 Another at the gallowes playes the thiefe.  
 What can diuert such wretches from their euill,  
 That feare not God, the hang-man, nor the diuell.”

The series of Rowlands' Knaves must have been three in number, which have all been noticed.\* The subject of the present article has a richer flow of humour than the others, but they are all equally scarce.†

J. H.

And ever when she seiz'd her ale,  
 She clear'd it at a draught.—  
 John star'd, with wonder petrify'd;  
 His hair stood on his pate;  
 And ' why dost guzzle now,' he cry'd,  
 At this enormous rate?—  
 ' Oh! John,' she said, ' am I to blame?  
 I can't in conscience stop:  
 For sure 'twould be a burning shame  
 To leave the devil a drop!’

*Poems, Vol. II. p. 180.*

\* See Vol. I. p. 548. The tract there described was the third and last published.

† A short quotation from one poem may prove amusing to theatrical critics:

“ The *aches* that are in my backe,  
 And bid me still good morrow,  
 And shake the shaking palsie off;  
 I would shake off all sorrow.”

*Cum*

¶ *Bellum Erasmi. Translated into Englyshe. Londini in aedibus Tho. Bertheleti. An. M. D. XXXIII. Cum privilegio.* [Col.] *Thomas Berthelet regius impressor excudebat, An. 1543. Cum privilegio.* Oct. 40 leaves.

This translation appears to be anonymous. The cruelty of man in war, as compared with animals, may be selected in these times as not incurious.

“ There are manye of the brute beastis, eche in his kynde, that agree and lyue in gentylle facion to gether, and they go to gether in hirdes and flockes, and eche helpeth to defende other. Nor it is not the nature of all wyld beasts to fyghte. For some are harmeles as doois and haaris. But they that are the moste fierse of all, as lyons, wolfes, and tygers, doo not make warre amonge theym selfe as we doo. One dogge eatethe not an nother. The lyons, though they be fierse and cruelle, yet they fyghte not amonge theymselfe. One dragon is in peace with an other. And there is agreement amonge poysons. But vnto man there is no wyld or cruel beast more hurtfull, than man.

“ Ageyne, when the brute beastis fyght, they fyght with their owne naturall armour: we men, aboue nature, to the distruction of men, arme our self with armour, inuented by craft of the dyuell. Nor the wyld beastis are not cruell for euery cause: but eyther when hunger maketh them fierse, or els when they perceyue them selfe to be hunted and pursued to the dethe or elles when they fere leste their yonglynges shuld take any harme or be stollen from them. But (oh good Lord) for what tryflynge causes, what tragidies of warre do we styre vp? For moste vayne titles, for chyldyshe wrathe, for a wenche, ye and for causes moche more scornefull then these, we be inflamed to fyght. More ouer, when the brute beastis fyghte, theyr warre is one for one, ye and that is verye shorte. And when the battayle is soorest foughten, yet is there not paste one or two, that goeth away sore wounded, when it was euer harde, that an hundred thousande brute beastis were slayn at one tyme fyghtyng and tearynge one an other: whiche thyng men do full oft & in many places? And besyde this, where as some wyld beasts haue naturall debate with some other, that be of a contrary kynde: so agayne there be some with whiche they louyngly agree in a sure amitie. But man  
with.

with man, and eche with other, haue amonge them continuall warre: nor there is no leage sure inough amoꝛge any men. So that what so euer it be, that hath gone out of kynde, it hath gone out of kynde into a worse facion; then though nature her self had inge'dred therin a malyce at the begynnyng.

“Wyll ye se howe beastly, howe fowle, and howe vnworthy a thyng warre is for man? Dyd ye neuer beholde a lyon let loose vnto a beare? What gapynges, what rorynges, what grisely gnesshynges, what tearynges of theyr flesshe, is there? He trembleth that beholdeth theym, yea though he stande sure and safe inough from them. But howe moche more grisely a sighte is it, howe moche more outragious and cruel, to beholde man, to fyght with man, arrayed with so moche armour, and with so many weapons? I beseche you, who wolde beleue that they were men, & it were not bycause warre is a thyng so moche in custome, that no man meruayleth at it? Theyr eies glow lyke fyre, theyr faces be paale, theyr marchyng forth is lyke men in a furie, theyr voyce skrytshynges and gruntynges, theyr crye and clamour woode, all is iron, theyr harnes and weapons gynglen and cluteren, & the gounnes thondren. It myght haue ben better suffred, if man for lacke of meate and drynke, shuld haue fought with man, to the intent he myght deuour his fleshe and drynke his bloude. All be it it is come also nowe to that passe, that, somme there be, that do it more of hatrede, then either for hunger or for thyrste. But now this same thyng is done more cruelly, with weapons enuenomed and with diuylishe ingins; so that no where can be perceyued any token of man.”

The life of a soldier is thus descanted on:

“What is he that can reken all the incommodious lyfe that the mooste folyshesowdiours suffern in the feld? And for that worthy to endure worse, in that they woll suffer it wyllingly. Theyr meat is so yll, that an oxe of Cypres wolde be loth to eate hit: they haue but lyttell slepe, nor yet that at theyr owne pleasure. Theyr tentes on enery syde are open on the wynde. What a tent? no, no, they muste all the daye longe be it hotte or colde, wete or drye, stande in the open ayre, slepe on the bare grounde, stande in theyr harnes. They muste suffre hunger, thruste, colde, hete, duste, shoures, they muste be obedient to theyr capitaynes, sometymes they be clapt on the pate with a warder or a truncheon, so that there is no bondage so vile as the bondage of sodiours.”

\* \* \*

The



¶ *The Tragicall His-  
tōrye of Romeus and Iuliet, writ-  
ten first in Italian by Bandell,  
and nowe in Englishe by  
Ar Br.*

*In uedibus Richardi Tottelli.*

*Cum Priuilegio.*

[Col.] ¶ *Imprinted at London in  
Flete strete within Temble barre, at  
the signe of the hand and starre, by  
Richard Tottill the xix day of  
Nouember. An. do. 1562.\**

The late Mr. Capell possessed two copies of this rare poem, one printed 1562, and the other 1587.† The first was supposed to be perfect (except wanting title) which Mr. Malone transcribed, above 1300 lines, in a very short period of time, and, adding the title of 1587, had it “reprinted entire” in his valuable *Supplement* to Johnson and Steevens’s *Shakspeare*,‡ in 178. From that source it has since been repeated in the editions of 1785-90-93-1803.

The records of the translator, Arthur Broke, are very slight. By an epitaph on him, pointed out by Mr. Malone, among the poems of Turberville § and some lines by “Tho. Broke the younger,” (probably his brother) it appears that he was shipwrecked, and lost his life in a voyage to Newhaven, late in the year 1562 or early in 1563. ||

Of the poem Warton gives the following entry from the Stationers’ Register in 1562, “Recevyd of Mr Tottle for his license for pryntinge of the tragicall history of

\* In fours, extends to fo. 84, besides four leaves of introduction. Title and Colophon given *ad lineatum*.

† See No. 192, 193, of Capell’s *Shakesperiana*, 1779.

‡ Vol. I. p. 276. About twelve copies were taken off with new paging for private distribution.

§ See Chalmers’s edition of *English Poets*, Vol. II. p. 651.

|| Herbert’s *Typographical Antiquities*, 525.

the Romeus and Julieta with Sonnettes."\* Again entered Feb. 18, 1582 to same printer, and Aug. 5, 1596, as a *newe ballet*, for Edward White.†

Mr. Malone was of opinion the poem had been taken from the French of Boisteau, rather than the Italian of Bandeoll; ‡ by the restoration of the above title, it will be seen the translator refers only to the Italian author. However, the words in the title "*written first in Italian by Bandell*," do not even *imply* it was translated from that language, and it may be noticed in support of the opinion of the critic, that another work by Broke, printed at nearly the same time, is set forth as "translated out of French." § The reference to Bandell" might be for the purpose of directing the attention of the reader to the original source.

The present copy was obtained from the collection of the Rev. H. White, of the Close, Lichfield, and a material and valuable addition to the reprint, which appears to have been omitted in the edition of 1587, is now recovered in the following address:

"*To the Reader.* The God of all glorye created vniuersallye all creatures, to sette forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteeme profitable in vse and pleasure, and also those, whiche we accompte noysome, and lothsome. But principally, he hath appointed man, the chiefest instrument of his honour, not onely, for ministryng matter thereof in man himselfe: but aswell in gatheryng out of other, the occasions of publishing Gods goodnes, wisdom, & power. And in like sort, euery dooing of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good dooynges of the good, & the euill actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull procedinges of the miserable, doe in diuers sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee, so euery example ministreth good lessons to the well disposed mynde. The glorious triumphe of the continent man vpon the lustes of wanton fleshe, encourageth men to honest restraynt of wyld affections, the shamefull and wretched endes of such, as haue yclded their libertie thrall to fowle desires, teache men to withholde them

\* These Sonnets are probably the introductory lines "to the reader," and "the Argument."

† Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 471, note f.

‡ Shakspeare's Plays, Ed. 1803, Vol. XX. p. 3.

§ Herbert, 915.

selues from the hedlong fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke effect, by sundry meanes, the good mans example byddeth men to be good, and the euill mans mischefe, warneth men not to be euyll. To this good ende, serue all ill endes, of yll begynnynge. And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe vnto thee a couple of vnfortunate louers, thralling themselues to vn honest desire, neglecting the authoritie and aduise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with drunken gossypes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of vnchastitie) attempting all aduentures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, vsyng auricular confession (the key of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of theyr purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawfull marriage, to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of vn honest lyfe, hastyng to most vn happye death. This president (good Reader) shalbe to thee, as the slaues of Lacedemon, oppressed with excesse of drinke, deformed and altered from likenes of men, both in mynde, and vse of body, were to the free borne children, so shewed to them by their parentes, to thintient to rayse in them an hatefull lothyng of so filthy beastlynes. Hereunto if you applye it, ye shall deliuer my dooing from offence, and profit yourselues. Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation, then I can looke for: (being there much better set forth then I haue or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serue to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it,\* which hath the more encouraged me to publishe it, suche as it is. Ar. Br."

The poem rhymes in couplets, but the lines originally were divided throughout; otherwise the measure forms alternate lines of twelve and fourteen syllables. A short specimen, to shew the manner of first printing it, will suffice.

“ There is beyonde the Alps,  
     a towne of auncient fame,  
 Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare,  
     Verona men it name.

\* Steevens, in a note prefixed to the play, rather prophetically observes, “ we are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author’s dramattick pieces:” true: a play founded on the story of Romeo and Juliet, appearing on the stage “ with commendation,” anterior to the time of Shakspeare, is a new discovery for the commentators.

Bylt in an happy time,  
 bylt on a fertile soyle:  
 Mayntained by the heauenly fates,  
 and by the townish toyle." &c. Fo. 1.  
 " The painfull souldiour sore  
 ybet with very warre:  
 The merchant eke that nedefull things  
 doth dred to fetch from farre:  
 The plowman that for doute,  
 of feerce inuading foes,  
 Rather to sit in ydle ease  
 then sowe his tilt hath chose:  
 Reioyce to heare proclaymd  
 the tydinges of the peace:  
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much:  
 but when tlie warres do cease.  
 Then ceased are the harmes  
 which cruell warre bringes foorth.  
 The merchant then may boldly fetch,  
 his wares of precious woorth.  
 Dredelesse the husband man  
 doth till his fertile feeld:  
 For welth her mate, not for her seife,  
 is peace so precious held.  
 So louers liue in care,  
 in dread, and in vnrest:  
 And dedly warre by striuing thoughts  
 they kepe within their brest.  
 But wedlocke is the peace  
 wherby is freedome wonne,  
 To do a thousand pleasant things  
 that should not els be donne." Fo. 23.

J. H.

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¶ *Sir Francis Drake his honorable Life's commendation; and his tragicall Deathe's lamentation. Newly printed, with additions, at Oxford, by Jos. Barnes. 1596. 12mo.*

By Charles Fitzgeffrey, a poet and divine, \* this little volume was inscribed "to the beauteous and vertuous  
 Lady,

\* Vide Athen. Oxon. I. 606, and Censura Literaria, VI. 234. Wood has erroneously considered Fitzgeffrey as the compiler of a poetical

Lady Elizabeth, late wife unto the highlie renowned Sir Francis Drake, deceased," in a pleasing sonnet. Commendatory verses were prefixed by Richard and Francis Rous, Tho. Mychelborne, &c. with several citations from Latin poems in praise of the hero commemorated. The preface is dated from "Broade-gates; Nov. 17, 1596;" and contains the following passages:

"I deprecate the note of improvident; if not impudent audacitie, in that I, who never slept in Parnassus with Hesiod; neither with the Satyrist ever liquorisht my chamfred lips with the pure christaline Aganippe, should take on me (especially in this golden age of poetry) to bringe owles to Athens, and swans to Thames, whose Castalian bankes are embordered with more Muses then Helicon, more admirable conceited poets than the flourishing age of Augustus: and if I needs must be doing, that I should thus audaciously adventure at first on this loftie subject of that ever highly, but never sufficiently, honored and admired Sir F. Drake; and would not rather begin with a gnat, as Virgil did; or with some amorous prelude preambles, as Ennius did; as the falcon † doth

First flagge awhile her fluttring wings beneath,  
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breathe.

"I write, not voluntarily, but fatally. Neither did I seeke occasion, but occasion sought me: and enforced me to adventure on a matter, so far beyond my feeble capacite: *ecce tacent omnes, Nævole dic aliquid*. Well could I wish (if in so wishing I did well) that this larum-bell of death and destruction had not so suddenlie and sorrowfullie sounded. But now, seeing necessitie urgeth so extreamlie, I (mindfull of the Lacedemonian who, when he had betrothed a wife of small sta-

poetical "collection of choice flowers and descriptions," printed in 1600, which is assigned by Mr. Warton to Robert Allot. Hist. E. P. iii. 280. Commendatory verses by Fitzgeffry occur before Storer's Life of Wolsey, 1599, and Davies's Microcosmos,

\* i. e. Channel'd—see Minsheu.

† Wood says, that Fitzgeffry, by those of his time, was called "the high-towering falcon." He was so, by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1596, alluding to this poem, which he characters as "most gloriously penned." See also Browne's *Brit. Pastorals*, II. 146, edit, 1772.

ture, saide merilie— of evils the least is to be chosen) thought it best—

When better choices were not to be had,  
Of force to chuse the seeming best of bad.

“ Farther, I admonish, or rather entreate thee, not prejudicately to subscribe to the censure of the captious Zoilist: of whom I may truly say *that* a country-man of ours untruely said of that revered Erasmus—*Quantum gloria detraxerit aliis, tantum ad se accessisse putat*. He saith, it wanteth method; and therefore is not compendious: it is obscure, and therefore tedious; full of fixions, and therefore ridiculous:

With such poure crimes as shew his spite is sounde,  
And yet bewray his matter wanteth ground.”

The poem itself is not without merit, but the author's dedicatory sonnet to the widowed Lady Drake, \* will, perhaps, as a short extract, be most acceptably interesting.

“ Divorc'd by Death, but wedded still by Love,  
For Love by Death can never be divorc'd;  
Loe! England's dragon, thy true turtle-dove,  
To seeke his make † is now againe enforc'd.  
Like as the sparrow, from the castrel's ‡ ire,  
Made his asylum in the wise man's fist:  
So, he and I, his tongues-man, do require  
Thy sanctuary, envie to resist.  
So may heroique Drake, whose worth gave wings  
Unto my Muse, that nere before could fly,  
And taught her tune these harsh discordant strings  
A note above her rurall minstrelsy,  
Live in himselfe, and I in him may live,  
Thine eyes to both vitality shall give.”

Davies of Hereford has an epigram addressed to Charles Fitzgeffrey, in his *Scourge of Folly*: so has Dunbar in his *Epigrammata*, and Hayman in his *Quodlibets*, Chamberlaine, in his *Nocturnæ Lucubrations*, has an epitaph upon him.

T. P.

\* This lady was daughter and sole heiress of Sir George Sydenham of Combe Sydenham, in the county of Devon, Knight. She afterwards married Wm. Courtenay, Esq. of Powderham-Castle, in the same county.

† i. e. Matç.

‡ Or kestrel, a hawk.

Caroli

¶ *Caroli Fitzgeofridi Affaniæ: sive Epigrammatum: libri tres. Ejusdem Cenotaphia.*

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,  
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.*

*Oxonix. Excudebat Josephus Barnesius. 1601. 8vo.*

This collection of Epigrams, by the same writer, modestly termed *Tristes*, is inscribed to Edward Michellborne, whom Wood characterizes in his *Fasti Oxonienses*, as the "most noted Latin poet in the university." Most of Fitzgeffrey's encomiastic tributes were addressed to persons eminent as poets, scholars, states, or divines, and among others, the following deserve to be particularized.

Lib. i.

Ad Thomam Overberium  
Ad Thomam Campianum

Ad Gul. Percium, unum nobilem

Lib. ii.

De Philippo Sydnæo  
In Arcadium ipsius  
Ad Edmundum Spenserum  
Ad Samuelem Danielum  
Ad Michaelem Draytonium  
Ad Joannem Hallum, Cantab.  
Ad Franciscum Rousæum  
Ad Benjaminum Jonsonium  
Ad Joshuam Sylvesterum

Ad Franciscum Meresium  
Ad Thomam Storerum  
Ad Gulielmum Vanghannum  
A Georgio Chapmanno. De Eodem.  
Ad Joannem Marstonium  
Ad Georgium Spryæum  
Ad Ricardum Morum, theolog.  
Ad Joannem Bancroftum

Lib. iii.

Ad Mariam Pembrochiæ Comitissam  
Ad Carolum Blountam Montjoïæ Dominum  
De eodem ad Cranmerum  
Ad Tobiam Mathæum, Dunelem. Episc.  
Ad Thomam Bilsonum, Præsul. Winton.  
Ad vir. doct. Joannem Renaldum  
Ad Gul. Thornum, Heb. Ling. Prof.

De Francisco Dracho  
Ad Joannem Harringtonium  
Ad C. V. Thomam Bodlæuin, nov. Bibl. Oxon.  
In Britanniam D. V. Gul. Cambdeni  
Ad vir. doct. Theodorum Bezzam  
————— Josephum Scaligerum  
————— Janum Dowzam  
Ad Joannem Sprintam.

This gentleman was of Christ-Church, and prefixed Verses\* of poetic merit to "Storer's Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey" in 1599. Some account of him is given by Wood, Ath. Ox. I. 477.

The Cenotaphia of Fitzgeffrey commemorate

Fr. Russeli, Bedfordiæ Comit.	Joanni Foxo, theol. & martyr.
Fr. Walsinghamo, Eq.	Lauratio Umphredo
Philippo Sydæo, Fq.	Alex. Fitzgeofrido, theol. (the poet's father)
Ric Granvillo, Eq.	Gal. Whitakero
Joanni Norrisii	Edmondo Spencero
Thom Egertonio, Eq.	Ricardo Tarltono
Joanni Juello, Sarisb. Episc.	Thomæ Nasho.
Edvardo Deeringo, theolog.	

From the epigrammatic compliments I insert the following to Spenser and Daniel, and with it a printed version.

" Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse Maronem,  
Tu Daniele mihi Naso Britannus eris:  
Siu illum potius Phœbum velit esse Britannum,  
Tum Daniele mihi, tu Maro noster eris.  
Nil Phœbo ulterius: si quid feret, illud haberet,  
Spenserus, Phœbus tu Daniele feres.  
Quippe loqui Phœbus cuperet si more Britanno,  
Haud scio quo poterat, ni velit ore tuo."

" If Spenser merits noble Virgil's name,  
Daniel at least comes in for Ovid's fame:  
If Spenser rather claims Apollo's wit,  
Virgil's illustrious name will Daniel fit.

\* One stanza from these I am induced to subjoin:

" Great patrons give us leave their brass to gild,  
And from deserved grave dead names to raise,  
Crowning Minerva for her spear and shield,  
With golden wreath, her book with only bays;  
Because they think *that* fitter for the field,  
And men of learning well repaid with praise:  
They give the spur of praise, but add the rein  
And curb of want, to check them back again."

This recalls to mind the exquisite strain of Milton:

" Fame is the spur, that the clear spirit doth raise  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days,"



No higher than Apollo we can go :—  
 But if a loftier title you can show,  
 That greater name let Spenser's Muse command,  
 And Daniel be the Phœbus of our land:  
 For, in my judgment, if the god of verse,  
 In English, would heroic deeds rehearse,  
 No language so expressive he could chuse  
 As that of English Daniel's lofty Muse."

Mr. Headley, in his "Select Beauties" of our early poets, has remarked, that Daniel was spoken of by contemporary critics, as "the polisher and purifier of the English language." In Davison's Poetical Rapsodie he was termed the "Prince of English poets." Browne calls him "well-languag'd Daniel;" Drayton lauds his "well-trick'd rimies;" and Sylvester deemed him "for pure accents chief,"

T. P.

¶ *Certain Elegies done by sundrie excellent Wits, Satyricall Epigrams, in two bookes: with the thirde booke of Humours; intituled Notes from Blacke-Fryers. 1620. 12mo.*

The Elegies are four in number, three of which bear the signatures of Fr. Beau[mont], M. Dr[ayton] and N. H.\* The epigrams and satires were written by Henry, son of the Charles Fitzgeffrey, who published *Affianæ*, &c. as the following prefixed verses testify;

"Of his deare freind the Author, H. F.

"Of what is heere thou'lt not have any write  
 Prayes, that willing would, and justly might;  
 Permit me then. For Ie praise what I see  
 Deficient heere (thy name Fitz-Jeoffery)  
 Where English *Fitz* aright and I ha' done,  
 So rightly art thou called *Jeofferyes' sonne*:  
 Then adde time, age, but to thy industry,  
 In thee againe will live *old Jeoffery*.

NATH. GURLYN."

For specimens of the "Epigrams," the following may be given as most favourable.

\* Perhaps Nathaniel Hookes.

"In

142  
“ *In Thrasonem.*

“ Since Thraso met one stoutly in the field,  
He cracks his spirit, knows not how to yield,  
Looks big, swears, struts with side-set arms the streets,  
Yet gently yeelds the wall to all he meets :  
And to his friend, that asks the reason why,  
His answer's this :—‘ myself I grace thereby ;  
‘ For every one the common proverb knows,  
‘ That, *always to the wall the weakest goes.*”

“ *Of Debt.*

“ To be *indebted* is a shame, men say ;  
Then 'tis confessing of a shame—to *pay.*”

“ *Of Duke and the Debt.*

“ Duke's not in debt : ye do him wrong to say it ;  
The debt is (God knows whose)—his that will pay it.”

“ *More-dew's payment.*

“ More-dew the mercer, with a kind salute,  
Would needs intreat my custom for a sute ;  
‘ Here sir, (quoth he for sattins, velvets call ;  
‘ What ere you please : I'll take your *word* for all.’  
I thank't and took it—*gave my word* :—say than,  
Am I at all *indebted* to this man ?”

“ *In Cornutum.*

“ One told his wife, a hart's head he had bought  
To hang his hat upon ; and home it brought :  
To whom his frugal wife—‘ what needs this care ?  
‘ I hope, sweet heart, your *head* your hat can bear.”

“ *In Lesbiam ingratham.*

“ Why should I love thee ? I no reason see,  
Then *out of reason*, Lesbia, I love thee.”

“ *Sir Hugh's mistake.*

“ In marriage woman promise makes  
To *serve* her husband all her life ;  
Hence comes it, that Sir Hugh mistakes,  
Who uses servants as his wife :  
And further yet the sense doth wrest,  
Loving her most that *serves* him best.”

“ *Of Wine.*

“ Physicians, wine at *spring-time*, poison call;  
I hold—it never hurteith but i’ th’ *fall*.”

“ *In Philippum.*

“ Call Philip, flat nose:—straight he frets thereat,  
And yet this Philip hath a *nose*—that’s *flat*.”

“ *Of Sim and his speedy marriage.*

“ Six months (quoth Sim) a suitor, and not sped!  
‘ I, in a sen’night did both woo and bed:’  
Who green fruit loves must take long pains to shake:  
Thine was some *down-fall*, I dare undertake.”

This reminds us of Sir W. Yonge’s Answer to Lady M. W. Montagu’s love-verses:

“ The fruit that will fall without shaking,  
Indeed is too mellow for me.”

The following sarcastic allusion to several well-known facts and publications of that period, occurs in the “*Satyres*.”

“ How many volumes lie neglected, thrust  
In every bench-hole, every heap of dust,  
Which from some Gowrie’s \* practise, powder plot,  
Or Tiburn lectures, all their substance got.  
Yet toss our time-stalls, you’ll admire the rout  
Of careless, fearless pamphlets, fly about:  
Books made of ballades, workes of plays;  
Sights, to be read of my Lord-Mayor’s days;  
Posts lately set forth, bearing (their back at)  
Letters of all sorts; an intolerable packet.  
Villains’ discovery, by lanthorn and candle light.  
(Strange! if the author did not see to handle right)  
A Quest of Inquirie,—Jacke a Dover’s; †  
The Jestes of Scoggin;—and divers others,  
Which no man better [than] the stationer knows:  
Wonderful writers!—poets [all] in prose!” *Sat. i.*

The *Poste with a packet of Letters*, is ascribed to Breton; *English Villanies*, and a *New Cryer of Lan-*

\* The Gowry-conspiracy and Gunpowder-Plot produced several time-serving publications.

† *Jacke of Dover his quest of Inquirie, or his privy search after the veriest fool in all England*, published in 1604.

*thorn and Candle light*, to Decker. One extract more may not prove unamusing: being both egotistic and sarcastic.

“ I am no poet :—yet I doe not know  
 Why I should not, or why I should be so.  
 I can I must confesse, a metre scan,  
 And judge of verses as another man.  
 I have been trayn'd up 'mongst the Muses :---more,  
 The sacred name of Phoebus I adore !  
 Yet I no poet am, I'de have ye know ;  
 I am no poet, as the world goes now.  
 My Muse cannot a note so poorly frame,  
 As invoke a penny-patron's name.  
 I cannot speake and unspeake as I list,  
 Exchange a sound friend for a broken jest,  
 Conferre with fountains or converse with trees,  
 Admit in my discourse hyperboyles,  
 I cannot highly praise those highest are,  
 Because they sit in honour's lofty chayre ;  
 Nor make their states in sonnets happy knowne,  
 Being, perchance, less happy then mine owne.  
 I cannot say my mistris shee is faire,  
 Tell of her lilly hand, her golden haire,  
 Fetch a comparison beyond the moone,  
 To prove her constant in affection :  
 I dare not her so much as lovely call,  
 Or say I have a mistris at all.  
 Why?---ere-to-morrow she will changed be,  
 And leave me laught at for my poetry.”

T. P.

¶ *A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior: by the venturous, hardie & renowned Pasquill of England, Cavaliero. Not of olde Martin's making, which newlie knighted the saints in heaven, with Rise up Sir Peter & Sir Paule, \* but lately dubb'd for his ser-*

\* Thus, in *Martin's Month's Mind*, 1589. “ He makes a mock of the saints of God, yea, the mother of Christ, with his single-sold *Sirs* ;” and again, “ In a scorne against the saintes of God, the scripture of God, and God himselfe, I called mine owne mates saintes, and his saintes *Sirs*, wherein I spared neither David, nor *Peter*, nor *Paule*.”

*vice*

*vice at home in the defence of his countrey, & for the cleane breaking of his staffe uppon Martin's face. Printed between the skye & the grounde, within a myle of an oake, & not many fields of from the unpriviledged presse of the ass-ignes of Martin Iunior. Anno Dom. 1599. 4to.*

This and the two following articles have been generally ascribed to Thomas Nash, the satirist; principally, I believe, upon the authority of Collier and Wood.\*

Though the title seems to imply some former *service*, yet, after much inquiry, I can find no reason to presume that any preceding pamphlet upon this subject had issued from the pen of Nash. This surmise is nearly strengthened to a conclusion by a passage in the tract itself; where, having promised a voluminous satire upon the Martinists, to be entitled *The Lives of the Saints*, he says “Pasquill [i. e. Nash,] is nowe gone over sea to commit it to the presse, and it is his pleasure (*because it is the first opening of his shop*) to give you a taste of his wares, before you buy them, like a franck merchant.” This he accordingly does in his *Counter-scuffle*, which contains some very smart strokes of sarcasm upon Martin and Martinism.

As for the “fruitfull volume of the lives of the Saints,” the following extract will give an idea of its projected contents.

“There shall you read of that reverend elder of your [Martin's] church, who being credited with the stocke of the poore, pertaining to the Bridewell house of Canterburie to sette men a work, was compelled to keepe it to himselfe, because no poore folkes of the household of faith could be found in that cittie. There shall you see the life and learning of a pastor of your church, which expounding the articles of our beliefe in Devonshire, when he came to handle the descending into hell, wrote a Latine letter to a neighbour minister of his to crave his advice, and rapt it out lustilie, *si tu non vis venire mihi, ego volo venire tibi*: and so, by the leakes that remaine in his Latine, made more worke for the tinker than ever your father

\* Eccles. Hist. ii. 606, and Athen. Oxon. i. 260. Collier mentions this under the erroneus name of the Counter Scuffle.

made for the cooper. I will leape over one of your brother preachers in Northamptonshire, which is as good a hound for his sent to smell a feast, as ever man sawe. Pasquill met him betweene Bifield and Fawsely, with a little hatte like a sawcer upon his crowne, a filch-man in his harde, a swapping ale dagger at his back, containing by estimation some two or three pounds of yron in the hyltes and chape; and a bandogge by his side, to commaund fortie foote of grounde, wheresoever he goes, that never a begger come neere him to crave an almes. O how my palfrey fetcht me up to curvetto, and daunced the goates jumpe, when I ranne the ring round about him to retrieve him: it should seeme by the manages my beast made, that he knewe his maister had a speciall peece of service in hande. You shall have a goodly bande of these men in the volumes of the Saints."

Notwithstanding the assertion that "Pasquill is gone over sea to commit this work to the presse," I believe I need hardly say, that all research after such volumes may prove ineffectual. The same is to be apprehended of another work, promised in like manner, viz. "The Owle's Almanack;\* wherein the night labours and byrthe of your religion is sette downe; the ascent and descent of the starres that favour it, as truelie calculated: the aspects of the planets reigning over it are expressed with a jollie conjecture drawn from the judgment of the Theame, what end your religion is like to have," &c.

The reception which this *Countercuffe* experienced, would appear to have been as favourable as the author's most sanguine hopes could have led him to expect: "It requireth a summer's day and a winter's night to tell you all. It was verie welcome to the court, thankfullie re-

\* In the year 1618, a burlesque tract was put forth with a similar appellation, but not with any relation to the subject in question: as will appear from the full title.

*The Owle's Almanacke, Prognosticating many strange accidents which shall happen to this kingdome of Great Britaine, this yeare 1618. Calculated as well for the meridian mirth of London, as any other part of Great Britaine. Found in an ivy bush, written in old characters, and now published in English by the painefull labours of Mr. Iocandary Merrie Braines. London, printed by E. G. for Laurence Lisle, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules-Church-Yard, at the Tiger's head. 1618. 410*

A copy of this tract occurs in Bibl. Farm. No. 3695, which was sold for 1l. 7s.

ceived in both universities; the citties of the land gave him good speeches; as for the country, after the plainest manner, with hart and good will they were ready to greete him with a cake and a cuppe of ale in every parishe.\*

Talents like Nash's, thus elicited, were not likely to remain long inactive; elated with success he prophesied that "Signior Pasquill of England wyll proove the man that must set a gagge in the mouth of Martin the great, and cut up an anatomic of all his knayerie." † Of his subsequent progress in this cause some account is given in the following article.

J. J. P.

¶ *Martin's month's minde; that is, a certaine report & true description of the death, & funeralls, of olde Martin Marre-Prelate, the great make-bate of England & father of the factious. Contayning the cause of his death, the manner of his buriall, & the right copies both of his will & of such epitaphs, as by sundrie his dearest friends & other his well wishers were framed for him.*

*Martin, the ape, the dronke, & the madde,  
The three Martins are, whose works we have had;  
If Martin the fourth comes, after Martins so evill,  
Nor man nor beast comes, but Martin the devill:*

1589. 4to.

Mr. George Chalmers who has, not very accurately, quoted from this "scarce pamphlet," to shew the "number of the playhouses, and the price of admission to them," says, "this whimsical writer is supposed to have been Thom. Nash." † That it was written by the same person as the *Countercuffe*, appears from the following extract from that tract. "You shall shortlie have a glosse and a commentarie uppon your epilogue, with

\* *Pasquill and Marforius*, 1589, 4to.

† *Idem*.

‡ *Suppl. Apol. for the Believers in the Shakspe. MSS.* p. 126, n. f.

certain

certain haives, jigges, and roundelays, serving for epitaphs to your father's hearse." It is, likewise, undoubtedly alluded to in the Dialogue of *Pasquill and Marforiits*, which Collier decidedly ascribes to Nash. "*Pasq.* You have been very busie I perceiv about Martin's death, and though he is live yet, it may be you prophetic of his end. Yesternight, late, olde Martin's Protestation in octavo was brought unto mee; I see by the volume, hee languisheth every day more and more, the pride of his flesh is so much false that you may tell every bone in hys body now."—Indeed from internal evidence, as well as many collateral coincidences which might be adduced, I think there can be little doubt that Nash was considerably if not wholly concerned in this performance.

A passage in the burlesque epistle from "*Marphoreus to Pasquine of England*," alluding to the *Countercuffe*, plainly indicates the connection between the two works.

"Friend Pasquine, most hartly commendations. For I cannot but both hartelie commend me to you, and commend you also. The *Cuffe* you lately gave to Martin the yonker, in steed of his glove was so smartlie given, and sate so close to his care, as I must needes praise both your courage and cunning in cuffing. And for that both he and his good brother, shall not want cuffes to keep themselves warm withall this winter, I have given them both now one cuffe more; which, albeit in truth it bee but a whirret, yet am I clasping my fist as fast as I can to give them one paire of cuffes more, that shall bee so soundlie set on as I doubt not shall make them stagger."

Further on this "paire of cuffes" is again brought forth, in the form of two intended pasquinades, to be entitled "The suing of Martin his liverie;" and "Martin's models;" neither of which are known to exist. Marphoreus likewise exhorts Pasquine to remember his promise of the *Owle's Almanack*; "but especially Pasquine remember your Legend in anie wise: the Lives of such Saints must needes be a singular peece of work, and edifie much."

After this dedication follows an epistle to the discreet and indifferent reader, in which we have a curious account of "the foure formes of old Martin's school; the substance and end of his lessons; and the drift both of the master and schollers."

The



The contents of the work itself are as follows, "Sundrie reports of Martin's death—The true manner of old Martin's death—His oration at his death to his two sonnes—Three causes of Martin's death—His Will—Buriall—Legacies, &c."—Then follows "The true copie of such epitaphs as were made by old Martin's favorites; and others by him;" with the signatures of Grex Martinistrarum, Pen[ric], Pri[chard], Cliffe the godlie cobler, Dame Law[sons], Newman the cobler, R. M.—R. C—D. K.—N. N.—R. L.—R. R.—W. T.—T. L.—S. I.—&c.

The book closes with a concluding word "to the two young Martins." \*

J. J. P.

¶ *The returne of the renowned cavaliero Pasquill of England, from the other side the seas, and his meeting with Marforius at London upon the Royall Exchange. Where they encounter with a little household talke of Martin & Martinisme, discovering the scabbe that is bredde in England: and conferring together about the speedie dispersing of the golden legend of the Saints.*

*If my breath be so hote tha! I burne my mouth, suppose I was printed by Pepper Allie. Anno Dom. 1589. 4to. †*

This slender tract may be considered as a continuation of the *Countercuffe*, already described, in which the

\* In the course of the dedication to Martin's Month's Minde, the writer observes, "no maruell that they haue been so fire heretofore that haue chosen a saltpeterman for their foreman, and a gunnepowder house for their printing shop:" against which, in an old hand, I met with the following marginal note. "This he m[ea]neth by Mr. Ho[sk]ins the printer [to] whom they ga[ue] the Spainis[h] Strippadoo." Such part of the note as appears to have fallen a sacrifice to the usual inattention of the binder, I have attempted to supply in brackets. J. H.

† The running title is "Pasquill and Marforius," by which name it is usually referred to. The same personages were introduced at the beginning of the last century in "A Dialogue between Marphorio and Pasquin, concerning the succession of Spain, and the present state of Europe. 1701." 4to. Osborne's Harl. Catal. Vol. V. No. 4449.

“Lives of the Saints,” were first promised: now, says Pasquill, “I tarry but one packet of information from Essex side, and that worke shall come out of the presse, like a bride from her chamber, spangled and trapt with a full caparizon of the ornaments of this present age.”—Sometime after this there is an assurance of another squib against the Martinists; the description of which is curious enough.

“Howe whorishlie scriptures are alleaged by them I will discover (by God’s helpe) in another new worke which I have in hande, and intituled it *The May-game of Martinisme*, verie defflie set out with pompes, pagents, motions, maskes, scutchions, emblems, impreases, strange trickes, and devises, betweene the ape and the owle; the like was never yet seene in Paris garden. Penry the Welchman is the foregallant of the morrice, with the treble belles, shot through the wit with a wood cocks bill; I woulde not for the fayrest horn beast in all his cuntry, that the church of England were a cup of Methlegin, and came in his way when he is over heated; every bishoprick woulde proove hut a draught, when the mazer is at his nose. Martin himselfe is the mayd marian, trimlie drest uppe in a cast gowne and a kercher of Dame Lawsons, his face handsomlie muffled with a diaper napkin to cover his beard and a great nosegay in his hande of the principalest flowers I could gather from all his works. Wiggenton daunces rounde about him in a cotten coate, to court him with a leatherne pudding and a wooden ladle. Paget marshalleth the way with a couple of great clubbes, one in his foot, another in his head, and he cryes to the people with a loud voice, ‘Beware of the man whom God hath markt.’ I cannot yet find any so fitte to come lagging behind with a budget on his necke to gather the devotions of the lookers on, as the stocke keeper of the Bridewel house of Canterburie: he must carrie the purse, to defray their charges, and then hee may be sure to serve himselfe.”

Towards the close of the dialogue Marforius demands of Pasquill “some direction for the privie dispersing” of the works that he had taken in hand, “when they came out.” Pasquill replies, “I would haue thee principally to drop some of them downe at Penrie the Welchman’s haunts. *Mar.* Where is that? *Pas.* Tut, I perceive you know nothing. At the signe of the silver forke and the stosed cheese, where the painter to bewray both his  
abuse

abuse of scripture, and his malice against the church, hath drawne him his worde with a text-pen; *Zelus domus tuæ comedit me.*" At parting, Pasquill enjoins Marforius to affix the following bill to London-Stone; "Let it be done sollemnly with drom and trumpet, and looke you advance my collours on the top of the steeple\* right over against it, that every one of my souldiers may keepe his quarter.

*"Pasquill's Protestation uppon London Stone.*

"I Cavaliro Pasquill, the writer of this simple hand, a young man of the age of some few hundred yeeres, lately knighted in England with a beetle and a bucking tub, to beat a little reason about Martin's head doe make this my protestation unto the world, that if any man, woman, or child, have any thing to say against Martin the great, or any of his abettors of what state or calling soever they be, noble or ignoble, from the very court-gates to the cobler's stall if it please them these dark winter nights, to sticke uppe their papers uppon London stone, I will there give my attendence to receive them, from the day of the date heereof, to the full terme and revolution of seven yeeres next ensuing. Dated 20. Octobris. Anno Millimo, Quillimo, Trillimo. Per me venturous Pasquill the Cavaliero."

The work is closed with an epistle from "Cavaliero Pasquill of England, to Martin the great, wishing more wit and learning and a better minde."

J. J. P.

¶ *Englands viewv, in the vnmasking of two paradoxes: with a replication vnto the answer of Maister John Bodine. By Gerrard de Matynes, Merchant. Opposita iuxta se posita, magis apparent. [Vautrollier's device of the Anchor.] London, printed by Richard Field. 1603. Eight. pp. 197, without Introduction.*

\* St. Swithin's Church, Cannon-street. Till toward the middle of the last century London-stone stood near the channel facing the south wall of the church, in a cell under which it is now placed.

The Epistle Dedicatory is addressed "to the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Sackuill, Baron of Buckhurst, Lord High Treasurer of England," &c. &c. and states the two paradoxes, "having bene presented vnto the French King, as a meane to qualifie the generall complaints of the dearth of things in France, by prouing that nothing was growne dearer in three hundred yeares; were answered by the famous M. John Bodine..." who "hath mistaken the true ground of the matter, by comparing the prices of things within themselves in a common-wealth, whereas the comparison must be betweene the home-commodities of one common-wealth, and the forraine commodities of other nations: and that, either by way of permutation of commodities for commodities, or by commodities for money in specie, or by exchange." Dated at "London this 16 of Ianuarie, 1603."

"The two paradoxes of Maister Maestroit, one of the Officers of the French King's Exchequer," are first "to complaine of the generall dearth of al things in Fraunce is without cause, seeing that there is nothing growne dearer these three hundred yeares." Second, "there is much to be lost vpon a crowne, or any other mony of gold and siluer, albeit one do giue the same in payment at the price he did receiue the same." In the financial discussion of the premises, Maestroit supports his proposition upon the principle that in point of fact there was not more paid in coin upon any purchase than had been paid three hundred years preceding. "To proue this he doth alledge, that during the raigne of King Philip de Valois, in the yere 1328, the French crowne of the flower-de-luce, as good in waight and finenesse, as the French crowne of the Sunne now, was then worth but twentie sols tournois; which (for the better vnderstanding) being valued according to the common computation of ten sols for a shilling starling, is two shillings. In those dayes (saith he) the French elle or yard of veluet was woorth four liuers, which is foure crowns or 8 shillings starling: the said yard of veluet doth now cost ten liuers, or twentie shillings, and the French crowne, which was then valued at two shillings, is now valued at fiftie sols or five shillings. So that foure crownes do make the said 20 shillings; yet the said French crownes do containe no more in gold, in weight, or in finenesse then before: wherby there is no more gold giuen in substance then heretofore, and consequently the veluet is not now dearer than it was then." Bodine in reply "proueth that veluets were yet vnknowne in France during the raign of Philip surnamed the Faire; and that although he should admit the example of veluets, yet it were no consequence for all other things, which were not so deare proportionably." He attributes the change to the abundance of gold and

and siluer extant in France; monopolies; want of things caused by excessive trade; pleasure of Princes; and alteration in the value of money. Malynes puts it on the principle stated in the dedication as in the time of Henry the eighth, when "the angel was worth vnder the Archduke of Burgundie, 9 shillings 7 pence; the king did send vnto the Duchesse (whiles her husband was in Germany) desiring her to value the angell at 10 shillings Flemish, but he could not obtaine the same. Which seemeth very strange, considering that the aduancing of the price of money, doth cause the money to be transported to the places where it is aduanced; whereby all the angels might haue bin caried into her dominion. But she like a wise and politicke Duchesse, caused the matter to be examined and considered of, sending men skilfull in mint causes into England; and finding that the golden fleece, alias Toison d'or, was the money then most currant with her, and that the same was worth both in regard of waight & finenesse, as much as the angel, & was also valued at 9 shillings 7 pence; she could not graunt the kings request without altering also her money, vnlesse she would haue suffered the English merchants to bring angels vnto her for 10 shillings, and to carie away the golden fleeces for 9 shillings 7 pence to be conuerted into angels, to the great losse of her dominions, both in the money, and to leaue the commodities of her country vnvented; so long as there were a gaine vpon the mony, which abated the price of commodities."

Malynes takes a concise view of the state of the public reuene during the reigns of several English monarchs, and argues in favor of his own principle, contra the French writers, at some length and with much ingenuity. Upon discussing the value of gold and silver, he particularly censures Sir Thomas Moore. "Why should I enter into the enumeration of examples, to illustrate and prone the antiquitie of the estimation of gold, siluer, and precious things: seeing that in all commonweales and countries, that onely is decent and of estimation, which the custome doth allow and approoue. Hence the prouerbe tooke beginning *countries fashion, countries honour*: which maketh the Indian and blackemoore to dominiere with his glistening beades, brasse rings for their eares and arnes, and to giue vs gold and siluer for them. Strange was therefore the imagination of Sir Thomas Moore in his conceived commonwealth of Vtopia: where he fained gold to be in such contumelie, that they made their chamber pots, and other vessels that serue for most vile vses, of pure gold, and haue the same in euery mans priuate house. And their chaines, fetters and gyues wherein they tye their bondmen, were all of gold, as being the reprochfull badge of infamous persons.

Their gemmes and precious stones were holden for toys for young children to play withall. And to proue the estimation of things to be according to the fashion of euery countrie, and to giue gold his due commendation, we will vse his owne pleasant tale, in manner as he hath set downe the same. The ambassadours of the next countrie vnto Vtopia, [the passage is too well known to need repetition. It is copied to where the ambassadours] for very shame laid away all that gorgeous array whereof they were so proud. Which in effect is as much as to accomodate and fashion himselfe to the manner and fashion of the countrie, being also grounded vpon estimation although of baser things: which is to preferre earthen and glasse vessels, wherein they eate and drinke (as he saith) before gold, siluer, & other precious things. But if all the wit and wisdome of man were as yet to deuise, what thing would be fittest to set a price vnto all other things, and to be as a iust measure and proportion betweene man and man in the trade and traffick of things, they could not find any thing more proper then pure gold, and other mettals accordingly. The foure elements haue such an equall proportion in gold, that none is predominant ouer the other; whereby all corruption is excluded, whether you take the same according to the qualities of hote and drie, cold and drie, hote and moist, and cold and moist with Galen: or according to the substance of the elements drawne into salt, sulphure, and mercurie with Paracelsus. For it neuer wástheth or consumeth by fire, and the more it is burned, the purer it is; which cannot be said of any other mettall: there is no rust or scurfe that diminisheth the goodnesse or substance thereof: it abides the fretting and liquors of salt and vinegar without damage, which weareth any other thing: it needs no fire ere it be made gold, for it is gold as soone as it is found: it draweth without wooll, as it were wooll: and it is easily spread in leaues of maruellous thinnesse: you may adorne or guild any other mettall with it. Neither is it inferiour vnto any other mettall to make vessell and curious workes: it defileth not the thing it toucheth as siluer doth, wherewith you may draw lines: it resembleth in colour the celestiall bodies, and it is medicinable and bringeth gladnesse to the hart of man: it is fit also to be cut or denided into many peeces to make mony, and goeth into a little roome, being easie and portable to auoide the combersome cariage of commodities from one countrie into another. And what thing can be inuented or deuised, that for this purpose hath all these qualities and properties? With great reason therefore hath gold his due estimation aboue other things. Also such things wherein the art of man is illustrated; as in pictures & other curious works, are  
 worthie

worthie of great commendation, and to be preferred before many other things that man doth vse, for to liue in the most ciuill manner about other nations which liue barbarously. In all which the generall care of the prince must be, and the particular regard of the subiect, that the same bee done for the good of the common wealthe: so that the expences thereof do not surmount the incomes or reuenues, hauing a due consideration of the moderate vse of forraigne commodities, and at reasonable rates, according as the price and vtterance is of our home commodities, both for victuals and other wares: without studying how to liue without the trafficke and commerce with other nations; seeing that God caused nature to bestow and distribute her benefits, or his blessings to seuerall climates, supplying the barrennesse of some things in one countrie with the fruitfulnessse and store of other countries, to the end that interchangeably one common weale should liue with another."

\* \*

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¶ *A Godlye Sermon preached before the Queens most excellent Maiestie, vpon the 17, 18, 19 verses of the 16. chapter of S. Mathew: Wherein is contained the conclusion of a dialogue betweene Christ and his Disciples: shewing breiefely that the authoritie which the Pope of Rome doth challenge to himselfe, is vnlawfully vsurped. Very necessarie for these perilous times wherein the simple may perceiue their intollerable impietie, vsurping that office and action, which euer appertayned vnto Christ only. Published at the request of sundry godly and well disposed persons. Imprinted at London by Iohn Windet for Iohn Perin, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church-yard, at the sign of the Angel, 1585. Sixteens, 93 leaves.*

Denying the supremacy of the church of Rome as supposed to be derived from the gift of the keys to the apostle St. Peter.

\* \*

¶ *The Dead Man's Song, whose dwelling was near Basing-hall in London.*

The Tune is *Flying Fame.*

[WOOD-CUTS.]

["Bede, (says Warton) has introduced many miracles and visions into his history. Yet some of these, (he continues) are pleasing to the imagination: they are tinged with the gloom of the cloister, operating on the extravagance of oriental invention."\* One of the stories appears to have been the foundation of the following ballad, which the same elegant critic describes as "worthy of Dr. Percy's excellent collection." †]

“ Sore sick dear frienns long time J was  
and weakly laid in bed,  
And for five hours in all men's sight  
at length J lay as dead:  
The bell rung out, my friends came in,  
and J key cold was found,  
Then was my carkass brought from bed,  
and laid upon the ground:  
My loving wife did weep full sore,  
my children loud did cry,  
My friends did mourn. Yet this they said  
*all flesh is born to die.*  
My winding-sheet prepared was,  
my grave was also made,  
And for five hours in all mens sight,  
in this same case J laid,  
During which time my soul did see,  
such strange and fearful sights,  
That for to hear the same disclos'd,  
would banish all delights:

\* [History of English Poetry, Vol. I. Disser. ii. sig. d 4, rev. note f.

† Vol. ii, p. 199, note g.]



Yet sith the Lord restor'd my life,  
     which from my body fled,  
 J will declare the sights J saw,  
     the time that I was dead.  
 Methought upon a lovely green,  
     where pleasant flowers sprung,  
 J took my way, whereas J thought,  
     the Muses sweetly sung ;  
 The grass was sweet, the trees was fair,  
     and lovely to behold,  
 And full of fruit was every twig,  
     which shin'd like glistening gold.  
 My chearful heart desired much  
     to taste the fruit so fair,  
 But as J reacht a fair young-man,  
     to me did make repair.  
 Touch not, said he, 'tis none of thine,  
     but wend and walk with me,  
 And see thou mark each several thing  
     which J shall shew to thee.  
 I wondred greatly at his words,  
     yet went with him away,  
 Till on a gallant goodly bank,  
     with him he bid me stay :  
 With branches then of lillies white,  
     mine eyes there wiped he,  
 When this was done, he bad me look  
     what J far off could see.  
 J looked up, and loe at last,  
     J did a city see,  
 So fair a thing did never man  
     behold with mortal eye :  
 Of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones  
     it seems the walls were made,  
 The houses all with beaten gold,  
     were til'd and over-laid.  
 More brighter then the morning sun,  
     the light thereof did show,  
 And every creature in the same,  
     like crowned kings did go :  
 The fields about the city fair,  
     were all with roses set,  
 Gilliflowers and carnations fair,  
     whom canker could not fret.  
 And from the fields there did proceed,  
     a sweet and pleasant smell,

That

That every living creature felt,  
     the scent did so excell :  
 Besides such sweet and pleasant mirth,  
     did from the city sound,  
 That J therewith was ravished,  
     my joy did so abound.  
 With musick, mirth, and melody,  
     princes did there imbrace;  
 But in my heart I long'd to be  
     within that blessed place;  
 The more I gaz'd the more I might,  
     the sight pleas'd me so well,  
 For what I saw in every thing  
     my tongue no way can tell.  
 Then of the man I did demand  
     what place the same might be,  
 Whereas so many kings did dwele,  
     in ioy and melody:  
 Quoth he that blessed place is heaven,  
     where yet thou canst not rest,  
 And those that do like princes go,  
     are those whom God hath blest.  
 Then did he turn me round about,  
     and on the other side,  
 He bad me view and mark as much,  
     what things were to be spy'd :  
 With that I saw a cole-black den  
     all tan'd with soot and smoak,  
 Where stinking brimstone burning was,  
     which made me like to choak.  
 An ugly creature there I saw,  
     whose face with knives was flasht,  
 And in a cauldron of poyson filth  
     his ugly corps were washt,  
 About his neck were sundry ruffs  
     that flam'd on every side,  
 I askt, and loe the young man said,  
     that he was damn'd for pride.  
 Another sort there did J see,  
     whose bowels vipers tore.  
 And grievously with gaping mouth,  
     they did both yell and roar.  
 A spotted person by each one,  
     stood gnawing on their hearts,  
 And this was conscience J was told,  
     which plagu'd their inward parts.

They

They were no sooner out of sight,  
     but streight came in their place,  
 A sort still throwing burning fire,  
     which fell against their face:  
 And ladles full of melted gold,  
     were poured down their throats,  
 And these were set it seem'd to me,  
     in midst of burning boats.  
 The foremost of the company  
     was *Judas* I was told,  
 Who had for filthy luces sake  
     his Lord and Master sold;  
 For covetousnesse he was condemn'd,  
     so it was told to me,  
 And there methought another rout  
     of hell-hounds I did see.  
 Their faces seemed fat in sight,  
     yet all their bones were bare,  
 And dishes full of crawling toads,  
     were made their finest fare:  
 From arms, from hands, from thighs, and feet,  
     with red-hot pincers then,  
 The flesh was pluckt even from the bone  
     of these vile gluttinous men.  
 On cole-black beds another sort,  
     in grievous sort did lye,  
 And underneath them burning brands,  
     their flesh did burn and fry:  
 With brimstone fierce their pillows eke  
     whereon their heads were laid,  
 And fiends with glowing whips of fire,  
     their lecherous flesh off flaid.  
 Then did J see another come,  
     stab'd in with daggers thick,  
 And filthy fiends with fiery darts,  
     their hearts did wound and prick:  
 And mighty bowels\* of corrupt blood,  
     was brought for them to drink,  
 And these men were for murder plagu'd,  
     from which they could not shrink.  
 J saw when they were gone away,  
     the swearer and the lyar,

\* [*Bowels*—sic pro *bowels*.]

And they were hung up by the tongue,  
 over a flaming fire.  
 From eyes, from ears, from navel, & nose  
 and from their lower parts,  
 The blood methought did gushing run,  
 and clogged like mens hearts.  
 J asked why that punishment  
 was now on swearers laid,  
 Because, qo he, wounds, heart, and blood  
 were all the oaths they made:  
 And therewithal from ugly hell,  
 such grievous crys J heard,  
 As though some greater grief and care  
 had vext them afterward.  
 So that my soul was sore afraid,  
 such terror on me fell,  
 Away then went this young man quite,  
 and bad me not farewell:  
 Wherefore unto my body streight  
 my spirit return'd again,  
 And lively blood did afterwards  
 stretch forth in every vein.  
 My closed eyes J opened,  
 and raised from my swound,  
 J wondred much to see myself,  
 so laid upon the ground;  
 Which when my neighbors did behold,  
 great fear upon them fell,  
 To whom soon after J did tell,  
 the news from heaven and hell.

Printed for E. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke."

[From Wood's *Ballads in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford*.  
 No. 401, fol. 85.]

P. B.

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¶ *A Treatise of Paradise, and the principall contents thereof: especially of the greatnesse, situation, beautie, and other properties of that place: of the trees of life, good and euill; of the Serpent, Cherubin, fiery sword, Man's creation, immortalitie, propagation, stature, age, knowledge, temptation, fall, and exclusion out of Paradise; and consequently of his and our*

our originall sin: with many other difficulties touch-  
ing these points. Collected out of the Holy Scrip-  
tures, ancient Fathers, and other both ancient and  
moderne writers. London: Printed by Edward  
Griffin for Nathaniel Butter. 1617. 4<sup>o</sup>. pp. 359.

This work is dedicated to Sir Francis Bacon, "His  
Maiestie having deigned to patronize the first fruits of  
my labors, to whom (if I may presume) ought I rather  
(for many titles) to second with the second, then to your  
Honour? who (as Siluerius saith of Cæsar) hath  
honoured learning by his owne labours, so all the learned  
labour to honour you with their labours? Seeing there-  
fore his Maiestie vouchsafed to accept of my *Treatise of  
Angels*, deigne likewise (most worthy Peere) to patro-  
nize this of *Paradise*," &c. Your honour's humbly  
devoted, John Salkeld.

The book consists of sixty-six chapters, and was evi-  
dently consulted by Milton: I have remarked several coin-  
cident passages between it and that poet's "magnum  
opus." Upon the whole it is a very curious compilation,  
and the perusal of it will gratify the admirers of *Paradise  
Lost*. It does not appear to have been known to Mr.  
Todd.

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

¶ *The Pilgrimes Farewell, to his Natiue Countrey  
of Scotland: wherein is contained, in way of Dia-  
logue, The Joyes and Miseries of Peregrination.  
With his Lamentado in his second Trauels, his Pas-  
sionado on the Rhyne. Diuerse other Insertings, and  
Farewels, to Noble Personages, and, The Heremites  
Welcome to his third Pilgrimage, &c. Worthie to be  
seene and read of all gallant Spirits, and Pompe-ex-  
pecting eyes. By William Lithgow, the Bonaventure  
of Europe, Asia, and Africa, &c. Patriam meam  
transire non possum, omnium una est, extra hanc  
nemo projici potest. Non patria mihi interdicitur sed  
locus. In quamcunque terram venio, in meam venio,  
nulla*

*nulla exilium est sed altera patria est. Patria est ubicunque bene est. Si enim sapiens est peregrinatur, si stultus exulat. Senec, de re, for. Imprinted at Edinburgh, by Andro Hart. Anno Domini 1618. At the Expences of the Author. qto. 32 leaves.*

At the back of the title wood-cut of the author, as he performed part of his pilgrimages. An "Epistle Dedicatorie to the Nine Pernassian Sisters, the conseruers of Helicon," and ladies too coy to listen to the invocation. The "courteous peruser" of his "sad farewels," he informs

"A greater worke I meane to put in light,  
But London claimes it of a former right:  
And if thou knewst how quicke and in small time,  
This worke I wrote, thou wouldst admire my rime.  
Thou mightst demaund the reason why I sing?  
And done, this answere, I would to thee bring:  
There some that sweare, I cannot reade nor write,  
And hath no judgment, for to frame or dite.  
And to confound their blind absurd conceat,  
My Muse breakes foorth, to shew their errour great."

"Some extemporaneall lines, written at the verie view of this poeme going to the presse, in cōmendation of the Author, his Trauels and Poesies," forming eight six-line stanzas, are subscribed "Ignoto." Then

"To his singular friend, William Lithgow."

"Whiles I admire thy first and second wayes,  
Long tenne yeeres wandring, in the worlde-wide boundes,  
I rest amaz'd to think on these assayes,  
That thy first trauaile to the worlde-foorth soundes;  
In brauest sense, compendious, ornate stile,  
Didst thou show most rare aduentures to this yle.  
And nowe thy seconde Pilgrimage I see,  
At London thou resolu't, to put in light;  
Thy *Lybian* wayes, so fearefull to the eye,  
And *Garamonts* their strange amazing sight.  
Meane while, this worke, affordes a three-folde gaine,  
In furie of thy fierce Castalian veine.

As thou for trauelles, brook'st the greatest name,  
So voyage on, increase, maintaine the same.

W. R."

From the initials this piece is usually attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

There are dedicatory poems from the author to the King, Prince Charles, Lords Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow, and the rest of the Reuerend L. Bishops of Scotland: to the Earls of Dumfermeling, Marre, Montrose, and to others of the Scottish nobility, various complimentary pieces, with Sonnets and Farewells, too numerous to be particularized. The principal poems are "a conflict betweene the Pilgrime and his Muse: dedicated to my Lorde Grahame, Earle Montrose:—The Pilgrime's Lamentado, in his second Pilgrimage:—The Heremites Welcome, to the Pilgrimes thirde Pilgrimage."

The name of Lithgow is too well known as a traveller and martyr, to require any biographical notice here. His travels form the subject of the conflict with his Muse, from which the following passages are selected.

*Muse.* In cabines, they on mappes, and globes finde out  
The wayes, the lengths, the breadth, the heights, the pole:  
And they can wander all the worlde about,  
And lie in bedde and all thy sightes controle,  
Though by experience, thou hast nat'rall sight,  
They haue by learning supernat'rall light.

*Pilgrime.* Thou know'st, Muse, I had rather see one land  
Be true eye-sight, than all the worlde in cairt:  
Two birdes in flight, and one fast in mine hand,  
Which of them both, belongs most to my pairt:  
One eye-witnesse is more, than ten which heare,  
I dare affirme the trueth, when they forbear.

*Muse.* Heere thou preuail'st, with mis'ries I must daunt  
Thy braines: recall the house-bred scorpion sting,  
The hissing serpent, in thy way that haunts,  
And crawling snakes, which dammage often bring:  
The byting viper, and the quadraxe spread,  
That serue for courtaines, to thy campane bedde.

*Pilgrime.* I know the world-wide fields my lodging is,  
And ven'mous thinges, attende my fearefull sleepe:  
But in this case, my comfort is oft this,  
The watchfull lizard my bare face doeth keepe:

By

By day I feede her, shee saues mee by night,  
And so to trauaile, I haue more than right. . . .

*Muse.* If (deare to mee) thou wouldst resolue to stay  
Our noble peares, they would maintaine thy state,  
If not, I should find out another way,  
To moue the worlde to succour thine hard fate:  
And I shall cloathe, and lende and feede the too,  
Affect my veine, and all this I will doe.

*Pilgrime.* To feede mee (slauce) thou knowst I am thy Lord,  
And can command thee, when I please my selfe.  
Wouldst thou to rest my restlesse minde accorde,  
And ballance deare-bought fame with terrene pelfe.  
No, as the earth helde but one Alexander,  
So, onelie I, auow, all where to wander.

*Muse.* What hast thou wonne, when thou hast gotte thy will?  
A momentarie shaddowe of strange sightes:  
Though with content, thou thy conceite doest fill,  
Thou canst not lende the worlde these true delightes:  
Though thy selfe loue to these attemptes contract thee,  
Where ten thee praise, there's fiewe that will detract thee.

*Pilgrime.* It's for mine own mindes sake thou knowst I wander,  
Not I, nor none, the worldes great voyce can make.  
Thinkst thou mee bound acompt to render,  
And would vaine fooles, I trauell'd for their sake:  
No, I well know, there is no gallant spirit,  
(Vnlesse a knaue) but will yeelde mee my merit.

*Muse.* Thou trauel'st aye, but where's thy meanes to doe it?  
Thou hast no landes, no exchange, nor no rent,  
There's no familiare sprite doeth helpe the to it,  
And yet I maruell how thy time is spent:  
This shifting of thy wittes should breede thee loathing  
To liue at so great rate, when friendes helpe nothing.

*Pilgrime.* The worlde is wide, God's prouidence is more,  
And cloysters are but foote-stooles to my bellie;  
Great Dukes and Princes oint my palme with ore,  
And Romane-clergie golde with griede I swellie:  
It comes as winde, and slides away like water,  
These meritorious men, I daylie flatter. . . .

*Muse.* Thou here borne north vnder a climate colde,  
I thinke farre south, with heat should not agree;  
And in my minde, I this opinion hold,  
These vig'rous heats at last thy death shall be.  
I know these nigroes of the Austriale sunne  
Haue not endur'd such heat as thou hast done.

*Pilgrime.* For to conserue mine health, I eate not much,  
When I drinke wine it's mixt with water aye:

They



They are but gluttons, riote doeth anouch ;  
I trauaile in the night, and sleepe all day.

My disposition and complexion gree,  
I am not sanguine nor to pale, you see.

*Muse.* A murthrer judg'd, set on a wheele aboue,  
How many pinnes for murther hast thou tolde?  
No lesse than twenty three I will approue,  
And darst thou in these dead mens wayes bee bold?

Thinkst thou thy fortune better still than theirs,  
The foxe runnes long, at last entrapp'd in snares.

*Pilgrime.* All that haue breath must die, and man much more,  
Some here, some there, his *Horoscope* is so :  
Be wee are borne, our weirds they poste before,  
None can his destiny shunne nor from it goe.

Nothing than death more sure, vncertaine too,  
Who aymes at fame all hazards must allowe.

*Muse.* But swollen man in thy conceat take heed,  
What great distresse of hunger hast thou tholde,  
That often times, for one poore loaue of bread,  
Thou would'st (if poss'ble) giuen a worlde of gold.

Remember of thy sterile Lybian wayes,  
Where thou didst fast, but meate or drinke nine dayes.

*Pilgrime.* Dispeopled desartes, bred that deare-bought grieffe,  
No state but change, no sweete without some gall :

Yet in *Tobacco* I found great reliefe,  
The smoake whereof expell'd that pinching thrall :  
And for that time I graunt, I drunk the water,  
That through my bodie came instead of better.

*Muse.* The vaprous *Serene* of the humide night,  
Which sprinkled oft with foggie dew thy face,  
Gauē to thy bodie, and thine head such weight,  
When thou awak'd, couldst scarce aduance thy pace :  
And scarce of springes did so thy thirst increase,  
Thy skinne growne lumpie, made thy strength decrease.

*Pilgrime.* I yeelde, thou knowst these thinges as well as I,  
But when I slept, great care I had to couer  
My naked face, and kept my bodie drie,  
The manner how I neede it not discover,  
Though thou object these mistes the clouds forth-spew,  
All thy *brouadoes* cannot make mee rew.

*Muse.* The galley-threatning death, where slaues are whipt,  
Each banke holdes foure, foure chaines ty'd in one ring :  
Where twice a day poore they are naked stript,  
And bath'd in blood their woefull handes they wring :  
They roll still scourg'd, on bread and water feede,  
Twice this thou scap'd, the third time now take heede.

*Pilgrime.* At *Cephalone*, and *Nigroponte* I know,  
 And *Lystra* too, three slaueries I escap'd;  
 And tenne times *Galleotes* made a cruell show,  
 At *Little Iles*, to haue mee there intrapp'd:

But their attempts still failde I thanke my God,  
 Yet I no way can liue, if not abroad.

*Muse.* But ah recall the hearbes, rawe rootes yee eate,  
 White snails, greene frogs, gray streams, hard beds deray'd:  
 And if this austiere life seeme to thee meete,  
 I yeele to thy experience long assayd:

Then stay, O stay, succeeding times agree,  
 To reconcile thy minde, thy meanes, and thee.

*Pilgrime.* To stay at home thou knowst I cannot liue:  
 To liue abroad I know the worlde maintaines mee:  
 To bee beholden to a churle I grieue:

And if I want, my dearest friende disdaines mee:  
 And so the forraine face to me is best,  
 I lacke no meanes, although I lacke my rest.

*Muse.* I graunt it's true, and more esteem'd abroad,  
 But zeale growes colde and thou forgetst the way:  
 Better it were at home to serue thy God,  
 Than wandring still, to wander quite astray:

Thou canst not trauaile, keepe thy conscience too,  
 For that is more than pilgrimes well can doe.

*Pilgrime.* I wonder *Muse* thou knowst to heare a messe,  
 I make no breach of law, but for to learne;  
 And if not curious, then the worlde might gesse  
 I hardlie could twixt good and ill discearne:

I enter not their kirkes as vpon doubt  
 Of faith; but their strange erroures to finde out.

*Muse.* O well replyde, but yet a greater spotte,  
 Thou bowst thy knees before their altars hie:  
 And when comes the leuation, there's the blotte,  
 Thou knockst thy breast and wallowst with thine eye:  
 And when the little bell rings through the streete,  
 Thou prostrate fall'st, their sacrament to greeete.

*Pilgrime.* Thou fail'st therein, I still fledde superstition,  
 But I confesse, I got the holie blessing;  
 And vnder colour of a rare contrition,  
 The papall panton heele, I fell a kissing:

But they that mee mistake are base-born clownes,  
 I did it not for loue, but for the crownes. . . ."

As this writer's attempts at poetry are but little known,  
 I shall venture to extend the specimens with the following . . . .  
 two short pieces.

“ *A Sonnet, made by the Author, being upon Mount Ætna in Sicilia, An. 1615. And on the second day thereafter arriuing at Messina, he found two of his cuntry gentlemen, David Seton, of the House of Perbraith, and Matthew Douglas now presentlie at Court: to whome hee presented the same, they beeing at that instant time some 40 miles from thence.*

“ High standes thy toppe, but higher lookes mine eye,  
 High soares thy smoake, but higher my desire:  
 High are thy roundes, steepe, circled, as I see,  
 But higher farre this breast, whiles I aspire:  
 High mountes the furie of thy burning fire,  
 But higher farre mine aymes transcende aboue:  
 High bendes thy force, through midst of Vulcanes ire,  
 But higher flies my sprite, with winges of loue:  
 High preasse thy flames, the chrystall aire to moue,  
 But higher farre the scope of mine engine:  
 High lies the snow, on thy proud toppes, I proue,  
 But higher vp ascendes my braue designe.  
 Thine height cannot surpasse this clowdie frame,  
 But my poore soule, the highest heauens doth claime:  
 Meanewhile with paine I climbe to view thy toppes,  
 Thin hight makes fall from me ten thousand droppes.  
 Yours affectionate,

WILLIAM LITHGOW.”

“ *To his vnknowne, knowne; and knowne, vnknowne Loue,  
 These now knowne lines, an vnknowne breast shall moue.*

“ Selfe-flattring I, deceiuer of my selfe,  
 Opinions slaue, rul'd by a base conceate:  
 Whome eu'rie winde naufragiates on the shelve  
 Of apprehension, jealous of my state,  
 Who guides mee most, that guide I most misknow,  
 Suspectes the shaddow for a substant show.

I still receiue, the thing I vomite out,  
 Conceiues againe imaginarie wracke:  
 I stable stand, and yet I stand in doubt,  
 Giues place to one when two repulles me backe:  
 I kindle fire, and that same fire I quench,  
 And swim the deepes, but dare not downward drench.

I grieue at this, prolong'd in my desire,  
 And I rejoyce, that my delay is such:

I trie, and knowes my tryall may aspire,  
 But flees the place that should this time auouch.  
 In stinging smartes, my sweete conuertes in sowre,  
 I builde the hiue, but dare not sucke the flowre.

Well honney combe, since I am so faint hearted,  
 That I flee backe, when thou vnmaskst thy face:  
 Thou shalt bee gone, and I must bee decarted,  
 Such doubtfull staves enhaunce, when wee imbrace:  
 Farewell, wee two, diuided are for euer,  
 Yet vndiuided whilst our soules disseuer.

Thine, as I am mine,

WILLIAM LITHGOW."

J. H.

¶ *The gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow. Containing the causes, conditions, and remedies of Sinne, depending mainly upon Contrition and confession. And they seconded with sacred and comfortable passages, under the mourning cannopie of Teares, and Repentance. Matth. v. 4. Blessed are they that mourne, for they shall be comforted. Psal. cxxxvi. 5. They that sow in teares, shall reape in ioy. By William Lithgouv. Edinburgh, printed by Robert Bryson, Anno Dom. 1640. At the expences of the Authour, qta. 50 leaves.*

Dedicated to "James Earle of Montrose, Lord Grahame, Baron of Murdock, &c." wherein Lithgow says "my humble request, pleads the continuance of your favour, that as your late renowned Grand-father and Father, were unto mee both friendlie and favourable (proceeding from their great goodnesse, not my deserts;) so expect I the same from your tender bountie, which hitherto beyond my merit, hath beene exceeding kyndlie manifested. For the which, my prayse and prayers, the two sisters of myne Oblation, rest solidlie ingenochiated at the feete of your conspicuous clemencie. This present worke in its secret infancie, was both seene and perused by your Lo: but now enlarged, polished, and published: I have done my best, though not my uttermost:—The lynes are plaine, yet pithie; and although the subject may carrie no loftie nor poeticke style, yet the manner, the matter, the man, and his Muse, are all, and only yours, and I left theirs onlie to serve you, and your noble disposition."——

Then

Then "the Prologue to the Reader," in nine stanzas, of which the second and third follow:

" My Muse declynes, downe slyde her loftie straynes  
 And hoarie growes, succumbing to the dust ;  
 Old wrung inventions, from industrious paynes  
 Draw to the grave, where death must feede his lust :  
 Flesh flye in ashes, bones returne to clay,  
 Whence I begutne, there must my substance stay.

Goe, thou laborious pen, and challenge tynie,  
 For memorie, to all succeeding ages ;  
 In thy past workes, and high heroicke ryme,  
 And pregnant prose, in thryce three thousand pages :  
 Yet dye thou must, and tyme shall weare thee out,  
 Ere seaven tymes seaven worne ages goe about."

Our author's *gushing teares* overflow through 456 six-line stanzas, and longer intercourse did not render his Muse better natured. The following extract, according to the margin, commences with depicting "the repugnance of ill and good."

" The best man lives, hath one predominant ill,  
 Oppos'd to the best good he can effect ;  
 The worst man breaths, though curs'd, pervers'd of will,  
 Hath some predominant good, he doth affect :  
 Even either answering, contrare to their kinde,  
 Seeme to resemble what they never finde.

Lord ! what am I, whose best is even accurst,  
 Who with thy convert, is of sinners chief :  
 A sharde unsav'rie of thy works the worst,  
 Unlesse thy grace renew me with reliefe :  
 Lord ! will my well ! prepare my heart, give eare,  
 If faith can call, O ! thou canst quickly heare.

The poore which almes seeks, he gets not aide,  
 For any need, the giver hath of him ;  
 But even because he hath of us great need ;  
 So we by faith on Christian steps must clim :  
 For God of his great love, he freely gives us,  
 And without need of man he still relieves us.

A cynick came, and ask'd the Syrian king,  
 (Antigonus) a dram of silver coyne ;  
 But he reply'd it was too base a thing  
 For kings to give, or lend so small a loane :  
 Said cynick then, I would a talent crave,  
 But thats too much for thee (said he) to have.

Thus two extreames, were both extreamly met,  
 But its not so with God, and sinfull men;  
 The more we seeke, the more we're sure to get,  
 God of his bounty is so good, that when

We mercy crave, he grants it, gives us grace,  
 Our wills and wayes may in his precepts trace.

Lift up my falling minde, Lord! knit my heart  
 With cords of love and chaines of grace to thee;  
 As Jonathan's three arrows did impart  
 To Davids woes true signes of amitie.

So rouze my sprite, let grace and goodnesse spell  
 Mine annagram *I Love Almighty Wel.*\*

O! if I could byte off the head of sinne  
 As the shee viper doth the male confound,  
 But not like her, whose brood conceiv'd within,  
 Cut forth her wombe, leave her dead on the ground.

Lord! grant I sinne may slay, ere sinne slay me,  
 The wounds are deep, my health consists in Thee.

Lord! when I ponder on this worldly pride,  
 Vain glory, riches, honour, noble birth,  
 Great lands, and rents, faire palaces beside  
 Pastimes, and pleasures fit-thought things on earth,  
 Without thy love, and in regard of thee,  
 They're nought but shaddows, of meere vanitie."

J. H.

¶ *Here begynneth a lytell treatyse of the horse, the shepe, and the goos.* [Printed by Wynkyn de Worde.†]

This poem is attributed to Lidgate. The subject is a dispute between the horse, the sheep, and the goose, as to

\* [Making *Williame Lythgove.*]

† Folded in sixes, with double signatures, extending to b b v. the last leaf wanting. The above title forms two head lines upon the second leaf: aa i has a wood-cut, repeated on next side, of a lion holding his court, attended by the wolf, the hound, the cat, and, perhaps, the fox. At a distance the death of Kywart the hare by the fox, seems to be displayed. The whole representation is undoubtedly from the story of *Reynard the Fox*, and, if it was  
 not

to the value of their services rendered to mankind ; which is left for decision to those “ prudente juges the egle and the lyon.” The horse details his chronicled history, his martial and other achievements, and that

“ Chau cer remembreth the swerde rynge and glas  
Presented were vpon a stede of bras.”

He also urges his usefulness in husbandry and labour, that

“ Auguste is a season mery and gladd  
Whan euery tree with newe fruyte is lade  
With draught of horse y<sup>e</sup>. sheues ben home ladde,  
That moneth passed, the leues gan to fade  
Whiche made in somer a plesaunte lusty shade  
What done horse than to speke in wordes playne  
The second croppe they carye home of rewayne.  
By draught of horse fro ryuers and welles  
Bouges be brought to brewers for good ale  
Lede, stone, tymbers, caryage of belles  
We brynge to chyrches in trouthe this is no tale.  
We lede clothe, sakes, and many a large male  
And gladly summers be sente to forne  
With gardeuyandes, how my horse be forborne.”

The enjoyment of two elements is described as a matter of superiority by the Goose ; also the medicinal virtues of the body, and that

“ Fethers of gees, whan they fall or moute,  
To gather them vp herdes them delyte,  
To sell to fletchers the graye with the whyte.  
Men plucke stalkes out of my wynges tweyne,  
Some to portray, some to note, or wryte ;  
Whan rethoryens haue do theyr besy payne,  
Fresshe epystles, lettres to endyte,  
Without wrytynge auayleth not a myte ;  
For yf pennes and wrytynge were awaye,  
Of remembraunce then were loste the keye.”

While a dead horse is but carrion, the fat goose “ in

not once the property of De Worde’s master, Caxton, it must be supposed a loan from his contemporary, Pinson, as De Worde is not known to have printed that work, and both the others did.

a dysshe of golde," is a morsell "serued vpon a kynges table;" and, says our monk,

"Swymmynge alyue in water crystalyne,  
Tenderly rosted requyreth to haue wyne."

The value of the bearded arrow in war and the preservation of Rome from the cackling of a goose, is succeeded by a relation of legendary origin:

"In the booke named of cheualrye destyne,  
The storye telleth, as in sentemente,  
There were chyldren borne of the ryall lyne,  
Borne with chaynes, & whan they were of rente  
They tourne to swannes by enchauntement  
Toke theyr flyght; the trouthe is full clere,  
And as swannes they swamme in the reuere.  
This storye is full antentyke and olde,  
In Frenche compyled, oft red and sene;  
Of thylke cheyne was made a cuppe of golde  
Whiche is yet kepte, as some folkes seyne,  
And by descent it longeth in certeyne,  
To the herfordes; ye shall fynde in dede,  
Ceryouly, who so lyste the storye to rede:  
And, semblably not longe here to forne,  
I tell this tale as for my partye,  
There was a man in Lumbardy borne,  
To a goos ytourned by crafte of sorserye,  
And so he abode seuen yere, my lyste not to lye,  
His wryte fell of, then stode he vp a man  
And abode in seruyce with the duke of Melan.  
And, for he was a man of hygh degree,  
Borne of good blood, and notable in sustaunce,  
His kynred gyued a goos for theyr leuere,  
The sayd meruayle to put in remembraunce... . . .

The simplicity of the sheep brought the sturdy ram forward as an advocate. Scriptural history of the Paschal lamb is first given. The wool forms the riches of "Beates Albyon," and

"Of the shepe cometh pellet, and eke fell,  
Gadred in this londe for grete marchaundyse;  
Caryed ouer the se where may it sell;  
The wull skynnes causen men to ryse  
In to grete rychesse; in many sondry wyse



The shep tourneth to grete prouffyte,  
 To helpe of man bereth furre black and whyte.  
 There is also made of the shepes skynne  
 Pylehes and gloues, to dryue away the colde;  
 Therof also is made good parchemyne  
 To wryte of bokes and quayres many folde.....  
 Of the shepe is caste a waye no thyngē  
 His horne for nockes, to haftes go his bone;  
 To londe grete prouffyte dooth his tyrtelynge;  
 His talowē serueth for playsters many one;  
 For harpe strynges his ropes serue echone;  
 Of whoos hede boyled, with wull and all,  
 There cometh a gely and an oyntement ryal."

The horse and goose reply. The copy from which the above was transcribed is in possession of Mr. Haworth, and unfortunately wants the last leaf, which contains the decision of the judges.

J. H.

¶ *A Sermon preached ye fourth Sūdaye in Lente before the Kynges Maiestie and his honorable Counsell, by Thomas Leauer. Anno Domini 1550. [Colophon.] Imprynted at London by Iohn Day, dwellinge ouer Aldersgate, beneth Saint Martyns. And are to be sold at his shop by the litle conduit in Chepesyde at the sygne of the Resurrection. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. Per septennium. E 4 8°.*

"And when as by the same mouth of the true preacher, theyr venemous tounge be rebuked, thẽ they spare not to say, that the preacher hath learned his lesson in *Iack an apes court.*"

The preacher addresses his Majesty in a style of peculiar boldness in the following extract.

"Euen as V thousandes in wildernes folowed Christ and his apostles, so manye thousandes in Englande, past all other hope and refuge, folowe your gracious maiestye and honourable counsel. For theyr parsons, whiche should lyke shepherds feede them, doo lyke theues, robbe, murther and spoyle them. And theyr landlordes which shuld defend them, be  
 moste

moste heauye maisters vnto them: yea, all maner of officers doo not theyr duties to kepe the people in good order, but rather take such fees as inaketh the people veraye poore, who so hathe eyes, and wyll see, may easely perceiue that those personages, which be most in number and greateste in value throughout al Englande, be no shepherds houses to lay vp fodder to feede the poore shepe of the parysh, but theeuysch dennes, to conuey away great spoyle from al the rych men of the parysh. I say there is no person there, to releue the poore & nedy with natural sustinaũce in kepyng of house, and to fede all ingenerally with the heavenly foode of goddes worde by preachinge: but there is a persons deputy or fermer, which hauing neither habilitye, power, nor authoritye to doo the persons duty in feedyng and teachinge the parish, is able, sufficient, and stout inough to chalenge and take for hys maysters dutye the tenth parte of al the paryshe. Likewise other officers take many fees, and do few duties: and especiallye lãd-lordes take exceedyng fynes and rentes of theyr tenauntes, and doo no good unto theyr tenauntes."

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

¶ *Five Bookes of Philosophicall Comfort, full of Christian consolation, written a 1000 years since. By Anitius. Manlius, Torquatus, Seuerinus, Boetius, a Christian Consul of Rome. Newly translated out of Latine, together with Marginall Notes, explaining the obscurest places* [Wood-Cut, motto. Thou shalt labovr for peace and plentie]. London: Printed by John Windet, for Mathew Lownes. 1609. folios 144. 12mo.

Early versions of the classics must ever be interesting. The present is apparently scarce, from not being noticed by Dr. A. Clarke in his *Bibliographical Miscellany*.

It has a dedication "to the most Vertuous Lady, the Countesse of Dorset Dowager," "your most meane but not least deuoted seruant, I. T." from which we learn that her husband had once intended to translate Boetius. Prefixed to the work are a sonnet, and ten lines by the Author, and a sonnet by G. G. The translation is an intermixture of prose and verse. One extract will suffice.

"The

“*The vii verse.*”

*Philosophy declareth how the pirturbations of our mind  
doe hinder vs from the knowledge of truth.*

“ When starres are shrowded  
With duskie night,  
They yeeld no light  
Being so clowded.  
When the wind moueth,  
And waves do reare,  
The sea late cleare,  
Foule and darke proueth.  
And riuers creeping  
Downe a high hill,  
Stand often still,  
Rockes them back keeping.  
If thou wouldst brightly,  
See trutthes cleare rayes,  
Or walke those wayes,  
Which lead most rightly,  
All joy forsaking,  
Feare thou must flie,  
And hopes defie,  
No sorrow taking.  
For where these terrors  
Raigne in the mind,  
They it doe bind,  
In cloudy errors.”

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

¶ *The Line of Liberalitie dulie directinge the wel bestowing of benefites and reprehending the comonly used vice of Ingratitude. Anno 1569. Imprinted at London in Flete strete neare to S. Dunstones Church by Thomas Marshe. Oct. 135 leaves.*

“To the Right Woorshipfull Sir Christopher Heydon, Knight, his most courteouse creditour of many his bounties and benefites;” addresses the Epistle Dedicatory. . . . “Who is he to whome the report of your Worshippe’s name hath come, but with the same report hath lykewyse heard your  
worthie

worthie renoume, and vertenes wel nigh of al sortes, suche as may challeng and claim your deserued crowne of immortalltie. Amonge whiche what shall I recompt your rare sobryetie, greate lenytie, passyng familiaritie, commendable policie, gentle grauitie, pregnant wisdome, deepe discrecion, large liberalitie, paynefulness to plesour all honest persones, ample hospitalitie, to the admiration and well nigh astonnyeng of all that see such rare gyftes so plentifullye placed in your owne person, with an infinite nomber wel nigh of vertues besides, in the lest of whiche resteth trew woorschyppe. . . . (Subscribed) your Worship's depe dettour. Nicolas Havvard."

The volume is divided into three books; the first contains fifteen chapters, upon the nature, extent and pleasure of applying benefit; the second thirty-five chapters, of secrecy and promptness in the application, without being solicited, and of gratitude in the receiver, and the third book, thirty three chapters of ingratitude or forgetfulness, and benefits received from inferiors. The whole is interspersed with apposite relations from history, and forms an amusing and instructive collection. As a specimen of the language is selected the chapter to prove

*" Symple thynges gyuen with a good wil more acceptable then rich giftes with grutchyng.*

" For yf it were so that benefites consisted in the thynges whyche are geuen, and not in the mind of him who geueth the same, then should it also follow, that lok how much greater in valewe the thyng is that is geuen, so muche greater shoulde the benefit be to be accompted of. But that is vutrew. For somewhiles wee are more beholdyng, and to thinke ourselnes depelyer bounde to hym that geueth vs thynges but of small valew, whose good will notwithstandinge ought to be more deere to vs and hygher in estimation then any the greate abundance and ryches of Princes. For admitte that his gift was but simple, his hart yet was magnificent and liberall, in that he regarded not hys owne pouertie, he was so glad he had to serue my greate want presentlye. Wherein he declared hymself not onely to meane well to me-warde, but also to haue an earnest zele and desier in himself to declare and accomplish the same. In which his weldoing, he seemeth to take delight, bestowing those his benefites as one not loking or hoping after any recompence, more then if he had given me no whyt at all. But of his owne accord seeketh to find and take occasion to proffit and plesour me. On thother syde (as  
I haue

I haue sayde before) these thinges are neyther plesant nor acceptable whiche though of themselues they seeme to be of great valew and pryce, yet they are not without great entreaty, and importunate seute and request obtained at the hands of the graũters, or els whiche by chaunce and vnadvisedlye escape them. But tarre more thankefully is the litle simple gift to be receiued, geuen with assured good will and franckly, then is plenty and affluẽce geuen with grutching and repining. For why, in suche case thus may I saye. Truthe it is: that whiche this man liath geuen me is but a small thing, but wayeng his abilitie, he is muche to be commended, for he gaue it me with a uery good wil: and besides, his welthe coulde not extend to giue me any thing of gretter valew. Againe, the present of that other, I confesse, was very muche and of great pryce, but with what distrust did he it and longe delaye, and how muche did he repent him after he had done it? He dyd it for vaine glory onely, and to thend he might triuſphe ouer me, and reporte to others how much he had plesoured, and in what necessity I stode of his help. So that good cause I haue to perswade myself that he dyd it not for good will, and earnest loue, or affection he bare to me, but to blase abrode his own name and take occasion so to doo at my necessitie. Who that to this end bestoweth his benefytes, I saye he doth not onely deserue notes to be accompted liberall, but rather an euill natured niggard."

\* \*

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¶ *The Clergy in their Colours; or a brief character of them. Written from a hearty desire of their Reformation, and great Zeal for my Countrey men, that they may no longer be deceived by such as call themselves the Ministers of the Gospel, but are not. By John Fry, a Member of the Parliament of England, &c. &c. &c. London: Printed for Giles Calvert, at the Blacke Spread Eagle at the West end of Pauls. 1650. pp. 68. 18mo.*

The author of this curious tract was one of the judges of Charles Ist., but did not sign the warrant for the Monarch's decapitation. Wood styles him "a man of more than ordinary parts," Noble; "this gentleman had great abilities."

abilities." The present pamphlet was ordered by the ruling powers to be burnt by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, together with another entitled "*The Accuser ashamed: or a pair of Bellows to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry, a Member of Parliament, by Col. Io. Downes.*" London, Feb. 1648. 8vo. He was the representative of an ancient family, who were seated in Devonshire as early as 1297. Yartie house, the family mansion, was in their possession from the reign of Richard II. until the last century, when it passed by marriage to Lord King. Any extracts from the present work will be needless, as a select impression of both the tracts, with memoirs of the author, is about to be printed for private distribution.

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

### ¶ Old Musical Airs.

i. \*

“ See where my loue a Maying goes,  
 With sweet dame Flora sporting:  
 She most alone with nightingales  
 In woods delights consorting:  
 Tuine, turne againe my dearest,  
 The pleasanst ayre's in meadows,  
 Els by the riuers let us breathe,  
 And kisse amongst the willowes.

ii.

\* *Cantus.* The first set of Madrigals and Pastorals of 3. 4. and 5. parts. Newly composed by Francis Pilkington, Batchelor of Musicke and Lutenist, and one of the Cathedrall Church of Christ and blessed Mary the Virgin in Chester. London: printed for M. L. I. B. and T. S. the Assignes of W. Barley. 1612. In the dedication to “ Sir Thomas Smith of Hough, in the Countie of Chester, Knight.” Pilkington says of musick, that “ God to his great glory, doth diuersly and wonderfully enable his creatures thereunto, teaching man vpon earth, not onely in mellifluous notes to chant, but also vpon variety of instruments sweetly to expresse the hidden secrets of that sacred licence, and not leauing the vast ayre empty of his glory; he instructeth the early larke to warble forth his prayse, who, (as some hould) leearneth his layes from the musicall motions  
of

## ii.

Stay, nymph, O stay, the ground seekes out to kisse thy  
 Harke, harke how Philomela sweetly sings [feet;  
 Whilst wanton, wanton fishes as they meete  
 Sticke crochet time amidst these christall springs,  
 And Zephirus 'mongst the leaues sweet murmurings:  
 Stay but awhile, Phœbe no tel tale is,  
 She her Endimion, Ile my Phœbe kisse.

## iii.

Amintas with his Phillis faire,  
 In height of Summer's sunne  
 Gaz'd arme in arme; their snowie flocke  
 And scorching heate to shunne,  
 Vnder a spreading elme sat downe  
 Where loues delightments done:  
 Thus did they sing, there is no life like ours,  
 No heau'n on earth to shepherds cels, no hell to  
 Downe dillie, downe. [princely bow'rs :

## iv.

The messenger of the delightfull spring,  
 The cuckoo, proud bird, mocking man!  
 On lofty okes and eu'ry vnder-spring,  
 To chant out cuckow scarce began;  
 When as Menalcas, soote as swanne,  
 His winter cloake cast off, did nimbly spring,  
 And as the cuckoo cuck did sing,  
 The shepherd's downe a downe was farra diddle dan.

## v.

Haue I found her? Oh rich finding,  
 Goddess like for to behold;  
 Her faire tresses seemely binding,  
 In a chaine of pearle and gold:  
 Chaine mee, chaine mee, oh most faire,  
 Chaine mee to thee with that haire.

of the heauenly spheares, and from thence to transcend vp to the  
 seat of the most highest the elected saints and angels doe in  
 heauenly himmes, sing perpetually *Te Deum* to the Holy Trinitie,  
 sitting on the throne of the most maiesticke glorie." Dated  
 "from my mansion in the monastery of Chester, the 25 day of  
 September, 1612." Contains xxii pieces.

## vi.

What though her frownes and hard intreaties kill,  
 I will not cease to loue, affect her still:  
 Still will I loue her beautie hate her scorne,  
 Loue her for beautie at her beauties morne.

## vii.

Vnder the tops of Helicon,  
 Not farre from Parnasse stately towers,  
 Springs forth the fountaine Hippocrene,  
 With bankes beset with fragrant flowers:  
 The hill it is my Muses vse,  
 The fountaine which my hart doth chuse.

## viii.

My hart is dead within me,  
 For that my loue forsakes me;  
 Yet why should I shed tears in vaine?  
 She wil not once respect my paine;  
 In hope to cast a better chance,  
 I therefore will ioy sing and dance.

## ix.\*

Yond hill tops Phœbus kist at his last night's farewell,  
 This morne the same he blist, in homage to her cell:  
 The nymphs and wood-gods cry'd, Lord Phœbus goe your  
 We her, she vs will haue, you are too hot to play. [way,

\* *Cantos: The second set of Madrigals and Pastorals; apt for Violls and Voyces, newly composed by Francis Pilkington, Batchelar of Musicke, and Lutenist, and Chaunter of the Cathedrall Church of Christ and blessed Mary the Virgin, in Chester. London, printed by Thomas Snodbam, for M. L. and A. B. 1624. Dedicated by Pilkington to "Sir Peter Leigh of Lyme Knight," as the fruit of his "now-aged Muse." In a sonnet to his "approoued friend Master Francis Pilkington, William Webbe enquires*

— must the matchless excellencies  
 Of Bird, Bull, Dowland, Morley, and the rest  
 Of our rare artists (who now dim the lights  
 Of other lands) be onely in request?  
 Thyselfe, and others, loosing your due rights  
 To high Desert: —

And Henry Harpur, in another sonnet, proclaims

Art's praise and skill's high pitch, are not so tyed  
 To bankes of Po, or siluer Thames (we see)  
 But Joue's faire bird may haunt fine streames beside,  
 And chaunt sweet layes on brinckes of antique Dee.



## x.

Ye bubling springs that gentle musicke makes,  
 To louers plaints with heart-sore throbs inmixt ;  
 When as my deare her pleasure takes,  
 Tell her with teares how firme my loue is fixt :  
 And Philomell report my timerous feates  
 Sound, sound my highoes in her eares :  
 But if she aske if I for loue will dye,  
 Tell her good faith, not I.

## xi.

Your fond preferments are but children's toys,  
 And as a shadow all your pleasures passe ;  
 As yeares increase so waining are your ioyes,  
 Your blisse is brittle like a broken glasse :  
 Death is the salue that ceaseth all anoy,  
 Death is the port by which we saile to ioy.

xii. (*First part.*)

Coy Daphne fled from Phœbus hot pursuite,  
 Careless of passion, senceless of remorse :  
 Whilst he complain'd his griefes she rested mute,  
 He beg'd her stay, she still kept on her course :  
 But what reward she had for this you see,  
 She rest transform'd a winter-beaten tree.

xiii. (*Second part.*)

Chaste Daphne fled from Phœbus hot pursuite,  
 Knowing mens passions, idle and of course :  
 And though he plain'd, 'twas fit she should be mute,  
 And honour would she should keep on her course :  
 For which faire deed her glory still we see,  
 She rests still greene, and so wish I to bee.

## xiv.

You gentle nymphs that on these meadowes play,  
 And oft relate the loues of shepherds young ;  
 Come, sit you downe, for if you please to stay,  
 Now may you heare an vncouth passion song :  
 A lad there is, and I am that poore groome,  
 That's false in loue and cannot tell with whom.

Old Chester is not so with Eld ore-laine,  
 That where contention is for praise, shee then,  
 Should not her old-borne title still maintaine,  
 And put in, for her claime to chiefe of men.——

Contains xxvi Songs, and “ a paine made for the Orpharion by  
 the Right Honorable William Earle of Darbie, and by him con-  
 sented to be in my bookes placed.”

## xv.

Crowned with flowers, I saw faire Amarillis,  
 By Thirsis sit, hard by a fount of christall;  
 And with her hand, more white than snow or lillies,  
 On sand she wrote, my faith shall be immortal:  
 But sodainely a storme of winde and weather,  
 Blue all her faith and sand away together.

## xvi.

Goe you skipping kids and fawnes,  
 Exercise your swift carriere;  
 Ouer pleasant fields and lawnes,  
 Rousing vp the fearefull deere:  
 Greet them all with what I sing,  
 Endlesse loue eternizing."

J. H.

¶ *Obiectorum Reductio: or daily Imployment for the Soule. In Occasional Meditations upon severall subjects. By Donald Lupton. 1 Tim. iv. 14. Despise not the gift that is in thee. London: Printed by John Norton, for John Rothwell, at the signe of the Sunne, in Pauls Church-yard, 1634. 24mo. pp. 158.*

¶ *England's Command on the Seas, or the English Seas guarded. Wherein is proved, that as the Venetians, Portugals, Spaniards, French, Danes, Polands, Turks, the Duke of Tuscany, and the Popes of Rome have dominion on their Seas; so the Commonwealth of England hath on our Seas. Wherein the Dutch unjust procuration and prosecution of War against England is also described. Lucan de Bello Civili Phars. 4. Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fusoq; Britannus Navigat Oceano—that is*

*Venice her gulf, and river Po doth keep:*

*The English on the ocean vast and deep—*

*London: Printed for Jos. Black-lock in Ivie lane, next doore to the signe of the Acorne. 1653. 24mo. pp. 106.*

The latter of these pieces, from its subject matter, is, at the present epoch, peculiarly interesting. It is dedicated to "The Right Honourable the Council of State," "your Honour's Servant, Donald Lupton." The following extracts will suffice. Page 22.

"There

“ There is not any nation who seems so stout to defend their sea right as the French; yet they, of all others, have lest performed it; for during not only the wars, but the time of the Sovereignty of the Kings of England in that nation: the French who could not, nor durst fight us at land, had lesse power and will to affront us at sea.”—Page 40. “ Briefly, though wee think it is fitter for the See of Rome to save men’s souls if they be Peter’s successors, then to lord it so mightily either by sea or land, yet that the world may see his jurisdiction and power at sea in the Romane sea belonging to Rome, we will give you some expressions of his to set forth his lofty mind. *Barth. Vgolinus de Censuris Pont reserv. part. 2. sect. 1. Excommunicamus & Anathematizamus omnes piratas Cursarios ac Latrunculos Maritimos discurrentes Mare nostrum* (that is) we excommunicate and curse all pirates, sea rovers and thieves, whomsoever that shall hover on or rove on our seas, and if any take any herrings upon any holy day, they shall and must pay some to the next churches, and specially to those churches which ly nearest to that place where they took them. *Gloss. 3 tit. de feriis.*”

The work concludes with

“ Braue England haue a care thy seas to defend,

Thou need’st not fear whether Dutch be thy foe or friend.”

The *Objectorum Reductio* is inscribed to “ the Right Honourable Lord George Earle of Rutland, Baron Roos of Hamelake, Belvoir, and Trusbutt, encrease of honour, and happines, temporall, and eternall.” There are in the whole fifty-nine short meditations, distinguished by good sense, but the book is not sufficiently rare to allow of any extracts.

Bristol, 1810.

J. F.

### ¶ *Specimens of Songs by Dramatic Writers.*

Though music formed a favourite science with our ancestors, it was long before a vocal character appears to have been received upon the stage. In old plays may be found instances of “ enter Music with a song,” and the words omitted, which was probably some popular air adopted for the occasion. In the *Two Italian Gentlemen*, at conclusion of first act, “ the consort of musique

soundeth a pleasant galliard;" end of the second, "the consort soundeth again;" the third, "sounds a sollemne dump;" and after the fourth, "soundeth a pleasant allemaigne;" it may therefore be presumed a musical comedy, but there are only two short songs characteristically introduced. I believe the earliest vocal character, generally sanctioned, was that of Valerius, the merry Lord in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, and the author sought, from time to time, to fix it firmer in public favour by the novelty of additional songs. The first edition of this play, 1608, contains twelve songs; the fourth impression, 1630, has fifteen songs; the fifth, 1638, says "sundry songs, before omitted, now inserted in their right places;" and contains the words of twenty musical airs. Sir William D'Avenant appears to have first introduced operatical pieces.

## 1. \*

"If looue be like the flower that in the night,  
When darknes drownes the glory of the skyes:  
Smelles sweet, and glitteres in the gazers sight,  
But when the gladsom sun beginnes to rise,  
And he that viewes it would the same imbrace,  
It withereth, and looseth all his grace.  
Why doo I looue and like the cursed tree,  
Whose buddes appeer, but fruite will not be seen:  
Why doo I languish for the flower I see?  
Whose root is rot when all the leaues are green,  
In such a case it is a point of skill,  
To followe chaunce, and looue against my will.

## 2. †

Health, fortune, mirth, and wine,  
To thee my loue deuine,  
I drinke to my darelind,  
Giue me thy hand sweeting:  
With cuppe full, euer plyed,  
And hartes full, nener dried;  
Mine owne, mine owne dearest sweeting,  
Oh, oh! myne owne dearest sweeting.

## 3. ‡

Fortune smiles, cry holy day,  
Dimples on her cheekes doe dwell,

\* From the Pleasunt and fine conceited comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen. &c.

† Blinde begger of Alexandria, by George Chapman, 1598.

‡ Old Fortunatus by T. Decker, 1600.

Fortune frownes, cry wellada,  
 Her loue is heauen, her hate is hell.  
 Since heauen and hell obey her power,  
 Tremble when her eyes doe lowre;  
 Since heauen and hell her power obey,  
 When shee smiles, crie holy day.  
 Holy-day with ioy we cry,  
 And bend, and bend, and merrily,  
 Sing hymnes to Fortune's deitie.  
 Sing hymnes to Fortune's deitie.

(*Cho.*) Let vs sing, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
 With our song let heauen resound,  
 Fortune's hands our heads haue crown'd,  
 Let vs sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

## 4. \*

Art thou poore yet hast thou golden slumbers?

Oh, sweet content!

Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplex'd?

Oh, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed?

To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers,

O sweet content, O sweet, &c.

Worke apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour beares a louely face.

Then hey noney, noney: hey noney, noney.

Canst drinke the waters of the crisped spring,

O, sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sinck'st in thine owne teares,

O, punishment.

Then hee that patiently wants, burden beares;

No burden beares but is a King, a King?

O sweet content, &c.

Worke apace, apace, &c.

## 5.

Golden slumbers kisse your eyes,  
 Smiles awake you when you rise;  
 Sleepe pretty wantons, doe not cry,  
 And I will sing a lullabie,  
 Rocké them, rocke them, lullabie!

\* The pleasant comædie of Patient Grissill, 1603.—On the title, in very old writing, is "By H. Chetill;" so in part the Henslowe papers, where it is attributed to "Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton." Shakspeare's Works, *ed.* 1803, Vol. iii. p. 382.

Care is heauy therefore sleepe you,  
 You are care and care must keep you :  
 Sleepe pretty wantons, doe not cry,  
 And I will sing a lullabie :  
 Rocke them, rocke them, lullabie !

## 6. \*

Musick, tobacco, sack and sleepe,  
 The tide of Sorrow backward keepe,  
 If thou art sad at others fate,  
*Riuo*, drinke deepe, giue care the mate,  
 On vs the end of time is come,  
 Fond feare of that we cannot shun.  
 Whilst quickest sence doth freshly last,  
 Clip time aboute, hug pleasure fast.  
 The Sisters rauell out our twine,  
 He that knows little 's most deuine.  
 Error deludes; whole beate this hence,  
 Naughtes knowue but by exterior sence,  
 Let glory blason others deede,  
 My blond then breath craues better meede.  
 Let twattling fame cheat others rest,  
 I am no dish for Rumor's feast :  
 Let honor others hope abuse,  
 Ile nothing haue, so nought will loose :  
 Ile strue to be nor great, nor small,  
 To liue to die, fate helmeth all :  
 When I can breath no longer, then,  
 Heauen take all, there put amen.

## 7. †

Peace, peace, peace, make no noyse,  
 Pleasure and feare lie sleeping ?  
 End, end, end your idle toyes,  
 Iealous eies will be peeping :  
 Kisse, kisse and part, though not for hate for pittie,  
 Ha done, ha done, ha done; for I ha done my dittie.

## 8. ‡

When Tarquin first in court began,  
 And was approued King,  
 Some men for sodden ioy gan weepe,  
 And I for sorrow sing.

\* What yov will, by Iohn Marston, 1607.

† Humour out of breath, by Iohn Day, 1608.

‡ The Rape of Lucrece, a true Roman tragedie, with the seuerall songes in their apt places, by Valerius, the merrie lord amongst the Roman Peeres; by Thomas Heywood, 1608.

## 9.

Now what is loue I pray thee tell,  
 It is the fountaine and the well,  
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell,  
 It is perhaps the sansing bell,  
 That rings all in to heaven or hell:  
 And this is loue, and this is lone, as I heare tell.

Now what is loue I pray you shew,  
 A thing that creepes and cannot goe:  
 A prise that passeth to and fro,\*  
 A thing for me, a thing for moe,  
 And he that proues shall find it so,  
 And this is loue, and this is lone, sweet  
 friends l tro.†

## 10. † The Player's Song.

The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,  
 Puts downe all drinke when it is stale,  
 The toast, the nut-meg, and the ginger,  
 Will make a sighing man a singer.  
 Ale giues a buffet in the head,  
 But ginger vnder-proppes the brayne;  
 When ale would strike a strong man dead,  
 Then nut-megge tempers it againe,  
 The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,  
 Puts downe all drinke when it is stale.

## 11. The [Poet's] song extempore.

Giue your Scholler degrees, and your Lawyer his fees,  
 And some dice for Sir Petronell flash:  
 Giue your Courtier grace, and your Knight a new case,  
 And empty their purses of cash.  
 Giue your play-gull a stoole, and my Lady her foole,  
 And her vsher potatoes and marrow,  
 But your Poet were he dead, set a pot on his head,  
 And he rises as peart as a sparrow.

\* I suppose the edition of 1630 omitted this line. See Anecdotes of Literature, Vol. II. p. 36.

† These lines form the first and last stanzas of "the Shepheards description of Loue," in *England's Helicon*: one of the poems of which the original signature (in the first edition) "S. W. R." had, after printing, the word *ignoto* pasted over it. Though Heywood, at the end of his play, tenaciously gives songs "which were added by the Stranger," that acted Valerius; still it requires further authority before the poems thus subscribed can be presumptively given to him.

‡ *Histrion-mastix*, or the Player whipt. 1610.

O delicate wine with thy power diuine,  
 Full of rauishing sweete inspiration.  
 Yet a verse may runne cleare that is tapt out of beare,  
 Especially in the vacation.  
 But when the terme comes, that with trumpets and drumes,  
 Our play-houses ringe in confusion :  
 Then Bacchus me murder, but rime we no further,  
 Some sacke now, vpon the conclusion.

## 12. Players sing.

Some vp and some downe ther's players in the towne,  
 You wot well who they bee ;  
 The sunne doth arise to three companies,  
 One, two, three, foure, make wee.  
 Besides we that trauell, with pumps full of grauell,  
 Made all of such running leather ;  
 That once in a weeke, new maisters wee seeke,  
 And neuer can hold together.

## 13. The [bridall] Song.\*

They that for worldly wealth do wed,  
 That buy and sell the marriage bed ;  
 That come not warm'd with the true fire,  
 Resolu'd to keep this vow entire,  
 To soone finde discontent,  
 To soone shall they repent.

But Hymen these are no such louers,  
 Which thy burning torch discouers :  
 Though they liue then many a yeare,  
 Let each day as new appeare.  
 As this first ; and delights  
 Make of all bridall rights :  
 Io! Hymen giue consent,  
 Blessed are the marriages that nere repent.

## 14. †. [Golden Age.]

Haile beauteous Dian, Queene of shades,  
 That dwels beneath these shadowie glades,  
 Mistresse of all those beauteous maids,  
 That are by her allowed.  
 Virginitie we all professe,  
 Abiure the worldlie vaine excesse,  
 And will to Dyan yeeld no lesse  
 Then we to her haue vowed.  
 The Shepheards, Satirs, Nymphs, and Fawnes,  
 For thee will trippe it ore the lawnes.

\* A Woman is a Weather-cocke, by Nat. Field. 1612.

† The Golden age, by T. Heywood, 1611.



Come to the forrest, let vs goe,  
 And trip it like the barren doe,  
 The fawnes and satirs still do so,  
     And freelie thus they may do.  
 The fairies daunce and satirs sing,  
 And on the grasse tread manie a ring,  
 And to their caues their ven'son bring,  
     And we will do as they do,  
     The Shepheards, &c.

Our food is honie from the bees,  
 And mellow fruits that drop from trees,  
 In chace we clime the high degrees  
     Of euerie steepie mountaine,  
 And when the wearie day is past,  
 We at the eueping hie vs fast,  
 And after this our field repast,  
     We drinke the pleasant fountaine.  
     The Shepheards, &c.

## 15.\* [Silver Age.]

With faire Ceres queene of graine,  
 The reaped fields we rome, rome, rome,  
 Each countrey peasant, nimph, and swaine,  
 Sing their haruest home, home, home,  
     Whilst the Queene of plenty hallowes,  
     Growing field as well as fallowes,

Eccho double all our layes  
 Make the champions sound, sound, sound,  
 To the Queene of harvest praise  
 That sowes and reapes our ground, ground, ground:  
     Ceres queene of plenty hallowes, &c.

Tempests hence, hence winds and hailes,  
 Tares, cockle, rotten showers, showers, showers:  
 Our song shall keep time with our flailles:  
 When Ceres sings, none lowers, lowers, lowers.  
     She it is whose God-hood hallowes, &c.

## 16. †

Delicious beautie that doth lye  
 Wrapt in a skin of iuorie,  
 Lye still, lye still vpon thy backe,  
 And fancie let no sweet dreames lacke  
 To tickle her, to tickle her with pleasing thoughts,  
 But if thy eyes are open full,  
 Then daine to view an honest gull,

\* The Silver Age, by T. Heywood, 1613.

† Jacke Drvms Entertainment, *ed.* 1616

That stands, that stands, expecting still  
 When that thy casement open will, [glance.  
 And blesse his eyes, and blesse his eyes with one kind

## 17. \* The first Three-mans song.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,  
 So frolicke, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene,  
 And then did I, vnto my true loue say,  
 Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queene.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,  
 The sweetest singer in all the forrest quier ;  
 Intreates thee sweet Peggy to heare thy true-loues tale,  
 Loe yonder she sitteth her breast against a brier.

But O I spye the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo,  
 See where she sitteth, come away my ioy :  
 Come away I prethee, I doe not like the cuckoo  
 Should sing when my Peggy and I kisse and toy.

O the month, &c.

## 18. The second Three-mans song.

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,  
 Saint Hugh be our good speed ;  
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,  
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowle the bowle the iolly nut-browne bowle,  
 And heere kind mate to thee :  
 Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soule,  
 And downe it merily.

Downe a Downe, bey downe a downe,  
 hey dery, dery, downe, a downe,  
*Close with the tenor boy. (Spoke.)*  
 Hoe well done, to me let come,  
 ring compasse gentle ioy.

Trowle the bowle, the nut browne bowle,  
 And heere kind, &c. *as often as there be men to*  
*At last, when all haue drunke, this verse. [drinke ;*  
*[Stage direction.]*

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,  
 Saint Hugh be our good speed ;  
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,  
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

## 19. †

King Richard's gone to Walsingham, to the holy land  
 To kill Turke and Sarasen, that the truth doe withstand ;

\* Shoemakers Holy-day, or the Gentle Craft, *ed.* 1618.

† The Weakest goeth to the Wall. *ed.* 1618.

Christ his crosse be his good speed; Christ, his foes to quell,  
Send him helpe in time of need, and to come home well.

## 20. \*

Rise Ladie, mistresse rise,  
The night hath tedious beene,  
No sleepe hath fallen into my eies,  
Nor slumbers made me sinne:  
Is not she a saint then say,  
Thought of whom keepes sinne away?  
Rise Madame, rise and giue me light,  
Whom darkenesse still will couer,  
And ignorance darker than night,  
Till thou smile on thy louer:  
All want day till thy beautie rise,  
For the graie morne breakes from thine eies.

## 21. † A Song in parts.

Whilst wee sing the dolefull knell,  
Of this Princesse passing-bell,  
Let the woods and valleys ring  
Ecchoes to our sorrowing,  
And the tenor of their song,  
Be ding dong, ding, dong, dong,  
Ding, dong, dong, ding, dong.  
Nature now shall boast no more  
Of the riches of her store,  
Since in this her chiefest prize,  
All the stocke of beantie dies:  
Then what cruell heart can long,  
Forbeare to sing this sad ding dong, &c.  
Fawnes and siluans of the woods,  
Nimphes that haunt the cristall fouds,  
Sauage beasts more milder than  
The vntolerating hearts of men,  
Be partakers of our mone,  
And with vs sing ding dong, ding dong, &c.

## 22. †

Satyres sing, let sorrow keepe her cell,  
Let warbling ecchoes ring,  
And sounding musicke yell. [kill,  
Through hils, through dales, sad grief and care to  
In him long since, alas, hath grieu'd his fill.

\* Amends for Ladies, by Nat. Field. 1618.

† Swetman the Woman-hater, arraigned by Women. 1620.

‡ Wily Begvilde, *ed.* 1523.

Sleepe no more, but walke and liue content,  
 Thy grieffe the nymphes deplore ;  
 The syluan gods lament  
 To heare, to see thy mone, thy losse, thy loue,  
 Thy plaints to teares, the flinty rockes doe moue.  
 Griue not then, the Queene of Loue is milde,  
 She sweetly smiles on men,  
 When Reason's most beguild ; [faire :  
 Her lookes, her smiles are kinde, are sweet, are  
 Awake therefore and sleepe not still in care.  
 Loue intendes to free thee from annoy,  
 His nymphes Syluanus sends :  
 To bid thee liue in ioy,  
 In hope, in ioy, sweet loue delights imbrace :  
 Faire Loue her selfe, will yeeld thee so much grace.

## 23. \*

This song is sung by a madman to a dismall kind of musique.

O let vs howle some heauy note,  
 Some deadly-dogged howle :  
 Sounding as from the threatning throat  
 Of beastes and fatall fowle.  
 As rauens, schrich-owles, bulls and beares,  
 We'll bill and bawle our parts,  
 Till yerk-some noyce haue cloy'd your eares,  
 And corasiu'd your hearts.  
 At last when as our quire wants breath,  
 Our bodies being blest,  
 We'll sing like swans, to welcome death,  
 And die in loue and rest.

## 24. † [The aged Louer.]

I, I am siluer white, so is thy cheeke,  
 Yet who for whitenes will condemne it?  
 If wrinkled, or if thy forehead is not sleeke,  
 Yet who for frowning dare contemne it?  
 Boys full of folly, youth of rage,  
 Both but a iourney to old age.  
 I am not yet fayre Nymph to old to loue,  
 And yet woemen loue old louers ;  
 Nor yet to wauing light, as false to proue,  
 Youth a foule inside fairely couers :

\* Dytchesse of Malfy, by Iohn Webster. 1623.

† Sicelides, a Piscatory, by Phineas Fletcher. 1631.

Yet when my light is in the waine  
Thy sunnes renew my spring againe.

25.\*

The Spanyard loves his antient slop,  
A Lombard the Venetian;  
And some like breech-lesse women go,  
The Rush, Turke, Iew, and Grecian.  
The thrifitie Frenchman weares small waste,  
The Dutch his belly boasteth;  
The Englishman is for them all,  
And for each fashion coasteth. †

The Turke in linnen wraps his head,  
The Persian his in lawne too,  
The Rush with sables furs his cap,  
And change will not be drawne too.  
The Spanyard's constant to his block,  
The French inconstant ever;  
But of all Felts, that may be felt,  
Give me the English beaver.

The German loves his coony-wooll,  
The Irish-man his shag too;  
The Welch his Monmouth loves to weare,  
And of the same will brag too.  
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,  
Some great and other small things;  
But O your lickorish Englishman,  
He loves to deale in all things.

The Rush drinke quaffe, Dutch lubecks beere,  
And that is strong and mightie:  
The Brittain he Metheglen quaffs,  
The Irish Aqua-vita.

\* Challenge for Beavtie, by T. Heywood, 1636.

† Robert Green, in the following passage from his *Farewell to Folly*, alludes to the well-known sign of Andrew Boord, and describes the universal taste of his countrymen when he wrote, in respect to dress. "Time hath brought pride to such perfection in Italie, that we are almost as fantasticke as the English Gentleman that is painted naked, with a paire of sheeres in his hande, as not being resolved after what fashion to haue his coat cut. In truth, quoth Farneze, to digresse a little from your matter, I haue seene an English Gentleman so defused in his sutes, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloake for Germanie, that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face." C. 3 *rev.*

The

The French affects the Orleans grape,  
 The Spaniard sips his sherry,  
 The English none of these can scape,  
 But hee with all makes merry.

The Italian in her high chopeeene,  
 Scotch lasse and lovely Froe too,  
 The Spanish Donna, French Madam,  
 He doth not feare to goe to.  
 Nothing so full of hazard, dread,  
 Nought liues above the center;  
 No health, no fashion, wine or wench,  
 On which he dare not venter.

## 26. \*

Beautie no more the subject be  
 Of wanton art, to flatter thee:  
 Or in dull figures call thee spring,  
 Lillie or rose, or other thing:  
 All which beneath thee are, and grow  
 Into contempt when thou dost show  
 The unmatched glory of thy brow.

(*Chorus.*) Behold a spheare of virgins move,  
 None 'mongst them lesse then Queene of Love:  
 And yet their Queene so farre excels,  
 Beauty and she are onely parallels.

## 29.

On, bravely on; the foe is met;  
 The souldiers ranc'kt, the battaile set.  
 Make the earth tremble, and the skies  
 Redouble ecchoes from your cries:  
 Bloud puts a scarlet mantle on  
 The late greene plaine: they'l flie anon.

(*Chorus.*) Then follow, but your orders keepe;  
 Take prisoners, set their ransomes deepe:  
 Retreat—for fame, and the delight  
 That peace brings, onely, souldiers fight.

## 28. †

Love's farre more pow'rfull than a King,  
 And wiser then most statesmen are:  
 For it commands him, and doth spring  
 In them strange thoughts; in both much care

\* Hannibal and Scipio, by Thomas Nabbes, 1637.

† Landgartha, by Henry Burnell, Dublin, 1641.

(Beside th' affaires o' th' Common-wealth)  
 To crouch and to obey. Nay more;  
 It makes 'em loose all joy and health,  
 And not be the man they were before;  
 Vntill wise love, all pow'rfull love,  
 The gracious physitian prove.

## 29. \*

How blest are they that wast their weary howers  
 In solemne groves, and solitary bowers,  
 Where neither eye, nor eare,  
 Can see, or heare,  
 The frantique mirth,  
 And false delights of frolique earth;  
 Where they may sit, and pant,  
 And breathe their pursy souls  
 Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want  
 Afflicts, nor sullen care controuls,  
 Away false joyes, ye murder where ye kisse,  
 There is no heav'n to that, no life to this.

## 30. †

How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,  
 The tydes of gold and silver, ebb and flow in a minute:  
 From the usurer to his sons, there a current swiftly runs,  
 From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the thief,  
 From the thief unto his host, from the host to husband-men,  
 From the country to the court, and so it comes to us agen.  
 How round, &c.

To these extracts may be added the following poems  
 on Love, Musick, and Death, by Phineas Fletcher, form-  
 ing the chorusses to the second, third, and fourth acts of  
 the Sicelides.

## 31.

Loue is the fire, damme, nurse and seede  
 Of all that aire, earth, waters breede:  
 All these earth, water, aire, fire,  
 Though contraries, in loue conspire.  
 Fond painters, loue is not a lad,  
 With bow and shafts, and feathers clad:  
 As he is fancied in the braine  
 Of some loose louing idle swaine,

\* The Virgin Widow, by Francis Quarles, 1649.

† The Widdow, by Iohnson, Fletcher, and Middleton. 1652.

Much sooner is he felt then seene,  
 His substance subtile, slight and thinne,  
 Oft leapes hee from the glancing eyes,  
 Oft in some smooth mount he lyes,  
 Soonest he winnes, the fastest flies!  
 Oft lurkes he twixt the ruddy lips,  
 Thence, while the heart his nectar sips,  
 Downe to the soule the poyson slips.  
 Oft in a voyce creeps down the eare,  
 Oft hides his darts in golden haire,  
 Oft blushing cheeks do light his fire[s,]  
 Oft in a smooth soft [s]kinne retires,  
 Often in smiles, often in teares,  
 His flaming heate in water beares ;  
 When nothing else kindles desire,  
 Enen vertues selfe shall blow the fire :  
 Loue with thousand darts abounds,  
 Surest and deepest vertue wounds :  
 Oft himselfe becomes a dart,  
 And loue with loue, doth loue impart.  
 Thou painfull pleasure, pleasing paine,  
 Thou gainefull life thou losing gaine :  
 Thou bitter sweete, easing disease,  
 How doest thou by displeasing please ?  
 How doest thou thus bewitch the heart,  
 To loue in hate. to ioy in smart :  
 To thinke it selfe most bound, when free,  
 And freest in his slavery.  
 Enery creature is thy debter,  
 None but loues, some worse, some better :  
 Onely in loue, they happy prooue,  
 Who loue what most deserves their loue.

## 32.

This his wifes quicke fate lamenting,  
 Orpheus sate his soule tormenting :  
 While the speedy wood came running,  
 And riuers stood to heare his cunning ;  
 The hares ran with the dogs along,  
 Not from the dogs but to his song :  
 But when all his verses turning,  
 Onely fram'd his poore heart's burning :  
 Of the higher powers complaining,  
 Downe he went to hell disdainig :  
 There his siluer lute strings hitting,  
 And his potent verses fitting :



All the sweets that ere he tooke  
 From his sacred mother's brooke:  
 What his double sorrow giues him,  
 And loue that doubly double grieues him:  
 There he spends to moue deafe hell,  
 Charming deuils with his spell;  
 And with sweetest asking leaue,  
 Does the Lord of Ghosts deceaue.  
 Caron, amaz'd, his boate foreslowes,  
 While the boate the sculler rowes,  
 And of itselfe to th' shoare doth floate,  
 Tripping on the dancing moate.  
 The three headed porter preast to heare,  
 Prickt vp his thrice double eare;  
 The furies, plagues for guilt vp-heaving,  
 Now as guilty, fell a weeping;  
 Ixion, though his wheele stood still,  
 Still was wrapt with musickes skill.  
 Tantale might haue eaten now,  
 The fruite as still as was the bough,  
 But he foole, no longer fearing,  
 Staru'd his tast to feede his hearing.  
 Thus since loue has wonne the field,  
 Heauen and hell, to earth must yeeld,  
 Blest soule that dyest in loue's sweete sound,  
 That lost in loue, in loue art found.  
 If but a true-loue's ioy thou once doe prone,  
 Thou wilt not loue to line, vnlesse thou line to loue.

## 33.

Who nere saw death, may death commend,  
 Call it ioyes prologue, troubles end:  
 The pleasing sleepe that quiet rockes him,  
 Where neither care, nor fancy mockes him.  
 But who in neerer space doth eye him,  
 Next to hell, as hell defye him:  
 No state, no age, no sexe can moue him,  
 No beggars prey, no kings reprooue him:  
 In midst of mirth and loue's alarmes,  
 He puls the bride from bridegroome's arms:  
 The beauteous virgin he contemnes,  
 The guilty with the iust condemns.  
 All wear his cloth and none denyes,  
 Dres 't in fresh colour'd liueries.  
 Kings lowe as beggars lie in graues,  
 Nobles as base, the free as slaues:

Blest who on vertues life relying,  
 Dies to vice, thus liues by dying:  
 But fond that making life thy treasure,  
 Surfetst in ioy, art drunke in pleasure;  
 Sweetes do make the sower more tart,  
 And pleasure sharps death's keenest dart:  
 Death's thought is death to those that liue,  
 In liuing ioyes, and neuer grieue.  
 Happelesse that happie art and knowst no teares,  
 Who euer liues in pleasure, liues in feares.

J. H.

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¶ *The Complaynt of Roderick Mors, somtyme a gray fryre, unto the parliament hourse of Ingland his natural cuntry. For the redresse of certen wicked lawes, euel customs and cruel decreys.* [Not paged. Colophon.] *Imprinted at Savoy per Franciscum de Turona.*

This book, which bears no date, was written, as far as I can judge from its contents, sometime after Henry VIII. had thrown off his allegiance to the papal power, probably about the year 1545. The general stile of the work is similar to the "*Exhortation*" addressed to the same Monarch, of which some account is given in the Seventh Volume of the *Cens. Lit.* (page 36.) The present writer does not however confine his censures to the Pope *alone*, but extends them to every thing relating to popery in general, and bitterly inveighs, in most of his pages, against such of the English Bishops and higher orders of the clergy, who, in any degree, adhered to the forms and regulations of that religion, in the discharge of their ecclesiastical duties.

The following is a Table of the Contents of each chapter in number xxv.

“ That comon prayers and a sermon owght to be at the be-  
 gynnynge of all cowncels—Of enbansing of rentes by land-  
 lordes—Of the forfetting of the landes or goodes of traytours,  
 &c.—Of the inclosing of parkes, forestes and chases—Of sel-  
 lyng of wardes for maryage wherof ensueth adultery, which  
 owght to be punished by death—Of the injvryes done to the  
 comynalty by the Kyng's takers, &c.—Of the suttylty of serv-  
 yng

ying of wryttes, &c.—Of promoters, which may wrongfully trouble a man by the lawe of Engla<sup>d</sup>, and though he be cast, he shall pay no charges, &c.—That all judges and pleaters at the barre may lyve of a stypend, geven them of the king out of the abbey londes—Of the cruelnesse and suttyltes of the augmitacyon and eschequer, &c.—Of the prolongyng of the lawe, and of certen abuses in the same, &c.—That kynges and lordes of presons shuld fynd their presoners suffycient fode at their charge: and of men that have lyen long in preson, &c.—That men which be accused for preaching, shuld not be comytted into their accuser's handes—Of lordes that are parsons and vicars—Of lordes that are shepardes—Of first frutes both of benefices and of lordes landes—Of particular tachmentes, that all creditors may have pownd and pownd alyke, whan any man falleth in poverty—That the rulars of the erth ought to sit in their gates, or els in their privy chamber dores—A godly admonycyon for the abolysshment of dyverse abuses, and of the servyce to be had in the Englyssh tong—That one pryst owght to have but one benefyce, and one ferme but one ferme—Of the inhansing of the custome, which is agaynst the Comonwelth — A godly advysemēt how to bestowe the goodes and landes of the bysshops, &c. after the gospel, with an admonycyon to the rulars, that thei loke better upon the hospitalles—A lamentacyō for that the body and tayle of the pope is not banished with his name—A comparyson betwene the doctryne of the scripture, and of the bisshops of England—A brefe rehersal, conteynyng the whole somme of the boke.”

The following extracts are taken from the xxiii chapter, containing some few particulars relative to the first circulation of the Bible in English.

“ Oh merciful father of heavyn, I can never lament inough to heare the gospel thus blasphemyd to be namyd a thing causyng sedicyon whan it is the only cause of concord and peace in consyence unto the faythful. Yet these bysshops, deanys, and canons of collegys, with other the popys shavelings according to their old wont, shame not to blaspheme this holy word, by all the sotle meanys that can be dyvysed. How besy were thei to stey the puttyng forth of the great Byble, \* and to have had the Byble of Thomas

\* “ Henry VIII. renewed this year (1541, May 6,) his injunctions to the clergy, to provide English Bibles of the *largest volume*, and deposit them in their churches for the use of their people; his former injunctions on that subject having been *generally disobeyed by those who were enemies to reformation.*”

Henry's Hist. of G. Brit. (8vo. Ed.) Vol. XII. p. 93.

Mathy, \* called in, but the Lord strengthenyd the hart of the Prynce to set it forth agaynst their willys : yet how shamefully haue thei and their membres in many placys of England drevyn men from readyng the Byble? yea and Boner bysshop of London shamyd not in the yere a thowsand fyve hundredth and forty to preson one porter and other, for readyng in the Byble : which if it be not heresy to God then what is heresy? And if it be not treason to the Kyng to deface his imunicyons, than what is treason? And agayne if it be not theft to the commonwelth to steale from the<sup>r</sup> their sprytual fode, than what is rebry and theft? And evyn in the begynnyng of the last Parliament in the yere a thousand fyve hundredth and xli how did thei blaspheme rage and belye the Holy Goost, saing it is not ryghtly translated, and that it is ful of heresys and that thei wold correck it, and set out one ryghtly : soner can thei fynd faatys thã amend it. Who perceyueth not your wickyd intentys, that in the meanetyme ye loke for the death of the Kyng, whom God preserve to his plesure?

“No dout one bisshop, one deane, one college, or howse of cano<sup>s</sup>, hath euer done more mischeffe agaynst God’s word, and sought more the hynderãce of the same, thã x howses of monkys, fryers, chano<sup>s</sup>, or nunnys ever dyd. The Kyngs grace began wel to wede the garden of England, but yet hath he left standyng (the more pytye) the most fowlest and stynkyng wedys, which had most nede to be pluckyd up by the rootys, that is to say, the prycking thistels, and stynkyng nettels: which styll stondyng, what helpyth the deposyng of the pety membres of the Pope, and to leave his whole body behynd, which be the pompes, bysshops, canons of collegys, deanys, and such other?—

“The bysshops of England never toke so gret paynes to defend the Pope and his kyngdome, as they have done syns the King’s grace toke rightfully from him his accustomed pollagys, which usurpedly he had out of this reame. To prove this to be true, whot blood haue thei shed, syns that tyme, of the belovyd servantes of the everlyving God, for preching, teaching, writing, and walking in the truth: as Tewkysbery, Baynam, Fryth, Bylney, Barnys, Garet, Ierom, with diverse other in Kent, Salysbery and dyverse other placys. And Wyllm

\* The Bible, which passes under the name of “Matther’s Bible,” was edited by Rogers, and printed in folio at Hamburgh by Grafton and Whitchurch in the year 1537.

Mr. Beloe mentions a curious edition of the “Newe Testament, as set forth by Willyam Tyndale, with the annotation of Thomas Matthew. 1549.”

Anecd. Lit. V. I. p. 179.

Tyndal the apostle of England, (although he were burnt in Brabance \*) yet he felt the bisshop's blessing of Inglañd, which procured him that death, which he loked for at their handes. Nevertheles I dowt not, but that all these be of the number of them, that S. Ioha spekyth of in the Apocalipse, which lye under the altar, till the number of their brethren be fulfilled, which shal be slayne for the gospel's sake."—

J. H. M.

¶ *Verses attributed to the Earl of Strafford.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER.

SIR,

The copy of Verses enclosed, has been transcribed from a single sheet, printed at London, in folio, 1641. Some of your Correspondents may, perhaps, be able to say whether they were really written by the person they are ascribed to.†

*“Verses, lately written by Thomas, Earle of Strafford.*

1.

“ Go empty joyes,  
With all your noyse,  
    And leave me here alone,  
In sweet sad silence to bemoane  
    Your vaine and fleet delight,  
Whose danger none can see aright,  
Whilest your false splendor dimmes his sight.

2.

Goe and insnare,  
With your false ware,  
    Some other easie wight,  
And cheat him with your flattering light;  
    Raine on his head a shower  
Of honours, favor, wealth, and power;  
Then snatch it from him in an houre.

\* In the year 1536.

† A copy from the Harl. MSS. No. 6933, is printed in the Topographer, Vol. II. p. 234, containing several variations. *Editor.*

3.

Fill his big minde  
 With gallant winde  
     Of insolent applause:  
 Let him not feare all curbing lawes,  
     Nor King nor people's frowne;  
 But dreame of something like a crowne,  
 And, climbing towards it, tumble downe.

4.

Let him appeare,  
 In his bright sphere,  
     Like Scynthia in her pride,  
 With star-like troups on every side;  
     Such for their number and their light,  
 As may at last orewhelme him quite,  
 And blend us both in one dead night.

5.

Welcome sad Night,  
 Griefe's sole delight,  
     Your mourning best agrees  
 With Honour's funerall obsequies.  
     In Thetis lap he lies,  
 Mantled with soft securities,  
 Whose too-much sun-shine blinds his eyes.

6.

Was he too bold  
 That needs would hold  
     With curbing raines, the Day,  
 And make Sol's fiery steeds obay?  
     Then sure as rash was I,  
 Who with ambitious wings did fly  
 In Charles, his waine too loftily.

7.

I fall, I fall,  
 Whom shall I call?  
     Alas can he be heard,  
 Who now is neither lov'd nor fear'd?  
     You, who were wont to kiss the ground,  
 Where 'ere my honour'd steps were found,  
 Come catch me at my last rebound.

8.

How each admires  
 Heav'n's twinkling fires,  
 When from their glorious seat  
 Their influence gives life and heat.  
 But O! how few there ar,  
 (Though danger from that act be far)  
 Will stoop and catch a falling star.

9.

Now 'tis too late  
 To imitate  
 Those lights whose pallidnesse  
 Argues no inward guiltinesse :  
 There course one way is bent.  
 The reason is there's no dissent  
 In Heaven's high Court of Parliament."

\*  
\*  
\*

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¶ *A Welch Bayte to spare Prouender. Or, a looking backe vpon the times past. Written Dialogue wise. This booke is diuided into three parts. The first, a brieffe discourse of Englands Securitie, while her late Maiestie was liuing, with the maner of her proceeding in Gouernment, especially towards the Papisis and Puritanes of England, whereof a Letter written late before her death, specifies, as followeth in this first part. The second, a description of the Distractions during her Maiesties sicknesse with the composing of them. The third, of the aptnesse of the English and the Scotte to incorporate and become one entire monarchie: with the meanes of preseruing their vniou euerlastingly, added therevnto. Printed at London by Valentine Simmes. 1603. qto. Sixteen leaves.*

At the back of the title a single quatrain, as "a prelude vpon the name of Henry VVriothlesly, Earle of Southampton," and a poetical address to the same nobleman follows, subscribed "your Lordshippes in all the nerues

of my ability, Tho. Powell." The principal object of the writer of this tract appears to have been complimentary to the new Monarch, and to ridicule the memory of Elizabeth. It is partly in dialogue, and the rumour of her illness, with the supposed distractions thereupon, are thus described :

*“ The Distractions during hir Maiesties Sicknes.*

“ The first newes the citty had of hir sicknesse came from Richmond, by one Oliuer Sharke, a sculler, & was deliuered with other certain prauant accordingly : before this newes was stale came a taile of fresh sammon to countermand it with certaine newes of a something, nothing, and a priest that was neither dead nor alie, but suspended betwixt both. But the meate that this newes carried in the mouth of it, hauing taken winde in the seasoning, was solde two dayes after at the Bridge house in Southwarke for little or nothing.

“ The appetite of the vulgar was not so queasie but it would rather call againe for the first dish, than turne gordge to the tainte of the latter : and now againe, hir Maiesties sicknesse was altogether in their priuate cuppes : for as yet it was but priuate, and that onely in the cittie ; till anon after, Tweedle the Taberer chanc'd to carry it piping hote into the country, and what marvellous distractions it wrought in both I shall briefly discourse vnto you.

“ Yet the newes past but betwixt neighbours and familiars onely for intertainment of time and exercise of secrecie, or so. The first newes only prepared them to belieue the second affirmations, whereof the next tidings presently possest them : for indeede, the vulgare faith is all possession ; and now there wanted nothing to transport and distract them but the many differing circumstances of the oft repeated newes.

*Quest.* And could that be wanting in a worlde so ambitious of innovation. Were there none that would lend a hand to vnbinde the stalenesse of it with the important circumstances that should attend this sicknes?

*Ans.* “ Enowe for innovations sake, and these were either such as to whom their present discontentment, either the hope of reuenge, or advancement made it seeme stale.

“ These only laboured to draw the vulgar into distraction, knowing them to be of such facultie therein that they would dissolue againe in the feare of eruption. And now, when this third dayes asseueration to the former, with all the circumstances that midnights aduise couldde adde vnto it, had full effect



fect in them, they were distracted. The poorer sorte, lest their securitie and fashion of living should be disturbed by the eruption. The richer sorte lest the eruption should bring a generall imbargo of trafique abroade, and domestical credits or debts depending in other mens hands at home. . . . .

“ Hitherto the vulgar discerning no alteration in the method of the world, such as uses to followe the death of princes, and no breath used to mainteine the fire of beliefe by the suspected endeour of suppressing it, grew to be so remisse in the delay, that his whilome impatience became a thing like a reasonable creature, so like, that shortly, the commaundement of certaine the cities phisitions to be sent to court, made them once more affable, so affable that he could have endured the discourse of the measure of hir diet, the manner of hir rest, or the nature of hir sicknes, with some few breathings betwixt: whereby it appears hetherto yea vnto the end: the habite of a ciuil government had his challenge in them entire, and that hetherto the disease of stalenesse lay soft in his own bosome.

*Qu.* “ Me thinks a habite at such a time as this was, could not so wholly retain them, without the better and much more then ordinary inuigilance of office ?

*Ans.* “ Sir, I make habite of obedience, the nature of his tenure, and the present circumstances of the time his conditions with the government: so, that these times being so incertain and quicke in their circumstances, that they could not be measured with conditions, I thinke I may, without detraction from office, attribute the continence of them to habite of obedience chiefly. Once more laying aparte all surmises, it was in cleere eloquence (prouided it were from the mouth of their owne oratour) and in gentle meanes, though not to giue their affections peace, yet to compresse them from breaking out into looser speaking, which is alwayes the certaine message of mutinie.

*Quest.* As if the private example of punishment had, were not rather to be used at such times, then gentle meanes to the vulgar in whom admiration and feare of Iustice haue such sympathie and relative suffering.

*An.* “ It were in composed times, but not here; for knowe,  
This vulgar's like a skaine of many threds;  
Running into a rownd and looser liste  
It rauels, and it opens ere ye wiste.  
Plucke at the single threds with violence,  
It puckers to a knotty consequence?  
When with a gentle shaking of the skaine  
The hardest knots wntwine themselues againe.

Yea

Yea the very rage of humilitie, though it be most violent and dangerous: yet it is sooner alliated by ceremony than compelled by vertue of office.

Th' extreamest vassallage enlarg'd acquires  
 The most insatiate and licentious head  
 Whose giddinesse like to a drunken man  
 Is sooner pacified than chastized.

It would be pacified in the present fury, and afterwards in his time chastizement would be taken of the first and chiefe commencers therof: but in this place they could not be so loose of obedience for the reasons before going.

Anon. "For all this, I know not vpon what admonition of circumstances, there chancing certaine munition to be carried through the city to the court, and other carriages retrined from thence to the Towre; the vulgar began to finde fault with his owne flexibilitie of beliefe, vowing no longer to suffer his eares to be taken vp with any other perswasion but that of her death, nor to deferre any farther his instance taking from the court but to be presently appointed vpon his double guardes, And here Destruction had his ancient cognisance of Bilbo: passant, and lanthorne and candlestick pendant. And euen here it rusht into the suspicion of apparant succession approaching."

Her Majesty's literary attempts are burlesqued in a short ode, as an offering to her universal genius and memory.

*Quest.* "Sir, now you haue digested the fractions of those dayes remotion so compendiously as these few, the appertinent words and the patience of your hearer could beare, I desire you before you speake of the Scottish Englishing, which I take to be the maine drift of your exercise, to offer by the way at her exequies, who was sometimes the fire, the numbers, the genius, the any thing, Eliza of poesie, the same, sometimes.

Musa potens musis, dijs deà dia deabus,  
 Angelica Angelicis, Nymphàque chorà Choris.

*Ans.* "Because I would haue you thinke you cannot doe me more acceptable imposition, you shall receiue it at once in these few lines following

" *The Offering.*

" Little wonder thou shouldst die,  
 Though thy meanes were great in flying:  
 Greatnesse shall I tell the why,  
 Longest lifed is longest dying,

And

And if both at once began,  
 Who would wonder at thee than?  
 Nothing strange to be sufficed,  
 After kingdomes left behinde thee,  
 And so much by the demized,  
 With this little to confine thee.  
 For thy story ne're makes mention,  
 Appetence had more intention.  
 Tell thou to others that their ends must haue,  
 For all their kingdomes but one little graue.  
 Vixit atque meritura,  
 Eliza.

*Quest.* "Is this all she shall haue? Why, I expected a volume of your Melpomene bound vp in the very vampe of hir buskine, with prety passionate speeches, in a new streine and inuocation that should haue drawne drie the very hoofes of your flying horse in Friday-strete; as thus.

Admetus dairie maide come feede thy neame,  
 Come bring Apollo curds and clowted creame.

But indeede, indeede this is all in all, for true grieffe would not be commended for action, it is so much in suffering: it would be ceremonious not affected?

*Ans.* "At least, Sir, I am sure there is no more sinceritie in these few lines then I am able to quote vppon a masse of her flatterers. For who would beleuee it? That hee which was wont to set a world's distinction betwixt her and mortalitie, should now come after, and say she went the way of all flesh?" \*

"The

\* Other puny attacks must have been made upon the memory of Elizabeth early after her decease. They are alluded to by a writer of that period, who did not consider her name thereby rendered unpopular, having made her the subject of a very long poem, above 180 stanzas, entitled: *Queene Elizabeth's Teares: or Her resolute bearing the Christian Crosse, inflicted on her by the persecuting hands of Steuen Gardner, Bishop of Winchester, in the bloodie time of Queene Marie. Written by Christopher Leuer. Nocet indulgentia nobis. Printed at London by V. S. for Mathew Lowmes, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Bishops head. 1607. qto.* It is dedicated to Robert Earl of Salisbury, and the writer says, "the gracious and well deseruing, when they die, leaue behind them a reputation that can neuer die. I instance this in Queene Elizabeth of blessed memory: a lady beyond example beautified with the ornaments of grace and nature (the twoo handes of God) whose name (like the aire) is spread ouer all the earth, whereby this

“The Scottish Englishing,” is a compliment to K. James, upon the harmony derived from uniting the two

this our little world (the English nation) is made famous to all posterity.” The allusion above referred is in a short address “to the reader. The name of Queene Elizabeth is sufficient argument to perswade a friendly acceptation; and from the better disposed (whome I couet principally to please) I shall doubtlesse receiue that reasonable and honest construction. As for those who haue their tongues dipt in the poyson of enuie, I write not to please them who wil neuer be pleasd with that which is most deseruing; it being the nature of enuie to depraue that, which dooth deserue the highest fauour of loue and good opinion. I may example this in the wrong offered to the name of Queene Elizabeth, who (though shee were the most admired of her time) hauing extraordinary induments, and a gouernment, much more in the degrees of honour and prosperitie, than any her predecessours; yet want there not malicious and base deprauers, who (like dogges that barke against the sunne) couet to bite her honourable name, whome God hath made more glorious than the sunne, giuing her a place of glorie, in fellowship with his holy angelles and saints. &c.” Leuer’s poem has introductory verses in Latin, sig. I. C. Lat. and Eng. by R. K. English by Robert Posket; and thus commences:

“ I that haue reacht my meditation hie,  
And versd the holy suffrings of my Lord,  
Still doe I moone in that emperiall skie,  
Where saints and holy angels do afford  
Subiect that may diuine wit accord:  
I glory then, that to my verse is giuen,  
This care to fet their holy cause from heauen.

Among the number of those holy saints,  
A happy lady, where all happies are,  
Whose name report in euery place acquaints,  
Who like the beauty of the fairest starre,  
In beauteous name exceedes all other farre:  
And but we doe except the virgin-mother,  
We reach her praise as high as any other.

Thus I conceiue her image in my thought,  
Clad in the virgin ornament of white,  
Within that white her innocence was wrought,  
Vnsported with the touch of vaine delight,  
Her habite is all day, and nothing night;  
And in that white (as my remembrance saith)  
Was writ this motte, *Defendar of the Faith.*”

This writer puts it in the mouth of Gardner to accuse Elizabeth to her sister as being the cause and head of Wyatt’s rebellion in 1553: which ends in her committal to the Tower.

“ The

two kingdoms, and a short account of the derivation of his title. At the end are the following lines addressed

*“ To the vnparaleld blest disposition the Lady Elizabeth Bridges.*

“ That thou art faire, because thou would'st not know it,  
My verse shall be no flattering glasse to show it :  
Th' art free from conflicts with the blood of sense,  
Experience too, bids that doubt spare expence.  
Then, where is't I am detained ?

“ The priest replide: if so your Grace will heare  
He giue you instance both of when and where.

When Wyat with the mutinous in Kent ;  
Moou'd a commotion in your quiet state,  
So dangerous that Wyat did present  
His rebell troopes before your princely gate ;  
Whome, though the heauens were please to ruinate.  
Yet let it be within your princely care,  
To know the cause from whence these rebels were.

Wyat (alas!) a priuate gentleman,  
Whose reputation neuer reacht so hie,  
As to be mark'd in state; could Wyat than  
With his weake credite raise a companie,  
So warrelike as to match your Maiestie?  
(Madame, be sure,) a greater was the head,  
Although the body Wyat gouerned.

In great attempts, its weighty pollicie  
That whome the practise doth most neere respect,  
With false appearance they dissembled be.  
That if their bad designes haue bad effect,  
They may auoyde the danger of suspect :  
But if the practise haue desired end,  
The plotters then the practise will commend.

Your sister learned in this suttile arte,  
(Be pleasd to pardon plainenesse in my speach)  
Would not the secret of the plot impart,  
Saue vnto Wyat, whom her art could teach,  
To silence how Ambition made her reach :  
And though the traitor to his death denie it,  
The truth of circumstance will verifie it.

What other cause, saue Luther's discipline,  
Begot this ciuill discord in your state ?  
Nor can your kingdomes holy church resigne ;  
Whilst that your princely selfe is magistrate.  
Then sure these rebels she did animate,  
Your sacred life (by treason) to depriue,  
That she and Luther might the better thriue.”

Chaste

Chaste to all, selfe owning beauteous,  
 Be benigne, as we are dueteous,  
 Reede our line, and loue vnfeined.

T. P."

Others to Sir Thomas Kneuet and Sir Edward Dyer.

J. H.

¶ *The famous Historie of Albions Queene: Imprinted at London by W(illiam) W(ood)\* for Thomas Pauier. 1601. Small 4to. b. l. R. 4.*

Frequent research has not hitherto enabled me to fill up the chasm, which time, or some less certain adversary, has made in my copy of the above work. From the unproductive result of my inquiries, I am almost led to doubt the existence of another copy: but as the book collector ought always to qualify his assertion with respect to a particular work being *unique*, by adding to such an epithet the adverb "*hitherto*," I must cautiously abstain from exulting in the fancied possession of an article, which another week's experience may convince me, instead of being unique, is dual, or perhaps plural. Such things have been "ere now i' the olden time." The conviction even of the undoubted possession of a single copy, and the raptures attendant on it, ought to be governed, or at least moderated, by the consideration of what its individuality may be owing to: the collector ought to reflect on the circumstances suggested by an eminent modern critic, "that a fire or an enterprising trunk-maker that should take off nearly the whole of a worthless work, would instantly render the small remainder invaluable." † Indeed, the effects of fire on books

\* I find no other printer about this period whose initials correspond with the above, save Wm. White, who, according to Herbert, printed with date in 1596. Wood, from the same authority, appears to have printed three years later. Herbert's Ames, 1808.

† Preface to Massinger's Works, by Gifford.

are similar to those on gold; at least if the flame does not render the substance more pure, the residuum is more valuable. I cannot indulge my vanity in the solitary contemplation of the work in question, without reflecting that its rarity probably originates in its insignificance. Nature is not fond of perpetuating a race of dwarfs, and the flower which possesses neither beauty of colour, nor fragrance of smell, has no hold on the fostering protection of the botanist, who leaves it to die, as it lived, unregarded.\*

This work partakes little of the character or incidents of the genuine romance: giants are unknown: chivalry is scarcely noticed: and neither Mahound nor Termagaunt are invoked by any unhappy devil of a Pagan: we read not of knights or ladies:

“ No Durindana waves o'er fabled realms,”

and consequently the incidents, though improbable, would also justify me in saying, that its claim to the title of romance is more than apocryphal. It is merely a “historic.”

Perhaps, however, there is a species of originality in this history, which may entitle it to some little consideration. I confess, I am at a loss whether to view it as a lurking satire on the preceding ages, or as an effusion intended merely for amusement: to enable the beau of the Elizabethan age to while away an hour before he “walked in Powles;” or to furnish him with a meagre outline of the names and characters of the preceding half century. In either case the author was cursed with a most uninventive brain. I have been compelled to give the title from the running title and colophon, as the copy now before me is deficient in title page, preface (if there was any), and the first chapter. I begin therefore with the second, in which the three Earls of Westmoreland, Somerset, and Durham, came to visit “Albion's Queene” Katherine in a prison, in which she was confined by her husband under suspicion of a criminal intercourse with the Duke of Suffolk. Before I proceed in giving a con-

\* The only copy I have heard of was in Dr. Farmer's sale, lot  
\*5877.

cise account of the history, I need hardly point out to my readers the resemblance between the names of the characters here introduced, and those who actually existed in a period immediately preceding: it cannot be forgotten that the Princess Mary, sister of Henry the Eighth, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France, married Sir Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk; and it is not improbable, that the name of the most to be pitied, and perhaps the most amiable of Henry's wives, afforded the hint for the appellation of the heroine.

The imputed attachment of the Queen to the Duke of Suffolk, which led to the imprisonment of both, the author wills us to believe originated solely in the malice of a certain "Baron of Buckingham;" but, from the conclusion of the history, we might almost be led to believe that there were better grounds for the suspicion than the mere suggestion of an ambitious courtier. The Queen, immediately on her captivity, sits down to compose a madrigal on her unfortunate state, and which, though it may not arrogate equal praise with the productions of the Laura Marias and Rosa Matildas of the present day, yet is not altogether deficient in smoothness; and in redundancy of epithet, it rivals most completely the elegiac trash of the English Della Crusca academy.

"The spitefull Barrons cursed flatterie,  
Hath wrong'd Queene Katherine's spotlesse chastitie:  
And leuel'd out his dartes of lasting shame,  
Against the princely honours of her fame.  
But Trueth in time, shall conquer Enuie's will,  
Where Fayth shall spring, and brightly flourish still:  
Packer hence Dispaire, sweet Ioy come ease my smart,  
For constant Fayth doth harbour in my hart."

These lines were written on the walls of her prison with the "blood of her marriage finger."

"No sooner had the Queene finished these bloody lines, but there came into the prison to comfort her, three graue counsellors of King Edward's court, whom she did most louingly entertaine; and after some conference passed betwixt them, she most kindly kissed her husband's liuely picture, which as then hanged about her necke by a faire chaine or rundle of gold, powring out many bitter teares, to the wonderfull



full griefe and admiration of all that behelde her: the which being done, she humbly desired pardon of the Lordes, to use some wordes in the defence of her chastitie, so that she might not abuse their patience: and as she having an innocent and guiltlesse hart, so she might freely discharge her conscience, and cleare herselfe from all those uniuert accusations layde against her."—"The harmlesse Queene in a most seuer and bold countenance, with sundry faire amiable syrtes in her cheekes, her browes beset like the majestie of Diana, her white iuorie trembling hands like the driuen snow, her body euen framed and fashioned of the virgin waxe, spake as followeth."

We are told by Quintilian that the courtesan Phryne, about to be condemned for impiety, by uncovering her bosom, so influenced her judges as to induce them to acquit her; the venerable counsellors of King Edward are equally susceptible of the charms of beauty; and, indeed, our author in this instance discovers his correct knowledge of human nature, as he makes these sage men gallant in proportion to their years, a fact evidenced from the earliest records of sacred and profane history. The "severe and bolde countenance" of the Queen makes converts of her auditors. The Earl of Somerset addresses her in a reply, which principally consists of a selection of instances, in which false witnesses were eventually punished by the righteous vengeance of heaven. The object is attained; the Queen is consoled, and the Earls, meditating on her charms, retire, after resolving to address a supplication or memorial to King Edward, recommending him "to frequent the company of his chaste Queene." This recommendation is useless, nor could

"at all prevayle to enlarge her (the Queen's) servitude, for a little before the wicked Barron had presented to King Edward a goldsmithes daughter of London, named Cassiope; a damsel of a lewde behaviour, yet beautifull and passing amorous, who, with her flattering smiles so intangled his eyes, and bewitched his fancie in such sort, that he delighted onely in her companie, wholly changing his aunient loue from his loyal Queene, thinking all times too long, till the tender thread of ber life were cut off, which vertue, before time, had so honorably spunne."

Fascinated with the syren smile of the goldsmith's daughter, the King disregards the wholesome admonitions

nitions of his council: he goes further; his "almost blunted purpose" is edged afresh by the ill-timed representations of these sages, and accordingly "he gave them this sharpe edict for the arraignment and sentence against Queene Katherine and the Duke of Suffolke."—Where the judge is the party principally interested to obtain the conviction of the accused, the evidence is not carefully weighed or thoroughly sifted: the Baron of Buckingham supported by "two other base gentlemen of the King's court," bare testimony to the criminality of the Queen and Duke, and in spite of the Earl of Somerset's intrepid vindication of their innocence, they were on the point of being convicted, when the Earl of Westmoreland "which as then presented the King's person," suggested a mode of defence which would appear to have been rather obsolete when Dukes of Suffolk, Earls of Durham, and Barons of Buckingham, were existing in England. He recommends an appeal to the god of battles as the test of innocence, and Suffolk "greatly comforted with this counsell," immediately pens a challenge, which is forwarded to Buckingham's hands. The singularity of the nature of this challenge is scarcely equalled by the royal proclamation directing the combat.

"I Edward, by long sufferance of divine fortune, King, Prince, and chiefe Ruler of all the partes of England, &c. Whereas the determind purpose of the noble & hardy gentleman the Lord Baron of Buckingham, is to defende himselfe against the miserable & condemned catiue the Duke of Suffolke, a fable for the worlde to gaze upon, an infamous wretch of notable dishonour, harbouring in his hart long treasons against our person, subiectes, and dominion; in excuse of his leawde life, for his best aduantage, challengeth open warre against my good subiect the Lord Barron; vnto whose request, in favour of auncient prowesse, I haue yielded. But as touching the trespasse of my Queene no combat shall preuaile to acquite her disgrace nor no mortall benefites pardone her offences. Thus fare you well.

Edward of England."

From the time of this edict, little impartiality was to be expected from its promulgator. The King, the Baron, and Cassiope, however, unwilling to trust to the righteousness of their cause, endeavour, by fraud, to attain success:—

ness:—Trustie Thomas, a kitchen drudge, but “a lustie tall fellow,” is selected by the trio to represent the Baron, and, in his name, to maintain the truth of the accusation against Suffolk. On the eve of the combat Suffolk is seized with a fit of versifying, and composes an elegiac song, which, together with the Queen’s reply, being given by Mr. Evans, in the fourth volume of his late new edition of “Old Ballads,” it would be unnecessary to introduce here.

Trustie Thomas, spite of his chosen amour from the royal magazine, and his personal strength, was unable to meet with success the gallant Suffolk, and he paid with his life for the honour of contending with him in a quarrel not his own.\* Notwithstanding the Duke’s success, the unjust monarch banished him the kingdom, and he quitted England with the pleasing consolation that he carried with him not only the good will of the people, but also the affections of the Queen; as a testimony of which she “gaue him a hoope of gold, round fastened to his necke: the posie about the same was this—

“What earthly place so ever harbours thee,  
Till death depart (braue Lord) remember me.”

the which being clasped about his necke with two siluer claspes prepared for the same purpose, whereon was very curiously engraven two bloody hartes bound together with a true lounes-knot.”

The Queen was only saved from the cruel death intended her, by a plea of pregnancy, which induced the King to respite her execution until she gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. The boy is sent to Normandy, to the court of Duke Robert, and the girl into Denmark, where each meets with that affectionaté attention from strangers, which their helpless innocence was insufficient to insure from their natural protector.

\* It was no uncommon incident in the old romances for one individual to assume the character and fight in the cause of another, a practise indeed for which the disguise of their armour afforded ample facility—Amylion conquered the Seneschall who had accused the fair Belisante, in the name and under the appearance of his friend Amys, who could not personally have sworn, as the laws of chivalry required, that the accusation was false.

*Ellis's early Romances, Vol. III.*

Katherine, on the eve of execution, escapes from her apparently inevitable fate into Normandy, where we will leave her, as does our author, to communicate the progress of the misguided King to destruction. Cassiope makes him the father of a son, who, as he grows up, attains an influence over his father, which rivals and eventually exceeds the dotage of the King towards his unprincipled mistress. It was to be expected that the near connection in crime between the Baron of Buckingham and the favourite would terminate in a nearer intercourse, which becomes so notorious to every one around, that it is at length communicated to the King, by a shepherd, who, regardless of his own safety, exposed the practices of the Baron and his female associate, too late, however, to punish them; having usurped the whole power and acting in the name of Valentinus (the King's bastard son by Cassiope) they dethrone the wretched monarch without a struggle.

The royal wanderer seeks refuge in Brunswiek, where, after being reduced to the utmost distress, he abandons the sceptre for the rod, and becomes, like another Dionysius, a schoolmaster. It was said by Cicero, that the latter still retaining his tyrannical thirst for power, when no longer able to rule over men, was content to tyrannize over boys; and, from the subsequent conduct of King Edward, it seems not unlikely that this selection of an employment was made from similar motives. At length having discovered his rank to the gentleman in whose family he was "schoolemaister," he is conveyed to the court of Denmark, where he finds his neglected daughter, the fair Silvia, on the point of marriage with the Dane's "sonne, and heire young Essricke, both being of an equall age, and nursed vp together."

Valentinus, the son of Cassiope, being vested with the kingly dignity in England, punishes with parricidal rage his mother and the infamous Baron: urged by a certain Sir Pierce of Winchester, this act is committed with circumstances of such atrocity as only to produce disgust. The plot now thickens, and the incidents, like those in some of our earlier comedies, increase most rapidly; but unfortunately without producing an increase of interest.

The

The blade of corn produces a tenfold crop, but the tares increase also in equal proportion. Edmond, the legitimate son of the dethroned monarch, now returns to claim his rights; he succeeds, without difficulty, in driving an usurper from the government, who received as little support from the instruments of his tyranny, as from the efforts of his alienated subjects. The thirst for power again returns to torment the now aged Edward; he obtains an army from the King of Denmark, and purposes to assert, by arms, his claim to a throne, which his vices had already rendered him unworthy of. Whilst preparing to sail for England, Sir Pierce of Winchester, a double traitor, in whom the amiable Edmond had placed too much confidence, migrates to Denmark, and adds much to the King's hatred of his son.

Edmond in this danger was not regardless of his duty; he writes for advice to his mother, who had been long and honourably entertained at the Roman court, and seeks assistance from the Duke of Suffolk, (who had been elected King of Portugal) as well as from other quarters. The Danes having landed, the hostile armies meet in the county of Kent. Their numbers were nearly equal, but the foreign force was headed by a general more than a match, in policy, at least, for the English commander: the Danish King contrives to achieve, by stratagem, a victory, which, by force of arms, he had little hope of gaining. "In the night time he caused a thousand wilde horses, with hollow rattles of iron fastened to their neckes, to be sent foorth vpon the English tentes without returne: this in-rode being so confusedly entered, he ordayed also an hoost of foure thousand soldiers to pursue them with wildfire and burning brimstone in their handes."

This nocturnal attack was completely successful: the English force is entirely annihilated: they felt no dread of men, but could not resist these demon foes with brimstone in their handes: the unfortunate, but amiable Edmond is made prisoner, and instantly sacrificed to the jealous hatred of his father.

Edward again assumes the reins of government, which he does not long retain, but retiring into private life resigns the sceptre to his son-in-law, and daughter Silvia.

The voluptuous life to which, without constraint, King Edward devoted himself, does not long continue. Seized with an incestuous passion for his daughter, he obtains by force that which all her adjurations and resistance were unable to prevent, but immediately falls a victim to the vengeance of outraged heaven; "for in his daughter's presence, a fearefull flambe of burning fire descended from the celestiall throne of heaven, and bereaved him both of speach and lyfe in a moment, in the twinckling of an eye." The miseries of this family were not yet at an end.

"After King Edward's death thus strangely happened, Lord Essericke, vpon his oune absolute authoritie, bore sway among the people, who was not able to gouerne y<sup>e</sup> country, except it were with merciless tyranie; for the natures of Englishmen be euermore such, that they will not indure nor sustaine the burthens of any forreine Prince. In the reformatiō of which rule, they did not only dispirse sundry infamous slaunders against him throughout the whole countrey, but also trayterously conspired the finall destruction of his life."

In addition to his tyranny, he assails the virtue of the ladies of his court, and to remove all obstructions to his desires administers poison to his amiable wife. The affections of his subjects being now completely alienated, the lightest particle in the scale would turn it, and to add to his approaching destruction: the long absent Queen, hearing of the wretchedness of her former subjects, returns to England, where her arrival is hailed by myriads of her distressed countrymen. The general defection was such, that Essricke, conceiving his only hope of impunity consisted in timely submission, hastened to throw himself at the feet of Katharine.

His errors in government might have been overlooked by the *Queen*, but his cruelty towards her children roused the vengeance of the *mother*; she ordered him to be beheaded, "the which was not so strietly commaunded, as speedily performed?" The Duke of Suffolk, now "King of Portingale," speedily hastens into England, and amidst the joyful acclamations of a grateful people is united in marriage to the *Queen*. Our author concludes—"And finally, *Queene Katherine* marrying the good Duke of *Suffolke*, together with the consent  
and

and aduice of the whole dominion, were crowned legitimate gouernors of England: where they inioyed issue and posteritie betweene them, with long life, prosperous renoune, eternall honour, and euerlasting felicitie." W.

29 Nov. 1810.

¶ *A Sermon preached at Hampton Court, on Sunday being the 12 day of Nouember in the yeare of our Lord 1570. Wherein is plainly prooued Babilon to be Rome, both by Scriptures and Doctors. Preached by WWilliam Fulke, Doctor of Diuinity, lately fellow of S. Johns Colledge in Cambridge. Apocalips 14. She is fallen, she is fallen, euen Babilon that great City, for of the wine of the fury of her fornication, she hath made all nations to drinke. Imprinted at London by Iohn Charlewood. 1579. Col. Imprinted at London by Iohn Charlewood; dwelling in Barbycan, at the signe of the halfe Egle and Key. Sixteens. 32 leaves.*

Prefatory dedication to Lorde Ambrose Dudley, Earle of Warwike. Text from Rev. xiv. v. 8. The name of Babilon and mystical-number 666, are considered descriptive of the see of Rome, and that the final destruction had commenced. To become "a dwelling place of diuels, a cage of vnclane birds, according to the prophecy of Esay, concerning old Babilon, that Zyim and Ohim which be sprightes and goblins shall walke in her pallaces, scrichowles and ostriges shall crye in her houses, apes and satyres shall daunce in her beautifull buyldinges. No voyce of man shal be hearde in her, no sound of a mill shal be heard, no light of a candle shal be seene, but perpetuall solitude and sorrowe shall dwell there for euermore.—In wealth and ritches she hath sustained a great fall. Consider how many kingdoms and states of the world haue renounced her obedience, and all those haue withdrawn great rents, reuenues and commodities, that in tymes past were addicte to the mayntenance of Babilon, the Church of Rome. A great fall without peraduenture, and that will neuer be reconered. Remember so many abbycs, monasteries, nunneries, frieries, hospitals, chauntries, churches, and chapels, now ouerthrowen and made euen with the ground. All landes, iewels, ornamentes and great treasures that belonged vnto them, clean taken away from them: and you wyll confesse with me, that Rome in ritches hath a great fall." \* \*





¶ *Palestina. Written by Mr. R. C: P. and Bachelor of Diuinitie. Florence: Imprinted by Bartelmew Sermartelli. 1600. qto. pp. 200.*

Mr. R. C[atholic] P[riest], or, as written in the title, "a papiste." This singular work displays much genius and novelty in the descriptions, and from the command of language, though printed at Florence, must have been the production of an Englishman well acquainted with his native tongue. How to class such a work is not easy to conjecture. It is partly allegorical, founded upon scripture, and, commencing with the story of our first parents, relates several of the facts attending the life of our Saviour. The detail is given in the manner and language of romance, with an introduction of Sibelleian oracles, Pagan fictions, and portions of the Roman history. It appears the offspring of a fervid imagination, after some intercourse with the world, and at length contemplating divine subjects in the cold and gloomy seclusion of a cell.\*

Dedicated "to ovr most gracious, and Soueraigne Ladie and Princes, whose dowrie is little England, and the largest beauens her fayrest inheritance, all happinesse and heavenly blisse. All faire and fortunate Princesse, the glorie of England, the gemme of all the world: so worthie of the highest renowne, as no one is worthie to pronounce thy name. By whom next vnto God wee not onely liue but labour with ioy our heartes ease, our soules peace. Liue vnder whom England liueth in the farthest part of the world, and raigne for euer vnder whom it hath beene a long time most graciously gouerned at home. Vouchsafe noble Princes, who descendest of a princely race. Vouchsafe gracious Soueraigne, who condescendest to thy poorest subiectes requestes. Vouchsafe worthie of all praise, this small-worth present, which although it bee but a harsh discourse of a sometime happie countrey, yet it is with a heartie wish it were not so greatly weaned from thee . . . . A pleasing subiect are thy prayses. if by any they could be worthily desciphered, but they doe so much exceed the arte

\* "Mr. Baker gave a copy of this very uncommon book to St. John's Library." *Note by Dr. Farmer.*

both of penne and pensell that men should wrest their wittes in vaine, that would do more then wonder at them. Thy felicitie then being so great, thy bountie so gracious, as no one who needeth, thy patronage may iustly either distrust, or dispaire thereof, hauing declared what most humblie I desire, and earnestly wish I may deserue, I cease & admire thee, with those who neuer cease to admire thee, and wish vnto thee what thou hast not, aboute all mens wishes. Your Maiesties humble seruant not worth the naming."

It commences with a description of the heavenly Hierusalem, wherein "dwelleth an Emperour so worthie, and so wealthie, as in his presence, both the rarest maiestie seemeth base, and the richest monarch a beggar." His gates and household are attended by princes, "euerie one of them rich, because they cannot enioy more then they doe: all happie, because they cannot become lesse then they are."——

"With this Emperour liued the aboue mentioned Princes, without any tediousnesse, desire of change, or any kinde of sorrow, being incapable of any thing but happinesse; vntil a maruailous rare and rigorous seeming accident befell them, for their Emperour having one onely sonne, equall vnto his father in power, might, and authoritie, and in no one poynt of perfection, degenerating from him, from both whome, for the infinite likenesse betwixt them, proceeded an infinite loue, hee deputed him to a publike, shamefull, and a painefull death, which did so amaze the Princes attendant, whose loue was no lesse vnto him then vnto his father, that (might they haue beene suffered) they would all haue sustained that punishment to haue saued their Prince, but their offer was refused, for the sentence was irreuocable.

"The motiue of this vnnaturall seeming iudgement, was an exceeding great loue, which hee bare vnto a lady his adopted daughter, who was so enchanted by her owne folly, as of a most comely and beautifull creature, shee became so mishapen and so vgly that shee was loathsome euen vnto her selfe. This enchantment was by eating an apple, of which her father before had giuen her warning shee should not taste, vpon perill of that which should ensue thereof: but her pride was so great, that ingratefull to so good a lord and disobedient to so carefull a father, shee followed the motion which was made vnto her by a false though a fayre spoken enemy, and ate thereof contrarie to her father his commaundement.

"The enchantment was so deuised, that hauing taken effect

fect it should not bee dissolved but by the death of the onely sonne of an Emperour, who shoulde exceede all the princes in the world in giftes both of bodie and minde: he should bee peerelesse for his birth, riches, beautie, wisdom, and might; whose fathor should neuer know any woman, nor his mother any man, and should in the very selfe same instant both haue and want both father and mother. The liking by any such prince of such an vnlovely lady being vnlke, and the birth of anie such prince, or other seeming impossible, made the enchanter secure, that his work should endure for euer.

“ The enchanter himselfe was one of more malice then might, but yet of more might then vnruleie assailed could well resist. Hee was sometime a prince of the Emperour his court, & among princes a prince, being endewed with farre more excellent gifts then any his fellow princes, and exalted vnto that honor, as hee was reputed the chiefest vnder his lord and maister: but bearing him-self so proudly against his maker, hee found by too late an experience that hee who bestowed those graces vpon him, coulde also againe bereaue him of them, and because hee had once abused them with intollerable pride hee should euer after be abridged of them to his eternal pain: To reuenge which disgrace hee assayed the ladye, the Emperour, his daughter, and wonne her loue so farre foorth, as shee gaue more credite vnto him, then vnto her father, and would do more at his request, then at her fathers commaundement, for although she seemed at the first to haue a small liking vnto his motion, yet with faire promises, and too farre about his power to performe; in the ende hee made her giue a consent vnto her vtter ouerthrow, had not the Emperour, his sonne being deputed by his father therennto, vndertaken to release her by the losse of his owne life.”

From the history of Mary, the following is part of the description where she is addressed by her cousin Elizabeth as the most blessed of women.

“ The maiden mother blushed at her cosens words & began to muse how she shold come to the knowledge of this secret worke, but presently she perceiued that he had told the tales, who best might, without rebuke; iudging it therefore no boot for her to conceale it whe the riddle was so rightly read, with a modest downcast of her eyes she aeknowledged it, & therewithal in thanksgiuing vnto him vnto who she had receiued such an especiall grace, according vnto the custome of the countrey, when any extraordinary cause of ioy was ministered vnto them, she brake out into this song.

“ My

" My soul doth magnifie my Lord,  
 My spirit also doth accord  
 To ioy in God my Saviour;  
 For that he hath regardfully  
 Beheld his maides humilitie,  
 Her meek and low behaiour.  
 Therefore all generations  
 From this time forth of nations  
 Shall euermore me blessed call;  
 For he hath done great things to me,  
 Who able is in each degree,  
 And holy his name aboue all.  
 Whose mercy also doth extend  
 From one to other without end,  
 The which of him do stand in feare.  
 With power and might of his strong arme,  
 He hath disperst them to their harme,  
 Who proud & loftie minds did beare.  
 He hath deposed from their seat  
 Who in their owne conceit were great,  
 Exalting humble minds for aye.  
 The hungrie he hath fild with good,  
 Vnto the rich he gaue no food,  
 But sent them all emptie away.  
 He hath receiued Israel  
 His child (who euer pleas'd him well,)  
 His mercies forgotten neuer  
 As he before had promised,  
 Vnto our fathers (which are dead)  
 Abraham and his seed for euer.

" There was so sweete a consort in her countenance, and so  
 exquisite a concorde in her cariage, that there was no need of  
 other musicke to grace her song: the eare had so full an object  
 of her voyce, and the eye had wherewith to delight it selfe so  
 sufficiently with her lookes, that those which heard her and see  
 her as they had done, impiously to haue taken her for a god-  
 desse, so had they done iniuriously, if they had taken her for  
 lesse then the mother of God."

Archelaus, the son of Herod, having for his crimes  
 been banished, and the whole country of Palestine be-  
 come subject to the Romans, the history is brought to a  
 conclusion, as follows:

" Thus came Hierusalem the cheefest citie of Palestina,  
 vnder the gouernement of the Romanes, who, although they  
 often

often attempted, as Herod had before them, to prophane the temple, yet, at their times euery thing was performed in the temple which was accustomed to bee doone before. The Romanes saw that Archelaus and Herod made it no matter of religion to change the high priest so often as they listed, and that libertie also they vsed, contrary to the custome which was alwayes obserued among the Iewes, for while one high priest once chosen was liuing, no one did the office of the high-priesthood but hee, except vpon some accident hee were not fitte for it, as once it enaunced that the high priest dreaming that hee lay with his wife the night before hee was to offer a solemne sacrifice, was accounted vncleane for that which passed from him in his sleepe, at which time another for that daye supplied his place, for they required great puritie in the priests which did their functions in the temple. Antiochius Epiphanes was the first that did substitute one in the high priestes roome while the other liued. Aristobulus forced his brother Hircanus to leaue both the kingdome and priesthood to him, & the thirdtime that the high priest was changed, was when Herod placed or displaced Ananelus, for Aristob, his wiues brother, but afterwards it became a verie ordinarie matter, which both Herod, Archelaus, & the Romanes, did the more boldly, because in the time of their government, they had the keeping of the high priests rich ornamēts, vntil Vitellius sending away Pilate (called Pontius, because he came frō governing Pontus, to beare some sway at Hierusalem, although at that time hee was not made president of the country,) & willing to gratifie the Iews, beside many other priuiledges, gaue them also the keeping of those ornamēts, which first fell into Herods hands, when they seased on that pallace, which afterward hee made a verie strong castle, and called it after the name of his friend Antony, who was his chiefest stay during his life. This pallace did belong to the Machabees, and Hircanus high priest and prince of the countrey, hauing his pallace so neere vnto the Temple, would vse no other place to put on or off his attyre but this; and in a chest for the purpose, he alwaies locked vpp his ornaments, which order was obserued by those who succeeded him, and Herod getting the kingdome, and finding this chest wth the ornaments, thought it good pollicie to haue them still in his own keeping, and thereby in some sort to be able to bridle the Iewes. Archelaus succeeded his father, and kept them in the same manner, and when hee was banished, the Romanes entred vpon the castle, and all things which they founde there: yet to content the Iewes the president kept a lampe continually burning before them, which was accounted

a reuerent

a reuerent keeping of these holy ornaments, & deliuered them seven dayes before they were to be vsed, that they might be purified before the feast, for they were accounted as prophaned by lying in a prophane house, or by passing through prophane handes; but the next day, after they were vsed, they were brought backe to the president, and locked vp vntill they were to be vsed againe, which was but thrice ordinarily in the yeere.

“The yong Prince, who a long time appeared no other then a carpenter, in the thirtieth yeere of his age beginneth to finish that, which at the first hee entended to frame, which whosoever shall prosecute, and shew in what sort hee vncharmed the lady, which was enchanted by eating of the fruite of a tree, by choaking the inchaunter with no other thing, then what also a tree did beare, shall both finde a most pleasant entrance, and when hee hath entred an endlesse enticing paradise.”

As this volume very rarely occurs, the extracts have been extended to a greater length than usually given on this subject:

J. H.

¶ *A true coppie of the admonitions sent by the subdued Provinces to the States of Hollande: and the Hollanders answere to the same. Together vvith the articles of peace concluded betweene the high and mightie Princes, Phillip by the grace of God King of Spaine, &c. and Henry the Fourth by the same grace, the most Christian King of France, in the yeare 1598. First translated out of French into Dutch, and nowe into English by H. W. Edinburgh, printed by Robert Walde-graue, according to the copie printed in London, 1598. qto. 12 leaves.*

The admonitions are in eight articles; the first alledging Holland to be exalted from the smile of fortune, and “is seene and allowed to be printed. Datum Bruxellæ, 12 Martij 1598. Petrus Vinck Louanriy, Iohannes Masius excudebat.” The answer substitutes Prouidentia as the leader, “printed at Amsterdam for Laurence Jacobs, Stationer,

Stationer, vpon the water in the bible." There is little interest in the points discussed, or in the Articles of peace between Philip and Henry the Fourth, dated 2d May, 1598. \* \*

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¶ *A Briefe and true Declaration of the Sicknes, last words and death of the King of Spaine, Phillip, the second of that name, who dyed in his Abbey of Saint Laurence at Escuriall, seuen miles from Madrill, the 13 of September, 1598. Written from Madrill in a Spanish letter, and translated into English according to the true Copie. Edinbvrgh, printed by Robert Walde-graue, Printer to the King's Majestie. 1599. Cum Priuilegio Regio. qto.*

At the end of the King's Will, &c. is an account of "The happy entrance of the high borne Queene of Spaine, the Ladie Margaret of Austria, in the renowned Cittie of Ferrara," on the 12th of November. Neither this or the preceding are noticed by Herbert. \* \*

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¶ *The Fearfull Fancies of the Florentine Couper: Written in Toscare, by Iohn Baptista Gelli, one of the free Studie of Florence, and for recreation translated into English by W. Barker. Pensoso d' altrui. Sene & allowed according to the order appointed. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman Anno 1568. 12mo. 138 folios, without Introduction.*

This, the address informs the reader, is "the talke tha olde Iust the Couper hadde with himself, when he coulde not slepe [which] did minister matter to the maker o. this presente boke, who by other occasion hath made diuers other to his cōmendatiō in the Toscare tong..... Iohn Baptista Gellie, \* for so is the tailer called, and for his wisdom chief of the vulgar vniuersitie of Florence,

\* Died 1563, Æt. 65.

when I was ther, did publish these communications of Iust the Couper and his Soule, gathered by one Sir Byndo his nephew and a notarie." The work is divided into ten dialogues or "Reasoning," and the translation appears to have been well received, as it was reprinted by Purfoot, 1599. The present edition is not registered by Herbert.\* \* \*

¶ *The solace of Sion and Joy of Jerusalem, or consolation of God's Church in the latter age: redeemed by the preaching of the gospell vniuersallie. Beeing a godly and learned exposition of the Lxxxvij Psalme, of the Princely prophet David, written in Latine by the Reuerend Doctor Vrbanus, Regius Pastor of Christes Church, at Zella, in Saxonie, 1536. Translated into English first by Richard Robinson, Cittizen of London, and printed Anno 1587, and Anno 1590. Joell ii. verse 32. But whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lorde shall be saued, for in Mount Syon and in Ierusalem shall be deliuerance as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call. Lastly, printed by Richard Iones. 1594. Small 8vo. 39 leaves.*

Back of the title is displayed both the royal and city arms, and the dedication is addressed "to the Honourable Sir Cutbert Buckle, Vintner, Knight, L. Mayor of London this yeere 1594, and to the Right VVorshipfull his brethern the Aldermen: with M. Paule Banning and M. Peter Houghcon, now Sherifes of the same." Concluding "at London, in S. Bride's parish this 17 of May, 1594. Your Honors and Worships humble orator, Richard Robinson." \* \*

\* At the end, fly leaf, "Imprinted at London, by Henry Byneman, dwelling in Knight rider streete, at the signe of the Marmeide, Anno 1598. Cum, &c." On last side, device of the Mermaid.

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#### ERRATUM.

The Reader is requested to correct the following Erratum at p. 113, line 16. for 1300 read 3000.

T. Bensley, Printer,  
Bolt Court, Fleet-street, London.



# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup> VIII.

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## ¶ *Memoir of Sir Henry Wotton.*

A VERY few years after the birth of Sir Philip Sydney at Penshurst, KENT produced another very eminent, though not equally illustrious, man, in the person of SIR HENRY WOTTON, who was born at the seat of his ancestors of Boughton-Malherb, in the middle of the County, in 1568.

The Wottons were of no inconsiderable distinction, having possessed this lordship for nearly three centuries. Sir Edward Wotton, the poet's grandfather, was Treasurer of Calais, and of the Privy Council to K. Hen. VIII. and was elder brother to the celebrated Dr. Nicholas Wotton Dean of Canterbury and nine times Ambassador to Foreign Princes during the reigns of K. Henry and his children. Sir Robert Wotton, the father of these, was entrusted by K. Edw. IV. with the Lieutenantancy of Guisnes, and was Knight Porter and Comptroller of Calais; where he died, and lies buried.

Sir Henry's elder brother, who was afterwards raised by K. James I. to the peerage by the title of LORD WOTTON, was in 1585 sent by Q. Elizabeth Ambassador to that monarch in Scotland; and Dr. Robertson speaks of him, as "a man, gay, well-bred, and entertaining; who excelled in all the exercises, for which James had a passion, amused the young King by relating the adventures which he had met with, and the observations he had

made during a long residence in foreign countries—but under the veil of these superficial qualities,” Dr. Robertson adds, that “he concealed a dangerous and intriguing spirit. He soon grew into favour with James, and while he was seemingly attentive only to pleasure and diversions, he acquired influence over the public councils, to a degree, which was indecent for strangers to possess.”\*

Isaac Walton observes, that from this account of his ancestors, “it may appear that Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred, as left a stock of reputation to their posterity; such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family, to perform actions worthy of their ancestors.”

Sir Henry was the only son of the second marriage of his father Thomas Wotton, Esq. with Eleanora daughter of Sir William Finch of Eastwell, in Kent, (ancestor to Lord Winchelsea) and widow of Robert Morton, of the same County, Esq.

He was educated at Winchester school, and thence removed to New College, Oxford; where at the age of twenty, he took the degree of A. M. Soon after this he lost his father, and was left with no other provision than a rent charge of 100 marks a year.

Having remained two years longer at Oxford, he resolved to exchange his books for the study of the world, and “to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge” by travel. He stayed abroad nine years; of which three were spent in Germany, and six in Italy.

He now, at the age of thirty, returned highly accomplished, and was taken into the friendship of Robert, Earl of Essex, who made him one of his Secretaries; and whom he attended both in two voyages to sea against the Spaniards, and to Ireland. On the Earl’s subsequent imprisonment (too soon followed by his death on the block) he fled to France; whence he went to Italy. From his residence at Florence he had an opportunity of performing a most essential service to King James just before the death of Queen Elizabeth, by carrying secret

\* History of Scotland, B. VII.

intelligence to that monarch, in the disguise of an Italian, that a design was on foot to take away his life by poison.

On the accession of the Scotch Monarch to the throne of England, Wotton hastened back to his native country, where he found his elder brother Sir Edward made Comptroller of the Household, and about this time raised to the peerage. The King received him with distinction, and knighted him; and soon after gave him the choice of an Embassy to France, Spain, or Venice; of which he preferred the latter, considering the smallness of his fortune, and "as being a place of more retirement, and best suiting with his genius, who did ever love to join with business, study, and a trial of natural experiments," for which Italy was so justly famed. This was about 1604. It was a critical period when Venice was engaged in a deep contest with the tyranny of the Roman Pontiff. And principally to give King James an insight into this contest Father Paul composed his celebrated *History of the Council of Trent*.

In this employment he continued almost twenty years; and the whole time preserved and increased his interest with the state; well knowing, that he who negotiates a continued business, and neglects the study of dispositions, usually fails in his proposed ends. "But in this Sir Henry did not fail; for by a fine sorting of fit presents, curious and not costly entertainments, always sweetened by various and pleasant discourse—and his choice application of stories, and his eloquent delivery of all these, even in their Italian language, he first got and still preserved such interest in the state of Venice, that it was observed, (such was either his merit or his modesty) they never denied him any request."

About the middle of this time, however, he had nearly lost the favour of King James by a discovery made by his enemies of a former pun, which he had left in an Album in Germany in his journey to Venice, when first appointed to his Embassy. It was the definition of an ambassador in these words:

"Legatus est vir peregrè missus ad *mentiendum* reipublicæ causâ."

which Sir Henry could have been content should have been thus translated:

“ An Ambassador is a man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.”

Jasper Scioppius, a restless Romanist, printed it as the principle of King James's religion, and excited so strongly the Monarch's resentment for the supposed oversight of Sir Henry, that it was not appeased without great difficulty.

Sir Henry returned to London the year before King James died, rather impoverished than enriched; and was promised, as a reward for his services, the reversion of some office, which might be turned into present money; and also that of the Mastership of the Rolls, then held by Sir Julius Cæsar, who did not die till 1639.\* But these were only in hope; and he required an immediate support, being always so careless of money, as though our Saviour's words, “ Care not for to-morrow,” were to be literally understood.

“ But it pleased Providence,” says Walton, “ that in this juncture of time the Provostship of his Majesty's College of Eton became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray, for which there were (as the place deserved) many earnest and powerful suitors to the King. And Sir Henry, who had for many years, like Sisyphus, rolled the restless stone of a state-employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of a sweet content was not to be found in the multitudes of men or business, and that a college was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and to afford rest both to his body and his mind, which his age (being now almost threescore years) seemed to require, did therefore use his own and the interest of all his friends to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the King of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy (which I have not time to relate) he got a grant of it from his Majesty.” He was instituted to this preferment July 26, 1624.

Sir Henry now conformed to the statutes of the college by entering into deacon's orders; and being met, so

\* See Lodge's very interesting Memoir of the *Cæsar Family*, lately published by Wilkinson, with portraits, 4to. 1810.

attired, by a friend, observed, "I thank God and the King, by whose goodness I now am in this condition—a condition which that Emperor Charles V. seemed to approve; who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown, and the many cares that attended it, to Philip his son, making a holy retreat to a cloisteral life, where he might by devout meditations consult with God; and have leisure to examine both the errors of his past life, and prepare for that great day, wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions. And after a kind of tempestuous life, I now have the like advantages from him '*that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise him*;' even from my God, whom I daily magnify for this particular mercy of an exemption from business, a quiet mind and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life when my age and infirmities seem to sound a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity."

He enjoyed his situation at Eton for about fourteen years; when he died in December, 1639, æt. 72.

In his latter age, he "went usually once a year, if not oftener, to the beloved Boughton Hall, where he would say, 'He found a cure for all cares by the cheerful company, which he called the living furniture of the place, and a restoration of his strength, by the connaturalness of that, which he called his genial air.'"

He yearly went to Oxford. But the summer before his death, he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which school he was first removed from Boughton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend his companion in that journey, "How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far experimentally true, that my now being at that school, and seeing that very place, where I sat when I was a boy, occasions me to remember those very thoughts of my youth

youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures without mixtures of cares \* and those to be enjoyed, when time (which I therefore thought slow paced) had changed my youth to manhood—but age and experience have taught me, that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as our Saviour did foretell, ‘*Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.*’ Nevertheless I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and questionless, possessed with the same thoughts, that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.”

After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative, in which time he was often visited by the learned Mr. John Hales, then a Fellow of that college; to whom he one day spoke to this effect: “I have in my passage to my grave, met with most of those joys of which a discursive soul is capable; and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of. Nevertheless in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content, but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind, and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been, and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath by his grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart; and I most humbly

\* It has been more than once remarked, and, among others, by the present writer twenty-two years ago, how much this reminds one of these beautiful lines of Gray:

“ Ah! happy hills; ah, pleasing shade!  
 Ah fields below’d in vain!  
 Where once my careless childhood stray’d,  
 A stranger yet to pain!  
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
 And redolent of joy and youth  
 To breath a second spring!”

praise

praise him for it: and I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but he that hath kept me to this great age, and let him take the glory of his great mercy. And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death; that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better; that world *wherein dwelleth righteousness*, and I long for it."

"Thus," concludes Walton, "the circle of Sir Henry Wotton's life, that circle which begun at Boughton,\* and in the circumference thereof did first touch at Winchester school, then at Oxford, and after, upon so many remarkable parts and passages in Christendom; that circle of his life was by death closed up and completed, in the seventy-second year of his age, at Eton College, where, according to his will, he now lies buried, with his motto on a plain grave-stone over him. Dying worthy of his name and family; worthy of the love and favour of so many princes and persons of eminent wisdom and learning; worthy of the trust committed unto him for the service of his Prince and country."

Cowley wrote a well-known elegy on Sir Henry Wotton, beginning

"What shall we say, since silent now is he,  
Who when he spoke † all things would silent be."

Though some abatement must be allowed to panegyric, it is admirably appropriate to his character. Johnson pronounced it vigorous and happy.

Isaac Walton collected Sir Henry's Literary Remains, and published them under the title of *RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ; or a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems, ‡ with Characters of Sundry Personages: and other incomparable pieces of language and art.* By the curious

\* Boughton has for a century been dilapidated to a farm-house. It is, or lately was part of the property of Sir Horace Mann, Bart.

† Which by the by is not grammar.

‡ Among these are some Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, which will be hereafter noticed.

*pencil of the ever memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Kt. late Provost of Eaton Colledge. London, 1651, 1654, 1672, with additional Letters, 8vo. 1685, with letters to Lord Zouch.*

T. Warton, in his Notes to Milton's *Comus*, has in a different tone from his usual liberality of sentiment pronounced Sir Henry to be "though a polite scholar, on the whole a mixed and desultory character."

In a strict sense this may be true, but surely not in the way of censure. He mingled the character of an active statesman with that of a recluse scholar; and he wandered from the crooked and thorny intrigues of diplomacy into the flowery paths of the Muses. But is it not high praise to have been thus desultory?

Sir Henry had the taste to be among the first, who were delighted with Milton's exquisite, and most original, *Mask of Comus*. "But," says Warton, "Sir Henry's conceptions did not reach to the higher poetry of *Comus*. He was rather struck with the pastoral mellifluence of its lyric measures, which he styles *a certain Dorique delicacy in the songs and odes*, than with its graver and more majestic tones, with the solemnity and variety of its peculiar tone of original invention. This drama was not to be generally characterized by its *songs and odes*: nor do I know that *softness* and sweetness are particularly characteristic of those passages, which are most commonly rough with strong and crowded images, and rich in personification. However, the song to *Echo*, and the initial strains of *Comus's* Invitation, are much in the style which Wotton describes." *Ipsa mollities* are the words of Wotton; and it is almost hypercriticism to say that it does not apply. Exquisite beauty and sweetness of imagery, if not softness of language, distinguishes these inimitable lyrics. The song to *Echo* is indeed harmony itself. And how beautiful is this—

" By the rushy-fringed bank,  
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays.

Whilst



Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet,  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread."

But it may be true, that Sir Henry's genius was not suited to the higher conceptions of Milton. His mind was subtle and elegant rather than sublime. In truth, the habits of a diplomatist, and of a great poet, are altogether incompatible. The reserve and caution of the one cannot co-exist with the wild and erratic excursions of the other. One must be perpetually watchful of the correct movements of man in his most disguised and artificial state; the other loves only to be conversant with the best parts of our nature, and those somewhat improved and heightened above reality.

But for moral and didactic poetry the experience of a statesman does not disqualify him. On the contrary, it sometimes gives a force and sincerity to his sentiments, which inspires them with the breathing eloquence of the heart. Thus the following touching stanzas :

*" Upon the sudden restraint of the Earl of Somerset, \*  
 then falling from favour.*

1.

" Dazzled thus with height of place,  
 Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,  
 No man marks the narrow space  
 'Twixt a prison and a smile.

2.

Then since Fortune's favours fade,  
 You that in her arms do sleep,  
 Learn to swim, and not to wade,  
 For the hearts of Kings are deep.

3.

But if greatness be so blind,  
 As to trust in towers of air,  
 Let it be with goodness lin'd,  
 That at least the fall be fair.

\* Car, the favourite of King James I.

4. Then

4.

Then though darken'd you shall say,  
 When friends fail and Princes frown,  
 Virtue is the *roughest* way,  
 But proves at night a *bed of down*."

Or these :

" *The Character of a Happy Life.*

1.

" How happy is he born and taught,  
 That serveth not another's will ?  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple Truth his utmost skill ?

2.

Whose passions not his master's are,  
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;  
 Untied unto the world by care  
 Of public fame, or private breath.

3.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Nor vice hath ever understood ;  
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

4.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat :  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great.

5.

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book, or friend.

6.

This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing, yet hath all."

I need

I need not remind the reader of Sir Henry's most beautiful and well-known lines on his adored mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, beginning

“ You meaner beauties of the night,” &c.

as they are to be found in most Collections.

Sir Henry lived in an age of pedantry, and metaphysical jargon, which somewhat infected his purer taste, and urged him sometimes to quaintness, and a search after remote resemblances, in his prose compositions. He could never otherwise have been induced to attempt *A Parallel between the characters of the Earl of Essex and Duke of Buckingham*; who seemed to have nothing similar but the favour of their respective but most opposite Sovereigns. This called forth in his younger days the superior pen of the Earl of Clarendon, who has shewn the *Disparity* with great acuteness and energy of language.

Yet there are many very curious passages in Sir Henry's *Parallel*. Though Sir Henry was under the Earl's patronage a little before that unfortunate Peer's fall, he does not appear to have conceived a great attachment to him. It seems there were factions in the Earl's house; and perhaps Sir Henry found Lord Essex too ductile to the artifices of such men as Henry Cuffe, whose character he draws with a laconic but vigorous pen. Sir Henry was a man of keen sense, now matured by all the experience of some years conversation abroad, sharpened by the pressure of adversity. The Earl had a flowing, indiscreet, and ungoverned understanding, which often, I doubt not, raised the disgust of the other. “ To consider Essex and Buckingham,” says Wotton, “ in their pure naturals, I consider the Earl's *intellectual* faculties to have been his stronger part; and in the Duke his *practical*.” Here the partiality breaks out; otherwise what literary man would set practice against intellect? Buckingham seems to have been a mere man of bodily attractions, with a high degree of mental presumption. To compare a person of the high birth and fortunes of Essex, who attracted by his splendid qualifications that notice from the court, which he not only dis-

dained

dained to solicit, but too wantonly scorned or neglected when offered, with one who rose from a comparatively secure station \* as a minion to a King, for whose caresses no promotions could make amends, is a most unjust and ill judged degradation to the former. The rise of Buckingham is a disgrace to the English history, admitting that he had some amiable private qualities.

Essex was one, whose great and whose weak traits were so nearly balanced as to make it doubtful whether he deserves the eminence he has attained. But his faults were generally allied to virtues; and if our judgment approve not, our affections almost always go with him.

To Buckingham nothing but the excessive splendour of his fortunes could have blinded his cotemporaries. What single quality had he of a man who merited to be great? Had he intellect, knowledge, experience, prudence, or even private morals? He was childish, selfish, rash, insolent, and ungrateful. And what praise could he claim? That he had a handsome person, was splendid in his apparel, elegant in his manners, and profuse in his household! "He had," says Clarendon, "an admirable affability and gentleness to all men."

But to return to the character of Sir Henry Wotton. This celebrated man seems to have lived in a perpetual struggle between his curiosity regarding the world, fomented by his ambition, and his love of books contemplation and quiet. His letters to Sir Edmund Bacon, who married his niece, prove his strong family affections. His heart appears to have been moulded with a high degree of moral tenderness. This both the sentiments attributed to him by Walton, and the cast of his poems, sufficiently evince.

He was a great scholar; and more especially skilled in languages; and on these acquisitions Cowley's Elegy principally expatiates.

When a man who is qualified to shine in the world by his intellectual powers, loves solitude, it is generally for the purpose of giving a wider scope to his ideas. And

\* "His ancestors," says Wotton, "had continued at Brookeby in Leicestershire, for about 400 years, rather without obscurity than with any great lustre."

how few are there thus endowed, who do not love solitude? Nor though it be the theme of most poets, will it easily be exhausted. The pressure of the world elbows us, and ties us down: I would never trust the head, or the heart which is not touched with the charms of solitude.

How beautiful is that expression of Sir Henry regarding his visit to the hall of his nativity that he there "*found a restoration of his strength by the connaturalness of that, which he called his genial air.*" Thirty years have passed since I strayed over the fields where he was born; but I have not yet forgot the sensations I experienced at his memory; or the fairy light which was thrown by my fancy upon the scene:

" ————— inspiring shade  
By godlike poets venerable made!"

When he came back to the hall of his boyhood, and felt the very "gales redolent of joy and youth that breathed a second spring," when he reposed beneath the reverend groves that had shaded his ancestors, he not only looked backward with a kind of painful pleasure; but probably flattered himself that there his name should remain in honour for ages to come, and enshrine his own reputation with all the mellowed and increasing softness which is produced by time. But alas! the next generation saw the name end; and in less than a century every acre of the domain was passed into the hands of strangers to his blood. I remember it was a day of contending storms and sunshine, towards the close of autumn, when we visited it; the appearance of the skies cherished the wild workings of the fancy; we were received at the hospitable table of a friend now gone to his grave, from whose windows we looked over a vast expanse of country; over "hamlets grey and dim-discovered spires;" while evening was drawing her mantle over them. Night came on with tremendous darkness; and many a long mile had we to traverse over a wild and intricate country before we went to our rest. At this very moment I recollect it with the kind of feeling of a vivid and romantic dream. But oh! how few expectations of that enthusiastic period of life have been realized! Shy, re-  
served,

served, tremulous, silent, with the appearance of more than ordinary deficiency, I had the presumption to be nursing visions of a career of splendid fame; of works of pure, brilliant, and original fancy; of tales that should melt every heart, and enchain every imagination! Alas! how have I fallen! To be a dull and inventionless antiquary! A transcriber of obscure title-pages, and a compiler of uninteresting facts! But thy memory, ingenious Wotton, still lives in my parched brain! The black-letter mania has not exhausted my love for that gallant and accomplished spirit, which could dictate the affecting lines to the lovely Empress\* of thy heart, whose affecting and dignified misfortunes must interest every tender bosom!

While they, who were

————— nati consumere fruges,

who passed their lives in a selfish ease and luxury, have perished from remembrance, leaving no relics but the dust to which they are returned, thy virtues, thy acquirements, thy genius, Sir Henry, shall record thee among the WORTHIES of thy country! † B.

March 13, 1811.

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¶ *The Actis and Constitiounis of the Realme of Scotland maid in Parliamentis haldin be the rycht excellent, hie and mychtie Princeis kingis James the First, Secund, Thrid, Feird, Fyft, and in tyme of Marie now Quene of Scottis, viseit, correctit, and extractit furth of the Registers be the Lordis depute be hir Maiesteis speciall commissioun thairto. Anno Do. 1566. [This forms a head title over the royal arms, which occupys remainder of the page. Col.] Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik the. xxviij.*

\* The Queen of Bohemia, daughter of King James I.

† It is hoped the reader will, for once, excuse this digression, and apostrophe, when he considers how tiresome it is to be always confined to the mere repetition of trite facts, of which the want of novelty is sure to incur the censure of tedious dulness—as the present licence will probably do of impertinence—at least from every cold heart.

day

*day of Nouember, the zeir of God ane thousand fyue hundreth thre scoir sax zeiris.* \* Fol. Clxxxii leaves.

Back of the title the Queen's Privilege, followed by the Commission for printing the volume. As a specimen of the language take

*“ The Preface to the Redar.*

“ It is maist certane, that na thing is swa eirnistlie to be socht and straitlie keipit, as the knowlege of the lawis and thair authoritie. Because the lawis rychtliche disponis, and ordouris to the best baith godlie, and manlie effairis, and banis thairout all iniquitie. Thay ar the gift of God, the statute and decreit of wyse men, the amending and rychting of forthocht, and suddane faultis, the commoun promeis, band, and obligatioun of the Realme, and of ilk member thair of to vther, efter the quhilk it appertenis all the saidis member to leid thair lyfe, gif thay will not onlie leif, bot als manerlie, weill, and godlie leif. And lyke as ilk man aucht and sould seik the vnderstanding of the lawis, that thay may cast thame with all thair intent to obserue, and keip the samin: Rychtswa it is the office of the Souerane powar, and of the magistratis, and officiaris constitute vnder the samin, to cause publis and mak patent the lawis, to the effect foirsaid, as we see the Israelitis, Athenienis, the Romanis, and vthers pepill and impyis lauchfullie reulit, and thairby lang lestand, and continewand in prosperitie, had thair statutis and ordinancis ingraifit, or writtin in tabillis, and fixit in the maist publique and patent placis, or inrollit, bukit, and solempnitlie red to all the pepill. And als all weill maid constitution contenis in the self ane prouision, that it be proclamit and publist. Misknowlege is ane maner and kynde of excusatioun to mony men of thair fault, albeit the law sayis, thair is, nor sould be na excusatioun to the man pretenand ignorance of the law. Qubairfoir? Because the law is vnderstand to be notifeit, and publist to all man, and thay sould seik to the knowlege thair of. Thairfoir our Sonerane Lady seing the lawis, and actis of hir maist nobill progenitouris to be for the maist part vnknawin, but to the jugsis, and men of law, and zit the samin to be through ignorance of the copistis confusit and full of errouris, hes maist commendable and conuenientlie to hir Royall estate and Maiestie, and maist graciouslie for the weill of hir subiectis, geuin commissioun to certane nobill and leirnit Lordis, hir traist counsalouris, to

\* This date, though registered by Ames, *Typ. Anq.* 1749, p. 580, is omitted by Herbert, who only gives that of the “xij of October,” preceding: see p. 1489—*Bibl. West. No.* 3420. *zl.* 25. sycht,

sycht, consider, correct and cause publis in prent the hail body of the lawis of this hir realme. In the vndertaking of the quhilk charge and work the saidis Lordis thocht it maist expedient for the present, to begin at the mending, and furthsetting of the actis of Parliamentis haldin be kingis James the First, Secund, Thrid, Feird, Fyft, and be hir Maiesteis powar hauand, & hir self, and thairefter in all gudlie diligence to reik & extend thair cure to the emendatioun and publicatioun of the precedent and mair ancient lawis, the quhilkis, as thay ar mair difficill to be decernit on: swa thay requyre langar tyme to thair dew correctioun. And albeit nane of all the Lordis Commissaris can be praisit aneuch, and proportionallie to thair worthynes for the travell and diligence takin be tname in this present editioun and outset, zit in speciall with all mennis fauouris, twa of the saidis Lordis are to be remembrit and commendit: thay ar to say, ane Reuerend Father in God Johne Bischop of Ros Lord of our Soueranis Secreit counsall and of hir College of Justice, for his suggestioun to our Souerane of this notabill purpose, eirnistfull performing of the said commissioun and cure in conuening of my Lordis Commissaris bis colligis, and liberalitie in the furthsetting of this imprinting: and Schir James Balfour of Pettindreith knycht Clerk of the Register, &c. For his sinceir, afald and glaid concurrence to perfyte this wark, and exhibitioun of the originallis out of the Register, and making of thame patent at all tymes, on na wayis regardand his awin particulare outhr proffeit or gloir, bot onlie the commoun weill of the Realme. It restis to exhort all our Souerane Ladyis liegis to diligentlie mark and consider thair awin dewtie and office expressit in this law buke, and to expresse and manifest the samin be leiding of thair lyfe conforme thairto in word and deid, sercheand heirout doctrine of treuth and obedience to the Princeis, thair Magistratis and Officiaris of Justice: off honest lyfe, of abstinence fra iniuring and hurtane a vther: off geuing to ilk persoun his awin: off lauchfull conquensing, keiping, and annalying of landis, gudis and geir: and als to thank our Souerane of hir directioun and commissioun, and the Lordis for the travell takin be thame thairin: fynallie to accept and embrace this hail laubour with sic beneuolence and gentill hart, that occasioun be geuin efterwart, that the rest of the auld lawis of Scotland be brocht to lycht, and put in the liegis handis to be commounlie red and vnderstand with greit frute and plesure to the honour of God, trew obedience to our Soueranis, and to the weill particular of ilk persoun, and commoun of the hail Realme.

EDWARD HENRISON.\*

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\* See Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, Vol. I. p. 87-90.



¶ *Of the Knowledg whiche maketh a wise man. Londini in ædibus Thomae Bertheleti, M. D. XXXIII. Cum privilegio.* Oct. pp. 107, without Introduction.

This work is by Sir Thomas Elyot, a writer too well known to need a comment. Had he left no other memorial of his talents than *the Boke named the Governour*, it would have been sufficient to preserve his name to posterity. Of the first reception of that work, which afterwards passed many editions, the author has given a minute account in his preface to the present article.

“ The proheme of syr Thomas Elyot, Knyghte : God, vnto whome all mens hartis be opened and the wyll of manne speakethe, is my wytnes, that to the desire of knowlege, wher vnto I haue hither to ben euer of my nature disposed, I haue ioyned a constant intent to profyte therby to my natural countrey : wher vnto acordyng to the sentence of Tully, we be most specially bou'den. Wherefore after that I had applyed the more parte of my lyfe in perusyng diligently euery auncient warke, that I mought come by, eyther Greke or Latine, conteynyng any parte of philosophie necessary to the institution of mans lyfe in vertue, I haue endeoured my selfe to set forth such part of my studie as I thought mought be profitable to them, whiche shulde happen to rede or here it. But diuers men rather scornynge my benefite than receuyng it thankfully doo shewe them selves offended (as they say) with my strange termes. Other finding in my bokis the thing dispreysed, whiche they do co'mende in vsinge it. Lyke a galde horse abidyng no playsters be alwaye gnappynge and kyckynge at suche examples and sentences as they do feele sharpe or do byte them, accomptyng to be in me no lyttell presumption that I wyll in notyng other mens vices correct Magnificat, sens other moche wyser men and better lerned than I, doo forbear to wryte any thyng. And whiche is warse than all this: some wyll maliciously diuine or coniecte that I wryte to the intent to rebuke some perticuler person couayntinge to bryng my warkes, and afterward me into the indignation of some man in auctorie.

“ Thus vnthankfully is my benefyte receuyed, my good wyll consumed and all my labours deuoured. Such is of some

menne the nature serpentine, that lapping swete mylke they conuerte hit forthewith in to poyson, to distroy hym of whose liberalitie they late had receyned it. How incomparable be these men vnlyké to the most excellent prince our most dere soueraygne lorde? whose most royall persone I hartily besече God to preserue in longe life and honour. His Highnesse benignely receuyng my boke, whiche I named the **Gouernour**, in the redyng therof sone perceyued that I intended to augment our Englyshe tongue, wherby men shulde as well expresse more abundantly the thyng that they conceyued in theyr hartis (wherfore language was ordeyned) hauyng wordes apt for the pourpose: as also interprete out of Greke, Latyn, or any other tonge into Englysshe, as sufficiently, as out of any one of the said tongues into an other. His grace also perceyued, that through out the boke there was no terme new made by me of a Latine or Frenche worde, but it is there declared so playnly by one mene or other to a diligent reder that no sentēce is therby made derke or harde to be vnderstande. Ne the sharpe and quycke sentences, or the rounde and playne examples set out in the versis of Claudiane the poete in the seconde boke, or in the chapiters of Affabilitie, Beneuolence, Beneficence, and of the diuersitie of flaterers, and in dyuers other places in any parte offended his hygnes: but (as hit was by credible persones reported vnto me) his grace not onely toke hit in the better parte, but also with princely wordes ful of maiestie cōmēded my diligēce, simplicitie & corage in that I spared none astate in the rebukynge of vice. . . . Our moste dere soueraygne lorde perfectly knew that no writar ought to be blamed whiche wryteth neyther for hope of temporall ieward, nor for any priuate disdayne or malyce, but onely of feruēt zele towarde good occupation and vertu. Perdie man is not so yet cōformed in grace, that he can not do syn. And I suppose no prince thynkethe hymselfe to be exempte from mortalitie. And for as moche as he shall haue mo occasiōs to fall, he ought to haue the moo frendes or the more instruction to warne hym. And as for my parte I esteones do protest, that in no boke of mi making I haue intended to touche more one manne then an other. For there be Gna-  
thos in Spayne as wel as in Grece, Pasquilles in Englande as welle as in Rome, Dionises in Germanye as welle as in Sicile, Harpocrates, in France as wel as in Aegypt, Aristippus in Scotlande as well as in Cyrena; Platos be fewe and them I doubt where to fynde. And if men wyll seke for them in Englande whiche I sette in other places, I can nat lette them. I knowe well ynowghe dyuers do delyte to haue their garmentes of the  
facion

facion of other countreyes, and that whiche is mooste playne is vnpleasant: but yet it doth happen sometyme that one man beyng in auctorytie or fauour of his prince, beyng sene to weare somme thing of the old facion, for the strāgenes therof it is taken vp ageine with many good felowes. What I doomeane euery wyse man perceyueth. Touchynge the title of my boke, I considered that wisdome is spoken of, moch more than vsed. For wherin it resteth fewe menne be sure. . . . If any man wyll thinke the boke to be very longe, let hym consider, that knowlege of wysdome can not be shortly declared. All be hit of them whiche be well wyllinge it is soone lerned, in good faythe sooner than Primero or Gleeke. Suche is the straunge propertie of that excellent counnyng, that it is sooner lerned, than taught, and better by a mannes rayson than by an instructour. Finally, if the reders of my warkis by the noble example of our mooste dere soueraygne lorde do iustly and louyngely interpret my labours, I durynge the residue of my lyfe will nowe and than sette forthe suche frutes of my study profitable (as I trust) vnto this my countray. And leuyng malycious reders with their incurable fury, I wyll say vnto God the wordes of the Catholike Church in the booke of Sapience: to knowe the good lorde is perfecte justice, and to knowe thy justyce and vertue is the very roote of immortalitie: and therein is the knowlege that is very wysdome."

The work is divided into five dialogues, and the interlocutors are Aristippus and Plato. To hold in little estimation the gifts and adversities of fortune, relying on the impartiality and justice of a superior power, is enforced by the following passage from the fourth dialogue.

" Fortune hath taken frome the that, whiche she had lent to the. Reuolue than in in thy mynde, that eyther those thynges were not good in dede as they were supposed to be, or els man is in better astate than God is hym selfe, for them, which we haue, God vseth not, as carnall dilectation, pleasant and deintie meatis, orient iewelles, or great treasure of moneye, these pertyne not to God. Than is it to be thought that eyther God lackith those thinges, that be good, and than lackith in him beatitude or perfection of joye; or els hit is a good argumente that those thynges be not good, that God wyll not vse, but is contented to lacke. Fynally, those be veri goodes that be within vs gyuen by raison. For they be sure and durynge, nor can not decaye or minisse for any occasion. They that be without vs, lent onely by fortune they be good

by opinion onely. And though they participate theyr name with the other, yet is there not in them the proprietie or nature of goodnes, for they be not durable: & also they be oftentimes the occasion of euyl: wherfore they be for the more parte with ylle men as mooste apte for their nature. And few good men haue them, or they do contynue but a lyttell tyme with them, by the iuste ordynance of God leste the moche vsynge of them shuld brynge dilectation into the sences, whereby they mought be prouoked to rebell. And vnderstandyng, whiche is occupied in cōtemplation of the diuine maiestie mought be sodaynly expelled. And the soule lackynge counsell shulde gyue place to carnall affections and appetites. Thou remembre Theognides verses.

God gyueth to ylle menne good fortune and substaunce,  
Whiche be not the better to them selfe nor theyr frende:  
There is ay lacke, where is inconstance,  
But honour of vertue doeth indure withoute ende.

“ Fynally, there is no gretter comferte to hym that is good, than to be sene in the companye of good men. If thou sekest for a good carpenter or a good smythe, as thou goeste through the cytie, thou harknest where is most hewyng or betyng with hamers, and there thou goest in and supposet to fynde hym, that thou lokest for. Semblably if thou wylt haue a good man, go loke hym out, where thou herist that sharpe sicens raineth, or where iniustice gouerneth, wylle ruleth, great power oppresseth: there shalte thou fynde him that thy hart desyret. Thou maist well accompt hym for a great foole, that to lyue double his naturall life, wolde not abyde to be ones or twice launced in the moste tendre part of his bodye, or wolde not begge his breade for one twelue moneth to be a kynge afterwarde duryng his life. Stonde boldly agayne sickenes and fortune, the one is natural, the other is casuale. In the fyrste is necessitie, whiche wylle thou or no, thou muste suffre: If thou doest hit wyllyngely, thou knowest the price. If thou addest to angre, thou doublest thy payne. In the seconde is no necessitie, for thou moughtest alway refuse hit, as welle whanne it was prosperouss, knowyng it to be vnstable, and burdaynous, as also whanne hit is aduerse or contrarious, consyderyng that hit was neuer soo moche thyne owne, that thou haddest anye ryghte to reteyne hit: sens it was ordeyned for other as well as for thee. And fortune, which is the disposer thereof, neuer made bargayne with the, that thou shuldeste styll kepe hit: and if she dydde, brynge forthe thy recordes, she lackethe not wytnesses innumerable to proue

prone that she hath bene euer inconstant. Defye her malyce: for whanne she bathe donne her warste, yet shalte thou haue more than thou broughteste with the. And that whiche aboundeth shall comme of thyne industrie, and not of hir false liberalitie. And if thou doest boldlye resyste hir, thou shalte haue that aduancemente and rychesse gyuen the of God, wherin she shall haue no powar or authorytie whiche shalbe suche as the hundred thousande parte thereof, shall sourmount al that euer she gaue sens she was fyrste called Fortnne."

J. H.

¶ *The Doctrinal of Princes, made by the noble oratour Isocrates, & translated out of Greke in to Englishe by syr Thomas Eliot, Knight. [Col.] Imprinted at London, in Flete strete, in the house of Thomas Berthelet. Cum &c. 20 leaves. Oct.*

" Sir Thomas Eliot, Knight, to the reader. This little booke whiche (in mine opinion) is to be compared in cou saile and short sentence with any booke, holy scripture excepted, I haue translated out of Greeke, not presumyng to contende with them, whiche haue doone the same in Latine: \* but to thintent onely that I wolde assaie, if our Englishe tunge mought receiue the quicke and propre sentences pronounced by the Greekes. And in this experience I haue founde (if I be not muche deceiued) that the forme of speakyng, vsed of the Greekes, called in Greeke, and also in Latine, *Phrasis*, muche nere approacheth to that whiche at this daie we vse, than the order of the Latine tunge; I meane in the sentences, and not in the wordes: whiche I doubt not shall be affirmed by them, who sufficiently instructed in all the saide three tungen, shall with a good iudgement read this worke. . . . If I shall perceiue you to take this myne enterprise thankefully, I shall that litle porcion of life, whiche remaineth (God sendyng me quietnesse of minde) bestowe in preparing for you such bookes, in the readyng wherof, ye shall finde bothe honest passe tyme, and also profitable connsaile and lernyng. Fare ye well."

\* According to the enumeration in Berkenhont's Biog. Lit. the present translation was supposed to have been into Latin.

Unfortunately the present work is without date, and leaves it uncertain which of his works the translator refers to in the last sentence. After "the oracion of Isocrates to Nicocles the kynge," the following is given as an

"Addicion to fill vp vacant pages. Fvl truely writeth Salomon; the herte of the kynge is in the hande of God, and whiche wai so euer he willet he shal incline it: but the very laude of a good kynge is, if he againe incline his herte to God, the kynge of all kynges, alwaie bendyng to his will, without whose fauourable aide, mans indeuour can nothyng dooe: and so frameth all his actes, as knowlageyng and myndyng that what so euer he dooeth, he dooeth it before his eies, who is no lesse iudge ouer kynges then ouer common people. Nothyng is truely prosperous, nothyng can be called welthy, that the authour of all felicitie wyll not vouchesafe to make fortunate. Most luckely moste happily it is doone, what so euer is doone accordyng to his wyll, who saieth: By me kynges do reigne and the lawe makers decerne iuste thynges: by me princes rule, and mighty men iudge iust thynges. This saide the eternall wisdome, whiche is the sonne of God. What prescribeth Sapience to kynges? Mercy (saieth she) and trouthe doe kepe the kynge: and his throne is made stronge with clemencie. He sheweth mercie in succouryng the oppressed: trouthe in iudgeyng truely: Clemencie in temperyng the seueritee of the lawes with lenitee. The speciall duetie and whervnto kynges were wonte to bee sworne when they beganne their reigne, was this, to helpe widowes, to succour the fatherlesse, and to deliuer and defende all that are oppressed frō iniurie. Trouthe hath two companions, Sapience and Constance. Sapience geueth light vnto the eies, wherby is perceiued, what is right, and what not; what is profitable for the weale publyke, and what is contrarie to it. Constance causeth that the mynde, ouercomyng all couetouse desires, neither with ire, nor with lone, nor with hatred, is moued from honestie. Clemencie tempereth with lenitee necessarie seueritee. Clemencie is not forthwith to goe in hande with warre, whan cause of warre is geuen, but to leaue no reasonable meane vnassaid, to see whether the matter maie bee determined without warre. And otherwhile it is better to dissemble the iniurie, than to reuenge it by force of armes. It is Clemencie, if by no meanes it maie be eschewed, so to make warre, that as littell humaine bloudde be spilt as can be, and that the warre, be ended as shortly as maie be. For this wisdome, that

that bringeth all good thynges with it, Salomon praied for, that she shulde alwaie be assistent to his throne, as a moste faithfull and trusty counsaillour. Finis."

J. H.

¶ *The defence of good women, deuised and made by Sir Thomas Elyot, knyght. Anno M. D. XL.V. [Col.] Londini in ædibus Thomæ Bertheleti typis impress. Cum &c. &c. Oct. 32 leaves.*

At the back of the title "The argument. A contention betwene two gentill men, the one named Caninius, the other Candidus. Caninius, like a curre at womens condicions is alway barkyng: but Candidus, whiche maie be interpreted, benigne or gentill, iudgeth euer well, and reproueth but seldom." And "as reason is, hath the preheminance, at the last, for a perfect conclusion Queene Zenobia, which liued aboute the yere after the incarnacion of Christe 274, the noble Aureliane being Emperour of Rome; by the example of hir life, confirmeth his argumentes," &c.

Our author makes Candidus, in the course of the dialogue, thus censure the poets.

"The authors whom ye so muche do set by, for the more part were poetes, which sort of perso<sup>m</sup> among the Latines & Grekes wer neuer had but in smal reputacion. For I culde neuer rede that in any weale publike of notable memory, poetes were called to any honorable place, office, or dignity. Plato out of the publike weale which he had deuised wolde haue all poetes vtterly excluded. Tulli, who next vnto Plato excelleth all other in vertue and eloquence, wolde not haue in his public weale any poetes admitted. The cause why they were soo litell esteemed was, for as muche as the more part of their inuencions consisted in leasinges, or in steryng vp of wanton appetites, or in pouyng out in railyng their poison of malice. For with their owne goddes and goddesses were they so malaperte, that with their adoutris they filled great volumes. Jupiter, whom thei cal kyng of goddes atid of men, they bryng hym out of heauen to his harlottes, transfourmed sometime into a bull, an other tyme lyke a ramme, a stinkyng gote or a serpent. His queene Juno lyke a cowe. Mercurius like  
a 4 a wulfe.

a wulfe. Ne they lefte heauen vnpolluted, fainynge that the god Mars made Vulcane cockeolde, committynge aduoutry with Venus wife to Vulcanus. But Vulcane was a wily pye, and said nothyng, but being a smythe, he made such suttell manakles, that er the two louers were ware, he tyed them so fast to-gether, that they mought not be seuered: and than called he the hole route of goddes and goddesses, and made them to se Mars and Venus where they lay naked, wherat thei al lewgh, but Mars was angry, and Venus almost ashamed. Other poetes there be which in their mooste lamentable and wofull ditties so doe humble them selves to their maistresses, as thei wold licke the dust from their slippers, and as soone as eyther by age, or with hauntyng of brothelles, the flame of carnalitie is throughly quenched, or elles if women do constantly refuse their vn honest desires, anone arme thei their pennes and tonge, with serpentine malice, obiectyng against al womē most beastly condicions; wherby they more detect their propre inconstancy, then womennes vnfaithfulnessesse."

J. H.

¶ *Pasquils Passe, and passeth not. Set downe in three Peees.*

His { *Passe*  
*Precession, and*  
*Prognostication.*

*London: Printed by V. S. for Iohn Smithicke, and are to be solde at his shop within Temple Barre. 1600. qto. 23 leaves.*

One of the rare poetical pieces by Nicholas Breton, which he inscribes to his "very louing and vnderued good friend M. Griffin Pen, [bidding] vpon his heart's true worthinesse shine the sunne of highest happinesse." — "To the reader, Pasquill commends him to all that loue him, to whom he giues to vnderstand, that after his pains taken in his Mad-cappe, and his Fooles-cappe, laying them both aside, thinking to take a litle rest, gat him his Night-cappe, vnder whiche, in steede of sleep, many idle humors came in his head, which troubling his litle



little staid braine, would not let him be at quiet, till he had committed them to the custodie of pen and incke and paper."—Another address from Pasquill to Morphorius.—These poems are in the author's usual manner. Their humour, though dealing in generals nearly, died with their locality. Specimens, however, not unamusing, may be taken from each piece, either from rarity, or to shew the poet's manner. In the *Passe* he gives instruction by inference.

“ He that wil passe into a ladies eies,  
 And in her hands wil leaue his little heart,  
 And yet with all his wit, is not so wise,  
 As to discerne the sleight of Venus art,  
 In giuing of the fooles-cap by desart;  
 Let him go better set his wittes to schoole,  
 Or else be sure to passe for a good foole.

He that will passe into the Holy land,  
 Let him be grounded in the rules of grace,  
 And be assurde that he doth vnderstand,  
 What is the trueth that falshoode may deface,  
 Lest when that wisdome follie doth displace,  
 And learnings court breake vp, and all are gone,  
 He passe but for a simple blind Sir Ihou.

He that will passe into a clownes conceit,  
 Let him take heede he know a clouted shoore,  
 Lest he be cousoned with a close deceit,  
 When seely fooles know not what knaues can doe,  
 With yea and nay, to bring an ideot to:  
 But if he kindly know Clim of the Clough,  
 Then let him passe, he shall doe well enough.

He that will passe into an Ordinary,  
 Let him take heede to deale with cardes and dice,  
 Lest whatsoeuer mony in he carry,  
 Ere he beware he loose it with a trice,  
 And all too late repentance learne the price,  
 To know how he that passeth in purse-full,  
 And goes out empty, passeth for a gull.”

This poem is concluded in seventeen stanzas, but was probably to have been extended by the author as the fourth leaf of sheet B, whereon it is printed, seems left blank for that purpose. The “*Precession*” occupies two

two sheets, having forty-two stanzas. It prays a deliverance from some circumstances too trifling to enumerate as difficulties.

“ From an olde kow that kicketh downe her milke,  
 And a yong colt that will his rider cast,  
 From a thieffes halter though it be of silke,  
 And from a diall that doth goe too fast,  
 And from a pardon when the paine is past,  
 And from confession vnder Tiborne tree,  
 The blessed Lord of heu'n deliuer me.

From too long hoping after dead mens shoes,  
 And from betraying of an honest trust,  
 From lacke of care either to gaine or loose,  
 And from a conscience that may proue vniust,  
 And from a wicked and vnlawfull lust :

From all such courses where no comforts be,  
 The blessed Lord of heu'n deliver me.

From a stale peece of flesh that is twice sodden,  
 And from a bloud raw rosted peece of beefe,  
 And from a crauen henne that is crow trodden,  
 And from a bawd, a whore, a rogue, a thiefe,  
 And from home taking an heart's inward griefe,  
 And from the ill wherein no good can be,  
 The blessed Lord of heu'n deliuer me.

From blindness, lamenesse, deafnes, cramps and stitches,  
 And from the gowt, the chollicke, and the stone,  
 And from inchanting charmes of wicked witches,  
 From coughes, and rhowmes, and *aches* in the bone,  
 And from the griefe of loue to liue alone ;  
 And from all agues whatsoe're they be,  
 The blessed Lord of heu'n deliuer me.”

The third piece runs through forty-five stanzas, and prognosticates dooms-day, by such signs as

“ When that a cat will eate no milke,  
 And that a fox the goose forsakes,  
 And courtiers leaue their wearing silke,  
 And snow doth leaue to fall in flakes,  
 And one man marres that other makes,  
 Then doth my table say that yeere,  
 The day of Doome will sure be neere.

When fishes leaue to play with baites,  
 And buzzards leaue to beate the wind,

And

And knaues will leaue with cunning sleights,  
 For to deceiue a simple mind,  
 When that the world is in his kind,  
 Be sure this note to build vpon,  
 The day of Doome is comming on.

When morrice dancers leaue their bells,  
 The foole his bable by will lay,  
 And oisters breede without their shells,  
 And that the mice with cattes will play,  
 While wise men make fooles holy day:  
 Then tell me if my table lie,  
 That saies that doomes day will be nie.

When that the kite the chicken feares,  
 The wolfe will not come neere the lamb,  
 The frogs will be as big as beares,  
 The ewe will not abide the ramme,  
 A calfe wil leaue to sucke the damme:  
 Then do I by my table find,  
 That doomes day is not farre behind."

J. H.

¶ *A Funerall Poem: consecrated to the Memorie of  
 that euer honored President of Soldyiership, Goodnes,  
 and Vertue; Sr. Arthure Chichester; Baron of Bel-  
 fast: Lo: high Treasurer of this Kingdome; one of  
 his then Maiesties most Honorable Priuie Counsell;  
 and of the Counsaile of Warre. Written by Christ.  
 Brooke, gent.*

*Hoc Fonte derivata clades,  
 in Patriam populumq. fluxit.*

[M.S. quarto, 1625.\*]

Christopher Brooke was, according to Wood, born in Yorkshire. After he left the University, (whether Ox-

\* Directions for the Printer. "Let this Poem be printed wth a margent of black above, and beneath; and but 12 or 14 lynes on a side at the most; the distinctions duely observed; and some Judicious man to correct the Proofes by the Copie. C. B." *Fly leaf.*

ford or Cambridge, seems uncertain) he entered of Lincoln's Inn, where he became the chamber fellow of the celebrated Dr. Donne. \* His friendship with that writer appears to have involved him in some difficulty; as himself and brother were arbitrarily imprisoned along with Donne, in consequence of his secret marriage with the daughter of Sir George Moor. † As a writer he became first known to the wits by an Elegy on Prince Henry, printed 1613. And Wood also mentions Eclogues dedicated to his friend Will. Brown, 1614, ‡ before whose Britannia's Pastorals, he has a short poem; and another before the first edition of Drayton's Legend of Cromwell. He had also a considerable hand in dishing out The Ode-combian Banquet, An. 1611."§ The subject of the present article appears to have been hitherto unknown.||

" The Epistle Dedicatorie. To the Honorable Gentleman, Sr. Francis Ansley, Knight Baronet. Noble Sir: Not to ad more weight vnto that griefe (w<sup>ch</sup> I know lyes too heavy at yo<sup>r</sup> heart already) do I present y<sup>n</sup>. this poem; but to giue testimony of my humane nature in the sense of so deare a losse; and w<sup>th</sup> all, to grow in yo<sup>r</sup>. good opinion. And though I do not thinck but the strong desert, and exemplare vertue of this noble man be sufficiently establish't in the love of a multitude of hearts; yet knowing those hearts, as they are (in their figure) extended and open vpwards, as to send forth their good motions and desiers; so are they lykewise narrow, and poynted downwards, w<sup>ch</sup> may imply their descent to the grave. Since therefore letters are more permanent, and free from the wrong of tyme; I thought I should do an acceptable office to yo<sup>r</sup>. self, and all that lov'd hym, to record his vertues in this numerous kynd, the better to preserve his memorie. So, hoping you will receiue these lynes, as they are intended to the honor of the deceased, and my loue to your worthynesse: I rest at yo<sup>r</sup>. service. Christ. Brooke."

\* Ath. Ox. Vol. I. Col. 554.

† Chalmers's Poets, Vol. V. p. 116 Donne addressed a poetical epistle to him, commencing, "Thou which art I." Ib. 162.

‡ Qu? If not afterwards printed with the spurious impression of pieces by his friend Wither, as "Other Eglogues, by Master Brooke, and Master Dauies. 1620." Ante Vol. I. p. 183.

§ Fasti Ox. Vol. I. Col. 220.

|| By the title saying "this kingdom," it should appear the elegy was composed in Ireland.

Probably,

Probably, the following complimentary lines from the pen of Wither, are now first made public.

“ *To his ingenious and (w<sup>ch</sup> is more worthy) his truly honest Friend, Mr. Christ. Brooke.*

“ I have surveid the structure thow hast here  
Composed for thrice honor'd Chichester;  
(Whose vertues yeild for praise such copious matter,  
That (if thow wouldst) thow hast not meanes to flatter:  
And I commend thy judgment that doth knowe  
True worth so well, and how to blaze it so.

Oh! I could wish (would Pietie permit)  
Thow hadst not gotten this occasion yet  
Of shewing vs our losse, who seldome see  
How rich wee were, vntill wee beggerd be.

But since his death invited thee to frame  
This monyment to memorize his name,  
Erect it, where in publike it may rise  
To make hym knowne vnto posterities.

For when a costly pile wee do advance,  
Of farr fetch't marble, Touch or pollish't Rance,  
It fills but one small Roome, and standeth dumb,  
Even till a heape of rubbish it become:  
But this in many realmes will speake at once,  
And speaks hym playner farr then gilded stones;  
Yea, give his fame a longer being, than  
The richest fabrickes of mechanicks can.

Besides (that thow this paynes mayst not repent)  
It shall be of thy love a monyment:  
And those in whome his virtues living be,  
Will live no longer then they favor thee.

GEOR. WYTHIER.”

Another elegy, written by Alexander Spicer, was printed “on the nonce,” and probably, from precedence, occasioned a delay and final suspension in the intended publication by Brooke.\* Both writers have selected

\* Spicer's is set forth with the mournful solemnity of broad black borders. It is entituled: *An Elegie on the much lamented death of the Right Honorable Sir Arthur Chichester, Knight, Lo. Baron of Belfast, Lo. high Treasurer of Ireland, one of the Lords of his Ma<sup>ties</sup> most Honorable Priuie Counsell, and of the Counsell of Warre. Honor sequitur fugientem. By Alex. Spicer. Printed at London by M. F. for Robert Bird, and are to be sold at his shop in Cheapeside, at the signe of the Bible. 1625. qto. 14 leaves. Dedicated, in eight lines, to the Duke of Buckingham.*

similar

similar incidents, and commence their eulogies at nearly the same period of their hero's life; the whole of which appears occupied in martial pursuits or political appointments. Chichester was educated at Oxford. His naval and martial career, is thus briefly described in a note by Spicer. "He was captaine of the ship called the Victorie, vnder the command of the Lord Sheffield, employed against the Spanish Inuasion, Anno 1587 & 88. Afterwards he was Captaine and Commander in the Portugall voyage of 200 foot, in the Regiment of the Generall Sir Fra. Drake, 88 and 89. He went with Sir Fra. Drake to the West Indies, where he was Captain of a Companie of foot, and Lieutenant Colonell of a Regiment. And in Porterico he set fire of the Admirall of the Spanish Frigats, 95 & 96. After their return from that voyage he was employed in France, being Captain and Lieutenant Colonel of a regiment with Sir Th. Baskerville, 96. After his returne out of France, he was employed into Ireland with the Earle of Essex." He was ennobled by virtue as well as valour: thus Brooke;

"When Nature first did set this man on foote,  
And virtue in his prime of yeares tooke roote;  
All culture was apply'd; manur'd for seedes  
Of grace, religion, learning; and no weedes  
That might annoy his groath, but in the bud  
Were choak't ere they could settle; that his blood  
(W<sup>th</sup>. those effects of sense) receiv'd controll,  
And did their homage to their soueraigne soule." \*

His knighthood was conferred on him by Henry the IV. of France, a circumstance descanted on by both poets: the prelude of Brooke define vertue as assuming her proper character in the field of battle.

"Who would see vertue in her proper sphere,  
In warre must seeke her, and behold her there:

\* Spicer declares,

"—No worth finds extent  
Beyond the bounds of his, whom I lament.  
Graue, braue, sure, pure, and like a heauenly star,  
In peace, war, speech, and life, was Chichester."

Her

Her hands of iron, and her countenance tan'd;  
 Now scaling of a wall, then doth shee stand  
 At th' entrie of a breach; where there is anger,  
 Most frownes of fortune, most feare, and most danger,  
 Then lookes shee big lyke Phœbus in descent,  
 And guylds w<sup>th</sup> brightnes her owne element;  
 Hardnes shee loves; soft spirits shee disdaynes;  
 And holds that conquest noblest, got w<sup>th</sup>. paynes.  
 Theise were his rules, ' Things safest are lest gratefull,  
 ' And to true souldyers, loue and ease are hatefull.'  
 Fights were the feasts of noble Chichester,  
 Who (but on th' enemyes backs) never knew feare;  
 He fronted danger in the fearefullst storme,  
 And outfac't death in his most vglie forme;  
 The showres of bullets, and the deawes of blood  
 Gave verdure to his spirit, mad honors bud  
 Vpon his crest; w<sup>th</sup>. ripened and were growne  
 A wreathe Olimpiak and his valours crowne.

Nor let this seeme hiperbole in me,  
 To say, blood deaw'd this flowre of chivalrie;  
 Or that his blooming honors grew not right  
 In stormes of bulletts, and in heate of fight,  
 For France (whose ciuill or vnciuill armes,  
 Drew hym, in suite of fame, to those alarms)  
 Can witnesse (in Amiens siege) how he  
 Did show such deedes of active valiancie;  
 That lyke to one of Roomes greate trium-viri,  
 W<sup>th</sup> substance ayrie; and w<sup>th</sup>. spirit fyrie;  
 He seem'd to leape at fame, and take his rise,  
 As if shee were an obiect in his eyes. \*

Hence Honors flowre, sprung out of valours bud;  
 Heere did he wyn his golden spurrs in blood:

\* Thus in Spicer's lines:

" —the ciuill warres of France  
 Drew forth our English Scipio to aduance  
 His colours there, which he displaid, and wonne  
 Honourable knighthood; when the fight was done  
 Henrie the 4. of France, in gracefull manner,  
 Vpon desert confer'd this warlike honour:  
 And fame imprints this character on his shield,  
 Knighted by Burbon, in the open field.  
 ' Desert neglected, droopes; encourag'd, beares  
 ' Its motions well, as the well ordered spheares.  
 ' Our minds proue then, best actiue, when we know  
 ' Our plants are set where they are like to grow."

And

And as he bled, the king of France in field,  
 Gave hym his Knighthood; w<sup>ch</sup> doth give his shield  
 A marke of more renowne, and honor'd note,  
 Then blood from byrth; or gentries fairest coate.  
 Nor could his crop of glories reap't in field,  
 His couetous mynd her satisfaction yeild;  
 But his plough-share (his sword's well temperd steele,)  
 Now doth he change, to plowe the seas w<sup>th</sup>. keele;  
 Where prowde Iberian hearts must seede the furrowes;  
 Where Trylons draw, and Neptune speeds the harrowes:  
 Where Honors husbandmen (lyke those of Greecc)  
 Travaile and sweate, to gayne the golden Fleece.

For Jason, Drake, who was our ages wonder,  
 Jouc's substitute, that rul'd the earthly thunder:  
 Castor and Pollux, Troyns of joviall \* style,  
 Were payr'd in Chichester, and Baskerville.

These were the Argonautæ of our tymes,  
 Who shifted ayres, zones, tropicks, contries, clymes,  
 In quest of fame; and w<sup>th</sup> vnwearied payne  
 Brought home the fleece, and left the hornes w<sup>th</sup>. Spayne.

Nor in the vast circumference, or center,  
 Was there a barre, or strayte, so hard to enter,  
 But noble Chichester (wyng'd w<sup>th</sup> desier,  
 His spirit steeled w<sup>th</sup>. Cyclopien fyre)  
 Would force a passage, and bring thorough agayne  
 Glory, the guerdon of a souldyers payne.

[The worthles Knights that now and then are made,  
 Some fooles, some clownes, some yeomen, some of trade:  
 That when wee speake of them (as 'twere in scoffe)  
 It may be ask't what trade the knight is of:  
 Theise parcell guilt ones, counterfets that fly,  
 And dare not stand the test of gentrie,  
 Our heroe scorn'd; compar'd w<sup>th</sup>. hym no better  
 Than empty cyphers, or a flourrish't letter.]  
 Tytles are cyphers, honor but a blast,  
 That want existent parts to stand and last." †

It

\* Auncient, *erased*.

† Spicer's elegy contains more narrative than the other, and the author appears to have been an attendant on Lord Belfast, at the time of his death. From Elizabeth our hero obtained but a scanty portion of favours, as

he thought  
 Had she done more, s' had done but what she ought.

This did not prevent him embarking for Ireland on the rebellion bursting out in the Tyrone. To his military atchievements  
 was



It will be unnecessary to give further specimens of Brooke's performance. In this extended extract the lines in brackets have been erased by the licenser of the press, and are referred to in the following letter from our author to that person, which is written on the last leaf of the tract.

“ *To the gentleman that shall licence this poem for the presse.*

“ SIR,

“ Though it be a knowne truth, that y<sup>e</sup>. shall fynd here writ, concerning knights of these tymes (as my matter subject

was added experience and circumspection, and his voice helped to allay the misguided fury of the civil war. In 1604 he first became Lord Deputy: again in 1614, the year “ the harp was first marshall'd with the arms of Great Britain.” Notwithstanding his equity, virtue, piety, protection of learning, arts, and arms:

“ iust such another,  
As Pembroke's vnclē, or as Leicester's brother;”

some informers preferred their complaints against him in councell,

“ But royal Salomon did obserue the cause,  
And found 'twas not his Deputy, but his lawes  
Were call'd in question: therefore daign'd to giue  
Words, which might make a dying man to liue.  
*This man is cleere, upon examination;  
I finde that all's an vniust accusation.*”

He possessed the full confidence of his Sovereign: in 1616 was made Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, and in six years after he went on a diplomatic commission to the Emperor of Germany. His death was unexpected, if not sudden. Our poet concludes

“ —that's a stately impe of fame, by which  
More honour is, then is by being rich:  
Lord, what is man? when such a man as he,  
Whose parts excelled in the high'st degree,  
Dies by a plurisie, a corrupted tumour,  
Proceeding from a bad vnhealthfull humour.  
How ought we then, who are but atoms small,  
And in respect of him, are not at all,  
To know our bodies but an house of earth,  
And thinke of God before the soule goes forth?  
His last to me was this; *much thanks, Good night:*  
May my best seruice study to requite  
His noble complement: for it I returne,  
Millions of teares on his bewailed vrne:  
And sith the bed he sleepes on, is his biere,  
Ile bid *Good night*, and draw the curtaines here.”

gave scope :) yet if you shall take exception or thinke any offence therein, I answer, that it may stand if y<sup>u</sup> please, for theise grounds or reasons. First, it cannot be vnknowne to y<sup>u</sup> and others, that things much more satyricall in England have passed both the publike stage, and the presse, and never question'd by authority: next, I presume there are feaw in this kingdome, that will fynd themselves touched or taxed. If this satisfy not, then where it begyns thus:

These \* worthles knights that now and then, &c.  
these first 4 lynes† may be razed and left out; beginning 1st. lyne thus:

Some parcell guilt knights; counterfettes that, &c.  
and so forward, as it succedes; being voyd of all offence or scruple, because it may concerne other kingdomes as well as ours. This (when y<sup>u</sup>. have persved, and given yo<sup>r</sup> passe to the booke) y<sup>u</sup>. may tyther take out, or dash w<sup>th</sup>. yo<sup>r</sup>. pen, ‡ lest the printer should be so grosse to print it w<sup>th</sup> the rest. C. B."

J. H.

¶ *That fayth the mother of all good workes iustifieth vs, before we cā bringe forth anye good worke: as the husbonde maryeth his wife before he cā have any lawefull chylderne by her. Forthemore as the husbonde marieth not his wife, y<sup>t</sup>. she shulde contynue vnfrutefull as before, & as she was in y<sup>e</sup>. state of virginitie (wherein it was i<sup>n</sup> possible for hyr to bere frute) but cōtrary wise to make hir frutefull: even so fayth iustifieth vs not, that is to saye, maryeth vs not to God, y<sup>t</sup> we shuld continue vnfrutefull as before, but that he shulde put the seade of his holy sprite in vs (as sainte Iohn in his first pistle calleth it) and to make vs frutefull. For sayth Paule Ephes. ij. By grace are ye made safe thorowe fayth, and y<sup>t</sup> not of yourselves: for it is the gift of God a<sup>n</sup>d cometh not of the workes, lest any man shulde bost hym selfe.*

\* Sic.

† Eight were erased.

‡ The letter is struck through as desired, and the manuscript may be considered as ready for the printer.

For

*For we are his workemanshipp created in Christe Jesu vnto good workes, which God hath ordeyned y<sup>e</sup>. we shulde walke in them. [Col.] Printed at Malbrowe in the londe off hesse by Hans lust the. viij day of May. Anno M. D. XXXVIII. Oct.*

This was the second edition\* of the parable of The Wicked Mammon, by Tyndal, and was printed without the usual title page. As a theological work it would not have required notice, but the preface contains a relation too valuable to omit respecting William Roy, author of the well known satire upon Cardinal Wolsey. †

“ William Tyndale, otherwise called hychins to the reader. Grace and peace with all maner spirituall fealinge and livinge worthy of the kyndnes of Christ, be with the reader and with all that thurst the will of God Amē. The cause why I sett my name before this litle treatyse a<sup>d</sup> have not rather done it in the New Testament is that then I folowed the counsell of Christ which exhortheth men Matth. vj. to doo theyr good deades secretly a<sup>d</sup> to be conte<sup>t</sup> with the cōscience of well doynge, and that God seeth vs, and patiently to abyde the rewarde of the last daye which Christ hath purchased for vs a<sup>d</sup> now wold fayne have done lykewyse, but am compelled otherwise to doo.

“ While I abode a faythfull cōpanyon which now hath take<sup>n</sup> a nother vyage upo<sup>n</sup> him, to preach Christ where (I suppose) he was never yet preached (God which putt in his herte thither to goo sende his sprite with him, cōforte him and bringe his purpose to good effecte) one Willia<sup>m</sup> Roye a man somewhat crastye when he cometh vnto new accoyntance and before he be thorow knowen and namely whe<sup>n</sup> all is spē<sup>t</sup>, came vnto me a<sup>d</sup> offered his helpe. As longe as he had no money, somewhat I could rule hi<sup>m</sup>, but as sone as he had gotten him money, he became lyke him selfe agayne. Neverthelesse I suffered all thinges till y<sup>e</sup>. was deded which I coulde not doo alone without one both to write & to helpe me to cōpare y<sup>e</sup>.

\* For others, see Herbert, 354, 357, 617, 757, 1537.

† Vide Cens. Lit. Vol. II. p. 128: IV. p. 381. Bib. Poetica, p. 318—An article upon part of the passage now abstracted is inserted in the *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. III. p. 61, and the prefatory account ends with “Query, who was this William Roy?”

textes to gether. Whē that was ended I toke my leue a d bode him farewell for oure two lyues, a d as mc̄ saye a daye lōger. After we were departed he went, and gate hym new fre des which thingē to doo he passeth all that ever I yet knewe. And there when he had stored him of money he gote him to Argentine where he professeth wonderfull faculties and maketh best of no small things. A yere after that and now xij. monethes before the printinge of this worke, came one Jerō a brother of Grenewich also, thorow wormes to Argē tine, saienge that he entended to be Christes disciple a nother while. a d to kepe (as nye as God wolde geve him grace) the profession of his bap̄tim, and to gett his lyvinge with his handes, and to live no lenger ydely and of the swete a d laboure of those captives which they had taught not to beleve in Christ: but in cuntt showes and russet coetes. Which Jerom wyth all diligence I warned of Royes boldnesse a d exhorted him to bewarre of him and to walke quyctly and with all pacience and longe sufferinge accordinge as we have Christ & his apostles for an e sample, which thinge he also promised me. Neverthelesse when he was comen to Argentine William Roye (whose tōge is able not only to make folēs sterke madde, but also to disceave the wisest that is at the fyrst sight a d accoyntaunce) gate him to him and sett him a werke to make rimes, while he himselfe translated a dialoge out of Latē in to Englisch, in whose prologe he promyseth moare a great deall than I fere me he will ever paye. Paul saith the secōde pystell to Thimothe the seconde chapitter, the servant of the lord must not stryve, but be peaceable vnto all men and ready to teach, & one that can suffer thé evel with mekenesse and that can enforme them that resiste. Iff God at any time will geve them repentaunce for to know the throuth. It becometh not then the lordes servante to vse raylinge rymes, but Gods wordes which is the right wepon to slaye sinne, vice, and all iniquite. The scripture of God is good to teach and to improve ij Thim. ij and ij. Thes. ij. Paul speakinge of Antichriste saieth, whom the lorde shall destroye with the sprite or breth of his mouth, that is, with the worde of God. And. ij. Corinthians. x. The wepons of our warre are not carnall thinges (sayth he) but mightye in God to cast downe stronge holdes and so forth, that is, to destroye the byldinges of false doctrine. The word of God is y<sup>e</sup>. daie wher of Paul speaketh j. Corint. ij. which shall declare all thinge, a d that fyre which shall trye every mans werke and consume false doctrine: with that swerde ought me sharply to fyght, and not to rayle with folishe rymes."—

J. H.

A

¶ *A discursive Probleme concerning Propheties,\* how far they are to be valued, or credited, according to the surest rules, & directions in divinitie, philosophie, astrologie, & other learning: devised especially in abatement of the terrible threatenings & menaces, peremptorily denounced against the kingdoms, & states of the world, this present famous yeare 1588: supposed the great, woonderfull & fatall yeere of our age. By J. H. Physition. Printed at London by John Jackson for Richard Watkins. 1588. 4to. pp. 133.*

It may excite some surprise that the author of this treatise was the very same *John Harvey*, who a few years before had published an *Astrological addition or supplement*, "treating of terrible accidents & feareful events threatned by this grand copulation of Saturne," &c. which he had professed himself persuaded should "forcibly begin to take place even in this present year 1583." †

The ill success of his predictions would however appear to have improved his judgment, though it might stagger the credit of his astrology; for the present tract is nothing less than a "ryght lerned & scoller-like" discourse "of, & against, all supposed oracles, pretended propheties, counterfet predictions, fabulous traditions, forged devises, superstitious tales, vaine rumors, idle surmises, & all such erroneous or frivolous testimonies whatsoever, either fraudulently & imposturally, or at least conceitedly & fantastically given out to the world, within the terme or compasse of this last age." But he was not, it seems, quite insensible of the danger of having

\* The copy of the book now before me, which was Herbert's, has the following note, in his hand-writing, opposite the two first lines of the title, in the true spirit of a typographer. "This is the first instance where the word begun in one line has been printed with the same type in the succeeding line, which is printed in a different type."

† Vide the *present Volume*, p. 43.

his anti-prophetic weapon turned against himself; as, from the general condemnation of all the abovementioned, he has mercifully inserted a saving clause, which excludes "onely such testimonies & judgements, as are *learnedly & skilfully* grounded upon lawfull art," &c.

Such is the epitome of the first portion of this work; the second "specially argueth & examineth the probability of the speciall prophesie, particularly devised, & notoriously published of the present famous yeere 1588; with sufficient declaration unto the world that the same supposed prophesie importeth not any such matter, either of necessity or contingent truth as should in any artificiall consideration, or other reasonable respect, deserve any favourable intertainment, or credence with the learned, wise, or godlie: either according to the grounds & rules of humanitie or divinitie."

Towards the conclusion of the work, notwithstanding, Harvey drops the sturdy air of incredulity, and again resumes the gait of the astrologer.

"Neither withall can I denie, but must in regard of certaine naturall & artificiall directions, & circumstances of speciall note, affirmatively grant, that there want not some probable likelihoods indeed, & some apparent significations or preparatives of a tragedy insuing in the world, & that also even such a one & so notable a tragedie, for certaine furious, & busie parts, as hath not often beene plaied upon this mortall stage & fraile theater: yet for mine owne simple opinion, I am undoubtedly resolved & fully persuaded, according to good wairants of learning, that this 88 shall at the uttermost prove but the prologue thereof, howsoever in some other yeere, not far hence, there may peradventur (by phisicall & mathematical conjectures, rightly drawn from the due observation of certaine fearefull eclipses & such like," &c. [*Verbum sat.*]

I cannot conclude my account of Harvey's discourse, without transcribing the most successful exertion of prophetic talent which I have discovered in it. For who can read the following passage without imagining that the writer had some foretaste of the bibliographical productions of the present day, though they may by no means accord with *his* opinion of the lightness of labour bestowed upon them.

"Is any devise easier (says he,) or any practise readier,  
than

than—to foist in a new found old said sawe, or to set countenance upon some stale poeticall fragment, or other antique record, or to play upon the advantage of some old memorandum, without rime or reason; or to gloze, & juggle with knacks of the maker, where they may passe and repasse for currant payment; or finally to revive some forlorne *Merlin*, or *Pierce Plowman*, or *Nostradame*, or the like.”

J. J. P.

¶ *Wittes Pilgrimage, (by Poeticall Essaies) Through a VWorld of amorous Sonnets, Soule passions, and other Passages, Diuine, Philosophicall, Morall, Poeticall, and Politicall. By Iohn Davies. Iucunda vicissitudo rerum. At London, Printed for Iohn Browne. and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreete. n. d. qto. Sig. X in fours.*

John Davies usually distinguished himself from others then living, of the same name,<sup>a</sup> by adding to his own that of the city “of Hereford,” where he was born. This addition has not entirely prevented confusion.<sup>b</sup>

Very

<sup>a</sup> He anagrammatised his name in *His od vaine*.

<sup>b</sup> The columns of Wood register four. Another appears wanting to settle the little dispute recorded in the *Bibliogr. Poetica*, p. 181. “Wish and have,” is an old term, and a new John Davies is forthwith supplied, whose existence proves the critical accuracy of Mr. Park, which his friend Ritson seemed inclined in the above instance to doubt; though on another disputed point, relating to *A hundred good points of Husbandry*, he thus expressed himself;—“You must be right about Tusser, as you are in every thing. I was misled by Herbert, and he by Warton.” There cannot be a question in assigning “O Vtinam” to the author of *Sir Martin Mar-People, his Coller of Esses. Workmanly wrought by Maister Simon Sooth-saier, Goldsmith of London. And offered to sale upon great necessity, by Iohn Davies* [a man’s head having the forehead marked with planetary signs.] *Imprinted at London, by Richard Ibones, 1590, 4to. A 4.* A short extract will be sufficient.

“Such doting on our daintie dames, such paines to shew them  
pleasure,  
Such mone we make, if once they mourne; if glad, glad out of  
measure,

Very few particulars of his life have descended to us; those usually referred to, are registered by Wood: but that account seems impeachable from the following note, in the hand-writing of Dr. Farmer. "Davies, a writing-master, at Oxford retainer to Magdalen College<sup>c</sup> See Wood's mistakes: I. 444—died about 1618." The list of our author's pieces, there given, is manifestly incorrect. In the subject of this and the two following articles I find his Muse addressing his relations<sup>d</sup> and friends;

Such feeding of their humors vaine, such fighting for their fauour,  
Such large expences for their loue, such dread of their dis'auour:  
Such is the care, the cursed care of such as Christians seeme,  
Such seeming Christians with such cares, their Christ doo not esteeme.

Such brazen faced boldnesse now's in beautie's daintie die,  
Such wanton lookes inticing lust, from her lasciuious eie.  
Such tricks, such toies, such sportes, such ioyes the God of heaue<sup>e</sup>  
offends,

Such vild licencious lusts of ours, our soules to Sathan sends."

<sup>c</sup> Wood says he was "sent to this University, but to what house of learning therein, I know not:" in the *Scourge of Folly* are lines inscribed "to my most deere and best beloued Patronesse, Magdalen Colledge in Oxford." They conclude

"I haue no guifts your grace to amplifie,  
But must, with myne aduice the same supply:  
Take heed how you disioyne, or fall at strife;  
For I obserue all forturfes in this life;  
And of them all which 'I haue seene or prou'd,  
Yours, onely yours, deserues to be belou'd."

<sup>d</sup> *To my brother Mr. James Davies, Master in the arte of Writing, in Oxford.*

"James now thou liu'st, where I with pleasure liu'd;  
Yet thriue thou there no worse then there I thriu'd,  
And thou wilt Oxford finde a louing nurse  
To feede thy mawe with meat; with coyne thy purse:  
And when thou shalt grow twy childe, she will bee  
Carefull and kinde, religiously, to thee:  
Then, while thy strength continues serue her so  
That by thy seruice, she may greater grow  
In fame and grace: so, shall she, as she should,  
Make him, that makes her prais'd more manifold."

*To my brother Mr. Richard Davies, Master likewise in the same faculty of Writing.*

"Conforme thine head, and heart, vnto thine hand,  
Then staidly they thine actions will command.

Thy



friends;<sup>e</sup> trifling with his wife; <sup>f</sup> more nonsensical with

'Thy hand I taught, and partly stor'de thy head  
With numbers, such, as stand in cyphers stead  
To make but others mount with praise vndue,  
For nought but nought, which is a cypher true.  
But it thou wilt be measurde by thy gaines,  
Number not words but number pounds with paines,  
Who with a sequence of but onely three,  
Would wit worth's greatest rest, then heere they bee."

*Scourge of Folly.*

<sup>e</sup> In a poem to his "worthy approued deere friend Mr. Jackson, Manciple of All Soules Colledge, in Oxford," he says:

"Thou art a townseman, yet the countrey mend'st,  
And glad'st it with what there thou getst & spend'st;  
For two months, in a time of pestilence,  
There freely cheer'd, I saw thy great expence:  
While thou in Oxford, plagu'd, wast then expos'd  
To death: thy family and mine dispos'd  
In safety there, where wee, besides, were fed,  
While thou for vs did'st liue among the dead.——"

*Wit's Bedlam.*

<sup>f</sup> The portion of Xantippean spirit inherited by this lady is lightly glanced at when he tells her "God and mee thine anger oft offends;" though he confesses being at odds, was for his good. Her maiden name was Croft, and so he thus distinguishes her.

"My Mal, I cannot praise thee as I should,  
Sith as my wife (that is my selfe) I hold,  
Yet, for the comfort still thou yeeld'st to mee,  
Faine would I tell posterity of thee,  
That so I might requite thy wifely loue,  
Thy care, thy paines, (and all for my behoue)  
With one cast of mine office e're wee part,  
And death deuide our vndetided hart.  
When first I saw thee, thou wert *Croft* of Croft;  
Which for my lownesse, lay too farre a loft:  
But thou, not thou, but he that made all harts,  
Made thine affect my yet small, no desarts:  
That (briefely) thou forsook'st thy richer hopes,  
And thee confin'de to my poore fortune's scopes.  
But since; how thou hast cherrisht them and mee,  
I may not say, for too much praising thee,  
Yet, this strong truth, ev'n wresteth from my pen;  
Farre worsen wiues would fit farre better men.  
Yet when thou wilt, thou maist thy goodnesse stint,  
But if thou do, I'lle crosse this praise, in print."

*Scourge of Folly.*

a supposed

a supposed mistress; <sup>g</sup> complimenting his pupils; <sup>h</sup> adulating persons of distinction; gabbling with himself; <sup>i</sup> and even

<sup>g</sup> *The author louing these homely meates specially, viz. creame, pan-cakes, butterd pippin-pyes (laugh good people) and tobacco; writ to that worthy and vertuous gentlewoman, whome he calls Mistrisse, as followeth.*

“ If there were (O!) an Hellespont of creame  
 Betweene vs (milk-white Mistris) I would swim  
 To you, to shew both my loue’s extreame,  
 (Leander.like) yea, dyue from brymm to brymm.  
 But, met I with a butter’d pippin-pie  
 Floating vpon’t; that, would I make my boate,  
 To waft mee to you, without ieoperdy;  
 Though sea-sick I might bee while it did floate.  
 Yet, if a storme should rise (by night or day)  
 Of suger-snowes, and haile of Care-a-wayes;  
 Then if I found a pan-cake in my way,  
 It, like a plancke, should bring me to your kayes:  
 Which hauing found, if they tobacco kept,  
 The smoke should dry me well before I slept.”

*Scourge of Folly.*

<sup>b</sup> One of the shortest may suffice.

*To my worthy ingenius, and ingenius pupill, Mr. Thomas Bond.*

“ Vnder my hand I had you once; and now  
 Y’are fallen vnder but my pen, my plow:  
 Wherewith your name I culture thus, you bee  
 A *Bond* that binds, because you are so free.”

*Wit’s Bedlam.*

<sup>i</sup> They are dispersed through each volume, and are tediously verbose and unpointed. A short one, in the first person, may suffice: it appears a reply to one of Heath’s Epigrams, 1610.

*Of my selfe.*

“ A drie friend lately, thus did write of mee;  
 But whether well or ill, the world shall see.  
 ‘ There’s none were fitter than thou to endite,  
 If thou couldst pen as well as thou canst write.’  
 This praise is capitall; ah, so wer’t scan’d,  
 Then should my head bee prais’d before my hand;  
 But this doth lightly lift my hand so hie  
 To fall on mine owne head more heauily:  
 If I deserue it, still so let it fall,  
 So shall my shame, not fame bee capitall;  
 If not that *Heath-bredde* Muse is but a drabb,  
 That (Joab-like) embraceth with a stabb.

*Three Ierkes for this, but Iustice is.*

“ Whether a grace or guird these lines do close in,  
 Heath wil be iudge, which shames the place it growes in.

“ Haue

even furnishing his own epitaph,<sup>k</sup> without affording a glance at his personal history. As a writing-master he appears to have particularly excelled,<sup>l</sup> and to have ranked among his pupils the high spirited Prince Henry.<sup>m</sup> Wood repeats from Fuller, that "he was esteemed the greatest master of his pen that England in his age beheld; for fast writing; fair writing, which looked as if it had been printed; close writing, and various writing, as secretary, Roman, &c." Some of his contemporaries considered him a wit; but although "wit is eternal," that dubious title is not always a passport to extended fame.<sup>n</sup> However,

"Have I for the schoole thou learn'st in hin loue sicke?  
And mak'st thou me but a foole by a schoole-tricke?  
O! once againe for my loue, gentle  
John, come kisse me now.—Mary and will.

"If my rimes runne as th'ne, with faults so full,  
I would my braines were butted in thy skull." *Sc. of F.*

<sup>k</sup> Postea. p. 264.

<sup>l</sup> *Against Gaulus the writing-country Schole-maister.*

"Gaulus thou writ'st thy selve my scholer; and  
thou saist thou dost it scholars so to get;  
But for thine owne, thou still dost shew my hand,  
So thou deal'st paine, thou canst not counterfet."

*Wit's Bedlam.*

<sup>m</sup> Granger, Vol. II. p. 46. This writer speaks of a head of our author before one of his copy-books:

<sup>n</sup> At the head of notices by contemporaries, may be placed the following lines, from *The Returne from Pernassus: or the Scourge of Simony.* 16:6.

"Acute Iohn DAVIS I affect thy rymes,  
That ierck, in hidden charmes, these looser times;  
Thy plainer verse, thy unaffected vaine,  
Is grac'd with a faire and a sooping traine."

These were applied by Hawkins in *the Origin of the English Drama.* to our author, and that "the work here alluded to, seems to be his *Scourge of Folly.*" This must be a mistake, that work not being printed till after 1610; Dr. Farmer says "this printed 1611, or 1612," and the above allusion seems more applicable to the author of *Nosce Teipsum*, whose verses and rising fame were then rapidly advancing on the public ear.—The notices by  
Owen,

However, it may be recorded, that from the very uncommon collection, styled "*Wits Bedlam*," now first noticed as his production, several coarse pieces of levity were selected and remodelled in prose, by Mottley, the dramatic writer when he formed the *Gentleman's Jester, alias Joe Miller*,<sup>o</sup> and they continue to hold a place in those distinguished pages. Davies's poetical attempts are generally heavy, dull, obscure, and inharmonious; and his pages are remarkable for inconsistency. One while he is pouring forth celestial rhapsodies, and then "with jerkes of wit, (as he terms them) to whip euery vice," blundering on expressions too gross for pen or press, while the reader, who may have been edified by his morality, is left to fill up the blank of a disgusting parenthesis. His witticisms are often feeble puns, double entendres, and occasionally have their point depending on a fabricated name. Yet though the whole of his pieces now class as *rare*, from their number it seems presumable they were not ill received. To us moderns, however, there seldom appears poignancy in his wit or nerve in his poetry.<sup>p</sup>

*Witt's Pilgrimage* is dedicated in rhyme to Lord Philip Herbert, Earle of Mountgomery, by "the most free, bounden and vnalterable humble louer of your Honor, Name, and Family, Iohn Davies of Hereford." Second

Owen, who had a reciprocal compliment from our author, and by Jonson, Freeman, and Dunbar, appear undoubtedly intended for our Iohn Davies. See *Fragment, Vol. IV. of Warton's History of English Poetry, p. 87.*

• This medley of levity, wit, and humour, was compiled during temporary intervals from violent paroxysms of the gout; whereby Mottley was almost bed-ridden. His life, usually considered from his own pen, mentions he had "given the public the book that bears the title of *Joe Miller's Jests*, [and] was a collection made by him from other books, and a great part of it supplied by his memory, from original stories, recollected in his former conversations." See *Wbincop's Scanderberg, with list of Dramatic Poets, 1747, p. 267.* Joe Miller was a performer; the Edwin or Matthews of his day.

<sup>p</sup> Four of Davies's pieces are noticed in *Cens. Lit.* and one in *Beloe's Anecdotes, II. 98.* The latter of these contains verses by Davies to the Right Worshipful his "deere *scholler* Sir Humfry Baskeraile, of Eurlley, Knt.," with others prefixed by Ed. Sharp-hell and Ro. Cox, to their beloved *master* John Davies of Hereford. Wood's date is right. "*Humour's Heav'n on Earth*," was published in 1609.

address

address to the same, "and his most honorable other halfe, Sir Iames Haies, Knight."\* Then

" *The Booke to Grauitie.*

" Thou that dost knitte the brow to austere lookes,  
 At what but seemes; or els is lewde or light;  
 And look'st for wisdome oft in witlesse bookes,  
 (Sterne Grauity) auert from me thy sight.  
 I am the issue of a labring braine,  
 Wherein all kind of fancies breeding bee:  
 Good, bad, indifferent, all, of either straine,  
 Some as vnfitte, as some are fitte for thee.  
 I probable presume thou canst not loue,  
 Sith Saturne sits aboue faire Venus swaie,  
 Then am I not for thee, for I do mooue  
 But in her spheare that beares the world awaie.  
 Yet if (vnlike thy selfe) thou long'st to see  
 What, who, and whence I am, then smooth thy fro't,  
 And looke on that which I haue good in mee,  
 And for that good hold me in good account:  
 For, if (but like a flesh-flie) thou wilt light  
 On nought but sores, and shun the soundest parts  
 Then nought sublunarie can thee delight:  
 For all haue faults though som haue perfect parts.  
 I grant my lines reache not to those respectes  
 That touch religion, state, or policy:  
 I meddle not with causes of effects  
 Farre greater then loue's large capacity;  
 But in round rimes (with reason biac'd) I  
 Do runne those points that point at loue's delight;  
 And if some rubbes do make me run awry,  
 Yet may I, on this ground well runne aright:  
 But howsoere I runne, stoppe not my race,  
 That tends but to the Mistris full of grace."

"The Author to his Muse," and "of my selfe," also precede the amorous Sonnets, which form 103 in number, exclusive of two short poems. The following are extracted from this division.

" Ha! there shee goes, that goes away with me,  
 And here stand I, that haue her in my hart;  
 She flees from me, and yet I with her flee,  
 For no diuision can vs wholly part.

\* *The Historie of Iustine, &c.* translated by G. W. 1606, is also dedicated to him.

Faire fall thee, buxome aire, that yet dost hold  
 The scent of her late presence, for thy grace :  
 Thou dost, sweet aire, but what the heauens wold,  
 If they so happy were it to embrace.  
 Who breaths this aire, their breath most sweet must be,  
 Though it, before the aire made most vnsweet :  
 On it I'le liue, till she returne to me,  
 To take the aire which from hir first did fleet :  
 And then in words she shall receaue the same,  
 That shall be sweetned with hir praise, and name.

Thy beauties blush, like fairest morne in Maie,  
 Faire-honied sweet, doth so intrance mine eies,  
 That while thou dost those roses rich display,  
 They see heau'n's hue through thy skins christal skies,  
 And did my fault nor thine enforce the same,  
 I still could wish to see that heau'nly blush :  
 Yea, I would see that glory to my shame,  
 So that my faces shame would cause that flush.  
 Then blame me not if (when thy cheeks I see  
 Died in a tincture that is so diuine)  
 My cheeks in self same colour dyed be  
 To make thine spread their dy, by dying mine :  
 Then, blush thou not, for blushing in this wise,  
 Sith that hue from, and for thy grace doth rise."

"Other Sonnets vpon other subjects," are succeeded by a poem "in praise of poësie." For "an amorous colloqui twixt Dorus and Pamela," he has imitated and enlarged upon the poem of "Astrophell to his Stella," by Sir Philip Sidney, inserted in *England's Helicon*, p. 164. It here extends to above fifty stanzas, commencing,

"In a garden rich of flowres  
 Wall'd with baies and hawthorn towres,  
 In a towre, the rest forsaking,  
 Wo kept Philomela waking.  
 Here heard Dorus and his saint  
 This bird's musicall complaint :  
 While they harkned to her singing,  
 Their hands were each other wringing.  
 When their eares were cloid to heare,  
 Notes that neuer cloie the eare?  
 Sith hands, harts did so discouer,  
 Dorus thus did woo his louer."

In "the picture of Formosity," he descants minutely and very singularly on the limbs and body of his mistress; to which succeeds a shew, that "in loue is no lothsomnes." Moral "essaies vpon certaine sentences," and "vpon more serious and sacred subiects," conclude the volume. The following mode of repeating a portion of the antecedent line, may amuse: Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesie*, 1589, terms this heel treading kind of verse.

"*A Dump*\* *vpon the death of the most noble Henrie, late Earle of Pembroke.*

"Death hath depriu'd me of my deerest friend,  
 My deerest friend is dead, and laid in graue:  
 In graue he rests vntill the world shall end;  
 The world shall end, and end shall all things haue:  
     All things haue end on earth, that nature wrought:  
     That nature wrought shall vnto dust be brought:  
 To dust be brought the worthiest wights on ground;  
 On ground who liues, in ground consume he must;  
 Consume he must whom sorrow doth confound:  
 Sorrow doth confound the mind that care doth rust:  
     That care doth rust full soone care will deuour;  
     Care will deuour where care hath greatest pow'r:  
 Where care hath greatest pow'r it frets the heart;  
 It frets the heart and doth perplex the spirit:  
 The spirit perplext procures the bodies smart:  
 The bodies smart doth quite expell delight:  
     Expell delight, then life is like to death:  
     To death I yeeld, yet cannot lose my breath:  
 My breath, why did it not forsake me than:  
 Me than, eu'n then, when that my friend deceast:  
 My friend deceast, eu'n as my ioyes began:  
 My ioyes began, eu'n as my ioyes surceast:  
     My ioyes surceast eu'n as my friend did dy:  
     My friend did die, and so would God might I.

I. D."

J. H.

\* See the notes on *Romeo and Juliet*, ed. 1803, Vol. XX. p. 220; and *Hawkins's History of Musick*, Vol. IV. p. 26.

¶ *The Scourge of Folly. Consisting of satyricall Epigramms, and others in honor of many noble and worthy Persons of our Land. Together, with a pleasant (though discordant) Descant vpon most English Prouerbes: and others.* [Vignette showing] *Witt*, [with a label] *may vp with him if he were my brother:* [scourging the bare posteriors of] *Folly* [horsed on the back of] *Time*; [with the hoofs of a Satyr.] *At London, printed by E. A. for Richard Redmer, sould at his shop at ye. west gate of Paules.* Oct. n. d. p. p. 264, and introduction 7 leaves. The whole title engraved.

A dedicatory Sonnet "to the most noble Theophilus Lord Walden," solicits him to "accept this scumme of wit that flies before the breath of laughter, lighter then this froth." Several "passages before the booke," to the printer, world, &c. "*The Scourge of Folly*," or first part, contains about three hundred epigrams, on various subjects; a few of them personal. The second part is "vpon English prouerbs;" chiefly I believe selected from Old Heywood's Proverbs. Of above four hundred, the following are amply sufficient specimens.

"*Baccare quoth Mortimer vnto his sowe,*  
But where's a Mortimer to say so now?"

"*Hee's a Bench whistler; that is but an ynchie,*  
Whistling an *Hunts-yp* in the King's Bench."

"That epigram passeth all that I know,  
With which there is *but a word and a blow*"

The last part consists of short epigrammatic pieces, addressed "to worthy persons." Perhaps the following copious extracts have their principal claim to notice from the persons addressed. Other names of public characters occur, which, though too numerous to repeat, constitute the whole work a valuable acquisition to the collector.\*

\* Near the close of the volume is a poem entitled *Paper's Complaint*, of which an account has been given by Mr. Park, in *Gens. Lit.* Vol. VI. p. 275.



“ *To Mr. Thomas Bastard, and the Reader.*

“ Bastard, thine Epigrams to sport inclines;  
 Yet, I protest, that one delights me best,  
 Which saith the reader soone deuoures thy lines,  
 Which thou in many houres could'st scarce digest:  
 So fares it 'twixt the reader and my Muse:  
 For that which she compiles with paine (God wot)  
 This word she chooseth, that she doth refuse,  
 This line she enterlines, that she doth blot:  
 Heere's too much ornament, and there it lackes,  
 This figure 's farre fetcht, out with it againe:  
 That phrase of affectation too much smackes;  
 This reason rime doth racke, and too much straine  
 That simili's improper; mend the same:  
 This application 's harsh, harmonious make it:  
 Fye, out vpon 't, this verse's foote is lame;  
 Let it goe vpriight, or a mischiefe take it:  
 Yet it runnes ill, the cadence crabbed is,  
 Away with it, for shauie, it marres the rest;  
 Giue it sweet accent: fy, fy, yet I misse;  
 Stores make me scarce, I know not which is best.  
 Heere is a bodge, bots on't; farwell my pen;  
 My Muse is dull'd, another time shall serue;  
 To morrow shee (perhaps) shall too't agen;  
 And yet to morrow she (perhaps) may swerue.  
 Well, yet at last, the poem being pen'd,  
 The printer it presents to reader's view;  
 Some foule mouth'd readers then (which God amend)  
 So slop them vp, that it would make one spew  
 To see how rudely they deuoure at once  
 More wit than ere their head-peece held perchance:  
 As if my wit were minced for the nounce,  
 For them with ease to swallow with a vengeance.  
 Yet preethee reader, be not so vnkinde,  
 (Though I am bold with thee) to eate me too:  
 I beg (being thy poore cooke) but thy best winde,  
 If thou wilt not do this, thou'lt little doo:  
 But, if I shall not be beholden to thee,  
 A rough ryme choake thee; eate, and much good do  
 thee.”

*To the worthy, ingenious, and learned Knight, S.  
 John Harrington, translator of Ariosto.*

“ Deere Knight, thy nature is too like mine o'ne,  
 To leaue thee out of my remembrances:

Thy muse, of yore, this very way hath flowne ;  
 And, plun'd on woodcockes, wrens and ostridges:  
 But now my Muse (with pownces not so strong,  
 Hauing some geese to pull) inuokes thy Muse  
 To beare the burden of her merry song,  
 To make them sorry who the world abuse :  
 Thine can worke wonders in this kinde ; and mine  
 (Perhaps) may make them grone she pulls like thine."

" *To my worthily disposed friend, Mr. Sam. Daniell.*

" I heare thy Muse in court doth trauell now,  
 Arte speede her feete, and grace (there) speede her plow :  
 If they come short, then gaine by other drifts ;  
 The more thou get'st, the more it's like thy guifts:  
 If yet too short ; (to ad an other size)  
 Get one foote's length, thou by thy feete shalt rise,  
 With Pegasus, from Pernasse to the skies."

" *To my well accomplish'd friend Mr. Ben Iohnson.*

" I loue thy parts, so, must I loue thy whole :  
 Then, still be whole in thy beloued parts :  
 Th' art sound in body : but, some say any soule  
 Enuy doth vlcær : yet corrupted hearts  
 Such censures may haue : but, if thou bee  
 An enniuous soule, would thou could'st enny mee.  
 But (ah !) I feare my vertues are too darke  
 For Ennie's sbadow, from so bright a sparke."

" *To my much esteemed Mr. Inego Iones, our English  
 Zeuxis, and Vitruuius.*

" I once did sup with thee, deere Inego,  
 For nothing ; then, to me thou art not soe :  
 Yet deere thou art to me for thy deere worth,  
 Which I by spcaking-picture, would paint forth,  
 If my small pen thy pencill equall could :  
 Then take not what I can, but what I would ;  
 If not, take this, (as I began with thee)  
 Though thou be deere, thou art not so to mee."

" *To my beloued right-well-deseruing friend Mr. Iohn  
 Speed.*

" Sith thou art Speed, and my good friend withall,  
 With Speede Ile tell thee thou art prodigall

Of thy good gifts ; and giu'st them still for nought  
 But for meere fame : which comes where least it's sought.  
 But thou deseru'st a farre more worthie fee ;  
 In part of paiement, then, take these of mee."

" *To my right worthily-beloued Sr. Iohn Dauies,  
 Knight, Atturney Generall of Ireland.*

" Good Sir, your nature so affects my name,  
 That both your name and nature are mine owne :  
 And in their loue to both, affect your fame ;  
 Yet hauing not like fortunes, liue vnknowne,  
 And (loadstone-like) did not your nature draw  
 Mine to the poynt which yours did once proiect,  
 These hard rimes to digest (as rude as raw)  
 No cause should ere haue brought to this effect.  
 But yet to imitate our friends in ill,  
 Is much more ill, and too vnkinde accord :  
 Of ill you writ too well and so I will  
 (If so I can) to make ill more abhord :  
 Then if you like these purgings of my braine,  
 Ile neere beleene that ought it yeelds is vaine."

" *To the immortal memory, and deserued honor of the  
 writer of the Tragedy of Mustapha, (as it is written,  
 not printed) by Sr. Fulk Greuill, Knight.*

" Swell proudly numbers on words windy seas,  
 To raise this buskin-poet to the skies ;  
 And fix him there among the Pleyades,  
 To light the Muse in gloomy tragedies.  
 Vpon Time's scowling brow he hath indorc'd  
 A tragedy that shall that brow out weare ;  
 Wherein the Muse beyond the minde is forc'd  
 (In rarest raptures) to art's highest spheare :  
 No line but reaches to the firmament  
 Of highest sense from surest ground of wit ;  
 No word but is like Phebus luculent :  
 Then, all yeeld luster well-nere infinite,  
 So shine bright Scænes, till, on the starry stage  
 The gods re-act you in their equipage."

" *To the right well-deseruing Mr. Mathew Royden.\**

" Mathew, thou hast tane custome (now) so long  
 Of artes abstruse, that I do inly long

\* Rob. Armin notices this writer in the epistle prefixed to the  
*Italian Taylor and his Boy*. See notices of him in *Cens. Lit.* I. & II.

To call thee lowdly to attend on grace,  
 That leads to glory those that arte do grace:  
 Thou had'st a Muse as potent in her pow'r  
 As those in which the heu'ns all graces powre:  
 Then, as my rimes equiuocally meete,  
 So, double fame for thy like arte, is meete."

"*To our English Orpheus, my deere friend M. Iohn Allen.*

" Where I thy iudge (deere Iacke) for voice and skill,  
 Thou as a mortall angell should'st be held;  
 For, when thy heauenly voice mine eares doth fill,  
 My soule bath much more ioy then she can wield.  
 Whereof (not being dainty to thy friend)  
 Thou hast of yore so lifted vp my spirit,  
 That (as in rapture) she heaun's pleasures ken'd:  
 For which, and for thy loue, and other merrit,  
 Vpon this paper-stone, Ile graue thy name,  
 That times to come may know thee by the same."

"*To myne ingenious, and learnedly gamesom friend,  
 Mr. Iohn Owen, the short and sweete Epigramatist.*

" Lend me thine hand; thine head·I would haue said;  
 (For my hand's firmer, though thy head's more staid)  
 To add some merry measures vnto myne;  
 Then shall my book be prais'd (at least) for thine.  
 Thou (in the tongue that schollers most approue)  
 About WITTS center dost so sweetly moue  
 Thine orbes of arte, that witts, which them obserue,  
 Make them for pleasure and for profit serue:  
 Plasur'd by witt, and profited by skill:  
 So thyne arts heau'n reuolue thy glory still."

"*To my deere friend, Mr. Charles Fitz-Ieffery.*

" Great little Charles (great in thine arte and witt,  
 But euer little in thine owne esteeme)  
 To thee, that now dost minde but holy writ,  
 These lynes (though louing) will but lothsome seeme.  
 Yet, sith in Latine, thou on such did'st fall,  
 In British now (for now we Brittaines bee)  
 I send in such: what? nothing but mine all;  
 That's lesse then nothing, in respect of thee:  
 But if thou tak'st in worth my lesse then nought,  
 I'll giue thee more then all, when I am ought."

" To

“ *To the most iudicious and excellent Lyrick Poet,  
Doctor Campion.*

“ Vpon myselfe I should iust vengeance take,  
Should I omitt thy mention in my rimes,  
Whose lines and notes do lullaby (awake)  
In heau'ns of pleasure, these vnpleasant times.  
Neuer did lyricks more then happie straines,  
(Strain'd out of arte by nature; so with ease)  
So purely hitt the moods, and various vaines  
Of musick, and her hearers, as do these.  
So, thou canst cure the body, and the minde,  
(Rare Doctor) with thy two-fold soundest arte:  
Hipocrates hath taught thee the one kinde;  
Apollo, and the Muse the other part:  
And both so well; that thou with both dost please  
The minde, with pleasure; and the corps, with ease.”

“ *To honest gamesome Robin Armin,  
That tickles the spleene like an harmeles virmin.*

“ Armine, what shall I say of thee, but this,  
Thou art a foole and knaue? Both! fie, I misse  
And wrong the much: sith thou in deede art neither,  
Although in shew thou playest both together.  
Wee all (that's kings and all) but players are  
Vpon this earthly stage; and, should hane care  
To play our parts so properly that wee  
May at the end gaine an applauditee.  
But most men ouer-act, misse-act, or misse  
The action which to them peculier is:  
And, the more high the part is which they play,  
The more they misse in what they do or say.  
So that when off the stage, by death they wend,  
Men rather hisse at them then them commend.  
But (honest Robin) thou with harmelesse mirth  
Dost please the world and (so) enioyst the earth,  
That others but possesse with care that stings;  
So mak'st thy life more happy farre then kings.  
And so much more our loue should thee iubrace,  
Sith still thou liu'st with some that dye to grace,  
And yet art honest (in despight of lets,)  
Which earnes more praise then forced goodnesse gets.  
So play thy part, be honest still with mirth,  
Then when th' art in the tyring-house of earth,  
Thou:being his seruant whome all kings do serue,  
Maist for thy part well play'd, like praise deserue.

For in that tiring-house when either bee,  
 Y'are one mans men, and equall in degree,  
 So thou, in sport, the happiest men dost schoole  
 To do as thou dost, wisely play the foole."

J. H.

¶ *Wits Bedlam,*  
 ——— *Where is had,*  
*Whipping cheer, to cure the mad,*  
*The Booke.*

*Those Epigrams faine would I owe,*  
*Where euery word is a word and a blow.*  
*Reprofes, where they are well deseru'd, must be well*  
*paide.—At London, printed by G. Eld, and are to*  
*be sould by Iames Dauies, at the Red Crosse nere*  
*Fleete-streete Conduit. 1617. Oct. L in 8.*

Some anonymous dedicatory lines are entitled "to the Right Noble Lord the Earle of Buckingham, be much mirth, permanent pleasure, and endlesse happinesse, here, and elsewhere." Like the subject of the preceding article, this has several short pieces as "passages before the Epigrams," which are near 400; and at the end about eighty Epitaphs. The identity of the author is early traced:

" Be quiet wit, leaue beating of my braine  
 To do the worke of playing but on crimes:  
 To Scourge the Follyes of the world is vaine,  
 If thy whips lines be nought but rotten rymes."

There also occurs an address from

" *The Booke to Grauitie.*

" Sterne Grauity auert thy face from me;  
 Or looke not saddly on me: for, I am  
 Too light, somewhere, for eyes too sad to see;  
 And yet such lightnesse shews but vice her shame:  
 But to reprove vice viciously, is more  
 Amisse, I feare, the salu's worse than the sore:

Yet t t

Yet grace itselfe can hardly wit perswade,  
That it is sin to call a spade a spade."

" *Against the nobly-descended Muscus, who wedded a  
Butcher's fat daughter.*

" The well-borne Muscus wedded hath of late  
A Butcher's daughter fat, for pounds & plate :  
Which match is like a pudding, sith in that  
He puts the bloud, her father all the fat."

" *Of Maurus his Orpheus-like melody.*

" Maurus, last morne, at's mistris window plaid  
An *Hunts-up* on his lute : but she, (it's said)  
Threw stones at him : so he, like Orpheus, there,  
Made stones come flying his sweet notes to heare."

" *Of the deernesse of Phisitions.*

" Like haukes phisitions euer are esteem'd,  
Which as they kill thrush, partridge, duck, or crane,  
Are priz'd thereafter : so, is euer deem'd  
Phisitions skill by those they kill, or bane.  
If but poore clownes or tradesmen they destroy,  
Th' are held of small accompt : if lords, or earles,  
Then more, much more : but if they skill employ  
To kill a prince, th' are held as deere as pearles :  
Then all phisitions, that would faine be deere,  
Employ their skill, at least, to kill a peere.

" *Of the Carpet-Knights Sir Sim Soust Gurnerd, his  
Quarter-braules.*

" Sir Sim Soust-Gurnerd, loues notes fresh & sweet,  
And hath an organ chamber'd next the street,  
Whereon he playes of purpose as appeares,  
To haue all passers by him by the eares :  
Yet sweetly braules in tune with stroakes of art,  
But dares not strike a *Discord* for his heart."

" *The rightest Seruingmen are the rightest Courtiers.*

" Courtiers may seruingmen be still'd : what then ?  
Then cannot they serue God, for seruing men."

“ *To my learnedly witty friend, Mr. Benjamin Johnson.*

“ Thy sconse, that guards thy wits as it they guard,  
Large, round, & sound, yet no whit can be spar'd:  
For thy Wits throng: that plenty makes thee scarce,  
Which makes thee slow, as sure in prose or verse,  
As say thy worst detractors; then, if thou  
For all eternity, writ'st sure and slowe,  
Thy Wits, as they come thronging out of dore,  
Do sticke awhile, to spread their praise the more.”

“ *To my deare Mother, \* the citty of Hereford.*

“ Thou gau'st me breath, and I will giue thee fame  
By writing, in a double kind: thy name  
I borrow'd once to add to mine: and yet  
I hold to it still; for which the debt  
Is clearest fame; Ile pay thee at long running,  
Else shall my hand and head forget their cunning.”

“ *Epitaph vpon a noted common lyer, Iack ap Iack.*

“ Here lies Iack ap Iack: and wot yee why?  
A liue he still lyde; and dead still must lye:  
Who, in his life, lyde willingly still,  
But here in death, lies against his will.”

“ *The Author's Epitaph.*

“ Long after all was made, I made, was marr'd  
By error of my parents ere I err'd:  
For to the world I came through their offence,  
Which made me sinfull in mine innocence.  
I lou'd the Muses, and sought by them  
Long life in this life's shadow of a dreame;  
But, I am gon; and my remaines (I gesse)  
Are but the laboures of my idlenesse,  
Which, liuing, die: so all thereby I got  
Is Fame, (perhaps) which (past perhaps) is not;  
At least is not to me, sith dead I am:  
And haue no sence of aire, Fame's surer name:  
I lou'd faire writing; and could write as faire  
As any that for *that* had got that aire.

\* An Epigram, in the *Scourge of Folly*, is inscribed “ to my louing and deere mother,” &c.



I taught it others, but my greatest fee  
 Was fairest fame: the fowler shame for mee  
 In mens accompt, who hold all gettings vaine,  
 That tend to grace and glory more than gaine.  
 My heart was manly in a double sence,  
 Kind to my friends, and apt to giue offence  
 To my offenders: so heart, hand and head,  
 Had precious gifts, that did me little stead.  
 I found the world as Abel found it, sith  
 It harm'd me most that med'd least therewith.  
 I found my flesh my houshold foe, while I  
 The diuell found my forraigne enemy:  
 So inwardly and outwardly I found  
 My life still militant, till in this ground  
 I lay intrench'd: where safe I lie from fight,  
 Equal to Cæsar in our present plight:  
 If oddes there be; herein it now doth rest,  
 I, being a Christian man, must needs be best:  
 My soule is in his hand that made me so:  
 His glories subiect still, in weale, or woe."

J. H.

¶ *The Golden-groue, moralized in three bookes: A worke very necessary for all such, as would know how to gouerne themselues, their houses, or their countrey. Made by W. Vaughan, Master of Artes, and Graduate in the Ciuill Law. The second edition, now lately reuiued and enlarged by the Authour. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford: and are to be sold by Richard Serger and Iohn Browne. 1608. Oct. D d in eights.*

William Vaughan, Cambro-Briton, as he styles himself, was son of Walter Vaughan, of the Golden-Grove, in Carmarthenshire, Esq. In July, 1591, he was a scholar at Westminster, and, according to Wood, became a Commoner of Jesus College, in Michaelmas term of the same year, then aged fourteen. The fruits of his scholastic attainments began to appear uncommonly early. By the extract, from his *Address to the Reader,*

*Reader*, presently given, dated in 1599, it will be found he prepared for printing an easy paraphrase of *Persius*, in English and Latin, above seven years before, and when he could only be in his fifteenth year.\* In 1597-8, the publications, enumerated by his biographer, also bespeak a prematurity of genius not usually discovered in one scarcely escaped from the teens. However, the dates are partially confirmed, as in the *Golden Groue*, he relates "in the yeere of our Lord 1589, I being as then but a boy, do remember."—And that work, which first appeared as early as 1600, shews an extensive reading of both ancient and modern writers, and an acute observation of the passing world. He shortly after 1600 visited Vienna, and, his biographer says, after performing some exercise, "did proceed Doctor there, and, at his return, was incorporated at Oxon. in the same faculty, Anno 1605." Some of his works were dedicated to his royal master Charles the First, and he speaks of Sir William Alexander, William Burton, John Florio, and others, with the familiarity of close acquaintance. He is supposed to have been living at Cambriol, Newfoundland, 1628.

\* His announced translation and commentary on *Persius*, as well as that of *Juvenal*, mentioned in the same address, probably awakened the ardour of Wood, who, not doubting he had other things extant, unavailingly sought for them, as he says, "with great scrutiny." Strange that our biographer, who appears by his columns to have skimmed over the pages of the *Golden Fleece* (which forms the subject of the next article) and with his "great scrutiny" should not pay some attention to the following passages in that work. At p. 13, "after the example of Traiano Boccalini, who vnder that title brought forth most plausible *Ragualioes*, and by mee now of late communicated to our English readers."—Again, p. 22, "Fame, by sound of trumpet, had published at Parnassus, what great contentment and pleasing comfort the wise and couragious Prince Charles, Monarch of Great Brittain, tooke in reading the *Ragualioes* and *Auisoes* of this high and transcendent court, written by Boccalini in Italian, and with kind and gracious acceptation receiued them Englished at the hands of one Vaughan, a Cambrobrtain, together with certaine presents, called *Cambrensiū Caroleia*," &c. Further our author is told he had exasperated the Papists, "specially in your *Golden Groue*, and your *Circles called the spirit of detraction coniured and conuicted*." Neither this piece, or the translation from Boccalini, are noticed in the *Ath. Ox.* See Vol. I. col. 528.

Back

Back of the title to the *Golden Groue* is "Ad fratrem de Insignibus suis Epigramma." It is dedicated to Sir John V. of Golden-Groue, Knight, and dated "from Jesus Colledge, in Oxford, Anno Domini, 1599. Your louing brother, William Vaughan." The address to the reader, already referred to, thus concludes:

"Whereas in these books I make often mention of my commentaries vpon Persius, thou shalt vnderstand, that I haue had the ready, together with a most easie paraphrase in English and Latine, to be printed about seuen yeres agoe, but for certaine respects, I caused the to be closed in a case of delay, and adiourned, till I find better leysure to put them forth. For eue thus & thus must we take opportunitie for y<sup>r</sup>. publishing of our labours, how soeuer they may chauce to please the curious sort but so and so. If I could promise my selfe kind & gracious acceptance, I would promise our age the like Commentaries vpon a satyryst of the like vaïne, euen the learned Iuvenal, thereby to stirre vp other men,

———— quos æquus amauit

Iupiter, aut ardens euexit ad æthera virtus,

to giue light to his gloomie and hidden excellencie. In the meane time view ouer this *Golden-groue* seriously, and, if thou reapest any good thereby, glorifie the great Lord of Hierarchies, who for thy sake gaue hie grace to frame it. Farewele. Anno 1599. Thine in the Lord. W. V."

The commendatory verses by "at least pretenders to poetry," are in Latin, with signatures of "Iohannes Williams, S. Theologiæ Doctor & publicus professor in Academia Oxiensi." "Gulielmus Osbern, Procurator Academiæ Oxoniensis" "Henricus Pricius S. Theologiæ Bachalerus, & Collegii sancti Iohannis Socius." "Griffinus Powel." "Iohannes Budden." "Nicholaus Langford, Art. Magister." "Thomas Came, Art. Magister." "Gabriel Powel." In English, "Thomas Storer," "Samuel Powel," "John Raulinson," Masters of Arts. "Charles Fitz-Geffrey,"\* and "Thomas Michelborne."

\* "In praise of the *Golden-Groue*, moralized by Master Vaughan.

"Amid the vaile of Idæ's-bushie groue,  
Before a bribed iudge (such was their fate)  
A Trinitie of goddesses once stroue:  
Gold caus'd their strife (the cause of all debate.)

Now

Michelborne." Then follow the arguments. The work contains three books, divided into plants, and subdivided into chapters. The first book, on the Supreme Being, and on man, has eleven plants, and eighty-four chapters: the second, on domestic and private duties, has five plants and thirty chapters: and the third, upon the commonwealth, has nine plants, and seventy-two chapters.

The *Golden Grove* probably formed a valuable gossiping work for the public, as the author, to extensive reading and quick application, added many local stories, intermingled with some few of the marvellous: but his pious annotations occasionally seem tinged with a little of the precision of Puritanism. The following specimens shew his manner and language. In his account of Atheists he describes the death of Marlow, with a minuteness by which he appears to have been well acquainted with the fact, and his relation varies from and is not any where noticed, I believe, by modern biographers. After describing from history some instances of God's immediate judgment on Atheists, he says:

" Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlow, by profession a play-maker, who, as it is reported, about 14. yeres a-goe, wrote a booke against the Trinitie: \* but see the effects of God's iustice; it so hapned, that at Detford, a litle village, about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his ponyard one named Ingram, that had inuited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables; hee quickly perceyuing it, so auoyded the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stab'd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort, that his braynes comming out at the daggers

Now a new iudge their quarrell hath acquitted,  
 Attoning this late-iarring Trinarie,  
 And, sith in groues and gold they first delighted,  
 Hath built a Golden groue for this faire three,  
 Where Pallas first vnfoldeth vertuous sawes,  
 Which Venus doth conuey to families,  
 Then Iuno temp'reth both with rightfull lawes,  
 And those themselues with heauenly policies:  
 So these, whom gold & groues first set at strife,  
 This Golden-groue combines in blessed life.

Charles Fitz-Geffrey."

\* Vide Ritson's *Observations on Warton's History of English Poetry*, 1782, p. 39.

point,

point, hee shortly after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of diuine iustice, worke the end of impious Atheists."

In "Remedies against couetousnesse," he relates:

"To mine owne remembrance, there was one in the yeere 1589, that sent foure bushells of wheat, (euery one consisting of two bushells & a halfe of Winchester measure) into the market, and was offered 22 shillings for euery bushell, which he refused, hoping to get 2 shillings more on the next market day. But see the reward of couetousnes: wheat was the sold for 16 shillings, & within 2 markets after for a noble, inso-much that that man, which refused to take 22 shilling for euery bushell was now glad to haue a noble for the same. Likewise, a certain Knight of Oxfordshire, punished very iustly (but ouer seuerly) the couetousnes of a priest, that denied the seruice of his office in the burying of a dead body, because his widow had not wherewith to pay him the costs of y<sup>e</sup>. funeral. For the Knight himselfe going to the buriall, caused the minister to be bound to the corps, & so to be cast both into one grane. Which done, he rode straightway to the court, and with some intercession begd his pardon of Q. Mary."\*

"Affabilitie, (he considers) is eyther a wittie vse of speech; or a delightfull recreation of the mind, or an amiable shew of countenance. It is a wittie vse of speech, whē a man moueth mirth, either by the quicke chaunging of some sentence, or else by a counterfeit, extrauagant, and doubtful speech, as for example, a gentlema<sup>n</sup> on a time said vnto a gentlewoman: How now, gentlewoman, what, alone? Shee eftsone wittily answered; Not alone, sir, but accompanied with many honourable thoughts. In like sort a merrie Recorder of London, mistaking the name of one Pepper, called him Piper: whereunto the partie excepted, said, Sir, you mistake my name is Pepper, not Piper: the Recorder answered: what difference is there between Piper in Latin, and Pepper in English? There is, replied the other, as much difference betweene them, as is betweene a Pipe and a Recorder."

"*Whether Stage playes ought to be suffred in a Commonwealth.*— Stage playes, fraught altogether with scurrilities and knauish pastimes, are intolerable in a well gouerned common wealth: and chiefly for six reasons. First, all stage playes were dedicated vnto Bacchus, † the drunken god of the heathen, and therefore damnable. Secondly, they were forbidden by Christian Parliaments ‡ Thirdly, men spend their flourishing

\* See further notices, on the same subject, at p. 291.

† Tertul. lib. de speculo.

‡ Concil. 30. Carthag. & Synod. Laodic. cap. 54.

time ingloriously and without credit, in cōtemplating of playes.\* All other things being spent may bee recovered againe; but time is like vnto the latter wheele of a coach, that followeth after the former, and yet can neuer attayne equally vnto it. Fourthly, no foolish and idle talking, nor iesting, should bee once named amongst vs. † Fifthly, stage playes are nothing els but pompes and shoves, in which there is a declining from our beleefe. For what is the promise of Christians, at their baptisme? namely, to renounce the diuell and all his workes, pompes and vanities. Sixtly, stage playes are the very mockery of the word of God, and the toys of our life. ‡ For while we be at the stage, we are rauished with the loue therof, according to the wise man's wordes: it is a pastime for a foole to doe wickedly; § and so in laughing at filthy things, we sinne." ¶

Of

\* In another chapter he censures indulgent parents "who take their sonnes from the Vniuersitie as fruite from a tree, before it is ripe, or rather as pullets without feathers, to place them at the Innes of Court, where, as I haue written in my Commentaie vpon Persius, they gad to stage-playes, & are seduced by flattering Coni-catchers."

† Ephe. 5.

‡ Saluiz. lib. 6. de Gubern. Dei.

§ Prou. x. 23.

¶ The subject of stage plays is again discussed in the *Golden Fleece*; where Thalia is summoned by Dr. Wickliffe before Apollo, and the god being incensed she feared least his frowning "might eclipse the honour of her palace, and cause contempt to her followers, whereby beare-bayting, hawking, and hunting, might perhaps grow in more request then stage-playes, and laziness, which shée patronized." Thalia defends her followers in a speech of some length; and the following passages, from Apollo's reply, are curious. "If hereafter I heare of any lasciuious pranks practiced by your countenance in your palace, I will discard you from my court, and accept of the chast Lady Sapho in your place. The Sabboth day, which the very Iewes and Twrkes doe obserue holy and reuerently sacred, you haue hitherto profaned in licensing your women debauchedly to daunce the cushion kissing daunce, with roysters, and rufflans, yea, and with Hob, Dick, and Hick, vntill the vertuous and magnanimous Prince Charles of Great Brittain made a late statute at Oxford to restraine such vn-lawfull sport, on that sanctified day. . . . How many idle comedies haue you permitted vnder your name to entrap ingenuous and soft natured people? Knauery once discovered, you will say, may be euer after the more easily auoyded, as the burnt child will take heed of the fire. But you know Lady, euerie one is not an industrious bee to sucke the choisest floure, and to make vse of what they

Of the solemnization of matrimony, it is said "the ancient French men had a ceremonie that when they would marrie, the bridegrome should pare his nayles, and send the<sup>e</sup> vnto his new wife: which done, they liued together afterwards as man and wife. In Scotland the custome was, that the lord of the soile should lie with the bride before her husband. But because this order was not decent nor tolerable among Christians, King Malcome, the 3 of that name, in the yeere of our Lord 1095, abolished that wicked custome & enacted that euery bride thencefoorth, should pay to the Lord for ransome of her mayden-head, fiue shillings\*. . . . In England, in some shires, when the marriage day approacheth, the parents of the betrothed couple, doe certaine dayes before the wedding write letters, to inuite all their friends to the marriage whom they desire to haue present. Afterwards the marriage day being come, the inuited ghests do assemble together, and at the very instant of the marriage doe cast their presents, (which they bestow vpon the new married folkes) into a bason, dish, or cup, which standerh vpon the table in the church, ready prepared for that purpose. But this custome is onely put in vse amongst them, which stand in need."

"Of superfluitie of apparell; another cause of the alteration of kingdomes. In the beginning of the world men were clothed with pelts and skinnes of beasts: whereby is to be noted, that they were become as beasts, by transgressing the co<sup>m</sup>mandement of God, touching the fruit in Paradise. Apparell was not giuen to delight mens wanton eyes, but to preserue their bodies from the cold and to couer their shame. They had no beuer hats sharpe on the top, like vnto the spyre of a steeple, nor flatte crownde hats resembling rose-cakes. They wore no embrodered shirtes, nor garments of cloth of gold. They knewe not what meant our Italianated, Frenchified, nor Duch and Babilonian breeches. They bought no silken stockings, nor gaudie pa<sup>r</sup>toffles. Their women could not tell how to frizle and lay out their hayre on borders. They daubed not their faces with deceitfull drugges, wherewith, hiding the handy-worke of God, they might seeme to haue more beautie, than hee hath vouchsafed to giue them. They imitated not hermaphrodites, in wearing of mens doublets. They wore no chaines of gold, nor ouches, iewels, bracelets, nor such lyke. They went not

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they find. Most men are enclined to embrace the worst. A wittie comedie, I confesse, represents the liuely actions of fraile persons, if the lookers on were endued with the like equal discretion to discerne true gold from Alchymie."

\* So related by Polidore Vergil.

clothed

clothed in veluet gownes, nor in chamlet peticotes. They smelt not vnto pomander, ciuet, muske, and such lyke trumperies.\* And yet for all that they farre surpassed vs in humanitie, in kindnesse, in loue, and in vertue. Their onely cogitations were bent to decke the inward mind, and not the outward bodie, which is nothing els, sauing a liuing sepulcher."

In the chapter "of poetry, and of the excellencie thereof," occurs a passage on our early poets, too applicable to the nature of these pages to be omitted, and may conclude the specimens of this work.

"Ieffery Chaucer, the English poet, was in great account with King Richard the Second, who gaue him in reward of his poems, the mannour of Newelme in Oxfordshire. Neither will I passe ouer with silence the fauour of the French Queene Anne, wife to Lewis the twelue of France, extended to poets. This Queen passing on a time from her lodging towards the Kings side, saw in a gallerie Allen Chartier, a learned poet, leaning on a tables end fast asleepe: which this Princess espying, shée stouped downe to kisse him, vttering these words in all their hearings: Wee may not of princely courtesie passe by, and not honour with our kisse the mouth from whence so many golden poems haue issued. Frauncis the first, French King in the yere of our Lord 1532, made those famous poets Dampearus and Macrinus, of his priuie counsell; King Henry the eight, her late Maiesties father, for a few psalmes of David turned into English meeter by Sternhold, made him groomme of his priuie chamber, and rewarded him with many great giftes besides. Moreouer, hee made Sir Thomas More Lord Chaun-

\* Our sturdy moralist, in other places, censured "many of our yong gentlemen, who, by their wise parents, are sent so timely to learne wise fashions at Lōdon. Such are they, I say, who cary bee hives and common-wealths in their pates, who iet now and then in the streetes with bushes of feathers on their cockescombed sconces, and goe attired in Babylonian rayments." Again of the courtezans "who with their brayed drugs, periwigs, vardingals, false bodies, truik sleeues, Spanish white, pomatoes, oyles, powders, and other glozing fooleries too long to be recounted, doe disguise their first naturall shape, onely sophistically to seeme fayre vnto the outwarde viewe of tame and vndiscrēte woodcocks." Of such women he also relates: "some bauds haue a dozen damselfs, some lesse, yet of euery man they take largely as 20 shillings a weeke, or tenne pound a month. It is said that lōg Meg of Westminster kept alwaies 20 courtizans in her house, who by their pictures she sold to all commers."

celour



colour of this realme, whose poetically workes are as yet in great regard. Queene Marie, for an Epithalamy, composed by Verzoza, a Spanish poet, at her marriage with King Philip, in Winchester, gaue him, during his lyfe, two hundred crownes pension. Queene Elizabeth made Doctour Haddon, beyng a poet, Master of the Requests. In former tymes, Princes themselves were not ashamed to studie poetry. As for example, Iulius Cesar was a very good poet. Augustus likewise was a poet, as by the edict touching Virgils bookes appeareth. Euax, King of Arabia, wrote a booke of precious stones in verse. Cornelius Gallus, treasurer of Egypt, was a singular good poet. Neither is our owne age altogether to bee disprayed. For the olde Earle of Surrey composed bookes in verse. Sir Philip Sydney excelled all our English poets, in rarenesse of stile & matter. King Iames, our dread Soueraigne, that now raigneth, is a notable poet, and hath lately set out most learned poems, to the admiration of all his subiects.

“ Gladly I could go forward in this subiect, which in my stripling yeeres pleased me beyond all others, were it not I delight to bee briefe: and that Sir Philip Sydney hath so sufficiently defended it in his Apology of Poetry; and if I should proceede further in the commendation thereof, whatsoever I write would be eclipsed with the glory of his golden eloquence. Wherefore, I stay my selfe in this place, earnestly beseeching all gentlemen, of what qualitie soeuer they bee, to aduance poetrie, or at least to admire it, and not bee so hastie shamefully to abuse that, which they may honestly and lawfully obtayne.”

The last leaf has three commendatory poems, viz. “ Epigramma T. Fl. Art. Magistri ad Authorem.”— “ Thomas Iames, Master of Arts, and Fellow of New Colledge, in Oxford, to Master Vaughan, the author of &c.” wherein alluding to the author and his brother, he says:

“ One by the warres hath got a golden name,  
The other by his pen deseru'd the same.”

Last: “ Ad Magistrum Vaughannum de aureo suo saltu I. Pr. Epigramma,”

J. H.

¶ *The Golden Fleece, diuided into three parts, vnder which are discovered the errours of Religion, the vices and decayes of the Kingdome, and lastly the wayes to get wealth, and to restore Trading so much complayned of. Transported from Cambrioll Colchos, out of the Southermost part of the Iland, commonly called the Newfoundland. By Orpheus Iunior, for the generall and perpetuall good of Great Britaine. London: Printed for Francis Williams, and are to bee sold at his shop, at the signe of the Globe, ouer against the Royall Exchange. 1626. qto. parts 1 & 2. pp. 105. part 3, pp. 96, besides introduction and tables.*

Dedicated in English and Latin verse to the King. An address "to the indifferent readers," observing:

"What a masse of treasure doe we yeerely spend in foreign commodities? What abundance of silkes doe we consume on our backes? What a deale of gold and siluer lace? While the wary Spaniard, who hath the Indies in possession, contents himselfe with his owne fashion and lesser moderation both in apparell and diet. The Dutch they follow no extrauagant attires. Euery man is distinguished in his ranke: some by wearing a copper chaine, others a siluer, and the nobler a gold. In France the meauer sort of women weare hoods of taffata, others of satten, and the better of veluet. No man intrudes into anothers vocation. But with vs, Ioane is as good as my lady: citizens \* wiues are of late growne gallants. The yeoman † doth gentilize it. The gentleman ‡ scornes to be behind

\* "Citizens in generall are they that liue vnder the same lawes and soueraignè magistrates. But citizens particularly are they that are free-men, and do dwell in cities and boroughs, or corporated townes. Generally, in the shire they be of no account, saue onely in the Parliament to make lawes." *Golden Grove.*

† "A yeoman is he that tilleth the grou'd, getteth his liuing by selling of corne in markets, and can dispend yeerely fortie shillings sterling." *Ib.*

‡ "The meanes to discerne a gentleman be these. First, hee must bee affable and courteous in speech and behauiour. Secondly, he must haue an aduenturous heart to fight, and that but for very iust quarrels. Thirdly, he must be endued with mercy to forgiue

behind the nobleman. Yea, many are not ashamed to go as braue as the king. And if a wise man chance to taxe them for their prodigall humour, they will answere that it is for the credit of the kingdome."—

A second address is "to the vncharitable readers or deriders of our *Golden Fleece*:" verses in commendation by "Iohn Gvy," "Stephen Berrier," and "Iohn Mason."

An introduction sets forth "the occasion of this treatise, called the *Golden Fleece*; and the reasons which moued the author to intermingle merrie and light conceites among matters of consequence." The occasion is founded on a supposed conversation between his acquaintance Sir William Alexander, Master of the Requests, and Secretarie for Scotland; his antient friend, Master William Elueston, sometime Secretary to Elizabeth, then cupbearer to his Majesty; and the author. The drift may be gathered from that part where the learned Knight observes to him:

"You obtayned a patent of the southermost part of Newfoundland, and transplanted thither some of your countymen of Wales, baptizing the same by the name of Cambrioll: so haue I got a patent of the neighbouring country vnto yours westward, beyond Cape Briton, christning it New Scotland. You haue spent much and so haue I in aduancing these hopeful adventures. But as yet neither of vs arriued at the haue of our expectations. Onely like a wary politician, you suspend your breath for a time, vntill you can repaire your losses sustained by some of Sir Walter Raleigh's company in their returne from Guiana, while your neighbours the right honourable the Lord Viscount Falkland, and my Lord Baltimore, to whom you assigned the northerly part of your grant, doe vn-

giue the trespasses of his friendes and seruants. Fourthly, hee must stretch his purse to giue liberally vnto souldiours, and vnto them that haue neede: for a niggard is not worthy to be called a gentleman. These be the properties of a gentleman, which who-soeuer lacketh, deserneth but the title of a clowne or of a countrie boore. In breefe it fareth with gentlemen, as it doth with wine: which ought to haue foure good qualities, namely, it must not taste of the caske; next, it must sauour of a good soyle: thirdly, it must haue a good colour. Last of all, it must sauour of the goodnesse of the grape, and not be sophisticatedly mingled with water and such like." *Golden Grove.*

dergoe the whole burthen, supporting it with a braue resolution and a great deale of expence, which otherwise you were obliged to performe. The like inconueniences I haue felt, . . . it cost me and my friends very deare, and brought vs into much decrements, and hath wel nigh disheartned my poere countrymen, if at my humble suit, our most noble and generous king Charles had not out of his royall magnificence and respectiue care to vs and our posterities restored and reuiued our courages by conferring such monies as might arise by the creation of Knight Baronets in Scotland, towards the erecting of this newe fabricke and heroicall action. And yet I feare all this will not suffice and defray the charge."

At the close of the conversation our author retires to his study to ruminate on some plot which might invite the worldlings for their present and future good to embrace the fortunes which this sister land offered. This produces an opening of the court of Apollo; discussions on the various subjects under the three heads in the title; and a long bickering at papists and lawyers. Among the persons introduced are Chaucer, Skelton, Scoggan, Wickliff, Broughton, Florio, our author, &c. &c. But as the *Golden Fleece* is not equally scarce as the above, it is needless to give further extract. The volume has some occasional pieces of poetry, which, as our author "went beyond most men of his time for Latin especially, and English poetry," might have been expected to rise some little above mediocrity.

J. H.

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¶ *The Sheapheardes Logike: conteyning the præcepts of that art put downe by Ramus: examples fet out of the Sheapheards Kalender; Notes and expositions collected out of Bourhusius, Piscator, Mr. Chatterton, and diuers others. Together wth. twooe genal discourses, the one touchinge the prayse and ryghte yse of Logike: the other concernyng the comparison of Ramus his Logike, wth. that of Airstotle. Fol. MS.*

*The*

¶ *The Lawiers Logike, exemplifying the præcepts of Logike by the practise of the common Lawe, by Abraham Fraunce. At London, Imprinted by William How, for Thomas Gubbin, and T. Newman. 1588. qto. 161 leaves.*

Of the printed volume the author's address "to the learned lawyers of England, especially the Gentlemen of Grays Inne," gives the following history.

"I first began, [he says,] (when I first came in presence of that right noble and most renowned knight, Sir Philip Sydney) with a generall discourse concerning the right vse of Logike, and a contracted comparison betweene this of Ramus and that of Aristotle. These small and trifling beginnings drew both him to a greater liking of, and myselfe to a further tra-  
uayling in, the easie explication of Ramus his Logike.

"Sixe tymes in these seauen yeares haue I perused the whole, & by a more diligent ouerseeing corrected some ouersights: thrise at S. Iohn's colledge in Cambridge, thrise at Grays Inne, since I came to London. This last alteration hath chaunged the name of the booke, & this new name of the booke proceeded from the change of my profession. For hauing resolutely determined to acquaint myselfe with our English laws & constitutio's, I thought good to make tryall, whether my eight yeares labour at Cambridge, would any thing profit mee at an Inne of Court, w̄ether law were without logike or logike not able to helpe a lawyer. Which when I prooued, I then perceaued, the practise of law to bee the vse of logike, and the methode of logike to lighten the lawe. So that after application of logike to lawe, and examination of lawe by logike, I made playne the precepts of the one by the practise of the other, and called my booke, *The Lawyer's Logike*; not as though logike were tyed onely vnto law, but for that our law is most fit to expresse the præcepts of logike. Yet, because many loue logike, that neuer learne lawe, I haue reteyned those ould examples of the new Shepheard's Kalender which I first gathered, and therevnto added these also out of our law bookes, which I lately collected."

In the manuscript are copious extracts from Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar*, selected to illustrate the author's text: some of these were afterwards abridged or omitted, and the whole obtained so enlarged and varied an ap-

pearance, as scarcely to leave sufficient trace of the original, to conclude it formed a portion of the same work.

To the MS. is prefixed the following dedicatory lines:

“ *To the Ryght Worshypful Mr. Edwarde Dyer.*

“ Some arts wee bynde, to some one kynde, of subiect seuerallye:  
As this to counte, and that to mounthe, aboue the cristal skye;  
To measure land with skilful hand, to frame or fyle the tonge,  
Or to delyte the weary spryte, with sweete and pleasant songe.  
But logikes lyght doth shyne owtryght, her streames do flow so far,  
From kinges aboade to Palinode, from sheepe-cote vnto star,  
Noe reason then why munkish men shulde keepe her from abroade,  
Of idle fooles opprest in schooles, and alwayes ouertroade.  
By this wee preach, by this wee teach, shee in the heauen sitts,  
Yet sheapheards swayne, doth not disdayne, but meekly hym ad-  
That this is true, loe here a new and fresh logician, [mytts.  
Who mynds to proue what is her loue, to symple countreyman.  
By those that keepe in fyeld theyr sheepe, a sheapheards logik framde.  
Loe be yt ought, or be yt nought, the lesse cause to bee blamde.

Your Woorshyps, most humbly to bee commaunded,  
Abraham Franse.” \*

This dedication gave place to the following, when the work went to press.

“ *To the Right Honorable Henry, Earle of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of Cardyffe, Marmyon, and S. Quynten, Lorde Præsident of the principality of Wales, and the Marches of the same, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, and Lord Liuetenant of Wales, of the Marches, and the countie of Wyltes and Sommerset.*

“ If lawes by reason framed were, and groundeid on the same;  
If logike also reason hee, and thereof had this name;  
I see no reason, why that law and logike should not bee  
The nearest and the dearest freends, and therefore best agree.  
As for the fonde conceyt of such which neuer knew them both,  
Better beleeuë some mens bare worde, than their suspected oth.  
I say no more then what I saw, I saw that which I sought,  
I sought for logike in our law, and found it as I thought.  
If all that I haue sought and found your Honor doe content,  
(Let scribes and pety penmen talke) I thinck my time well spent,  
And labour herein well imploy'd: acceptance is my meede,  
I craue no more, I haue no lesse, if you vouchsafe to reede.

Your Honors most vnfaignedly affectionate,  
Abraham Fraunce.”

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\* The name is thus spelt, and the manuscript appears in the author's hand writing.

The following short comparative extract is from the definition of Logick.

“ We reason in scholes as philosophers; in pulpit as prechers; in Westminster as lawyers and iudges; in court as princes & lords; in countrie, at cart, at plowe, at hoame, abroade, yea, not so muche as the mylke mayde w<sup>th</sup>out reasoninge selleth her mylke; the phisition w<sup>th</sup>. reason perswadeth his patient; the scholemaster teacheth his boyes w<sup>th</sup>. reasoninge, the captayne ruleth w<sup>th</sup>. reasoninge; and what shall I saie more: Whatsoever it bee, naye whatsoever thow. canst imagyne to bee, although it bee not, yet by reasoninge it is invented, taught, ordered, confirmed. And therefore logike hath bene for a longe tyme vntolerably abused of those miserable Sorbonists, and dunsical Quidditaries, who thought there was no logike out of theyre vaste braynes, no reasoninge out of their intricate Quodlibets, no disputinge w<sup>th</sup>.out *arguitur quod sic*, no teachinge w<sup>th</sup>.out *probatur qd non*, no parte of this science w<sup>th</sup>.out *ergo* & *igitur* wher as in deed, the true vse of logike is as well apparant in simple, playne, and easye explication: as in subtyle, stricte, and concised probation. Reade Homer, reade Virgil, reade Demosthenes, reade Tully, naye reade Sr. John Cheeke, reade Mr. Ascham, and see the true vse of natural logike the grounde of artificial, far different from this rude & barbarous kind of outworne sophistrye.” MS.

“ Men reason in schooles as philosophers, in Westminster as lawyers, in court as lords, in countrie as worldly husbands: whatsoever it bee, nay whatsoever thou canst imagine to bee, although it bee not, neuer was, nor neuer shall bee, yet by reason it is inuented, taught, ordered, confirmed: as the description of fame in Virgil, of famine in Ouid, of elysian fields, of Styx, of Acheron, of the golden apples, and a thousand such poetically imaginations. And therefore logike hath bene of a loong time vntollerably abused by those miserable Sorbonists, & dunsical Quidditaries who thought there was no reasoning without, *Arguitur quod sic: Probatur quod non*: no part of logike without *ergo* and *igitur*. Whereas indeede the true vse of logike is as well apparent in simple, playne, and easie explication, as in subtile, strict, and concised probation. Reade Homer, reade Demosthenes, reade Virgill, read Cicero, reade Bartas, reade Torquato Tasso, reade that most worthie ornament of our English tongue, the Countesse of Penbrookes Arcadia, and therein see the true effectes of natural logike which is the ground of artificial, farre different from this rude and barbarous kind of outworne sophistic.” *Lawyer's Logick. fo. 3.*

The MS. concludes with two distinct sections, the substance of which may probably be adopted in various parts of the enlarged treatise, and not easily to be traced. The first is "of the nature and vse of logike." The second forms

"A bryef and general comparison of Ramus his logike w<sup>th</sup>, that of Aristotle, to y<sup>e</sup>. ryghte Worshipful his verye good Mr. and Patron Mr. P. Sydney. Phormio by reporte Right worshipful was scoffed although hee spake wel, because he spake to Hannibal: and myght not I bee scorned, for writinge it, and wrytinge to Philippus: for as I am sure of the one that Phormio was as wel renowned for a philosopher as I am reiect for a philosoph after; so am I certayne of the other that Hannibal had as muche nede to heare precepts of ware as hath Philippus to reade rules of logike. But here in is y<sup>e</sup>. difference that Hannibal as he was hardye in fylde to reueng him of his foes, so was he to hastye at home to reiect his frende the wel-meanyng Phormio: wher as Philippus as in logike he goethe before manye, so for gentlenes and courtesye more may come behynd him." This is a disputation between "too Cambridge sophisters;" the one "a methodical Ramyst, the other an obstinate Aristotelian." The last asserts "logike is nowe six leaues longe, & eyght daie laboure, w<sup>ch</sup>. before was seven yeres studie, and fylled the world with volumes almost infynite: herby it comes to passe that euery cobbler can cogge a syllogisme, euerye carter cracke of propositions: hereby is logike prophaned & lyeth prostitute; removed out of her sanctuary, robbed of her honor, left of her disciples, ranished of strangers, and made common to all, w<sup>ch</sup>. before was proper to scholes and onlye consecrated to philosophers. We flye with winge of wax; we rule the chariot of the sunne without discretion: so must we fall withe Icarus, and perishe wythe falinge: so must we burne with Phaëton, and dye with burninge. A sound scholer is called a dunse: and dunse is taken for a foole. A logitian of eyght yeaes standing is controwled of a boye of sixe weeks continuance; and that which most tormentethe the harte of al wel settled Aristotelians, Aristotle himselve is quyte defaced, his organon caled a confused chaos; his logike a lumpe of matter without order; more fytt to confounde y<sup>e</sup>. memory then apt to instruct the mynde, more worthye to serue in a sylk weomans shope, then furnyshe a scholers lybrarye." Thus replied to by the Ramyst. "Owld dotinge graye beardes talke muche of Baralipton, whiles young headed boyes beare away logike. They thinke muche that a  
boye



boye should conceaue that in a weeke, whiche they could scarce perceaue in a yeare, but more that theyr ould learninge should be corrected by newe teachinge and theyr labour lost w<sup>th</sup>. so lyttle profitinge, hinc illæ lachrimæ. A superficial shewe is lytle worthe: and an outworne headpeace is lesse estemed: a meane is in the mydle. A face is commended, but w<sup>th</sup>. his grace: seuen yeares to muche eyght dayes to litle, a meane is had betweene them bothe. Coblers be men, why therefor not logicians? And carters haue reason why then not logike? Bonum quo communius, eo melius: the best thinge in logike yow. make to be worst, in thinkinge yt lesse commendable, because it is more common:—a spitefull speache, if I durst so saye: a malicious meaninge, if you geue me leaue: to locke vp logike in secreat corners, neuer sufferinge her to see the lyghte, who, of herselfe, as she is generally good to all, so will she particulerlye be bounde to none. The wings of wax be made by fryers, the feathers fet from monkyshe trumperies. Phaëton is the scholemens inuention: but as fier of true logike consumed the one, so the water of wysdome ouerwhelmed the other in this our flourishing age.” [The arguments occupy eight folio pages, closely written, and conclude as a simple narration, wherein nothing is determined:] “Pardon I praye yow. the stammeringe messenger, for the tyme was shorte, the place v quiet, my bodye crased, my mynde molested, my bookes in Cambridge, my busynes in the countrye, the reader famouse, the wryter obscure, the matter yll penned, not worthe the perusinge, the thinge wel put downe, subject to slanderinge.

A. F.”

In the printed work is inserted the second eclogue of Virgil, with the author’s attempt at “interpreting of the same, by a poeticall paraphrasis, for the contentation of such as vnderstand no Latine.” It is given in “English hexameters, verse for verse,” and, as the volume now seldom occurs, it may conclude the article forming another early specimen of blank verse.

“ Seelly shepheard Corydon lou’d hartly faire lad Alexis,  
His maisters dearling, but saw no matter of hoping.  
Only amid the forest thicke set with broad-shadoe beach trees  
Daily resort did he make; thus alone to the woods, to the mountains  
With broken speeches, fond thoughts most vainly reuealing.  
O hard harted Alexis; I see my verse to be scorned,  
Myselke not pitied, my death by thee lastly procured.  
Now do the beasts eün seeke for cooling shade to refresh the,  
Grene lizards now too in bushes thorny be lurking,

And

And for faint reapers by the suns rage, Thestylis hastning,  
 Strong-smelling wilde thime, and garlyke beates in a mortar,  
 But whilst I trace thee, with sun beames all to be scorched,  
 Groûes by the hoarschirping grasshoppers yeeld a resoũding.

Wast not far better t' haue borne with surly Menalcas,  
 And sore displeas'd, disdainfull, prowd Amaryllis,  
 Although thou white were, although but swarty Menalcas?

O thou faire white boy, trust not too much to thy whitnes;  
 Faire white flowers fall downe, black fruits are only reserued.  
 Thou cârst not for mee, my state thou knowst not Alexis;  
 What flocks of white sheepe I do keepe, of milke what abundance,  
 On Sicil high mountains my lambs feed more then a thousãd:  
 New mylke in summer, new mylke in winter I want not.  
 My song 's-like Thebane Amphions song, when he called  
 His wandring bullocks, on Greekish mount Aracynthus.  
 Neyther am I so fowle: I saw my selfe by the sea shore,  
 When seas al calme were: I doubt not, but by thy censure,  
 Daphnis I shall surpass, vnles my face do deceaue mee.

O, let this be thy will, to frequent my rustical harbors,  
 And simple cotages, and sticke in forkes to vphold them,  
 And driue on forward our focke of kids to the mallowes:  
 Wee wil amid the forest contend Pans song to resemble:  
 Pan was first that quilts with waxe ty'de ioyntly together.  
 Pan is good to the sheepe, and Pan is good to the sheepsman,  
 Neyther think it a shame to thyself t' haue plaid on a cornpipe:  
 For, that he might do the same with skil, what did not Amyntas?  
 Damætas long since did giue me a pipe for a token,  
 Compact of seûn reedes, all placed in order, vnæquall:  
 And thus sayd, when he dy'de: one vsed it onely beefore thee;  
 Thus sayd Damætas, this greeued foolish Amyntas.  
 Also two prety kids doe I keepe, late found in a valley  
 Dangerus: & their skins with mylke white spots be bedecked,  
 Of dams milke not a drop they leaue; & for thee I keepe them.  
 Thestylis of long time hath these kids of me desired;  
 And they shal be her own, for that thou skornst what I giue thee.  
 Come neare, ô faire boy, see the nymphs bring here to the lillies  
 With full stuff baskets: faire Nais now to thy comfort,  
 White violets gathering, and poppies daintily topping,  
 Daffadil ads to the same, & leaues late pluckt fro the sweete dill.  
 Then mingling casia with diuers sauory sweet flow[er]s,  
 With yelowish marygold, she the tender Crowtoe bedecketh.

Ile plucke hoare quinces, with soft downe all to hesmeared,  
 And chesnuts which were loãd of my sweet Amaryllis.  
 Add wil I wheate plumbs too: for this fruit will be regarded,  
 And you laurell leaues wil I plucke, and thee, prety myrtle,  
 Next to the laurell leaues: for so plãst yeeld ye the sweet sent.

Th' art but a foole Corydon; for first gifts mooue not Alexis,  
 Then, though thou giue much, yet much more giue wil Iolas.  
 But what, alas, did I mean, poore foole? I do let go the southwind  
 Into the flowers, & boares send forward into the cleare springs.  
 Whom flyest thou mad man? Many gods haue also resorted,  
 And Paris of olde Troy, to the woods. Let towers by Minerua

Built,

Built, by Minerua be kept ; and woods of vs onely regarded.  
 Grim lionesse runneth to the wolfe & wolfe to the yong gote,  
 And wanton yong gote to the flowing tetrifol hastneth,  
 And Corydon to Alexis: a selfe ioy draweth on each man.  
 But see the plow coms home hangd fast by the yoke to the bullocks,  
 And shadoe by Phæbus decliaing double appeareth:  
 Yet do I burne with loue: for what meane can be to louing?  
 Ah Corydon, Corydon, what mad rage hath thee bewitched?  
 Thy vin's scarce halfe cut, pestred with leaues of her elm tree,  
 Leauē this churlish boy, and bend thy selfe to thy busnes,  
 With twigs and bulrush some needefull thing be a making:  
 Thou shalt find others though th' art disdain'd of Alexis." \*

J. H.

¶ *A Cordial for a sick conscience. Written and sent by that excellent Diuine Maister Beza from Geneua to his afflicted country men in France, in October last. Containing his passion and remedy in the agony of death. The miserable estate of France in Anno 1572, lamented. Certaine diuine meditations. A sonnet vpon the present misery of France. Of the long patience of God, least noted in France. And his conclusion of the goodnesse of death. Carefully translated into English by H. A. London, imprinted by Iohn Wolfe. 1593. 8vo. 24 leaves.*

Translator and translation alike unknown: the one not registered by Ritson, nor the other seen by Herbert.

By Dedication "to the Worshipfull my singuler good friend, M. Frances Brooke, alias little gentleman, Maior of the borough of Abbingdon in the Countie of Barke, H. Aires wisheth prosperity in this life and euerlasting felicity in the life to come. This my attēpt (he continues) may seem more strange to you then his that taught his crowe to cry aue Cæsar, did to the Emperour, but since the indumentes of the mind is

\* This translation had many readers. It was printed by Chalwood, 1588; by Oswin, 1591; as well as being annexed to the Lawyer's Logick. *Bib. Poetica*, p. 211. For notices of the author, see the third volume of Warton's *History of Poetry*: Todd's *Spencer*, Vol. I. p. xv & xcvi. and *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*, Ed. 1800, p. 126.

the onely treasure, and that I live in so happy an age, that no exercise is aproued too hard for a willing mind, let this satisfie the wonder, I haue with cost and care attained to the vnderstanding of the French, and by practice translated these few diuine meditations of Beza. . . . The reason that induceth me to dedicate my meane labour to you is two folde, the one my naturall affection to the Borough wherein I was borne, the other the great experience of your good affection to my best friends and nearest allies, and more because I know you sufficient (be it modestly spoken) in learning, to iudge: in wisdom to defend: & in curtesy to accept my good will as much as the worke, yet wishing it had hapned in a time of your more leasure, when the waighty affaires of your place, might not haue hindred the reperusing againe and againe, of these rough hewen verses, which, howsoever they are set downe, their sense, and the meauing of the first author is most excellent. . . . Your Worship's poore countriman, and humble friend H. Aires."

The address "to the reader" informs him: "the author is that most excellent diuine Master Beza, who in the agony of his soule bemoaned the misery of his country, beginning these few oads or songes, euen presently vpon his recouery from that sicknes, which he well hoped should haue translated him to a better life. If thou looke for wonders heerein thou art deceiued, nor print I these tragick stasions as one desirous to bee knowen, nor to be called a pamphletter: but at the earnest entrey of some of my best friends: if it bee vnpullisht, with boystrous phrases or newe coyned termes, blame not me, for I was tide to my author, and did it but for an exercise, and it was well forward towards the presse before I once dreamt of it; but if thou esteeme this, when in reading I meet with matters of greater worth, I will with greater care acquaint thee with them, let him that likes them not lay them by. For I doubt it not, or some such spirit that thinketh to grace himselfe by others disgrace, or some pedantecall clark will grumble out his stoicall opinion, and perhaps barke out like himselfe. To all such I resolutely answere that I do as is my pleasure, and exercise not for profit, as they make it their last refuge, in that I print it: it is for my friends, therefore I leaue them to perish in their malice, and content my selfe with this, I would not willingly offend any; &c."

"G. H. in commendation of the author," has three stanzas; then "the greeuous, yet learned complaint of the excellent diuine Master Beza, on his sick bead, euen  
in

in the agony of death." In this he bewails the miserable state of France, which forms the general subject of all the poems. The desponding emigrant of these eventful times might again mourn over his country in nearly the same language. Thus in the first poem :

“ Thou garden of the world,  
 For learning, wealth and pride;  
 Now dronke in bloud maist sleepe,  
 Begert on euery side,  
 With tyrants who ataints,  
 Thee with the bloud of saints.

Ay mee, me thinks I see,  
 Thy bewty, in times past,  
 Now smear'd with cluttered blood:  
 And angry heauens ore cast  
 Doth lower to see thy fall,  
 And scornes to heare thee call.

The children of thy womb,  
 Nursed with thine owne bloud,  
 Now reuels in thy bowels,  
 And hates to do thee good:  
 And for thy gentle words,  
 They wound thee with theyr swords.

Thou plaigest the pelican,  
 And they the vipers part:  
 For them thou woundest thyselfe:  
 And they deuour thy hart.  
 O monstrous tragidy,  
 Full of impiety.

In teares I write thy ruines,  
 In soule I morne thy fall:  
 In praiers I wish thee well,  
 When on my God I call:  
 And so sweet France adue,  
 For thine estate I rue.

Farewell my woefull friends,  
 Yon shepheards of sick flockes:  
 Wee silly banished men may waile,  
 Vnto the eckoing rockes:  
 But hee that sites on hye,  
 Will one day heare our cry.

Perce heauen with your eies,  
 And on faith's siluer winges,  
 By praiers sore the skies,  
 Where sacred angels singes:  
 And you at last shall see,  
 Elizium liberty."

The next poem is styled "the anatomie of Fraunce, written in the yere 1570, by occasion of the blazing star that ther appeared." "Another song of the peoples mone and churches miserie, written in the yere 1592." Then "of the patience of God euil known to Fraunce," telling that country in some uncertain rhimes :

" When euery nation in the compast world  
 Furrowed the seas to find the way to thee,  
 Filling their sails w<sup>t</sup>. borrowed cheerful winds,  
 Rousing the fire amidst the salt sea fume,  
 Flocking by fleets to bring thee gold for wine,  
 Who did direct them, or safe broght the<sup>r</sup> hither,  
 The wind and sea, no God did guide the<sup>r</sup> thither,  
 When any want of spice, of cloth, or coine,  
 Thy wombe, O France, did seeme to lay apart,  
 When any pleasure that thy harte could thinke  
 Thou longedst for, and didst not find at home,  
 Hath not all nations broght the<sup>r</sup> home to thee,  
 And who fulfil'd thy longings & thy pleasure,  
 Nations, no it was God y<sup>t</sup>. gaue thee treasure.  
 What Indian gold or far fetcht rare deuse,  
 Had not his pride in France, in highest pomp,  
 What drug, what dainty sweet & holsom good,  
 Was not accounted common vnto France,  
 Pleasure, helth, plentie, all did flow in France,  
 And whēce came these thy nourishmēts to be,  
 From world and men; no God did giue it thee.  
 Thus frō thy fruits, O Frañce y<sup>t</sup>. grew in thee,  
 The Spaniard broght thee spices and sweet wines,  
 The Indian broght thee gold, y<sup>e</sup>. Dutchmā<sup>n</sup> coin,  
 The Portugal enriched thee with wealth,  
 Yea fairest England clothed thee and thine,  
 And all the world seemed to wait on thee,  
 This God hath done, & yet thou couldst not see."

"Of the goodnesse of death," and "the excellencie of a Christian," conclude the poems, which have a continuity

tinuity of subject by short paragraphs in prose at the end of each.

J. H.

¶ *A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Sauage, vsurped Bisshoppe of London. Compiled by Lemeke Auale. Episcopatum eius accipiet alter. Anno Domini 1569. Imprinted by P. O. Oct. 22 leaves. C vj in eights.*

The character of that iron-hearted oppressor Bishop Bonner, is here described with all those infamous vices vulgarly attached to bigotry and superstition. A logical inference commences

“ The Preface. Matters beyng yet in doubt, maie with questions and reasons, bee brought out of doubt : but thinges beyng without doubt, ought not with the subteltie of wordes, bee broughte into doubtte. As without all doubtte Edmonde Boner, late vsurped Bishop of London, was a bastarde, and also the soonne of a bastarde : that is a bastarde in grosse, and a bastarde can not, neither maie not bee a bishop. Boner was a bastarde, ergo, no bishop, and this is a true conclusion. This is not true, said an old dunsticall felowe, sittyng at the table w<sup>th</sup> a graue learned lawier of the common lawe, and an eloquente ciuilian.”

The arguments extend the preface to some length; then a lamentation in quatrains by Bonner, and there are nine short lessons in rhyme, in which scraps from the Roman ritual, &c. are introduced. The following extract is from the second lesson.

“ Oh his soule was wearie here, in the life that he had,  
His foode was breade and water, his lodgyng was to badde:  
Clothed in heere, slepyng againste the harde stones,  
That through fastyng, his skinne claue to the bones,  
Watchyng in praier, lamentyng hothe daie and night,  
Subduyng fleshlie affect, ionand walked in the spirite,  
Meeke in mynde as a wolfe, and simple as a foxe,  
As chaste as the he goat, as slender as the oxe :  
As liberall as the she beare, as swete as the brocke,  
Of all kinde of linnen clothe, he loued well a smocke. . . ”

“ *Responde.*

“ *Responde.* ”

“ Speake you of Boner?  
 God saue his honor,  
 Some saied thei heard hym saie,  
 In bedde as he laie,  
*Noli me condemnare,*  
*Dum veneris iudicare,*  
*Ante te erubesco,*  
*Comissa mea pauesco*  
*Qui Lazarum resuscitasti,* fro<sup>n</sup> stinking graue:  
 Farewell, farewell, you popishe k.  
*Te decet deus hymnus in Syon:*  
 Boner was as cruell as a lion:  
 For if he had liued, and the worlde tourned,  
 Many a good man he would haue burned:  
*Per ignem* with fire,  
 That was his desire.”

Concludes with the fabricated lineage of Bonner, and  
 a prayer to the Holy Trinity. J. H.

¶ *A recantation of famous Pasquin of Rome. An.*  
 1570. *Imprinted at London by Iohn Daye. Oct.*  
 15 leaves. D iij in fours.

A similar article with the last. Back of the title brief  
 notice of the manner of affixing placards to the image of  
 Pasquin at Rome. The poem commences A ij.

“ I Pasquin long haue dwelt in Rome,  
 before the Pope was borne:  
 I knew y<sup>e</sup>. time whe<sup>n</sup> twas a shame,  
 for priestes crownes to be shorne.  
 I knew also when not a frier  
 in Rome could be espied:  
 Vntill sixe hundred yeares were past——

Pasquin afterwards declares:

—rather then I will be burned,  
 it shall so come to passe:  
 That if Pachecco \* come this way  
 he shall heare me at masse.

\* Pachecco, is the great inquisitor of Rome.



And for no small foole will I pray,  
 but for some man of honor,  
 The which shall be as great a man,  
 as euer was olde Boner.  
 Euen for him will I go say,  
 The masse of dayly rest :  
 For thus I know that Boner hath,  
 made many man bene blest.  
 For God made him a minister,  
 that he might try of those,  
 Who were elect and chosen ones,  
 and who then were God's foes.  
 Therefore sure I will go forward,  
 my masse now for to say :  
 There shall but one thing in y<sup>e</sup>. world,  
 me onely cause to stay.  
 And that is this: I am in doubt,  
 I must say masse alone :  
 For in all England papistes now,  
 I know there is not one.  
 And yet there were not twelue monethes past,  
 yea thousandes here and there ;  
 But if a man will seeke them now,  
 he shall finde them no where.  
 For since these rebells late did rise,  
 thus doth the Papist packe : \*  
 To get the cloth of some stout man  
 to put vpon his backe. . . .  
 But as for me I beare no rule,  
 but dayly will I pray,  
 That neuer proude olde Popishe priest,  
 may see his golden day,  
 Except it be as Boner doth,  
 which lieth deepe vnder grasse :  
 For whose good rest I will in hast,  
 now say my requiem masse.  
*In troibo ad altare dei*  
 Thinking on Boner by the wei.  
*Confiteor deo*, and to our good Lady,  
*Et omnibus Sanctis quia peccauit,*  
 In homicide and lechery,  
 In sacrilege and glotony,

\* Papistes to maintayne their poperye, weare the liueries of  
 lordes, gentelme<sup>n</sup> and lawyers.

And in all kinde of knauery,  
*Et Iddio precor beata maria,*  
 That thou wilt not thinke I euer did lía,  
 Nor that gods people I caused to fria,  
 Because that the truth they seemed to tria.  
*Mesereatur vestri* let the Pope haue,  
 For he is starcke honest take away the knaue.  
 He vseth many times to forgeue sinne,  
 But y<sup>e</sup>. more he forgeueth the more you are in.  
*Absolutionem & remissionem omnium peccatorum vestro-*  
 So that all your life still be in *reprobum.* [rū,  
 Otherwise blessed father hath nothing to do,  
 For he himselfe wholly is inclined therunto.  
*Kirieleyson, Christecleyson, Kirieleyson, Pater noster,*  
 For olde Sauage bloudy Boner the butcher.  
*Requiem eternam* Lord let him haue,  
 For he was a great man, sage, and graue.  
*Te decet himnus* in Sion,  
 Boner playde the ramping lion.  
 Therefore, sweet Lady, let him haue rest,  
 For he was a man of the Pope blest."

This writer gives, with some humour, traits of the several Cardinals, but the alleged errors of the Catholic clergy cannot be now repeated. The names of the friends and favourites of Bonner are strung in rhyme; and he is said to have maintained, in the reign of Mary,

" A wilde roge and a ruffeler,  
 A paylyard, and a proud pedler,  
 A tame roge and a tynker,  
 A Abraham man and a frater,  
 A Jackman and a patrico,  
 A whipiack and a kitchinco,  
 A dell and a antemorte,  
 A counterfait cranke & a dor[t]e.  
 A demaunder for glymar,  
 A budy basket and a domerar,  
 A kitchinmort and a fresh mariner."

This tract bears the appearance of more labour in the composition than the preceding one, and, after " finis, quoth Petrus Pasqwinus," the author seems to have affixed his initials, " R. W."

J. H.

¶ *An informacion and Peticion agaynst the oppressours of the pore Commons of this Realme, compiled and Imprinted for this opely purpose that amongst them that haue to doe in the Parliamente, some godbye mynded men, may hereat take occacion to speake more in the matter then the Authoure was able to write. Esaye lviii. When you suffre none oppression to bee amongst you, and leaue of youre idle talke: then shal you cal vpon the Lord and he shal hear you, you shal crie, and he shal say, Behold I am at hand. n. d. \* or printer's name. Sixteens. 14 leaves.*

A spirited address to the Lords and Commons, from Robert Crowley † the printer, against both clergy and laity: requiring an examination and relief for the poor from tithes and usury, speculation of lease-holders, and other matters of oppression. As the author was afterwards vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and held other benefices, it may be hoped he acted with more Christian charity than appears in the following relation, which illustrates the manners of the clergy, on a subject noticed in an antecedent article. ‡

“ The Cleargie of the Citie of London, haue for theyr parte

\* After 1545, probably about 1547, and addressed to the first parliament assembled temp. Edw. VI.

† He is noticed as a preacher in the *Commemoration, &c.* (ante p. 287.) In the ninth lesson Bonner speaks:

“ One morne betime I loked forth,  
as ofte as I did before;  
And did se a pulpit, in churches wise,  
made by my prison dore.  
A preacher there was, that *Crowly* hight,  
whiche preached in that place,  
A meane if God had loyed me,  
to call me then to grace.  
*Hodie si vocem*, was his theme,  
and harden not thyne harte:  
As did the fathers the rebelles old  
that perished in desarte.  
Thus protestantes haue me slain  
with the power of the worde:” &c.

‡ *Ante*, p. 269.

optayned by Parliament authoritie to ouer tenthes euen after the exem[ple] of the landlordes and leasemongers, and maye by the vertue of the acte requir for double rentes, double tenthes. If the rent of any kynde of housyng or grounde wythin the Citie of Loñdon be raised (as ther is indeede veri much) frõ x<sup>s</sup>. to xx<sup>s</sup>. than may the persone (whoe had before but xvi<sup>d</sup>. ob.) by the vertu of this act demaunde ii<sup>s</sup>. ix<sup>d</sup>. the double. Bysydes this the exactions that they take of the pore comons, is to much beyonde al reason and conscience. No couple can be maried, but these mē must haue a dutie, as they cal it. No woman may be purified, but they and theyr ydle ministers must haue some duties of hir. None cā be buried, but they wyl haue a flyese. Not thre monethes before y<sup>e</sup>. begynnyng of this presēt parliamēt, I had iust occacion to be at the paymēt of this dutie for y<sup>e</sup>. buryng of an honest pore man, whose frēdes wer willyng to haue hys body reuerēdly layed in the grounde, and accordyng to the custome, gaue warnyng to the curate that they woulde brynge the deade body to the church: desyryng hym that he wolde do hys dutie and to be ther to receye it, and, accordyng to the custome, to laye it in the grounde. But this rauē smellyng the carion, coulde not but reueile it to the other carion byrdes of the same church, and so woulde needes come all together in a flocke to fetch theyr praye, with crosse and holy water as they were wont to do, notwythstandyng the Kynges Ininctions and late visitacion. The frendes of the deade man refused all this and required to haue no mor but the commune coffen to put the bodye in, agreynge to paye to the keper therof hys accustomed dutie, and inlyke maner to the graue maker and the foure pore men to cary the bodye, so that the whole charges had ben but vii<sup>d</sup>. But when the corps was buried, wythe out other crosse or holy water sticke, dirige, or masse, with prayers of as small deuotion, as any pore curate could saye, yet must we nedes pay vii<sup>d</sup>. more. That is to saye, i<sup>d</sup>. to the curate, which he called an heade pedye, and vi<sup>d</sup>. to ii clarkes that we had no nede of. This was done in Sepulchres paryshe in the Citie of London. And if it shall please any of this noble assemble to trye the trueth of this, I will verifie it where so euer I shall be called, euen in the presence of all the ydle ministers of the same church. This haue I written (most worthy couñsaylours) to geue you occasion to set suche an ordre in this and suche other thynges, that eyther we may haue ministers founde vpon the tēthes that we pay yerli to the churches: other els that it may be leafull for vs to do such ministeries our selues, and not to be thus cōstrained to feede a sorte of carion crowes, whyche  
are.

are neuer so mery as when we lament the losse of our frendes." \*

J. H.

¶ *The confession of the fayth of the Sweserlādes.*  
Twelves. 15 leaves. n. d. or printer's name.

" This confescion was fyrste wrytten and set out by the ministers of the churche and congregacion of Sweuerland,

\* A too rigid demand of the burial fees raised a popular outcry against the clergy. It is also noticed in another tract entitled: *A supplication of the poore Commons. Prouerbes xxi. Chapter. Whoso stoppeth his eare at the crynge of the poore, he shall crye hym selfe and shall not be heard. Whereunto is added the Supplication of Beggars.* Col. Anno M. ccccc. xlvi. No printer's name. 16mo. D 8. The writer for the poor Commons describes it customary " to se me begge for such dead corpses as haue nothinge to paye the pristes diuitie. Yea it is not longe sence there was in your highnes cytie of Londo a dead corps brought to the church to be buryed, being so poore that it was naked, wythout any cloth to couer it. But these charitable men whiche teache vs, that is one of the workes of mercy to bury the dead, woulde not take the paynes to bury the dead corps, onlesse they had theyr dutye, as they call it. In fyne, they caused the dead corps to be caryed into the strete agayne, and there to remayne tyll the poore people, whych dwelled in the place where the poore creature dyed, had begged so moch as the pristes call theyr dwe." This writer, addressing the king, tells him " a nombre is there of them that vnder the name of your chaplynes may dispend yerly by benefices, some one C some CC some CCC some CCCC. some CCCCC. yea, some M. markes and more. It is a comone saiying among vs your hyghnes pore comons (he continues) that one of your highnes chapplene not many yeres synce, vsed when he lusted to ride a brode for hys repast, to cary wyth hym a scrowle, wherin wrytten the names of the parishes wherof he was parson. As it fortunied, in hys iourney he aspied a churche standyng vpon a fayre hyl pleasauntly beset with groues and playn feldes, the goodly grene meadowes liyng beneth by the banks of a chrystaline ryuer garnished with willouse, poplers, palme trees, and alders, most beautiful to behold. This vigilant pastoure, taken with the syghte of this terestial paradise, sayd vnto a seruaunt of his (the clerke of his signet no doubt it was, for he vsed to cary his masters ryng in his mouth) Robin, sayd he, yonder benefice standeth very pleasantly. I would it were myne. The seruaunt aunswered, Why, sir, quoth he, it is your owne benefice. and named the parish. Is it so? quoth your chaplen: and with that he pulled out his scroule to se for certentie whether it were so or not."

where all godlynes is receyued, and the worde hadde in moste reuerence, and from thence was sent vnto the Emperours maiestie, then holdyng a gryat counsell or parliamēt in the yeare of our Lord God, M.v.C. xxxvii. in the moneth of February. Translated out of Latē, by George Vsher, a Scotchman, who was burned in Scotland, the yeare of oure Lorde M.v.C. xl. VI. . . . Of holy matrimony. We iudge mariage, which was instytute of God for all men apte & mete therfore, whiche are not called from it by any other vocatiō, to repugne to holynes of no ordre, the whiche mariage as the churche auctoriseth it, and celebrates, and solemniseth it with orison and prayer. And therefore we reiecte and refuse this monckely chastite and all hole this slouthful and slouggishe sorte of lyfe of superstitious men, as abominablye inuented and excōgitat thyng, and abandon it as a thinge repugnant bothe to the comune weale and to the churche. And so confyrmeth and stablissheth it, so it belogeth to the magistrate to se that it be worthely bothe begonne and worshypped and not broken but for iust cause. . . . It was our pleasure to vse these wordes at this present tyme that we myght declare our opinion in our religio and worshynenge of God. Finis. The truth wyl haue the vpper hand."

\* \*

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¶ *Newes concernynge the general coucell holden at Trydent by the Emperoure and the Germaines wyth all the nobles of Hungarye, Constanople and Rome. Translated oute of Germaine into Englysh by Ihon Holibush. Anno 1548. Cum priuilegio ad Impremendum Solum. Sixteens. Ten leaves.*

This tract commences at back of title, as an epistle, though unaddressed. The following is the speech of the Emperōr to the Turkish messengers solliciting peace. "Though it becommeth not our maiestye, to make any appoyntmēt with the enemy of our religion, nother hath y<sup>e</sup>. godly maiesty euer left vs aydelesse hetherto, but alway prospereth & helpeth vs to vanqnysh our enemyes: so that no man ther is, whych can auance and say; I haue overcome Charles in battayll. For so much also as Almyghtye God hath endued vs wyth so greate puyssance, ryches, men of warre & captaynes, so that we riende not to be afrayed of any mā in the wōrld: yet for the tēder  
loue

loue that we owe to our brother the king of the Romanes, Ho-  
gary, & Bemese we cōdescēde, alow & ratifye the truce of  
fyue yeares but vpon that cōdicion, y<sup>e</sup> the Turkysh Emperour  
do sende vs hys letters & specificacyō concerning this peace.  
Whā the Turkysh messaungers had receaued thys coragious  
answere of the emperiall maiesty, they are returned to theyr  
Lorde, which continently sente ouer the foresayde letters, in  
the whyche he calleth the Emperours maiesty a Lord of the  
Christen worlde. These letters came here to Ausborowe the  
xxi day of Nouember, whyche I haue both handeled and sene.  
These be wrytten wyth greate and vnsuemely letters, and on the  
top sygned with the great Turkes armes of gold. I doubte  
whether I euer haue seene any suche lyke, they be nother  
Chalde nor Hebrue letters, the Lord Gerard Veltwick sayth  
they be Arabyck letters. . . . Farewell. Wryten from August  
the syxt daye of December. The yeare of our Lorde. M.D. Xlviii.  
Imprinted at Londo, in Saynt Andrewes paryshe, in the ware  
dropt, by Thomas Raynalde. \* \*

¶ *A Thousand Notable things of sundry sortes.  
Wherof some are wonderfull, some straunge, some  
pleasant, diuers necessary, a great sort profitable and  
many very precious.*

*This Boke bewrayes that some had rather hide,  
which who so buyes their money is not lost :  
For many a thing therein, if truly trade,  
wil gaine much more, thē twenty such wil cost.  
And diuers else great secretes will detect,  
and other moe of rare or straunge effect.  
It is not made to please some one degree,  
no, no, nor yet to bring a gaine to few :  
For each therby, how ritch or poore they bee,  
may reape much good, & mischiefes great eschew.  
The paines and trauell hethertoo is mine :  
the gaine and pleasure hence forth will be thine.*

*Imprinted at London by Iohn Charlewood, for Hughe  
Spooner, dwelling in Lombardstreete, at the signe of  
the Cradle. qto. m. d. pp. 302, without introduction.*

Dedicated "to the Right Honourable, vertuous and affable  
Lady Margaret, Countesse of Darby," hoping for pardon in

the rashness, and beseeching her "to haue the first smell of these sweete, pleasant, straung, beautifull and precious flowers; not growing in one garden, but in sundry soyles; not quickly found, but long a gathering, and not all of one property, but of diuerse qualities." Subscribed "your Honorable L. most humble to commaund, Thomas Lupton"\*

In the preface of the author to the reader, he declares his book to contain "manye notable rare, pleasaunt, profitable and precious thinges (meaning one with another) as neuer were yet set forth in anye volume in our vulgar or English tongue, nay, diuers of them were neuer hetherto printed, nor written that euer I knew; but onely that I writ them at such tymes as I hearde them credibly reported. Thinking them such rare thinges as was worthy to be registred. Marry, I must confesse, I haue selected and pycked a great sorte oute of Latine writers, the authors or wryters whereof, I haue named most commonly at the end of the same. And some notable and precious thinges I gathered out of some old Englishe wrytten bookes, and some also not long since printed, vnworthy to be hyd, and great pittie but they should be knowne. . . . I haue deuided this into ten bookes, euery one wherof, containes a hundreth of the intituled Notable thinges: which are in all a thousand."

These "rare things" are a collection of receipts of various kinds, many of them medicinal, intermingled with short stories, and somewhat marvellous. As a sample ten will characterize the thousand.

"There is many do the thinges in their sleepe, that they that be awake vse to do. For they wyl walke about the house and chamber, and wyl go to other folkes beddes, and dare do any thing without feare. Whereof there are many daylye examples. But one among all the rest (which was credibly told me) was maruelous straunge, and almost incredible. Which was: that two men lying in bed together, the one of them being fast a sleepe, tooke the keyes and unlocked the doores and the gate of the house, and so tooke his bowe & arrowes,

\* If Herbert's index is correct at this writer's name, the present work is not any where noticed, though there was more than one edition. In the *Monthly Magazine* for Nov. 1809, p. 393, is a short account of the book, stating the preface, &c. to be in Roman or italic characters: in the subject of the present article it is in black-letter, and it has not any table of contents as there mentioned.

and



and went to a wood or chase about a myle from thence, and kylled a bucke or a doe, and then dyd couer and hyde the same in the wood: and then came home againe vnlocking and locking the gates and doores againe, and layde the keyes where he had them, and so went to bed. The other man that lay with him being awake, folowed him and dyd see all that he dyd. But he would not go to bed, but stayde a whyle in another place, to see the ende thereof. And assoone as the other was in his bedde, he tooke his dagger, stabbing and thrusting therwith in the bedde, where the other man dyd lye, and by and by after awaking, sayde: alas what haue I done, I haue kylled him. The other answered, nay, I am not kylled yet, thankes be to God. Then sayde he: for I was a dreamed that I kylled a bucke in such a place, & that thou dyd see me where I dyd kyl him, and hyd him: and thinking thou would bewray me, I thought to kyll thee. But I am glad, sayde he, that it was but a dreame. Then the other sayde: if it were a dreame, thy dreame is then true. For thou hast performed all the dreame: except the kylling of me. Which he would not belecue vntyll the next day: when he that laye with him, caryed him to the place where he himselfe tolde that he dyd hyde the sayde bucke. Where indeede they founde the bucke kylled, as he before tolde in his dreame. A maruelous matter if it were true.

“ Many haue proued that a saphire tied to the Attyer, doth put away the heat in an ague. And the same stone borne against thy hart, doth preserue the bearer thereof from the plague, and from venemous thinges. Rasis, et Albertus. And other.

“ If you marke where your right foote doth stand at the fyrst tyme y<sup>e</sup>. you do hear the cuckoo: and then graue or take vp the earth vnder the same, whersoeuer the same is sprinckled about: there wyll no fleas breede. Plynie by Mizaldus report. And I knowe that it hath bene proued true.

“ The eyes of young swallowes being in the nest, prickt with an needle or a pynne, & so made blinde, within fowre or five dayes after, they wyl see again. Which is very true, for I haue proued it. But howe they reconer their syght I knowe not: but dyuers wryte, if their eyes be hurt, the olde swallowes restores their sight againe with the iuyce of Celendin.

“ In the common place where the censors of Venys syttes, there neuer enters any flyes. Gandeur. Merula. And in the fleshe shamble of Toledo, a cittie in Spayne, is not seene but one flye in all the whole yeare. As Leo Paptist sayeth. And in Westminster Hall, in the tymber worke there, is not to bee  
founde

founde one spyder, nor a spyder webbe. Because (as it is thought) the tymber wherewith the rooffe is buylded, was brought out of Irelande and dyd growe there. In all which cuntry of Irelande, I haue not onely hearde it credibly tolde, that there is neyther spyder, tode, nor any other venemous thing: but also that some of the earth of that cuntry hath bene brought hether, wheron a tode being layd, she hath dyed presently. Though this be maruelous & strange, yet it is true.

“ A certaine wench was borne within sixteen miles of London, who within a yeaere and a halfe after her byrth, dyd begyn to eate earth, stoness, bricke, and grauell. And so continued therin, (hauing all her delyght in eating of such baggage:) also she dyd eate the woollen sleeues that were on her armes, besydes that she dyd eat a gloue. And on a tyme as her mother dyd feede her with mylke, there chaunst to fall a great peece of soote out of the chymney, into the sayd mylke: which soote, the sayd chyld tooke out of y<sup>e</sup>. dysh with her fyngers, and dyd eate it most greedily. She abhorred then bread & butter, and other such natural food. Wherby she was maruelously consumed with a fluxe, and she yet lyueth, hauing nothing on her but skyn and bone. I sawe her in Iune, 1577. She was borne in Chayrsey, within two or thre myles of Stanes, at which tyme she was full three yeaeres of age.

“ A tode being strucken of a spyder, or of a serpc̃t, doth helpe herselfe by eating of planten. Plinius. For confyrmation wh̃ reof, a tode being on the ground hard by a wall, a spyder dyd suddenly strike the sayde tode on the backe: which when the tode felt, begynning to swell, dyd eat of planten nye vnto the place. Wherof being well, the spyder againe, dyd poyson the tode, with her venome as before, which done, the tode preserued her selfe with the sayde planten as before. But one that chaunst to beholde the same, dyd then cutte vp the sayde planten, and tooke it away from that place. Which tode the thyrde tyme being strucken, or rather poysoned of the spyder, as before: immediatly searching for the sayde planten, (for as it shoulde seeme there was no more planten nye to that place:) which when she coulde not fynde, dyd swell so sore, that soone after she dyd burst withall. The party that dyd take away the same planten, and dyd see this straunge & maruelous matter, dyd tell me this for a verye trueth. Whose credyte I knewe to be such, that I am bolde here to place the same hauing such good occasion. And I hearde that a noble man of this realme dyd see the lyke.

“ Wryte what you wyl, on fayre whyte paper, with the iuyce of a redde onion, well myxed and tempered with the  
whyte

whyte of an egge, which being drie, wyl appeare as though it were onely playne paper, without any wryting. But if you holde it against the fyre, you maye then easlye reade it, or perceyue the letters.

“ Whosoëuer shall, especially, the fyrst Frydaye in May, and euery other Frydaye in May, before the rising of the sunne, graue vp two turfes of new growne grasse with the dew vpon the same, & then doth tyè the grasse sydes of them together, and shall then laye the same in a water in the syde of a ponde, or in some other water, so that the vehemencie of the water dooth not remouè the sayde turfes from the place where they be layde, & so letting them lye there vnremoued nyne or tenne dayes: if at the ten dayes ende, he shall take vp the sayde turfes, and vntye or loose y<sup>e</sup>. same, he shal finde a great sort of young eeles within the same, although there be not one eele in y<sup>e</sup>. same water at the laying there, of the sayde turfes. And then if he tye the sayde turfes with the young eeles together againe, & lay them againe in the same water, a great encrease of eeles wyl after come therof. This was credibly tolde me for a very trueth, of one that dyd try the same. I thinke they breede of the same dew.

“ A partrych wyl crye alowde, and will teare or breake the cage or coope where she is fedde, if therebe any deadly medcyn or poyson prepared within the same house, which shee dooth feele presentlye, and also hath knowledge thereof, through a woonderfull speciall and rare gift of nature. *Actius ex pisone.*”

J. H.

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¶ *A Forest of Varieties. First part. Non aliena meo pressi pede. London, printed by Richard Cotes. 1645. Folio. pp. 243.*

Copious extracts from these miscellanies of Dudley, third Lord North, have appeared in Sir Egerton Brydges's *Memoirs of the English Peerage*, and some further account of the volume was inserted by Mr. Park in the *Royal and Noble Authors*. In addition to these notices, the present copy establishes an earlier appearance of the work than hitherto supposed. A fly leaf has the following manuscript note: “ This booke was written by y<sup>e</sup>. Lord

Lord Northe, & giuen my [me] by himselfe, 11<sup>th</sup> June, 1645." The prefatory introduction is unentitled, and contains the author's account of his own work.

" My Friend; for so you are, or at least I intend you; bee favourable to these my innocent lines which meane nothing but your good: they meet with an unfriendly time, and though my selfe have kept them these late yeares of our troubles, like a candle under a bushel, without so much as casting my owne eye vpon them; I feare you will admit others, perhaps, neither friends to you nor me; which if against my will you do, I have yet taught them to say something for themselves, and here and there they will return a tooth; they were designed, as they tell you, to a domestique confinement, impatient of publique view, and still of shop mart and residence; whosoever censures, shall not be entituled to it as at publique stage-playes, for his money, whereupon I hope he will bee the more modest and indulgent: but now meeting with this plundering age, if they venture not to undergoe the presse, they are obnoxious to a sodain destruction; nor are their master and themselves so free from the connaturall epidemicall disease of vanity, as easily to consent the annihilation of so many houres productions, especially seeing diuise of the graver sort of spirits have long since advised the publication even of their most light and airy parts: nor doe I remember that ever I knew a parent of a deformed child lesse carefull of its preservation then of the most beautifull: St. Paul made himselfe every thing to every body to win some; the very præludes and anti-past of these may happily lead to good and wholesome nourishment, such is my wish.

" Since the birth of these pieces, the world I suppose hath never experienced so great a liberty and prostitution of the presse, to me, there was never lesse of writing, I have laboured with strong griefs and cares, and yet they found at last a tongue; the direfull extremities and convulsions which my unhappy country, and my self in it have suffered these last yeeres make good with me the saying of *Ingentes curæ stupent*: partiality found much, ingenuity little freedom: the first surprize was such as caryed me to an affectation of dissolution rather then to endure the spectatorship of the growing miseries & approaching tragedies; nay, spectatorship was not allowed, embarque you must, and in a manner embarqued already was I by my naturall condition; totall retirednes had been my former course and resolution; now forced from it, what had I to do, but according to my acquired habit of mind, steere my course as I conceived my relations in fairest duty, affection, honesty

honesty and reason to require? this, casting off my self, & all private interest and consideration I did: the learned sophistical spirits of another not of so fair a mind cast out such mists from the \*Morasses, wherein they had formerly engaged us, as troubled both mine, and the generall digestion of otherwise no weakly disposed constitutions; this lay long heavy upon me, til at length that good God who hath ever miraculously assisted me in my greatest distresses, dispersed my clouds, commanded & necessitated me to perish rather in doing my duty to himself, my King, & country, then so poorly as I had abandoned my selfe in contracting and yeelding to a growing † infirmity and ruine. His inspiration I obeyed, and hee bath so blessed me, that in despite of unexpressible disorders of body and mind, as I have conquered all feares and apprehension of whatever consequences, so doe I in my station and daily duty surmount my not only late but ancient infirmity; I wrap my selfe in my honest resolves, steering for the best, untroubledly prepared for the worst. But I am faine amongst the *Noli me tangere's*. And now again for a spirt to my book: poore book of a most unhappy author, what fate, what genius canst thou expect to make thee happier than thy master? Yet thus far I will encourage thee, that from the fairest, from the best constituted, he hath generally reaped fauorable opinion; for others, respect them as little as he, seek thy happines within thy self, and not abroad, they will have their sayings, but thy good constitution will beare thee out against malignant blasts; wander the least thou canst, kepe close to thy friends, & tell them that the many abruptions and *et cæteras* of thy most serious, sad, and devout pieces of prose were occasioned by diverse expungings of matter intended only for a son, or a descendant.

“ We are now in an extraordinary early, faire promising, and comfortable spring, and by God's grace upon a treaty for peace: may the King be happy in good counsel, and beleeving wel of such as seek nothing more then his, and his peoples happinesse; this is our crisis of emerging, or utter ruine; *Pais gastè vault mieux que pais perdu. Benedicat Deus.*

Febr. the 10th, 1644.” ‡

\* Or mud of their own breeding. *Mar.*

† “ And inevitable” follows here, but erased with a pen. The copy has many similar corrections.

‡ Instead of the above Mr. Park notices that “ a dedication to the Queen of Bohemia, bears date July 31, 1645, superseded in the second edition, by a quaint address to the author's Alma mater, Cantabrigia.” *Royal and Noble Authors, Vol. III. p. 84.*

Part

Part I. has a *Preludium* addressed, as appears by the text, to a niece of Sir Philip Sydney. Part II. *Exonerations*; has a short prose advertisement, unentitled, dated March 15, 1637. Part III. is not distinguished by further title; the first page inscribed "This still let me preface to the faire Philosophicall Inclination."—Near the end of the first part are "Suddaine Touches in the nature of Characters, written about the yeare 1625." One may be selected, upon a subject that employed the attention of various writers after the appearance of Eliot's *Governor*, and will shew in what colours a noble author would draw an outline of a younger branch of his own family.

### " *A Gentleman*

" Both by descent and quality stands ever bound to his good behaviour, outwardly in a faire, civill, courteous, well ordered fashion, and inwardly in piety, charity, justice, courage, truth, temperance, and those other vertues which the schooles teach; for if outwardly he be incomposed in his carriage and civill respect, he will appeare to men that understand good fashion as full of solecism, and more absurd then the arrentest clown before a petty justice of peace; and therefore he will make it a businesse, so much to frequent companies of the best respect, and to season himselfe with their fashions, as that thereby he may avoid in the least sort to become ridiculous, especially *prima facie*. As for those inward seasonings which are to this, as the substance to the colour, hee will omit no occasion to give prooffe thereof, as fearing to belie his parentage and title, and to prove himselfe a wolfe and vermin in the eyes of good men, who ought to have doubled his lustre by worth and goodnesse. Hee will therefore be a strict examiner of himselfe, and least iudulgent to his owne errors. Hee will make truth his guide, for lies are but the bolts of fooles that fall on their owne heads, and moderation his governour, for it is the basis of all vertues. Hee will avoid occasions of expence and quarrell; but being ingaged to them, he will carry himselfe nobly, and come off with honour; for to be cast behinde hand in fame or fortune, is much more difficult to recover then to prevent. His gifis shall be according to reason, not in excesse, yet inclining rather to the most, for else they lose their good acceptance; but being excessive he loseth his thanks, as seeming to give what he esteemeth not, and tainteth his judgement

ment in not understanding proportion. VVhen he falleth to game, let him not think it only an idle pastime; for to a good observer it is one of the most perspicuous discoverers of our inward disposition and affection. Hee will mingle pleasure with profit, but will make recreation his servant, not his master. Honour and vertue shall bee his chief aime, nor will he draw a note upon himselfe for any thing but tending thereunto. He will by his curtesie make continuall purchase of affection, but especially in his owne house where he can hardly over-act it. Yet towards men of insolent demand and carriage it were but unmannerly to imploy it. Civility is an important piece of society, especially amongst the better sort, and like other qualities, it is to be exercised with great discretion. and good temper. High and braving spirits unseasoned therewith, would like cocks and mastiffes, impatient of the fiercenesse of one anothers eyes, uncollected and unrecalled, assault each other with blowes instead of salutes. There have been divers books written of the institution of a prince, of a courtier, of severall ridiculous and tedious kinde of complements, which some use as saddles to all horses, tyrannous oppressions to solid dispositions, and such as abound therein get nothing but the purchase of lyers, which is not to bee credited when they speake truth; whereas an old fashioned free-hearted word or two to the purpose are ever more significant and effectuall. There hath also been some treatises framed to frame a good ambassadour; but none that I know have descended to the formall and now morall part of civill and respective demeanor in giving and returning visits, receptions, and convoyes, giving place at home, and at the table, and suchlike; some retired ambassadour or secretary might well performe such a taske. Hee will affect more to heare then to speake, but when hee unfoldeth himselfe, hee will consider what, and to whom, and euer containe himselfe within the bounds of his knowledge and truth; otherwise hee shall be a loser by one of his best blessings, his language. Hee will not shew that brutish sensualitie to carry his mind in his belly, nor his soule upon his backe, much lesse let it transmigrate into a horse or dogge. Bookes and women hee will use with discretion and moderation, lest they devoure and confound him, nor shall hee make right use of either who beareth not himselfe above them; all these are to bee used for life, and not as if wee lived onely for them. Hee will educate his sonne to be like himselfe, and not infuse grammar and philosophie into him in such sort as if nothing else concerned him and his well-being. And therefore hee will bring him up to the true understanding of honour and true reputation, and  
make

make him no stranger to the managing of a house and fortune which as much importeth him; and the strangeness whereof to young mindes wholly ingaged to other studies and delights, is one of the greatest causes of so many ruins to private fortunes. What is most comely and right shall bee his study, and to discern of truth and right requires fulnesse as wel of acquise as naturall furniture. Judgement of comelnesse comes the more easily upon common observation. That becomes us best which is most our owne, most proper and proportionable to the circumstances of our fortune and condition. It is over incident to many to trouble themselves, incurre contempt, and ruine their estates by an erroneous affectation of greater expense, curiositie, and bravery, then would bee expected from them: such breed and feed the canker that consumes them. What is observed and approved by the best, most sober, and judicious, and neither to leade nor contemne to follow the fashion is the best rule: to be outwardly too different is monstrous, to be affected and curious, light and ridiculous. But I have past my hower and will not exceede, nor intend I either to write all or any thing formally or fully in this subject; or if I did know it were but lost labour, for nature and preoccupate affection so possesse us that impressions may be renewed and confirmed, but hardly first wrought upon the mind by the pen, especially without predisposition of naturall parts, assiduity of meditation, and iteration, if not also the addition of frequent and authorized example. In effect much pen-labour might bee spared, at least in matters of moralitie, for the best natures and judgements with experience need it not, and the worst are incorrigible.

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Observe and practise this confused heap,  
 And you may chance no small advantage reap:  
 Nothing more fairely then discretion growes,  
 Yet wit not ever clad in beautie goes:  
 Some say that nature doth the mind neglect,  
 Whilst shee the body doth too much affect;  
 'Tis best I grant, when both are richly joynd;  
 But if you love your selfe, love best the mind.  
 If you this inventory rude despise,  
 You may, I doubt, more curious prove then wise.

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“ *A Supplement to the Gentleman at such time as hee was out of my hands.*

“ Hee will practise frugalitie not so much out of a base affection to the love of money, as out of a generall election  
 which



which hee hath made in all things to order himselfe by that which is the best, most comely and reasonable; whereunto hee will subject all his affections, and thereby avoyd the ingageing himselfe upon a present heate and humour to infinite inconveniences and repentance, which hee might incurre (as men daily doe) by rejecting a due regard to the distant future, and the true use of that discourse and reason which God hath given him, wherewith to governe his actions and resolutions, and which differenceth him from the beasts of the fields. Nay, it is ordinarily seene, that even the brute beasts themselves in their courses doe lesse digresse from such reason as concerneth them, then many an inordinate and wilfull man. His course and demeanour shall bee euer constant, equable, and correspondent to his fairest ends and pretences, as flowing from the same fountaine, all of a tenure, all of a peece, avoyding that just reprehension which falls often upon none of the least eminent, of being one in publick, other in private: now brave and generous, and presently unworthy and sordid; unweaving their owne web, and unadvisedly clothing themselves in such motley as they would otherwise disdain to put on. Hee will not bee a libertine in his jests towards men, much lesse towards God, and therefore will kill such itch in his tongue as most odious in religion, and most pernicious to himselfe and others. All discoveries of an affected humour detract from him in the censure of the most judicious. Wherefore hee will decline them, especially in his cloathing, for it argues too great levitie to bee employed therein, and too poore a diffidence of his proper worth to seeke esteeme and valuation from it. I will little esteeme the respect of man or woman who shall respect outward more then inward bravery, or rich apparell more then a rich mind, though both doe well with women, the best of them are not carried with showes. He will not easily upon argument enter into passion, which but argues his owne doubt and weaknesse, for a cleare understanding will pitie or endeavour to rectifie, but not bee troubled at others ignorance; and calmenesse maintained with a friend is better then to prevaile in the cavills of dispute. He will examine his owne sufficiencie and goodnesse by the best authors, and the wisest and best men, and approve of himselfe onely so farre as hee proveth conformable unto them, and finding himselfe fit to doe service to God, his king or country, hee will put off all restinesse and sloath; and set himselfe forward to the imployment of his best industrie and abilities for the common good, yet-ever so that hee regard due opportunitie, and modesty, and make use of meanes just and honorable

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towards his advancement and imployment: for though audacitie prevaile often upon others weakenesse, yet it is more secure from disgrace to bee over-modest and considerate, then overbold and presumptuous; nor will preferment unduely attained bee valued and respected by mindes truly worthy and noble. There are amongst us a barbarous kind of gallants who conceive it great bravery to looke big and contemptuously, especially upon strangers, towards whom in truth a formalitie and curtesie of fashion is most requisite; and many women are not free from taxe, who commonly have neither freedome nor civillitie in store but for their servants; they thinke to endeare and set themselves off by such carriage, though often voyd of other worth; wee become accessary to their rudenesse by terming it rather pride than rusticitie, which it truly is: they are proud to be thought proud, but should be taught better manners by a just and outdoing scorne and censure; we nourish it in them by sinking under it, and blame what wee breed, as wee doe children whom we first teach to be liquorish by giving them what they otherwise had not affected. It is also no small fault in great ones not to be courteous to their inferiours, or not to countenance worth in place of their advantage; they expose themselves often rather to suffer (a presumptuous obruding) familiaritie then fairely to invite it, whereby they open the doore to sawcy boldnesse, and shut it upon the better and more modest dispositions. Though it bee true that there is nothing whereon worthily to fix our affections in this world, nor valuable to the fleeting and uncertaine life of man, yet hee will above all earthly things esteeme of true honour and goodnesse, as of that which will make him the most respected by the wisest and best of men, most advantagious to perpetuate unto him a faire and happy reputation (which the most worthy and magnanimous spirits have ever laboured for) and most acceptable to God who cannot be pleased in any thing incompatible and unlike to himselfe. If therefore hee either value to bee well regarded by vertuous men, to leave a good reputation and name to descend upon his posteritie, to bee secure from the ruines, scornes, and punishments that evill men daily undergoe, or to bee well accepted with God, whereby to provide to himselfe a welbeing as well after as in this present life, let him labour for the true understanding of vertue, as the onely rich habit of a faire soule; the knowledge whereof cannot faile to render him like unto it selfe: nor is it any thing but a wilfull and stupid blindnesse to the discerning thereof, that causeth the defect and contempt of it in those many weake and uncultivated spirits that these aud all times produce."

J. H.

¶ *The Original & sprynge of all sectes & orders by whome, whā or were they beganne. Translated out of hys Dutch in Englysh. [In an architectural compartment, having for date on the sill] 1537. 12mo. 68 leaves.*

An address "to the reader," commences at the back of the title, after that "the contentes of thys treatyse. 1. lxxxiiii orders, sectes or religiōs vnder the Byshop of Rome. 2. xiiii faythes and sectes of Chistēdom only, besyde all other. 3. xvi sectes and supersticiōs of the Jewes or Hebrues." The volume concludes with

¶ *The fayth of the Indians, euen as one Mathew the embassadoure of Presteriās dyd utter it before Emanuel kynge of Portingale Anno. M. D. Xiii.*

1 Fyrst do they beleue with vs the trinite of persons and one God.

2 And y<sup>e</sup> same maruaylously to haue created heauen, earth, and all that is conteyned in both of nothyng.

3 That Iesus Christe, the anoynted kyng the saueoure and the Messias, so oft promysed by the prophetes, the very sonne of the true God, was borne of Mary the virgine both before and after the byrth in Bethleem the cytie of Dauid.

4 And that the same beyng iudged of Pilate the wycked debite or lewtenaunt of the Romanes in Jewry, dyed at Jerusalem for our synnes, and was buried.

5 And continently to haue gone downe to hell, whose gates he brake: and on y<sup>e</sup>. thyrde daye he rose agayne alyue, wyth great victory of hys enemyes and death: and finally to haue ascended vp to heauen by a wonderfull ascension, from whence he came.

6 They beleue also an vniuersall and immortall resurreccio<sup>n</sup> of the bodyes, after thys mortall lyfe.

7 They beleue also in the same fayth, that Christ shall iudge both the good and euell, & that euery man shall receaue rewarde accordyng to hys dedes done in thys lyfe.

8 After thys iudgmēt shall the godly haue euerlastyng ioye, but the wycked euerlastyng payne.

9 They (as we) kepe the X commaundementes.

10 They graunte VII deadly synnes also.

11 They haue all the bokes of scripture as we.

- 12 They haue the iiii gospels also.
- 13 And of Paules Epistles do they want none.
- 14 They approue all y<sup>e</sup> artikles of y<sup>e</sup> crede.
- 15 They prefer the pater noster before all other prayers.
- 16 They make much also of y<sup>e</sup> Aue Mary.
- 17 Their chyldren do they baptysse wyth holy water on the vii daye, and also circumsise them after Moses law after y<sup>e</sup> costume and vse of longe tyme.
- 18 On twolfthyde also doth all the people yearly professe openly theyr fayth with great ioye, and so are they baptysed agayne.
- 19 They saye masse also. nerehande after our vse, & that nother for lucre or auau tage.
- 20 The sacramente of altare do they esteeme the chefe and principall, confessynge syncerely there to be the body and bloude of Christ, and communicate vnder both kyndes.
- 21 They confesse the holy oyle & anyntyng to be sacramētes.
- 22 As soone as they haue synned, do they to shreue themselves to a prest.
- 23 The penaunce do they diligētly fulfyl.
- 24 Fastynge do they accomplysh wythout eatynge of flesh or fysh.
- 25 Lent do they begynne on Septuagesima.
- 26 The Sondaye and other holy dayes institute of theyr byshops, do they kepe reuerently.
- 27 They haue the remembraunce of Christes passion on the last weke of Lent, as we.
- 28 Palmesodaye do they vse with vs also, and Candelmasse.
- 29 Procession goynge do they vse also.
- 30 They kepe Alhalowtyde and alsoule daye also.
- 31 Ashwednysdaye accordeth with vs both in ceremonyes and tyme.
- 32 They haue also monasteryes, not only of men, but also of women, luyng in great abstinence.
- 33 Whereof some cloysters haue vii or viii C. or a M. persons.
- 34 One hyll is there, wheron dwell xii M. religious persons whiche may in no wyse begge, but laboure for theyr luynges: neuer the lesse yf ony almesse be geue them, that maye they take wel ynough, so that it be not craued.
- 35 They haue preachers to teach Christes fayth, and that of the best learned amōge the prestes & religious.
- 36 There are many hospitals for the poore only to be lodged and tended.

37 The churches are a centuary for mysdoers, but so, that he that is manslayer be so slenderly fed that at the laste he must dye of hungre.

38 Theyr dead do they bury wyth no lesse ceremonyes than, & also in churches.

39 Holy men and of heauenly conuersacio<sup>n</sup> do they cano- nizat, after they haue searched theyr lyfe diligently,

40 Men mary but one wyfe at once, and that at the church dore.

41 And after olde costumes & lawes they mary none wythin the vii degre, nother may theyr Patriarke dispense here wyth.

42 They haue images of all sayntes in theyr churches.

43 Holy water do they kepe, and thynke y<sup>t</sup> it chaseth away wycked spretes.

44 They haue many churches, belles and holy vestimentes for spirituall seruices.

45 They kepe mydsomer moost solely.

46 They begynne the yeare at Septēbre.

47 They knowe ther is an head byshop of Rome, but the cause that they obey hym not, is the grēat distaunce from hym.

48 Saynte Bartholomew the Apostle taught them fyrst the fayth and gospell.

49 Theyr prestes are maryed, but after the wyues deceasse they mary not agayne, neuerthelesse theyr patriarke lyueth chaste.

¶ Thys dyd y<sup>e</sup> aforesayde Mathew confesse in the prese<sup>n</sup>ce of the nobles & clargy of Portyngale.

¶ Here endeth the treatyse of all sectes, orders and religions both of Christendom and the Jewes. Translated out of hie Dutch in Englyshe.

¶ Printed in Southwarke by me James Nicolson for Ihon Gough. Cum Priuilegio."

\* \*

¶ *Parnassi Puerperium: or some Well-wishes to Ingenuity, in the Translation of Six Hundred of Owen's Epigrams; Martial de Spectaculis, or of Rarities to be seen in Rome; and the most select, in Sir Tho. More. To which is annex a Century of Heroick Epigrams, Sixty whereof concern the Twelve Cæsars; and the Forty remaining, several deserving persons.*

*By the Author of that celebrated Elegie upon Cleve-  
land: Tho. Pecke of the Inner Temple, Gent.\**

*Ista tamen mala sunt. Quasi nos manifesta negemus:  
Hæc mala sunt: sed tu, non meliora facis.*

*Mart. l. 2. Ep. 8.*

*My stock of wit is small; let them who flout  
My poverty, be pleas'd to bear me out.*

*Printed at London by J. Cottrel, for Tho. Bassett in  
St. Dunstons Church yard in Fleet street, 1659.  
Small Oct.*

“ To the Ingenious Readers,” the author has a plain address, wherein he observes, “ although no part of poetry but is at my command, I have made choice of Epigrams, as the very nerves of this exquisite art For if a poem be good, it consists of nothing else but various epigrams, cemented by a dexterous sagacity. And not onely verse, but prose, is dull, and languishing, unlesse the sparkling genius of the epigrammatist, be artificially interwoven. That *plaudit* the world were pleased to vouchsafe my elegie, upon the unparalleled poet Mr. Cleaveland, forbids me to complain of that carping humour, notoriously predominant in English men in relation to any authors of their own countrey. The candid acceptance granted me then, I have no reason to suspect now, from ingenious and deserving persons of all sort. And as for a generation of Sciolists, that make it their recreation to slight others, either natural, or acquired endowments; I craye at their hands, to give the world as ample a testimony of their abilities, as I have done of mine. And then if they think my Epigrams routed, I shall desire them to trie their valour upon my satyrs. T. P.”

Some Latin verses, subscribed, “ *Hæc in amicitia  
Tessaram profudit P. Piscator,*” † precede three books of Owen’s Epigrams A new title for “ *Libellus de Spectaculis,* or an account of the most memorable monuments of the Romane Glory;” wherein Martial is “ periphrastically translated into English verse.” Another title to “ certain select Epigrams, translated out of the

\* There is a very rare portrait of the author, mentioned by Granger. An eminent collector, I am told, was above seven years before he could obtain it.

† Payne Fisher.

works of that upright Lord Chancellor and facetious poet, Sir Tho. More, &c.

Did they acceptance finde, which went before?  
To speak of wit, these have fourty times MORE."

The last division of "Heroick Epigrams," has also a title-page. After those on passages in the lives of the Cæsars, are some upon various subjects, wherefrom the following may shew the author's power to command all "parts of poetry." The first is addressed

" *To his Serene Highnesse, Richard, Lord Protector.*

" Avgustus was most lovely in the eyes  
Of Rome's grave senate, who did eternise  
His fame, and without arguings agree  
To honour him, with *Pater Patriæ*.  
In a pacifick and auspicious hour,  
You made an ingresse to the supream power.  
Your sweet demeanour gives publick content,  
Love, candor, finde but few, malevolent:  
Your father Julius was; Avgustus be;  
Your countrey's father; *Mecænas* to me."

" *To those excellent Conveyancers, Sir Orlandb Bridgman, and the worthy Mr. Geofry Palmer.*

" Wise Greece and Rome did both in this combine,  
To make addresses, to the Delphian shrine;  
And with divine Apollo to advise,  
Was the prelude of an enterprise.  
Few English men dare purchase an estate  
Unless your wisdoms, unsophisticate,  
The title vouch. Ye can stop Hyinen's way;  
For portions, joyntures, both sexes must pay  
Due thanks. Wise fathers ranters keep in awe,  
Craving from ye (the oracles of law)  
Help to entail their lands: whilst yourselves be,  
Tenants of riches, of renown, in fee."

" *To a certain old Barrister.*

" Grave Monsieur Plowden elec ed a time  
To tell my father, law's not wit in rhyme:

Ergo, I must the two-topt mount descie,  
 And give my vale unto poetry.  
 Were not thy skin good buffe, my Muse should send  
 The long-nail'd furies; which thy soul should rend.  
 I have fierce satyrs, that can assault hell:  
 Dash out Medæa's brains. in spight of spell:  
 Reclaim an unback'd impudence: make bleed  
 A rock: and stab the fell Medusa's head.  
 And dares thy empty skull bandy at me,  
 Lord paramount of gross stupidity?"

“ *To that profound Grecian, Mr. Duport, President of  
 Trinity College, in Cambridge.*

“ The witty limner, ancient poets fed  
 With that which admir'd Homer vomited.  
 Your curious palat hated that crude meat;  
 Homer himself you disjoynted, and eat:  
 And lest his children should the fact reveal,  
 You devour'd them too, the succeeding meal.”

“ *To the egregious poet, Sir Will. Davenant.*

“ That Ben, whose head deserv'd the Roscian bayes,  
 Was the first gave the name of works to playes:  
 You, his corival, in this waspish age,  
 Are more then Atlas to the fainting stage.  
 Your *Bonus genius* you this way display:  
 And to delight us is your *opera*.”

“ *To his adopted Vncle, James Howel, Esquire.*

“ When first propitious stars conceded me  
 The sweet enjoyment of your company,  
 I was adopted: your pity thought fit,  
 I at these years should be alli'd to wit:  
 Lest I should shame your choice, I will improve:  
 And fall to study in *Dodona's* grove.”

“ *To the lover of Ingenuity, Tho. Stanley, Esq.*

“ Nature in the unfathom'd stagyrite  
 Compos'd a body, abject to the sight.  
 Fortune is more close-fisted, for we finde  
 Few poets rich, but only in the minde,

Nature,



Nature, Fortune, in you co-operate :  
 Your parts are great, plentiful your estate,  
 A poet rich, a Mæcænas you be :  
 Can our age parallel in one these three ?”

“ *To his loving friend, Mr. Payn Fisher.*

“ How few are English poets! but a brain  
 That can reach *Ela*, in the Latine strain,  
 Is no small wonder. Rare in both you be,  
 An ambo dexter in true poetrie.”

“ *To Mr. John Ogilbie.*

“ Your sparkling genius I then did prise;  
 When you poor *Æsop* pleas'd to manumise.  
 I sacrifice these lines, lest I alone  
 Should prove the cock, & slight a precious stone.  
 Were *Maro* now alive, he must you prise,  
 And by you *Homer* shall regain his eyes.”

“ *An Epigram that should have been inserted into a book of the Author's, called Advice to Balaam's Ass: under the emblem of a dog barking at the moon.*

“ When *Phœbe's* glory the curre did espy,  
 He flash'd out lightning from a threatening eye:  
 And what's the reason? what, you may guess soon,  
 People kick him, while they admire the moon.  
 Just so our *Momus* snarls at *Osborn's* prayse,  
 Cause his own merits cannot reach the bayes.”

J. H.

¶ *The Diamond of Devotion; Cut and squared into six severall pointes: namelie, 1. The Footpath of Felicitie. 2. A Guide to Godlines. 3. The schoole of Skill. 4. A swarme of Bees. 5. A Plant of Pleasure. 6. A Groupe of Graces. Full of manie fruitfull lessons availeable vnto the leading of a godlie and reformed life. By Abr. Fleming. Printed by Henry Denham*

*Denham in Aldersgate streete, 1586* [Title from Herbert, p. 961. — Small Octavo, pp. 325, without prefaces, &c. Last leaf] 1586 [printer's device] *At London, printed by Henrie Denham, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the Starre.*

Of the numerous pieces by Abraham Fleming, there is nearly an accurate register in the pages of Herbert. The treatise "of Englishe Dogges, the Diuersities & Names, y<sup>e</sup>. Nature, and the Properties, by John Caius, and newly drawne into Englishe by A. F. Student, 1576:" has verses by him in English, before the dedication to Dr. Perne, Dean of Ely, who, when he was almost overwhelmed by misfortunes, raised him up. To the same work he has an English preface, in an affected style. He has other English verses at the end of Barnaby Googe's Translation of Marcellus Palingenius his *Zodiacke of Life*, and before Whetstone's *Rocke of Regard*, both 1576. In a Latin preface to Withal's Dictionary, which he augmented, (1586) he calls himself *Londinigena*. He has also Latin verses prefixed to Barret's *Alvearie* \*

The above article is dedicated "to the Right Worshipfull, Sir George Carey, Knight, Knight Marshall of hir Maiestie's most honorable houshold, Sonne and heire apparant to the Right Honourable Lord Henrie, Lord of Hunsdon, &c. and to the vertuous and godlie minded Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth his wife," whose patronage is craved, being "so worshipfull, so learned, so dutious and studious," as a means to prefer the work to general estimation.

*The Footepath to Felicitie, which euerie Christian must walke in, before he can come to the land of Canaan.*  
By &c. &c. &c.

\* More than usual notice is taken of his pieces in prose, in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 402-5. There may also be consulted Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca*, p. 287. Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. I. *Anecdotes of British Topography*, p. 70. Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 207. Cole's *Athenæ Cantabr. Newe. Rep. Eccl. for St. Pancras Soper lane*, and Brydges's *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 107.

A preface

A preface to the reader, followed by a division of ten chapters, upon the various ways of man, concluding with some verses, as “a looking glasse for the Christian reader,” &c.

*A Guide to Godlinesse, diuided into three speciall branches: namelie, Confession, Petition, Thanksgiuing, and their seuerall blossomes. A Christian treatise, and no lesse sweete and comfortable, than necessarie and profitable to be read both for common and priuate vse, &c. By, &c. &c.*

After the preface each branch is divided into blossoms; the first, in four parts, appears to have been the composition of another hand, being finally subscribed T C. The second has thirteen parts, and the third ten parts, composed of prayers and thanksgivings.

*The Schoole of Skill, or the rule of a reformed life: Digested into three sententious sequences of the A. B. C.: wherein the weake haue their full measure of pure milke, and the strong their iust weight of sound meate. By, &c. &c.*

To a preface succeed Sententious Sequences upon the Alphabet, concluding with “a referendarie to the premises,” in verse. The alphabetical order is of a very simple arrangement: as

“A. A wise man shall heare and increase in learning, and a man of vnderstanding shall attaine vnto wise counsels.

B. Be not wise in thine owne eies, but feare the Lord, and depart from euill.

C Commit thy works vnto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be directed,” &c.

*A swarme of Bees: with their honie and Honicombs. Gathered out of the sweete and odoriferous Garden of God's word. Heerein such lessons are to be learned, as concerne the whole course of our life both towards God and man, being in number two hundred: whereof some persuaue vs to vertue and godlinesse, oither some dissuade us from vice and wickednesse. By, &c.*

A preface, with ten honeycombs, as dehortations from vice and a vicious life, with a referendarie, to conclude.

This

This is a collection of sentences, in number an hundred, each commencing with the same word, thus,

“ Be not deceitfull, for such a one shall not roste that he tooke in hunting: but the riches of the iust are of great value.

Be not shamelesse in sinning least the vengeance of the Lord onertake thee, and thou be crushed in pieces.

Be not sparing in vsing the rod, least thou hating thy sonne, be an occasion that he curse thee another daie.”

*A plant of pleasure, bearing fourteene severall flowers, called by the names of Holie Hymnes, and spirituall songs. Wherein such godlie exercises are presented to the hands of euerie particular person, as may conuenientlie be applied to their priuate use, not onelie in the pleasant spring of prosperitie, but also in the hard winter of aduersitie. By, &c.*

The preface says to the reader it is “ to reade, at thy leasure for thy recreation, and not so much for thy recreation as for thy profit: which I haue put partlie in rythme, and partlie in prose, for the satisfaction of sundrie readers desires, some beeing addicted to this, and some delighted in that kind of writing.” The pieces are alternate prose and verse. At the end

“ *A Referendarie to the premisses for the godlie Reader.*

“ Some liue in fleshlie pleasure,  
And some in courtlie brauerie,  
Consuming lands and treasure,  
About a golden slauerie,  
Whose sweetnesse whiles they couit,  
They cannot choose but loue it.

Some neuer cease lamenting,  
Because they are in penurie,  
And alwaies are inuenting  
Their end by mortall iniurie,  
Whereas they should content them,  
With that which God hath sent them.

But be thou better learned,  
Which louest Christ his veritie,  
Whereby thou hast discerned  
That euerie thing is vanitie,  
The world, and all within it,  
Though worldlings sweat to win it.

And

And when conuenient leasure,  
 Doth serue for recreation,  
 Then vse these plants of pleasure,  
 And grafts of consolation:  
 Yea then and alwaies vse them,  
 And at no time refuse them.

A. F."

*A Groue of Graces, supplied with plentie of plants, applicable to pleasure and profit: whereof whosoever be disposed deuoutlie to take a view, they shall haue the choise of fortie (and not so few) godlie exercises of Christian dutie, ordinarilie to be used before and after their dailie diet. By, &c.*

Forty-two in number, for dinner and supper, "some in verse, and other some in prose, all and euerie of them (as the preface declares) tending to God's glorie, as blessings and thankesgiuings vnto his diuine Maiestie, for his vnspeakable clemencie, and fatherlie prouidence, which he hath ouer vs sinfull and wretched creatures." Of Fleming's manner and prose, the following may serue:

"Grace before supper. Most gracious God, which cloathest the lillies of the field with beautie, far aboue the roialtie of Salomon: and feedest the little sparrows, which fall not to the ground without thy prouidence: be present (we beseech thee) at this table, and season with the salt of thy blessing these thy creatures, that in receiuing them as becometh Christians, we may also be sanctified, and in all our eatings & drinkings euermore remember to confesse and acknowledge thee in thy benefits, from whome all good things procede, for the succour of thy seruants, and receiue them according to the rule of true Christianitie, through Christ our Lord & onlie Sauour. So be it."

The volume conedes with "a brieue praier, in place of a conclusion."

J. H.

¶ *Old Musical Airs.*

i. \*

"Hither we come into this world of woe,  
 And feeling to what end wee come, wee crie:  
 I' th' morning of our age like flowers wee blow,  
 And like God's figures-seeme too good to die:

\* *Madrigales and Ayres. Of two, three, foure and five voyces, with the continued base, with Toccatos, Sinfonias and Rittornellos to them.*

But let afflictions touch vs, and like clay,  
Wee fall to what we are and end the day.

## ii.

He that loues a rosie cheeke,  
Or a corral lip admires;  
Or from starlike eyes doth seeke  
Fewell to maintaine his fires :  
As oide Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.  
But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calme desires ;  
Hearts with equall loue combin'd,  
Kindlesse\* neuer dying fires.  
Where these are not, I despise  
Louely checkes or lips or eyes. †

## iii.

Sitting once rapt with delight,  
In my fayrest mystresse sight ;  
I tooke pleasure to compare,  
Her eyes whitenesse to the ayre ;  
That which compast in the ball,  
I did purest water call :  
And the prettie inward round,  
I stil'd earth: but, oh ! I found,  
While some part I did desire  
For to liken vnto fire,  
Ere I knew from whence it came,  
I, myselfe, grew all a flame.

*them. After the manner of consort Musique. To be performed with the Harpesechord, Lutes, Theorbos, Base Violl, two Violins or two Viols. Published by Walter Porter, one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties Royall Chappell. London. printed by William Stansby. 1632. Cum Priuilegio. Dedicated to John Lord Digby, of Sherburne. Earle of Bris.ow. The address "to the Practitioner," says "before you censure, which I know you will, and they that vnderstand least most sharply ; let me intreate you to play and sing them true, according to my meaning, or hear them done so ; not in steed of singing, to howle or bawle them, and scrape in steed of playing and performe them falsly and say they are naught."* Contains twenty-six songs.

\* Kindle, Ed. 1640.

† Set for four voices. These exquisite lines by Carew, are here given to the public eight years before any collection of his poems was printed, and probably before they were weakened in effect by an additional stanza. They occur at p. 29 of Ed. 1640.

## iv.

Who hath a human soule and musicke hates,  
 Hates his owne soule that's made harmoniously :  
 Then they are diuels, or right reprobates,  
 To hate that without which mens spirits should die :  
 For if the ioyes of heauen bee much in this,  
 Let him to hell to howle that hates this blisse.

## v.

Old poets that in Cupid's hand  
 Put weapons first, did but allow  
 These then were all his armes, a brand,  
 A chain, two shafts, one bow.  
 But now he finds in Celia's brow,  
 In both her eyes, in all her partes,  
 Ten thousand fetters, flames and dartes.  
 Tell me the number of her hayres,  
 Count all the glances of her eyes ;  
 The graces and the carelesse snares,  
 That in ber looser beautie lyes :  
 Sweet smiles and sweeter ayres that flye  
 Like lightning from her lippes, and then  
 Tell me how many wayes loue murders men.

## vi.

Since all things loue, why should not we ?  
 The best of creatures bee as free ;  
 The pearle ey'd fish, in euerie water,  
 Pursues his loue being taught by nature :  
 The seely worme, the lambe, and harmlesse doue ;  
 Which knoweth nothing, yet knowes how to loue.

All sencelesse things loues passions feelles,  
 The stone attrackes th' vnyeelding steele :  
 The iniue twines on euerie tree,  
 And loues it more then you loue mee,  
 And in the cold of winter fresh is scene,  
 For heate of loue is it that keepes it greene.

Then learne by seeing what they doe,  
 If they want eyes, hands, tongues, yet woo,  
 Can you that haue of each the best,  
 Apt for that vse yet vse them least ?  
 'Tware sin to thinke the world did nere yet show,  
 So vnkind a brest grac't with so mild a brow.

The

The lasse that lou'd the *Idean* swaine,  
 Thought it not base nor found it vaine;  
*Adone* was lou'd though proud and coye;  
*Endimion* to, that drowsie boye,  
 Whom for to please such care faire *Cinthia* tooke,  
 That euer since that time she pale doth looke.  
 Then let vs loue whilst we are in youth,  
 You fraught with beautie, I with truth;  
 Wee'l make the world, being in our prime,  
 Wrinkled with enuie more then time;  
 And when too old to liue, yet fate drawes nigh,  
 Our loue shall make vs too, too young to die.

## vii.

In *Celia's* face a question did arise,  
 Which were more beautifull, her lips or eyes;  
 Wee, said the eyes, send forth those pointed darts  
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts;  
 From vs, reply'd the lips, proceed those blisses,  
 Which louers reape by kinde words and sweet kisses:  
 Then wept the eyes and from the springs did powre  
 Of liquid orientall pearle a showre;  
 Whereat the lips, moou'd with delight and pleasure,  
 Through a sweete smile vnlockt their pearly treasure,  
 And bade Loue iudge, whither did add more grace,  
 Weeping or smiling pearles to *Cœlia's* face.

## viii.

Loue in thy youth faire maide bee wise,  
 Olde time will make thee colder,  
 And though each morning new arise,  
 Yet we each day grow older.  
 Thou as heauen art faire and young,  
 Thine eyes like twine starres shining:  
 But ere another day be sprung,  
 All these will bee declining.  
 Then winter comes with all his feares,  
 And all thy sweetes shall borrow;  
 Too late then wilt thou shower thy teares,  
 And I too late shall sorrow.

## ix.

Thy face and eyes and all thou hast is faire,  
 And for their sakes most men affect thee;  
 But I perceine in thee some thing more rare,  
 Then outward beautie for which I affect thee.

Thy



Thy mind is fayrer then thy face or eyes;  
 And that same beauteous outside which thou hast;  
 Is but a curious casket, in which lyes  
 The treasures of a minde vertuous and chaste.  
 So keepe them stil and let not youth deceiue thee:  
 For when through age thy beautie shall decay,  
 Those that for beautie loue thee then will leaue thee.  
 But worth will last vntill thy dying day.  
 But he that shall for both of these esteeme thee,  
 And thinke thee faire and know thy vertues too;  
 Hee cannot chuse but euer dearly deeme thee,  
 And much admire thee; as I sweare I doe.

x.\*

Loue the delight of all well thinking minds;  
 The fruit of vertue deerly lou'd;  
 Vertue the highest good that reason finds,  
 Reason the fire wherein mens thoughts be prou'd;  
 Are from the world by natures power bee rest,  
 And in one creature for her glorie left.

(Part 2.)

Beautie her couer is the eyes true pleasure:  
 In honours fame she liues: the eares sweet musicke;  
 Excesse of wonder growes from her true measure,  
 Her worth is passions wound and passions physicke:  
 From her true heart clear springs of wisdom flow,  
 Which imag'd in her words and deed men know.

(Part 3.)

Time faine would stay that she might neuer leaue her;  
 Death craues of heauen that she may not bereaue her;

\* *Basses. Motteets or. Grave Chamber Musique. Containing songs of five parts of seuerall sorts, some full, and some verse and chorus. But all fit for voyces and viols, with an Organ part; which for want of Organs, may be performed on Virginals, Base-Lute, Bandora or Irish Harpe. Also a mourning song of sixe parts for the death of the late Right Honorable Sir Fulke Grevil, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath, Lord Brooke, Baron Brooke of Beauchamps Court, in the Countie of Warwicke, and of his Maiesties most Honourable Priuie Councill, &c. Composed according to the rules of Art, by M[artin] P[eersons] Batcheler of Musique. London, printed by William Stansby, 1630. Dedicated to Robert, Lord Brooke, Baron Brooke of Beauchamps Court in the Countie of Warwicke. Contains 25 pieces of musick.*

The heauens know their owne and do maintaine her;  
 Delight, loue, reason, vertue let it bee,  
 To set all women light but only shee.

xi.

Cypid my prettie boye, leaue off thy crying,  
 Thou shalt haue bells and apples, be not peeuish :  
 Kisse mee sweet ladde, beshrew her for denying,  
 Such rude denials doe make children theeuish.  
 Did reason say that boyes must bee restrayned,  
 Or would they haue thee from sweete Mira weyned?  
 What was it tell that cruel honour chidden?  
 Are those faire breasts made daintie to be hidden?  
 Tell mee, sweete boy, doth Mira's beautie thretten :  
 Must you say grace when you should be a playing,  
 Doth shee make thee make faults to make thee beaten :  
 Is beauties pride in innocence betraying?  
 Giue me a bow, let mee thy quiver borrow,  
 And she shall play the child with loue or sorrow.

xii.

Who trusts for trust, or hopes of loue for loue,  
 Or who belou'd in Cupid's lawes doth glorie ;  
 Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to remooue,  
 Who by this light God hath not been made sorrie :  
 Let him see me eclipsed from my sonne,  
 With shadows of an earth quite overrun.

(Second part.)

Who thinkes that sorrows felt, desires hidden,  
 Or humble faith with constant honour armed,  
 Can keepe Loue from the fruit that is forbidden,  
 Change I doe meane by no faith to be charmed :  
 Looking on mee let him know loues delights  
 Are treasures hid in caues, but kept with sprights.

xiii.\*

Where shall a sorrow great enough bee sought  
 For this sad ruine which the fates haue nought ;  
 Vnlesse the fates themselves should weepe, and wish,  
 Their curblesse powers had been control'd in this?  
 For thy losse, worthiest Lord, no mourning eye  
 Has flood enough, no muse, nor elegie  
 Enough expression to thy worth can lend,  
 No, though thy Sidney had surui'd his friend.

\* Upon Sir Fulke Grevill, see title.

(Part 2.)

Dead, noble Brooke, shall be to us a name  
 Of griefe and honour still; whose deathless fame  
 Such vertue purchased as makes vs to bee  
 Vnjust to nature in lamenting thee;  
 Wayling an olde mans fate, as if in pride  
 And heate of youth hee had vntimely dy'd."

J. H.

¶ *Folly in Print, or, a Book of Rymes.*

*Whoever buyes this book will say,  
 There's so much money thrown away:  
 The Author thinks you are to blame,  
 To buy a book without a name;  
 And to say truth, it is so bad,  
 A worse is no where to be had.*

*London, printed in the year 1667.*

Licensed by L'Estrange, May 15, 1667, and contains the lucubrations of a soldier who served in the Dutch and Spanish wars. His name was probably Reymund, and he was intimate or connected with several branches of the noble family of Bellasisse. The "rymes" are chiefly lyrical and amatory, with some occasional pieces, rather too volatile and humorous, though sanctioned by the manners of that licentious age.\* They are introduced with a short address

"To

\* One is "a Ballad on a friend's wedding, to the tune of Sir John Suckling's Ballad." The introductory lines, and first two stanzas, may be given.

"As an attendant on Sir John  
 I wait without comparison,  
 Great difference is in our pen  
 And something in the maids and men,  
 I do not write to get a name.  
 At best, this is but ballad fame,  
 And Suckling hath shut up that door,  
 To all hereafter as before.

r 2

Now

“ *To the Reader.* ”

“ COURTEOUS READER,

“ The whole world (imaginably) is but one great market; and all mankind in it, are distinguish'd into buyers and sellers, who either truck for, or buy commodities; particularly in books, where for money or exchange, we take our choice, and in our own election please our selves; mens judgments, as their appetites, are very different; the market's free to buy or cheapen; who buyes upon the sellers word, may be deceived; who chooseth ill deceives himself.

“ I do not promise for my book nor say 'tis good, but here's variety, and each man (of his own pallat) is the certain judge: it may please some, to them 'tis good; by whom dislik'd, to them as bad.

“ When the gazets\* are cry'd, we buy in expectation of some thing new, yet though the news be ne're so good, in three days time 'tis laid aside, though we were pleased with our peny worth: I cannot expect a better fortune in this composition; 'tis now expos'd to your censure; if it meet with generous patrons, I am oblig'd to serve you agen and better, from your encouragement. Farewel.”

“ *The Cotsal Sheapheards, to the tune of Amarillis told her Swain.* ”

“ All ye that love, or who pretends,  
Come listen to my sonnet,  
Black-baggs, or vizards, who have friends,  
Or English teags or honnets,  
See here our Shepheardess, and Swain,  
How they make love on Cotsall plain.

---

Now Tom, if Suckling were alive,  
And knew who Harry were to wive,  
He'd shift his scæne I trow,  
From Charing-cross to Clarkenwel,  
And sure as fine a tale would tell,  
As he did long agoe.

But since his wit hath left no heir,  
Ile sing my song of such a pair,  
The like hath not been seen,  
In all our markets round about  
Within our city-walls, or out,  
God bless the King and Queen.”

\* This word was generally used for all diurnals.

*Bis.* Amarillis why so coy,  
Think'st thou that the winged boy,  
Can never overtake thee?

*Bis.* Colin (no) I flye not him;  
But thou who wilt forsake me.

*Bis.* Dearest I forsake my sheep,  
And forget to eat or sleep,  
To follow Amarillis;  
And dying lye down at thy feet,  
Since such thy cruel will is.

Treason makes a goodly show;  
Black that's cover'd ore with snow;  
The eye doth not discover;  
I must have more assurance yet  
Ere I become a lover.

In extreamest winter cold,  
I hunt foxes from thy fould,  
Nor will I marry Phillis;  
But in thine absence close mine eyes,  
And call on Amarillis.

Yet thou didst the other day,  
At our pastoralls in May,  
Hear Coridon to jeere me;  
Who said I was not yet so fair,  
That Colin need to fear me.

Envy cannot make thee foul,  
Nor fine words make fayrer foul;  
Nor clownes can change their natures.  
He dye to tell the world that you  
Exceed them all in features.

Colin live, for I am thine,  
Drive thy flocks up unto mine,  
I'll yield to thy imbraces,  
And chant thee pleasing rounddelays,  
Do thou foot comely paces.

Happy Collin, fayrest maid,  
My grief and care, thou hast allay'd,  
With words so sweetly charming,  
Now on this banke, thou shalt confess  
I fear no others harming.

Dearest Collin stay awhile,  
 The time with talke we will beguile,  
 Till evening shall befriend us;  
 Wee'l then take in that happiness  
 Which love anon will send us.

Now Colin, Amarillis now  
 He did, she did, swear and vow,  
 They'd never part asunder:  
 Forsworne they part, and meet agen,  
 But that's no lovers wonder."

*" To an absent Friend.*

" As streams do circulating creep,  
 Through empty veins of th' im mov'd earth,  
 Till to their mother in the deep,  
 They pay the tribute of their birth:  
 So circularly we do move,  
 Impell'd by sympathy to meet;  
 Our hearts are central in love,  
 At distance we incline and greet.  
 A tyrant shackles may put on,  
 But cannot blind our inward light,  
 No cave so much obscur'd from sun,  
 That on our souls can force a night,  
 Love is our light, give me a friend  
 Whose breast transparent is to me;  
 Eternal beings have no end,  
 My friendship would be that to thee.  
 What fortune 'tis keeps us asunder,  
 Is both my trouble and my wonder."

*" The new mode of Love.*

" The whining lover seldome gets a prize,  
 The bold and careless make the conquest sure,  
 When you come to look babies in their eies,\*  
 They whistle you like hawks unto a lure."

\* This allusion was once popular with our poets, and several instances are cited in the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. IV. p. 171. An earlier than is there noticed occurs in *England's Helicon*, p. 234. It is also repeatedly used by Beaumont and Fletcher.

“ *To a Spanish Lady in S. Lugar.*

“ Reymund thou hast surviv'd a warre  
 Where thousands perish'd in thy sight,  
 And thou hast travail'd now so farre  
 To yield thy self without a fight.  
 No more thy warfare ever boast,  
 Nor name thy self a souldier now,  
 Since in that very port th' art lost,  
 Where thou thy courage shouldst avow :  
 Thou knowst how ambushes are laid  
 How to avoid an enemy,  
 The ambush of a Spanish maïd,  
 Hath forc'd from thee thy liberty ;  
 But Reymund with safe conduct came,  
 And cannot be a prisoner,  
 'Tis great injustice, as great blame,  
 To circumvent a travailer.  
 And yet alas I must confess  
 That I have broke your country's law,  
 And by a clandestine address,  
 Would carry hence that mayd away.  
 My dear Lusya, 'tis a truth,  
 Your country hath of saints such store,  
 That I would glory in thy youth,  
 And in my country thee adore ;  
 But if Saint Lugar be the shrine  
 Where my devotion I must pay,  
 But promise me you will be mine,  
 I'le make another holy-day.”

“ *Postscript to the Reader.*

“ Now you have pay'd, and read, farewell,  
 Be wiser yet and keep counsel,  
 For like to him who show'd a mare,  
 Horse and no horse to be seen there ;  
 The tayl was where the head should be,  
 To th' manger ty'd ; my poetry  
 Is such a show ; for wanting coyn,  
 The lyon with the fox I joyn :  
 And thank ye all for this relief,  
 'Tis better then a begging-brief.  
 In all this town ye cannot find  
 A fitter man to cheat the blind.”

J. H.

¶ *A Nights search. Discovering the nature and condition of all sorts of Night-walkers; with their Associates. As also the Life and Death of many of them. Together with divers fearfull and strange accidents, occasioned by such ill livers. Digested into a poeme by Humphry Mill.*

*Nocte latent mendæ; sic sic dixere poetæ;  
Ast ego (nec mendax) nocte dieque patent.*

*London, printed by Richard Bishop for Laurence Blacklock at the Sugar-loafe nexte Temple Barre. 1640. Oct. 168 leaves.*

A frontispiece, engraved in compartments, with emblematical additions, and the whole explained in a page of poetry, precedes the above title.\* It is dedicated to the Earl of Essex, followed by an address to the reader, where the author concludes with some singular observations, in favour of his own performance.

“ Let every reader take what belongs to himselfe, and passe a gentle censure on the rest. The sharpnesse of it is qualified, where advice takes place; and there are none that read but may gaine, or delight, or profit, more or lesse, if they stand not in their own light. I have used their own language in some places to set out their folly. Though every phrase or sentence be not composed of real truth, yet there is a probability or morality of truth in all. I need not shew how a metaphoricall, analogicall, or an allegoricall speech retaines truth; or how the figures lead to the substance, or of the liberty of speech that poetry affords: in this I had rather learne than teach. I have not us'd knotty words, nor rocky expressions in the prosecution of it; but in as sutable termes, as my slender wit, with so little art, can conceive. Perhaps the best may find more than they expect and the worst more than they desire. My muse hath kept her selfe from infection, notwithstanding the many temptations occasions, provocations, that she hath met withall in her search. I suppose, envy itselfe will not question the lawfulnessse of the subject; seeing the prophets in divers places describes harlots in their kind; and Salomon that wise king, in their lookes, gestures, speeches, fawning, alluring, &c. before he had any practicall experience of them. But if

\* Granger notices that this poem “has been several times printed;” and that a portrait of the author is prefixed to one of the editions.



any aske why must I undertake such a work? I answer, why should not any man use the gifts that he hath received to profit himselfe or others? especially if delight put him upon it? or if his occasions impose not a necessity of other employments upon him? I was never so bound to any but I could purchase some time to raise my genius above these earthly contents below. For the verses, I have kept to one number and measure; only the epitaphs are woven stanzas: in a continued subject it is not proper to vary the verse.

“ I have laboured to make these lines so smooth as I could, in placing the breathing accents where they may fall with most advantage, (except those which run cleane without them:) nor have I broke the first, or last foot of the verse, which might make it run harsh, nor strain'd the coupling accents above what is required in the harmony: nor fallen too low in the descent which might give the verse an unnatural sound, where the concords should chiefly meet.

“ If you find any verse a syllable too short in the number, then compare the measure with it, for if there be a monosyllable that sounds long upon the letter (r) it will answer to a spondee, or a trochee, consisting of two syllables; especially in the breathing or coupling accents. If any seem too long, observe but the cadence which may fall a syllable longer in the coupling, yet answer with a true sound: or els it may fall low, that a dactyle which consists of three syllables, beares but the sound of two: and many words consisting of two, four, or five syllables, do naturally fall a syllable shorter in the pronunciation, or being cut short by apostrophes, 'twill resolve the doubt. I commit my muse to your care; her colour's black and white, you may trust her: she has been purg'd in the Search, and prest for revealing secrets; she'll both give and take warning by it, and wisheth the reader to do the like. Vale.”

The volume is ushered forth with the complimentary tributes of a bevy of writers.—“Tho. Mill, Mr. of Arts, Oxon.” tells “his much respected brother,” that “the ancient poets live in thee agen.”—“Tho. Heywood” recommends his “adopted sonne” to pursue the subject, “and dippe in Helicon thy quill.”—“Steph. Bradwell” describes the book a Bride-well, where vicious characters “meet punishment upon their merit.”—“Tho. Nabbs” enquires of “his loving friend” what “mov'd thee to make a constable of thy wit?” whence one night's search “discover'd more, than all the searchers that have been before.”—“Tho. Brewer,” for “his kinde friend,” would have “all faire winds breathe o're this noble Mill.”—“Tho. Goodeare, Curia Wardorum,” dignifies the  
book

book as "learned verse."—"C. G. ex Oxon." adds "a voyce unto their quire," upon "the variety of pleasing fancies in the poem."—"Dan. Fox, Grayes Inn," furnishes the "ingenious author," with a baptism: "a Mill a poet, poet Mill."—"Joan. Patridopeilus," begins his address thus:

"If *Decker* deckt with discipline and wit,  
Gain'd praises by the Bell-man that he writ;  
Or laud on *Brathwait* waiting did abound;  
When a Strappado for the devill he found;  
Then may this Mill of Mills, by right of merit,  
Equall (if not superior) fame inherit."

—"Rob. Newton" says to the looker on of "his judicious friend," if ought displease, "'tis not because 'tis bad, but you are queasie."—"Ro. T. hospitii Lincoln." discovered in the face of "his friend" the "perfect lines of ingenuitie."—"Robert Chamberlain" for "his very good friend," says:

"Put down your clubs, ye constables that catch  
The leather-winged bats; and you the watch,  
Go stumble home, what needs a rusty bill,  
A Welch-hooke, or a halbert? here's a Mill,  
That apprehends more panders, punks and knaves,  
Than all the beadles with their pain'd staves."

—"Bar. Pigot" advises the "well-deserving" author not to be discourag'd though

"Meere flashy poems best acceptance finde  
With men to novels of the times inclin'd."

—"Tho. Collett," from the rich conceits of "his friend," pronounces his the "epick line."—"Richard Broome" has a long poem, wherein he observes

"Which of the ancient poets (with rev'rence still  
Be't spoke) on vices has out-wrote our Mill?  
Or of the moderne busie ones who sweeter  
Can grinde so many mischiefs into meeter?  
Write, write a pace, all you that boast to be  
Traders in poetry, prentices, or free,  
In praise of this rare artist; that the earth  
May be prepar'd to welcom this great birth:  
This new booke of abuses whipt, and stript,  
Which o're the wither'd old ones head have skipt: \*  
And by its superexcellency undone  
That which was call'd the bel-man too of London."

\* Time has reversed this criticism: the "wither'd old one" is known generally, and our author only partially.

—“ Jo. Wilson, Interioris Templi,” joins this troop of worthies to have a name in “ th’ list of admirers.”—“ Tho. N.” tells the authour for his worthy work,

“ I wish I could dispose it, thou shouldst bee  
Master of Bridewell, I so honour thee.”

—“ Elisha Palmer, Londinensis,” declares “ each verse a rapture is, and every word a speaking sentence.”—“ Philip Chambernowne, Medii Templi,” who loves “ no flattery the world can tell,” asserts the verse “ may please the best of wits.”—“ Tho. Gittyns, Interioris Templi,” concludes his praise and poem with

“ My candle’s out, now I can write no more.”

This long poem is divided into fifty-eight sections, and is replete with stories arising in brothels, from the adventures of prostitutes, or panders. However the aim and morality of the author are manifest in every relation, and his attempt to check the preponderating influence of loose, vicious, and depraved characters, mingling with the better classes of society, meritorious; yet his muse, from continual recurrence to disgusting and iniquitous scenes, though formed as a prelude to pious admonition, would not now be commonly tolerated. The first section is one of the least exceptionable, and may be selected to exemplify the author’s preface.

“ *The character of a modest, wise Poet, with some touches by the way at his opposites; his happy end.*

“ The true borne poet, that doth bend his quill  
To scan the world, and finding out the ill,  
Provides a cure; and still it is his care  
To launce the sore, that others may beware:  
He’s temperate, wise, and modest, he will sit  
In company to pollish ore the wit.  
He’s harmlesse in his life; no person, place  
Are hid from his conceits: he shewes that face  
That’s most obscur’d: his genius and his pen  
May make you think his spirit lives in men,  
He’s like a little world; for all things there  
Obtaine a being in their proper spheare.  
All men do meet in him; his searching art  
Sucks in the sweet, and creame of every part;  
Gull, knave, or foole; before he’ll let him passe,  
He’ll learne the true character of an asse.

He sets out sin (most lively) black as hell,  
 To fright men from the bait; he can as well  
 Display't in parts, or grosse, or both or either,  
 (Though sin and he were never bred together)  
 As well as any curious painter can  
 The fashion of a landskip or a man.  
 The guilty man may read his sin, his shame,  
 And call it his, although there's not his name;  
 But vertue in her beauty he hath knowne,  
 He makes all sure, and takes her for his owne:  
 Then spreads her beauty, that the world may see  
 Shee's lovely in her selfe; and all may be  
 Corivals in this match; for she will do  
 Favours to men, and yet be modest too.

He is a maker, not alone of verse,  
 But of the matter too; he doth rehearse  
 Much substance in a word; he can compose  
 His lofty fancies, or in verse, or prose:  
 But if in verse, how smoothly doth it glide  
 Into the heart? the memory beside  
 Retaines it best: his raptures do translate  
 The mindes of some into a happy state.  
 His numbers with his measures do agree;  
 The accents meet with such sweet harmony;  
 The emphasis is raised with such grace,  
 That all concurs to keep both time and place.  
 Good language in his lines he doth expresse,  
 His couplings joyne with sense; he is no lesse  
 Than heire to Parnassus: h'had such a draught  
 At Helicon, that he is rightly taught  
 To speake the native tone of all the nine;  
 But courts Vrania, 'cause she is divine.

What ere his measures are, or short, or long;  
 Lyricks, or Saphicks; if he frames his song  
 Iambique like, or if pentameters,  
 Or double mæters, or hexameters;  
 Or if he pitch upon heroick straines;  
 'Twill speak his praise, because his season'd braines  
 Cast out no drosse; he's modest in his line;  
 What ere his subject be, his worth will shine.

True profit and delight do meet together  
 In his conceits: although the foole findes neither.  
 His lines are stor'd with witty usefull pleasure;  
 Though idiots sleight, wise men will prize his treasure.  
 His company is sweet to those that know  
 How to make use on't: but he'll seldome throw

His breath away upon a scornfull asse ;  
A brute he came, and so he'll let him passe.

He takes nor fables, nor conceited dreams,  
Nor idle fictions to make up his theames ;  
Yet he will use them, onely to allude  
To good, or ill, to shame the multitude.  
If melancholy, then he's wise, and grave ;  
Griefe, sorrow, death, are subjects he will have  
To work upon ; he gives his words by weight ;  
With vaine delights he's quite out of conceit.

If he be pleasant, all his writings tend  
To take men with delight : he will commend  
A little good, to make 'em love the rest :  
He's sad 'mongst bad men, merry with the best.  
He'll dash an evill out of favour, then  
He'll let it blood, but comfort up the men.  
He slights the world, nor will he ever be  
A favorite to prodigalitie.

He's free to all, regarding not his store,  
And that's the reason he is often poore.  
He hates lascivious rimes, he'll not applaud  
A faire fac'd whore, nor yet the common bawd,  
But whip 'em still ; for he will ever prie  
In secret places where most dangers lie.  
He's noble-minded (not a sordid elfe)  
He strives to know, and to enjoy himselfe.

Nor will he flatter great ones for a fee,  
Whose worth lies in their wealth ; for such as he  
Are able to discern : nor will he fawne  
Vpon his patrons (laying truth to pawne  
In every line) unlesse in him he finde  
An honest heart grac'd with a noble mind :  
Not like a temporizer, who will hold  
Pace with his vices, onely for his gold,  
Who scribles much, and shamefull praise doth gaine ;  
T'had better bin undone ; for time will staine  
His name for ever : most men do detest  
All verses for his sake ; but yet the rest  
Are ne're the worse ; for such this time I borrow :  
I have digress'd, I'le speak of him to morrow.

But this ingenious poet doth rehearse  
Things as they are, or should be ; and his verse  
Not stuff with clouded words, or conjuring straines,  
Nor thunder claps, which might distract the braines  
Of honest readers ; but in tearmes most fit  
T' expresse his matter, and to teach them wit.

He doth refine conceits, and raise them higher,  
 His musique's next unto the angels quire.  
 Nor doth he spin it thred-bare; he'll begin  
 New fancies as he goes; the spring within  
 Runs alwayes fresh: he doth not trade abroad  
 With borrowed wit, nor tread the beaten road.

His genius works when other men do sleepe;  
 His aimes are heavenly, and his judgements deepe.  
 He's humble still; you cannot make him know  
 His owne desert; he's not a man for show;  
 He doth not search for praise, (he loaths all such)  
 He thinks he's simple, though he knows so much.

But yet to shew the vilenesse of that brood  
 That doe prefer their humours, hate all good,  
 Hee'll baffle such men, and he scorns the nest  
 Of venom-coupled sots: silence is best  
 To answer such back-biters: he will slight  
 Detracting vassals that will vomit spight  
 At what they know not, and will look asquint  
 On things of worth; what ere has most worth in't  
 They slubber most with gall; in all that's evill  
 They'll goe as far, and be as like the devill,  
 As all their wit can make them: oh! but then  
 They'll fall with shame before the poets pen.  
 Though they like Xerxes whip the sea, and send  
 A challenge to the hills; yet in the end  
 The sea's too strong, the mountaines are too high  
 For fooles to clamber: so like fooles they die.

This honest poet finds among the wise  
 His due respect: for they have learn'd to prize  
 Persons, and things of worth: and still his bent  
 Is how to shame the vile, and give content  
 To all the best. Come, take him as you find him;  
 Hee'll think of you, though you doe never mind him,  
 Turne all his verse to prose, it beares the sense  
 And lustre of a poem: and from thence  
 True worth doth spring. The poets first did teach  
 Humanitie to men, made up the breach,  
 That rudenesse made; all usefull arts were cloath'd  
 VVith poets wit: why should it then be loath'd?

The learned'st in the languages, rehearse  
 Much of the sacred text was writ in verse:  
 As some of Moses law, the Psalmes, the Song  
 Of Solomon, the holy peoples wrong,  
 Vnder their foes, by Jeremy related;  
 The booke of Iob, and all the songs were stated

In measur'd meeters; who would verse disdain,  
When poets have such patterns for their straine!

He that's dramattick, and doth purge the stage  
From scurrill drosse, and shewes this simple age  
Their moulded trophies; and doth always strive  
To keep both persons names, and things alive,  
His end is good; but idiots learne by this  
How to contrive their ways: to do amisse  
Some there conclude (of late I heard one say)  
I must go meet a whore at such a play.  
What pity 'tis such time, with wit, and cost  
Should be bestow'd, and prove but labour lost!  
This was invented chiefly to be us'd  
By Kings and Nobles, not to be abus'd  
By hackney truls: but now I must returne  
To lay my honest poet in his urne:  
For having spent his time well, now h'as past  
His life to death: the hungry grave at last  
Is clos'd upon him; there he must abide  
Vntill his just and happy cause be try'd."

*" His Epitaph.*

" You sollid stones, incite the gentle dust  
To guard this man of worth, that's buried here;  
He is a jewell, left unto your trust,  
'Till he in glory, gloriously appeare.  
Though saucie death hath laid him in this grave,  
His name's alive, and living praise shall have."

At the close of the volume are two more recommen-  
datory poems subscribed, " Tho. Philips," and " C. G.  
Interioris Templi." J. H.

¶ *The second part of the Night's Search: Discovering  
the condition of the various Fowles of Night. Or the  
second great Mystery of Iniquity exactly revealed:  
with the projects of these times. In a poem, by Hum-  
phrey Mill, author of the Nights Search.*

*Nocte patent mendæ.*

———— *Audax omnia perpeti,*

*Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*

*Imprimatur. Nath Brent. London, printed for Henry  
Shepherd and William Ley, and are to be sold at the  
Bible in Tower-street, and at Pauls Chaine near Doc-  
tors Commons. 1646. Oct. p. 164.*

Dedicated

Dedicated to Robert, Earl of Warwick, with an address "to the intelligent reader," concluding :

"I have somewhat else to follow than this unthrifty science, but as well for my own recreation, as for thy good I have bent mysef to discover this mystery of iniquitie, which may be usefull to all sorts of persons, young and old, good and bad. It is somewhat against my nature to plead excuse or crave pardon for what I have writ: to shew that I am a free-man, not a slave for any man's humour, I intend no ill: if taken ill by any, let it rest with him; if I purchase thy good word particularly, and a reformation generally, I shall obtaine my ends. Good night.

"All those that would these lines digest,  
Must read 'em over twice at least:  
Observe the poynts, how sense doth meet,  
The accents, cadence, and the feet;  
The humble ebbs and swelling hopes  
Of figures, epithetes, and tropes."

Addresses from the author "to all Judges, Justices, Church Wardens, Constables, &c." and "to the Fowler of Night." Complimentary lines from "Edw. Peyton, Knight and Baronet," telling his friend

"To him is given so large a grant,  
Each of the Nine shall be his aunt  
Whose cherub-muse hath wing alone  
To fetch that ore from Helicon:  
Pride of the tongue, from Peru shore,  
The words rich ingots, subject poore."

From "Tho. Perrin, Knight," to "his ingenious friend," declaring there could not henceforth be an eclipse as he had "made the welkin free"—Address from the author "to the degenerate Nobility and new found Gentry."—"Will. Scot, Gent." to his "industrious and quick-sighted friend."—"Hen. Limbruke, Mr. of Arts, Cam." tells "his worthy friend," his "work shall be prais'd, pleasing, honour'd to posteritie."

This continuation is divided into twenty-six sections; but the labours of the author, his subject, and manner, have too slight a variance from the preceding part to require an additional extract.

J. H.



# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup> IX.

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¶ *A Banquet of Daintie Conceits. Furnished with verie delicate & choyse inuentions, to delight their mindes, who take pleasure in Musique, & therewithall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other instrument. Published at the desire of bothe Honorable & Worshipfull Personages, who haue had copies of diuers of the Ditties herein contained. Written by A. M. Seruaunt to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie. Honos alit artes. At London Printed by I. C. for Edwarde White, & are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne, at the little North doore of Paules. Anno 1588. 4to. [not paged, goes to Sign. J. iii.]*

IT was intended to have introduced in this place a Memoir of ANTHONY MUNDAY, the author of this very rare book; but as little could be found, in addition to the article regarding him in the *Biographia Dramatica*, it has been thought that these pages will be better filled by an account of a publication unknown to Ritson, Ames, Herbert, and other typographical antiquaries.

## “ *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

“ To the Worshipfull & his especial good freend, Maister Richard Topcliffe, Esquire, A. M. commendeth this small motion of his unfeigned good will & affection.

“ In respectes of the manifolde good turnes, & fauourable deedes of freendship, that not onely I, but others, to whom I

am somewhat beholding, have receiued at your Worshippes handes, albeit my dishabilitie will not permit me to make aunswerable requitall, yet such is the estimation I make of my duetie, that fayling in that I would, I will remaine ready in any thing I may: not that your Worshippe hath any neede of mee or mine, but for I would bee lothe that ingratitude should so much insult vpon me, as neither deedes nor dueties shoulde remaine to him, who hath so well deserued. I will therefore containe the mind that poor *Irus* did, who comming into the temple of the goddesse *Pallas*, & seeing her to holde a booke in the one hand, & a lance in the other, made as great account of her secrete vertues, as her outward valliencie: & therefore sayd, *Despitefull Povertie, thou shalt not keepe me from honouring Pallas, though thou withholdest me from giuing her presents.* Euen so worshipfull syr, though the world so frowne vpon me, that I cannot as I woulde: yet that poore talent which God hath lent me (if it were sufficient for so many courtesies) shall at all times expresse, that I am loth to be vnthankfull. I therefore desire your Worshyppe to accept of thys slender gift, which measured in your wonted frendlie judgment, I doubt not but shall speede according to my expectation, & the rather, for that there is nothing heerein contayned, that may eyther offend the vertuous, or giue any encouragement to the vicious: for if there were any such matters, they shoulde neuer come in your Worshippes view.

“ Not doubting therefore, but to find your Worshyppe as I alwayes haue doone, I committe you to the continuall protection of the Almighty, who defende you from all your enemies, & blesse you in remembering the labours of them that haue well deserued.

Your Worship's poore  
Freende to commaund,

ANTHONY MONDAY.”

“ *To the gentle & frendlie Reader.*

“ Before thou readeest this small trauaile of mine, (gentle Reader) I am a little to admonish thee, least otherwise thou maist happen to fal out of loue with my booke, & so thinke it not woorthy the reading. Fyrst, thou art to consider, that the ditties heerein contained, are made to seuerall set notes, wherein no measure of verse can be obserued, because the notes will affoorde no such libertie: for looke how they rise & fall, in just time & order of musique, euen so have I kept course therewith in making the Ditties, which will seeme very bad  
stuffe

stuffe in reading, but (I perswade me) wyll delight thee, when thou singest any of them to thine Instrument. Secondlie, though thou finde them not sette downe in excellent verse, as perhaps many are curious in sifting such matters, yet I am sure thou shalt find in them sence sufficient, and matter woorth the reading: though not fantastically, and full of loue quirks and quiddities, yet stored with good admonitions and freendly documents, so canst thou not say, that there is neither rime nor reason in them, but if thou marke them wel, thou shalt find both. Lastly, if any dittie shall chauce to lympe a little in the note (as I do not know that any one of them dooth, because they haue been tryed by them of iudgement, and those that haue not a little esteemed of them) yet I pray thee condeigne mee not, in that I haue no iote of knowledge in musique, but what I haue doone and doo, is only by the eare: for had I skill in musique, they should haue been farre better then they be. But I thank God of that which I haue, it is not for euery man to go to Corinth, therefore I content myselfe with that poore talent which I haue,

& which is thine to commaund,  
so thou entertaine my labours  
with courtesie. Farewell.

Thine to vse in friendship,

A. MUNDAY."

### Contents.

1. "A Dyttie expressing a familiar controversie between WIT and WILL: wherein WIT mildlie rebuketh the follies of WILL, & sheweth him (as in a glasse) the fall of wilfull heads.

*This Dittie may be sung after the note of a courtlie daunce, called Les Guanto.*

2. A Dittie declaring the vncertaintie of our earthly honor, the certaine account that we must all make of death, and therefore that we should make ourselues ready at all times, because we are ignorant of our latter howre.

*This Dittie is sung after a very pretty set note, which is called Primero.*

3. In this Dittie is expressed the sundry and daily mishaps that chauce in loue: deciphered by him that felt them, to his paine.

*This Ditty is sung to Johnson's Medley.*

4. A Ditty which sheweth by example of diuers worthy personages past in auncient time, that neither strength, wit, beauty,

beauty, riches, or any transitory things (wherein worldlings put any confidence) can saue them from the stroke of death.

*This Dittie may be sung to a very gallant note, called the Earle of Oxenford's March.*

5. A Dittie, delivering a freendlye admonition to Women, to haue care of theyr own estates, to shunne such vaine occasions, as oftentimes call theyr good names in question: and after the example of *Sara*, to order themselues in all their actions.

*This Dittie is sung to a pleasaunt new note, called Monsieures Allemaigne.*

6. A Dittie, wherein may be seene by many and sundry examples, that no man ought to giue ouer-much credite to this fraile and transitorie life: but as all other things soon vade and decay, so the life of man hath no greater assurance.

*This Dittie is sung after the note of the flat Pauin, which is played in Consorte.*

7. A Dittie, wherein is contained a very proper discourse, of a certain welthy Merchaunt, who forgetting his profite, gave his mind to pleasure.

*This Dittie may be sung after a pleasant newe note, called Prima visto.*

8. In this Dittie is set downe the morrall iudgment of the great and learned philosopher *Sendelar*, on the storie before passed: which will be found both worth the reading and regarding.

*This Dittie may be sung to the newe Scottish Allemaigne.*

9. A Dittie, wherein is contained diuers good and necessary documents, which being embraced and followed earnestly, may cause a man to shunne manie euilles and mischaunces, that may otherwise fall vpon him, ere he can beware.

*This Ditty may be sung to the high Allemaigne Measure, singing euery last straine wise with the Musicque.*

10. A pleasaunt Dittie, wherein is described what falsehood oftentimes is found in felowship, verified by a couetous minded man, who laboured to deceiue his deere freende, but yct deceiued himselfe in the ende.

*This Dittie may be sung to the note of the Spanish Pauin.*

11. A Dittie, wherein the breuity of mans life is described, how soone his pompe vanisheth away, and he brought to his latest home.

*This Ditty may be sung to the Venetian Allemaigne.*

12. A Dittie, discoursing the communication betweene Christ and the woman of *Samaria* that came to drawe water at *Jacobs* well, according as is sette downe in the 4 chapter of *Saint Iohn*.

*This Dittie may be sung to the note of Deeme all my deedes.*

13. Of the three wise sentences, which three yong men of the Guarde of King Darius presented to him. The first said, *Wine is strongest.* The second said, *The King is strongest.* The third said, *Women are strongest,* but *Truth overcometh all things.* The first that spake of the strength of Wine, began to proove his argument first as foloweth, according as it is written in the third and fourth chap. of *Esdras.*

WINE IS STRONGEST.

*This Ditty may be sung to the Quadrant Galliard.*

14. The second man, who spake of the strength of the King, after his Fellow had ended, begunne to declare his minde.

THE KING IS STRONGEST.

*This Ditty may be sung to the Maskers Allemaigne commonly called the olde Allemaigne.*

15. Then the third, whose sentence was, that *Women were strongest,* but *Truth overcommeth all things,* & whose name was Zerobabell, began to speake as followeth :

WOMEN ARE STRONGEST : but *Trueth ouercommeth all things.*

*This Ditty may be sung after the note of the Queenes Maies-ties new Hunt is vp.*

16. A Glasse for all men to behold themselues in, especially such proude & prodigall minded men, & such delicate & daintie women who building on the pride of their beautie, & amiable complexion, thinke scorne to become aged, & that their sweete faces should be wrinkled, or their youthfulness brought into subiection by age.

*This Ditty may be sung to the Earl of Oxenford's Galliard.*

17. A Ditty, wherein is expressed a notable example of a slothfull man, who wilfully suffered himselfe to be robbed, & dyspoiled of his goods by slothfulness, which otherwise he might very well have saued.

*This Dittie may be sung to Dowland's Galliard.*

18. A Dittie, wherein may be discerned the troublesome daungers, & uneasie passages in this world: exampled by a very proper discourse of a Trauailer in his journey, how many & sundry mischaunces happened vnto him.

*This Dittie may be sung to the Countesse of Ormond's Gal-liard.*

19. In this Dittie is revealed the morrall iudgment of this notable & excellent History, sette downe by the famous & learned philosopher *Tyabonus*: wherein may be seene the very full course & wretched race of man in this transitory life.

*This Ditty may be sung to Wigmore's Galliard.*

20. A Dittie, wherein is liuely & amply described, the

Mansion or Castell of vaine exercises & delights, which being maintained by Pride, Prodigalitie, Lust, Ambition, Contempt of Virtue, & such other, is the ouerthrow of many that resorte thither, rather then to vertuous studies & exercises.

*This Dittie may be sung to the note of La Vechia Pavin.*

21. A Dittie, wherein the Author giveth his farewell to Fancie, having learned the auncient prouerbe, that it is good to take warning by other mens misfortunes.

*This Ditty may be sung to A. Munday his Galliard.*

22. A pleasant Dittie, of a familiar communication, that passed betweene certaine Ladies, as they walked abroade into the fields, for their recreation: wherein is proved, that Beautie is nothing worth, except it be coupled with vertue.

*This Ditty may be sung to A. Munday his Toy.*

*Finis.*

¶ *The seconde seruice of this Banquet (uppon the gentle & good receipt of this first) I will verie shortly publish, wherein is manie excellent Ditties, & such as I doubt not but thou wilt well esteeme of."*

I shall now only give the following specimen from this rare book.

“ No. 2. *A Dittie declaring the vncertaintie of our earthly honor, the certain account that we must all make of death: and therefore that we should make our selues ready at all times, because we are ignorant of our latter howre.*

*This Dittie is sung after a very pretty set note, which is called Primero.*

“ What state so sure but time subuert?  
 what pleasure that is voide of paine?  
 What cheerefull change of former smart,  
 but turnes straitwaie to grieffe againe.  
 What credite may a man repose,  
 uppon so frail a clod of clay:  
 Which as to daie in sollace goes,  
 to-morrow is brought to earthly bay.  
 Think O man  
 How thy glasse is daily sette to runne:  
 And how thy life shall passe when it is doone,  
 Thy graue hath then thy glory wun,  
 And all thy pompe in cinders laide full lowe:

Take

Take example

By the fragrant flower in the field,  
Which as to daie in brauery is beheld,  
The parching sun hath ouer-queld,  
O wretched man, euen thou thy selfe art so.

Howe then?

How canst thou bragge, or canst thou boast,  
How that thou maiest,  
Or that thou shalt  
Enioy thy life untill to-morrow day :

Thou seest

That death subdues the strength of Kings,  
Of high and lowe  
Of rich and poore,

And all as one he dooth call away.

Tantara, tantara, tantara.

Thus dooth the trompet sounde:

The bell bids prepare a, prepare a, prepare a,  
Your bodies to the ground.

Even so,

While we are sporting, sporting, sporting,

Amidst our earnest play,

Death commeth stealing, stealing, stealing,

And takes our liues awaie.

To goe,

Put on your black aray, for needes you must away,

Unto your house of clay.

Prepare your conscience gay against the dreadful day

That you may be

Christes chosen flocke and sheepe

Whom he will safely keep,

Whether you doo wake or sleep.

Then shall the hellish foe

Away in terror goe

This ioy to see.

Remember this amidst your blisse,

That Christ hath redeemed us by his blood :

Then let us kill our affections so ill

To be elected his seruants good,

Then shall we be sure for aye to endure :

On Gods right hand among the pure.

When as the ill against their will,

The endlesse paine shall passe untill.

God grant us feruent constancie

To auoid so great extremitie:

That by his grace continuallie  
We may purchase heaven's felicitie.

Finis."

The volume has wood-cuts to several of the pieces.

B.

¶ *The Pleasant fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis, by T. Peend, Gent. With a morall in English Verse. Anno Domini 1565, Mense Decembris.* [Title central of a broad metal border. Col.] *Imprinted at London in Fletestreat beneath the Conduyt, at the sygne of S. Iohn Euangelyste, by Thomas Colwell.* Oct. 24 leaves.

Dedicated \*to M. Nycholas Sentleger, Esquier. When I had employed some time in translating Ouids Metamorphosis, and had achyned my purpose in parte therof, intending to haue traauyled further: I vnderstoode that another had preuented me. And so, after that I had receyued copenes therof, from the prynter, I was resolued to stay my labour, & to reserue that to the vse and behofe of my prynter frend: whych I intended to haue made comen to euery man. How be it because I knowe my selfe on dyuers causes aleged to your Worship, being no lesse lerned your selfe, then affectioned to euery commendable faculty, hauyng nothyng more fyt at this tyme: I thoughte it good to gratefye you wyth some part therof, and that not altogether vnder the note and figure according to the text: aplyenge also a morall to the fable. And because it hath pleased you vppon youre good wyll, rather then for the worthynes hereof, to accept & comend my copen in wrytyng: I am now therefore bold to publysh it in prynte vnder the patronage of your name. The rather to amed the volume of thys other history. And thus neither my first labours shall altogether syncke: nor I shall seeme to abuse the wryter or reader of those foure bookes of Metamorphosis whych he so learnedly translated all redye. Thus yours for his small powre assured. Wissheth you Galenes health, y<sup>e</sup>. good fortune which Policrates enioyed for the most parte of hys life, and Nestors yeares. T. Peend. From my chamber ouer agaynst Sergeants Inne in Chancery lane, 1564.

As



As a specimen of the translation the description of the bathing of Hermaphroditus, and oold reception of the advances made by Salmacis, is selected.

“ He genes his body to the streames  
 and wadeth to and fro,  
 And further foorth with softely foote  
 he doth begyn to go:  
 At last wyth armes out stretched hee  
 hys body clene doth dyp  
 By swi<sup>m</sup>ning, through the siluer stremes  
 hys yuery corps doth slyp.  
 The nimph this while beholdyng him,  
 no longer then could staye,  
 But of her mantel being throwne,  
 she wold leape in straight way.  
 The boy amynd the waues doth swym  
 as whyte as any snow;  
 No swan could seme more whyte thẽ he  
 that euer any sawe.  
 The Nimphe her hart doth pant w<sup>t</sup>. ioy,  
 shee scant abydes to staye,  
 Vntyll her garmentes all were of,  
 she plyeth so her praye.  
 Euen as the eger mastyue dogge,  
 whom scant hys keper stayes,  
 But at the bayted beare he stryues  
 for to be gone alwayes.  
 Euen as the hauke doth bate, when that  
 shee sees the partryge spronge;  
 So Salmacis, to her it seemes  
 Eche tyme it is to longe,  
 That lets her from the pray: but loe,  
 as merry as a pye,  
 The boy doth friske and play, he thyncks  
 that none may hym espye.  
 But as a hare within her fourme,  
 when shee doth feare no ill;  
 The hounde is on her sodeynlye,  
 then prest the foole to kyll.  
 So Salmacis vnto her praye,  
 into the water goes;  
 As though that then for al the worlde  
 her luste she wolde not lose,  
 Not to perswade hym how she meanes,  
 as shee dyd erst before,

But

But now sheys prest her lust to serue,  
 or els to dye therfore.  
 She it to folly so full inclynde :  
 That nothing then might chaunge her mind.  
 But lo the boy, as soone as he  
 dyd theare the nymphe espy,  
 Euen as the lytle roche wyth fynnes  
 out reched fast doth flye,  
 The rauenyng pyke which after hym  
 in greater hast doth hye:  
 So vp and downe the springe they flete,  
 the one hymselfe to saue,  
 The Nymph her ioy by spoyle doth seke  
 of thother for to haue.  
 The flyghtfull boy, lyke as the hare,  
 for lyfe the hounde doth fie,  
 The Nympe alwaies euen as the hou'd  
 when he doth come so nye,  
 That euẽ his nose may touche her heles :  
 he gyrdeth foorth amayne,  
 With gaping mouth, being alwaies like  
 hys pray for to obteyne.  
 The Nimphe dyd dryue him vp so neare  
 that euen of force at laste  
 He is compel'd for to resyste,  
 and stryue for hym as faste."

In the moral to this fable poets are considered in pleasant toys to shew great wisdom, and that the present bears a subtle sense only perceived by few. This is descanted on as the effect of too great an indulgence in the lascivious amours of Venus; a vice, that taking the strength from man, makes him forego his nature: the author's muse thus far understands Ovid, and by his pleasant tale no further sense can find. The poem continues with no other division then a new capital and a change of the head-line of the page from "a morall to the fable," to "a pleasaunt question." It commences

" Bvt nowe the fletynge fancies fonde  
 and eke the shuttle wyttes:  
 The mad desyres of women now  
 theyr rage in folysh fyts  
 I wyl dysplay. This nymphe y<sup>e</sup>. boy  
 dyd for hys bewty loue

For euen the sodeyne syght of hym  
 dyd her affectyon moue.  
 And Eccho shee Narcissus yonge  
 euen for his bewtyes sake,  
 Did choose amonge all other youthe  
 to be her faythful make. . . . .  
 The emperour Othons doughter dere  
 Adelasie dyd so  
 Regarde the lyuely Aleran  
 that she wyth hym did go  
 To countreys straunge : content  
 by hazarde of her lyfe,  
 Agaynst the wyll of all her freindes  
 for to become hys wyfe.  
 With pryncelyke lyfe, for hym alone  
 an empyre she wolde lose,  
 With hym to leade a symple lyfe  
 much rather she dyd chose.  
 All pleasures in the worlde, in hym  
 alone she then dyd take,  
 Al freindes, for hym alone also  
 she gladly dyd forsake;  
 With hym for nede right wel she was  
 contented coles to make :  
 To couche in cotage lowe  
 on symple foode to fare ;  
 For all the world, excepted hym,  
 she toke no kynde of care.  
 He was her blysse: her ioye was hee,  
 And nothing els esteemed she.  
 And Hero fayre vnto her feare,  
 Leander fyne dyd take ;  
 And Thisbe she dyd kyl her selfe  
 for comely Pirames sake.  
 Orestes lyuely lookes, dyd much  
 Hermione delyghte :  
 King Taucred's doughter Gysmond, dyd  
 loue Guistardes bewty bryght.  
 The Nymphes dyd Hiacinthus for  
 hys seemely shape desire :  
 Hys louely chere, ful soone did set  
 theyr youthly hartes on fyre,  
 And Iuliet, Romeus yonge,  
 for bewty did imbrace,  
 Yet dyd hys manhode well agree,  
 vnto hys worthy grace,

So seemely shape dyd loue procure,  
 And Venus byrdes came to the lure. . . .  
 Such be the fond and frantike fits  
 which in the blinded brayne  
 Of wanton women often times  
 with swinging swey doth reigne.  
 And Venus eke, which liked so  
 Adouis louely grace,  
 That she from hym wolde not  
 abide in anye place.  
 In warlike Mars that bloody knight,  
 Sometime also she did delyght.  
 Sith she for comely bewty then,  
 these lustie youthes dyd loue,  
 To marry with Dame Iunoes sonne,  
 what od conceyt did moue  
 Her so, to serue that grislie sire  
 the Copersmith deformde;  
 Whom nature neither with good grace,  
 nor learni<sup>g</sup> had adornde.  
 But euen a rude & boystrous carle,  
 whose colour in his face:  
 A Croyden sang wine\* right did seme,  
 this is a doubtfull case.  
 That she which erst did seke so muche  
 for bewtyes goodly grace:

\* "Croyden sang wine," appears to allude to the town of Croyden in Surry. In the rare collection of *Songs and Sonnets by Patricke Hannay, Gent.* 1622, is a ballad, containing a long description of that place; where, after remarking on the sterility of the surrounding hills, he says:

"In midst of these stands Croydon cloath'd in blacke,  
 In a low bottome sinke of all these hills:  
 And is receipt of all the durtie wracke,  
 Which from their tops still in abundance trils,  
 The vn-pau'd lanes with muddie mire it fills:  
 If one shower fall, or if that blessing stay,  
 You may well smell, but neuer see your way.  
 And those who there inhabit suting well  
 With such a place doe either Negro's seeme,  
 Or harbingers for Pluto Prince of hell.  
 Or his fire-beaters one might rightly deeme,  
 Their sight would make a soule of hell to dreame,  
 Besmeard with sut, and breathing pitchie smoake,  
 Which (saue themselues) a liuing wight would choke."

To loue Adonis faire alone,  
 shulde seke sometime to imbrace  
 Syr Vulcane, with his brousie poll,  
 A smyth whych did on stythy, towl. . . ."

At the end of the poem "T. D. Peend:"\* then follows a short account of the persons, whose names are before used. "That the vnlearned myght the better vnderstande these, I haue compendiouslye noted the histories, & names not familier to our Englysh phrasc." The following refer to the above extracts.

"Adelaide. Doughter and onelye chylde of the Emperour Otho the thyrde, so excedynglye she was enamoured of the most valiant Aleran, sonne to the Duke of Saxony, that she procured hym pryuelye to conuey her awaye, whych by the helpe of an old lady her nurce, he brought to passe. And afterwarde beinge robed of suche monney as they had pronyded, they luyed longe in a woode, and made coles for theyr luyunge, and [she] bare hym seuen sonnes theare, and afterwarde by the valyante feates of her eldest sonne, they were knowen to the Emperoure: and so had hys fauoure againe, and enioyed the empyre after hym.

"Ivliet. A noble mayden of the cytye Verona in Italye, whych loued Romeus, eldest sonne of the Lorde Montesche, and beinge pryuelye maryed togyther: he at last poysoned hymselfe for loue of her. She for sorowe of hys deathe, slewe her selfe in the same tombe, wyth hys dagger." † J. H.

¶ *A Poesie in Forme of a Vision, briefly inueying against the moste hatefull, and prodigious Artes of Necromancie, Witchcraft, Sorcerie, Incantations, and diuers other detestable and deuilische practises, dayly used vnder colour of Judiciall Astrologie. Compiled in Metre by I. H. Esay 19. VVhen they aske counsell at their Gods, at their Prophets, at their Southsayers and VVitches, then vvill I bring their counselles to nought. [Device of the boy in loose garment. See Herbert, 801.] Printed at London by*

\* Ritson says Thomas Peend. *Bio. Poet.*

† This has escaped the notice of the commentators on Shakespeare. See also *postea*, p. 444.

*Rouland*

*Rouland Hall dwelling in gutter Lane at the signe  
of the halfe Egle and the Keye. 1563.*

This "Poesie," the production of "infancy," is unnoticed in the registers of Herbert and Ritson. It is written in quatrains, commencing A ij without any pre-  
fixture. The author, on going to bed, has dreadful  
dreams and a vision, considering himself in a meadow  
"where siluer drops of dewe most swete dyd cleaue to  
euery grasse," he shews his knowledge in botany.

" Ther was no herbe, nor pleasãt flower  
in such a felde to knowe:  
But might be sene most fruitfully  
within this feilde to grow.  
What should I name the Hiasinthe,  
or soote Verbasculy:  
The clouer sweete of diuers kindes,  
that caulde are trifoly.  
The Brunell, and the Bugle blewe  
with fayre Hieracium:  
The Synkefelde, and the Betony,  
and swete Origanum.  
The Tutsain, and Hipericon,  
Asciron and Paunsye:  
The Vyolet and Simphiton  
and the doble Dayesye.  
The Harts ease, and the Pacience,  
and crimsen Pimpernell;  
The Cammock, and the Cammomille,  
and caunterbury bell.  
Rosecampany, Maudlen, and Coste,  
and London touft so red:  
Agrimony, and Lians toth,  
that children caule pis bed.  
Odoriferous Serpillum,  
and ladye Trases fyne:  
With yarrow, torn twise, strawberries,  
and Burnet good with wine.  
The Lunary, the Serpents tongue,  
and Procerpinaca:  
The Adder gras, the Saxifrage,  
and eke Veronica.  
It hedged was with honysuckles,  
or Periclimenum:  
Well myxed with small Coruus trease,  
swete bryer and Ligustrum.

The white thorn, & y<sup>e</sup>. black thorne both,  
 with boxe, and maple fyne :  
 In which branched the briony,  
 the Iuye, and wylde vyne,  
 To long I should the tyme detract,  
 and from my purpose straie :  
 If I should reckon all the things  
 within the felde so gaye."

With similar minuteness he describes the celestial signs. The commencement of necromancy is impotently derived from a heron swallowing serpents on the banks of Styx, which voiding this "wicked brood" in a field even draws the author's familiar friends to seek to learn witchcraft. Of the delusive attempts of the professors in fortune-telling, the following was probably a faithful delineation.

" But phisyke, and astronomy,  
 alas is now the cloke  
 For euery kynd of trechery  
 that goodnes doth reuoke.  
 For wycked, wandering fugitiues,  
 or vacaboundes most leaud :  
 Do now a daies from shere, to shere,  
 with shyftes both false and shrewed :  
 Vnder colour of phisykes art,  
 and noble surgery  
 Delude the common multitude,  
 wyth shamefull sorcery.  
 All secreat markes they will disclose,  
 and thinges long done and paste :  
 Which doth with admiration  
 the people make agaste  
 In such wise, that they straight beleue  
 that nothing vnder sonne  
 Doth stand to hard or difficult  
 of such menne to be donne.  
 So that partly with Palmistry,  
 or Chiromancies gawde :  
 And folishe Phisiognomy,  
 and wichery that fraud,  
 Vnto their wicked, false purpose  
 the people they allure :  
 More then can any godly art,  
 that perfect is and pure.

For bedlem baudes, & hatefull whores,  
 this is a common shyft:  
 Of roffins, theues, and murderers  
 it also is the drift.  
 Vnder such clok their companies  
 together oft they draw:  
 Free from daunger of officers,  
 and punishment of lawe.  
 Alas that this might be sen to  
 with iustice, power, and might,  
 That Vranie, and Medicine  
 againe might haue their right.'

Against astrology judicial, the learned Calvin is to satisfy all wise men: at length the vision ends, and the author hears the warbling Philomel, who, counselling against sloth, he wrote his poem: but accept his own ludicrous minuteness.

“ And I againe to my self,  
 that I dyd shortly here:  
 The warbling notes & songe so swete,  
 of Philomela cleare.  
 Whych counsayld me that slothfulnes,  
 I should from me expell:  
 Wherfore I rose, and with all spede  
 I lyghted a candell.  
 So serued my turne my tinder box,  
 whych stood in my chamber.  
 Then toke I forth my standish to,  
 with pen, ynke, and paper.  
 Where I carued forth ilfauoredly  
 this rough and ragged verse:  
 Wherin theeffect of thys my dreame,  
 I rudcly do rehears.  
 D[e]siering yet in my reade[r]s dere,  
 to beare it paciently:  
 Syth it is but the budding flower,  
 of my poore infancy.  
 Which as rimes of knowledge growes,  
 I shall be glad tamend;  
 If any man, shall be informe  
 and thus I make an end.

Quotations from Iereme. 10, and Esaye 47, then the colophon. *Printed at London, by Rouland Hall, dwelling in Gutter Lane, at the signe of the halfe Egle and the Keye, 1563.*"

J. H.

*A Catalogue*



## ¶ A Catalogue of Books on Angling.

In the second edition of the Treatises of Hawking and Hunting, ascribed to Juliana Barnes,

“Here begynnyth the Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle.” Fol. Lond. Wynk. de Worde. 1496.

..... 4°. Wynk. de Worde.

..... 4°. Lond. W. Copland.

..... 4°. Lond. Ioh. Waley.

..... 4°. Lond. Wyllyam Powell.

..... 4°. Lond. Wyllyam Powell. 1550.

..... 4°. Lond. Abr. Veale and W. Copland.

..... fol. Lond. 1810, reprinted in facsimile from the edit. of 1496.

[Juliana Berners, Barnes, or Bernes, the religious sports-woman, to whom the above tract is ascribed, is said to have been of a noble family, sister to Richard Lord Berners of Essex, and prioress of Sopwell, near St. Albans. She flourished, according to Bale and Pitts, about the year 1460; and is celebrated by Leland, Holinshed, and other writers, for her uncommon learning and accomplishments.

Beside being the first printed treatise on the subject in the English language, this work affords us rude representations of the different kinds of tackle in use: and contains directions and remarks, which have been copied even in some of the most recent Treatises on Angling.

Of the quarto edition, printed by Copland, Herbert mentions two other copies: one, printed “in Lothbury, over against St. Margarets Church;” the other, “in Seint Martyns parish in the Vinetre, upon the three Crane Wharfe.”]

“Hawking, Hunting, Foulung, and *Fishing*, with the true Measures of Blowing, &c. now newly collected by W. G. faukener.” 4°. Lond. 1596.

[W. G. is William Gryndall.]

“Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true Measures of Blowing. Newly corrected and amended. 1596.” 4°. Lond. Edw. Alde. 1596.

“A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, and of all other

other Instruments thereunto belonginge, made by  
L. M." 4°. Lond. 1590.

- ..... 4°. Lond. 1596.  
..... 4°. Lond. 1600.  
..... 4°. Lond. 1606.

[This Treatise contains a few improvements on the directions of Juliana Barnes. It has wood-cuts of the pike and proche hooks, &c. with some remarks on the preservation of fish in pools. L. M. is Leonard Mascall.]

"A New Booke of good Husbandry, very pleasaunt, and of great profite both for Gentlemen and Yomen: con- teining the Order and Maner of making of Fish-pondes, with the breeding, preseruing and multiplyinge of the Carpe, Tench, Pike, and Troute, and diuerse kindes of other Fresh-Fish. Written in Latine by Janus Du- brauius, and translated into English at the speciall re- quest of George Churchey, fellow of Lions Inne, the 9. Februarie 1599." 4°. Lond. 1599.

"Certain Experiments concerning Fish and Fruit prac- tised by Iohn Taverner, Gentleman, and by him pub- lished for the benefit of others." 4°. London. (printed for Wm. Ponsonby) 1600.

[On the family of John Taverner, see Masters's Hist. of C. C. C. Cambridge.]

"The Secrets of Angling; teaching the choicest Toolcs, Baytes, and Seasons for the taking of any Fish, in Pond or River: practised and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By I. D. Esquire." 8°. Lond. 1613.

..... 8°. Lond. 1652.

[In the centre of the title of the first edition of this work is a wood-cut, representing two men. One, with a sphere at the end of his line, and on a label

" Hold hooke and line  
Then all is mine."

The other with a fish,

" Well fayre the pleasure  
That brings such treasure."

Some large extracts from the second edition, which is much enlarged, were published in the last volume of the "*Censura Literaria*."

The original author of the work is mentioned in the third  
edition

edition of Walton's Angler, under the name of Jo. Davors: But the following entry in the books at Stationers' Hall, probably affords the most accurate information.

1612, Feb. 28 "Mr. Rog. Jackson entred for his copie under thands of Mr. Mason and Mr. Warden Hooper a Booke called the Secrete of Angling, teaching the choysest tooles, bates, & seasons for the taking of any fish in pond or river, practised and opened in three Bookes, by JOHN DENNYS, Esquier. vjd." Lib. C. pa. 236 b.

The second edition, is said in the title, to be "augmented with many approved experiments, by *W. Lawson.*"

"The Pleasures of Princes, or Good Mens Recreations: containing a Discourse of the general Art of Fishing with the Angle, or otherwise: and of all the hidden Secrets belonging thereunto. Together with the Choyce, Ordering, Breeding, and Dyetting of the fighting Cocke, being a worke never in that nature handled by any former Author." 4°. Lond. 1614.

..... 4°. Lond. 1635.

[This work forms a part of the "second Booke of the English Husbandman, by G. M. (Gervase Markham.)]

"A Briefe Treatise of Fishing: with the Art of Angling." 4°. Lond. 1614.

[This forms a part of the "Jewell for Gentrie, by T. S.;" and is, in fact, but a reprint of the work ascribed to Juliana Barnes.]

In "Cheap and Good Husbandry," by Gervase Markham, 4°. Lond. 1616, we have a short chapter "On Fish and Fish Ponds."

Among the additions by Gervase Markham to "Maison Rustique, or the Countrey Farme, compyled in the French tongue by Charles Stevens, and Iohn Liebault, and translated into English by Richard Surflet." fol. Lond. 1616. Book IV. chap. xi—xvii. relate to "The Poole, Fish-pond, and Ditch for Fish."

"Countrey Contentments: or the Husbandmans Recreations by G. M.

.....  
.....

..... 5th edit. 4°. Lond. 1633.

..... 6th. edit. 4°. Lond. 1639.

[From p. 59 to 102, in the fifth and sixth editions, we have

“The whole Art of Angling; as it was written in a small treatise in rime, and now for the better understanding of the Reader put into Prose, and adorned and enlarged.” The edition of the “Country Contentments,” of 1615, does not contain the Treatise on Angling. The rimes from which the Art of Angling, in this book, was taken, were probably those in the “Secrets of Angling, by I. D.” 1613.]

The “Country Gentleman’s Companion,” 2 vol. 12°. Lond. 1753, said in the title to be “by a Country Gentleman, from his own experience,” and “printed for the Author, is nothing more than a reprint of Markham’s work, without dedication, preface, or acknowledgment of the author’s name. The Treatise on Angling, with the same verbatim title, occurs Vol. II. p. 61—106.

“The Art of Angling. Wherein are discovered many rare Secrets very necessary to be known by all that delight in that Recreation, written by Thomas Barker, an antient Practitioner in the said Art.” 12m°. Lond. 1651.

..... 4°. Lond. 1653, without the author’s name: subjoined to the “Countrymans Recreation,” 4°. Lond. 1654.

..... 2d edit. [so called], 12°. Lond. 1657: with Commendatory Verses prefixed. This is the first edition that has the title of “Barker’s Delight.”

..... 2d. edit. [likewise so called,] 12°. Lond. 1659. It has, in fact, only a new title-page.

[In an Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to the first edition, and in the dedication of the two last to Edward Lord Montague, Barker speaks of himself as having practised angling for more than half a century. He also says he was born and educated “at Bracemeale, in the liberty of Salop; being a freeman and burgesse of the same city:” adding, “if any noble or gentle angler, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in Henry the 7<sup>th</sup>s. Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in Westm. my name is Barker, where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfie them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long.”]

“The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Mans Recreation.

Recreation. Being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers.—

“Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said, we also will go with thee.” John 21. 3. 12°. Lond. 1653. [By Isaac Walton.]

..... 2d edit. 12°. Lond. 1655.  
 ..... 3d edit. 12°. Lond. 1664.  
 ..... 4th edit. 12°. Lond. 1668.  
 ..... 5th edit. forming the first part of the “Universal Angler,” by Walton, Cotton, and Venables. 12°. Lond. 1676.

[The above are all the editions of “the Complete Angler,” that were published during the author’s life.

The second edition, which was published but two years after the first, appears to have been almost rewritten, with the introduction of a third interlocutor in *Auceps*, and great additions in every part.

The third edition is the first which has the “Postscript, touching the Laws of Angling,” and an Index.

To the fifth, a second part was appended, on fishing for Trout and Grayling, by Charles Cotton, Esq. of Berisford.]

..... 6th edit. 8°. Lond. 1750  
 edited by Moses Browne.

..... 7th edit. 8°. Lond. 1759, by  
 Moses Browne.

[Moses Browne, who rose by his own merit from the humble occupation of a pen-cutter to the station of a respectable divine of the church of England, was born in 1704. Early in life he distinguished himself by his poetical talents; and when only twenty years of age published a tragedy and a farce, called “Polidus,” and “All bedevilled.” These were played together at a private theatre in St. Alban’s street. He became afterwards a frequent contributor to the Gentleman’s Magazine, and, as far as concerned the poetical part, was, for a long time, one of its chief supports.

Sir John Hawkins, in his Life of Dr. Johnson, says, he was a candidate for the fifty pounds prize, alluded to in the Doctor’s first letter to Cave, as well as for the other prizes which Cave proposed for Poems on particular subjects; in all, or most of which compositions, he had the good fortune to succeed.\*

His .

\* When Cave published a Translation of Du Halde’s *China*, he inscribed the different plates to his friends, and one among

His "Piscatory Eclogues," which were first published without his name, appeared in 1729: a second edition came out among his "Poems on various subjects," in octavo, 1739: and the third, in an extended form, by itself, accompanied with notes, in 1773.

For a long time, however, even after his abilities were known, he remained in poverty: being able to make little provision beyond the day that was passing over him. The following letter which he wrote to Dr. Birch, in 1745, who had before assisted his studies, will probably have some interest with the reader.

" SIR,

" I am almost ashamed to presume on that very slender knowledge you may have of me by a few accidental interviews formerly at Mr. Caves, to ask any favour of you, but not having the least acquaintance with any gentleman of the Royal Society besides, I trouble you with a few enquiries I want to make, which will be a great kindness and obligation if you will please to inform me of, by a letter directed as beneath. My sight decaying pretty much, and rendering it somewhat difficult for me to provide as formerly for my family (I having a wife and seven children) I am wishing to know how I might apply for some little place that does not require all ones time, to help me out with some little additional support.

" I apprehend there must be something of messengers, door-keepers, or whatever kind of officers they may be, belonging to the Society. If you will be so good as to inform me what their list is, what salary, and who must be applied to for a gift of this kind, it will be esteemed a very singular favour. I have no thoughts nor aim of becoming troublesome to you, farther than for your kind intelligence, and shall use no liberties with your name, unless you are pleased from your own good will to allow me any other encouragements or services which I have no pretensions nor boldness to ask of you. I am a subject of pity in my circumstances that I have so few, very few friends, but I entirely trust to that good Providence to support me, some way or other, thro' my remaining days, whose

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them "To Moses Browne." With this blunt and familiar designation Mr. Browne was justly offended. To appease him Cave directed the engraver to introduce with a caret, under the line, "Mr.:" and thought, that in so doing, he had made ample amends to Mr. Browne for the indignity done him.

regards

regards I have so kindly, beyond all my deserts, experienced hitherto.

I am, with great respect,  
Sir, your most sincere and  
affectionate Serv<sup>t</sup>.

MOSES BROWNE.

Next the Barley Mow,  
Mile-end Green,  
Feb. 13th, 1745.

In 1750 he edited Walton and Cotton's *Angler*, with a preface, notes, and some valuable additions; this was republished in 1759 and 1772; in the former year drawing him into a controversy with Sir John Hawkins, who happened to be then publishing an improved edition of the same work.

From his poems, as well as from the scattered observations in the "*Angler*," he appears to have been always of a religious turn; and in 1752 he published, in verse, a series of devout Contemplations, entitled "*Sunday Thoughts*." Doctor Johnson, we are told, who often expressed his dislike of religious poetry, and who, for the purpose of religious meditation, thought one day as proper as another, read them with cold a probation, and added that he had a great mind to write *Monday Thoughts*. They, however, went through a second edition in 1764, and a third in 1781.

In a letter to Dr. Birch, dated Dec. 8th, 1752, he mentions the advice of many of his friends, that he should endeavour to obtain orders. "A gentleman of Northampton, he says, wrote me word a few days since, that he had a promise of a living for me, if I would get ordained directly, and be down by the 30th of next month." Early in the following year his testimonials were signed by Dr. Birch, Mr. Nicholas Fayting, and Dr. John Groom of Childerdale in Essex; and soon after his ordination he was presented to the vicarage of Olney in Buckinghamshire, on the cession of Mr. Wolsey Johnson.

In 1754, he published a sermon, preached at Olney, on Christmas-day, entitled "The Nativity and Humiliation of Jesus Christ, practically considered."

In 1755 he published a small quarto poem, entitled "Percy Lodge, a seat of the Duke and Dutchess of Somerset, written by command of their late Graces, in the year 1749."

In what year he was presented to the vicarage of Sutton, in Lincolnshire, we are not informed by any of the writers who mention him: but in 1763 he was elected to the chaplainship of Morden College in Kent. In 1765, he published a Sermon, "preached to the Society for the Reformation of Manners;"

and, a few years after, a Visitation Sermon, delivered at Stony Stratford.

Beside these pieces, Mr. Browne is said to have published one or two political tracts; and in 1772, a translation of a work by John Liborius Zimmerman, entitled "The Excellency of the Knowledge of Jesus Christ." 12°. Lond. He died at Morden College, Sept. 13, 1787, in his 84th year.]

"The Compleat Angler, 8th edit. 8°. Lond. 1760. edited by John Hawkins, Esq, afterwards Sir John Hawkins,

[A manuscript note of Mr. White, of Crickhowell, in a copy of the "Complete Angler," edit. 1784, says Sir John Hawkins was born March 19, 1719.]

He was elected Chairman of the Session for Middlesex, Sept. 19, 1735, in which capacity he published a Charge to the Grand Jury, Jan. 8, 1770, and received the honour of Knighthood, Oct. 23, 1772.

He died at his house in the Great Sanctuary, Westminster, May 21st, 1789, in his 71st year, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey. The public are infinitely indebted to him for the many valuable anecdotes recorded in his History of Music: though his biography of Johnson, it must be confessed, was undertaken in an evil hour.

Compare, for further particulars of him and his works, Gent. Mag. Vol. XLVI. p. 522. XLVII. 29, 78, 125, 229, 273. LV. 875. LXIX. 473, and Kippis's Biogr. Brit. art. Addison, p. 55.]

..... 9th edit. 8°. Lond. 1766,  
edited by John Hawkins, Esq.

A new title only.

..... 10th edit. 8°. Lond. 1772,  
edited by Moses Browne.

..... 11th edit. 8°. Lond. 1775,  
by Sir John Hawkins.

..... 12th edit. 8°. Lond. 1784,  
by Sir John Hawkins.

..... 13th edit. 8°. Lond. 1792,  
edited by John Sidney Hawkins, Esq.

..... 14th edit. 8°. Lond. 1797,  
also by Mr. Sidney Hawkins, but without the larger  
plates.

..... 15th edit. 8°. Lond. 1808,

[Printed in three sizes.]



“The Complete Angler, 16th edit. a fac-simile reprint of the edit. of 1653. 12°. Lond. 1810.

In the third edition of the “Compleat Gentleman,” by Henry Peacham, the xxi. Chapter is “Concerning Fishing.” 4°. Lond. 1661.

[It does not occur in either of the previous editions of 1622 or 1634.]

“The Experienc’d Angler; or Angling Improved: being a General Discourse of Angling.” 8°. Lond. 1662.

[By Col. Robert Venables, whose name appears at least in the three last of the subsequent editions.]

..... 2d edit. 12°. Lond.

..... 3d edit. 12°. Lond. 1668.

..... 4th edit. 12°. Lond. 1676.

..... 5th edit. 12°. Lond. 1683.

[The fourth edition forms the third part of the Universal Angler.]

Among the Manuscripts in the Harleian Collection, are several pedigrees of the family of Venables: particularly in the MS. 1393, f. 39, where the great ancestor of Venables is stated to have been Galiard Venables, who came over with the Conqueror, and afterwards received the Earldom of Kinderton, in Cheshire, from Hugh Lupus. Another MS. 2059, recites a deed from one of the family residing at Northwich, as early as 1260.

The Harleian Manuscript, 1093, f. 52, contains a paper, partly in the hand-writing of Colonel Venables, containing an account of the time he served the Parliament Army in Cheshire, and of the pay due to him between 1643 and 1646. From this it appears that in 1644 he was made Governor of Chester.

When Cromwell, by the persuasions of Card. Mazarine, fitted out a fleet for the Conquest of Hispaniola in 1655, the command of the army, (consisting of 2000 old Cavaliers, and as many of Oliver’s standing army, besides volunteers and necessitated persons) was given to Col. Venables and Admiral Penn; who were ordered to take on board more forces at Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands.

On the 13th of April, Col. Venables landed at Hispaniola, but was defeated, and retreated to the fleet. On the 3d of May, however, they made a descent on Jamaica, and took possession of the town of St. Jago by capitulation. Toward the close of the summer Venables and Penn returned home, and arrived in England in September, where they were both imprisoned  
for

for their scandalous conduct in this expedition: which would have been an irreparable dishonour to the English nation, had not the island of Jamaica, which chance, more than council, bestowed upon them, made amends for the loss at Hispaniola.

See *The British Empire in America, Vol. II. p. 305. 8°. 1741.*

From other sources we learn that in 1645 Lieut. Col. Venables was Governor of Tarvin. In 1649 he was Commander in Chief of the Forces in Ulster, and had the towns of Lisnegarvy, Antrim, and Belfast, delivered to him.

Some of his actions in Ireland are recited in "A History or Brief Chronicle of the Chief Matters of the Irish Warres." 4°. Lond. 1650.

In "Certaine Passages of Every Dayes Intelligence, from Sep. 21 to 28, 1655, (published by authority?) it is said, "Gen. Pen and Gen. Venables would willingly be petitioning his Highnes the Lord Protector for their enlargement out of the Tower again; but it is a little too soon yet; it were not amiss that they stayed till we hear again from the West Indies."]

"Angling improved to spiritual Uses," forms part of an octavo volume, under the title of "Occasional Reflections upon several Subjects," by the Hon. Robert Boyle. 8°. Lond. 1665.

In "The Epitome of the Art of Husbandry," by J. B. Gent. 12°. Lond. 1669. p. 182 to 196 are "Brief Experimental Directions for the right Use of the Angle."

..... 8°. Lond. 1670.  
p. 182 to 196.

..... 8°. Lond. 1685.  
p. 145 to 159.

[The author's name was Blagrave.]

"The Angler's Delight: containing the whole Art of neat and clean Angling; wherein is taught the readiest way to take all sorts of Fish, from the Pike to the Minnow, together with their proper baits, haunts, and time of fishing for them, whether in mere, pond, or river.

"As also the method of fishing in Hackney River, and the names of all the best stands there; with the manner of making all sorts of good tackle fit for any water whatsoever. The like never before in print. By William Gilbert, Gent. 12°. Lond. 1676.

..... 12°. Lond. no date.

This

[This second edition was reprinted in fac-simile, about 1780, by a bookseller, in Holborn.]

- “The Compleat Troller; or the Art of Trolling,” by Robert Nobbes. 8°. Lond. 1682.  
 ..... 2d edit. same date, reprinted in fac-simile, about 1750.  
 ..... 3d edit. prefixed to the Angler’s Pocket Book. 8°. Norw. no date.  
 ..... 4th edit. appended to another edition of the Angler’s Pocket-Book. 8°. Lond. 1805.  
 “The Accomplish’d Lady’s Delight in Preserving, Physick, Beautifying and Cookery.” 12°. Lond. 1684. p. 106 to 126. “New and excellent Experiments and Secrets in the Art of Angling, being directions for the whole Art.”

[Taken entirely from Walton and Barker.]

- “Gentleman’s Recreations: treating of the Art of Horsemanship, Hunting, Fowling, Fishing, and Agriculture.” fol. Lond. 1686.  
 ..... fol. Lond. 1710,  
 “The Gentleman’s Recreation: in four parts, viz. Hunting, Hawking, Fowling, Fishing,” 8°. Lond. 1674. [By Nicholas Cox]  
 ..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond. 1677.  
 ..... 3d edit. 8°. Lond. 1686.  
 ..... 4th edit. 8°. Lond. 1697.  
 ..... 5th edit. 8°. Lond. 1706.  
 ..... 6th edit. 8°. Lond. 1721.  
 “The Angler’s Vade Mecum: or a compendious, yet full Discourse of Angling,” by J. Cheetham. 8°. Lond. 1681.  
 ..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond. 1689.  
 ..... 3d edit. 8°. Lond. 1700.  
 “Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland. Wherein most or all of the cities, citadels, sea-ports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers, and rivulets, are compendiously described.  
 “Together with choice Collections of various Discoveries, Remarkable Observations, Theological Notions, Political Axioms, National Intrigues, Polemick Inferences, Contemplations, Speculations, and several curious

curious and industrious Inspections, lineally drawn from Antiquaries, and other noted and intelligible persons of Honour and eminency. To which is added the Contemplative and Practical Angler, by way of Diversion. With a Narrative of that dextrous and mysterious Art experimented in England, and perfected in more remote and solitary parts of Scotland. By way of Dialogue. Writ in the year 1658, but not till now made publick. By Richard Franck, Philanthropus." 8°. Lond. 1694.

[One of the most curious parts of this work will be found at p. 279, in what relates to the Burbolt, a fish rarely found even in the Trent. This fish is represented as "absconding himself in eddies, and sometimes in arches, not far from streams and torrents of water." "He that takes him (says the author,) gets a reward; which a well-scowred Red-worm certainly accomplishes as soon as any thing except the Gudgeon, for that is a charm compels him ashore."]

"The Gentleman Fisher: or the whole Art of Angling. 8°. Lond.

..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond. 1727.

"The True Art of Angling: by I. S. 24°. Lond.

1696.

..... 2d edit.

..... "The Compleat Fisher, or the True Art of Angling, by I. S. 3d edit." 24°. Lond. 1704.

..... 4th edit. 8°. Lond. 1716.

..... 6th edit. 24°. Lond.

"The Complete Fisher: or, the True Art of Angling. Revised and Corrected by W. Wright, and other experienc'd Anglers." 24°. Lond. 1740.

[At the back of the title is a recommendation of the work, signed

Wm. Wright,

Rob. Cole,

Wm. Andrews,

J. Turner,

Rob. Lewis,

Roger Filewood,

Phillips Brice,

J. Hollings,

which asserts that "This book has pass'd several editions." The places round London for angling, noticed in this work, are worth attention.

There is another edition of the same size, title, and date, with a different wood cut at the beginning, and with material variations.]

"The

- “The Compleat Fisherman. Being a large and particular account of all the several ways of Fishing, now practised in Europe, by James Saunders, Esq. of Newton Awbery, upon Trent.” 12°. Lond. 1724.
- “The Genteel Recreation: or the Pleasure of Angling, a Poem. With a Dialogue between Piscator and Corydon. By John Whitney, a Lover of the Angle.” 8°. Lond. 1700.
- “The School of Recreation; or a Guide to the most Ingenious Exercises, by R. H.” p. 158 to 182 [“On Fishing.”] 8°. Lond. 1701-  
 ..... [p. 144 to 166 on “Fishing.”] 8°. Lond. 1710.  
 ..... 8°. Lond. 1720.  
 ..... 8°. Lond. 1732.
- “The Secrets of Angling, by C. G.” 12°. Lond. 1705.
- “Dictionarium Rusticum et Urbanicum. 8°. Lond. 1704.  
 ..... 2d edit.  
 ..... 3d edit. 2 vol.  
 8°. Lond. 1726.
- “The Angler’s Sure Guide: or Angling Improved and methodically digested, by R. H. Esq.” 8°. Lond. 1706.
- “The Innocent Epicure; or the Art of Angling, a Poem.” 8°. Lond. 1697.  
 [The Preface is by N. Tate, who is supposed to have been the author of the book.]  
 ..... 2d edit. 12°. 1713.  
 ..... “The Art of Angling. 8°. Lond. 1741.  
 [This appears to be the same poem with the foregoing; and is likewise called the second edition, in the title.]
- “The Whole Art of Fishing: being a Collection and Improvement of all that has been written on this subject: with many new Experiments. 12°. Lond. 1714.  
 ..... 2d edit. entitled “The Gentleman Fisher: or the Whole Art of Angling.” 8°. Lond. 1727.
- “A Discourse of Fish and Fish Ponds: by a Person of Honour.” 8°. Lond.  
 ..... 8°. Lond. 1713.  
 ..... 8°. Lond. 1715.  
 ..... This work is also found as an appendage to  
 “The Gentleman Farmer.” 8°. Lond. 1726.

[The author was the Hon. Roger North.]

“The

“The Country Gentleman’s Vade Mecum,” by G. Jacob, Gent. 8°. Lond. 1717. contains p. 25—31. a few pages upon Fish, Angling, Fish-Ponds, &c.

“The Compleat Sportsman,” by Giles Jacob. 12°. Lond. 1718. Part III. of which relates to “Fish and Fishing.”

“England’s Interest; or the Gentleman and Farmer’s Friend: by Sir J. Moore.” 8°. Lond. 1721. Contains (p. 99 to 157) “The Angler’s Guide.”

“The Gentleman Angler.” 8°. Lond. 1726.

..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond. 1736.

..... 3d edit. 8°. Lond. without date.

..... This work was again printed as a novel publication in 1786, viz. “The Gentleman Angler. Containing brief and plain Instructions by which the young beginner may in a short time become a perfect Artist in Angling for all kinds of Fish. By a Gentleman, who has made it his diversion upwards of fourteen years.” 12°. Lond. 1786.

“Piscatory Eclogues.” 8°. Lond. 1729.

[By Moses Browne.]

..... 8°. Lond. 1739.

..... 3d edit. entitled “Angling Sports, in Nine Piscatory Eclogues.” 8°. Lond. 1773.

“Piscatio. Or Angling. A Poem. Written originally in Latin by S. Ford, D. D. and inscrib’d to Archbishop Sheldon. Translated from the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, by Tipping Silvester, M. A. Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxon.

..... Lucet, eamus

Quo ducit Gula, piscemur.

Hor. Epist. 4. Lib. 1.”

8°. Oxford. 1733.

[The original is in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, Vol. I. or rather “*Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta: sive, Poemata quædam melioris notæ, seu hactenus Inedita, seu sparsim Edita, in unum Volumen congesta.*” 8°. Oxon. 1692, p. 129. “*Piscatio ad Gilb. Archiepisc. Cant.*” signed, “Simon Ford, S. T. P.”]

“Sportsman’s Dictionary; or the Gentleman’s Companion in all Rural Recreations.” 2 vol. 8°. 1735.

“The

“The British Angler: or a Pocket-Companion for Gentleman Fishers, by John Williamson, Gent.” 8°. Lond.

..... 8°. Lond. 1740.

“Fishing and Hunting.” 8°. Lond.

“The Art of Angling, Rock, and Sea, Fishing: with a Natural History of River, Pond, and Sea Fish, by R. Brookes.” 8°. Lond. 1740.

..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond. 1743.

..... 3d edit. 8°. Lond. 1770.

..... 4th edit. 8°. Lond. 1774.

..... 5th edit. 8°. Lond. 1781.

..... 6th edit. 8°. Lond. 1785.

..... 7th edit. 8°. Lond. 1789.

..... “a new edit.” 8°. Lond. 1793.

..... “a new edit.” 8°. Lond. 1801.

..... “a new edit.” 8°. Lond. 1807.

[In Ford of Manchester’s Catalogue of Books for 1811, an edition printed at *Dublin* in 1778 is mentioned.]

“The Art of Angling, by R. Brookes, M. D. now improved with Additions, and formed into a Dictionary.” 8°. Lond. 1766.

“Angling, a Poem.” 12°. Lond. 1741. 2d edit.

“The Art of Angling improved, in all its parts, especially Fly-fishing,” by Richard Bowlker. 12°. Worcester.

[Certainly published before 1759.]

..... 2d edit. by Charles Bowlker, his son. 8°.

..... 3d edit. 8°. Birmingham.

[Printed with Baskerville’s types.]

..... 4th edit. 8°. Birm. 1788.

..... 5th edit. 8°. Birm. 1792.

..... “a new edition,” by Charles Bowlker, of Ludlow. 8°. Ludlow. 1806.

“The Angler’s Magazine, or necessary and delightful Store-house; wherein every thing proper to be known relating to his art, is digested in such a method as to assist his knowledge and practice upon bare inspection; being the compleatest manual ever published upon the subject; largely treating of all things relating

to

to Fish and Fishing, and whereby the Angler may acquire his experience without the help of a Master. By a Lover of that innocent and healthful diversion." 12°. Lond. 1754.

"The Angler's Eight Dialogues, in Verse." 8°. Lond. 1758.

"The Art of Angling; Eight Dialogues, in Verse." 8°.

"The Universal Angler; or that art improved in all its parts, especially in Fly-fishing." 8°. Lond. 1766.

"The Complete Sportsman, or Country Gentleman's Recreation. By Thomas Fairfax." 8°. Lond.

[P. 123 to 173, on Angling.]]

"The Complete Fisherman; or Universal Angler." 8°. Lond.

..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond. 1778.

"The Angler's Complete Assistant, being an Epitome of the whole Art of Angling. 4th edit. 4°. Lond.

"The True Art of Angling." 12°. Lond. 1770.

"Translation of a Letter from the Hanover Magazine, N°. 23, March 21, 1763. Giving an account of a method to breed Fish to advantage." 8°. Lond. 1778.

"The Angler's Museum, or the whole art of Float and Fly-Fishing, by Thomas Shirley. 12°. Lond. 1784.

..... 2d edit. 12°. Lond.

..... 3d edit. 12°. Lond.

"The Fisherman: or Art of Angling made easy; by Guiniad Charfey, Esq. 8°. Lond.

..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond.

"The North-Country Angler; or the Art of Angling as practised in the Northern Counties of England." 8°. Lond. 1786.

..... 2d edit.

..... 3d edit. 8°. Leeds. 1800.

"A Concise Treatise on the Art of Angling: by Thomas Best, Gent." 8°. Lond. 1787.

..... 2d edit. 8°. Lond.

..... 3d edit. 8°. Lond. 1794.

..... 4th edit. 8°. Lond. 1798.

..... 5th edit. 8°. Lond. 1802.

..... 6th edit. 8°. Lond. 1804.

..... 7th edit. 8°. Lond. 1807.

"A Concise



- ..... 8th edit.  
 Lond. 1808.
- ..... 9th edit. 8°. Lond. 1810.
- “An Essay on the Right of Angling in the River Thames, and in all the other public Navigable Rivers.” 8°. Reading.
- “A Letter to a Proprietor of a Fishery in the River Thames. In which an attempt is made to shew in whom the Right of Fishing in public streams now resides.” 2d edit. 8°. Reading. [1787.]
- “The Natural History of Fishes and Serpents,” by R. Brookes. To which is added an Appendix, containing the whole Art of Float and Fly-Fishing.” 8°. Lond. 1790.
- “The Young Angler’s Pocket-Companion, by Ralph Cole, Gent.” 12°. Lond. 1795.
- “The Modern Angler, being a practical Treatise on the Art of Fishing, &c. in a Series of Letters to a friend, by Robert Salter, Esq.” 12°. Lond.
- “Angling in all its Branches, reduced to a Complete Science: in three parts, by Samuel Taylor, Gent. 8°. Lond. 1800.
- “Practical Observations on Angling in the River Trent. 8°. Newark. 1801.
- “Every Man his own Fisherman: by Thomas Smith. 24°. Lond.
- “The Driffield Angler, in two parts; by Alexander Mackintosh of Great Driffield, Yorkshire.” 8°. Gainsborough.
- “The Angler’s Pocket-Book, to which is prefixed Nobbe’s celebrated Treatise on the Art of Trolling.” 8°. Norw.
- ..... 2d edit. with Nobbes’s Treatise affixed. 8°. Lond.
- ..... 3d edit. with the same affixed. 8°. Lond. 1805.
- “The New and Complete Angler, or Universal Fisherman,” by Richard Pollard, Esq. of Clapton Middlesex. 8°. Lond. 1802.
- “Rural Sports, by W. B. Daniel. Vol. II. p. 1 to 373 relates to Fish and Fishing: principally Angling. 4°. Lond. 1802.

- “ The Kentish Angler, or the young Fisherman’s Instructor: shewing the Nature and Properties of Fish which are generally angled for in Kent. 12°. Canterb. 1804.
- “ The Complete Angler’s Vade Mecum: being a perfect Code of Instruction on the above pleasing Science; &c. by Capt. T. Williamson, (Author of the Wild Sports of India.) 8°. Lond. 1808.
- “ The Angler’s Manual, or concise Lessons of Experience, which the Proficient in the delightful Recreation of Angling will not despise, and the Learners will find the Advantage of practising: containing useful Instructions on every approved method of Angling, and particularly on the management of the Hand and Rod in each method. 4°. Liverp. 1808.

H. E.

¶ *Spare your good.*

[Wood-cut of a lady sitting up in bed, apparently addressing a man and woman seated by the bed side.]  
4to. containing one sheet, black letter. (Colophon.)

¶ *Here endeth a lytell treatyse very profitable for every yonge man and yonge woman called Syrs spare your good. Imprinted at London in Poules churchyard by Anthony Kytson.*

A fragment of this publication, printed by Wynken de Worde, has already been noticed in *Censura Literaria*, IX. 373. The present communication will enable the possessors of that work to fill up the defective lines in the extract there given by Mr. HASLEWOOD, and to the general reader the following short account will perhaps be acceptable. It begins at page 2.

“ Euen aboute the moneth of Maye  
J wene it was the thirde daye  
Of that same moneth as J gesse  
And so it was so haue J blesse  
For J knowe it well by a thinge  
Of the whiche J haue had knowledgyng

As

As here after ye shall heare full well  
 Of a knightes sone how it befell  
 A riche knight there was in Fraunce J vnderstande  
 And was a man of greate lande  
 And hyght syr Thomas perlore  
 A sone he had with his wyfe and no more  
 And she was called faire Ysaungrayne  
 And their sone called Rafelyne."

This youth, as may be seen from the extract given in the before-mentioned work, "learned all vyce and lefte vertue." At the death of his parents, having buried them "after the comune vse,"

— forth he wente to his company anone  
 And saide sirs let vs be mery euerychone -  
 Syr they saide welcome be ye truely  
 And we all pray you hartely  
 To syt by vs and kepe company  
 So he did and thanked them hertely  
 They called anone for meat & drincke of the beste  
 For to eate and drincke as them lest  
 And whan they had eaten and dronken theyr fyll  
 Syr they saide know ye nothinge of oure wyll  
 No by my faith he saide incontinente  
 But by saint Thomas of Kente  
 J woulde haue at the hasarde a cast or two  
 For to learne to caste the dyce to and fro  
 And if here be any body that wyll for money playe  
 J haue yet in my purse money and pledges gaye  
 Some be nobles, some be crownes of Fraunce  
 Haue at all who wyll of this daunce  
 One of them answered with that worde  
 And caste a bale of dyce on the borde  
 And saide maister Rafeleyne wyll ye haue a fytt  
 Haue at all yf ye wyll sytte  
 Maister Rafeleyne drewe to his pouche  
 Tyll he had loste coyne and owche  
 Than he drewe out pledges fresshe and gaye  
 Tyll all was gone and played awaye  
 Home he goeth lyke as he were out of his minde  
 And solde al his goodes before and behynde  
 And to harlotes he goeth and to bandes bolde  
 For he thought his money shoulde euer holde  
 To the tauerne and to the bordell he him drest  
 For al that his felowship did coūsel him for the best

R R 2

But

But at the laste whan all was gone  
 Than he began to make his mone  
 Like as here after ye shal vnderstande  
 Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hande.  
 ¶ Thus endeth the Prologue.

Next follows the "mone," which consists of thirteen octave stanzas, the three last of which have been already printed in *Cens. Lit.* and serve to shew the nature of the complaint sufficiently. I shall therefore content myself with giving the first stanza, the fourth line of which appears more applicable to the present day, than that in which *Spare your good* originally appeared.

"Alas my good is spente J haue no more  
 Therfore J am troubled sore  
 With great greuaunce in my herte rote  
 To spende a pounce was but a small note  
 Lyke as J was vsed to do here and there  
 Therfore J must now mirth forbear  
 Whyche here before J did not vnderstande  
 Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hande."

P. B.

¶ *The Eycht Tragedie of Seneca, entituled Agamemnon. Translated out of Latin in to English, by Iohn Studley, Student in Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge. Imprinted at London in Flete street, beneath the Conduit, at the signe of S. Iohn Euangelyst, by Thomas Colwell. Anno Domini M. D. LXVI.*

Such is the exact title of a volume, which is declared by Warton\* to be "exceedingly scarce, and hardly to be found in the choicest libraries of those who collect our poetry in black-letter." The copy, from which the present extract is given, was left to the Bodleian library by the learned Selden,† and is bound with six other pieces of equal rarity. It is in small octavo, and the signatures extend to G.

Of Studley little is now known. In his dedication to Sir William Cecil, then Chancellor of Cambridge, he

\* *History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 383.*

† It is now marked 8°. H. 44. Art. Seld.

informs

informs us that he was educated at Westminster;\* the title of his *Agamemnon* shews us his college, and Chetwood, on what authority I know not, says that he was killed in Flanders in 1587 † Wood speaks of him as “a noted poet in Queen Elizabeth’s time,” ‡ and, from the numerous commendatory offerings prefixed to his performance, it seems that he was held in high estimation by his contemporaries.

The present volume, although mentioned by Ritson, does not appear to have been inspected by him, since it contains several additional names to his *Biographia Poetica*. The first of these is Thomas Newce, who has prefixed two copies of verses, one in Latin, the other in English. This gentleman was a Fellow of Pembroke Hall in 1562; he was afterwards Rector of Oxburgh, Norfolk; of Beccles, Weston Market, and Vicar of Gaysley, Suffolk; and Feb. 21, 1584—5, became Prebendary of Ely Cathedral. He died at Gaysley on the 8th of November, 1617, where he was buried, and had an epitaph in verse, given to his memory, from which we learn that he had five sons and seven daughters by his wife Anne, who died in 1613. § The only literary production now extant of Newce is his translation of the *Octavia* of Seneca, printed in Newton’s Collection. ||—W. R. has also two pieces, one Latin, and one English. H. C. is very possibly Henry Champion of Emanuel College, who has one piece in *Sorrowes Joy*, 1603. Thomas Delapeend is only known from his unusually rare little volume, *The Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis*, by T. Peend, Gent. with a morall in English uerse. Anno Domini. 1565. mense Decembris. 8vo. printed by Colwell; it begins

“ Dame *Venus* once by *Mercurye*  
comprest, a chylde did beare:

\* “J was somtyme scholler in the Queenes Maiesties grammer schole at Westminster.” Sign. A ii. b.

† The British Theatre, containing the lives of the English Dramatic poets. Dublin, 1750, p. 7.

‡ *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 339.

§ This epitaph is preserved in Bentham’s *History of Ely*, p. 251.

|| This rare volume is noticed at large in Warton, III. 382, and several extracts from it are given in *Censura Literaria*, IX. 386. It was printed in 4to. by Marsh, 1581.

For beuty farre excellyng all  
that erst before hym weare," &c.

W. Parkar is a name I do not remember to have seen to any other production. The concluding copy of verses, by T. B. I shall transcribe, as the names of several contemporary poets are introduced.

" *T. B. to the Reader.*

" When *Heiwood* did in perfect verse  
and dolfull tune set out  
And by hys smouth and fyled style  
declared had aboute  
What toughe reproche the Troyans of  
the hardy Grekes receyued,  
When they of towne, of goods, & lyues  
togyther were depryued.  
How wel did then hys freindes requite  
his trauayle and his payne,  
When vnto hym they haue (as due)  
ten thousand thankes agayne?  
What greater prayse might *Virgill* get?  
what more renoume then this,  
Could haue ben gyuen vnto hym,  
for wrytyng verse of hys?  
Did *Virgill* ought request but thys,  
in labouryng to excell?  
Or what did fame gyue to him more,  
then prayse to beare the bell?  
May *Heywood* this alone get prayse,  
and *Phaer* be cleane forgott,  
Whose verse & style doth far surmount  
and gotten hath the lot?  
Or may not *Googe* haue parte with hym,  
whose trauayle and whose payne,  
Whose verse also is full as good,  
or better of the twaiae?  
A *Neuyle* also one there is,  
in verse that gyues no place  
To *Heiwood* (though he be full good)  
in vsyng of his grace.  
Nor *Goldinge* can haue lesse renome  
whych *Ouid* dyd translate:  
And by the thondryng of hys verse  
hath set in chayre of state.

With

With him also (as semeth me)  
 our *Edwardes* may compare,  
 Who nothing gyuyng place to hym  
 doth syt in egall \* chayre.  
 A great sorre more J recken myght,  
 with *Heiwood* to compare,  
 And this our auctor one of them  
 to compte J will not spare.  
 Whose paynes is egall with the rest  
 in thys he hath begun,  
 And lesser prayse deserueth not  
 Then *Heiwoods* worke hath done.  
 Gyue therfore *Studley* parte of prayse,  
 to recompence hvs payne:  
 For egall labour euermore,  
 deserueth egall gayne.  
 . Read ear thou iudge, then iudge thy fill,  
 But iudge the best, and mend the ill."

*Studley's Agamemnon* deserves peculiar notice, both as a specimen of one of the earliest efforts at translation by our native writers, and for the ability with which it was performed. A part of the last scene, which was added by the translator, has been already given in the *Censura*. The following lines are from the commencement of the tragedy, and will serve to shew that *Studley's* powers were by no means contemptible.

“ *Thyestes*,

“ Departing from y<sup>e</sup> darkned dens  
 whiche *Ditis* low doth kepe,  
 Loe here J am sent out again  
 from Tartar dungeon depe,  
*Thyestes* J, that whether coast  
 to shun do stand in doubt,  
 Thinfernall feendes J flye, the foalke  
 of yearth J chase about.  
 My conscience so abhors, that J  
 should nether passage make,  
 Appauled so with feare and dread  
 my trembling sinews shake:

\* Egall, *equal*, Chaucer uses the substantive—“she is the preis-  
 ing of this world, and she is as thise martirs in *egalitie*.” *Persones*  
*Tale*, p. 374. Tyrwhitt, 4to. 1798.

My fathers house, or rather yet  
 my brothers J espye,  
 This is the ould and antique porche  
 of *Pelops* progenye.  
 Here first the Greekes on princes hedds  
 do place the royall crowne,  
 And here in throne aloft they lye,  
 that ietteth vp and downe,  
 With statelye scepter in theyr hand,  
 eake here theyr courtes do lye,  
 This is theyr place of banquetyng,  
 returne therfore will J.  
 Naye, better were it not to haunt  
 the lothsome *Limbo* lakes,  
 Wher as the Stygion porter doth  
 aduance with lustye crakes  
 His tryple gorge be hong with mane  
 shagg hearye, rustie, blacke:  
 Wher *Ixions* carkas linked fast  
 the whyrlyng wheele doth racke,  
 And rowleth styll vppon him selfe :  
 wher as full oft in vayne  
 Much toyle is lost, (the tottryng stone  
 down tomblyng backe agayne)  
 Wher growing guts the gredie gripe  
 do gnaw with rauenyng bitts.  
 Wher parched vp with burning thirst  
 amydd the waues he sytts,  
 And gapes to catche the fletyng flood  
 with hungry chapps be guylde,  
 That paies his painefull punyshment,  
 whose feast the gods defyldē:  
 Yet that olde man so stept in yeares  
 at length by tract of tyme,  
 How great a parte belonges to me  
 and porcion of his cryme ?  
 Account we all the grysly ghostes,  
 whom gyltie found of ill,  
 The *Gnosian* iudge in plutoes pytts  
 doth tosse in tormentes styll :  
*Thyestes* J in dryrye dedes  
 wyll far surmount the rest."

Besides the tragedy just noticed, Studley translated the  
*Medea Hyppolitus*, and *Hercules Oeteus*, which were in-  
 cluded



cluded in Newton's collection, 1581, but which were probably printed separately, although no copies of them have been discovered. His other works were

1. Two tributes, in Latin verses, "in obitum clarissimi viri Nicolai Carri," appended to "*Demosthenis Græcorum Oratorum Principis, Olynthiacæ orationes tres, & Philippicæ quatuor, e Greco in Latinum conuersæ, a Nicolao Carro.*" &c. 4to. by Denham, 1571. The second of these, as being the shortest, I shall transcribe.

" Quærenti nuper cur sic Cantabria\* fletet,  
Et toties clamet: spes mea, Carre, vale:—  
Talia respondit: gemo memet vulnere læsam,  
Dum mihi Car periit, χείρ mihi manca cadit."

2. *The Pageant of Popes, contayninge the lyues of all the Bishops of Rome, from the beginnunge of them to the yeare of Grace 1555, &c. Shewing manye straunge, notorious, outragious and tragicall partes, played by them the like vwhereof hath not els bin hearde: both pleasant and profitable for this age. Written in Latin by Maister Bale, and now Englished with sondrye additions by J. S.—Anno 1574. 4to by Marshe.* It is dedicated to Thomas, Earl of Sussex, and possesses some lines to the reader, by T. R. gentleman, which give a curious description of the Pope and Antichrist,

P. B.

¶ *An Italian Grammer VVritten in latin by Scipio Lentulo a Neapolitaine and turned in Englishe by H. G. Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautroullier dwelling in the Blacke frieres. 1575. Oct. pp. 155.*

Dedicated "to the right vertvovs Mystres Mary, and Mystres Francys Berkeley," daughters of Henry Lord Berkley, whose favourable acceptance is sought although "rudely at-tired with this Englishe habit." Ending, "so humble I take my leaue, the 4 of December, 1574. Yours vvholly at com-maundement, Henry Granthan." † \* \*

\* Carr was Greek Professor at Cambridge.

† Probably the first edition; two of later dates appear in Herbert.

*Chronological*

¶ *Chronological List of the Works, in verse and prose, of George Wither.*

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 32.]

87. "The grateful Acknowledgment of a late trimming Regulator. Humbly presented to that honest and worthy Country-Gentleman who is come lately to Town, and stiles himself by the name of Multum in parvo. With a most strange and wonderful prophecy taken out of 'Britains Genious;' written in the time of the late wars by that famous and divine poet of our age, Captain George Wither." Ver. 4to. 1688.\*

This can only be ranged within the pale of Wither's publications, from containing a reprint of a part of his "*Prosopopœia Britannica*," which begins

"When here a Scot shall think his throne to set."

The following titles of productions not printed, are mostly recorded in Wither's own Catalogue.

88. "An Apology to the Lords of the Council, in justification of the reproof of vices in his poems."

89. "A Treatise of antient Hieroglyphicks, with their various significations." A MS. *lost*.

90. "The Pursuit of Happiness: being a character of the extravagancy of the author's affections and passions in his youth." Prose.

91. "Riddles, Songs, and Epigrams."

92. "A Discourse concerning the plantations of Ulster

\* In the following year was printed "*Withers Redivivus*: in a small new-years gift, *pro rege et grege*, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange. Wherein is a most strange and wonderful plot, lately found and discovered, and recommended to all the imposing members of the Church of England; to be by them acted, as part of their Lent-confession: viz. to all Roman Catholick priests and jesuits of persecuting principles and profession. With the arraignment and trial of Innocent the XIth, present pope of Rome. Refused last Lent to be licensed, by reason of the matter therein contained. By T. P. Printed in the year 1689." 4to.

In this, the medley manner of some of Wither's pamphlets is aptly mimicked.

in

- in Ireland; with pre-conjectures of what consequents would probably ensue." Prose. (Wood says this was *printed*.)
93. "The Dutchess."
94. "Domestick Devotions."
95. "A Funeral Elegie."
96. "A tract of Usury; wherein lending for increase, which is forbidden in scripture, is distinguished from that which is lawful."
97. "Familiar Epistles." Prose, *lost*.
98. "The Author's Confession of his Faith, both in fundamentals and in relation to most points controverted by men of several judgements in religion."
99. "A precatory Meditation and soliloquy with GOD, on the behalf of his children and posterity."
100. "A Discourse to a Friend, touching the consolations in close imprisonment."
101. "Vaticinium poeticum." In Verse.\*
102. "Caveat Emptor." In Prose †
103. "Carmen Ternarium Semicynicum."
104. "Know Thyself." In Verse.
105. The true state of the Cause betwixt the King and Parliament." In Prose. *Mislaid or lost*.
106. "The Delinquents' Purgation."
107. "Three Grains of Frankincense." In Verse. ‡
- 108.

\* This, says Wood, was reprinted in *Fragmenta Prophetica*: but Wood was certainly mistaken.

† The following allusion occurs in "*Fides Anglicana*." "This remonstrant, and many more, are (among other frequent upbraidings and provocations) jeered with this untimely and unsavoury caution, CAVEAT EMPTOR; which hath obliquely a worse reflection upon *venders* than *buyers* in their condition: implying rather *caveant venditores*, in regard it is a *caveat* to be given before-hand, &c."

‡ This was printed in 1651, and had for its fuller title—"Three grains of Spiritual Frankincense infused into three hymnes of praise." It forms "a public *Thanksgiving* for the last day of the late King's [Charles the First's] life, and the first of England's resuming her liberty;" and was written as an earnest desire to perform somewhat which might shew the author thankful to GOD, and to those friends, by whose mercy he and his family had been preserved from perishing under some late pressures. The dedication

108. "A Declaration in the person of Oliver Cromwell given into his own hand, and tending to the settling of such a Government as he never intended." In Prose.\*
109. "A private address to the said Oliver, in prose and verse; offering things pertinent to his consideration, into his hand, sealed up. †
110. "The persecution of the Tongue among Brethren." †
111. "A Legacy to my Children, and an Elegy." In Verse. (See N<sup>o</sup> 81 of this list.)
112. "The History of the Pestilence; or proceedings of Justice and Mercy." This, says Wood, goes about in MS. It may be supposed the same with "*Britain's Remembrancer*." Perhaps a selection from it.

Occasional verses by Wither were printed with Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1613, and 1616; Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Part II. 1622; Smith's *Virginia*, 1626; Hayman's *Quodlibets*, 1629; Wastell's *Micro-Biblion*, 1629; Butler's *Feminine Monarchy*, 1632; Blaxton's *Usurer*, 1634; Carter's relation of an expedition into Kent and Sussex, 1650. A Latin poem, signed G. W. and affixed to P. Fisher's *Marston-Moor*, may also belong to him. In Mr. Pinkerton's preface to *Ancient Scottish poems*, 1786, he speaks of pieces in the *Bannatyne MS.* by Heywood and *Wither*: from his Appendix it appears that the latter can only claim his celebrated song, put

tion is addressed to Bradshaw. W. Ford, of Manchester, had a copy in his Catalogue for 1811, which is the only one I have traced. The subject must have made the book very scarce, and disgracefully marks the time-serving versatility of Wither's pen, while it serves to account for many of his subsequent sufferings.

\* This is spoken of in his "*Cordial of Confection*," 1659, as having been shown to Oliver Cromwell, "to direct him how to settle a righteous government."

† In his *Fragmenta Prophetica*, p. 102, Wither speaks of *several Addresses* made to Oliver and his son Richard, while they exercised the supreme power, "amounting to above two quires of paper;" in which were many seasonable precautions and remembrances to them tendered with a sober boldness. But these being delivered into their own hands sealed up, and not imprinted, were omitted to be extracted from in the general review of his writings.

‡ Mentioned in his "*Brief Defence, &c.*" *Vide supra* p. 21.  
into

into the Scottish idiom: "Sall a woman's goodness move," &c. Under Faithorne's head of Noah Bridges, 1661, are four English verses, signed G. W. which Granger interprets Geo. Wither. Mr Bindley has a MS. poem by Chr. Brooke on the death of Sir Arthur Chichester, with verses, prefixed by Wither. (See *Brit. Bibl.* p. 237.)

Many were the encomiums bestowed on Wither by his contemporaries, and many have been the sarcasms vented since.\* His poetry and his politics rendered him eminently

\* See among others a snarling one from the *Auctio Davissiana*, printed in *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1795. Ritson says, that by his long, dull, puritanical rhimes, Wither acquired the name and character of the *English Bavius*: but this title I have not traced beyond himself. He mollifies it by adding—"his more juvenile pieces would not discredit the best writer of his age." Eng. Songs, Vol. I. p. 127. Walter Harte, in his Essay on Satire, characterizes him as "Fanatic Wither, fam'd for rhimes and sighs." Wither says, in his Triple Paradox, "my own *phanatick* brain is cause of all whereof I do complain." But I know not what the word *sighs* alludes to, unless it be his tract entitled "Sighs for the Pitchers," (see p. 25 of this volume.) The following satiric extract from Shepperd's *Mercurius Elencticus*, No. 19, refers to the *Carmen Eucharisticum* of Wither, printed in the same year (1649) and noticed in *British Bibliographer*, I. 317.

"At Westminster (Sept. 3, 1649) they are very lazie, and have done very little more of publique concernment: but as it appears, *George Withers* has beene very much busied in composing a "Hymne of Praises" for their great deliverance and victory against Ormond; which hee presented most of the members with on Tuesday last, (in hopes they would have sung it the day after, being the thanksgiving day appointed) wherein hee has flattered the Saints very artificially, in hopes to get his *arreares*. But whether it take or not, I'm sure hee has shew'd himselfe a compleat hypocrite, a dissembling knave; as any man that reads his "Campo-Musæ" and compares it with this "Oblation," may easily perceive:—his verses prance it in this manner.

"WITHERS, a dull and drunken sot,  
A *rustique-rymer* o're a pot,  
Whose barren genius hath the rot,  
Hath writ a "Thank-Oblation."  
And though his "Campo-Musæ" sings  
His love and loyalty to kings,  
Yet now hee calleth those vaine things  
To this brave Reformation.  
Now honest *Taylor*, I commit  
This brazen, undigested bit,  
Unto thy more deserving wit  
T' examine and retort:

And

nently obnoxious to both. But a pretty fair estimate of his pretensions to literary distinction, and of the slight his works experienced, is given in the following extract from "Bibliotheca, or the Modern Library." \*

"Melodious WITHER, by himself,  
In learned tatters bends a shelf,  
Though none so base as to dispute  
His title to a better suit.—  
He sadly moans, expos'd to air,  
His cover thin and livery bare :  
Grinning with envy to behold  
His meaner rivals shine in gold.  
Thy dying Muse, when urg'd by fate,  
Might sure have claim'd to lie in state:  
Though living scorn'd and never read,  
Like other things admir'd—when dead !"

And shew us how the doting foole  
Hath dabled in a dirty poole,  
To give the Common-wealth a stoole,  
And we will thank thee for't."

Baxter, in the preface to his "Poetical Fragments," 1681, also terms Wither "a *rustike poet*, who had been very acceptable to some for his prophecies, and to others for his plain country-honesty." To Sheppard, among several contemporary poetasters, Wither may be thought to glance in the following passages of his "Triple Paradox," 1661.

"The scoffs and jeers cast on me by the rimes  
Of some reputed poets in these times,  
Have been my great advantage ; &c.  
Were I but as ambitious of that name  
A *Poet*, as they are, and think I am ;  
It might a little vex me, when I hear  
How often, in their pamphlets, me they jeer,  
Because, truth seasonably I convey  
To such as need it in a homely way :  
Best pleasing unto those who do not care  
To crack hard shells in which no kernels are ;  
Or for strong lines, in which is little found  
Save an affected phrase and empty sound.  
But I do read them with a smiling pity  
To finde them to be wicked who are witty.  
At their detractions I do not repine ;  
Their poems I esteem as they do mine."

\* See Nichols' selection of Miscellany Poems, III. 34.

Aubrey,

Aubrey, in his *Auctarium Vitarum*, in the Ashmolean Museum, has recorded few particulars of our author that were not transmitted by Wood, from whose *Athenæ* the principal data were derived, in the able memoir presented to the public in N<sup>o</sup> I. of the *Bibliographer*. In what society he studied while at Oxford,\* Aubrey, by leaving a blank, does not appear to have ascertained. Of James Wither (the son of John Wither of Manidown in the county of Southampton, who died of a decline in 1627, at the age of 28, being a Master of Arts and Fellow of New College) a memorial is placed within the cloisters near New-College Chapel. This probably was a near relation of the poet. † But whether the latter was on the same foundation, Mr. John Gutch, who is preparing a Selection from the *Juvenilia*, &c. will be best enabled to state, from his own early residence and present family connexions in the same university. At college Wither probably continued not long, being called away from it when he should have sought “a calling” there: ‡ and in some of his early pieces he designates himself “of the Society of Lincolns Inn.” § But the law he followed not as a profession: || for indeed at the time he ranked himself

\* Wither, in describing the occasion which gave rise to his Satires, speaks thus of his matriculation, and of the little studious advantage he derived from a college life.

“ I could not with our idle students say  
For an excuse, *I was ill-enter'd*:—no,  
There yet are many know it was not so.  
And therefore, sith I came no wiser thence,  
I must confesse it was my negligence.”

† In 1650 Robert Wither published “a description of the Grand Signor’s Seraglio.” I know not whether this writer was of the poet’s family.

‡ At first he describes himself to have been an idler, till feeling ashamed to find “other little dandiprats,” surpass him in scholastic exercises, he waded through sophistry, looked into ethical philosophy, superficially studied natural philosophy, went on to matters metaphysical, and at last became a wrangler.

§ He makes Fortune say to him on his return to a rural home:

“ If wrangling in the schooles be such a sport,  
Go to your Ploydens in the *Innes of Court*.” Satire I.

|| It has not been mentioned either by Dr. Percy or Mr. Warton, that

self of that learned society, his school of study seems to have been the Marshalsea-prison: on his release from which, psalmodic divinity appears principally to have exercised his pen. The period of his marriage I do not trace, but the valuable object of his choice was made known by Aubrey. In "Topographical Miscellanies," 1792, Vol. I. it is queried whether he did not marry *Katherine* Chester of Woolvesley, near Winchester, in 1657. This was not likely, because he describes his wife's corporeal beauties as "worn out with age," in 1661, only fourteen years after their supposed union: in the next place we learn from himself, that the name of his wife was *Elizabeth*; \* and we lastly gather from Aubrey, that he married Elizabeth Emerson of South Lambeth, Surrey, † for whom he evidently cherished a sincere conjugal attachment; ‡ and who, in return, religiously

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that the Rev. Wm. Bedwell was enabled to publish that curious mockery of romance called "The Tournament of Tottenham," in 1631, from a MS. communicated by Wither, and thus acknowledged in an epistle to the reader. "It is now seven or eight years since I came to the sight of the copy, and that by the means of the worthy, and my much honoured good friend, M. *Ge. Withers*; of whom also now at length I have obtained the use of the same. And because the verse was then by him, a man of so exquisite judgement in this kinde of learning, much commended, as also for the thing it selfe; I thought it worth while to transcribe it, and to make it public," &c. See the poem particularly noticed by Warton, in Vol. III. of his History, and printed entire by Dr. Percy, in Vol. II. of his Reliques, with variations in the later editions from Harl. MS. 5396. "Wither's poems" are entered among the books principally made use of by Joshua Poole in the compilation of his English Parnassus, 1657.

\* "Dear *Betty*, how inhumanly opprest  
Art thou? and oh! how is my soul distrest,  
Now I here think upon thy high desart,  
And how discomfortably left thou art!"

*A Composure, &c.* 1661.

† See note in *British Bibliographer*, Vol. I. p. 428.

‡ In the poem just before quoted, he says of her:  
"A better woman, mistress, mother, *wife*,  
I never saw, nor shall see, during life.  
To me, to mine, and our poor neighbourhood,  
She, in the stead of a physitian stood:

And



religiously performed her matrimonial vow, and shared his wayward fate "in sickness and in health."\* Throughout several pages in his "Crumbs and Scraps,"† he speaks of her with becoming fondness and passionate concern; bemoans her alarming indisposition, and attests her long-tried worth; details repeated instances of their mutual confidence, and with a pardonable and sometimes pleasing minuteness, indulges in a grateful retrospect of her piety, fidelity and true affection, of her prudential management in domestic concerns, and of strict propriety in all the relative duties of life. His prayer for her recovery is breathed with devotional fervour, though with the most entire resignation to the Divine will; and our author, in this part of his character at least, deserves to be remembered with respect, with benevolence, and with praise. Wither had six children, ‡ two of whom were living in 1661, and both married: § but one daughter alone survived

---

And that no duty might be left undone,  
 Martha and Mary she still join'd in one.  
 She could speak well, yet readier was to hear;  
 Exceeding pleasant, and yet as severe  
 As Cato," &c.

Another tribute to her occurs in his Meditations on the Decalogue, Canto 5.

\* — ' the mercy which this place affords,  
 In age and sickness, had been naked boards,  
 And stones for bread; had not my *Wife*, by giving  
 What charity bestow'd to keep her living,  
 Prevented for a week what was design'd, &c."  
*Verses written in the Tower, when he was a close prisoner.*

† See an extract from these pages in *British Bibliographer*, I. 429.

‡ This appears from his own Epitaph composed by himself in 1664-5.

" Beside the issue of my brain,  
 I had *six children*, whereof *twain*  
 Did live, when we divided were."

§ Wither gives an indistinct and quaint intimation that the family of Hunt or Huntley, (which was ennobled by a pedigree) intermarried with his own son and daughter:

" And their two *surnames*, being joyn'd together,  
 Denominate my *grandson* HUNT L' WITHER."

vived him, who became the publisher of his meditations on the Decalogue. \*

He complains in his "*Speculum Speculativum*," and elsewhere, of the thankless office he had assumed as "Britain's Remembrancer," and some of his partizans or "eminent persons," † as he denominates them, endeavoured to supply the unprofitableness of his volunteer

Yet his daughter in 1688 signs her initials E. B. In the course of twenty-seven years, however, she might have married again. Wither, in his "Sacrifice of praise and prayer," 1661, from which the preceding couplets are extracted, thus proceeds to speak of the wedded union of his two children.

"Oh! let thy so uniting them together,  
Make them a mutual blessing to each other;  
And by consid'ring with due thankfulness  
What thou hast done for me in my distress,  
Make *both* my children and their whole descent  
With thy good pleasure at all times content."

Again, in the same "Sacrifice or thank-oblation:"

"What my children suffer'd, when they had  
No means of comfort, and thereby grew sad,  
Thou didst for that a remedy provide,  
By making them a *bridegroom* and a *bride*,  
To my good liking and their own content,  
Without self-seeking or disparagement."

In an address to his dearly beloved children, written from Newgate, Feb. 15, 1662, he recommends them to be obedient to their mother, since the enjoyment of her company would more than recompense the loss of his; GOD having endowed her with so much maternal prudence and love.

\* See *British Bibliographer*, II. 30.

† "Many years after that grand pestilence in 1625, during which I wrote my book called "Britain's Remembrancer," and after publication thereof: some eminent persons, having respect thereunto, endeavoured of their own accord (without my seeking) that the office of their *City-Remembrancer*, then void, might have been conferred on me: which motion though it took not effect, was by me as thankfully taken as it was lovingly intended." (A seasonable Mem to the City of London, 1665, p. 28.) Here, as in other places, Wither wishes to convey, that worldly advantage was not of his seeking. From the Commons Journals, 20 Oct. 1647, it seems that the Committee of the Navy Accounts was directed to consider of some fitting convenient place for him in the *Custom House of Dover*, but did not fulfil their directions.

vocation

vocation by procuring for him the office of City-Remembrancer; but their endeavours failed. Had they succeeded, it is not impossible that he might have become a sober citizen for life, instead of successively vacillating from a parliamentary commander to a commonwealth commissioner, from a satirist to a soothsayer, and from a libellous fanatic to a political poetaster. Aubrey tells us, in his brief biography of Wither, \* that " he would make verses as fast as he could write them: he was an early observator of *quicquid agunt homines*: he had a strange sagacity and foresight into mundane affairs: and though he was an easy rymer and no good poet, he was a good *vates*." The pertinacious assumption of this latter character rendered him utterly indifferent to the preservation of the former; and as poetical celebrity can neither be acquired nor sustained without much earnestness and effort, Wither, by neglecting to cultivate that purer vein of poesy with which by nature he was imbued, has failed to procure for himself an appropriate niche in the temple of " aye-enduring fame." By some prejudiced persons indeed he has been regarded as a mere seditious pamphleteer, with whom to write and to rail were nearly synonymous. Hence Echard records in his History, " This month (May 1667) died Mr. Geo. Withers, poet: under the name of verse and prediction he undertook to revile all governments † and governiours, and

\* MSS. in Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.

† It may not here be too much out of place to supply the following notices of Wither's concerns with the Parliament, from the Journals of the House of Commons, Jan. 2, 1650.

" Col. Dove reports from the Committee to whom the petition of George Wither Esq. was referred, the opinion of the said Committee how the petitioner may be satisfied.

" By an order of this House, dated 9 Feb. 1642, they find that £2000 was then granted to this petitioner towards the repair of his plundered estate. And they have seen also several attestations upon oath, proving that the said petitioner was damnified more than to that value. They have perused also a report made to this House by the accomptants of the kingdom, dated 18 Feb. 1646, touching the accompts of the said Mr. Wither: they have also seen the copies of two orders from the Committee of Safety; one dated 6 Jan. 1642, for immediate payment of £328. 6. o. out of the coinage

and published no less than an hundred several pieces admired by young people, especially those puritanically educated: he was a dangerous incendiary, and able to do a great deal of mischief." Many of his productions, it must be allowed, were darkly tinged by the violence of party zeal,\* or debased by the language of controver-

of plate, &c. the other dated 12 May, 1643, for immediate payment of £1327. 4. 0. out of the sequestrations of Surrey.

"They have also seen the copies of three other warrants made by General Essex: the first dated 12 Sept. 1643, for immediate payment of £287. 12. 0. the second dated 13 Sept. 1643, for the like payment of £294; the third dated 28 March, 1644, for £190. They have seen also a copy of a report to this House, by the Committee of the Navy, made upon a review of the former accompts, &c. dated 29 Oct. 1647, whereby they find that all demands and receipts being examined, the sum of £3438. 18. 4. was then reported to be due to the petitioner, besides other demands respited until further hearing, &c. &c.

"By the before mentioned orders, warrants, ordinances and reports, they find that there is due to the petitioner, besides what is already accounted for as received, the sum of £3958. 15. 8. with that interest which is already due by the foresaid orders; and that the principal debt was made payable above six years now past, &c. In consideration whereof, the said Committee thinks fit, that payment and satisfaction, if it so please this honourable House, may be made. First, that for the £1681. 15. 8. charged upon the Excise [as mentioned in another part of the report] interest of 8 per cent. shall be paid every six months, to the said petitioner or his assigns, out of the said Excise, from the 22 Sept. last, until the said £1681. 15. 8. be fully paid, for the remainder of the sum of £3958. 15. 8. as also towards recompence of the petitioner's long forbearance therein, and of his great expense in almost seven years chargeable attendance." Journals, Vol. VI. p. 519. An order was at the same time made "for settling £150 per ann. upon him and his heirs, from the lands of John Denham, Esq. (the poet) in full satisfaction for all other demands." See Wither's Petition to Parliament, on the result of this grant, in *British Bibliographer*, Vol. I. p. 323. Edward Browne, in his "patheticall Apologie for Booke-making," dated London, 22 Decemb. 1642, thus confirms the assertion of Wither respecting the pillage made upon his newly acquired property: Captaine Geo. Wither hath my certificate, but I feare he is so perplexed, because his house, neere Guilford in Surrey, was plundered by the King's Cavaliers, that he can finde no spare time to signe it."

\* It appears from himself that he was sometimes scornfully termed "The Valiant Poet," and the "Chronomastix." See Brit. Remembr. fol. 205. The polemics of puritanism, as Warton has observed of Milton, not unfrequently degraded the versatile productions of Wither.

sial invective: but it may be doubted whether his writings ever obtained sufficient popularity to do much mischief, even admitting them to be pregnant with such an intention. Butler, from having enlisted as poetical champion to the loyalists, slurred Wither's rhymings as a thing of course;\* the monarchical intolerance of Anthony Wood, † stamped a deeper brand upon that name, which had been ignorantly or insolently traduced by Winstanley the barber ‡ and was slighted in the dry biographical register of Jacob the attorney: the first of whom contented himself with enumerating *ten*, and the other *seven* of Wither's poetical performances. Pope, by reading Winstanley perhaps instead of Wither, or because it suited his immediate purpose to adopt a popular prejudice, or it might be to gratify the humour of Swift, § who spoke of Wither as a private

\* In Part I. Canto 2, and Part II. Canto 3, of *Hudibras*.

† Besides what is said under the article of Wither, Wood repeats a strange tale of the "old puritan satyrist" being invested by Henry Martin with the royal habiliments of Edward the Confessor, obtained from the college of Westminster, and that being arrayed in these regalia, he exposed them to contempt and laughter by a thousand apish and ridiculous actions. *Athen. Oxon.* II. 660.

‡ This Grub-street penman takes occasion to say that Wither was "a prodigious pourer forth of rhyme," and adds, in the phraseology of a shaving-shop, "which he spued from his maw, as Tom Coriat formerly used to spue Greek." Well might the style of Winstanley be charged by Dr. Drake with "insufferable vulgarity." See his *Essays*, Vol. IV. Phillips, who preceded Winstanley, thought it sufficiently degrading to observe, that "whoever shall go about to imitate the lofty style of Wither, may boldly venture to ride post and versify." *Theatr. Poetarum*, p. 57.

§ Unless Dryden, who was the poetic oracle of Pope, had introduced him thus, to prior notice.—"He who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease: though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers." (*Dedication of the Æneis*.) The same author, in his *Essay of Dramatic poesy*, designs to sneer at Dr. Robert Wild, by terming him "the very Withers of the city."

trooper,\* that pretended to a chief command in the "Battle of Bookes;" even Pope was content to tread in the beaten track of common-place sarcasm, first, ironically calling him *worthy*, afterwards changing his epithet to "*wretched Withers*:" with whom, in his second edition † of the *Dunciad*, Quarles was coupled, and a note superadded, to degrade the merits of both, by asserting that "Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man than Wither." ‡ Having very lately met with an article in the Annual Review, for 1807, (much too plausible for me to point out) which contains a most ingenious parallel between Quarles and Wither, it may not inappositely be cited here, as the liberal arbitrement of "a living poet and a man of rare genius." His name is not specified. "Quarles is a wittier writer, but Wither lays more hold of the heart. Quarles thinks of his audience when he lectures, Wither soliloquizes in company from a full heart. What wretched stuff are the "Divine Fancies" of Quarles! Religion appears to him no longer valuable than while it furnishes matter for quibbles and riddles. Wither is like an old

\* By joining Dryden with him however, as Mr. Dalrymple has observed, the opprobrium falls on the critic and not on the poet. See *Brit. Bib.* I. 14.

† Printed in 1729. In the first edition the hemistich stood thus:—"worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—;" in the latter it was altered to "worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome." From these successive changes, it would seem that Pope wished to lash as many writers as he could, with as little trouble, and to make one thong serve for half a dozen backs at least.

‡ The conduct of Wither, it must be confessed, was oftentimes fluctuating and contradictory, as seasons and occasions varied: he had a mind that bade defiance to the evils of poverty and restraint, and a body that could not but shrink beneath the two-fold pressure. Hence he appeared in one page a servile supplicant, and in another of the same piece, perhaps, a dictatorial lampooner; till, from assuming the voice of a poetical raven, he was engaged for a Newgate-bird, and so closely, as he says of himself while in prison, 1661,

"My feathers have so pluckt already been,  
That no more I can lose now, but my skin;  
And when that's torn away, I may presume  
My flesh and bones in short time will consume."

*Crumbs and Scraps*, p. 11.

friend

friend, whose warm-heartedness and estimable qualities make us wish he possessed more genius [qu. taste?]; but at the same time make us willing to dispense with that want. I always love Wither, and sometimes admire Quarles. Still that portrait-poem prefixed to Wither's Emblems is a fine one; and the extract from the Shepherd's Hunting, in Ellis's Specimens, places him in a starry height, far above Quarles." It seems to have been inferred by Granger, \* from some partial inspection of his works, that Wither readily sacrificed sense to sound, and that to string together a set of unmeaning verses was all he laboured after. But this was not the fact, as I have testified elsewhere. † His rhymes are many of them neither rhymes to the eye nor ear, but his sentences are commonly fraught with strong sense and shrewd observation. The fertility of his mind led to a turgidity of diction, and the impetuosity of his feelings hurried him into what he foretold the cynics would call "ribble-rabblement." ‡ Puttenham, indeed, had he lived at a later period, might have termed it "mingle-mangle;" § yet with all his verbosity and defect of style, || there are few of Wither's writings, if any, that will not repay the labour of perusal. Such at least is the opinion of your present correspondent, though he may have rendered his own long extended survey of them very tiresome to general readers.

T. P.

\* Biogr. Hist. of England, Vol. III. p. 100.

† See Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, edit. 1804, Vol. III. p. 9; and Universal Magazine for February 1807.

‡ Vide Furor Poeticus, p. 24. In another place he apologizes for the versatility of his writings and disposition by saying

"He was made up of such mettle,  
That he was sometimes *soft* and sometimes *brittle*."

§ See his "Arte of English Poesie," 1589. B. iii. C. xxii. p. 211.

|| Sometimes he approached to the bombast of Cowley's *Mistresse*, as in these lines—

"Meanwhile, by stifled musings tir'd,  
The flames within were closely pent,  
Like powder in granados fir'd,  
Do tear my heart, through want of vent." &c.

*Warning-piece to London*, 1662, p. 35.

¶ *A Petite Pallace of Pettie His Pleasure—conteyning many pretie Histories, by him set foorth in comely colours, and most delightfully discoursed. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. (Colophon) Printed at London by R. W. b. l. Small quarto. pp. 184.*

The avidity with which Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* had been read, seems to have excited the ambition of George \* Pettie to lay claim to a portion of popularity, by producing a work founded on a similar basis: and which might, from similarity of title also, be not unworthy of its much-studied prototype. The stores of the Italian novelists having been pretty well ransacked by Painter, Fenton, and other translators of the day, our author had recourse principally to classic story, with which he probably was furnished by the English *Metamorphosis of Ovid*, shortly before translated by Arthur Golding, and by some English version of Livy. I know nothing more of Pettie's history than is afforded by Wood, who, in page 240, Vol. I. of the *Ath. Ox.* says "he was the younger son of John le Petite, or Pettie of Tetsworth and Stoke-Taimach, in Oxfordshire, Esq. was born in that county, and at about 16 years of age, An. 1564, was a student of Christ Church, and took his degree of A. B. in 1568." He shortly after left the university, and went abroad; and "at length became excellent for his passionate penning of amorous stories." He died in the prime of life, 1589, "being then a captain and a man of note." Pettie also translated three of the four books of Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*," in 4°. 1586. Of the work in question, Wood gives no very flattering eulogium, when he says, "the petite *Palace of Pleasure* I have in my study, and for the respect I bear to the name of the author (he having been uncle to my mother Maria la Petite) I will keep it, but 'tis so far

\* Warton calls him *William*, but I have A. Wood's authority for giving him the name of *George*.



now from being excellent or fine, that it is more fit to be read by a school-boy, or rustical amoratto, than by a gent. of mode or language."

Warton particularizes several editions of this work, and I find in Herbert's *Ames*, 612 and 1030, notices of two editions; one printed by Richard Watkyns, and another by Reginald Wolfe, both however without dates. I confess myself at a loss therefore to distinguish by whom the book before me was printed, particularly as the motto, which might have assisted my research, is omitted by Herbert in both instances. The work commences with an address from the printer to "all the readers of this booke," in which he says, that "having sometye in my custodie this booke in written hand, which by meanes of a speciall friende of myne was committed vnto me, I was by hym eftsoones earnestly solicited to publyshe the same in print."—It appears from what the printer afterwards states, that he published an abridgment of the collection without the knowledge of the author, who had "drawne these histories upon his owne & certayne of his friendes private occasions into sundry discourses, & they were by hym penned rather for his owne private exercise, then to haue them come abrode to the view of all men."

The collection consists of twelve stories, of which I give the arguments.

1. "*Sinorix and Camma*."

"Sinorix, chiefe Governour of Scienna, in Italie, glauncing his eyes vpon the glittering beautie of Camma, wife to Sinatus, a gentleman of the same citie, falleth into extreame loue with her, & assayeth sundrie waies to win her good will. But perceiuing his practises to take no wished effect, and supposing the husbandes life to hinder his loue, caused him to be murdered by a Ruffyan. Camma, to the intent she might be reuenged upon the chiefe conspiratour, in graunting him marriage, dispatched her selfe in drinking to him, and him, in pledging her in a draught of poyson, which she had prepared for that purpose.

2. "*Tereus and Progne*."

"Tereus, Kyng of Thrace, enamored of Progne, daughter to Pandion Prince of Athens, obtaineth her in mariage, and conueyeth

conueyeth her into his owne countrey. Progne, desirous to see her syster Philomela, moueeth Tereus to go to Athens, and to get licence to bring her into Thrace, who, on the way falling into vnlawful lyking of her, forceth her to his pleasure, & cutteth out her tongue, that she might tel no tales. Progne, hauing hereof secrete intelligence, in lieu of that fowle fact, murdred his and her owne sonne, young Itys, and dressed him in meates for his fathers mouth. Which horrible deede, when Tereus would haue reuenged upon the mother and aunt, they escape his handes, and are transformed into birdes.

### 3. "*Germanicus and Agrippina*."

"Germanicus, a young gentleman of small liuing, of the kindred & in the court of Octavian the Emperour, becomming amorous of the lady Agrippina, through great suite getteth her to wife: and through his valiancie winneth to be proclaymed heyre apparent to the empire. Whose state Tiberius his cosin enuying, dispatcheth him prinily with poyson: and Agrippina, for griefe thereof refusing all bodily sustenance, most miserably famisheth her selfe to death.

### 4. "*Amphiaraus and Eriphile*."

"Amphiaraus, a gentleman, Argyue, sueth for mariage to Eriphile, widow, either liking others possessions better than persons. Infortunio burnying in affection towards the same trull, seying Amphiaraus lande preferred before his loyaltie, is at poynte to destroy him-selfe. Amphiaraus hidynge himselfe to escape from the warres, is betrayed by Eriphile for couetice of rewarde: and setting foote within the Theban soyle, the earth openeth and swalloweth him up. Eriphile eftsoones a widow, profereth her loue to her olde suiter Infortunio, by whom beyng repulsd, in choller she consumeth away & dieth.

### 5. " *Icilius and Virginia*."

"Icilius, a young gentleman of Rome, falling in loue with Virginia, is refused by her friendes for want of sufficient wealth, but priuillie contracteth himselfe vnto her, and departeth into the warres. Appius Claudius burnying with vnchast lust of the same mayden, the better to obtaine her, causeth Claudius his elient to claim her for his bondslaue, & gineth wrongfull iudgement on hi- side. But Virginius her father at her earnest request slaieth her with his own handes, to preserue her virginity from the villanie of Appius, who for that fact is cast into prison, where desperately he doth himselfe to death.

### 6. "*Admetus*"

6. " *Admetus and Alcest.*

" Admetus sonne to Atys King of Libia, falling into loue with Alcest, daughter to Lycabas King of Assur, who recompensed him with semblable affection, are restrained each from other by their parentes, but beeing secretly married, wander in wilderness like poore pilgrimes; Atys shortly after dyeth, whereof Admetus being aduertised returneth with his wife, and is established in the kingdome. The destinies graunt him a double date of life, if he can find one to die for him, which Alcest her selfe perfourmeth: for whose death Admetus most wofully lamenting, she was eftsoones by Proserpina restored to her life & louer againe.

7. " *Scilla and Minos.*

" Scilla, daughter to Nisus, King of Alcathe, disdainfully reiecting the humble suite of Iphis, a young gentleman of her fathers court, becommeth vnaduisedly amorous of King Minos her fathers and countries mortal foe, lying in siege about the citie. To whom, by the counsaile of Pandarina, she betrayeth her father, in stealing away his golden haire, and presenting it vnto Minos in token of her loue, which hee reprochfully reiected, and being imbarked to depart homeward, she assayeth to swimme after him, and is d owned in the sea.

8. " *Curiatius and Horatia.*

" Curiatius a young gentleman of the citie of Albania, in Italy, falling into extreame loue with Horatia, a young gentlewoman of the city of Rome, after long suite and many delays obtained her graunt to be his wife. But in the meane time, contention falling out betweene the two cities, Curiatius is slayne in the fielde by Horatius, brother to the sayde gentlewoman, to whom he was assured: whose death, Horatia most pitifully bewayling, her brother greatly disdayned thereat, and cruelly thrusteth her to the heart with his sworde.

9. " *Cephalus and Procris.*

" Cephalus, a lustie young gallaunt, and Procris, a beautifull girle, both of the Duke of Venice court, become each amorous of other, and notwithstanding delaiés procured, at length are matched in marriage. Cephalus, pretending a farre iourney and long absence, returneth before appointed time to trie his wiues trustinesse. Procris, falling into the folly of extreme ielosie over her husband, pursueth him priuily into the woodes a hunting, to see his behauiour: whom Cephalus hearing to  
rushe

rushe in a bushe, wherein she was shrowded, and thinking it had beene some game, slayeth her unwares, and perceyuing the deede, consumeth himselfe to death for sorowe.

10. “ *Minos and Pasiphæ.* ”

“ Minos, King of Creete, regarding the beautie of Pasiphæ, a waiting gentlewoman in his court, falleth into loue with her, & maketh her his Queene, whom Verecundus, a young gentleman also of the court, hauing solicited to lewdnes-e, for feare of the Kings displeasure escapeth away by flight. Minos entreth into such rage of ielousie ouer his wife, that in his absence he setteth spies ouer her, to bewray her doings. Pasiphæ, becoming vnnaturally amorous of a bul, by meanes of the carpenter Dedalus, bringeth forth a monstrous childe, in parte resembling the syre, and in parte the mother.

11. “ *Pigmaliions Friend and his Image.* ”

“ Pigmalion, a gentleman of Piemont, continuing the space of certayne yeeres in honest affection, and vertuous loue with Penthea, wife to Luciano, a noble gentleman of the same countrey, is at length by her reiected, in respect of a base stranger. Pigmalion, abandoning the company of al women, and giuing himselfe to the art of caruing, burneth in loue with an image which himselfe had fashioned: whom, at his earnest suite, Venus transformed into a faire mayde, and he taketh her to wife.

12. “ *Alexius.* ”

“ Alexius geuen earnestly to folowe the study of his booke, and the knowledge of the liberall sciences, is diligently exhorted by his father to take a wife, whereunto though vnwilling, he applieth himselfe and is matched with such a one, that in respect of her good grace, he vttereth great commendation of women kinde. But shortly after, falling into loathing of that which before he most loued, he repenteth himselfe of his bargaine, and forsaking, both house and wife, and all worldly pleasures, consumeth the remaynder of his life in pilgrimage and trauell.”

Little merit as these histories possess, they afford occasionally some amusement, as well from the quaintness of the style, and the obsolete phrases interspersed throughout them, as from the ridiculous application of the customs and appellations of the Elizabethan æra to the incidents and persons of the classic ages.

W.

*The*

¶ *The rates of the custome house bothe inwarde and outwarde the difference of measures and weyghts and other cōmodities very necessarye for all marchantes to knowe newly correctyd and imprynted. An. M. D. XLV.*  
 ¶ *Imprynted at London by me Rycharde Kele, dwellinge at the longe shoppe in the Poultrye vnder saynt Myldreds church.*

Ambre the maste		x s.	
Ambre the hundreth pou <sup>de</sup>		iv s.	
Annessedes the hundreth pounce		xiii s.	iiii d.
Almondes the C. pounce	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Almordes the bale	-	xl s.	
Allom the hūdreth pound	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Argell the hūdreth pou <sup>d</sup>	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Argell called Wynstone the hūdreth pounce		xvi s.	viii d.
Alleos the hūdreth pou <sup>d</sup>	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Arsnike the hūdreth li.	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Assafettica the hūdreth li		xiii s.	iiii d.
Aqua vite the barell	-	xx s.	
Andlettes the hūdreth	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Andlettes the pounce	-		iiii d.
Asshes called woad asshes the laste	-	xx s.	
Asshes called Sope asshes the laste	-	xx s.	
Asshes called pot asshes the barl.	-	vi s.	
Alblades the thousande	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Alhafes the thousande	-	vi s.	viii d.
Appulles the bussell	-		iiii d.
Appulles the barrell	-		xii d.
Armyns the tymber		xiii s.	iiii d.
Abces the groce			xx d.
Abces the thousande	-	x s.	
Astrologia rotanda the C. li.	-	iiii s.	
Adsis for copers the dosen vt suit in valore			
Antymony the hundreth li	-	v s.	
Argēte subliue the c. li.	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Alphany the pounce	-	vi s.	
Almaine Ryuets for fotem <sup>~</sup> the pece	-	vi s.	viii d.
Aloes Cicotri <sup>n</sup> i the cl.	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Aloes Cicotri <sup>n</sup> i the pou <sup>de</sup>	-		iiii d.
Buske clothe narowe buske whyted and all maner cloth in Hollande ploye	-	xii s.	
Buske brode the C. elles	-	xxx s.	
Brabande clothe the hole pece	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Brabande clothe the halfe pece	-	vi s.	viii d.

Bresill

Bresill cloth the pece	-	xi s.	
Bretissh cloth the pece conteynynge v score elles		xx s.	
Bokeram the paper vz. iii peces to one paper		vi s.	viii d.
Bokeram the rowle	-		xx d.
Bokeram of Fraunce the pece	-		xx d.
Bustian the pece	-	x s.	
Bridges threde the dossen pounce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bolayue sarcent the pece	-	xl s.	
Brasell the C. pounce	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Brasell the pounce	-		iiii d.
Brymstone the C. pounce	-	iiii s.	iiii d.
Blacke sope the laste	-	vi l.	
Bole Armonyacke the hundreth poud	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Borras the C. pounce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bysse the pounce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bysse coūterfete the poūd	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Bankers fyne the dossen	-	xlvi s.	
Bankers cours the dossen	-	xxiii s.	
Brydges gloues y <sup>e</sup> groce	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Bowstaues the last conteyning, xxiiii bundels and euery bundell, xvi staues	-	vi l.	
Bowstaues the hundrith	-	xl s.	
Bawels the tonne	-	iiii l.	
Bawels the thosande	-	x s.	
Bagges with lockes the dossē	-	iiii s.	
Bagges with stelerynges w <sup>o</sup> ute lokes the dosen	-	ii s.	
Bagges for chyl dren the groce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bowltell raynes the pece	-	ii s.	
Bowltell the bale	-	xl s.	
Brusshes fyne the groce	-	xviii s.	
Brusshes of cours heth or cape brusshes the groce	-	xii s.	
Brusshes called rubbige brusshes the groce	-	iiii s.	
Beades of wode the groce	-		xii d.
Bone bedes the groce	-	ii s.	
B-des in boxes the groce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Ballandes called oūce ballance the groce	-	x s.	
Ballandes called golde ballades the groce	-	viii s.	
Ballandes the sorte cōteyning foure dossen	-	viii s.	
Belles the groce	-		xi d.
Belles called brasse belles the groce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Belles called sacrynge belles the C.	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Brystels the boxe	-	vi s.	iiii d.
Brystels the pounce raghe	-		iiii d.
Brystels the pounce dressed	-		vi d.
Broches of lattē the smale groc̄	-		vi d.

Broches

Broches of Latten the great groce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bawine glasses the groce	-		xii d.
Brytayne laces the groce	-	v s.	
Bisilke the groce conteyng. xii dossē peces	-	x s.	
Blacke latten rolles the c. pou'd	-	xx s.	
Bodkyns the thousande	-	vi s.	viii d.
Brydell byttes the dossē	-	vi s.	viii d.
Baste hattes the M.	-	xx s.	
Baste or straw hattes the dossē	-		iiii d.
Baste ropes the bondell	-		xx d.
Baste ropes the pece	-		iiii d.
Baste rope the C. pou'de	-	vi s.	viii d.
Baste rope the floke conteynyng xl peces	-	xx s.	
Battry the C. pounce		xxvi s.	viii d.
Bryckstones the hundreth	-		xii d.
Bryckstones the thousande		x s.	
Boxes the floke conteyning xl	-	v s.	
Boxes the neste	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Buffe hydes the pece	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bodge whyte tawed the C.	-	x s.	
Bodge blacke tawed the dossen	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bodge of romney the dossen	-	x s.	
Bossys for brydels the dossen	-		xii d.
Babyes for chyl'dren the groce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Blacke lambe the C. skynnes	-	x s.	
Beuers the rowle	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Bordes for bokes the M	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Box peces for combes the butte or pipe	iiii l.		
Bokcles for shomakers the M	-		xii d.
Bodge pols the furre	-	x s.	
Byniamye the hundreth C. pounce	vi l.	xiii s.	iiii d.
Bynyamyn the pounce	-		xvi d.
Bayes the C. pounce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Bottom of threde the C. pou'de		xx s.	
Bottom threde the pounce	-		ii d.
Bottels of wyckers the dossen			xvi d.
Beres quycke the pece	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bokes vnbou'de the basket or ma'de	iiii l.		
Bokes vnbou'de the halfe ma'de	-	xl s.	
Bruses the dossen	-	iiii s.	
Bassell lether the dossen	-	ii s.	
Cameryke the pece	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Canuas called Newcastle the hundreth elles		xx s.	
Canuas Normandy browne the hundreth elles		xxx s.	
Canuas Normandy whyte the hundreth elles		xl s.	

Canuas

Canuas course for packynge the huðreth elles	xx s.	
Canuas called barras the hundreth elles	xxvi s.	viii d.
Canuas called sprewece cañas the huðreth elles	xx s.	
Canuas the bolte	iii s.	iiii d.
Cotton olde the ell	-	iiii d.
Cotton newe the yarde	-	iiii d.
Collayne threde the bale	xi l.	
Collaine sylke the clonte pou'd foure pounce	liii s.	iiii d.
Cawle sylke the paper	xliii s.	iiii d.
Cruell or worsted yarne the dosen pounce	ix s.	
Chamlettes the pece	xliii s.	iiii d.
Cloues the pounce	ii s.	vi d.
Cloues the huðreth pou'de	xii l.	x s.
Corke made the laste	xl s.	
Corke made the barell	iii s.	iiii d.
Corke made the dosen	ii s.	
Corke takkes the thousande	x s.	
Commyn the balle	xx s.	
Comyn the huðreth pou'd	xliii s.	iiii d.
Calaman the C. pou'de	vi s.	viii d.
Copperos the pipe	xl s.	
Copperos the C. pounce	iii s.	iiii d.
Castellsope the C. pounce	x s.	
Castiafistola the C. pounce	iii l.	
Courrans the C. pounce	xliii s.	iiii d.
Cotton vnsponne the hundreth pou'd	xxvi s.	viii d.
Cotton sponne the hundreth pounce	xxxliii s.	iiii d.
Camfyre the pounce	vi s.	viii d.
Camfettes the pounce	-	vi d.
Combes the groce	liii s.	
Combes the cace	xx s.	
Combes smale the groce	ii s.	
Combes the box	liii s.	
Combe cases the groce	-	xii d.
Combe cases double the groce	ii s.	
Corrall the mast	xx s.	
Caruyng knyues the dosen	xx s.	
Counters of Laten the pound	-	iiii d.
Counters the hundreth pou'de	xxxliii s.	iiii d.
Copper golde the maste	viii s.	
Coper golde vpon quyles the pou'd	liii s.	
Copper golde the groce conteininge twelue rolles	v s.	
Collayne hemepe the sacke	xxx s.	
Collayne hemepe the hundreth	x s.	
Collayne hemepe the dosen	-	xii d.
		Candilwike



Candilwike the packe	-	iiii l.	
Candilwike the C. pounce	-		x s.
Carpettes called gentishe the pece	-		ii s.
Crewell ribbonde the dossen pecces	-		iiii s.
Crewell girdels the groce	-		iiii s.
Compaces the dossen	-		xii d.
Candilstikkcs the dossen	-		vi s. viii d.
Candilsnuffers the dossen	-		ii s.
Cosshen clothes the dossen	-		ii s.
Cosshen clothes of hollãde makinge the dossen	-		vi s. viii d.
Copper round or square the hundreth	-		xvi s. viii d.
Cordwayne skynnes called spãysshc the dossen	-		xx s.
Counters the neste	-		xx s.
Counters the pece	-		vi s. viii d.
Chestes the neste	-		x s.
Coffers the neste	-		vi s. viii d.
Clapholte the greate hundreth cõteinyng xxii smale hundreth	-	iiii l.	
Clapholte the smale C.	-		iii s. iii d.
Chestmen the groce	-		ii s.
Cabags the hundreth	-		iii s. iii d.
Creuses of stone wythout couers the hundreth	-		iii s. iii d.
Creuses couered the C.	-		vi s. viii d.
Cannes of wode the flocke	-		xs.
Callabre vntawed the Tynber	-		iii s. iii d.
Callabre tawed the Tynber	-		v s.
Callabre the pane seasoned	-		xiii s. iii d.
Callabre stagg	-		x s.
Coddes heds the last	-		xx s.
Coddes heds the barrell	-		xx d.
Codfyshe the laste	-	iii l.	
Colefyshe the hundreth	-		ix s.
Crosbowe lathes the pounce	-		iiii d.
Crosbowe threde the pound	-		ii d.
Cattes pottes the mantell	-		iii s. iii d.
Cattes pottes the C.	-		xiii s. iii d.
Callico clothe the pece	-		xx s.
Colimãder sedes y <sup>c</sup> c. pou'd	-		vi s. viii d.
Carawaye sedes the C. pounce	-		x s.
Colloquyntida the pound	-		viii d.
Castrum the pounce	-		iiii d.
Crepins the dossen with sylke	-		iiii s.
Crepyns the dossen with gold	-		vi s. viii d.
Cappes with syngle tarfs the dossen	-		xiii s. iii d.
Cappes double tarfed & necked and all other of Frenche makinge the dossen	-		xx s.

Caruige knyues the cace	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Cappe golde the pounce	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Corance the tonne	-	-	xl s.	
Corten rynges the pounce	-	-		iii d.
Corten rynges the hundreth pounce	-	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Clarycordes the payre	-	-	ii s.	
Cappe caces of lether the dossen	-	-	vi s.	iii d.
Cappes for swerdes the groce	-	-		xii d.
Cotes of mayle the pece	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Cuttell bones the M.	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Co'sbes for horstmaines the groc	-	-	xii s.	
Danske letber tande the dossen	-	-	xvi s.	viii d.
Dornix with silke y' pece	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Dornix without sylke of caddas the pece	-	-	v s.	
Dornix of woll the pece	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Dorinx thriden the pece	-	-	ii s.	vi d.
Doughlas Bretysse clothe ereste clothe or lokeram				
conteynyng v. score elles	-	-	xx s.	
Dyoper table cloth the pece	-	-	xx s.	
Damaske warke the pece	-	-	xl s.	
Dioper towell the pece	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Damask wark the pece	-	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Dioper napkyns cours the dossen			iiii or v s.	
Dioper napkyns damaske warke the dossen			vi s.	viii d.
Damaske the yarde	-	-	iiii s.	
Damaske crymsyn or purple the yard	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Dates the hundreth poude	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Double Iron plates called doubles the skoke			xx s.	
Double the bondel iii s. iiid. and vi bondels				
to the skoke				
Dogcheynes the groce	-	-	viii s.	
Dogswaynes the pece	-	-	ii s.	
Dogstones the last conteynyng xii. payre	iiii l.			
Dyols the dossen	-	-		vi d.
Dyall bordes the pece	-	-		xx d.
Deskes the pece	-	-		xii d.
Dogion logges the hundreth peces	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Diagredium the pounce	-	-		xx d.
Esteryche fethers the tuste or bonde	-	-		xx d.
Ereos the hundreth poude	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Elis called stubbe elis the barell	-	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Elis called stubbe elis the laste	xx l.			
Elis called shaft kyue or dele elis, the baryl of eyther	-	-	xx s.	
Elis called shafte kyue or dele elis, the laste of eythers	-	-		xii l.

Elis called pimper elis the barrel	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Elis called pypm elis y <sup>e</sup> laste	-	viii l.	
Elys of all sortes the barrel	-	xx s.	
Elis the cagge	-	ii s.	
Erthen pottes the syngle C. cast	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Erthen pottes the cast. vz. iii ton	-	xs.	
Emery stones the C.	-		xvi d.
Ere pikers or tothe pikers of bone the groce	-		xii d.
Egrits the dossen	-	iiii s.	
Enkyll the dossen pounce	-	iiii s.	
Enkyll the hundreth pounce vnwrought	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Enkyll the poude vnwrought	-		iiii d.
Flemishe cloth the hole pece	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Fustyan the balle	-	x l.	
Fustian anapels the pece	-	x s.	
Fustian the dz pece	-	v s.	
Fygges the sorte conteyning iii peces	-	iiii s.	
Fygges the pece	-		xvi d.
Fustike the hundreth pounce	-	v s.	
Frankensence the C. pounce	-	xx s.	
Frenche paper the balle conteynge x realmes	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Frenche paper the realme	-		xvi d.
Fethers for beddes the C. poude	-	x s.	
Fryinge pannes the C. pounce	-	x s.	
Frenche caps syngie tarfed the dosse	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Frenche cappes and all other double tarfed the dossen	-	xx s.	
Frenche hattes the dossen	-	x s.	
Flaxe the laste	-	vi l.	
Flax the packe	-	iiii l.	
Flaxe the balle	-		xii d.
Flaxe the hundreth poude wrought	-	x s.	
Flaxe the hundreth poude vnwrought	-	vi s.	viii d.
Flower the barell	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Flaunders bryckes for scoryng the thousande	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Foxe skynnes the pane or mantel	-	vi s.	viii d.
Foxe skynnes the pece	-		iiii d.
Foxe whight the pece	-		xii d.
Fitcheus the pane or mantell	-	v s.	
Fytcheues the tymber	-		xx d.
Foyne wombes the pane	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Foyne stagge the pane	-	x s.	
Fysshe of the new lande of the greatiste sorte sorte the hunderith	-	xx s.	
Fysche of the smalliste sort the hundreth	-	iiii s.	
Fysshe of the myddell sorte the C.	-	x s.	
Fysshe the barreil	-	vi s.	viii d.

Frenche carpettes the ell	-	-		x d.
Frenche carpettes the yarde	-	-		viii d.
Fawcon hawke the hawke	-	-	xl s.	
Feltes for sadiers the dossen	-	-	ii s.	
Fawne skynnes the pece	-	-		iiii d.
Galbanum the C. pounde	-	-	xl s.	
Geneium the hūderith poude	-	-	xx s.	
Gynger the hūderith poude	-	iiii l.	x s.	
Gynger the pounde	-	-		xi d.
Grene gynger the pounde	-	-		iiii d.
Graynes the hundrith pounde	-	-	l s.	
Gallyngale the hundrith poude	-	v l.		
Great rayso's the hūdrith poude	-	-	ii s.	
Great raysons the pece	-	-		xx d.
Graine of Portyngal called rote the pounde	-	-		xvi d.
Grayne of seuell the pounde	-	-		xii d.
Grayne poudre the pounde	-	-	ii s.	
Gaules the hundreth pounde	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Gome the bale	-	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Gome armonyake the C. poude		v l.		
Gome arabeke the hundreth pounde	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Gonne poudre the C. pounde	-	-	xx s.	
Geane paper the bale contey x reames	-	-	xxs.	
Geane paper the reame	-	-	ii s.	
Glewe the C. pounde	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Generall the C. pounde	-	-	x s.	
Golde papers the groce	-	-	ii s.	
Glasses called lokyng glasses the groce	-	-	iiii s.	
Glasses for spectacles the groc.	-	-	iii s.	iiij d.
Golde of bruges the maste	-	-	viii s.	
Gyrthe webbe the groce	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Golde skinnes the kyppe	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Golde ballandes the groce	-	-	viii s.	
Glasse of norma'dy y <sup>e</sup> cace	-	-	xii s.	iiii d.
Glasse of borgoe whyte the cace	-	-	xx s.	
Glasse of borgoyn collored the chest	-	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Glasse of borgone the way conteynge xl bonches	-	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Glasse the bonche	-	-	v d.	ob. far.
Garlike the C. bonches	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Gallipottes the hūdreth	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Goshaukes the pece	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
The tassell	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Graye tawed the tymber	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Graye untawed the tyber	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Glasses to drynke on the groce	-	-	iiii s.	
Gote skynnes the dossen	-	-	vi s.	viii d.

Gete the barrell	-	-	xli s.	
Glasses of the frenche makyng the dossen	-	-		vi d.
Hollonde clothe right and all other sortes of clothes in hollonde ploye	-	-	xii s.	
Hasborough clothe the C. elles	-	-	xl s.	
Hynderlandes the C. elles	-	-	xxx s.	
Hardferdes the rowle	-	-	x l.	
Hedlak the hundereth ells conteynyng xii score ells	-	-	xx s.	
Hannouers the roule conteyning vi C. elles xii score elles to the C.	-	-	x l.	
Hā nouers the C. elles	-	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Harpe strynges the boxe	-	-	x s.	
Hangyng lockes the great sorte the groce	-	-	xx s.	
Harneys nayles the some	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Hokes de groce	-	-	ii s.	
Hoke endes the groce	-	-		xii d.
Horsshowes the dossen	-	-		xii d.
Horsbelles the groce	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Hatwoll the C. pounce	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Hampers the neste	-	-		xii d.
Hampers the dossen	-	-	ii s.	
Hattes the dossen	-	-	x s.	
Hoppes the sacke	-	-	xl s.	
Hoppes the pooke	-	-	xxx s.	
Hoppes the pockate	-	-	xx s.	
Hoppes the C. pounce	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Heryng full the laste	-	iiii l.		
Heryng shotten the last	-	-	xl s.	
Heryng redde the last contey. xx. M. heryng or xx cades	-	iiii l.		
Heryng redde the M.	-	-	iiii s.	
Hedes for barrells the pece	-	-		ii d.
Hornes for lantornes the M.	-	-	x s.	
Honnye the barell	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Horsecombes the dossen	-	-		xii d.
Haukes hedges the groce	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Husse skynnes for fletchers the dosse	-	-	iiii s.	
Harpe strynges the groce	-	-		xii d.
Hempe the C. pounce	-	-	x s.	
Hempe the dossen pounce	-	-		xvi d.
Hempe the sack	-	-	xxx s.	
Hernesewes the dossen	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Honny the tonne	-	-	iii l.	
Iuerye the pounce	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Inperlynges redde the dossen	-	-	x s.	

Imperlynges the dossen	-	vi s.	viii d.
Iron of spayne the tonne	-	xl s.	
Iron of spayne the ende	-		iiii d.
Iron called Lukes Iron the tonne conteynynge			
xx C. pounce	-	iii li.	vi s. viii d.
Iron called Lukes yron the C. li.	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Iron wyer the hogges hede	-	l s.	
Iron wyer the C. pounce	-	xx s.	
Iron called faggot yron the bonde	-	vi s.	viii d.
Iron called faggot yron the hundreth pounce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Iron bondes for kettels the hundreth pounce	-	x s.	
Incle the hundreth pounce vnwrought	-	xxxiiii s.	iiii d.
Incle the pou'd vnwrought	-	-	iiii d.
Isomglas the C. li.	-	xxxiiii s.	ii d.
Isomglasse the pounce	-	-	iiii d.
Iauelyns the dossen wyth heades	-	iiii s.	viii d.
Iauelyns without heades the dossen	-	iiii s.	
Iennettes blacke the pece	-	vi s.	iiii d.
Iennettes gray the pece	-	-	xx d.
Iarfaucon hauke the hauke			
Iucke the hundreth pounce	-	x s.	
Iues trunks the grose	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Kaskattes the great dossen	-	xx s.	
Kaskettes the dossen myddell	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Kaskets small the dossen	-	vi s.	iiii d.
Knyues called caruynge knyues the dossen	-	xx s.	
Knyues called caruynge knyues the cace	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Knyues of Almayne the groce	-	xx s.	
Knyues cours the groce	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Knyues of Fraunce cours the groce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Knyues of collayne the groce	-	xxx s.	
Knyues of roue the standerde	-	v s.	
Kettels the full	-	iii s.	
Kettels the hundreth pounce	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Kannes the hundreth	-	-	xx d.
Knyues called rasures y <sup>e</sup> dek	-	-	viii d.
Knyues cal. rasures the groce	-	v s.	
Knyues called swerd blades the dosse	-	vi s.	viii d.
Lawne fyn & cours the pece	-	xx s.	
Long peper the C. pounce	-	viii l.	x s.
Longe peper the pounce	-	-	xviii d.
Licores the bale	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Litmous the barrell	-	v s.	
Litmous the C. pounce	-	v s.	
Lormery the C. pounce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Leues of golde the hundreth	-	ii s.	

Leutes

Leutes with eaces the dossẽ	-	xlviij s.	
Lether for cossens the dossen	-	ii s.	
Lether laces the groce	-	v s.	
Latten shauen the barrel	-	vi l.	
Latten basons the hundreth pounce	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Latten wyer the C. pounce	-	xx s.	
Latte candylsteckes of the smal sorte the dossen	-	ii s.	
Latte candelstickes of the great sort the dossen	-	vi s.	viii d.
Lether bagges without lockes the dossen	-	ii s.	
Lether bagges with lockes the dossẽ	-	iiii s.	
Lether gyrdels the groce	-	iiii s.	
Lether gyrdels of the newe makinge the dossen	-	ii s.	
Longe skayne whyte the hundreth pounce	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Leute stringes called mynikins the groce	-		xxii d.
Lyons threde the butte	-		xii d.
Lettuis tawed y <sup>e</sup> tymber	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Lettuis vntawed the tymber	-	ii s.	vi d.
Lemons the thousande	-	vi s.	viii d.
Lynge the C. conteinim <sup>g</sup> vi score	-	xl s.	
Lamprays the pece	-		iiii d.
Lockes smalle the dossen	-	ii s.	
Lambe called Irisse lambe the mantell	-	vi s.	viii d.
Lignum vite the C. li.	-	vi s.	viii d.
Lapdanum the hundreth pounce	-	xl s.	
Lapts calaminaris als in gretes the hundreth pounce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Libbertes skynnes the pece	-	x s.	
Libbertes the pane of wombes	-	liii s.	iiii d.
Lushrines the pece	-	xx s.	
Leures for haukes the pece	-		iiii d.
Lettuis yarne y <sup>e</sup> C. li	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Mastike the C. pounce	-	v li.	
Mynsters the roule	-	xli.	
Maces the hundreth pounce	-	xii li	xs.
Maces the pounce	-	ii s.	vi d.
Mull madder the bale	-	xx s.	
Mader the bale	-	l s.	
Mader the C. li	-	vi s.	viii d.
Markynge stone the pounce	-		iiii d.
Marbblers plate the C. pounce	-	xx s.	
Muske the boxe	-		iiii d.
Mustarde sede the pipe	-	x s.	
Marterons tawed the tymber	-	iiii li.	
Mynkes tawed the tymber	-	xl s.	
Mynkes vntawed the tymber	-	xx s.	
Mynnyer the mantell	-	v s.	
Myllin soole the pounce	-		iiii d.

Mercury subline the pounce	-	-	xii d.
Matches for gonnnes the pou'd	-	-	iiii d.
Marmalade the pounce	-	-	iiii d.
Mayles the pounce	-	-	iiii d.
Mayles the hundreth pounce	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Mylstones the pece	-	xxs.	
Medlers the barrell	-	iiii s.	
Meltynge pottes for goldsmethes the thousande	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Musterde quernes the dosen	-	x s.	
Mitlin gloues or canary the groce	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Nitill fyne ann course the pece	-	xx s.	
Nightcappes the dosen	-	vi s.	viii d.
Nightcappes of skarlet the dosen	-	x s.	
Nutmegges the C.	-	v l.	
Nidels the some conteinyng xii M	-	x s.	
Nedils the thousande	-	-	xii d.
Nayles the great barrell	-	xl s.	
Nayles smalle the barell	-	iii l.	
Nutttes called walnuttes the barrell	-	-	xx d.
Nutttes called smal nutttes the barell	-	xxx s.	iiii d.
Nigelum romayne the pou'de	-	-	iiii d.
Nester of boxes the groce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Napkyes of the Frenche makyng the dosen	-	ii s.	
Normandy canuas browne the C. elles	-	xxx s.	
Normandy canuas whit the hu'drith elles	-	xl s.	
Nauerne boxe for combes the bale	-	vi s.	viii d.
Neucastell canuas the C. elles	-	xx s.	
Oyle the tonne	-	iiii l.	
Oltons the bolte	-	vi s.	viii d.
Osenbreges the roule	-	x l.	
Otener threde the dosen pound	-	v s.	
Orpmente the C. pounce	-	x s.	
Orchell the last	-	xl s.	
Orchell the pou'de	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Oynet sede the hudreth pou'de	-	xx s.	
Oreys the C. pounce	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Orsede the pounce	-	-	vi d.
Orsede the dosen pound	-	vi s.	viii d.
Olde shetes called packinge shetes the dosen	-	vi s.	viii d.
Olyuantes teth the C. pou'de	-	xx s.	
Osmonde the laste	-	iiii l.	
Oynyons the C. bu'ches	-	vi s.	viii d.
Oynyons the barrell	-	-	viii d.
Orenge the thousande	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Okur the barrell	-	vi s.	viii d.
Oeom the hundreth pou'd	-	iii s.	iiii d.

Ors



Ors the C. conteyning vi score	xl s.	
Ors the pece		iiii d.
Otter skynnes the pece		xii d.
Oyle debay the barrell conteynyng C. pounce	xiii s.	iiii d.
Ounce ballandes the groce	viii s.	
Ower glasses tñ e dossen		xii d.
Orgons to playe on the payre vt suit in valore		
Oyle delynsede the barel	xiii s.	iiii d.
Oyle called baume oyle the potte	vi s.	viii d.

[To be concluded in the next Number.]

J. H.

¶ *Poems occasioned by a Melancholy Vision. Or, a melancholy Vision upon diuers Theames enlarged, which by seuerall Arguments ensuinge is showed. His gaudit musa tenebris. By H. M. London, printed by I. D. for Laurance Blaikelocke, and are to be sould at his shopp at the suger loofe next Temple barr in Fieetstreet. 1639. Oct.*

The above is central of a title-page, engraved in compartments, by John Droeshout. Some verses, on a preceding leaf, give "the minde of the frontispiece." It is dedicated to Thomas Earle of Winchelsea, where the author says

" Musing on the many undeserved favours that I have received from your Lordship, which I know not how to requite; I thought of presenting my home-bred muse to your Honour being the first fruits of my poore indeavours in this kinde," (subscribed) your Honour's most humble servant, Humphry Mill.

The address to the reader contains a sort of commonplace apology for the printing. The lines were composed for private use, and only the familiar friend to see the "melancholy muse in her closet;" and her appearance "in an open market," is according to "her first breathing, without altering matter, fashion or trimming." And this was occasioned by her being "backt by her acquaintance,"

quaintance," whence he conceived if leave was not given "she would take it unaskt," and partly from perswasion he consented "she might come and goe at her pleasure."

Complimentary poems, with signatures W. G. P. H. Tho. Collet, and an acrostic on the author's name by J. A.

The poems are a Melancholy Vision; of Time; Vanity; Darkness; Light; Life; Sin; and Death: The reprieve of Sin and Death; Advice about Sin; Instructions touching Death and the resolutions of the Muse.—On a former occasion, a long specimen is given of the author's poetry; but, as "first fruits," may be given the commencing lines of the poem on Time, which rival the Sternholdian school in glibness of measure.

" O Time, thou art that precious part,  
that God doth give to man:  
That living here, inay in God's feare,  
proceed the best he can.

Time's more of worth, when 'tis set forth,  
in nature sweet and kinde,  
Than gold: being lost, the man is crost,  
that seekes to gaine, or finde.

Time being gone, sure there is none,  
can call it backe againe,  
Its in God [s] hand, Time cannot stand,  
the Lord of times doth raigne.

When Time is past, though thou make haste,  
To o're-take, its seldome scene,  
But if thou creepe, time doth not sleepe,  
but swift hath ever beene.

- If thou but goe, time doth not so  
it runnes, thou runn'st 'twill flye,  
Get time before, and keepe in store,  
lest God thee time deny "

J. H.

*The*

¶ *The Double-armed Man. By the New Invention: Briefly shewing some famous Exploits atchieued by our Brittish Bowmen; with seuerall Portraitures proper for the Pike and Bow. By W. N. Archer. [Wood-cut, whole length of a Pikeman with his bow resting on the sloped pike taking aim for shooting.] Printed for I. Grismand, at the signe of the Gun in Pauls Alley. 1625. qto. 20 leaves.*

Inscribed with an epistle dedicatory to K. Charles I.; and the author, William Neade, Archer, sets forth his having presented the king a year before with the following declaration in support of his invention.

“Bowes and arrowes heretofore haue beene famous weapons of warre, both offensive and defensive, against the enemies of these kingdomes: and thereby victorious battels and famous conquests haue bin gotten, though now they are imployed to no vse but for recreation and sport; but I by practice, with an inuention haue attained to this perfection that a souldier with his corslet and pike may vse his long-bow and arrowes with great agilitie, more force and aduantage against the enemy than euer heretofore, not hindring the vse of gunnes or other weapons, nor incumbrance to the pike or any martiall discipline, &c.”

An address “to the most high court of Parliament,” and another “to the reader,” wherein the writer says,

“So much I say in approbation of that laudable exercise of Shooting, which exercise is now (in this late secure age) altogether neglected, but onely in this Honourable City of London, where it is countenanced and maintained: and therefore I may not omit to set downe in honour thereof, that once euerie yeare for the encouragement and maintenance of archery, the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, doth by proclamation giue notice vnto all Archers, of certaine siluer games which they freely doe bestow vpon the best deserrers: and this is maintained as a custome vnto this day: and out of those famous Archers were wont to be chosen the chiefest and most fittest, to bee of the Kings Yeomen of his Guard; which encouraged many in hope of such preferments to exercise shooting, and thereby to be very expert bowmen: and by these and such like means, the best deserrers were preferred, and the King well furnished

furnished with all Bowmen, and the whole land likewise was invincible by the multitude of Bowmen."

A trite historical abridgement of the ancient use and exercise of archery, and the author's invention is that of uniting the pike and bow together.

"The Bow being fastned vnto the Pike in the place where they shoulder the Pike it is thereby caried with great ease: and likewise the Pike is a rest for the Bow-arme for drawing of his bow, being made fast in the place aforesaid with the engin; for he chargeth not his bow-arme with any strength by drawing, but onely to guide his arrow towards his marke, by which helpe, he may draw a bow much stronger than otherwise he could doe."

The rules, words of command, and six several portraictures, are given; representing the pikeman ordered, shooting, ported, charged, couched and marching. It is rather singular, while the whole tract speaks of the pikeman as a foot soldier, the artist represents him as uniformly in boots with spurs. The wood cuts are the size of the page, and well executed.

\* \*

¶ *Certaine godly and deuout prayers. Made in Latin by the Reuerend father in God, Cuthbert Tunstall Bishop of Durham, and translated into English by Thomas Paynell, clerke. Col. Imprinted at London in Poules Chorcheyarde at the sygne of the holye Ghoste, by Iohn Cawoode. Printer to the Kinge and Quenes Maiesties. Anno 1558. Cum priuilegio, &c. Small Oct. 28 leaves.*

By the dedication "to the most vertuous lady and most gracions Queene Marye, doughter vnto the most victorious and most noble prynce, kyng Henry the eyght, kyng of Englande, Fraunce and Ireland, &c. Thomas Paynell wyseth moste prosperous helth and felicitie." And says as "in these orations & prayers is nothing else cōprised but the sincere & true word of God—I would wyshe therefore (yf I may be so bold as to wish your grace a good tourne) y<sup>t</sup>. youre hyghnes with the whole company of your vertuous ladies & chaste damselles,  
yours

your graces most beautifull & pleasant maydes, wold what opportunity of tyme shal serue peruse these heuenlye prayers, deuoutely rede them, & continually mynd and record them."

The pages have double columns, with the original and translation. The head and running titles are printed in red, as well as some of the capitals. The other capitals have figures, and the volume forms an unusually elegant specimen of early typography.

\* \*

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¶ *The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwel, the wife of the late Usurper, truly described and represented, and now made publick for general satisfaction. London: Printed by Tho. Melbourn for Randal Taylor in St. Martins Le Grand. 1664. Duodecimo. pp. 137.*

Prefixed is the print of Mrs. Cromwell, with the monkey in the corner, which has been badly and not exactly copied for Noble's Memoirs. Under the print are the following lines:

"From feigned glory and usurped throne,  
And all the greatnesse to me falsly shown,  
And from the arts of government set free,  
See how Protectresse and a drudge agree."

The copy from whence this account is taken belonged to James West, the celebrated Collector; and has the following memorandum by him.

"April 15, 1742.

"This very rare book and most scarce print were kindly given me by my worthy friend Mr. Blew, Librarian of the Inner Temple.

James West."

It contains forty-five pages of Memoirs. The rest are filled up by receipts, containing her cookery. The introduction speaks of "the sordid frugality and thrifty baseness of Oliver's wife, Elizabeth Bowcher, the daughter of

of Sir James Bowcher, commonly called Protectresse Joan, and vulgarly known of later years by no other Christian name, even in the greatest height of her husband's power, and that chiefly out of derision and contemptuous indignation, that such a person durst presume to take upon herself such a sovereign estate; when she was an hundred times fitter for a barn than a palace."

But as this little tract will probably be immediately reprinted, I say no more of it here. B.

☞ P. S. I understand that since this was written, it has been reprinted.

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¶ *A Direction for the Health of Magistrats and Students. Namely suche as bee in their consistent Age, or neere thereunto: Drawen asiwell out of sundry good and commendable Authours, as also vpon reason and faithfull experience otherwise certaynely grounded. Written in Latin by Guilielmus Gratarolus, and Englished, by T. N. Imprinted at London, in Fleet-streete, by William How, for Abraham Veale. 1574. Oct. X iij.*

Dedicated "to the Right Honorable Maister Francis Walsingham, Esquier, one of the principall Secretaries to the Queenes moste excellent Maiestie, and of hir Maiesties moste Honorable Priuie Counsell:" who is assured by the translator that "diet is the safest, the surest and the pleasantest way that can be vsed and farre to be preferred before all other kindes of remedies, vnlesse the disease be of such vehemence quality, condition and extremitie that it seeme to requyre some great speciall consideration otherwise, and in time of sicknesse is not onely a special & harmlesse recuratue, but also in time of health, the best and almost the onely preseruatiue. And for that I saw the same in this litle pamphlet, so clerkely and compendiously decyphered, I haue aduentured to deuest him of his Latine weede, and after a homely sorte forced into barbarous Englishe, whereby although I haue ministred large occasion to the worlde, to thinke in mee some spice of presumption and foly, for thus entermedlyng in an art nothings appendant to my profession, yet do I not mistrust but the equanimitie of the honest sort, weighng my good will and meanyng in the balance of reasonable consideration, will frendly dispence with my

my ouersight that way, & suspēd the sinistre doome of all opionatiue affection. Man is subiect to very many distases. Antiquitie reckened vp in a beadrolle, and registred in sundry of their monuments left behinde them for our erudition and furtheraunce, three hundred and odde seuerall kindes of maladies, beside casualties. Since when, there hath encreased and sprong vp a fresh supply and swarme of many strange and new diseases earst not knowen nor heard of, seemyng as it were to denounce defiance and continual warre to al the cunningg that phisicians haue.—This poore myte of mine, such as it is, I humbly offre vnto your good worshippe as vnto him, whome the very tytle and argument of the booke did peculierlie inuite me to make choyse of. Not doubtyng but euen as God and nature hath enfranchysed you with a speciaall priuiledge of wisdom, learnyng and dignitie aboue many thousandes of others, so your honorable disposition will not estrange your worthie patrocinie to the symple doynge of other inferiours, who in a farre lower degree by such honest waies as this, do seeke to insinuate themselues into your acquayntaunce, and desire to be enrolled in the kalender of your moste faithfull supplicants. The Lorde perfourme and finish that in you whiche he hath richlie beegunne, and graunte vnto you a moste healthfull mynde within a healthfull bodie euen so longe as natures boundes may stretch to the aduancement of his glorie and the commodite of this your countrey, and after your pilgrimage heere ended, mercifully conduct you to the ioyes of his glorious hierarchie.

Your H. most humble,                    THOMAS NEWTON."

Thomas Newton was the poet. The directions for preserving health are chiefly of exercise and diet. One section may be selected.

*" Of Fishe.*

" Fyshes for the moste parte are not holesome, or they are of smale and ill nourishment and leaue manye suffuties in the body and also are easlie corrupted. And therefore Auicen counsaileth vs not to eate them after vehement and stronge exercise, because they will soone be turned into corruption and do also corrupt the humours. And in an other place (which is also auouched by Galen) he sayeth that fishe beinge new and fresh engendreth phlegme and mollifieth the ventricle, and is not to be eaten but of them which haue very hoate stomackes, because they be verye colde and moyste. Beynge salted they  
are

are hoate and drye, and therefore for them that be phlegmaticke it is better to eate them salted, and in winter or at the beginninge of spring: but for cholerique persons and in hoate seasons they are best when they be new and moyste, but the surest and best way is altogether to abstaine from them. The Greeke poet Homer for his manifolde knoweledge in al faculties worthie to be called the perelasse phenix of learninge most learnedly bringeth in, that Vlisses when he had traiailed longe vpon the seas, and all his victualles were spent, was by necessitie enforced and driuen to fishe. Meaninge therby, that so longe as we may liue without fishe, we shoulde refraine it. But for asmuch as euerie man may not alwayes eate egges nor fleshe, nor at all seasons without any respect and difference, and also appetite many times beareth swaye aboute reason: therefore I will declare & describe such fishes as are lest hurtfull. And first this is to be knowen, that those fishes are best which be neither veye harde and drye, neyther yet full of slimie and clammy toughnes, neither opplete with much fartinesse (for all fatte is ill, but of fishes the fattenesse is worse then anye other) neyther of ill sauoure and relice: but pleasant sweete and toothsome in taste, and which will not soone stinke after they be taken out of the water. It is further also to be noted that of those which are soft and tender, the greatest are best, but of hard fishe take the smalest. For that which among moyst thinges is found drye, must be taken as moderate as that is, which amonge drye thinges is founde moyste. Yet let a conuenient measure aswell in the bignesse as in the smalenesse be obserued. Also the fishes that liue about cleare rockes and in stony places are (as Galen sayeth) better then any other.

“ And it is not without good cause that suche fishes be preferred and winne the commendacio<sup>n</sup> from others. For they exercise and mooue themselues muche and often, and lye in suche places, where they are often tossed and beaten with the continuall surges and waues of the tempestuous sea, and neuer are embroynd with anye filth or diertie slimishnes.

“ Those fishes also are greatly commended that come swyminge out of the sea into riuers, sith they come agaynst the streame, and the furtlier of that they be from the sea, the holesomer and better they are. Next vnto them are those that liue in sandie places, and those that breede in cleare and freshe run inge water, that is without muche mudde. Furthermore those fishes that feede vpon sweete herbes, rootes and weedes aboute the banke sides are better then those that liue by mudde and slime: amonge which ill sorte are those fishes that are called



called muges or lompes, which are not holesome although they seeme to haue a pleasant taste and sauoure. Therefore al such fishes as liue in filthye puddles, fennes, marshes, dyches and standinge waters whiche moue not, are to be eschewed.

“ This generall warning now premised briefly and namelye let vs touche suche sortes of fyshes as are best and most sufferable, supposed to be of good nourishment and of lightest concoction. Good and holesome is the Gilthead (called Aurata and of the Greeques Chrysophris because it hath in his forehead a thinge congelate which in the water shineth like golde as in the olde ones it is to be seene) they geeue muche nourishment and therefore are difficultie digested. So is the rochét and sea pearches. But riuer pearches (whiche are like in maner to the other) are of pleasaunt taste and good to be geeuen nowe and then to them that haue a feruent ague, when their appetite is quight gone through vehemencie of heat. Carpes are pleasaunt and tothesome: so are also troutes and gogions, but those are best that are white and little, for they be softe, mollesfyng, of good iuyce and concoction, but those that are greene and blackishe are worste. Of good iuyce also are mullets and barbilles, beinge meane betweene harde and tender as Cornelius Celsus wryteth and Galen affirmeth the same. They binde the bellie speciallie beinge broyled on the coales: but fried they are heauie and hard to digest. Athenæus writeth that if a liuinge mullet be put into wine and choked or strangled therin, whatsoeuer man drinketh of the same wyne, shall not be able to do the acte of generatiõ. Dioscorides saith that much and often eatinge thereof dymmeth the eyesight. Plinie writeth that the pouldre made of the head of a freshe mullet, hath great vertue against al venime and poyson, speciallie if it happen throughe the stinging of any liuing creature. And they be called mullettes and barbilles, because they haue two barbes or wartes on their neither iawes.

“ Eeles are not holesome because they be moyste and slymie: of whom I will here geeue a note or twaine, not bitherto of anye almoste marked. All alonge the backbonee of an eele, there goeth a blacke stringe like a small veine (as it is in the tayle of a crabbe) in which blacke veine a certaine poyson is included, whiche ought to be drawen out before the eele be boyled, and he requireth longer time of seething then any other fishe. Beynge broyled, it nourisheth better then when it is boyled, because the fier taketh away his vicious and naughtie humours.

“ Phisicians do altogether reiecte the eatinge of them about Midsomer. They that are moste firme, solide and fatte are best,

and speciallic the females (there snoute or nose is tourned vpwarde more then the males) but if my counsell may be followed, it were best for suche persons as in this treatise are ment to forbearc them altogether, at all seasons in the yere, for they be of harde concoctio<sup>n</sup> and engendre very grosse and slimie humour, albeit to cormerauntes and epicures they seeme to go down their throte pleasauntlie. I once read this of an eele, in a worke of a certaine naturall philosopher and haue taught the same to manye, albeit I knowe no man that as yet hath put it in prooffe, neyther yet my self. Now whether his conclusion be true or no, let the authoure himselfe shifte and aunswer it. If you woulde make some notorious drunkard and common swil-bowle to loth and abhorre his beastlie vice and for euer after to hate the drinking of wine: put an eele alyue into some wyde mouthed potte with a coner, hauing in it suche a quantitie of wine as maye suffice of it selfe to suffocate and strangle the eele to death. Which doone take out the dead eele, and let the partie whom you would haue reclaymed from his bibacitie, not knowing hereof drinke of that wine onely, euen as muche as he listeth. The same vertue (as som wryte) hath the water that distilleth out of a vine when it is cutte and pruned, if it be mixed with wine, and geeuen to drinke twise or thrise to one that knoweth not of it. But let vs againe retourn to fishes. Crabbes for the most parte are to be eschewed for they be ill for the head: and vnder crabbes we also meane all periwincles and shrimpes. All kindes of shelfishes as oysters, cockles, limpettes, muscles, &c. are seldome and sparingelie to be eaten. The dressinge of the must be such, as the nature of the fishes themselues, time, season and custome requireth: but those that be moyste and soft speciallic in moyste seasons are best rosted, that is to say, dressed onely with fyer without any water or any other licoure. Notwithstandinge, we may vse oyle and vinegre to sauce and relice the same the better. But harde and toughe fishes were better to be boyled and wel sodden then either rosted or broyled. Finallie this I say for a generall rule, that al cold or moyst meates are holpen and qualified by drinkinge good wine and eatinge good spices withall." \* \*

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¶ *Verses by Sir Robert Maitland.*

The following lines by Sir R. Maitland of Leidingtowne, have probably never been printed. They are slightly noticed by Mr. Pinkerton, along with several other

other productions of the same author, left unpublished.  
(See Maitland's Poems, Vol. II. p. 460.)

“ When I have done consider  
this world's vanitie,  
Sa brukil and sa slidder,  
sa full of miserie ;  
Then I remember me,  
that heir thair is no rest ;  
Thairfoir appeirantlie,  
to be mirrie is best.

Let us be blythe and glaid,  
my freindis all I pray ;  
To be pensive and sad  
na thing it help us may.  
Thairfoir put quyt away,  
all hevines of thocht ;  
Thoch we murne night & day,  
it will avail us nocht.

It will not be our sorrowe,  
that will stoip godis hand,  
To strik baith evin and morrowe  
baith on the sie and land.  
Sen nane may it gaine stand,  
let us be all content,  
To underly the wand  
of godis punishment.

Quhat god pleasis to do,  
accept it thankfullie ;  
Quhat paine he puttis us to,  
receave it patientlie.  
And give that we would be  
releivit of our paine,  
For sinne ask god mercie ;  
offend him nocht againe.—

Sen first the world begánn,  
thair hes beena trubill ay,  
For punishment of men ;  
and sall, quhill domsday.  
And sen we may not stay,  
what god pleis do us till,  
Quhat he will on us lay,  
receave it with guid will.

For god will lay some sturge  
 quhill that the warld tak end;  
 Fra sinne the warld to purge,  
 will ay some plaigis send.  
 Bot quha will lyfe amend,  
 and pray to sinne na mair,  
 Then god will him defend  
 fra everlasting cair.

Yet, plainelie I conclude  
 into all wardlienes,  
 Nathing for man sa guide  
 as lesom mirrines.

For thair is na riches,  
 Sa lang this lyfe can lenthe,  
 Conserve him fra seiknes,  
 and keip him in his strenthe.

Thairfoir with trew intent,  
 let us at god ask grace,  
 Our sinnes to repent,  
 quhile we haue tyme & space.  
 Syn bring us to that place,  
 quhair joy is evermoir;  
 And sie god face to face,  
 in his eternall gloir.

Finis, q<sup>d</sup>. Sir R. M."

A. M. M.

¶ *The Palis of Honoure Compyled by Gawyne dowglass  
 Byshope of Dunkyll. Imprinted at London in flet-  
 stret, at the sygne of the Rose garland by wylllyam  
 Copland. God saue Quene Marye.\* Col. Im-  
 printed at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the  
 Rose garland, by Wylllyam Coplande. qto. extends to  
 K iij.*

The above title is in the same compartment as the  
 author's translation of Virgil: † the sentence " God

\* This title is the only part printed in roman.

† See Herbert, p. 357.

saue Queene Marye," occupying the vacancy of the tablet, where the date stands in the other. It is probable both works were printed at the same time, and intended to bind in one volume, (as in the copy before me) there not being Copland's name to the first, though printed by him, and only the word "finis" at the end.\* However, the present poem has not any folios, and the signatures commence with A in fours, while the other is folded in eights.† It is without date, though it is usually referred to as printed 1553, the date of the *Virgil*.

The *Palace of Honour* was again printed at Edinburgh, 1579, and Pinkerton formerly described "both editions rare to excess;"‡ but that editor has since been enabled to reprint the poem, properly collated by them, § which has appeared too recent to leave little more necessary at present than a typographical description. ||

A blank fly-leaf forms A i, and the poem commences on the back of the title-page (A ij) with an unentitled prologue of fourteen stanzas, ending reverse of A iij where a half page is filled with a wood-cut of the arms of England and France on a shield quarterly, the garter surmounting, and beneath a griffin and greyhound upholding. With B i "*The Palys of Honour*," commences: at the conclusion of seventy-one stanzas, a head title of "The seconde parte," which goes through fifty-seven stanzas, then "The thyrd parte," of ninety-four

\* For an account of the *Virgil* see Warton's *History of Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 281. *Censura Literaria*, Vol. III. p. 286. VIII. p. 37.

† The *Virgil* runs into the third alphabet to b b vij. has a regular folio, ending Ccclxxxi, without title-page. Herbert describes by error, one leaf less.

‡ *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786, Vol. I. p. xciv.

§ See *Scottish Poems*, reprinted from scarce editions, 1792, Vol. I. p. 51.

|| Sibbald has also reprinted some very long extracts from this poem. See *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, 1802, Vol. I. p. 386. By an injudicious mode of abridgment, it requires an immediate comparison to trace where the omissions are made by this editor; nor have I ascertained his reason for distinguishing the lines by brackets at p. 418-19, as they occur in the present copy and in Pinkerton, whose edition he has evidently made use of.

stanzas, and a conclusion, by which "The auctor direkit his buke to the rycht nobill Prynce, James the ferd Kyng of Scottis," of three more. Running title "*The Palys of Honour.*"\*

The descriptive powers of Douglas's muse are universally known. Warton partly copies the prologue to the twelfth book of Virgil, and to render it more intelligible repeats it in modern prose, which contains a beautiful and animated description of May: Ritson selected the chilling delineation of Winter, in the seventh prologue, for his *Caledonian Muse*, accompanying it with an incidental vignette from the graver of Stothard. The Summer formed a favourite subject with the author: he commences the present poem with the following description of May.

" Qvhen pale Aurora with face amentable  
 Hir russat mantill borderit all with sable  
 Lappit about be heuinlye circumstance  
 The tender bed and arres honorable  
 Of Flora quene till flouris amyable  
 In May I rays, to do my obseruance,  
 And entrit in a garding of plesance  
 With Sole depaint, as paradys amyable  
 And blisfull bewes, with blomed variance.  
 So craftely dame flora had ouer fret  
 Hir heuialy bed, powderit with mony a set  
 Of ruby, topas, perle, and emerant:  
 With balmy dewe, bathit, and kyndly wet  
 Quhil vapours hote right fresche and wele ybet  
 Dulce of odour, of flewour most fragrant,  
 The siluer droppis on dayseis distillant.  
 Quhilk verdour branches ouer the alars zet  
 With smoky sence ye mystis reflictant.  
 The fragrant flouris blomand in their seis  
 Ouerspred ye leues of naturis tapestreis.  
 Aboue the quhilk with heuinly armoneis  
 The birdes sat on twistis and on greis  
 Melodiously makand their kyndly gleis  
 Quhois schill notis, fordynned al the skyis.

\* The advertisement "to the reidar," the argument of each part, with an additional stanza in the third, and a numeration of the verses, appear, by Pinkerton, to have been added to the Scotch edition of 1579.

Of reparcüst ayr the eccon cries.  
 Among the branchis of the blomed treis  
 And on the laurers siluer droppis lÿis.  
 Qubyll that I rowmed in that paradice  
 Replennessed and full of all delice  
 Out of the sea, Eous alift his heid  
 I meyne the hors quhilk drawis at deuce  
 The assiltre and goldin chaire of pryte  
 Of Tytan, quhilk at morowe semis reid  
 The new colour that al the night lay deid  
 Is restored, baith fowlis, flowris, and ryce  
 Reconfort was, throw Phebus gudly heid.  
 The dasy and the maryguld onlappit  
 Qubilkis all the nicht lay with thair leuis happie  
 Thaim to preserue fra rewmes pungitiue  
 The vmbrete treis that Tytan about wappit  
 War portrait, and on the erth yschappit.  
 Be goldin bemes viuificatiue,  
 Quhois amene here is most restoratiue,  
 The gershoppers amangis the vergers gnappit  
 And beis wrocht materiall for thair hyne.  
 Richt halsom was the sessoun of the zeir,  
 Phebus, furth zet depured bemes cleir,  
 Maist nutritiue tyll all thynges vigitant.  
 God Eolus of wynd list nocht appeir  
 Nor ald Saturne with his mortall speir  
 And bad aspect contriar til euery plant  
 Neptunus nolde within that palace hant  
 The beriall stremes rynnynng men nicht heir  
 By bonkis grene with glancis variant.  
 For till beholde that heuinly place complete  
 The purgit ayr with new engendrit hete :  
 The soyle enbroude with colowr, vre and stunt,  
 The tender grene, the balmy droppes swete  
 So reioysyt and confort was my sprete  
 I not wes it a vision or fanton  
 Amyd the buskys rowmyng myn alone  
 Within that garth of all plesans replete  
 A voce I hard preclare as Phebus schone.  
 Syngand O May thow myrroure of soles  
 Maternall moneth lady and maistres  
 Tyl euery thing adoun respirature  
 Thyn heuinly werk and worthy craftines  
 The small herbis constrenis tylenres

Overray ground tyl werking of nature  
 Quhois hie curage and assucuryt cure  
 Causis the erth his frutis tyll expres  
 Dyffundant grace on euery creature.

Thy godlv lore, cuñyng incomparabyl,  
 Dantis the sauage bestis maist vnstabyl:  
 And expellis all that nature infestis  
 The knoppit syonys with leuys agreabyl  
 For tyl reuert and burgione ar maid abyll  
 Thy myrth refreschis birdis in thair nestis  
 Quhilkis the to pryse and nature neuer restis  
 Confessand zou maist potent and louabyll  
 Among the browmys of the olyue twystes."——

J. H.

¶ *The Fardle of facions conteining the aunciente maners, customes, and Lawes, of the people enhabiting the two partes of the earth called Affrike and Asie. Printed at London by Ihon Kingstone, and Henry Sutton. 1555. Col. Imprinted at London by Ihon Kyngston and Henrie Sutton. The xxii daye of December. Anno Domini M.D. LV. In eightis; z iij besides \* iij introduction.*

Dedicated to the Earl of Arundel, and the translator tells him: "afre what time the barrein traueiles of longe seruice, had driue me to thinke libertie the best rewarde of my simple life, right honorable Erle, and that I had determined to leaue wrastlyng with fortune, and to giue myself wholie to liue vpon my studie, and the labours of my hand: I thought it moste fitting with the duetie that I owe to God and manne, to bestowe my time (if I could, as well to the profite of other, as of my self. Not coueting to make of my floundde another mānes ebbe (the cancre of all commune wealthes) but rather to sette other affote, where I myself strake on grou'd. Tourning me therefore, to the searche of wisdom and vertue, for whose sake either we tosse, or oughte to tosse so many papers and tongues, although I founde aboute myself verie litle of that threasure, yet remembered I that a fewe yeres paste, at the in-stance of a good citezcin (who might at those daies, by aucthoritie



thoritic commaunde me) I had begonne to translate, a litle booke named in the Latine, *Omnium gentium mores*, gathered longe sence by one Iohannes Boemus, a manne as it appereth of good iudgemente and diligence: but so corrupted in the printing that afre I had wasteled a space with sondrie printes, I rather determined to lose my labour of the quartre translacion, then to be shamed with the hault. And throwing it aside, entended no further to wearie my self therewithall, at the least vntill I might finde a booke of a better impressio. In searching wherof at this my retourne to my studie although I found not at the full that, that I sought for; yet vndrestanding emong the booksellers (as one talke bringes in another) that men of good learning and eloquece both in the French and Italien tongue had not thought skorne to bestowe their time aboute the translacion therof, and that the Emperours Maiestie that now is, vouched saulfe to receiue the presentacion therof at the Frenche translatoours hande, as well appereth in his booke: it kindled me againe, vpon regard of mine owne profite, and other mennes moe to bring that to some good pointe that earst I had begonne." Subscribed, "William Watreman."

The preface of the author refers to the father of stories Herodotus, Diodorus, Berosus, Strabo, Ptolomeus, Plinius, and many others, from whence the sum of things is compiled in one book, that the reader was wont with tediousness to seek in many. The origin and progress of mankind is given in summary, and by increase described as

"Not contented with the commodities of the fieldes and cattle alone, but by diuers inuencions of handicraftes and sciēces and by sondrie labours of this life thei sought how to winne. Now gan thei tattempt the sease with many deuces, to transplante their progenie, and ofspring into places vnenhabited, and to enioye the commodities of eche others countrie, by mutuall trafficque. Now came the ox to the yoke, the horse to the draught, the metalle to the staŕpe, the apparel to handsomnes, the speach to more finesse, the behaour to menne to a more calmenesse, the fare more deintie, the building more gorgeous, thenhabitours ouer all became milder and wittier, shaking of (enen of their owne accorde) the bruteshe outrages and stearne dealinges, y<sup>t</sup>. shamefully mought be spoken of. Nowe refrained thei from sleaying one of another, frō eatyng of ech others flesh, from rape and open defiling of mother, sister, and daughter indifferētly, and frō many like abhominacions

abominacions to nature and honestie. Thei now marieng reason, with strength: and pollicie with might: where the earthe was before forgrown with bushes, and wooddes, stuffed with many noisome beastes, drowned with meares, and with marshe, vnfitte to be enhabited, waast and vnhandsome in euery condicion: by wittie diligence, and labour, ridde it from encombraunce, planed the roughes, digged vp trees by the rootes, dried away the superfluous waters, brought all into leauelle, banished barreinesse, and vncovered the face of the earth, that it might fully be sene, conuerted the champeine to tillage, the plaines to pasture, the valley to meadow, the hilles thei shadowed with woodes and with vines. Then thruste thei in cultre and share, and with wide woundes of the earthe, wan wine and corne plenteously of the grounde, that afore scarcely gauē them akornes and crabbes. Then enhabited thei more thicke and spred themselues ouer all, and buylte euery where. Of tounes thei made cities, and of villages, tounes. Castles vpon the rockes, and in the valleis made thei the temples of the goddes. The goldē graueled springes thei encurbed with marble, & with trees right pleasauntlie shadowed them aboute. From them thei deriued into cities and tounes, the pure freshe waters a greate distaunce of, by condictie of pipes and troughes, and suche other conueyaunce. Where nature had hidden the waters out of sighte, thei sancke welles of great deapth, to supplie their lacks. Riuer, and maigne floudes, whiche afore with vnbrideled violence, oftymes ouerflowed the neighboured aboute, to the destruction of their cattle, their houses, and themselues: thei restrained with banques, and kept them in a course. And to the ende thei might not onely be vadable, but passed also with drie foote, thei deuised meanes with piles of timbre, and arches of stone, maulgre the rage of their violent streames, to ground bridges vpon them. - Yea, the rockes of the sea whiche for the daungier of the accesse, thoughte themselues exempte from the dinte of their hande when thei perceiued by experience thei ware noyous to sailers, with vn-speakeable labour did thei ouerthrowe & breake into gobettes, Hewed out haues on enery strond, enlarged crieques, opened rodes, and digged out herborowes, where their shippes mighte ride saulfe fro the storme. Fiuallly, thei so laboured, beautified, and perfeighted the earthe, that at this daie compared with the former naturalle forgrown wastenesse, it might well sieme not to be that but rather the paradise of pleasure, out of the whiche the first patternes of mankinde (Adam and Eue) for he transgression of Goddes precept, ware driuen."

The

The account of Africa and Asia, and their various nations, is amply stored with the incredible fables of antiquity; and, at the end of the volume, is “the treatise of Josephus, conteyning the ordres, and Lawes of the Jewes commune wealthe—translated out of a Latine text, laid worde for worde, auusweringe to the Greeke,” and the translator is equally scrupulous in devising the English.

\* \*

¶ *Old Musical Airs.*

i. \* (Part i.)

“ You pretty flowers that smile for sommers sake,  
 Pull in your heads before my watry eies  
 Doe turn the medows to a standing lake,  
 By whose vntimely fouds your glory dies:  
 For, lo! my hart, resolu'de to moistning aire,  
 Feeding mine eies which doubles teare for teare.

ij. (Part ii.)

Now each creature ioyes the other,  
 Passing happy dayes and howers;  
 One bird reports vnto another,  
 By the fall of siluer showers:  
 Whilst the earth, our common mother,  
 Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

iiij.

Compare me to the child that playes with fire,  
 Or to the flye that dieth in the flame;  
 Or to the foolish boy that did aspire,  
 To touch the glorie of high heauen's frame:

\* *Altus.* *The First set of English Madrigals: to foure voices: Newly composed by Iohn Farmer, practitioner in the art of Musicque. Printed at London in Little Saint Heleus by William Barley, the Assignee of Thomas Morley, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Gratioustreete, Anno Dom. 1599. Cum Priuilegio, &c.* Title in a metal border: at the back the arms of the “very good Lord and Master, Edward Devere Earle of Oxenford, Viscount Bulbeck, Lord of Escalles and Badlesmere, and Lord great Chamberlaine of England,” to whom the work is dedicated. An address to the reader. Contains xvii Songs.

No

No man to these me fitly can compare,  
These liue to dye, I dye to liue in care.

## iv.

The flattring wordes, sharpe glosses, that men vse,  
To trap poore silly women in their snares;  
With fained lookes their gentle sex abuse,  
Which yeelds nought else but grieve and endlesse cares:  
Sometimes they smile and sometimes frown,  
But neuer pleasse in deede,  
Till time and place where they may watch,  
Their sorrowes for to breede.

## v.

A little pretty bony lasse was walking,  
In midst of May, before the sunne gan rise;  
I took her by the hand and fel to talking  
Of this and that as best I could devise:  
I swor I would, yet stil she said I shuld not;  
Do what I would and yet for all I could not.

## vi.

Take time, while time doth last,  
Marke how faire fadeth fast;  
Beware if enuie raigne,  
Take heede of proud disdaine:  
Hold fast now in thy youth,  
Regard thy vowed truth;  
Least when thou waxeth old,  
Friends faile, and loue grow cold.

## vii.

You blessed bowers whose green leaues now are spreading,  
Shadow the sun-shine from my mistresse face;  
And you sweete roses only for her bedding,  
When weary shee doth take her resting place:  
You faire white lillies and pretty flowers all,  
Give your attendance at my mistresse call.

## viii. \*

I wander vp and downe and fain would rest me,  
Yet cannot rest such cares doe still molest me:

All

\* *Madrigalls to foure voyces newly published by Iohn Bennett, his  
first works. At London Printed in little Saint Hellens by William Bar-  
ley.*

All things conspire I see, and this consent in,  
To find a place for me fit to lament in.

## ix.

Come shepherds follow me,  
Run vp apace the mountaine; .  
See, loe besides the fountain,  
Loue laid to rest, how sweetely sleepeth he:  
O take heed come not nie him,  
But hast we hence and flie him:  
And louers dance with gladness,  
For while loue sleepest is truce with care and sadnes.

## x.

Sing out ye Nymphes and shepheards of Pernassus,  
With sweet delight your merry notes consenting,  
Sith time affordes to banish loue relenting:  
Fortune she smiles sweetly still to grace vs.

## xi.

Thirsis, sleepest thou? holla! let not sorrow slay vs,  
Hold vp thy head, man, said the gentle Melibeus:  
See sommer comes againe, the countries pride adorning,  
Harke how the Cuckoe singeth this fayre Aprill morning,  
O, said the shepheard, and sight \* as one all vndone,  
Let me alone, alas! and driue him back to London.

## xii.

When as I glaunce on my louely Phillis,  
Whose cheekes are dekt with roses and lillies,  
I me complain'd that shee me nought regarded,  
And that my loue with enuie was rewarded.  
Then wantonly she smileth,  
And grieve from me exileth.

*ley, the Assigne of Thomas Morley. Cum Priuilegio. M.D.XC.IX. Altus.* Title in a fancied metal border. Dedicated to Ralphe Asheton, Esq. Justice of the Peace, &c. for the County Palatine of Lancaster, who is besought "fauourable to accept them, as the indeauors of a yong wit, and tokens of a thankfull mind." Contains xvii Songs.

\* Sigh'd.

## xiii.

O sleepe, O sleepe fond fancie! my head, alas! thou tyrest,  
 With false delight of that which thou desirest: [lesting,  
 Sleepe, sleepe, I say, fond fancie! and leaue my thoughts mo-  
 Thy master's head hath need of sleepe and resting.

## xiv.

O grieffe, where shall poore grieffe find patient hearing?  
 Footsteps of men I flie, my pathes each creature balking,  
 Wild and vnhaunted woods seeme tired with my walking:  
 Earth with my teares are drunke, aire with my sighes tor-  
 mented,  
 Heauens with my crying growne deaf and discontented.  
 Infernall eares affrighted with my dolefull accenting,  
 Onely my loue lou's my lamenting.

## xv.

Rest now, Amphion, rest thy charming lier!  
 For Daphnes loue, sweet loue! makes melody:  
 Her loue's concord with mine doth well conspire,  
 No discord iars in our loues simpathy.  
 Our concords haue some discords mixt among,  
 Discording concords makes the sweetest song."

J. H.

¶ *The Spaniards Monarchie, and Leaguers Olygarchie layd open in an advertisement written by Signor Vasco Figveiro a gentleman of Portingale to the rebellious French: wherein is discovered the tyrannie of the one ouer the kingdome of Portingale, and the treacheous rebellion of the other in the kingdome of France, with a patheticall persuasion to the French to returne to the obedience of their naturall and legitimate king. Englished by H. O. Præiudicium sæpè tollit omne iudicium. Imprinted at London by Richard Field for Ihon Harrison. 1592. qto. F iij.*

Prefixed is a short address "to the gentlemen readers," wherein a passage appears to contain the origin of a popular phrase, that may be worth notice. "It is no feather of fancie, (says the translator) for that I accompt it base to fetch such  
 light

light marchandise so farre as Valentia. If you expect extraordinary elegancie, I answer, that a translator is bound rather to search fit words to expresse his authors meaning, then invent words running on the letter to content ouer curious fancies, which I contemne as dictionarie method, and thus much can I assure you that albeit it hath no title fetched from the Bull within bishopsgate, as a figge for a Spaniard, \* yet doth it discover so succinctly and briefly, a Spanish imitatio<sup>n</sup> of Machiauellized axioms, that what other volumes at large, this in a leafe doth plainly demonstrate. If any obiect that this treatise serueth for french men, and not appertinent to vs: I answer that their wit reacheth no further then their owne home. For is not our iland the marke that Philip's ambitious humour especially aimeth at? hath he not sent his inuincible Armada, to make a conquest of our vltima insula? &c."

\* \*

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¶ *The Poets' Blind mans bough, or Have among you my blind Harpers: being A pretty medicine to cure the Dimme, Double, Envious, Partiall, and Diablicall eyesight and Iudgement of those Dogmaticall, Schismaticall, Aenigmaticall, and nou Gramaticall Authors who Lycentiously, without eyther Name, Lycence, Wit or Charity, have raylingly, falsely, and foolishly written a numerous rable of pestiferous Pamphlets in this present (and the precedent yeare, justly observed and charitably censured, By Martine Parker. Printed at London by F. Leach, for Henry Marsh, and are to bee sold at his shop over against the golden Lyon Taverne in Princes street, 1641. qto. 8 leaves.*

“ To the truly iudicious impartiall charitable, and imprevindicated Christian Reader of what quality, age or sex soever, the Authour dedicates his poore endeavors, and refersse himselfe with the same:” is the head-title to a poem of eighteen lines, prefixed. Therein he declares the

\* It seems therefore probable this phrase was first introduced at the Red Bull Theatre, immediately after the defeat of the invasion.

work

work intended to vindicate himself and "lyers to shame," who have filled "countrey, citie, court and campe, with lybells voyd of reason;" concluding

" Still I hope good men will contented be,  
With what is publish'd by (abus'd) M. P.  
Who never wrot but in the iust defence  
Of's King and countrey; now's owne innocence."

Of the author, Martin Parker, the few scattered notices have been gathered by Mr. PARK in another place.\* The present vindicatory poem seems the result of repeated attacks by writers, whose local productions lie buried in the incongruous mass that issued from the press between 1640 and 1650: a mass that might occupy the life of a determined pioneer of literature to present a brief analysis of, and which has little to interest beyond personal scurrility on the one side, and the glosing arguments of the supporters of a commonwealth on the other. Parker, whose pretensions as a poet are little above mediocrity, contrives to introduce himself with precedence of the most esteemed favourites of the muse. He tells the nameless authors of slanderous Pasquils, though he might with "Iambean rimes ironically" make ropes to hang them, yet his cruelty is not such, and he takes their abuses as jest, giving such ideots leave to write as eagles only take slight notice of crows. He says,

—" my desire and whole intent is that,  
Your folly being in generall aimed at;  
Each on[e] may take his share of shame and say,  
In doing this I have not shewed faire play:  
For what is either more or lesse set forth  
'Gainst persons in particular; what worth  
Or fame among the vulgar it may win  
Without the author's name, 't hath ever bin  
Held as a lybell both in law and s:nce;  
Then he who writes (what e're be his pretence)  
His name should iustifie what he hath done:  
This maxim I have alwaies thought upon:

\* *Censura Literaria*, Vol. VII. p. 53. His works are introduced by Humphrey Mill, in the second part of the *Night Search*, 1646, in a catalogue of things seized of a punk.

" A boxe of salve, and two brasse rings;  
With Parker's workes, and such like things."

Whatever



Whatever yet was published by mee,  
 Was knowne by *Martin Parker*, or *M. P.*  
 All poets (as addition to their fames)  
 Have by their works eternized their names,  
 As Chaucer, Spencer, and that noble earle  
 Of Surrie, thought it the most precious pearle  
 That dick'd his honour, to subscribe to what  
 His high engenuie euer aimed at :  
 Sydney and Shakspire, Drayton, Withers and  
 Renowned Ionson glory of our land :  
 Deker, learn'd Chapman, Haywood, al thought good,  
 To have their names in publike understood ;  
 And that sweet seraph of our nation, Quarles,  
 (In spight of each planatick cur that snarles)  
 Subscribes to his celestiall harmony,  
 While angels chant his dulcid melodie.  
 And honest Iohn from the water to the land  
 Makes us all know and honour him by's hand ; \*

And

\* In Mr. Park's list of "honest Iohn" Taylor's pieces, (*Cens. Lit.* Vol. VI. p. 372) the following is inserted as No. 67.

*The Irish Footman's Poetry or George the Runner, against Henry the Walker, in defence of Iohn the Swimmer. Being a sur-rejoinder to the rejoinder of the rusty Ironmonger, who endeavoured to defile the cleare streames of the Water-Poets' Helicon. The author George Richardson, an Hibernian Pedestrian. Printed in the yeare 1641. qto. six leaves.* This was ushered forth with three commendations from "currant" friends H. F. W. B. and T. L. L. Then "George Richardson the authour to the most ingenious aquatique poet, Mr. John Taylor.

" Sir, though a stranger to your selfe, your worth  
 Is knowne to me, by what you have set forth ;  
 And though I cannot judge, yet I admire  
 The lively flames of your Phæbean fire ;  
 Which wise men doe approve, none doe deprave  
 But such as know not fancy, as this slave ;  
 Rusty, as his old iron ; dull as stone,  
 Or th' anvill that his ware is wrought upon.  
 Who stupid slave (by what hee never writ  
 But bought for's money) your undoubted wit,  
 Would call in question : Sir, my infant muse  
 (Seeing this slave persist in his abuse ;  
 And knowing, 'twould a great dishonour bee  
 For you to match your ingenuity  
 With his notorious folly,) speedily  
 Did undertake to make a swift reply.  
 Which (soone as my employment did allow  
 Mee time) in two houres space, I did run through."

And many more whose names I should have told  
 In their due place, in famous record inrould:  
 Have thought it honest honour to set downe  
 Their names or letters to what is their owne."

He ridicules, as a liar, the inventor of a strange plot that was to give Archbishop Lawd "his free relaxation out of the Tower by necromantick spells;" and condemns the senseless libel on that prelate "Mercuries Message, named." These appear to have been the production of

It contains a ridicule of Walker's book; his view of the transformed divell, pedigree, arms, disposition, religion, hypocrisy, lies, &c. concluding

"And now friend Walker this, but to prepare,  
 My muse to encounter, if you dare,  
 With a foote-poet, enter in the sand,  
 You, as you have lost by water may by land."

A postscript declares the author though born and bred in Ireland, of England's church, and against Brownists and Popery.

If the above was by the Waterman he must have followed the anonymous system, as well as Parker's antagonist, and that at the period when he was considered an authority in favour of avowed productions. I shall add one of Taylor's works, where an allusion in the title bears a fair claim to notice in our pages.

*Differing Worships, or the Oddes, betweene some Knights service and God's. Or Tom Nash his ghost, (the old Martin queller) newly rous'd, and is come to chide and take order with Nonconformists, Schismatiques, Separatists, and scandalons Libellers. Wherein their abusive opinions are manifested, their jeeres mildly retorted, and their unmannerly manners admonished. By John Taylor. London, Printed for William Ley, and are to be sold at his shop neere Pauls chaine. 1640. qto. 17 leaves.*

A poetical address to the reader is signed "I. T. Poeta Aquaticus." The poem is rich with scriptural references, and on a leaf appended is

"L' envoy, or Postscript.

"From wrong of my King, from state reviling,  
 From libels writing or in print compiling:  
 From troubling of my coxcombe braines, or mazzard,  
 From putting my estate or eares in hazzard;  
 From seeking things that are beyond my reach;  
 From dreaming I could all the clergie teach;  
 From pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisie,  
 From striving to obtaine a pillory,  
 And from deserving of the triple tree,  
 Good Lord of heaven and earth, deliver me."

the

the same writer, whose name is afterwards given in the margin as John Thomas. Truth, zeal, or charity, are without effect, as the "brother here vituperates the brother;" and our author

—'bove all the rest bath wronged beene,  
Tasting the bitter gall of hellish spleene,  
Which these malignant serpents could eiect  
To make the world his innocence suspect,  
In diverse pamphlets, what e're currish barker,  
The authour was, he snarl'd at Martin Parter,\*  
Nor Borealist by some brother pen['d,]  
Yet father'd on a sect to this end,  
To bring me in disgrace; as though I had,  
Bin punisht heretofore for writing bad,  
Calling me th' prelates poet and such tearmes,  
Which nothing but his spight at all confirmes,  
For I ne're wrot ith' Bishops cause so much,  
As now I have on this occasion touch. †  
Another foolish idle defamation  
That is intitl'd the Popish proclamation,  
The unnam'd authour (as in all a raylor)  
Occasion takes to abuse me and Iohn Taylor, ‡  
With Herbert, § but wherefore I cannot tell,  
Nor he himselfe that wrote it very well."

He

\* Sic.

† Some account of the *Vox Borealist, or the Northern Discovery*, here alluded to, was given in the *Cens. Lit.* Vol. VI. p. 157. The whole tract is inserted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, Vol. III. p. 228, ed. 1809.

‡ The names of Parker and Taylor were long afterwards coupled together. See *Cens. Lit.* Vol. VII. p. 39.

§ One of Herbert's pieces at this period is entituled *Secunda vox populi. Or the Common gratitude to the most honorable Philip, Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery; for the great affection which hee alwaies bore unto them. With some verses upon his Lordship's election of Chancellor of the University of Oxford.* By William Cartwright. [An elegant wood-cut of the whole length of the Earl of Pembroke, dressed in full robes of office: on a ribband "My reward is from above."] Printed in the year 1641. qto. 4 leaves.

Dedicated in verse to the Earl, enumerating all his heraldic and courtly honours, telling him that he never deserved "the least blame," and subscribed, Thomas Herbert. The lines by Cartwright, are inserted without material variation in his poems, p. 592. The author's address of gratitude is moulded by the fashion

He accounts such "baregarden stuffe," cannot prove slander, although the lad who writes puts his name to it. A short postscript against the diurnals, finishes with

"I have but broke the ice, some coadiuters  
Will help to scourge these paper-persecuters."

J. H.

¶ *Historie of Titana and Theseus. Very pleasant for age to avoide drowsie thoughts: profitable for youth to avoide wanton pastimes: so that to both it brings the minds content. Written by W. Bettie. London, printed for Robert Bird, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Laurence Lane, at the signe of the Bible. 1636. qto. sig. G 2. b. 1.*

This has all the guise and manner in title, composition, and printing, to have appeared near half a century earlier. The dedication is addressed "to the vvorshipfull Hvmphrie Conisbye," whose kindness is presumed upon to present the frowns of fortune, rudely and roughly polished; beseeching him to shroud the imperfect pamphlet under his patronage, as his learned education and

of the times, when idle conceits and dull facts were ushered forth as poetry. A few lines will suffice:

"The Commons voyce itselfe will thus expresse,  
In the brave Herbert lies our happinesse:  
Thou art that Hermes usher to the sunne,  
Thou art his gardiant when the day is done:  
You are a plague to papist, friend to those,  
Who unto base Antichrist are sworn foes.  
The Pope doth tremble at our Herbert's name,  
The Turks and Soldan tell your spreading fame.  
Let us rejoyce and Io sing as loud  
As thunder shot from a divided cloud.  
Our King's the sun within our horoscope,  
A terrour to the devill and the Pope;  
Our nobles are those fixt stars which do shine  
In their due place each man in his own line.  
Those who have striv'd t' usurpe our great Jove's throne,  
My joy's so great, for them I cannot mourn,  
Brave Pembroke hath so fill'd our hearts with ioy,  
The Commons cry this is the pride of Troy."

virtuous

virtuous disposition would be sufficient defence against the envious tongues of the scorning sycophants.

Theseus appears to be the son of Ægeus, King of Athens, and Titana, the daughter of Meleager, King of Calidón. Their early loves, with all the wooing thereof I must pass over. The negligent gatherer has omitted three sheets out of this thin tract. For some reason they take ship to pass from Grece to Spain, are attacked and conquered by pirates, who, rather unusual in the pages of romance, ungallantly set the lady on shore in France, and bear the enamoured prince away, who thereby becomes chained to the oar. During a pilgrimage of four years by the lady, the lover obtains his release, and is entertained by and esteemed the confidential servant of the Landsgrave of Hessen, who resides at Fuesen. The proffered illicit passion of Impio being refused, she revengefully determines to ruin the favourite by a false accusation of his attempting violence; a crime so heinous in the eye of the law, that he is condemned and bound to the stake to suffer death. Here, as usual, commences the disclosure to reward innocence and bring the vicious character to ignominy. A Knight of Athens, on his travels, discovers the Prince at the stake, and proclaims his birth; the accuser is re-examined, and Impio strangles herself with a towel. Titana, at this period, was governess to the children of the high constable of Fuesen, and the finding the Prince of Grece being bruited about;

“ In the end it came to Titana’s eare, who was halfe perswaded it was her Theseus: well she could not be quiet in mind till she saw him: the next day she made an excuse to go forth & goe to the Emperors court, & as she was entring y<sup>e</sup> court gates she met her Theseus, yet not knowing him directly, but stood stil & look’d on him, & he did the like on her, til at last Theseus said, Titana; when she heard him say so she stept to him, and with ioy she wept, and the like did he, like two turtle doves, they sweetly bild each other, when they had thus don, they made it knowne to the Emperor—”

The wanderers return to Athens; reign over three kingdoms, and “ Titana and Theseus ended their daies in quiet rest. Finis.” \* \*

¶ *De Fastis Anglicis, sive Calendarium Sacrum: the Holy Calendar, being a treble series of Epigrams upon all the Feasts observed by the Church of England; to which is added the like number of Epigrams upon some other more especiall daies, which have either their footsteps in Scripture, or are more remarkeable in this kingdome. Composed by Nathaniel Eaton, Doctor of Philosophy, and medicine, and Vicar of Bishops Castle in the County of Salop. London, printed by H. L. and are to be sold at Kings Colledge in Puddledock. 1661. 12mo. pp. 80.*

To his dread Sovereign Charles II. the author, "upon the knees of his soul, most humbly dedicates himself, and these poor fruits of his vacant hours:" which might have served to garnish out the columns of Partridge's or More's Almanack, with orthodox piety, as will be seen by one of the epigrams on Whitsunday.

" You that despise all humane helps whereby  
Men are prepared for the ministry,  
And boast you have the spirit enabling you,  
Better then all their books and arts can do;  
Be not deceiv'd, fond men, 'tis more to be  
Fitted for such a work then you can see,  
Those whom the Holy Ghost doth thus inspire,  
He comes to them in tongues as well as fire;  
Show us but them and wee'll allow your call,  
If not we heed not your vain brags at all." \* \*

¶ *Philotimus. The Warre betwixt Nature and Fortune. Compiled by Brian Melbancke Student in Graies Inne. Palladi Fortuna virtutis famula. Imprinted at London by Roger Warde, dwelling neere unto Holborne Conduit at the signe of the Talbot. 1583. Col. At London Imprinted by Roger Warde, dwelling nere Holburne Conduit at the signe of the Talbot, and are there to be solde. 1583. qto. pp. 226, and introduction four leaves.*

This uncommonly rare work is a close imitation of Lilly's *Euphues*, and it seems probable the two authors were fellow collegians. Such compositions having become

come fashionable, we find the author in his dedicatory address to "Phillip Earle of Arundell," telling him,

"Had Philotimus bene serued in at the first course, when your stomacke was not quatted with other daintier fare, his relishe perhaps had bene some-thing loothsome: but since you are cloied with more delicate cates thus farre not withstanding, I dare presume to bring him in for a show among other banquetting dishes. . . . The morning is meete for grauer studies, the post meridian for pleasaunt solace, so that, Philotimus which commeth in limping at the latter end of the day though he be no author for knowledge of importance, yet may some refection by reading histories, lend recreation to your wearied muses. . . . I am not ignorant that there be some, who will be as free of a good word to Philotimus, as a poore man is of his harvest: who, for that they hate me vnaduisedly will indiscreetly beat my dog: & because they enuy Melbancke with a peasantry despite, will dispraise all his doings, though they be for their profit. . . . Wishing your Lordship as many prosperous yeares as vertuous properties, and no fewer vertues then the sea hath sandes, and commending both me and mine to your honourable protection, I humbly take my leaue this 28 of Nouember. Your Lordships most duetifull to commaund. Brian Melbancke."

Lilly has an address to the gentlemen schollars of Oxford, which, probably, occasioned the following, being partly inscribed to the other university.

"To the VVorshipful and my very frends, the gentlemen Students, in the Innes of Court and Chauncerie, and the vniuersitie of Cambridge.—The worthines, Gentlemen, of your demerits, and the dayly benefite of your friendly curtesies, incite me to proffer you my simple seruice, and humbly to entreat you to vouchsafe it acceptance. I heartily wish (Gentlemen) that Phylotimus had the propertie of the tree Coccus wich beareth ten sundry commodities all at once: or that it resembled the hearb Pauemu, whose emeralds glosse refresheth the sight, whose violets sauour delighteth the smell, whose soueraigne iuyce doth comfort the hart in most dumpish fits of direful malancholie: or that ech of you here in my little garden, might gather a poesie of the three Phænick flowers, myrth, money, and melody, the worst whereof may serue to decke a princes garland. But alassee poore toy (if pittie might preuaile) it rather representeth gratefull Thelies thankfulnessse, then presumes to present you with glozing Tullies eloquence and more submissiuellie craues pardon for this too audacious enterprise,

enterprise, then loftily lookes for praise for an vndereseruing trauaile. Yet brasse is good goulde in a brasiers shop, pottage daintty fare at a poore man's feast, and murrye sweete beauty in a blackmoore's face: and therefore I hope hautily, that if I inuite you to my homely banquet (where you shall haue single fare for double cost) you will not thanke me so ironeously as Socrates on a time did a poore honest man, who bad him for good will to his best though bare supper. I pray thee, quoth he, who made vs so familiar that thou shouldest thus saucily inroch vpon my curtesie, to inuite me so vnmannerly to a needy beeuer?

" I haue beene pregnant, as once was Valentia, almost double the time of a womans account, and now at my child byrth, with the same Valentia, I am brought to bed of an halfe-shaped monster. I graunt that for want of plenarrity this time of vacation, I am worthelye false into your lappes, so that you may lawfully refuse to admit me to your fauour, and giue the benefite of your friendship to some more meritorious. Credite me, Gentlemen, I knowe not by what haps (mishaps I shoulde say) Phylotimus hath beene longer in publishing then in compiling, and lesse time in penning then in printing: wherein he is not vnlike all manner of fruits, which attain not maturity so soone as they bud, neither are alwayes reaped when they are ripe: or rather akin to the beares confused brood, which she is longer a framing to a perfect shape, then she is in conceiuing and producing.

" Well (Gentlemen) now you haue it, giue it a welcome, read it with iudgement, (as I know you can) peruse it with pacience (as I hope you will) & mind as you find I require no more. I know that ventrous Will doth neuer saile surely, where practised skill doth not holde the helme, and that brain-sick youth doth neuer raighe wel. where settled age doth not bear the bridle, and that it is more meete for my vnmellowed yeeres to be imploied in the studie of phylosophicall axiomes, then take vpon them to instruct others in literature. Yet haue I tried that the yongest pullet is both toothsome and wholsom, and that the timeliest haruest makes the best bread: now a dayes that parrat is very yong that will not prattle, and that cock very bad that crows not till his age: the yong cat cries mew as well as the old one, and youthfull Aristippus will be regardant to phylosophy as well as old Plato is a professor of wisdom; if June yeelde flowers, Maie wil yeeld cherries, if there be blossoms in the spring there will be fruite in autumnne, and amorous Plato in his adolescencie is a graue phylosopher in elder yeeres. For the excuse of my obscuritie, wherewith I haue



haue endarkened my style, I aunswere, that I am not of Périllus his minde, that thought himselfe a glorious orator, if hee were plausible to the popular sort: I would rather imitate our master Arist, who writ his physicks in so intricate a style, because he woulde not vouchsafe euery refuse Ceridon the imparture of his mysterie: and I doubt not but amongst you (Gentlemen) I shall finde more of Oedipus his line, then of Davus his lignage, more that assaile a doubtful ambiguitie with their learned resolutions then wil inuert a good meaning which they cannot amend, and turne that to scoffing, which was made for no skoggins. If I haue vsed any rare and obsolete words, they are eyther such as the Coryphees of our English writers, Chaucer and Lidgate, haue vsed before me, and now are decayed for want of practise: or else such as by an apt translation out of the Greekes and Latins (which Crassus in Tullies bookes de Oratore allowes for lawfull) are fitly contriued into our English language. For that I haue not kept one vniforme maner of style (much like the Queenes mules that neuer change pace) I think that I am no more tied to one order of writing in the vniuersal tractation of my treatise, then a gardener is bound but to sow one sort of seedes in a great plot of his garden ground. He (sayth Hermogenes) that adorneſ his whole oration with no other trope, but a sweet subiECTION or an anomination, may be thought a trim man in the ears of the multitude, but in the iudgement of the elegant orators, he shall be known as rude in his art of rhetorick as the butcher that scalded the calfe, was in his craft of butchery.

“ Good Gentlemen, pardon the faults that are passed in printing, omit the escapes that are committed by my negligence, and make that wel in woorth, which I wish were more then wel. It may be, Gentlemen, that my English tables of all Arist. workes (which some of you haue too long expected) shall shortly make you amends. Although all of you know that my kingdome neuer consisted in the English tongue, but if euer I had any thing wherein to vaunt (as God knows I had nothing) it was some small skill in other languages. Thus not doubting but you Gentlemen of Cambridge will giue Philotimus friendly entertainment, for that Melbanck his master was sometime a scholler amongst you (with what credite I know not, but sure I am in more then euer he deserued, and in such as for the loue he beares you, he neuer intends quite to forsake you) and that you Gentlemen of the Innes of Court will fauourably censure of Philotimus, because I may ere I die be a solíciter in your law, I humbly take my leaue this 29 of Nouember. Yours as your owne to vse. Brian Melbancke.”

Here

Here some verses, by George Wastnes, Esq. describe the author "a mirrour of a man" of "learning rare," and, with nursery fondness, calls him "my sugred darling boy."

The history of Philotimus is laid in Italy, and introduced with "an interlocution of two distressed wightes, whereof the one more hardy, harteneth his fellow:" these are Pandolpho and Periander. The former undertakes to describe the froward fortune of Philotimus and bitter debate betwixt Good Nature and Dame Fortune. It is founded upon love, as nature; and the war with fortune, forms the thread of the story, which, though voluminous in the detail, is shallow of adventure. The hero is thus introduced.

"Of all this their ioyfull progeny, their first begotten sonne, named Philotimus, did both in feature of body, sharpnesse of wit and towardnes of mind, excell the rest. In so much, that as when Iupiter & Iuno were at contention, whether man or woman, were more prone to lechery, they elected Tyresias, by whose arbitrimt they would be determined, bycause he had bene both manne and woman; so if there were a controersie which of the gods were moste worthy wonder in their excellentes workes, I think none more indifferent to decide the matter, then this yong gentleman: in whose courtly complexion (so sweete was Philotemus) and curteous conditions (swete louely Philotimus) the expresse images of their heauenly deities were so liuely portrayed. And yet if Philotimus shoulde giue his censure, which of their powers he thought most puissant, though he haue felt their mighty operations, and so might iudge: yet doe I weene his best resolution would onely be silence. For as an Vnicorne hauing most strength, doth least knowe it: so he hauing greatest pith, did most pittie himselfe. Notwithstanding that the gods being corriuals in the framing of him, and neuer one suffering a fellowe cockmate in this ioint labour, they all doing beste w'out comparison it was hard to iudge who did the worst, euen y<sup>e</sup>. worst being placed in the superlatiue degree. Which his parentes marking, and meruailing at it, thought themselues especially bounde to be carefull on him, lest either nature wanting nurtare, it should be mard in making, and so the gods offended with their willfull negligence: or his good disposition being at libertie, hauing no leader but his owne discretion, they mighte reape lesse pleasure in vewing his good lucke, hauing taken no paynes in his bringing vp. They therefore knowing that a younge colte  
muste

muste be vsed to the bitt before he come to the saddle; that sprigs sprout the better if they be lopped, chuse rather to bee niggardes in pinching him of pence, then procure his nicenes with vaine prodigallitie, rather liking a wan looke that comes of moderate diet, and bewrāyes a painfull student, then a fresh ruddy cheeke that is died with Bacchus his buries, and breeds suspicion of luste. Well, the sunne, and the moone, and the seuen starres, and all els that I canne name, according in an vnitie, to adorne with their trinitie this blessed gentleman, he costed and posted with such light-foote speede, that coting and bording all his coequalles with whom he was conuersant, he was y<sup>e</sup> gaze at which all eyes did spye, the worst repining, the best enuying, all admiring this vncouth straungnes, and knowing the possibilitie of his wealth by discent of inheritance, thought the revenues of his vertues would be inualuable."

Cleocritus, the father, in a long speech, fraught with copious and desultory arguments, discusses the subject of women, and is replied to with a quickness and pertinence of quotation not to be aptly expected from the green years of Philotimus, who is finally to go to his chosen university, accompanied with Aemilius. This departure introduces the heroine for the purpose of a farewell.

" There was a gentlewoma<sup>~</sup> by stile, but as I haue heard & partly gesse by her slippery dealinges, giuing no peremptory iudgement, but by coniecture, a rare iuewell scraped out of a dunghill, gotten by stealth by the wicked aspect of a beggerly micher, wh<sup>~</sup> her mothers husba<sup>~</sup>d, her father by name, could not see for h<sup>~</sup>ornes growing ouer his eyes, but the fault you will say was not in her, but in her mother, which in shuffing the cards shuffled in a knaue too many. This gentlewoma<sup>~</sup>, almost of equall age w<sup>t</sup>. noble Philo. her father being deceased, was left in ward with a gentlema<sup>~</sup> neare neighbour to senior Cleocritus, vpon which occasion Philo. sometimes in company with her & often conferring her feature with his fancie, felt at length such skirmishes of affection y<sup>t</sup>. he valiantly proued himselfe a carped knight: and as Plato speaking of y<sup>e</sup>. soule which ascending after death vp to the heauē's & meeting w<sup>t</sup>. natures semblable to it selfe in all respects, staies there, & not before: so she seing his *posse*, correspondēt to her *velle*, met him iust in y<sup>e</sup>. midway of all his loue, gaue him pat for pat, loue for loue, as long as he would."

A whole night is wasted in unfolding his tale and conversation with the faire Aurelia. In one speech he exclaims:

" Fye

“ Fye pleasure, fye, thou cloyest me withe delyghte. Nowe Priams some giue place, thy Helens hew is stainde. O Troylus, weepe no more, faire Cressed thyne is lothlye fowle. Nor Hercules thou haste cause to vaunt for thy swete Omphale: nor Romeo thou hast cause to weepe for Iuliets losse, \* if euer Aurelia had saluted your sight, whose bright eyes beam like the precious carbuncle, &c.”

Vows for continued attachment usher in the morning. Our hero departs to the university, discussions occur with the tutor; and time, and the studies of Philotimus, enrich his mind with learning and virtue. Of his person:

“ His body was decently made, & featlye framed, conteyning an absolute constitution, and conuenience of liniaiments: his head not a slope cornered, but rou'd & globe wise fashioned. His haire auburne or chesten coloure, & so was Hectors: his forehead smooth and vnwrinkled, beautified with comelye eiebrowes, and suche were the browes of Alcibiades, and gallantly garnished with a paire of amiable eies, not hollowe, but delightfully standinge out, cherefull to his frendes, and churlish to his foes, & such, saith Heliodorus, were the eyes of Theagenes, his cheeks roseall like Phebus rising in the orientall skie: of stature he was semely neither dwarfish like a man cut of at legges, nor a lungis like one that standes upon stilts, but iust in the middes wherein consisteth vertue. His porte and state of body bolte vpright, his gate framed to comelinesse, not nicely affected, nor curiously counterfayted, as it were plaiers, and disguised masquers, who, by a kind of vpstart gate vnwisely weene to win commendation. In communitie of life he was verye jocund neither to bablatiue withe flattery nor to whust with morositie. ————”

The topics descanted upon are numerous, and little incidental relations, with apposite gatherings from ancient writers, crowd every page. Such ebullitions of a retentive memory appear to have been adopted by romance writers to supply the place of combats and tournaments, knights, vizards, and enchantments, when they rapidly declined, from want of novelty: however, the composition, though not entirely fabulous, was less in unison with general reading and manners than the wonderful tale of fiction, and the machinery of the one continues to be admired

\* This forms another curious instance of the popularity of the tale of *Romeo and Juliet*. See p. 349.

and partially read with gratification, while the other is universally condemned as tedious and useless pedantry. To unite these verbose labours in narrative, the parents of Philotimus die, and he, by degrees, "was countercoyned to open beggerie; and Daue debte stooede watching with a mace at the doore ready to arrest him." Cornelius, "a stale hacking courtier," obtains Aurelia, which gives rise to a long and spirited correspondence, and the despair and poverty of Philotimus follow. He challenges his rival, without effect, and debates his distress in a soliloquy, wherein he says:

"Arraigne me at the barre of seuerer iudgement, exaggerate my crimes with amplification, impannell an inqueste of Russet coat Robbins, let Cautle Subteltie be the foreman & Summum ius the Judge, and Cuthbert the cutthroat commense his action, what amercement or penaltie canne they assigne mee, or wherein can they say I haue offended, that should alienate man from former liking? Indeed I haue wastfully spent (more caytiffe I) the surrender of my fathers landes, and run my selfe into desperate debtes, and now in steede of blew coates to waite at my table, haue a couple of Sergeants to attend me through y<sup>e</sup>. stretes, that I slip not the collar."

Friendship is found to neglect poverty, and Philotimus vents his complaint in a "patchie pamphlet" of sixteen pages. To be brief, he becomes a wanderer, and, with his newly obtained service of a prince, the story is left unfinished. The interlocutors again appear, and Pandolpho engages to "reade oute the reste some other faire day."

The author is grossly vulgar in two or three instances and, by proverbial and common place observations, made an attempt to secure a large circle of readers. A few of these allusions, promiscuously taken, may not appear in-curious.

"Warr wing, quoth the huntsman, to Bowman his hound."

"Thinking he had got a goodly yong heafer, it was nothing" but y<sup>e</sup> deuill in a coves hyde, as Richard Farneyeaes sonne was once beguiled."

"What trylle the ball againe my Jacke, and be contente to make some play, and I will lull thee on my lappe, with hey be bird now say not nay. \*"

\* This seems the fag end of a nursery ballad, though given as prose.

“ So did the men of Gotam tye their rentes in a purse about an bare's necke and bad her to carrie it to their landlord.”

“ He that bestowes rewards to insinuate himself into friendship is like Bath-kepers asse that brought his master fewell home to make fires and he himself liued with smell of the smoake.”

“ Such a pearle in a blackamoores eare woulde make him whytt.”

“ Clitipho began a tale of Jack a naile, which I am afraid you will not tarry till you haue heard. It was an halt king, and a blind queene, and they got a lame sonne, and he would go to the nine endes of the world to seeke his fortune, & whe' he was there, he was there: he met with a pilgrim, God geue you good euen, which is the way to Poclinton; a pokeful of plummes; he clamb vp into a thistle tree and cut downe an hasyll twigge, and broke his heade till it was whole: and when he came home he was as wise as a woodcocke.”

“ I haue read that Attyla king of Pamoria slew eleuen thousand virgines at the siege of Colonia: but a man might induce mee, without a sermon pareneticall for exhortation, that hee might seeke bethe where they were and were not, as Skoggin did the hare, and presse an army royall of arrand honest women, to scale the fortresse of modestie with friday faced scoulds, ere he coulde triumph for halfe such a victory in wise so much space.”

“ Poore vnbegotten wether beaten Qualto, an hob hansom man god wot, and a bow wow to his lady & mistresse seruing a Lady in Italy as a Tom drudge of the pudding house.”

“ War knaue, goth Tomkins to his shadow: for he seing his shadowe in the nighte, tooke it for one that came to spoile him, to whom, knauing it, and slauing it, hee gaue many a good bang.”

“ Farewell fortie pence too deare of three shillings.”

“ I haue red that in an old smokie outhour, which the I thought worthie noting, and here I meane to insert, and this it is in our vulgar tongue: I haue seldome sene a long man wise, or a lowe man lowlie.”

“ Nick Noddie hath the lucke when Welladay Wit liues in lacke.”

“ If you will kepe friends, you must put in practise this old delectorie. Giue, take, seeke; all things, few things, nothing.”

“ Gentlemen, in our daies, will bee cozins to all of any port or great report in the whole shire though their gransires dog scarce leapt ouer their grandames hatch; but if a poore man be in the second degree, he is not in the catalogue of their genealogie.”

“ It

"It is a prouerbe in England that the men of Tiuidal, borderers on y<sup>e</sup>. English midle marches, haue likers, lemme's, and lyerbies."

Two or three short poems are inserted, of which the following is the most favourable specimen:

"Might mournfull wailing end my daies,  
 or pinching careful woe surcease;  
 Then hope might haue his wished death,  
 or life enioy his wonted ease.  
 But welth is, and kin vnkind,  
 all luckles haps denie my ioy,  
 So direfull grieffe must euer last,  
 and lingring life augment annoy.  
 In pleasant May moone of mine age,  
 I meane the lustie gallant prime,  
 Where golden pleasure beares the sway,  
 and youthfull sportes doe passe the time:  
 Euen then, alas, poore wretched wight,  
 my gladsome myrth was heauy mone,  
 My new sprung rose did scarcely bud,  
 wher straightway blasting all was gone.  
 Yet mauger frowning fortunes spite,  
 my swetest (I) is ener one,  
 Not neare by byrth, but deare by loue,  
 and sure more faithfull neuer none:  
 His will is still as erst it was,  
 no froward chaunce can change his choise,  
 In lieu whereof fame sound his praise  
 with most triumphant ioyfull voice."

J. H.

¶ *Here be gathered counsailes of Saincte Isidorie, to informe man, howe he shulde flee vices and folowe vertues. Londini in ædibus Thomæ Bertheleti typis impress. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. Anno M. D. XLIIII. Oct. 16 leaves.*

Without introduction; these gathered counsailes are divided under several heads, as

"Honest conuersacion. Fle thou simulacion, feine not holinesse in darke clothyng. Such as thou woldest ben hold, suche be thou in dede. Shewe thy profession in liuyng and  
 not

not in tokens. In clothyng, and in goynge, haue with the simplenesse: in thy gate and in thy mouynge cleannes, in thy bearing sadnesse, in thy walkyng honestie, nothing of vilany, nothyng of vncleannesse, nothyng of wildenesse. Beware in thy gouernance, that there appere nothyng of beastlynesse. Giue not to other cause for to scorne the, gyue thou not to any man cause to backbite the."

" A vowe made. Do the good that thou haste behote. Be not light in word and harde in dede. Thou shalt be much giltie to god, that fulfyll not their voves. I say not voves that ben euyl but good. For if thou through thy foly hast made a fonde vowe, through the dome of a discrete man be it wysely tourned into good." \* \*

¶ The Problemes of Aristotle, with other Philosophers and Phisitions. Wherein are contained diuers *questions, with their answers, touching the estate of mans bodie.* [Device of Thomas Orwin with motto By wisdome peace, by peace plenty.] At London printed by the Widdow Orwin. 1595. Duod.

A short address to the reader, followed by the problems of Aristotle, of " Marcus Antonivs Zimaras Sanctipetrianas Problemes," in number ninety seven and 142 of " Alexander Aphrodisevs Problemes." The general import of the work is sufficiently known, and may well excuse a specimen.

At the close of the volume before me occurs an unusual bibliographical addition, sufficient to make the work appear issuing from either English or Scotch press, to suit the vendor's convenience. The last two leaves of the concluding sheet are a fly leaf lettered " A j." then the following title, which, though only slightly varying from the above, might, prefixed to another copy, ground an opinion of two distinct editions.

The Problemes of Aristotle, with other Philosophers and Phisitions. *Wherein are contayned diuers questions, with their answers, touching the estate of mans bodie* [a fancy metal ornament] *At Edenborough, Printed by Robert Waldgraue, 1595.* J. H.







W. Wilson sc.

# British Bibliographer.

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## ¶ *Memoir of Sir Aston Cokayne.*

THE best account of Sir ASTON COKAYNE may be picked out from various passages in his own volume of poems. This indeed has been in some degree done already by the present writer in an article inserted in the *Gent. Mag.* for July 1797, p. 554. But by way of variety the sketch now given shall be filled up from other passages, there omitted for want of room.

Sir Aston Cokayne, son of Thomas Cokayne, Esq. of Ashbourne Hall in Derbyshire, and of Pooley in Warwickshire, was born in 1608 at Elvaston in Derbyshire, the seat of the family of his mother, Anne daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, Knt. The Cokaynes had been seated at Ashbourne in great credit from the reign of K. Edw. III. Sir Thomas, his great grandfather, who died in 1592, was the author of a very scarce volume, which will be mentioned in the long-expected and forthcoming reprint of *Dame Juliana Barnes*, by Mr. HASLEWOOD.

Our poet was educated at Trinity College Cambridge, as appears by the following Epigram 1. of Book II. of his poems.

“ *To the Fellow Commoners of Trinity College in  
Cambridge.*

“ Gentlemen, in my youth I spent some years  
Within your walls; but few, it plain appears

By this poor book, which I an offering make  
 Unto you, for your recreation's sake :  
 Not that I do presume that you may find  
 Any thing in it worth your eyes or mind ;  
 But that the view of these slight toys may raise  
 You to accomplish works deserving praise.  
 When you have laugh'd enough at these, pray take  
 Each of you pen in hand, and better make :  
 Which would a noble emulation prove,  
 And from our rank an obloquy remove."

In 1632 Sir Aston set out on his travels through France and Italy, of which he has given an account in a poem to his son Mr. Thomas Cokayne, beginning at p. 93. On his return he married Anne daughter of Sir Gilbert Kniveton of Mercaston, Co. Derby, Knt. and retiring to his lordship of Pooley, gave himself up to his books, and boon companions.

His mother seems to have lived at this time at Ashbourne Hall, probably as her jointure house; for the following appears among her son's Epigrams, IV. 10.

*" To my Mother, Mrs. Anne Cokain.*

" Let none our Ashbourn discommend henceforth;  
 Your gardens shew it is a place of worth.  
 What delicate sparagus you have growing there,  
 And in how great abundance every year?  
 What gallant apricots, and peaches brave,  
 And what delicious nectarins you have?  
 What melons that grow ripe without those glasses,  
 That are laid over them in other places?  
 What grapes you there have growing? and what wine  
 Pleasant to taste you made last vintage time?  
 Plant vines, and when of grapes you have got store,  
 Make wine enough, and I will ask no more:  
 Then Mr. Bancroft in high lines shall tell  
 The world, your cellar's Aganippe's well."

He boasts at this time of his friends among the poets, Donne, Suckling, Randolph, Drayton, Massinger, Haddington, Sandys, and May.

But our author cultivated the acquaintance of antiquaries as well as of men of genius. The following lines appear to me to have considerable merit.

*" To*

“ *To my worthy and learned Friend Mr. William Dugdale upon his Warwickshire illustrated.*

“ They that have visited those foreign lands  
 Whence Phœbus first our hemisphere commands;  
 And they that have beheld those climes or seas  
 Whence he removes to the Antipodes;  
 Have followed him his circuit through, and been  
 In all those parts that day hath ever seen,  
 Although their number surely is but few;  
 Have not, learn'd friend, travell'd so much as you;  
 Though in your study you have sat at home  
 Without a mind about the world to roam.  
 Witness this so elaborate piece; how high  
 Have you oblig'd us by your industry!  
 We may be careless of our fames, and slight  
 The pleasing trouble any books to write.  
 The nobles and the gentry that have there  
 Concern, shall live for ever in your shire.  
 Our names shall be immortal, and when at  
 The period of inevitable fate  
 We do arrive, a poet needs not come  
 To grace an herse with's epiladium.  
 Marbles and brass for tombs we now may spare  
 And for an epitaph forbear the care:  
 For, for us all unto our high content  
 Your book will prove a lasting monument.  
 And such a work it is, that England must  
 Be proud of, if unto your merit just;  
 A grace it will unto our language be,  
 And ornament to every library.  
 No old, or modern rarity we boast,  
 Henceforth shall be in danger to be lost.  
 Your worthy book comes fortunately forth,  
 For it again hath builded Kenilworth.  
 Maugre the rage of war, or time to come,  
 Aston shall flourish till the general doom;  
 And the Holts' progeny shall owe as much  
 Unto your lines, as him that made it such.  
 The spires and walls of Coventry your pen  
 Hath built more lasting than the hands of men.  
 The prospects of our noble seats you shall  
 Secure from any ruin may befall:  
 Our pleasant Warwick, and her castle, that  
 Surveys the stream of Avon from her seat,

Your labours more illustrious have made  
 Than all the reparation they e'er had.  
 Victorious Guy you have reviv'd, and he  
 Is now secure of immortality.  
 Ee'n my beloved Pooley, that hath long  
 Groan'd underneath sinister fortune's wrong,  
 Your courteous eyes have look'd so kindly on,  
 That now it is to its first splendor grown;  
 Shall slight time's devastations, and o'er  
 The banks of Anchor flourish evermore;  
 For there's such virtue in your powerful hand,  
 That every place you name shall ever stand.  
 The skilfullest anatomist that yet  
 Upon an human body e'er did sit,  
 Did never so precisely shew his art,  
 As you have yours in your Cornavian part.  
 You in your way do them in theirs exceed;  
 You make the dead to live; they spoil the dead.  
 Now Stratford upon Avon, we would choose  
 Thy gentle and ingenious Shakspeare Muse,  
 Were he among the living yet, to raise  
 T' our Antiquary's merit some just praise:  
 And sweet-tongued Drayton, that hath given renown  
 Unto a poor before and obscure town,  
 Harsull, were she not fall'n into his tomb,  
 Would crown this work with an encomium.  
 Our Warwickshire the heart of England is,  
 As you most evidently have prov'd by this;  
 Having it with more spirit dignified,  
 Than all our English counties are beside.  
 Hearts should be thankful; therefore I obtrude  
 This testimony of my gratitude.  
 You do deserve more than we all can do:  
 And so, most learned of my friends, Adieu!"

The 91st Epigram of the Second Book is addressed to another Antiquary, whose work has never appeared.

*"To my honoured friend, Mr. Samuel Roper.*

"Make Derbyshire by your most able pen  
 Allow you her obligin<sup>g</sup>'st countryman;  
 From dust and dark oblivion raise her glories,  
 And from old records publish all her stories:  
 So you with Mr. Dugdale shall remain,  
 Your country's honour; other countries' stain!"

The



*mirth, and eloquence, together with two most excellent comedies, 1658.*

The same edition had the change of a *third title* in 1669, which called it

*Choice Poems of several sorts; and to this, as Wood has remarked, was superadded the Tragedy of Ovid.\**

The volume consists first of a long poem entitled *A Remedy for Love*, in which he principally advises a tour through England. Then follow *Two Eclogues* and *A Satire*, which are succeeded by 25 *Love-Élegies*; and these by 6 *Funeral-Elegies*.

Next come 8 *Epistles*; and then *Encomiastic Verses on several Books*. These are succeeded by

*A Masque presented at Bretbie in Darbyshire on Twelfth-Night, 1639.*

Then *An Epithalamium on Sir Andrew Kniveton and Elizabeth Stanhope of Eluaston.*

Now come *Three Books of Epigrams*, followed by a set of *Songs*; and last the two Plays of *The Obstinate Lady*, and *Trappolin*.

The encomiastic verses are

1. "To my friend Mr. Thomas Randolph, on his play called *The Entertainment*, printed by the name of *The Muses Looking Glass*.

2. To my friend Mr. Philip Massinger, on his tragedy, called *The Emperour of the East*.

3. To the same, on his tragi-comedy, called *The Maid of Honour*.

4. Of Mr. John Fletcher, his plays, and especially *The Mad Lover*.

5. To my very good friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft on his works.

6. To Mr. Humphrey C. on his poem called *Love's Hawking-Bag*.

7. To Mr. James Strong, Bachelour, upon his wonderful poem called *Juanareidos*.

8. A Prælude to Mr. Richard Brome's plays.

9. To Dugdale, already extracted.

10. To my learned friend, Mr. Thomas Bancroft, upon his book of *Satires*.

\* *Gent. Mag.* 1797, p. 737.



11. To my most honoured cousin, Mr. Charles Cotton, the younger, upon his excellent *Poems*.

12. To my learned friend, Mr. Thomas Bancroft, upon his poem, called *The Heroic Lover*.

Charles Cotton, the younger, was a constant subject of Sir Aston's praises; and he deserved them. But as his poetry is now too much neglected, I will transcribe two of these encomiums.

“ To my cousin Mr. Charles Cotton the younger.  
(*Epigr. 66, B. I.*)

“ In how few years have you rais'd up an high  
Column of learning by your industry,  
More glorious than those pyramids, that old  
Canopus view'd, or Cair doth yet behold!  
Your noble father, that for able parts  
Hath won an high opinion in all hearts,  
May like the elder Scaliger look down  
With admiration on his worthy son!  
Proceed, fair plant of exc'llencies, and grow  
So high, to shadow all that are below!”

“ To the same. (*From No. 11 of Encomiastic Verses,  
as above.*)

“ Bear back, yon crowd of wits that have so long  
Been the prime glory of the English tongue;  
And room for our arch-poet make, and follow  
His steps, as you would do your great Apollo:  
Nor is he his inferior; for see  
His picture, and you'll say that this is he;  
So young and handsome both; so tress'd alike,  
That curious Lely, or most skill'd Vandyke  
Would prefer neither: only here's the odds,  
This gives us better verse, than that the gods.  
Beware you poets, that at distance you  
The reverence afford him that is due  
Unto his mighty merit, and not dare  
Your puny shreds with his lines to compare;  
Lest for so impious a pride, a worse  
Than was Arachne's fate, or Meda's curse,  
Posterity inflicts upon your fam'es,  
For vent'ring to approach too near his flames;

Whose all-commanding Muse disdains to be  
Equall'd by any, in all poesy.

As the presumptuous son of Clymene  
The sun's command importun'd for a day  
Of his unwilling father, and for so  
Rash an attempt fell headlong into Po ;  
So you shall fall or worse ; not leave so much  
As empty names, to shew there once were such.  
The Greek and Latin language he commands,  
So all that then was writ in both these lands  
The French and the Italian he hath gain'd,  
And all the wit that in them is contain'd.  
So, if he pleases to translate a piece  
From France, or Italy, old Rome, or Greece,  
The understanding reader soon will find  
It is the best of any of that kind :  
But when he lets his own rare fancy loose,  
There is no flight so noble as his Muse :  
Treats he of war ? Bellona doth advance,  
And leads his march with her refulgent lance.  
Sings he of love ? Cupid about him lurks ;  
And Venus in her chariot draws his works.  
Whate'er his subject be, he'll make it fit  
To live hereafter Emperor of Wit.

He is the Muse's darling : all the Nine  
Phoebus disclaim, and term him more divine.  
The wondrous Tasso, that so long hath borne  
The sacred laurel, shall remain forlorn :  
Alonso de Ercilla, that in strong  
And mighty lines hath Araucuna sung :  
And Sallust, that the ancient Hebrew story  
Hath poetiz'd,—submit unto your glory :  
So the chief swans of Tagus, Arne, and Seine  
Must yield to Thames, and veil unto your strain.

Hail, generous magazine of wit, you bright  
Planet of learning, dissipate the night  
Of dullness, wherein us this age involves,  
And from our ignorance redeem our souls !

A word at parting, Sir : I could not choose  
Thus to congratulate your happy Muse :  
And, though I vilify your worth, my zeal,  
And so in mercy think, intended well.  
The world will find your lines are great and strong ;  
The *nihil ultra* of the English tongue."

In the following Epigram Sir Aston gives an opinion of his own compositions.

“*To Sir Andrew Knyveton, my wives brother (Epig. 94, of B. I.)*”

“ Wonder not why among so many of  
My Epigrams, I do no oftener scoff,  
And taunt of men, observing when they halt,  
And tax them smartly after for their fault.  
I know that epigrams should either be  
Satires reduc'd to an epitome;  
Or else in choicest language should invite,  
Being what you please, the readers with delight.  
Troth! I in scoffs but little do prevail,  
Which is the cause that I no oftner rail;  
And have for eloquence but what you see;  
And therefore all my friends must pardon me.”

The reader will now probably think that specimens more than enough have been given of Sir Aston's verses. But they exhibit the character of his life as well as of his talents. His days seemed to have been passed between his bottle, his books, and his rhymes. Perhaps his addiction to the first might arise from the cares which overwhelmed him; for being a Catholic he is said to have suffered much for his religion, and for the cause of K. Charles I. who, according to his own account, rewarded him with a Baronetage, dated about the 10th of Jan. 1641, which was however afterwards disputed by the Officers of Arms, his patent not being enrolled.

His mind appears to have been much cultivated with learning; and it is clear that he possessed considerable talents: but he exhibits scarcely any marks of genius. He is never pathetic, sublime, or even elegant; but is generally characterized by a kind of familiarity which amounts to doggrel, and frequently to flatness and insipidity. Still it is impossible to read notices of so many of his cotemporaries, whose habits of life are recalled to our fancies, without feeling a subordinate kind of pleasure that gives these domestic rhymes a lively attraction. Sir Aston, compared with most of his associate authors whom he commemorates, displays a very dim light.  
Yet

Yet as a country-gentleman of an ancient family and good patrimony, he calls forth no small tribute of respect from reflecting minds, if we compare him with most of his own class, who having spent their lives in sensual gratifications, have done nothing to preserve their names from the graves in which their bodies are buried.

The beautiful scenery of the country, the leisure and dignity of an independent life, acting on a polished education, would seem in theory most fitted to qualify the human intellect for the utmost refinement, and the best efforts of genius. But alas! how few of this order make use of the great opportunities thus bestowed upon them! We see them disdainful of books! insensible to works of reason or fancy! and malicious towards any among themselves, who by any chance aspire to those mental acquisitions which themselves neglect! I am not sure that the manners have been much mended since it has become the fashion for gentlemen to engage with such ardour in the occupation of practical farming. Defend me from the society of men, all "whose talk is of bullocks," and of sheep! I would not be one to follow the ploughman to measure his furrows, and watch with a surly grudge the unnecessary half hour he may spend at his meals! To men of ample property and liberal education Providence has surely allotted higher duties, and more refined amusements. It matters little, whether I turn bailiff, or turn groom. If I desert my station in society, let me take the consequence of my own degradation, and be fixed there, never to rise again! Thrust me among clod-hoppers and stable-boys, and let me associate and feed with them, as I ought. But do not let me intrude to irritate the nerves, or damp the nicer sense of delight of those who have made use of the talent God has given them as they ought! who justify the station they fill yet more by the superiority of their employments than by their birth or fortune!

In the times of Sir Aston Cokayne, it may be doubted, if the minds of the country-gentlemen were not in an higher state of cultivation than they are now. In truth that class were then of much more honourable birth than they

they are at present. The century which succeeded annihilated an incredible number of old families: an effect of which it is not now the place to inquire into the causes; or whether these sources were productive of exclusive evil, or were attended by a large portion of concomitant good. If we look into Sir Aston's book, we shall see scarce a family among his friends in Derbyshire, and the surrounding counties, who are not of known antiquity. By the manner in which he speaks of them they rather cherished and respected than despised his Muse. Would this have been the case with modern gentry, the spawn of the Stock-Exchange, or of the manufacturing towns, or colonies? Many of the same families still remain in those parts, but in the overwhelming numbers of mercantile wealth they have lost their spirit and their power. I do not despise commerce; I know its political value; but I grieve at its attendant evils on the moral character of society.

We are perhaps somewhat measuring back our steps—we have found out that wealth is not the only strength of a nation: we have found out that “the warrior and his sword” may perhaps be a still more effectual preserver of our safety and our power. Hence liberal professions may once more come into credit—and we may perhaps once more discover that there are other as solid grounds of distinction as those of the purse!

In the times of great convulsions talent is roused. Ordinary faculties will be found sufficient for common times; and then it is that intrigue and corruption obtain promotion rather than high qualifications. The first half of the seventeenth century brought forward a variety of splendid characters who had slept unnoticed in tranquil reigns. Sir Aston therefore even among his own class probably found the intellectual powers all alive!—He does not himself seem to have taken an active part in the war between the King and the Parliament. One is apt indeed to suspect that he wanted energy of character, and was not a little indulgent to his own ease! Perhaps it arose from this that he completely wasted his ancient patrimony, and sold both his lordships of Ashbourne and Pooley.

Some

Some of the principal persons to whom his Epigrams are addressed, are the following.

1. To Philip Earl of Chesterfield, his uncle.
2. To his cousin, Mrs. Olive Cotton.
3. To his friend, Mr. Herbert Aston.
4. On his younger brother, Mr. Tho. Cokaine.
5. To his uncle, Sir John Stanhope.
6. To his cousin, Charles Cotton.
7. To his friend and cousin, Roger King.
8. On his cousin, Mrs. Eliz. Stanhope.
9. On his sister, the Lady Boteler.
10. To his friend, Mr. Marmaduke Wyvel.
11. To his cousin, Col. Ralph Sneyde.
12. To his cousin, the Lady Elizabeth Darcy.
13. To his friend, Col. Edward Stamford.
14. To his cousin, Mrs. Cordelia Harryes.
15. To his friend, Mr. Francis Lenton.
16. To his cousin, William Milward.
17. To his friends, the two Col. William Bales.
18. To his cousin, Robt. Milward.
19. To his kinsman, Henry Kendal the younger.
20. To the noble Sir Arthur Gorges.
21. To his wife's brother, Sir Andrew Knyveton.
22. To his cousins, Cromwell, Byron, Ratcliff, and Alexr. Stanhope.
23. To his kinsman, Sir John Reppington.
24. To his brother-in-law, Col. Wm. Nevill.
25. To his friend, Mr. Henry Thimbleby.
26. To his friend, Sir Wm. Persal.
27. To his cousin, the Lady Trentham.
28. To his friend, Robt. Grosvenor.
29. To his brother-in-law, Sir Francis Boteler.
30. To Henry Lord Hastings, of Loughborough.
31. To his cousin, Henry Hastings, of Branston.
32. To Charles Viset. Cullen.
33. On his cousin, Col. Michael Stanhope.
34. To his cousin, John Stanhope, of Elvaston.
35. To Col. Ferdinand Stanhope.
36. To his wife's niece, Mrs. Eliz. Pegge.
37. To her brother, Tho. Pegge.
38. On Mr. Isaac Coe, of Lincoln's Inn.
39. On Humphry Cumberford.
40. To his cousin, Bryan Cokaine.
41. To his lady, Mrs. Eliz. Cokaine.
42. To his kinsman, John Cokaine.

43. To Sir Robert Brett.
44. To Mr. George Porter.
45. To Mr. Richard Grey, of Adderston.
46. On his cousin, Edwd. Reppington.
47. To his friend, Alexander Brome.
48. To his cousins, Anne, Eliz. Philipia, and Dorothy Stanhope.
49. To his uncle-in-law, Mr. Richd. Sutton.
50. To his cousins, Mrs. Stanhope, and Mrs. Isabella Hutchinson.
51. To Mr. Ralph Rawson.
52. To his cousin, Lady Mary Fitzherbert, of Tissington.
53. On Mr. Wm. Davenport, of Henbury, Cheshire.
54. To Mrs. Eliz. Spencer.
55. On Mr. Tho. Pilkington, of Wolverhampton.
56. On his sisters, Lettice Armstrong and Lucy Cokaine.
57. To his cousin, Tho. Cokaine, of Manciter.
58. On Edw. Tilsly and Anne Fleetwood.
59. To his cousin, Mrs. Anne Adams.
60. To his cousin, Arthur Stanhope.
61. To his wife's niece, Eliz. Kendall.
62. To his cousin, Sir Francis Burdet, Bart.
63. To his cousin, Isabella Milward.
64. On Mr. Ralph Fitzherbert.
65. On his wife's sister, Kath. Pegge.
66. To Eliz. Nevill, his wife's sister.
67. To Francis Shalcross, and Julia Boteler, his niece.
68. To Gilbert and Thos. Knyveton, his wife's brothers.
69. To his sister Kath. Weston.
70. On Peter Allibond, of Lincoln Coll. Oxf.
71. To his niece, Isabella Boteler.
72. On his father Tho. Cokaine.
73. On Ferdinando, Earl of Huntingdon.
74. To Sir Robt. Hilliard.
75. To his cousin, Basil Fitzherbert, of Norbury.
76. To his daughter, Mary Cokaine.
77. To his kinsman, Wingfield Cromwell, Earl of Ardglass.
78. To his friend, Henry Turville.
79. To his cousin, John Adams.
80. To his friend, Cassivelan Burton.
81. To Henry Longville.
82. To Robt. Creitton, D. D.
88. To Edmond Ravenbill.
84. To his kinsman, Edward Darcy.
85. To his brother-in-law, William Nevill.

86. To Alice Nevill, his sister.
87. To Ann and Mildred Nevill, her daughters.
88. To his friend, Major Wm. Warner.
89. On Eliz. Lady Reppington.
90. On Mr. John Reppington.
91. To his cousin, Charles Hutchinson.
92. To his kinsman, Francis Fitzherbert, of Lincolns Inn.
93. To his cousin, Wm. Stanhope, the younger.
94. To his mother, Ann Cokaine."

After our poet had sold his lordship of Pooley to Humphry Jennings, Esq. and his lordship of Ashbourne to Sir William Boothby, Bart. he retired to Derby, where he died on the breaking of the great frost in Feb. 1685, at the age of seventy-five.

Wood says he translated into English an excellent Italian Romance, called *Dianeæ*, 1654.

I refer for a character of his Comedies to the *Biographia Dramatica*.

His *Masque at Bretby* is reprinted in the third volume of the *Topographer*; where also may be found several of his *Epigrams*.

The above list of his connections may not be uninteresting to the families to whom they belong.

In any other work than such as the present, Sir Aston scarcely deserves the notice he has here obtained. But I believe that his book is scarce, and it contains many notices of ages that are passed away. It is some encouragement to literature, that even its amateurs can thus have their fame revived, after it has slept for nearly a century and an half. I love in my fancy to assemble round Sir Aston, his boon companions, and to listen to his mingled bursts of wit and raillery and literature and verse. But how inferior was he in genius and acquirements, in that pure stream of natural and touching sentiment which is one of the first attractions of unsophisticated genius, to his younger cousin, Charles Cotton, a man equally careless in his fortunes, but of a refined and exquisite heart, who possessed much of the nicer and more tender vein of Cowper, which might have displayed itself in similar compositions had the age and his own unpardonable haste allowed it. But he too lived a life of pecuniary embarrassment, productive of cares, which chilled and froze up the Pierian fountain of his bosom!



bosom! That bosom was a well-spring of genuine poetry, which scattered its waters without economy or thought.\*

B.

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¶ *La Dance Machabre, or Death's Duell: by W. C. London: Printed by William Stansby. n. d. 12mo. pp. 73, without introduction.*

An engraved title page: the above words on a central curtain, upheld by two angels; beneath, time on the globe, with his scythe, as in motion. Up the sides eight ovals, with crowded figures, representing several different estates of mankind, from the monarch and pope to the laborious delver: death, as in triumph, surmounteth the angels, and the eternal glory is seen through an arch at the top. The crest and arms of the author occupy two corners. On a preceding leaf a few lines describe "the mind of the front," which is executed with extraordinary spirit and minuteness by T. Cecill.

There is a prose Epistle Dedicatory, which is in French, addressed, "a la Roynie," and followed by some English verses to the same person, inscribed "to the great Emperesse of our little world," craving patronage for the "first piece ventured on the stage since you were our's." These lines are subscribed, "your highnesse most humble seruant and subiect, W. Colman." The reader, in a poem by "the authour to his booke," is told,

" Though not perform'd with that poeticke fire  
The nicenesse of our present times inspire;  
He spoyles the operation of a pill,  
Conformeth it vnto the patients will."

Commendatory Verses from John Peashall; E. H.; Thomas Veridicus; James Sherlie; and John Crompton. The poem of "Death's Duell" extends to 262 stanzas. The following will shew the numbers and manner of execution.

" What though thy house be sumptuous, and thy fare,  
Thy wife both vertuous, beautifull, and wise,

\* The writer of this article seizes the space of the present note to return his warm and unaffected thanks to *Musarum Amator*, from *Brechin*, for a Sonnet, too flattering for him to print. Such encouragement is not lost upon him: "the dew of praise" is a most "fostering food."

Thy

Thy children hopefull and obedient are,  
 Thy seruants most obsequious in their guise,  
 Thy coffers full, thy lordships round about thee,  
 Yet thou must goe and they must stay without thee.

And these vpon thy death-bed shall appeare

Like to so many glorious miseries,

Or like an office thou didst lately beare,

Transferr'd t' another man before thine eyes:

For certaine tis what chiefly doth content thee,

In that sad house to leaue shall most torment thee.

Then the deboist disorders of thy youth,

Th' vniust detayning of anothers right;

Supported more by strong hand then by truth,

As done but yesterday, before thy sight

In hideous formes appeare, which being well

Thou hadst no time to thinke on; there's thy hell.

Much like a pamper'd iade grown belly-proud,

Flings vp his heeles, and his owne master strikes,

Contemnes his poore companions, who allow'd

No more then what they dearely earne, dislikes

Their milde condition; and through wantonnesse

Feeds on the best of their deare purchased gresse.

Aspiring thoughts aboue our fortunes soare,

And true content, man's chiefest happinesse,

By emulation is shut out of doare,

Valning our wants by other mens excesse ;

We glance at those in worth and wealth out goe vs,

Regarding not how many walke below vs.

Disturbe not thine owne quiet with a thought,

Of what thou wast, or what thou might'st haue bin,

Aduancement comes neglected and not sought,

As monkayes with the chaines they are ti'de in,

Play with the common corrasines of fate,

Which as they had beginnings haue their date.

For iust Heay'n guilty of no ill at all,

From the beginning hath contriu'd it so,

That in all ages some shall rise, some fall ;

The goods of fortune wander to and fro

From man to man, and as the poet sings,

Kings come from beggars, beggars come fro' Kings."

At the end of the volume are elegies by Colman on George Earl of Shrewsbury; the Lady Marchioness of Winchester, daughter of Thomas Lord Savage; William Lord Paget, Baron of Beaudesert; and Sir John Beaumont, Baronet. Also "the authors apologie for the title of his booke iniuriously conferr'd by Roger Muchill vpon a sermon of Doctor Donnes:" with an epitaph on same R. M.

¶ *The Secrets of Angling: teaching the choicest Tooles, Baits and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish, in Pond or River: practised, and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esquire. Augmented with many approved experiments. By W. Lauson. London, Printed by T. H. for John Harison, and are to be sold by Francis Coles at his shop in the Old Bayly. 1652. (12mo.) \**

“ *In due Praise of his Praise-worthy Skill and Worke:*

“ In skills that all do seek, but few do find  
Both gain & game; (like sun & moon do shine)  
Then th’ Art of fishing thus, is of that kind;  
The Angler taketh both with hook and line,  
And as with lines, both these he takes; this takes  
With many a line, well made, both ears & hearts,  
And by this skill, the skil-lesse skilfull makes:  
The corpes whereof dissected so he parts,  
Upon a humble subject never lay,  
More proud, yet plainer lines, the plain to lead.  
This plainer Art with pleasure to surway.  
To purchase it with profit, by that DEED:  
Who think this skill’s too low, than for the high,  
This Angler read, and they’le be taine thereby.

JO. DAVES.”

“ *To the worthy, and my respected Friend, Mr. Iohn Harborne of Tackley, in the County of Oxford, Esquire.*

“ WORTHY SIR,

“ This poem being sent unto me to be printed after the death of the authour, who intended to have done it in his life, but was prevented by death: I could not among my good friends, bethink me of any one to whom I might more fitly dedicate it (as well for the nature of the subject, in which you delight, as to express my love) than to your selfe. I find it not only savouring of art and honesty, two things now strangers unto many authours, but also both pleasant and profitable; and being loath to see a thing of such value lie hidden in obscurity, whilst matters of no moment pester the

\* From the uncommon rarity of this work we have been induced to reprint it entire.

stalls of every stationer: I therefore make bold to publish it, for the benefit and delight of all, trusting that I shall neither thereby disparage the authour, nor dislike them. I need not, I thinke apologize either the use of the subject, or for that it is reduced into the nature of a poeme, for as touching the last (in that it is in verse) some count it by so much the more delightfull; and I hold it every way as fit a subject for poetry as husbandry: and touching the first, if Hunting and Hawking have beene thought worthy delights, and arts to be instructed in, I make no doubt but this Art of Angling is much more worthy practice and approbation; for it is a sport every way as pleasant, lesse chargeable, more profitable, and nothing so much subject to choller or impatience as those are: you shall finde it more briefly, pleasantly, and more exactly performed, then any of this kinde heretofore. Therefore I referre you to the perusing thereof, and my selfe to your good opinion, which I tender as that I hold most deare; ever remaining at

Your gentle command,

R. I.

*“ To the Reader.*

“ It may seeme in me presumption to adde this little comment to the work of so worthy an author. But Mr. Harrison the stationers request and desire to give his country satisfaction, must be satisfied, and in it my selfe rest excused. What mine observations are, I refer to censure: assuredly, the truth stands on so well grounded experience, that but my haste, nothing can do them injury. What to me is doubtfull, I have, as I can, explained: what wants, in my judgement, I have supplied as the time would suffer: what I passe by, I approve. The authour by verse hath expressed much learning; and by his Answer to the Objection, shewn himselfe to have been vertuous. The subject it selfe is honest, and pleasant, and sometimes profitable. Use it, and give God all glory. Amen.

W. LAUSON.”

*“ The Contents.*

The first Booke containeth these Heads.

1. The Antiquity of Angling, with the Art of Fishing, and of Fishing in generall.
2. The lawfulnessse, pleasure, and profit thereof, with all objections, answered against it.

3. To

3. To know the season, and times to provide the tooles, and how to chuse the best, and the maner how to make them fit to take each severall Fish.

The second Booke containeth :

1. The Angler's experience, how to use his tools and baits, to make profit by his game.
2. What Fish is not taken with Angle, and what is: and what is best for health.
3. In what Waters and Rivers to find each Fish.

The third Booke containeth :

1. The twelve Vertues and Qualities which ought to be in every Angler.
  2. What weather, seasons, and time of the yeare is best and worst, and what houres of the day is best for sport.
  3. To know each Fishes haunt, and the times to take them.
- Also an obscure secret of an approved bait tending thereunto.

“ THE FIRST BOOKE.

“ Of Angling, and the Art thereof I sing,  
 What kind of tooles it doth behove to have;  
 And with what pleasing bait a man may bring  
 The fish to bite within the watry wave:  
 A work of thanks to such as in a thing  
 Of harmlesse pleasure have regard to save  
 Their dearest soules from sin, and may intend  
 Of pretious time some part thereon to spend.

You Nimphs that in the springs and waters sweet  
 Your dwellings have, of every hill and dale,  
 And oft amidst the meadows green do meet  
 To sport and play, and hear the nightingale,  
 And in the rivers fresh do wash your feet,  
 While Progne's sister tels her wofull tale:  
 Such ayd and power unto my verses lend,  
 As may suffice this little worke to end.

And thou sweet Boyd\* that with thy watry sway  
 Dost wash the cliffes of Deington and of Week,  
 And through their rocks, with crooked winding way,  
 Thy mother Avon runnest soft to seek:  
 In whose fair streams the speckled trout doth play,  
 The roch, the dace, the gudgin, and the bleike:

\* The name of a brooke.

Teach me the skill with slender line and hook,  
To take each fish of river, pond, and brook.

---

*The time for providing Angle Rods.*

First, when the sun beginneth to decline  
Southward his course, with his faire chariot bright,  
And passed hath heaven the middle line,  
That makes of equall length both day and night;  
And left behind his back the dreadful signe  
Of cruell Centaure, slain in drunken fight;  
When beasts do mourn, and birds forsake their song,  
And every creature thinks the night too long.

And blustering Boreas with his chilling cold,  
Unclothed hath the trees of summers green,  
And woods, and groves are naked to behold,  
Of leaves and branches now dispoyled clean;  
So that their fruitfull stocks they do unfold,  
And lay abroad their offspring to be seen;  
Where nature shews her great increase of kind  
To such as seek her tender shutes to finde.

Then go in some great Arcadian wood,  
Where store of ancient hazels do abound,  
And seeke among their springs and tender brood,  
Such sheutes as are the straightest, long and round:  
And of them all (store up what you think good)  
But fairest choose, the smoothest and most sound;  
So that they do not two years growth exceed,  
In shape and beauty like the Belgick reed.

These prune and cleanse of every leafe and spray,  
Yet leave the tender top remaining still;  
Then home with thee go beare them safe away,  
But perish not the rine and utter pill;\*  
And on some even boarded floore them lay, †  
Where they may dry and season at their fill:  
And place upon their crooked parts some waight  
To presse them downe, and keep them plaine and  
straight.

\* Beath them a little, except the top, all in a furnace, they will be lighter, and not top-heavy: which is a great fault in a rod.

† Tie them together at every bought, and they will keep one another straight.

So shalt thou have alwayes in store the best,  
 And fittest rods to serve thy turne aright;  
 For not the brittle kane, nor all the rest,  
 I like so well, though it be long and light,  
 Since that the Fish are frighted with the least  
 Aspect of any glittering thing, or white: \*  
 Nor doth it by one halfe so well incline,  
 As doth the plyant rod to save the line. †

---

*To make the Line.*

Then get good haire, so that it be not black,  
 Neither of mare nor gelding let it be:  
 Nor of the tiring jade that bears the pack;  
 But of some lusty horse or courser free,  
 Whose bushy taile upon the ground doth track,  
 Like blazing comet that sometime we see:  
 From out the midst thereof the longest take,  
 At leasure best your links and lines to make.  
 Then twist them finely as you think most meet,  
 By skill or practice easie to be found;  
 As doth Ariadne with her slender feet †  
 Draw forth her little thread along the ground,  
 But not too hard or slack, the mean is sweet,  
 Lest slackt they snarl, or hard they prove unsound,  
 And intermix with silver, silke, or gold,  
 The tender haire, the better so to hold. §

\* White or gray are likest the sky, and therefore of all other colours offend the least.

† Besides the fish discernes it, and are put away with the stiffnesse of the rod: whereas on the contrary, the weake rod yields liberty to the fish, without suspicion, to run away with the bait at his pleasure.

‡ Knit the haire you mean to put in one link, at the rod's end, and divide them as equally as you can, put your three lowest fingers betwixt, and twine the knot, and your link shal be equally twist; if you wet your hair, it will twine better. A nimble hand, a weak and light rod, that may be easily guided with one hand, need but four or five hairs at the most, for the greatest river fish, though a salmon or luce, so you have length enough, and except the luce and salmon three will suffice.

§ Intermixing with silver or gold, is not good: because, first the thread and haire are not of equall reach.

Secondly, the colours differing from the hairs, or flye, affrights the fish.

Thirdly, they will not bed and twist with the hairs.

Then end to end as falleth to their lot;  
 Let all your links in order as they lye,  
 Be knit together, with that fisher's knot,  
 That will not slip or with the wet untye:  
 And at the lowest end forget it not,  
 To leave a bout or compasse like an eye,  
 The linke that holds your hook to hang upon,  
 When you thinke good to take it off and on.\*  
 Which linke must neither be so great nor strong,  
 Nor like of colour as the others were; †  
 Scant halfe so big, so that it be as long:  
 Of grayest hue, and of the soundest haire,  
 Lest while it hangs the liquid waves among,  
 The sight thereof the wary fish should feare:  
 And at one end a loope or compasse fine  
 To fasten to the other of your line.

---

*Corke.*

Then take good corke so much as shall suffice  
 For every line to make his swimmer fit, †  
 And where the midst and thickest parts do rise,  
 There burn a round small hole quite thorow it,  
 And put therein a quill of equal size,  
 But take good heed the corke you do not slit:  
 Then round or square with rasor pare it near,  
 Piramid-wise, or like a slender peare.  
 The smaller end doth serve to sink more light,  
 Into the water with the plummets sway;  
 The greater swims aloft and stands upright,  
 To keep the line and bayt at even stay,

\* An upper end also, to put it too and fro the rod.

† The same colour: (to wit gray like the sky) the like bignes and strength, is good for all the line and every linke thereof, weight is hurtfull, so unequal strength causeth the weakest to breake.

‡ I utterly dislike your southern corks. First for they affright the fish, in the bite and sight, and because they follow not so kindly the nimble rod and hand. Secondly, they breed weight to the line, which puts it in danger, and hinders the nimble jerk of the rod, and loades the arm. A good eye and hand may easily discern the bite,

That



That when the fish begins to nib and bite,  
 The moving of the float doth them bewray:  
 These may you place upon your lines at will,  
 And stop them with a white and handsome quill.

---

*Hooks.*

Then buy your hooks the finest and the best  
 That may be had of such as use to sell,\*  
 And from the greatest to the very least,  
 Of every sort pick out and choose them well,  
 Such as in shape and making passe the rest,  
 And do for strength and soundnesse most excell:  
 Then in a little box of driest wood  
 From rust and canker keep them faire and good.


That hooke I love that is incompast round  
 Like to the print that Pegasus did make,  
 With horned hoefe upon Thessalian ground;  
 From whence forthwith Pernassus spring out brake  
 That doth in pleasant waters so abound,  
 And of the Muses oft the thirst doth slake,  
 Who on his fruitfull bankes do sit and sing,  
 That all the world of their sweet tunes doth ring. †

\* I use to make mine own hooks, so shall I have them of the best Spanish and Millan needles, of what size bent or sharpness, and I like as I need. Soften your needles in an hot fire in a chafer.




The Instruments. First, an hold-fast.

Secondly, an hammer to flat the place for the heard:

Thirdly, a file to make the beard, and sharpen the point.

Fourthly, a bender, viz. a pin bended, put in the end of a stick, an handfull long, thus, 

When they are made, lap them in the end of a wier, and heat them againe, and temper them in oyle or butter.

† The best form for ready striking and sure holding and strength, is a strait and somewhat long shanke and strait nib'd, with a little compasse, not round in any wise  for it neither strikes surely nor readily, but is weak, as having too great a compasse: some use to batter the upper end thus to hold  the faster: but good thred or silke, good band may make it biting and  fast enough, it is botcherly, hinders the sometimes cuts the line.

Or as Thaumantis, when she list to shroud  
 Her selfe against the parching sunny ray,  
 Under the mantle of some stormy cloud,  
 Where she her sundry colours doth display,  
 Like Junoes bird, of her fair garments proud,  
 That Phœbus gave her on her marriage day :  
     Shews forth her goodly circle fair and wide,  
     To mortall wights that wonder at her pride.

His shank should neither be too short nor long,  
 His point not over sharp, nor yet too dull : \*  
 The substance good that may indure from wrong :  
 His needle slender, yet both round and full,  
 Made of the right Iberian mettall strong,  
 That will not stretch, nor break at every pull :  
     Wrought smooth and cleane withouten crack or knot,  
     And bearded like the wild Arabian goat.

Then let your hook be sure and strongly plac't  
 Unto your lowest linke with silke or haire,  
 Which you may do with often overcast,  
 So that you draw the bowts together neare.  
 And with both ends make all the others fast,  
 That no bare place or rising knot appeare ;  
     Then on that linke hang leads of even weight  
     To raise your float, and carry down your bait.

Thus have you rod, line, float and hook ;  
 The rod to strike when you shall think it fit,  
 The line to lead the fish with wary skill,  
 The float and quill to warn you of the bit ;  
 The hook to hold him by the chap or gill,  
 Hook, line and rod, all guided to your wit.  
 Yet there remaines of fishing-tooles to tell,  
 Some other sorts that you must have as well.

---

### *Other fishing-tooles.*

A little board, the lightest you can find, †  
 But not so thin that it will break or bend,  
 Of cypres sweet, or of some other kind,  
 That like a trencher shall it selfe extend :

\* He meanes the hooke may be too weake at the point, it cannot be too sharpe if the mettall be good steele.

† Or winde them on two or three of your fingers, like an Orpharions string.

Made smooth and plain your lines thereon to wind  
With battlements at every other end :

Like to the bulwarke of some ancient towne,  
As wel'-wall'd Sylchester now razed downe.

A shooe to bear the crawling worms therein,  
With hole above to hang it by your side, \*  
A hollow cane that must be light and thin,  
Wherein the Bob and Palmer shall abide,  
Which must be stopped with an handsome pin,  
Lest out againe your baits do hap to slide.

A little box that covered close shall lie,  
To keep therein the busie winged flie.

Then must you have a plummet, formed round,  
Like to the pellet of a bird ng bow : †  
Wherewith you may the secret'st waters sound,  
And set your float thereafter, high or low,  
Till you the depth thereof have truly found,  
And on the same a twisted thread bestow,  
At your own will, to hang it on your hooke,  
And so to let it down into the brook.

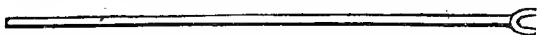
Of lead likewise, yet must you have a ring,  
Whose whole diameter in length contains ‡  
Three inches full, and fastned to a string  
That must be long and sure, if need constrains:  
Through whose round hole you shall your angle bring.  
And let it fall into the watry plains,  
Untill he come the weeds and sticks unto,  
From whence your hooke it serveth to undo.

Have tools good store to serve your turn withall,  
Lest that you happcn some to lose or breake;  
As in great waters oft it doth befall,

\* Worme poake of cloath, or boxes.

† A plummet you neede not, for your line being well leaded,  
and without a float, will try your depths. When the lead above  
your hooke comes to the earth, the line will leave sinking.

‡ That is good, but a forked rod about two yards long is  
better: when your hooke is fastned in the water, take a rod thus  
fashioned,



and put the line in the forke, and so follow down to your hooke,  
and so letting your line be somewhat slack, move your forke too  
and fro, especially downwards, and so shall your hooke be loose.

When

When that the hooke is nought, or line too weake,  
 And waxed thread, or silke so it be small,  
 To set them on, that if you list to wreake  
 Your former losse, you may supply the place,  
 And not returne with sorrow and disgrace.

Have twist likewise, so that it be not white, \*  
 Your rod to mend, or broken top to tye;  
 For all white colours do the fishes fright,  
 And make them from the bait away to flye:  
 A file to mend your hooks, both small and light,  
 A good sharp knife your girdle hanging by:  
 A pouch with many parts and purses thin,  
 To carry all your tooles and trinkets in.

Yet must you have a little rip beside  
 Of willow twigs, the finest you can wish,  
 Which shall be made so handsome and so wide  
 As may contain good store of sundry fish:  
 And yet with ease be hanged by your side,  
 To bring them home the better to your dish.  
 A little net that on a pole shall stand,  
 The mighty pike or heavy carpe to land.

*His severall Toolles, and what Garment is fittest.*

And let your garments russet be or gray,  
 Of colour darke, and hardest to discry,  
 That with the raine or weather will away,  
 And least offend the fearfull fishes eye:  
 For neither scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,  
 Nor colours dipt of fresh Assyrian dye,  
 Nor tender silkes, of purple, paule, of gold,  
 Will serve so well to keep off wet or cold.

In this array the Angler good shall go  
 Unto the brooke to find his wished game;  
 Like old Menalchus wandring to and fro,  
 Untill he chance to light upon the same,  
 And there his art and cunning shall bestow,  
 For every fish his bait so well to frame,  
 That long ere Phœbus set in western fome,  
 He shall return well loaden to his home.

\* White and gray is good, answering the colours of the skie.

*Objection.*

Some youthfull gallant here perhaps will say  
 This is no pastime for a gentleman,  
 It were more fit at cards and dice to play,  
 To use both fence and dancing now and than,  
 Or walk the streets in nice and strange array,  
 Or with coy phrases court his mistris fan:  
 A poor delight, with toyl and painfull watch,  
 With losse of time a silly fish to catch.

What pleasure can it be to walk about  
 The fields and meads, in heat or pinching cold,  
 And stand all day to catch a silly trout,  
 That is not worth a teaster to be sold,  
 And peradventure sometimes go without:  
 Besides the toyls and troubles manifold:  
 And to be washt with many a showre of rain,  
 Before he can return from thence again?

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,  
 In some sweet house to passe the time away,  
 Amongst the best with brave and gallant show,  
 And with fair dames to daunce, to sport, and play,  
 And on the board the nimble dice to throw,  
 That brings in gain, and helps the shot to pay;  
 And with good wine, and store of dainty fare,  
 To feed at will, and take but little care.

*A worthy Answer.*

I mean not here mens errorrs to reprove,  
 Nor do I envy their seeming happy state;  
 But rather marvell why they do not loue  
 An honest sport, that is without debate;  
 Since their abused pastimes often move  
 Their mindes to anger, and to mortall hate:  
 And as in bad delights their time they spend,  
 So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeed it is a life of lesser pain,  
 To sit at play from noon till it be night:  
 And then from night till it be noon again,  
 With damned oaths pronounced in despight,  
 For little cause, and every trifle vain,  
 To curse, to brawle, to quarrell, and to fight,  
 To pack the cards, and with some coznig trick  
 His fellow's purse of all his coyn to pick.

Or to beguile another of his wife,  
 As did Ægistus Agamemnon serve :  
 Or as that Roman monarch \* led a life  
 To spoyle and spend, while others pine and starve,  
 And to compell their friends with foolish strife  
 To take more drink then will their health preserve.  
 And to conclude, for debt or just desart,  
 In baser tune to sing the counter-part.

O let me rather on the pleasant brinke  
 Of Tyne and Trent possesse some dwelling place,  
 Where I may see my quill and corke down sinke  
 With eager bit of Barbell, Bleike, or Dace :  
 And on the world and his Creatour thinke,  
 While they proud Thais painted sheet embrace,  
 And with the fume of strong tobacco's smoke,  
 All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,  
 And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill ;  
 So I the fields and meadows green may view,  
 And by the rivers fresh may walke at will,  
 Among the dazies and the violets blew :  
 Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodill,  
 Purple Narcissus like the morning rayes,  
 Pale Ganderglas, and azor Culverkayes.

I count it better pleasure to behold  
 The goodly compassé of the lofty skie,  
 And in the midst thereof like burning gold,  
 The flaming chariot of the world's great eye ;  
 The watry clouds that in the ayre uprod  
 With sundry kinds of painted colours fie ;  
 And faire Aurora lifting up her head,  
 All blushing rise from old Tithonus bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,  
 The plains extended leuell with the ground,  
 The ground divided into sundry vains,  
 The vains enclos'd with running rivers round,  
 The rivers making way through nature's chains,  
 With headlong course into the sea profound ;  
 The surging sea beneath the vallies low,  
 The vallics sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

\* Nero.

The lofty woods, the forrests wide and long  
 Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,  
 In whose cool brows the birds with chanting song  
 Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen,  
 The meadows fair where Flora's gifts among,  
 Are intermixt the verdant grasse between.

The silver skaled fish that softly swim  
 Within the brooks and chrystall watry brim.

All these and many more of his creation,  
 That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see,  
 And takes therein no little delectation  
 To thinke how strange and wonderfull they bee,  
 Framing thereof an inward contemplation,  
 To set his thoughts on other fancies free :  
 And whiles he looks on these with joyfull eye,  
 His minde is wrapt above the starry skie.

---

*The Author of Angling, Poeticall fictions.*

But how this art of Angling did begin,  
 And who the use thereof and practise found ?  
 How many times and ages since have bin,  
 Wherein the sun hath dayly compast round  
 The circle that the signes twice six are in,  
 And yielded yearly comfort to the ground ?  
 It were too hard for me to bring about,  
 Since Ovid wrot not all that story out.

Yet to content the willing reader's care,  
 I will not spare the sad report to tell,  
 When good Deucalion and his Pyrrha deare,  
 Were only left upon the earth to dwell,  
 Of all the rest that overwhelmed were  
 With that great floud, which in their dayes befell,  
 Wherein the compasse of the world so round,  
 Both man and beast with waters deep were dround.

Betweene themselves they wept and made great moane  
 How to repair again the wofull fall  
 Of all mankind, whereof they two alone  
 The remnant were, and wretched portion small,  
 But any means or hope in them was none,  
 That might restore so great a losse withall ;  
 Since they were aged, and in years so run,  
 That now almost their thread of life was spun.

Untill

Untill at last they saw whereas they stood  
 An ancient temple, wasted and forlorn :  
 Whose holy fires, and sundry offerings good,  
 The late outrageous waves away had born :  
 But when at length down faln was the flood,  
 The waters low it proudly gan to scorn.  
 Unto that place they thought it best to go,  
 The counsell of the goddesse there to know.

For long before that fearfull deluge great,  
 The universal earth had overflown,  
 A heavenly power there placed had her seat,  
 And answers gave of hidden things unknown :  
 Thither they went her favour to entreat  
 Whose fame throughout that coast abroad was blown,  
 By her advice some way or mean to find,  
 How to renew the race of humane kinde.

Prostrate they fell upon the sacred ground,  
 Kissing the stones, and shedding many a tear,  
 And lowly bent their aged bodies down  
 Unto the earth, with sad and heavy chear,  
 Praying the saint with soft and dolefull sound,  
 That she vouchsafe their humble suit to hear :  
 The goddesse heard, and bad them go and take  
 Their mother's bones, and throw behinde their back.

This oracle obscure and dark of sence,  
 Amazed much their mindes with fear and doubt,  
 What kind of meaning might be drawn fro' thence,  
 And how to understand and find it out,  
 How with so great a sin they might dispençe,  
 Their parent's bones to cast and throw about :  
 Thus when they had long time in study spent,  
 Out of the church with carefull thought they went.

And now beholding better every place,  
 Each hill and dale, each river, rock, and tree,  
 And musing thereupon a little space,  
 They thought the earth their mother wel might be,  
 And that the stones that lay before their face,  
 To be her bones did nothing her disgrace :  
 Wherefore to prove if it were false or true,  
 The scattered stones behinde their backs they threw.

Forthwith the stones, a wondrous thing to heare,  
 Began to move, as they had life conceiv'd,  
 And waxed greater then at first they were ;  
 And more and more the shape of man receiv'd,

Till



Till every part most plainly did appeare,  
 That neither eye nor sence could be deceiv'd :  
 They heard, they spake, they went, & walked too,  
 As other living men are wont to do.

Thus was the earth replenished anew  
 With people strange, sprung up with little pain,  
 Of whose increase the progeny that grew,  
 Did soon supply the empty world again;  
 But now a greater care there did insue,  
 How such a mighty number to maintain,  
 Since food there was not any to be found,  
 For that great floud had all destroy'd & drown'd.

Then did Deucalion first the art invent  
 Of Angling, and his people taught the same;  
 And to the woods and groves with them he went,  
 Fit tooles to find for this most needfull game;  
 There from the trees the longest rindes they rent,  
 Wherewith strong lines they roughly twist & frame,  
 And of each crook of hardest bush and brake  
 They made them hooks the hungry fish to take.

And to intice them to the eager bit,  
 Dead frogs and flies of sundry sorts he took,  
 And snailles and wormes, such as he found most fit,  
 Wherein to hide the close and deadly hook ;  
 And thus with practice and inventive wit  
 He found the means in every lake and brook,  
 Such store of fish to take with little pain,  
 As did long time this people new sustain.

In this rude sort, began this simple art,  
 And so remain'd in that first age of old,  
 When Saturne did Amalthea's horn impart  
 Unto the world, that then was all of gold;  
 The fish as yet had felt but little smart,  
 And were to bite more eager, apt, and bold,  
 And plenty still supply'd the place again  
 Of wofull want, whereof we now complain.

But when in time the fear and dread of man  
 Fell more and more on every living thing,  
 And all the creatures of the world began  
 To stand in awe of this usurping king,  
 Whose tyranny so far extended than,  
 That earth and seas it did in thraldome bring :  
 It was a worke of greater pain and skill,  
 The wary fish in lake or brook to kill.

So worse and worse two ages more did passe  
 Yet still this art more perfect dayly grew ;  
 For then the slender rod invented was,  
 Of finer sort then former ages knew :  
 And hookes were made of silver and of brasse,  
 And lines of hemp and flax were framed new,  
 And sundry baits, experience found out more  
 Then elder times did know or try before.

But at the last the Iron-age grew neare,  
 Of all the rest the hardest and more scant :  
 Then lines were made of silke and subtile haire  
 And rods of lightest canes and hazell plant,  
 And hookes of hardest steele invented were,  
 That neither skill nor workmanship did want,  
 And so this art did in the end attain  
 Unto that state where now it doth remain.

But here my weary Muse awhile must rest,  
 That is not used to so long a way,  
 And breath, or pause a little at the least  
 At this lands end, untill another day,  
 And then again, if so she think it best,  
 Our taken-task afresh we will assay,  
 And forward go, as first we did intend,  
 Till that we come unto our journeys end.

*The end of the First Booke.*

---

“ THE SECOND BOOKE.

Before I taught what kind of tooles were fit  
 For him to have that would an Angler bee :  
 And how he should with practice and with wit  
 Provide himselfe thereof in best degree :  
 Now doth remain to shew how to the bit  
 The fishes may be brought, that earst were free.  
 And with their pleasing bates intis'd they are  
 To swallow down the hidden hook unware.

---

*Baits.*

It were not meet to send a huntsman out  
 Into the woods, with net, with gin, or hay,  
 To trace the brakes, and bushes all about,  
 The stag, the fox, or badger to betray :

If having found his game he stand in doubt  
 Which way to pitch, or where his snares to lay,  
 And with what train he may entice withall  
 The fearfull beast into his trap to fall.

So though the Angler have good store of tooles,  
 And them with skill in finest sort can frame ;  
 Yet when he comes to rivers, lakes and pooles,  
 If that he know not how to use the same,  
 And with what bait to make the fishes fooles,  
 He may go home as wise as out he came,  
 And of his comming boasts himself as well,  
 As he that from his father's chariot fell.

Not that I take upon me to impart  
 More then by others hath before been told;  
 Or that the hidden secrets of this art,  
 I would unto the vulgar sort unfold,  
 Who peradventure for my pains desart,  
 Would count me worthy Balam's horse to hold;  
 But onely to the willing learner show  
 So much thereof as may suffice to know.

But here, O Neptune, that with triple mace  
 Dost rule the raging of the ocean wide,  
 I meddle not with thy deformed race  
 Of monsters huge, that in those waves abide:  
 With that great whale that by three whole dayes space,  
 The man of God did in his belly hide,  
 And cast him out upon the Euxin shore,  
 As safe and sound as he had been before.

Nor with that Orke, that on Cephæan strand  
 Would have devour'd Andromeda the faire,  
 Whom Perseus slew with strong and valiant hand,  
 Delivering her from danger and despaire,  
 The hurlpoole huge that higher than the land,  
 Whose streams of waters spouteth in the aire,  
 The porpois large, that playing swims on hie,  
 Portending storms or other tempests nie,

Nor that admirer of sweet Musick's sound,  
 That on his back Arion bore away,  
 And brought to shore out of the seas profound,  
 The hippotame that like an horse doth neigh,  
 The mors that from the rocks inrolled round,  
 Within his teeth himselfe doth safe convey:  
 The tortoise covered with his target hard,  
 The tuberone attended with his guard.

Nor with that fish that beareth in his snout  
 A ragged sword his foes to spoile and kill;  
 Nor that fierce thrasher that doth fling about  
 His nimble flayle, and handles him at will,  
 The ravenous shark that with the sweepings out,  
 And filth of ships doth oft his belly fill,

The albacore that followeth night and day  
 The flying fish, and takes them for his prey.

The crocodile that weeps when he doth wrong,  
 The hollibut that hurts the appetite,  
 The turbut broad, the sceale, the sturgeon strong,  
 The cod, and cozze, that greedy are to bite,  
 The haake, the haddocke, and the conger long,  
 The yellow ling, the milver fair and white,  
 The spreading ray, the thornback thin and flat,  
 The boysterous base, the hoggish tunny fat.

These kindes of fish that are so large of size,  
 And many more that here I leave untold,  
 Shall go for me, and all the rest likewise,  
 That are the flock of Proteus watry fold:  
 For well I think my hooks would not suffice,  
 Nor slender lines the least of these to hold.

I leave them therefore to the surging seas,  
 In that huge depth to wander at their ease.

And speake of such as in the fresh are found,  
 The little roach, the menise biting fast,  
 The slimy tench, the slender smelt and round,  
 The umber sweet, the graveling good of taste,  
 The wholesome ruffe, the barbell not so sound,  
 The perch and pike that all the rest do waste,  
 The bream, the carp, the chub and chavandar,  
 And many more that in fresh waters are.

Sit then Thalia on some pleasant banck,  
 Among so many as faire Avon hath,  
 And marke the anglers how they march in rank,  
 Some out of Bristoll, some from healthfull Bath;  
 How all the rivers sides along they flanke,  
 And through the meadows make their wonted path:  
 See how their wit and cunning they apply,  
 To catch the fish that in the waters lye.

*For the Gudgion.\**

Loe in a little boat where one doth stand,  
 That to a willow bough the while is tide,  
 And with a pole doth stir and raise the sand,  
 Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide,  
 And then with slender line, and rod in hand,  
 The eager bit not long he doth abide.

Well leaded is his line, his hooke but small,  
 A good big cork to bear the stream withall.

His bait the least red worme that may be found,  
 And at the bottome it doth alwayes lie;  
 Whereat the greedy gudgion bites so sound,  
 That hooke and all he swalloweth by and by:  
 See how he strikes, and pulls them up as round,  
 As if new store the play did still supply:

And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,  
 Then to another place he doth remove.

This fish the fittest for a learner is,  
 That in this art delights to take some paine;  
 For as high-flying hawkes that often misse  
 The swifter fowles are eased with a traine,  
 So to a yong beginner yieldeth this  
 Such ready sport as makes him prove againe,  
 And leades him on with hope and glad desire,  
 To greater skill and cunning to aspire.

*For the Roch.*

Then see on yonder side where one doth sit  
 With line well twisted, and his hook but small;  
 His cork not big, his plummets round and fit,  
 His bait of finest paste, a little ball, †  
 Wherewith he doth intice unto the bit,  
 The carelesse roch, that soone is caught withall:  
 Within a foot the same doth reach the ground,  
 And with least touch the float straight sinketh down.

And as a skilfull fowler that doth use  
 The flying birds of any kind to take,

\* The gudgion hath his teeth in his throat, (as also the chub) and lives by much sucking; he is a dainty fish, like or neere as good as the sparlin.

† The roch is one of the meanest.

The fittest and the best doth always chuse,  
 Of many sorts a pleasing stale to make,  
 Which if he doth perceive they do refuse,  
 And of mislike abandon and forsake,  
 To win their love again, and get their grace,  
 Forthwith doth put another in the place.

So for the roch more baits he hath beside,  
 As of a sheep the thick congealed blond,  
 Which on a board, he useth to divide  
 In portions small, to make them fit and good,  
 That better on his hooke they may abide:  
 And of the waspe the white and tender brood,  
 And worms that breed on every herb and tree,  
 And sundry flies that quick and lively bee.

---

*For the Dace.*

Then look whereas that poplar gray doth grow,  
 Hard by the same where one doth closely stand,  
 And with the winde his hooke and bait doth throw  
 Amid the stream with slender hazell wand,  
 Whereas he sees the dace themselves do show,  
 His eye is quick, and ready is his hand;  
 And when the fish doth rise to catch the baite,  
 He presently doth strike, and takes her straight.

O world's deceit! how are we thrall'd by thee,  
 That doest thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide?  
 When most we think in happiest state to be,  
 Then do we soonest into danger slide.  
 Behold the fish that even now was free,  
 Unto the deadly hooke how he is tide:  
 So vaine delights allure us to the snare,  
 Wherein unwares we fast intangled are.

---

*For the Carp.*

But now again see where another stands,  
 And strains his rod that double seems to bend,  
 Lo how he leads and guides him with his hands,  
 Lest that his line should breake, or angle rend,  
 Then with a net see how at last he lands,  
 A mighty carp, and has him in the end,  
 So large he is of body, scale and bone,  
 The rod and all have like to had been gone.

Mark ark

Mark what a line he hath, well made and strong,  
 Of Bucephal, or Bayards strongest haire,  
 Twisted with green, or watchet silk among,  
 Like hardest twine that holds th' intangled deare,  
 Not any force of fish will do it wrong,  
 In Tyne, or Trent, or Thame, he needs not feare:

The knots of every link are knit so sure,  
 That many a pluck and pull they may indure.

His corke is large, made handsom, smooth, and fine,  
 The leads according fit and close thereto,  
 A good round hooke set on with silken twine,  
 That will not slip or easily undoe:

His baite great wormes that long in mosse have bin,  
 When by his side he beareth in a shooe:

Or paste wherewith he feeds him oft before,  
 That at the bottome lies a foot or more.

---

*For the Chub and Trout.*

See where another hides himselfe as slye,  
 As did Acteon or the fearfull deere;  
 Behind a withy, and with a watchfull eye,  
 Attends the bit within the water cleare,  
 And on the top thereof doth move his flye,  
 With skilfull hand as if he living were.\*

Lo how the chub, the roch, the dace, and trout,  
 To catch thereat do gaze and swim about.

His rod or cane made darke for being seen,  
 The lesse to feare the wary fish withall,  
 His line well twisted is, and wrought so cleane,  
 That being strong, yet doth it shew but small.  
 His hook not great, nor little, but between,†  
 That light upon the watry brim may fall.

The

\* Diversely, for the trout is a ravening fish, and at that time of the day comes from his hole, if he comes at all.

† The trout makes the angler most gentlemanly, and readiest sport of all other fishes: if you angle with a made flye, and a line twice your rod's length or more (in a plaine water without wood) of three haire, in a darke windy day from mid afternoone, and have learned the cast of the flye, your flye must counterfeit the May flye, which is bred of the cod-bait, and is called the water-flye: you must change his colour every moneth, beginning with a dark white, and so grow to a yellow, the forme cannot so well

The line in length scant halfe the rod exceeds,  
And neither cork, nor lead thereon it needs.

---

*For the Trout and Eele.*

Now see some standing where the streame doth fall,  
With headlong course behind the sturdy weer,  
That overthwart the river like a wall \*  
The water stops and strongly up doth bear,

And

---

be put on a paper, as it may be taught by slight; yet it will be like this forme.



The head is of black silk or haire, the wings of a feather of a mallart, teele, or pickled hen-wing. The body of Crewell according to the moneth for colour, and run about with a black haire: all fastned at the taile, with the thread that fastned the hooke you must fish in; or hard by the stream, and have a quick hand, and a ready eye, and a nimble rod, strike with him, or you lose him. If the winde be rough, and trouble the crust of the water, he will take it in the plaine deeps, and then, and there commonly the greatest will rise. When you have hookt him, give him leave, keeping your line streight, and hold him from roots, and he will tire himselfe. This is the chiefe pleasure of angling. This flie and two linkes among wood, or close by a bush, moved in the crust of the water, is deadly in an evening, if you come close. This is called bushing for trouts.

Cad bait, is a worrne bred under stones in a shallow river, or in some outrunner of the river, where the stream runs not strongly, in a black shale. They stick by heaps on the low side of a great stone, lying hollow. They be ripe in the beginning of May, they are past with July, they be yellow when they be ripe, and have a black head. This is a deadly bait for a trout, either aloft, or at the ground; if your tooles be fine, and you come close, for the trout of all other fish, is most affrighted with sight. And indeed it would be considered, that fish are afraid of any extraordinary motion or sight what colour so ever, except the pike, which will lie open in your sight, on a sun shine day till you halter him.

The trout will take also the worrne, menise, or any bait; so will the pike, save that he will not take the fly.

\* *The Eele.*

There be divers wayes to catch the wrinkling eele, your line must be stronger six or seven hairs, and your hook according, for she must upon the hooking presently be drawn forth with force, otherwise



And at the tailes of mils and arches small,  
 Whereas the shoot is swift, and not too clear,  
     The line in length not twice above an ell,  
     But with good store of lead, and twisted well.  
 Round handsom hooks that will not break nor bend,  
 The big red worme well scoured is their bait,  
 Which down unto the bottom doth descend,  
 Whereas the trout and eele doth lie in wait,  
 And to their feeding busily intend,  
 Which when they see they snatch and swallow straight.  
     Upon their lines is neither cork nor quill, [still.  
     But when they feele them pluck, then strike they

otherwise she fastens her selfe with her taile about a root or stone, or such like, and so you lose your labour, your hooke, and the fish. The worm or menise is her common bait.

There is a way to catch eeles by brogling thus: take a rod small and tough, of sallow, hasell, or such like, a yard long, as big as a bean stalk; in the small end thereof make a nick or clift with a knife, in which nick put your strong (but a little) hook baited with a red worm, and made sure to a line of ten or twelve good haire, and but easily that the eele may pull it out, and goe into some shallow place of the river among the great stones, and braggle up and downe till you finde holes under the stones, and there put in your hook so baited with your rods end, and the eele under the stone will not faile to take your hooke: give her time to put it over, and then if your strength will serve she is your owne.

There is a third usuall way to catch eeles, called bobbing. Upon a long and double strong thread, two yards long, or thereabout, spit so many great red wormes (gotten in a summer's evening with a candle) as the thread will hold lengthway through the midst, and link them about your hand like a rope, thus:



And fasten these to a long goads end with a cord as long as your rod, and a great plummet of lead an handfull above the bob: and in a troubled or flooded river, in a deep tun, or by a stream side, let it fall within a hand breadth of the ground, and then shall you sensibly feele a multitude of eeles, all in that pit, like so many dogs at a carrion, tug and pull; now at your good time, when you think that every eele hath got a link and swallowed it up (like so many ducks the intrailles of a pullet) draw up very easily, and they will follow working and pulling, till you have them near the crust, and then amaine hoyst them to land: this is the readiest way where eeles are plentifull to catch many.

For the trout you shall find in the root of a great dock, a white worme with a red head, with this fish for a trout at the ground.

*For the Sewant and Flounder.*

Behold some others ranged all along,  
 To take the sewant, yea the flownder sweet,  
 That to the banke in deepest places throng,  
 To shun the swifter stream that runs so fleet,  
 And lie and feed the brakish waves among,  
 Whereas the waters fresh and salt do meet :

And there the eele and shad sometimes is caught,  
 That with the tide into the brooks are brought.

But by the way it shall not be amisse  
 To understand that in the waters gray,  
 Of floating fish two sundry kinds there is ;  
 The one that lives by raven and by prey,  
 And of the weaker sort, now that, now this,  
 He bites, and spoiles, and kils, and bears away,  
 And in his greedy gullet doth devoure,  
 As Scylla's gulfe, a ship within his power.

And these have wider mouths to catch and take,  
 Their flying prey, whom swiftly they pursue,  
 And rowes of teeth like to a saw or rake,  
 Wherewith their gotten game they bite and chew,  
 And greater speed within the waters make,  
 To set upon the other simple crew,  
 And as the greyhound steales upon the haire,  
 So do they use to rush on them unware.

Unequall fate, that some are born to bee  
 Fearfull and mild, and for the rest a prey,  
 And others are ordain'd to live more free  
 Without controle, or danger any way :  
 So doth the fox the lambe destroy we see,  
 The lyon fierce, the bever, roe or gray,  
 The hawk, the fowl, the greater wrong the lesse,  
 The lofty proud, the lowly poore oppresse.

*For the Pike or Tench.*

Now for to take this kind of fish withall,\*  
 It shall be needfull to have still in store  
 Some living baits, as bleiks, and roches small,  
 Gudgion, or loch, not taken long before,

\* A yong whelp, kitlin, or such like, is good bait for a luce.

Or yellow frogs that in the waters crawle,  
But all alive they must be evermore.

For as for baits that dead and dull do lie,  
They least esteem, and set but little by.

But take good heed your line be sure and strong,  
The knots well knit and of the soundest haire,  
Twisted with some well coloured silke among,  
And that you have no need your rod to feare:  
For these great fish will strive and struggle long,  
Rod, line and all into the streame to beare.

And that your hook be not too small and weak,  
Lest that it chance to stretch, or hap to breake.

And as in Arden or the mountains boare,  
Of Appennine or craggy Alps among,  
The mastifes fierce, that hunt the bristled boare,  
Are harnised with curats light and strong;  
So for these fish, your line a foote or more,  
Must armed be with thinnest plate along,  
Or slender wyre well fastned thereunto,  
That will not slip, nor easily undo.

The other kinde that are unlike to these  
Do live by corne or any other seed:  
Sometimes by crums of bread, of paste, or cheese,  
Or grashoppers that in green meadows breed,  
With brood of wasps, of hornets, doars, or bees.  
Lip berries from the bryar bush or weed.

Bloud worms and snails, or crawling jentiles small,  
And buzzing flies that on the waters fall.

All these are good and many others more,  
To make fit baits to take such kind of fish,  
So that some faire deep place you feed before,  
A day or two, with pale, with bole, or dish;  
And of these meats do use to throw in store,  
Then shall you have them bite as you would wish.  
And ready sport to take your pleasure still,  
Of any sort that you like best to kill.

Thus serving them as often as you may,  
But once a week at least it must be done,  
If that to bite they make too long delay,  
As by your sport may be perceived soone:  
Then some great fish doth feare the rest away,  
Whose fellowship and company they shun,  
Who neither in the bait doth take delight,  
Nor yet would suffer them that would to bite.

For

For this you must a remedy provide,  
 Some roch or bleike, as I have shew'd before,  
 Beneath whose upper fin you close shall hide  
 Of all your hooke the better halfe and more,  
 And though the point appear, and may be spid,  
 It makes no matter any whit therefore :

But let him fall into the watry brim,  
 And downe unto the bottome softly swim.

And when you see your corke begin to move,  
 And round about to sore and fetch a ring,  
 Sometime to sink, and sometime to swim above,  
 As doth the duck within the watry spring,  
 Yet make no haste your present hap to prove,  
 Till with your float at last away he fling :

Then may you safely strike and hold him short,  
 And at your will prolong or end your sport.

But every fish loves not each bait alike;  
 Although sometimes they feed upon the same,  
 But some do one, and some another seeke,  
 As best unto their appetite do frame,  
 The roch, the bream, the carp, the chub and bleik,  
 With paste or corn their greedy hunger tame :

The dace, the ruffe, the gudgion, and the rest,  
 The smallest sort of crawling worms love best:

The cavender and chub do more delight  
 To feed on tender cheese, or cherries red,  
 Black snailes, their bellies slit to shew their white,  
 Or grasshoppers that skip in every mead,  
 The pearch, the tench, and eele do rather bite  
 At great red worms, in field or garden bred,  
 That have been scowr'd in mosse or fennel rough  
 To rid their filth, and make them hard and tough.

And with this bait hath often taken been  
 The salmon fair, of river fresh the best;  
 The sbad that in the spring time commeth in,  
 The suant swift, that is not set by least,  
 The bocher sweet, the pleasant flounder thin,  
 The peelee, the tweat, the batling, and the rest;

With many more that in the deep doe lye  
 Of Avon, Uske, of Severne, and of Wye.

Alike they bite, alike they pull down low  
 The sinking corke, that strives to rise again,  
 And when they feele the sudden deadly blow,  
 Alike they shun the danger and the pain :

And nd

And as an arrow from the Scythian bow,  
 All flye alike into the streame amain,  
 Untill the Angler by his wary skill,  
 There tires them out, and brings them up at will.

Yet furthermore it doth behove to know,  
 That for the most part fish do seek their food  
 Upon the ground, or deepest bottome low,  
 Or at the top of water stream, or flood;  
 And so you must your hooke and bait bestow,  
 For in the midst you shall do little good,  
 For heavy things downe to the bottome fall  
 And light do swim, and seildome sinke at all.

All summer long aloft the fishes swim,  
 Delighted with fair Phœbus shining ray,  
 And lie in wait within the waters dim,  
 For flies and gnats that on the top do play,  
 Then halfe a yard beneath the upper brim,  
 It shall be best your baited hooke to lay,  
 With gnat or flie of any sort or kind,  
 That every moneth on leaves or trees you find,

But when your line must have no lead at all,  
 And but a slender corke, or little quill,  
 To stay the bait that down it do not fall,  
 But hang a linke within the water still,  
 Or else upon the top thereof you shall  
 With quicker hand, and with more ready skill  
 Let fall your flie and now and then remove,  
 Which soon the fish will find, and better love.

And in the stream likewise they use to be  
 At tailes of flood-gates, or at arches wide;  
 Or shallow flats, whereas the waters free  
 With fresher springs, and swifter course do slide:  
 And then of waspe, the brood that cannot flie,  
 Upon a tile-stone first a little dryed,  
 Or yellow bobs turn'd up before the plough,  
 Are chiefest baits, with cork and lead enough.

But when the golden chariot of the sunne,  
 Departing from our northern countries far  
 Beyond the ballance, now his course hath runne,  
 And goes to warm the cold Antartick star,  
 And summer's heat is almost spent and done,  
 With new approach of winter's dreadfull war:  
 Then do the fish withdraw into the deep,  
 And low from sight and cold more close do keep.

Then

Then on your lines you may have store of lead,  
 And bigger corkes of any size you will,  
 And where the fish are used to be fed,  
 There shall you lay upon the bottome still,  
 And whether that your bait be corne or bread,  
 Or worms, or paste, it doth not greatly skill,  
 For these alone are to be used than,  
 Untill the spring, or summer come again.

Thus have I shew'd how fish of divers kind  
 Best taken are, and how their baits to know;  
 But Phœbus now beyond the western Inde,  
 Beginneth to descend, and draweth low,  
 And well the weather serves, and gentle winde  
 Down with the tide, and pleasant stream to row  
 Unto some place where we may rest us in,  
 Untill we shall another time begin.

*The end of the second Booke.*

---

*The Third Booke.*

Now fals it out in order to declare  
 What time is best to angle in aright;  
 And when the chiefe and fittest seasons are  
 Wherein the fish are most dispos'd to bite,  
 What winde doth make, and which again doth mar  
 The Angler's sport, wherein he takes delight,  
 And how he may with pleasure best aspire  
 Unto the wished end of his desire.

For there are times in which they will not bite,  
 But do forbear, and from their food refrain,  
 And dayes there are wherein they most delight  
 To labour for the same, and bite amain:  
 So he that can these seasons finde aright,  
 Shall not repent his travell spent in vain,  
 To walke a mile or two amidst the fields,  
 Reaping the fruit his harmlesse pleasure yields.

And as a ship in safe and quiet road  
 Under some hill or harbour doth abide,  
 With all her freight, her tackling, and her load,  
 Attending still the winde and wished tide,

Which

Which when it serves, no longer makes abode,  
 But forth into the watry deep doth slide,  
 And through the waves divides her fairest way  
 Unto the place where she intends to stay;

So must the Angler be provided still  
 Of divers tooles, and sundry baits in store;  
 And all things else pertaining to his skill,  
 Which he shall get and lay up long before,  
 That when the weather frameth to his will,  
 He may be well appointed evermore,  
 To take fit time when it is offered ever,  
 For time in one estate abideth never.

---

*The Qualities of an Angler.*

But ere I further go, it shall behove  
 To show what gifts and qualities of minde  
 Belongs to him that doth this pastime love;  
 And what the vertues are of every kinde,  
 Without the which it were in vain to prove,  
 Or to expect the pleasure he should finde,  
 No more then he that having store of meate,  
 Hath lost all lust and appetite to eate.

For what availes the brooke or lake, to goe  
 With handsome rods, and hookes of every sort,  
 Well twisted lines, and many trinckets moc,  
 To find the fish within their watry fort,  
 If that the minde be not contented so,  
 But wants those gifts that should the rest support,  
 And makes his pleasure to his thoughts agree,  
 With these therefore he must endued be.

The first is faith, not wavering and unstable,  
 But such as had that holy patriark old, Abraham,  
 That to the highest was so acceptable,  
 As his increase and offspring manifold  
 Exceeded far the stars innumerable,  
 So must he still a firme perswasion hold,  
 That where as waters, brooks and lakes abound,  
 There store of fish without all doubt abound.

For nature that hath made no empty thing,  
 But all her workes doth well and wisely frame,  
 Hath fil'd each brook, each river, lake and spring,  
 With creatures, apt to live amidst the same;  
 Even as the earth, the ayre, and seas do bring  
 Forth beasts, and birds of sundry sort and name,

And

And give them shape, ability, and sence  
To live and dwell therein without offence.

The second gift and quality is hope,  
The anchor-hold of every hard desire;  
That having of the day so large a scope,  
He shall in time to wished hap aspire,  
And ere the sun hath left the heavenly cope,  
Obtain the sport and game he doth desire,  
And that the fish, though sometime slow to bite,  
Will recompence dayly with more delight.

The third is love, and liking to the game,  
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling by;  
For greedy pleasure not to spoyle the same,  
Nor of his fish some portion to deny  
To any that are sickly, weake, or lame,  
For rather with his line and angle try  
In pond or brooke to do what in him lies,  
To take such store for them as may suffice.

Then followeth patience, that the furious flame  
Of choller cooles, and passions put to flight,  
As doth a skilfull rider breake and tame  
The courser well, and teach him tread aright:  
So patientie doth the minde dispose and frame,  
To take mishaps in worth, and count them light,  
As losse of fish, line, hooke, or lead, or all,  
Or other chance that often may befall.

The fift good gift is low humility  
As when a lyon coucheth for his prey,  
So must he stoop, or kneele upon his knee,  
To save his line, or put the weeds away,  
Or lie along sometime if need there be,  
For any let or chance that happen may,  
And not to scorne to take a little pain  
To serve his turn, his pleasure to obtain.

The sixth is painfull strength and courage good,  
The greatest to incounter in the brooke,  
If that he happen in his angry mood  
To snatch your bait, and bear away your hooke,  
With wary skill to rule him in the flood,  
Untill more quiet, tame, and milde he looke,  
And all adventures constantly to heare,  
That may betide without mistrust or feare.

Next



Next unto this is liberality,  
 Feeding them oft with full and plentiful hand :  
 Of all the rest a needfull quality,  
 To draw them near the place where you will stand  
 Like to the ancient hospitality,  
 That sometimes dwelt in Albion's fertile land,  
 But now is sent away into exile  
 Beyond the bounds of Isabella's isle.

The eight is knowledge how to find the way  
 To make them bite when they are dull or slow,  
 And what doth let the same and breeds delay,  
 And every like impediment to know,  
 That keeps them from their food and wonted pray,  
 Within the stream, or standing waters low,  
 And with experience skilfully to prove,  
 All other faults to mend or to remove.

The ninth is placability of minde,  
 Contented with a reasonable dish,  
 Yea though sometime no sport at all he finde,  
 Or that the weather prove not to his wish:  
 The tenth is thanks to that God, of each kinde,  
 To net and bait doth send both fowle and fish,  
 And still reserves enough in secret store,  
 To please the rich, and to relieve the poore.

The eleventh good gift, and hardest to endure,  
 Is fasting long from all superfluous fare,  
 Unto the which he must himself inure,  
 By exercise and use of dyet spare,  
 And with the liquor of the waters pure  
 Acquaint himselfe if he cannot forbear,  
 And never on his greedy belly think,  
 From rising sun, untill a low he sink.

The twelfth and last of all is memory,  
 Remembring well before he setteth out  
 Each needfull thing that he must occupy,  
 And not to stand of any want in doubt,  
 Or leave something behind forgetfully:  
 When he hath walkt the fields and brooks about,  
 It were a grieffe back to return again,  
 For things forgot, that should his sport maintain.

Here then you see what kind of qualities  
 An Angler should indued be withall,  
 Besides his skill and other properties ;

To serve his turn, as to his lot doth fall:  
 But now what season for this exercise  
 The fittest is, and which doth serve but small,  
 My muse, vouchsafe some little ayd to lend,  
 To bring this also to the wished end.

---

*Season and time not to Angle.*

First, if the weather be too dry and hot,  
 And scalds with scourching heat the lowly plain  
 As if that youthful Phaeton had got  
 The guiding of his father's car again,  
 Or that it seem'd Apollo had forgot  
 His light-foot steeds to rule with stedfast rein,  
 It is not good with any line or hooke,  
 To angle then in river, pond, or brooke.

Or when cold Boreas with his frosty beard  
 Looks out from underneath the lesser Beare,  
 And makes the weary traveller afraid  
 To see the vallies covered every where  
 With ice and snow, that late so green appear'd,  
 The waters stand as if of steele they were;  
 And hoary frosts do hang on every bough,  
 Where freshest leaves of summer late did grow.

So neither if Don Æolus lets go \*  
 His blustering windes out of his hollow deep,  
 Where he their strife and strugling too and fro,  
 With triple forke doth still in order keep,  
 They rushing forth, do rage with tempests so,  
 As if they would the world together sweep,  
 And ruffling so with sturdy blasts they blow,  
 The tree and house sometimes they overthrow.

Besides, when shepherd and the swains prepare  
 Unto the brooks, with all their flocks of sheep,  
 To wash their fleeces, and to make them fair, †  
 In every poole and running water deep,

\* The stronger the winde blowes, (so you may abide it, and guide your tooles) and the colder the summer dayes are, the better will they bite, and the closer shall you come to them.

† I rather thinke the kades and other filth that falls from sheepe doe so glut the fish, that they will not take any artificiall bait. The same is the reason of the floud washing down worms, flies, frog-clocks, &c.

The savour of the wooll doth so impaire,  
 The pleasant streams, and plunging that they keep,  
 As if that Lethe-flood ran every where,  
 Or bitter Doris intermingled were.

Or when land flouds through long and sudden rain  
 Discended from the hils, and higher ground,  
 The sand and mud the chrystall streams do strain,  
 And make them rise above their wonted bound  
 To overflow the fields and neighbour plain,  
 The fruitfull soyle and meadows fair are drown'd,  
 The husbandman doth lose his grasse and hay,  
 The banks their trees, and bridges born away.

So when the leaves begin to fall apace,  
 And bough and branch are naked to be seen,  
 While Nature doth her former worke deface,  
 Unclothing bush, and tree, of summer's green,  
 Whose sacred spoyles lie thick in every place,  
 As sands on shore, or stars the Poles between,  
 And top and bottome of the rivers fill,  
 To angle then I also think it ill.

All winds are hurtfull if too hard they blow, \*  
 The worst of all is that out of the east,  
 Whose nature makes the fish to biting slow,  
 And lets the pastime most of all the rest,  
 The next that coines from countrys clad with snow  
 And Artick pole, is not offensive least.  
 The southern winde is counted best of all,  
 Then that which riseth where the sun doth fall.

---

*Best time and season to Angle.*

But if the weather stedfast be and clear, †  
 Or overcast with clouds, so it be dry,  
 And that no sign nor token there appear  
 Of threatning storm through all the empty skie,  
 But that the ayre is calm, and void of fear,  
 Of ruffling windes, or raging tempests high,  
 Or that with milde and gentle gale they blow,  
 Then is it good unto the brooke to go.

\* I finde no difference of windes, except too cold or too hot,  
 which is not the winde, but the season.

† Cleare cannot be good, by reason of the offensive sight.

And when the floods are false and past away,  
 And carryed have the dregs into the deep,  
 And that the waters wax more thin and gray,  
 And leave their banks above them high and steep,  
 The milder stream of colour like to whay,  
 Within his bounds his wonted course doth keep,  
 And that the winde is south or else by west,  
 To angle then is time and season best.

When fair Aurora rising early shewes \*  
 Her blushing face beyond the eastern hills,  
 And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rewes,  
 That far abroad the world with brightnesse fills,  
 The meadows green are hoare with silver dewes,  
 That on the earth the sable night distils,  
 And chanting birds with merry notes bewray  
 The near approaching of the chearfull day.

Then let him go to river, brook, or lake,  
 That loves the sport, where store of fish abound,  
 And through the pleasunt fields his journey make,  
 Amidst sweet pastures, meadows fresh and sound,  
 Where he may best his choice of pastime take,  
 While swift Hyperion runs his circle round;  
 And as the place shall to his liking prove,  
 There still remain, or further else remove.

---

*To know each Fishes haunt.*

Now that the Angler may the better know  
 Where he may find each fish he doth require,  
 Since some delight in waters still and slow,  
 And some do love the mud and slimy mire;  
 Some others where the stream doth swiftly flow,  
 Some stony ground and gravell some desire:  
 Here shall he learn how every sort doth seeke  
 To haunt the layre that doth his nature like.

Carp, eele, and tench, do love a muddy ground,  
 Eeles under stones or hollow roots do lie;  
 The tench among thick weeds is soonest found,  
 The fearfull carpe into the deep doth flie,  
 Bream, chub, and pike, where clay and sand abound,  
 Pike lones great pooles, and places full of frie:  
 The chub delights in stream or shady tree,  
 And tender bream in broadest lake to be.

\* Vide p. 500.

The salmon swift the rivers sweet doth like,  
 Where largest streams into the sea are led:  
 The spotted trout the smaller brook doth seeke,  
 And in the deepest hole there hides his head;  
 The prickled perch in every hollow creek,\*  
 Hard by the banke, and sandy shore is fed,  
 Perch, trout, and salmon love clear waters all,  
 Green weedy roots, and stony gravell small.

So doth the bulhead, gudgeon, and the loach,  
 Who most in shallow brooks delight to bee,  
 The ruffe, the dace, the barbell, and the roch,  
 Gravell and sand do love in lesse degree,  
 But to the deep and shade do more approach,  
 And over head some covert love to see,  
 Of spreading poplar, oake, or willow green,  
 Where underneath they lurke for being seen.

The mighty luce great waters haunts alway,  
 And in the stillest place thereof doth lie,  
 Save when he rangeth forth to seek his prey,  
 And swift among the fearfull fish do flie;  
 The dainty humber loves the marley clay,  
 And clearest streams of champion country high,  
 And in the chiefest pooles thereof doth rest,  
 Where he is soonest found, and taken best.

The cavender amidst the waters faire,  
 In swift-st streams doth most himselfe bestow,  
 The shad and tweat do rather like the laire  
 Of brackish waves, where it doth ebbe and flow,  
 And thither also doth the flock repaire,  
 And flat upon the bottome lieth low,  
 The peele, the mullet, and the suant good,  
 Do like the same, and therein seek their food.

But here experience doth my skill exceed,  
 Since divers countries, divers rivers have,  
 And divers rivers change of waters breed,  
 And change of waters sundry fish do crave,  
 And sundry fish in divers places feed,  
 As best doth like them in the liquid wave:  
 So that by use and practice may be known  
 More than by art or skill can well be shown.

\* The trout lies in the deepe, but feeds in the streame, under a bush, bray, foame, &c.

So then it shall be needlesse to declare  
 What sundry kinds there lie in secret store,  
 And where they do resort, and what they are  
 That may be still discovered more and more :  
 Let him that list no pain nor travell spare  
 To seek them out as I have done before,  
 And then it shall not discontent his minde,  
 New choice of place, and change of game to find.

---

*The best houres of the day to Angle.*

From first appearing of the rising sun, \*  
 Till nine of clock low under water best  
 The fish will bite, and then from nine to noon,  
 From noone to four they do refrain and rest,  
 From four again till Phœbus swift hath run  
 His dayly course, and setteth in the west:

But at the flie aloft they use to bite,  
 All summer long from nine till it be night.

Now lest the Angler leave his tools behinde  
 For lack of heed, or haste of his desire,  
 And so inforced with unwilling minde,  
 Must leave his game, and back again retire  
 Such things to fetch, as there he cannot finde  
 To serve his turn when need shall most require:

Here shall he have to help his memory  
 A lesson short, of every wants supply.

Light rod to strike, long line to reach withall,  
 Strong hook to hold the fish he haps to hit :  
 Spare lines and hooks, whatever chance do fall,  
 Baits quick and dead to bring them to the bit,  
 Fine lead and quils, with corks both great and small,  
 Knife, file, and thread, and little basket fit,

Plummet to sound the depth of clay and sand,  
 With pole and net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arrived at the last  
 In wished harbour where we mean to rest,  
 And make an end of this our journey past :  
 Here then in quiet road I think it best

\* The morning can no way be good, because the fish have been at reliefe all the night, as all other wilde creatures. And on the day they rest or sport; in the evening is the fittest, then hunger begins to bite.

We strike our sailes and stedfast anchor cast,  
 For now the sun low setteth in the west,  
 And yet boat-swains, a merry carroll sing  
 To him that safely did us hither bring.

FINIS.

*Would'st thou catch fish ?  
 Then here's thy wish ;  
 Take this Receipt  
 To anoint thy Bait.*

Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,  
 Be it in poole, in river, or in brook,  
 To blisse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,  
 Loe here's a means if thou canst hit it right ;  
 Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak \*  
 In oyle, well drawn from that which kills the oak :  
 Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,  
 When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill. †

*Probatum.*

*It's perfect and good  
 If well understood :  
 Else not to be told  
 For silver or gold.*

R. R.

*Certain Observations forgotten.*

Chevan and chub are one.

The { Shottrell, 1, yeare,  
 Pickerell, 2, yeare,  
 Pike, 3, yeare,  
 Luce, 4, yeare. } are one.

\* I have heard much of an oyntment that will presently cause any fish to bite, but I could never attain the knowledge thereof, the nearest in mine opinion (except this Probatum) is the oyle of an ospray, which is called *Aquila marina*, the Sea Æagle. She is of body neare the bignesse of a goose ; one of her feet is web'd to swim withall, the other hath tallents to catch fish. It seems the fish come up to her, for she cannot dive. Some likelihood there is also in a paste made of *Coculus Indie*, *Assa fœtida*, hony and wheat flower, but I never tried them, therefore I cannot prescribe.

† That which kills the oake, I conjecture to be ivy, till I change my minde.

This excellent receipt divers Anglers can tell where you may buy them.

The summer, May, June, and July, are fittest for Angling.

Fish are the fattest in July.

Fish commonly spawn at Michaltide.

After spawning they be kipper, and out of season.

They thrust up little brooks to spawn, the trout and salmon will have lying on their backs.

All the summer-time, great fish go downwards to deepes.

Barre netting, and night hooking, where you love Angling.

When you angle at ground, your line must be no longer than your rod.

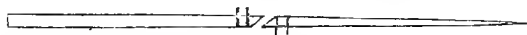
He that is more greedy of fish then sport, let him have three or foure angles fitted and baited, and layd in severall pooles, you shall some times have them all sped at once.

If you go foorth in, or immediately after a showre, and take the water in the first rising, and fish in the streame at ground with a red worme, you may load your sede if there be a store. Thus may any botcher kill fish.

For want of a panier, spit your fish by the gills, on a small wicker, or such like.

I use a pouch or parchment with many severall places to put my hookes and lines in.

I use a rod of two parts, to joyne in the midst when I come to the river, with two pins, and a little hempe waxed, thus the pins joyne it, the hempe fastens it firmly.



A whale-bone made round no bigger than a wheat-straw at the top, yields well, and strikes well.

Let your rod be without knots; they are dangerous for breaking, and boughts are troublesome.

Keep your rod, neither too dry nor too moist, lest they grow brittle or rotten.

When you angle in drought, wet your rod, it will not break so soone.

You shall hardly get a rod of one piece, but either crookt, top heavy, or unequall growne.

Enterprise no mans ground without leave, breake no mans hedge to his loóse.

Pray to God with your hearte to blesse your lawfull exercise.

FINIS.



¶ *The rates of the custome house bothe inwarde and outwarde the dyfference of measures and weyghts and other cōmodities very necessarye for all marchantes to knowe newly correctyd and imprynted. An. M.D.XLV.*  
 ¶ *Imprynted at London by me Rycharde Kele, dwel-lynge at the longe shoppe in the Poultrye vnder saynt Myldreds ehurche.*

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 409.]

Padduke the C. elles	-	xx s.	
Pyglyng the C. elles contey. xii score elles		xx s.	
Poldaues the bolte	-	x s.	
Peper the hondreth pounce	- v l.		
Perosen the C. pounce	-	xliii s.	iiiii d.
Proynes the C. pounce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Paynters oyle the barrel	-	xliii s.	iiiii d.
Prages the groce	-	x s.	
Playng cardes of Frenche makyng the groce		x s.	
Pouche rynges other syngle or double the groce		x s.	
Pouches wyth lockes the groce		xlviij s.	
Pouches with stele rynges the groce		xxliiii s.	
Porses for chylidren the groce	-	vi s.	viii d.
Purlyng wyer the dossen pounce	-	liiii s.	
Pipes the bale cōtey. x groce	-	xxvi s.	viii d.
Pipes the groce is commoly cast at	-	liii s.	iiiii d.
Prymers prynted the groce	-	xx s.	
Pynnes the dossen thousande	-	ii s.	
Paynted clothes the dossē	-	vi s.	viii d.
Paynted trenchers the groce	-	ii s.	
Paynted papers y <sup>e</sup> realme	-	liii s.	iiiii d.
Paynted papers the queare			
Pressingē papers the C. leues	-		xx d.
Paris mantyls the pece			
Plate white or blacke double or syngle hundreth pounce	-	x s.	
Plate white the barell	-	xx s.	
Pursewyer the dossen pounce		v s.	
Packethrede the C. pounce	-	x s.	
Packenedels the thousād	-	liii s.	iiiii d.
Pitche the laste		xx s.	
Playninge tabels the dossē	-	liiii s.	

Portyngale skynnes the dossen	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Paired coffers the neste vz. iii toone	-	iiii s.	
Persers the dossen	-	iiii s.	
Pauyng stones the thousande	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Pyppyns the barrell	-	ii s.	
Pyppyns the busshell	-		viii d.
Poundgarnettes the M.	-	vi s.	iiii d.
Playster of parys the mounte	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Penners alone the groce	-	ii s.	vi d.
Penners and ynck hornes the groce	-	v s.	
Paces the groce	-	xii s.	
Pynsens the dossen	-		xx d.
Parmacete the pounce	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Poyntes of threde the smalle groce	-		iiii d.
Poyntes the greate groce containing xii smalle groce		iiii s.	
Peres the barrell		ii s.	
Patten nayles the some	-	ii s.	
Perkettes the groce	-	ii s.	
Pesing threde the dossen pou'd	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Paper the bale containinge x realme at xvi d. the realme	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Paper demy the realme	-	ii s.	
Paper royall the realme	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Paper called browne paper the hundreth bondels	xxxiii s.		iiii d.
Paper called browne paper the bondel	-		iiii d.
Quyltes the dossen	-	xxx s.	
Quyltes the pece	-	ii s.	vi d.
Quycksyluer the hundreth pounce	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Quycksyluer the pounce	-		iiii d.
Querne stones the last contey. xii payre	-	xl s.	
Quayles the dossen		xx s.	
Querne stones for musterde the last		x s.	
Quantum centum frigidorum the pounce			iiii d.
Ryce the C. pounce	-	x s.	
Rosealgar the C. pou'd	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Raynes boultell the dossen		xxiiii s.	
Raynes boultell the pece	-	ii s.	
Rosset the pounce	-		vi d.
Redde lede the C. pounce	-	x s.	
Rape oyle the last	-	viii l.	
Rape oyle the barrell	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Redde lasshe the dossen	-	ii s.	
Reddehides the dckar conteynyng ten skynnes	xxxiii s.		iiii d.
Rone knyues the standerde		v s.	

Rackes

Rackes for crosbowes the pece	-	-	xx d.
Rounde boxes the dossen	-	-	xii d.
Rasures the deaker	-	-	viii d.
Rasures the groce	-	-	v s.
Rossen the C. ponde	-	-	ii s.
Rossen the pece	-	-	xx s.
Raysons the hundreth ponde	-	-	ii s.
Raysons the pece	-	-	xx d.
Redes or canes the hundreth	-	-	xx d.
Redes or canes the M.	-	-	xvi s. viii d.
Ribbonde or caddas the dossen peces	-	-	iiii s.
Redde herynge the cade	-	-	iiii s.
Redde herynge the last conteynge xx cades	iiii l.		
Redde herynge the M.	-	-	viii s.
Rattels the M.	-	-	x s.
Rackets the dossen	-	-	iiii s.
Soult whiche the hundreth elles cōteynge vi score elles	-	-	xxx s.
Spruce yarne the hundreth ponde	-	-	xxvi s. viii d.
Spruce bere the barrell	-	-	x s.
Sypres cotten the dosse <sup>r</sup> yardes	-	-	xx s.
Sarsnet of flora ce makyng the pece	-	-	xl s.
Sendall the pece	-	-	xx s.
Satten out of grayne the yarde			v s.
Satten righte crymsin in grayne or purple the yarde	-	-	x s.
Satten counterfete crymsin the yard	-	-	vi s. viii d.
Satten tynseld with gold the yarde	-	-	xiii s. iii d.
Satten of bruges the yarde	-	-	xx d.
Satten of bruges counterfete tynselde the yarde	iii s.		iiii d.
Sylke throwne the li	-	-	xiii s. iii d.
Sylke rawe & died the pōde	-	-	viii s.
Sylke longe vz twelue ou <sup>n</sup> ces to the ponde			vi s. viii d.
Sylke shorte vz twelue ou <sup>n</sup> ces to the ponde			iiii s.
S. thom <sup>s</sup> worsteds y <sup>e</sup> pece	-	-	vi s. viii d.
Sayes the pece	-	-	x s.
Synnamon the C. ponde	-	x li.	
Saunders the hundreth pound	-	-	l s.
Suger the cheste	-	-	iii li.
Suger the C. ponde	-	-	xx s.
Suger candy the dz cheste poinz one hundreth	xxxiii s.		iiii d.
Senie the C. ponde	-	vli	
Scamony a drugge the li.	-	-	vi s. viii d.
Setwall the hundreth ponde			
Salte petre the C. ponde	-	-	xx s.

Spignarde

Spignarde arote the poude	-	-		iiii d.
Sope blacke the laste	-	-	vi li.	
Sope whyte the pounce	-	-	-	x d.
Saffrone the pounce	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Stauesacre the C. pounce	-	-	xx s.	
Socage the pounce	-	-	-	iiii d.
Syrope the pounce	-	-	-	ii d.
Syluer of bruges the maste	-	-	viii s.	
Spectacles the groce	-	-	v s.	
Spectacles cases the groce	-	-	x s.	
Swerde blades the dossē	-	-	vs s.	viii d.
Sheres the groce	-	-	-	viii d.
Shermen sheres the payer newe	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Shermen sheres the payer olde	-	-	iiii s.	
Sysers the groce	-	-	viii s.	
Spurres the groce	-	-	xx s.	
Stele the dz barrell	-	-	iii li.	
Salte called bay salt the waye	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Salte the barrell	-	-	-	xii d.
Salte the busshell	-	-	-	iiii d.
Swan quyilles the M.	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Swannes the pece	-	-	ii s.	
Styrops the dossen	-	-	iiii s.	
Spruce skines for hossē y <sup>e</sup> dossē	-	-	x s.	
Saddels of stele the pece	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Sipres chistes the neste	-	-	xl s.	
Stokfyshe called lubfysh the last	-	x l.		
Stokfyshe the hundreth	-	-	x s.	
Stokfish called cropling the last	-	v l.		
Stokfyshe the hundreth	-	-	x s.	
Stokfyshe called tytling the last	-	-	l s.	
Stokfyshe the hundreth	-	-	v s.	
Salmonde the laste	-	xi li.		
Salmonde the barrell	-	-	xviii s.	iiii d.
Salmonde gyrles the laste	-	vi li.		
Salmonde gyrles the barrel	-	-	x s.	
Saltfyshe the laste	-	iiii li.		
Staple fysshe the hundreth	-	-	xx s.	
Small fysshe the C.	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Sele fysshe the pece	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Shankes the pane	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Salt hydys the dekar	-	iii li.	vi s.	viii d.
Sparres the hundreth	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Spones of aulcamyn the groce	-	-	x s.	
Salte sellers the groce	-	-	x s.	

Slippe

Slippe the barell	-	-	ii s.	
Sawes the dossen great	-	-	xii s.	
Sculles the pece	-	-		viii d.
Sprigges the some	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Sanguis draconis the poude	-	-	-	vi d.
Sylke sayes the yarde	-	-	v s.	
Speeres without hedds the C.			xl s.	
Speres wyth heddes the hundreth	-	iii li.	vi s.	viii d.
Storax liquide y <sup>e</sup> C. l.	-	iii li.	vi s.	viii d.
Sponges the pounce	-	-		iiii d.
Sall armonyake the pounce				
Standysshes the pece			-	ii d.
Squirtes the dossen	-	-	ii s.	
Stortes the dossen	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Shouellers the dossen			-	viii d.
Tryacle of flaunders the barrell	-		xx s.	
Tryacle of Ieane the poude				iiii d.
Tarmaret the C. pounce	-		xl s.	
Torbith the pounce	-	-		xii d.
Tornsell the hundreth	-		xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Tartron the post conteynyng twelue shorte peces			vi li.	
Tikes the pece	-		vi s.	viii d.
Taffetta the yarde	-		iii s.	iiii d.
Taffetta narrowe the yarde	-	-		xx d.
Tynne foyle the groce			-	xii d.
Tynne glasse the hundreth	-		xl s.	
Tikes for beddes the dossen	-		xxxvi s.	
Tikes the pece			iii s.	
Tapistry wyth sylke the ell	-	-		xx d.
Tapistry wyth caddas the ell			-	xii d.
Tapistry of woll the ell	-	-		viii d.
Tapistry wythout sylke caddas or woll the elle				vi d.
Trane the barrell	-		xiii s.	iiii d.
Threden rybbonde the dossen peces conteynyngé				
thre papers			iiii s.	
Threden ribbonde the groce	-		ii s.	
Thymbels the M.	-	-	v s.	
Troye wayghtes the dossen li	-		v s.	
Tayler sheres the dossen			vi s.	viii d.
Tasels the kyue cõteiniḡ v C.	-	-		viii d.
Tasels the pipe	-		xl s.	
Tasels the thousande	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Tabull men the groce	-	-	viii s.	
Towe fyne the C. pounce	-		v s.	
Towe the C. pounce	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
				Trayes

Trayes the flocke conteynng xl	-	v s.	
Teinter hookes the M.	-	x s.	
Tauelynges the hōdreth	-	vi s.	viii d.
Turpentyne the C. pounce	-	iiii s.	
Trenchers the thousande	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Trenchers the C.	-	-	iiii d.
Trenchers paynted the groce	-	ii s.	
Tyrrets the groce	-	-	
Tarre the laste	-	xx s.	
Tartorary the pounce	-	-	xii d.
Threde called wotenall threde the dossen pounce		v s.	
Threde the butte	-	-	xii d.
Threde the bale conteynnge a hundreth buttes		v li.	
Tables the flocke	-	v s.	
Tables to wryt on the groce	-	xlviij s.	
Trēchers the maūde or baskete	-	xx s.	
Turkey satten the pece			
Tankerdes the flocke	-	v s.	
Typpes for hornes the C.	-	-	iiii d.
Typpes of hornes the M.	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Vernysse the C. pounce	-	x s.	
Venecreke the C. pounce	-	v s.	
Vermlyon the hundreth poude		xl s.	
Veluet ryght crymysyn in graine the yarde		xiii s.	iiii d.
Veluette of all collors out of grayne the yarde		vii s.	vi d.
Venys rybbōde the li	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Venys syluer the pounce	-	xl s.	
Venys golde the pounce	-	xl s.	
Vyneger the tonne	-	xxx s.	
Virginales the payre	-	iii t.	iiii d.
Vysers the dossen	-	ii s.	
Veluet bagges small the dossen	-	v s.	
Veluet bagges great the dossen		xx s.	
Verde grece the C. pounce	-	xl s.	
Vials the pece	-	iiii s.	
Vittery canuas the bolle conteynng ii c. and a halfe	-	iii li.	
Vittery canuas the ballet cōteynng i C. and a quarter	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Wyne of gascoyne or swete wyne the tonne		iii li.	
Wol cardes newe the dosse		vi s.	viii d.
Woll cardes olde the dossen	-	iiii s.	
Woll gyrdels the groce	-	iiii s.	
Whisteling bellowes the groc	-	viii s.	
		Wayuskottes	

Waynskottes the hundreth	-	-	xl s.	
Wodmall the pece	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Walnuttes the pype	-	-	x s.	
Walnuttes the barrel	-	-		xx d.
Wyer for clarycordes the pou'd	-	-		iiii d.
Woll called esteryche woll the C.	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Woodnuttes the Cli.	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Whightyng the laste	-	-	xl s.	
Wyer the hogges heads	-	-	l s.	
Wycr the C.	-	-	xx s.	
Woll oyle called trane the tōne	-	iiii l.		
Woad of goscoyne the pipe iii pou d	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Woad of the Ile of Surrey the ballet	-	-	x s.	
Woad of the Ile of Assorns the ballet	-	-	x s.	
Worsted of saynthomas the pece	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
White kydes the mantell	-	-	ii s.	
Whipcorde y <sup>e</sup> skoke cal. merliḡ	-	-	v s.	
Worsted called rissell the pece	-	-	x s.	
Wolfes lynyng the pece	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Wax the hundreth pounce	-	-	xl s.	
Wymples for wemen the pece	-	-	-	xii d.
Worsted threde the dosse pou'de	-	-	ix s.	
Wod crosses for bedes the groce	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
White lede the C. pounce	-	-	x s.	
Worme sede the C. pounce		v l.		
Whetstones the C. wayes		-		xii d.
Wrytyng tables the groce	-	-	xlviij s.	

¶ *The rate outwarde.*

Honye the barrell	-	-	x s.	
Thromes the C. pounce	-	-	x s.	
Tynne wrought the C. li			xxvi s.	viii d.
Tynne wrought in rodde the hundreth			xxvi s.	viii d.
Tynne called Deuonshyre tinne the block			xxv s.	
Tynne called Cornysh tīne the block			xv s.	
Leade the folder	-	-	iiii l.	
Leade the C. pounce	-	-	iiii s.	
Leade the folder caste	-	-	v l.	
Leade the C. pounce caste	-	-	v s.	
Shreddes the pipe	-	-	xl s.	
Shreddes or lystes the barrell	-	-	xx s.	
Skinnes called buffes skynnes the pece	-	-		xx d.
Conny skynnes th hundreth	-	-	iiii s.	
Leade the folder caste	-	v l.		

Leade

Leade the C. pounce caste	-	-	v s.	
Worstedes the pece	-	-	xx s.	
Shreddes the pipe	-	-	xl s.	
Shreddes or listes the barrell	-	-	xx s.	
Conny skynnes gray seasonede the thousande			xl s.	
Stagge the thousande	-	-	xx s.	
Stagge the hundreth			ii s.	
Conny skynnes blacke the C.		xxxiii s.		iiii d.
Lambe skynnes blacke the hundreth tawed		xiii s.		iiii d.
Lambe skynnes white the C.	-	x s.		
Shepes skynnes tawed for hosse the dossen		vi s.		viii d.
Broke skynnes or felles als kyddes the hundreth				xx d.
Calues skynnes the dossen	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Alablaster the loode	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Chese the waye	-	-	x s.	
Butter the barrell	-	-	x s.	
Pitche and tarre the laste			xl s.	
Pytche & tarre the barrell	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Wodenuttes the C. pou'd	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Starche y <sup>e</sup> dosse pou'd for alli'es	-	-		vi d.
Starche the dossen pounce for Englishshemen			v s.	
Candilstickes the dossen	-	-	x s.	
Copper the hundreth pou'de	-	-	xx s.	
Oyle the tonne	-	iiii l.		
Bere the pipe			x s.	
Eger bere the tonne	-	-	x s.	
Tallowe the way	-	-	x s.	
Glasse broken the barrell	-	-		xx d.
Blowynge hornes the dossen	-	-	iiii s.	
Roughe hornes the M.	-	-	x s.	
Horne types the M.	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Capers the pipe	-	-	xl s.	
Poldaues the pece	-	-	x s.	
Coles the chalder	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Waxe the hundreth pounce			xl s.	
Wemens hosen the dosse	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Madder the C. pounce	-	-	x s.	
Flaxe the bale	-	vi l.	xiii s.	iiii d.
Orchell the C. pounce	-	-	xiii s.	iiii d.
Bokeram the pece	-	-	v s.	
Cours cappes the dossen	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Bagges the dossen	-	-	iii s.	
Florey the pounce				xii d.
Clapholte smalle the C.			iii s.	iiii d.
Clapholte greate y <sup>e</sup> C.	-	iii l.	vi s.	viii d.

Parmacet



Parmacet the pounde	:	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Musty meale the laste	-	-	xl s.	
Musty malte the quarter	-	-	iii s.	iiii d.
Vynnyger the tonne	-	-	xxx s.	
Osmondes the barrel	-	-	x s.	
Arsnicke the C. pou'd	-	-	xxxiii s.	iiii d.
Emery stones the hundreth	-	-		xx d.
Horschowes the hu'dreth	-	-	vi s.	viii d.
Lynnen clothe the elle	-	-		iiii d.
Bacon the fleche	-	-		xx d.
Bell mettell the C. pou'd	-	-	xvi s.	viii d.
Hatwoll cours the C.	-	-	vi s.	viii d.

¶ *The rate outwarde of clothe.*

One long cloth makyth one shorte cloth and vii yardes.

vi Statutes for a clothe.

vi Strayghtes for a clothe.

vi Stokbredes for a clothe.

vi Cardinall whightes for a clothe.

vi Tauestockes for a clothe.

iiii Iselonde dossen for a clothe.

iiii pēny stone whightes for a clothe.

iiii Narrow northē dōsse for a clothe.

iii Karsayes for a clothe.

iii Neubery whightes for a clothe.

Fyfty goades cotten for a clothe.

ii Brode northern dossen for a clothe.

ii Bridge waters for a clothe.

ii Florentyse for a clothe.

One bastarde longe for a clothe.

And the thirde parte of a clothe.

One bastarde shorte for a clothe.

¶ *The contente of measures.*

One Flemishe elle makithe iii quarters of a yarde englishe.

ii Flemishe elles makithe one yarde dz. englishe.

iiii Flemyshe els maketh iii yardes Englysshe.

xx flemishe elles makithe xv yarde englysshe.

A thousande Flemishe elles makith vii C. and l. yardes englishe.

Med, that x flemishe elles makith vi elles englishe.

A. C. Flemishe elles maketh lx elles englysshe.

ii C. flemishe elles maketh a C. and xl elles englishe.

One

One Lyons elle      makith v quar.  
 One frenche elle    ters of a yarde en.  
 One englisshe      elle glysshe.

¶ *The braces of Italye.*

v braces makithe iii yard englisshe:  
 x braces makith vi yardes englisshe.  
 xv braces makith ix yardes englisshe.  
 xx braces makith xii yardes englisshe.  
 A hundreth braces makyth lx yardes Englisshe

¶ *The Pawnes of Ieane.*

iii Pawnes makyth the one yarde Englysshe.  
 vi Pawnes makyth the one yarde dz Englisshe.  
 xii Pawnes maketh the iii yardes Englysshe.  
 xxiii Pawnes makyth vi yardes Englysshe.  
 xlvi Pawnes makyth xii yardes.

¶ *The Vares of Spayne.*

iiii Vares dz makyth the iii yardes Englysshe.  
 ix Vares makithe viii yardes Englysshe.  
 xviii Vares makithe xvi yardes Englysshe.  
 xxxvi Vares makith xxxii yardes Englysshe.

¶ *Difference of wayghtes.*

¶ Fyrst of the wayght of Troye the trewe on̄ce wayeth  
 xxvii d. whych were coyned tempore Henrici Sexti.  
 A poūde of thys wayght wayeth xii ounces.  
 A gallon of wyne wayeth viii poūde.  
 A busshel of wheate cōteyneth in measure viii gallons.  
 A quartorne of all maner of grayne moten by a bushell cō-  
 teineth viii busshels.  
 By thys wayght is bought and solde golde, siluer, perle, pre-  
 cious stones and iewels.  
 Also breade is solde by thys wayght.

¶ *Auncell wayghte.*

Auncel wayght is a disceyuable and a false wayght, wherfore  
 it is forbydden by the kynges acte of parliamente.

¶ *Tower*

¶ *Tower wayght.*

A pounce of Tower wayght wayeth of the Troy xi ounces a quarter.

The poude of Troy wayght wayeth xii ounces.

The poude of tower wayght in golde of englysshe coyne, xxvi li x s.

The one of the tower wayght wayeth in golde xl s.

And the coynage of a pounce of golde of the tower wayght is viii s. vid.

The coynage of the ounce is viii d.

¶ *Lyinge wayghte.*

Thys Lyinge and Haburdy peyse is all one the pounce cōtein- yng xvi ounces of troye.

By thys wayght men bye and sell all maner of marchaun- dyses, as leade, iron, tynne, copper, stele, waxe, woad, and sylkes, threde, hēpe, flaxe, ropes, tallowe, and al maner of suche other marchaundyses.

¶ *Spruce wayght.*

The rewle in Spruce lande is, that who so euer byeth any mar- chaundyses there by wayght he shall bye it by these wayghtes folowyng viii lyspoundes facit. c. li. xx. lispoundes facit a shyp pounce one shyp pounce facit. C. C. l. l. xx. shyp poundes facit, v. M. l. l.

¶ *Of marchaundyses in dyuers countreyes.*

¶ Fyrste in Spruce lāde very good wollon clothe, Couer- lēttes, Tynne, leade and baye salte.

¶ Into Iselande. Course Englysshe clothe, malte, bere, wyne, sallettes, & gauntlēttes, long swerdes, lynnē clothe, amber bedes, knyues, pōintes, glāsses, and combes, fresshe butter & egar bastarde.

¶ *For Irelande.*

¶ Good marchandyse for Irlonde is wollen cloth, spisery, habardassher ware and spanshe Iron.

¶ *The rewle of Ostelage in Spayne.*

¶ Fyrste the ropes and cauas of the bales, be for the oste ex- cept ye take the goodes out unsolde agayne

In primus a brode cloth payeth

xii

A scarlette

xxxiiii

A longe clothe

xviii

A northen dāsen

vi

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A karsay

A karsay	-	-	v
A karnall whyte	-	-	ii
A statute	-	-	ii
A pece of cotton	-	-	vi
A dossen karsay	-	-	iii
A westerne dossen	-	-	ii
A pece of chamlet	-	-	iiii
A tabull of chamlettes	-	-	C C xl
A pece of satten	-	-	l
S gas & sayntcomers worstedes	-	-	v
A dossen of calues skynnes	-	-	vii
A drye hyde	-	-	ii
A pece of tynne	-	-	xxx
A sowe of leade	-	-	xx
A bagge of alome	-	-	xvi
A bagge of galles	-	-	xvi
A bagge of pepper	-	-	lxx
A butte of dates	-	-	xl
A bagge of grayne	-	-	lxx
A barrell of vessell	-	-	lx
A cheste of suger	-	-	xxvii
A serone of sope	-	-	x
A barrell of pepper	-	-	lxx
A kynthall of pepper	-	-	x
A sacke of orchell	-	-	xx
A barrell of tallowe	-	-	x
A pipe of tallowe	-	-	xxxiiii
A barrell of dates	-	-	xxxiii
A pipe of pepper	-	-	C

¶ *The rewle of saynt Georges chappell at saynt Lucas in Spayne, wherby Englysshe mē haue theyr priuilege.*

¶ Fyrste a skarlet clothe	-	-	xxxiiii
A london clothe	-	-	viii
A bristowe or hampton clothe	-	-	viii
A northern dossen	-	-	iii
A karsay	-	-	iii
A brode inede	-	-	iii
A bridge water	-	-	iii
A pece of cotton	-	-	ii
A pece of worstede	-	-	vi
Tauestockes tawntons moltons	-	-	i
And salte hydes a laste	-	-	xxxiiii
Drye hydes a laste	-	-	i
A pype of tallow	-	-	viii

A barrel

A barrell of tallowe	-	-	ii
A great blocke of tynne	-	-	xii
A smalle blocke of tynne	-	-	vi
A smalle pece of leade	-	-	ii
A barrell of wrought peuter	-	-	iiii
A tonne of oyle	-	-	x
A tonne of alome	-	-	x
A tonne of wyne	-	-	vi
A tonne of fygges and raysons	-	-	v
A cheste of suger	-	-	viii
A bagge of annessedes, comny, or ryce	-	-	ii
A butte of dates	-	-	vi
A serone of sope, a bale of paper, a pece of Chamlet	-	-	ii
A kyntall of waxe	-	-	iiii
A kyntall of almondes	-	-	i
A rone of grayne	-	-	iii
A kyntall of pepper	-	-	x
A sacke of orchell	-	-	vi
And all other wares not rehersed the quarter in the hundreth.			

F I N I S.

J. H.

¶ *A Caueat for Commen Cursetors vulgarely called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esquier. for the vtilite and proffyt of hys naturall Countrey. Newly agmented and Imprinted. Anno Domini. M.D.LXVII. Vewed, examined and allowed, according vnto the Queenes Maiestyés Iniunctions. [Wood-cut, rudely executed, of a horse and cart with two rogues fastened at the tail and a man whipping them.] Imprinted at London in Flettestret at the signe of the Faulcon by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Saynt Dunstones Churche yarde in the West. \* qto. extends to H ii.*

\* Back of the title a representation of the three distinct articles necessary to make a birch broom, placed vertically, and described as

“ Three things to be noted all in their kynde,  
A staff, a beesom, and with, that wyll wynde.”

And over the saine, lying as a broom united,

“ A beesome of byrche, for babes verye fyt,  
A longe lastinge lybbet for loubbers as meete;  
A wyth to wynde vp, that these wyll not keepe;  
Bynde all vp in one, and vse it to sweepe.”

A valuable Correspondent has, in the preceding pages of this volume, communicated an account of a similar work with the present, called *The Fraternitie of Vacabondes, &c.* of which the first edition is supposed to have appeared in 1565: but it is probable it was printed earlier, and is alluded to in the following passage of our author's Epistle Dedicatory. "There was a few yeres since a small breefe set forthe of some zelous man to his countrey of whom I knowe not, that made a lytle shewe of there names and vsage, and gaue a glymsinge lyghte not sufficient to perswad of their peushe peltinge and pickinge practyses, but well worthy of prayse." In another place he says, "these two names a Jarkeman and a Patrico be in the old briefe of vacabondes, and set forthe as two kyndes of euell doers:" and which are in the list already given in the present volume at p. 14.

Thomas Harman, the author, calls himself a "poore gentleman; [to] haue kepte a house these twenty yeares, where vnto pouerty daylye hath and doth repayre, not without some releife as my poore callinge and habylitie maye and doth extende," and afterwards has "I haue hadde some of them brought before me when I was in commissinn of the peace."

The Dedication is rather inconsistently, for such a work, addressed "to the Ryght Honorable and my singular good Lady Elizabeth Countes of Shrewsbury," though founded upon her benevolence and charitable disposition. "I wel, (he says) by good experience vnderstandinge and consideringe your most tender, pytyfull, gentle and noble nature; not onelye hauinge a vygelant and mercifull eye to your poore indygent and feable parishnores, yea not onely in the parishé where your honour most happely doth dwell, but also in others, intyroninge or nighe adioyninge to the same. As also abundantly powrynge out dayly your aident and bountifull charytie vppon all such as commeth for reliefe vnto your luckely gates. I thought it good, necessary, and my bounden dutye to acquaynte your goodness with the abhominable, wycked and detestable behavior of all these rowsey, ragged rabblement of rakehelles, that vnder the pretence of great misery, dyeases and other innumerable calamities whiche they fayne through great hipocrisye do wyn and gayne great almes in all places where they wyly wander, to the ytter deludinge of the good  
geuers,

geuers, deceauinge and imponerishing of all suche poore housholders both sicke and sore, as nether can or maye walke abroad for reliefe and comforte, where in dede most mercy is to be shewed,"

He also observes "as far as I cau learne or vnderstand by the examination of a number of them, their languag, which they terme peddelars Frenche or canting began but w<sup>in</sup> these xxx yeres, lytle aboue, and y<sup>t</sup>. the first inuenter therof was hanged all saue the heade; for that is the fynall end of them all, or els to dye of some filthy and horrible diseases: but much harme is don in the mean space by their continuance, as some x. xii. and xvi. yeres before they be consumed and the number of them doth dayly renew. I hope their synne is now at y<sup>e</sup>. highest, and that as short and as speddy a redres wyl be for these, as hath bene of late yeres for the wretched, wily wanderinge vagabondes, calling and naming them selues Egiptians, depely dissemblinge and longe hydinge and couerringe their deepe decetfull practises, fedinge the rude common people wholly addicted and geuen to nouelties, toyes, and newe inuentions, delytinge them with the strangenes of the attyre of their heades and practisinge paumistrie to suche as woulde knowe their fortunes."

The derivation and defence of the title to the work, with some amusing observations on the language then used, is given in

"*The Epistle to the Reader.* Although good Reader I wright in plain termes and not so playnly as truly, concerning the matter meaning honestly to all men, and wysbe them as much good as to myne owne harte, yet as there hathe bene so there is nowe, and hereafter wylbe, curyous heds to finde fautes, wherefore I thought it necessary now at this seconde impression to acquaynt y<sup>e</sup>. with a great faulte as some takethe it, but none as I meane it, callinge these Vagabonds Cursetors in the intytelynge of my booke as runneres or rangers aboute the countrey, deriued of this Laten word (CVBRO) neither do I wryght it Cooresetores with a duple oo or Cowresetors with a w which hath an other singnification; is there no deuersite betwen a gardein and a garden, maynteynaunce & maintenance, streytes and stretes, those that haue vnderstanding knowe there is a great dyfference, who is so ingnorant by these dayes as knoweth not the meaning of a vagabone, and yf an ydell leuterar should so be called of eny man, would not he thi<sup>nk</sup> it bothe odyous and reprochefull, wyll he not shonne the name? Ye and where as he maye and dare, w<sup>t</sup>. bent browes

wyll reueng that name of ingnomy, yet this playne name vagabone is deryued as others be of Laten wordes, and now vse makes it commen to al men, but let vs loke back four. C yeres sithens, & let vs se whether this playn word vagabon was vsed or no, I beleue not and why, because I rede of no such name in the old estatutes of this realme vnles it be in the margente of the booke, or in the table, which in the collection and pryntinge was set in, but these were then the comen names of these leud leuterares, faytores, robardesmen, drawlatches, & valyant beggares, yf I should haue vsed suche wordes or the same order of wryting as this realme vsed in kynge Henry the thyrd or Edward y<sup>e</sup>. fyrstes time: <sup>a</sup> oh what a grose barberous fellow haue we here his wryting is both homely and darke that wee had nede to haue an interpretar, yet then it was verry well and in short season a great change we see well this delycat age shall haue his tyme on the other syde; eloquence haue I none, I neuer was acquaynted with the muses, I never tasted of Helycon. But accordinge to my playne order, I haue set forth this worke symplye and truelye with such vsual words and termes as is among vs wel known and frequented.”—

The characters described are “a ruffler; <sup>b</sup> a Vpright man; <sup>c</sup> a hoker or Angglear; <sup>d</sup> a Roge; <sup>e</sup> a Wyld Roge;

<sup>a</sup> [Roberdesmen, wastors and drawlatches, are names used in Stat. 5 Ed. 3. c. 14. Feitors and vagabonds, 7 Rich. 2d. C. 5.]

<sup>b</sup> “So called in a statute made for the punishment of Vacabonds in the xxvij yeare of kyng Henry the eight late of most famous memory. . . . Eytter he hath serued in the warres, or els he hath bene a seruing man and weary of well doing, shakinge of all payne, doth chuse him this ydle lyfe, and wretchely wanderes about the most shyres of this realme.”

<sup>c</sup> “Some bee seruing men, artificers and laboryng men traded vp in husbandry. These not minding to get their lyuing with y<sup>e</sup>. swet of their face, but casting of all payne wyll wander after their wycked maner.”

<sup>d</sup> “Peryllous and most wicked knaues and be deryued or procede forth from the vpright men, they commenly go in fresse ierkynes and gally stopes [q. gally slopes] poynted benethe the kne . . . . They customably carry with them a staffe of v or vi foote long, in which within one ynch of y<sup>e</sup>. tope there of is a litle hole, bored through in which hole they putte an yron hoke and with the same they wyll plucke vnto them quicly any thing yt. they may reche ther with. . . . I was credibly informed that a hoker came to a farmer's house in the ded of the night, and puttingt backe a drawe window of a low chaiber, the bed standing hard by the sayde



Roge; <sup>f</sup> a prygger of Prauncers; <sup>g</sup> a Pallyarde; <sup>h</sup> a Fra-  
ter; <sup>i</sup> a Abraham man; <sup>k</sup> a fresh water Mariner, or  
Whipiacke; <sup>l</sup> a Counterfet Cranke; <sup>m</sup> a Dommerar; <sup>n</sup> a  
dronken Tinckar; <sup>o</sup> a Swadder or Pedler; <sup>p</sup> a Jarke man,  
and

sayde wyndowe, in which laye. iii. parsones a man and two bygge  
boyes, this hoker with his staffe plucked of their garmets which  
lay vpon them to kepe them warme with the couerlet and shete  
and lefte them lying a slepe naked sauing there shertes, and had  
away all cleane, and neuer could vnderstande where it became: I  
verely suppose that when they wer wel waked with cold they  
surely thought that Robin goodfelow (accordinge to the old  
saying) had bene with them that night."

<sup>e</sup> "Neither so stoute or hardy as the vprightman. Many of  
them will go fayntly, and looke piteously, when they see either  
meete any person, hauing a kercher as white as my shooes tyed  
aboute their heade, with a short staffe in their hand, halting, al-  
though they neede not, requiri<sup>g</sup> almes, &c."

<sup>f</sup> "He that is borne a roge, he is more subtil and more geuen  
by nature to all kinde of knauery, then the other."

<sup>g</sup> Horse stealers. "These go commonly in jerkins of leather  
or of white frese, and carry little wandes in their hands."

<sup>h</sup> "Called also Clapperdogens, these go with patched clokes,  
& haue their Morts with them which they cal wiues."

<sup>i</sup> "Cary blacke boxes at their gyrdel, wherin they haue a brief  
of the Queenes maiesties letters patentes geuen to such a poore  
spitlehouse for the reliefe of ye. poore ther: which briefe is a  
coppie of the letters patentes, & vtterly fained."

<sup>k</sup> "Fayne themselues to haue bene mad, and haue bene kept  
eyther in Bedleam, or in some other prison a good tyme, and not  
one amongst twenty that euer came in pryson for any suche  
cause."

<sup>l</sup> "Their shipes were drowned in the playne of Salisbury.  
These kynde of caterpillers counterfet great losses on the sea,  
these be some Western men, and most be Irysh-men."

<sup>m</sup> "Yong knaues and yong harlots that depely dissemble the  
falling sicknes; for the cranke in their language is the fallyng  
euyll."

<sup>n</sup> "Leud and most subtil people; the most part of these are  
Walch men, and wil neuer speake, vnlesse they haue extreame  
punishmente, but will gape, and with a maruelous force wil hold  
downe their tounge doubled, groninge for your charity, &c."

<sup>o</sup> "Called also prygges, be beastly people & these yong knaues  
bethe wurst."

<sup>p</sup> "Be not all euyll . . . . . But for as much as they seeke gayne  
vnlawfully

and a Patrico; <sup>q</sup> a Demander for glymmar; <sup>r</sup> a bawdy basket; <sup>s</sup> a Antem Morte; <sup>t</sup> a Walking Morte; <sup>u</sup> a Dore; <sup>x</sup> a Dell; <sup>y</sup> a Kynchin Morte; <sup>z</sup> a Kynchin Co; <sup>a</sup> Next an account of "their vsage in the night: with the names of the Vpright men, Roges & Palliardes." This list fills near three pages in treble columnns, and is divided under those several heads; many of the names have an *alias* appended, or other description, as "John Herwood, a maker of wels, he will take halfe his bargaine in hand & when he hath wrought ii or iii daies he

vnlawfully aganst the lawes and statutes of this noble realme they are well worthy to be registred among y<sup>e</sup>. number of vacabonds."

<sup>q</sup> "Jarkmane hathe his name of a Jarke which is a seale in their languag, as one should make writings and set seales for lycences and pasportes. And for trouth there is none that goeth about the cuntry of them y<sup>t</sup>. can wryte, &c. . . . A patrico and not a patriarch, which in their langage is a priest y<sup>t</sup>. should make mariages tyll death dyd departe, but they have none suche . . . . so that I wyll not blot my booke wyth these two that be not."

<sup>r</sup> "For the most part wemen, for glymmar in their language is fyre: these go with faynen lycences and counterfayted wrytings, hauing the hands and seales of suche gentlemen as dwellerh nere to the place where they fayne themselues to haue bene burnt and their good consumed with fyre."

<sup>s</sup> "Also wemen, and go with baskets & capcases on their armes, wherin they haue laces, pynnes, nedles, white ynkell, and round sylke gyrdels of al colours."

<sup>t</sup> "A wyfe, married at y<sup>e</sup>. churche, and they be as chaste as a cow."

<sup>u</sup> "Not maryed, these for their vnhappye yeres doth goe as a Antem Morte, and wyll saye their husbandes died eyther at Newhauen, Ireland; or in some seruice of the Prince. These make laces vpon staues & purses that they cary in their hands, and whytè vallance for beddes."

<sup>x</sup> A woman made a prostitute by the Vpright man.

<sup>y</sup> "A young wench."

<sup>z</sup> "A lytle gyrl, the mortes their mothers carries them at their backes in their slates, whiche is their shetes, and bryngs them vp safely tyll they grow to be rype, and soon rype, soon rotten."

<sup>a</sup> "A younge boye, traden vp to suche penishe purposes, as you haue hard of other young ympes before, that when he groweth two yeres, he is better to hang than to drawe forth."

runneth

runneth away with his earnest." A specimen of their language is also given, from which an extract will have its value, by shewing the species of dialect repeatedly alluded by early writers as pedlars French. The author observes

" Here I set before thee good reader, the leud lousey language of these lewtering luskes, and lasy lorrels, wher with they bye and sell the common people as they passe through the country. Which language they terme Peddelars Frenche, a ynknowen tong onely, but to these bold beastly bawdye Beggers, and vaine Vacabondes, being halfe myngled with Englyshe, when it is familiarly talked and fyrste placing thinges by their proper names, as an introduction to this peuysh speeche.

" Nab, a head.

Nabchet, a hat or cap.

Glasyers, eyes.

A smeling chete, a nose.

Gan, a mouth.

A pratlynge chete, a tounge.

Crashing chetes, teeth.

Hearing chetes, ears.

Fambles, handes.

A famblinge chete, a rynge on thy hand.

Quatomes, a body.

A commission, a shierte.

Drawers, hosen.

Stampers, shooes.

A lag of duds, a buck of clothes.

A slate or slats, a sheete or shetes.

Mynt, golde.

A borde, a shyllinge.

Flagg, a groate.

A wyn, a penny.

A make, a halfepenny.

Antem, a church.

Salomon, a alter or masse.

Patrico, a priest.

Nosegent, a nunne.

A gyggar, a doore.

The lightmans, the daye,

The darkma's the night.

Ye. quyer custyn, ye. Justicer of peace.

The harma' beck, the counstable.

The harmanes, the stockes.  
 To skowere y<sup>e</sup>. cramprings, to weare boltes or fetters.  
 To cly the gerke, to be whypped.  
 The ruffian cly thee, the deuell take thee."

There is also a dialogue where "the Vpright Cofe canteth to the Roge;" but the above is sufficient illustration of this subject, whereof it may be remarked that many of the slang phrases are yet in use, and retained by Grose in his Dictionary. A rude representation of two culprits placed in the stocks, with four lines in rhyme over them, then is introduced: other four lines, and a wood-cut of fetters and shackels, i. e. hand-cuffs: a similar introduction and representation of whips and rods, and another of a man going to be hanged. "Whyle this second impression was in printinge it fortuneth that Nycholas Blunt, who called hymselfe Nycholan Gennyno a counterefet Cranke, that is spoken of in this booke, was foude begging in the whyte fryers (on newe yeres day last past) Anno Domini 1567, and commytted, &c." whose figure is given as standing in the pillory. The last page contains the writer's farewell.

" Thus I conclude my bolde beggars booke  
 That all estates most playnely maye see;  
 As in a glasse well pollyshed to looke,  
 Their double demeaner in eche degree,  
 Their lyues, their language, their names as they be.  
 That with this warning their myndes may be warmed,  
 To amende their mysdeedes, and so lyue vnharmed.

Finis."

The printer to fill the page has introduced the Virgin and Child, central of several circles, the outer one of roses.

*Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the signe of the Faulcon, by Wylliam gryffith. Anno Domni. 1567. the eight of January.*

J. H.

*The*

¶ *The Historie of John Lorde Mandozze.* [Translated from the Spanish. By Thomas De la Peend. 1565. 12mo.]

If we may judge from the silence of our predecessors in the field of bibliographical research, the production, of which an opportunity now occurs of giving some account, may be ranked among those, which, from the devastation of casualty, or from the more gradual consumption of time, is arrived at that pitch of rarity which holds out the most irresistible temptation to the victims of the Bibliomania.

To gratify the curiosity which its presumed scarcity will naturally awaken relative to its contents, I have drawn up the following analysis, so far as the mutilated fragment before me would allow, (and where am I to look for a more perfect copy?) for the loan of which fragment I am indebted to a friend, who beguiles the weariness of a laborious profession, by an occasional recurrence to the blandishments of antiquated literature.

Upon first glance at this relic, I have to lament the carelessness of some former owner in whose custody the title-page has probably met with destruction. The remnant consists of sixty-four unpagged leaves, one being deficient in the centre, and a considerable number at the conclusion; the whole perhaps constituting about three fourths of its original bulk. The size duodecimo, though with the usual octavo signatures.

From the register of the Stationers' Company (the only place wherein I can find the above mentioned) it appears that Thomas Colwell had license in the year 1565 to print "The moste notable history of the lorde Mandozze." It will be remembered that Colwell was likewise the printer of De la Peend's translation of the fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis, for which he had license in the same year, and which has been described in the last Number.\* Of the translator of these two

\* Vide No. IX. p. 344.

pieces as little seems to have been known as of his works; and this little is confined solely to what may be gleaned from himself. From the dedication to the latter work it appears that he bestowed much time upon a translation of Ovid, but that he was anticipated by a prior publication, doubtless Arthur Golding's. This he dates from his "chamber over agaynst Sergeants inne in Chancery lane, 1564."

The dedication to "the Historic of Lord Mandozze," which is the first leaf of the fragment before me, is addressed in the following words

*"To the Ryght Worshipfull Syr Thomas Kemp,  
Knyght.*

"Ryght Worshypfull Syr, whẽ thankfulness had presented unto mine eies the bookes: whearein the names of my frends are imprynted. I founde you for sundrye causes possessyng an high place thearein. Whearfore, though it fall not to my fortune presently, to acquit & discharge my duty: yet these, as certaine signe of my good will, to the uttermost of my small powre may gratefy you in the meanc time. Which as they are (y<sup>e</sup> simple frutes of my small orcheyard: the travayle of my rude Muse) I leave to the judgment of the learned and dyscreate readers. Wishynge to your Worshyppe perfecte felicitye.

From the mydle Temple.  
your ky<sup>e</sup>desmap: to  
comaund. T.  
*Delapeend."*

After a poetical address "To the Reader," wherein he deprecates the snarling censures of those who

"seeke to byte  
my name behynde my backe,  
To saye that here his verse is lame,  
or here good sence doth lacke.  
For I ofte times have heard  
the vyle despysed sorte  
Blynd ignorantes, of worthie bokes  
to make suche rashe reporte:  
That when in order good,  
they could not read the same,  
They doubted not by slaunderous wordes  
the aucthors to defame;"

follows

follows

“ *The Argument.*

“ The mercye of God is merveyulous:  
Which whē it pleaseth him to extēd  
On men, no will so mischevous,  
Can it pervert from perfect end.  
As in this worthy hystorye,  
It by a Duchesse maye appeare,  
Which faslye of adulterye  
Accused, is condemned heare  
For to be burned in a fyre:  
As then the custome did requyre:  
But God, which still defendeth ryght,  
From deathe hath her delyvered,  
By prowesse of a Spanishe knyght:  
Whom afterward she maryed.”

After a short exordium the poem opens with a description of the person of “ Lord John of Mandossa,” the head of a powerful family which had been for the space of forty years at variance with the neighbouring tribes of the Tolledoës, when after numerous petty contests at length

“ with armyes great  
they met theyr myght to trye:  
By dynt of swerd they wold discernē  
theyr matters by & by.”

The numerous retainers of Mandossa were of course led to the field by our hero, who

“ Dyd farre excell them all  
in every exercyse:  
Most valiant, most actyve, and  
ryght polityke lyke wyse.  
He was beloved muche  
of all the cōmons theare:  
Accepted for hys courtesye,  
with prynces every wheare.  
As Pallas paynted had  
his minde with lerned arte:  
Even so dame Nature then, in hym  
ryght well had wrought her parte.  
His lymmes were fynely framd,  
hys joyntes so strongly kayt,

That

That as the Simphonie alwayes  
doth please the eares: so it  
The gasyng eyes of men  
doth still dellyght as muche.  
No paynter for his portraiture  
could pycure any suche.  
The Grekishe paynter myght  
an hundred graces there  
Have seene, which erst in so dry shapes  
he found not any wheare.  
And as hys shape did shew  
right semelie to the syght,  
So for his force he was well knowie  
to be a valiaunt knight.  
In auneynt hystories,  
his highe renoumed fame,  
Advaunced hath unto the skyes  
the glorye of his name."

The progress of the battle is now minutely described, and the prowess of our hero achieves wonders; but while the contest is yet doubtful, Isabell his sister, "a lady good, which for these thinges was sad," vows that if her brother may be successful she will make a pilgrimage to Rome on foot; which accordingly happening, she takes her departure from Spain, and travelling through France at length reaches the city of "Thurin," in which ancient seat the Duke of Savoy resided with his Duchess, the beautiful sister of the King of the happy isle of Brute, who to say no more of her,

—————" as to Helen, shee  
was matche for goodly grace:  
Even so her fame renoumed was  
as much in every place."

Isabel, whose curiosity prompted her to realize the report of fame as to the Duchess's beauty, chances to meet her at the entrance of the city borne in "a horselitter with horses fayre," and finding fame had been no flatterer, exclaims in the Spanish language,

" If God (saith shee)  
Wold grant, my brother might unto  
this Duchesse married be:  
Then might I well be bould  
(and trueth therein) to saye,

They



They were y<sup>e</sup> goodliest couple sure,  
in Europe at this daye."

The Duchess, who happens to understand Spanish, marks well the disguised pilgrim, and bids a page follow and invite her to the castle, where enquiries and mutual courtesies past, she interrogates Isabel's meaning in thus exalting her brother's praises. The shamefaced Spaniard, fearful of offence, craves pardon; but meeting with encouragement, enlarges upon his beauty, so as to inflame the Duchess's curiosity to a pitch, which the vision of the following night helps to heighten. Upon Isabel's departure, she gives way to the most ungovernable passion, but meeting not with any means of compassing her object, betakes herself to the usual resort of a favourite maiden, her confidant, who possesses a sufficient share of ingenuity to further her beloved mistress's intrigue. Accordingly at the instigation of this Emblin, and by the help of a skilful leech, her inamorata, the Duchess feigns sickness, and is afflicted with such grievous fits, that the best physicians of Thurin, who are sent to her assistance by the Duke, give over the case as desperate, and advise her to take relief in her spiritual counsellors. By these she is exhorted to invoke the assistance of the saints, and Emblin, improving the suggestion, reminds her, as had been concerted, that from her youth she had ever worshipped Saint James. Upon this, as in a trance, she exclaims, that, if by the intercession of this glorious Apostle she should recover her health, she vows to pay due honour at his shrine in Spain, where his body is interred. And now recovering to the surprise and joy of the Duke her husband, who watched alone in her chamber, the whole city make rejoicings, in the midst of which the lady Isabel arrives according to promise, on her return from Rome, and the Duchess, relating her illness and her vow, they agree to take their journey into Spain together: the Duke's acquiescence being obtained, they speedily travel on, accompanied with fair ladies and lusty gentlemen, until they reach Spain. Having desired to be unknown, until they

" Arryve, wheare as the lustie Lord,  
John of Mandozze laye.  
The Spanyshe Ladye prayes

the Duchesse, then, that she  
 Maye sende to shew her brother that  
 arryved theare they be.  
 The Duchesse is content,  
 the messenger is gon;  
 And found the Lord Mandozze sonē;  
 to whom he shewes anon,  
 How that the Duchesse is  
 even now, arryved theare.  
 And tels y<sup>e</sup> questions: which betwene  
 her, and his syster weare:  
 And passyng beautye of  
 the Duchesse doth declare.  
 Mandozze then right gladly doth  
 hym selfe furthwith prepare,  
 With fortie or fyftie of  
 his worthyest gentlemen,  
 Ryght bravelye so appointed to  
 receive the Duchesse then,  
 And in his mynde he thought;  
 no Pryncesse was so free  
 Or careles of her labour, in  
 that age and tyme: that shee  
 A foote woulde undertake  
 So great a voyage for to make.  
 But for some other cause,  
 but what therof he maye  
 Conceave, in mind right well he doth  
 dissemble that alwaye,  
 So on he rydes, tyll that  
 his syster doth espye,  
 Him from a farre in fyeldes; and so  
 she sheweth by and by  
 Unto the Duchesse how,  
 he which comes rydyng heare  
 Uppon a Genet whyte as snowe:  
 that is her brother deare.  
 The rest his subjectes are.  
 Mandozze comming nighe,  
 Thryse or foure times at least, he makes  
 his horse to mount on high,  
 And leape into the ayre,  
 with flynging feete aloft.  
 On this syde turninge thrise about  
 on thother syde as oft,

His foote on ground being set  
 with comlie grace streightwaye  
 When he had kyste the Duchesse hand,  
 Madame, then dyd he saye,  
 I thinke the wandring knightes  
 that lyued longe agoe  
 And sought to wyn immortal fame  
 by valiaunt actes also,  
 If they had found suche hap,  
 admonge adventures great  
 That w<sup>t</sup>. suche worthie Pylgremes so  
 they might somtime have met :  
 Theyr speare and harnes they  
 would soone have layed syde  
 To beare your burdens in the waye,  
 your travaill to a byde."

The Princess then returns a courtly answer, and Lord Mandozze escorts her to his castle, each deeply impressed with the perfections of the other, and each telling each, by outward gestures, the secrets of the heart.

At this period of the poem the leaf before alluded to has made its escape; but it would appear from the context that the Duchess's discontented mind was not satisfied with the attentions of her lordly devotee; for she determines, after three days have passed, to make her exit abruptly, without taking leave of her host. So thanking Isabell for her courteous entertainment, she departs at break of day, leaving Mandozze in much disorder when he discovers her ungracious quittance: but presuming himself to be in fault, he soon finds pretext for following, and having overtaken her, passionately devotes himself to her service. After much free avowal on both sides, in which she promises to give satisfaction for her fault on her return, Mandozze bends home with feverish bosom, leaving the lady to pursue her journey.

" But fortune lyeth in wache  
 and doth her nettes prepare,  
 She spoyles them of their pleasures sone,  
 and turnes theyr joye to care."

For the good Duke, uneasy in the absence of his spouse, and being apprehensive of the imputation which so unguarded a journey might bring upon the honour of

a king's sister, takes with him "store of gentlemen," and arrives at St. James's town by sea, before the dallying pilgrim had reached it. On hearing of her approach he sends his attendants to meet her, and she plays her part with much finesse.

" So she to him furthwith  
 with fayned speede doth goe,  
 And lovelie lookes for him right fine  
 she shaped had also,  
 Then after gretinge sweete  
 she pytieth his paine  
 That he in danger great for her  
 such travaile should sustayne,  
 And sorye in her minde  
 (she sayth) she is, therefore,  
 But for Mandozze lustye knyght  
 it greved her the more."

At the shrine of the saint, however, this fond dame experiences a conversion, for

" her praiers ended fyrst  
 the Duchesse doth anon  
 Remember in her minde  
 her loves so lewdlye past,  
 And winnes so much of wyll, that she  
 repentyng. knowes at last  
 That God was much against  
 her enterpryses styll:  
 That shee the Duke unfaithfullye  
 deceyved: should fulfill  
 Her lust. And sorow so  
 doth synke within her brest,  
 That then within her heavey hart  
 furthwith she doth protest  
 To flye her fylthy flame,  
 and further to forgett  
 Mandozze his graces all." &c.

Being now become penitent, she resolves to quench her unallowable affection, by departing immediately from the land where it had been cherished, and so returns by sea with the Duke

" To Thurin: wheare they lyved  
 to gether longe in joye,  
 And perfect love."

Their

Their domestic happiness, however, is to meet with another blow. The kingdom of France being invaded by the Almans, the Duke of Savoy is sent for by the King, to take the command of the French army, and in his absence the "County Pancalyer," in whom he reposes much confidence, is to act as his vicegerent. But the county, elated with his elevation, begins to cherish impure admiration of the Duchess's beauty, and having the confidence to present his loathsome addresses to her ear, is rejected with lofty indignation.

" She chaufeth much that he  
of her so light should deeme:  
To thinke that then her honour shee  
so lytle should esteeme.  
And shame to him, shee saide  
that lyved all that whyle:  
And yet a doting fole, could not  
subdue affections vyle."

But Pancalin still persisting in his advances,

" Countie, she saith me thinke  
the warning which before  
I gave: might have perswaded you  
to trouble me no more:  
These enter pryces rashe,  
and will you styll pursue:  
Forgettinge how my lorde, the Duke  
hath heare advanced you.  
Is this the guerdon-meate  
which you to him restore?  
And dyd he make you his  
lieutenant now therfore,  
That you uppon his bed  
the rule also should take?  
Is this the right discharge which you  
of that same credyt make?  
Is this (I praye) thallegeance due,  
Or servyce of a subject true?  
I promyse you, that if  
you will not thus forgoe  
These follyes, I will see that you  
shalbe corrected so,  
That subjectes from hence furthe  
and traytours false, they shall

Therby exāple take. And thus  
 you maye be warned for all.  
 What confydence (I praye)  
 myght make you now so bould :  
 That you to me so hardylie  
 so traytrous mynd unfould :  
 War \* wyser from hence furthe,  
 to make your matche alwaye.  
 I am your princesse whom you ought  
 to honour and obaye.—”

[To be continued.]

J. J. P.

¶ *Sermo Iohis Alcock epi Elien.* [Under a wood-cut of a Bishop with his crosier, which is repeated on the back of the title. Col.] *Enprynted at Westmestre bi Wynkin the Worde.* n. d. qto. extends to d viij.

A sermon by John Aleock, Bishop of Ely, the founder of Jesus College, Cambridge. The text is “Jhesus clamabat (Qui habet aures audiendi audiat.) Luc. viiiij.” And the writer, in enforcing the necessity of attending regularly to divine worship and taking the sacrament, has introduced what would now appear singular, a direction to his hearers to obtain full knowledge of all proclamations as registered in the Court of Chancery; citing Magna Charta and Bretton in support of his admonition.

Two short extracts may be given to confirm the elucidation of the well known line in Hamlet, “Unhousel’d, disappointed, unanel’d.” Unanel’d, which first occurs, applies to the priest administering extreme unction.

“This sacrament is deprecatori & stondyth in prayer ryght as Cryst prayed vpon y<sup>e</sup>. crosse. So in mynistracōn of this sacrament y<sup>e</sup>. preest *anelyng* dyuers partes of mannys body besechyth almyghty god that what soo euer thys creature hath offendyd in his hert. by his eyen. his eeres. his hondes & fete.

\* Were.

or

or any other part by the whyche he hath dysplesid hym. to forgeue hym."

Unhousel'd refers to the eucharist.

"Noo man oughte to be crystenyd but in his parysshe chyrche. nor to be shryuen by the lawe but of his curate. whyche hath charge of his soule. as it is notid (in c Oi's extra depe. & re) Neuertheles therbe other places y<sup>t</sup>. men maye be shryuen in by dispensac'on. as in places where pardons ben. And to certen freres whyche ben admytted to here confessyon. Nor he ought not to be *houselyd* but in his parisshe chyrche & also there to be buryed. except he chese some other place makynge to his owne chyrche his (vltimu' vale.)"

The new fashion and wantonness of the garments then used, does not escape the censure of the good Bishop, and the attempt of Lydgate at an earlier period to restrain a similar excess, is thus described.

"Frendes I remembre dayes here before in my yongthe- y<sup>t</sup>. there was a vertuous monke of Bury callyd Lydgate. whiche wrote many noble histories. & made many vertuous balettes to the encrease of vertue. & oppression of vyce. And amonge other he made a treatyse callyd Galand. & all the kyndred of Galand he discryued therin. I suppose if galantes vnderstode the progeny. they wold refuse to be of y<sup>t</sup>. felyshyp & kyndrede. The occasion of makynge this boke was whan englysshe men were bete out & had loste Fraunce. Gascoyn. Gyon. & Normandy; & came home disguysed in theyr garment in euery parte of theyr bodyes. whiche englyssh men sawe neuer befor, and many folowed the lewde & abhomynable garmentes. in so moche y<sup>t</sup>. all good men cryed out of them. And thys good monke in detestacyon of theyr synne & wretchydnesse made the sayd boke in balette wyse. And the repete of euery balett was this, Englonde may wayle y<sup>t</sup>. euer Galand came here; and in short season after. wer<sup>t</sup> grete surrecc'ons. & murdre of lordis & other; as I doubte not many y<sup>t</sup>. lyueth can remembre it. \*

J. H.

\* *Mons perfectionis*. Otherwyse called in Englyssh *The hylle of perfection*. [Beneath, a wood-cut of an Archbishop, with a crosier. Col.] Here endeth the treatyse called *Mons perfectionis*. Emprynted by Rycharde Pynson in the xiii. yere of our souerayne lorde Kynge Henry the vii. qto. e iij. This is an exhortacion by the same writer to the Carthusians, recommending prayer, obedience, and the solitude of the cell. There were several editions, but this is unnoticed by Herbert. It is printed in double columns.

¶ *The Excellent Historie of Theseus and Ariadne. Wherein is declared her fervent loue to hym: and his Trayterous dealinge towarde her: Written in English Meeter in Cōmendacion of all good women: and to the Infamie of suche lyght Huswuyes as Phedra the sister of Ariadne was: which fled away w<sup>t</sup>. Theseus her Sisters Husbande: and is declared in this History. By Thomas Vnderdowne. Imprinted at London by Rycharde Iohnes: and are to be sold at his Shop, ioyning to the South west Doore of Paules Church. 1566. 18 of Januarie. Oct. 16 leaves.*

In "the Preface to the Reader," the author indulges in a variety of severe and uncandid observations on the general conduct of the female sex; and which are with difficulty strained into an appearance of being founded upon the characters of his poem, where true love is shewn in Ariadne; craft, dissimulation, perfidy and perjury, in Theseus: and unnatural lust and lechery in Phedra.

"I wyll not (he says) that any honest and vertuous woman be towched with that I mynde to saye: but they onely who in readyng hereof, shall by anye meanes fynde them selues agreed. And I wyll touche no poynt but onelye beautie. For yf I shoulde saye what I haue seene, reade and harde, a yere were to lytell to tell of their trickes.

"Assuredly, he that desyreth a fayre woman armeth him selfe to a right great and dangerous aduenture: and why? a fayre woman is nothyng but a gasynge stocke of ydell folkes: an earelye wakyng for them that bee lyghte: and she that is desired for her Beautie in her youthe, may hope too haue but a sorye lyfe in her age.

"An infallible rule it is, that shee that is desired for her fayrenesse, is hated for her fowlenesse: and beautie of trouthe is not perpetuall, but fadeth as the flowers and greene grasse. Also he that hathe a fayre woman must suffre her pryde: for beautie and pryde go alwaye together. Also hee must suffre her expences: for beautie in the face, and folye in the head, be two wormes that fret the lyfe, and consume the goodes. Also hee must suffre her ryotes: for a faire woman wyll, that none but shee haue her commaundementes in the howse. Also hee muste suffre her nyce mynions: for a fayre woman wyll passe her time in pleasures. Also hee muste suffre her  
her



her presumption: for euerye fynē and fayre woma<sup>m</sup> will haue preeminence before all other: & at a worde he that hath a fayre woman is appareld with as great peryll as euer was Cartha with Scipio, Jerusalem with Titus, or Rome with Brennus. . . . As for those that lyue nowe with us I feare me, thei shalbe as yll reported of tyme to come,<sup>3</sup> as they be hated now with wise and auncient men: their lookes be so loftie, their gate so stately, their apparell so disguised, their courage so hawtye, that you may muse to here of their maners, gestures, and behauiours, no lesse then thei were monsters, or thinges wherin Nature eyther had erred, or woulde not shewe her force. And where in time passed, all that was done otherwysē then honestie permitted was done very secretly. Now (I knowe no cause why) they that be dyffamed do as muchē reioyce in their naughtines, as they aforetime were ashamed of their misdedes: I can alledge no reason why suche thyngs shoulde come to passe nowe, rather then in tymes paste: but that oure women lyueso yedellye, that they eschewe all honeste labourē, and wholly addicte themselues to vn honest ydlenesse. For this is certaine where the handes is occupied: there, the harte muste needes do somewhat: and if I saye not true, let any man alleadge whenever there were moe ydell women in the whole worlde, then is nowe in the small circuit of Englande. I reade howe diuers haue ben cōmended for keypyngē themselues close in their howses, vsyngē themselues discretelye with companye: moderatelye with their housholde: decentlye with their husbandes. But neuer was any lauded, for leadyngē of an ydell lyfe. You ydle Dames whersoever you be, tell me I praye you? What was the cause that Penelope was so muchē honoured in her tyme, and lefte eternal memorie of her good renoune to vs after her death? What trade of lyfe led shee when Vlysses was at the siege of Troye? She beyngē a Quene dyd paynfullye spyn and keepe her howse, and for all the knot of gentell woers that she had, she neuer left her worke to dallye and toye with them, though her husband were awaye xx yeares. . . . But I suppose you cannot away with spynnyngē, for that vtterlye taketh awaye all vayne thoughtes, and occupyeth the minde with honest studyes: for all the senses be moued by it: the eyes with seyng that the threde be well twyned: the eares with hearyngē the sownde of the wheele: the hands with turnyng it aboute, so that no place is voyde of doing somewhat: whereby no y<sup>l</sup> can tary or raigne in y<sup>e</sup>. hart: thus much I haue said because Ariadnes idlenes caused al her grieffe: for if she had not bē idle, she had not gone out of her chamber: if she had not gon out of  
her

her chamber, she had not come to the laberynthe wherein Theseus was: if shee had not gone to the laberynthe, she hadde not hard his complaint: if she had not hard his complaint she had not loued him: if she had not loued him, she had ben safe frõ the chaunce whiche happened to her: as in the Historye shalbe declared. Ydleness is therfore the ground of all vice, & ouerthroweth quyte all the foundations of vertue." . . . .

At the conclusion of the preface is given

" *A Rule for women to brynge vp their daughters.*

" Ye mothers that your daughters wyll  
 brynge vp and nurture well:  
 These rules do keepe, & them obserue,  
 whiche I shall here nowe tell.  
 If they wyll go or gad abrode,  
 their legges let broken bee:  
 Put out their eyes if they wyll looke  
 or gaze vndecentlye.  
 If they their eares wyll gyue to hark  
 what other men do saye  
 Stoppe them vp quyte, if geue or take,  
 then cut their handes awaye  
 If they dare lyghtly vse to ianke,  
 their lippes together sowe:  
 If they wyll ought lyghtly entende,  
 lette grasse vpon them growe  
 And at a worde, if she be yll,  
 let her yll aunswers haue:  
 And for her dower geue sharpe wordes,  
 and for her house a graue.  
 Therfore ye mothers, if ye vse  
 and kepe my rules in mynde:  
 Daughters you shall haue none at all,  
 or those of Phenyx kynde."

The poem commences with the story of Pasiphae and birth of the Minotaur, and then follows that of Theseus and Ariadne: and concludes with her complaint on being forsaken, from which the following specimen is taken.

" I dyd repayre his crased shypes,  
 I dyd him treasure gyue:  
 I dyd my selfe bequeath to hym,  
 styll with hym for to lyue.

I baycketed

I bancketted this traytours men,  
 I vittayled them with store ;  
 I shewed them suche pleasure, as  
 they neuer had before.  
 I dyd my loued countrey lothe,  
 my parentes I forsooke :  
 To go with hym vnto his land,  
 all paynes I vndertooke.  
 And he lykewyse dyd swere to mee,  
 by goddes and heauens hye:  
 That he alwayes wolde be my man,  
 with me to lyue and dye.  
 Yet he my merytes dothe,  
 with falshed recompence :  
 Whiche loue and loyaltie he doth  
 dispytefullye dispence.  
 Amyd a forest wylde and wyde  
 for beares or wolues a pray  
 He leaueth me a sleepe and he  
 falsely doth go his waye.  
 His trustlesse trueth, his treason tryed,  
 his fayth, his falshed founde  
 And I a wofull wretche in care,  
 as any on the grounde.  
 To you ye goddes, I do complayne,  
 to you this tale I tell:  
 Sithe y<sup>t</sup>. he hath your names blasphemd  
 that he may hang in hell.  
 Reuenge my cause, sithe none but you  
 my whole estate do knowe:  
 That you be goddes, and wyll reuenge  
 to Theseus do showe.  
 And you that heere of mee  
 that he of judgement pure:  
 Beware to fisse in fancies flood,  
 or els to drowne be sure.  
 Beware, be wyse, example take,  
 by Ariadne's payne ;  
 Whiche helpyng hym who helpes was  
 she helpes doth remayne.  
 This sayd: the goddes did her translate  
 into the starry skye :  
 And gaue her place among the starres,  
 where she shall neuer die.  
 Finis. Th. Vn."

J. H.

*The*

¶ *The Young Gallants Whirligigg: or Youths reakes. Demonstrating the inordinate affections, absurd actions, and profuse expences, of vnbridled and affected Youth: With their extravagant courses, and preposterous progressions, and aversions. Together with the too often deare bought experience, and the rare or too late regression and reclamation of most of them from their habituall ill customes, and vnqualified manners. Vsitum peccatum, peccatum non videtur. Compiled and written by F. L. Nemo læditur nisi à seipso ergo: Iam vitulos hortare, viamque insiste domandi, dum faciles animi juvenum; dum mobilis ætas. Virg. London, Printed by M. F. for Robert Bostocke, at the signe of the King's head in Paul's Church-yard. 1629. qto. pp. 22.*

“To the Right Honovrable Sir Ivlius Cæsar, Knight, Master of the Rolls,” the author, by his dedication, says, “in regard that I once belonged to the Innes of-Court, and haue a long time as well by generall reports, (as my owne particular knowledge) beene an eye witnesse of your loyalty in your place, piety in your family, Clemency, towards poor clyents, charity to the needy, and courtesie to all: I haue presumed (vnder your Honors fauour) to présent you with a piece of an hours recreation, licenc'd by good authority. I am no vsuall poetizer, but to barre idleness haue imployed that little talent the Muses haue confer'd vpon me in this little tract. . . . Your Honors most humbly obliged Fra. Lenton.”\*

A poetical address “to three sorts of readers:” viz. “home-bred Dotards; guilded Snowballs or aspiring Sprights; and tender blades not ripened by the times.” Then “a fiction by way of argument on this booke,” in verse.

The *Whirligigg* is the history of an Inns of Court student launching into all the prevailing vices and extra-

\* Langbaine in his *Account of the Dramatick Poets*, p. 482, mentions a little piece printed 1634, called “*The Inns of Court Anagrammatist, or the Masquers masqued in Anagrammes*, written by Mr. Francis Lenton, one of her Majesty's poets:” upon which Oldys pithily observes, “and a wretched one God wot.”

vagance of folly and pleasure. It appears to be faithfully touched, which seems the best apology for the feebleness of the verse, and gives interest to the following passages. Having quitted the university the hero is sent from the country

“ to the Innes of Court,  
 To study laws, and neuer to surcease,  
 Till he be made a justice of the peace.  
 Now here the ruine of the youth begins,  
 For when the country cannot finde out sinnes  
 To fit his humour, London doth inuent  
 Millions of vices, that are incident  
 To his aspiring minde; for now one yeare  
 Doth eleuate him to a higher sphere;  
 And makes him thinke he hath atchieued more,  
 Then all his fathers auncestors before.  
 Now thinkes his father, here's a goodly sonne,  
 That hath approached vnto *Littleton*,  
 But neuer lookt on't; for instead of that  
 Perhaps he's playing of a game at *Cat*.  
 No, no, good man, hee reades not *Littleton*,  
 But *Don Quix Zot*, or els *The Knight o' the Sun*:....  
 Instead of *Perkins* pedlers french, he sayes  
 He better loues Ben. Iohnson's booke of playes,  
 But that therein of wit he findes such plenty,  
 That he scarce vnderstands a iest of twenty;  
 Nay keepe him there vntill the day of doome,  
 Hee'll ne'er reade out *Natura Breuium*.  
 But Ouid-like, against his father's minde,  
 Finde pleasant studies of another kinde. ....  
 This golden asse in this hard iron age,  
 Aspireth now to sit vpon the stage,  
 Lookes round about, then viewes his glorious selfe,  
 Throws mony here and there, swearing hang pelfe,  
 As if the splendor of his mightinesse  
 Should neuer see worse dayes, or feele distresse. . . .  
 Your theaters hee daily doth frequent  
 (Except the intermitted time of Lent)  
 Treasuring vp within his memory  
 The amorous toys of euery comedy,  
 With deepe delight; whereas he doth appeare  
 Within God's temple scarcely once a yeare,  
 And that poore once more tedious to his minde,  
 Then a year's trauell, to a toiling hynd.

Playes

Playes are the nurseries of vice, the bawd,  
 That thorow the senses steales our hearts abroad,  
 Tainting our eare with obscœne bawdery,  
 Lasciuious words and wanton ribaulry.  
 Charming the casements of our soules, the eyes,  
 To gaze vpon bewitching vanities,  
 Beholding base loose actions, mimick gesture,  
 By a poore boy clad in a princely vesture.  
 These are the onely tempting baits of hell,  
 Which draw more youth vnto the damned cell  
 Of furious lust, then all the deuill could doe  
 Since he obtained his first ouerthrow. . . . .  
 Old Dædalus, his father, being dead,  
 He now begins to take a greater head; . . . .  
 For now his fathers lands, bonds, golden bags,  
 Buys him a coach, foure Flanders mares, two nags. . . .  
 He courts it now euen at the court indeed,  
 Sometimes on Gennet, sometimes English steed,  
 Pacing with lacques in the paued streets,  
 In glory bowing to each friend he meets;  
 (Too prodigall of his fain'd courtesie,  
 Which may be term'd a proud humilitie)  
 The estridge on his head with beauer rare,  
 Vpon his hands a Spanish sent to weare,  
 Haires curl'd, eares pearl'd, with Bristows brauery bright,  
 Brought for true diamonds, in his false sight;  
 All ore perfum'd, and, as for him tis meete,  
 His body's clad i' th' silkwormes winding sheete. . . . .  
 The Cockpit heretofore would serue his wit,  
 But now vpon the Fryers stage hee'll sit,  
 It must be so, though this expensie foole  
 Should pay an angell for a paltry stoole. . . .  
 —ere hee can behold his wofull case,  
 He is immured in some wretched place : . . . .  
 His silken garments, and his sattin robe  
 That hath so often visited the Globe.  
 And all his spangled rare perfum'd attires.  
 Which once so glistred in the torchy Fryers,  
 Must to the broakers to compound his debt,  
 Or else be pawned to procure him meate. . . . .  
 Nor are his creditors alone obdure,  
 But euen his copesmates, whom he thought so sure,  
 Shall shrink like slimy snailes into the shell,  
 Whilst he his plaints vnto the walls doth tell,  
 Whose friendship was ingendred by the sun  
 Reflecting on their base corruption. . . . .

Lastly,

Lastly, lookes backe with a dejected eye  
 Vpon his pampred daies, sports, libertie,  
 His midnight reuels, and abundant wine,  
 He sacrificed vnto Bacchus shrine,  
 His bowles of nectar, fill'd vp to the brim,  
 In which he to his marmosite did swim;  
 His oysters, lobstars, cauiare, and crabs,  
 With which he feasted his contagious drabs;  
 Oringoes, hartichoakes, potatoe pies,  
 Pronocatiues vnto their luxuries;  
 His musicke's consort, and a cursed crue,  
 That vs'd to drink, vntill the ground look'd blew. . . .  
 Yet oftentimes hope doth awake his spirit,  
 And tells him one day yet hee shall inherit  
 His freedome, and release; which being done,  
 Another course he doth intend to run,  
 So moderate, and graue, that by the power  
 Of him that sits in the immortall tower,  
 His second life hatcht by supernall fire,  
 Co-operating with a true desire  
 To rectifie his former follies past,  
 Shall make him shine a brighter star at last."

J. H.

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¶ *The Praise of Musicke: Wherein besides the antiquitie, dignitie, delectation, & vse thereof in ciuill matters, is also declared the sober and lawfull vse of the same in the congregation and Church of God. Hieron. in Psal. 64. Matutinis Vespertinisque hymnis Ecclesiæ delectatur Deus per animam fidelem, quæ relicto inanium superstitionum ritu, eum deuotè laudauerit. God is delighted with the morning & euening hymns of the church, in a faithfull soul, which reiecting the ceremonies of vaine superstition, praiseth him deuotly. Printed at Oxenford by Ioseph Barnes printer to the Vniuersitie, Anno 1586. Oct. p. 152.*

The reputed author of this rare and erudite performance was the learned Dr. John Case. His biographer, Wood, states him to have been born at Woodstock in Oxfordshire;

Oxfordshire: educated there in English, but in Latin partly at New College, and partly at Christ Church, of both which places he was successively a chorister. In 1564 he was elected scholar of Saint John's College, and was afterwards Fellow, Master of Arts, and the most noted disputant and philosopher that ever before set foot in that college. Being inclined to the Roman Catholic persuasion he left his Fellowship, and on 30th Dec. 1574, married Elizabeth, the widow of one Dobson, Keeper of the Bocardo prison. He afterwards read lectures on logic and philosophy to young men (mostly Catholics) in a private house in St. Mary Magdalen's parish, and there had disputations, declamations and exercises as in colleges and halls, and many eminent men issued thence. He published Commentaries on Aristotle, and was much respected for his knowledge in medicine, of which he was made (or took the degree of) Doctor, 1589, and the same year obtained the Prebendary of North Aulton, in the church of Sarum. From his lectures he possessed a competent estate, the greater portion of which he bequeathed to pious uses. He died about the sixtieth year of his age, on the 23d January, 1599, and was interred in the chapel of Saint John's College, where a monument was erected to his memory.\*

In specifying the works published by Dr. Case, the words of Wood are: "*Apologia Musices tam vocalis, quam instrumentalis & mixtæ.* Ox. 1588. Oct. I have a book in my library, entitled, *The praise of Musick, wherein besides the antiquity and dignity, &c. is declared the sober and lawful use of the same in the Congregation of the church of God.* Ox. 1586. Oct. It was written by an Oxford scholar, then lately deceased, but what was his name I cannot in all my searches find. It was printed and published by the said Joseph Barnes, who putting a Dedicatory Epistle before it, to Sir Walter Raleigh, with his name subscribed, he is therefore, in several auction catalogues, said to be the author of it."

Barnes, in the Dedication, requests Sir Walter Raleigh to become the patron of the work, being worthy "and pleasant to be read, because it is an orphan of one of

\* Athenæ Oxon. Vol. I. col. 299.



Lady Musickes children." Adding "it is commended to me by men of good iudgment and learning." From the describing it as "an orphan," Wood concluded the author "then lately deceased;" though that sentence is not followed with any observation to prove the work posthumous: nor is it probable that was the fact. From the circumstance of Case then looking forward to his degrees (which he did not obtain until three years afterwards) and reading lectures publicly to his students, it might be considered a work of too light and trifling a nature to be sanctioned formally with his name, although every page proves it the performance of a man of extensive reading, and well acquainted with his favourite author Aristotle, to whom the frequent references serve to confirm the presumption of flowing from his pen. His youthful character of a chorister may also explain the meaning of "one of Lady Musick's children," and, as the preface states, ecclesiastical music as "a matter in controversie," publishing anonymously must appear best to a man deeply engaged in scholastic pursuits, and of a distinct persuasion. The late Dr. Farmer attributed it to him ;\* and Ritson, upon that authority, has registered the name of Case in the *Bibliographia Poetica*. However, I shall proceed to adduce a more conclusive proof that such appropriation may be relied on, which a recent visit to Oxford, while taking a hasty glance at a small portion of the unexplored treasures of the Bodleian Library, enabled me to supply. It is some lines by the famous sonneteer, Thomas Watson, which are addressed as

" *A gratification vnto Mr. John Case, for his learned Booke, lately made in the prayes of Musick.*

1. Let others praies what likes them best,  
I like his lynes aboue the rest,  
Whose pen hath paynted Musicks praies:  
By nature's lawe by wisdomes rule,  
He soundly blames the sencelesse foole,  
And barb'rous Scithian of our dayes.
2. He writes of angels harmony,  
Aboue the harpe of MERCURIE  
He writes of sweetly turninge spears:  
How birds and beasts, & wormes reioyce,

\* See Bib. Farmeriana, No. 5635.

How dolphins lou'd ARIONS voyce,  
He makes a frame for MIDAS ears.

3. Then may the solemne stoicke finde,  
That MOMUS and him self ar blynde,  
And that rude MARSIA wanteth skill:  
Whiles will and witlesse ears are bent,  
Against APOLLO's sweet consent,  
The nurse of good, y<sup>e</sup>. scourge of ill.
4. Let Eris then delight in warrs,  
Let Enuy barke against the starrs,  
Let Folly sayle w<sup>th</sup> may thee please:  
With him I wish my dayes to spende  
Whose quill bath stooode fayre MUSICKS friend,  
Chief friend to peace, chief port of ease.

q<sup>d</sup>. Tho. Watson." \*

An

\* From a MS. volume, formerly in Hearne's possession, now among Dr. Rawlinson's collection in the Bodleian, *MSS. Rawl. Poet.* 148.—The volume appears to be miscellaneous poems, written temp. Elizabeth, and transcribed by John Lilliat, whose own verses form a large portion of the collection. There are others by Doctor Eedes, Oxon; Dr. Langeworth; Edward Dier; John Lilly; &c. The following appears as anonymous.

“ *Of lingering Loue.*

- “ 1. In lingering Loue mislikinge growes,  
Wherby our fancies ebbs and flowes;  
We love to day, and hate to morne,  
And dayly when we list to scorne.  
Take heed therfore,  
If she mislike, then love no more:  
Quicke speed makes waste,  
Loue is not gotten in such haste.
2. The sute is colde that soone is done,  
The forte is feeble easly wonne:  
The haulke that soone comes by her pray  
May take a toye and sore away,  
Marke what means this,  
Some thincke to hitt & yet they misse:  
First creepe, then goe,  
Me thincke our loue is handled soe.
3. For lacke of bellows the fire goes out,  
Some say, the next way is about:  
Few things are had without some sute,  
The tree at first will bear no frute.  
Serue longe, hope well,  
Loe heere is all that I can tell:

Tyme

An intelligent and amusing preface to the reader, says,

“ True it is, which is reported of poets and musitions, that they are no otherwise affected toward their own deuises, than parents toward their children. And surely (gentle reader) I willingly confesse vnto thee, that I am glad I haue some skill in musicke, which is so sweete, so good, so vertuous, so comely a matrone among other artes. Wherefore I shal not iustly blame thee, if thou think, that loue and affection hath preuailed much with me in publishing of this pamphlet: for therein thou shalt giue testimonie vnto me, that I haue performed the part of a kinde and gratefull sonne, in bestowing the best of mine abilitie, to the aduancing of so gracious a mother. Neither would I haue thee so much to stand vpon this conceit, as if reason had no place in this action: considering that affection without reason, is a blind and vniust iudge of any matter. May it therefore please thee, no otherwise to iudge of my labour, than the reasons therein alleaged shall giue thee

- Tyme tries out troth,  
And troth is likt, wher ere it goth.
4. Some thincke all theirs that they doe seeke,  
Some wantons wooe but for a weeke:  
Some wooe to shew their subtile wits,  
Such palfreys play vpon their bits.  
    Fine heads god knowes,  
That plucks a nettle for a rose:  
    They meete their mach,  
And fare the woorsse because they snatch.
5. We silly women can not rest,  
For men that love to woe in iest;  
Some lay their baite in ev'ry nooke,  
And ev'ry fish doth spie their hooke.  
    Ill ware, good cheape,  
Which makes vs looke before we leape;  
    Craft, can cloke much,  
God saue all simple soules from such.
6. Though lingering Loue be lost some while,  
Yet lingering louers laugh and smile:  
Who will not linger for a day,  
To banish hope and happ away,  
    Loue must be plide  
Who thincks to fayle must wayte ye. tide:  
    Thus ends his dance:  
God send all ling'ers happie chance.”

just occasion: and if it happen thou come to the viewe hereof with a preiudice, yet consider that nature hath therefore giuen thee two eares, that thou shouldest aswell applie the one to the defendant as the other to the plaintife. . . . Some, I doubt not, will exult to drawe a reproch of this art from the ancient Greeks, with whom it was at the first in greatest estimation: & therefore will triumph that Minerua should haue cast away her Recorder from her in disdaine, not as some say, because the vsing thereof made her cheekes swell and puffed, but as Aristotle rather thought, because the playing on a Recorder doth neither auail the mind, nor help knowledge any thing at al: whereas we ascribe art & knowlege to Minerua; But I would not haue any mā suppose that my purpose is in this treatise; otherwise to speak of this sciēce, than so, as that it may seem both worthy priuate delectation, for a man's proper solace: and also publikely cōmodious in matters both ciuill & ecclesiasticall as in the processe shalbe declared. And therefore I refer the reader for the decēt vse hereof in gentlemen, to the 8 booke of Aristotles politiques, & the 7 chapter of Sir Thomas Eliots first booke of his Governour. From whom he shall sufficiently gather what the proper and sober vse hereof is and ought to bee. . . . .”

The work is divided into twelve chapters, and their heads may form a succinct analysis of the whole.

“ The Antiquitie and original of Mvsicke: first generally then more particularly set downe,—The dignitie of Mvsicke proved both by the rewardes and practise of many and most excellent men.—The syauitie of Mvsicke.—The effects and operation of Mvsicke.—The necessitie of Mvsicke.—The vse of Mvsick generallie in the course of our life.—The particvler vse of Mvsicke in ciuill matters, especially in sacrifices, feasts, mariages and burials.—The particvler vse of Musicke in warlike matters.—The lawful vse of Mvsicke in the Chvrch confirmed by the practise of the Church.—The lawfvll vse of Chvrch Mvsickē proued by authorities out of the Doctours.—Sentences of the Scripture for the vse of Church Musick.—A refvtation of obiections against the lawful vse of Musicke in the Church.”

J. H.

¶ *The Booke in meeter of Robin Conscience: against his Father Couetousnesse his Mother Newgise and his Sister Proud Beautye very necessary to be read and marked of all people that will auoide the dangers thereof, which is vnto condemnation. Newly corrected by the Author. Abacuc. 2. Cursed be he that getteth any thing into his house by Couetousnes. Esay. 33. He shall dwell with God that is without Couetousness. qto. B iij.*

This poem is divided into three dialogues: the first is in censure of covetousness: the second of gay attire: and the last of pride, which thus concludes:

*Robin.* Sister, your colling and kissing will haue an euill end,  
To clatter and flatter is no maidenlike way:  
Your gladness and madnes doth God sore offend,  
To intice men to vice is all your cheefest play,  
In their sight your delight is for to goe gay. [will:  
Wherefore measure your pleasure by God's woord and  
And you shall finde that your minde is whorish and ill.

*Maide.* I perceiue that thou wouldst haue me liue like a mome,  
I will talke no more with thee for I must depart:  
By the masse if thou shouldst dwell long at home,  
My mother and I might beshrew thy hart,  
If thou by thy talking shouldst my father conuert.  
Then his welth, her pleasure, my pastime and dallying,  
Were clene dispatched by this new learning.

*Robin.* Sister, God haue you and saue you if it be his pleasure,  
And pretend to amend, for your life is now euill:  
Look in God's booke to haue heavenly treasure,  
There seek to be meek your proud hart to kill;  
Make haste for to taste of Gods holy will.  
For it is health and welth, to those that be penitcht: \*  
Wherefore yet euer more delight in Christs Testament.

Finis.

To talke well with some women doth as much good:  
As a sicke man to eate vp a load of greene wood."

*At London printed by Edward Allde.*

J. H.

\* Sic.

N N 2

*Robin*

¶ *Robin Conscience, or Cunscionable Robin. His progresse thorow Court, City and Conntrey: with his bad entertainment at each severall place. Very pleasant and merry to bee read. Written in English meeter by M. P.*

*Charitie's cold, mens hearts are hard,  
and most doores 'gainst Conscience bard.*

*London: Printed for F. Coles, at the upper end of the Old Baily, neare the Sessions house. 1635. 12mo. b. 1.*

This title appears to have been borrowed by the author, Martin Parker, from the preceding article. The progress of Conscience is related in rhyme, such as

“ The Mercers and Silke-men also,  
That dwell in Pater noster row,  
Their hate against poore Conscience show,  
and when I  
Came to that place, they all did set  
On me, cause I their gaines would let,  
Who will both sweare and lye, to get  
one penny:  
From thence vnto Cheapside I past,  
Where words in vaine I long did wast,  
Out of the place I soone was chas'd:  
Quoth one man,  
Conscience, for thy presumption base  
Intruding to this golden place  
Thou death deseruest, therefore apace  
Be gone man,  
Dost thinke we that haue so much gold  
Before our eyes still to behold,  
Will thus by Conscience be controld  
and curbed?  
Oh no, poore fellow, haste away,  
For if long in this place thou stay,  
Thou shalt be (Ile be bold to say)  
disturbed.”

J. H.

*Harry*

¶ *Harry White his humour,*

So neare as may be            Let honest men buy,  
 Set forth by M. P.            And knaves let it lya:  
 In which is exprest,            This is not for them,  
 Both earnest and jest:        Who vertue contemne.

Not every man in's humour's promis'd here,  
 Yet in one's humour many more appeare.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the signe  
 of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield. n. d. 12mo.

In prose, and by the same voluminous scribbler. It forms a string of either moral or ludicrous conclusions, such as,

“ Item. Having lately read the rare history of patient Grizell, out of it he hath drawne this phylosophicall position, that if all women were of that woman's condition, we should haue no employment for cuckinstooles.

This is Harry White's humour.

Item. He is of this opinion, that if the histories of Garrantua and Tom Thumbe be true: by consequence Bevis of Hampton, and Scoggins Jests must needes bee authentically.

This is Harry White's humour.”

J. H.

¶ *The Melancholie Knight. By S. R.* [Wood-cut of the Knight a whole length dressed in the extravagance of the newest fashion.\*] *Imprinted at London by R. B. and are to be sold by George Loftus, in*

\* “ His face being marked with his hat pull'd downe,  
 And in French doublet without gowne or cloake,  
 His hose the largest euer came to towne,  
 And from his nostrils came much stinking smoake;  
 Garters would make two ensignes for a neede,  
 And shoo-ties that for circle did exceede.  
 His head hung downe, his armes were held acrossse,  
 And in his hat a cole-blacke feather stucke,  
 His melancholy argued some great losse,  
 He stood so like the picture of ill lucke.”—

*Bishops-gate streete, neere the Angell.* 1615. qto.  
pp. 38.

The production of Samuel Rowlands, in his usual rambling vein of local description. An address "to respectiue readers," and an "Introduction" both in verse. The Knight declares,

" I haue red ouer (while youth's glasse did run,)  
Sir Lancelot of the Lake, the Knight of th' Sun,  
Sir Triamour, Sir Beuis, and Sir Guy,  
Fowre sonnes of Amon, hors'd so gallantly,  
And all the old world's worthy men at armes.  
That did reuenge faire ladies wrongs and harmes  
The monster slayers and the gyant killers,  
With all the rest of Mars his braue well-willers,  
Which to rehearse I neuer shall be able,  
The Worthis Arthur had at his Round Table;  
And how in Chronicles those dead ones liue,  
By breath that Fame doth from the trumpet giue.  
But what an age is this my fellow Knights?  
(I meane all you whom melancholy bites)  
As it doth me, the iouiall sort I leaue  
That haue their hundreds yeerely to receiue;  
For they and I, I know shall neuer meete  
In Golding lane, nor yet in Siluer streete;  
My melancholy walkes finde spacious roome,  
With pensiue pace, about Duke Humfrey's toome,  
Where many thoughts aboue the steeple climbe,  
That humbly walke away their dinner time:  
Yet in despite of Fortune's turning wheele,  
In scorne of gold I weare it at my heele;  
Euen in contempt of wealth my spurres are guilt,  
And siluer's common in my rapier's hilt;  
I hate the idoll misers dote vpon,  
Being as bigge in heart as Prester Iohn."

Ridicule on prevailing manners is the object of the poet; and the story of a serpent, then rife, forms no inconsequential part of this long poem. At the end are a few "Melancholic Conceits." One is addressed

" *To Fortune.*

" Thou pur-blinde puppet for a trads-mans staule,  
Thou limping ladie of the hospitall;

Empresse



Empresse of epicures and belly-gods,  
 With whom I vowe to liue and die at ods;  
 Thou mole-ey'd, owle-ey'd, Countess for a spittle,  
 That giues to some too much, to mee too little,  
 Thou whirly-gigge, and rats-bane of my life;  
 Which by thy wheele dost seeme some wheel-wrights  
 Thou make-bate of a discontented minde, [wife,  
 Thou water-bubble, wastfull puffe of winde,  
 Thou flying-feather of a wood-cock's wing,  
 Thou heathenish and very pagan thing,  
 Thou miser's friend, thou worthie gallant's foe,  
 Thou scurvie Ballat of *I wale in woe*,  
 Thou that all discontentment dost prouoke,  
 Thou worse to me then this Tobacco smoke,  
 Thou that rage, fury, enny dost importune,  
 Ile tickle thee, thou scurvy minded Fortune."

J. H.

¶ *Heavens Glory, seeke it. Earts vanitie, flye it.  
 Hells Horror, fere it.* [On a curtain central of a title  
 engraved in compartments representing the effects of  
 luxury and vice; and the bellman under the labell.]  
*London: Printed for Michaell Sparke. A<sup>o</sup>. 1628.  
 Oct. 236.*

Some essays and prayers by Samuel Rowlands, inter-  
 spersed with two or three pieces of poetry. Near the end  
 of the volume is a new title:

*The Common Cals, Cryes and Sounds of the Bell-man,  
 or Diuers Verses to put vs in minde of our mortallitie.  
 Which may serue as warnings to be prepared at all  
 times for the day of our death. Printed at London  
 for M. S. 1628. 12 leaves.*

The signature is continued but not the pagination.  
 The pieces are for particular days, with a few of a  
 general character, which a single poem will sufficiently  
 show

" Remember man thou art but dust,  
 There is none aliue but dye he must,

To day a man, to morrow none,  
 So soone our life is past and gone.  
 Mans life is like a withered flower,  
 Aliue and dead all in an houre,  
 Leauē of thy sins therefore in time,  
 And Christ will rid thee from thy crime."

J. H.

¶ *The most dangerous and memorable aduerture of Richard Ferris, one of the five ordinarie Messengers of her Maiesties Chamber, who departed from Tower Wharfe on Midsommer day last past, with Andrew Hill and William Thomas, who vndertooke in a small Wherry Boate, to rowe by Sea to the citie of Bristowe, and are now safely returned. Wherein is particularly expressed their perils sustained in the saide voyage, and the great entertainment they had at seuerall places vpon the coast of England, as they went, but especially at the said Citie of Bristow. Published by the sayd Richard Ferris. London: Printed by John Wolfe for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop being at the litle north dore of Pauls at the signe of the Gunne. 1590. qto.*

Dedicated to Sir Thomas Heneage, Knight. The narrative states the voyage to have commenced on Midsommer day, and their return to London on the 8th of August.

Upon accomplishment of this voyage "The Maior of Bristow, with his brethren the Aldermen, came to the water side and welcomed vs most louingly, and the people came in great multitudes to see vs, in so much as by the consent of the magistrates, they tooke our boate from vs, not suffering vs once to meddle with it, in respect that we were all extreame wearie, and carried our saide boate to the high crosse, in the citie; from thence it was conuaid to the towne house, there locked safe all night. And on the next morning the people of the citie gathered themselues together, & had prepared trumpets, drummes, fyfes & ensignes to go before the boate, which was carried vpon mens shoulders round about the citie, with  
 the

the waites of the saide citie playing orderly in honour of our rare and daungerous attempt atchiued. Afterwardes we were had to Maister Maiors, to the Aldermen and Sheriffes houses, where we were feasted most royally and spared for no cost at the tyme that we remained there."

The tract concludes with "A new Sonnet made vpon the arriual and braue entertainement of Richard Ferris with his boat, who arriued at the Citie of Bristowe on the third day of August, 1590." It forms a ballad of eleven stanzas, subscribed "James Sargent." The last two stanzas will be a sufficient specimen.

" Well Ferris now the game is thine,  
No losse thou hast thanke him aboue,  
From thy two mates doe not decline,  
But still in heart doe thou them loue,  
So shall thy store increase no doubt,  
Through him that brought thy boat about.

I end with prayers to the Lord,  
To saue and keepe our royall Queene,  
Let all true hearts with one accord,  
Say Lord preserue her grace from teene,  
Blesse Lord her friendes, confound her foes,  
For aye Lord saue our royall Rose."\*

J. H.

¶ *The Blacke yeare. Seria iocis. London: Printed by E. Alde, for William Tunine, dwelling in Pater-noster-rowe, at the signe of the Flower de Luce and Crowne neere Cheapside. 1606. qto. Sig. E iiii.*

\* The subjects of the above six articles may be found in the Bodleian Library, where also may be found a rare tract by Thomas Decker, entitled:

*The Rarrevens Almanacke Foretelling of a Plague, Famine, and Ciuill Warre. That shall happen this present yeare 1609, not only within this Kingdome of great Brittain, but also in France, Germany, Spayne & other parts of Christendome. With certaine remedies, rules, and receipts how to preuent or at least to abate the edge of these vniuersall Calamities. Printed by E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-head-Pallace neere the Royall Exchange. 1609. 4to.*

Dedicated

Dedicated "to the Right Worshipfull and worthy loue of learning, and vertue, Maister Francis Coppinger, Esquire," as "the true Mæcenas of the Muses, and iudicial in their exercises," subscribed "by him that desires to be a more deseruer of your loue. Antho. Nixon."

An address "to the reader," tells him this little treatise was "occasioned chiefly by the late treacherous proceedings, although it bee mixed with various matter to please conceipt, because that hath already beene sufficiently handled by others."

In a bantering vein of humour the author amusingly describes the various interested and ephemeral pursuits of the busy throng. The passages that now appear interesting may be selected. He commences:

"The Blacke yeare. By this yeares reuolution, which is the sunnes entrance into the signe of the martiall Ramme, there shall many blacke enormities, & discommodities happen to the world: men forgette those good vertues, which are naturally graffed in the; whose effects bee, to doe good to others: and wherein the image of God is resembled in man, and sensually cherrish their bodies with a moment of pleasure, to be after punished with an eternitie of paine. And shall follow the conditions of the world, dissembling still with the same, holding themselues happie that can flye from the seeing eye not from the sinne, that can applaud in publique and defraude in priuate. Such as bee rich, shall bee sure of friendes, but they that are poore, may spend money when they can get it. Those that haue no mittens in winter may blow their nailes by authoritie, for no man will pittie the that are needy: such as carrie empty purses, may dine by wit, if it will preuaile, or walke in Paules by Duke Humphry, for charitie is fled that should feede the hungrie. . . . Many shal be so new-fangle in their formes of apparell, that a new fashion shall scarcelye appeare in the French King's Kitchin, but it shall be presently translated ouer into the Court of England. But that shal cause mercers to haue many bad debtors, and make catchpoles to be gentlemen, for like bug-bearers they shal cause such as feare them to flye from them. . . . Some bookesellers this yeare shall not haue cause to boast of their winuings, for that many write that flowe with phrases and yet are bairein in substance, and such are neyther wise, nor witty; others are so concise that you neede a comẽtarie to vnderstand them, others haue good wittes, but so criticall that they arraigne other mens works at the tribunall seate of euery censurious Aristarchs vnderstanding, when their owne are sacrificed in Paules Churchyard for bring-  
ing

ing in the *Dutch Curtezan* to corrupt English conditions, and sent away *Westward* for carping both at court, cittie and countrie. For they are so sodaine witted, that a flea can no sooner friske forth, but they must needs cōment on her. Others shal be so subject to affection, that whē they haue don any thing worthy of praise they eyther like hennes that goe cackling, in regard of their new laid egge and blaze their owne workes abroad, or indeauour by secret insinuation to bee commended by others as the Italian poet did, who hauing made an epigram which much pleased himselfe, shewed it to some of his friendes, praying it aboue the skies; they presently demaunding who was the author? He for very shame of pride would not tell them it was his, but with a fleeing countenance gauē them to vnderstād, that the verses and the laughter were cosin-germaines, and issued both frō the same proud heart: therin discovering both his owne selfe-loue and vanitie. . . . There shall be also as much strife among players who shall haue the greatest auditory, as it warre among the foure knaues at cardes for superiorite. . . . This yeare shall breede diuers monsters in our nation, whereof some shall haue such long tongues, as they can keepe no counsell; but whatsoeuer they heare, they shall presently blab forth & oftentimes make a matter worse in telling. Some others shall haue such lightnesse in their braines, that albeit they know little, yet they shall meddle much and thrust themselues so farre into others affayres, that for lacke of looking into their owne, they shall eyther daunce a Beggers Galliard, or feele the price of such follies as follow *Hadiwistes*\* . . . . Players shal haue libertie to  
be

\* From "Had I wist," i. e. had I known. As this sentence appears, from the frequent use of it by old writers, to have become almost proverbial, the following notices of its occurrence may not be altogether unacceptable.—It is used in a Letter from Mr. Cheeke to the Duke of Somerset, temp. Edw. VI. See *Nuga Ant.* Vol. I. p. 45, where Mr. Park also refers to *Heywood's Dialogue and Epigrams* upon English Proverbs.—"Neuer trust thou these training toyes, and euer restraine thy louing glaunce, treade on the euen path, not once slippe aside, for feare of *Had I wist* proue a foole." *Meibaucke's Philotimus*, 1583.—It is the title and subject of a poem in the first sheet of the *Paradise of Dainty Deuices*.—In a poem entitled "the way to thrift." at the end of *The Northern Mothers blessing*, said to be written nine years before the death of Chaucer, and printed for Robert Dexter, 1597, we have

" And if thou hope of help and trist,  
Of lords and ladies with her pleasance;  
And yet beware of *Had I wist*,

For

be as famous in pride and idleness, as they are dissolute in living, and as best in their marriages for communitie, as vnhappie in their choyces for honesty. . . .”

This will shew the manner of chronicling records for the Black year: the tract recommences with “but now

For old enuy makes new distaunce:  
 In pride and pouerty is great penaunce,  
 And yet is danger most disease,  
 Here is cumberrouse acquaintance,  
 When noder of hem oder please;  
 For *Had I wist* comes euer to late;  
 When there lackes both lock and key  
 What nede is then to spare the yat,  
 When nothing is leued in the way. . . .”

Breton has it in a passage of his rare tract of *Pasquils passe and passeth not*, 1600.

“When that the world is set vpon a will,  
 And purses carie matters as they list,  
 When all the grace is in the golden skill,  
 And few or none that cares for *had I wist*;  
 And each one thinks Ie walketh in a mist:  
 When all these courses fall out in a yeere,  
 I feare me Doomes day will be very neere. . . .”

The author of *A pleasant Comoedie, wherein is merily shewen the Wit of a Woman*, 1604, gives it in dialogue, after a feeble pun upon the similarity of the pronunciation between full and fool:

“*Erinta*. Let vs haue a bout with our witts, to fit our wils to the full.

*Gianetta*. I pray God it be not ill speede to the foole.

*Er*. Tush, ware *had I wist*, and good enough. . . .”

John Davies of Hereford, in *The Scourge of Folly*, tells the Earl of Montgomery, in an epigram, of his being favoured by fortune: concluding:

“Now vp aloft; then straight o'erwhelm'd belowe,  
 Being seates of shame belowe, and at the high'st,  
 Let wisdome guide then, while fortune flowe,  
 So shalt thou scape the rock cal'd *Had I wist*;  
 But had I wist thou hadst beene borne from mee,  
 On fortune's flood, I would haue followed thee. . . .”

To conclude with the author of the above article in *The Scourge of Corruption or a cresty knave needs no Broker*, by Anthony Nixon, 1615; he describes attorneys “perswading their clyents their cause was good, and kept them so long in hope of *had I wist*, that they were faine to sell their horse to continue lawe for the bridle.”

*Seria iocis*," wherein the author reprobates the hypocrisy of the Church of Rome. Some occasional verses and translations are interspersed.

J. H.

¶ *The Mous-Trap*. [Wood-cut of a spring trap with a mouse seizing the bait. Motto: "*Mordentem Mordeo*."] *Vni si possim, posse placere sat est*. Printed at London for F. B. dwelling at the Flower-de-Luce and Crowne in Paul's-churchyard. 1606. 4to. Sig. F. iij.

There is an attempt at little wit by the inscribing of the dedication to this collection of Epigrams, which runs "to his no little respected friend little Iohn Bvck, I dedicate this my little booke."—And concludes, "thine in the prodigality of his loue's sincerity. H. P." which are probably the initials of Henry Petowe, a third rate poet of that period.

An address "to the plaine-dealing Reader," whom the author distinguishes as "Honest friend and good fellow;" and says, "I could haue said Right Courteous, woorthy, and respected Reader, but that you knowe were to insinuate; which in a preface of so plaine consequence I hold most friuolous and vnnecessary: howbeit with some it is as vsual as salt and spoons before meat. But you may see I meddle not with you, or any so iudicious audience To thee my therefore kind familiar, and olde acquaintance, I trust I shall not neede vse many complementes (a worde more stale the mackarel in Iuly) which if it but relish in thy mouth neare so little (I meane if it but iumpe with thy worste conceits) I care not: at least do but suspend what thou immaginest, and it shall suffice. Farewell."

Then follows "ad Curiosum," of twelve lines, introductory of one hundred epigrams.

"Aske Ficus how his luck at dicing goes,  
Like to the tide (saith he) it ebbes and flowes;  
Then I suppose his chance cannot be good,  
For all men knowes, 'tis longer ebbe then flood."

I wonder

“ I wonder when our poets will forbear,  
 To write 'gainst citizens their honest wiues:  
 Who (though vnknowne to me) yet durst I sweare,  
 They neuer wronged man in all their lines.  
 Put case their husbands pocket,—you know what,  
 Must they on stages needs be pointed at?”

“ Signior Fantasmus nere such pleasure found  
 In any thing, as in a deep mouth'd hound:  
 Small was that pleasure, when vpon one day,  
 He lost his hayre, and hunted all away.”

“ Nay, good Sir, giue vs leaue at least to know you,  
 Was not your father once a man of trade?  
 You now are riche: I know who may beshrow you,  
 That for your sake, were younger brothers made.  
 Hearke in your eare; 'tis not the wealth you haue,  
 Can shield you from the scandall of a knaue.”

“ Magus would needs forsooth this other day,  
 Vpon an idle humor see a play:  
 When asking him at dore, that held the box,  
 What might you call the play? (quoth he) the Fox.  
 In goes my Gen-man (who could iudge of wit)  
 And being asked how he liked it:  
 Said all was ill, both Fox and him that play'd it,  
 But was not he thinke you a goose that said it?”

An “ Epilogos,” of six lines, describes the work like apparel made in Birchiu-lane:

“ If any please to sute themselues and weare it,  
 The blame's not mine, but theirs that needs will beare  
 it.”

J. H.

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¶ *Choice, Chance, and Change: or, Conceites in their Colours. Imprinted at London for Nathaniell Fosbrooke, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Helmet. 1606. qto. Sig. K 4.*

“ To the Reader. If your choise chaunce to bee good,  
 change it not, if your conceit chance to chuse amisse, allowe  
 it



it not: If it carry a good colour, and the cloth be naught, esteem it not: but if it be good and you conceite it not, change your humor, but keepe your choise: In briefe, here are conceits of diuerse colours, some in graine, and none but will bide the weather: but if you be in loue, here is a lesson for your learning, where you may find passion put to her patience, wit to his whirligigge, the foole to his part, and the better conceite to his better corner: many wild geese flie in their owne feathers, and a tame duck is a pretie fowle: In som, there is nothing so good but may be mended, nor so ill but may be well taken: kind fellowes and honest wenches I know will not be angry, and if any man be out of his wits, God send him well into them againe: and so hoping that good conceites will chase the best and leaue the worst, I will change kind thanks for kind acceptance, and so rest, as I find cause."

Then follows the work as "a dialogue, after a friendlie greeting, vpon a sodaine meeting betwene Arnofilo and Tidero: as they trauailed vpon the way, betwixt Mount Ierkin, and the great city at the foot of the wood, in the long valley." Tidero having visited several unknown countries, describes the manners and diversions of the people. It is an English outliue, and a short extract must suffice.\*

"Oh

\* The following notice has its value:—Arfolio inviting his friend to partake of his humble state concludes, "therefore I pray thee, let vs be merry, and let vs liue together." Tidero replies: "Why how now? doe you take me for a woman that you come vpon mee with a ballad, of Come liue with me and be my loue."—As every allusion to our early ballads is interesting, I shall extend this note with some account of the fragment of a tract in my possession. The running title is "THE WORLD'S FOLLY," and the author appears to describe the purgatory of Folly. He wanders from room to room, and to each new character assigns a ballad, that may be presumed was distinguished for popularity. A man, whose credit had decayed by trusting servants, and had commenced botcher, "had standing by him, for meate and drinke, a pot of strong ale, which was often at his nose, that it kept his face in so good a coulour, and his braine in so kinde a heate, as forgetting part of his forepassed pride, in the good humour of grieuing patience, made him with a hemming sigh, ilfaucurdly singe the ballad of *Whilom I was*: to the tune of *Tom Tinker*." An old man, shaking with palsy, who, "hauing beene a man of some possessions and with too fat feeding of horses, too high keeping of haukes, and too much delighting in banquetinges, through lacke of husbandrie, was forced to leaue himself without lande. . . after many a deepe sighe, with a hollow voice, in a soletne tune, with

“ Oh how the fisherman would discourse of his angle, his line, his cork, his lead, his bait, his net, his ginne, his leape, his weere, and I know what; his obseruing of time, day and night, his patience to attend, his crafte in drawing his baite along the streame, his dressing of his baite to drawe the fish to it, his playing with the fish when he hadde him, his hoising him out of the water, and then what a messe of meate he could make of him, although perhappes it proued all but a gudgin: but if it were a codshead, his lippes would bee worth the licking, and in this was his element, heere was his study, and in these matters of little moment, woulde hee spend the whole spirit of his vnderstanding. With whomé although it were no greate hurte, for to loose a little time, yet it was some pleasure for to heare him, and besides to noate his kinde of pride in his poore trade.”

J. H.

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with a heauie hearte fell to sing the song of *Oken leaues began to wither*: to the tune of *Heauilie, heauilie*.” A dapper fellow that in his youth had spent more than he got on his person “ fell to sing the ballad of the *bluide beggar*, to the tune of *Heigh ho*.” The general lover having no further credit with beauty “ howled out the ditrie of *When I was faire and young*: to the tune of *Fortune*.” The next is whimsically described as “ one that was once a virgin, had bene a little while a mayde, knew the name of a wife, fell to be a widdow,” and finally a procuress; “ she would sing the *Lamentation of a sinner*, to the tune of *welladaye*.” A decayed prostitute, who had become laundress to the house, “ stood singing the ballet of *All a greene willowwe*: to the famous tune of *Ding dong*.” A man with good personage, with a froward wife, “ hummed out the ballad of *the breeches*: to the tune of *Neuer, neuer*.” His termagant spouse drewe from her pocket “ a ballad of *the tinker's wife that beate her husbände*.” To the last character in the fragment is also given Raleigh's ballad. He was “ one that had bene in loue, sat looking on his mistresse picture, making such a legge to it, writing such verses in honour to it, and committing such idolatorie with it, that poore man, I pittied him: and in his behalfe sorrowed to see how the Foole did handle him: but there sat he, hanging his head, lifting vp the eyes, and with a deepe sigh, singing the Ballad of *Come liue with me and be my loue*: to the tune of *aderw my deere*.”—From the type, which is black-letter, I suppose *The World's Folly* printed before 1600. The fragment described is one sheet, and bears Signature C.

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\* \* \* The favours of several Correspondents are reserved for the next Number, which will conclude the Second Volume.

T. Bensley, Printer,  
Bolt Court, Fleet-street, London.

# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup> XI.

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¶ *The ancient famous and honourable History of Amadis de Gaule Discoursing the Adventures, loves and fortunes of many Princes, Knights and Ladies, as well of Great Brittain, as of many other kingdomes beside, &c. Written in French by the Lord of Essars, Nicholas de Herberay, Ordinarie Commisarie of the Kings Artillerie, and his Lieutenant thereof, in the countrie and government of Picardie, &c. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes, 1619. Folio.*

**A** WOOD-CUT of a ship with its men drawing a chest or ark up its sides from the sea.

This Translation is dedicated by A. M. (the initials of Anthony Munday) to Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery; and contains four books, of which the third and fourth were published first—and have therefore separate title-pages. *London, Printed for Nicholas Okes dwelling in Foster Lane, 1618.* In the dedication of these last to the same nobleman, after expatiating on the advantage of histories, the translator says,

“ Warranted by so worthy presidents, but more especially by an honourable Ladies earnest importunitie, for these two labours by mee undertaken and now (after longer delay then was intended) fully concluded: I am bolde to present your honour with these two bookes or parts of *AMADIS DE GAULE, the third and the fourth*, never extant before in our English, and which long since had been with your Honor, but that I

had a purpose (according to my promise to that most noble Ladie) to have published the whole first five volumes together, whereof three have formerly (though very corruptly) bene translated and printed, but these not till now.

“ May it please your Honour to accept these two in the mean time, and, to make amends for so long iniuring your worthie expectation: in Michaelmas Terme next ensuing, the two former parts, the first and second (somewhat better suted then before) will come to kisse your noble hand: and then the fift and sixt shall immediately followe, with all the speed conveniently may be used, and so successively the other volumes of the historie, if time will give leave to finish them all,” &c.

In the Dedication, prefixed to the whole, Munday says,

“ Having already presented your Honour with the third and fourth bookes of this famous History of *AMADIS DE GAULE*, and standing engaged by my promise to translate so many more of them, as time and your noble acceptance shall thereto enable me; finding also those two imprinted parts to appeare as a body without an head, because these former bookes are the guide and direction to them all: I have now finished them, and therefore make a fresh representation of them all foure to your Honour. The fift, sixt, seuenth and eight bookes (being already in good forwardnesse of translation,) with as much expedition as possible may bee, shall very shortly present themselues before you, in the best habit that mine ability can put vpon them.

“ It is not vnknowne to your honour, that the manifold impressions of this history, the bookes thereof being now come to be fife and twentie in number, and printed in places far distant a sunder: through neglect in the publishers, or defect of the bookes which are perfect indeede, many false volumes have flowne abroade and the world thereby very much abused.\*

But

\* Southey says, “ Comte Tressan was of opinion that the original romance concluded with the rescue of Oriana”—“ With the celebration of the marriage, the story obviously concludes. I have ended here, and left the reader to infer that Amadis and Oriana, like the heroes of every nursery tale, lived very happy after.”—“ Inferior as the after-books of Amadis certainly are, they form so singular an epoch in the history of literature, that an abridgment of the whole series into one language is to be desired.”—“ What is become of these books, which were once so numerous?

numerous?

But by the helpe of that worthy Lady, I haue had such bookes, as were of the best editions, and them (as I haue already begun) I intend to follow.

“ In the mean time, (noble Lord) accept of these foure bookes I beseech you, and defend them from the venomous tongue of foule mouthde detraction, burying all my imperfections heerein committed, in the vrgent importunitie of that worthy Lady, by whom I haue thus boldly presumed, and the rest will beare me blamelesse against your least mislike.

*Your Honours in all duty,* A. M.\*

The new translation by Mr. Southey, in 4 vols. 12mo. 1803, under the title of “ *Amadis of Gaul by Vasco Lobeira,*” has diminished the interest and value before attached to this work of Munday, of which the learned and ingenious translator thus speaks.

“ I should have abridged from the English translation had it been accurate; that the character of the language might have assimilated better with the work. But the English version, which bears date as late as 1618, a century after the publication of the book in Spain, has been made from the French; every trait of manners, which were foreign to D’Herberay, or obsolete in his time, is accordingly omitted, and all the foolish anachronisms and abominable obscenities of the Frenchman are retained. I kept my eye upon it as I proceeded, for the purpose of preserving its language, where it was possible. A modern style would have altered the character of the book; as far as was in my power I have avoided that fault, not by intermixing obsolete words, but by rendering the original structure of sentences as literally as was convenient, and by rejecting modern phraseology and forms of period. It cannot be supposed that I have uniformly succeeded in this attempt; the old wine must taste of the new cask.” \*

Mr.

merous? in their own country they are as rare as they are in this. Almost one might suppose that the Curate and the Barber had extended their inquisitorial scrutiny to the bookseller’s shops, and committed editions instead of volumes to the flames.”—*Southey’s Preface to Amadis of Gaul.*

\* Southey remarks, in the preface to his *Palmerin of England*, (4 vols. 12mo. 1807) that *Palmerin of England* is the third of a series of romances beginning with *Palmerin De Oliva*, of which see an account in *Bibliogr. I.* 135.

Mr. Southey has ended the work with the marriage of Amadis and Oriana; which forms the 44th and last chapter of the fourth book. In Munday's translation this forms the 30th chapter. To which are added the following.

“ Chapter 31. How Urgunda the unknowne revealed before them all, such matters as shee long time foretold before they happened. And how shee took her leave of Amadis, as also of al the other company to remoue whence she came.

Chapter 32. How Amadis went away alone, to reuenge the Knightes losse, whom a Lady had brought dead in a small barque: and of that which happened to him.

Chapter 33. How Amadis sayled away from the Port of the Island of the Infanta, to pursue the purpose hee had formerly intended.

Chapter 34. How Darioletta perceiuing Amadis to bee in such daunger, made great moane and lamentation. And how Balan and hee were made friends.

Chapter 35. How Grasador followed in the quest of Amadis, and what adventures happened to him in his trauales.

The next in the series is the *History of Primaleon*. Of this romance Munday first translated that part which relates to *Palmendos*—of which see an account in *Bibl. I.* 225. The rest came out under the following title—“*The famous and renowned History of Primaleon of Greece, sonne to the great and mighty Prince Palmerin D'Oliua, Emperor of Constantinople, describing his knightly deedes of armes; as also the memorable adventures of Prince Edward of England: and containing the former History of Palmendos, brother to the fortunate Prince Primaleon, &c. Translated out of French and Italian by A. M. 1595—1619. Palmerin of England, the third, was published first, viz. in 1588. See an account of it in Bibliogr. I.* 135.

Southey observes, that Munday “began Palmerin of England with some care, but he soon resigned the task to others less qualified than himself; for certain it is, that at least three fourths of the book were translated by one, who neither understood French, nor English, nor the story which he was translating,” &c. “Printing had no sooner been invented than authorship became a trade—Martin Luther speaks of the price per sheet in his days—and this Palmerin is decisive proof either that Anthony Munday sold his name to the booksellers, or had established a manufactory of translations himself, and set his mark upon what was produced in it, as being well known in the market. This will account for the rapidity with which his publications succeeded each other.”

Chapter 36. How Amadis being in the island of the Red Tower, conferring with Grasandor espied a small foist on the sea, which put into the port, having people in her, that told him the tidings of the Armie, which was gone for Sansuegua, and to the isle of Landes, or the Profound Isle.

Chapter 37. How Balan being in the Tent of Galuanes, the principall Commander of the Armie came to see him; and what conference they had together.

Chapter 38. How King Lisuart being a hunting, was taken prisoner by enchantment, and very strangely."

Of these additions Mr. Southey gives the following account.

"The chapters which follow in the Spanish are evidently added to introduce the fifth book, or what Montalvo, in something like a quack's Greek, calls the Sergas of Esplandian. It is one romance growing out of another as clumsily as a young oyster upon the back of its parent. The episode of the Queen of Dacia, has been introduced for the same purpose. This has been here retained, that if any person should hereafter continue these volumes upon the plan of the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, every thing necessary to render the after stories intelligible may be found in this, though this is in itself complete. The patchwork of Montalvo's imagination is in many places distinguishable: the letters upon Esplandian's breast, the most foolish fiction in the book, are his invention, for the interpretation is in the Sergas. Probably he has lengthened the period between the quarrel of Amadis and the King, and their reconciliation. Oriana has no spell to preserve her charms, when she wins the prize of beauty, and yet her son is at the age of manhood; it was convenient for the continuation of the history, that Esplandian should be of age to follow arms when his father retired. If the faults inserted by the Spaniard, with reference to his own supplement, were weeded out, the skilful structure of the original story would not be less admirable than the variety and beauty of its incidents."

Southey ends his first volume with chapter 35 of Book I. Of the seven additional chapters of Munday, numbers 39 and 40 are omitted, so that the last number is 44.

I transcribe chapter 42 as a specimen.

"How Galaor went with the Damosell after the Knight that dismounted him and his companions in the for

*rest, whom when he found, they combated together, and afterward in the sharpest point of their combat they knew each other.*

“ Four daies together rode Galaor with the damosell, seeking the Knight that unhorsed him in the Forrest, for which he was so overcome with anger, as every Knight hee met withall deerely felt it, because in combat many received their death. Then espying a faire castle on the top of a highe mountaine, the damosell told him, there was no other place neere where they might lodge that night: wherefore he being glad to accept thereof, they came to the castle, finding many gentlemen and ladies sporting together, among whom was a Knight aged about threescore yeares, who taking Galaor by the hand, did him all the honour might be devised. My Lord, quoth Galaor, your courtesie to us is so great, that albeit we were determined to passe further on our way, yet for your sake we are content to stay with you this night. Then the Knight conducted Galaor into a faire chamber, leauing the damosell among the other ladies; and after the Prince was unarmed, the Knight spake to him in this manner—Here Sir may you rest, and take your ease, calling for every thing you stand in neede of: for God knows I have used such entertainment not onely to you, but to all Knights errant that passed this way, because sometime I have bene as now you are. Yet hath nature giuen mee two sonnes, whose onely delight is in search of aduentures, but now they lie sicke in their beds, being cruelly wounded by a Knight, who with one lance cast them both from their saddles. But they were so ashamed at this foyle, as they mounted again and pursued the Knight, overtaking him as hee entered a barque to passe the water, where my sonnes said to him that in respect he had iusted so well, they would trie his fortune in combat with the sword: but the Knight made answere he could not now intend it, yet would they needes presse him so farre, as to hinder his entrance into the barque. Whereupon a lady being in his company said, they wronged her ouermuch to stay her Knight: but they were not to depart, til he had combated with them at the sword. Seeing it will be no otherwise, replied the Lady, he shall enter fight with the better of you both, on condition that if he be conqueror, the other do forbear the combat. They answered, if the one were vanquished, the other would reuenge his foyle, which when the Knight heard he was so angry, as he bad them both come together, in respects they were importunate, and would not rest contented.



tented. In the triall one of my sons sustained the worst, wherefore his brother seeing him in such perill, strove to reskue him from death: yet all was in vaine, for the Knight handled them so roughly, as he left them like dead men in the field, and afterwaid passed away in the barque. No sooner heard I of this mishap, but I sent for my sonnes, and home were they brought in this daungerous plight: but that you may giue credit to my words, behold here their armour cut and mangled, as I thinke the like stroakes neuer came from any man's hand. Galaor marvailling at this discourse, demanded what armes the conquering Knight bare: when he was answered his shield to be of vermillion colour, with two black lions figured thereon. By these tokens Galaor knew him, that it was the same man he traualled to finde, which made him demand of his friendly host, if he had no further knowlege of the Knight. No verily Sir, quoth the auncient gentleman. For this night, answered Galaor, let us take our rest, and to morrow I intend to seeke the man you talke of. For already I haue trauided four daies in his search: but if I meete with him, I hope to reuenge the iniuries of your sonnes, and other likewise whom he hath offended, or else it will cost the price of my life. I could rather wish, said the Knight, that leauing this perillous enterprize you would take some other course, seeing my two sonnes haue beene so hardly intreated, their own wilful folly being cause thereof. So breaking off talke, Galaor took his rest till the next morning, when taking leaue of the ancient Knight he rode away with the damosell, who brought him to the place of passage in the barque: where crossing the water to the other side, they came to a very beautifull castle, whither the damosel rode before, aduising the Prince to stay her returne. She tarryed not long, but comming back again brought another damosel with her of excellent beauty, and ten men beside all on horseback: after the fair gentlewoman had saluted Galaor, she said, Sir, this damosell that came in your company telleth me, how you seeke a Knight who beareth two black lions in a vermillion shield, and are desirous to know his name: this is very certaine, that you nor any other can finde him for three yeeres space, but onely by force of armes, a matter not so easie to be accomplished by you, for perswade yourselfe, his like is not to be founde in all the isles of Great Brittain. Lady, quoth Galaor, yet will I not giue over his search, although hee conceale himselfe in this sort: and if I meete with him, it shall like mee better to combate with him, then to know my demand by any other way. Seeing then, answered the damosell,

your desire is such, I will shew you him within three dayes ensuing, for this gentlewomans sake, being my cousin, who according to her promise hath earnestly entreated me. Galaor requited her with many thankes, and so they traiailed on, arriuing in the euening at an arme of the sea, where they found a barque ready for passage to a little island, and certaine mariners in it, who made them all swear, if they had any more then one Knight in their company. No, credit me, replied the damosell: hereupon they set sayle, and away: then Galaor demanded of the damosell, the reason why they tooke such an oath. Because, quoth she, the Lady of the Isle whither we goe, hath so ordained it that they shall let passe but one Knight at one time: and no other must they bring till his returne, or credible intelligence of his death. What is hee, said Galaor, that vanquisheth or killeth them? The selfe same Knight you seeke, answered the damosell, whom the Lady hath kept with her more then halfe a yeere, intirely louing him: and the cause of this affection proceedeth from a Tourney, which not long since hee maintained in this countrey, for the loue of her and another faire lady, whom the Knight (being a stranger here) conquered, defending her cause with whom he now is, and euer since shee bare him such affection, as without grant of his loue she wold have dyed. Sometime hee is desirous to seeke after strange aduentures, but then the Lady to detaine him still in this place, caugeth such Knights as come hither to passe one after another against whom he combateth, and not one hath yet returned vnvanquished: such as die in fight are there interred, and the foyled sent back againe, despoyled of their horse and armes, which the Knight presenteth to his Lady, she being one of the fairest creatures in the world named *Corisanda*, and the isle *Brauisande*. Know you not the cause, said Galaor, wherefore the Knight went not many days since to a Forrest where I found him, and kept the passage there fiteene dayes together against all such as traiailed that way? Yes mary, quoth the Damosel, he promised a boone to a Lady before he came hither, wherefore she intreated him to keepe the Forrest for the space of fiteene dayes: yet hardly he got licence of his faire mistresse, who allowed him but a moneth to stay and returne

“ By this time they were landed, and come before a goodly castle, where stood a pillar of marble, with a horne hanging on it, which the Damosell bad him winde, and the Knight would come forth at the sound thereof. After he had giuen a good blast, certain pages came forth of the castle, who set up a pauillion in the midst of the field, and six ladies (soone after) came

came walking forth one of them seeming by her gesture and countenance to be commander of the rest, taking her place accordingly in the tent. I marvaile, said Galaor, the Knight tarrieth so long, I desire one of you to will the Lady send for him, because busines elsewhere of great importance forbiddeth me to trifle time here in vaine. One of the Damosells fulfilled his request. What? answered Corisanda, maketh he so small account of our Knight? thinketh he so easily to escape from him? hath he such mind of other affaires before hee see the end of this attempt? include I thinke he shall returne sooner then he expecteth, but with slender advantage for him to brage of; then calling a Page, she said, Goe and bid the strange Knight come forth. The Page quickly did his message, and soone after the Knight came forth on foote, being all armed except with his helmet, which was brought after him with his lance, and another Page leading his courser: when he came before his lady, she said, Behold, Sir, here is a brave Knight, who thinketh lightly to overcome you, and accounteth himself assured of the victory: I pray you let him know the price of his folly. After these wordes she kissed and embraced him, but Galaor noting all these misteries, thought he tarried too long from the combat: at length the Knight being mounted, they prepared themselves to the cariere, and breaking their lances in the encounter, were both wounded. Galaor presently drew his sword, but the Knight entreated him to joust once more. With all my heart replied Galaor, yet I am sory my horse is not so good as yours, for, if it were, I could be content not to give over, till one of us lay along on the ground, or all these lances broken in peeces. The Knight made him no answer, but commanded a squire to bring them other staves, and meeting together, Galaor's horse was almost down: the Knight likewise lost his stirrups, being glad to catch holde by the mane of his horse, whereat as one somewhat ashamed, he said to Galaor, you are desirous to combat with the sword, which I have deferred, not for any doubt of my selfe, but onely to spare you, notwithstanding we must needs now try the issu thereof.

“ Do what you can, answered Galaor, I meane to bee revenged for your kindnesse in the Forrest: these words made the Knight soone to remember him, saying, you must do no more then you can, and happily before you depart hence, you may sustaine a foyle worse then the first. Hereupon they fell to the combat, which began and continued with such fury, as the ladies were driven into wonderfull amazement, yea, themselves were abashed that they held out so long, having their  
armour

armour mangled, their shields defaced, their bodies sore wounded, and the blood streaming downe upon their horses, Galaor never being in such daunger of his life, but when hee fought with his brother Amadis, which made him carry better opinion of the Knight, and both of them being glad to breath awhile, Galaor entered into these speeches. You see, Sir, I have the better of the combat, let me therefore know your name, and why you conceale your selfe so closely: wherein you shall doe me very great pleasure, and wee may continue friends, else worse will ensue then you imagin. Be wel assured, answered the Knight, our strife shall not be ended so easily, nor am I to bee overcome so lightly as you weene, beside, I was never more desirous to prolong a combat, then I am at this instant, because I never met with the Knight that tryed me so well: but to you nor any other will I bee knowne, except one Knight who had power to command me. Be not so opinitive, replied Galaor, for I sweare to you by the faith I owe to God, never to leave you till I kuow what you are, and why you conceale yourselfe so secretly. And I sweare to you, quoth the Knight, while breath is in my lody you shall not know it by me, and rather would I presently die, then any but two should understand what I am: yet I know not them, but they may and shall have knowlege of me. And what are they, said Galaor, you esteeme so much? Neither will I disclose them to you, answered the Knight. Both them and my former demaund, quoth Galaor, I will know, else one of us shall die, or both together. I am well pleased therewith, replied the Knight.

“ So began they to charge each other afresh; as if they had not fought together before at all: but the strange Knight received many cruel wounds, which made his strength more and more to faile: and the Lady seeing the great danger of his life, would suffer him to endure no longer perill, but coming to Galaor said, Forbeare Sir Knight, would God the barque and mariners had sunke, before they brought you hither. Lady, quoth Galaor, you ought not to blame me in doing my devoire against this Knight, who hath outraged me, and many beside, for which I meane to be revenged this day. Forbeare, said the Lady, to wrong him any more, otherwise you may fall into an extremity without any mercy.

“ It matters not what may happen, answered Galaor: but nothing shall make me give over, untill he have satisfied my demand. And what is that? quoth she. He must tell me his name, replied Galaor, and why so closely he concealeth himselfe, likewise what the two Knights are of whom he told mee

mee but even now. Proceede no further in combat, said the Lady, and I will satisfie your demand. This gentleman is named Don Florestan, concealing himselfe in this secret manner to finde his two brethren, who are in this country accounted such men at Armes, that albeit he hath well tried himselfe with you, yet will hee not bee commonly knowne, till he have accomplished such deedes in chivalrie, as may deserve to equall him with them, who are at this time in King Lisuert's court, one of them being named Amadis, the other Galaor, and all three the sonnes to King Perion of Gaule. Alas, what have I done? quoth Galaor; heere brother take my sword, and therewithall the honor of the fight, for I have offended over much. What? said the Knight, am I then your brother? According to this Lady's speeches, answered Galaor, you are, and I am your brother Galaor. Florestan amazed at this accident, fell on his knee, saying. My Lord, I desire you to pardon me; for this offence, in combating unknown with you was caused by no other reason, but that I durst not name myself your brother, till I had made some immitations of your noble vertues. Galaor courteously embraced him in his armes, the teares streaming from his eyes with ioy, and greeving to see him so sore wounded, doubting least his life was in great danger: but when the Lady saw them so good friends, and the enmity converted into such humility, as one right glad thereof, she said to Galaor, Worthy Sir, though first you gave me occasion of great heavinesse, yet now with sufficient ioy you have recompenced me. So taking each of them by the hand, she walked with them into the castle, where they being lodged in two sumptuous beds, herselfe (skilfull in chirurgerie) cured their wounds. Thus remained the two brethren with the rich and beautifull Corisanda, who desired their health as her owne wel fare."

B.

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¶ *Fame's Roule; or the names of our dread Sovereigne Lord King Charles, his royal Queen Mary, and his most hopefull posterity. Together with the names of the Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Bishops, Privie-counsellors, Knights of the Garter, and Judges of his three renowned kingdomes, England, Scotland, and Ireland; anagrammatix'd and expressed by acrosticke lines on their names. By Mistris Mary Fage,*

*Fage, wife of Robert Fage the younger, gentleman. London, printed by Richard Oulton. 1637. 4to. pp. 297.*

This book might have been entitled *Volumen Aulicum*, or a Court-Calendar for the year 1637, expanded into adulatory verse. The number of royal and noble personages here enrolled, amounts to four hundred and twenty; all of whom, in proportion to the length of their respective names, are elaborately lauded by Mistris Fage, in anagrammatized mottos and acrostical essays: the letters of each name forming initial letters to each line, and the anagram of each name being worked upon as materials for the metre. A few specimens may be admissible, as the volume is considered extremely rare.

After a prose dedication to Charles the First, to his Queen, with all their progeny and alliances; after a second, to James Duke of Lenox, with several other peers, &c. the authoress proceeds to exhibit "Certaine Rules for the true discovery of perfect Anagrammes:" which she thus accommodates to all the absurd purposes of anagrammatical torture.

" E may most-what conclude an English word,  
 And so a letter at a need afford.  
 H is an aspiration, and no letter;  
 It may be had or left, which we think better,  
 I may be I or Y, as neede require;  
 Q, ever after, doth a u desire;  
 Two V's may be a double u; and then  
 A double u may be two V's again.  
 X may divided be; and S and C  
 May by that letter comprehended be.  
 Z, a double S may comprehend:—  
 And lastly, an apostrophe may ease  
 Sometimes a letter, where it doth not please."

Exemplifications of these rules follow, in praise of the authoress, by A. Death: with verses by I. C. Tho. Heywood, and T. B. Her own metrical labours then commence, and fill the remainder of this bulky tome, The following are devoted to persons well deserving, and are favourable sprinklings from what Dame Fage denominates

denominates her "bowl of water from the fount of Helicon."

"To the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Windsor, Baron of Bradenham.

THOMAS WINDSOR.

Anagramma.

HOW MANS STORY'D.

The chronicles and histories record  
Heroick acts of each most honour'd Lord,  
On which the ages that succeed do view  
Magnanimously noble to pursue,  
And follow rightly in the honour'd trace,  
Such worthy wits of the true noble race.

Well weigh you this, and in your deep foresight  
In history you place a great delight,  
Noting therein *how man is storied*,  
Declared as alive when he is dead.  
Sir, in the path of vertue, sith that you  
O noble peer, so nobly do pursue,  
Recorded fair your worth will Clío shew."

"To the Right Hon. John Earl of Clare, Lord Houghton of Houghton.

JOHN HOLLIS

Anagramma.

OH! ON HY HILLS.

In vertue when I see you make such speed,  
*Oh*, it doth then no admiration breed,  
*Hy, on hy hills* of honour that you stand:  
Nature commandeth vertue such a band.  
Honour on vertue ever should attend:  
*Oh, on hy hills* you may for ever wend:  
Loving of vertue, which doth shine so cleare,  
Likely it is, you earl of *Clare* appeare.  
Issue then well, what you have well begun,  
So *on hy hills* to stand you well have won."

"To the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Kelly, Viscount Fenton, &c.

THOMAS ERSKEINE.

Anagramma.

O MEEK HA'S NY REST.

The man that is exalted in his pride,  
Hath no foundation certain to abide.

Only

Only by pride man doth contention make :  
 Meekness true wisdom never doth forsake :  
 Afore destruction pride doth go likewise,  
 So a *meeke* heart before a man doth rise.

Eternal honour then do you abide,  
 Retaining meekness, which doth right betide :  
 Sir, with due honour which doth you embrace,  
 Keep meekness then, and keep a noble place.  
 Ever, *O* yet, a *meeke* heart *has ny rest*  
 In endless honours, which will you invest :  
 Nay, further, whenas honour here is gone,  
 Eternal honour you will wait upon."

Much of this last metrical essay will be found in the book of Job ; and he who has studied that book with serious practical application, will alone find himself equal to the entire perusal of Mrs. Fage's.

T. P.

¶ *The Temperate Man, or the Right Way of Preserving Life and Health, together with soundness of the senses, Judgment, and Memory unto extream Old Age. In three Treatises. The first written by the Learned Leonardus Lessius. The Second by Lodowick Cornaro, a noble Gentleman of Venice. The Third by a famous Italian. Faithfully Englished. London: Printed by J. R. for John Starkey, at the Miter in Fleet-street, near Temple Bar. 1678. Duod.*

Among the contributors in praise of this translation, occurs the name of Richard Crashaw, whose lines seem worth preserving, and, however the work may not yet class among rare articles, they do not appear to have been collected with his other poems.

" *To the Reader, upon this Books intent.*

" Heark hither, Reader, wouldst thou see  
 Nature her own physician be?

Wouldst



Wouldst see a man all his own wealth,  
 His own musick, his own health ?  
 A man, whose sober soul can tell  
 How to wear her garments well ;  
 Her garments that upon her sit  
 (As garments should do) close and fit :  
 A well-cloth'd soul, that's not opprest  
 Nor choakt with what she should be drest ?  
 Whose soul's sheathed in a crystal shrine,  
 Through which all her bright features shine,  
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,  
 A thin aerial vail is drawn,  
 O're Beauties face ; seeming to hide,  
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride ?  
 A soul, whose intellectual beams  
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams ?  
 A happy soul, that all the way  
 To heav'n rides in a summer's day ?  
 Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd blood  
 Bathes him in a genuine flood :  
 A man, whose tuned humours be  
 A set of rarest harmony ?  
 Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile  
 Age ? wouldst see December smile ?  
 Wouldst see a nest of roses grow  
 In a bed of reverend snow ?  
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
 Winters self into a spring ?  
 In sum, wouldst see \* a man that can  
 Live to be old, and still a man ;  
 Whose latest and most leaden hours  
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres ;  
 And when life's sweet fable ends,  
 His soul and body part like friends :  
 No quarrels, murmures, no delay ;  
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away ?  
 This rare one, Reader, wouldst thou see ?  
 Hark hither, and thyself be he.

R. CRASHAW.\*

F. G. WALDRON.

32, King-street, Bloomsbury-square.

\* In sum, wouldst see, &c. The word *sum* was printed, I believe, *sume* or *sums* ; but has been corrected to *sum* with a pen : the comma after *sum*, was inserted by me : the rest is literatim et punctuatim.

¶ *Elegies celebrating the happy memory of Sr Horatio Vere, \* Baron of Tilbury, Colonell Generall of the English in the United Provinces and Mr. of the Ordnance in England, &c. London: Printed by T. Badger, for Christopher Meredith, at the Crane in Paul's Church-yard. 1642. Sm. 8vo.*

The elegiac poetasters who have blended their pens in this tribute to Sir H. Vere, are

E. S.	Richard Godfrey.
Richard West.	John Borough.
H. R.	Tho. Isham.
H. Benet. †	Wil. Snow.
Richard Painter.	Tho. Severne. ‡
Hen. Harris.	M. Llewelin.
J. Goad.	Edm. Borlasse. §
Rich. Geale.	Samuel Everard:
Francis Palmer.	W. Towers.
John Godfrey.	

This little volume, which is dedicated to the relict of the deceased Knight, extends to seventy-six pages. Of the poetry which it contains, the greater part appears to be far below mediocrity; and few specimens could be extracted possessing much more interest even than the following; which has been made choice of, more from our possessing a slight knowledge of the author, than from any peculiar merit appertaining to his production.

“ *On the death of Sir Horatio Vere, Baron of Tilbury.*

“ Our eyes subm't, teares like thy captives bow;  
Thy force orecame before, thy ruine now

\* Vide the Biog. Dict. Granger's Biog. Hist. &c. &c. Three original letters of Sir H. Vere are preserved in Harl. MS. 1581.

† Query? The same who was afterwards Earl of Arlington.

‡ A Tho. Severne, A. M. was tutor at Christ-Church College, Oxford, about this time. Vide Athen. Oxon. II. 330.

§ Qu. ? May this be Dr. Edmund Borlase, author of the History of the execrable Irish Rebellion, &c.

Thus

Thus old expiring oakes crush, and create  
 Fame from their fall, and triumph from their fate.  
 The courage was not choler heere; the flame,  
 Not from complexion, but from vertue came:  
 Valour's not borne of nature, but the will;  
 They only conquer that with judgment kill.  
 The fire subdues the ayre, yet his proud rayes  
 Still without trophies win still without bayes.  
 The mind, not the tough flesh, was his defence;  
 He lost the feare of wounds, but not the sense;  
 That were t' have been some engine, and a stroak  
 Had prov'd him a burst javeline, or sword broak;  
 His scarrs had then been cracks, and every blow  
 Had hurt the weapon; statues conquer so.  
 No such resistance here, the veines were known,  
 Noble, and cleare as saphires, yet not stone.  
 The wars were not his plot, he did not eat  
 By the sword and wounds, and skirmish for his meat.  
 He could be stout in peace, and the same ray  
 Threw lightning in the field, in the court day.  
 Eagles are eagles though no foe appeare;  
 Good perfumes, though unchaf'd, sweet incense reare;  
 No conquest made him swell, an equall brow  
 Sustain'd the lawrel, and the cypresse bough  
 The same calme view'd retreates and victories,  
 One compos'd sense heard shoutes, and elegies.

“ Weake spirits count their going back a doome,  
 And if they but retire, are straight orecome:  
 Those jewels cast a faint and drowsy light,  
 Which cause they are once sullied, are lesse bright:  
 The current stopt, grew greater here, and he  
 That did retyre a streame, return'd a sea.  
 No rudenesse made the publick shares more thin,  
 Spoiles were his purchase only, ne're his sin;  
 No rich foe made him glad; no needy, pause;  
 He fought not 'gainst the booty, bot the cause;  
 He punish't cities, pass'd no village by,  
 The just heat scorcht the phoenix with the fly:  
 And having now subdude the Spanish pride,  
 He saw no foe could kill him, and so dy'd.

M. LEWELLIN.”

Of this author some notices may be derived from  
 Wood's Athen. Oxon. II. 700.\* J. J. P.

\* The above elegy may be found in *Men-Miracles with other  
 poems*, by the same author, where it is entitled “second edition,”  
 and has several variations.

¶ *The Story of King Lear from Cuxton's Chronicle,*  
1480.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER.

SIR,

As the commentators upon Shakspeare have not printed any text of the story of KING LEAR of a more ancient date than that of Holinshed's impression, and as Mr. Burnett, in his *Specimens of Early English Prose Writers*, has contented himself with the antiquity of Fabian's text, it may probably gratify some of your curious readers if I subjoin the most ancient printed text of it in existence; with variations from another text of nearly equal antiquity. In the following pages, therefore, will be found a faithful imprint of it from CAXTON'S CHRONICLE of 1480; compared with the text of the same printed at ST. ALBANS; from a copy of each impression in the library of Earl Spencer.

“ *Of kyng Leir<sup>a</sup> and of the ansuere of his yongest daughter that graciously was married to the kyng of fraunce. Ca. XII.*”

“ After this<sup>b</sup> kyng Bladud regned Leir his sone and this Leir made the toune of leycestre and let calle the toune after his name and he gouerned the toune well and nobely This kyng Leir had iij. daughters the fyrst was called Honorill the seco<sup>d</sup> Bigan and the thridde Cordeill and the yongest daughter was fairest and best of condicions The kyng hir fadre became an olde man and wold that his doughtres were married er that he deide, but first he thought to assay whiche of hem loued hym most and best, for she that loued hym best shold best bene married and he axed of the fyrste daughter how moche<sup>c</sup> she hym loued and she ansuerd and said better than hir owne

VARIATIONS in the ST. ALBAN'S edition.

<sup>a</sup> ‘ Son to Bladud.’

<sup>b</sup> ‘ this’ omitted.

<sup>c</sup> ‘ well.’

“ [‘ her’—which usually precedes ‘ father’ instead of ‘ the.’]

lyfe, Nowe certes quod the <sup>d</sup> fadre that is a grete loue Tho<sup>e</sup> axed he of the second daughter how moche she him loued and she said more and passyng all the creatures of <sup>f</sup> the worlde [ar] ma foy q<sup>d</sup> the fadre I may no more axe And tho axed he of the thridde daughter how moche she hym loued certes fadre quod she my sustres haue tolde yow glosing wordes, but forsoth I shall <sup>s</sup> telle trouth, for I loue yow as moch <sup>h</sup> as I ought to loue my fadre and for to bring yow more in certain how I loue yow I shall yow telle as moche as ye bene worth so moche shall ye be loued The kyng hir fadre wente that she had scorned hym and become wonder wroth and swore by heuen and erth she sholde neuer hane \* good of hym but his doughtres that loued hym so moche sholde bene well auaunted and married And the first daughter he married to Mangles kyng of Scotland, and the second he married to hanemos Erle of Cornewaille and so they ordeyned and spake bitwene hem that they sholde departe the Reame bitwene hem two after the deth of kyng Leir hir <sup>i</sup> fadre so that Cordeill his yongest daughter shold no thyng haue of his land, but this Cordeill was wonder faire and of so <sup>k</sup> good condicions and <sup>†</sup> maners that the kyng of fraunce Agampe herde of hir speke and sente to the kyng leir hir fadre for to haue hir vn to his wyfe and praid hym therof and kyng Leir hir fadre sent hym word that he had departed The <sup>l</sup> londe <sup>m</sup> vnto his two doughtres <sup>n</sup> and <sup>o</sup> said he had no more lande wher with hir to marien.

“ And whan Agampe herde this ansuer he sente anone ayene to leir and said that he axed no thyng with hir but onely hir clothyng and hir boby <sup>†</sup>. And anone kyng leir sent hir ouer the see to the kyng of fraunce And he resseyued hir with moche wurshipp and with moche <sup>p</sup> solempnite hir sposed and made hir quene of fraunce. §

\* Erroneously printed for ‘haue.’

† The ‘and’ is turned upside down.

‡ For ‘body.’

§ For ‘fraunce.’

VARIATIONS IN THE ST. ALBAN'S EDITION.

- |                        |                    |                   |                   |
|------------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| e ‘tho.’               | f ‘in.’            | g ‘you’ inserted. | h ‘moch’ omitted. |
| i ‘their.’             | k ‘so’ omitted.    | l ‘his land.’     |                   |
| m ‘and yeffen it all.’ | n ‘beforsaid.’     | o ‘he.’           |                   |
|                        | p ‘moche’ omitted. |                   |                   |

“ Howe kyng leir was driuen out of his land thurgh his folie<sup>q</sup> and howe Cordeil his yongest \* doughter helpe hym in his nede. Capitulo xiiij.

“ Thus it fel<sup>r</sup> afterward that tho ij. eldest doughtren wolde nat abide till leir hir fadre was dede but werred vpon hym whiles that he leued<sup>s</sup> and moche sorwe † and shame hym<sup>t</sup> did wher for they beno<sup>m</sup>en hym holy the roialme and bitwene hem had ordeyned that one of hem shold haue kyng leir to soiourne all his lyfe tyme with xl. kughtes ‡ and squyers that he myght wurshipfully gone and ride whidder that he wolde in to what contre that hym liked to pley and to solace. So that Managles kyng of Scotland had kyng leir with hym in the maner as is aboue said and or othir half yere wer passed Corneill that was his eldest doughter and quene of Scotland was so a<sup>n</sup>noied of hym and of his peple that anone she and hir lorde spake to gedre wherfor his knyghtes half and his squyers from hym were gone and no mo left<sup>u</sup> but only xxx. and when this was done leir bigan for to make moche sorwe for encheson that his estate was empeired. And men had of hym more scorne and despite then euer they had bifor wherfor he nist<sup>x</sup> what for to do<sup>n</sup>e and at the last thought that he wolde wende in to Cornewail to Rigan his othir doughter And when he was come the Erle and his wif that was leires doughter hym welcomed and with hym made moche Joye and ther he duelled with xxx. knyghtes and squyers And he had nought duelled ther scarsely tuelfmonth that his doughter of hym was full<sup>y</sup> and of his<sup>z</sup> co<sup>m</sup>panie and hir lorde and she of hym had<sup>a</sup> scorne and despite, so that from xxx. knyghtes they broughten vnto x. and afterward<sup>b</sup> v. and so ther<sup>c</sup> left with hym no mo. Tho made he sorwe y nowh aud § said sore wepyng Allas that euer he come in to that londe and said yit had me better to haue duelled with my fyrst doughter And anon<sup>w</sup>ene<sup>d</sup> thennes to his fyrst doughter<sup>e</sup> But anone as

\* For ‘yongest.’  
‡ for ‘knyghtes.’

† for ‘sorrowe.’  
§ for ‘and.’

VARIATIONS in the ST. ALBAN'S edition.

- q ‘folke.’      r ‘befell.’      s ‘was on line.’  
t ‘did hym,’ is placed before ‘moch sorow, &c.’  
    u ‘wt him.’      x ‘not wist.’  
y ‘weri.’ [Caxton's must be wrong.]      z ‘of.’  
a ‘great’ inserted.      b ‘had he but’ inserted.  
‘they left hym.’      d ‘he went.’      e ‘again’ inserted.

she.







*be solde at his shop without Newgate, ouer againste  
Saint Sepulchers Church 1586.\**

The very imperfect copy before me, might, by the evidence of its present state, have been once possessed by the careless Tyro of a fourth or fifth form; and the work being principally intended, according to the running title, for children, it will not appear extraordinary that from the general destruction of the schools a whole edition should become sufficiently scarce to escape the notice of modern bibliographers. It is a vocabulary of English words with their meaning in Latin, and illustrative sentences in Latin, translated into English. It forms a large sized octavo volume, printed in double columns, with the sheets folded in eights, and extending to the letter P. The subjects are various, and given with their collaterals and affinities: such as "of birdes, and first of the partes of a birde;" "the Sea with that which belongeth to it;" "Heardsmen, haywerdes, shepheards, with suche other as keepe cattell," &c. and a short alphabet forms the conclusion. A single article will shew the system of arrangement, and the following invites selection from its apparent origin of one of the popular passages in

\* This work was printed by De Worde, without date; of which Mr. Dibdin observes "I never heard of the existence of a copy." *Typographical Antiquities*, 1812, Vol. II. p. 323. Again by Wykes, 1568; by Purfoot, 1572, 1594, 1599; if not oftener. The above edition is not mentioned by Herbert. In its progress through the press, it was gradually enlarged and improved by some of the first scholars of that period, as is shewn by a subsequent title, with a copy of which I have just been obliged by an eminent literary character. *A Dictionarie in English & Latine deuised for the capacity of children, and young Beginners. At first set forth by M. Withals, with Phrases both Rhytmical and Prouerbial: Recognised by Dr Euans; after by Abr. Fleming; and then by William Clerk. And now at this last Impression enlarged with an encrease of Words, Sentences, Phrases, Epigrams, Histories, Poeticall Fictions, and Alphabetical proverbs; with a compendious Nomenclator newly added at the end. All composed for the ease, profit, & delight of those, that desire Instruction, & the better perfection of the Latine tongue. Initio facillima, et optima sunt discenda.* B. R. Printed at London by Thomas Purfoot, 1616.

Shakspeare. Had the Irelands met with a copy, what apostrophical gibberish would have been scrawled over the margin of the leaves, to prove the identity of reference and uphold their mercenary peculations!!!

“ *The place where maistries and playes be shewed.*

“ A Theatre, *Theatrum, tri, n. g.*

——— *vita hæc est fabula quædam, Scena autem mundus versatilis, histrio, & actor quilibet est hominum.* This lyfe is a certaine enterlude or playe, the world is a stage full of change euery way, euerye man is a player, and therein a dealer.\*

——— *spissis indigna theatris scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.* I am ashamed to rehearse their wrytynge vnworthie of full Theatres, that is greate audience of people, and to make their toyes weightye.

A player, *Actor, toris vel. ludio, onis.*

A tenis play, *Sphæristerium.*

He that beholdeth or looketh vppon the players, *Spectator, toris.*

A sworde player, *Gladiator, toris.*

*Ecce theatralem ingressus gladiator arenam.* Lo, beholde the sworde-player is entred the Theatre to play his prise.

Halfe a Theatre, also Heauen, *Amphitheatrum, amphitheatri, n. g.*

*Omnipotens ille astriferi faber amphitheatri.* That same almighty maker of the starrye halfe theatre, that is, the heauen and the skye.

The arte of fyghting with a sworde, *Gladiatoria.*

A mayster of fence, *Lanista.*

*Certamen suum egit summa cū laude lanista.* The fence mayster hath played his price with great prayse.

A stage or scaffolde to stande vpon to see the players, *Podium, scena, nœ.*

To set vp a scaffolde, *Stuere scenam.*”

\* “ All the world’s a stage,

And all the men and women merely players :

They have their exits and their entrances ;

And one man in his time plays many parts.”

As you Like it, Vol. VIII. p. 71, EDITION 1803, in 21 vols.

“ Therein a dealer,” and “ plays many parts,” forms a continued similarity beyond the passages quoted by the commentators.

The following selection may amuse those curious to elucidate the text of Shakspeare.

“ The *ousel-cock*, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawney bill.—

Midsummer's Night Dream, Vol. IV. p. 399.

An *owsill* called a blacke birde, *Merula, læ*.\*

This guest of summer  
The temple-haunting *martlet*.

Macbeth, Vol. X. p. 73.

Corrected by Rowe from *barlet*, but qu. a press error from *marlet*, and the necessary correction only a single letter: viz.

A *marlette* whiche is of the quantity of a swallow, hauing no feete to goe, but only lumps. *Cypselus, i*.

Your *brooches*, pearls, and *owches*;—

Hen. IV. Part ii. Vol. XII. p. 80.

An *ouche*, or *brooche*, *monile, lis. n. g.*

*Splendida fæmineo pretiosa monilia collo.* Bright & costly *owches* for a woman's necke.

—that which you have *pill'd* from me.

Richard III. Vol. XIV. p. 308.

*Causidicus, erebo, fisco, fas viuere raptō.*

It's lawful for lawyers, th' exchequer, and hell,  
By polling and pilling to liue verye well.

—these bastard *Bretagnes*, whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, *bobb'd* and *thump'd*.

Richard III. Vol. XIV. p. 519.

*Proditor illudit verbis, dum verbera cudit.*

A traitor by words doth flatter and glose,  
Whiles he is deuising of thumps, bobs, and blowes.

—to shoe

A troop of horse with *felt*.

Lear, Vol. XVII. p. 550.

\* The same word is used by Ford in the *Lower's Melancholy*. See Vol. I. p. 149, ed. 1811. It is explained in *A Letter to Richard Heber, Esq. containing some observations on the merits of Mr. Weber's late edition of Ford's Dramatick Works*, 1812.

High shoes made of felt, to keepe the feete and legges warme, moste apte for studentes, and sitting occupations.  
*Sculponeæ.*

*Benvolio.* Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Romeo.* Your *plaintain leaf* is excellent for that.

Romeo and Juliet, Vol. XX. p. 34.

*Plantagine se recolligit bufo ab aranea in conflictatiuncula ictus, eiusq; veneno tumefactus.* The tode being smitten of the spyder in fighte, and made to swell with hir poyson, recouereth himselfe with plantaine.

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Titus Andronicus, Vol. XXI. p. 24.

— *non indiget villo seruorum strepitu, & comitantum nube clientum.* He hath no ruffling route of seruauntes, nor thicke traine of clyentes following his tayle.

—Diomed;

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Troilus and Cressida, Vol. XV. p. 447.

—the bloody battle-axe;

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?

Titus Andronicus, Vol. XXI. p. 71.

— *captisq; namq; arce suprema mens habitare, solioq; sedet regaliter alto,*

For in the castle and tower of the head,

The mind of her house & dwelling is sped,

And sitteth a losfe on seate of estate,

In most royall manner earely and late."

This seems as illustrative of the text as any thing yet adduced, though the passages little require the string of annotations they have met with. \*

J. H.

\* *Nony, nony.* This Shaksperian term served to convey more than meets the eye, and is so used in explaining the word *Fossa* in Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1611; but does not occur in the earlier edition.

¶ *The Historie of John Lorde Mandozze.*

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 532.]

Disappointed of his cherished hopes, the County's passion now turns into hate. Disdaining his rejection, and fearful of his Lord's wrath, he resolves to work the ruin of our heroine. Having no children, he had adopted his nephew, a youth of nineteen: him he promises to make his heir, if he will in all things follow his will; and represents to him, how, in the absence of "the old, un lusty Duke," he might win the favour of the lady, with the chance, if the Duke should die, of making her his wife, and thus paving the way to his own advancement. Persuading the youth, that he is already regarded with a gracious eye, the designing County incites him to pay his court to the Duchess by assiduous attention.

" This simple youthe beleves  
his oncles wretched wyles.  
The craftye fowler's pype full sone  
the selye byrde beguyles;  
He thinkes that all is gould  
that glystreth to the eye,  
The tutestone of experyence  
he wantes the same to trye."

The Duchess, imputing his attentions to diligence in her service, prefers him above the other pages. This escapes not the notice of the watchful Pancalir, who insinuates to the youth, that nothing but a little boldness was necessary to the completion of his purpose; and directs him to secrete himself under the bed of the Duchess—

" Tyll after mydnight past an howre  
at least still to abyde.  
And when she dothe begyn  
in depest sleape to fall;  
From underneath the bed,  
aryse furthwith you shall:  
And bravely commynge to  
her bed, you shall declare

That

That love dyd cause your comminge theare,  
 & tell her who you are.  
 So be you sure of thys,  
   what for her fervent love  
 And absence of the Duke so longe;  
   both these lykewyse wyll move  
 Her, then in fouled armes  
   most lovynglye tembrace  
 The sone, & chear thy hart with joyes  
   of lover's sweete solace."

The treacherous County, having now obtained his object, at midnight calls three of the council, and attended by the guard, furiously rushes into the lady's chamber; and searching every place, drags out his trembling nephew from underneath the bed, and dispatches him, before he has power to say a word. Then putting his bloody sword into its sheath, he addresses himself to the wondering counsellors:

" My frendes (sayth he) this same  
   was not fyrste tyme, that I  
 The wanton & unhoneſt love  
   betwene them dyd eſpye.  
 But now at laſt, I found  
   a tyme the truth to trye;  
 But yet this gloton heare, I made  
   to fayre a death to dye.  
 For his deſert requyres  
   by rygour of the lawe;  
 That horſes wyld, in quarters ſhold,  
   his traytrous bodey drawe.  
 As for my Ladye heare,  
   the Duchesse, at this tyme  
 I leave; I can no punyſhment  
   determyne for her cryme.  
 You know the cuſtomes ould  
   of Savoye, do requyre;  
 That Ladyes of adulterye  
   convicted, ſhould in fyre  
 Be burned quycke, if they  
   within a yeare and daye,  
 Fynd not a champion, which  
   in theyr behalfe will fyght  
 The combate: by his force in feyld  
   for to defend their ryght.

But

But for the allegiance of  
 my dutye, which I owe  
 Unto my Lorde the Duke, I wyll,  
 by letters let him knowe  
 Heareof. And so the while  
 the Duchess shall remayne  
 Within her chaumber close, & have  
 with her one mayde or twayne."

The Duchess, amid her anguish and amazement, casting her eyes on the unfortunate page's bloody corpse, laments his undeserved fate, and entreats the attendants to bestow decent burial. Her compassion increases their conviction of her guilt. Meantime the triumphant traitor dispatches two couriers to the Duke her husband, and the King of England her brother, who are led to give more implicit credit to the report, on hearing of the summary vengeance inflicted by the County upon his adopted kinsman. The Kings of England and France agree that the Duchess should suffer the punishment prescribed by the laws of her country, and send presents to Pancalir, in compliment to his fidelity. The Duke, after some pause, accedes to their verdict, and commands justice to be straightly executed.

At this disastrous period, Emblin again comes in to the aid of her mistress;—by her advice the Duchess writes secretly to Mandozze, acquainting him with her pitiable case, and entreating succour. Sir Appian, the aforesaid physician, is entrusted with the momentous charge; and the caresses of Emblin are bestowed with good effect.

" He trotteth now about  
 his busines, by and by  
 He pratleth to hym selfe apace,  
 as pleaseant as a Pye.  
 And sondry notes he tuneth to  
 the name of Emelye."

But on his arrival he finds to his amazement the overwhelming forces of Toledo besieging the Lord Mandozze, in a little town to which his discomforted followers had fled. Sir Appian perceiving guile necessary, presents himself to a captain of the besieging army, to fight under  
 his

his command; and on the first skirmish, thrusting into the thickest fray, is taken prisoner, and thus obtains access to the besieged Lord, and executes his mission. Mandozze, whose love has waxed cool, excuses himself, by the perilousness of his own situation: and dismisses the messenger, who returns to Turin with the doleful news.

The sparks of affection are, however, revived in the Spaniard's breast, by reflecting on the misery of the Lady, who had abandoned all in her prosperity to visit him, but who in her woe he had thus forsaken. Stung with this imputation upon his knightly honour, he leaves the besieged town, and travelling alone, with "horse and harness," upon his arrival at Turin enquires if there are any Spaniards in the town.

"And so he heares

But of one olde relygious man  
 which theare this twenty yeares  
 Had ben. An holie man  
 and eke beloved well,  
 Of all the cytezens: whych ther  
 without the towne did dwell  
 Alone, in cottage lowe,  
 that he might so eschew,  
 The love & lust of worldly thinges,  
 his flesh for to subdew."

To this recluse he opens the purpose of his coming, who endeavours to dissuade him from so perilous a trial, as single combat with the unconquerable County. But resolved in his purpose, if he can be assured of the Lady's innocence, he requests the hermit to procure him garments such as his; and with shaven beard and polled head, the Prince accompanies his reverend companion to the castle of Turin, where they announce themselves as come to comfort the condemned with ghostly exhortation.

By the Duchess's confession, her disguised counsellor is fully convinced of the iniquity of her accuser and her own perfect innocence; and his visit having obtained her much comfort, she as the only mark of thankfulness in her power, presents him on his departure with a diamond ring given by her brother on her wedding-day.

A Knight



A Knight in complete armour now makes his entrance into the city, and loudly challenges the County Pancalier to maintain his unjust accusation. The citizens flock to the churches, to implore the champion's success, who takes his stand against the marble pillar whereon the accusation is written.

This unexpected interposition terrifies the guilty accuser, who, seeking delays, sends to require the Knight's name:

“ To whom Mandozze stoutly sayth,  
 he shall not knowe the same.  
 But sure for all the rest,  
 what power in hym doth lye,  
 He shall it know & feele forthwith  
 if then he lyste to trye.”

The judges confirm the champion's right to withhold his name:

“ And further in the case  
 the lawyers all do saye;  
 How that thaccused partye ought  
 to see the fyght alwaye:  
 And reason yelde, not for  
 because theyr booke so be:  
 But in *favorem vitæ* was  
 the cause of that decree.”

The County must now of necessity meet the champion in arms; so rousing his staggered courage he comes, and finds his antagonist arrayed in black armour, prancing boldly up and down. The Duchess and her ladies are now sent for: and they arrive, much wondering who this unexpected warrior should be. The judges then demand of her whether she will accept this Knight for her champion? She replies, that she reposes her right in God and him.

“ Mandozze now, no more  
 the Countie can abyde:  
 But raigynge then wyth count'nance feare,  
 to him forthw<sup>t</sup>. doth ride.  
 And sayth, Thou traytour, I  
 do now most playnlie see,  
 Thy accusation agaynst  
 this Pryncesse, false to bee.

Invented

Inuented for dispite,  
 most wicked man alyve:  
 And as I saye, the truth of it,  
 so God graunt me to thryve.  
 And that thou her belyest  
 I will the same mayntayne.  
 Even in thy hart, right falslye thou  
 this vylanie didst fayne.  
 And wretched Parrycyde,  
 thou hast deserved to dye:  
 For murdrynge of thy nepheu pore,  
 whose gyltles blood doth crye  
 For vengeance just, before  
 the face of God: to paye  
 The due deserved hyre furthwith;  
 and this which I do saye,  
 By force in fight, I will  
 approve it by and bye.  
 Thy wicked breath infectes the ayre,  
 thy lyfe offendes the skye.  
 The light doth loth thy looke,  
 'tis time for thee to dye:  
 But now by dint of swerd with thee,  
 the truth heare will I trye.  
 Hee had no soner saide  
 but strayght with conrage stowte  
 The Countie fearce as forest bore,  
 these wordes hee blusted owt,  
 Defamed villayne, thou!  
 which nowe hast hid thy name.  
 Lest y<sup>t</sup> thy filthy faultes they might  
 be utted with the same,  
 Darest thou to warrant her  
 which thus hath forfeited;  
 By whordome vyle for to defile  
 the Duke her husbandes bed?  
 Afrayd for vilanye  
 though knowne y<sup>u</sup> woldest not bee:  
 Yet may thy shamelesse wordes,  
 declare so muche of thee;  
 That thou sum ruffian  
 one of her mates mightest seme,  
 A vakabound dispysed knave,  
 whom no man doth esteeme.  
 And therefore with dispite  
 to thee, I will maintaine

That thou doest falslie speake of mee :  
 and so I do againe  
 Defie thee, as a slave  
 whose due desertes require  
 No better: but with her to bee  
 burned within one fyre."

The issue of the combat must be left to the reader's imagination to supply; for we are now come to the end of the fragment. This will, however, be no difficult task, if we remember the conclusion of "The Argument."

" But God, which still defendeth ryght,  
 from deathe hath her delyvered,  
 By prowesse of a Spanishe Knyght:  
 whom afterward she maryed."

J. J. P.

¶ *Heere beginneth a mery Iest of Dane Hew Munk of Leicestre, and how he was foure times slain and once hanged.*

" In olde time there was in Leicester town  
 An Abbay of Munks of great renown,  
 As ye shall now after heer:  
 But amongst them all was one there  
 That passed all his brethern iwis,  
 His name was Dane Hew, so haue I blis,  
 This Munk was yung and lusty,  
 And to fair women he had a fansy,  
 And for them he laid great wait in deed:  
 In Leicester dwelled a Tayler I reed,  
 Which wedded a woman, fair and good;  
 They looued eche other, by my hood;  
 Seuen yeer, and somewhat more,  
 Dane Hew looued this taylers wife sore;  
 And thought alway in his minde,  
 When he might her alone finde;  
 And how he might her assay,  
 And if she would not to say him nay.  
 Upon a day, he said, fair woman free,  
 Without I haue my pleasure of thee,

I am like to go from my wit:  
 Sir, she said, I haue many a shrewd fit  
 Of my husband euerie day.  
 Dame, he said, say not nay;  
 My pleasure I must haue of thee;  
 What so euer that it cost mee.  
 She answered and said, if it must needes be,  
 Come to morow vnto me,  
 For then my husband rideth out of the town,  
 And then to your wil I wil be bown;  
 And then we may make good game,  
 And if ye come not ye be to blame;  
 But, Dane Hew, first tel thou me  
 What that my rewarde shalbe.  
 Dame, he said, by my fay,  
 Twenty nobles of good money;  
 For we wil make good cheer this day:  
 And so they kist and went their way.  
 The tayler came home at euen, tho,  
 Like as he was wunt to doo:  
 And his wife tolde him all, and some;  
 How Dane Hew in the morning would come,  
 And what her meed of him should be.  
 What? dame thou art mad so mot I thee,  
 Wilt thou me a cuckolds hood giue?  
 That should me shrewdly greeue!  
 Nay, sir, she said, by sweet saint Iohn,  
 I wil keep my self a good woman!  
 And get thee money also iwis,  
 For he hath made therof a promise:  
 Tomorrow earely heer to be,  
 I know wel he wil not fail me;  
 And I shall lock you in the chest,  
 That ye out of the way may be mist:  
 And whe dane Hew commeth hether early,  
 About five of the clock truely;  
 For at that time his houre is set,  
 To come hether then without any let;  
 Then I shall you call full lightly,  
 Look that ye come vnto me quickly.  
 And when the day began to appeer in y<sup>e</sup>. morning,  
 Dane Hew came thitherwarde fast renning;  
 He thought that he had past his houre,  
 Then softly he knocked at the taylers door;  
 She rose vp and bad him come neer;  
 And said, Sir, welcome be ye heer.

Good morow (he said) gentle mistris,  
 Now tel me where your husband is,  
 That we may be sure indeed?  
 Sir, she said, so God me speed,  
 He is forth of the town,  
 And wil not come home til after noon.  
 With that Dane Hew was wel content,  
 And lightly in armes he did her hent,  
 And thought to haue had good game:  
 Sir, she said, let be, for shame!  
 For I wil knowe first what I shall haue,  
 For when I haue it I wil it not craue;  
 Giue me twenty nobles first,  
 And doo with me then what ye list.  
 By my preesthood, quoth he, than,  
 Thou shalt haue in gold and siluer anon;  
 Thou shalt no longer craue it of me,  
 Lo my mistresse where they be;  
 And in her lap he it thréw.  
 Gramercy! she said vnto Dane Hew.  
 Dane Hew thought this wife to assay:  
 Abide sir, she said, til I haue laid it away:  
 For so she thought it should be best.  
 With that she opened then a chest;  
 Then Dane Hew thought to haue had her alone,  
 But the tayler out of the chest anon,  
 And said, sir Munk, if thou wilt stand,  
 I shall giue thee a stroke with my brand,  
 That thou shalt haue but little lust vnto my wife.  
 And lightly, without any more strife,  
 He bit Dane Hew vpon the hed,  
 That he fel down stark dead.  
 Thus was he first slain in deed;  
 Alas! then said his wife, with an euil speed,  
 Haue ye slain this munk so soone?  
 Whither now shall we run or gone?  
 There is no remedy, then said he,  
 Without thou giue good counsail to me;  
 To conuay this false preest out of the way,  
 That no man speak of it, ne say  
 That I haue killed him, or slain,  
 Or els that we haue doon it in vain.  
 Yea sir (she said) let him abide,  
 Til it be soon in the euen tide,

Then shall we him wel conuay,  
 For ye shall beare him into the Abbay  
 And set him straight vp by the wall,  
 And come your way foorth withall:  
 The Abbot sought him all about,  
 For he heard say that he was out,  
 And was very angry with him in deed,  
 And would neuer rest, so God me speed,  
 Vntil Dane Hew that he had found,  
 And bad his man to seek him round  
 About the place, and to him say  
 That he come speak with me straight way.  
 Foorth went his man, til at the last  
 Beeing abrode his eye he cast  
 Aside: where he Dane Hew did see;  
 And vnto him then straight went he,  
 And thinking him to be a liue  
 He said, Dane Hew so mut I thriue,  
 I haue sought you and meruel how  
 That I could not finde you til now.  
 Dane Hew stood as stil as he that could not tel  
 What he should say, no more he did good nor il.  
 With that the Abbots man said with good intent,  
 Sir ye must come to my Lord, or els you be shent.  
 When Dane Hew answered neuer a dele,  
 He thought he would aske some counsail:  
 Then to the Abbot he gan him hye,  
 I pray you my Lord come by and by,  
 And see where Dane Hew stands straight by the wall,  
 And wil not answere what so euer I call.  
 And he stareth and looketh vpon one place,  
 Like a man that is out of grace;  
 And one woord he wil not speak for me:  
 Get me a staf (quoth the Abbot) and I shall see,  
 And if he shall not vnto me answere.  
 Then when the Abbot came there,  
 And saw him stand vpright by the wall,  
 He then to him began to call;  
 And said thou false Bribour thou shalt aby,  
 Why keapest thou not thy seruice truely?  
 Come hether he said, with an euil speed;  
 But no woord that Dane Hew answered in deed:  
 What whorso (q. the Abbot) why spekest not thou?  
 Speak or els I make God a vow  
 I wil giue thee such a stroke vpon thy head,  
 That I shall make thee to fall down dead.

And

And with that he gaue him such a rap,  
 That he fel down at that clap.  
 Thus was he the second time slain,  
 And yet he wrought them much more pain ;  
 As ye shall afterwarde heer ful wel.  
 Sir, quoth the abbots, an \* ye haue doon il,  
 For ye haue slain Dane Hew now,  
 And suspended this place I make God a vow.  
 What remedy (quod the Abbot than ?)  
 Yes, quoth his man, by sweet Saint Iohn,  
 If ye would me a good rewarde giue,  
 That I may be the better while that I liue.  
 Yes (q. the Abbot) xl. shillings thou shalt haue,  
 And if thou can mine honor saue :  
 My Lord I tel you so mot I thee  
 Vnto such a Taylers house haunted he,  
 To woo his prety wife certain ;  
 And thither I shall him bring again,  
 And there vpright I shall him set,  
 That no man shall it knowe or wit.  
 And then euery man wil sain  
 That the Tayler hath him slain.  
 For he was very angry with him  
 That he came to his wife so oft time.  
 Of his counsail he was wel appaid ;  
 And his man took vp dane Hew that braid :  
 And set him at the Taylers doore anon,  
 And ran home as fast as he might gone.  
 The Tayler and his wife were in bed,  
 And of Dane Hew were sore afraid ;  
 Lest that he would them bewray,  
 And to his wife began to say—  
 All this night I haue dreamed of this false caitife,  
 That he came to our doore (quoth he to his wife)  
 Jesus (quoth his wife) what man be ye  
 That of a dead man so sore afraid ye be ?  
 For me thought that you did him slo.  
 With that the Tayler to the doore gan go,  
 And a Polax in his hand,  
 And saw the Munk by the doore stand ;  
 Whereof he was sore afraid ;  
 And stil he stood and no woord said,  
 Til he spake vnto his wife ;  
 Dame now haue I lost my life,  
 Without I kil him first of all.  
 Foorth he took his Polax or mall,

\* So for *man*.

And hit Dane Hew vpon the head,  
 That he fel down stark dead.  
 And thus was Dane Hew three times slain,  
 And yet he wrought him a train.  
 Alas, quoth the Taylers wife,  
 This caitife doth vs much strife :  
 Dame, he said, what shall we now doo?  
 Sir, she said, so mote go.  
 The Munk in a corner ye shall lay,  
 Til to morow before the day ;  
 Then in a sack ye shall him thrust,  
 And in the Mil dam ye shall him cast.  
 I counsail it you for the best surely,  
 So the Tayler thought to doo truely.  
 In the morning he took Dane Hew in a Sack,  
 And laid him lightly vpon his back ;  
 Vnto the Mil Dam he gan him hyc,  
 And there two theeues he did espye,  
 That fro the Mil came as fast as they might ;  
 But when of the Tayler they had a sight,  
 They were abashed very sore,  
 For they had thought the miller had come thore,  
 For of him they were sore afraid.  
 That the Sack there down they laid,  
 And went a little aside I cannot tel where,  
 And with that the Tayler saw the sack lye there.  
 Then he looked therin anon ;  
 And he saw it was ful of Bacon ;  
 Dane Hew then he laid down there,  
 And so the bacon away did beare ;  
 Til he came home and that was true,  
 The theeues took vp y<sup>e</sup>. sack with dane Hew,  
 And went their way til they came home.  
 One of the theeues said to his wife anon,  
 Dame look what is in that sack, I thee pray,  
 For there is good bacon by my fay ;  
 Therefore make vs good cheer lightly ;  
 The wife ran to the Sack quickly ;  
 And when she had the Sack vnbound,  
 The dead Munck therein she found.  
 Then she cryed out, and said alas,  
 I see heer a meruailous case,  
 That ye haue slain Dane Hew so soon ;  
 Hanged shall ye be if it be knowen.  
 Nay, good dame, said they again to her,  
 For it hath been the false miller !

Then    ten



Then they took Dane Hew again,  
 And brought him to the mil certain,  
 Where they did steal the Bacon before,  
 And there they ha'ged Dane Hew for store;  
 Thus was he once hanged in deed,  
 And ye theeues ran ho'e as fast as they could speed:  
 The Millers wife rose on the morning erly,  
 And lightly made herself redy,  
 To fetch some Bacon at the last,  
 But when she looked vp she was agast,  
 That she saw the munk hang there;  
 She cryed out, and put them all in fere;  
 And said heer is a chaunce for the nones,  
 For heer hangeth the false Munk by cocks bones,  
 That hath been so Lecherous many a day,  
 And with mens wiues vsed to play.  
 Now some body hath quit his meed ful wel,  
 I trow it was the Deuil of Hel;  
 And our Bacon is stolne away,  
 This I call a shrewd play.  
 I wot not what we shall this winter eate,  
 What wife (quoth the Miller) ye must all this forget;  
 And giue me some good counsail I pray,  
 How we shall this Munk conuay,  
 And priuily of him we may be quit;  
 Sir, she said, that shall you lightly wit.  
 Lay him in a corner til it be night,  
 And we shall conuay him or it be day light.  
 The Abbot hath a close heer beside,  
 Therin he hath a good horse vntide,  
 Go and fetch him home at night,  
 And bring him vnto me straight,  
 And we shall set him there vpon in deed,  
 And binde him fast so God me speed,  
 And giue him a long pole in his hand,  
 Like as he would his enmies withstand.  
 And vnder his arme we wil it thrust,  
 Like as he would fiercely iust.  
 Fo[r] (she said) as ye wel knowe,  
 The Abbot hath a Mare gentle and lowe,  
 Which ambleth wel and trotteth in no wise,  
 But in the morning when the Abbot dooth rise,  
 He commaundeth his mare to him to be brought:  
 For to see his workmen if they lack ought.  
 And vpon the mare he rideth as I you tel,  
 For to see and all things be wel.

And when this Horse seeth this mare anon,  
 Vnto her he wil lightly run or gone ;  
 When the Miller this vnderstood,  
 He thought his wiues counsail was good.  
 And held him wel rherwith content,  
 And ran for the horse verament,  
 And when he the horse had fet at the last,  
 Dane Hew vpon his back he cast ;  
 And bound him to the horse ful sure,  
 That he might the better indure,  
 To ride as fast as they might ren ;  
 Now shall ye knowe how the Miller did then.  
 He tooke the horse by the brydle anon,  
 And Dane Hew sitting theron ;  
 And brought him that of the mare he had a sight,  
 Then the horse ran ful right.  
 The Abbot looked a little him beside,  
 And saw that Dane Hew towarde him gan ride ;  
 And was almoste out of his minde for feare,  
 When he saw Dane Hew come so neere,  
 He cryed help, for the looue of the trinitie,  
 For I see wel that Dane Hew auenged wil be.  
 Alas I am but a dead man !  
 And with that from his Mare he ran ;  
 The abbots men ran on Dane Hew quickly,  
 And gaue him many strokes lightly :  
 With clubs and staues many one,  
 They cast him to the earth anone ;  
 So they killed him once again,  
 Thus was he once hanged and foure times slaine ;  
 And buried at the last as it was best,  
 I pray God send vs all good rest.  
 Amen.

Imprinted at London at the long shop adioyning vnto Saint Mildred's Church in the Pultrie, by Iohn Alde.

The tale of Dan Hew bears a more than common similarity to that of Little Humpback in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, \* a story, with which it does not seem probable the writer could be acquainted. The first notice of Alde as a printer is in 1554;† but the rudeness of the language, the attack on the libidinous passions of the monks, and the imperfections of the

\* Beaumont's Translation, 1811, Vol. II. p. 1.

† He then took out his freedom in the Stationer's Company. His earliest book with a date was in 1561.

metre, certainly give the composition a strong appearance of an earlier date; perhaps by more than a century. The poem has been transcribed entire from a volume in the Bodleian library, already noticed,\* where, at the same time, were obtained the following ingenious observations on the name of the monk, extracted from a letter by Wanley to Dr. Charlett.

“ Of Mr. Selden’s printed volume of Songs or Ballads which lies somewhere in 4to. C. [39] Art. Seld. I remember not the particular number; but it may be found in Dr. Hyde’s printed Catalogue, if you please to look therein at the word Dan HEW. And by the way, Mr. Hudson will find a little mistake in the Catalogue as to this very song. † For Dan. HEW seems to intimate as if the monk’s name was *Daniel Hew*; when as it should be *Dan Hew* without the point, as (doubtless) it is in the song itself. *Dan* in that place being no name, but a title, such as *Mr.* is now. It comes originally from *Dominus*, which in the Monkish and barbarous ages, was usually written *Domnus*, and afterwards abbreviated by the French in their language into *Dom*, by the Spaniards *Don*, and by the English into *Dan*, as *Dan Lydgate*, &c. This title, prevailing antiently as *Mr.* does now, which being granted to particular men of merit and learning in Universities, does now obtain over all the kingdom. And as for HEW, I take it to be no more than *Hugh*, a Christian name, and consequently *Dan Hew* to be in monkish Latin *Domnus Hugo*. And this Monk is all along called by his Christian name in the rude song about him, as *Absalom*, *Nicholas*, and others in Chaucer; surnames being not yet universally received. May 22, 1701.” ‡

J. H.

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¶ *The Enemy to Vnthyrtinesse: publishing by Lawes, documents and disciplines, &c. &c. By George Whetstons Gent. Printed at London by Richard Jones. 1586. Sm. 4to.*

The full title-pages of the first, § and present editions of this work will be found in the fourth volume of

\* See British Bib. Vol. I. p. 61.

† The common sheet ballads, or songs, are often like the above a narrative poem.

‡ *MSS. Ballard XIII. fol. 60.*

§ Printed in 1584.

the

the *Censura Literaria* (page 271). Mr. Park there observes, that “the *second part*, or *addition*, is the interesting portion of this book, and seems to have been designed, like Mr. Colquhoun’s *Disquisition on the Police*, to expose the Frauds, Impositions, and Vices, which disgraced our English metropolis.”—It is entitled, “An Addition or Touchstone for the times: exposing the dangerous Mischiefes, that the dicyng Howses (commonly called) Ordinarie Tables, and other (like) Sanctuaries of Iniquitie do dayly breede: within the Bowelles of the famous Citie of London, by George Whetstones, Gent. Imprinted at London by Richarde Jones.”

With every sentiment of respect for the purity of the author’s intentions, we must express a hope, that *some* of his representations, in this latter work, are considerably overcharged; otherwise the superiority that is frequently maintained of the “Golden days of Elizabeth,” over later times, must be deemed partial and unfounded. The vice of gambling, upon which Whetstone principally treats, appears to have been carried to an almost incredible excess, and its decrease in the country, (I wish I could add its total disappearance from it) may probably be chiefly ascribed to that general diffusion of literature and science, which now happily prevails amongst us.

Whetstone first inveighs “against stage playes;” and as the genius of Shakespear had not then dawned upon his native country, his censures are more readily tolerated. We must also suppose that his censures extend merely to immoral and licentious performances, as the author himself, had a few years previously appeared in the character of a dramatic writer.

“The godly divines, in publique sermons, & others in printed bookes, have (of late) very sharply invayed against stage-playes (unproperly called, tragedies, comedies, & moralles) as the sprynges of many vices, & the stumbyng-blockes of godlynesse and vertue. Truly the use of them upon the saboth day, and the abuse of them at al times, with scuriltytie and unchaste cōveiance, ministred matter sufficient for them to blame, and the maiestrate to reforme.

“But, there are in the bowels of this famous citie, farre more daungerous playes, & little reprehended: that wicked playes of the dice, first invented by the devyll (as Cornelius Agrippa

Agrippa wryteth) & frequented by unhappy men: the detestable roote, upon which a thousand villanies growe.

“ The nurses of these, (worse than heathnysh) hellish exercise are places called *ordinary tables*: of which there are in London, more in number, to honor the devyll, then churches to serve the living God: neither are they improperly named: for, in verry trueth, they are the ordinarie intertayners of naughtie persons, and the sinckes of all abhomyntation.” P. 24.

“ There are within the *suburbes* of London, divers worthie houses, called Innes of the Court, and of the Chancerie: places where the lawes of this realme are publiquely read studied and learned: places of much honour & reputation, as well in respect of the reverentnesse of the personages, which governe them, as also for the exercise of the lawes, whiche are the strength & ornamentes of every wel governed comonwealth: every gentleman, and almost yeoman of abylytie, sendeth the ripest witted of his children, unto some one of these houses, to study the common lawes of Englande. . . . But by reason of dycyng howses, and other alectives to unthriftnesse, the good father, which is at charge to make his sonne a lawier, to do his countrey service, through the loosenesse of the sonne, (many times) spendeth his money, to the undooyng of his posteritye.

“ The swarme of vnthriftes, whiche lyve upon shiftes, in & within the Cittie of London, first seaze upon there yonglynges: by their lewde conversation, they drawe them from studdie, & do acquaint them with their wicked ordinaries. P. 25.

“ I must here digresse from the prodigalitie of the gentleman, vnto the covetousnesse and usurie, I can not properly say of the citizen, although he dwelleth in y<sup>e</sup> citie: for the true citizen (wherof London bath plentie) liveth upon his trade, be he an adventurer abroade, or a mecanicall crafts man at home. But these shames of good citizens tendeth but to a dycyng house, or at the furthest travaileth to a bowling alley, & with ease & safetie getteth wealth as fast as the other doe with great hazard and travell—They come not to play the unthrifts, but to pray upon unthrifts; & yet for companie, & to avoid suspicion, they will sometime play the good fellowes—All the rest are but instruments for these daungerous catchers—These neede not too greedily seeke for purchases; the necessitie of the gentlemen maketh them faire offers; & their spies the petifogger & others giveth them knowledge where there is sound dealing. Among them there is such deceit, coloured with such cleanly shifts, as many gentlemen are for  
a trifle,

a trifle, shifted out of their livings without hope of remedie. The extremitie of these mens dealings hath beene & is so cruell *as there is a natural malice generally impressed in the hearts of the gentlemen of England, towards the citizens of London,* insomuch as if they odiously name a man, they forthwith call him a trimme merchaunt. In like despight the citizen calleth every rascall a joly gentleman—And truely this mortall envie betweene these two woorthie estates, was first engendred of the cruell usage of covétous merchaunts, in hard bargaines gotten of gentlemen, & nourished with malicious words & revenges taken of both parties P. 29.

“ I constantly determine to crosse the streets, where these vile houses (ordinaries) are planted, to blesse me from the inticements of thẽ, which in very deed are many, & the more dangerous in that they please with a vain hope of gain. Inso-much on a time, I heard a distemperate dicer solemnly swear that he faithfully beleaved, *that dice were first made of the bones of a witch, & cards of her skin,* in which there hath ever sithence remained an enchantment y<sup>e</sup>. whosoever once taketh delight in either, he shall never have power utterly to leave them, for quoth he, I a hundred times vowed to leave both, yet have not the grace to forsake either—But for al his judgement, if Socrates altered his natural inclination of insolencie by philosophie; if the wise Vlisses could eate of the herb called Lotos & yet by the pleasantnesse therof would not be enchanted to remaine in that countrie, when his companions & servants (forgetting their natural land) coveted to remain stil in that region where that herb grewe, & but only by violence, they could not be brought back again to their ships; if heathen men only by philosophie could master their dispositio<sup>n</sup>s, Christians by praier & philosophie may overcome an inticing mischeefe. But unto this possibilitie of reformation wise men are to give light evidence. Old Judge Chomley evermore answered naughtie livers that sued for mercie, desiring him to regard the frailties of young men, by the bolde unlawful actions of his owne youth, & by the testimonie of his grace, good fortune, & present authoritie, to conceive hope of their amendment—O my friendes, quoth the Judge, I tel you plainly, that of twentie that in those dayes were my companions, I onely escaped hanging: and it is very likely, that some one of your fellowship is by Gods goodnesse reserved to be an honest man, but you are found offenders by the lawe, & truely justice (whose sentence I am sworne to pronounce) commaundeth me to commend your soules to Almighty God, & your bodies to the gallowse. This notable Judge in his aunswere was not short & sweete, but round & severe.” P. 32.

It

It appears, from the concluding passages of this work, that, in addition to the perils by land and sea, which it was the author's lot to undergo, during a life marked by many vicissitudes, he was at one time involved in legal difficulties, and most probably exposed to all the uncertainties and delay of a terrific Chancery suit.

“ No man was ever assaulted with a more dangerous strategeme of cosonage than my selve, with which my life & living was hardly beset. No man hath more cause to thanke God for a free delivery than my selve, nor anie man ever sawe, more suddaine vengeance inflicted upon his adversaries, than I my selve of mine: as lively appeareth in the ende of my booke intituled *The Rocke of Regarde*, imprinted many yeares past.

“ And although to cure the extremitie I then fared as a man sore scalded with fire, which in hope of ease leapeth into colde water which presently stripeth off his skin. So I that had experieñce of strangers huge deceite, thought that the pleasing perswasion of neare friendes, would turne to a comfortable remedie, but I find the olde larkes song true: *There is no trust in faire wordes, nor assurance in natures obligations*—But after three yeares & more of costly sute my greivous oppression (God be therefore praised) hath pearsed the inclining eares of the Right Honorable & Gracious Iudge, the L. Chancelor of Englande: by whose wisdom & grave judgement, I constantly beleve to be releved & released of the toile of lawe.” \* P. 36.

J. H. M.

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¶ *The maner and fourme how to kepe a perfecte reconyng, after the order of the moste worthie and notable accompte of Debitour and Creditour, set foorth in certain tables, with a declaration thereunto belongyng, verie easie to be learned and also profitable, not onely vnto suche, that trade in the facte of Marchaundise but also vnto any other estate that will learne the same. 1553. Imprinted at London by*

\* I am indebted to Mr. Cochrane, of Fleet-street, for the perusal and loan of this work.

*Richard*

*Richard Grafton, printer to the kinges Maiestie.  
Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. Folio.\**

By the words of the imprint Grafton must have used the benefit of his patent from Edward VIth. to the utmost verge. This work could not have gone to press until late in the year 1553, the dedication being addressed "To the right worshipfull sir william Densell knight Treasurer of the *Quenes* Maiesties Wardes, and Gouvernoure of the moste worthie and famous compaignie of Marchau't aduenturers: and to al the wershipfull felowshippe of the same. [To whom] James Peele wisheth health and prosperons successe in all affaires." [It also describes it as a New-year's gift. Continuing] Emongest all the people whiche liue in this worlde by the wonderful benefites of almightie God there is none, that at this present tyme dooeth not seke to gratifie his frende with some one Newyers gift or other, whiche vse and custome, because it is a thing acceptable, for that all people are thereby knowen thankfull, not onely for the mutuall giftes received one of another, but also for all the pleasures & benefites, that the lorde God shall sende vnto the in the newe yere. I haue determined that albeit I were not the first yet I would not be the last with my trauaill to salute so worshipfull a patrone & so famous & notable a felowship."

Andrews, in the continuation of Dr. Henry's *History of Great Britain*, has the following account of our author's work:

"The Italian method of book-keeping was taught in England by James Peele, A. D. 1569. His work printed in the black-letter, is still extant; and its instructions, although verbose, are practicable. The preface speaks of the art as new in England, but as having been long used by foreign merchants; and affirms that many merchants of London took instructions from him, and sent their apprentices to be taught."†

This information must, by the date, have been derived from some later edition, which was probably enlarged and improved as the science became better known. His

\* The above title is central of an elegant architectrative compartment of the Dorick order, used by Grafton for the Statutes, 1548. See Herbert, 525—The contents back of title-page.

† Vol. II. p. 244.



own information of the system being used abroad, is obscurely noticed in the dedication.

“ Your poore oratour (he says), accordyng to the small talente that God hath geuen hym, hath taken in hande to write of the trade and order of accomptes for marchaundize, and to the entente, it mighte bee spedely learned of all suche, as are not skilfull therin, and yet entende to travaill in the saied facultie, hath drawen the whole course and trade therof, into a fewe tables, wherin is conteined, not onely an Inuentorie but also a Journall and Quaterne booke, so plain and eident, that to an experte Marchaunte, thai shalbe assone knowen, as thei be read, but to suche as are not skilfull, ne able to make vp their bookes, and perfectly accompt for lacke of knowlege; he hath ioyned also to his saied tables, a certain declaration, and hath deuided it into diuers and sundry chapters, that as well the ignorant as the learned maye enioye the fruities therof. Many might haue done it better, yet haue I done my good wil, and folowed therin the most easie and best waye that euer I perceiued amongst marchauntes, euen the trade (as I thinke) that is vsed in Venice and in other places, for their great occupying, very notable. And forasmuche as no gift is so riche, as that whiche doth excel in godly zeale and loue, I am the bolder to dedicate these my saied tables with the declaration to them belonging, to your mastership.”——

It may also be remarked that the preface does not announce the system as new to English merchants, neither does it state that he had been invited to instruct apprentices. It follows:

“ I dooe consider, gentle reader, the bounde dutie of all suche persones, as are endued with knowelege and learnyng, how muche thei are to blame, if thei dooe not willyngly, either by writyng or teachyng (hauyng good oportunitie) apply their study and whole endenoure, to profite a common wealthe. Wherefore I beeyng enforced, partly by the loue and zeale, that I beare vnto this my natiue country, as also to auoide the same faulte in my self haue not ceased to take peines herein. Neither haue I had so muche respecte, to please suche as haue perfect knowlege, in this order of accomptes (with subtile tearmes of other languages,) but rather vsed as plain and familier speache, in our owne language, as I could deuise, whereby the learners, the soner might bee instructed. And true it is, that many whiche haue liked, this my peines and diligence herein, haue required me, not onely to instructe the, but also it to further and publishe, peswadyng me, that every good

good thyng the further it goeth, the better; and that this my doying should be as necessary vnto the worshipfull felowshippe of the Marchauntes, as either is meete or drinke to hym that dooeth thirst or hunger. I therefore weighyng with my self the greate benefite, & also quietnesse that should thereby ensue haue endeuoured (to my smale power) not onely to satisfie the request of my saied freedes, but also the greate lacke and nedefull instruccion, whiche many haue wanted in their accomptes. For emongest althynges nedefull in any nacion, touchyng worldly affaires betwene man and man, it is to be thought that true and perfect reconyng is one of the chief, the lacke wherof, often tymes causeth, not onely greate disceñcion, but also is an occasion of greate losse of tyme, and empouerishment of many, who by lawes, seke triall of suche thynges, as neither partie is well hable to expresse, and that for lacke of perfecte instruccion in their accompt, whiche thyng might, if that a perfecte ordre in reconyng were frequented of all men, right well be auoided. For often times the lawes is attempted of some one man against his frende or neighbour, but euen of suspicion. For that his reconynges, through want of a perfecte ordre, haue been negligently kepte, fearyng that he hath been deceiued, when that he is not throughly hable to saie (with a cleare conscience) whether he haue been deceiued of any thing at all, or not. Wherefore my desire is that this my trauaill herein taken might be so beneficiall to all menne, that at all tymes eche man with other, frendly may conferre their reconynges, and therby to staine such variances as els maie ensue, the triall wherof is verie easie to suche as in their accompt and reconyng shall folowe thordre of this my boke. In so muche, that to the willyng and painfull man it shal be of suche force, efficasitie and vertue, that no man shalbe hable to do other wrong, specially in any thyng that in bargainyng is ones agreed vpou. Read therefore and vse this my labour for thy commodite. I doubt not but it shalbe as profitable to thee, as to me painfull. Fare ye well."

The necessary rules are set forth in eleven chapters, which define and illustrate his system, but too technical to yield an extract. A skeleton is given of his three books, distinguished as the Memorial, Journal, and Quaternund, which is preceded by a poem of eight stanzas. These require but a short specimen.

“ *Am*”

“ *An exhortation to learne sciences especially of the accompt in the Trade of marchandise.*

“ As lacke of science causeth pouertie,  
And dooeth abate mans estimation;  
So learyng dooeth brynge to prosperitie  
Suche as of goodès haue small possession.

Then muste we counte hym ware, discreete, and wyse,  
Whyle tyme dooeth serue, can tyme so well reteyne;  
That in good tyme hym tymely can aduyse,  
Tyme well to spende, and tourne it to his gayne.

For tyme well spent to gayne and not to wasté  
The gayne will byde, though tyme dooth passe and runne,  
But all to late, yf tyme shall ones bee paste,  
For tyme ones loste, can not agayne be wonne.”

J. H.

¶ *Some account of a Manuscript in Dr. Rawlinson's Collection in the Bodleian Library.*

I see no reason why the pages of the **BIBLIOGRAPHER** should not be open occasionally to descriptions of *manuscript* as well as *printed* curiosities, provided the contents of such as are noticed appear interesting to the generality of readers. I shall therefore, without further prefacé, commence by enumerating the contents of a volume bequeathed by Dr. Rawlinson of St. John's College, to the University of Oxford, and now preserved among his extensive and extremely valuable collection in the Bodleian.

MSS. RAWL. POET. 108.

A thin quarto, written about the year 1570, on paper, containing a miscellaneous collection of verses, songs, &c. in the same hand, and apparently used as a commonplace-book by its original possessor. From folio 1 to 5 are several epigrams in Latin, transcribed from various

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authors.

authors. The first is by Sir Thomas More, although no name is subjoined to the manuscript :

“ Res gravis est vxor, poterit tamen vtilis esse,  
Si propere moriens, det sua cuncta tibi.”

Fol. 6. Lines to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by Walter Haddon and Thomas Willson.

Fol. 6, (b) “ Epitaphiu clarissimi viri & militiss. principis Johis nup. ducis Northumbrie.” This nobleman was beheaded in 1553.

Chaucer's epitaphs, as printed in Urry's Life, Sign. e ii. with the following, which I do not remember to have seen before.

“ Vertue flouresshethe in Chawcere styll,  
Though death off hym hath wrought hys wyll.”

Fol. 7, and 8. Couplets, and short proverbs in meetre, English and Latin.

Fol. 8, (b) “ Laurentij Humfredi, S. theologiæ doctor: pro R. Eliz. ad deum, precatio.”

Fol. 9. Short verses, of which the following will serve as a specimen :

“ The hunter when one bedde he doth his weried corps repose,  
Yet on y<sup>e</sup> woods and game theirein his mind hit alwayes  
goes: [styll  
And those w<sup>ch</sup> all yeir youthe haue spent in wantones, do  
(When strength of bodi aige hath tam'd,) retaine their  
nawghti wyll.”

Fol. 10—11. The figures of the following dances.  
“ The pavyan; Tirquylonye le basse; My lord of Essex measures; Tynternell; Lorayne Allemayne; The old Allmayne; Broumswycke; the quene's Allmayne; The newe Allemayne; The longe pavyan; Cycyllya Allemayne; The newe cycillia allemaine; Cycyllya pavyan, Quanto dyspayne; The nyne muses.”

“ *The quene's allmayne.*

ij singles forward, cast of, a duple rownd, ij singles syde, re-prynce backe twyce. A duple forward, hoppe iij tymes.”

Fol. 11. (b) *When shall all cruell stormes be past?*  
*Shall not your love my rigour slake?*  
*I wyll no more, whyle liffe dothe laste,*

*Meddel.*

*Meddell* with loue, but hyt forsake,  
*With* owt you answer, and reherse  
*Thee* first word of eury verse  
 quoth he—

*When* stormes are bryme, the calme is next :  
*Tyme* triethe all things in eurye place :  
*Dothe* not eurye wise man knowe this text,  
*Serve* trulye, thereof commethe grace ?  
*You* are no foole, your wyellye brayne  
*Shall* serve to find my answer playne—  
 quoth she."

Fol. 12. A song, in dialogue, beginning,

" Maddame d'Angloye, me tell you verry true,  
 Me be verry muche enamored wythe youe."

Fol. 13. Short verses as at fol. 7 and 8.

Fol. 13. (b)—14. Several medical and other recipes, among which this curious one: " To knowe yf a man be sycke wheather shall lyve or dye. Take great nettle and put them in the vryne of the sicke, and lett them stand all night, and yf y<sup>e</sup> herbe be grene as they were when they were put in, he shall live for y<sup>t</sup> sicknes, but yf ye herbe be deade he shall dye."

Fol. 14—19. Several short poetical peices, of which I select, as best,

*" Of fained frynds.*

" As bees in meadowes thicke do swarme,  
 When clade theye are with flowres,  
 So heapes of frynds thow shalt not want,  
 As long as welthe endures :

But, as the bees the meades forsake,  
 When winter cold drawes one,  
 So yf thy goods do chaunce to faile,  
 Thy frynds will all be gone." Fol. 16.

*" Off Wyddowers.*

" A wyddower who is once become,  
 And sekcs a second wyffe,  
 Is lyke to hyme who from shyppe wracke,  
 Agayne dothe venter lyffe,

In broken shepe, forgetting clene  
 The danger of the wayve;  
 And trusteth styl (as once before,)  
 Good fortune maye hyme save." Fol. 17, b.

This appears to be borrowed from an epigram by Sir Thomas More :

“ *In Digamos.*

“ Qui capit uxorem defuncta uxore secundam,  
 Naufragus in tumido bis natat ille freto.”

EPIGR. edit. 12<sup>o</sup>. Lond. 1638. p. 53.

Fol. 20, 23. A few explanations of the contractions usual in old writings.

Fol. 24. “ The cōpye of an oration made and pronounced by Mr. Pownde of Lyncolnes Inne, with a brave maske owt of the same howse, all one greatte horses att the marriage off the yonge erle of South hamp-ton to the lord Mountague’s dawghter, abowt Shrouetyde, 1565.”—Bolton tells us, that “ Henry Wriothesley succeeded his father as Earl of Southampton, in 1550. He married Mary, the daughter of Anthony Brown, Vis-count Montague, and died in 1581.” *Extinct Peerage*, page 245. The present MS. enables us to add a date to Bolton’s account, which, in its turn, corroborates the authenticity of the oration.

Fol. 29, b. “ The cōpye of an oration made and pronounced by Mr. Pownd of Lincolnes Inne, with a maske att y<sup>e</sup> marriage of y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Sussex syster to Mr. Myld-maye off Lyncolne’s Inne, 1566.”\* This is somewhat longer than the former, and as it shews the nature of the entertainments provided at the marriages of the higher classes, shall be noticed more particularly. It commences :

“ Lysten ye lords and ladyes all,  
 For nowe, lo, J begynne:  
 But knowe ye fyrst from whence we come—  
 Most part from Lincolne’s Inne.

\* Frances only daughter of Henry Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwaller and Earl of Sussex, by Eliz. Howafd, one of the daughters of Thomas the second Duke of Norfolk, being the wife of Thomas Mildmāy, carried the ancient barony of Fitzwaller into his family. See Bolton’s *Extinct Peerage*, p. 282; and Coll. Peer. IX. 449, new edition.

Where vnto me the chaunced of latte,  
 A thinge most straunge to heire,  
 And to yo<sup>r</sup>. honours what it was,  
 In fewe it shall appeare.

This weke last past, one daye, att night,  
 When late J went to bedde,  
 And gaue my selfe to quiet rest,  
 Reposinge downe my hedde :

J was no sonere layd a slepe,  
 But there appered to me  
 The fowre most famouse goddesse ;  
 You wotte well w<sup>ch</sup>. they bee.

Faire Venus, and Diana chast,  
 Pallas, and Juno to,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> in my dreame amazde me muche,  
 As suche a sight might do.—”

The poet, as may well be supposed, was not a little alarmed at the celestial company he found himself compelled to entertain ; and not knowing, as he says, how he might salute them, he fell down at their feet. Whilst in this humble posture, his sole idea was to learn for what purpose the goddesses had descended from their celestial abodes, when, very kindly, they condescended to relieve his curiosity by declaring the object of their mission :

“ In voyce humane they tould me straight,  
 The cause why downe they came ;—  
 There is, q<sup>th</sup>. they, a nimphe of ours,  
 A wyght of worthy fame,  
 A starre in dede in all respects,  
 Accordinge to here lyne ;  
 W<sup>th</sup>. RADIANT rayes of bewtie's beames,  
 So gallantlye to shyne,  
 That from a CLYFFE of burninge gould,  
 It semethe to dyscend,  
 W<sup>th</sup>. such a bryght reflexion,  
 As Phebus scarce can lend  
 From his angelicall face y<sup>e</sup> like,  
 When it is clerest to see,  
 nede not tell here name q<sup>th</sup>. they  
 She is well knowen to the.

Greate fame goes of her marriage daye  
 Nowe to be nere at hand,  
 And of yo<sup>r</sup>. house here husband is,  
 As we do vnderstand.

And J, q<sup>d</sup>. Pallas, knowe him well,  
 A tryme younge man in dede;  
 As MYLDE by nature as the MAYE,  
 And one y<sup>t</sup> wyll excede

In all respects, for wise he is,  
 Well lerned, and of harte,  
 When anye cowrage shuld be shewed  
 To playe y<sup>c</sup> manlye parte."

After these, and some other praises of the pair whose nuptials were about to be solemnized, Minerva informs the poet that he is fixed on as ambassador "once more" to congratulate them on the happy occasion; and she here alludes to some services of the same nature which Mr. Pownd had before performed.

" For Pallas' sake, whose knight you were,  
 Yf you remembre well,  
 When cownte Philos was yo<sup>r</sup>. name,  
 The Templers yet could tell.

And greys' Jnne can not since forgette,  
 Yf wytnesses dyd nede;  
 Howe then you conquered Envye cleane:  
 They joyed in the dede."

The chosen messenger of the deities, upon hearing the distinguished office he was called on to perform, would have declined the task, fearing his inability to do justice to the merits of those he had to address, but his scruples were soon overcome by the promise of inspiration from his heavenly mistresses. Upon this, Venus "stepped fourthe," and the poem then proceeds with a very elaborate description of her charms and person.

" Here fore hedde was lyke cristall cleare,  
 Well bewtyfyed to see,  
 Here heare lyke wyer of burnynge gold;  
 It seemed so to me."

It is somewhat remarkable that this golden hair is represented as the more engaging because it was "most finely fryzeled vppe," but the poet accounts for it by  
 telling



telling us that its roughness formed a beautiful contrast with

“ The smothernes of here sylken skyne.”

At the end of this poetical portrait, the goddess, we learn, delivered a golden apple to the messenger, and says,

“ From Juno and Minerva bothe,  
This gyft was gyven me,  
By Parys, when he iudged y<sup>t</sup> J  
Was fairest of y<sup>e</sup> three.

And here y<sup>e</sup> word is wrytten in,  
W<sup>ch</sup> signifyeth as muche:  
Lo, (detur pulchriori,) tell  
His sentence then was suche,

A fyttter token haue J not,  
To send vnto this dame,  
Then this, q she; hold, beare it here,  
And greet her in my name.

For, lycke as Parys then sawe none,  
W<sup>ch</sup> was so fayre as J,  
So, she is fairest where she goes,  
Of all the cōpanye.”

But this oration, as it is termed, gives us a piece of intelligence not uninteresting; and shews how highly Mr. Mildmay and his bride were honoured, since it is very evident from what follows, that Elizabeth herself was present at the nuptials. He tells the lady, that perhaps she feels repugnance at accepting the gifts, since

“ ——— you do thinke J flatter you,  
For y<sup>t</sup> J do amisse,

To gene it you, whyle all men see,  
A fayrere nowe in place.  
But, as for y<sup>t</sup> I wyll appeale,  
For pardon to here grace;

J must suppose she is not here,  
As thowghts (we saye) be free,  
And then J do here grace no wronge,  
No faulte there is in me.

J do but my comission,  
 Wh<sup>ch</sup> J may not transgresse,  
 For seyng y<sup>e</sup> I came from y<sup>e</sup> gods,  
 Nowe J caue do no lesse.

But lyke a messenger to shewe,  
 What they dyd byd me saye,  
 But this had not bene sent to you,  
 (That knowe you by y<sup>e</sup> waye,)

Yff so it had benne knowne before,  
 That suche a royall state,  
 Would haue benne present here; but nowe  
 I taulke of it to late.

Thinke y<sup>t</sup> you haue it yet by chaunce,  
 And not so muche by ryght,  
 For due it were men see to whom,  
 Except men lacke theire sight.

And what disgrace is that to you?  
 No, no, the brightest starre  
 Js darkened when the sonne dothe shyne:  
 Theire beames do dyffer farre."

Compliments like these could have been addressed to no person but the maiden Queen.

When Venus had bestowed her present, Juno approaches the "bachelere," and perceiving the agitation he felt at her august presence, cheered him with the kindest assurances of favour and protection.

"And howe longe lyuger you, quoth she,  
 In this same single lyffe?  
 A tyme theire is when to be free,  
 And tyme to take a wyffe."

After promising to assist him in the choice of a "faithfull fair," Juno displays her offering, which was a splendid picture of her own peacock, given, as she says, to induce all nymphs, when they see the tail of the bird

"To haue most eyes upon them selves,  
 For takinge greatest heede."

Minerva next delivers her shield with the Medusa's head, which she desires the bride to present to her husband,

band, and for her own acceptance, the goddess sends her picture in token of her affection and favour.

“ Go, saythe she, with this gyft of myne  
A present in here prayse.  
And so, good ladye, take it you  
With manye happye dayes.”

The poet then awakens, finds the goddesses flown, but the presents surrounding him. He immediately rises and betakes himself

“ To make some kynd of speache for this,  
In mytre or in prose.”

How far he has succeeded in his attempt has been already seen.

The conclusion is of little importance;—after informing the company that his companions are the followers of Minerva, and the supporters of virtue and learning, he requests the fair ladies and noble dames “to maske” with the gentlemen as a reward for their exertions, and, wishing the newly married couple every happiness and blessing that wedlock bestows, and merit deserves, he concludes his oration :

“ Yet in your ioyes to joye the more,  
I pray too, lyke your frynd,  
That God may blese your fruiytfull sede.  
And thus I make an ende.”

Fol. 38—41. A description of several religious sects—the donatists, anabaptists, &c.

Fol. 43, 44. Two ballads, beginning

1. “ Shall distance part our loue,  
Or daylye choise so change,  
Shall spryghts benethe, or bodyes aboue,  
Have powre to make vs straunge?—&c.
2. “ Ffayne wold J haue a pretye thinge,  
To geue vnto my ladye;  
I meane no hurt, J meane no harme,  
But as pretye a thinge as may be—” &c.

This last is to be found, with some variations, in Evans’s Collection.

Fol. 44, (b) “Verses made by the Quene’s Matie.” See Puttenham’s *Arte of English Poesie*, by Haslewood, page xii.

Fol. 45. A glossary of words, beginning with the letters

ters A and B. from which the following are those only not commonly known :

“ Abjct, forsake.	Ambage, circumstance.
Affectation, curiosity.	Animadversion, counsel.
Alacrity, mirth.	Anchilation, frustration.”
Amaze, fear.	

After several folios left blank, or with a word here and there, which seems to have been an index to some book, the MS. concludes with

“ Costs in the eschequer of my ladye abbesse of Ambresburye for maykinge quitte of here fraunches in the Cont of Wytes.”

P. B.

¶ *A newe Booke called the Shippe of safegarde, wrytten by G. B.\* Anno 1569. Imprinted at London by W. Seres. 12mo. in eightes, extends to F ij.*

The above initials remain unapplied, and the poem to which they are prefixed is now, for the first time, introduced to the knowledge of modern readers. By the dedication, as will be presently seen, the author describes himself as brother-in-law to “ Mistresse Phyllyp Darell and Mistresse Fraunces Darell, of the house of Scotney;” a family that obtained particular attention in the researches of Hasted for the *History of Kent*,† though that work does not supply any thing conclusive towards discovering the name of our poet. Thomas Darell, whose lands were disgavelled in the reign of Edward the Sixth, was twice married; first, to a daughter of Hedde,

\* The same initials were prefixed to a work called “ *Beware the Cat*,” composed temp. Edward VI. which being levelled against the popish shifts, was for a time obscured; as the introductory verses express. I have not been able to find a copy of this tract, and am doubtful if it could be by the same writer. It is mentioned by Herbert, p. 1238, who gives the date 1584, but in the *Bib. Poetica*, p. 118, it is 1567.

† See also *Stemmata Chicheleana*, No. 108, p. 64, by which it appears that Barnaby Googe had seven sons and two daughters, which has not been hitherto noticed among the few circumstances collected of him. His son Robert was elected a Kentish Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, 1586. See *Cens. Lit.* II. 212, and *Theatr. Poet. Anglic.* 126.

by

by whom he had an only daughter, married to John Brookes; and secondly, to Mary, daughter of Roydon, of East Peckham, by whom he had one son and four daughters, of whom it is only necessary to notice two: Maria, married to Barnaby Goughe, \* [or Googe] Gent. and Frances, who married Robert Green, of Bobbing, Gent. Upon these slender materials ingenuity may easily advance a double argument: first, the presumption that our poet was a relative of the above John Brookes, and married into the family: second, that he was Barnaby Googe, and reversed his initials. Conjectural as these points are, the second, though somewhat strained by inversion, appears the most tenable from the fact of Googe being brother-in-law to Frances; however, it fails in being supported by a "Mistresse Phyllyp," as not any of the family is mentioned with that name; though that circumstance might arise from her dying young; and the dedication speaks of their "yong and tender yeares." †

As a poet, he is not without merit, and may be particularized for unusual smoothness of versification. He was probably well received by contemporaries, which is proved by being one of those noticed by Webb in his extremely rare *Discourse of English Poetry*, 1586; where also may be found the name of Darell. ‡ That register

\* So Hasted; however the name of the poet was variously spelt. There is in the possession of Mr. Phelps the Editor's presentation copy of CHALONER'S *De Republica Anglorum*, 1579; at the top of the title page is written "To Mr. Barnabee Googe, W. M." and at the bottom "Barnabee Goche, ex dono Gulielmi Malim, 1579; ætatis 39."

† It must be taken for granted that G. B. was the husband of one of the daughters of Tho. Darell. The omission in the pedigrees of such a daughter and such a husband is but of little weight in itself. But I incline to the ingenious conjecture of Mr. HASLEWOOD that G. B. were the initials of Barnaby Googe reversed, on the ground of Googe's literary character; and his habit of alluding to his Kentish alliances. B.

‡ The following are the words of Webb—"One gentleman notwithstanding among them I may not ouerslyppe so farre reacheth his fame, and so worthy is he, if hee haue not already, to weare the lawrell wreathe, Master George Whetstone, a man singularly well skyld in this faculty of Poetrie: to him I will ioyne Anthony Munday, an earnest traeller in this arte, and in whose

register was all that Ritson met with respecting both of them, which may excuse the present article being extended beyond usual limits, to afford a knowledge of the genius and merit of a poet whose laurels have unusually withered on the brow of time. It is dedicated

“ To hys verie good sisters Mistresse Phyllyp Darell, and Mistresse Fraunces Darell, of the house of Scotney. Often with myselfe considering (my nowne good sisters) your vertuous and well disposed minds, in these your yong and tender yeares, I thought it meete (as well to shewe my good will towards you, as to satisfie your well inclined affectio<sup>s</sup>) to take some trauaile in finding out such matter, as neither I might acco<sup>p</sup>t my time vainly spent in wryting, nor you yours euill employed in reading. Debating thus a whyle with myselfe what matter myght best herein serue both our turnes, I was thorowly resolved with as much diligence as I could to make some discourse vpon the perfite estate of a true christian, an estate aboue all others most happie and worthy, if it were as well renowned for lyfe, as it is reuerent for name, and perceyning the lyues of Christians in these dayes so farre differing from the sinceritie that is required in a christian. professour, I gaue for title to my booke the counterfeyt Christian, wherein I declared the great disorders of this our tyme, as also the wonderfull vertues and puritie of lyfe, that gloriously shyned among the first and auncient professours of Christ, which Booke beyng encreased to some largenesse of volume, and euen almost readie to be publyshed vnder the patronage and protection of your two names, by yll fauourd misfortune perished. Wherewithall somthing discontented that both I should thus bee defrawd of the effect of my long trauaile, and you of that which so long and so earnestly I ment you: With a scarce quiet mind I hastily began this volume, which (bicause of the daungers of this worlde, whereby the soule enclosed in the barke of sinfull fleshe wyth great hasard passeth) I named the Ship of safe-garde, a ship but rudely furnished, and God knows simply rygged, as the great haste and small tyme enforced, wanting

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whose name I haue seene very excellent workes, among which surely, the most exquisite vaine of a witty poeticall heade is shewed in the sweete sobs of shepherdes and nymphes: a worke well worthy to be viewed, and to be esteemed as very rare poetrie. With these I may place John Graunge, Knyght, VVylmott, Darrell, F. C. F. K. G. B. and many other, whose names come not nowe to my remembrance.” *Rev.* c iiij.

both

both strength of tumber and comlynesse of proporcion, two euident signes of an vnskilfull workeman. Notwithstanding howsoever it be, I dedicate it vnto you as an earnest token of my good wyll towards you, not doubting but you will so accept it, whervnto I had also thought to haue added (bicause I know you delight in stories) the lyues and actes of dyuers men in the primitiue church, whereof I began with one or two; but bicause they were tedious, and my leisure but little, I left them and proceeded no farther. God poure vpon you long and prosperous yeres on earth, and after your passage from this vale of wretchednesse, euerlasting rest and ioy in the kingdome of Heauen. From London the fourtenth of Februarie. Your louing brother in lawe. G. B."

Some monitory lines "to the reader," bid him tread the "path that mounteth vp to place where God doth liue," and that the pleasures thereby enjoyed far exceed those of the world. The Ship of Safeguard follows, which is an allegorical poem, founded upon the life of man; and extends as far as 219 octave stanzas. It thus commences:

" The wandring wight that in the raging seas  
Wyth sayling barke doth seke the happy port,  
No leysure hath to giue himselfe to ease:  
No time he findes wherein to play or sport;  
Eche long delay, eche calme doth him displease;  
Hym listeth not to lynger in such sort;  
In nothing ioyes, in nothing pleasure findes,  
Saue in the blastes of prosperous happie windes.

His carefull braine is busied euermore,  
In vewyng well his compasse and his carde;  
And minding still what daungers lye before,  
What swelling sands, what rocks, what hauens barde,  
Wyth skilfull head he sekes the safest shore,  
And thetherwarde doth sayle with good regarde,  
Brings home his Bark through storms & tepests great,  
To happie port and long desired seat.

The vnskilfull head, and rechelesse ydle minde,  
Contrarie wise doth giue himselfe to rest,  
Not fearing stormes nor boystrous blasts of winde,  
But in the midst of daungers feareth least;  
And thinkes the hauen happily to finde,  
When stormes are past, and tempest cleerely ceast.

Thus

Thus guyded euill his shyp on rocks doth fall,  
And castes away both frayght and foole and all.

Euen so the will and fansie vayne of man,  
That through this worlde his painefull passage makes,  
Who ought to seeke by all the meanes he can,  
Through daungers deepe, and lothsome lowring lakes,  
That happie port for which his course began ;  
For which eche carefull minde his trauaile takes ;  
In thousand harmes and thousand daungers prest,  
Doth giue himselfe to carelesse ease and rest.

Regarding not the hasard of himselfe,  
Nor taking heede his fleshly foyst to guide,  
Full fraught with sin and care of worldly pelfe,  
Makes no account of wether, winde or tide,  
But blindly strikes himselfe on euerie shelve,  
And in the fouds of mischief wanders wide,  
Till on the rocks he desperately doth light  
And loseth all for lacke of guiding right.

Within the seas of fonde affection blinde,  
That through the world in euerie place doth flowe,  
Sayles euerie wight that liueth here by kinde,  
And runnes the race that fancie forth doth blowe,  
And kepes the course that pleaseth best his minde,  
With sayles full thwackt with winde and lustie showe.  
But of ten thousand that thus doe brauely fleete,  
Scarse ten at length doe with the hauen meete.

The hauen faire I meane of perfite ioye,  
Where chiefest pleasure hath hir hiding place,  
Where ioye surmounts, where grieffe can not anoye,  
Where liues the king of euerlasting grace,  
That well rewardes eche minde that doth employe  
Them selfe in trauaile to attaine that place :  
And doth condemne to euerlasting paine,  
All those that him forsake for pleasures vaine.

The seas be rough, the passage full of paine,  
The daungers great, the iourney large and long,  
The pilots yll, the coast is nothing plaine,  
The force but weake, the enimies stout and strong,  
The lets a number that labour to detaine,  
And flattring shoves that leades the maister wrong :  
The streites of Marrocke are not halfe so yll,  
Ne race of Britaine, ne Charybdis, nor Scyll."

To



To guide on the voyage, the poet describes the necessity of obtaining help by invocation of the sacred spirit that regulates all things. The first danger is the rock of vain-glory and pride:

“ Within these seas, when first we enter in,  
 When first to winde our sayles committed bee,  
 When pleasantly on calmed streames we swim,  
 A mightie rocke lo streight at hand we see  
 Of massie gold, all decked and garnisht trim,  
 That doth allure the eye of eche degree;  
 The compasse great with corners out doth lie,  
 The heighth whereof doth reach the starric skie.  
 A stately rocke beset with diamondes faire,

And pouldred round about with rubles red,  
 Where emralds greene doe glister in the aire,  
 With mantell blew of saphyres ouer spread:  
 Where wants no stone that nature can repaire,  
 No pearle of price nor jewell polished.  
 Another heauen for the time it seemes,  
 And oft for heauen foolish men it deemes.

With swelling sands it lies encompass round,  
 And many a ragged reach it sendeth out,  
 Whereby full many a thousand haue bene drown'd  
 Yet neuer cease they for to saile about,  
 In gasing still vpon this gorgeous ground,  
 Approching neerer, not hauing any doubt,  
 Till on the sands with hastie course they slide,  
 And lose themselues vpon this piere of pride.

No greater daunger shalt thou lightly finde,  
 That more mishap and mischief more doth make,  
 Than this, that pluckes away the saylers minde,  
 And causeth him contrarie course to take;  
 Who forward puffed with fonde vain glorious winde,  
 His perfite way doth vtterly forsake,  
 Till on the sands his keale here happes to knocke,  
 And dasheth all a sunder on this rocke.

A wretched rocke that mounting to the skie,  
 (Contenting not himselfe with earthly spoyle)  
 Once ouerthrew the angels sitting hie,  
 And cast them headlong from their happy soyle,  
 To darkest place where wayling now they lie,  
 With griefe ashamed of so great a foyle,

The chiefe estates and princes here below,  
 Haue eke good cause this daungerous place to know

The raging waues doth belching vpward cast,  
 The wretched wrackes that round about doe flecte,  
 The silken sayles and glistering golden mast,  
 Lies all to torne and troden vnder feete,  
 The witlesse throng of women swarming fast,  
 Like parrats pied in garments farre vnmeeete,  
 With scarfes and fethers like to souldiers drest,  
 With painted heare and shamelesse bared brest:

A monstrous sort of men there shalt thõu see,  
 Not men, but deuils sure that beare the face  
 Of men, that neuer can contented bee  
 With comly garments meeete, but (voyde of grace)  
 Forgetting quite their auncient olde degree,  
 To women changed, their manly shapes deface  
 With slender wastes, as maydens most doe vse;  
 And frised heare like harlots of the stewes.

With countnance coy, and forhead forced hie,  
 And staring top as lately frayed with sprites,  
 In rich attire, to feede the gasers eie,  
 That enermore in glistring show delights,  
 A sort of beasts whose chiefest ioy doth lie,  
 In decking vp themselues for wondring sights,  
 In yellow, red, and purple to be seene,  
 Sometimes like fooles in gownes of gawdy greene.

As painted tombes that stinck and filth containe,  
 And Arras faire that rotten wals doth hide,  
 So doe these fooles with all their garments vaine,  
 And fresh attire drest vp in pompe and pride,  
 Nought else but beastly mindes and doltish braine,  
 Faire couered keepe, which filthie else were spide,  
 For vnderneath their garments glistering braue,  
 Lies mindes corrupt as rotten bones in graue.

A sinfull sort that wholly spend their life,  
 In setting out their stinking carcasse here  
 Who night and daye doe passe with care and strife,  
 In studying how they fairest may appeare,  
 And wearie soone of fashion, olde and rife,  
 Disguise themselues in newe disguised geare,  
 As not consisting of their proper minde,  
 But chaunging still as chaunged things they finde. . . .

Therefore

Therefore take heede that in these seas dost sayle,  
 Let not this vaine delight deceiue thy minde,  
 But rather striue against it to preuayle,  
 And seek the chanell of lowlynesse to finde,  
 Which when thou gettest, no tempest can thee quayle,  
 Thou needest not feare no storme nor chaunging winde,  
 For there is harbrow safe for eurie wight,  
 That in this happy chanell haps to light.

This daunger past, and left aloofe behinde  
 Before thine eyes doth straight againe appeare,  
 A fowle deformed pile and basard blinde,  
 That castes away all such as trauaile neare,  
 A lothsome rocke and hurtfull to the minde,  
 All ouergrowne with mosse and rustie geare,  
 Deformed to the eye, yet doth allure  
 Of earthly men the earthly mindes vnpute."

This proves the rock of Avarice, where

" Vpon the sands great caskets heaped lie,  
 And oofers stuf with euerie kind of coyne,  
 Scraped vp by fraude and filthy vsurie ;  
 Now here, now there, wheresoeuer they could purloyn  
 By force, by fraude, or any villanie,  
 Of rich, of poore, of courtier or of cloyne,  
 They wey not where nor how they doe it get,  
 For all is fish with them that comes to net. . . .

God hath himselfe declared to you before,  
 That euen as slow rich men to heauen flie,  
 And enter in as hardly at the dore,  
 As doth the camell passe a needles eie:  
 Your burden great extorted from the poore,  
 Doth keepe you downe, you can not mount so hie,  
 The path is narrow, the gates are very straight,  
 You can not enter with so great a waight.

Your factors lie not there to aunswere you  
 Your bill of debt; nor no such other geare;  
 Nor by exchange you can haue nothing due;  
 Your double vsance is but single there,  
 The trade is chaunged, the world is altered new;  
 Your toyle for gaine shall purchase homely cheare;  
 Your ten in hundreds will scarcely then amount,  
 When for your dealings you shall be calld to count."

Here bask the serpents of Envy and Detraction, whose venomous tongues have not stayed at assailing the elder prophets and the Redeemer: Against Slander and Malice the voyager is fitly warned, and the poet advises

“ —thou that seekest the happie heauenly seate,  
 Keepe not this course but well therof beware ;  
 With spitefull tongue doe thou no man intreate,  
 Of others faults haue neuer to much care ;  
 But of thine owne that liuest in daungers great,  
 Such toyle is much and well thou mayst it spare ;  
 Of others faults what needst thou babble so,  
 When thou thy selfe hast vices many mo.

Let no man's life by thee defaced bee,  
 Take not away that thou canst not restore,  
 And looke what faults in others thou doest see,  
 Take hede that in thyselfe it be not more ;  
 Report not yll, speake well of eche degree ;  
 Encrease not grieffe, but rather salue the sore,  
 Good wordes of all men gayneth laude and prayse,  
 Where as yll tongues are counted castawayes. . . . .

Hoys vp thy sayles, and giue them to the winde ;  
 These daungers past, the fewer do remaine ;  
 Take couragē good, and shew thy valiant minde,  
 And wey that pleasure followes after paine ;  
 As after troubles quiet rest we finde,  
 That farre surmounts our toyles and trauailes vaine ;  
 For who so shrinkes with painfull things to meeete,  
 Is farre vnworthy for to taste the sweete.”

The next danger arises from the “foule great flat,” or plain of gluttony, where the tables are spread with every luxury, and

“ About these dishes round attending stand,  
 Ech vile disease that may be named or found ;  
 The growng gowte with shackled foote and hand,  
 That scarce can stave from falling to the ground ;  
 The dropsie pale stands shaking on the sand,  
 With bellie swolne that yeeldes a hollowe sound ;  
 The feuer hote sittes gaping here for winde,  
 Whose scorched tongue no taste in meate can finde.”

Other diseases are described that serve to “make pleasant game” for physicians; and Abstinence, which they

they count "nature's chiefest frende," is strongly commended as a virtue to the "heavenly mind."—The mariner is next warned against an island, appearing like an earthly paradise, where the air scented above "amber grece," wafts the heavenly sounds of music.

"The cliues are hie and all of chrystall shine,  
Vpon the top whereof in order growes  
Hie hautie trees with maiestie deuine,  
That glistring greene farre of in shadowes showes;  
There stately stands the loftie lordlye pine,  
With ceders placed and firre trees set in rowes,  
Thick groues of mirtels comly to be seene,  
With couerts close of pleasant laurell greene.

Beyond these same are mountaines rising hie,  
Clad round about with trees of diuerse kinde,  
That placed in order much delight the eie,  
And thither draw the saylers wandring minde,  
Who thinke they see these hilles to touch the skie,  
In vewe whereof they pleasure great doe finde;  
There round about in euerie place below  
Faure purple roses ioynde with jasmins grow.

In euerie place may Beautie there be seene;  
In euerie place is pleasure for the eie,  
Throughout the woods and pleasant forrests greene  
Great flocks of birdes of euerie sort doe flie,  
Of colours straunge and seldome to be seene,  
That sit and sing vpon the branches hie  
With curious note and skilfull melodie,  
Agreeing all in perfite harmonie.

No lothsome sight doth any where appeare,  
No thing disordred any kinde of waye;  
But all things shining there with beautie cleare,  
Alluring vnto pleasure and to playe,  
That they that once doe chauce to trauaile neare,  
Haue neuer minde to come from thence awaye;  
Suche pleasure streight they doe conceyue in minde,  
As no where else saue there they thinke to finde."

Round this island are "shalls of mermaids swymming here and there," whose melody, "long time since and many years ago," Ulysses determined to hear, and, notwithstanding his great wisdom, was only saved by the

want of liberty. The island forms the seat of lust, and the queen, with Circean power, transforms her votaries into animals. No danger equals this. Not Hercules alone was seduced, but also he who "with Vries wife that lay, and eke his sonne that further ran astray."

The next danger scarcely appears above the surface of the water, having a smoothly polished top, which does not threaten hazard, though myriads have been lost thereon; it is Heresy. Here stand the altars of idolatry raised to the heathen deities, and the author fitly bids the mariner "let Paule thy pilot be vpon these seas." We next come to Hypocrisy, the description of which is a graft from the pen of Chaucer.

"Another daunger lies there in thy way,  
That seemeth good and safe vnto the cie,  
Whereat a number great of ships doe stay,  
That here are lost or put in ieoperdie;  
With colour false of good it doth betray,  
And cloked faire doth cause men trauaile bie,  
And most allures such men as seeke for fame;  
Hypocrisie this mischiefe hath to name;

A rocke but soft and simple to the eie,  
That pleaseth much the minde of worldlye sight;  
Whereas disceyte doth closely couered lie,  
Which hindreth men from trauailing aright;  
The place is large and riseth something hie,  
Vpon the top whereof in open sight,  
There stands an image couered all of stone,  
That there was placed many yeares agoe.

Which image here I would describe to thee,  
But that long since it hath bene painted plaine  
By learned Chaucer that gem of poetrie,  
Who passed the reach of any English braine;  
A follie therefore were it here for me  
To touch that he with pencell once did staine.  
Take here therefore what he therof doth say,  
Writ in the Romance of his Roses gaye.

Another thing was done their write,  
That seemed like an Hypocrite,  
And it was cleped Pope holye,  
That ill is she that priuilye,

Ne spareth neuer a wicked deede,  
 When men of hir taken none heede,  
 And maketh hir outward precious,  
 With pale visage and pituous ;  
 And seemeth a simple creature,  
 But there nis no misadventure,  
 That she ne thinketh in hir courage,  
 Full like to hir was thilk image,  
 That maked was byt hir semblance;  
 She was full simple of countnance,  
 And she was clothed and eke shod,  
 As she were for the loue of God,  
 Youlden to religion,  
 Such seemed hir deuotion,  
 A psalter helde she fast in hande,  
 And busily she gan to fonde,  
 To make many a faint prayer,  
 To God and to his saints dearé,  
 Ne she was gaye, fresh nor iolliffe;  
 But seemd to be full intentiffe  
 To good workes and to faire,  
 And thereto she had on a haire ;  
 Ne certes she was fat nothing,  
 But seemed werie for fasting,  
 Of colour pale and dead was shee,  
 From hir the gates aye warned bee  
 Of Paradyse the blissfull place,  
 For such folke maken leane their grace,  
 As Christ sayth in his Euangile,  
 To get their price in towne a while,  
 And for a little glorie vaine,  
 They lesen God and eke his raigne.

Thus hath the golden pen of Chaucer old  
 The image plaine descriued to the eie,  
 Who passing by long since did it beholde,  
 And tooke a note therof aduisedly  
 Vnto his fellowes of that age it tolde,  
 And left it eke for his posteritie,  
 That ech man passing by might plainly know  
 The perfite substance of that flattring show.

The greatest dangers being past, the mariner is directed to veer the sheets, haul up the mainsail, advance the tops, hang out the flags, cast fear away, take a lusty heart,

heart, revive the spirits, and cheer the mind. The lesser temptations that remain, are not considered as able to hurt the "godly carefull minde." These are briefly described as Blasphemy, Cruelty, Hatred, Murder, Theft, Sorcery, Presumption, and Desperation.

The voyage draws to a conclusion; earnest prayer introduces peace, love, mercy, patience, and lively faith.

"Remaineth nothing for thee now behind,  
But gracious markes that leade the sayler right;  
That comforts much the godly vertuous minde,  
And teacheth them to finde the port of light;  
Passe thou by these, so shalt thou surely finde  
The chiefest succour for the werie sprite;  
For who so runnes by these shall neuer misse  
The hauen faire of euerlasting blisse.

The formost of these sure and happie guides  
Is earnest PRAYER that giues a goodly show,  
And keepeth safe the Barke from troublous tides,  
That moued with hellishe tides contrarie flow;  
In safetie here the wandring vessell rides,  
Whatsoever hap, what winde soeuer blow,  
Though deuill, world, and flesh against it strue,  
Yet vnder sayle it safely here may drue.

A thousand happy hands may here be seene,  
Helde vp with hart vnfeyned vnto the skies,  
Washed in the waters of repentance cleane,  
And purged pure with teares of weeping eies;  
A thousand tongues from mindes that well doe meane  
Yeelde vp to God their feruent suites and cries;  
At morning, noone and night continuallye,  
Here shalt thou see them on their faces lye.

The next is PEACE, a quiet happie place,  
Where as no strife nor rancor can be found;  
Rest thou thy barke within this roade of grace,  
And trauaile for to touch vpon this ground;  
They alwayes come to good that run this race;  
Thou needest not here for feare of daunger sound;  
For those that here most peaceably remayne,  
Haue daily traffique with the heauenly raigne.

Hereby doth LOVE another beautie stand,  
That brings thee streight vnto the rode of rest,



And poynted out directly with hir hand,  
 The perfite way by which thou mayst be blest;  
 No harmfull boate may euer here take land,  
 But only those that please the Almighty best,  
 And seeke to sayle according to his will;  
 This Loue doth all the hestes of God fulfill.

Next MERCIE stands, a goodly marke and plaine,  
 That leadeth streight vnto the blissfull port,  
 And is possessed of the heavenly traine,  
 And most frequented of the vertuous sort,  
 Who doe not thinke the words were spoken in vaine,  
 Wherwith our Saviour did the Jewes exhort,  
 Assuring those that mercie shewde to men,  
 That mercie should be shewed againe to them.

Not farre from hence may PACIENCE plaine be seene,  
 The bulwarke strong against all iniurie,  
 The souerigne Ladie and most victorious Queene,  
 In trouble, toyles and worldly miserie,  
 Which euermore assuredly hath bene  
 The Buttresse chiefe of Christianitie,  
 By which the soules of vertuous men haue saylde,  
 That neuer yet in storme or tempest quaylde.

Here liuely FAITH may well discerned bee,  
 The chanell safe that leades to heavenly blisse,  
 Whereby the fathers olde attainde to see  
 The hauen faire and port of perfite blisse;  
 This made the martyrs flame in such degree,  
 That life they weyed not in respect of this,  
 By which they knew assuredly to finde  
 The blissfull place conceyued in their minde.

These are the markes whereto thou must take heede;  
 By these thou mayest thy selfe in voyage guide,  
 If that thou seekest luckily to speede,  
 To passe the flattes and scape the raging tide;  
 Vpon this course haue mariners agreed,  
 That long time since these seas haue fully tride;  
 No other way they here haue left behinde,  
 Whereby we may the happie hauen finde."

Where the bark shall finally rest, is beyond the weak  
 powers of man to describe.

" The ioyes are such as cannot here be tolde;  
 No pen can paint, nor tongue can tell the kinde,

The gorgeous sight that saints shall here beholde,  
 Surnounts the reach of any earthly minde,  
 And passeth aye a hundred thousand folde  
 The sweetest pleasures that in thys world we finde;  
 No eye hath seene, no eare hath euer harde  
 The ioyes that are for godly men preparte.

Applie thy minde to seeke this happy place,  
 Put all thy strength and all thy force thereto,  
 Call vnto God continually for grace,  
 As Christ hath taught, seeke alwayes for to doe,  
 Set alwayes him and his before thy face,  
 So shalt thou come thê blessed haue to,  
 So thou thy selfe with eyes shalt plainly see,  
 What ioy, what pleasures, there preparte bee."

τελος.

"The death of S. Polycarpus, Bishop of Smyrna, and disciple to Saint John, Euseb. lib. 4" and "a Priest of Apollo, straungely conuerted. Euseb. lib. 4" which appear to be the "one or two" stories, mentioned in the dedication, conclude the volume.

When our author flourished, the amplification of the materials which produce the elegance of poetry, was too commonly neglected. The playful attributes of fancy and imagination were not lavishly associated with the labours of the Muse; but while the delineation of an image is nearly bare of every ornament and grace, it does not prevent the rough and impressive outline from exhibiting the hand of a master. Had the author studiously remarked the effect and richness of the imagery that adorns *Sackville's Induction*, then newly printed, he would have produced a more picturesque, if not an elegant performance. His manner evidently suffered by the chains of fashion, but that, if it do not discover a powerful originality, does not prove a deficiency of judgment, talent or genius. His staff, as it was then modishly termed, or stanza, is what Richard Nicolls calls of the fifth proportion,\* and was used by Harington in his *Translation*  
 of

\* "For the verse, (says this writer) I haue chosen the fourth proportion, which is the stanza of seuen, preferring it before the fifth, which is the staffe of eight, because it is chiefly vsed of our ancient

of *Ariosto*. However, that writer neglected to preserve a principal beauty in the metre, from the legitimate smoothness of an unlaboured though oft recurring rhyme; by adopting the final polysyllables, adducing for an authority Sir Philip Sydney, as one that "not only useth them but affecteth them." That grace our author's poem uniformly possesses, and therein one of the happiest instances of the harmony of measure, which, from its length, the age that produced it can shew.

He has enlarged, perhaps faultily, from being too minute, on the several characteristics of the Vices, without the usual and necessary relief in an equal display of the Virtues, whereby the prominent features of the one are scarcely effaced by the trite and crowded images of the other. Yet, defective as his allegory may be, it does not seem improbable but that the *Purple Island*, by Fletcher, derives its formation from the *Ship of Safe-guard*.

The only copy of this tract hitherto discovered, is in possession of Earl Spencer, and forms one in a thick 12mo volume, containing many rare articles, lettered "Miscellanea," belonging to the library at Althorp.\*

I cannot omit this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation of this work to the liberal permission of that

ancient and best historical poets; and though I confesse that of eight to hold better band, yet is it more tedious to a writer, being it binds him to the band of two foures intertangled, which if he obserue not, it is no huitaine or staffe of eight, but falls into the first proportio, making two quadreins." Vide address "To the reader," prefixed to the last part of the *Mirour of Magistrates*, 1610.

\* Some account of the treasures of the fifteenth century, collected by the noble possessor, there and at Spencer house, will appear in "a volume of about 500 pages, devoted to a description of some of the rarest books of early typography," and which, from the known rapidity and unceasing industry of the very valuable Editor, we may expect to be gratified with during the current year. It has been announced by the partial distribution of thirty-six copies of *Book Rarities, or a Descriptive Catalogue of some of the most curious, rare, and valuable books of early date; chiefly in the collection of the Right Honourable George John Earl Spencer, K.G.* by the Rev. Thomas Frognal Dibdin.

nobleman,

nobleman, as well in the present article, as those already inserted at p. 344, 349, and 534. \*

J. H.

¶ *Bellenden's Translation of the History of Scotland, from the Latin of Boetius. Folio. 1541. black-letter.*

This volume in a perfect state is extremely rare; and the copy from which this account is taken wants the title. At the end of a poetical prologue however, is the following colophon:

“*Heir after followis the history and croniklis of Scotland compilit and newly correckit by the reverende and noble clerke maister Hector Boece channon of Aberdene. Translatit laitly be Maister John Bellendene Archdene of Murray, channon of Ros. At the command of the richt hiē, richt excellent, & noble prince James the V. of that name King of Scottis. And imprented at Edinburgh be Thomas Davidsan dwellyng fornens the frere wynd.*”

In this age of reprints, perhaps the work of Bellenden might not be unworthy the notice of some enterprising editor. Hector Boyse, as an historian, is noted chiefly for his fabulous absurdity. But to the greater number of those who cherish an attachment to black-letter volumes, the marvellous legends, and wild superstitions of an author who is resolved to “hold each strange tale devoutly true,” must frequently prove more acceptable and interesting, than a concise narrative of facts, however elegantly told. To such historians, it is almost needless to observe, we are indebted for the best plays of Shakspear; and, in more recent times, for the “*Lay of the last Minstrel, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, and Don Roderick.*”—While the annotations of Scott and Southey never refer to such writers as Hume and Robertson, they are crowded with quotations from Froissart, Mathew Paris, Hector Boyse, and the Cronicon Nurembergenscs. These obsolete authors perhaps contain the

\* It has not been noticed, that among the Lansdowne MSS. now in Brit. Mus. are some letters of Barnaby Gonge, (the supposed author of this poem) and the Darells, regarding that alliance. See Catalogue, I. 22, 25.

germs of many *future* poems, which will be the delight of all nations. Nor need we fear, that by putting it into the power of every one to read those rare authors, which it has been hitherto considered an enviable distinction to possess, and which have been kept sacred from the polluting touch of the vulgar, that we shall detract from the value of the poems to which they have given rise, or obstruct the progress of the poetic art, by laying open its hidden sources to common eyes. We may indeed render the sources common, but need not fear that by so doing poetic novelty can be exhausted, or poetry held in less admiration than before. A reprint of the celebrated "*Morte Arthur*," will probably ere long render familiar to modern eyes those delightful fictions which nourished the genius of Milton, and in later times that of T. Warton and of Walter Scott; but the "*divinæ particula auræ*" will, as in Milton's days, and in all past ages, be in the possession only of a chosen few, on whom that gift has been bestowed by the immediate interposition of a Supreme Power.—To put an end to these remarks, which, though accidentally suggested by the present article, are perhaps more general in their tendency than its confined nature warranted, it may be observed, that in the *Biographia Britannica* (art. *Bellenden*) there is some account of this author and his poetry. Mr. Pinkerton mentions his death at Rome in 1550; and desires his readers to beware of confounding him with *Bannatyne* the collector of poems, who has preserved some of *Bellenden*'s poetry, and from whose collection were published the selections of Ramsay and Lord Hailes. The poetical prologue to the present work not being very generally known, I will venture to transcribe a few stanzas. It is addressed throughout "to his Buke;" and consists of twenty-nine stanzas, of eight verses each, of which this is the first.

" Thou marcyall buke pas to the nobyll prynce,  
 Kyng James the fyft my soverane maist preclare,  
 And gif sum tyme thow gettis audience,  
 In humyll wyse unto his grace declare  
 My waukrife nichtis and my lauboure sare,  
 Quhilk Jhandly lies for his pleseir tak

Quhyll

Quhyll goldin Tytan with his birnand chate  
Hes past all signis in the zodiak."

The following are chosen without regard to the order in which the stanzas are printed, but on account of their being among the most spirited in the proeme, and the most applicable to the subjects in view.

" Sen thou art drawin sa compendious  
Fra flowand Latyne into vulgar prose,  
Schaw now quhat princes bene maist vicius,  
And quhay lies bene of chevelry the rosé.  
Qubay did thair kingrik in maist honour jois,  
And with thair blud our liberteis hes coft,  
Regarding nocht to de among thair foes,  
So that thay nicht in memory be brocht.

Schaw be quhat dangeir and difficil wayis  
Our antecessouris at thair uter mychtis  
Hes brocht this realme with honour to our dayis  
Ay fechtand for thair liberteis and richtis  
With Romanis, Danis, Inglismen & Pichtis,  
As curtas reders may throw thy process ken  
Thairfoir thow ganis for na catyve wichtis  
Allanerly bot unto nobyll men.

And to sic personis as covettis for to heir  
The volveand dedis your progenitouris,  
And how this cuntre baith in peace & weir  
Bene governit unto this present houris,  
How forcy cheiftanis in mony bindy stouris  
(As now is blawin by my vulgar pen)  
Maist valzeandly wan landis & honouris,  
And for thair virtue [were] callit nobyll men.

Sen thow contenis no vailzeand men & wyse  
Than evir was red in ony buke but dout,  
Gif ony churle or velane the dispysse  
Byd hence hym harlot, he is not of this rout.  
For heir are kingis and mony nobills stout,  
And nane of thame pertenant to his clan.  
Thow art sa full of nobylnes per tout,  
J wald nane red the bot ane nobyll man.

Thus to all nobylls sen thow art dedicat,  
Schaw breifly how by my gret deligence  
Ilk story be the self is seperat  
To mak thaym bowsome to thine audience.

Schrink nocht thairfore, bot byde at thy sentence,  
 Sen thou art armit with invincible trewth,  
 Of gentyll reders tak benevolence  
 And cure of others na Invy nor rewth.

Bring nobyll dedis of mony zeris gone  
 Als fresche and recent to our memorie,  
 Als thay war bot into our dayis done  
 That nobyll men may have baith laud & glorie  
 For thair excellent brot of victorie,  
 And zit becans my tyme hes bene so schort,  
 J thynk quhen I have opportunitie  
 To ring thair bell into ane othir sort.

Leir kingis to hait all peple vitius,  
 And na sic personis in thair hous ressave,  
 And suffir na seryandis avaritius,  
 Ovir scharp exactionis on thair subditis craif,  
 That not be done without thair honour saif,  
 Sekand na conques be unlesfull *wanis*. \*  
 Schaw mony reasonis how na king mycht haif  
 His baronis hartis & thair geir attanis.

Schau how the kingis life and governance  
 The murrour of levyng to his peple bene.  
 For as he luffis, be his ordinance  
 The same maneris are with his peple sene.  
 And thairfair kingis hes na oppin. rene  
 To use all pleseiris as thaym lykis best.  
 The hear honour & office thay sustene,  
 Thair vice is ay the hear manifest.

Schau now quhat kind of soundis musical  
 Js maist semand to vailzeand cheveleris,  
 As thondran blast of trumpat bellicall  
 The spretis of men to hardy curage steris,  
 So syngyng, fydlyng, and piping not efferis  
 For men of honour nor of hye estate,  
 Because it spontis swete venome in thair eris,  
 And makis thair myndis al effeminate."

But as it is possible that this prologue may have been already reprinted, † I transcribe the following account of the celebrated Battle of Bannockburn, as a specimen of the prose.

\* This word seems to be peculiar.

† It is inserted in Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 61. H.

“ In the mene tyme Kyng Edward send to all kyngis and princis that wer alliat with hym to have support aganis the Scottis, promitting eftir his victory to divide Scotland amang thaym. And thairfoir nocht only the peple that stude under his empire, bot sindry othir infinite peple come with hym on thair aventuris. Specially thay that had bot small insyght at hame. Traisting to purches be his conques & victorie landis & riches sufficient to sustene thair estait in tymes cumyng. And in esperance thairof thay brocht with thame yair wiffis and childrin with all the guddis quhilk thay mycht *turs* \* baith on fute and hors. Y<sup>e</sup> landis quhare kyng Edward gat support to this battall, wer thir that folowes. Holland, Zeland, Brabane, Flanderis, Picardy, Bollony, Gascunze, Normandye, with mony othir regionis, quhilkis wer all that tyme other confiderat with Jngland, or ellis under thair dominioun. And by thaym mony scottis men (quhilkis for the felicite succeeding to Inglismen) tuke part at yis tyme with kyng Edward contrar thair native prince. y<sup>e</sup> noumer that come at this tyme in Scotland with King Edward extendit to ane hundreth and fifty thowsand fute men, with als mony hors men. And by this, wes infinite noumer of seudlaris, & cariage men with yair wiffis childrin madinnis & servandis, as thay wer sicker to sit down perpetually in Scotland. Throw quhilk the noumer wes sa gret that na ordour ne craft of chevalry mycht be observat amang thaym. For men wiffis and childrin wer all mixt togidder. Throw quhilk rais ane huge reird and clamour in all partis quhare thay come throw diversite of toungis. Kyng Edward be this incredible noumer of pepill richt proud and insolent tuke littil soliciude or thoct of battall. For quhen he was approachend neir the merchis of Scotland, he tuke avisement with his nobills, with quhat cruell and schamefull torment he micht best punis ki<sup>ng</sup> Robert and his nobills, presuming he vain arrogancce to put thaym to pyne, as thay had bene sicker in his handis. Attoure he brocht with him an Carmelite monk to describe his conques & victory on Scotland. And nocht onlie the kyng, but every man in his company usit maist draction on the Scottis. On the tothir side kyng Robert did all thing with gret prudence and industry, and with xxx M. men feirs and weil exercit in chevalry he come pertlie againis his ennymes, & set down his tents w<sup>t</sup>. gud array on ane plane abone Banochburn. Uncertane quethir he did yis for the gret confidence he had in his folkis; or yif he did it to caus his sayis to have him in ma cōtemption, and as

\* This word also seems to be peculiar.



he belevit so follow it eftir. For quhen the Inglismen began to wonder how he durst cū w<sup>t</sup>. sa smail power aganis yair huge ordinance. It wes said be ane agit and wyse capitane. We will get na victory this day but strang besgane & gret murdir of pepill. For he knew weill ye gret wisdom & manheid of kyng Robert and his forcy championis sa lang exercit in chevalry. Forthir to strength his manheid w<sup>t</sup>. mōre crafty elycht, he maid deip fowseis in the place quhare the battall was set, and dang in staikis with scharp pointis rying up, coverit with scherrittis with sic ingyne, that fut men mycht pas thairon but ony danger, bot quhen ony preis of hors come aboon the said fowseis, y<sup>e</sup> lofting suld brek. And incontinent the horzmen suld othir be revin on staikis, or ellis inclusit but any passage. Sic thingis done, he abaid still in the said place abidyng with gret curage the cumyng of Inglismen. And quhen baith the armyis were approcheing to othir within ane myle, kyng Edward send VIII. C. horsmen be ane prevy zait to the castell of Strivelyng to advertis the capitane of his cumyng. Als sone as kyng Robert saw thaym proceding forthwart, he sent erle Thomas Randale with V. C. men to saif the cuntre fra thair invasioun, quhilk met thir Inglismen with incredible manheid. Throw quhilk it wes fauchtin cruelly with uncertane victory lag tyme in y<sup>e</sup> face of baith y<sup>e</sup> armyis. In y<sup>e</sup> mene tyme Schir James Dowglas dred yat erle Thomas his speciall & tender freind suld be ourset be multitude of Inglisme. And incontinent he fell on kneis before kyng Robert desiring licence to support his freind. And because the kyng wold nocht condiscend to his purpos sa haistely as he desyrit, he ruschit out of y<sup>e</sup> army but any license with an cūpany of chozie men to y<sup>e</sup> effect foresaid. At last quhen he wes cumyng neir y<sup>e</sup> place quhare the erle faucht, and saw the victory inclinand to hym with gret murdir of Inglismen, he stude still, that he suld nocht be his cumyng reif fra his tender freind ye glorie of victorie, quhilk he had conquest with sic felicite and manheid. This victorie wes sa plesand to all the army of Scottis yat every man wes spreit with new curage. Belevyng w<sup>t</sup>. sicker esperance more felicite haistely approcheing. The Inglismen war litil astonist of this discōfitour. Howbe t thay saw the Scottis do this vassalage bee more māheid than noumer of pepill. And to that fyne the Scottis sall nocht be insolent throw this said victorie, yai set battal to fecht w<sup>t</sup>. yaine on the morrow. Kyng Robert maid his folkis (youcht thay war in few noumer) reddy for battall in the samyer maner, casting hym mony wayis to bring his ennymes in the fowseis afore devisit. First he commandit the army to  
mak

mak thair confessionis and to be redde on the morowe to ressaue y<sup>e</sup> blissit sacrament aftir messe. Throw quhilk thay mycht haue the better esperance of victory. On the tothir side the Inglistmen be hie curage belevit nocht bot huge pray of landis & guddis to fall to yame for smal lauboure of ane day. All the nycht afore the battall kyng Robert wes richt wery havand gret sollicitude for the weil of his army, and mycht take na rest, bot rolland all jeoperdeis and chance of fortoun in his mynd, and sum tyme he went to his devoit cōtemplatioun, makand his orisoun to god & sãct Phillane, quhais arme (as he belevit) set in silber wes closit in ane cais within his palzeon. Traisting the better fortoun to follow be the samyn. In the mene tyme y<sup>e</sup> cais chakkit to suddanlie but ony motion or werk of mortall creaturis. The preist astonist be this wonnder went to the altar quhare the cais lay. And quhen he fand the arme in the cais he cryit heir is ane gret mirakle, and incontinent he confessit how he brocht the tume cais in the field, dredand y<sup>e</sup>. the rellik suld be tint in the feild quhare sa gret jeoperdeis apperit. The kyng rejosing of this mirakill past the remanent nycht in his prayaris with gude esperance of victorie. On the morowe he gaderit all his army to messe to ressaue the body of God to mak thayme have the more curage aganis thair ennymes. In this army wes ane devoit man namit Marius Abbot of Inchaffray, yuhilk said masse on ane hie mote, and ministerit the Eucharist to the kyng and his nobills, and causit his preistis to mak ministratioun thairof to the residew of the army. Eftir this kyng Robert callit the pepill to his standart and said in this maner. J beleif (maist forcy championis) nane is amãg zow nocht knowing how necessar it is to ws to fecht this daye aganis oure ennymes. Ze se ane army gaderit aganis oure ennymes. Ze se ane army gaderit aganis zow nocht only of Inglistmen bot of sindry othir nationis liand about yame, and cumyng aganis ws with thair wiffis and childrin nocht onlie to dwell in our boundis bot als to banis ws out of the samyn, and tẽdis to manure our lãdis to frequent our housis and tempills. And finalie to bring ws to sic uterrewyne, yat our fame and memorie sall peris in Albioune. Our ennymes hes tane lang consultatione (howbeit it wes folie) with quhat cruell & horrible torment they sall pyne ws or evir we be vincust or cum in yair hãdis, nat knowing zour invincible curage and manheid sa lang exercit in chevalry quhilk is rycht patent in me be lang experience. Nochyels gif ye will knawe quhat vailzeant men bene thir now invading zow with sic vane mynasing (maist forcy and invincible championis) thay are the refuse of all realmes but ony practik or  
experience

experience of chivalry, and continewally (sen yair first zeria) drownit in lustie amang effeminate huris. And becaus thir febill and cownt bodyis hes waistit thair patrimony landis & gudis in vile & corruppit usis, thay intend to ding zow fra zour native landis heritage & roumes. Noctheles ze sall have some experiance, yat it sall be na mair difficulte to slay thayme yan scheip. Forther suppois thay wer dotat with maist vertew, ze suld nouthur be affrayit nor zit fule hardy, for in sa far as we have ane justar querrell to defend, yan thay have to p̄sew, in sa far suld we beleif yat god salbe mair favorable to ws yan to yame. God hes now schawin to ws his favour be myracle of sanct Phillane quhilk is comyn (as J beleif) to your eiris. yairffore J pray zow be of gude cōfort, as ze ar. Set on zone confusit multitude of pepill. And traist weill qubare god is concurrant, na multitude of ennimes may avail. And the more noumer of pepill cumis aganis zow the pray and riches sall cum to zour more proffet. On the tothir side kyng Edward prayit his folkis to remember gif thay faucht vailzeantlie ter ane hour or two, yai suld have infinite riches, and y<sup>e</sup> realme of Scotlande in rewarde of thair lauboure, of quhilk he desyrit nocht bot the superiorite. Attoure prayit yame to remember quhat irrecoverable schame suld follow (sen thay wer departit ouj of thair cuntreis) to return hame but proffet or victorie. At last quhen thay wer passand forthwart to battall, yai mycht skarslie see severit fra embrasing of yair wiffis and childrin. Nocht yeles be hortatioun of yair capitanis yai come to gud array. The archearis stude arrayit among the horsemen about ilk wyng. And the battall evir in the myddis of yame, traisting yair ennymes nocht of pissance to sustene yair gret ordinance. Kyng Robert (y<sup>t</sup>. his folkis sall have na esperance to fle) commandit thaym to leif yair hors behind yame, and to cum on fute to battall. Maritus the abbōt forsaid tuke the croce, to quhilk the crucifix wes hynging, and ereckit it afore the army in maner of ane baner. Incontinent all ye army of Scottis fell on kneis devoutly cōmending yame to God. The Inglisten seing the Scottis fall on kneis, belevit yame zoldin but straik. Bot quhen yai saw yame ryse and come forthwart, yai began to be affrayit. Incontinent baith y<sup>e</sup> armyis ruscht togidder. At the first jonyng, many pepill were drevin at erd ou all sidis. Y<sup>e</sup> archearis (quhilkis ever arrayit in the uter skirttis of y<sup>e</sup> wingis) wer richt noysum to y<sup>e</sup> scottis, quhil at last Edward Bruce came on yair bakkis with 1. M. speris and brak yame ī sic wyse, yat yai did little more skaith. Incontinent ane battall of horsmen to y<sup>e</sup> noumer of xxx. M. mē come all ruschand forwart atanis to have ovirriden y<sup>e</sup> scottis. And

quhen yai wer ruand forthwart with maist violence yai fel al attanis in y<sup>e</sup> fowseis quhare yai wer miserably slaine but ony dlebaith. And zit the scottis throw multitude of ennymes wer neir vincust, yan ye carriage men and wemen seand yais maistres in sic extreme dangeir, put on yair sarkis above thair claitlis with towellis and napkinnis bound to yair speris, and come doun y<sup>e</sup> hill form<sup>er</sup>ece yair ennymes with maist afull & terribill noises. y<sup>e</sup> Inglismen fechtand tha<sup>m</sup> with maist fury agans y<sup>e</sup> Scottis with uncertane victory and seand yis new ordina<sup>n</sup>ce cumyng doun y<sup>e</sup> hill on yair face was sore affrayit. and becaus thay mycht skarsly sustene y<sup>e</sup> violent preis of scottis tha<sup>m</sup> present, thay belevit to be vily destroyit, gif yai pseverit ony forhir i<sup>n</sup> battall, and gaif backis, an quhan followit y<sup>e</sup> scottis with insaciabyll yre, and maid slaucht<sup>r</sup>. in all ptis quhare thay come. specially quhare king Edward fled. schi-James Douglas with III. C. chosin men na thi<sup>n</sup>g irkit w<sup>t</sup>. co<sup>n</sup>tinewall slaucht<sup>r</sup>. of his ennymes, followit king Edward with lang chace to Du<sup>u</sup>bar; quhare he wes ressavit be Patrik du<sup>u</sup>bar erle of March with XV. erlis, & put i<sup>n</sup> Jngland be ane fischar bait to be ex<sup>a</sup>ple of y<sup>e</sup> unsicker stait & glorie of princes: for yocht yis Edward wes yis day at morrowe rycht proud with mony duks, erlis and baronis und<sup>r</sup>. his empire, not unlik su<sup>t</sup>yme to y<sup>t</sup>. gret army of king Xerxis. Zit he wes constrainit or evn to saif his life i<sup>n</sup> ane pure fischar bait fleand be ye see f<sup>r</sup> Jngla<sup>n</sup>d.\*

The singular incident mentioned by all Scottish historians, by which the battle was decided in favour of the Scots, seems in all probability, to have been a stratagem previously devised by King Robert. An excellent summary of historical evidence on the battle of Bannockburn, and indeed a most industrious and interesting account of the whole life of the Scottish hero, may be found in Mr. Kerr's *History of the Reign of Robert I.* lately published.

R. P. G.

\* There is a Scoticism constantly occuring in the above extract, viz. *but for without*, which must appear strange to an English reader. It may also be proper to observe that *tunc* cais means *empty* case, in the story of St. Jillan's Arm. *For<sup>n</sup>er<sup>e</sup>*, formens, *opposite*.

¶ ΚΟΣΜΟΒΡΕΦΙΑ, or the *Infancy of the World*: with an appendix of *God's resting day, Eden Garden; man's Happiness before, Misery after, his Fall.* Whereunto is added, *The praise of nothing; divine ejaculations: the four ages of the world; the birth of Christ; also a century of historical applications: with a taste of Poetical Fictions.* Written some years since by N[icholas] B[illingsley] then of *Eaton school*; and now published at the request of his friends. London, printed for Robert Crofts, and are to be sold at his shop at the Crown in Chancery Lane under *Sergeants Inn*, 1658. 16°. p p. 184.

The only information relative to Nicholas Billingsley, the author of the above work, I have been able to gain, is collected from the prefatory matter of the book itself.

From the dedication to "*Francis Rous, Esq. Provost of Eton College, and one of the council to his Highness the Lord Protector,*" dated, Canterbury, in 1656, it appears that six years before he had been placed at Eton as a King's Scholar, but had not succeeded in being elected from thence to the sister foundation of King's College, Cambridge, and that his poverty had prevented his becoming a member of either university. I have no clue to come to the knowledge of the period when he was born, except that his poems being composed at the age of fifteen, in his hours of recreation, at Eton; and six years having elapsed since he was placed there, it may be plausibly conjectured that at the date of his dedication he was about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and if so, consequently born sometime about 1634-5. Anthony Wood mentions several persons of the names of Billingsley, and amongst others Henry Billingsley, son of Roger Billingsley, of the city of *Canterbury*, who having attained great riches, became Lord Mayor of London, was knighted, and died in 1606.\* Our author seems also to have been a native of, or connected with Canterbury, not

\* Wood's Ath. Vol. I. 331.

only from his dedication being dated at that place, but from several complimentary addresses prefixed (according to the custom of the day) to the work, the writers of which were residents in that city. Among other poems of that class, is one subscribed by the author's brother, John Billingsley, who probably may be the person mentioned by Wood as being of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and taking his master's degree in 1649.\* A Colonel Billingsley was killed on the side of the King when Bridgenorth was stormed by the Parliamentarians.†

From the preface addressed to *the candid reader*, it appears that the author had already published some work which had met with a favourable reception, and which had emboldened him, together with the encouragement of friends, to send the work before us into the world: he then cautions the reader not to "expect any strong lines, high tow'ring fancies, and soaring inventions, which were, when he penned it, inconsistent with his boyish years." The work bears strong intrinsic evidence of the author's immature or naturally jejune powers, as it will perhaps be difficult to find among the poetasters of the seventeenth century, one more defective in every qualification of a poet.

"The world's infancy," which is not only a versified history of the creation, but also an account of man's fall, is comprized in ten sections, to each of which is prefixed an argument, also in verse. The reader may form some idea of the poet's talent for condensing his matter from the argument to the last section.

"The Devill in the serpents' forme  
Tempteth to sin the woman first:  
She man; so done, the Lord doth storme,  
The Serpent, Eve, and Adam's curst."

Few persons of the present day, however friendly to an author, would recommend the publication of such trash as the following physiological description of man.

"Man's stomack is a pot, wherein the meat  
Is reconcocted, he before did eat.

\* *Fasti*, Vol. II. 70. A family of this name was resident at Dover, and allied to that of Lord Chancellor Hardwick.

† *Vicar's Burning bush not consumed*, p. 403.

The Mesaraick veins suck and deliver  
 The chile of what we eat through pipes, to th' liver.  
 The belly is a buttery, wherein  
 (Within the cupbord of the bowels skin)  
 The grosser offals, that the stomack leaues  
 Of its digestion adhers and cleaues,  
 Where they remaine, until dame nature please  
 For to exonerate such filthy lees." P. 49.

The ladies are not much indebted to the gallantry of our poet, who gives the following etymology of the word *woman*: after saying that Adam had called his companion woman, he goes on;

" (Nor is't a wonder why he call'd her so;  
 For unto *MAN* at last she prov'd a *WOE*.)" P. 51.

The Gun-Powder Plot is commemorated by Billingsley, in what he calls a *hymne*.

" Now the grisly God of Hell  
 With his monsters, fierce and fell,  
 Which in pitchy caverns dwell,  
 Enter into consultation.  
 And the devils' Impe the (Pope \*)  
 And the Catholicks which grope  
 In the darke, doe greatly hope  
 For to see our desolation." Verse 1.

After stating that almost before Elizabeth died, the plan had been organized by Garnet, Catesby, and others, he proceeds:

" Powder barrels thirty-six;  
 (Billet wood and faggot sticks  
 For to colour it) they fix,  
 In a cellar that was voyd.  
 This conspir'd to ouerthrow  
 King and kingdome at a blow,  
 What to do they faine would know.  
 Faux a villaine they employ'd." Verse 4.

Having detected the plot, the poet goes on.

" They that did our deaths conspire,  
 And did very much desire  
 We might dance in shets † of fire,  
 Their plots found out, they fled our coasts.

\* Sic.

† Sic.

Some of them did a halter stretch,  
 Guy Faux, a brazen-faced wretch  
 Had's head erected on a cratch :  
 Glory be to the Lord of Hoasts.

All the school-boys in the kingdom, will doubtless join chorus in the next verse.

“ Thrice blessed be this day, may not  
 The unaccomplish'd Powder plot,  
 By any Christians be forgot.  
     O joyfull joyfull holy day!  
 Let Bells in ev'ry Steeple ring,  
 And ev'ry sort of people sing,  
 And boyes their squibs and crackers fling  
     And bone-fires beamy light display.” Verse 9.

The reader perhaps will be satisfied with one more specimen, which affords a sample of the poet's powers of description: it is the first verse of “Genethliacon, or a birth song, in honour of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, his coming into the world.”

“ From the skies night slideth doun :  
 Cloathed in a sable gown ;  
 And her drowsie head doth croun,  
     With a poppy coronet.  
 Muffling up her scar-crow face ;  
 Holding forth a leeden Mace ;  
 Thus she o're the world doth trace ;  
     With bright sentinels\* beset.—”

E. W.

\* This figure appears to have been a great favorite with the poets of the period in which Billingsley flourished. It is used both by Lovelace and Habington. A modern poet of considerable celebrity has borrowed it.

“ Our bugles had sounded, the night-cloud had lour'd,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.”  
     Campbell's Soldier's Dream.

I quote these two lines from memory, and will not therefore vouch for the correctness of the first.

*A Hye*



¶ [A Hyve full of honye, contayning the First Booke of Moses, called Genesis, turned into englishe meter, by William Hunnis, with notes in the margin. Herbert, 867. Col.] Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete, neere vnto S. Dunstane's Church by Thomas Marshe. 1578. Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis. 136 leaves. qto.\*

As a contributor to the *Paradise of Dainty Deuices*, our readers are fully acquainted with the name of William Hunnis. His dedication is an acrostic on "Robert Leycester," and inscribed "to the right honorable and his singuler good Lord, the Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Leycester, Baron of Denbigh, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Maister of the Quenes Maiesties Horse, and one of her Highnesse moste Honorable Priuie Counsell, [whom] William Hunnis wisheth encrease of Honor, Health, and Dignitie, vnto the will & pleasure of the most Almightye." Another acrostic on "William Hvnnis," is addressed "To the friendlye reader," and tells him not to look for "fyled wordes and termes, nor phraze that poets chuse," it being forbidden as unmeet for such a work. On the following page is a coat of arms, probably the author's; where three bee-hives on the shield explain the above, and other titles of his works: beneath are eight lines of poetry. Then, on next page,

"T. N. In the Commendation of this his Frenedes Trauayle.

"In pryme of youth, thy pleasaunt penne depainted *Sonets* sweete,  
Delightfull to the greedy eare, for youthfull humour meete.  
Therein appeer'de thy pregaunt wit, and store of fyled phraze,  
Enough t' astonne the doltishe Drone and lumpishe-Loute amaze.

---

\* Ames describes this work as octavo, but as a cropt copy would have that appearance, it may be doubted if there was more than one edition. It is extremely rare, and for title I am indebted to Herbert, who does not appear to have seen it. It was sold in John Henderson's sale, 1786, No. 154, for the trifling sum of 7s.

Thy *Enterludes*; thy gallaunt *Layes*; thy *Rond'lets*; and thy *Songes*;  
 Thy *Nosegay*; and thy *Wydwes Myte*, with that thereto belongs;  
 With other fancies of thy forge,\* well hammered by skill,  
 Declares what meale of finest graine thou grindest in thy mill.  
 By which wee easly knowe thy veine, and by that pittaunce finde,  
 What golden giftes lodge in thy breast, and aumbry of thy minde.  
 Wee see thy nature link'te to arte, thy heart to learninges lawe:  
 As who doth not a lion knowe, if hee but see his pawe?  
 Descendinge then in riper yeares to stuffe of further reache,  
 Thy schooled quill, by deeper skill did graber matters teache.  
 And now to knit a perfect knot, in winter of thine age, †  
 Sutch argument thou chosen hast for this thy style full sage,  
 As farre surmountes the residue (though al in pith excell)  
 And makes thy frendes to joye thereat, but foes with spight to  
 This worke I meane of sacred lore, this hault-Philosophye, [swell,  
 Which through thy paine and stayed braine, we here beholde, and  
 see,

In curraunt meeter, roundlie coucht, and soundly taught withall,  
 As they, which text with verse conferre, full soone acknowledge  
 shal.

Gréat thanks (no doubt) thou haste deseru'de of all that thyrst  
 for grace,

Syth this thou minced hast the foode, which good men al embrace.  
 The holy ghost, from whom thou doost this heauenly Honnie sucke,  
 Direct thy minde, and to thy penne alotte most happy lucke.

Thomas Newton."

\* There are not sufficient particulars known respecting the works of Hunnis, to explain the several allusions commencing the above complimentary effusion of his friend Newton. Of his sweet *Sonets*, gallant *Lays*, *Rondelets*, and *Songs*, a few have, no doubt, been preserved in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*. His *Enterludes*, if not lost, remain unknown. He was a man of genius, a poet, and for a time Master of her Majesty's children of the chapel; for whose theatrical exhibitions he probably employed his pen: the parts he executed in the *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle*, 1575, consisting of the devise of Sibylla, with a short address in rhyme, and the devise of the delivery of the Lady of the Lake, whereof the verses "were penned, some by master Hunnes, some by master Ferris, and some by master Goldingham," are, on the whole, too trifling to be characterised as *Enterludes*. Neither is the *Nosegay* known, unless it was the *Handfull of Honisuckles*, which seems doubtful, that being a title to the "*Widow's Mite*, with that thereto belongs." This last was licensed to Thomas Dawson, 1578, and probably published before the subject of the present article, though the earliest edition known is by H. Denham, 1585. For his "other fancies," consult the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1800, p. 88, *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802, p. 252, and preface of *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1810, p. xiv.

† This line confirms the probability that we are yet without correct dates for his earlier productions.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the sageness of the stile and perfection of this offspring of our author's "winter of age," there can be no dissent to the assertion of Warton that his honey is "no longer delicious." He has versified the whole book of Genesis, giving occasional genealogical tables in illustration of his text, and has prefixed in rhyme "the argvment of this booke." The second chapter, as one of the shortest, is now selected, with the marginal notes,

*"The contentes of the second Chapter.*

*The hallowing of the Saboth day,  
The Flouddes fowre of Paradice gay :  
Howe in the same man had his seate :  
The tree forbidden hym to eate.  
How Adam named Creatiures all,  
How Eve was made, that first did fall,  
And how that marriage did begynne,  
Betweene them twayne ere they did sinne.*

Thus was the heauē's, \* ye. earth, ye. sea,  
and creatures all therein;

In sixe dayes made: and in the seauēth  
did God, our God beginne,

2. To rest † from all his labours done,  
and sanctified the same:

To bee a day of rest to man,  
therein to prayse his name.

3. God made each plante in fiede that growth,  
before in earth it was,  
And enery hearbe before it grewe,  
and euery other grasse.

\* That is the sunne, the mone, the starrēs and planets.

† The 7 day dyd God first shewe mercy, for that hee gaue to man and beast that day rest; wheras the day before they were damned to perpetual trauell for the sinne of Adam, the which mercy was the fulfillingge and perfectiō of al his workes; if God had not ended his worke in mercye the 7 day and abated his hard iudgemēt against mākind for Adams sin, his worke had not bene complet, ne perfit, in so much as the principall creature for whō he made all thinges was lost: for when the finall cause of any thinge fayleth, the work is not complet ne perfit.

4. And

4. And thus before that any rayne  
vpon the earth was founde,  
Or any man to haue in vse  
the tillage of the ground.
5. A mighty mist ascended vp  
from of the earth, and so  
Bewatered the face of all  
the earth and ground belowe.
6. Then man that of the earth was made  
a liuinge soule became,  
By breath of life that God did breathe  
in noethrilles of the man,
7. And from the first God planted had  
a garden \* fayre to see,  
Wherein he set this man hee made  
the keeper for to bee.
8. And from the earth God made to springe  
all fructfull trees, so plaste:  
As both might well the eye delight,  
and please the mouthe in taste.
9. Two trees amyd this garden grewe  
by power of sacred skill,  
The one of lyfe, the other was  
of knowledge, good and ill.
10. From Eden † went a ryner foorth  
to moyst this garden than,  
Which afterward deuided was,  
and in foure heades became.
11. And Pishon is the first of foure  
which round about doth goe;  
The golden land of Hauilah, ‡  
wher th' onix stone doth growe.
12. The second head is Gihon cald,  
which compasseth throughoute  
The land of Ethiopia, §  
with water round aboute.
13. The third is named Hydekell ||  
that passeth downe alonge  
The east side of Assyria, \*\*  
wyth myghty streame and stronge.

\* This garden is called Paradiſe, and is estward from Eden, and Paradiſe is also called Eden. Isidore. li. 15. Cap. 2.

† Eden signifieth pleasures.

‡ Hauilah is a country ioyning to Persia estward, and inclyneth toward the west.

§ Or Cush.

|| Or Tigris.

\*\* Or Asshyr.

14. And

14. And Euphrates, \* the fourth is calde,  
 whych fruitfulness doth showe:  
 And in the same do many gemmes,  
 and precious stones foorth the growe.
15. Almyghty God this Adam toke  
 and in this garden set,  
 The same to dresse, the same to keepe,  
 and of the fruit to eate.
16. Of euery tree that therein was  
 God bade him eate his fil,  
 Except the tree that's in the mid'ste,  
 of knowledge good and ill. †
17. God sayd, that day thou eat'st thereof  
 thou for the same shalt dye,  
 Therefore see that thou toche it not,  
 the taste thereof to trye.
18. It is not good (said God) that man  
 should be alone I see:  
 I wyll an helper make to him,  
 companion his to bee.
19. Out of the ground did God then make  
 ech beast vpon the earth,  
 And euery foule in th' ayre that flyes,  
 and all that draweth breathe.
20. And God did bringe all beastes and foules,  
 to view of Adam's eye, ‡  
 Which was to see what kynde of name  
 he then would call them by.
21. And Adam called euery beast,  
 and euery fowle by name,  
 As wee do vse at this same day  
 to nominate the same.
22. In slumber then was Adam cast,  
 and God a ribbe did take  
 Out from his side, and of the same  
 a woman he did make,  
 And filld the place with fleshe agayne,  
 and when hee did awake:
23. This is (sayd he) bone of my bone,  
 and fleshe of mine, I see:

\* Or Perāth.

† The tree was forbidde Adam before Eue was made.

‡ Or cōpelled them to present themselues vnto Adā. Cap. 7. 9.

Virago

- Virago \* shal shee called bee,  
as taken out of mee :
24. And for this cause shal euery one  
his parentes deare forsake :  
And cleaue vnto his wife alone,  
and both one fleshe shall make.
25. Thus were they left in Paradice,  
all nak'de, and vnasham'de :  
Because as yet no fact was done,  
by them for to bee blam'de."

J. H.

¶ *Old Musical Airs.*

i. \*

" I think that if the hills the plaines and mountaines,  
And woods and waters, knew the great distemper  
Of this my lyfe, it should not bee concealed:  
But thorow such by pathes and sauage fountains,  
I know not how to search for trew loue semper,  
That by reason each one may bee reuealed.

ii.

Come louers fourth addresse you to admyer,  
At hir whose locks are like the golden wyer,  
Curiously wrought to set mens harts on fyer.

iii.

Delay breeds daunger, and how may that be wrested,  
By slaught to shun delaying :

\* Shee had that name till God reproved her for her fault.

† *Altvs. Madrigals to five voyces, Selected out of the best approved Italian Authors. by Thomas Morley, Gentleman of hir Maiesties Royall Chappell. At London printed by Thomas Este. 1598. The dedication says " To the Worshipfull Sir Geruis Clifton, Knight. Good Sir, I euer held this sentence of the poet, as a canon of my creede; That whom God loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs." . . . . Contains xxiiii Songs.*

Verio

Verie vile is that vice and euer detested,  
 Each loue sate bewraying:  
 Thrice happie men, doe say, is that sweet wooing,  
 Where loue may still bee noted swift in doing.

## iv.

Doe not tremble, but stand fast  
 Deare, and faint not: hope well, haue well, my sweeting:  
 Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting:  
 Now ioyne with mee thy hand fast:  
 Loe thy true loue salut's thee,  
 Whose jeme thou art, and so he still reput's thee.

## v.

If silent then grieffe torments mee,  
 If I speake your patience moueth,  
 Hating him that loueth;  
 But when sweet hope appereth,  
 My countenance it cheareth:  
 And kneeles in humble wise for pittie pleading,  
 That these my lines so pensieue  
 May no way seem offensieue:  
 But rather work my ioye by your sweet reading.

## vi. (first part.) \*

The nightingale that sweetly doth complaine,  
 His yong once lost, or for his louing matè:  
 To fill the heauens and fields himselfe doth frame,  
 With sweet and dolfull tunes to shew his state:  
 So all the night to doe I am full fayne,  
 Remembring my hard hap and cruell fate;  
 For I, alone, am cause of all my paine,  
 That gods might dye I learnd to know too late.

## vii. (second part.)

O false deceit, who can himself assure,  
 Those two faire lights aye clearer then the sun,  
 Who euer thought to see made so obscure:  
 Well now I see Fortune doth me procure,  
 To learne by prooffe, in this case that I runne,  
 That nothing long doth please, ne can indure."

J. H.

\* Both parts have the name of *Peter Phillips* as author.

¶ *A Booke of Proclamations, published since the beginning of his Maiesties most happy Reigne, ouer England, &c. Vntill this present Moneth of Febr. 3. Anno Dom. 1609. Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie. Cum Priuilegio. Fol. pp. 266.*

About 130 proclamations, put forth by King James in the first ten years of his reign, are preserved in this volume, having, when complete, continuations to 5 Feb. 1612. The following amusing articles are not the least valuable of this historical collection.

“ *A Proclamation for the deferring of S. Iames Faire, for certaine dayes.*

“ The care we haue to preuent all occasions of dispersing the Infection amongst our people, doeth sufficiently appeare by our former Proclamations, and that for that cause we are contented to forbear at our Coronation all such ceremonies of honour and pompe vsed by our Progenitors as may draw ouer great confluence of people to our Citie. For which cause also being informed that vsually about the day of our Coronation intended, and for some dayes after, a Faire hath bene vsed to be kept in the fields neere our house of S James, and City of Westminster; commonly called S Iames' Faire; which if it should hold at the time accustomed, being the very instant of our Coronation, could not but draw resort of people to that place, much more vsfit to bee neere our Court and Traine, then such as by former Proclamations are restrained. Wherefore we haue thought it necessary to put off the keeping of that Faire for some few dayes: And to the end that all men may take notice thereof, doe publish the same to all mens knowledge, Requiring those who are Lords of the Faire, or otherwise interested therein, That according to this our pleasure, they doe forbear to hold the sayd faire, and to resort thither, for the space of eight or ten dayes after the first day of the vsual holding thereof: Licensing them after that time to keepe the same as they haue vsed to do. Furthermore to auoyd ouer great resort to our Cities of London and Westminster at that time, for the cause of our Coronation, we haue thought good to limit the Traines of Noblemen and Gentlemen  
lauiug



having necessary Service or attendance there, to a number certaine; viz. Earles to sixteene, Bishops and Earons to ten, Knights to Sixe, and Gentlemen to foure: which numbers we require each of them to obserue, and not to exceed as they tender our fauour. Giuen at our Castle of Windsor, the 11. day of July in the first yeere of our Reigne of England, France and Ireland, and of Scotland the sixe and thirtieth. Anno Dom. 1603."

*" A Proclamation for the annihilating of Commissions formerly granted for taking vp of Hounds, &c.*

" Wherevpon our first comming to the succession of this Kingdome, at the sute of diuers persons who had or pretended to haue from the Queene of famous memory our sister deceased, Commissions as annexed of course to seueral Offices which they held for the taking vp of Hounds, Greyhounds, Spaniels, and dogges of other sorts accustomed for Venery, Faulconry, or other sports of Princes; Wee did renew vnto them their said Commissions, and grant the like to some others who had no offices vpon diuers suggestions made vnto vs which Commissions we haue since bene informed from diuers parts of our Realme that inferiour Officers who haue bene trusted with them haue abused and do dayly abuse, contrary to the meaning of the same, which was to be executed no further forth then the necessity of our service should require: And forasmuch also as we haue had good proofe that Gentlemen & others who delight in the like pastime of Hunting and hauking haue & will be ready at all times of their owne good will and respect to our recreations to furnish vs of sufficient number of dogges of all sorts, which we shall haue cause to vse when they shall be informed that we haue need of them: We haue therefore found it vnecessary to continue the execution of any our commissions heretofore giuen for that purpose, and do hereby notifie the same to all our subjects and expresly charge and command all those, who haue any such Commissions or Warrants from vs vnder our great Seale, or any other our Seales, that they doe not onely forbear to put the same in execution from henceforth; but also do bring in and deliuer vp the said Commissions and Warrants, into our Chaucery, or any other office, where they haue bene Sealed, within the space of Twentie dayes after the publishing hcreof, as they will answere the contrary at their perill. Willing also and commanding our Attourney generall, and all other of our counsell learned, that whensoever they shall receiue information that any person who  
hath

hath had such Commission from ys, shall after the time aboue limited execute the same, that they do prosecute their offence therein, as in case of contempt by all such wayes and meanes as in like case is vsuall. Given at our Honour of Hampton Court the 27: day of September in the third yeere of our Reigne of Great Britaine, France and Ireland Anno Dom. 1605."

\* \*

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¶ *A Forme of Christian pollicie gathered out of French by Geffray Fenton. A worke very necessary to al sorts of people generally, as wherein is contained doctrine both universall, and special touching the institution of al Christian profession: and also convenient particularly for all Magistrates and Governours of common weales, for their more happy regiment according to God. Mon heur viendra. Imprinted at London by H. Middleton for Rafe Newbery, dwelling in Fleetstreet a little aboue the Conduit. Annv 1574. 4to. pp. 352, besides Dedication and Table.*

It is dedicated to Sir William Cecill, Lord Burleigh, from the Author's Chamber in the Black Friars, this xvi day of May, 1574.

The copy from whence this is taken belonged to Archbishop Parker, whose autograph it has, and whose arms are on the cover.

B.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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