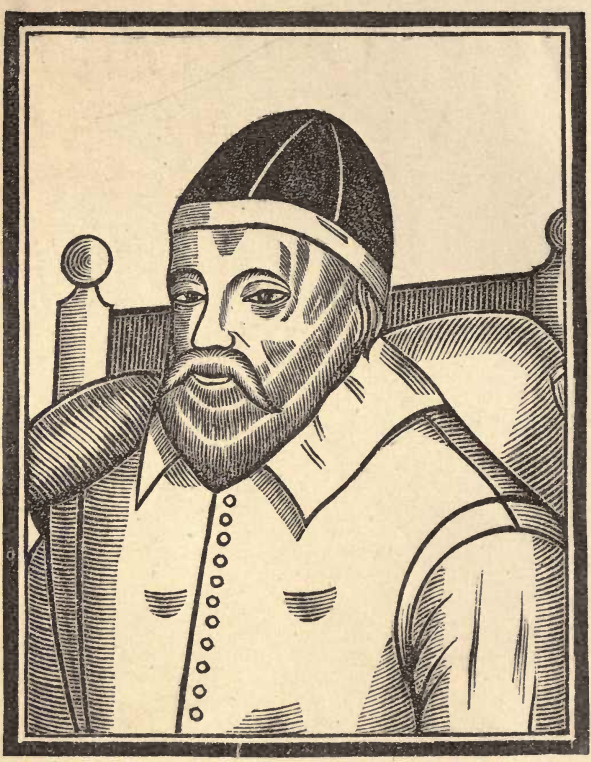


The Old, Old, very Old Man, or Thomas Parr, the Son of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Shropshiere; who was borne in the yeare 1483, *in the Raigne of King Edward the* 4th, *being Aged,* 152 *Yeares and odd Monthes, in this yeare,* 1635.

The Old, Old, Very Old Man:

OR,

The Age and long Life of *Thomas Par*, the Son of *John Parr* of *Winnington*, in the Parish of *Alberbury*; in the County of *Salopp* (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th. being aged 152. yeares and odd Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Conversation in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages, and his bringing up to *London* about the end of *September* last. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Postscript, showing the many remarkable Accidents that hapned in the Life of this *Old Man.*

Written by IOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Goffon*, at his Shop on *London Bridge*, neere to the Gate.
1635

TO

THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE,
CHARLES, By the Grace of God,
King of great Britain, France, and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

OF Subjects (my dread Liege) 'tis manifest,
You have the old'st, the greatest, and the least:
That for an Old,[1] *a Great,*[2] *and Little man,*[3]
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain *can;*
One, for his extraordinary stature,
Guards well your gates, and by instinct of Nature
(As he is strong), is Loyal, True, and Just,
Fit, and most able, for his Charge and Trust.
The other's small and well composed feature
Deserves the Title of a Pretty Creature:
And doth (or may) retain as good a mind
As Greater men, and be as well inclined.
He may be great in spirit, though small in sight,
Whilst all his best of service, is Delight.
The Old'st, your Subject is; but for my use,

[1]Old Parr. [2]William Evans, [3]Sir Jeffery Hudson.

I make him here, the Subject of my Muse:
And as his Aged Person gain'd the grace,
That where his Sovereign was, to be in place,
And kiss your Royal Hand; I humbly crave,
His Lives Description may Acceptance have.
And as your Majesty hath oft before
Look'd on my Poems; Pray read this one more.

Your Majesties
most
Humble Subject
and
Servant,
JOHN TAYLOR.

THE OCCASION OF this Old Man's being brought out *of Shropshire to* LONDON.

AS it is impossible for the Sun to be without light, or fire to have no heat; so is it undeniable that true Honour is as inseparably addicted to Virtue, as the Steel to the Load-stone; and without great violence neither the one or the other can be sundered. Which manifestly appears, in the conveying out of the Country, of this poor ancient Man; Monument I may say, and almost Miracle of Nature.

For the Right Honorable, *Thomas* Earl of *Arundel* and *Surrey*, Earl Marshal of *England*, &c. being lately in *Shropshire* to visit some Lands and Manors which his Lordship holds in that County, or, for some other occasions of Importance, which caused his Lordship to be there. The Report of this Aged Man was certified to his Honour; who hearing of so remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him, and in his Innated Noble and Christian Piety, he took him into his

charitable tuition and protection; Commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with Age) to be provided for him; Also, that a Daughter-in-Law of his (named *Lucy*) should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her own riding with him; And (to cheer up the Old Man, and make him merry) there was an Antique-fac'd-fellow, called *Jack* or *John the Fool*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also a Horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the Country to *London*, by easy Journeys; the Charges being allowed by his Lordship, and likewise one of his Honours own Servants, named *Bryan Kelly*, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expenses; all which was done accordingly, as followeth.

Winnington is a Hamlet in the Parish of *Alberbury*, near a place called the *Welsh Pool*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury*, from whence he was carried to *Wim*, a Town of the Earls aforesaid; and the next day to *Shefnall* (a Manor House of his Lordship) where they likewise staid one night; from *Shefnall* they came to *Wolverhampton*, and the next day to *Brimicham*,* from thence to *Coventry;* and although Master *Kelly* had much to do to keep the people off that pressed upon him in all places where he

*Birmingham.

came, yet at *Coventry* he was most oppressed: for they came in such multitudes to see the Old Man, that those that defended him, were almost quite tired and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly that *Bryan* was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.) The trouble being over, the next day they passed to *Daventry*, to Stony *Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and so to *London*, where he is well entertain'd and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his lordship.

One remarkable passage of the Old Man's policy must not be omitted or forgotten, which is thus.

His three leases of 63. years being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord (one Master *John Porter*) for his life, with which lease, he hath lived more than 50 years (as is further hereafter declared;) but this Old Man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for years, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old *Parr*, (having been long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master *Edward Porter*, the son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband, saying, Husband, our young landlord is coming hither: Is he so, said old *Parr;* I prithee wife

lay a pin on the ground near my foot, or at my right toe; which, she did; and when young Master *Porter* (yet forty years old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old Man said, Wife, is not that a Pin which lies at my foot? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a pin indeed, so she took up the Pin, and Master *Porter* was half in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid.

He hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter, the boys name was *John*, and lived but ten weeks; the girl was named *Joan*, and she lived but three weeks. So that it appears he hath out-lived the most part of the people that are living near there, three times over.

THE VERY OLD MAN:

OR,

The Life of *Thomas Parr.*

N Old man's twice a child (the proverb says)
And many old men ne'er saw half his days
Of whom I write; for he at first had life,
When *York* and *Lancasters* Domestic strife
In her own blood had factious *England* drench'd,
Until sweet Peace those civil flames had quench'd.
When as fourth *Edwards* reign to end drew nigh,
John Parr (a man that liv'd by Husbandry)
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and born was He
The year of fourteen hundred eighty three.
And as his Fathers Living and his Trade,
Was Plough, and Cart, Scythe, Sickle, Bill, and Spade;
The Harrow, Mattock, Flail, Rake, Fork, and Goad,
And Whip, and how to load, and to Unload;

Old *Tom* hath shew'd himself the Son of *John*,
And from his Fathers function hath not gone.
  Yet I have read of as mean Pedigrees,
That have attain'd to Noble dignities:
Agathocles, a Potters Son, and yet
The Kingdom of *Sicily* he did get.
Great *Tamberlane*, a Scythian Shepherd was,
Yet (in his time) all Princes did surpass.
First *Ptolomy* (the King of *Egypts* land)
A poor mans Son of *Alexanders* Band.
Dioclesian, Emperor, was a Scriveners Son,
And *Probus* from a Gard'ner th'Empire won.
Pertinax was a Bondmans Son, and wan
The Empire; So did *Valentinian*,
Who was the off-spring of a Rope-maker,
And *Maximinus* of a Mule-driver.
And if I on the truth do righly glance,
Hugh Capet was a Butcher, King of France.
By this I have digressed, I have expressed
Promotion comes not from the East or West.
  So much for that, now to my Theme again:
This *Thomas Parr* hath liv'd th'expired reign
Of ten great Kings and Queens, th'eleventh now sways
The Sceptre, (blest by th'ancient of all days)
He hath surviv'd the *Edwards*, fourth and fifth;
And the third *Richard*, who made many a shift
To place the Crown on his Ambitious head;

The seventh and eight brave *Henries* both are dead,
Sixth *Edward*, *Mary*, *Philip*, *Elizabeth*,
And blest remembred *James*, all these by death
Have changed life, and almost 'leven years since
The happy reign of *Charles* our gracious Prince,
Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by Record appears
Nine months, one hundred fifty, and two years.
Amongst the learn'd, 'tis held in general
That every seventh year's climaterical,
And dang'rous to mans life, and that they be
Most perilous at th'Age of sixty three,
Which is, nine climactericals; but this Man
Of whom I write, (since first his life began)
Hath liv'd of climactericals such plenty,
That he hath almost out-lived two and twenty.
For by Records, and true Certificate,
From *Shropshire* late, Relations doth relate,
That He liv'd 17 years with *John* his Father,
And 18 with a Master, which I gather
To be full thirty five; his Sires decease
Left him four years Possession of a Lease;
Which past, *Lewis Porter* Gentleman, did then
For twenty one years grant his Lease agen:
That Lease expir'd, the Son of *Lewis* called *John*,
Let him the like Lease, and that time being gone,
Then *Hugh*, the Son of *John*, (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years sold one lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh's* Son,

A lease for's life these fifty years, out-run:
And till old *Thomas Parr*, to Earth again
Return, the last lease must his own remain.
Thus having shew'd th'extention of his Age,
I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.
  A tedious time a Bachelor he tarried,
Full eighty years of age before he married:
His continence, to question I'll not call,
Mans frailty's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but he in four score years might find
In *Salop's* County, females fair and kind:
But what have I to do with that; let pass,
At th' age aforesaid he first married was
To *Jane*, *John Taylor's* daughter; and 'tis said,
That she (before he had her) was a maid.
With her he liv'd years three times ten and two,
And then she died, (as all good wives will do.)
She dead, he ten years did a widower stay;
Then once more ventured in the wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife *Jane*,
He took another of that name again;
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda)*
She was (as by report it doth appear)
Of *Gilsells* Parish, in *Mongom'ry-shire*,
The Daughter of *John Lloyd* (corruptly *Flood)*
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.
  But hold, I had forgot, in's first wife's time,
He frailly, foully, fell into a Crime,

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have fallen into.
The *Cytherean*, or the *Paphæan* game,
That thundering *Jupiter* did oft inflame ;
Most cruel cut-throat *Mars* laid by his Arms,
And was a slave to Loves enchanting charms,
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,
The common road of lustful love hath trod :
For from the Emperor to the russet clown,
All states, each sex, from cottage to the Crown,
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,
Been foiled, and overthrown with Loves temptation :
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy
A Beauty, and Love entered at his eye,
Whose pow'rful motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew Action, Action drew Content,
But when the period of those joys were passed,
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.
The flesh retains, what in the Bone is bred,
And one Colts tooth was then in old *Toms* head,
It may be he was gull'd as some have been,
And suffered punishment for others sin ;
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,
Or (like a painted harlot) seems most fair ;
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,
No ugly Beast so foul a shape can have.
Fair *Katherine Milton*, was this Beauty bright,

(Fair like an Angel, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,
That for Laws satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,
Which aged (He) one hundred and five year,
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did wear.
Should All that so offend, such Penance do,
Oh, what a price would Linen rise unto,
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts and smocks
Our Table linen, very Porters Frocks
Would hardly 'scape trans-forming, but all's one,
He suffered, and his Punishment is done.
  But to proceed, more serious in relation,
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,
He's (in these times fill'd with Iniquity)
No *Antiquary*, but *Antiquity;*
For his Longevity's of such extent,
That he's a living mortal Monument.
And as high Towers, (that seem the sky to shoulder)
By eating time, consume away, and moulder,
Until at last in piece meal they do fall;
Till they are buried in their Ruins All:
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, Imperfections manifold:
Yet still his sp'rits possess his mortal Trunk;

Nor are his senses in his ruins shrunk,
But that his Hearing's quick, his stomach good,
He'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
He will speak heartily, laugh, and be merry;
Drink Ale, and now and then a cup a Sherry;
Loves Company, and Understanding talk,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.
And though old Age his face with wrinkles fill,
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,
Well fac'd; and though his Beard not oft corrected,
Yet neat it grows, not like a Beard neglected;
From head to heel, his body hath all over,
A Quick-set, Thick-set nat'ral hairy cover.
And thus (as my dull weak Invention can)
I have Anatomiz'd this poor Old Man.
Though Age be incident to most transgressing,
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.
And if our studies would but deign to look,
And seriously to ponder Natures Book,
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,
By riot and excess doth murder Nature.
This man ne'er fed on dear compounded dishes,
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes,
The earth, the air, the boundless Ocean
Were never rak'd nor forag'd for this Man;
Nor ever did Physician to (his cost)
Send purging Physic through his guts in post;
In all his life time he was never known,

That drinking others healths, he lost his own ;
The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Greek*, and *Spanish* Grape,
Upon his reason never made a rape ;
For *Ryot*, is for *Troy*, an anagram ;
And *Ryot*, wasted *Troy*, with sword and flame :
And surely that which will a kingdom spill,
Hath much more power one silly man to kill,
Whilst sensuality the palate pleases,
The body's filled with surfeits, and diseases ;
By riot (more than war) men slaughtered be,
From which confusion this old man is free.
He once was catched in the venereal sin,
And (being punished) did experience win,
That careful fear his Conscience so did strike,
He never would again attempt the like.
Which to our understandings may express
Mens days are shortened through lasciviousness,
And that a competent contenting diet
Makes men live long, and soundly sleep in quiet.
Mistake me not, I speak not to debar
Good fare of all sorts ; for all Creatures are
Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.
For he that dares to scandal or deprave
Good house-keeping ; Oh hang up such a knave,
Rather commend (what is not to be found)
Than injure that which makes the world renowned.

Bounty hath got a spice of *Lethargy*,
And liberal noble *Hospitality*
Lies in consumption, almost pin'd to death,
And *Charity* benum'd, near out of Breath.
May *Englands* few good house-keepers be blest
With endless glory, and eternal Rest;
And may their goods, lands, and their happy seed
With heav'ns blest blessings multiply and breed.
'Tis madness to build high with stone and lime,
Great houses, that may seem the clouds to climb,
With spacious halls, large galleries, brave rooms
Fit to receive a King, Peers, Squires, and grooms
Amongst which rooms, the devil hath put a witch in,
And made a small *Tobacco-box* the Kitchen;
For *Covetousness* the Mint of Mischief is,
And *Christian Bounty* the Highway to Bliss.
To wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled Garters worth a Copy hold:
A hose and doublet; which a Lordship cost,
A gaudy cloak (three Manors price almost)
A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,
(Priz'd at the Churches tythe, the poor mans bread)
For which the Wearers are fear'd, and abhorr'd
Like *Jeroboams* golden *Calves* ador'd.
This double, treble aged man, I wot,
Knows and remembers when these things were not;
Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
Down with the Lamb, and with the Lark would rise,

In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And (to his team) he whistled time away:
The *Cock* his night-*Clock*, and till day was done,
His Watch, and chief *Sun-Dial*, was the *Sun*.
He was of old *Pythagoras* opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome (with an onion)
Course Meslin[1] bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whey, and Whig;
Sometimes Metheglin[2], and by fortune happy,
He sometimes sipp'd a Cup of Ale most nappy,
Cider, or Perry, when he did repair
T'a Whitsun Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Fair,
Or when in Christmas time he was a Guest
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest:
Else he had little leisure time to waste,
Or (at the alehouse) huff-cap Ale to taste.
Nor did he ever hunt a Tavern Fox,
Ne'er knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox;
His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of *Salop* yields, more sweet than *Candy* oil,
And Garlick he esteemed above the rate
Of *Venice-Treacle*, or best *Mithridate*.
He entertained no *Gout*, no *Ache* he felt,
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt,
Whilst *Mavisses*, and sweet tongued *Nightingales*

[1] MESLIN, a mixture of different sorts of grain.

[2] METHEGLIN, a beverage made of honey and water.

Did chant him Roundelays, and Madrigals.
Thus living within bounds within bounds of Natures
Laws,
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.
For though th' Almighty all mans days do measure,
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,
Yet Nature being wrong'd, mans days and date
May be abridg'd, and God may tolerate.
But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,
His Grandfather, and his Great grandfather,
Had their lives threads so long a length been spun,
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by
Tradition shew Times mutability.
Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,
Say that his Grand-fire heard his Father tell
The death of famous *Edward* the confessor,
(Harold) and *William* Conq'ror his successor;
How his Son *Robert* wan *Jerusalem*,
O'er-came the *Saracens*, and Conquer'd them:
How *Rufus* reign'd, and's Brother *Henry* next,
And how usurping *Stev'n* this kingdom vext:
How *Maud* the Empress (the first *Henries* daughter)
To gain her Right fill'd *England* full of slaughter:
Of second *Henry's Rosamond* the fair,
Of *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, his brave heir
King *John*, and of the foul suspicion
Of *Arthurs* death, *Johns* elder Brothers Son.

Of the third *Henry's* long reign (sixty years)
The Barons wars, the loss of wrangling *Peers*,
How *Long-shanks* did the *Scots* and *French* convince,
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his hapless son their Prince.
How second *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen inthrall'd.
How the third *Edward*, fifty years did reign,
And t'honor'd Garters Order did ordain.
Next how the second *Richard* liv'd and died,
And how fourth *Henries* faction did divide
The Realm with civil (most uncivil) war
'Twixt long contending *York* and *Lancaster*.
How the fifth *Henry* swayed, and how his son
Sixth *Henry* a sad Pilgrimage did run.
Then of fourth *Edward*, and fair Mistress *Shore*,
King *Edwards* Concubine Lord *Hastings* (———)
Then how fifth *Edward* murdered with a trick
Of the third *Richard*; and then how that *Dick*
Was by seventh *Henries* slain at *Bosworth* field;
How he and's son th'eighth *Henry*, here did wield
The Sceptre; how sixth *Edward* sway'd,
How *Mary* rul'd, and how that royal maid
Elizabeth did Govern (best of Dames)
And *Phœnix*-like expir'd, and how just *James*
(Another Phœnix) from her Ashes claims
The right of *Britain's* Sceptre, as his own,
But (changing for a better) left the Crown

Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be
With him, and his most blest posterity
Till time shall end; be they on Earth renown'd,
And after with Eternity be crown'd.
Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without reading)
He from his sire, and Grand sires sire proceeding,
By word of mouth might tell most famous things
Done in the reigns of all those Queens and Kings.
But he in Husbandry hath been brought up,
And ne'er did taste the *Heliconian* cup,
He ne'er knew History, nor in mind did keep
Ought, but the price of corn, hay, kine, or sheep.
Day found him work, and night allowed him rest.
Nor did Affairs of State his brain molest.
His high'st Ambition was, A tree to lop,
Or at the furthest to a May-poles top,
His Recreation, and his Mirths discourse
Hath been the *Piper*, and the *hobby-horse*.
And in this simple sort, he hath with pain,
From Childhood liv'd to be a Child again.
'Tis strange, a man that is in years so grown
Should not be rich; but to the world 'tis known,
That he that's born in any Land, or Nation,
Under a Twelve-pence Planet's Denomination,
(By working of that Planets influence)
Shall never live to be worth thirteen pence.

Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it)
He's rich enough to be (like me) a Poet.
  But ere I do conclude, I will relate
Of reverend Age's Honourable state;
Where shall a young man good Instructions have,
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?
Rehoboam, (Son and Heir to *Solomon)*
Rejecting ancient Counsel, was undone
Almost; for ten of the twelve tribes fell
To *Jeroboam* King of *Israel.*
And all wise Princes, and great Potentates
Select and chose Old men, as Magistrates,
Whose Wisdom, and whose reverend Aspect,
Knows how and when to punish or protect.
The Patriarchs long lives before the Flood,
Were given them (as 'tis righly understood)
To store and multiply by procreations,
That people should inhabit and breed Nations.
That th'Ancients their Prosperities might show
The secrets deep of Nature, how to know
To scale the sky with learned *Astronomy*,
And found the *Oceans* deep profundity;
But chiefly how to serve, and to obey
God, who did make them out of slime and clay;
Should men live now, as long as they did then,
The Earth could not sustain the Breed of Men.
Each man had many wives, which Bigamy,

Was such increase to their Posterity,
That one old man might see before he died,
That his own only off-spring had supplied
And Peopled Kingdoms.
But now so brittle's the estate of man,
That (in Comparison) his life's a span.
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plain,
That many did a longer life retain,
Than him I write of; for *Arphaxad* liv'd
Four hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd
Four hundred thirty three years, *Eber* more,
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty four.
Two hundred years *Terah* was alive,
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.
Before *Job's* Troubles, holy writ relates,
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,
And after his restoring, 'tis most clear,
That he surviv'd one hundred forty year.
John Buttadeus (if report be true)
Is his name that is styl'd, *The Wandering Jew*,
'Tis said, he saw our Saviour die; and how
He was a man then, and is living now;
Whereof Relations you (that will) may read;
But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.
Upon a *Germans* Age, 'tis written thus,
That one *Johannes de Temporibus*
Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemagne*,
And that unto the age he did attain

Of years three hundred sixty one, and then
Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.
And noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,
Had liv'd three hundred years both Man and boy.
Sir *Walter Raleigh* (a most learned Knight)
Doth of an *Irish* Countess, *Desmond*, write
Of seven score years of Age, he with her spake :
The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make
That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards* reign,
Thrice shed her Teeth, which three time came
again.
The *Highland Scots* and the *Wild Irish* are
Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.
Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong
And lusty, near two hundred winters long ?
So as I said before, my verse now says
By wronging Nature, men cut off their days.
Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,
The age of all in *Britain* hath out gone ;
All those that were alive when he had Birth,
Are turn'd again unto their mother earth,
If any of them live, and do reply,
I will be sorry, and confess, I lie.
For had he been a *Merchant*, then perhaps,
Storms, Thunderclaps, or fear of Afterclaps,
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pirates, Gusts and storms
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms.
Had he a *Mercer* or a *Silk-man* been,

And trusted much in hope great gain to win,
And late and early strived to get or save,
His Grey head long ere now had been i'th Grave.
Or had he been a *Judge* or *Magistrate*,
Or of Great Counsel in Affairs of state
Then days important business, and nights cares
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary hairs :
But as I writ before, no care opprest him,
Nor ever did Affairs of State molest him.
Some may object, that they will not believe
His Age to be so much, for none can give
Account thereof, Time being past so far,
And at his Birth there was no Register.
The Register was ninety seven years since
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)
Th'year fifteen hundred forty wanting twain)
And in the thirtieth year of that Kings reign ;
So old *Parr* now, was almost an old man,
Near sixty ere the Register began.
I have writ as much as Reason can require,
How Times did pass, how Leases did expire ;
And Gentlemen o'th County did Relate
T'our gracious King by their Certificate
His age, and how time with grey hairs hath crowned
him ;
And so I leave him older than I found him.

THE changes of Manners, the variations of Customs, the mutability of Times, the shiftings of Fashions, the alterations of Religions, the diversities of Sects, and the intermixture of Accidents which hath happened since the Birth of this old *Thomas Parr*, in this Kingdom; although all of them are not to be held worthy of mentioning, yet many of them are worthy to be had in memory.

In the sixth year of his Age, and in the second year of the reign of King *Henry* the seventh, one *Lambert Symnel*, (the Son of a Baker) claimed the Crown, and was crowned King of *Ireland*, and Proclaimed King of *England* in the City of *Dublin:* This Paltry fellow did put the King to much cost and trouble, for he landed with an Army at *Fowdrey* in *Lancashire*, and at a place called *Stoke*, the King met him, and after a sharp and short battle, overcame and took him, and pardoning him his Life, gave him a Turn-broaches[1] place in the Kitchen, and afterwards made him one of his Falconers. *Anno.* 1487.

In the tenth year of his Age, and the eighth of *Henry* the seventh another Youngster, whose name was *Perkin Warbeck* (as some write, a Tinkers Son in *Tournay)* some say his Father was a Jew; not-

[1] BROACH.—*i.e.*, a spit.

withstanding, he likewise put the King to much charge and trouble, for he was assisted with soldiers from *Scotland* and *France;* besides, many joined with him in *England*, till at the last, the King took him, and (on his true Confession, pardon'd him) he falling again to his old Practice, was executed at *Tyburn*, 1499.

The same year also, a Shoemakers Son, dwelling in *Bishopsgate-street*, likewise claimed the Crown, under the name of *Edward*, Earl of *Warwick*, the Son of *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* the fourth; but this young Shoemaker ended his claim in a halter at *Saint Thomas a Waterings**; which was a warning for him, not to surpass *Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam.*

Another Counterfeit, the Son of a Miller claimed the Crown, (in the second year of Queen *Mary's* reign) saying that he was King *Edward* the sixth; but the tenth of *May* 1552, those Royal Opinions were whip'd out of him for a while, till he fell to his old claim again, and purchas'd a hanging the thirteenth of *March* following. So much for Impostures and Counterfeits.

For Religion, he hath known the Times of divers Sects and Changes, as the Romish Catholic Religion from his Birth, till the 24 year of King

*THOMAS-A-WATERINGS.—A place of execution for the county of Surrey, situated close to the second mile-stone on the Old Kent-road.

Henry the eight, the time of 50 years; And the 26 of his reign (the King's understanding being Illuminated from above) he cast the Pope's authority out of this Kingdom, 1534, and restored the Ancient and Primitive Religion, which continued under the Title of *Protestants*, till the end of his Son, King *Edward* the sixth his reign, which was near about 20 years, then was a bloody alteration, or return to Papistry for more than 5 years, all the reign of Queen *Mary*; since whose death, the Protestant Religion again was happily restored, continued and maintained by the Defenders of the True, Ancient, Catholic, and Apostolic Faith, these 66 years and more, under the blessed Governments of Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James*, and King *Charles*. All which time, *Thomas Parr* hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing down of Abbeys, and Religious Houses; nor did he ever murmur at the manner of Prayers, let them be Latin or English, he held it safest to be of the Religion of the King or Queen that were in being; for he knew that he came raw into the world, and accounted it no point of wisdom to be broiled out of it: His name was never questioned for affirming or denying the Kings Supremacy: He hath known the time when men were so mad as to kneel down and pray before a Block, a Stock, a Stone, a Picture, or a Relic of a He or She Saint departed; and he liv'd in a time

when mad men would not bow their knee at the name of *Jesus;* that are more afraid to see a white Surplice, than to wear a white Sheet; that despise the Cross (in anything but money) that hold Latin to be the language of the beast, and hate it deadly because the Pope speaks it; that would patch up a Religion with untemper'd Morter, out of their own Brains, not grounded upon the true Corner-stone; who are furnish'd with a lazy idle *Faith;* that holds good works a main Point of Popery; that hold their Religion truest, because it is contrary to all Order and Discipline, both of Church and Commonwealth: These are sprung up since old *Tom Parr* was born.

But he hath out-lived many Sectaries and Heretics; for in the 32 year of the reign of King *Henry* the eighth, 1540. the 3. of *May*, three Anabaptists were burnt in the High-way, between *Southwark* and *Newington.* In the fourth year of King *Edward* the sixth, one *George of Paris*, a Dutchman, was burned in *Smithfield*, for being an Arian Heretic, 1551. 1583, One *John Lewis* denied the Godhead of Christ, was burnt at *Norwich*, in the 26 year of *Elizabeth.* Not long before that, there was one *Joan Butcher* (Alias) *Joan* of *Kent*, burnt for the like.

In the third year of Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, one *William Geffrey* affirmed one *John Moore* to be

Christ, but they were both whipped out of that presumptuous Opinion, 1561.

In the 17 of Queen *Elizabeth*, the Sect of the Family of Love began 1575, but it took no deep root.

In the 21 of Queen *Elizabeth*, one *Matthew Harmont* was burned at *Norwich* for denying Christ to be our Saviour.

In the 33 of Queen *Elizabeth*, one *William Hacket* was hanged for professing himself to be Christ, 1591.

In the 9 year of king *James*, the 11 of *April*, 1611, one *Edward Wightman* was burned at *Litchfield* for Arianism.

So much have I written concerning Sects and Heresies which have been in this Kingdom in his time, now I treat of some other Passages.

He hath out-lived six great Plagues. He was born long before we had much use of Printing: for it was brought into this Kingdom 1472. and it was long after ere it was in use.

He was above 80 years old before any Guns were made in *England*, 1535.

The Vintners sold no Sacks, Muscadels, Malmseys, Bastards, Allegants, nor any other Wines but White and Claret, till the 33 year of King *Henry* the eight 1543, and then was Old *Parr* 60 years of age: all those sweet Wines were sold till that time

at the Apothecaries for no other use, but for Medicines.

There was no Starch used in *England.* A *Flanders* woman, one Mistress *Dinghen Vandein Plasse* brought in the use of Starch, 1564: and then was this man near 80 years old.

There were no Bands worn till King *Henry* the eights time; for he was the first King that ever wore a Band in *England,* 1513.

Women's Masques, Busks, Muffs, Fans, Periwigs, and Bodkins, were invented by *Italian* Courtezans, and transported through *France* into *England,* in the ninth of Queen *Elizabeth.*

Tobacco was first brought into *England* by Sir *John Hawkins,* 1565, but it was first brought into use by Sir *Walter Raleigh* many years after.

He was 81 years old before there was any Coach in *England:* for the first that ever was seen here, was brought out of the *Netherlands,* by one *William Boonen* a *Dutch-man,* who gave a coach to Queen *Elizabeth,* (for she had been seven years a Queen before she had any Coach) since when, they have increased (with a mischief) and ruined all the best House-keeping, to the undoing of the Watermen, by the multitudes of Hackney or hired Coaches: but they never swarmed so thick to pester the streets, as they do now, till the year, 1605,* and

*During the hearing of the case of the Mid-London Railway Company before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, April, 1872, some

then was the Gun-powder Treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply.

He hath out-lived the Fashion at least 40 times over and over.

He hath known many Changes of Scarcity (or Dearth) and Plenty: but I speak only of the Plenty.

In the year 1499, the 15 of *Henry* 7, Wheat was sold for 4*s.* the quarter, or 6*d.* the bushel, and Bay salt at 4*d.* and Wine at 40 shillings the tun, (which is about three farthings the quart.)

curious details were elicited relative to the street traffic of London. Mr. W. Casey, a traffic taker, gave evidence that on the 28th of March last, in Cheapside, from 8 a.m. to 12 midnight, 9,032 vehicles passed a given point, and 80,257 passengers on foot or in omnibuses and private carriages. At the Post-office end of Newgate-street the number of vehicles was 9,322, and of passengers 64,212. The traffic was taken at twelve stations on or near the line of the proposed railway. In Oxford-street, near Tottenham-court-road, the number of vehicles was 8,803, and of passengers 62,110. In the same thoroughfare, near Regent-circus, the number of vehicles was 9,361, and of passengers 68,872. The witness stated that it had been ascertained that 853 omnibuses passed along Oxford-street in each direction, east and west, daily. The proportions of vehicles of various kinds, and of passengers and their modes of conveyance, varied considerably at the different points of observation. For the sixteen hours from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. the numbers in Cheapside, near Old Jewry, were: —Omnibuses, 2,604; cabs, 3,477; four-wheeled waggons, 1,438; two-wheeled carts, 1,104; private carriages, four wheels, 326; private carriages, two wheels, 83. Passengers on foot, 54.677; in omnibuses, 21,247; in cabs, 3,307; in private carriages, 1,022; equestrians, 4. Mr. Haywood, engineer to the Commissioners of Sewers, gave evidence as to the street improvements that had been effected in the city of London during the last 25 years, amounting to more than 150 in number. He spoke also to the density of the population of different parts of London, and of the districts that would be accommodated by the proposed railway. St. Luke's contained a population of 159,909 to the square mile. The whole population of the City proper was 74,000. In the observations of street traffic, made under direction, he had found that on different days in February last there passed in 12 hours a point in Oxford-street, between Tottenham-court-road and Regent-street, 8,236 carriages; near Great Turnstile, 10,563 carriages; at the Mansion House, east of the junction with Queen Victoria-street, 13,660 carriages. In Newgate-street 33,000 foot passengers passed a given point in 12 hours; and in the Poultry, before Queen Victoria-street was opened, the foot passengers numbered 75,100 in 12 hours.

In the first of Queen *Mary*, Beer was sold for sixpence the Barrel, (the Cask and all) and three great loaves for one penny.

In the year 1557, the fifth of Queen *Mary*, the Penny Wheaten Loaf was in weight, 56 ounces, and many places people would change a Bushel of Corn for a Pound of Candles.

So much shall suffice for the declaring of some Changes and Alterations that have happened in his time.

Now for a Memorial of his Name, I'll give a little touch. I will not search for the Antiquity of the name of *Parr*, but I find it to be an Honorable name in the 12 year of King *Edward* the fourth, the King sent Sir *William Parr* Knight, to seize upon the Archbishop of *Yorks* Goods, at a place called the *Moor*, in *Hartfordshire*, 1472: this Sir *William Parr* was Knight of the Right Honourable Order of the Garter.

In the 22 of *Edward* the fourth, the same Sir *William Parr* went with an Army towards *Scotland*, with *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*.

In the year 1543, the 35 year of King *Henry* the eight, *July* 22, the King was married to Lady *Katharine Parr;* and the 24 of *December*. following, the Queen's Brother, *William* Lord *Parr*, was created Earl of *Essex*, and Sir *William Parr* their Uncle was made Lord *Parr* of *Horton*, and Cham-

berlain to the Queen, and the first of King *Edward* the sixth, *William Parr*, Earl of *Essex* was created Marques of *Northampton;* and in the 4 year of King *Edwards* reign 1550, the said Marques was made Lord Great Chamberlain of *England*, and on the last of *April*, 1552, he (amongst other Lords) Mustered 100 brave well appointed Horsemen of his own charge before King *Edward* in the Park at *Greenwich* (his Cognisance or Crest being the *Maidenhead*) in the first of Queen *Mary* he took part with the Lady *Jane* against the Queen, for which he was taken and committed to the Tower, *July* 26, and (contrary to expectation) released again shortly after, *March* 24.

Also the first of Queen *Elizabeth*, *William Parr*, Marquess of *Northampton* sat in *Westminster* Hall, Lord High Steward, upon a Trial of *William* Lord *Wentworth*, (who had been late Lord Deputy of *Calais;* which noble Lord *Wentworth*, came off most Honourably acquitted, *April* 22.

After the death of King H*enry* the eighth, Queen *Katherine Parr* was married to Sir *Thomas Seymour*, Lord High Admiral, and she died the 2 of *September*, 1548.

And thus I lay down the Pen, leaving it to whomsoever can, or will make more of this *Old Man*, than I have

DONE.

THE GREAT EATER
OF KENT,

OR PART OF THE ADMIRABLE TEETH
and Stomach Exploits of

***Nicholas Wood*, of *Harrisom*,**
in the *County of Kent*, His Excessive manner
of Eating without manners in strange
and trve manner described

By IOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON,
Printed by *Eliz. All-de* for *Henry Gosson.*
1630.

THE GREAT EATER OF KENT.

RECORDS and Histories do make memorable mention of the diversity of qualities of sundry famous persons, men and women, in all the Countries and Regions of the world, how some are remembered for their Piety and Pity; some for Justice; some for Severity, for Learning, Wisdom, Temperance, Constancy, Patience, with all the virtues Divine, and moral: Some again, have purchased a memory for greatness and tallness of body; some for dwarfish smallness; some for beautiful outsides, fair feature and composition of limbs and stature, many have gotten an earthly perpetuity for cruelty and murder, as *Nero*, *Commodus*, and others: for Lechery, as *Heliogabalus:* for drunkenness, *Tiberius*, *(alias Biberius:)* for effeminacy, as *Sardanapalus:* for gluttony, *Aulus Vitellius*, who at one supper was served with two thousand sorts of fishes, and seven thousand fowls, as *Suetonius* writes in his ninth book, and *Josephus* in his fifth book of the Jews wars. *Caligula* was famous for ambition, for he would be

ador'd as a God, though he liv'd like a Devil, poisoning his Uncle, and deflowering all his Sisters: And in all ages and countries, time hath still produc'd particular persons, men and women, either for their virtues or their vices, to be remembered, that by meditating on the good, we may be imitating their goodness, and by viewing the bad, we might be eschewing their vices.

To descend lower to more familiar examples, I have known a great man very expert on the Jew-harp; a rich heir excellent at Noddy,[1] a Justice of the Peace skilful at Quoits; a Merchants wife a quick gamester at Irish[2] (especially when she came to bearing of men) that she would seldom miss entering. Monsieur *La Ferr* a Frenchman, was the first inventor of the admirable Game of Double-hand, Hot-cockles, and *Gregory Dawson* an Englishman, devised the unmatchable mystery of Blind-man's-buff. Some have the agility to ride Post, some the facility to run Post; some the dexterity to write Post, and some the ability to speak, Post. For I have heard a fellow make a Hackney of his tongue, and in a moment he hath gallop'd a lie from *China* to *London*, without bridle or saddle. Others do speak Post, in a thick shuffling kind of ambling trot, and that in such speed, that one of them shall talk

[1] NODDY, an old game at cards, conjectured to be the same as cribbage.

[2] IRISH, similar to backgammon.

more in one quarter of an hour, than shall be understood in seven years. And as every one hath particular qualities to themselves, and dissonant from others, so are the manners of lives (or livings) of all men and women various one from another; as some get their living by their tongues, as Interpreters, Lawyers, Orators, and Flatterers; some by tails, as Maquerellaes,* Concubines, Curtezans, or in plain English, Whores; some by their feet, as Dancers, Lackeys, Footmen, and Weavers, and Knights of the public or common order of the fork; some by their brains, as Politicians, Monopolists, Projectmongers, Suit-joggers, and Star-gazers; some (like the *Salamander)* live by fire, as the whole race of *Tubal Cain*, the *Vulcanean* brood of Blacksmiths, Firemen, Colliers, Gunners, Gun-founders, and all sorts of metal-men; some like the *Chameleon*, by the air, and such are Poets, Trumpeters, Cornets, Recorders, Pipers, Bagpipers; and some by smoke, as Tobacconists, Knights of the Vapour, Gentlemen of the Whiff, Esquires of the Pipe, Gallants in *fumo*; some live by the Water as Herrings do, such are Brewers, Vintners, Dyers, Mariners, Fishermen, and Scullers; and many like moles live by the Earth, as griping Usurers, racking Landlords, toiling Ploughmen, moiling Labourers, painful Gardeners, and others.

Amongst all these before mentioned, and many more which I could recite, this subject of my pen is

*MAQUERELLAES.—*i.e.*, bawds, procuresses,

not (for his quality) inferior to any: and as near as I can, I will stretch my wit upon the Tenters, to describe his name and character, his worthy acts shall be related after *in due time duly.*

And, be it known unto all men, to whom these presents shall come, that I *John Taylor*, Waterman of Saint *Saviours* in Southwark, in the County of Surrey, the Writer hereof, &c., will write plain truth, bare and thread-bare, and almost stark-naked-truth, of the descriptions, and remarkable, memorable actions of *Nicholas Wood*, of the Parish of *Harrisom*[1] in the County of Kent, Yeoman, for these considerations following.

First, I were to blame to write more than truth, because that which is known to be true, is enough.

Secondly, that which is only true, is too much.

Thirdly, the truth will hardly be believed, being so much beyond mans reason to conceive.

Fourthly, I shall run the hazard to be accounted a great liar, in writing the truth.

Lastly, I will not lie, on purpose to make all those liars that esteem me so.

Yet by your leave, Master Critic, you must give me license to flourish my phrases, to embellish my lines, to adorn my Oratory, to embroider my speeches, to interlace my words, to draw out my sayings, and to bumbast the whole suit of the

[1] HARISOM,—*i.e.* Harrietsham.

business for the time of your wearing. For though truth appeareth best bare in matters of Justice, yet in this I hold it decent to attire her with such poor rags as I have, instead of robes.

First then; the place of his birth, and names of his parents are to me a mere *Terra incognita*, as far from my knowledge, as content from a Usurer, or honesty from a Bawd, but if he be no Christian, the matter is not much, he will serve well enough for a man of Kent; and if his education had been as his feeding, it is evident he had been of most mighty breeding; he hath gotten a foul name, but I know not if it came to him by Baptism, for it is partly a *Nick*-name, which in the total is *Nicholas*, I would abate him but a Saint, and call him *Nicholas Shambles*, and were the goodness of his purse answerable to the greatness of his appetite, out of all question, no man below the Moon would be a better customer to a shambles than he, for though he be chaste of his body, yet his mind is only upon flesh, he is the only Tugmutton, or Muttonmonger betwixt *Dover* and *Dunbar*: for he hath eaten a whole sheep of sixteen shillings price, raw at one meal (pardon me) I think he left the skin, the wool, the horns, and bones: but what talk I of a sheep, when it is apparently known, that he hath at one repast, and with one dish, feasted his carcase with all manner of meats? All men will confess that a hog

will eat any thing, either fish, flesh, fowl, root, herb, or excrement, and this same noble *Nick Nicholas*, or *Nicholas Nick*, hath made an end of a hog all at once, as if it had been but a rabbit sucker, and presently after, for fruit to recreate his palate, he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons, thus (Philosophically) by way of a chemical infusion, as a hog will eat all things that are to be eaten, so he in eating the hog, did in a manner of extraction distil all manner of meats through the limbeck of his paunch.

But hold a little, I would be loath to cloy my Reader with too much meat and fruit at once, so that after your sheep, hog and damsons, I think it best to suffer you to pause and pick your teeth (if you have any) whilst I spend a few words more in paraphrasing upon his surname. *Wood* is his appellation, denomination, or how you please to term it.

Some of the ancient Philosophers have compared men to a Tree with the bottom upwards, whose root is the brain, the arms, hands, fingers, legs, feet and toes, are the limbs and branches, the comparison is very significant, many trees do bring forth good fruit, so do some few men ; some stately trees grow high and fair, yet stand for nothing but shades, and some men grow high and lofty, yet are nothing but shadows; Some trees are so malignant,

that nothing can prosper under the compass of their branches; and some men are so unlucky, that very few can thrive in their service. And as of one part of a tree a chair of State may be made, and of another a carved image, and of a third a stool of office; So men, being compounded and composed all of one mould and metal, are different and disconsonant in estates, conditions, and qualities. Too many (like the barren Fig-tree) bear leaves of Hypocrisy, but no fruits of Integrity, who serve only for a flourish in this life, and a flame in that hereafter.

So much for that: now to return to my theme of *Wood*, (indeed this last digression may make my Reader think that I could not see wood for trees) what Wood he is, I know not, but by his face he should be Maple, or Crabtree, and by his stomach, sure he is heart of *Oak;* some say he is a *Meddler*, but by his stature, he seems like a low short *Pine*, and certain I am, that he is *Popular*, a well timbered piece, or a store-house for belly timber.

Now Gentlemen, as I have walked you amongst the Trees, and through the Wood, I pray sit down, and take a taste or two more of this banquet.

What say you to the leaf or fleck of a brawn new killed, to be of weight eight pound, and to be eaten hot out of the boars belly raw? much

good do you Gallants, was it not a glorious dish? and presently after (instead of suckets, twelve raw puddings. I speak not one word of drink all this while, for indeed he is no drunkard, he abhors that swinish vice: Alehouses, nor Tapsters cannot nick this *Nick* with froth, curtal cans, tragical black-pots, and double-dealing bumbasted jugs, could never cheat him, for one pint of beer or ale is enough to wash down a hog, or water a sheep with him.

Two loins of mutton, and one loin of veal were but as three sprats to him: Once at Sir *Warham Saint Ledgers* house, and at Sir *William Sydleyes* he shewed himself so valiant of teeth, and stomach, that he ate as much as would well have served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-men turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold; and afterwards being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while: which when the Knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long time as he had lain bedrid with eating.

Pompey the Great, *Alexander* the Great, *Tamberlane* the Great, *Charlemagne* or *Charles* the Great, *Arthur* the Great: all these gat the title of Great, for conquering Kingdoms, and killing of men; and surely *eating* is not a greater sin than

rapine, theft, manslaughter and murder. Therefore this noble *Eatalian* doth well deserve the title of *Great*: wherefore I instile him *Nicholas* the Great (Eater:) And as these forenamed Greats have overthrown and wasted Countries, and hosts of men, with the help of their Soldiers and followers; so hath our *Nick* the Great, (in his own person) without the help or aid of any man, overcome, conquered, and devoured in one week, as much as would have sufficed a reasonable and sufficient Army in a day, for he hath at one meal made an assault upon seven dozen of good rabbits at the Lord *Wottons* in *Kent*, which in the total is four-score, which number would well have sufficed a hundred, three-score, and eight hungry soldiers, allowing to each of them half a rabbit.

Bell, the famous Idol of the *Babylonians*, was a mere impostor, a juggling toy, and a cheating bauble, in comparison of this *Nicholaitan Kentish Tenterbelly*, the high and mighty Duke *All-paunch*, was but a fiction to him. *Milo* the *Crotonian* could hardly be his equal: and *Woolner* of *Windsor*[1] was not worthy to be his footman. A quarter of fat lamb, and threescore eggs have been but an easy collation, and three well larded pudding-pies he

[1] WOOLNER OF WINDSOR.—The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster, chap. vii, contains an account of "How she used Woolner the singing man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakfast,"

hath at one time put to foil, eighteen yards of black puddings (*London* measure) have suddenly been imprisoned in his souse-tub. A duck raw with guts, feathers, and all (except the bill and the long feathers of the wings) hath swam in the whirl-pool or pond of his maw, and he told me, that three-score pound of cherries was but a kind of washing meat, and that there was no tack in them, for he had tried it at one time. But one *John Dale* was too hard for him at a place called *Lennam*, for the said *Dale* had laid a wager that he would fill *Woods* belly, with good wholesome victuals for two shillings, and a gentleman that laid the contrary, did wager, that as soon as noble *Nick* had eaten out *Dales* two shillings, that he should presently enter combat with a worthy Knight, called Sir *Loin of Beef*, and overthrow him; in conclusion, *Dale* bought six pots of potent, high and mighty ale, and twelve new penny white loaves, which he sopped in the said ale, the powerful fume whereof conquered the conqueror, robbed him of his reason, bereft him of his wit, violently took away his stomach, intoxicated his *Pia Mater*, and entered the sconce of his *Pericranium*, blind folded him with sleep; setting a *nap* of nine hours for manacles upon his *thread-bare eyelids*, to the preservation of the roast beef, and the unexpected winning of the wager.

This invincible *Ale*, victoriously vanquished the vanquisher, and over our Great Triumpher, was Triumphant: but there are precedents enough of as potent men as our *Nicholas*, that have subdued Kings and Kingdoms, and yet they themselves have been captured and conquered by drink; we need recite no more examples but the Great *Alexander*, and *Holofernes*, their ambition was boundless, and so is the stomach of my pens subject, for all the four Elements cannot cloy him, fish from the deepest ocean, or purest river, fairest pond, foulest ditch, or dirtiest puddle, he hath a receipt for fowl of all sorts, from the *Wren* to the *Eagle*, from the *titmouse* to the *ostrich* or *cassowary*, his paunch is either a coop or a roost for them: he hath (within himself) a stall for the ox, a room for the cow, a sty for the hog, a park for the deer, a warren for conies, a store-house for fruit, a dairy for milk, cream, curds, whey, butter-milk, and cheese: his mouth is a mill of perpetual motion, for let the wind or the water rise or fall, yet his teeth will ever be grinding; his guts are the rendezvous or meeting place or burse for the beasts of the fields, the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea; and though they be never so wild or disagreeing in Nature, one to another, yet he binds or grinds them to the peace, in such manner, that they never fall at odds again. His eating of a sheep, a hog,

and a duck raw, doth shew that he is free from the sin of niceness or curiosity in his diet. (It had been happy for the poor, if their stomachs had been of that constitution, when sea coals were so dear here.) Besides, he never troubles a larder, or cupboard to lay cold meat in, nor doth he keep any cats or traps in his house to destroy vermin, he takes so good a course, that he lays or shuts up all safe within himself; in brief, give him meat, and he ne'er stands upon the cookery; he cares not for the peacock of *Samos*, the woodcock of *Phrygia*, the cranes of *Malta*, the pheasants of *England*, the *capercailzie*, the *heathcock*, and *ptarmigan* of *Scotland*, the goat of *Wales*, the salmon, and usquebaugh of *Ireland*, the sausage of *Bolognia*, the skink of *Westphalia*, the Spanish *potatoe*, he holds as a bauble, and the *Italian fig* he esteems as poison.

He is an Englishman, and English diet will serve his turn. If the *Norfolk Dumpling*, and the *Devonshire white-pot*, be at variance, he will atone them, the *bag-puddings* of *Gloucester* shire, the *black-puddings* of *Worcester* shire, the *pan-puddings* of *Shropshire*, the *white puddings* of *Somersetshire*, the *hasty puddings* of *Hampshire*, and the *pudding-pies* of any shire, all is one to him, nothing comes amiss, a contented mind is worth all, and let any thing come in the shape of fodder, or eating stuff, it is welcome, whether it be *sausage*, or *custard*, or

egg-pie, or *cheese-cake*, or *flawn*, or *fool*, or *froise*, or *tansy*, or *pancake*, or *fritter*, or *flapjack*, or *posset*, *galley-mawfrey*, *mackeroon*, *kickshaw*, or *tantablin*, he is no pulling meacock, nor in all his life time the queasyness of his stomach needed any saucy spur or switch of sour *verjuice* or acute *vinegar*, his appetite is no straggler, nor is it ever to seek, for he keeps it close prisoner, and like a courteous kind jailor, he is very tender over it, not suffering it to want any thing if he can by any means procure it: indeed it was never known to be so far out of reparations, that it needed the assistance of *caudle*, *aleberry*, *julep*, *cullis*, *gruel*, or *stew'd-broth*, only a mess of plain frugal country *pottage* was always sufficient for him, though it were but a *washing-bowl full*, of the quantity of two pecks, which pottenger of his, I my self saw at the sign of the white *Lion* at a village called *Harrisom*, in *Kent*, the Hostess of which house did affirm, that he did at once wash down that bowl full of pottage, with nine penny loaves of bread, and three jugs of beer.

Indeed, in my presence (after he had broken his fast) having (as he said) eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, with bread, butter, and cheese: I then sent for him, to the aforesaid Inn, and after some accommodated salutations, I asked him if he could eat anything? He gave me thanks, and said, if he had known, that any gentleman would have

invited him, that he would have spared his breakfast at home, (and with that he told me as aforesaid, what he had eaten) yet nevertheless (to do me a courtesy) he would shew me some small cast of his office, for he had one hole or corner in the profundity of his store-house, into which he would stow or bestow any thing that the house would afford, at his peril and my cost. Whereupon I summoned my Hostess with three knocks upon the table, two stamps on the floor with my fist and foot, at which she made her personal appearance with a low curtsy, and inquisitive What lack ye? I presently laid the authority of a bold guest upon her, commanding that all the victuals in the house should be laid on the table. She said, she was but slenderly provided, by reason goodman *Wood* was there, but what she had, or could do, we should presently have: so the cloth was displayed, the salt was advanc'd, six penny wheaten loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampier, three sixpenny veal pies, wall'd stifly about, and well victual'd within, were presented to the hazard of the *Scalado*, one pound of sweet butter (being all fat and no bones) was in a cold sweat at this mighty preparation, one good dish of thornback, white as Alabaster or the snow upon the *Scithian* mountains, and in the rear came up an inch thick shiver of a peck household loaf; all which provision were presently, in the space of an hour utterly con-

founded, and brought to nothing, by the mere and only valourous dexterity of our unmatchable grand Gormand. He courageously pass'd the pikes, and I cleared the shot, but the house yielded no more, so that my guest arose unsatisfied, and myself discontented in being thrifty and saving my money against my will.

I did there offer him twenty shillings to bring him up to me to my house on the Bankside, and there I would have given him as much good meat, as he would eat in ten days, one after another, and five shillings a day every day, and at the ten days end, twenty shillings more, to bring him down again. I did also offer ten shillings to one *Jeremy Robinson* a glover (a man very inward with him) to attend and keep him company, and two shillings sixpence the day, with good diet and lodging: all which were once accepted, until *Wood* began to ruminate and examine what service he was to do, for these large allowances. Now my plot was to have him to the Bear-garden, and there before a house full of people, he should have eaten a wheel-barrow full of tripes, and the next day, as many puddings as should reach over the Thames (at a place which I would measure betwixt *London* and *Richmond*) the third day, I would have allowed him a fat calf, or sheep of twenty shlllings price, and the fourth day he should have had thirty sheeps gathers,* thus from

*SHEEPS GATHERS—*i.e.*, the pluck.

day to day he should have had wages and diet with variety; but he fearing that which his merits would amount unto, brake off the match, saying, that perhaps when his Grace, (I guess who he meant) should hear of one that ate so much, and could work so little, he doubted there would come a command to hang him: whereupon our hopeful Bear-garden business was shivered, and shattered in pieces.

Indeed he made a doubt of his expected performance in his quality, by reason of his being grown in years, so that if his stomach should fail him publicly, and lay his reputation in the mire, it might have been a disparagement to him for ever, and especially in Kent, where he hath long been famous, he would be loth to be defamed; but as weak as he was, he said, that he could make a shift to destroy a fat wether of a pound* in two hours, provided that it were tenderly boiled, for he hath lost all his teeth (except one) in eating a quarter of mutton, (bones and all) at *Ashford* in the County aforesaid, yet is he very quick and nimble in his feeding, and will rid more eating work away in two hours, than ten of the hungriest carters in the parish where he dwells. He is surely noble (for his great stomach) and virtuous, chiefly for his patience in putting *up much*; moreover he is *thrifty* or *frugal*,

*A POUND—*i.e.*, twenty shillings.

for when he can get no better meat, he will eat ox livers, or a mess of warm ale-grains from a brew-house. He is provident and studious where to get more provision as soon as all is spent, and yet he is bountiful or prodigal in spending all he hath at once: he is profitable in keeping bread and meat from mould and maggots, and saving the charge of salt, for his appetite will not wait and attend the poudering*; his courtesy is manifest, for he had rather have one *Farewell* than twenty goodbyes: of all things, he hold fasting to be a most superstitious branch of Popery, he is a main enemy to Emberweeks, he hates Lent worse than a butcher or a Puritan, and the name of Good-Friday affrights him like a bulbeggar; a long Grace before meat, strikes him into a quotidian ague; in a word, he could wish that Christmas would dwell with us all the year, or that every day were metamorphosed into Shrove-Tuesdays; in brief, he is a magazine, a store-house, a receptacle, a burse, or exchange, a babel or confusion for all creatures.

He is no gamester, neither at dice, or cards, yet there is not any man within forty miles of his head, that can play with him at *Maw*, and though his pasture be ever so good, he is always like one of *Pharaohs* lean kine; he is swarty, blackish hair, hawknosed (like a parrot, or a Roman), he is wattle-

*POUDERING—To salt or spice meat.

jawed, and his eyes are sunk inward, as if he looked into the inside of his entrails, to note what customed or uncustomed goods he took in, whilst his belly (like a mainsail in a calm) hangs ruffled and wrinkled (in folds and wrathes) flat to the mast of his empty carcase, till the storm of abundance fills it, and violently drives it into the full sea of satisfaction.

LIKE as a River to the Ocean bounds,
Or as a Garden to all Britains grounds,
Or like a candle to a flaming link
Or as a single ace, unto Sife Cinque,
So short am I of what *Nick Wood* hath done,
That having ended, I have scarce begun :
For I have written but a taste in this,
To show my Readers where, and what he his.

FINIS.

THE

LAMENTABLE COMPLAINTS

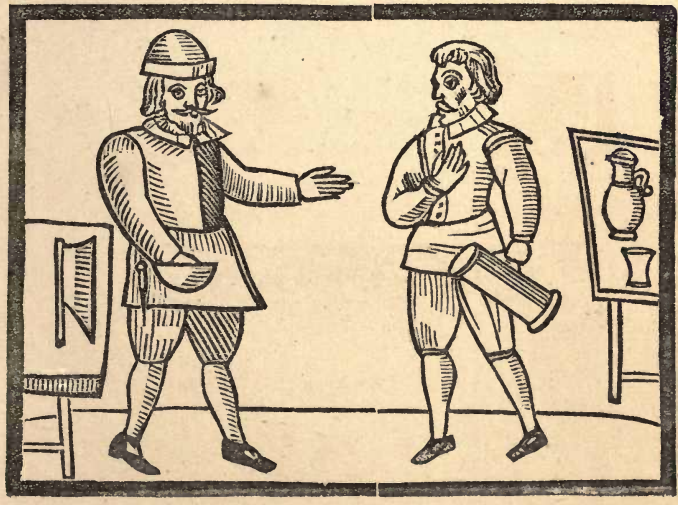
OF

Hop the Brewer

AND

Kilcalfe the Butcher,

As they met by chance in the Countrey, against the restraint lately set out by the Parliament, against Tapsters and Cookes: which hath caused them to cracke their credit, and to betake them to their heeles.



Printed in the Yeare 1641.

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINTS OF HOP THE BREWER AND KILCALF THE BUTCHER.

Hop.

WHAT neighbour *Kilcalf*, who would have thought to meet you here, what good news is there stirring in London I pray can you tell?

Kilcalf. News Mr. *Hop*, there is great store such as it is, but none I am sure that is good for you or me.

Hop. I hope Mr. *Kilcalf* there is none will prove hurtful to us.

Kilcal. Yes truly neighour there is ill news for us.

Hop. I pray my good friend let me hear all the news whatsoever it be.

Kilcal. Why? I will tell you, Sir, since you are so inquisitive: There is A-Bell (and one of the greatest in the Town) lately fallen from Aldermary Church, and some say it is burst all in pieces.

Hop. Well Sir what can this hurt you or me? but say this Bell be broke, it may be new cast and hanged and all will be well again.

Kilcal. Very right Sir, and this may be done with little charge, and besides there are ropes provided already; there are three generous Vintners in the Parish that have promised to defray the whole charge.

Hop. The Vintners may afford it neighbour, I hear they pay no Tunnage now the wine Patent is put down, but pray what is the news you speak off?

Kilcal. Why, have you not heard of the restraint that was lately set forth by the Parliament, whereby all Cooks and Tapsters and many other professions are forbidden to dress meat and draw drink on Sundays?

Hop. Indeed I have heard that some such thing was intended, but I never heard that it was in black and white until this hour, I hope there is no such thing, is there neighbour, are you sure?

Kilcal. Sure say you! Am I sure that ever I knocked down an ox and cut his throat on a Sunday morning think you? s'foot shall I not believe my own eyes?

Hop. I would they had been out, so thou hadst not lived to see this chance.

Kil. Nay now neighbour I must tell you, you are some what too bitter, did you not promise to

hear me whatsoever it were, and seeing you are so hot, farewell.

Hop. Nay good neighbour stay, I cry thee heartily mercy, it was my passion which made me so much forget myself, but if this be true.

Kil. If me no if's, tis true as I tell you.

Hop. Why then what will become of us?

Kil. Truly I know not, we must e'en shut up our doors, and never so much as take leave of our Landlords.

Hop. As I am an honest man, you and I are both of a mind, you have spoke my own thoughts, for I am sure if I tarry till quarter day, my Land-lord will provide me a house *gratis*, I should be very unwilling to accept of his kindness, and he to my knowledge was always very forward to do such a curtesy to the worst debtor he had.

Kil. Truly Master *Hop*, I am not so much engaged to my Land-lord for his love, as you to yours; but this I am sure there is a Grazier dwelling in this part that hath my hand (down upon a piece of sheepskin) not for my honesty, but for some certain money which I owe him, and if I do not wisely prevent him, I know not which of the Counters I am like to keep my Christmas in.

Hop. I pray Master *Kilcalf* can you prevent him?

Kil. Why, I'll show him the bag, I'll run man, dost understand me?

Hop. Yes very well, but I believe that he had rather you would show him his money, and then he would understand you.

Kil. But by his favour he shall not understand, nor stand under any money of mine if I can keep it from him.

Hop. But I pray tell me, how came you so much in debt? did you use to trust your customers for your meat? I beleive you dealt with them for ready money, did you not?

Kil. Truly Sir I was forced to trust some times when my customers had not money to pay me: There was one master *Rule roast* a Cook that owed me almost one hundred pounds, who no sooner heard of this strict command against selling of meat on Sundays, but he hanged a padlock on the door and away went Pilgarlick. I cannot hear of my Gentleman since his departure, nor do I ever look to receive my money now.

Hop, Now, why not now?

Kil. Because I do never look to see him again, but put the case he should ever come again, he would never be able to pay me without he were suffered to sell meat on Sundays in service time.

Hop. Why? is it impossible for Cooks to get money on the week days? I know no reason but why they may as well as on the Sundays.

Kil. Yes Sir, tis very possible, but I will tell you what I have observed in some of these Cooks. You should have a Cook that upon Sundays would dress twice so much meat as upon any other day, and sell it three times as dear; for Sir his door shall stand open all the service time, and any body may be suffered to come in (the Church wardens excepted) and he that calls for any of his roasted beef, hath it weighed to him by the ounce, or at least one would think it so by the thin slices, which he with much policy carveth from the spit; and so by this his policy he will make you eighteen pence of that which (on any other day) he would take eight pence for, and greet you with a welcome into the bargain, but those days are now past and therefore I despair of ever seeing my money.

Hop. I am just in your case, did you not know *Nick Froth* the Tapster at the Bell? he was a man that used his customers as your Cook used his, for in service time on Sundays you should have him draw his beer out at a penny a demi can, or a half pint; besides the witty knave had an excellent faculty in frothing, he would get as much in drawing half a barrel on a Sunday as he should by a whole barrel on any other day; and for his Indian smoke he sold that as dear as Apothecaries do their Ambergreece: I seeing him in this hopeful thriving way, trusted him with a hundred and fifty barrels of Beer, in

hope (though) I should have had my money before this time, but he being debarred of this privilege, I utterly despair of payment, and so by this and many others such like debtors I am like to be undone, and therefore I'll not stay in England.

Kil. Then let us both return to London and gather up as many of our debts as we can, to bear our charges in our journey. If we can but once get cross the great pond, we may with confidence outface our Creditors, our days of payment draw near, therefore let us make good use of our time that we have to tarry.

Come let's away, and if the wind sit right,
We'll be at Dover by to morrow at night.

FINIS.

THE COVNTRY-MANS *CARE,* *And the Citizens Feare*

In bringing up their Children in good Education.

Set forth in a Dialogue betweene a Citizen and Country-Man.

Citizen. *Country Man.*

Printed at *London* for *T.B.* 1641.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S CARE AND THE CITIZEN'S FEAR

IN THESE DANGEROUS AND TROUBLESOME TIMES.

Citizen.

WELL met *Countryman*, what is the best news that the Country doth afford at this time?

Count. Alas sir? I wonder you should so earnestly enquire news of me, that live in the Country, whenas we receive all our news from you. I confess, you did prevent me, therefore I pray, what is the best news in the City?

Citiz. Alas! the ambiguous rotation of the World is very mutable, nothing is constant, nothing durable, but all things do precipitate themselves most strangely in a mutual levity.

Count. This news is hard indeed: for I did expect better in regard that I have a Son, truly a

pretty scholar (as his Master tells me) and of a hopeful expectation, whose preferment I intend to raise (God willing). Therefore I beseech you (if you can) instruct me, what way I may settle him in.

Citiz. What can he understand the Latin tongue or how far hath he proceeded therein ?

Count. Truly sir he is past his *Propribus quæ maribus* and his *Asse in præsentibus* too I'll assure you ; yea, and he can read any Chapter in the Bible very punctifully, and withal he hath read to Master Practise on the Piety, and many other Godly books I thank God for it, who hath endued him with so much grace : Therefore because he is come to some knowledge now, I would willingly bring him up to some Scholar-ship : what think you Sir, if I should send him to the University ?

Citiz. Sir I commend your sedulity herein : but I have often heard, and withal I know by experience, that the University is much polluted, and contaminated with Popish superstitions, which if your son should be seduced into, perhaps it will cause both his utter ruin, and your perpetual sorrow.

Count. Is it possible that the University should be corrupt ? 'Tis no marvel then that the whole kingdom is misled, since the very fountains themselves are polluted.

Citiz. I Exhort you as a friend ; and I hope you will not contemn my friendly admonition.

Count. But my Son may avoid their crafty allurements, and if he then uncessantly follow his study, he may one day prove a Minister of Gods word.

Citiz. Pish, a minister of Gods word quother! Now a days every man will become a Minister: therefore it will be but vanity for you to send your son thither to attain to the Sacerdotal function.

Count. But dare every man presume so far without learning:

Citiz. That is the chief cause thereof: for learning is abused, contemned, derided, neglected, despised: they will have no praying, nor preaching, unless it be performed by instinct and inspiration, as the spirit moves them. And if a man heaps up knowledge, and Scholar-ship by indefatigable study, he is thought to have filled his mind only with more advantage to do wickedness.

Count. Oh lamentable!

Citiz. Yea you may see Cobblers and Tinkers rising from the very Dunghill, beating the Pulpits as conformably, as if they were the Kings professors of Divinity, scattering their new doctrine and discipline in the Church, and are accounted great divines too of the vulgar. Here you shall see one making himself a Prophet preaching in a Tub as confidently as if he were Doctor in Divinity. There you shall see another thumping forth his new doctrine in a Barn among his conniticles (I should have said)

conventicles, as if he were Master of Arts. In the meanwhile revolve all, and you shall find Scholar-ship most shamefully despised.

Count. But if he diligently continue in his study, God knows but that he may one day become a Bishop.

Citiz. How ? a Bishop? alas ! I fear there will be no more of that dignity : for the general assent and consent too of the Commons will admit of no Bishops : and they must all very shortly resign their Titles, which shall be abrogated. Your son shall never be Arch-Bishop I'll warrant you : and if you intend to make a Divine of him, he must have a great care least the Arch-Bishop do not cut off his ears. But I will free you from that fear, for I tell once again that there will be no more Bishops : Yet if it seems more just, and secure, that the holy Church should admit a degree of less, and greater, they will have no Bishops, but only Lay-Elders : to the election of which dignity, they judge and suppose none more fit, and none more prepared for the performance of everything, belonging to Gods word than those venerable, and reverend Fathers Master *Cobbler*, *Tinker*, and *Button-maker*, men (although but of mean Scholar-ship) yet most wonderfully inspired. Therefore I think it mere vanity for you, to bring your son up to be a Scholar.

Count. Alas! then what shall I do? unless I should put him to the Inns a Court.

Citiz. So you'll make a young *Suckling* of him, and then he'll run away.

Count. But I intend to make him a *Lawyer.*

Citiz. Alas the Star-Chamber, and High-Commission Court is down long agone: and he must be as busy as a *Ducke*, or else he will lose preferment. For Lawyers are not respected, neither are they accounted Honest, because they sell their lines dearer the *Apothecaries* Physics, which I confess is dear enough, yet nothing comparable to the price of their lines, which gape wider then an Oyster-wifes mouth, and straddle wider then a French-man's legs Fie, fie! Lawyers are accounted Knaves over all the Country.

Count. Tis strange! For I'm sure they have more Angels come hourly to them in Term time, then all the Puritans in the Town.

Citiz. But here lies the difference: their Angels do wear crosses: and because the Puritans will admit of no cross, therefore they hate the Lawyers the more, because they are so ready to receive them.

Count. And there is none of their whole Tribe, that will deny such crosses, I'll warrant you.

Citiz. But Lawyers are so little regarded now a days that I fear before they can procure other men's Suits at Law, they'll want Suits to their own Backs.

Count. But perhaps he may come to the honour of a Judge one day.

Citiz. I hope you do not desire to have your Son hang'd. That's a dangerous title I'll assure you: Did you not hear that most of the Judges are to be judged under other Judges, yea and they'll hardly escape hanging too, unless they give ample satisfaction to the Parliament: for they are acknowledged to be the Original of all our grievances. Therefore if you be wise desist from that opinion.

Count. Alas! What education shall I then impose upon my Son? Since all these grounds of hope hath deceived me. What think you Sir, if I train him up to be a Soldier?

Citiz. He must swear lustily then: and brag of many things with ostentation, although he can perform nothing. But stay! Now I think on it: Perhaps he may be suspected to be some Trooper;) for they say the Country is very full of them) then apprehended and so incontinently committed only upon suspicion.

Count. You say true indeed Sir: Therefore I know not what course to take with him. I entreat you Sir to lend me your advice.

Citiz. If the Lad be so hopeful, as you declare him to be: I care not greatly if I take him under my Tuition, and if you please to condescend there unto, he shall be my Apprentice, and I'll assure

you for your sake he shall be both kindly kept, and religiously instructed.

Count. I humbly thank you for your love, wherefore I acknowledge my self much engaged to you : But I pray what trade are you off Sir ;

Citiz. I am a Vintner by my Trade.

Count. I am very glad to hear of that : and if my Son be wise enough, but to take forty Shilling a Tun, he may prove an Alderman too. Well Sir, I am much obliged unto you, for your love unto him, and I will bring him unto you, and if you like his morality and ingenuity, I will willingly send him unto you.

Citiz. He shall be most lovingly respected.

Count. Thanks Noble Sir ; In the meanwhile farewell.

FINIS.

M.