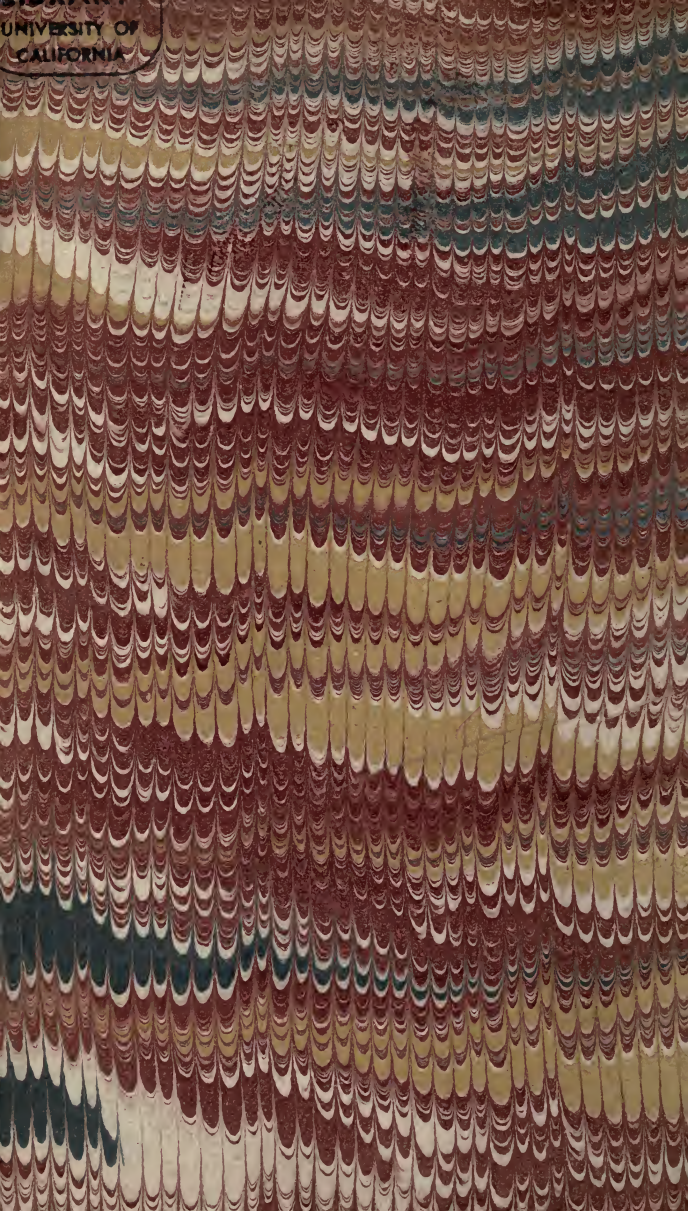


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Hugh F Boyd

1893



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DRUNKEN BARNABY'S

FOUR JOURNEYS

TO

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

In Latin and English Metre.

WITTILY AND MERRILY (THO' AN HUNDRED YEARS AGO)
COMPOSED;

FOUND AMONG SOME OLD MUSTY BOOKS THAT HAD LAIN A LONG TIME
BY IN A CORNER, AND NOW AT LAST MADE PUBLIC.

Together with

BESSY BELL.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED, (NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,)

THE

ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE,

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE.

Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,

Toto notus in orbe—Britannus.

MART.

BARNABAS Ebrius.

A NEW EDITION,

PRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1778,

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR NEW DESIGNS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. AND J. ALLMAN, PRINCES STREET,
HANOVER SQUARE.

1822.

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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| PREFACE | 5 |
| Loyal Pheander to his Royal Alexander .. | 9 |
| On the Errata..... | 13 |
| To the Traveller and Translator | 15 |
| Index of this Work..... | 17 |
| BARNABY'S JOURNAL, Part I. | 19 |
| Upon Bacchus' Bush and Barnaby's Nose.. | 45 |
| BARNABY'S JOURNAL, Part II. | 47 |
| On the Errata | 77 |
| BARNABY'S JOURNAL, Part III. | 79 |
| ————— IV. | 133 |
| To Philoxenus..... | 165 |
| BESSY BELL | 169 |
| CHEVY CHASE,..... | 177 |

CONTENTS

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| The Puritan hanging his Cat | 21 |
| Barnaby fighting with the Blacksmith.... | 39 |
| Barnaby led to the Stocks | 103 |
| Barnaby enjoying a Country Life..... | 163 |

The Plates are designed and executed in Lithography, by Mr. D. Dighton.

ADVERTISEMENT.

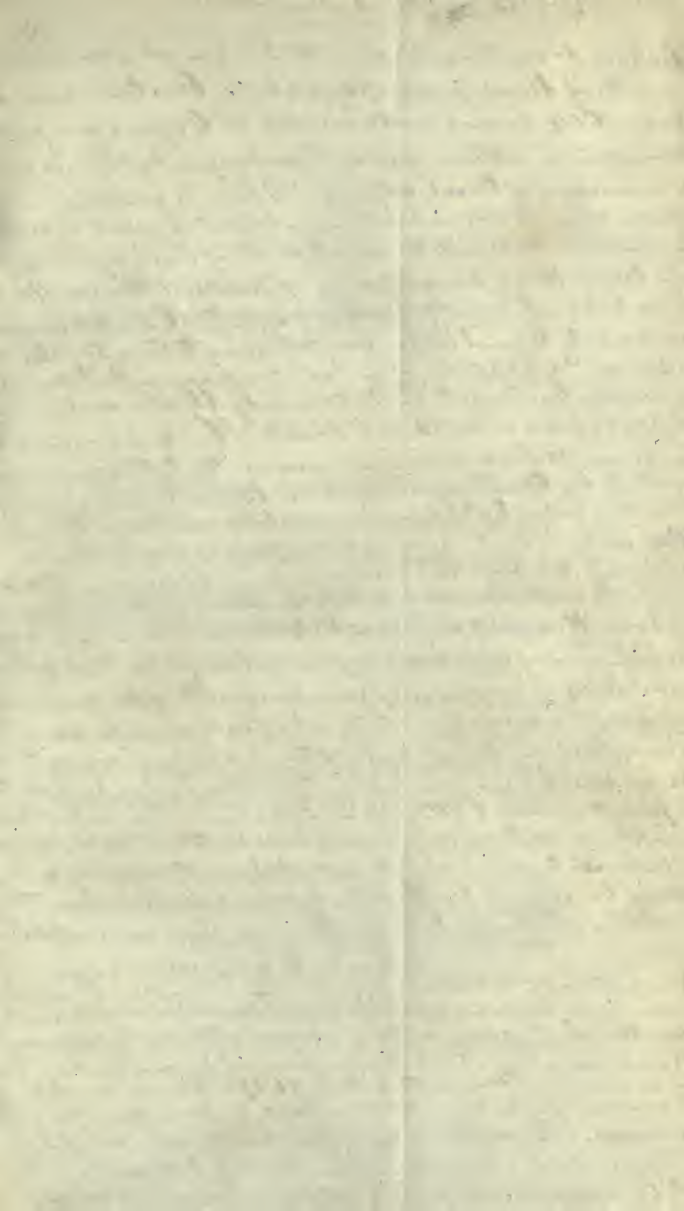
IN presenting this Edition of
“*Drunken Barnaby’s four Journeys
to the North of England,*” to the
Public, the Editor has merely to state
that it has been done in obedience to
their demand for one, at a moderate
price.

He flatters himself, that the Edi-
tion which he has chosen to print the

present one from (containing the ballad of Chevy Chase in addition) will meet with their approval; and that it will bear a comparison, both in point of Typographical Execution as well as in the Designs for the New Plates, with any of the former Editions of this valuable little book.

London,

January, 1822.



Richard Braithwaite was the 2nd son of Thomas Braithwaite of Ubarcop, near Appleby, in Westmoreland in the year 1604, he was matriculated at Oxford as a gentleman, and a native of Northumberland, & at the age of 16 became a commoner of Oriel college "While he continued in that house says Wood which was at least 3 years he avoided as much as he could the rough paths of logic & philosophy & traced those smooth ones of poetry & Roman History which at length he did excel". He afterwards removed to Cambridge & on returning to the North he became "a Captain of a foot company in the trained bands deputy Lieutenant in the County of Westmoreland a justice of peace, and a noted wit & poet." His publications in prose & verse were numerous the titles are enumerated by Anthony à Wood. Braithwaite is now proved by incontestable evidence to be author of "Drunken Barnaby" & that original & very unique production will long rescue his memory from oblivion. His mother was Frances Lamson a descendant of James Lamson whom Henry 8th in the year 1540 had made a grant of 7000 sheepskins of Nesham nunnery (see page 121) about the year 1644 he became possessed by death of his wife & nephew of half the family estate at Nesham. he seems to have lost his first wife, & the property along with her. He is said to have removed in the latter part of his life to Appleton near Catterick in Yorkshire, upon what his biographer calls "an employment or rather a second marriage" he lived to an advanced age & dying there May 4. 1671 was buried at Catterick, leaving behind him the character of a well bred gentleman and a good neighbor.

— Guide to Dunsdale —

The author of that curious production "Drunken Barnaby" is now fully ascertained to be Richard Braithwaite of Burnishall Westmoreland, esq. author of various other works not anonymous. He is here at least relating a piece of his own history, for he was married at Hurworth 4 May 1617 to Frances daughter of James Lamson of Nesham Abbey, Esqr. by Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas Conyers. He outlived his wife & wrote her epitaph —
"Near Darlington was my dear darling borne,
"Of noble house, which yet bears honor's forme,
"These, seated Locknum, where by long descent

THE

PREFACE TO THE READER.

IT will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years. Being desired by a gentlewoman to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanced upon *Drunken Barnaby*, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble; whereupon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleased as well as myself. What I can gather of the author is chiefly from himself; for he says, coming to a place called *Harrington*, he was well pleased with the omen, and spent some money there for namesake, so that I conclude his name was *Barnaby Harrington*. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and some-

See page 119
611
 +
 +

Reck's Braithwaite

times three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden) he at last arrived at Appleby, in Westmoreland, where he was born, and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in Queen's College, Oxon, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man, no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the country, turned farmer, and frequented the horse fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the reader pleased, as I was.

EDITOR LECTORI.

QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum legendo gaudebam, quod et tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absq; æra, absq; nominè vel Authoris, vel Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum indicante, ergo statui mei juris esse, inq; lucem emisi. De Authore quod certum est subjiciam: ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi authorem Barnabam Harrington fuisse ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel socium, vel artium magistrum, aut saltem membrum Collegii Reginensis apud Oxonienses, quod innuit etiam authore sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter

septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud et tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning,
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges, et perlecto judicabis. De versu, de metro, de erroribus neq; est quod addam, ipse enim autor satis ludicre in errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si carmen claudio pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, verbum declinavi,
“ Titubo, titubas, titubavi.”

Vale et ride affatim, lector.

LOYAL PHEANDER
TO HIS
ROYAL ALEXANDER.

THE title, noble friend, of *Ale-xander*,
Were it nought else, implies a great *com-*
mander:
And so you shall be still of me and mine,
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling rhyme:
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reel,
Whose *head* makes such iambics with his
heel.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM,

MIRTILI ET FAUSTULI

NOMINIBUS INSIGNITUM:

VIATORIS SOLATIO NUPERRIME EDITUM, APTISSIMIS NUME-
RIS REDACTUM, VETERIQUE TONO BARNABÆ
PUBLICÈ DECANTATUM.

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

LONDINI:

IMPENSIS AB ANNO 1774.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL,

UNDER THE NAMES OF

MIRTIUS AND FAUSTULUS

SHADOW'D:

FOR THE TRAVELLER'S SOLACE LATELY PUBLISHED, TO
MOST APT NUMBERS REDUCED, AND TO THE OLD
TUNE OF BARNABY COMMONLY CHANTED.

BY CORYMBÆUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774.

IN ERRATA.

LECTOR, ne mireris illa,
Villam si mutavi villa,
Si regressum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inserendo, ut præpono
Godmanchester Harringtono.
Quid si *breves* fiant *longi*?
Si *vocales* sint *diphthongi*?
Quid si *graves* sint *acuti*?
Si *accentus* fiant *muti*?
Quid si placide, plene, plane,
Fregi frontem *Prisciani*?
Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si carmen claudio pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, verbum declinavi,
“*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*”

UPON THE ERRATA'S.

READER, think no wonder by it,
If with town I've town supplied;
If my metre's backward nature
Set before what should be later:
As for instance is exprest there,
Harrington after *Godmanchester*.
What tho' *breve's* be made *longo's*,
What tho' *vowels* be *diphthongo's*?
What tho' *graves* become *acute* too?
What tho' *accents* become *mute* too?
What tho' *freely*, *fully*, *plainly*,
I've broke *Priscian's* forehead mainly?
What tho' seat with seat I've strained?
What tho' my limp verse be maimed?
What tho' night I've ta'en for day too?
What tho' I've made briers my way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,
“*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*”

AD VIATOREM.

OPPIDA dum peragras, peragrando Poemata
spectes,
Spectando titubes, *Barnabe*, nomen habes.

AD TRANSLATOREM.

P^{ESSIMUS} est Cerdo, qui transtulit ordine
calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,
Ast hic *Translator* corii peramabilis Actor,
Quirythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

TO THE TRAVELLER.

TOWNS while thou walk'st
And see'st this poetry,
And seeing, stumblest,
Thou art Barnaby.

TO THE TRANSLATOR.

THAT paltry patcher is a bald Translator,
Whose awl bores at the words but not the
matter :
But this Translator makes good use of leather,
By stitching rhyme and reason both together.

INDEX OPERIS.

MULCIBER, *Uva, Venus*, redolens *Ampulla*,
Silenus,
Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.

Sic me *Parnassi* deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor——

THE
INDEX OF THIS WORK

VULCAN, *Grape, Venus,*
Bottle, Silen's hook,
Have all explained
The title of this book.

Thus through vast deserts,
Promontories wild,
Parnassus-love draws
Bacchus' only child.

BARNABÆ HARRINGTONI

ET NUNC ET DUDUM DECANTATI

ITINERARIUM BOREAM

QUATER RETROVERSUS.

—
PARS PRIMA.
—

MIRTILLUS ET FAUSTULUS

INTERLOCUTORES.

Mirtil. O FAUSTULE! tende palmam,
Accipe calicem vitibus alمام;
Tunc vinctus es dolore?
Uvæ tinctus sis colore.
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè sapis.

THE FAMOUS

BARNABY HARRINGTON'S
TRAVELS TO THE NORTH,
FOUR TIMES BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

PART THE FIRST.

MIRTILLUS AND FAUSTULUS,

A DIALOGUE.

Mirtil. O LITTLE *Faustus!* stretch thy hand
out,
Take thy liquor, do not stand out;
Art thou 'prest with griping dolour?
Let rich wine advance thy colour,
Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,
Drink down care, and thou'lt be wiser.

O *Faustule*, dic amico
 Quo in loco, quo in vico,
 Sive campo, sive tecto,
 Sine linteo, sine lecto,
 Propinasti, queis tabernis,
 An in terris, an Avernis?

Faustul. O *Mirtille!* baculum fixi
 Mille locis ubi vixi,
 In pistrinis, in popinis,
 In coquinis, in culinis,
 Huc, et illuc, istic, ibi,
 Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progressu boreali,
 Ut processu ab australi,
 Veni *Banbury*, O profanum!
 Ubi vidi Puritanum,
 Felem facientem furem,
 Quod Sabbatho stravit murem.

Veni *Oxon*, cui comes
 Est *Minerva*, fons *Platonis*;





Little *Faustus*, tell thy true heart,
In what region, coast, or new part;
Field or fold thou hast been bousing,
Without linen, bedding, housing;
In what tavern, pray thee shew us,
Here on earth, or else below us?

Faustus. O *Mirtillus*! I will shew thee
Thousand places since I saw thee.
In the bake-house I had switching,
In the tap-house, cook-shop, kitchen;
This way, that way, each way shrank I,
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my progress travelling northward,
Taking farewell of the southward,
To *Banbury* came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a puritane one
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

To *Oxford* came I, whose companion
Is *Minerva*, well *Plutonian*;

Unde scatent peramœne
Aganippe, Hippocrene;
 Totum fit *Atheniense,*
 Imo cornu *Reginense.*

Inde *Godstow*, cum amicis,
 Vidi tumbam meretricis;
Rosamundam tegit humus,
 Pulvis et umbra corpore sumus;
 Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
 Ordine certo sepelietur.

Inde *Woodstock*, quo spectandum
 Labyrinthum memorandum
 Ferunt; sed spectare nollem,
 Reperi vivam hospitem mollem;
 Gravior sociis est jocundis,
 Mille mortuis *Rosamundis.*

Veni *Barkley*, ubi natus
 Stirpe vili magistratus,
 Quem conspexi residentem,
 Stramine tectum contegentem,

From whose seat do stream most seemly,
Aganippe, Hippocrene ;
Each thing there's the muse's minion,
The horn at Queen's speaks pure *Athenian*.

Thence to *Godstow*, with my lovers,
Where a tomb a strumpet covers ;
Rosamond lies there interr'd,
Flesh to dust and shades compar'd ;
Lie he above, or lie she under,
To be bury'd is no wonder.

Thence to *Woodstock* I resorted,
Where a labyrinth's reported ;
No more of that, it is above me,
I found a tender housewife that did love me ;
And her guests more sweetly eyeing,
Than thousand *Rosamonds* a-dying.

From thence to *Barkley*, as did beseem one,
The may'r I saw, a wond'rous mean one,
Sitting, thatching, and bestowing
On a wind-blown house a strawing ;

Et me vocans, “ Male agis,
“ Bibe minus, ede magis.”

Veni *Daintree* cum puella,
Procerum celebre *duello*.
Ibi bibi in caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi semper idem,
Donec *creta* fregit fidem.

Veni *Leicester* ad *Campanam*,
Ubi mentem læsi sanam ;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me custodes,
Pelle sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.

Veni *Gotham*, ubi multos
Si non omnes vidi stultos,
Nam scrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra lunam,
Alteram nitidum puellam
Offerentem porco sellam.

On me call'd he, and did charm me,
" Drink less, eat more, I do warn thee."

Thence to *Daintree* with my jewel,
Famous for a *noble duel*,
Where I drank and took my common
In a taphouse with my woman:
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long *chalking* broke my credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leicester*,
Where strong ale my brains did pester ;
First night besure I was admitted
By the watchmen I was whipped,
Black and blue like any tetter,
Beat I was to make me better.

Thence to *Gotham*, where, sure am I,
Though not all fools, I saw many ;
Here a she-bull found I prancing,
And in moon-shine nimbly dancing :
There another wanton mad one,
Who her hog was set astride on.

Veni *Nottingham**, tyrones
Sherwoodenses sunt latrones,
 Instar *Robin Hood* et servi
Scarlet et *Joannis Parvi*;
 Passim, sparsim peculantur,
 Cellis, sylvis deprædantur.

Veni *Mansfield*, ubi noram
 Mulierculam decoram,
 Cum qua nudum feci pactum.
 Dedi ictum, egi actum,
 Sed pregnantem timens illam,
 Sprevi villam et ancillam.

* *Mortimeriados* morti dos, gloria pulvis,
 Atria sunt frondes, nobilis aula seges,
 Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluenta spadonis,
 Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.

Clamat tempus edo, vocemque repercutit echo,
 Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit ego.

O vos heroes! attendite fata sepulchris,
 Heröum, patriis qui rediere thoris!
 Non estis luti melioris in orbe superbis,
 Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.

Thence to *Nottingham* *, where rovers,
 Highway riders, *Sherwood* drovers,
 Like old *Robin Hood*, and *Scarlet*,
 Or like *Little John* his varlet ;
 Here and there they shew them doughty,
 In cells and woods to get their booty.

Thence to *Mansfield*, where I knew one,
 That was a comely and a true one,
 With her a naked compact made I,
 Her long loved I, with her laid I ;
 Town and her I left both, doubtful
 Lest my love had made her fruitful,

* *Brave Mortimer's* now dead, his glory dust,
 His courts are clad with grass, his hall with rust,
 His stairs steep steps, his horse-troughs cisterns are,
 Worms his embraces, kisses ashes share.

Time cries, *I eat*, and echo answers it ;
 But gone, e'er to return, is held unfit.

O heroes ! of these heroes take a view ;
 They're to their fathers gone, and so must you !
 Of better clay you are not than these men,
 And they are dead, and you must follow them.

Veni *Overbowles* *, ubi *Dani* †
 Habitarunt tempore *Jani* ;
 Pater oppidanus callis
 Circumcirca clausus vallis,
 Castris, claustris, & speluncis
 Tectus cœcis, tectus juncis.
 Sacra die eò veni,
 Ædes sanctæ erant plenæ,
 Quorum percitus exemplo,
 Quia hospes erat templo,
 Intrans vidi sacerdotem,
Ignè fatuo poculis notum.

Glires erant incolæ villæ,
 Iste clamat, dormiunt illi ;
 Ipse tamen vixit ita,
 Si non corde, veste trita ;
 Fortem præ se ferens gestum,
 Fregit pedibus ‡ suggestum.

* Temporibus *Jani* sedes fuit ultima † *Dani*,
 Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

‡ *Fragmina* suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.

Lucret.

Thence to *Overbowles* *, where *Danus* †
 Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus* ;
 Way to th' town is well disposed,
 All about with trenches closed ;
 Pallisadoes hid with bushes,
 Rampires overgrown with rushes.
 On a feast-day I came thither,
 When good people flock'd together,
 Where (induc'd by host's example)
 I repair'd unto the temple,
 Where I heard the preacher gravely,
 With his red nose tipt most bravely.

Dormice-like the people seem'd,
 Though he cry'd, they sleeping dream'd ;
 For his life, tho' there was harm in't,
 Heart was less rent than his garment :
 With his feet he did so thunder,
 That the pulpit ‡ fell asunder.

* In *Janus* time was † *Danus* seated here,
 As by their pales and trenches may appear.

‡ The fragments of which pulpit they were pleas'd
 To sacrifice to th' ashes of their feast. *Lucret.*

Qua occasione nacta
 Tota grex * expurgefacta,
 Sacerdote derelicto,
 Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
 Pransum redeunt, unus horum,
 Plebem sequor non pastorem.

Veni *Clowne*, ubi vellem
 Pro liquore dare pellem,
 Ibi cerebro inani
 Vidi conjugem Vulcani,
 Quæ me hospitem tractat bene
 Donec restat nil crumenæ.

Veni *Rothram* usque *Taurum*,
 Et reliqui ibi Aurum,
 Diu steti, sed in pontem
 Titubando fregi frontem,
 Quo pudore pulsus, docte
 Clam putabam ire nocte.

* O cives, cives, sacris attendite rivis,
 Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

Which occasion having gotten
All awake*, the pulpit broken,
While the preacher lay sore wounded,
With more boards than beards surrounded;
All to dinner, who might faster,
So among them I left pastor.

Thence to *Clowne* I came the quicker,
Where I'd given my skin for liquor:
None was there to entertain us,
But a nogging of *Vulcanus*;
Who afford't me welcome plenty,
Till my seam-rent purse was empty.

Thence to th' *Bull* at *Rothram* came I,
Where my gold, if I had any,
Left I; long I stoutly roared,
Till on bridge I broke my forehead,
Whence asham'd, while forehead smarted,
I by night-time thence departed.

* Pray you, good townsmen, sacred springs affect,
Let not your preacher *read*, and you *neglect*.

Veni *Doncaster*, ubi sitam
 Vidi levem et *Levitam*,
 Quæ vieta et vetusta,
 Parum pulchra aut venusta,
 Cupit tamen penetrari,
 Pingi, pungi, osculari.

Veni *Aberford**, ubi notum
 Quod aciculis emunt potum,
 Pauperes sunt et indigentes,
 Multum tamen sitientes;
 Parum habent, nec habentur
 Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore vico hœspitium suscepimus quidam acicularius, è grege præcæteris, fama egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus interiit; in cujus memoriam hœc inscriptum comperimus epitaphium:

——— O Mors crudelis!

Quæ tuis telis

Artificem stravisti

Qui meliorem

Erasit pulverem

Quam tu de eo fecisti.

Thence to *Donc'ster*, who'll believe it?
Both a *light-one* and a *Levite*,
There I viewed; too, too aged,
Yet to love so far engaged,
That on earth she only wished
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Thence to *Aberford**, whose beginning
Came from buying drink with pinning:
Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of liquor very greedy:
Had they never so much plenty,
Belly'd make their purses empty.

* At such time as we sojourned in this poor village, it chanced that a certain pinner, and of the choicest of all his flock, being choaked with pin-dust, died; to whose memory we find this epitaph recorded:

——— O cruel Death!
To rob this man of breath,
Who, while he liv'd, in scraping of a pin,
Made better dust than thou hast made of him.

Veni *Wetherb**, ubi visam
 Clari ducis meretricem,
 Amplexurus, porta strepit,
 Et strependo dux me cepit;
 Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
 Et præcipitem foris pellit.

Hinc diverso cursu, sero
 Quod audissem de *Pindero*
Wakefeeldensi, gloria mundi,
 Ubi socii sunt jucundi,
 Mecum statui peragrarè
Georgii fustem visitare.

Veni *Wakefeeld* peramænum,
 Ubi quærens *Georgium Grenum*,
 Non inveni, sed in lignum
 Fixum reperi *Georgii* signum,

* In Corneolo Angiportu,
 Subamœniore Hortu
 Speciosa manet scorta,
 Meretricia Procans sporta.

Thence to *Wetherb**, where an apt one
 To be *punk* unto a captain.
 I embrac'd, as I had got it,
 But door creak'd, and captain smook'd it:
 Took me by th' ears, and so drew me,
 Till head-long down stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder,
 To salute the *Wakefield Pindar*;
 Who indeed is the world's glory,
 With his *comrades* never sorry,
 This was the cause, lest you should miss it,
George's club I meant to visit.

Strait at *Wakefield* I was seen a,
 Where I sought for *George à Green* a;
 But cou'd find not such a creature,
 Yet on a sign I saw his feature;

* Near *Horn-Alley*, in a garden,
 A wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*,
 Sojourns, one that scorns a wast-coat,
 Wooing clients with her basket.

Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec *Georgio* fortior eram.

Veni *Bradford*, cessi foris
In *familiam amoris*,
Amant istæ et amantur,
Crescunt et multiplicantur,
Spiritus instructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis.

Veni *Kighley*, ubi montes
Mintantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen sunt sodales,
Festivantes et jucundi,
Ac si domini essent mundi.

Veni *Giggleswick*, parum frugis
Profert tellus clausa jugis;
Ibi* vena prope viæ
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,

* E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit et refluit, nil tamen æstus habet.

Where strength of ale had so much stirr'd me,
That I grew stouter far than *Jordie*.

Thence to *Bradford*, where I enter'd,
In family where love oft center'd :
They love, are lov'd, and make no shew,
Yet still grow, and do increase too :
Furnish'd with their sprightly weapons ;
She-flesh feels priests are no capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are mountains,
Steepy-threatening, lively fountains ;
Rising hills, and barren vallyes,
Yet *bon-socio's* and good fellows ;
Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,
As they were the world's controulers.

Thence to *Giggleswick* most steril,
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of peril :
Near to th' way as a traveller goes,
A fresh spring * both ebbs and flows :

* Near th' bottom of this hill, close by the way,
A fresh spring ebbs and flows all hours o' th' day.

Neque nôrunt unde vena,
An à sale vel arena.

Veni *Clapham*, unus horum
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me visit,
Mihi Halecem promisit;
Halecem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.

Veni *Ingleton**, ubi degi
Donec fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres, saxa pluunt,
Queis percussus, timens lædi,
His posteriora dedi.

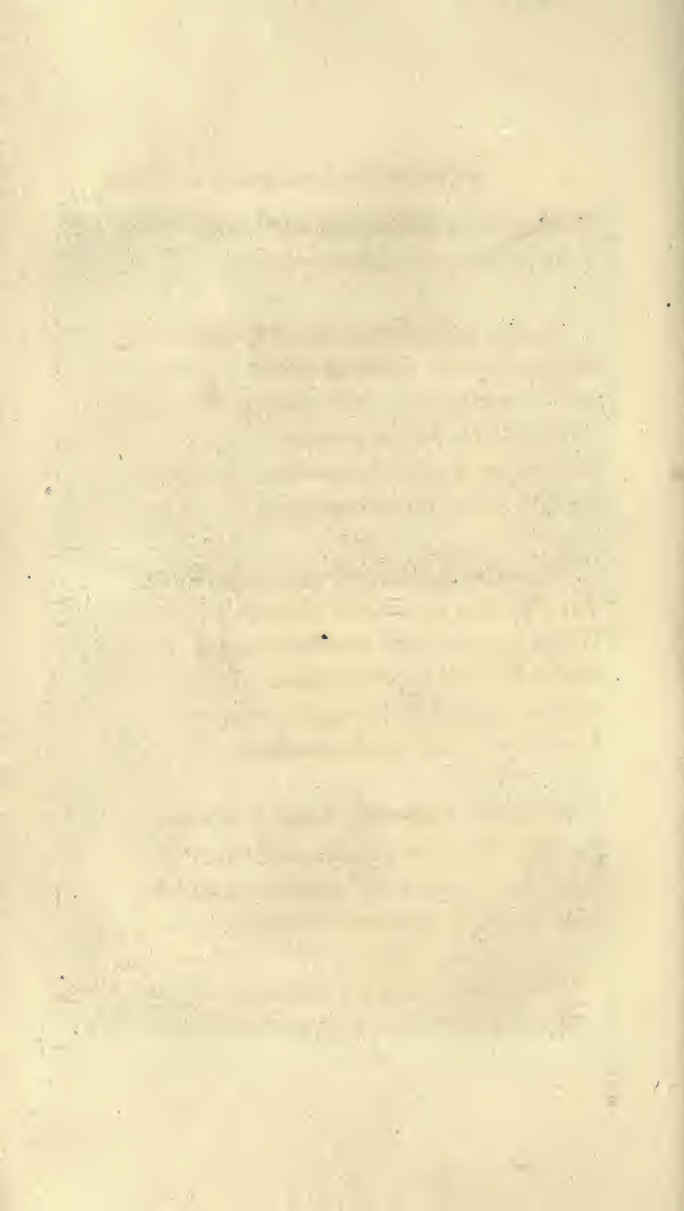
Veni *Lonesdale*, ubi cernam
Aulam factam in tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;

* Pirus inest fano, fanum sub acumine collis,
Collis ab elatis actus et actus auctus aquis.



D. Dighton Lithog.

Printed by Rowney & Fowler.



Neither know the learn'd that travel,
 What procures it, *salt* or *gravel*.

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nigher,
 He that was the common cryer,
 ☞ To a breakfast of one herring
 Did invite me first appearing:
 Herring he, I drink bestow'd,
 Pledges of the love we ow'd.

Thence to *Ingleton* *, where I liv'd
 Till I brake a blacksmith's head,
 Which done, women rush'd in on me,
 Stones like hail shower'd down upon me:
 Whence astonish'd, fearing harming,
 Leave I took, but gave no warning.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where I view'd
 An hall, which like a tavern shew'd;
 Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
 Pots brimfull, no thought of caring:

* The poor man's box is in the temple set,
 Church under hill, the hill by waters bet.

Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Veni *Cowbrow*, vaccæ collem,
Ubi hospitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,
Uti bibula titubat vates,
Donec cecidit supra nates.

Veni *Natland*, eo ventus,
Eboraci qui contemptus
Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,
Semipotus, sicut usi,
Circa *May-pole* plebe lusi.

Veni *Kirkland*, veni *Kendall*,
Omnia hausit, vulgo *Spend-all*,
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum mistum pice.
“ Tege caput, tende manum,
“ Manu caput fit insanum.”

They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, truth I'll tell ye,
Mine hostess had a supple belly,
Body plump, and count'nance cheerful,
Reeling pace (a welcome fearful),
Like a drunken hag she stumbled,
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, b'ing come thither,
He who *York's* contempts did gather,
Gave me harbour light as feather,
We both drank and eat together,
Till half tipsy, as it chanced,
We about the *May-pole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,
I did that which men call *Spend-all*:
Night and day with sociates many,
I drank ale both thick and clamny.
“ Shroud thy head, boy, stretch thy hand too,
“ Hand has done what head can't stand to.”

His relictis, *Staveley* vidi,
 Ubi tota nocte bibi,
 Semper lepidus, semper lætus,
 Inter hilares vixi cœtus,
 Queis jurando sum mansurus,
 Donec *Barnabæ* rediturus.

FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.

Leaving these, to *Staveley* came I,
 Where now all night drinking am I,
 Always frolick, free from yellows,
 With a consort of good fellows;
 Where I'll stay, and end my journey,
 Till brave *Barnaby* return a.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

IN
BACCHI THYRSUM ET
BARNABÆ NASUM;

EPIGRAMMA:

ALIAS,

NASUTUM DILEMMA.

HÆDERA læta bono non est suspensa falerno,
Thyrus enim *Bacchi*, *Barnabæ* nasus erit.
Non opus est thyrsu, non frondi virent cu-
pressi,
Si non thyrus erit, *Barnabæ* nasus olet.

COROLLARIUM.

Non thyrus, thyasus; cyathus tibi thyrus
et ursus,
Thyrus quo refoles ursus ut intus oles.

UPON

BACCHUS'S BUSH AND
BARNABY'S NOSE;

AN EPIGRAM:

OR, THE

LONG-SNOUDED DILEMMA.

GOOD wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,
Let *Bacchus'* bush be *Barnaby's* rich nose.
No bush, no garland needs of cypress green,
Barnaby's nose may for a bush be seen.

COROLLARY.

No bush, no garland; pot's thy *bush* and *bear*;
Of *bear* and *bush* thou smellest all the year.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

PARS II.

Mirtil. FAUSTE (*Fastule*) rediisti,
Narra (precor) quo venisti,
Villos, vicos visitasti,
Coetus, situs peragrasti,
Certe scis ab Aquilone,
Multum mali, parvum boni.

Faustul. Ille ego sum qui quondam,
Crines, mores, vestes nondum
Sunt mutatae, nam recessi,
Calceamentis queis discessi,
Neque pectine usus fui,
Sic me *meis* juvat frui.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

PART II.

Mirtil. **Y**OUNG *Fauste*, happily returned;
Tell me, prithee, where'st sojourned;
What towns, villages thou'st viewed,
What seats, sights, or states, were shewed:
Sure thou know'st the *North's* uncivil,
Small good comes thence, but much evil.

Faustul. What I was once, same I am now,
Hair, conditions, garments too;
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,
These the same shoes I went out with:
And for comb I ne'er us'd any,
Lest I lost some of my money.

Sed arrectis auribus audi,
 Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
 Pontes*, fontes, montes, valles,
 Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,
 Vias, villas, vicos, vices,
 Castas, cautas, meretrices.
 Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
 Non pauperior sum quam eram,
 Uno nec quadrante ditior,
 Lautior, lætior, nec fælicior,
 Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
 Minus sanus, magis æger.
 Ego enim mundum totum
 Tanti esse quanti potum
 Semper duxi : mori malle
 Nobilem quam vitare allam :
 " Sobrius similis apparet agno,
 " Ebrius *Alexandro Magno.*"
 Leviore nam mæandro
 Capite capto, sum *Lysandro* :
 Multo fortior, et illæsum
 Puto me capturum *Rhesum* :

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, fœmina, lana.

But attend me, and partake it,
 What I loved, what I hated,
 Bridges*, fountains, mountains, vallies,
 Huts, cells, hillocks, highways, shallows,
 Paths, towns, villages, and trenches,
 Chaste, choice, chary, merry wenches.
 Truth I'll tell thee, nothing surer,
 Richer am not, nor yet poorer;
 Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
 Blither, brisker, more in season;
 Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
 Neither healthier nor sicker.
 For the world, I so far prize it,
 But for liquor I'd despise it:
 Thousand deaths I'd rather die too,
 Than old ale mine enemy too:
 "Sober, lamb-like do I wander,
 "Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*."
 When my head feels its meander,
 I am stronger than *Lysander*:
 Th' isle of *Rhe*, I little fear it,
 Without wound to win and wear it:

* *England*, amongst all nations, is most full
 Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wool.

Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
Nunc descendam ad progressum.

Primò occurrit peregranti
Oppidum* *Joannis Ganti*,
Sedes nota et vetusta,
Mendicantibus onusta,
Janitorem habens qualem
Mundus vix ostendet talem.

Veni *Ashton*, ubi vinum,
Militem, et heroinam,
Clarum, charum, et formosam,
Damam, domum speciosam
Vidi, mersi mero musam,
Donec pes amisit usum.

Veni *Garstang*, ubi malè
Intrans forum bestiale,
Forte vacillando vico
Huc et illuc cum amico,

* Scinditur à clivo turris, bitumine murus;
Mœnia sic propriis sunt redditura rogis.

But lest tedious I express me,
To my *progress* I'll address me.

First place where I first was known-a,
Was brave *John à Gant's* old town-a* :
A seat antiently renowned,
But with store of beggars crowned ;
For a *gaoler* ripe and mellow,
The world has not such a fellow.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be
Was the wine, brave knight, bright lady ;
All I saw was comely, specious,
Seemly gracious, neatly precious ;
My muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,
When I walk'd, my legs deny'd it.

Thence to *Garstang*, pray you hark it,
Ent'ring there a great beast-market ;
As I jogged on the street,
'Twas my fortune for to meet

* An antient arch doth threaten a decline,
And so must strongest piles give way to time.

In juvencæ dorsum rui
Cujus cornu læsus fui.

Veni *Preston*, ductus eram
Ad bacchantem *Banisterum*,
Ac si una stirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati ;
Septem dies ibi mansi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.

Veni *Euston*, ubi hospes.
Succi plena, corpore sospes,
Crine sparso, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit *Phillis*.

Veni *Wigan* prope cœnam,
Ad hospitulam obscœnam ;
Votis meis fit secunda,
Ebria fuit et jocunda ;
Sparsit *anus* intellectum,
Me relicto, minxit lectum.

A young heifer, who before her
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,
To brave *Banister's* to bed-a ;
As two born and bred together,
We were presently sworn brether :
Seven days were there assigned,
Oft I supt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euston*, where mine hostess
Feels as soft as any toast is :
Juicy, lusty, count'nance toothsome ;
Braided hair, but breath most loathsome ;
Her I left with locks of amber ;
Phyllis light me to my chamber.

Thence to *Wigan* about supper,
To an hostess, none more slutter :
Buxom was she, yet to see to,
She'd be drunk for company too ;
Wit this beldame soon did scatter,
And in bed distill'd her water.

Veni *Newton in Salictis*,
 Ubi ludens chartis pictis
 Cum puella speciosa,
 Cujus nomen erat *Rosa* *,
 Centi-pede provocavi
 Ad amandum quam amavi.

Veni *Warrington*, profluentes
 Rivos ripas transeuntes
 Spectans, multo satius ratus
 Mergi terris quam in aquis,
 Vixi laute, bibi læte,
 Donec aquas signant metæ.

Veni *Budworth* usque *Gallum*,
 Ubi bibi fortem allam,
 Sed ebrietate captus,
 Ire lectum sum coactus ;
 Mihi mirus affuit status,
 A duobus sum portatus.

* Quam *Rosa* spiravit ! sed odoribus *aquilo* flavit,
 Et ugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

Thence to *Newton* in the *Willows*,
Where being bolster'd up with pillows,
I at cards play'd with a girl,
Rose * by name, a dainty pearl:
At centy-foot I often moved
Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, banks o'erflowed,
Travellers to th' town were rowed;
Where supposing it much better
To be drown'd on land than water,
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned
Till that deluge thence returned.

Thence to th' *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drank strong ale as brown as berry:
Till at last with deep healths felled,
To my bed I was compelled:
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two porters well supported.

* Fresh was my *Rose*, till by a north wind toss'd,
She sap, scent, verdure, and her vigour lost.

Sed amore captus grandi
 Visitandi *Thomam Gandi*,
Holmi petii *Sacellum*,
 Ubi conjugem et puellam
 Vidi pulchras, licet sero.
 Has neglexi, mersus mero.

Hinc ad *Tauk-a-Hill* perventum,
 Collem valde lutulentum,
 Faber mihi bene notus
 Mecum bibit donec potus,
 Quo relicto, *Cythera* sponte
 Cornua fixit *Lemnia* fronte.

Novo-Castro Subter-linum,
 Mulsum propinavi vinum;
 Nullus ibi fit scelestus,
 Vox clamantis in suggestis;
 Portas castitatis frangunt,
 Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Veni *Stone* ad *Campanam*,
 Vidi *Deliam** non *Dianam*;

* O mellea mea *Delia*!

Where no sooner understand I
 Of mine honest host *Tom Gandi*,
 To *Holm-chapel* forthwith set I,
 Maid and hostess both were pretty,
 But to drink took I affection,
 I forgot soon their complexion.

Thence to *Tauk-a-Hill* resort I,
 An hill steepy, slippery, dirty :
 Smith with me being well acquainted,
 Drank with me till's brains were tainted.
 Having left me, *Venus* swore it,
 She'd shoe-horn her *Vulcan's* forehead.

At *Newcastle-under-Line-a*,
 There I trounc'd it in burnt wine-a :
 None o'th' *wicked* there remained,
 Weekly lectures were proclaimed :
 Chastity they roughly handle,
 While blind zeal snuffs out the candle.

Thence to th' *Bell* at *Stone*, straight drew I,
Delia *, no *Diana* saw I :

* O my honeysuckle *Delia*!

Hic suspectam habens vitam
 Pastor gregis, jesuitam
 Me censebat, sed incertas
 Nil invenit præter chartas.

Haywood properans malignam,
 Nocte præparat aprugnam
 Mihi hospes; sed quid restat?
 Calices haurire præstat:
 Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
 Quam mutare potu cibum.

Veni *Ridgelay*, ubi faber,
 Cui liquor summus labor,
 Mecum bibit; nocte data
 Mihi matula perforata,
 Vasis crimine detecto,
 Fit oceanus in lecto.

Veni *Bruarton*, *Claudi* domum,
 Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
 Conjugem virum verberantem,
 Et vicinum equitantem;

By the parson I was cited,
Who held me for jesuited ;
In his search, the door fast locked,
Nought but cards were in my pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,
Mine hostess gave me brawn at night-a :
But, what's that unto the matter ?
Whiskins sorted with my nature :
To brave *Bacchus* no gift quicker
Than meat changed to strong liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a blacksmith
(Liquor being all he'd take with)
Bouzed with me ; midnight waking,
And a looking-glass there taking,
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lie wet till morrow.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*
Did approve us and applaud us ;
Where I heard a woful bleating,
A curst wife her husband beating :

Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma bynes instar vini.

Inde *Litchfield** properabam,
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobscænum opibus plenum,
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam;
Hausto vino, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni *Coleshill*, ad macellum,
Ubi in cervisiam cellam
Forte ruens, cella sordet,
Uxor mulcet, ursæ mordet;
Sed ut lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

Veni *Meredin*, meri-die,
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,
Hospitem in genu cepi,
Et ulterius furtim repi;

* Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,
Crevit in ecclesiam vallis opima tuam.

Neighbour rode for his default-a,
While I dy'd my front with malt-a.

Thence to *Litchfield** went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A curmudgeon rich, but nasty,
To a supper on a pasty :
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,
What I spent the miser lended.

Thence to *Coleshill*, to a shamble,
Like an old fox, did I ramble
Down nasty cellar, wife inviting,
All while cursed bear was biting :
But the butcher having made
The fire his bed, no more I staid.

Thence to *Meredin* did steer I,
Where grown foot-sore, and sore weary,
I repos'd, where I chuck'd *Joan*-a,
Felt her pulse, would further gone-a :

* Enclos'd with cliffs, trees, grass, and artichokes,
The fruitful vale up to the temple looks.

Cum qua propinando mansi,
 Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.

Veni *Coventry*, ubi dicunt
 Quod *Cæruleum-filum* texunt,
 Ego autem hoc ignoro,
 Nullum enim emi foro,
 Nec discrevi juxta morem,
 Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.

Veni *Dunchurch* per latrones
 Ad lurcones et lenones,
 Nullum tamen timui horum,
 Nec latronem, nec liquorem;
 Etsi dives metu satur,
 Cantet vacuus viator.

Mane *Daintry* ut venissem,
 Corculum quod reliquissem,
 Avide quærens per musæam,
 Desponsatam esse eam
 Intellexi, qua audita,
 "Vale (dixi) *Proselyta*."

There we drank, and no guest cross'd us,
Till I took host for th' hostess.

Thence to *Coventry*, where 'tis said-a
Coventry-blue is only made-a;
This I know not, for sure am I,
In no market bought I any:
Bacchus made me such a scholar,
Black or blue, I knew no colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where report is
Of pimps and punks a great resort is;
But to me none such appeared,
Thief nor bung-hole I ne'er feared:
Tho' curmudgeons have fears plenty,
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.

At *Daintry* early might you find me,
But not the wench I left behind me:
Near the school-house where I boused,
Her I sought, but she was 'spoused;
Which I having heard that night-a,
"Farewell (quoth I) *Proselyta*."

Veni *Wedon*, ubi varii
 Omnis gentis tabellarii
 Convenissent, donec mundus
 Currit cerebro rotundus :
 “ Solvite sodales læti,
 “ Plus * reliqui quam accepi.”

Veni *Tosseter* die *Märtis*,
 Ubi bacculaureum artis
 Bacchanalia celebrantem,
 Ut inveni tam constantem
 Feci me consortem festi
 Tota nocte perhonesti.

Veni *Stratford*, ubi *Grænum*
 Procis proçam, Veneris venam,
 Nulla tamen forma jugis,
 Verdor † oris perit rugis ;
 Flos ut viret semel aret,
 Forma spreta procis caret.

* Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.

† Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo !

Nomine si vireo, vere tamen pero.

Thence to *Wedon*, where I tarry'd
 In a waggon to be carried;
 Carriers there are to be found-a,
 Who will drink till th' world turns round-a:
 "Pay, good fellows, I'll pay nought here,
 "I have left * more than I brought here."

Thence to *Tosseter* on *Tuesday*,
 Where an artful batchelor choos'd I
 To consort with; we ne'er budged,
 But to *Bacchus'* revels trudged:
 All the night-long sate we at it,
 Till we both grew heavy-pated.

Thence to *Stratford*, where *Frank Green*†-a,
 Daintiest doe that e'er was seen-a,
Venus' varnish, me saluted,
 But no beauty long can suit it;
 Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,
 Beauty lost, her wooer 'vadeth.

* My queasy stomach making bold
 To give them that it could not hold.

† *Green* is my name, from him whom I obey,
 But tho' my name be green, my head is grey.

Tenens cursum et decorum,
Brickhill, ubi *Juniorem*
 Veni, vidi, propter mentem
 Unum octo sapientum;
 Sonat vox ut *Philomela*,
 Ardet nasus ut candela.

Hocklahole ut accessissem,
 Cellam *Scyllam* incidissem,
 Antro similem *Inferni*,
 Aut latibulo *Lavernæ*;
 Ibi diu propinando,
 Sævior eram quam *Orlando*.

Veni *Dunstable*, ubi mures
 Intus reptant, extus fures,
 Sed vacandum omni metu
 Furum temulento cœtu,
 Pars ingenii mansit nulla
 Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni *Redbourn*, ubi *Mimi*
 Neq; medii, neq; primi:

Holding on my journey longer,
Strait at *Brickhill*, with *Tom Younger*
I arriv'd; one, by this cheese-a,
Stil'd the eighth wise-man of *Greece-a*,
Voice more sweet than *Progne's* sister,
Like a torch his nose doth glisten.

 To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,
Scylla's barmy cell I broached,
Dark as th' cave of *Pluto's* station,
Or *Laverna's* habitation:
Quaffing there while I could stand-o,
Madder grew I than *Orlando*.

 Thence to *Dunstable*, all about me,
Mice within, and thieves without me:
But no fear affrights deep drinkers,
There I toss'd it with my skinkers:
Not a drop of wit remained
Which the bottle had not drained.

 Thence to *Redbourn*, where were Players,
None of *Roscius'* active heirs:

Prologus hedera redimitus
 Simiano gestu fitus,
 Convivalem* cecinit odem,
 Heus tu corrige diploidem.

Illinc stomacho inani
 Petii oppidum *Albani* †,
 Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
 Dirigentem ad *Londinum*
Manum manu cepi mea,
 Ac si socia esset ea.

Veni *Barnet* signo *Bursæ*,
 Ubi convenissent ursi,

Actor.

* Dapes convivio, sapore vario.

Auctor.

Diplois spatio lataque medio,
 Corrige diploidem ægregie nebulo.

† Hic *Albanus* erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

Prologue crown'd with wreath of ivy,
 Jetted like an ape most lively :
 I told them sitting at the banquet *,
 They should be canvass'd in a blanket.

From thence with a stomach empty,
 To the town of *Albane* † went I,
 Where with wine I was so undone,
 As the *hand*, which guides to *London*,
 In my blind hand I received,
 And her more acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purse* at *Barnet* known-a,
 There the bears were come to town-a :

Actor.

* Even as in a ban-a-quet are dish-es
 of sun-dry ta-ast,

Author.

Even so is thy dou-blet too long
 i'th' wa-ast ;
 Go mend it, thou knave, go mend it.

† Here *Alban* was ; his tomb, his title too ;
 " All *Albion* shew me such an *Alban* now."

Propinquanti duo horum
 Parum studiosi morum,
 Subligacula dente petunt,
 Quo posteriora fœtent.

Veni *Highgate*, quo prospexi
 Urbem * perditæ quam dilexi,
 Hic tyronibus exosum
 Hausi *Cornu tortuosum*,
 Ejus memorans salutem
 Cujus caput fit cornutum.

Veni *Holloway*, *Pileum Rubrum*,
 In cohortem muliebrem,
 Me *Adonidem* vocant omnes
 Meretrices *Babylonis*;
 Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
 At egentem, foris pulsant.

* Tot colles *Romæ*, quot sunt spectacula *Trojæ*,
 Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo
 Ista manet *Trojæ* spectacula : 1. Busta, 2. Gigantes,
 3. Histrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Ursa,
 7. Leones.

Two rude hunks, 'tis truth I tell ye,
 Drawing near them, they did smell me :
 And like two mishapen wretches,
 Made me, ay me, wrong my bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed
 City* I so dearly loved,
 And the *Horn of matriculation*
 Drank to th' freshmen of our nation ;
 To his memory saluted
 Whose branch'd head was last cornuted.

Thence to *Holloway*, *Mother Red-cap*,
 In a troop of trulls I did hap ;
 Whores of *Babylon* me impalled,
 And me their *Adonis* called ;
 With me toyed they, buss'd me, cull'd me,
 But being needy, out they pull'd me.

* Seven hills there were in *Rome*, and so there be
 Seven sights in *New-Troy* crave our memory :

1. Tombs, 2. *Guild-hall* giants, 3. Stage-plays
4. *Bethl'hem* poor,
5. Ostrich, 6. Bear-garden, 7. Lyons i'th' Tow'r.

Veni *Islington* ad *Leonem*,
 Ubi spectans histrionem
 Sociatum cum choraulis,
 Dolis immiscentem sales,
 Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
 Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

Ægre jam relicto rure,
 Securem *Aldermanni-bury*
 Primo petii, qua exosa
 Sentina, *Holburni Rosa*
 Me exceptit, ordine tali
 Appuli *Gryphem Veteris Baily* ;
 Ubi experrectus lecto,
 Tres *Ciconias* indies specto,
 Quo victurus, donec ætas
 Rure curas tollet mœstas ;
 Festus *Faustulus* & festivus,
 Calice vividus, corpore vivus.
 Ego etiam & sodales
 Nunc *Galerum Cardinalis*
 Visitantes, vi *Minervæ*
 Bibimus ad *Cornua Cervi*,

Thence to *Islington* at *Lyon*,
Where a juggling I did 'spy one
Nimble with his mates consorting,
Mixing cheating with his sporting:
Creeping into th' case of's viol,
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left I in a fury,
To the *Axe* in *Alderm'n-bury*
First arriv'd, that place slighted,
I at the *Rose* in *Holbourn* lighted:
From the *Rose* in flaggons sail I
To the *Griffin* i' th' *Old-Baily*:
Where no sooner do I 'waken
Than to *Three Cranes* I am taken;
Where I lodge, and am no starter
Till I see the summer quarter.
Pert is *Faustulus*, and pleasing,
Cup brim-full, and corpse in season:
Yea, my merry mates and I too
Oft the *Card'nal's Hat* do fly to,
Where at *Harts-horns* we carouse it,
As *Minerva* doth infuse it.

Sed Actæon anxius horum,
Luce separat uxorem.

Sub sigillo *Tubi* fumantis
Et *Thyrsi* flammantis,
Motu *Mulciberi* naso-flagrantis.

Officina juncta Baccho
Juvenilem fere tobacco,
Uti libet, tunc signata,
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,
Uti fiet, nota certa
Quæ delineatur charta.

Τέλος, sine *telis* non *typis*.

FINIS PARTIS SECUNDÆ.

But *Actæon*, sick o'th' yellows,
Mews his wife up from good-fellows.

Under th' sign of *Pipe* still fuming,
And the *Bush* for ever flaming;
Mulciber the motion moving,
With nose-burning master shaming.

A shop neighbouring near *Iacco*,
Where *Young* vends his *old tobacco* :
As you like it ; sometimes sealed,
Which impression's since repealed :
As you make it ; he will have it,
And in chart and front engrave it :

Harmless, but no artless end
Close I here unto my friend.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

IN ERRATA.

INTER *Accipitrem & Buteonem*,
Juxta phrasem percommunem,
Spectans ista typis data,
Hæc comperui *Errata* ;
Quæ si corrigas (candide lector)
Plena coronet pocula nectar.

A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcem.

Errando, disco.

JAM *Venus vinis* reditura *venis*,
Jam *Venus venis* peritura *plenis*,
Nam *Venus venis* patitur *serenis*,
Nectare plenis.

UPON THE ERRATA'S.

BETWIXT *hawk* and *buzzard*, O man,
After the phrase of speech so common,
Having seen this *journal* at print,
I found these *errata's* in't ;
Which if you correct, kind reader,
Nectar be thy muse's feeder.

From the head unto the foot,
Nought but *error*, look unto't.

This observation have I found most true ;
Erring, I learn my errors to subdue.

Now *Venus'* pure *veins* are with *wines'* inflamed,
Now *Venus'* full *veins* are by *wines* restrained :
For *Venus'* swoln *veins* are by *Morpheus*
chained,
From folly wained.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

PARS III.

Mirtil. **Io Faustule!** gratulantur

Quid te amant & amantur,

Te incolumem rediturum!

Spreta curia, pone curam,

Narra vias, quas calcasti,

Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.

Ne *Ephesios Diana*

Fit celebriore fama;

Omnes omnia de te fingunt,

Statuam pictores pingunt;

Tolle metum; mitte moram,

Fac te clarum viatorem.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

PART III.

Mirtil. **W**HOUPE *Faustulus!* all draw nigh thee,
That do love thee, or lov'd by thee,
Joying in thy safe returning!
Leave court care, and fruitless mourning :
Way th'ast walked, prithee shew it,
Where th'ast lived, what hast viewed.
Not th' *Ephesian Diana*
Is of more renowned fame-a ;
Acting wonders, all invent thee,
Painters in their statues paint thee :
Banish fear, remove delay, man,
Shew thyself a famous way-man.

Faustul. Mitte moram, tolle metum!

Quies me unquam minus lætum?

Cum *adversis* agitatum,

Aut *secundis* tam inflatum

Vidit, ut mutando morem

Reddant me superbiorem.

Aspernarer ego mundum,

Nisi mundus me jucundum

Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ

Sociali tinctis siti

Celebraret; adi, audi,

Et progressu meo gaude.

Primo die satur vino

Veni *Islington* à *Lond*:

Iter arduum et grave,

Sero tamen superavi,

Acta vespertina scena

Siccior eram quam arena.

Veni *Kingsland*, terram regis,

Speciosam cœtu gregis,

Equum ubi fatigantem,

Vix ulterius spatiantem,

Faustul. Leave delay, and be not fearful!

Why! who e'er saw me less chearful?
When I was by fortune cuffed,
Or by fortune's smiles so puffed,
That I shew'd myself far prouder
Than when she more scornful shew'd her.
For the world, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I should despise her,
Had she in her no good fellow,
That would drink till he grew mellow:
Draw near and hear, thou shalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my travel.

First day, having dracht with many,
To *Islington* from *London* came I,
Journey long, and grievous weather,
Yet the evening brought me thither;
Having ta'en my pots by th' fire,
Summer sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingsland*, where were feeding
Cattle, sheep, and mares for breeding;
As I found it, there I feared
That my *Roxinant* was wear'ed:

Nec verberibus nec verbis.
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Veni *Totnam-altam-crucem*,
Quo discessi ante lucem;
Hospes sociis parum caret,
Nemo *Faustulum* spectaret;
Pratum stratum, & cubile
O piaculum! fit fœnile.

Ut reliqui *Crucem altam*,
Lento cursu petii *Waltham*,
In hospitium *Oswaldi*,
Qui mi regiam *Theobaldi*,*
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.

Veni *Hoddesden*, stabant foris
Chartis pictis *Impostores*,

* *De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.*

O domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ!
An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori?
Regio quo sponsi pietas dedit oscula sponsæ,
Et spirare sabæ vota suprema suæ!

When he would jog on no faster,
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture.

Thence to *Totnam-high-cross* turning,
I departed 'fore next morning:
Hostess on her guests so doated,
Fáustulus was little noted:
To an hay-loft I was led in,
Boards my bed, and straw my bedding.

Having thus left *High-cross* early,
I to *Waltham* travell'd fairly,
To the hospital of *Oswald*,
And that princely seat of *The'bald**;
There all night I drank old sack-a,
With my bed upon my back-a.

Thence to *Hoddesden*, where stood watching
Cheats who liv'd by coney-catching:

* *On the king's house at Tibbals.*

This seat, this royal object of the sight,
Shall it for ever bid the world good night?
Where our preceding kings enjoy'd such bliss,
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kiss!

Queis deceptis, notis causis,
 Ante *Eirenarcham pacis*
 Eos duxi, ut me videt,
 Laudat eos, me deridet.

Veni *Ware*, ubi belli
 Saltus, situs, et *Amwelli*
 Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
 Qui ditarunt *Middletonum* :
 Sunt spectati more miti,
 " O si essent *aqua vitæ*."

Veni *Wademill*, ubi ritè
 Pleno cyatho dempta siti,
 Quidam clamitant jocosè,
 Me spectantes otiose,
 Co-ementem hæc flagella,
 Ubi equus ? ubi sella ?

Veni *Puckeridge*, eo ventum
 Mendicantes fere centum
 Me præcingunt, dixi verum,
 " Quod pauperior illis eram;"

False cards brought me, with them play'd I,
Dear for their acquaintance paid I.
'Fore a justice they appeared,
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Thence to *Ware*, where mazy *Amwell*
Mildly cuts the southern channel;
Rivers streaming, banks resounding,
Middleton with wealth abounding:
Mightily did these delight me;
"O, I wish'd them *aqua vitæ*."

Thence to *Wademill*, where I rest me
For a pot, for I was thirsty;
On me cry'd they, and did hoot me,
And like beetles flock'd about me:
"Buy a whip, Sir! No, a ladle:"
Where's your horse, Sir? where your saddle?

Thence at *Puckeridge* I reposed,
Hundred beggars me enclosed:
"Beggars," quoth I, "you are many,
"But the poorest of you am I;"

Quo responso, mente una
 Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Veni *Buntingford*, ad senilem
 Hospitem et juvenilem
 Conjugem, quæ scit affari
 Placide, lepide osculari;
 Area florida, frutice suavis,
 Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni *Royston*, ibi seges,
 Prata, sata, niveæ greges,
 Ubi pedes pii regis;
 Hinc evolvens *Fati** deges,
 Mihi dixi: *Quid te pejus,*
Ista legens, male deges?

Veni *Caxton*, paupere tecto,
 Sed pauperiore lecto:
 Quidam habent me suspectum,
 Esse maculis infectum

* Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,
 Otia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

They no more did me importune,
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,
Bed-rid host, but hostess lusty;
That can chat and chirp it neatly,
And in secret kiss you sweetly;
Here are arbours decked gaily,
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Thence to *Royston*, there grass groweth,
Meads, flocks, fields, the ploughman soweth;
Where a pious prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented:
“ Since all flesh to fate’s * a debtor,
“ Restless wretch, why liv’st no better?”

Thence to *Caxton*, I was led in
To a poor house, poorer bedding:
Some there were had me suspected,
That with plague I was infected;

* Fields, floods, wastes, woods, deer, dogs with
well-tun’d cry,
Are sports for kings, yet kings with these must die.

Pestis, unde exui vestem,
Vocans hospitem in testem.

Veni *Cambridge*, prope *Vitem*,
Ubi *Musæ* satiant sitim;
Sicut *muscæ* circa *finum*,
Aut *scintillæ* in *caminum*,
Me clausurunt juxta *murum*,
Denegantes *rediturum*.
Media-nocte *siccior* essem
Ac si nunquam *ebibissem*,
Sed pudore *parum* motus,
Hinc *discessi* *semi-potus* :
Luci, *loci* *paludosi*,
Sed *Scholares* *speciosi*.

Veni *Godmanchester**, ubi
Ut *Ixion* captus *nube*,
Sic elusus à *puella*,
Cujus *labra* erant *mella*,

* *Quercus* *anilis* erat, tamen *eminus* *oppida* *spectat*,
Stirpe *viam* *monstrat*, *plumea* *fronde* *tegit*.

So as I stark-naked drew me,
Calling th' hostess strait to view me.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muses*
Haunt the *Vine-bush*, as their use is,
Like sparks up a chimney warming,
Or flies near a dunghill swarming,
In a ring they did enclose me,
Vowing they would never lose me.
'Bout midnight for drink I call, Sir,
As I had drank nothing at all, Sir:
But all this did little shame me,
Topsy went I, tipsy came I:
Grounds, greens, groves, are wet and homely,
But the scholars wond'rous comely.

Thence to *Godmanchester**, by one
With a cloud, as was *Ixion*,
Was I gull'd; she had no fellow,
Her soft lips were moist and mellow;

* An aged oak takes of this town survey
Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.

Lectum se adire vellet,
Spondet, sponsum sed fefellit.

Veni *Huntington*, ubi cella
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hospes me suspectum habens,
Et in cellam tacite labens ;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Pinxi memet per ægrotum.

Veni *Harrington*, bonum omen!
Vere amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni dedi nummum,
Et fortunæ penè summum,
Indigenti postulanti,
Benedictionem danti.

Veni *Stonegatehole* nefandum.
Ubi contigit memorandum.
Quidam servus attornati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus mere,
Ut coiret muliere.

All night vow'd she to lie by me,
But the giglet came not nigh me.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a cellar,
With a wench was there a dweller,
I did bargain, but suspected
By the host, who her affected;
Down the stairs he hurried quickly,
While I made me too too sickly.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it spoken!
For name-sake I gave a token
To a beggar that did crave it,
And as cheerfully receive it;
More he need not me importune,
For 'twas th' utmost of my fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'll tell here
Of a story that befel there;
One who served an attorney,
Ta'en with beauty in his journey,
Seeing a coppice, hastens thither,
Purposely to wanton with her.

Mox è dumo latro repit,
 Improvisum eum cepit,
 Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,
 Et post herum nudum misit :
 Manibus vinctis sellæ locat,
 Hinnit equus, servus vocat.
 Cogitemus attornatum
 Suspiciantem hunc armatum,
 Properantem deprædari,
 Uti strenuè calcari :
 Currit herus, metu teste,
 Currit servus sine veste.

Psallens *Sautry* *, tumulum veni,
 Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,
 Ubi *Ransford* jus fecisset,
 Et *pastorem* condidisset ;
 Vidi, ridi, et avari
 Rogo rogos sic tractari.

* Urna sacellani viventis imago sepulti,
 Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.

Egregium illud *Sautry* sacrarium sacerdotis a-
 vari retinuit memoriam.

As these privately conferred,
 A rover took him unprepared,
 Search'd his portmantua, bound him faster,
 And sent him naked to his master :
 Set on's saddle with hands ty'd,
 Th' horse he neighed, man he cry'd.
 Th' attorney, when he had discerned
 One, he thought, behind him armed
 In *white armour*, stoutly stirr'd him,
 For his jade, he keenly spurr'd him,
 Both run one course to catch a gudgeon,
 This nak'd that frighted to his lodging.

Singing along down *Sautry* * laning,
 I saw a tomb one had been lain in ;
 And enquiring, one did tell it,
 'Twas where *Rainsford* bury'd th' *prelate* :
 I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,
 Greedy priests might so be fitted.

* Here of the whip a covetous priest did lick ;
 Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that chapel of
Sautry, retaining still with her that covetous priest's
 memory.

Veni ad *Collegium purum*,
 Cujus habent multi curam ;
 Perhumanos narrant mores
 Patres, fratres et sorores :
 Unum tenent, una tendunt,
 Omnes omnia *sacris* vendunt.
 An sint isti corde *puro*,
 Parum scie, minus curo ;
 Si sint, non sunt hypocritæ,
 Orbe melioris vitæ :
 Cellam, scholam et sacellum
 Pulchra vidi supra stellam.

Veni *Stilton*, lento more,
 Sine fronde, sine flore,
 Sine prunis, sine pomis,
 Uti senex sine comis,
 Calva tellus, sed benignum
 Monstrat viatori signum.

Veni *Wansforth-brigs*, immanem
 Vidi amnem, alnum, anum ;
 Annem latum, anum lautam,
 Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam ;

To th' *Newfounded college* came I,
Commended to the care of many :
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatsoe'er's behoving :
These hold and walk together wholly,
And stake their lands on uses holy.
Whether pure these are, or are not,
As I know not, so I care not ;
But if they be dissembling brothers,
Their life surpasseth many others :
See but their cell, school, and their temple,
You'll say the stars were their example.

Thence to *Stilton*, slowly paced,
With no bloom nor blossom graced ;
With no plumbs nor apples stored,
But bald, like an old man's forehead ;
Yet with inns so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a river
And a wife will live for ever :
River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, seemly, free from folly :

Portas, hortos speciosos,

Portus, saltus spatiosos.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei

Spectans MISERERE MEI,

Atriis, angulis, confestim

Evitandi cura pestem,

Fugi, mori licet natus,

Nondum mori sum paratus.

Inde prato peramœni

Dormiens temulenter fœni,

Rivus surgit et me capit,

Et in flumen alte rapit ;

Quorsum ? clamant ; *Nuper erro*

A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.

Veni *Burleigh* *, licet bruma,

Sunt fornaces sine fumo,

Promptuaria sine promo,

Clara porta, clausa domo ;

* *Ista domus fit Dasypodis dumus.*

Statius.

Gates and gardens neatly gracious,
Ports, and parks, and pastures spacious.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, **LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,**
On the portals, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted :
Tho' from death none may be spared,
I to die was scarce prepared.

On a hay-cock sleeping soundly,
'Th' river rose and took me roundly
Down the current : people cry'd,
Sleeping down the stream I hy'd :
Where away, quoth they, from Greenland ?
No ; from Wansforth-brigs in England.

Thence to *Burleigh* *, though 'twas winter,
No fire did the chimney enter,
Buttries without butlers guarded,
Stately gates were double-warded ;

* This house is the Levaret's Bush.

O camini* sine foco,
 Et culinæ sine coquo!
 Clamans, domum ô inanem!
 Resonabat *Echo* †, *famem*;
 Quinam habitant intra muros?
 Respirabat *Echo*, *mures*;
 Ditis omen, nomen habe;
 Echo respondebat, *Abi*.

Veni *Stamford* ‡, ubi bene
 Omnis generis crumenæ
 Sunt venales, sed in summo
 Sunt crumenæ sine nummo;
 Plures non in me reptantes,
 Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.

Licet curæ premant charæ,
 Veni im *Foramen Saræ* §;

* —Hederæque trophæa camini.

† —Custos domus *Echo* relictæ.

‡ Quo schola? quo præses? comites? academica sedes
 In loculos literas transposuere suas.

§ *Sileni* antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum.

Hoary chimneys * without smoke too,
Hungry kitchens without cook too.

Hallooing aloud, O empty wonder!

Echo † straight resounded, *Hunger*.

Who inhabits this vast brick-house ‡

Echo made reply, *The titmouse*:

Ominous cell! No drudge at home, sir!

Echo answer made, *Be gone, sir*.

Thence to ancient *Stamford* † came I,

Where are penceless purses many;

Neatly wrought as doth become them,

Less gold in them than is on them:

Clawbacks more do not assail me

Than are beggars swarming daily.

Tho' my cares were great and many,

To the *Hole of Sarah* § came I,

* Ivy the chimney's trophy.

† *Echo*'s the keeper of a forlorn house.

‡ Where be thy masters? fellows? scholars? bursers?

O *Stamford!* to thy shame, they're all turn'd pursers.

§ The drunkard's cave, for so it must be call'd,

Where many malt-worms have been soundly maul'd.

Proca semel succi plena,
 Lautâ, læta, et serena,
 At venusta fit vetusta,
 Mundo gravis et onusta.
Saræ antrum ut intrassem,
 Et ampullas gurgitassem *,
 In amore *Sara* certo,
 Ore basia dat aperto ;
 Sæpe sedet, quando surgit
 Cyathum propinare urget.

Veni *Witham*, audiens illam
 Propter lubricam anguillam
 Vere claram nixus ramo
 Cæpi expiscari hamo ;
 Et ingentem capians unam,
 Præceps trahor in lacunam †.

Veni *Grantham* ‡ mihi gratam,
 Inclytè pyramidatam,

* Exiccassem.

† Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina Lethi,
 Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

‡ Hinc canimus mirum ! non protulit insula spiram,
 Talem nec notam vidimus orbe cotem.

Once a *bona-roba*, trust me,
 Tho' now buttock-shrank and rusty;
 But tho' nervy-oil, and fat-a,
 Her I caught by you know what-a,
 Having boldly thus adventur'd,
 And my *Sara's* socket enter'd,
 Her I sued, suited, sorted,
 Bussed, bouzed, sneezed, snorted:
 Often sate she, when she got up,
 All her phrase was, "Drink the pot up."

. Thence to *Witham*, having read there,
 That the fattest eel was bred there;
 Purposing some to entangle,
 Forth I went and took an angle;
 Where an huge one having hooked,
 By her headlong was I dooked*.

Thence to *Grantham* † I retiring,
 Famous for a spire aspiring,

* *Mæander's* shores to *Lethe's* shadows tend,
 Where waves, sound cares, and banks imply our
 end.

† I may compare this town, and be no liar,
 With any shire, for whetstones and a spire.

Ibi pastor cum uxore
 Coeundi utens more,
 De cubiculo descendit,
 Quia *papa* ibi pendet.
 Oppidani timent clari
Paulo spiram asportari,
 Scissitantes (valde mirum)
 Ubi præparent papyrum,
 Qua maturius* implicetur,
 Ne portando læderetur †.

Veni *Newark* ‡, ubi vivos
 Sperans mersos esse rivis,
 Irrui cellam subamænam,
 Generosis vinis plenam.
 Donec *lictor* intrans cellam,
 Me conduxit ad flagellum.

* Structura.

† Penetretur.

‡ *Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,
 Arces effusis vestit amœna comis.*

*Hic campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
 Fæcundare solent, ubera veris habent.*

Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis.

Valles trinæ et opimæ

Dapes insulæ divinæ.





There a pastor with his sweeting
 In a chamber closely meeting,
 In great fury out he flung there,
 'Cause a Popish picture hung there :
 Here the townsmen are amated,
 That their spire should be translated
 Unto *Paul's* ; and great's their labour,
 How to purchase so much paper
 To enwrap it, as is fitting,
 To secure their spire from splitting.

Thence to *Newark* *, flood-surrounded,
 Where I hoping most were drowned ;
 Hand to hand I straitways shored
 To a cellar richly stored :
 Till suspected for a pick-lock,
 Th' beadle led me to the whip-stock.

* A sandy plat a shady elm receives,
 Which cloaths those turrets with her shaken leaves,
 Here all-along lies *Bever's* spacious vale,
 Near which the streams of fruitful *Trent* do fall.
 Valleys there so fruitful be
 They're the wealth of *Britainy*.

Veni *Tuxworth* fitam luto,
 Ubi viatores (puto)
 Viam viscum esse credunt,
 Sedes Syrtes ubi sedent ;
 Thyrsus pendet, diu pendit,
 Bonum vinum raro vendit.

Veni *Retford*, pisces edi,
 Et adagio locum dedi,
 Cœpi statim propinare,
 Ut pisciculi natate
 Discant meo corpore vivo,
 Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni *Scrubie*, Deus bone !
 Cum *pastore* et *latrone*
 Egi diem, fregi noctem,
 Latro me fecisset doctum :
 Ei nollem assidere,
 Ne propinquior esses peræ.

Veni *Bautree*, angiportam,
 In dumetis vidi scortam,

Thence to *Tuxworth*, in the clay there,
 Where poor travellers find such way there,
 Ways like bird-lime seem to shew them,
 Seats are Syrts to such as know them ;
 The ivy hangs there, long has't hung there,
 Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to *Retford*, fish I fed on,
 And to th' adage I had read on ;
 With carouses I did trim me,
 That my fish might swim within me,
 As they had done being living,
 And i'th' river nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, O my Maker !
 With a *pastor* and a *taker*
 Day I spent, I night divided,
 Thief did make me well provided :
 My poor scrip caus'd me to fear him,
 All night long I came not near him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there,
 From the bushes near the lane, there

Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
 Vultu lætam, et lascivam ;
 Sed infixi carni pœnam,
 Timens misere crumenam.

Veni *Doncaster** sed *Levitam*
 Audiens finisse vitam,
 Sprevi *Venerem*, sprevi vinum,
 Perdite quæ dilexi primum :
 Nam cum *Venus* insenescit,
 In me carnis vim compescit.
 Nescit sitis artem modi,
 Puteum *Roberti Hoodi*
 Veni, et liquente vena
 Vincito catino † catena,

* Major causidico quo gratior esset amico,
 In comitem lento tramite jungit equo :
 Causidicus renuit, renuente, patibula, dixit,
 Commonstrabo tibi ; *Caus.* Tuque moreris ibi.

† *Viventes venæ, spinæ, catinusque catenæ,*
 Sunt *Robin Hoodi* nota trophæa fui,

Rush'd a tweak in gesture flanting,
 With a leering eye, and wanton :
 But my flesh I did subdue it,
 Fearing lest my purse should rue it.

Thence to *Doncaster**, where reported
 Lively *Levite* was departed :
 Love I loath'd and spritely wine too,
 Which I dearly lov'd some time too ;
 For when youthful *Venus* rageth,
 She my fleshly force assuageth,
 Thirst knows neither mean nor measure,
Robin Hood's well was my treasure ;
 In a common dish † enchained,
 I my furious thirst restrained :

* That courtesie might a courtesie enforce,
 The may'r would bring the lawyer to his horse :
You shall not, quoth the lawyer.—M. *Now I swear*
I'll to the gallows go.—L. *I'll leave you there.*
 Might not this may'r (for wit a second Pale As)
 Have nam'd the *town-end* full as well as *gallows* ?

† A well, thorn, dish, hung in an iron chain
 For monuments of *Robin Hood* remain.

Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum custodi.

Veni *Wentbridge**, ubi plagæ
Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,
Vultu torto & anili,
Et conditione vili:
His infernæ manent sedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

Veni *Ferrybrig*, vietus,
Pede lassus, mente lætus,
Ut gustassem uvam vini,
Fructum salubrem acini:
Sævior factus sum quam aper,
Licet vini lenis sapor.

Veni *Pomfret*†, ubi miram
Arcem, *Anglis*‡ regibus diram;

* Rupæ cavedia struxit inedia,
Queis oscitanter latuit accedia.

† Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

‡ Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S. : : : . tuum.

And because I drank the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper.

Thence to *Wentbridge**, where vile wretches,
Hideous hags and odious witches,
Writhen count'nance, and mis-shapen,
Are by some foul *bugbear* taken:
These infernal seats inherit,
Who contract with such a spirit.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, sore wearied,
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered:
I no sooner the grape tasted
But my melancholy wasted:
Never was wild boar more fellish,
Tho' the wine did smally relish.

Thence to *Pomfret*†, as long since is,
Fatal to our *English*‡ princes;

* In a rock Want built her booth,

Where no creature dwells but Sloth.

† The tragic state of *English* kings stood here,

Which to their urns pays tribute with a tear.

‡ Here stood that fatal theatre of kings,

Which for revenge mounts up with airy wings.

Laseris * ortu celebrandam,
 Variis gestis memorandam :
 Nec in *Pomfret* repens certior,
 Quam pauperculus inertior:

Veni *Sherburn* ad amandum,
 Et aciculis spectandum ;
 Pastor decimas cerasorum
 Quærit plus quam animorum :
 Certe nescio utrum mores,
 An fortunæ meliores.

Veni *Bramham*, eo ventus,
 Vidi pedites currentes ;
 Quidam auribus susurrat,
 “ Crede *Faustule*, hic præcurret,
 “ Nam probantur:” qui narratur
 Pejor, melior auspicatur.

Veni *Tadcaster*, ubi pontem
 Sine flumine, prælucentem,

* Latius in rupem laser est sita dulcis arentem,
 Veste nova veris floribus aucta novis.

For the choicest *liquorice* * crowned,
And for sundry acts renowned :
A louse in *Pomfret* is not surer
Than the poor thro' sloth securer.

Thence to *Sherburn*, dearly loved,
And for pinner well approved :
Cherry-tenths the pastor aimeth,
More than th' souls which he reclaimeth :
In an equipage consorting,
Are their manners and their fortune.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither coming,
I saw two footmen stript for running :
One said, " the match was made to cheat 'em ;
" Trust me, *Faustulus*, *this* will beat 'em ;
" For we've try'd 'em ;" but that courser
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to *Tadcaster*, where stood reared
A fair bridge ; no flood appeared :

* Here *liquorice* grows upon their mellow'd banks,
Decking the spring with her delicious plants.

Plateas fractas, et astantes
 Omni loco mendicantes
 Spectans, illinc divagarer,
 Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni *Eboracum*, flore
 Juventutis cum *textore*
 Fruens, conjux statim venit,
 Lupum vero auribus tenet;
 Ille clamat aperire,
 Ille negat exaudire.

Sic ingressus mihi datur,
 Cum *textori* denegatur;
 Qui dum voce importunè
 Strepit, matulam urinæ
 Sentit; sapienter tacet,
 Dum *Betricia* mecum jacet.

Ibi tibicen apprehensus,
 Judicatus et suspensus,
 Plaustro cöaptato furi,
 Ubi *tibia*, clamant pueri?

Broken pavements, beggars waiting,
Nothing more than labour hating ;
But with speed I hasten'd from them,
Lest I should be thought one of them.

Thence to *York*, fresh youth enjoying,
With a wanton *weaver* toying :
Husband suddenly appears too,
Catching the *wolf* by th' ears too :
He cries, *Open, something fears him* :
But th' deaf *adder* never hears him.

Thus my entrance was descried,
While the *weaver* was denied ;
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a chamber-pot was crowned :
Wisely silent, he ne'er grudged
That his *Betty* with me lodged.

A piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn'd, and titted,
As he was to *Knavesmyre* going,
This day, quoth boys, *will spoil thy blowing* ;

Nunquam ludes amplius Billie ;
At nescitis, inquit ille.

Quod contigerit memet teste,
 Nam abscissa jugulo reste,
 Ut in fossam furcifer vexit,
 Semi-mortuus resurrexit :
 Arce reducem occludit,
 Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni *Towlerton*, stadiodromi
 Retinentes spem coronæ,
 Ducunt equos ea die
 Juxta tramitem notæ viæ ;
 Sequens autem solitam venam,
 Sprevi *primum et postremum.*

Veni *Helperby* desolatum,
 Igne nuper concrematum,
 Ne taberna fit intacta,
 Non in cinerés redacta ;
 Quo discessi ocyor euro,
 Restinguendi sitim cura.

From thy pipe th' art now departing;
Wags, quoth th' piper, you're not certain.
All which happen'd to our wonder,
For the halter cut asunder,
As one of all life deprived,
Being bury'd, he revived :
And there lives, and plays his measure,
Holding hanging but a pleasure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where those stagers,
Or horse-coursers run for wagers :
Near to the highway the course is,
Where they ride and run their horses :
But still on our journey went we,
First or last did 'like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned,
Desolate and lately burned :
Not a taphouse there but mourned,
Being all to ashes turned ;
Whence I swiftly did remove me,
For thirst-sake, as did behove me.

Veni *Topcliff* *, musicam vocans,
 Et decoro ordine locans,
 Ut expectant hi mercedem,
 Tacitè subtraxi pedem ;
 Parum habui quod expendam,
 Linquens eos ad solvendum.

Veni *Thyrskæ* †, *Thyrsis* hortum,
 Ubi *Phyllis* floribus sportam
 Instruit, at nihil horum
 Nec pastorem, neque florem
 Ego curo, *Bacchum* specto
 Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

* Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,
 Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuæ.

Alias,

Infra situm rivi saliunt sub acumine clivi,
 Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

† *Thyrsis* oves pascens per apricæ pascua vallis,
 Prima dedit *Thyrsko* nomina nota suo.
 Sycamori gelidis *Tityrus* umbris
 Discumbens, *Phyllidi* sarta paravit,
 Et niveas greges gramine pavit,

Thence to *Topcliff**, music call'd I,
 In no comely posture fail'd I;
 But when these expected wages,
 To themselves I left my pages;
 Small being th' court'sy I could shew them,
 Th' reck'ning I commended to them.

Thence to *Thyrsket*, rich *Thyrsis*' casket,
 Where fair *Phyllis* fills her basket
 With choice flowers, but these be vain things,
 I esteem no flowers, nor swainlings;
 In *Bacchus*' yard, field, booth, or cottage,
 I love nought like his cold pottage.

* *Topcliff* from tops of cliffs first took her name,
 And her cliff-mounted seat confirms the same:
 Where streams with curled windings overflown,
 Bestow a native beauty on the town.

† Here *Thyrsis* fed his lambkins on the plain;
 So *Thyrske* from *Thyrsis* took her ancient name.
 Here *Tityrus* and *Phyllis* made them bowers,
 Of tender osiers, sweet-breath'd sycamours.

Veni *Alerton*, ubi oves,
 Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
 Aliaque campi pecora
 Oppidana erant decora :
 Forum fuit jumentorum,
 Mihi autem cella forum.

Veni *Smeton*, perexosum
Collem quem *pediculosum*
 Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè
 Mœchæ solent lascivire,
 Ad alendum debilem statum,
 Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni *Nesham**, *Dei donum*,
 In cœnobiarchæ domum ;
 Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
 Cursu fluminis amœnam,
 Lætam sylvis et frondosam,
Heræ vultu speciosam.

* Littora lentiscis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,
 Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

Thence to *Alerton*, rank'd in battel,
 Sheep, kine, oxen, other cattel,
 As I fortun'd to pass by there,
 Were the town's best beautifier:
 Fair for beasts at that time fell there,
 But I made my fare the cellar.

Thence to *Smeton* I assailed,
Lousy Hill, for so they call it;
 Where were dainty ducks, and jant ones,
 Wenches that could play the wantons;
 Which they practise, truth I'll tell ye,
 For relief of back and belly.

Thence to *Nesham**, now translated,
 Once a *nunnery* dedicated:
 Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
 Streaming rivers never ceasing;
 Deck'd with tufty woods and shady,
 Graced by a lovely lady. X

* Where shores yield lentisks, branches pearled
 gems,

There lamprel's shells, their rocks soft mossy
 stems.

This ³ lovely lady was Miss Frances Lawson
 descendant of James Lawson, to whom
 Henry 8th. in the year 1540 had made a grant of
 the land of *Nesham* nunnery.

Veni *Darlington*, prope vicum
 Conjugem duxi peramicam ;
 Nuptiis celebrantur festa,
 Nulla admittuntur mœsta ;
 Pocula noctis dant progressum,
 Ac si nondum nuptus essem.

Veni *Richmond**, sed amicos
 Generosos et antiquos,
 Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,
 Cum nequissem invenire,
 Sepelire curas ibi,
 Tota nocte mecum bibi.

Pœna sequi solet culpam,
 Veni *Redmeere* ad subulcum,
 Ilia mensæ fert porcina,
 Prisca nimis intestina,
 Quæ ni calices abluissent,
 Adhuc gurgite inhæsissent.

* Nomen habes mundi, nec erit sine jure, secundi,
 Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.

Thence to *Darlington*, where I boused
Till at last I was espoused:
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared ;
All night long by th' pot I tarry'd,
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.

Thence to *Richmond* *, heavy sentence !
There were none of my acquaintance :
All my noble comrades gone were,
Of them all I found not one there ;
But lest care should make me sicker,
I did bury care in liquor.

Penance chac'd that crime of mine hard,
Thence to *Redmeere*, to a swine-herd
Came I, where they nothing plac'd me
But a swine's gut that was nasty ;
Had I not then wash'd my liver,
In my guts't had stuck for ever.

* From a *Rich Mound* thy appellation came,
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.

Veni *Carperbie* peravarum,
 Cœtu frequens, victu carum;
 Septem solidorum cœna
 Reddit levior crumena:
 Nummo citius haurieris,
 Quam liquore ebrieris.

Veni *Wenchly*, valle situm,
 Prisca vetustate tritum,
 Amat tamen propinare
 Pastor cum agnellis charè,
 Quo effascinati more,
 Dormiunt agni cum pastore.

Veni *Middlam*, ubi arcem
 Vidi, et bibentes sparsim
 Bonos socios, quibus junxi,
 Et liquorem libere sumpsi;
Æneis licet tincti *nasis*,
 Fuimus custodes pacis.

Veni *Ayscarth* *, vertice montis,
 Valles, et amœnos fontes,

* Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti
 Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

Thence to *Carperby*, very greedy,
 Consorts frequent, victuals needy :
 After supper they so toss'd me,
 As seven shillings there it cost me :
 Soon may one of coin be soaked,
 Yet for want of liquor choaked.

Thence to *Wenchly*,^x valley-seated, ^x *Wensley*
 For antiquity repeated :
 Sheep and shepherd, as one brother,
 Kindly drink to one another ;
 Till pot-hardy, light as feather,
 Sheep and shepherd sleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed
 Th' castle, which so stately shewed :
 Down the stairs, 'tis truth I tell ye,
 To a knot of brave boys fell I :
 All *red noses*, no dye deeper,
 Yet none but a peace-keeper.

Thence to *Ayscarth**, from a mountain,
 Fruitful valleys, pleasant fountain,

* Here breaths an arched cave of antique stature,
 Closed above with thorns, below with water.

Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,
 Campos, scirpos, et paludes
 Vidi, locum vocant *Templum*,
 Speculantibus exemplum.

Veni *Worton*, sericis cincta,
 Sponsa ducis, ore tincta,
 Me ad cœnam blande movet,
 Licet me non unquam novit;
 Veni, vidi, visi, lusi,
 Cornu-copiam optans duci.

Veni *Bainbrig*, ubi palam
 Flumen doderit canalem,
 Spectans, uti properarem
 Ad *Joannem Ancillarem*,
 Hospitem habui (verè mirum)
 Neque fœminam, neque virum.

Veni *Askrig* *, notum forum,
 Valde tamen indecorum,

* Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,
 Alluit et villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,
 Fields, fens, sedgy rushes saw I;
 Which high mount is call'd the *Temple*,
 For all prospects an example.

Thence to *Worton*: being lighted,
 I was solemnly invited
 By a captain's wife most yewly,
 Though, I think, she never knew me:
 I came, call'd, cull'd, toy'd, trifled, kissed,
 Captain cornu-cap'd I wished.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the river
 From its channel seems to sever:
 To *Maidently John* I forthwith hasted,
 And his best provision tasted:
 Th' host I had (a thing not common)
 Seemed neither man nor woman.

Thence to *Ask^{rx}brig**, market noted,
 But no handsomeness about it;

* A channel strait confines a crystal spring,
 Washing the walls o' th' village neighbouring.

Nullum habet magistratum,
 Oppidanum ferre statum :
 Hic pauperrimi textores,
 Peragrestes tenent mores.

Veni *Hardraw* *, ubi fames,
 Cautes frugis perinanes ;
 Nunquam vixit hîc *Adonis*,
 Ni sub thalamo *Carbonis* :
 Diversoria sunt obscœna,
 Fimo fœda, fumo plena.

Veni *Gastile*, ubi cellam,
 Cellam sitam ad sacellum.
 Intrans, bibi *stingo* fortem,
 Habens lanium in consortem,
 Et pastorem † parvæ gregis,
 Rudem moris, artis, legis.

* Labitur alveolis resonantibus, amnis amœnus,
 Qui tremula mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

† Quota est hora, refert ! Solem speculando respon-
 dit,

Ecce sacerdotes quos tua terra parit !

Neither magistrate nor mayor
 Ever were elected there :
 Here poor people live by knitting,
 To their trading, breeding fitting.

Thence to *Hardraw* * where', hard hunger,
 Barren *cliffs* and *clints* of wonder ;
 Never here *Adonis* lived,
 Unless in *Cole's* harbour hived :
 Inns are nasty, dusty, fusty,
 With both smoke and rubbish musty.

Thence to *Gastile*, I was drawn in
 To an alehouse near adjoining
 To a *chapel* ; I drank *stingo*
 With a *butcher* and *Domingo*
 Th' *curate* †, who to my discerning,
 Was not guilty of much learning.

* A shallow rill, whose streams their current keep,
 With murmur'ing voice and pace procure sweet
 sleep.

† I ask'd him, what's a clock? he look'd at th' sun,
 But want of learning made him answer—Mum.

Veni *Sedbergh* *, sedem quondam
 Lautam, lætam, et jucundam,
 Sed mutatur mundus totus,
 Vix in anno unus potus :
 Ibi propriæ prope lari
 Non audebam vulpinari.

Veni *Killington* †, editum collem,
 Fronde lætiore mollem,
 Ibi tamen parum hærens,
 Semper altiora sperans,
 Hisce dixi longum vale,
 Solum repetens natale.

Veni *Kendall*, ubi status
 Præstans, prudens ‡ magistratus,

* Prospicies thyrsum sinuosius arte rotundum,
 Organa quo cerebri mersa fuere mei.

† Arboribus gelidam texens coriarius umbram,
 Æstatem atque hyemem fronde repelle gravem,

‡ Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,
 Major fiet aldermannus.

Thence to *Sedbergh* *, sometimes joy-all,
 Gamesome, gladsome, richly royal ;
 But those jolly boys are sunken,
 Now scarce once a year one drunken :
 There I durst not well be merry,
 Far from home old foxes werry.

Thence to *Killington* † I passed,
 Where an hill is freely grassed ;
 There I staid not, tho' half-tired,
 Higher still my thoughts aspired :
 Taking leave of mountains many,
 To my native country came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her state is,
 Prudent too her magistrate ‡ is ;

* Here grows a bush in artful mazes round,
 Where the active organs of my brain were drown'd.

† Here the retir'd tanner builds him bowers,
 Shrouds him from summer's heat, and winter's
 showers.

‡ Now *Saturn's* year has drench'd down care,
 And made an alderman a may'r.

Publicis festis purpuratus,
 Ab *Elizabetha* datus ;
 Hic me juvat habitare,
 Propinare et amare.

Inter *Barnabæ* errores,
 Hi mutârunt preli mores,
 “ Delirans iste sapiens *Gottam*
 “ Reddit *cætum* propter *cotem.*”

Vide *Grantham.*

FINIS PARTIS TERTIÆ.

In whose charter to them granted,
Nothing but a mayor wanted :
Here it likes me to be dwelling,
Bousing, loving ; stories telling.

Amongst other faults in print,
You shall find this error in't :
“ Did not the sage of *Gottam* strangely fail,
“ Who for a *whetstone* render'd him a *whale* ?”

See *Grantham*.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

PARS IV.

Mirtil. O FAUSTULE! dic quo jure
Spreta urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos consortes,
Genio faustos gurgite fortes,
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes siti?
Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic sodali,
Urbi longum dicere vale?

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

PART IV.

Mirtil. O FAUSTULUS! take'st no pity
For the field to leave the city?
Nor thy consorts, lively skinkers,
Witty wags, and lusty drinkers;
Lads of life, who wash their liver,
And are dry and thirsty ever?
Wilt thou here no longer tarry
With these boys that love *Canary*?
Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,
Dainty doxies, merry wenchers?
Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,
Thus to take farewell o'th' city?

Faustul. Quid me movet ! Nonne cernis
Me tamdiu in tabernis
Propinasse, donec mille
Clamant, Ecce Faustulus ille,
Qui per orbem ducens iter,
Titulo Ebrii insignitur !
Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roseæ ab Auroræ
Usque vesperam, et pudorem
Vultûs, quesus et odorem
Sprevit ! audi culpæ pœnam,
Scenam Faustuli extremam.

Faustul. *What is't makes me! dost' not
note it,*

How I have i'th' tavern floated,
Till a thousand seek to shame me,
*There goes Faustulus, so they name me,
Who thro' all the world has traced,
And with stile of Maltworm graced!
Who carouseth to his breeding,
From Aurora's beamlins spreading
To th' evening, and despiseth
Favour-thrift, which each man prizeth!*
Now hear *Faustulus's* melancholy,
Th' closing scene of all his folly.

Vale *Banbury*, vale *Brackley*,
 Vale *Hollow-well*, vale *Hockley*,
 Vale *Daintry*, vale *Leister*,
 Vale *Chichester*, vale *Chester*,
 Vale *Nottingham*, vale *Mansfield*,
 Vale *Wetherby*, vale *Tanfield*.

Vale *Aberford*, vale *Bradford*,
 Vale *Toceter*, vale *Stratford*,
 Vale *Preston*, vale *Euxston*,
 Vale *Wigan*, vale *Newton*,
 Vale *Warrington*, vale *Budworth*,
 Vale *Kighley*, vale *Cudworth*.

Vale *Hoddesden*, vale *Totnam*,
 Vale *Giggleswick*, vale *Gottam*,
 Vale *Harrington*, vale *Stilton*,
 Vale *Huntington*, vale *Milton*,
 Vale *Royston*, vale *Puckeridge*,
 Vale *Caxston*, vale *Cambridge*.

FAREWEL *Banbury*, farewel *Brackley*,
Farewel *Hollow-well*, farewel *Hockley*,
Farewel *Daintry*, farewel *Leister*,
Farewel *Chichester*, farewel *Chester*,
Farewel *Nottingham*, farewel *Mansfield*,
Farewel *Wetherby*, farewel *Tanfield*.

Farewel *Aberford*, farewel *Bradford*,
Farewel *Toceter*, farewel *Stratford*,
Farewel *Preston*, farewel *Euxston*,
Farewel *Wigan*, farewel *Newton*,
Farewel *Warrington*, farewel *Budworth*,
Farewel *Kighley*, farewel *Cudworth*.

Farewel *Hoddesden*, farewel *Totnam*,
Farewel *Giggleswick*, farewel *Gottam*,
Farewel *Harrington*, farewel *Stilton*,
Farewel *Huntington*, farewel *Milton*,
Farewel *Royston*, farewel *Puckeridge*,
Farewel *Caxston*, farewel *Cambridge*.

Vale *Ware*, vale *Wademill*,
 Vale *Highgate*, vale *Gadshill*,
 Vale *Stamford*, vale *Sautry*,
 Vale *Scrubie*, vale *Bautry*,
 Vale *Castrum Subterlinum*,
 Ubi *vates*, *Venus*, *vinum*.

Vale *Tauk-hill*, quem *conspexi*,
Lemnia Lydia, quam *dilexi*,
 Arduæ viæ quas *transivi*,
 Et *amiculæ* queis *cöivi*,
Faber, *taber*, *sociæ lætæ*,
 Et *convivæ* vos *valet*.

Nunc *longinquos* *locos* *odi*,
 Vale *fons Roberti Hoodi*,
 Vale *Rosington*, vale *Retford*,
 Et *antiqua* *sedes* *Bedford*;
 Vale *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Vale *Waltham*, et *Oswaldi*,
Sedes, *situs* *Theobaldi*,

Farewel *Ware*, farewel *Wademill*,
Farewel *Highgate*, farewel *Gudshill*,
Farewel *Stamford*, farewel *Sautry*,
Farewel *Scrubie*, farewel *Bautry*,
Farewel *Castle Underline* too,
Where are poets, wenches, wine too.

Farewel *Tauk-hill*, where I viewed
Lemnian Lydia, whom I sued;
Steepy ways by which I waded,
And those truggs with which I traded;
Faber, taber, pensive never,
Farewel, merry mates, for ever.

Now I hate all foreign places,
Robin Hood's well, and his chases:
Farewell *Rosington*, farewel *Retford*,
And thou antient seat of *Bedford*;
Farewel *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Farewel *Waltham*, seat of *Oswald*,
That bright princely star of *The'bald*:

Vale *Godmanchester*, ubi
 Mens elusa fuit nube;
 Vale *Kingsland, Islington, London**,
 Quam amavi perditæ quondam.

Vale *Buntingford*, ubi suaves
 Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
 Hospes grata et benigna,
 Et amoris præbens signa;
 Alio juvat spatiari,
 Pasci, pati, recreari.

Vale *Stone, et Sacellum*,
 Quod splendentem habet *Stellam* :

* — Ista novæ mea mœnia Trojæ.

Nunc novæ longum valedico Trojæ,
 Læta quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,
 Vina, picturæ, Veneris facetæ,
 Cuncta valete.

Sin vero conjux, famuli, sorores,
 Liberi, suaves laribus lepores
 Confluant, mulcent varios labores :
 Cuncta venite.

Farewel *Godmanchester*, where I
Was deluded by a fairy:
Farewel *Kingsland, Islington, London**,
Which I lov'd, and by it undone.

Farewel *Buntingford*, where are thrushes,
Sweet briars, shred vines, private bushes;
Hostess cheerful, mildly moving,
Giving tokens of her loving;
I must in another nation
Take my fill of recreation.

Farewel precious *Stone and Chapel*,
Where *Stella* shines more fresh than th' apple:

* — These be my *New Troy's* dying elegies.

Now to that *New Troy* bid adieu for ever,
Wine, Venus, pictures, can allure me never,
These are youth's darlings, age's hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.

Farewel for ever, see you will I never,
Yet if wife, children, money hurry thither,
Where we may plant and solace us together,
Welcome for ever.

Vale *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,*
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, et amœni
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.

Vale *Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,*
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothrum,
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, et Oxforth,
Geniis et ingeniis bonis
Satur, opibus Platonis.

Sprevi nunc *Textoris* acum,
 Vale, vale *Eboracum,*
 Alio nunc victurus more,
 Mutans mores cum colore* ;

* *Incessit hyems niveis capillis,*
Incessit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
Urbe relecta rustica vertes.

Conspicui vates repetendo Cupidinis æstus,
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut fenuere, procis.

Farewel *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,*
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, farewell clean-a
 Medes and mares of *George à Green-a.*

Farewel *Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,*
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldron, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, and Oxforth,
 Richly stor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)
 With wit, wealth, worth, well of *Plato.*

Farewel *York,* I must forsake thee,
Weaver's shuttle shall not take me :
 Hoary hairs * are come upon me,
 Youthful pranks will not become me ;

* Winter has now behoar'd my hairs,
 Benumb'd my joints and sinews too ;
Phyllis for verses little cares,
 Leave city then, to th' country go.

Poets, when they have writ of Love their fill,
 Grown old, are scorn'd, tho' Fancy crown their quill.

Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
Sacram violare fidem.

Vale *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*
Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn :
Vale *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton :
Vale *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeere,*
Gastile, Killington, et Sedbergh.

Armentarius jam sum factus,
Rure manens incoactus,
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parum curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

EQUESTRIA FORA.

Veni *Malton*, artem laudo,
Vendens equum sine cauda,

Th' bed to which I'm reconciled
 Shall be by me ne'er defiled.

Farewel *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*
Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn;
 Farewel *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton;
 Farewel *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeer,*
Gastile, Killington, and Sedbergh.

I am now become a drover,
 Country liver, country lover;
 Smell of gain my sense benumbeth,
 Little care I whence it cometh;
 Be't from camp, choir, cottage, carpet,
 Field, fold, cellar, forest, market.

HORSE FAIRS.

To *Malton* come I, praising th' sale, Sir,
 Of an horse without a tail, Sir;

Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cecum,
 Forte si maneret mecum,
 Probo, vendo, pretium datur,
 Quid si statim moriatur.

Ad forensē *Rippon*, tendo,
 Equi si sint cari, vendo,
 Si minore pretio dempti,
 Equi à me erunt empti,
 “ Ut alacrior fiat ille,
 “ *Ilia mordicant anguillæ.*”

SEPTENTRIONALIA FORA.

Veni *Pomfret*, uberem venam,
 Virgis * laserpitiis plenam.

* Virgulta laseris florent amœnula.

In hac angelica latius insula.

Vide lib. 3, stanz. 48.

Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased ;
Should this kephal die next morrow,
I partake not in the sorrow.

Then to *Rippon*, I appear there
To sell horses, if they're dear there ;
If they're cheap, I use to buy them,
And i' th' country profit by them ;
“ Where to quicken 'em, I'll tell ye,
“ I put quick eels into their belly.”

NORTHERN FAIRS.

Thence to *Pomfret*, freshly flowered,
And with rods * of liquorice stored.

* Rods of liquorice sweetly smile
In that rich angelic isle.

See book 3, stanza 48.

Veni *Topcliff* cum sodali,
Non ad vinum sed venale.

Veni *Thyrsk* ubi boves
Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni *Alerton* lætam, latam,
Mercatori perquam gratam,
In utiliorem actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum.

Veni *Darlington*, servans leges
In custodiendo greges.

Inde *Middlam* cursum flecto,
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæstus sapiens odorem ;
“ Nulla via modo vera,
“ Est ad bonos mores sera.”

Thence to *Topcliff* with my fellow,
Not to bouse wine, but to sell low.

Thence to *Thyrsk*, where bullocks grazed
Are for sale i' th' market placed.

Thence to *Alerton*, cheerful, fruitful,
To the seller very grateful;
There to chuse a place, I'm chariest,
Where my beasts may shew the fairest.

Thence to *Darlington*, never swerving
From our drove, laws worth observing.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming
In a direct course of gaining;
I refuse no kind of labour,
Where I smell some gainful savour:
"No way, be it ne'er the homeliest,
"Is rejected, being honest."

TRA-MONTANA FORA.

Hisce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, *Septentrionem*
Ocyore peto pedē,
Ditiore frui sede :
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri grātia mihi molles.

Veni *Appleby*, ubi natus,
Primam sedem comitatus.

Illinc *Penrith* speciosam,
Omni merce copiosam.

Illinc *Roslay*, ubi tōta
Grex à gente venit *Scota*.

Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni *Ravinglass* antiquam ;

TRA-MONTANE FAIRS.

In these fairs, if I find nothing
Worth the staying, I'm no slow thing;
To the *North* frame I my passage,
Wing'd with hope of more advantage:
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows,
Are by gain more soft than pillows.

Thence to native *Appleby* mount I,
Th' ancient seat of all that county.

Thence to peerless *Penrith* went I,
Which of merchandise hath plenty.

Thence to *Roslay*, where our lot is
To commerce wth people *Scottish*.

By a passage crook'dly tending,
Thence to *Ravinglass* I'm bending :

Illinc *Dalton* peramœnum;
 Hinc *Oustonum* fruge plenum :
 Donec *Hauxide* specto sensim;
 Illinc sedem *Lancastrensem*.

Veni *Garstang*, ubi nata
 Sunt armenta fronte latâ.

Hinc ad *Ingleforth* ut descendi,
 Pulchri vituli sunt emendi.

Illinc *Burton* limina peto,
 Grege lautâ, fronde læta.

Veni *Horneby*, sedem claram,
 “ Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;”

Cœca-sacra famēs auri

Me consortem fecit tauri :

Sprevi *Veneris* amorem

“ Lucrum summum dat odorem.”

Veni *Lonesdale*, venientem
 Laticem socii præpotentem

Thence to *Dalton*, most delightful;
Thence to oaten *Ouston* fruitful;
Thence to *Hauxide's* marish pasture;
Thence to th' seat of old *Lancaster*.

Thence to *Garstang*, where are feeding
Herds with large fronts, freely breeding.

Thence to *Ingleforth* I descended,
Where choice bull-calves will be vended.

Thence to *Burton's* bounders pass I,
Fair in flocks, in pastures grassy.

Thence to *Horneby*, seat renowned,
"Thus with gain are worldlings drowned;"
Secret-sacred thirst of treasure
Makes my bullocks my best pleasure:
Should *love* woo me, I'd not have her,
"It is gain yields sweetest savour."

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where were at it
Boys that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,

Haurientes, hæsitantes,
 Fluctuantes, titubantes,
 Allicerent, (narro verum)
 Sed non sumi qui semel eram.
 Me ad limen trahunt orci,
 Uti lutum petunt porci,
 Aut ad vomitum fertur canis,
 Sed intentio fit inanis:
 Oculis clausis hos consortes
 Præterire didici mortis.

Mirtil. Miror (*Faustule*) miror verè,
 Bacchi te clientem heri,
 Spreto genio jucundo,
 Mentem immersisse mundo:
 Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
 Semper eris mundo civis?

Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,
 Railed, reeled, rouled, tumbled ;
 Musing I should be so 'stranged,
 I resolv'd them I was changed.
 To the sink of sin they drew me,
 Where like hogs in mire they threw me,
 Or like dogs unto their vomit,
 But their purpose I o'ercom'd ;
 With shut eyes I flung in anger
 From those mates of death and danger.

Mirtil. Surely (*Faustus*) I do wonder
 How thou, who so long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice wits resounded,
 Should'st be thus i' th' world drowned.
 What do'st ? where liv'st ? in brief deliver.
 Wilt thou be a worldling ever ?

Faustul. Errâs (*Mirtille*) si me credas
 Nunquam *Bacchi* petere sedes;
Thyrus vinctus erit collo,
 "Semel in anno ridet *Apollo*;"
 Pellens animi dolores,
 Mutem crines, nunquam mores.
 Socios habeo verè gratos,
 Oppidanus propè natos,
 Intra, extra, circa muros,
 Qui mordaces tollunt curas:
 Hisce juvat sociari,
 Et apricis* spatari.

Nunc ad *Richmond*, primo flore,
 Nunc ad *Nesham* cum uxore,
 Læto cursu properamus,
 Et amamur et amamus:
 Pollent floribus ambulacra,
 Vera *Veris* simulachra.

* Si per apricos spatari locos
 Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
 Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.

Faustul. Thou err'st (*Mirtillus*) so do mo
too,

If thou think'st I never go to
Bacchus' temple, which I follow ;
" Once a year laughs wise *Apollo* ;"
Where I drench grief's slight physicians,
Hair I change, but no conditions.
Cheerful comrades have I by me,
Townsmen that do neighbour nigh me ;
Within, without, where'er I rest me,
Carking cares do ne'er molest me :
With these I please to consort me,
And in open* fields to sport me.

Now to *Richmond*, when spring's come on,
Now to *Nesham* with my woman ;
With free course we both approve it,
Where we love, and are beloved ;
Here fields flower with freshest creatures,
Representing *Flora's* features.

* Thus thro' the fair fields, when I have best
leisure,
Diaper'd richly, do I take my pleasure,
To cheer my studies with a pleasing measure.

Nunc ad *Ashton* invitato
 Ab amico et cognato,
 Dant hospitium abditiæ cellæ,
 Radiantes orbis stellæ.
 Mensa, mera, omnia plena,
 Grata fronte et serena.

Nunc ad *Cowbrow*, ubi lætus,
 Una mente confluit cœtus,
 Nescit locus lachrymare,
 Nescit hospes osculari,
 Facit in amoris testem
 Anser vel gallina festum.

Nunc ad *Natland*, ubi *florem*
 Convivalem et *pastorem*
 Specto, spiro ora rosea,
 A queis *Nectar* et *Ambrosia*:
 Castitatis autem curæ
 Me intactum servant rure.

Nunc ad *Kirkland*, et de eo,
 " *Prope Templo, procul Deo,*"

Now to *Ashton*, I'm invited
By my friend and kinsman cited ;
Secret cellars entertain me,
Beauteous-beaming stars inflame me ;
Meat, mirth, music, wines, are there full,
With a count'nance blithe and cheerful.

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither
Jovial boys do flock together ;
In which place all sorrow lost is,
Guests know how to kiss their hostess ;
Nought but love doth border near it,
Goose and hen will witness bear it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice beauty
And a shepherd do salute me ;
Lips I relish richly roseack,
Purely *nectar* and *ambrosiac* ;
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,
For the country's eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it
May that say' be verified,

Dici potest, spectent Templum,
 Sacerdotis et exemplum,
 Audiant tamen citius sonum
 Tibiæ tamen concionem.

Nunc ad *Kendal*, propter pannum*,
 Cœtum, situm, *Aldermannum* †,
 Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
 Et viginti quatuor fratres,
 Verè clarum et beatum,
 Mihi nactum, notum, natum.
 Ubi dicam (pace vestra)
 Tectum mittitur è fenestra,
 Cura lucri, cura fori,
 Saltant cum *Johanne Dori*:
 Sancti fratres cum poeta,
 Læta canunt et faceta.

* Lanificii gloria, et industri ita præcellens, ut eo
 nomine sit celeberrimum. *Camd. Brit.*

Pannus mihi panis. *Mot.*

† Nomine *Major* eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,
 Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.

“*Far from GOD, but near the Temple,*”
 Tho’ their pastor gave example :
 They are such a kind of vermin,
 Pipe they’d rather hear than sermon.

Now to *Kendal*, for cloth-making *,
 Sight, site, Alderman † awaking ;
 Beauteous damsels, modest mothers,
 And her four and twenty brothers ;
 Ever in her honour spreading,
 Where I had my native breeding.
 Where, (I’ll tell you, while none mind us)
 We threw the house quite out at windows ;
 Nought maketh them or me ought sorry,
 They dance lively with *John Dory* :
 Holy brethren with their poet
 Sing, nor care they much who know it.

* A town so highly renowned for her commodious
 clothing, and industrious trading, as her name is be-
 come famous in that kind. *Camb. Brit.*

Cloth is my bread. *Motto.*

† Now hast thou chang’d thy title unto May’r,
 Let life, state, style, improve thy charter there.

Nunc ad *Staveley*, ubi aves
 Melos, modos cantant suaves,
 Sub arbustis et virgultis
 Molliore masco fultis :
 Cellis, sylvis, et tabernis,
 An *fœlicio*rem cernis ?

Mirtil. **ESTO *Faustule!*** recumbe,
 Rure tuo carmina funde ;
 Vive, vale, profice, cresce,
Arethusæ alma messe ;
 Tibi *Zephyrus* sub fago
 Dulciter afflet. *Faust.]* Gratias ago.





Now to *Staveley* strait repair I,
Where sweet birds do hatch, their airy
Arbours, oziers freshly showing,
With soft mossy rind o'ergrowing :
For woods, air, ALE, all excelling :
Wouldst thou have a neater dwelling ?

Mirtil. BE'T so, *Faustulus!* there repose
thee,
Cheer thy country with thy poesy ;
Live, fare well, as thou deservest,
Rich in *Arethusa's* harvest :
Under the beach while shepherds rank thee,
Zephyrus bless thee. *Faust.*] I do thank thee.

AD

PHILOXENUM.

TE viatores lepidi patronum,
TE tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,
VATIS et vitis roseæ corymbum,
ARTIS alumum.

TE tuus vates lyricis salutat
QUI fidem nulla novitate mutat,
NEC nova venti levitate nutat,
FIDUS ad aras.

TO

PHILOXENUS.

THEE pleasing waymates tided have their
patron,
Their country's glory, which they build their
state on,
The poet's wine-bush, which they use to prate
on,
Art's merry minion.

In lyric measures doth thy bard salute thee,
Who with a constant resolution suits thee,
Nor can ought move me to remove me from
thee,
But my religion.

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?

Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, iaccho.

**Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod pocula
laudes.**

FINIS,

The oil of malt, and juice of spritely nectar
Have made my muse more valiant than *Hector*.

O'erflowing cups, whom have they not made
learned?

Full-blown my veins are, and so well they may,
With brimming healths of wine drunk yesterday.

If thou dost love thy flock, leave off to pot.

THE END.

BESSIE BELL:

*Cantio Latinè Versa, alternis Vicibus et modernis
Vocibus decantanda.*

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

Damætas.

Eliza-Bella.

I.

Dam. BELLULA BELLA, mi puella,
Tu me corde tenes,
O si clausa simus cella
Mars et Lemnia Venus!
Tanto mî es, quanti tua res,
Ne spectes *Bellula* mundum,
Non locus est cui crimen abest
In amoribus ad cœeundum.

BESSY BELL:

To be sung in altern Courses and modern Voices.

BY CORYMBÆUS.

Damætas.

Eliza-Bella.

I.

Dam. MY bonny *Bell*, I love thee so well,
 I would thou wad scund along hither,
 That we might here in a cellar dwell,
 And blend our bows together!
 Dear art' to me as thy geer's to thee,
 The world will never suspect us,
 This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
 Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

II.

Bel. Crede *Damætas*, non finit ætas
 Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
 Vir verè lætus intende pecus
 Cura et carmine dignum.
 Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
 Nam jugo premitur gravi,
 Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
 Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

III.

Dam. Virginis vita fit inimica
 Principi, patriæ, proli,
 In orbe sita ne sis invita
 Sponsa nitidula coli.
 Aspice vultum numine cultum,
 Flore, colore jucundum,
 Hic locus est, nam lucus abest
 In amoribus ad cœeundum.

II.

Bell. Trust me, *Dametas*, youth will not
let us

Yet to be singed with Love's taper,
Bonny blithe swainlin, intend thy lambkin,
To requite both thy laws and thy labour.
¶ I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
The yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

III.

Dam. To lead apes in hell, it will not do
well,

'Tis an enemy to procreation,
In the world to tarry, and never to marry,
Would bring it soon to desolation.
See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as cherry,
This cover will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

IV.

Bel. Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,
 Volo, sed nolo fateri,
 Expedit mari lenocinari,
 At libet ista tacere.
 Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
 Nam jugo premitur gravi
 Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
 Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

V.

Dam. Candida *Bella*, splendida stella,
 Languida lumina cerne,
 Emitte mella *Eliz-Bella*,
 Lentula tædia sperne.
 Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
 Jungamus ora per undam,
 Nam locus est cui crimen abest
 In amoribus ad cœundum.

IV.

Bell. 'Las maidens must feign it, I love tho'
 I lain it,
 I would, but I will not confess it,
 My years are consorting, and fain would be
 sporting,
 But bashfulness shames to express it.
 I love not thee, why shouldst thou love me?
 That yoke I cannot approve it,
 Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
 Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

V.

Dam. My beauteous *Bell*, who stars do excel,
 See mine eyes never drys, but do wet me,
 Some comfort unbuckle, my sweet honeysuckle,
 Come away, do not stay, I entreat thee.
 Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,
 This river will never suspect us,
 This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
 Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

VI.

Bel. Perge *Damætas*, nunc pruriit ætas,
 Me nudam accipe solam,
 Demitte pecus si *Bellam* petas,
 Exue virginis stolam.
 Sic amo te, si tu ames me;
 Nam jugo premitur suavi,
 Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
 Et amo, et amor, et amavi.

VI.

Bell. Come on, *Damætas*, ripe age doth fit
us,

Take aside thy nak'd bride, and enjoy her,
So thou cull thy sweeting, let flocks fall a
bleating,

My maid's weed on thy mede I'll bestow there.

Thus I love thee, so do thou love me,

The yoke is so sweet, I approve it,

To lie still with one, is better than none,

I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

LUCUS CHEVINUS.

CANT.

VIVAT Rex noster nobilis,
 Omnis in tuto sit ;
 Venatus olim flebilis
Chevino Luco fit.

Cane foras ut abigat
Percæus abiit ;
 Vel embrio elugeat
 Quod hodie accidit.

Comes ille *Northumbriæ*
 Votum vovit Deo,
 Ludos in sylvis *Scotiæ*
 Habere triduo.

CHEVY CHASE.

CANT.

God prosper long our noble King,
 Our lives and safeties all :
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In *Chevy-Chase* befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl *Piercy* took his way,
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the *Scottish* woods
 Three summer's days to take ;

È primis *Cervis Cheviæ*
Cæsos abripere :
Duglasium hæ notitiæ
Adibant properè.

Qui ore tenus delegat
Se ludum perdere :
At *Percæus* non hesitat
Ad sylvas tendere,

Quingentis ter teliferis
Virtutis belicæ
Qui norunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.

Curritur à venatico
Damas propellare ;
Die Lunæ diluculo
Ad rem accingunt se ;

Centumque cervi sunt cæsi
Ante meridiem ;
Tunc redeunt, libis impleti,
Ad venationem.

The chiefest harts in *Chevy-Chase*
To kill and bear away.

The tydings to Earl *Douglas* came
In *Scotland*, where he lay;

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
He would prevent his sport.

The *English* Earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhound swiftly run
To chase the fallow deer,
On *Monday* they began to hun,
When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

De monte sagittarii,
 Apti militiæ,
 Prodierunt armarii
 Hodie a tergore.

Per sylvas celerant canes,
 Ut cervos capiant;
 Ac simul montes et valles
 Latratu resonant.

Fodinam comes adiit,
 Ferinam visere,
Duglas minatus est, inquit,
 Hic mecum affore.

Congressum autem desperans,
 Mora non dabitur,
 Quo dicto, tyro elegans
 Illum alloquitur;

En! En! *Duglasius* emminus,
 Armis cum splendidis,
 Bis mille cum militibus
 Visui ^obviis;

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure.
Their backsides all with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord *Piercy* to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer,
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;
Then stept a brave young gentleman,
Thus to the earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,
All marching in our sight;

Cunctis de valle *Tivivæ*

Ad ripas *Tuædis*;

Ludos, ait, intermitte

Arcubus habitis :

Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates

Tollatur animus,

Haud præsto fuit athlètes

Gallus vel *Scotius*,

Mihi equestris obvius

Quin postulante re,

Evocat vellèm comminus

Vi, hastis ludere.

Equisessor *Duglasius*,

Audax ille baro,

Præfuit aliis omnibus

Aurato clypeo.

Cujates, ait, ostendite

Hic ausi pellere

Ac, me invito, impète

Feras occidere.

All men of pleasant *Tiviotdale*,
Fast by the river *Tweed*,
Then cease your sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
And take your bows with speed ;

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man
With him to break a spear.

Earl *Douglas*, on a milk-white steed,
Much like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Shew me, said he, whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That without my consent dare chase
And kill my fallow deer.

Qui primus verbum edidit
Percæus nomine,
 Qui sumus (ait) non libuit
 Vobis ostendere;

At sanguinem absumemus
 Cervos destruere;
 Juravit tunc *Duglasius*,
 Dixitque temerè;

E nobis periet unus
 Antequam devincar,
 Tu comes es bene notus
 Egoque tui par.

At (siqua fides) est scelus
 Miserum deperdere
 Ullos de his insontibus,
 Immunes scelere.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,
 Viris absentibus.
 Dispereat, inquit *Percæus*,
 Huic adversarius.

The first that did the answer make
Was noble *Percy* he,
Who said, We list not to declare,
Or shew whose men we be;

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
The chiefest harts to slay.
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

Before I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me, *Piercy*, I think it were
A great offence to kill;
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill;

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
By whom this is deny'd.

Tunc armiger exiluit
Witherington nomine,
 Regem, ait, scire noluit
 Hoc præ dedecore;

Quod dux pugnaverat, pedes,
 Me stante obiter,
 Vos duo estis comites,
 Ast ego armiger;

Obnixè omne faciam,
 Dum stare dabitur,
 Ac dum vibrare machæram
 A me pugnabitur.

Anglicani tendunt arcus,
 Quam cordatissimè;
 Decies sex à missilibus
 Cæduntur Scotici.

Adversus feras sectantes
 Missit *Duglasius*
 Torvum ducem dimicantes,
 Fractis hostilibus.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
 To *Henry* our King for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on :
You are two earls, said *Witherington*,
 And I a squire alone ;

I'll do the best, that do I may,
 Whilst I have power to stand ;
Whilst I have power to wield my sword
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our *English* archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
 Earl *Douglas* had the bent.
The captains, mov'd with muckle pride,
 Their spears to shivers sent.

Incincti sunt celeriter
 Parum pigritiæ,
 Multusque jacet belliger
 Inanis animæ.

Pol! Dolor erat visere
 Ac etiam audire,
 Viros plangentes undique
 Perfusos sanguine.

Comites tandem cohibent
 Multo magnanimè ;
 Instar leones feribant
 Truci certamine.

Pugnârunt vel intundere
 Districtis ensibus,
 Ac maduerunt cruore
 Æquè ac imbribus.

Ut dedas, ait *Duglasius*,
 Te ducam subitò,
 Ubi eris præpositus
 A rege *Jacobo*.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

Oh, Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The groans of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two great earls did meet,
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wood, they laid on loads,
And made a cruel fight ;

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Earl *Piercy*, *Douglas* said,
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By *James* our *Scottish* king :

Pro gratis redimam captum.

Et celebrabo te.

Equitem quam magnificentum.

Et sine compare.

Cui *Perceus* ait, minime,

Quod offers respuo;

Nollem unquam me dedere

Viventi *Scotico*:

Tunc est emissus calamus

Ab arcu *Anglico*,

Quo fixus est *Duglasius*,

Heu, tenus cerculo.

Qui verba hæc emurmurat,

Viri contendite;

Quid ni mors mea propinquat

Spectante comite.

Tum *Perceus* exanimi,

Manum ut prenderet

Dicit, causâ *Duglasii*

Se terras perdere.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an *English* bow,
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* sees my fall!

Then, leaving life, Earl *Piercy* took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy life
Would I had lost my land:

Vel cor, ait, fundit sanguinem
 Præ tui gratiâ,
 Nam nunquam talem equitem
 Removit noxia.

Miles decernens *Scoticus*
Duglasium emori,
 In *Percæum* mortem ejus
 Devovit ulcisci,

Hugo de *Monte Gomerè*
 Hastâ cum splendidâ,
 Movit decursu celeri
 Ferox per agmina;

Præteriens sagittarios
Anglos impavidè
Percæios ventriculos
 Foravit cuspide;

Tantâ cum violentiâ
 Fodit corpuscula
 Plus tres pedes per illia
 Transivit hastulâ.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
Who saw Earl *Douglas* die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord *Piercy*;

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Rode fiercely thro' the fight,

And pass'd the *English* archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl *Piercy's* body then
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went thro' the other side
A full cloth-yard and more:

Sic ceciderunt comites,
 Quam invictissimè,
 Quum sagittario subit res
Percæum occidi.

Arcum intentum dexterâ
 Factum insignitè
 Tres pedes longâ spiculâ
 Implevit fortiter ;

Hugonem Gomeri versus
 Sic telum statuit,
 Vel anserinus calamus
 In corde maduit.

Ad vesperam ab aurorâ
 Duravit prælium ;
 Octavâ scilicet horâ
 Vix est præteritum.

Cum *Percæio* est peremptus
 Dominus de *Egerton*,
Joannes Ratcliffe, *Robertus*
 Et *Jacobus* baron,

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An *English* archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he ;

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
So right the shaft he set :
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With brave Earl *Piercy* there were slain,
Sir *John* of *Egerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff* and Sir *John*,
Sir *James*, that bold baron ;

Jacobus et Georgius,
 Equestris ordinis,
Radulphus Raby dominus
 Perit magnanimis.

Pro *Witherington* sit gemitus
 Ac si in tristibus,
 Qui pugnavit de genibus
 Truncatis cruribus.

Perierunt cum *Duglasio*
Hugo Gomericus,
Carolus Currel à campo
 Nunquam dicessurus ;

De *Ratcliffe Murrel Carolus*
 Nepos à sorore ;
David Lamb bene habitus
 Exanguis corpore.

Ac etiam *Maxwell* dominus
 Deditus est neci ;
 Vix è duobus millibus
 Fugerunt sex deni,

And with Sir *George* and stout Sir *James*,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir *Ralph Rabbin* there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps :
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas* there were slain,
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
 Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the field
 One foot would never flee ;

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir *David Lamb*, so esteem'd,
 They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewise
 Did with Earl *Douglas* die.
 Of twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

È ter quingenis *Anglicis*
 Non sex deni abiere ;
 In *Luco* cæsis cæteris
 Sub fagi tegmine.

A plurimis cràs viduis
 Lugetur miserè ;
 Vulnera lota lachrymis
 Nec prevaluere.

Cruentata corpuscula
 Secum abstulere ;
 Millies dederunt oscula
 Defunctis funere.

Fertur apud *Edinburgham*,
 Regnante *Jacobo*,
Duglasium subito cæsum
 Fuisse jaculo :

O lamentabile, dixit,
Scotia sit testis,
 Haud alius dux superfuit
 Æqualis ordinis.

Of fifteen hundred *Englishmen*
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slain in *Chevy Chase*,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail:
They wash'd their wounds in briny tears,
Yet all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple gore,
With them they bore away,
And kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland's* king did reign,
The brave *Earl Douglas* suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

Oh, heavy news! King *James* did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Henrico tradibat fama,
 Pari intervallo,
Percæium de Northumbricâ
 Occisum in *Luco* :

Quum Rex edixit, valeat ;
 Rebus sic stantibus,
 Spero quod regnum abundat
 Quingenis talibus.

Ast sentient me ulciscentem
Scoti et Scotia,
 At vindictam inferentem
Percæi gratiâ.

Quod est a Rege præstitum
 Cæsis in montibus
 Quinquies denis militum
 Nec non baronibus.

Ac de plebe perierunt
 Centum per plurimi
 Venatum sic finierunt
Percæi domini.

Like tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as little space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was slain in *Chevy Chase*.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred good as he ;

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say
But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl *Piercy's* sake.

This vow the King full well perform'd,
After at *Humble-Down*,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die ;
Thus endeth the hunting of *Chevy Chase*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

Sit Rex et grex beatulus
 Pace et copiâ ;
 Ac absit à magnatibus
 Malevolentia.

FINIS.

God save the King, and bless this land,
 In plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE END.

AN INDEX

OF THE

MEN, PLACES, SIGNS, &c.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| ABERFORD | 33 |
| Aldermanbury, <i>at the Axe</i> | 73 |
| Alerton.....119, | 149 |
| Appleby | 151 |
| Ashton | 159 |
| Askrig | 125 |
| <i>Author marries, and turns Farmer</i> | 145 |
| <i>Address to Philoxenus</i> | 165 |
| Aysgarth | 123 |
| Bainbrig | 125 |
| Banbury | 21 |
| Banister, <i>a noted Innkeeper at Preston</i> | 53 |
| Barnet, <i>at the Purse, the Bears made him bewray himself</i> | 69 |
| Bautree | 105 |
| Bessy Bell, <i>a Song</i> | 169 |
| Bradford | 37 |
| Bramham | 111 |
| Brickhill | 67 |
| Bruarton, <i>a merry Story</i> | 59 |
| Budworth, <i>at the Cock</i> | 54 |
| Buntingford | 87 |
| Burleigh | 97 |
| Burton | 153 |
| Brackley | 23 |

INDEX.

| | PAGE |
|---|----------|
| Cambridge | 89 |
| Cardinal's Hat | 73 |
| Carperby | 123 |
| Caxton | 87 |
| Chevy Chase, <i>a Ballad</i> | 177 |
| Clapham | 39 |
| Clowne | 31 |
| Coleshill, <i>the Butcher's Wife there</i> | 66 |
| Coventry, <i>for Blue</i> | 63 |
| Cowbrow | 41, 159 |
| Cranes (Three) | 73 |
| Daventry | 25, 63 |
| Dalton | 153 |
| Darlington, | 121, 149 |
| Doncaster | 33, 107 |
| Dunchurch | 63 |
| Dunstable | 67 |
| Dory (John) <i>danced with</i> | 161 |
| Euston | 53 |
| Ferrybrig | 109 |
| Gandy (Tom) | 55 |
| Garstang | 51, 153 |
| Gastile | 127 |
| Giggleswick | 37 |
| Godmanchester | 89 |
| Godstow | 21 |
| Gottham | 25 |
| Green (Franc.) <i>of Stratford, and his handsome Wife</i> | 65 |
| Griffin, <i>in the Old Bailey</i> | 73 |
| Grantham | 101 |

INDEX.

| | PAGE |
|--|------------------|
| Hardraw | 127 |
| Harrington | 91 |
| Harts-horns | 73 |
| Hauxide | 153 |
| Haywood | 59 |
| Helperby | 115 |
| Highgate, <i>the Horn there</i> | 71 |
| Hockley-hole | 67 |
| Hoddesden | 83 |
| Holbourn-bridge, <i>at the Rose</i> | 73 |
| Holloway | 71 |
| Holm-chapel, <i>for Ale</i> | 57 |
| Horneby | 153 |
| Horse Fairs | 145 |
| Huntington | 91 |
| Ingleforth | 153 |
| Ingleton | 39 |
| John (Little) | 27 |
| John à Gaunt | 51 |
| Islington, <i>at the Lyon</i> | 73, 81 |
| Kendal | 41, 129, 161 |
| Kighley | 37 |
| Killington | 129 |
| Kingsland | 81 |
| Kirkland | 41, 159 |
| Knaves-acre, <i>near York, where the Piper was hanged, and played afterwards</i> | 118 ^d |
| Leicester, <i>at the Bell</i> | 25 |
| <i>Leave taken of all the Places he drank at, from 137 to 145</i> | |

INDEX.

| | PAGE |
|---|----------|
| Litchfield, <i>he borrowed Money of an old</i> | |
| <i>Usurer</i> | 61 |
| London | 81 |
| Lonesdale | 39, 153 |
| Lousy-Hill | 119 |
| Maidenly John | 125 |
| Malton | 145 |
| Mansfield | 27 |
| Meredin, <i>merry with his Landlady Joan</i> .. | 61 |
| Middlam | 123, 149 |
| Mother Red Cap's at Holloway | 71 |
| Natland | 41, 159 |
| Nesham, <i>for its Nunnery famous</i> | 119, 157 |
| Newcastle-under-Line | 57 |
| Newfound College | 95 |
| Newton <i>in the Willows</i> | 50 |
| Newark | 103 |
| Nottingham | 27 |
| Northern Fairs | 147 |
| Overbowles | 29 |
| Ouston | 153 |
| Oxford | 21 |
| Penrith | 151 |
| Pomfret, <i>for Liquorice</i> | 109, 147 |
| Preston | 53 |
| Puckeridge | 85 |
| Rainesford, <i>the Prelate there</i> | 93 |
| Ravinglass | 151 |
| Redbourn | 67 |
| Redmeer | 121 |

INDEX.

| | PAGE |
|--|----------|
| Retford | 105 |
| Richmond | 121, 157 |
| Ridgelay | 59 |
| Rippon | 147 |
| Robin Hood, 27. <i>His Well</i> | 107 |
| Rosamond's <i>Bower</i> | 21 |
| Rose, <i>a pretty Girl, at Newton, in Lancashire</i> | 55 |
| Roslay | 151 |
| Rothram, <i>at the Bull</i> | 31 |
| Royston | 87 |
| | |
| Sarah's Hole | 99 |
| Sautry | 93 |
| Scarlet, <i>Robin Hood's Man</i> | 27 |
| Scrubie | 105 |
| Sedburgh | 129 |
| Sherburn | 111 |
| Sherwood | 27, 127 |
| Smeton | 119 |
| St. Alban's | 69 |
| Stamford | 99 |
| Staverley | 43, 163 |
| Stilton | 95 |
| Stone, <i>at the Bell</i> | 57 |
| Stonegate-hole | 91 |
| Stratford | 65 |
| | |
| Tadcaster | 111 |
| Tauk-a-Hill | 57 |
| Theobalds | 83 |
| Thyrsk | 117, 149 |
| Topcliff | 117, 149 |
| Tocester, <i>where he sate up all Night</i> | 65 |
| Totnam Highcross | 93 |

INDEX.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Towlerton | 115 |
| Tramontane Fairs | 151 |
| Tuxworth | 105 |
| Wademill | 85 |
| Wakefield <i>Pindar</i> | 35 |
| Waltham-Abbey | 83 |
| Wansforth-brigs | 95 |
| Ware | 85 |
| Warrington | 55 |
| Wedon, <i>where he vomited</i> | 65 |
| Wentbridge | 109 |
| Wenchly | 123 |
| Wetherby | 35 |
| Wigan | 53 |
| Witham | 101 |
| Woodstock | 21 |
| Worton | 125 |
| York, <i>where he lay with the Weaver's Wife</i> | 113 |
| Young, <i>the Tobacconist</i> | 75 |
| Younger (Tom) of Brickhill | 67 |

THE END.

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The image shows a background of marbled paper with a repeating pattern of teardrop or scalloped shapes in shades of brown, tan, and cream. A white, rounded rectangular label is positioned at the top center, containing the alphanumeric string 'YC154104' in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

YC154104

