THE

British Bibliographer.

BY

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AND

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PREFACE.

I KNOW not whether the readers of this work, the few who interest themselves about the literary antiquities of their country, will regret to learn that this volume closes the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER. The Editors regret it, because the materials for its continuance are in more ample abundance before them than they ever were before. Increased friends, increased aid, and the rich stores of the Bodleian, unfolded to them through channels as well calculated to interest and gratify public curiosity as flattering to themselves; the treasures of Mr. Heber, Mr. Bindley, Mr. Utterson, Mr. Bolland, Mr. Phelps, and many others, always most kindly open to their researches, cause them some pain at quitting the task of communicating what is thus liberally offered to their hands. But reasons of a private nature, and a change of employment and incompatible engagements in those with whom the risk, and the profit if any, was placed, have led to this conclusion.

Minds of different talents and different pursuits will necessarily have various opinions of the utility of such publications. Perhaps the Editors are not more blind than their most witty or most bitter censurers to all the dullness and all the defects of the present work. The sole question is, whether it performs that which it undertakes; and whether that undertaking is in itself useful? He, who thinks all reading dull or repulsive but modern books, who likes no language but that of the last

 fashion,

fashion, will undoubtedly, in the supremacy of his ignorant conceit, look upon the uncouth phraseology of former centuries with unqualified scorn! But perhaps the self-applauding confidence of this vivacious critic will weigh but a little in the determination of the question! The value depends on other qualities than he can apprehend; and other principles of judgment than his powers can reach!

In what single library, private or public, can be found all the curious volumes which the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER has recorded? Or if they could all be found concentered in one rich depository, is there no use in extending two-hundred-fold notices of their titles, and specimens of their contents?

It is not impossible that the greater part of the volumes here registered may be already known to some of those who have for years constantly frequented sale-rooms of books in the metropolis; but of those who are inquisitive on these subjects, how few have leisure or opportunity to frequent sale-rooms; and of these few how small a portion have the desire or the talent to collect for any other than a selfish gratification!

When the writer of this preface looks back on the curious contents of these volumes, (of which he may be entitled thus to speak because scarcely any of them proceeded from himself) he cannot refrain from pointing out with some satisfaction, that patient and indefatigable industry, which could by laborious transcription rescue specimens of so many rare books, before they passed into libraries, where it might be difficult to consult, and whither it might sometimes be not easy even to trac them. For many valuable tracts, besides those which luckily pass into the hands of known collectors, float for

a day on the market, and then pass into some secret treasure house, where perhaps they lie hidden to all but the retired owner.

"And if all these things, with all that the Bibliographer and Censura Literaria have endeavoured to rescue from a just oblivion; if all that the black-letter has stained with its ugly impression," cries some pert witling, "were burnt in the next clearing fire of the metropolis, what would literature lose?" I leave him to enjoy the triumphant wisdom of his question; or to seek for other answerers than him who has spent nine years* in the toil of these pursuits!

Hereafter as these relics of ancient genius and ancient learning, or ancient pedantry, these examples of the progress of language, these memorials of long past manners and customs, become every day more rare and difficult of access, the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER, which has collected so many notices and extracts of them, will at least continue to possess an interest and an use, of which, they, whose approbation is most to be coveted, have already had the candour to give it the credit.

If the Editors, attracted by the curiosity of the subject, have dealt rather in extracts than in original criticisms, they do not think they have performed a less useful, because it has been a more humble task. As long as the materials forced themselves in such abundance on their hands, their time has been too much occupied in gathering, to allow them leisure to build with them. Let those who find these pages dry and repulsive, and devoid of data for interesting reflection, keep aloof from them! They are not arrived at that degree of mental cultivation and curiosity which fits them for these studies!

* The *Censura Literaria* commenced with the year 1805.

For

For the Bibliography of old English poetry, which had been begun by William Oldys, had been pursued by Thomas Warton and Bishop Percy, been continued by George Steevens and Edmund Malone, and taken up with minute labour and dry perseverance by Joseph Ritson, very ample and not easily exhausted matter may be found in the Censura Literaria, and in the present work.

During the period that these works have been passing the press, the spirit of research in this line has increased to a degree which has excited much wonder, and some ridicule. The *mania* may, in some instances, raise a well-founded smile; but that its effects have been altogether beneficial to literature, I cannot doubt. An undistinguishing admiration of that which is old, and a desire of possessing rarities, which arises from a mean vanity, are foibles which may be condemned, but are of little injury to the public. On the other hand, the advantages to literature, derivable from this curiosity, are numerous and permanent. If the labours of the present Editors have contributed to that curiosity, the retrospect will amply repay them for the years consumed in the pursuit.

If ever a full Bibliographical Catalogue of English Literature, up to the close of the 17th century, which is at present a most important desideratum, shall be executed, the Censura Literaria, combined with the labours of Wood, Tanner, Ames, Herbert, Warton, and Dibdin, will go far in furnishing the necessary materials.

Nor will a candid and reflecting judgment refuse to admit, that something has been added to our national stores of intellect by the entire reprints which have formed part of the present miscellany. The *Paradise of*

Dainty

Dainty Devises, *England's Helicon*, *Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, in their original text; with *John Higgins's* part of *The Mirror for Magistrates*, all of them books of uncommon rarity and great intrinsic merit, have opened to the literati, who are inquisitive in this department, treasures which had hitherto been sealed.

"Thus to reply to anticipated objections, thus anxiously to insist on some faint praise, does it betray a firm consciousness of having endeavoured and deserved well?" Such, probably, will be the question of the reader, who is petulant and captious! For the author, who, whether in the higher walks of genius, or the more humble paths of compilation, appears calm in the confidence of his own well-meant exertions, knows little of the ingenuity of envy, or the liveliness of malicious degradation!

It may not seem very presumptuous to aim at a reputation similar to that of the well known Thomas Hearne. Yet his celebrity is surely not altogether unenviable, whose works, comprehending voluminous materials of solid information, are every day rising in value, and are become the necessary ornaments of every rich library.*

The present work, of which much of the matter could never probably again be re-assembled, and of which scarcely more than 150 complete sets can exist, will scarcely lose its price with the progress of time. The *Censura Literaria*, if by any chance a copy comes into the market, fetches much more than double its original cost. That a fate not less flattering will attend the British Bibliographer we cannot doubt.

It is easy to plan out schemes of ideal perfection; to

* The set from the library of Mr. Willett of Merly, all large paper, fetched 405*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* They consisted of 32 lots.

design

design a work in which all the perseverance of laborious enquiry and patient transcripts shall be united with all the grace of taste, and all the rich eloquence of genius; in which the plodding hand that collects the rude materials shall shape and combine them into forms of just proportion and exquisite beauty, or imposing magnificence! But, to plan and to perform, to suggest schemes, and to execute them, are immeasurably different! Even Warton, with great learning, great taste, and strong powers of original and nice criticism, united (I will venture to add, in defiance of some strange cavillers), with great and powerful genius, suffered the vigorous faculties of his digesting, discriminating, and creative mind, to be oppressed and overlaid by the weight of the heavy materials which incumbered him. Even he could not always move like a master under his load.

It is true that too many readers require to be taught how to think and to judge! It is not sufficient to give them specimens, and leave them to form their own opinions. Trite criticism, and remarks sometimes superficial, and sometimes deeply erroneous, might fill pages of plausible commentary without any great expence either of time or talent to the writer. But are these the idlenesses to which a wise man will either commit his name, or consign his pen? Better a thousand times is the plodding task of copying the dullest extracts, to which time has given an adventitious value! These the profound antiquary, the philosophic investigator of ancient language and ancient manners, will know how to appreciate; while the praise or the jest of the flippant lover of the piquant style of modern criticism may be treated with equal indifference!

Is there any one who wishes to know with what degree of reluctance the editors resign a task in which they have

have been so long engaged? It cannot be supposed, that either of them wants employment; that he has no other literary amusements which invite his attention! They quit their work with a sigh, because they are convinced, that its use is not insignificant, and its discontinuance will be a loss; for it cannot be necessary to declare, that their views have been the most remote from mercenary, and that their labours have been solely prompted by a desire to promote this department of Bibliographical knowledge. The writer of this Preface may be forgiven for here asserting of his coadjutor Mr. Haslewood, that his union of arduous and inextinguishable industry with opportunities created by his long experience in this pursuit, have given him the power of preserving numerous literary memorials, beyond what is ever likely again to be rivalled, or even imitated!

It is highly consolatory to the Editors, that their last number is filled with matter so rich and so curious, that no candid judges can suspect them of exhausted stores! The first article of that number, from the pen of one of the most eminent ornaments of that illustrious University, in which he justly holds so conspicuous a station, may be fairly pointed to, for a justification of language, that some may deem arrogant! On this account, if on no other, the Editors again heave a sigh, that here closes the British Bibliographer!

S. E. B.

Dec. 22, 1813.

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Memoir of James Shirley.

In a former number we gave a portrait of this poet and eminent dramatic writer, and we appropriate the little space left at the conclusion of the Preface to give a hasty and brief sketch of his life. He was born near the Stocks Market in the city of London, about 1594, and probably descended from an antient family in Sussex. He was educated at Merchant Taylor's Hall, and removed to St. John's College, Oxford. Afterwards leaving this university without a degree,* he was entered of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and studied there several years, having for his contemporary Thomas Bancroft, the epigrammatist, who has recorded the circumstance in one of his epigrams. 1639, qto. B. 1. Ep. 13.† At this university he probably obtained a degree, and after entering into orders, held some preferment near the town of St. Albans. Being unsettled in his principles, he afterwards changed his religion for that of Rome, and having resigned his living, taught a grammar school at St. Albans; but finding this employment uneasy to him, he left it for the metropolis, where he resided in Gray's Inn, and commenced dramatic writer. In this new undertaking he not only obtained a considerable livelihood, but was respected and encouraged by persons of quality, and particularly by the queen of Charles I. who made him her servant. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he was forced to leave London, with his wife and children, and appears to have served in the wars upon the invitation of his patron the Duke of Newcastle. When the king's cause declined, he again contrived to take up his residence obscurely in London, where he was assisted by his friend Thomas Stanley, and afterwards re-established himself as a schoolmaster in Whitefriars, and educated several eminent men. At length when about 72 years of age he was driven, with his second wife Frances, from his residence near Fleet-street, by the fire of London in 1666, and took refuge in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, where being overcome with affright at their miseries and losses, they both expired in one day, and were buried at St. Giles's Church the 29th October 1666.‡

As an author, he appears by one of his poems to have written as early as 1619,§ and his prolific muse produced for the stage not less than forty-four dramatic pieces.|| Four of these are mentioned by Langbaine, as performed in his time at the King's house, and the Duke's theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, *i. e.* Portugal-row. In the specimens selected by Mr. Ellis (vol. iii. p. 132.) occur those beautiful lines from the "*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the armor of Achilles,*" beginning "*The glories of our blood and state,*" and which

* Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 376. † Oldys' Notes on Langbaine. † Wood *ut sup.* ‡ He occasionally was joined by Chapman, &c. For an enumeration of his pieces see the forthcoming work called the *Prompter*, p. 85. § Oldys. || *Account of Dramatick Poets*, p. 475.

Oldys

Oldys says "is the fine song which old Bowman (the actor used to sing to K. Charles, and which he has often sung t me." Had Shirley left no other record of his pen than th concluding stanza, his name would not have perished:

The garlands wither on your brow:
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds!
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

We have seen announced a complete edition of his works, and scarcely know any writer more deserving the attention and patronage of the literary world.

Besides his plays, he published a volume of poems in 1646 21mo, and we also see a reference to *Shirley's Guide to Children in the Principles of Grammar, Lond.* 1660, 8vo. probably by him, unless there has been some mistake in referring to a work from which we shall give an unnoticed poem of his writing.

This Poem of Shirley is to be found in an obscure little volume, by *Francis Hawkins*, entitled *Youth's Behaviour*, 1668.*

"*In Laudem Authoris.*

"Though here be wonder when 'tis known,
A child† should make this work his own,
(Since he that can translate and please
Must needs command two languages)
Yet this is nothing to the rest
Of treasure, which this little chest
Contains, and will in time bring forth,
To call just volumes of his worth.
If thus a branch, what will he be
When he is grown to be a tree?
So glorious in the bud, let men
Look for th' *Hesperides* again;
And gather fruit, nor think't unfit
A child should teach the world more wit.

JAMES SHURLEY.

* Youth's Behaviour, or Decency in Conversation amongst Men. Composed in French by grave persons, for the use and benefit of their youth. Now newly turned into English by Francis Hawkins, nephew of Sir Thomas Hawkins, translator of Causoin's Holy Court. With the addition of 26 new precepts, written by a grave author, &c. The 9th impression, &c. London: printed for W. Lea, &c. 1668, small 8vo.

† By the Preface, it appears that he was only eight years old; and that he was son of Dr. Hawkins; and that it was first published 25 years before. His uncle Sir Thomas was of Nesh Cort in Boughton under Blean, co. Kent.

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No. XII.

¶ *The* ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ *or Passionate Centurie of Loue, divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson, Gentleman; and published at the request of certeine Gentlemen his very frendes. London, Jmprinted by John Wolfe, for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paule's Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.*

This title page has no date.* It is within an ornamented wood-cut border. The volume is a very thin 4to. with one sonnet on every page. It is dedicated to Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxenford, &c. followed by an address "To the frendly reader." Then comes a prose letter from "Iohn Lyly to the authour his freind." This is succeeded by "Authoris ad Libellum suum Protrepticon," 46 hexameter and pentameter lines. Now follow the commendatory verses, which are these:

1. A Quatorzain in the commendation of Master Thomas Watson, and of his Mistres, for whom he wrote this book of Passionat Sonnetes,† signed *G. Bucke.*

2. To the Authour, signed *T. Acheley.*

3. An Ode written to the Muses concerning this authour, signed *C. Downhalus.* Also, Ejusdem aliud de authore; 18 hexameter and pentameter verses.

* The work is entered on the Stationer's Books, 1581.

† Reprinted in Gent. Mag. lxviii. p. 904. and Theatr. Poet. p. 214.

4. Lines beginning

"It's seldom seene that Merite hath his due."

signed *M. Roydon.*

5. To the Authour, signed *G. Peele.*

Then comes "A Quatorzain of the Authour unto this his booke of Love-Passions."

On the next page the sonnets begin.

The author was a native of London, and educated at Oxford, whence he returned to the metropolis and studied the law. He also wrote *Melibœus*, a Latin eclogue on the death of Sir Francis Walsingham, 1590, 4to. Amintæ Gauidia in hexameter verses. Lond. 4to. 1592. He also translated the *Antigone* of Sophocles, 1581—and Englished a set of Italian Madrigals, published by Bird, 1590. Meres has compared him with Petrarch. In his Latin address ad Libellum, he speaks of his cotemporaries Sydney and Dyer, as of similar fame; and expresses his own dependence on the house of Vere.

"Hic quoque, seu subeas *Sydnæi*, siue *Dyeri*
Scrinia, qua Musis area bina patet;
Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis esse clientis,
Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu,
Et tamen exhibitum *Vero*, qui magna meretur
Virtute, et vera nobilitate sua.
Inde serenato vultu te mitis vterque
Perleget, et næuos condet vterque tuos.
Dum famulus *Verum* comitaris in aurea tecta,
Officii semper sit tibi cura tui.
Tum fortasse piis Nymphis dabit ille legendum,
Cum de Cyprigeno verba iocosa serent," &c.

The late Mr. George Steevens chose to pronounce Watson "a more elegant sonneteer than Shakspeare;" with what justice the long specimens which follow, extracted from an uncommonly scarce book, will enable the reader to judge. It is true that Shakspeare's sonnets are not among the best of his minor poems; but they exhibit some occasional traits of his genius; and, I think, more genuine poetical talent throughout than those of the writer now before us.

The epithet "*elegant*" seems ill applied to Watson. Elegance must unite simplicity with grace. Over-laboured

laboured and far-fetched ingenuity cannot be elegant. It may extort unwilling praise for perverted ability: but if it wants nature, it merits not the encomium which has been thus whimsically bestowed.

Watson's Sonnets are very valuable as specimens of the degree of polish of the vernacular language of his day. They are terse, harmonious, and often constructed with admirable artifice. They are seldom disgraced by expletives, flat expressions, or imperfectly formed sentences. There is no involution of words, which generally follow one another in their proper places with uncommon felicity. There are whole sonnets in which not one single word takes a different position from that which it ought to have in prose. The very accentuation is seldom different from that of our times. That miserable intermixture of lame lines, or lame half-lines, which deforms most of the poetry of the Elizabethan age, never disgraces Watson.

This must be admitted to be high praise, though it be not the highest. The truth is, that such excellencies regard the form and dress, and not the soul, of poetry. It is in the materials, and in the spirit which inspires them, that the genuine character of the Muse is seen, and felt. To meditate upon a subject, till it is broken into a thousand remote allusions and conceits; to accustom the mind to a familiarity with metaphysical subtleties, and casual similitudes in contradictory objects, is to cultivate intellectual habits directly opposite to those from whence real poetry springs; and to produce effects directly opposite to those which real poetry is intended to produce.

The real poet does but pursue, fix, and heighten those day-dreams which every intellectual being more or less at times indulges; though the difference of the degree, as well as of the frequency, in which individuals indulge them, is incalculable; arising from the difference of mental talent and sensibility, as well as of cultivation. But who is there, in whose fancy some absent image does not occasionally revive? And who is there so utterly dull and hard, that in him it arises unassociated with the slightest emotion of pain or pleasure? Yet in what abundance and richness of colouring such images

 are

are constantly springing up in the mind of the poet? Visions adhere to the boughs of every tree; and painting what he sees and feels with his natural enthusiasm, he carries the reader of sensibility along with him; kindles his fainter ideas into a flame; draws forth the yet weak impression into body and form; and irradiates his whole brain with his own light. The chords of the heart are touched; and while thus played upon produce enchanting music; till, as the spell is silent, the object of this borrowed inspiration is astonished to find, that all this brilliant entertainment sprung from the wand of the poetical magician.

If this be the secret of true poetry, what is he who seeks to convey images so unnatural, that no one had ever even an imperfect glimpse of them before, and no one can sympathize with them when expressed? Can he, whose thoughts find no mirror in the minds of others be a poet? Is not a *metaphysical poet* a contradiction of terms?

He who adopts these principles, will think of Watson as I do.—Has he painted the natural emotions of the mind, or the heart? Has he given

"A local habitation, and a name,"

to those "airy nothings" which more or less haunt every fancy? Or has he not sat down rather to exercise the subtlety of his wit, than to discharge the fullness of his bosom? Whether Shakspeare in the sonnets to which these have been preferred, has done better, we may afterwards consider.

Let us proceed therefore to a more particular examination, accompanied by specimens, of the work before us. These sonnets do not adhere to the strict form of the class, of which they assume the name.—They consist of 18 lines instead of 14; and the rhymes are differently arranged, and not repeated like those of Petrarch and his followers. But this is a very trifling objection. Still as Watson is an imitator in many respects sufficiently servile, and does not at all spare labour, I rather wonder at an unnecessary departure from an established model: more especially as it will be difficult to convince his readers that he has improved upon it: for, in spite of Johnson, it must not be admitted, that that model is

ill

ill suited to the character of the English language.—A few poets, both old and modern, have shewn that they can manage it with skill and facility*.

If the reader is tired with the length of the extracts, let him recollect that it is all, which, from its scarcity, he will probably ever see of the book: and that it is not unworthy to contribute its share to the treasures of Elizabethan literature.

As a scholar, Watson appears to deserve great praise. In describing the passion of love he seems to have tasked his ingenuity to embrace all the conceits on that subject, which are to be found in classical mythology, as well as in the more affected and metaphysical parts of the similar compositions of his prototype Petrarch.

I.

The author in this passion taketh but occasion to open his estate in loue; the miserable accidentes whereof are sufficiently described hereafter in the copious varietie of his deuises: and whereas in this sonnet he seemeth one while to despaire, and yet by and by after to have some hope of good successe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature and true qualitie of a loue passion bee well considered. And where he mentioneth that once he scorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, which he wrote long since, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that have seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to keepe it backe from the printe.

Well fare the life sometimes I ledde ere this,
When yet no downy heare yclad my face:
My heart deuoyde of cares did bath in blisse,
My thoughts were free in euery time and place:
But now, alas, all's fowle, which then was faire,
My wonted ioyes are turning to despaire.
Where then I liv'd without controule or checke,
An other now is mistris of my minde,
Cupid hath clapt a yoake vpon my necke,
Vnder whose waighte I liue in seruile kinde:

* Perhaps none better than the present Lord Thurlow, who has caught the true spirit of Spenser's best sonnets; and the very modulation of his language, without servility, or the smallest appearance of affectation.

I now

I now cry creake, that ere I scorned loue,
Whose might is more than other God's aboue.
I have assaide by labour to eschewe
What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite,
But nearthelesse my thought reuiues anew,
Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite:
Some comfort yet I haue to liue her thrall,
In whome as yet I find no fault at all!

V.

All this passion, two verses only excepted, is wholly translated out of Petrarch, where he writeth,*

S'amor non è, che dunque è quel chï sento?
Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale?
Se buona, ond' è l'effetto aspro e mortale?
Se ria, ond' è si dolce ogni tormento?

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely expressed by a metaphore. And it may be noted that the author in his first halfe verse of this translation varieth from that sense, which Chawcer vseth in translating the selfe same: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne simple priuate opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand vpon.

If't bee not loue I feele, what is it then?
If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue?
If good, how chance he hurtes so many men?
If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes disproue?
If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?
If gainst my will, what sorrow will auaile?
O liuesome death, O sweete and pleasant ill,
Against my minde how can thy might preuaile?
If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,
If I consent, I doe not well to waile;
{[And touching him, whome will hath made a slaue,
{The prouerbe saith of olde, *selfe doe, selfe haue.*]†
Thus being tost with windes of sundry sorte
Through daung'rous seas but in a slender boat,
With errour stuft, and driu'n beside the porte,
Where voide of wisdomes fraight it lies afloate,
I waue in doubt what helpe I shall require,
In sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

* Part prima Sonet 103.
† Adduntur Tuscano hij duo versus.

This

VI.

This passion is a translation into Latine of the selfe same sonnet of Petrarch which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somwhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase thē the English doth. The author whē he translated it was not then minded euer to haue emboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our English poets. But beinge busied in translating Petrarch his sonnets into Latin, new clothed this amōgst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it befitteth this place, he is content you suruey it here as a probable signe of his dayly sufferance in loue.

Hoc si non sit amor, quod persentisco, quid ergo est?
Si sit amor, tum quid sit amor, qualisque, rogandum:
Si bonus est, vnde effectus producit acerbos?
Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur?
Sique volens uror, quæ tanti causa doloris?
Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta juuabunt?
O læthum viuax, O delectabile damnum,
Quî sic me superes, tibi si concedere nolim?
Et me si patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?
Aduersis rapior ventis, nulloque magistro,
Per maris effusi fluctus, in puppe caduca,
Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata est,
Ipsus ut ignorem de me quid dicere possim:
Frigeo dum media est æstas; dum bruma, calesco.

XIX.

The author in this passion reproueth the vsuall description of loue, whiche olde poetes haue so long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities, that he neither is a childe, (as they say,) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe and arrowes, neither frantike, nor wise, nor yet vncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet whē he hath said al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the secret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue spent a long and tedious course of time in his seruice.

If Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine,
How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might?
If blind, how chance so many to theire paine,
Whom he hath hitte, can witnesse of his sight?
If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him best,
How happes he lurketh still within my brest?

If bowe and shaftes should be his chiefest tooles,
Why doth he set so many heartes on fire?
If he were madde, how could he further fooles
To whet theire wits, as place and time require?
If wise, how could so many leeze theire wittes,
Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes?
If naked still he wander too and froe,
How doth not sunne or frost offend his skinne?
If that a God he be, how falles it so
That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?
O wondrous thing, that I, whom Loue hath spent,
Can scarcely knowe himself, or his intent.

XXII.

The substance of this passion is taken out of *Seraphine*, Sonetto 127, which beginneth thus:

Quando nascesti amor? quando la terra
Se rinueste di verde e bel colore;
Di che fusti creato? d'un ardore,
Che cio lasciuo in se rinchiude e serra, &c.

But the author hath in this translation inuerted the order of some verses of Seraphine, and added the two last of himselfe, to make the rest to seeme the more patheticall.

"When werte thou borne sweet Loue? who was thy sire?"—
"When Flora first adorn'd dame Tellus lap,
Then sprung I forth from wanton hote DESIRE."
"Who was thy nurse to feede thee first with pap?"
"YOUTH first with tender hand bound up my heade,
Then saide, with *Lookes* alone I should be fed."—
"What maides had she attendant on her side,
To playe, to singe, to rocke thee fast a sleepe?"—
"Vaine NICENESSE, BEAUTIE faire, and pompous PRIDE."—
"By stealth when further Age on thee did creepe;
Where didst thou make thy chiefe abiding place?"—
"In *willing Hartes*, which were of gentle race."—
"What is't wherewith thou wagest warres with me?"—
"FEARE cold as ise, and HOPE as hote fire."
"And cannot Age, or Death make end of thee?"—
"No, no: my dying life still makes retire."—
"Why then, sweete Loue, take pittie on my paine,
Which often dye, and eft reuiue againe."

XXV.

It is to be considered in reading this passion, howe in some answeres

answeres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward passion of Loue, is contraried by the replies of Echo: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainsay him, as to expresse her owne miserable estate in daily consuming away for the loue of her beloued Narcissus, whose vnkindnes Ouid describeth at large, together with the extreme loue of Echo.*

Author. In all this world I thinke none lou's but I.
Echo. None lou's but I. *Auth.* Thou foolish tattling ghest,
In this thou telst a lie. *Echo.* Thou telst a lie.
Author. Why? Loue him selfe he lodgeth in my brest.
Echo. He lodgeth in my brest. *Auth.* I pine for griefe,
And yet I want reliefe. *Echo.* I want reliefe.
Author. No starre more faire than her whom I adore.
Echo. Then †he, whom I adore. *Auth.* Herehence I burne
Stil more and more. *Echo.* I burne stil more and more.
Author. Loue, let my heart returne. *Echo.* My heart, returne.
Author. Is then the Saint, for whom thou makest mone,
And whom I loue but one? *Echo.* I loue butone.
Author. O heav'ns is there in loue no ende of ills?
Echo. In loue no ende of ills. *Auth.* Thou pratling voyce,
Dwel'st thou in th'ayre, or but in hollow hills?
Echo. In hollow hills. *Auth.* Cease of to vaunt thy choyse.
Echo. Cease of to vaunt thy choyse. *Auth.* I would replie,
But here for loue I die. *Echo.* For loue I die.

XXVI.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with some deepe melancholie, compareth him selfe vnto the nightingale, and conferreth his vnhappie estate (for that by no meanes his mistresse will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmonie all those that giue attentiue eare, they conceiue more delight in the musicall varietie of her noates, then they take iust compassion vpon her distressed heauines.

* Lib. 1. Metamorph.
† S. liquescens immutat sensum.

When

When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull spring
Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with flowres,
And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing;
And louely Nature smiles, and nothing lowres;
Then Philomela most doth straine her brest
With night-complaints, and sits in litle rest.
This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond loue doth worke such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needes repine,
And storme with sighes to ease me as I may;
Whilst others are becalm'd or lye them still,
Or sayle secure with tide and winde at will.
And as all those which heare this Bird complaine,
Conceiue in all her tunes a sweete delight,
Without remorse, or pitying her payne:
So she, for whom I wayle both day and night,
Doth sport her selfe in hearing my complaint;
A iust reward for seruing such a Saint.

XLI.

This Passion is framed vpon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called παλιλογια or αναδιπλωσις, of the Latins *Reduplicatio*; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of Virgill:

Sequitur pulcherrimus Austur,
Austur equo fidens. Æneid. 10.

O happy men that finde no lacke in Loue;
I loue, and lacke what most I do desire;
My deepe desire no reason can remoue;
All reason shunnes my brest, that's set one fire;
And so the fire mainetaines both force and flame,
That force auayleth not against the same.
One onely helpe can slake this burning heate,
Which burning heate proceedeth from her face;
Whose face by lookes bewitched my conceite,
Through which conceite I liue in woefull case.
O woefull case, which hath no ende of woe,
Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe.
And yet my foe mainetaineth such a warre,
As all her warre is nothing els but peace;
But such a peace as breedeth secreat jarre,
Which jarre no witte, no force, no time can cease.

Yet

Yet cease despaire; for time, by witte, or force,
May force my frendly foe to take remorse.

XLII.

In this Passion the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praise his Mistres, so farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before Helen of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but also before howe many soeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of itselfe is so plainely and effectually set downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

This latter night amidst my troubled rest
A dismall dreame my fearefull hart appald,
Whereof the somme was this: Loue made a feast
To which all neighbour Saintes and God's were calde:
The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,
And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.
Then Joue amidst his cuppes for seruice done
Gan thus to iest with Ganymede his boy;
I faine would finde for thee, my preaty Sonne,
A fayrer wife, then Paris brought to Troy:
Why, Sir, quoth he, if Phebus stand my frend,
Who knows the world, this geere will soon haue end.
Then Ioue replide that Phebus should not choose
But do his best to finde the fayrest face;
And she once found should neither will nor choose,
But yeelde her selfe, and chaunge her dwelling place;
Alas, how much was then my hart affright;
Which bade me wake, and watch my faire delight?

XLV.

The Authour vseth in this passion the like sense to that which he had in the last before it, calling his mistres a second Sunne vpon earth, wherewith Heauen itselfe is become in loue. But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to haue placed it among these his English toyes.

Fælices alii juuenes, quos blandula Cypris
Aptos fecit amoribus,
Exoptare solent tenebrosa crepuscula noctis,
Auroræ maledicere:
At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima conjux
Tythoni gelidi senis,
Dum venit in prima surgentis parte diei,
Et soles geminos mihi

Apperit et mœsto fælices reddit ocellos,
Quod soles videam duos,
Qui simili forma, simili sic luce coruscant,
Et mittunt radios pares,
Vt Polus ipse nouo Terræ laqueatus amore,
Flammis inuideat meis,
Solis et ignoto se torreat igne secundi,
Oblitus decoris sui,
Haud secus atque olim, cum veris prima venustas
Multo flore superbijt,
Et intidos primum strophiis ornare capillos
Pulchri Naïadum chori.

LII.

Here the Authour after some dolorous discourse of his vnhappines, and rehearsall of some particular hurtes which he susteineth in the pursute of his loue: first questioneth with his lady of his deserte; and then, as hauinge made a sufficiente proofe of his innocency, perswadeth her to pitie him, whom she herselfe hath hurte. Moreouer it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verses in this passion being ioyned together as they stand, do conteine this posie agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me pungit et urit.*

A A world of woes doth raigne within my brest,
m My pensiue thoughtes are cou'red all with care,
o Of all that sing the Swanne doth please me best,
r Restraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare,
M Mad mooded Loue vsurping Reason's place,
e Extremitie doth ouer rule the case.
P Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall bloud,
u Unlesse the Saint I serue geue helpe in time:
n None els, but she alone, can do me good.
g Graunt then, ye Gods, that first she may not clime
i Immortall heav'ns, to liue with saintes aboue,
t Then she vouchsafe to yeeld me loue for loue.
E Examine well the time of my distresse,
t Thou dainty dame, for whom I pine away
V Unguylty though as needes thou must confesse,
r Remembring but the cause of my decay:
i In vewing thy sweet face arose my griefe,
t Therefore in time vouchsafe me some reliefe.

LXVI.

This Latine passion is borrowed from Petrarch, sonnetto 133, which beginneth,

Hor,

Hor, ch'l ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,
E le fere, e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
Notte'l carro stellato in giro mena,
E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace, &c.

Wherein he imitated Virgill, speaking of Dido, thus:

Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora, &c.

And this author presumeth upon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully translating it, to place it amongst these his owne passions, for a signe of his great sufferance in loue.

Dum cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventusquè silescit,
Dumque feras, volucresque quies complectitur alta,
Noxque agit in gyrum stellantes sydere currus,
Inque suo lecto recubat sine flumine Pontus,
Multa ego contemplor; studeo; conflagro; gemisco;
Et, mea quæ dulcis pœna est, mihi semper oberrat.
In me bella gero plenusque doloris et iræ,
Paxque mihi modica est Lauræ solius in umbra.
Oritur ex uno charo mihi fonte et acerbum,
Et quod dulce sapit; quorum depascor utroque.
Unica meque manus lœdit, lœsoque medetur,
Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clausum est,
Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque resumo
Quoque die; superestque mihi spes nulla salutis.

LXXV.

In this passion the Authour borroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of Juppiter in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verses may be thus cited to the explaning of this passion, although but lamelie.

Accipe ut ignaram candentis imagine Tauri
Luserit Europam ficta, &c.
Quam nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore, &c.
Qualis et Asterien aquilinis presserit alis:
Quoque dolo lædam ficto sub olore fefellit.
Adde quod Antiopam Satyri sub imagine, &c.
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tiryntheia, &c.
Æginæque duos ignis sub imagine natos, &c.
Parrhasiam fictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ,
Mnemosynen Pastor, serpens Deoida lusit, &c.

Ovid writeth somewhat in like manner, Metam. lib. 6.

Not

Not she, whom Ioue transported into Crete ;
Nor Semele, to whom he vow'd in hast ;
Nor she whose flanckes he fild with fayned heate ;
Nor whome with Ægles winges he oft embrast ;
Nor Danaë beguyl'd by golden rape ;
Nor she, for whome he tooke Dianaes shape;
Nor faire Antiopa, whose fruitefull loue
He gayned Satyr like ; nor she, whose sonne
To wanton Hebe was conioyn'd aboue;
Nor sweete Mnemosyne, whose loue he wunne
In shepheardes weede ; no such are like the Saint,
Whose eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.
And Ioue himselfe may storme, if so he please,
To heare me thus compare my Loue with his :
No forked fire, nor thunder can disease
This heart of mine, where stronger torment is :
But O how this surpasseth all the rest,
That she, which hurtes me most, I loue her best.

LXXIX.

The authour in this Passion seemeth vppon mislike of his wearisome estate in loue to enter into a deepe discourse with himselfe touching the particular miseries which befall him that loueth : And for his sense in this place, hee is very like vnto himselfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of Antigone in Sophocles (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth :

Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas æstus edax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas ;
Iactatur variè, nec cereris subit
Nec Bacchi studium ; peruigiles trahit
Noctes ; cura animum sollicita atterit, &c.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this passion that the Authour prepareth him selfe to fall from Loue and all his Lawes as will well appeare by the sequell of his other Passions that followe, which are all made vpon this Posie, *My loue is Past.*

Where heate of Loue doth once possesse the heart,
There cares oppresse the minde with wondrous ill,
Wit runns awrye, not fearing future smarte,
And fond desire doth ouermaster will :
The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,
Nor ouerwatched eyes desire to winke :

Footsteps

Footsteps are false, and wau'ring too and froe;
The brightsome flow'r of beauty fades away:
Reason retyres, and pleasure brings in woe;
And wisedome yeldeth place to black decay:
Counsell, and fame, and friendship are contemn'd:
And bashfull shame, and Gods themselues condemn'd.
Watchfull Suspect is linked with despaire:
Inconstant Hope is often drown'd in feares:
What Folly hurtes not Fortune can repayre;
And Misery doth swimme in seas of teares:
Long vse of life is but a lingring foe,
And gentle death is only end of woe.

The next Sonnet LXXX begins the title of

"MY LOVE IS PAST."

LXXXIII.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of Ronsarde's Odes*, which beginneth thus:

"Les Muses herent un iour
De chaisnes de roses Amour,
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces et á la Beauté:
Qui voyans sa desloyauté,
Sur Parnase l'emprisonnerent," &c.

The Muses not long since intrapping Loue
In chaines of roases linked all araye,
Gaue Beawtie charge to watch in their behoue
With Graces three, lest he should wend awaye:
Who fearing yet he would escape at last,
On high Parnassus toppe they clapt him fast.
When Venus vnderstoode her sonne was thrall,
She made post haste to haue God Vulcan's ayde, †
Solde him her gemmes, and ceston therewithall,
To ransome home her Sonne that was betraide;
But all in vaine. The Muses made no stoare
Of gold, but bound him faster then before.
Therefore all you, whom Loue did ere abuse,
Come clappe your handes with me, to see him thrall,
Whose former deedes no reason can excuse

* Au liure de ses meslanges.
† Ut Martis revocetur amor, summique Tonantis
A te Juno petit ceston, et ipsa Venus.
Martialis.

For

For killing those which hurt him not at all:
Myselfe by him was lately led awrye,
Though now at last I force my loue to dye.

LXXXV.

The chiefest substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certeine Latin verses of Strozza, a nobleman of Italy, and one of the best Poets in all his age, who in describing metaphorically to his friend Antonius the true forme of his amorous estate, writeth thus:

"Unda hic sunt Lachrimæ, Venti suspiria, Remi
Vota, error velum, Mens malesana Ratis;
Spes temo, curæ comites, constantia amoris
Est malus, Dolor est anchora, Nauita amor, &c.

The souldiar worne with warres, delightes in peace;
The pilgrime in his ease when toyles are past;
The ship to gayne the porte, when stormes doe cease;
And I reioyce, from loue discharg'd at last;
Whome while I seru'd, peace, rest, and land I lost,
With grieusome wars, with toyles, with storms betost.
Sweete liberty nowe giues me leaue to sing,
What worlde it was, where Loue the rule did beare;
Howe foolish Chaunce by lottes rul'd euery thing;
Howe Error was maine saile; each waue a Teare;
The Master Loue himselfe; deepe sighes were windes,
Cares row'd with vowes the ship *vnmery minde.*
False hope as healme oft turnd the boat about;
Inconstant faith stood vp for middle maste;
Despaire the cable twisted all with doubt;
Held Griping griefe the pyked Anchor fast;
Beautie was all the rockes. But I at last
Am now twise free, and all my loue is past.

Now are these, or are they not more elegant sonnets than Shakspeare's? Surely not. They want his moral cast; his unsophisticated materials; his pure and natural train of thought. Only let us contrast them by one single specimen taken at random.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNET LIV.

O how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament, which truth doth give.
The rose looks fair; but fairer we it deem
For that sweet colour, which doth in it live.

The

The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But for their virtue only is their shew,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die in themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,*
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

Drayton's sonnets are somewhat of the same class; but flowing from a colder vein. Daniel's are better than Drayton's. But I am in doubt where to place Sydney's. Those prefixed to Spenser's Fairy Queen are the best of that poet; and better than Warton will allow them to be. Ellis in his Specimens† has given one or two by Barnaby Barnes from his *Divine Centurie of Spiritual Sonnets*, 1595, which are excellent. Drummond's of Hawthornden, which are many of them beautiful, both for sentiment and description, are not classed with them, because they are of half a century later. Perhaps there are not above 100 sonnets in the whole language, which are perfectly good, if we confine them to the strictness of the Petrarchian form. Among them are one or two of Edwards's, one or two of Tom. Warton; one or two of John Bampfylde; one or two of Mrs. Smith and Miss Seward; and above all two or three of Kirke White. I speak not of the living; from whom I could produce a few admirable specimens. Nor have I thought it necessary to point out those majestic ones of Milton, which are on the lips of every cultivated reader.

B.
April 6, 1811.

¶ Sir Cleges, MS.

Mr. Weber has, among other Metrical Romances, edited that entitled "Sir Cleges" from a copy which,

* It seems as if this was one of those Sonnets intended in the character of Venus to Adonis. † II. 373.

though imperfect, he apprehends to be unique.—He has very ingeniously imitated the style of the original in a few supplementary lines which he has attached to it. Accident, however, having thrown in my way a manuscript containing a perfect copy of this romance, I conceive that the publication of its genuine conclusion may possibly afford some gratification to the admirers of our early poetry.

The manuscript from which I have extracted it is contained in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford—By some singular oversight it has not been mentioned as a separate article in the Oxford Catalogue, the only notice of it being the following, "No. 6922, Another Poem by the same author (Ric. Rolle) 60. Vide etiam num. 61." The No. 61 thus cursorily noticed has apparently no connection with the works of R. Rolle, (the writer of the *Stimulus Conscientiæ*) but is in fact a miscellaneous collection of early English poetry, chiefly of a religious or moral nature; in addition to which it contains the romances of "The Erle of Tolous," "Lybeus Dysconius," "Ysumbras," "King Orfeas," and "Syr Clegys." The latter in general corresponds with the copy edited by Mr. Weber, although (as is usually the case in different MSS. of poems of this description) it occasionally varies in its language. The concluding stanzas run thus:

The Castell of Cardyff also
With all the *pourtenas ther to
To hold with pes & †grythe.

Than he made hym hys Steuerd
Of all hys londys afterwerd;
Of Water, lond, & frythe;
A ‡Cawpe of gold he gafe hym blythe
To bere to Dam Clarys hys wyfe
Tokening of Joy & myrthe.

The Kyng made hys Son Squyre
And gafe hym a Coler for to were

* Appurtenances.

† Peace, ȝriþ, A. S. from the same source perhaps as the Latin gratus, the French gré, and the Greek χαρις.

‡ A Mantle, Copa.

With

Wyth a hundryth pownd of rente,
When thei com home in this manere
Dame Clarys that Lady clere
Sche thankyd God veramènt
Sche thankyd God of all manere
For sche had both knyght & squyre
Some what to this entente.*

Upon the dettys that thei hyght
Thei paid als fast as thei myght
To every man with content:
A gentyll steward he was hold,
All men hym knew zong & old,
In lond wher that he wente
Ther fell to hym so grete rychès
He †vansyd hys lyne more & les,
The knyzht curtas & hende:
Hys Lady & he lyved many yere
With joy & merri chere,
Tyll God dyde for them sende,
For their godness that thei did here
Their sawlys went to Hevyn clere
There is joy withouten end.

The MS. is a long narrow folio on paper, written apparently about the year 1450.

C.

¶ *The fyrst boke of the Introduction of Knowledge. The whych dothe teache a man to speake parte of all maner of languages, and to know the vsage and fashion of all maner of countreys. And for to know the moste parte of all maner of coynes of money, the whyche is currant in euery region. Made by Andrew Borde, of Physycke Doctor. Dedycated to the right honorable & gracio⁹ lady Mary doughter of our soueraynе Lorde King Henry the eyght.* [Wood cut to fill the page. Colophon.] *Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete, at the Signe of the Rose Garland,*

* I cannot clearly see the connection of this line with the context. It is possible that a prayer of the lady's originally followed it, which may have been omitted by the transcriber.
† Advanced.

*by me William Copland.** Then the mark or anagram of Robert Copland in a circle of roses with foliage: the name of William C. on a ribband underneath, and a rose and pomegranate in the upper corners, the whole enclosed in a line border. [See Herbert, p. 318.] qto. extends Niiij.

Andrew Boorde was an eminent physician of the time of Henry the VIIIth; and considerable popularity attached to his various literary works. Upon the authority of the subject of the present article he is registered by Wood as an Oxonian;† his *Breviary of Health*

* A copy in the Bodleian library, among Selden's books, 4to. B. 5, 6, was "Imprented at London in Lothbury ouer agaynste Sainch Margarytes church by me Wyllyam Copland." It contains the same number of leaves.

† Ath. Oxonienses, vol. I. col. 74. Wood refers to chapter xxxv of the present work as an authority for considering our author educated at the University. That "chapter treateth of the Latyn man and the English mã." As the Latyn man "dwels in euery place" no description of country could follow the introductory verses, and the remainder of the chapter is a specimen of the language as "Englyshe and some Latyne doth folow." The following is the passage referred to:

"What countrey man art thou? *Cuias es?*
I was borne in England and brought vp at Oxforde.
Natus eram in Anglia et educatus oxoni.
Doest not thou know me? *Noscis ne me?*
I know thee not. *Minime te nosca.*
What is thy name? *Cuius nominis es?*
My name is Andrew borde.
Andreas parforatus est meum nomen.
How haue you fared many a day?
Qua valitudine fuisti longo iam tempore?
I haue faryd very wel thankes be to God.
Optime me habui graciarum acciones sunt deo.
I am very glad of it. *Plurimum gaudio inde.*
Whyther dost thou go now? *Quous tendis modo?*
I go towerd London. *Versus londinum lustro.*
What hast thou to do ther? *Quid illic tibi negoci est?*
I shal ease my mynd ther. *Animo meomorem gessero illis.*
Helth be to you al. *Salus sit omnibus.*"....

The author introducing his own name seems the only ground upon which Wood and other writers can suppose he was an Oxonian. The dialogue is, in other respects, similar to antecedent ones: Of Scotland we have "What countryman be you?—I am a good felow of the Scotyshe bloud."—In the language of "grece and

Health is noted as "the first written of that faculty in English," by Fuller;* again, as a miscellaneous writer by Berkenhout;† nor has his "ryme dogrell" been thought unworthy the attention of Warton.‡. The insertion of his life and portrait in a modern miscellany was probably, from his Mad Men of Gotham§, and being reputedly considered the original Merry Andrew.‖

His *Introduction to Knowledge*, is divided into 37 chapters, containing many genuine traits and characteristical notices of the various countries he visited. Wood cuts as illustrative of the national characters are prefixed to the chapters, and which may be found in other works printed by Copland to represent kings, saints, nuns, astrologers, knights, dames, groups of figures, age and youth,¶ &c. Several may be found in the *Kalendar of Shepherds*, and the Scotchman is exhibited by the dramatic Jack Juggler.** Of no better authority is the one before chap. vii. representing a person seated at a desk and having "Doctor Boorde" printed at the sinister corner, chief; for which purpose that part of the block has been pared away: the figure is laureated and was probably an imaginary portrait cut for one of the early Latin poets. I have on a former

and constantinenople" is "Syr from whens do you come?—I did come frō Englād:" and in same chapter, where "trewe grek foloweth," occurs, "Syr whych is the way to Oxford?—Syr you be in the right way." This interrogation being made in Greece stamps the whole as common place dialogue. And in the account of England he only observes there "is the thyrde aūtyke vniuersite of the worlde named Oxford; and there is another noble vniuersitie called Cambridge."

* Worthies of England, ed. 1811. vol. ii. p. 76.

† Biographia Literaria, p. 286.

‡ History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 70. Warton says, "Borde's name would not have been now remembered, had he wrote only profound systems in medicine and astronomy. He is known to posterity as a buffoon, not as a philosopher." Wood remarks he "was esteemed a noted poet, a witty and ingenious person and an excellent physician." He died April 1549.

§ See British Bibl vol. ii. p. 67, 8.

‖ Wonderful Magazine.

¶ Same as used for "Spare your good" by De Worde. *Cent. Literaria*, vol. ix. p. 373.

** Described in *Bibliographer*, vol. 1. p. 400.

supposed

occasion pointed out a similar deception in another supposed resemblance of Boorde.* The first chapter has a whimsical representation, which was probably borrowed from the Italian†, of an Englishman naked with a piece of cloth and a pair of shears as unable to conclude in what shape to fashion his garment.‡—Such is the medley of typographic ornaments to embellish a volume that is become so rare that the late Mr. West believed no other copy§ than the one before me was known.‖ It now belongs to the collection of Mr. Bindley, whose successive loans for the Bibliographer are too numerous to be always noticed, and whose assistance is too liberal not to claim a remembrance beyond private acknowledgment.

By the dedication

"To the ryght honorable and gracyous lady Mary doughter of our souerayne Lorde Kyng Henry the VIII, Andrew borde of phisyk doctor doth surrender humble commendacion wyth honour and helth.

"After that I had dwelt (most gracyous Lady) in Scotlande, and had trauayled thorow and round about all the regions Christynte and dwelling in Moūtpyler, remembryng your bountyful goodnes, pretended to make thys first booke named the Introduction of Knowledge to your grace, the whyche boke dothe teache a man to speake parte of al maner of languages, and by it one maye knowe the vsage and fashyon of all maner of countres or regions, and also to know the moste part of all maner of coynes of mony that whych is currant in euery prouince or region, trustyng that your grace will accept my good wyll and dylygent labour in Chryste, who kepe your grace in health and honor. Fro

* See *Cens. Literaria*, vol. vii. p. 28.

† See *Coryat's Crudities*, vol. ii. p. 34. modern edit. *Chetwind's Historical Collections*, p. 61. *Bulwer's Artific. Changeling*, p. 556, and *Brit. Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 173.

‡ A fac simile of this wood-cut will be introduced by Mr. Dibdin into the *Typographical Antiquities*, in the account of Copland; accompanied with Boord's description in verse, which has been inaccurately given in Camden's *Remains* and thence copied into Mrs. Cooper's *Muses Library*.

§ There is another in the Chetham library, at Manchester.

‖ See No. 1643 in West's Catalogue, 1773, when this "strange conceited book," as Paterson describes it, sold for only 1*l.* 16*s.* Again No. 1900 in Major Pearson's sale, 1788, when it sold for 4*l.* 15*s.*

Mountpyler

Mountpyler* the iii daye of May the yere of our Lorde. M.CCCCC.xlii."

It seems probable, that at that period, an Englishman on his visit to Scotland, had to contend with much caution and jealousy upon the part of the natives, if not infrequently with personal danger. He makes the Scotchman declare "trew I am to Fraunce" and "an Englyshman I cannot naturally loue, wherfore I offend them." He also says, "It is naturally geuen, or els it is of a deuyllyshe dysposicion of a scotyshmā not to loue nor fauour an englyshemā. And I beyng there and dwellynge amonge them was hated but my scyences & other polyces dyd kepe me in fauour that I dyd know theyr secretes." This circumstance might be his reason for making the assertion in the dedication of having dwelt there, and the same country is again particularised at the head of the seventh chapter, which being one where our author speaks only of himself and work is now selected.

"The VII. Chapytre sheweth howe the auctor of thys boke how he had dwelt in Scotland, and other Ilandes; did go thorow and rounde about christendom, and oute of christendome; declarynge the properties of al the regions, countreys, and prouynces, the whiche he did trauel thorow.

Of noble England, of Ireland and of Wales,
And also of Scotland I haue tolde som tales;
And of other Ilondes I haue shewed my mynd;
He that wyl trauell, the truthe he shal fynd:
After my conseyence I do wryte truly,
Although that many men wyl say that I do lye:
But for that matter I do not greatly pas,
But I am as I am but not as I was:
And where my metre is ryme dogrell,
The effect of the whych, no wise man wyl depell,
For he wyl take the effect of my mynde,
Although to make meter I am full blynde.

"For as muche as the most regall realme of England is cytuated in an angle of the worlde, hauing no region in chrystendom nor out of chrystendom equiualent to it. The cōmo-

* In chap. xxvii he says, "Mūpilior is the most nobilist vniuersite of the world for phisicions and surgions." He is supposed to have had his degree conferred upon him at that place.

dyties

dyties, the qualite & the quantyte, wyth other and many thynges considered within & aboute the sayd noble realme, wherefore yf I were a Iewe, a Turke, or a Sarasyn, or any other infidell, I yet must prayse & laud it, and so wold euery man yf they dyd know of other cōtrees as well as England, wherfore all nacyons aspyeng thys realme to be so comodyous and pleasaunt they haue a confluence to it more than to any other regyon. I haue trauayled rownd about chrystendom and out of christēdom, and I dyd neuer se nor know vii Englyshe men dwellynge in any towne or cyte in anye regyon by yond the see except marchauntes, students, & brokers, not theyr beyng parmanent nor abydyng, but resorting thyther for a space. In Englande howe many alyons hath and doth dwell of all maner of nacyons, let euery man judge the cause why and wherefore yf they haue reason to perscrute the matter. I haue also shewed my mynde of the realme of Ierlande, Wales, and Scotland and other londes pretendyng to shew of regyons, kyngdoms, coūtreys and prouinces of Affrycke. As for Asia I was neuer in, yet I do wryte of it by auctours cronycles & by the wordes of credyble parsons the whiche haue trauelled in those partyes. But concernyng my purpose, and for my trauellyng in, thorow and round about Europ, whiche is all chrystendom.*

I dyd

* Professional pursuits served, as well as curiosity, to promote his travels. To preserve the health of a small band of English pilgrims upon their visit to the shrine of St. James, he volunteered his service as a guide, and amusingly describes the journey, where

"The xxxii chapter treteth of the kīgdome of Nauer."—"Whan (he says) I dyd dwell in the vniuersitie of Orlyāce casually going ouer the bredge into the towne I dyd mete wyth ix Englyshe and skotyshe parsons goyng to saynt compostell a pylgrymage to Saynt James, I knowyng theyr pretence aduertysed thē to returne home to England, saying that I had rather to goe v tymes out of England to Rome, and so I had indede, thā ons to go from orlyance to compostell: saying also that if I had byn worthy to be of the kyng of englandes counsel such parsons as wolde take such iornes on them wythout hys lycences I wold set them by the fete. And that I had rather they should dye in England thorowe my industry than they to kyll them selfe by the way, wyth other wordes I had to them of exasperacyon. They not regardyng my wordes nor sayinges, sayd, that they wolde go forth in their iourney and wolde dye by the way rather than to returne home. I hauynge pitie they should be cast away poynted them to my hostage and went to dispache my busines in the vniuersyte of Orliaunce. And after that I went wyth them in theyr iurney

thorow

I dyd wryte a booke of euery region, countre, and prouynce, shewynge the myles, the leeges and the dystaunce from cytie to cytie, and from towne to towne. And the cyties & townes names wyth notable thynges within the precyncte or about the sayde cytyes or townes, wyth many other thynges longe to reherse at this tyme, the whiche boke at byshops waltam viii myle from Wynchester in hāpshyre one Thomas Cromwell had it of me; and bycause he had many matters of to dyspache for al England my boke was loste ye which might at this presente tyme haue holpen me and set me forward in this matter.* But syth y^t I do lacke the aforesayde booke humbly I desyre all men of what nacyon soeuer they be of, not to be discontent wyth my playne wrytyng and that I do tell the trewth, for I do not wryte ony thynge of a malycious nor of a peruerse mynde nor for no euyll pretence, but to manyfest thinges ye whiche be openly knowen. And the thynges that I dyd se in many regyons, cytyes, and countryes openly vsed. Pascall the playn dyd wryte and preach manifest thinges that were opē in the face of the worlde to rebuke sin wyth the which matter I haue nothyng to do, for I doo speke of many countreys & regions, and of the naturall dysposicyon of the inhabitours of the same, with other necessary thynges to be knowen specially for them the whiche doth pretende to trauayle the countrees, regions and prouinces, that they may be in a redines to knowe what they should do whan they come there. And also to know the money of the coūtre and to speke parte of the language or speach that there is vsed, by the whiche a man may com to aforder knowledge. Also I do not nor shall not

thorow Fraunce and so to Burdious & Byon & than we entred into the baryn countrey of Byskay and Castyle wher we coulde get no meate for money, yet wyth great honger we dyd come to Compostell; where we had plentye of meate and wyne; but in the retornyng thorow Spayn for all the crafte of physycke that I coulde do, they dyed all by eatynge of frutes and drynkynge of water, the whyche I dyd euer retrayne my selfe. And I assure al the worlde that I had rather goe v times to Rome oute of Englond than ons to Compostel; by watres it is no pain, but by land it is the greatest iurney that an englyshmā may go, and whan I returnyd and did come into Aquitany, I dyd kis the ground for ioy, surrendring thankes to God that I was deliuered out of greate daungers as well from many theues as from honger and colde, and y^t I was come into a plentiful country, for Aquitany hath no telow for good wyne & bred."

* Printed by Hearne in the *Benedictus Abbas*, 1735. See ante vol. ii. p. 69.

dispraue

dispraue no man in this booke perticulerly but manifest thinges I doo wryte openly and generally of comin vsages for a generall cōmodite and welth."

As a specimen of the description he thus "treateth of Norway and of Islonde."

"I am a poore man borne in Norway
Hawkes and fysh of me marchauntes do by all daye
And I was borne in Islond, as brute as a beest,
Whan I ete candels ends I am at a feest
Talow and raw stockfysh I do loue to ete
In my countrey it is right good meate,
Raw fysh and flesh I eate when I haue nede
Vpon such meates I do loue to feed,
Lytle I do care for matyns or masse,
And for any good rayment I do neuer passe
Good beastes skyns I do loue for to were,
Be it the skins of a wolfe or of a beare.

"Norway is a great Ilond compassed abowt almost wyth the see, the countre is very colde, wherefore they haue lytle corne, and lytle bread and drynke, the countre is wylde and there be many rewde people. They do lyue by fysshyng and huntyng. Ther be many castours and whyte beares and other mōsterous beastes; there be welles the whyche doth tourne Wood into Irone. In somer there be many daies that the sunne doth neuer go downe but is continuallye daye. And in many dayes in wynter it is styll night. In Norwaye ther be good hawkes, ther is lytle money, for they do barter there fysh and hawkes for mele and shoes and other Marchaundies." . . . .*

"The XXXIII Chapter treateth of Bion and of Gascony and of lytle briten and of the natural disposicion of the people and of theyr money, and of theyr speche.

* Norway hawkes were particularly esteemed and bore the largest price. In describing "the naturall dysposycyon of a selondder and holāder," he says,

"We haue haruest heryng, and good hawkes,
Whan great elys, and also great walkes."

Adding "Selond and Holand be proper and fayre Ilands, and there is plenty of barelled butter the whych is resty and salt, and there is cheese & hering, salmons, elys & lytle other fysh yt. I did se, therbe many goshawkes and other hawkes & wyld fowle." Where he also tells us "they be gentyll people but they do not fauer skottysh men."

I was

" I was borne in bion ens english I was,
If I had be so styl I wold not gretly pas.
And I was brought vp in gentyl gascony,
For my good wyne I get money.
And I was borne in litle britten
Of al nacions I free englyshemen.
Whan they be angry lyke bees they do swarme,
I be shromp them they haue dou me much harme.
Although I rag my hosen & my garment rounde aboute
Yet it is a vantage to pick pendiculus owt.

" As tochinge byon the towne is commodiouse, but the country is poor and barin, in the whiche be many theues; ther is a place calyd the hyue, it is fyuete or lx myle ouer, there is nothynge but heth and there is no place to haue succour within vii or eyght myles, and than a man shall haue but a typling house. The women of Byon be dysgysed as players in enterludes be with long raiment,* the sayd clokes hath hodes s[e]wed to them, and on the toppe of the hod is a long thyng like a poding bekyng forward:

" Gascony is a commodiouse country, for ther is plenty of wyne, bred, & corne, and other vytells, and good lodgyng and

* The last trace of this stage costume was in the person who delivered the prologue being habited in a long black velvet cloak and who usually entered after the trumpet had sounded thrice. In Reed's Shakspeare, vol. iii. p. 120. are some notices upon this subject, and in the *Four Prentises of London*, printed 1615, the author Thomas Heywood, introduces a dialogue as a prologue. The stage direction is " enter three in blacke clokes, at three doores," and the first gives the following description of his character. " What meane you, my maisters, to appeare thus before your times? Doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long black veluet cloke vpon my backe? Haue you not sounded thrice? Do I not looke pale, as fearing to bee out in my speech? Nay haue I not all the signes of a Prologue about me? Then, to what end come you to interrupt mee?"— At what time this practise discontinued is uncertain: I should conjecture it was not followed upon the revival of theatrical exhibitions after the restoration. In the preface to *the Mysteries of Love and Eloquence; or, the Arts of Wooing and Couplementing*, it is said, " When playes were at their height, prologues were so in fashion at the court, and so desired on the stage, that without them the audience could not be pleased; so that the best poets were forced to satisfie the greedy expectation of the multitude, that gaped and yawned for such set and starcht speeches to be gravely delivered to their worships by the man in the long cloak with the coloured beard." *Third Edition*, 1685.

and good chere and gentle people. The chefe towne of Gascony is burdiouse, and in the cathedrall churche of saint Andreus is the fairist and the gretest payer of Orgyns in al crystendome in the whyche Orgins be many instrumentes and vyces as Gians hedes and sterres, the whych doth moue and wagge withtheir iawes and eyes* as fast as the player playeth.

Lytle Brytane is a proper and a commodiouse countre of wyne, corne, fysh, fleshe, & the people be hygh mynded & stubborne. Thes iii countres speketh french and vseth euery thyng as wel in ther mony & fashions as french men doth. Rochel & morles is praysed in Briten to be the best townes."

We shall conclude our extracts with "the thyrde chapter [which] treateth of Irland, and of the naturall disposicion of an Irishe man & of theyr money and speche.

"I am an Iryshe man, in Irland I was borne,
I loue to weare a saffron shert, allthough it be to torne.
My anger and my hastynes doth hurt me full sore,
I cannot leaue it, it creaseth more and more;
And al though I be poore I haue an angry hart;
I can kepe a hobby, a gardyn, and a cart.
I can make good mantyls and good Irysh fryce;
I can make aqua vite and good square dyce.
Pediculus other whyle do byte me by the backe
Wherfore dyuers tymes I make theyr bones cracke.
I do loue to eate my meate syttyng vpon the ground,
And do lye in oten strawe, slepyng ful sound.
I care not for ryches but for meate and drynke,
And dyuers tymes I wake whan other men do wynke.
I do vse no potte to seeth my meate in,
Wherfore I do boyle it in a bestes skyn:
Than after my meate, the brothe I do drynk vp,
I care not for no maszer, neyther cruse nor cup,
I am not new fangled nor neuer will be,
I do lyue in pouerty in myne owne countre.

"Irland is a kingdōship longing to the kyng of England. It is in the west parte of ye worlde & is deuyded in ii partes, one is ye engly pale & the other ye wyld Irysh. The English pale is a

* The same extract is given by Warton in the Hist. of Poetry, vol. iii p. 76. note, and varies materially, but, I understand, he has transcribed it correctly from the Bodleian copy.

good

good countrey, plentye of fyshe, flesh, wyld foule, & corne. There be good townes & cities, as Dulyn & Waterford where ye english fashion is; as in meate, drinke, other fare & lodgīg. The people of the englyshe pale be metely wel manerd, vsyng the english tūge, but naturally, they be testy, specyally yf they be vexed. Yet there be many well disposed people aswel in the english pale, as in the wylde Iryshe, & vertuous creatures whan grace worketh above nature. The other parte of Irland is called the wilde Irishe, & the Redshankes be among them. That countrey is wylde wast and vast; full of marcyces & moūtayns & lytle corne, but they haue flesh sufficient, & litle bread or none, and none ale. For ye people there be slouthfull, not regarding to sow & tille theyr landes, nor caryng for ryches. For in many places they care not for pot, pan, kettyl, nor for mattrys, fether bed, nor such implementes of houshold. Wherfore it is presuppose y^t^ they lack maners & honesty, & be vntaught and rude; the which rudenes w^t^ theyr melōcoly complexion causeth thē to be angry & testy wythout a cause. In those partyes they wyll eate theyr meat syttyng on the ground or erth. And they wyl sethe theyr meat in a beastes skyn, and the skyn shall be set on manye stakes of wood & than they wyll put in the water and the fleshe: And than they wyl make a great fyre vnder ye skyn betwyxt the stakes & the skyn wyl not greatly bren. And whā the meate is eaten they for theyr drynke wil drynk vp the brothe. In suche places men and womē wyll ly together in mantles and straw. There be many the which be swyfte of fote, & can cast a dart perylously. I did neuer finde more amyte and loue than I haue found of Iryshemen, the whyche was borne within the english pale. And in my lyfe I dyd neuer know more faythfuller men and parfyt lyuers than I haue knowen of them. In Irlond there is Saynt Partryckes purgatory, the whych, as I haue lerned of men dwellyng there and of them that hath be there, is not of that effycacyte as is spoken of, nor nothing lyke. Wherefore I do aduertise euery mā not haue affyaunce in such matters, yet in Ierland is stupēdyous thynges, for there is neyther pyes nor venymus wormes: There is no adder, nor snake, nor toode, nor lyzerd, nor no eiyt, nor none such lyke. I haue sene stones the whiche haue had the forme and shap of a snake and other venimous wormes. And the people of the countre sayth that suche stones were wormes, and they were turned into stones by the power of God and the prayers of Saynt Patryk. And englysh marchauntes of England do fetche of the erth of Irlonde

to

to caste in their gardens to kepe out and to kyll venimous wormes. Englysh money goth in Irelond, for Irlōd belongeth to England, for the kynge of Englonde is kyng of Irlond. In Irlond they haue Irysh grotes and harped grotes & Irysh pens."

J. H.

¶ "*The Laudable Life, and Deplorable Death, of our late peerlesse Prince* HENRY. *Briefly represented. Together with some other Poemes, in honor both of our most gracious Soueraigne King James, his auspicious entrie to this Crowne, and also of his most hopefull Children, Prince Charles and Princesse Elizabeths happy entrie into this world. By I. M. Master of Artes. London, Printed by Edw. Alde, for Thomas Pauier, dwelling neere the Royall Exchange, at the signe of the Cats and Parrat.* 1612." 4to. not paged, but containing twenty-one pp.

"To ovr late peerlesse prince Henries deere brother and sister, prince Charles and princesse Elizabeth, infants of Albion, of greatest hope, all happinesse.

Thrise hopefull CHARLES, gracefull ELIZABETH
Great Britaines *Hearts-ioy*, Europs brightest beames
Lo what my Muse, though mournfull, mused hath
In laud of our late Lilly of Saint JAMES:
All Europes obiect, and the flowre of Knights,
Mirrour of man-hood, wonderment of wights.

The *Life* of him whom euery heart did lone,
The *Death* of him whome each heart doth condole
These lines doe limme, while Christ him crownes aboue;
And that his fame far flee's twixt Pole and Pole:
This duties birth I trust ye will it take
In the best worth, for worthy HENRIES sake.
Of your Highnesses
The right humble Seruant:
Iames Maxwell.

TO THE READER.

Lo heer's the pattern of Prince HENRIE's parts
Of HENRIES foure the faire epitomie,
Learn'd like the *First*; stout, toward, th'hope of hearts,

Like to the *Fift* once cheife of Chiualrie :
Like to the *Sixt*, deuoute, milde, innocent,
Like to the *Seau'nth*, wise, thriftie, prouident.

The memorable Life and Death of ovr late Peerelesse Prince HENRIE.

1

Mans life full well is likened to a flower,*
Which growing vp doth grace a garden's aire
With sweetest smell, but withreth in an houre :
Or else is pluckt for sent, or colour faire :
Looke on these lines ; they shall vnto thy sence
Of this likenesse giue perfect euidence.

2

A plant of price they offer to thy view,
Pluckt in the Spring by the great Owner's hand ;
Of whom each flower hath being, shape, and hue,
And at whose becke they florish, fall or stand :
A flower which twice ten sommers had not seene,
When it became as though it had not beene.

3

Great *Joue* one day as he did walke along,
Did find this flower, so fragrant, faire and sweet,
This Lilly-rose that fild all *Albion*
With his sweet sent, he said this flower's more meete
For to perfume the Paradise of Saints,
Then for to spring among earth's fading plants.

* The anonymous writer of " Great Brittans Mourning Garment. Given to all faithfull sorrowfull Subiects at the Funerall of Prince Henry. London. Imprinted by G. Eld, for Arthur Jonson. 1612." 4to. makes the same comparison.

" Who in some earthly Paradice hath espide,
And long time view'd with pleasure of his eye
A well-growne Plant, adorn'd on euery side
With beautious blossomes lifted vp on high,
Ready when his due season shall require,
To yeild the sweet fruite of his boasted flowers;
But all on sodaine with heauen's liquid fire
Is blasted, and on earth vntimely powers,
His unripe glorie by his Fate preuented:
Who such a luckles spectacle hath knowne;
Let him compare the fortune then presented
Vnto Prince HENRIES Fate."———

Which

4

Which hauing said, to troupes of Angels bright
Post-haste from heau'n, vpon S. *Leonard's* day,
In the Spring garden at Saint *James* alight,
And thence our louely Lilly fetch away:
Then home they haste scaling the starrie skies,
Leauing behind them blacknes, shrikes and cries."

The poet then describes the joy expressed by the heavenly choir, and the grief felt by mortals at the attainment on the one side, and the loss sustained by the latter.

"Angels were glad, but men were grieued sore,
Angels did sing, whilst men did shout and roare,"

and proceeds to enumerate the prince's piety,* his abstinence from swearing, his constant attendance upon divine service, and at the preaching of sermons; and characterises him as admirably skilled in divinity and philosophy; as dutifull to his parents, affectionate towards his brother and sister,† respectfull to the "Peeres, Pastors and Prelates;" and as possessing "greate humanitie, mildnesse and affabilitie." The next traits of his character mentioned by Maxwell are his liberality to foreign princes, his encouragement to his servants (which are enumerated at *seven hundred*‡ whom he daily maintained, and) who were none but those

"Of worthy parts,
For valour, warrefare, languages, or arts."

—his propensity to planting, building and repairing "olde ruins," and from this stanza we learn that through his means "faire Richmond standing by the Thames," and Saint James's pallace received considerable improvements.

The

* "It was his daily practise twise to pray."

† Of the unfortunate Elizabeth, afterwards Countess Palatine, he thus speaks,

"*Eliza's* grace, one of the Graces three
That Princesse rare that like a Rose doth florish,
Filling each eye with her milde curtesie:
Whose happie breeding, worthy inclination,
Makes her admir'd, desir'd of euery Nation."

‡ In the account of the "Fvnerals of the high and mighty Prince HENRY," 4to. 1613. "Prince Henry his houshold seruants, according

The prince's attention to, and carefulness in rewarding men of letters is next recounted, with his bounty to soldiers and "valiant wights," and his own excellence in every warlike and manly exercise—his moderation in dress, his abstinence from all excess in diet, and his detestation of

"Sloath the schoole-mistris of euill."

the poet proceeds

28

"With wine or *Venus* neuer was defil'd
The rosie body of this worthy wight,
With lust's allurements was he ne're beguil'd;
But pure and chaste remain'd both day and night:
HENRY the Saint that worthy Emperour,
Was not more chaste, then HENRY *Britaine's* floure.

29

A wondrous thing it is, yet very sure,
That such a Prince should liue so continent,
Where were so many obiects to allure
His eyes and eares, his senses to inchant:
Sith then this Soule so chaste was and diuine,
Let all chaste hands heape Roses on his shrine."

The fate of England's prince is compared to that of

according to their seueral Offices and Degrees: with Tradesmen and Artificers that belonged vnto his Highnesse," are mentioned as being "about 306." Daniel Price in his second sermon,* thus addresses them, "You *poore soules* the poore silly *sheep* of his flocke, who was wont to giue you *meate* in due season; you that like those in *Ierusalem* doe *arise and cry in the night*," etc.—"Heare Dauids experience, I haue beene young (saith hee) but now am old, yet I neuer saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seede begging their bread. Honesty is the best Patrimony; leaue a good report of an honest life behinde you, and your children then haue sufficient legacies." P. 41.

* "Lamentations for the death of the late illustrious Prince *Henry*: and the dissolution of his religious familie. Two sermons: Preached in his Highnesse Chappell at Saint Iames, on the 10. and 15. day of *Nouember*, being the first Tuesday and Sunday after his decease. By Daniel Price, Chaplaine then in attendance." 4to. Lond. 1613.

the two Henrys* of Scotland, and Henry† of Hungary, his disease, which "ten dayes did last," noticed, and the time when he died stated to be the same month in which Edmond King of England suffered martyrdom; the poem then continues

35

"Saint *Leonard's* day neere t'*All Saints* was his last,
That's likewise nam'd Saint *Felix's* martyr-day,
Saint *Iames* they call the place from whence he past,
In th'armes of Saints to liue with Saints for aye:
The Persons, Times, and Place's circumstance,
Do HENRIE's Soules Saints honour all aduance.

36

Lo North's bright Star thus hath of late gone downe
In the South-point of this vnited Land:
His too swift course hath made him set too soone,
VVhen as his beames did blase o're sea and sand.
Our Orbe too base it was this Starre to beare;
For it was worthy of an higher spheare.

37

Lo the rare Pearle, that we of late haue lost,
A peerlesse Pearle, the Load-stone of this Ile;
VVhose worth did drawe from euery land and coast,
The eyes of strangers many thousand mile:
But this heart-drawing stone great *Iames* his Gem
More worthy was t'adorne *Ioue's* Diadem.

38

Lo how the fragrant Lilly of this land,
The hands of Angels haue pluckt vp in haste,
Presenting it into *Iehouah's* hand;
For this Rose-Lilly did become him best:
Saints Paradise good Lord how it adornes!
Where floures are free from thistles & from thorns.

39

A Starre, a Pearle, a Flowre sith we haue lost,
Bright, rare, and faire, if we haue cause to mourne—

* Grand child of queen Margaret, eldest daughter of Edward, son of Edmond Ironside, King of England;—and the great great grand child of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, King of England.

† Henry Emerick son of Stephen King of Hungary, died young before his father.

God

God wote, man wote; loe that which cheer'd vs most,
Now doth it to our greatest sorrow turne:
HENRIE aliue did lighten euery part,
But HENRIE dead sends sorrow to each heart."

Maxwell takes this opportunity of paying his court to the rising sun, and in the next four stanzas we find Charles considered as the only person, who by his resemblance in person and mind to his brother, can assuage the sorrow, and "heale the heart-breake" of the nation; his courage, dexterity and wit are represented as wonderful, and his partiality to the "Book diuine" is peculiarly mentioned. The poem then concludes with exciting the nation to bless heaven for having bestowed so promising a substitute, and to entreat that prosperity and honour may crown his life and actions;—

44

"Brittans blesse God for such a toward youth
As doth succeede in our braue HENRIES place;
Pray vnto God for him with mind and mouth;
VVish him alwaies the heape of hap and grace;
That sweet CHARLES may for euer flourish till
That great *Charles* chaire with honours hight he fill."

Seven epitaphs follow on the prince "in his owne foure languages*," then "a poeme shewing how that both Theologie and Astrologie, doe pronounce the time of his *Maiesties* entring to this crowne, to be auspicious and happy," consisting of fourteen stanzas, and "a Poeme shewing the Excellencie of our Soueraigne King JAMES his HAND, that giueth both health and wealth, instanced in his Curing of the Kings euill by touching the same, in hanging an Angell of Gold about the neck of the diseased, and in giuing the poorer sort money towards the charges of their iournie," of fourteen more; which, with another poem of ten stanzas presented to the king on May day; and one to Charles of twenty-two, and Elizabeth of thirteen more, comprise the volume. As a sufficient specimen has already been given of Maxwell's poetical talents I forbear making further extracts, and shall only observe that he displays more knowledge and reading in his notes and references,

* English, French, Latin, and Greek.

 (with

(with which the volume abounds,) than poetical ability or harmonious versification in his lines, the former, with all their astrological inconsistency, contain useful information, the latter are in general destitute of taste, strength or melody.

B. L. O.

¶ "*An Epicede or Funerall Song: On the most disastrous Death, of the High-borne Prince of Men,* HENRY *Prince of* WALES, *&c. With the Funeralls, and Representation of the Herse of the same High and mighty Prince; Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewaile and Rothsay, Count Palatine of Chester, Earle of Carick, and late Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter. Which Noble Prince deceased at St. James, the sixt day of Nouember,* 1612, *aud was most Princely interred the seuenth day of December following, within the Abbey of Westminster, in the Eighteenth yeere of his Age. London: Printed by T. S. for John Budge, and are to bee sould at his shop at the great south dore of Paules, and at Brittanes Bursse.* 1612."

Quarto, containing in all fifty two pages, not numbered, the page preceding the title to the poem, and the account of the funeral (which is separate,) black, with crest, initials, and motto on a small white ground, and a large plate of Henry on his tomb, with arms, H. P. etc. and four Latin lines by Hugh Holland, and four in English by George Chapman, at the base.

The poem which follows the account of the Prince's funeral is dedicated by Chapman, the author, to his "affectionate, and trve friend, Mr. Henry Jones."

We transcribe his account of the prince's last moments.

"And now did *Phœbus* with his twelfth Lampe* show
The world his haples light: and in his Brow
A Torch of Pitch stuck, lighting halfe t'half† skies,
When life's last error prest the broken eyes
Of this heart-breaking Prince; his forc't look fled;
Fled was all Colour from his cheekes, yet fed

* Maxwell says the prince was ill ten days. † So for *the*.

His

His spirit; his sight, with dying now, he cast
On his kind King, his Father, on whome, fast
He fixt his fading beames, and with his view
A little did their empty orbs renew:
His Mind saw him, come frō the deeps of Death,
To whome he said, O Author of my Breath:
Soule to my life, and essence to my Soule,
Why grieue you so, that should al griefe cōtroule?
Death's sweet to me, that you are stil life's creature:
I now haue finisht the great worke of Nature:
I see you pay a perfect Father's debt,
And in a feastfull Peace your Empire kept.
If your true Sonnes last words haue any right
In your most righteous Bosome, doe not fright
Your hearkning kingdomes to your cariage now;
All yours, in mee, I here resign to you,
My youth (I pray to God with my last powres)
Substract from me may adde to you and yours.
Thus vanisht he, thus swift, thus instantly;
Ah now I see, euen heauenly powres must dye."—

The following lines are not deficient in strength or beauty.

"On on sad traine, as from a crannid rocke
Bee-swarmes rob'd of their honey, ceasles flock.
Mourne, mourne, dissected now his cold lims lie,
Ah, knit so late vvith flame and Maiestie.
Where's now his gracious smile, his sparkling eie,
His Iudgement, Valour, Magnanimitie?
O God what doth not one short hour snatch vp
Of all man's glosse?"—etc.

The volume concludes with three epitaphs not worthy of preservation.

B. L. O.

¶ *Great Brittans Mourning Garment. given To all faithfull sorrowfull Subiects at the Funerall of Prince* HENRY. *London. Imprinted by G. Eld for Arthur Ionson.* 1612." (4to. containing twenty-four pages, title included, not numbered.)

This curious tract consists of nineteen sonnets, and an

an address "to the sad household of prince Henry." It is inscribed

"To the Honorable Knight, Sir DAVID MVRRAY.* and To the other Nobly discended, and honorably minded followers of the late deceased Prince HENRY.

On whom shall I these funerall notes bestow,
Newly bedew'd & hallowed with my teares?
But on you chiefly, for your secret woe
The heauiest burthen of our sorrow beares;
We but as strangers on the shore lament
A common ship-wracke, but you that did owe
Your seruice to that golden vessel (rent)
What wonder if your griefes doe ouer-flow?
By how much greater your fair fortunes were,
The losse is so much greater you sustaine,
We meaner men may our mischances beare
With lesser trouble, and more equall paine.
Yet spare your teares though you haue cause to mone,
It is not meete you should lament alone.

Few publications of this nature possess greater claim to notice than that now before me. It much resembles the *Period of Movrning* by Peacham, written at the same time and on the same occasion, which is reprinted by Waldron in his *Literary Museum*, 8vo. 1792. But the following extracts will enable the reader to judge for himself of the merits or defects of the poet.

SONNET V.

And you foule wrinckled destinies that do sit
In darknes to depriue the world of light,
Making the thread, and sodaine mangling it,
Through peeuish rancour, and peruerse despight.
Your hand appeares in this our Tragedie,
The wound we feele, by your sharp edge was made,
That edge which cut the golden twist so nigh
Of our Prince HENRY, who in liueles shade
As yet amased of his sodaine change
Lookes for those louing friends whom he lov'd best;
But when he sees himselfe so farre estrang'd,
He yields his spirit to eternall rest.

* He was master of the prince's wardrobe. Peacham addresses one of his emblems to him. See *Minerva Britannica*, 4to. 1612, p. 36. which work was dedicated to Prince Henry.

Hard.

Hard-hearted fates, that him of life depriue,
That leaues so many mournfull friends aliue.

VI.

Sad Melancholy lead me to the caue
Where thy black Incense and dim Tapers burne,
Let me some darke and hollow corner haue,
Where desolate my sorrowes I may mourne :
And let thy heauiest Musick softly sound
Vnto the doleful songs that I recite ;
And euer let this direfull voice rebound
Through the vast den : Ah dead is *Britan's* light ;
Then if thy heart be with compassion mou'd
Of my laments, come rest thy self by me,
And mourne with me, for thou hast euer lov'd
To beare a part in euery Tragedie :
And if to plaints thou wilt inure thy mind,
Thou neuer couldst a fitter season finde.

X.

You sacred Forrests, and you spotles streames
That part the flowry meadowes with your fall,
You water-Nymphes and Ladies of the Tea'ms,
And thou dread Thamesis, mother of them all ;
With brinish teares weep in your sandy ford :
Weep fields, and groues, and you poore Driads weep,
The sodaine Funerall of our Brittish Lord,
Whose eyes are now clos'd vp in iron sleepe.
Both trees, and streams, lament his loss that lov'd
Your siluer waters, and wide spreading shades,
But now is farre away, from you remoov'd,
Vnto a Paradice that neuer fades,
There in eternall happinesse to remaine,
But we in sorrow here, and ceaseless paine.

XVIII.

Once more *Melpomene* grant thy willing aide,
I sing not now of franticke *Progne's* change,
Nor of the boy transform'd into a maide :
Nor how the girle did like a Heifar range.
Farre sadder notes, my sullen Musicke yeelds,
Farre other dreames afflict my sad repose
Of broken Tombes, and of th' *Elisian* fields,
And of the scathfull floulds, *that Dis* enclose.

But

But let such vaine thoughts vanish with my sleepe,
And of Prince *Henrie's* death now let vs sing,
And teach the Rockes on *Monas* shores to weepe,
And fright the sea with their vast bellowing:
That *Neptune* hearing of their pitteous cry,
May thinke that all the Westerne world did die.

The address to the household contains six stanzas of six lines each, with which this valuable tract concludes.

B. L. O.

¶ *The Golden Booke of the Leaden Goddes. Wherein is described the vayne imaginations of Heathē Pagans, and counterfaict Christians: wyth a description of their seueral Tables, what ech of their pictures signified. By Stephan Batman, Student in Diuinitie. Exod.* 17. *Wryte this for a remembraunce in a Booke and committe it vnto the eares of Josua: for I wyll roote Amalech, from vnder heauen, so that hee shalbe no more remembred. Psal.* 102. *This shalbee written for those that come after, that the people which shalbe borne, maie prayse the Lord. Anno.* 1577. [In the border generally used by Marshe, see Her. 856. Colophon.] *Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, neare vnto Saynct Dunstanes Churche, by Thomas Marshe. Anno Domini.* 1577. *Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.* qto. 40 leaves.

In a dedication "to the Right Honorable Lord Henry Cary, of the most noble order of the Garter Knight, Baron of Hunsdon," &c. the author says, "this smal treatise of the putative & imagined Gods of the Gentiles, a worke, as heretofore, not gathered in oure vulgar tonge: So I trust not so barrein of fruictfull documentes, but that it maye seeme both to sauour of no small paynes on myne owne behalfe, and also to yelde out such other instructions, as maye tende to sundrye Godlye purposes, and to the betteringe of manye others. Wherein we Christians, now lyuinge in the cleare light of the Gospel, may euidently see, with what erroneous trūperies, antiquitie hath bene nozzeled: in what foggy mystes they haue long wandered: in what filthye puddles they haue been myered: vnder what masking vysors of clouted religiōs, they haue bene

bene bewytched: what traditions they haue of theyr owne phantastical braynes to themselues forged: & finallye into what Apostacye, Atheisme, Blasphemy, Idolatrye, and Heresie they haue plunged their soules & affiaunced their beleeues." Subscribed "at Newington the 8 of September 1577, your Lordshippes most humble Seruaunt in the Lord, Stephan Batman, Minister."

"To the wel disposed reader. Mennes natures being as sundry and variable as their Phisnomies & faces bee diuers & disagreeable, small maruayle is it, though in iudgements and verdicts, they square frō an vnity, and iump not together in one reasonable accord of opiniō. Knowing therfore gentle reader, that there be as many Tastes as there be mouthes, I loke not to be accompted so perfect a cooke as is able to season foode and condimentes for euery palate & appetite: but referring the construction of my good wil to the considerations of such hūgry stomakes as cā and wil feede vpon and digest such holesome (thoughe homely) cheare, as is sette before them: for the other coyer sorte, I professe my selfe more redier to disclayme acquaintaunce, then willing to iolne with thē in their so squemish affectiōs. A proofe of both these natured persons, I am sure in this boke to find, hoping as touching the censure thereof, rather to fal into the hādes of indifferente welwillers and by theym to be tryed, then among thē whych (lyke Aesopes dogge) lying in the Maunger wil neyther doe any thyng themselues, nor thynke wel of others, yt sweat for their cōmodyty. Whiche poore labour if I perceiue to be wel accepted, I shalbe animated shortly to aduenture a further, paynfuller and greater enterprise. Farewell."

"Thomas Newtonus, Cestreshyrius" has a Latin poem prefixed and "E. L. in the Author's commendation," has five English stanzas concluding

"Certes, such a worke in english neuer was,
As this (though small) which doth vayne thinges bewraye:
What then needes hee, that made the same once passe,
On Romish Curres what they do barke or say:
No let them gnarle and do the worst they can,
The worke is good, the proofe shal prayse the man."

This volume contains first the description of a considerable number of the heathen deities for gods of the gentiles, then an article having a symbolical figure as set between the heathens, pagans, and false christians, and

and an abstruse calculation on the subject of our Saviour; concluding with the disputation between Adrianus and Epictetus: An account of the gods of superstition as belonging to the Romish church follows, among which are the names of Arrius, Donatus, Henry Nicolas, &c. with "certaine vpstart Anabaptisticall Errours." At the end "the names of the authors out of whom this worke is gathered."

"Iupiter was figured sytting in throne of Estate, with three eyes, and no eares, al naked from the middle vpward, the rest couered: his vysage resemling a womans countenaunce: in his right hand he held lightening and in the left a scepter, standing or treading vpon gyauntes: before him an Eagle, and a page presentinge a cup of golde. Ouer his head an Angel standing on a globe holding a laurell garland.—Signification. His sitting in throne betokeneth his kingdome to be durable, his three eyes signifieth his merueilous wysdome, by which hee ruleth Heauen, Sea, and Earth: his want of eares declare him to be indifferent vnto all, not harkening more to one, then to another. The nakednesse of his vpper partes and couerture of the nether, did purport him to be inuisible vnto mē which dwel beelow, but visible to the heauenly myndes which are aboue. Hys womanly looke and full breastes intimate al thinges to be made & nourished by him. His lightening in his right hand dooth signifie his power, which lyke to lightening pearceth through all: his scepter betokeneth his prouidence by which as by a scepter hee disposeth with hys creatures as he thinketh best. His treading vpon Giauntes doth declare him to be a punisher of thē which are at defiaunce with him: by the Eagle is vnderstode the soule: for as the eagle surmounteth all other birdes and is swiftest, so much doth the minde surpasse the bodye: by the page the simplicity therof: intimating thereby that if the soule of man be free from the querkes of dissembling phantasie, and as the eagle soareth aloft, so if the soule of man shalbe occupied with heauenlye cogitations that then shalbee enioyed the cup of golde, whereby is signified the rewarde of vertue in the presence of Iupiter. By the angell is signified the swiftness of well doing. By the globe vnder his feete the small regarde of worldlye vanitie. By the garlande, the endlesse crowne of Immortalitie. The auncient Romans entituled him Optimus Maximus, because in very dede it is better, and more acceptable, to profite many, thē to possesse great wealth and reuenue."

"Mercurie

"Mercurie was portraicted with winges at head and feete, wearing an hat of white & black colloures: a fawlchon by his side, in one hand a scepter & in the other a pype; on the one side stode a cocke and a ramme, and close by his side a Fylcher or Cutpurse, and headlesse Argus.—Signification. By Mercurie Marchauntes be ment. His wynges at head & feete betoken the expedition of Marchātes, which to gett worldly pelfe post through all corners of the world: the whyte & blacke coloured hat, signifieth their subtilty which for greedines of gaine spare not to face white for blacke, & blacke for white. By his fawlchon is signified goodes gotten by violence when subtilte cannot comprehend. His mace is a token of peace but the knot with two serpentes clasping ech other aboute the sayde scepter, doth intimate that no promise must be broken. His pype resembleth eloquence, which refresheth the mynd as harmony doth the eares. The cocke is sayde to be the best obseruer of tymes and seasons, warning marchantes and trauelers to forsake no opportunity. The ramme is a resemblaūce of hys office, because the poets fayne Mercurie to be embassadoure of the Gods: all are obedient to hym as the flockes of shepe are to the ramme: the figured cut purse is a proof that Mercurie was a thiefe: and headlesse Argus is a witnesse that one plague bewrayes a thousand euilles. The poets feigne that Argus the sonne of Aristor, had an hundred eyes, of al which only two did sleepe by course so that he was not to be takē with al a sleepe: so subtil was Argus that what fraude soeuer was imagined, hee had policie to defende it. Wherefore Iuno enuyinge Io (her brother and husband Iupiter's harlot) committed the keping of Io to Argus, supposing so to be most assured from euermore the hauing of Jupiter's company. Iupiter to acquite Iuno's practise commaundeth Mercurye to take him to his pype and with melodious soundes, brought Argus eyes a sleepe: by which is signified, what is hee that is so circumspect or aduised, but that flattrye or counterfeited perswasion, at one time or other, may deceiue: which worke being accomplished, hee stryketh of Argus head and setteth Io, the transformed cow, at liberty. Iuno seeing this hap, in token of her good wyll sets Argus eyes into the Peacockes tayle, for perpetual remembraunce of his trusty seruice. A manifest showe how vayne a thinge rewarde is when it dyeth wyth the partie, from the posteritie. As when Carnalia had slayne his freend Obliuios enemye, thereby receiuing his deathes wounde for his laboure was rewarded with a million of gold: what pleasure had hee

 thereof

thereof becinge preuented from the vse by death and not geeuen to his familye."

"Genivs was portraicted like a younge man hauing two winges, powring wyne out of a bolle vpon an alter.—Signification. By Genius is signified the towardnes of quicke wittes, whereby sundry sortes of people are found to exceede others: his wings betoken the swiftnesse of the mynde as also the readynesse vpon whom he hath taken charge: he is sayed to bee the sonne of the immortall God, because hee is ioyned to humaine forme called reasonable: His powryng wyne on an Alter signifieth the abundance of ayry moysture, which doth force the barren earth, to yeld foorth ech creature and substaunce. Plutarch wryteth that Iulius Cæsar had a mighty Genius alotted vnto him, by whose helpe he not onlie atchieued great Victories in his lyfe, but was also reuenged on his murderers after his death: for his Genius so pursued his conspiratours at the verye heeles, both by Sea and Lande, that hee suffered not one to remayne on lyue, which eyther was a doer or a conspirour of the fact. So likewise after the fact of Robbers and wilful murderers, in flyinge from place to place, they haue neuer beene at quiet, til death hath finished theyr deserued course."

"Vvlcan was figured lympinge, wyth a blew hat on his head, a hammer in his hand, prepared to the forge lyke a smyth.—Signification. By Vulcan his ment fier, & by his blew hat the ayry firmament, by his limping the reuolucions of the heauens, which whē it descendeth to vs looseth much of his former strength. By Vulcan is signified labor; by his hatte of blew, true dealing; by his hammer or sledge the continuall toyle of husbandrye, aswel by the plough in earing the tough earth; as by the hammer in forging of mettall, whose force must bee prepared as well to the mayntenaunce of the Prince as the enriching of the subiect. The poetes faigne that Iupiter iarring with Iuno his wyfe, fell from wordes to blowes, Vulcan comming to the reskue of Iuno, Iupiter waxed so angrye that hee tooke Vulcan by the legges, and flange him into Lemnos, whom the inhabitants receiued as sent from heauen and learned of him to prepare iron for necessary vses."

"Flora was portraited with flowers in her hand of beanes and pease; her coat in as many colours as the rayne bowe.—Signification. Flora her coloured coate, signifieth the diuers hue y^t is geuē to flowers; her beanes & pease declare a custome of ye Romayns, who esteeme no more of baudery then of Superstition: Which, to beare rusticall signes in hande, that

that Flora was goddesse, as well of grayne as floweyrs, erlay in honour of ye same, they dyd sparcle beanes and pease amonge the comon people. Thys Flora was a famous harlot, and exceading ryche, constitutynge at her death, the people of Rome to bee her heyre: Shee ordayned for euer a great summe of money to be imploied on showes and playes. The ordinaunce of a gentle deuill deludinge many fooles: of such force is wycked Mãmon, that hee can make an harlot counted for a goddes. Thus the pope and poet can make both harlot & theefe a sayncte."

At the head of the sectarian gods is placed the Pope for his heresy. The following is a description of his apparel:

"The Pope's apparel domesticall, is a purple veluet cappe, edged with Armine, or other rych Furres; hys vpper garment a red or purple cloake euen w^t his elbowes, vnder y^t which is a blacke silke vesture, & vnder the vesture a whyte lynnen garment, edged w^t golde & hunge with pendentes or belles, his pontificall adiourninge is a tryple crowne of great rychesse set with stones of peerelesse value; his vpper garment is a cope, more worth then his condicions: hee is caried on the backes of foure deacons, after the maner of carying whytepot queenes in Westerne Maygames."*

Most of the characters given under this division may be found more at large in *a View of all Religions* by Ross; and who but "hath read Alexander Ross over?"

J. H.

¶ *Divine Poems, written by Thomas Washbourne, Bachelour in Divinity. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*

A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flyes,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.
Herbert's Church Porch.

London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Princes Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1654." (12mo. pp. 141, exclusive of title, preface, commendatory verses, and table 13 more.)

Washbourne and his productions are totally unno-

* See Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 457

ticed

ticed by Mr. Ellis in his specimens of our early poetry, whether from accident or design remains to be ascertained. It is possible that he might not have met with a copy of the volume, which is of considerable rarity.

The only account of Washbourne's life is given by Wood, who informs us that he was born at Wychenford in Worcestershire,* educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and became prebendary of Gloucester, which situation he lost during the civil wars, but regained at the Restoration. He afterwards took the degree of doctor in divinity, and obtained the living of Dumbleton in Gloucestershire. He died May 6, 1687, and was buried in Gloucester cathedral.†

In the preface of his Poems, the author tells his reader that he is induced to publish them not from "any itching ambition to bee in print (thogh a very catching disease of the time) but a zealous affection to be doing some good"—and "though they may not relish well with the captious critick—yet hee believes they will not displease the charitable and consciencious christian," etc. A poetical address to the Lady Vere, one "to his ever honoured mother, the University of Oxford," and five copies of commendatory verses precede the poems, which are, with few exceptions, upon various passages of scripture, and will not "relish" sufficiently "well" to warrant any copious extracts.

"Scylla and Carybdis.

Two gulfs there are 'twixt which 'tis hard to sail,
And not be shipwrackt: here prophanenesse stands
With all it's brood of vices at its tayle,
There superstition with its numerous bands

* From Nash's Worcestershire we find that the family was both ancient and respectable, and that, at one time, it possessed a considerable property in the county.

† Besides "Divine Poems," Washbourne published two sermons: 1. "At the Funeral of Charles Cocks, Esq. one of the Masters in Chancery," etc. 4to. Lond. for Twyford, 1655.—2. "The Repairer of the Breach," etc. at the Anniversary of the King's Birth-day, 4to. 1661.

Of.

Of false traditions; 'twas the main intent
Of our late Pilots between both to steere:
But froward fate, to seamen incident,
Made them mistake their way; for whiles they fear

To sink into the gulf of superstition,
They in the gulfe of profanation fal,
And in the furious heate of opposition
'Gainst Papists, are like to turn Atheists all.

So some of th' ancient Fathers in dispute
Against one heresie, did too much bend
Unto another, and their arrow shoot
Besides the mark, thus marre what they would mend.

But cannot we keep in the middle region
Except we sink too low, or soar too high?
Is there no moderate temper in religion,
But we must either scorch'd or frozen die?

What hath the Church no habitable part,
Betwixt the torrid and the frozen zone?
Nor hath the Churchman learnt as yet the Art
O'th'moralist, that vertue leans to none

Of the extremes, but in the center lyes?
So doth religious Truth, if we could find
It's track out; but the fault is in our eyes
That wil not see, or rather in our mind

That wil not keep the road and safest way
Which by the best and wisest men is gone,
But rather through unbeaten deserts stray,
Which lead to nothing but confusion.

O God, be though our Pilot once again,
Or put some Pharos up, that by the light
Our ship the Church may saile safe through the main,
And not be swallow'd by these gulfs i'th'night."

P. B.

¶ *Old*

¶ *Old Madrigals.**

i.

O say deere life when shall these twine borne berryes,
  So louely ripe by my rude lips be tasted :
Shall I not plucke, sweet, say not nay, those cherryes?
  O let them not with sommer's heate be blasted!
Nature thou know't bestow'd them free on thee;
  Then be thou kinde bestow them free on me.

ii.

A Satyre once did runne awaye for dread,
  At sound of horne which he himselfe did blow;
Fearing and feared thus from himselfe he fled,
  Deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

iii.

Loue is a dainte milde and sweet,
  A gentle power, a feeling fine and tender;
So that those harmes and paynes vnmeet,
  Which I doe passe, thou dost engender:
Onely to him his torments loue deuiseth,
That scorns his lawes, his rites, and Loue despiseth.

iv.

Vpon a bank with roses set about,
  Where pretty turtles ioyning bill to bill;
And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,
  Washing the foot of Pleasure's sacred hill:
There little Loue sore wounded lyes,
  His bow and arrow broken;
Bedew'd with teares from Venus eyes;
  Oh, grieuous to bee spoken!

v.

Retire my troubled soul! rest, and behold
Thy dayes of dolour; dangers manifold!
See life is but a dreame whose best contenting,
  Begun with hope; pursued with doubt;
Enioy'd with feare ends in repenting.

* *The First set of English Madrigals, to 3, 4, 5 and 6 parts: apt both for viols and voyces. With a Mourning Song in memory of Prince Henry. Newly composed by John Ward. Tenor. Printed by Thomas Sondham.* n. d. Dedicated by Ward to his "very good maister Sir Henry Fanshawe Knight." Contains 28 songs.

O, deuine

vi.

O, deuine Loue! which so aloft can raise,
  And lift the minde out of this earthly mire;
And doth inspire vs with so glorious praise,
  As with the heauens doth equall man's desire:
Who doth not help to deck thy holy shrine,
  With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree;
Who will not say that thou art more deuine,
  At least confesse a Deitye in thee?

vii. (part 1.)

If the deep sighs of an afflicted brest,
  Orewhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected eyes
Of a poore wretch with miseries opprest,
  For whose complaints tears neuer could suffice:
Haue not the power your Deities to moue,
Who shall ere looke for succour from aboue?
For whom too long I taried for reliefe,
Nowe aske but death that onely ends my griefe.

viii. (part 2.)

There's not a groue that wonders not my woe,
  Nor not a riuer weeps not at my tale;
I heare the Ecchos (wandring to and fro)
  Resounde my griefe through euery hill and dale;
The birds and beasts yet in their simple kind,
Lament for me: no pitty else I finde;
And teares I find doe bring no other good,
But as new showers encrease the rising flood.

ix.

I haue intreated and I haue complained,
  I haue disprais'd and praise I likewise gaue;
  All means to win her grace I tryed haue,
And still I loue and still I am disdained.
Oh, could my sighes once purchase me reliefe,
Or in her hart my teares imprint my griefe;
But cease vaine sighes, cease yee fruitlesse teares;
Teares cannot pierce her hart, nor sighes her eares.

x.

In Memory of Prince Henry.

Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament; He's dead,
  Who liuing was of all the world beloued;
Let dolorous lamenting still be spread,
  Through all the earth that all harts may be moued.

To sighe and plaine,
Since death hath slaine
Prince Henry.
Oh had he liu'd our hopes had still encreased;
But he is dead and all our ioye's deceased.

J. H.

¶ *Ovr Ladys Retorne to England, accompanied with saint Frances and the good Iesus of Viana in Portugal, who, comming from Brasell, ariued at Clauelly in Deuonshire, the third of June,* 1592. *A wonder of the Lorde most admirable, to note how many Spanish saintes are enforced to come one pilgrimage for Englande. With the most happie fortune of that braue gentill-man William Graftone Cittizen of London, Captaine and oner of our Ladies. Writen by H. R.* [wood cut, a shield with ship in full sail, &c.] *Imprinted at London by A. I. and are to be sold by William Barlye at his shop in gratious streete ouer against Leaden Hall.* 1592. Four leaves 4to.

This is a plain narrative addressed in a letter "to the worshipful George Lancaster Esquire, at his lodging in London;" giving the particulars of a voyage made by the vessel called "our Lady" commanded by "Maister William Grafton," a citizen of London, whereby was captured the Spanish vessels "Saint Francis" and "Good Iesus" two of the "many Spanish saints" forced, as the title has it "to come on pilgrimage to England." On the back of the title is

"H. R. in Captaine Grafton's worthie deserued commendations.

Braue noble brutes, ye troiane youthfull wightes,
Whose laud doth reach the sentoure of the sunne:
Your braue attempts by lande, or seaes your fightes,
Your forwarde hearts, imortall fame hath wonne;
The world reportes, what Londoners hath done,
Freemen I meane, and prentices of worth,
For countrie seruice that are called forth.

Amongst which, of name let Grafton haue his due,
Valiant braue man whose courage none could quaile:
His actes at larg heere after shall insue,

And

And how in fight he often did preuaile:
When three to one on seaes did him assaile,
Seeking by force his ruine to haue wrought,
Which he surpraised and them to England brought.

Read Graftones deedes you canelires of worth,
Sureuay his life and learne by him to liue:
Whose bountie, kindnes, and valoure shewed forth,
If I should write the dastard hart my greeue:
Casting great doubtes how they might me beleeue,
Yet Ile maintaine this captaines actes are such,
As fewe I know will hassard halfe so much."

The letter describes Captain Grafton as having prepared a "small caruell called our Lady fitte for the seas, embarqued himselfe at Youholl in Ireland, well furnished with braue and resoluit men." On the seventh day they fell in with two vessels the one of an hundred and twenty tons, having forty six men and ten cast pieces, the other of threescore tons and sixteen men.

"After the captaine had hailed them, and bad them strike the bearing Spaniards proud mindes, seeing so smale a Caruill as his owr Ladie of the Captaines, scorned to yeeld, but made reddie to fight, and both began with all their force to assaile him most hotly, the gunner from the great ship shot the Caruilles meane missen from the yardes, shered many ropes and did them great mischeefe, so that with splycing and repairing, the same company was greatly pusseled; in this time the Captaine called for a canne of wine and drinking hartely to them, desired them all as they loued him to follow him and at the next comming vp they would boord her, where to they were al very willing and comming vp with them againe the Gunner with his brokenmouth minion racked him fore and oft, the barre entring at the starre went throughout. Then comming vp in her quarter the Captaine leapt in at their cheane holes, and one other with him who was hardly [set] with pikes and other hand weapons; yet kept hee is place when the shippes falling off he had no remedy but abide that chance God had allotted them. The company aboord loth to let their Captaine rest in so great danger came aboord againe, when valiantly they entered, his boy being with the first aboord had taken downe their flag, to the great greefe of the enemie, who now repenting their hardinesse craued mercie. The other smale seeing all the men of warre almost aboord their prise, layed the Caruell

aboord but to their great cost, for there being courageous men, entered but six of them with their swordes and dagers, swordes and targates, and such as they had, and stowed the fiteene Portingauls, so that they were possessed of both sooner than they exspected. The Captaine seeing the other was taken gaue God thankes for his goodnes."

A prior voyage appears to have been equally fortunate, when the Captain's

"Owne ship was the grace of God who took our Lady and saint Anthonie, Our Lady she made a man of warre who hath taken now those two prises loaden with suger, the one called saint Fraunces, the other the good Iesus both of Viana, a wonder of the Lorde to appoint this Spanish saints to make rich his english sailours, as by this valiant Captaine is shewed, for how many Captaines hath had such blessinges as this gentleman, or who more fortunate whom Iesus, our Lady, S. Fraunces & S. Anthony hath brought their blessinges there. News ther is none worthy to write, but *for your hawkes*, I hope by Saint Iames tide to bring you, till then with my heartiest commendationes, I leaue you to his protection whom I daily pray to blesse vs all. From Barnstable in the north of Deuonshire this 6 of July, 1592. Yours euer redie to vse. H. R."

J. H.

¶ *An Arithmeticall Militare Treatise, named Stratioticos compendiously teaching the Science of Numbers, as well in Fractions as Integers, & so much of the Rules & Æquations Algebraicall & Arte of Numbers Cossicall, as are requisite for the Profession of a Soldiour. Together with the Moderne Militare Discipline, Offices, Lawes and Dueties in euery well gouerned Campe & Armie to be observed. Long since attempted by* LEONARD DIGGES *Gentleman; Augmented, Digested and lately finished by* THOMAS DIGGES, *his Sonne. Whereto he hath also adioyned certaine Questions of great Ordinaunce, resolued in his other Treatize of Pyrotechny & great Artillerie, hereafter to be published.*

Vivet post funera Vertus.

At London Printed by Henry Bynneman Anno Domini 1579. *pp.* 192. *4to.*

¶ *A Geometrical Practical Treatise named Pantometria, diuided*

diuided into three Bookes, Longimetra, Planimetra, & Stereometria, Containing rules manifolde for mensuration of all Lines, Superficies and Solides: with sundrie strange conclusions both by instrument & without, & also by glasses to set forth the true description or exact Platte of an whole Region. First published by THOMAS DIGGES *Esq. & dedicated to the graue, wise, and honourable Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England. With a Mathematicall Discourse of the fiue regular Platonicall Solides, and their Metamorphoses into other fiue compound rare Geometricall Bodies, conteyning an hundred newe Theoremes at least of his owne Inuention, neuer mentioned before by anye other Geometrician. Lately reviewed by the Author himselfe, and augmented with sundrie Additions, Diffinitions, Problems, and rare Theoremes, to open the passage, and prepare a way to the understanding of his Treatise of Martiall Pyrotechnie & great Artillerie, hereafter to be published. At London. Printed by Abell Jeffes, Anno.* 1591. *Folio. pp.* 196.

LEONARD DIGGES, of Wootton Court, between Canterbury and Dover, (which seat he purchased in the last year of K. Hen. VIII.) was a younger son of James Digges, Esq. of Digges's Court in the adjoining parish of Barham. He was educated at Oxford, and became eminent for his skill in mathematics, architecture, and land-surveying. His first publication was

Tectonicon, on the measurement of land, &c. 1556, 4to. augmented by his son Thomas 1592, 4to.; printed again 1647, 4to.*

Another was *Prognostication everlasting, of right good Effect: or choice rules to judge the weather by the Sun, Moon, Stars, &c.* London, 1555, 1556, 1564, 4to. and augmented by his son Thomas, with divers general Tables, and many compendious rules. Lond. 1592, 4to.‡

He died not later than 1573.

THOMAS DIGGES, his son, who was at least equally eminent in the same sciences, sold his paternal seat at

* Wood's Ath. I. 180. Biogr. Brit. 2d, edit. v. 238.
‡ Ibid.

Wootton (probably immediately after his father's death.) His mother was Bridget, sister to Sir James, and Sir Thomas Wilford, two distinguished Kentish knights. Thomas was educated at Oxford, like his father, having by his father's instructions spent his younger years, even from his cradle, in the liberal sciences. These qualifications afterwards obtained him the situation of Muster Master General of all Queen Elizabeth's forces in the Low Countries under his patron Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester.

He was author of many learned works. But law-suits, which probably descended upon him with his patrimony, and were productive of pecuniary embarassments, broke in upon his studies, and embittered his days, as he himself complains with much feeling in a passage, which I shall presently cite.

He died Aug. 24, 1595, and was buried in the chancel of the Church of Aldermanbury London. He married Agnes, daughter of Sir William St. Leger, Knt. by Ursula, daughter of George Neville, Lord Abergavenny. His monument was destroyed by the fire of London 1666; but the inscription is as follows:

" Thomas Digges, Esq. sonne & heyre of Leonard Digges,
" of Wotton, in the county of Kent, Esq. & of Bridget his
" wife daughter of Thomas Wilford Esq. which Thomas
" deceased the 24th day of Aug. Anno Dom. 1595.

" Agnes wife to Thomas Digges Esq. daughter to Sir
" William Seintleger, Knight, & of Ursula his wife, daugh-
" ter of George Nevil, Lord of Abergavenny, by whom
" the said Thomas had issue Dudley his sonne & heyre,
" Leonard his second son; Margaret & Ursula now living;
" beside William & Mary, who died young.

" Deo Opt. Max. et Memoriæ.

" Hic resurrectionem mortuorum expectat Thomas Digsæus
" Armiger, ex antiquâ Digsæorum in Cantiâ familiâ
" oriundus. Vir fide et pietate in Deum singulari, rei
" militaris admodum peritus, optimarum literarum studiosus
" et scientiis mathematicis ad miraculum (ut ex libris editis
" constat) eruditissimus: Quem Deus in cœlestem patriam,
" Anno Salutis 1595, evocavit. Charissimo Merito uxor
" mæstissima posuit.

" Here lieth in assured hope to rise in Christ, Thomas
" Digges Esq. sometime Muster Master of the English
" Army in the Low Countries: A man zealously affected
to

" to true religion, wise, discreete, courteous, faithfull to his
" friends, & of rare knowledge in Geometry, Astrologie, &
" other Mathematical Sciences, who finished this transitory
" life with an happy end in Anno 1595.

" That the dead might live, Christ died."*

Of the first of the works here registered the following is the Epistle Dedicatory to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

" Right Honourable, finding myselfe to your Lordship deepely bounde, as well for my preferment to hir Maiesties seruice, as for sundrie other fauoures continuallye powred on me, I haue carefullye bethought myselfe, whyche way I might render some testimonye of a gratefull minde. And hauing spent many of my yeares in reducing the Sciences Mathematicall, from Demonstrative Contemplations, to Experimentall Actions, for the seruice of my Prince & Countrey: (beeyng thereto greately ayded by the Practises, Observations, Monuments & conferences of MY FATHER, with the rarest Souldyoures of hys time) haue among sundrie other discourses of Nauigation, of Fortification, of Pyrotechnie & great Artillerie, long sithence comenced, latelie finished this Arithmeticall Treatise, wholy applyed to Militare affayres. And finding not onely by the whole course of Histories of all times & countreys, howe Kingdomes haue flourished in all felicitie, whereas this Arte hath bene embraced, & duelie practised, & cōtrarywise, how most happie Empires after warlike discipline haue bin corrupted, haue fallen to ruine & miserable seruitude: but also by experience even in these dayes seene what extreame disorders growe in those Armyes, where militare lawes & ordinances haue bene regulated: haue thought this matter not unfit to be remembred in these our flourishing & quiet times, that as the Pallace of this most happie kingdome (ruled by a Soveregne Princesse, whose wisedome & rare vertues all Europe haue in admiration) is inwardlye most curiouslie garnished with the perfection of Sciences Humane and Diuine, with sundrie artes, with riches, rest, wealth & pleasure comparable with, or surpassing anye other of Christendome: so wishing also it maye not waute (when need shall be) the roofe & outward couering, to defend & garde it from the winde & rayne, & furious stormes of forraigne tempestes. And as the

* Biogr. Brit. v. 239. Strype's Stow's Survey, Edit. 1720. vol. i. p. 71, 72.

fame

fame of an honourable enterprize, vnder your Lordship's conduite generally expected, did first moue me to employ my Mathematicall Muses upon this Militare Argument, so sithence hauing in some points altered & augmented the first originall, to your Lordship then presented, & now fully digested & finished the same, (wel knowing the methode suche as hytherto in no language hath bin published; & your Lordship for wisedome, learning, & experience, (hauing long sithence borne honourable office in the field) fullie able of yourselfe to discerne the veritie & valour of this worke.) In discharge of some part of my dutie, I presume to present & publish the same vnder the protection of your Name. As a Patrone, I aduow myselfe to honour, by all other due dutifull meanes I can. And craning fauorable acceptation of this my homelie dutifull present, humbly leaue your Lordship to the direction of the Almightie, who graunt you a long prosperous life, garnished with cōtinuall encrease of honourable actions, to the amplyfying of his glorie & true Religion, the faithfull seruice of hir most excellent maiestie, & comfort of vs that loue & honour you.

Your Honours duetifully at command,

THOMAS DIGGES."

The author thus commences the Preface to the Reader.

" Hauing spent my youngest yeres euen from my cradle in the Sciences Liberal, & especially in searching the most difficult & curious Demonstrations Mathematicall, by proofe at last I found the saying of that wise Tarentine & eloquent Romane most true: That if it wer possible for a mortall man by power Diuine to bee transferred into some solitarie garden of incomparable pleasure, & there all things that could be wished as it were by the hands of Angels to be ministered unto him enioying perfect health, strength, & all other good giftes of nature, that were requisite to a ful perfection of delite both in minde & body, saue only that it should not be lawfull for him to haue Societie or cōference with any man to communicate the state of his felicitie: That notwithstanding all these delites, his life should seeme tedious, & all those pleasures loathsome.

" Even so, albeit the straunge varietie of Inuentions in all the more subtile part of those Mathematical Demonstrations did breede in me for a time a singular delectation, yet finding none or very few, with whome to conferre & communicate those my delites, (& remembring also that graue sentence of diuine Plato, that we are not borne for ourselues, but also

for

for our Parents, Countrie, & Friends) after I grew to yeares of riper iudgement, I haue wholy bent myself to reduce those Imaginative Cōtemplations to sensible practicall conclusions: as well thereby to haue some companions of those my delectable studies, as also to be able, when Time is, to employ them to the seruice of my Prince & countrie."

He then goes on to explain the particular motives which led him to the subjects of the present volume. And concludes thus:

"And so good Reeder I committe thee to the Treatise itselfe, wherein if thou finde any thing that dothe contente thee, yeelde due thankes to the Patrone of the Worke, whose honourable disposition in fauouring & advauncing all Vertue, & chieflie the studious of these Liberall Sciences, with many especiall favoures upon myselfe, hath provoked or rather inforced me to take in hande this presente worke, finished the 13 of October 1579."

Afterwards this notice occurs:

"*The Bookes alreadie published by the Authoure of thys Treatise.*

"A general *Pronostication* long sithence published by his Father, after perused by hymselfe & thereto adjoyned frame of the Worlde, according to Copernicus Hipothesis, vpon the mobilitie of the Earth.

A Geometricall Treatise called *Pantometria*, begon by hys Father, augmented & finished by himselfe.

A Booke in Latin, entituled *Alæ seu Scalæ Mathematicæ*, deliuering sundrye Demonstrations, for the finding of the Paralaxis of any Comet, or other Celestiall bodie, wyth the correction of the Erroures in the vse of Radius Astronomicus.

This present Arithmeticall Stratioticos deuided into three Bookes."

"*Bookes begon by the Author, hereafter to be published.*"

1. A Treatise of the Arte of Nauigation, bewraying the grosse Erroures by oure Maysters, & Marriners practised, deliuering new Rules, & Instruments infallible, & practiceable, some also accommodate to the vulgare capacitie, with a discourse demonstratiue, vpon sundry hypotheseis of the Nauticall Compasse hys Variation, discouering rules for the inuention of the Longitude at all tymes to bee practised, as certayne as by the ☉ Eclipses.

2. A briefe Treatise of Architecture Nauticall, wherein is deliuered

deliuered Rules infallible vpon anye one forme or Modell of excellencie founde, to buylde shyppes for all burthens of lyke perfection & propertie to the Patterne, wyth certayne kyndes of forcible fyghtes lawes also & orders in sea services to be obserued.

3. Commentaries vpon the Reuolutions of Copernicus, by euidente demonstrations grounded vpon late observations, to ratifye & confirme hys Theorikes & Hypothesis, wherein also demonstratiuelie shall be discussed, whether it bee possible vpon the vulgare Thesis of the Earthes stabilitie, to delyuer any true Theorike voyde of such irregular motions, & other absurdities, as repugne the whole principles of Philosophie Naturall, & apparant groundes of common Reason.

4. A Booke of Dialling, teaching the Arte to garnish all the Regular & transformed bodyes, in his *Pantometria* mentioned, with houres vulgare & Planetare, Signes, Azimuthes, Almicanters, &c. & also to make all sortes of Dials, Anulare, Cylinders, Nauicles, Hydriacles.

5. A Treatise of Great Artillerie, & Pyrotechnie, conteyning sundrye demonstrations, geometricall, & instruments exactly to shoote in all sorts of peeces at all degrees of Randoms, both by day & night, with other new Inuentions, & seruiceable secretes, begon by his father after long experience, augmented & heereafter to be finished by himselfe.

6. A Treatise of Fortification of Townes, Fortes, & Campes by a Methode cleane repugnant to anye hitherto practised, conteyning sundrie sorts of more forcible formes, with rules of great facilitie by certayne instruments Geometricall to stake them out, & readilie to set downe in good order an whole armie, with all his regiments, Footemen, Horsemen, Munition, Carriadges, &c. in most commodious & strong maner that place will permitte.

All *these & other long sithens, the Author had finished & published, had not the* Infernall Furies, *enuying such his* Fælicitie *& happie* Societie *with his* Mathematical Muses, *for many yeares so tormented him with* Lawe-Brables, *that he hath bene enforced to discontinue those his delectable* Studies,

To implore in Ayde, Jupiter's *Pallace*,
PHILORTHUS, PHILARETES and
PHILOMATHES
Againste
APLESTODOLEROS AMOUSEOS
MISOGENAIOS.
DABIT DEUS HIS QUOQUE FINEM."

Dedication

Dedication of the Pantometria to Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England.

"Calling to memorie right Honourable, & my singular good Lorde, the great fauour your Lordship bare my father in his lifetime, & the conference it pleased your Honour to vse with him touching the Sciences Mathematicall, especially in Geometricall mensurations, perusing also of late certaine volumes that he in his youthe time long sithens had compiled in the English tongue, among other I found this Geometricall Practise which my father (if God had spared hym life) minded to haue presented your Honour withall, but untimely Death preuenting his determination, I thought it my part to accomplish the same, as well for the satisfaction of his desire, as also to shew myselfe not unmindefull of so many good turnes as your honor from time to time most abundantly hath bestowed on me; having therefore supplied such partes of this Treatise as were least obscure or imperfect, adioyning therevnto a Discourse Geometricall of the fiue regulare or Platonicall bodies, contayning sundry Theoricall and practicall propositions of the manifolde proportions arising by mutuall conference of these Soliues, Inscription, Circumscription or Transformation, & now at the last fully finished the same, I am bolde to exhibite & dedicate it to your Honor, as an eternall memoriall of your Lordship's great fauoure towardes the furtherance of learning, & a publike testimonie of my bounden duetie: hoping your Honor will rather respect the good will wherewith it is prosecuted, then the worthinesse of the present, not agreeable I confesse to the excellent knoweledge wherewith your Lordshippe is indued, euen in the verye Fountaines themselues whence these conclusions as springs or branches are deriued. And yet such as I nothing doubt your Honor will both accept in good parte, & also at vacant leysure from affaires of more importance delite yourselfe withall, the rather for that it containeth sundry such new inuented Theoremes, & other strange conclusions, as no Geometers have hitherto in any language published. Whereby your Lordship shall not only incourage me heereafter to attempt greater matters, but also as it were with a soveraigne medicine preuent the poisoned infection of enuious backbiting toongs: for as the veritie of these experiments & rules shall neuer be impugned, being so firmely grounded, garded, & defended with Geometricall demonstrations, against whose puissance no subtile sophistrie or craftee coloured arguments can preuaile, so thinke I there is none so impudently

pudently malitious, as wil or dare reproue them for vaine or improfitable, when they shall perceiue your Lordship (whose learned iudgement gravitie & wisedome is sufficiently knowne to the world) doth allow & accepte them as fragrant flowres, select & gathered out of the pleasant gardines Mathematicall meete to delite any noble, free, or well disposed minde, & profitable frutes seruing most commodiously to sundry necessary vses in a publike weale, & such as shall thereby receiue pleasure or commoditie, must of dutie yeeld condigne thankes vnto your Lordship, vnder whose protection & patronage I have not feared to sende abroade (as a wandring pilgrime) this Orphane & fatherlesse childe, the which as I perceiue of your Honor fauorably accepted, so meane I, God sparing life, to imploy no small portion of this my shorte & transitorie time in storing our native tongue with Mathematicall Demonstrations, & some such other rare experiments and practical conclusions as no forraine realme hath hitherto beene, I suppose, partaker of. In the meane time I leaue longer to detaine your honour with my rude & homely tale, from more seriouse & waightie affaires, committing your Lordship to the tuition of the Almightie, who graunt you a long healthfull honourable life, accompanied with perfect felicitie.

Your Honours most bounden
THOMAS DIGGES."

SIR DUDLEY DIGGES, eldest son of this Thomas, was born in 1583, after his father had sold the seat at Wootton. He was educated at University College, Oxford; and obtained the seat of Chilham Castle in Kent, situated between Canterbury and Ashford, by marriage with Mary, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir Thomas Kemp. In the early struggles for liberty by the Parliament against K. Charles I. he was one of the most patriotic and eminent leaders. He succeeded to the Mastership of the Rolls (on the death of Sir Julius Cæsar) in April 1636, and died Mar. 18, 1638, aged 57. A. Wood says that "his understanding few could equal; and his virtues fewer would." He adds, that "the wisest men reckoned his death among the public calamities of those times."

He had a younger brother LEONARD DIGGES, born 1588, educated also at Oxford, who was esteemed by those who knew him "a great master of the English language,

language, a perfect understander of the French and Spanish, a good poet and no mean orator."* His commendatory verses to Shakespeare may be seen before that poet's works. He died 7 April, 1635. See an account of his translation of the Spanish Romance of *Gerardo* in *Cens. Lit.* He also translated *the Rape of Proserpine* from Claudian, Lond. 1617, 1628, 4to.†

Dudley Digges, (a younger son of Sir Dudley) as if learning was hereditary in this family, was also celebrated "as a great scholar, and general artist and linguist" says Wood. He was born about 1612, educated at Oxford, and died in the garrison there Oct. 1, 1643, aged 31. He was author of a Treatise on *the Unlawfulness of Subjects taking up arms against their Sovereign*, &c. 1643, 4to. which Wood highly commends.

The spot from whence so justly distinguished a family arose, gains a lively interest in the minds of all who are endued with fancy and sentiment. The writer of this article feels a natural desire to give due force to the colours which belong to the spot of his nativity. In the shades of Wootton was first cherished that ardent and solid learning, which burned with such steady light through four successive generations of the race of Digges. Did darkness, when they abandoned the honoured mansion, succeed to this splendor? Another family, of less distinction, made it, a few years afterwards, their permanent abode. Yet were not these totally unconnected with honourable alliances, and

* Athenæ, I. c. 600.

† Thomas Digges, Esq. of Chilham Castle, eldest son of Sir Dudley, died in 1687, having had by Mary, daughter of Sir Maurice Abbot, Knt. six sons. Sir Maurice Digges eldest son, was knighted, and afterwards created a baronet Mar. 6, 1665, but died without issue before his father in 1666.

Leonard Digges, the youngest, but only surviving son, died in 1717, having married Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Osborne of Chicksand in Bedfordshire.

John, his eldest son, succeeded him at Chilham Castle, and died without issue two years afterwards, 1719.

Col. Thomas Digges his brother and heir, (and great grandson to Sir Dudley) sold the estate at Chilham in March, 1724, to the Colebrooke family. He married the same year Elizabeth West, daughter of John Lord Delaware, and left two sons. His younger son was West Digges, the player.

persons

persons of high endowment. The family of Coppin*, for the three or four generations that they possessed the place, from the accession of King James I., always gave some of their members a learned education at Cambridge; and seem to have taken a lively concern in all the literary, religious, and political disputes of their time. By a matrimonial alliance with the family of the celebrated Dr. Bargrave Dean of Canterbury,† there was opened to them an acquaintance with men as eminent for their talents and station in the world as for their worth. It cannot reasonably be questioned that the walls of Wootton were sanctified by the profuse piety of Dean Boys, and enlivened by the wit, polish, anecdote, and knowledge of the world of Dean Bargrave; men whose eminence in their day was generally acknowledged, and whose memories are not yet forgotten. At this time the Coppins intermarried with an house not yet equally known; but which has since become still more conspicuous. John Coppin, who died in 1654, married Anne, daughter of THOMAS GIBBON* of Westcliffe near Dover, (whose son Matthew Gibbon was great grandfather of the Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire). But even then the Gibbons were variously and honourably allied. Among these was Sir JOHN FINET† a native of the same parish of

* John Coppin purchased this estate in 1607, jointly with his mother Mary, (daughter of William Denne, Esq of Dennehill in Kingston, by Agnes, daughter of Nicholas Tufton, Esq. of Nordiam in Sussex, ancestor to the Earl of Thanet) which Mary was remarried to Thomas Boys of Eythorne, father, by a former wife, of Dr. John Boys, the learned Dean of Canterbury. John Coppin died in 1630; his mother died in 1616, æt. 72.

† The Rev. Thomas Coppin of Wootton, eldest son of John, of Wootton, married in 1636 Anne daughter of Dean Bargrave, by Elizabeth Dering, whose mother was Elizabeth sister of Edward Lord Wotton, and the illustrious and well known Sir Henry Wotton. Mrs. Coppin remarried Sir Henry Palmer of Howletts, Comptroller of the Navy. For memoirs of Dean Boys and Dean Bargrave, see *Todd's Lives of the Deans of Canterbury.*

* From this house, by his mother Elizabeth Gibbon, sprung the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, a native of Dover, born 1690.

† The scandalous page of Sir Anthony Weldon states that on the rise of Villiers, "the King (James) began to eat abroad, who formerly used to eat in his bedchamber, or if by chance supped in his bedchamber, after supper would come forth to see pastimes and

of Westcliffe, a wit, a poet, and a man of learning, who was born 1571, knighted 1615, and succeeded Sir Lewis Lewknor, as Master of the Ceremonies in 1626. He died 1641, having married Jane, daughter of Henry Lord Wentworth of Nettlested, by a daughter of Sir Owen Hopton, (whose other daughter married William, 4th Lord Chandos, and was mother of Grey, Lord Chandos, called king of Cotswould). The abode which was frequented by such a guest as Sir John Finet was probably not insensible to the ornaments of a cultivated mind. A few years afterwards the sister of Mr. Gibbon's last wife married Sir John Maynard, a profound lawyer, whose character may be read in the pages of Lord Clarendon. And a little later White Kennet, a native of Dover, who afterwards rose to the most distinguished rank in the literary world, and to the see of Peterborough, lived for some time at the neighbouring seat of Beakesbourne as tutor to a near alliance of this house. He speaks of the Coppins as a family with whom he was familiar; and under that roof, which the idea of his presence renders more venerable, he spent, I doubt not, many of his youthful hours in cultivated hospitality.* But how many are there to whom the past is like the departed wind, unthought of; and without a trace or memorial.† They

and fooleries; in which Sir Edward Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Finet, were the chief and master fools; and surely the fooling got them more than many others wisedom, far above them in desert. Zouch his part it was to sing bawdy songs, and tell bawdy tales—Finet to compose those songs: then were a set of fidlers brought up on purpose for this fooling: and Goring was master of the game for fooleries." &c. *Secret History of the Court of K. James, reprinted at Edinburgh* 1811, 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*

* The last of the male line of the Coppins died 1701. Wootton then came by devise to their next relations, the present owners.

† The naked list of celebrated names here introduced stands thus:

1. Leonard Digges, ob. ——— 1573.
2. Thomas Digges, ob. Aug. 24, 1595.
3. Sir Dudley Digges, ob. Mar. 18, 1638.
4. Leonard Digges, ob. April 7, 1635.
5. Dudley Digges, ob. Oct. 1, 1643.
6. Dean Boys, ob. ——— 1625.
7. Dean Bargrave, ob. ——— 1642, æt. 56.
8. Sir Hen. Wotton, ob. ——— 1639.
9. Sir John Finet, ob. ——— 1641.

10.

They see nothing but that which forces itself in a material shape upon their eyes; and they hear nothing but what impresses itself upon their external senses! They hear not the voice of the dead; and care not for the characters of those who sleep in their graves!

These reflections are but introductory to the following Sonnets which the subject has suggested.

FIVE SONNETS ADDRESSED TO WOOTTON, THE SPOT OF THE AUTHOR'S NATIVITY.

SONNET 1.

Ye walls, familiar to mine infant plays,
Ye trees, that whisper'd music to mine ears,

10. Sir John Maynard, ob. Oct. 9, 1690, aged 88.

11. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough, ob. Dec. 19, 1728, aged 68.

12. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, ob. Mar. 6, 1764, æt. 74.

13. Edward Gibbon, ob. Jan. 1794, æt. 75.

To these may be added.

14. Lawrence Rooke of Monk's Horton, near Hythe, a great astronomer, "*vir omni literarum, genere instructissimus,*" who died June 27, 1662. See *Wood's Ath.* II. 297.

15. Dr. William Harvey, the illustrious physician who discovered the circulation of the blood, born at Folkstone, April 2, 1578, and died June 3, 1657, æt 80.

16. Sir George Ent, M.D. President of the College of Physicians, born at Sandwich in Kent, Nov. 6, 1604, the learned friend, follower, and coadjutor of Dr. Harvey: he died Oct. 13, 1689, æt. 85.

17. Sir John Mennes, a wit and a poet, born at Sandwich, May 11, 1598, died Comptroller of the Navy, Feb. 18, 1670, æt. 72.

But these three last were rather neighbours than in any way connected at the time with the owners of Wootton.

As to the exact place in the scale of fame, due to each of these worthies, the sage, the moralist, and the critic may differ. But it will scarcely be denied that the reputation of all them was founded upon merits which lifted them above the mass of mankind. As to mere naked pedigree, a pedigree of mere titles and rent-rolls, whatever the uneducated herald may think, it is nothing: nay perhaps it is a disgrace: But they who have gained a place by their virtues and exertions in the literary or political history of their country, may justly reflect some portion of respectability on the places where they resided, and the posterity of those with whom they were connected. The native sparks of an ardent mind are blown into a flame by an early familiarity with the memories of such men; and the flame thus kindled, despising all vulgar distinctions, aspires to honours on the great theatre of the world, by works which shall outlive their author, and render his name sacred in after-times.

Which

Which fill'd my boyish eyes with rapture's tears!
Ye lawns, where Fancy's many-colour'd rays
First round me shot a visionary blaze,
Is it the whim of folly, that to years
Long past I look; and glory, if appears
Learning's high lamp her steady light to raise
E'en then o'er your abodes?—I backward turn,
Two centuries and more, my pensive thought,
And see the same fond love for letters burn;
With equal thirst for fame your inmate fraught!
Ah happier he, whose memory still survives:
Mine with the grave's oblivion vainly strives!

15, Apr. 1811.

SONNET 2.

When first upon my childish eyelids broke
The morning sun o'er that rude flinted tower
Bosom'd in antique trees; when first awoke
On each delighted sense the vernal flower,
And birds began, touch'd by young spring, to pour
Their tremulous harmony; when first the croak
Of that old rookery, and the woodman's stroke,
Speeded with purest joy mine infant hour;
O dear departed sprites of holy men,
By intellectual efforts purified,
Hover'd ye round your earthly haunts again,
To thirst of fame like yours my soul to guide?
'Tis thus perchance that, from life's earliest dawn,
Forwards by fairy lights my steps are drawn!

SONNET 3.

Not barbarous is the soil, where first my feet
Their tottering efforts tried, nor quite unknown
To the lov'd Muses hill or vale or down,
Dingle, or upland lawn, or deep retreat
Of woods, where first upon my childhood shone
The light of Heaven! On yonder turfy seat,
When great Eliza's sway adorn'd the throne,
A Sage profound was daily wont to greet
Fair Science and her handmaids.—Truths abstruse
Here they evolv'd together, pondering well
The facts of many-colour'd life, whose use,
Courts, State, War, Travel, taught them how to spell.
To me, dear scenes, ye softer themes impart:
To learn and sing the dictates of the heart!

Sonnet 4.

The boorish Squire, the rude unletter'd train
  Impenetrable to each impulse fine
  Of the soul's movements, it has not been thine
  Within this sacred shelter to maintain!
Spirits of nobler cast, upon whose brain
  Nature, more generous, spread the spark divine,
  Wont in a nation's great affairs to join,
  Quiet within thine arms did not disdain!
Tho' silent now at times thine halls have been,
  And thro' thy groves the common sight could view
  No Muse her footsteps bending, yet are seen,
By purer eyes, in vests of varied hue,
  Thro' the domain the Sisters Nine to play,
  Circled by forms of every orient ray.

Sonnet 5.

The breath of Heaven, that over yonder trees
  Passing, from thence a local tincture drew,
  Here first upon my new-born body blew!
  O was there magic in the trembling breeze,
That could with such delicious softness seize
  Each melting sense; and wake to music new;
  And bear upon its wings a shadowy crew,
  That only Fancy's gifted vision sees?
Still round the sacred mansion do ye dwell,
  Ye lovely Fairy tribes, or are ye fled?
  O once again renew th' entrancing spell;
And o'er each raptur'd vein your pinions spread!
  Bliss above earth were mine, could I once more
  Those dear delusions of the soul restore!

18 April, 1812.

¶ *A Piece of Fugitive Poetry by Lord Falkland.*

*An Epitaph upon the excellent Countesse of Huntingdon.**

The chief perfection of both sexes joined,
  With neither's vice nor vanity combin'd;

* This must have been Elizabeth wife of Henry Hastings, 5th Earl of Huntingdon. She died Jan. 20, 1633, in the White Friars, London, and was buried at Ashby de la Zouch. She was youngest of the three daughters and coheirs of Ferdinando Stanley Earl of Derby, by Alice daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Knt.—She was mother of Ferdinando 6th Earl of Huntingdon, who died Feb. 13, 1655; and married Elizabeth daughter and heir of the celebrated poet Sir John Davies, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Of

Of this our age the wonder, love, and care,
Th' example of the following, and despair ;
Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow ;
Such majesty that none durst tell her so ;
A wisdom of so large and potent sway,
Rome's senate might have wish'd, her conclave may.
Which did to earthly thoughts so seldom bow,
Alive she scarce was less in heaven than now ;
So void of the least pride, to her alone
These radiant excellencies seem'd unknown.
Such once there was : but let thy grief appear,
Reader, there is not : Huntingdon lies here.
By him who says what he saw
FALKLAND.

¶ *A treatise entitled the Path waye to the towre of perfection. Compiled by Myles Huggarde, seruant to the Quenes most excellent maiestie: Imprinted at London by Robert Caly within the precinct of the late dissolued house of the graye Freers, nowe conuerted to an Hospitall, called Christes Hospitall:* 1554. 4to. bl. let. extends to sig. E.

This "famous butt of the Protestants who was a shoemaker" according to Warton, but according to Strype a hosier, seems to have been one of the most indefatigable enemies the reformation had to contend with. In the well known lampoon against the new preachers or gospellers called the PORE HELP, our author is thus commended

And also maister huggarde
Doth shewe hym selfe no sluggarde
Nor yet no dronken druggard
But sharpeth vp his wyt
And frameth it so fyt
These yonkers for to hyt
And wyll not them permyt
In errour styll to syt
As it maye well apeare
By his clarkely answere, &c.

Most of his pamphlets were remarkable rather for their virulence than intrinsic merit, and "were made important only by extorting laboured answers from several

 eminent

eminent divines." The present poem, if so it is to be termed, is not noticed by Warton; neither was this edition known to Ames or Herbert, as the only one there noticed is that of 1556, without any printer's name. Ritson indeed has mentioned it, but as he has only given the title, an analysis of the work may not be unacceptable.

The introductory lines to the reader are written with a spirit of candour and humility, as to make us regret that the author should have been so tenacious of his errors.

> "Presumed I haue good gentyll Reader,
> To make this treatise thus vnlearnedly,
> Not that I woulde seeme to be a leder,
> Of other men, for trulye none knowe I,
> That wourse dothe lyue, displeasing god hye,
> Than my selfe dothe, and therfore I pray,
> All men to iudge well in that I will saye.
> I study not for any eloquence,
> For if I dyd my labour were in vaine,
> First because I lacke the intelligence,
> The which therunto doeth truly apertaine:
> Secondely if I coulde, litle woulde it gaine,
> The simple folke to whō I haue this boke wild,
> Whiche in eloquente speache, is litle skilde.

However, he soon assures us that "by ignoraunce he may erre," but "not to his knowledge."

> "For in maters of faieth I haue assuraunce,
> From which, I thanke God, I yet neuer fell
> Nor I trust neuer shal, thoughe the deuil in hell
> Would from this same faith me daily perswaid,
> But God in whom I trust, is alway mine aide."

But however mistaken he was in matters of faith, the moral of this Poem is just and good.

He begins by informing us that in one of his rambles by a "woodes syde"

> "For to walke abrode my custome oft hath bene
> Because in songe of byrdes I had a delite,"

whilst meditating upon the power of God, and how all the works of creation tend to his glory, and how these birds

> "In their kinde our lord thei praise night & day
> Keping perfection in their degree,"

He

He laid himself down

"A while to rest me
Under the shadowe of a Cypresse tree,
What with this study and the birdes singinge,
Into a sounde slepe these two dyd me bryng"—

In this state of mind he dreamed that a bird, with which he had been accustomed to converse, appeared to him, and calling to his recollection his late meditations, chides him for remaining thus inactive in his sphere.

"Thou diddist while eyre, quod she, reuolue in thy minde,
The perfection of vs in our estate,
Now if thou thy selfe accordinge to kinde
Wilt not labour that way to emytate,
Which mought bring the vnto a perfite rate,
What great shame shal we byrdes bring y° vnto
If thou praise in vs that thy selfe wylte not do."

A conversation then ensues in which the bird endeavours to persuade him to quit his former habits and walk by her directions in the more perfect path; giving him at last the choice

"Whether thou wylt in slouth, haue short ioy here,
Or els by short paine, haue longe ioy els where."

He is however. unwilling to change his situation, convinced that

"Their is no ioy to this to here these byrdes sing,
And to lie wher so many swet floures doth spring."

She then assures him how vain is this pleasure, how soon there may be an end thereof, and that he ought to shun "all worldly pleasures & vaine vanites:"—In order to do this effectually he is to "call for grace, which is ever at hande to all those that call for it."—After a short prayer for grace, by her assistance he undertakes to follow his guide to the towre of Perfection. But he had not proceeded far before he begins to repent; and whilst resting himself

"Which was but a while,
A woman anone vpon me layde holde:
Wilt thou all ioy, quod she, from thee excyle:
Which hearinge, for feare it made my hart cold,
Her heyre lay out brayded shininge lyke golde,
Gorgiously decked, with necke and brest baire,
Me thought I neuer sawe woman so faire."

All

All the pleasures in her gift are then enumerated, and he is just yielding to her embraces and enticements, when the bird checks him, and bidding him again call for grace, shews how

"All her inticementes be detestable,"

and that all those who have yielded to this temptation of the flesh, have suffered the most grievous punishments. The fate of "Sodome & Gomore, Loth, the Israelites, Sāpsō, Dauid, & Salomon," is then described.

At length, by help of grace and godly instruction, he is induced to "avoid the false seduction of the flesh" and proceed on his journey.—He, however, soon again complains of the difficulty, danger, and pain of the path which leadeth to life, through "woodes longe and thicke, among raging beastes, and where thornes to the very bones did him pricke." At last he enters a meadow, "with swet flowers goodly garnished," where he is subjected to another temptation, of the world;

"And as I there lay I sawe sodainly,
A man of hye stature standinge me by.
Aparaled he was in ryche aray,
As though he had been a great prince or kinge,
Alas man quod he what doest thou this way,
Behold what plesures in that pathe doth spring
Wherin I do walke, and with that saying,
He toke me vp streyght, and helde me on hye,
Tell me now quod he what dost thou there spie."

Castles, towers, parks, rich pastures, corn, oxen and sheep, gold and silver, pass before him in due order; all of which he is offered the enjoyment of, if he will return; he is enraptured with the offer, and is in the act of turning back, when his faithful guide arrests him, and convinces him how vain, deceitful and cursed are all the pleasures of the world—Grace is then again solicited and as readily obtained, and he proceeds

"through a marise very softe,
(Wher as I thought, I should sure haue lefte her,
For in that grounde I stūbled wonderous ofte,")

emblematical of the frailty of life; "a faire green" however, at a little distance encourages him, but he has no sooner reached it, than he meets with another temptation, of the devil, who praising him for his exertions assures

assures him that he is now sufficient of himself to reach the goal.

"And if any do aboue the take place,
Thinke that he dothe it thy fame to deface."

He instantly springs forward before his guide; who thereupon reminds him of

"What came of him that so hye did looke,
When he had thought to be hyest of all,
God for his pryde suche vengaunce on him toke,
That by and by in to hell he did fall,
There to remaine in paines perpetuall,
Nowe as he in him selfe gaue him selfe praise,
So doth he moue the to bringe the that waies.

He then cautions him against pride and envy, the latter of which the devil's advice seems to encourage; and relates to him various instances of its baneful influence, as of Cain, Jacob's sons, the Jews against our Saviour, &c. Much excellent advice follows, and he is shewn the pit of desperation, from which he has lately and so narrowly escaped, and round which his three tempters are standing. Impressed with a due sense of his errors he again prays for Grace, who comes to his assistance: bringing with her

"Two deuout ladyes of vertu excellēt,"

Faith and Hope, both whose offices are explained; and a working faith shewn to be only acceptable. By faith then and hope he sees the tower of perfection; and proceeding onwards under their direction, he comes to a great and ragged stone wall, in which "stoode a dore wonderfull straite," which is stated to be the gate "to enter which, Christ all people exhorted," and the wall to enclose the field of penance, divided into three parts. Having entered, he first meets a woman (Contrition)

"Which of my synfull deedes did sore complaine."

He then comes to a second gate, where he meets a "woefull lady" (Confession)

"The whiche helde her hart openly in her hande,"

who from various texts and examples exhorts him to confess his past sins—upon which a priest advances and gives him "absolution sacramental." Before he arrives at the third gate (of Satisfaction) he meets with Charity, whom

whom with Faith and Hope he is ordered to bear into it, which as he is on the point of performing,

"Thē met me corrupt nature which trouble me so
That she stopte me at the gate in I could not go."

By the advice of Faith he then looks in at the gate

"Ther me thought I saw christ w̄ his woūds bledīg
Which said cōe to me, thi lacke I will supply,
In my bitter death, because thou accordinge,
Unto my holy worde, doest thy wyll apply,
Though nature hinder the, I graunt the mercy,
And because thou hast done thy deligence,
Come in I pardon the for natures offence."—

He is then admitted, and beholds the towre of perfection, which had only one gate or portal

"To enter in by, on which was Jesu,
Deckt with precious stones frō which did insew,
So glorious a lyght, that the day might well
Be called derkenes, this lyght did so excell."

But even here were "diuers bye wayes," through which many who had embraced the true word, were at last tempted "diuersly to go," all which are duly pointed out to him, and their errors exposed.

At last he arrives at the tower, which is thus allegorized. The lowest part was Humility, and was supported by two pillars

"Justice was the one staied vp by equite,
Lawe, correction, iudgement and verite.

The other pyller was force or fortitude,
Which was strongly staide by magnificence,
With constaunce also whiche dothe exclude,
Al wauering thoughtes which troubleth cōsciēce,
Toleraunce, which bereth & forgiueth ech offēce
And perseueraunce kept all these from separaciō.
This of vertue is worthy commendacion."

Another corner was supported by Prudence, assisted by Providence, and the Peace of God and Memory. The fourth by Temperance, whose chief stay was discretion, morality, fasting, soberness, and taciturnity. There were four towers also, Charity, Faith, Hope and Grace, from the latter proceeded the three former, and from them the roof, viz. from faith

Religion

"Religion, clenness, and obedience,
Chastite, virginitee, and holy continence.

From Charite came petie, peace, and swetness
Mercy compassion and benignitee,
Concorde, vnite, and fre forgyuenes,
Amitee vnfained with liberalitee,
Praier, Almyse, and Hospitalitee,
These were of suche vertue that they had power
To couer thre partes of the roffe of this towre.

From Hoope did procede holy contemplacion
True confession, ioy and honeste,
Compunction of hart, the soules consolation,
Pacience also and longanimitee,
These couerde this towre of hye felicitee,
And to garnishe it godly, I sawe on the wall,
The foure Evangelistes and the Apostels all."

Our author is now admitted into the tower, and here we perceive the drift of his allegory from the exhortation that follows, which at the same time that it inculcates the advantages and necessity of a holy and virtuous life, insists in equally strong terms upon the leading article of his faith—Transubstantiation.

B. W.

¶ *Some Account of Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian. Poet.* 145.

This MS. originally belonged to Hearne, and came at his decease to Dr. Rawlinson, who purchased Hearne's whole collection, including several of his printed books with MSS. notes, for one hundred pounds, a sum which will not now appear extraordinary to those who are informed that they considerably exceeded two hundred volumes, many of which contain ten, and some twenty distinct treatises.

The present consists of seven folios only, excellently written on vellum, and although now very much cut, was evidently large quarto in its original state. It appears to have been used at some subsequent period for fly leaves to a quarto volume, as on the first page is a table of contents or index, written in a modern hand, and adapted to some theological treatise on the Romish Church.

Hearn

Hearne has described it on the blank page as follows:

"*Suum cuiq.* Tho. Hearne, 1721.

Ex dono amicissimi viri, Joannis Murray Londinensis.

Some very old Fragments, containing

1. Remarks in verse upon K. Athelstan, K. Edmund, King Edred and King Edgar.

2. Two pages in Prose upon these words, *Omnia quæcunq: vultis, ut faciant vobis homines, eadem vos facite illis.*

3. Four Pages in verse (and some few Lines in Prose) upon the Love of our Neighbour, Purity of Heart, and upon Hope.

4. Two Pages in Verse about the name and division of England.

5. Two Pages about K. Lucius, K. Sigebert, and about some numbers. Vol. 144. Pr. 87."

Hearne, who has quoted these fragments in Heming's *Chartulary*, 8vo. 1723, p. 654, and again in Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, 8vo. 1724, p. 731, does not seem aware that they contain pieces of two distinct treatises, although written by the same hand, nor did Warton, who gives extracts from them in his *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, i. 93—98, describe them with sufficient accuracy. The fact is, that owing to the mistake of the binder, both these singular fragments are so intermingled, as to render it very difficult to unite the parts of each treatise properly, particularly as the last lines of some pages, and the first of others, in several places, are totally lost. I have however endeavoured to connect them, and, I think, with success.

The first fragment is part of the CHRONICLE OF ENGLELAND, printed by Ritson in his *Ancient English Metrical Romances*, 8vo. 1802, ii. 270, which he transcribed from a MS. in the royal library (12 C XII), and which commences:

"Herkneth hideward, lordynges,
Ye that wolleth here of Kynges:
Ant ye mowen heren anon
Hou Engelonde furst bigon."*

In the advocate's library, Edinburgh, is another copy with the following title:

* This *Chronicle*, according to Ritson, bears internal evidence of having been composed in the reign of Edward the Second, and the MS. itself seems of the same age.

Here

"Here may men read, who co can,
How Inglond first bigan;
Then mow it find in Englische
As the Brout it telleth y wis."

The present MS. commences, as I suppose, with what Hearne terms "about some numbers," fol. 7, b, which is merely a direction how to write from one to six hundred thousand, as:

		l'	l'	l'
l'	l'	m	m	m
m:	ij.m.	iij:	iiij:	v
1000,	2000,	3000,	4000,	5000, &c.
l'	l'			
m	m			
x:	xx:			
10000,	20000, &c.			
l'	l'	l		
m	m	m		
c	c	c		
	ij	iij		
100000,	200000,	300000, &c.		

Et sic ascendendo per ordinem predictum usq. ad numerum infinitum," &c.*

At fol. 2 the metrical portion of the chronicle begins, preceded by the following abstract of events, in red ink.

"Nota ab origine mundi usq. ad incarnacionem dñi ñri ihū xp̄i. quinq. $\frac{l}{m}$ Nonaginta. nouem anni.

A morte bruti usq. ad regnum arthuri regnarunt in ãglia diuisim. C. reges quōr xvj. erant xp̄iani.

Anno dñi. Quingentesimo. xvj°. coronacio Arthuri Regis qui regnauit annis. xxvj. de cuius obitu uel sepultura certum non referunt historie. Anno dñi. Quingentesimo. lxxxvj°, ab Anglis dicitur Anglia diuisa p' octo regna, id est: Canciam. Southesexiam. Westsexiam. Merciam. Estesxiam. Estangliam. Derram & brēniam."

* The introduction of arithmetical information is by no means uncommon in ancient manuscripts, even where the subject matter of the remainder is perfectly different. The computation given in the present MS. was afterwards considerably enlarged by John Huswist, in a very curious volume 4to. 1554. *Enchiridion nouus Algorismi summopere visus de integris minutijs vulgarib' proiectilib' et regulis mercator sine figuraruz (more Italor) deletione p cōmode tractās omib' cuiuscūq. status fuerint multum necessarius.*

It would seem from the arithmetical information, and the chronological abstract just noticed, that these fragments composed part of a volume intended as well for the private study of the early history of the times, as for recitations on public occasions. Although containing several passages not found in the MS. in the royal library, they still appear to have formed a part rather, of an abbreviation of the chronicle of England, than the chronicle itself. This will be seen by comparing the first passage with Ritson's copy. It commences with the introduction of Christianity into England:

> "In that tyme ye pope of rome,
> He be thowth hym wel swythe* sone
> Gode werkys for to wyrche,
> And to syng in holy churche,
> *Gloria in excelsis deo;*
> And zefe grete pardon ther too.
> After hym J understond,
> Lucius browzte in to Englond
> Cristandome, unite,† and pes,
> Fram the pope Eleutheries,
> That be fore seynt Austyn came here
> J. C. vij. and .l. zere‡
> Tho cristyndome came in to this lande
> Whas Sebard kyng in Englond."

The MS. in the Royal library begins with an account of Brute, Lokeryn, Lud, Bladud, &c. The tradition of the latter's formation of the warm baths, since so celebrated, is very curious:

> "After thilke Kyng Lud
> Reignede his sone Bladud;
> He wes clerk of nigremancie,
> That ys an art of gret maistrie;
> He made the wonder, ful y wis
> That hote bathe ycleped ys.

* Earnestly. † Gright. *MS. reg.*
‡ Four hundred and ahte and fourti yer. *MS. reg.*
Er that seint Austin hider come y wis,
Four hundred zer and twenti ido was al this."
MS. Collation by Dr. Waterland, to Rob. of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, by Hearne, *Bibl. Bodl.*

Herkneth

Herkneth alle that beth hende,*
Ant y schal telle, ord and ende,†
The rihte sothe, ‡ful y wys,
Hou hote bathe ymaked ys:
Four tonnes ther beoth of bras,
Al for sothe thus hit was,
Feole§ thinges ther beth ynne,
Craftilich ymad with gynne,‖
Quic brimston and other alsuo,
With wylde fur ymad therto,
Salgemme and saltpetre
Salarmoniac ther ys eke,
Salnitre that ys briht:
Berneth bothe day and nyth.
This ys in the tonnes ydon,
Ant other thinges moni on:
Berneth bothe nyht and day,
Ah never quenchen hit ne may.
In four sprunges the tonnes liggeth,
Ase this philosofres suggeth,¶
The hete withynne, water withoute,
Maketh hot al aboute.
The tuo sprunges urneth yfere,**
Ah the other tuo beth more clere;
Therof ys maked, ful y wys,
That Kynges bathe ycleped ys."

Ritson, ii. 277.

The story proceeds to inform us, that if any of the materials were found wanting to effect this great undertaking:

"From Bathe to Londone he wolde fleo,
Ant thilke dai self ayeyn teo."

The metrical chronicle, however, does not tell us how

* Kind, courteous,
"Ac wen he nas o liue nozt, he bad the kyng be *hinde*,"
Rob. of Gloucester, 124.

† Beginning and end, the following lines explain both these verses exactly.
"She seyde, syr knyght, gentyl and *hende*
I wot thy stat, *ord and ende*
Be naught aschamed of me"——
Launfal, v. 303.

‡ Truth. § Many. *Ang. Sax.* peala.

‖ Engine, or contrivance. ¶ Sayeth.

** Run together.

necessary

necessary all this trouble was to his prosperity, which will be proved by the following brief account:

"And aft' this ludibras, reigned Bladude his son & a gret nigremancier, the whitch *thorow mervailous hote bathes* reigned xxj yer' & died"—&c. *Prose Chronicle*, BRUTE, MS. in Bibl. Bodl. *Digby*, 185. chap. xi.

To return to King Sebert, or rather Segbert. The MS. continues in prose;

"Anno dñi Sexcentesimo primo cepit regnare Rex Sobertus renouator Eccliē Westmonasterij qm beatus Petrus tunc dedicauit in qua rex ipē regni sui Anno quintodecimo tumulatur.*

He was a gode holy man,
Westmyster he ferste by ganne;
Westmyster he dud ferste a rere,
A syden† he was y byred there.

[Here the two next lines are lost, which I supply from the remarks at the beginning of the Cottonian MS. of Rob. of Gloucester. Hearne's edit. p. 610.

"Seuen hundred yere & six there were nigh agon,
Sithe that he was buried faire vnder a ston,"]

And now he ys all' so hole y fonde,
As whan he was y leyde on grounde:
And zyf ze will' not trow me,
Goth to Westmyst' and ze mow se."

Then follows the account of "mayde ynge," which is not in Ritson's copy, but which, as it has been given by Warton, *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, i, 98—100, and by Hearne, in his glossary to *Robert of Gloucester*, 731, needs not to be repeated here.

The next leaf begins with a list of the presents sent to King Athelstan by King Charles the third of France;

"Ther in was closyd a nayle grete,
That went thorw oure lordis fete.‡
Zyt he presentyd hym the spere.
That charles was wont to bere

* In red. † Afterwards.

‡ Helena, mother to King Constantine, being converted to the Christian religion, "traueyled soone after to Ierusalem, where she by her industry and labour, fande out the holy crosse, with the .iii. nayles that oure Lorde was nayled with to the same crosse." Fabyan, *Chronicle*, edit. 1811, p. 47, where the reader will see the devout manner in which Helena disposed of these precious curiosities.

A zens ye sarasyms in batayle
Many swore and sayde samfayle
That w^t^ that spere smerte
Oure lorde was stongen to ye herte
And a party of the holy crosse
Ju crystalle done yn a cloos
And iij of the thornes kene
That was in crystes hede sene
And a ryche crowne of golde
None rycher Kyng wery scholde
Y made w^t^ yn & w^t^ oute
With precius stonys alle a bowte,"—&c.

See the remainder in Warton, i. 94, 95, who has however omitted the metrical titles, in Latin, prefixed to the reigns of the several kings. These do not seem to be found in the royal MS. or in that at Edinburgh.

1. "Post Athelstanum fratrem regnauerat Edmund,
Quem post occidit gladio sicarius unus.

2. Edred Edmundo successit, tercius horum,
Uir sanctus, sed dum vixit, ualitudine tentus.
Edmundus fratrem medius generauit Edwynum,
Edgarumque pium morum probitate venustum.

3. Tunc pius Edgarus fratri successit Edwyno,
Justicia cum pace tenens, per tempora longa:
Archiepiscopus efficitur Dunstanus ab isto,
Odmari comitis hic natam duxerat ex qua."

The remaining portion of these fragments is on a subject totally different, although no doubt can exist of their being written by the same hand; in all probability indeed, they were composed by the same author, as the preceding Chronicle. They consist of short explanations of various scriptural passages in prose, intermixed with exhortations in metre, to which are prefixed texts, in Latin, as titles to the subjects illustrated. An extract from each will more immediately shew the nature of these ancient instructions.

"Omnia quecumq. uultis ut faciant uobis homines, eadem uos facite illis.* That ys to say alle thynges that ye wylle ye men do to zow do ze ye the same to hemen.† And therfore y der hardely say. y^t^ yf ze kepeth thes commaundementis yn

* In red.

† Them. *Hem* is continually used by old writers in this sense. *Ang. Sax.* heome.

louying

louying god ouer alle thyng. And zowre neyzebor as zow selfe. And last yn kepyng of thys lesson to zowre lyfe ys ende."—&c.

"Beati mundo corde quoniam ipsi deum uidebunt.*

That ys to say y telle hyt the,
The clene of herte y blessed they be.
Ffor ate the hyze dome† sykerlyche,‡
They schullen se god a pertelyche§
In hys god hede, and yn hys blysse,
Of wyche they schullen neuer mysse.
Than schullen they hyre and herkne nowthe
A blessed worde of god ys mowthe;
Cometh my blessyd fere,‖
That to my fader beth leue¶ & dere,
Into my blysse ze schullen wende,**
That lastyth euer wt oute ende.
And euer more ther ynne to wone††
Wyt the fader and wyth the sone,
And wt the holy goste, yn vnite,
Ther ys the holy trinite."—&c.

From the general character of these curious fragments, I should suppose they originally formed part of a volume intended for the study and information of the younger part of society in some religious house. Theological, historical, and arithmetical instruction were evidently the ends proposed, and it seems by no means improbable, that the metrical portions were used either for recitation, or as songs on the principal festivals of the church, and at the commemorations of the founders of the society.

They were probably written about the year 1320.

It is singular that Selden, in his notes to the *Poly-olbion* song 3, quotes a part of the *Chronicle*, which he tells us he found "in a very ancient fragment." It is very likely to have been a portion of this identical MS.

P. B.

* In red. † Last Judgment. ‡ Certainly. § Openly.
‖ Companion. ¶ Loved. ** Go. †† Dwell.

¶ The Kyng and the Hermyt.

Fragment of a Metrical Romance. MS.

It is well known to those conversant with our early literature that poems of the humorous kind, especially those which answer to the *fabliau* of the French minstrels, are comparatively of very rare occurrence in our own language.*

This circumstance induces me to think the annexed fragment not unworthy of insertion in the *Bibliographer*. It is faithfully copied from the same MS. which afforded the termination of Sir Cleges. The story evidently belongs to the same class with those of *The King and the Tanner of Tamworth*, *The Miller of Mansfield*, &c.

I have added a few explanatory notes, and those few are perhaps scarcely necessary for persons even moderately acquainted with the works of our earlier poets.

Ihesu that is hevyn kyng
Giff them all god endyng.
(If it be thy wyll.)
And gif them parte of hevenly game,
That well can call gestes same†
With mete and drinke to fylle.
When that men be glad and blyth,
Tham were solas god to lyth,
He that wold be stylle.
Off a kyng I wyll you telle,
What a ventore hym be felle,
He that wyll herke theretylle.
It be felle be god Edwerd's deys,
Ffor soth so the romans seys,
Herkyng I wyll you telle.
The Kyng to Scherwod gan wend,
On hys pleyng for to ‡lend,
Ffor to solas hym that stond,
The grete herte for to hunte,
In §frythys and in felle.
With ryall fests and feyr ensemblè
With all ye lordys of that contrè

* See Mr. Weber's Introduction to *Sir Cleges*.
† Together. ‡ To remain. § Woods.

With

With hym ther gan thei well.
Tyll it be fell upon a day.
To hys forstere he gan sey,
" Ffelowys were is the best?
" In your playng wher ye have bene?
" Were have ye most gam sene
" Off dere in this forest?"
They answerd, and fell on kne,
" Over all, Lord, is gret plente
" Both est and west,
" We may schew you at a syht
" Two thousand dere this same nyht
" Or ye son go to reste."
An old forester drew hym nere,
" Lyfans Lord, I saw a dere
" Under a tre,
" So grete a hed as he bare
" Sych one saw I never *are,
" No feyrer myht be,
" He is †more than any two,
" That ever I saw on erth go,"
Than seyd the kyng so fre,
" Thy ‡waryson I will ye geve
" Ever more whyll you doyst lyve,
" That dere you late me se,
Upon the morne thei ryden fast
With hounds and with hornes blast
To wodde than are thei wente
Netts and gynnes than leyd he,
Every archer to hys tre,
With bowys redy bent,
They blew thrys, uncoupuld hounds,
They reysed the dere up that stonds,§
So nere that span and sprent‖
The hounds all as they were wode
They ronne the dere as they were wode¶
The kyng hys hors he hent**

* Heretofore. † Larger. ‡ Reward. § Time.

‖ Sprung up and leaped away. The two words in the original are perhaps still more nearly synonymous.

¶ I apprehend that the copyist has through inadvertency substituted a repetition of part of the first line in this couplet, for the clause which originally terminated the second. By reading " thro' the grene wode," we may avoid this awkard recurrence.

** Took.

The

The kyng sate one a god coreser
Ffast he rode after ye dere,
  And chasyd hym ryght fast,
Both throw thyke and thine,
Throw the forest he gan wyn
  With hounds and hornes blast.
The kyng had followyd hym so long,
Hys god sted was ne strong,
  Hys hert awey was past,
Horn ne hunter myght he not here,
So ranne the hounds at the dere,
  A wey was at the last.
The kyng had folowyd hym so long
Ffro mydey to the ev'ning song,
  That lykyd hym full ille.
He ne wyst were that he was,
Ne out of the forest for to passe,
  And thus he rode all wylle.
" Whyle I may the dey liht se
" Better is to loge under a tre"
  He seyd hym selve untylle.
The kyng cast in hys wytte.
" Gyff I stryke into a pytte
  " Hors and man myght spylle.
" I have herd pore men call at morow
" Seynt Julyan send yem god *harborow
  " When they had nede
" And that when that they were travyst, †
" And of herborow were abayst, ‡
  " He wole them wysse and rede.
" Seynt Julyan, as I ame trew knyht,
" Send me grace this iche nyght,
  " Of god harborow to sped.
" A gift I schall thee gyve,
" Every here whyll that I lyve,
  " Ffolke for thy sake to fede."

* Harbour, lodging. Three saints named Julyan are commemorated in the Golden Legend. One of these is supposed to be the same person with Simon the Leper; and *some saye that this is he that Pylgrymes and wayferinge men call and require for good herborowe, because our Lord was lodged in hys house.* G. L. The author however, afterwards states his belief that another St. Julyan is the patron invoked in such cases. His legend is to be found in that work, and is not uninteresting.

† Bewildered ‡ Disappointed.

As he rode whyll he had lyht,
And at the last he hade syght
  Off an hermyte hym be syde,
Off that syght he was full feyn.
Ffor he wold gladly be in the pleyn
  And theder he gan to ryde.
An hermytage he found there,
He throwyd a chapell that it were,
  Than seyd the kyng that tyde
"Now seynt Julyan a bone ventyll*
"As pylgrymes know full wele
  "Yonder I wyll abyde."
A lytell gate he fond ney
There on he gan to call and cry,
  That within myght here.
That herd an hermyte there within,
Unto the gate he gan to wyn,
  Bedyng his preyer.
And when the hermyt saw the kyng,
He seyd; "Sir gode evynyng"
  "Wele worth thee, Sir Frere."
"I prey thee I myht be thy gest,
"Ffor I have ryden wyll in this forest,
  "And nyght neyhes me nere."
The hermyte seyd, "So mote I the,†
"Ffor sych a lord as ye be,
  "I have non herborow tyll,
"Bot if it be soe pore a wyght,
"I ne der not herbor hym a nyht,
  "But he for faute schuld spyll.‡
"I wone here in wyldernes,
"With rotys and rynds among wyld bests,
  "As it is my lords wylle."
The kyng seyd, "I ye beseche
"The wey to the toune thou wold me teche;
  "And I schall thee be hyght,‖
"That I schall thy trevell quyte
"That thou schall me not wyte,¶

* A bonne aventure. † So may I thrive.

‡ I am not clear as to the intention of this line. It may signify, "I dare not harbour even a poor man lest he should die from fatigue or want of strength." (A circumstance which might bring suspicion on his host.) *Or* "I dare not harbour him unless he positively faint from weariness."

‖ Promise thee. ¶ Reproach.

Or

" Or passyth this fortnyht
" And if thou wyll not, late thy knave go,
" To teche me a myle or two,
" The whylys I have dey lyght."
" By Seynt Mary," said the frere,
* " Schorte sirvys getys thou here,
" And I can rede a ryght."
Than seyd the kyng, " My dere frend
" The wey to the towne if I schuld wynd
" How fer may it be?
" Syr," he seyd, " so mote I thryve.
" To the towne is myles fyve
" Ffrom this long tre.
" A wyld wey I hold it were,
" The wey to wend I you swere,
" Bot ye the dey may se.†
Than seyd the kyng " Bi gods myght
" Ermyte, I schall here abode with thee this nyght,
" And els I were wo."
" Me thinke," seyd the hermyte, " thou art a stoute
" syre,
" I have ete up all the hyre‡
" That ever thou gafe me,
" Were I oute of my hermyte wede
" Off thy favyll‖ I wold not dred,
" Thaff thou were sych thre,
" Loth I were with thee to fyght,
" I will herbor thee all nyght,
" And it be-hovyth so be,
" Such gode as thou fynds here, take,
" And aske thyn in for God's sake."
" Gladly sir" sayd he.
Hys stede in to the hous he lede
With litter son he gaf hym bed
Met ne was there now

* I do not clearly understand the drift of this sentence: it appears uncivil, a circumstance rendered doubtful by the gentleness of the king's rejoinder. Can it mean simply, that the king would derive very little benefit from the attendance of the knave for a mile or two? If we read *there* for *here*, this interpretation will be more probable. † Unless you have daylight.

‡ Appears a proverbial expression or vulgarism for " I am not much indebted to you."

‖ Favyll, speech, threats, (Favele, Old French, from the Latin Fabula.)

The

The frere he had bot barly stro,
Two thake *bendsfull without no,
  Ffor soth it was furth born.
Before the hors the kyng it leyd.
" Be Seynt Mary," the hermyte seyd,
  " Every thing have we non,"
The kyng seyd, " Gramsy frere,
" Wele at ese ame I now here,
  " A nyht wyll son be gon."
The kyng was never so servysable,
He hew the wode and kepyd the stable,
  God far he gan hym dyght.
And made hym ryght well at es,
And ever the fyre befor hys nese,
  Brynand feyr and bryht.
" Leve Ermyte," seyd the kyng,
" Mete and thou have any thing,
  " To soper you us dyght,
" For sirteynly, as I thee sey,
" I ne had never so sory a dey,
  " That I ne had a mery nyght."
The kyng seyd " Be Godst are
" And I such an hermyte were
  " And wonyd in this forest
" When forsters were gon to slep
" Than I wold cast off my cope
  " And wake both est and weste
" With a bow of hue full strong
" And arowys knyte in a thong
  " What wold me lyke best.
" The kyng of venyson hath non nede,
" Hit myght me hape to have a brede
  " To glad me and my gest."
The hermyte seyd to the kyng,
" Leve sir where is thy dwellyng
  " I praye you wolde me sey"
" Sir, he seyd, so mote I the
" In the kyngs courte I have be
  " Duellyng many a dey,
" And my lord rode on huntyng,
" As grete lords doth many tyme,
  " That giff them myche to pley,

* Bandsfull, bundles. † Priority, sovereignty.

"And

"And after a grete hert have we redyn
"And mekyll travell we have byden
"And yit he scape a way.
"To dey erly in the mornyng,
"The kyng rode on huntyng,
"And all the courte beden,*
"A dere we reysed in that stonds.
"And gane chase with our hounds,
"A feyrer had never man sene.
"I have folowyd hym all this dey,
"And ryden many a wylsom wey,
"He dyd me †trey and tene.
"I pray thee helpe me, I were at es
"‡Thou bought never so god sirvege
"In sted there thou hast bene
The ermyte seyd "So God me save,
"Thou take sych gode as we have,
"We schall not hyll with thee."
Bred and chese forth he brouht,
The kyng ete whyles hym thouht,
Non othyr mete saw he,
Sethen § thyn drynke he droughe,
Ther on he had sone inoughe,
Than seyd the kyng so fre,
"Hermyt pute up this mete tyte,
"And if I may I schall ye quyte
"Or passyd be thes monthys thre."
Than seyd the kyng, "Be Gods grace!
"Thou wonys in a mery place,
"To schote thou schuld lere,
"When the forsters are go to rest,
"Som tyme thou myht have off the best,
"All of the wylld dere
"I wold hold it for no skath
"Thoff thou had bow and arowys bothe,
"All thoff thou be a frere.
"Ther is no foster in all this fe
"That wold sych herme to thee,
"There thou may leve here.

* Together. † Trouble.

‡ Never didst thou perform an action so sure of meeting with its reward in any place where thou hast been.

§ By this, *thyn drynke*, we are probably to understand water.

Hast

The Armyte seyd, " So mote thou go
" *Hast thou any othyr herand than so
" On to my lord the kyng,
" I schall be trew to hym, I trow,
" Ffor to wayte my lords prow,
" Ffor dred of sych a thing.
" Ffor iff I were take with sych a dede
" To the courte thou wold me lede,
" And to prison me bryng.
" Bot if I myght my ransom gete,
" Be bound in prison and sorow grete
" And in perell to hyng."
Than seyd the kyng, " I wold not lete
" When thou arte in this forest sette
" To stalke when men are at rest,
" Now as thou arte a trew man,
" Iff you ouht a scheting can
" Ne †hyll it not with your gest
" Ffor be hym that dyed on tre
" Ther schall no man wyte for me
" Whyll my lyve wyll lest
" Now hermyte for thy professyon
" Giff thou have any venison
" Thou giff me of the best."
The ermyte seyd, " Men of grete state
" Our ordyr they wold make full of bate
" And on to prison bryng‡
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
" Aboute schych mastery
" To be in preyer and in penans,
" And arne ther met by chans,
" And not be archery.
" Many dey I have her ben
" And flesche mete I ete non
" Bot mylke off the ky.
" War me thee wele and go to slepe,
" And I schall lape thee with my cope,

* Is this the only errand you have to perform for the king?
† Hide. *Helan.* A, S.
‡ The transcriber appears, from inadvertency, to have omitted at least five lines in this place.

"Softly

" Softly to lyke.
" *Thou semys a felow," seyd the frere,
" It is long gon seth any was here,
" Bot thou thy selve to nyght."
Unto a cofyr he gan go
And toke forth candylls two
And sone there were a lyght.
A cloth he brought, and bred full whyte,
And venyson ybake tyte:
Agen he †yede full ryght,
Venyson salt and fresch he brouht,
And bade him chese wher off hym thougt,
Colopys for to dyght.
Well may ye wyte ynow they had,
The kyng ete and made hym glad,
And grete laugtere he lowghe,
" Nere I had spoke of archery,
" I myht have ete my bred full dryhe,"
‡The kyng made it full towghe.
" Now Cryst's blyssing have sych a frere,
" That thus cane ordeyn our soper,
" And stalke under the wode bowe.
" The kyng hym selves so mote I the,
" Is not better at es than we
‖" And we have drinke inowhe."
The hermyte seyd, " Be Seynt Savyoure
" I have a pott of galons foure
" Standyng in a wro.
" Ther is bot thou, and I, and my knave,
" Som solas schall we have,
" Sethyn we are no mo."
The hermyte callyd hys knave full ryht,
Wyllyn Alyn for soth he hyght,
And bad hym be lyve and go.
And taught hym privetly to a sted,
To feche the hors corne and bred.
" And luke that thou do so"
Unto the knave seyd the frere,
" Ffelow go wyhtly here

* Some lines may possibly have been omitted here, otherwise the apparently sudden alteration of the hermits intentions is but indifferently accounted for, unless indeed the former part of his speech is meant to be jocose.

† Brought, served. ‡ Dressed or cooked it by the fire, Quære?

‖ If we had only drink sufficient for our meat.

" Thou

"Thou do as I thee sey.
"Be syde my bed thou must goe
"And take up a floute of strawe
"Als softly, as thou may
"*A hownyd pote ther standys there,
"And God forbot that we it spare,
"To drynke to it be dey.
"And bryng me forth my schell,
"And every man schall have hys dele,
"And I schall kene us pley.
The hermyte seyd, "Now schall I se
"Iff thou any felow be,
"Or off pley canst ought."
The kyng seyd, "So mote I the,
"Sey you what thou will with me
"Thy wyll it schall be wrouht."
"When the coppe comys into the plas,
"†Canst thou sey "*fusty bandyas*,"
"And think it in your thouht.
"And you schall here a ‡totted frere
"Sey "*Stryke pantnere*," (vel pantnere)
"And in ye cope leve ryht nouht."
And when the coppe was forth brought,
It was oute of the kyngs thouht,
That word that he schuld sey.
The frere seyd "*fusty bandyas*,"
Then seyd thee kyng "Alas! alas!"
Hys word it was a wey
"What arte you mad," seyd the frere,
"Canst thou not sey *stryke pantnere*,
"Wylt thou lerne all dey
"And if thou efte forgete it ons,
"Thou gets no drinke in this wons.
"Bot giff thou thinke upon thy pley."
"*Ffusty bandias*," the frere seyd,
And gafe the coppe such a breyd,§
‖ That well nyh of izede,

* Wine sweetened by honey, a great delicacy of the middle ages.

† I am totally at a loss as to the meaning (if they have any) of these terms of merriment, nor can I offer any thing in illustration of the silly game proposed by the hermit.

‡ Totted. Totty is giddy, perhaps intoxicated.

§ Start, or, hung, *Ritson*. It appears here to be synonymous with our *pull*.

‖ That he nearly took it all off.

The

The knave fyllyd and up it zede in plas
The kyng seyd "*fusty bandyas*."
  Ther to hym stod gret nede.
"*Ffusty bandyas*," seyd the frere
How long hast thou stond here
  Or thou couth do thy dede
Ffyll this efte and late us lyke,
*And between rost us a styke,
  Thus holy lyve to lede.
The knave fyllyd the coppe full tyte,
And brougt it furth with grete delyte,
  Be for hym gan it stand,
"*Ffusty bandyas*" seyd the frere
The kyng seyd "*stryke pantnere*"
  And toke it in hys hand,
†And stroke halve and more,
"Thys is ye best pley, I suere,
  "That ever I saw in lond.
"I hyght thee hermyte I schall thee give,
"I schall thee quyte if yt I lyve
  "The god pley thou hast us fond."
"Than seyd the hermyte, "God quyte all,
"Bot when thou comys to thy lords haule,
  "Thou wyll for gete the frere
"Bot wher thou comyst nyght ore dey
"Yit myght thou thynk upon the pley
  "That thou hast sene here
"And thou com among gentyll men
"They wyll laugh then hem it ken.
  "And make full mery chere,
"And iff thou comys here for a nyht
"A colype I dere thee behyht
  "All of the wyld dere."
The kyng seyd "Be hym that me bouht,
"Syre," he seyd, "ne think it nouht
  "That thou be there forgete.
"To morow sone when it is dey
"I schall quyte if that I may
  "All that we have here ete.
  "And when we come to the kings gate
  "We shall not long stond there-ate

* I do not understand this line or its connection with the following one.

† This appears to allude to stryke, (see the preceding note).

The

" In we schall be lete
" And by my feyth I schall not * blyne
" Tyll the best that is there ine
" Be tween us two be sete
The Ermyte seyd. " By him that me bouht,
" Syre," he seyd, " ne thinke it nouht,
" I swere ye by my ley,
" I have be ther and takyn dele.
" And have hade many merey mele.
" I dare full savely sey
" Hopys thou I wold for a mase
" Stond in the myre there and † dase
" Neyhand halve a dey
" Ther charyte comys thorow such menys hend,
" He havys full lytell that stond at ‡ hend,
" Or that he go a wey
" Hopys thou that I am so preste,
" For to stond at the kyng gate and reste,
" Ther pleys for to lere.
" I have neyhbors her nygh hand
" I send them of my presente
" Be syds of the wyld dere.
" Off my presants they are feyn
" Bred and ale they send me ageyn
" Thus gates lyve I here."
The king seyd. " So mote I the
Hermyte, me § pays wele with thee,
" Thou arte a || horpyd frere"
The kyng seyd " Yit myght thou come in dey
" Unto the courte for to pley
" A venteroys for to sene
" Thou wote not what thee be tyde may
" Or that thou gon a wey
" The better thou may bene
" Thoff I be here in pore clothing
" I ame no bayschyd for to bryng

* Stop.

† Dase, perhaps shiver. See *to Dase* in Jamieson's, Scot. Dictionary.

‡ That stands low?

§ Pays wele with the. This usage of the word *pays* does not appear intelligible.

|| Horpyd. Of this word I can offer no explanation, although I cannot but think that I have seen it explained elsewhere.

" Gestys

" Gestys two or thre
" Ther is no man in all this wonys
" That schall myssey to thee onys
" Bot as I sey so schall it be,"
Sertis seyd the hermyte than.
" I hope you be a trew man,
" I schall a ventore * the gate,
" Bot tell me first, leve syre,
" After what man schall I spyre ?
" Both erly and late."
" Jhake Flecher, that is my name,
" All men knowys me at home
" I am at young man state,
" And thoff I be here in pore wede
" In sych a stede I can ye lede
" There we schall be made full † hate."
" Aryse up, Jake, and go with me,
" And more of my privyte
" Thou schall se som thyng."
Into a chambyr he hym lede,
The kyng sauwe aboute ye hermytes bed
Brod arowys hynge.
The frere gaff him a bow in hond.
" Jake," he seyd, " draw up the bond."
He myght ‡ oneth styre the streng.
" Sir ;" he seyd, " so have I blys,
" There is no archer that may schot in this,
" That is with my lord the kyng."
An arow of an elle long
In hys bow he it throng,
And to the hede he gan it hale.
" Ther is no dere in this foreste,
" And it wolde one hym feste ;
" Bot it schuld spyll his skale §
" Jake sith thou can of || flecher crafte,
" Thou may me ese with a schafte."
Than seyd Jake. " I schall."
" Jake and I wyst that thou were trew,
" Or and I thee better knew,

* I shall venture on the *journey or visit.*
† Hot, warm, comfortable ? ‡ Only.
§ I do not clearly understand this expression. Can spill his skale, signify pierce (injure) his skull, or his hide?
|| Alluding to the signification of the name Flet cher, by which the king had called himself.

"More thou schuld se"
The kyng to hym grete othys swer,
"The covennand we made whyle are,
"I wyll that it hold be."
Tyll two trowys* he gan hym lede,
Off venyson there was many brede,†
"Jake how thinkes thee?
"Whyle there is dere in this forest,
"Som tyme I may have of the best
"The kyng wyte save on me.
"Jake and you wyll have a of myn arowys have
"Take thee of them and in thou leve
"And go we to our pley."
And thus thei sate with *justy bandyas*
And with *stryke pantnere* in that plas,
Tyll it was nere hand dey.
When tyme was com there rest to take,
On morn they rose when they gon wake.
The frere he gan to sey.
"Jake I wyll with thee go,
"In thy felowschype a myle ore two,
"Tyll you have redy weys,
Then seyd the kyng. "Mekyll thanke,
"Bot when we last nyght to gether dranke
"Thinke what thou me be hyght.
"That thou schuld com som dey
"Unto the courte for to pley,
"When tyme thou se thou myght."
"Sertis," seyd ye hermyte, than,
"I schall com, as I ame trew man,
"Or to morrow at nyght."
Either betauht other gode dey
The kyng toke the redy wey
Home he rode full ryght
Knyghtes and squyres many mo
All that nyght they rode and go
With syheng and sorowyng sore
They cryhed and blew with hydoys bere,
Giff they myht of there lord here,
Wher that ever he were.
When the kyng hys bugyll blew,
Knyhtes and forsters wele it knew,

* Troughs, used for salting and preserving venison.
† Much stock.

And

And lystin'd to hym there.
Many man that wer masyd and made,
The blast of that horn made them glad,
To the towne than gan they fare.

* * * * * * *

Here the manuscript fails, the conclusion of the story, relating, probably, the adventures of our hermit at court, having been unfortunately torn out.

In examining the manuscript more attentively, I have observed that the copy which it contains of the "*Erle of Tolous*" varies occasionally from that published by Ritson, (which appears to have been somewhat modernized by a later transcriber) and that the "*King Orfeo*" mentioned in my former communication as part of its contents, is altogether different from the translation (for they are both probably translated from some French original,) published by that industrious antiquary.

C.

To the Editor of the British Bibliographer.

SIR,

WHEN you put forth the *Censura Literaria*, I had, under my present signature, stated an inquiry, with a view to learn who was the author of that first complete translation of the *Basia* of Secundus which appeared in 1731. But I obtained no intelligence in consequence. I am, however, now enabled to give an answer to my own question; and, for the information of others, request to communicate it through the *British Bibliographer*.

The translator of the *Basia* was Mr. George Ogle. The name exactly corresponds with the asterisks of his signature, in that book, to the concluding *Dissertation*, which contains a *Critique on the Basia*, addrest to Sir Richard Meade, Bart. whose son John, we may remark, was ennobled by the title of Clanwilliam, in 1766. To this Mr. Ogle, Mr. Sterling dedicates his translation of *Musæus*, and stands indebted for a short life of the Greek poet. (See *Censura Literaria*, vol. 8, page 416.)

Mr. Ogle, in 1741, published Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales, modernised by several hands*, in 3 vol. 8vo. wherein he bore a considerable part. The style of his

Letter to a Friend, whom he terms *Dear M——*, and who it seems practised at the bar, (See the beginning of vol. 3.) evinces the author of the *Dissertations on Secundus*.

In a late public print I read the death of the Rev. William Meade Ogle, in Dublin, who for many years had patronised with liberality the various charities of that city: I will presume he was a descendant or connection of the poet George Ogle, and obtained the name of Meade from Sir Richard Meade, Bart. confessedly the friend of Mr. George Ogle.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

April 19th, 1812. J. N.

When I addressed you in the *Censura Literaria*, I made mention of *Mr. Thomas Stanley's Poems*. You will perhaps like to be informed, that some of the impressions were taken off on a very beautiful fine paper, and others on an inferior kind: copies of each have been in my possession. I have now by me an exemplar as clean and unsullied, as though it had never passed out of the bookseller's hands.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The reserved communications of C. shall have a place in our next, as well as those of our valuable friend P. B. Want of room could alone induce us to delay the insertion of articles, so highly regarded.

R. P. G. whose contributions on various accounts will always be truly acceptable, will have an early place in our next.

J. F. of Bristol, has our thanks, and will receive due attention.

E. R. M. is mistaken. A tract being "fox'd and cropt, with a half destroy'd title" does not show it to be either scarce or valuable. The one described was printed during the interregnum, and we decline an insertion, not being on a literary subject.

*** The Roxburghe sale not being yet concluded we defer some observations which the extraordinary events attending the dispersion of that collection naturally excite; until the next number, which will also contain the title, preface and index to our second volume:—It will be published on the first of September.

British Bibliographer.

No. XIII.

Author of Chevy Chase.

Hearne, who first published the original ballad of Chevy Chase commencing

"The Parse owt off Northombarlande,"

in his notes upon Gulielmus Neubrigensis, attributes its composition to Richard Sheale, whom he affirms to have lived in the year 1588. Bp. Percy and Mr. Ritson both agree in supposing this to have been the name, not of the author, but the transcriber only, and in attributing to the poem a much earlier date. The following notice may perhaps shew that Hearne's opinion was not so unfounded as these deservedly-eminent critics apprehended it to be.

The MS. from which Hearne procured his transcript of this ballad is preserved in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. It is a small volume in quarto, containing several pieces of poetry on miscellaneous subjects, written for the most part in the same hand. Among those which are evidently so, are several with the author's names subscribed in this or the like manner, "*Finis quothe John Wallys*," "*Quothe Willyam Case*," many of these are, as well as the "Chevy Chase," followed by "*Expliceth quothe Rychard Sheale.*" Immediately after, one which has this signature, is a shorter concluding "*Finis, the Autor unknown.*" This evidence appears conclusive as to "R. Sheale" having been the author, and not merely the transcriber, of the ballad. The date of its production may be partly conjectured by reference to another poem (contained in the

MS.) by the same writer, of which the following are extracts.

An Epilogue of the Dethe off the Ryghte Honorable Margrete Countes of Darbe wch departyde the 19th of Janv. & was buryede the 23d of Phebruary, Jn anno Dni 1558, *on whosse soll God have m'eye. Amen quothe Rycharde Sheale.*

" O Latham! Latham! thowe maste lamente,
For thowe haste loste a flowar.
For Margrete the Countess of Darbe
In the yerthe hathe bylte her bowar.
Dethe the messengere of Gode
On her hathe wroughte his wyll,
Whom all creatures must nedys obey
Whethar they be good or ylle.
* * * *
When thys good Ladye dyd perseve
Fro hence she schuld departe,
" Farewell my good Lorde and husbande" sayde she,
" Farewell with all my hart.
" The noble Yerle of Darbe,
" God keep the bothe nyghte and daye.
" On syghte of the wolde I myghte see,
" Or I went hence awaye.
" Fache me the laste tokene quothe she
" That he unto me sente,
" To kys hyte now or I departe
" Hite ys my wholl intente.
* * * *
Nowe ys this noble Lady dede,
Whom all the worlde dyd love,
She never hurte man woman nor chylde,
I dare well saye & prove.
* * * *
Which Joye that we may all unto
God graunt us of his grace
When that we shall wende hence away
In Heaven to have a place.
Amen quothe Rychard Sheale.

We may fairly therefore assume the same author to have written his Chevy Chace before the year 1560, an antiquity somewhat greater than that which has been attributed to it by Hearne, who was probably misled by the occurrence of the date 1588, on one of the leaves of

of the MS. from which these extracts have been made. It appears to me to be the date of their transcription only. That comparative rudeness, which induced Percy and Ritson to refer its composition to an earlier period may, perhaps, be equally well accounted for by the supposition that its author wrote in the north of England, where our language had retained a more unpolished character than in the southern districts. Sheale's *Epilogue on the Countess of Derby* does not appear less simple or void of refinement than the Chevy Chase, and his equal right to the authorship of both appears to me incontrovertible.

C.

Richard Sheale.

The curious manuscript volume of English poetry, mentioned in the preceding article as containing, together with the older poem of Chevy Chace, several other productions of the author, whose claim to the composition of that once popular ballad I there endeavoured to establish, has, since making that communication, been examined by an ingenious friend with greater accuracy than circumstances would, at that time, permit me to bestow on it. I am indebted to him for directing my attention to the annexed poem, which, while it fully proves Sheale to have been a minstrel by profession, affords a characteristic, though melancholy, picture of the degraded state to which that class of men, once the welcome guests of the nobility and the favourites of royalty itself, were reduced by the decay of feudal magnificence, and the introduction of a more refined and classical standard of public taste.

I have already ventured to attribute the rude and barbarous phraseology of Sheale rather to the influence of a provincial dialect and education, than to the antiquity which it had been supposed to indicate.† It

† Bishop Percy has noticed this circumstance in the remarks prefixed to his edition of Chevy Chase, but without professing to regard it as capable of accounting for the apparent antiquity of the ballad.

will be seen by the present communication that he resided at what in those times must have been esteemed a very considerable distance from the metropolis (114 miles); this, together with the evident meanness of his situation in life, may perhaps be regarded as satisfactorily accounting for the uncouth style of his minstrelsy.

Bishop Percy has argued against Sheale's claims, upon the supposition that he wrote about the year 1580, whereas the ballad of Chevy Chase was in existence at the time of the publication of *The Complaynte of Scotlande*, (as he conjectures in 1540). But the ascribing so late a period as the former to any of Sheale's works arose from a mistake of Hearne's, (as I have already shewn,) and the *Complaynte* was not in fact composed till 1548. Now the date of Sheale's Epilogue, as he calls it, on the death of the Countess of Derby is 1558, and we may not unfairly suppose him to have written Chevy Chase even 20 or 30 years before that time. After all, it is possible that some earlier ballad on the subject may have existed, from which Sheale, as was by no means unusual with the minstrels, borrowed his story, and even some passages of his poem, although upon comparing it with the others attributed to him in the Ashmole MS. I cannot but still retain my opinion that the greater part of it is his own production.

The Chaunt of Richard Sheale.

O God! what a world ys this now to se,
Ther is no man content with his degre.
I can cum in no company be nyght nor be day,
But all men lacke mony, me thinkes I her them say.
Whiche things for to hear makys myn ears weary,
For with out mony men cannot be myrry,
For wher thei have no mony in store,
That's tymé for the myinstrell to gete out at the dore.
The day hathe ben I have ben myrry and glade,
And nowe to se the worlde that makys me as sade.
And why I am sade I shall mak declaracion,
As well as I can, aftar a rude facion.
For to tell youe the trewthe nowe I wyll not lete,
Be the occasion of a Robbery I am fallen in greate dete.

Which

Whiche thing doth trobble my hede very sore,
Hit hathe grevide me moche, but shall grive me no mor.
After my Robbery my memory was so decayde,
That I colde neathar syng nore talke, my wytts wer so dismayde.
My audacitie was gone, & all my myrry tawk,
Ther ys sum heare have sene me as myrry as a hawke,
But nowe I am so trublyde with phansis in my mynde,
That I cannot play the myrry knave, accordyng to my kynd.
Yet to tak thought, I perseve, ys not the next waye
To bryng me out of det, my creditors to paye.
I may well say that I hade but ivell hape,
For to lose above threscore pounde at a clape.
The losse of my mony dyde not greve me so sore,
But the talke of the pyple dyd greve me moch mor.
Sum sayde I was not robde, I was but a lyeng knave,
Yt was not possyble for a myustrell so much mony to have.
In dede, to say the truthe, that ys ryght well knowene
That I never had so moche mony of myn owene.
But I had frendds in London, whos namys I can declare,
That at all tymys wolde lende me cc lds. worth of ware,
And with sum agayn such frendship I founde,
That thei wold lend me in mony a nyn or tene pownde.
The occasion why I cam in dete I shall make relacion,
My wyff in dede ys a sylke woman be her occupacion,
And lynen cloths most chefly was here greatyste trayd,
And at faris and merkytts she solde sale-ware that she made,
As shertts, smockys, partlytts,* hede clotthes, & othar thinggs,
As sylk thredd, & eggyngs, skirrts bandds and strings,
At Lychfelde merkyte and Addarston,† good customars she founde,
And also in ‡Tamworth, wher I dwell she took many a pounde,
And indede when I had gett my mony togethar, my detts to have payd,
This sad mischance on me dyd fall, that cannot be denayde,
I thought to have payde all my detts, & to have set me cler.
And then what yvell dyde ensewe, ye shall herafter hear,
Becaus my carryage shulde be lyght, I put my mony ynto goide,
And without company I ryde alone, thus was I folishe bolde,
I thought, be the reason of my harpe, no man wold me suspect.
For minstrels offt with mony the be not moche infecte.

* *Neck-kerchiefs*, from the French *Portelet*. Minshew.
† Atherston on the Stour, Warwickshire.
‡ On the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire.

iiij theves for me thei lay in wayt not far from *Donsmore hethe,
Wher many a man for las mony hath ofte tymys cought his deth.
I skapyd wythe my lyffe, but indede I lost my purs,
And seyng yt was my chance, I thank god yt was no wors
For mony may be gotten, and lyff cannote be bought.
Yet yf good counsell hade not ben, I hade kyld myselffe with thought.
Hit grevyde me so, for yt well nyghe kylde my hart,
Be caus hit was my fortune to play so folish a part.
Ther ys an old proverbe had, "The wyste comis ever to lat"
Thus, throughe myn owene neclygence, I am brought to por estate.
After this my robbery, the truth as I youe tell,
I took my hors and ryde home to Tamworth wher I dwell,
When I cam unto my wyffe my sorrowe dyd incresse,
To se her mak such lamentacion I cold do no lesse.
I sent to the balys of the towne in all the hast I myght,
Desyrynge them to mak serche who lay yn the towne that nyght.
For the iiij thevis that robde me playnly to me dyd say
That I had one my botts ready to ryde by nine a clock that daye,
And yt was seven a clock at nyght or ever I cam thethar.
So uppone ther sayngs thus moch I dyd gethare,
That out of Tamworth off me thei had some prevye gyde,
Whiche knew of all my gold and whiche way that I wold ryde.
But hetherto, be no shifte that ever I cold make,
I cold never prove what thei war that my pors from me dyd take.
Therfor with my losses I must nedis be contente,
For now yt is to lat for me to repente.
Ther is no man lyvyng, that in this world doth well,
But misfortune on him may fall, thoughe he gyd him never so well.
Many a man hath ben on don for speakyng of a worde,
And som hath lost their lyfe for the strock off a sworde,
Som hathe ben on don be the cassaltye of fyare,
And sum, both hors & man, hath perished in the myare,
And sum throughe suretishipe hath brought themselves in band,
And sum throughe gammyng hath lost both howsse & lande.

* Well known as the residence of the dun cow, said to have been destroyed by Guy, Earl of Warwick. § Knowledge comes too late.

I am

I am not the first that hath hade a wofull daye,
For sum be robde at the land, & sum be robd at the seaye.
Sum be robde in ther howsses, in placis were thei dwell.
And sum hath been robde in ther yns, as I have hard men tell,
The chamberlayne or ostelare when the have a bowgyt* spyede,
May gyve knowleg to fals knavis, whiche way ther gest wyll ryde,
And he himselfe wyll byd at home, & his office styll aplye,
Many a man thus hathe ben robde, & so I think was I.
Sum fals knave dyd me betray, & made my jorney knowene,
Yt wold never have grevyd me so moch yf the mony had been my own,
But nowe I am in det, whiche ys a dedly payne,
I trust to God, in this powar state I shall not long remean.
I had frends the'now tyll I fell in this thrall,
But now in my povertye the be ron from me all.
Exsept yt be thos that be suar in the hafte,
Whiche in all my nessessitie thei never melaft.
My creditors, I thank God, it ys not unknowen,
Hathe geven me resonable days for to pay them their owen,
The whiche causithe me, as natur doth bynde,
Ernestly to go aboute sum honest meanes to fynde,
That thei may be payd, as reasons ys and skyll,
Concience compels me to put to my goode wyll.
And I have no othar mean but even be supplycacion,
To beg hit a browde among the congregacion.
Truth oft tymys among sum may be blamde,
But, I am sur & sartayne, it can never be shamde.
All men that loves truthe owght to be commendyd,
All thoughe sum wickede persons ther at be offendyd.
I thank God, my good Lord† & Mastar whom I sarve,
In my greatist povertie from me dyd never swarve.
But dyd weyt for me frendly, aftar a lovyng facion,
And my Lord Strang‡ also on me dyde tak compassion.
For who's sakys, I thank God, I have ben well regardyde,
And among ther lovyng frendds I have ben well rewardyd.
Ther goodness showyde to me I cannot worthely prayse,
But I am det bownden to pray for them all my lyff dayes.

* Is usually interpreted large or bulky. Its sense in this line is not apparent.

† Probably Edward, Earl of Derby, who died in 1574, celebrated for his bounty and hospitality, and the husband of Margaret the Countess. See p. 98. ‡ Eldest son of Lord Derby.

The

Throughe ther goodness, yff the worlde mend, I am in no dispar
But I shall pay all my detts and set my selffe clear.
The occasion of thes wars* hath hindred me very sor,
But yet sum thing I have gotten, & I trust to get mor.
My lovyng neabors off the towne of Tamworth, wher I dwell,
Dyd lyberally rewarde me, this ys trewe that I youe tell.
Whiche kyndnes of thers hath ryght well provyde
That among all my neabors I am well belovyde.
For liberally with me their mony thei dyd spende,
And thos that came not themsels ther mony thei dyd sende.
My neabors dyd caus me to mak a pot of ale,
And, I thank God of his goodnes, I had very good sale.
For a busshell of malt I do put you out off dowte,
I had fyve pound of mony or nygh ther a bowte.
How be hit sum of my neabors ther at wear offendyde,
And sayd the mony myght moch better have ben spendyde.
But thei that so sayd themselvis wear at no coste,
For yf thei had I perseve thei wold have thought hit losto.
But the worlde nowe a days ys so full of hat & spyte,
That to speak yle off all things sum have a great delyte.
But God, I do thank him of his goodnes and grace,
That sendds me good loock wer I cum in every place.
Yt ys God that senddes me so well for to spede,
Whiche putts ynto good mens myndds to help me at my nede.
Whom God wold have holpen, he shall never waunt,
But he shall fynde relyff, though things be never so skante.
God save my good Lord, for whos sayk I fynd frendds,
That helpps me every whar, and thus my talk ends,
Desyryng youe all to bear this tayle in mynde,
That I among your pursis nowe sum frendshipe may fynd.
Every man a lyttell wold satisfye my nede,
To helpe a poor man out of dett it ys a gracious dede.
Expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale.

Here may be added from the same collection anothe and shorter piece of doggrel by Sheale, his customary speech or song of thanks for such entertainment as he met with from his hospitable, though perhaps tasteless, neighbours. It may be contrasted with the exquisite

* Probably the Scottish wars.

farewell

farewell of the minstrel, commencing "*Now B'nes, Buirdes, bolde and blythe*," published by Ritson from the Vernon MS. (*Ancient Songs*, p. 44.) A more complete exemplification of the fallen state of minstrelsy in its latter days could hardly perhaps be found.

The Farewell of the Minstrel by Richard Sheale.

Now for the good chear that Y have had heare,
I gyve you hartte thanks, with bowyng off my shankes.
Desyryng you be petycyon to graunte me suche commission,
Becaus my name ys Sheale, that bothe by meate & meale
To you I maye resorte, sum tyme to mye cumforte.
For I perseive here at all tymis is good chere.
Both ale wyne & beere as hit dothe nowe apere.
I perseve wythoute fable ye kepe a good table,
Sum tyme I wyll be your geste, or els I were a beaste,
Knowynge off your mynde, yff I wolde not be so kynde,
Sumtyme to tast youre cuppe, & wyth you dyne & suppe.
I can be contente, yf hit be oute of Lente,
A peace of byffe to take mye honger to aslake.
Bothe mutton & veile ys goode for Rycharde Sheale.
Thogge I loke so grave, I were a veri knave,
Yf I wolde thynke skorne ethar even or morne,
Beyng in hongar, of fresshe samon or konger.
I desyre youe alwaye, marke what I do saye,
Althogge I be a Ranger, to tayk me as no Stranger.
I am a yonge begynner, & when I tayk a dynner,
I can fynde yn my hart wyth my frende to tayk a part
Of such as God shal sende, & thus I mayk an ende;
Now farewel, goode myn oste, I thanke youe for yowre coste,
Untyll another tyme, & thus do I ende my ryme.

R. Sheale.

C.

Apollonius Tyrius—Lear—B. Glanville, Lord Morley.

In the Notes of Mr. Douce* upon *Pericles*, he questions with his usual acuteness the authority upon which the Bodleian manuscript of the romantic story of "Apollonius Tyrius" (No. 1302 *Cat. MSS. Ang.*) is

* *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1807, vol. 2, p. 141.

affirmed in the catalogue to be a translation from the Greek. An accurate inspection of this MS. has confirmed the suspicion of Mr. D. It is in perfect preservation, and neither at the commencement or conclusion has any notice to this effect. It is probable that the occurrence of Greek names in it induced the compiler of the catalogue to suppose it a translation from that language.

In his notes upon *King Lear** Mr. D. has given from a manuscript copy of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, a story exactly corresponding with that of *Lear*, excepting in the substitution of Roman for British names, and a consequent change of places. In an English MS. apparently of the fifteenth century now before me, entitled by the transcriber "*de Gestis Romanorum & Vitis Patrum*," the story is given at somewhat greater length, with the original names, and in nearly the same language in which it is told in the *Fructus Temporum*, and the English MS. of *the Brute* from which that work was probably derived.

It may not perhaps be generally known that *Bartholomew Glanville* (from whose book *de Proprietatibus Rerum*, as edited and enlarged by *Batman*, Mr. D. shews Shakespeare to have derived much information on subjects of natural history) is himself indebted for the greater part of his compilation to the *Speculum Naturale* of Vincent of Beauvais, one of the most voluminous and well informed writers of the 13th century, whose *Speculum Historiale* is, from its subject probably, the best known in our own days, of his various productions.

The Ashmolean MS. (No. 48.) on the authority of which Chevy Chase is attributed to Richard Sheale, is that which contains the ballad of *The Murder of the two Brothers Lewis & Edmund West by the Sons of the Lord Darsy*, printed, with the orthography modernized, in the 4th volume of *Evans's Collection*. In turning over its leaves I have discovered two short poems

* *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1807.

attributed to an author whose works had escaped the search even of the industrious Ritson, **Henry Lord Morley.* They have however so little of poetical merit that I transmit only the first of them.† Its chief value I fear will be found to be its antiquity and the rank of its author, and, it may fairly be added, the moral beauty of the sentiment.

Henry Lorde Morley to hys Posteritye.

Never was I lesse alone than being alone,
Here in this chamber evill thought had I none,
But always I thought to bryng the mynd to rest,
And y^t thought off all thoughts I juge it the beste.
Ffor yf my coffers hade ben full of perle & golde,
And Fortune hade favorde me then as y^t I wolde,
The mynde out of quyat, so sage Senek sethe,
It hade ben no felicitie, but a paynfull dethe.
Love then whoo love wyll to stand in hyge degre,
I blame hym not a whytte, so y^t he followe me;
And take hys losse as quietly as when y^t he doth wynne,
Then Fortune hath no maistre of that state he ys in.
But rulys & ys not rulyde, & takes the better part.
O, that man is blessyd, y^t lerns this gentle arte.
Thys was my felicitie, my pastyme, & my game.
I wisshe all my posteritie they wolde ensew the same.

Written over a Chambar Dore where he was wont to lye at Hollenbyrry.

C.

Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum.

MS. folio—'thise translaciounes I endede at Berkeleye the sixte day of ffeuerer the zere of oure lorde a thousande thre hundred foure score and eiztetene the zeere of kyng Richarde the secounde after the conqueste of Engelonde two and twenty. the zere of my lordes age Sire Thoms lord of Berkeley that made me make this translacioun seuene and fourty.'

This is a large and very beautifully written and

* *Bibliographia Poet.* p. 291. But see Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, by Park, i. 313, where a poetical epitaph "on Sir Thomas West, baron of Grisley, lord Lawarre, and K. G." has been reprinted from the *Accedence of Armorie*, 4to. 1597.

† The other will be found in the new edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. 1, col. 117.

illuminated MS. on vellum, apparently of a nearly coeval date with its author, belonging to Mr. Elliston, of Stratford Place.

Of Bartholomew Glanville, 'the Pliny of his time,' and of the various editions of this work, some notice will be found in Douce's *Illustrations*, vol. 2, p. 278, and Dibdin's Life of *Caxton*, p. 91.

A fly-leaf of the volume introduces us to the following lines.

'On the famouse Bartholomew Glanvill commonly called the English Bartholomew, relating to his Booke of the properties of things.

Thy Country truly, but yet subtly too
Hath stiled thee the English Barthol'mew,
Whilst properties of things thou wrot'st of, shee
Makes sure of getting property in thee;
Would from thy name her own new worth discover
And be at once unto all learning mother,
But had shee silent been, thy Booke alone
Had seated thee in a far larger throne.'
This but consulted, none could call thee lesse
Then Barthol'mew of the great Vnivers.
By both these titles, be thou euer known,
One for our glory, t'other for thy own.—
Sic subito allusit Julius Glanvill
de Lincolns Inne Echemythus Anno æræ christianæ 1668.

For the poetry and versification of this tribute little can be said, but as a production of a namesake, it appears worth transcription.

Trevisa, the chaplain of Lord Berkeley, may be considered as one of the earliest writers who composed in his native tongue, and his various works would seem to merit more notice from philologists than they have received. The study of the ancient Metrical Romances might meet with very considerable illustration from an examination of the present work, though it does not occur to my recollection that any use has been made of it either by Ritson, or in the collection lately edited by Mr. Weber.

It is divided into 19 books, containing, in the whole 1189 chapters.

Is it not strange and unaccountable that Ritson should have

have neglected to chronicle the name of Trevisa in his *Bibliographia Poetica*? and the omission is the more singular as that industrious and indefatigable antiquary *must* have examined the pages of the Polychronicon, in which the occurrence of several hundred lines entitle the 'vicar of berkeleye' to a niche in the temple of our early poets. A prologue of 24 lines also opens the present work.*

I will just take this opportunity of mentioning, that a friend is engaged in preparing for the press, the poetical works of John Trevisa, with illustrations, of which a few copies only will be printed for private distribution.†

Bristol. J. F.

* The omission by Ritson was known, and an article has been supplied in a copy preparing for a corrected edition of the *Bib. Poetica*. The suggestions and information of any reader on this subject will be esteemed a favour, and may be addressed to the editor of the *Brit. Bibliographer*.

J. H.

† John Trevisa born at Caradock in Cornwall, was canon of Westbury in Wiltshire, vicar of Berkley, and successively (I suppose) chaplain to Thomas Lord Berkeley, who died 27 Oct. 1361, his son Maurice, who died 1367, and also his grandson Thomas, who died 13 July, 1416. Upon this point there is some confusion in the dates when compared with Collins, which may obtain correction by the notice. The *Polychronicon*, printed by De Worde 1495, as folio cccxvi says, "This translacyon is ended on a Thursdaye the eyghtenth daye of Apryll, the yere of our lord a thousande thre hundred fyfty and seuen, the one and thyrty yere of kynge Edwarde the Thyrde after the conqueste of Englonde; the yere of my lordes aege Syre Thomas lorde of Barkley that made me make this translacyon fyue and thirty." Now if we presume Trevisa, as domestic chaplain, correct in his knowledge of the age of his patron, the authority of Collins, in *The Peerage of England*, must be erroneous, which describes him serving in the army as early as 1316. However the accumulated authorities there given must not be too hastily rejected. [See Brydges's new edition of Collins' *Peerage*, vol. iii. art. *Berkeley*.] The error may exist in the above passage although hitherto unnoticed, and that, notwithstanding it is the same in the original edition of the Polychronicon by Caxton, we should read "fyue and syxty." This conjecture is supported by Eva, the mother of the first named Thomas, having died 3 Dec. 1314, and the father being described by Atkyns in the *History of Glouc.* to have had a son when only 14 years of age.—One point is clear from comparing the dates with those of the above MS. that the Thomas Lord Berkeley, who made our author translate the Bartholomeus, was not, as generally supposed, his original patron. Trevisa must have been aged at the time of his death, which

¶ *The Cronycles of Englonde with the dedes of popes and emperours, and also the descripcyon of Englonde.*

The rest of the title-page is filled with a wood-cut of the royal arms, viz. France and England quarterly—underneath, the supporters; on each side of the shield, the portcullis: over the crown, a rose between two angels.

At the back the same, except that the scroll round the rose has this inscription:

"Hec rosa virtutis de celo missa sereno
Eternū florens regia sceptra feret."

Then follows Tabula on sign. Aa ii.

"¶ Here begynneth a shorte and a breue Table, for to fynde lyghtly wherof ony man shall please hy to rede in this boke."

The prologue (for which see Bibliographer, vol. 2, p. 33, in an account of Julyan Notary's edition) is signatured a i.

Then on folio ii. Pars Prima.

"¶ Hic incipit fructus temporum."

Pars Secunda, fol. ix. rev.

"¶ Here begynneth the second parte & of the kyngdome of Brytayne."

Pars Tertia, fol. xviii. rev.

"¶ Here begynneth the thyrde part, and cōtynueth vnto the Natiuite of Chryst."

which, Fuller says, happened about 1400.—Batman in his address to the reader, (ed. 1562) says, this "booke was had in great estimation among the learned, as well beyond the sea as at home, vntill within 60 yeares past, [when] there sprang vp famous and worthy persons of singular perseuerance and learning, which from the course of auncient beginnings, set foorth the same that was formally written of, with additions." He names the writers and observes, "I haue therefore as an imitator of the learned for the good will I bare to my countrie collected forth of these aforesaid authors, the like deuises, which they in times past gathered of their elders."—It is perhaps needless to add that the work of Bartholomeus forms an extraordinary storehouse of valuable information and entertainment, and, although scarce, is one of the articles to be earliest obtained, by those whose research may tend to the acquiring some knowledge of Ancient English literature.

J. H.

Pars

Pars Quarta fol. xxvii. rev.

"¶ Here begynneth ye fourth parte, & contynueth vnto ye comynge of ye Saxons."

Pars Quinta fol. xli. rev.

"¶ Here begynneth the .v. parte, & contynueth vnto the comynge of the Danes."

Pars Sexta fol. lxv.

"¶ Here begynneth the .vi. parte, & cōtynueth vnto ye comynge of ye Normans."

Pars Septima fol. lxxv. rev.

"¶ Here begynneth the .vii. parte, & contynueth vnto our dayes, that is to saye vnto kyng Edwardes regne the fourth the xxiii. yere."

Ends at fol. clxiii.

"Thus endeth the Cronycles of Englonde with the fruyte of tymes compyled in a boke. And was fyrst imprynted* by one somtyme scole mayster of saynt Albons, on whose soule god haue mercy Amen. And now lately imprynted at London, and dilygently amended in dyuers places where as ony faute was, in Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde, in the yere of our lorde god. M.CCCCC.xxviii. the ix daye of Apryll."

On the back the device marked No. vii. in Dibdin, ii. 30, with an additional rich outer border.

Then comes

"The Descripcyon of Englonde.

"¶ Here foloweth a lytell treatyse the whiche treatheth of the descripcyon of this londe, whiche of olde tyme was called Albyon, and after, Brytayne, & now Englonde, and speketh of the noblesse and worthynesse of the same."

Under it a rude cut of a fortified town † on the sea shore. On the reverse,

"¶ It is so that in many & diuers places the comyn Cronycles of Englonde ben had & also now late emprynted in Flete strete at the signe of the Sonne. And for as moche as ye descripcyon of this londe whiche of old tyme was named Albion and after Brytayne is not descryued ne comynly had, ne the noblenes & worthynes of ye same is not knowen. Therfore I entende to set in this boke the descripcyon of this sayd yle of Brytayn, & with the cōmodytees of the same."

* Here is a remarkable deviation from the preceding edition of 1520, which has only "& also impryted.

† Dibdin, 1, ix. has given a fac-simile of this cut, as an early specimen of landscape.

Here follows the table; it extends to sign. D. iii. on the back of which it concludes.

"¶ Here endeth the descripcyon of Brytayne, the whiche conteyneth Englonde, Wales, and Scotlond, and also bycause Irlonde is vnder the rule of Englonde, & of olde tyme it hath so contynued, therfore I haue set the descripcyon of ye same after the sayd Brytayn, whiche I haue taken out of Policronycon. And bycause it is necessary unto all Englysshemen to knowe ye propertees cōmodytees & mervayles of them I Willyā Caxton have set them fyrst in imprynt accordynge to the translacyon of Trevisa, whiche at ye request of the lorde Barkeley trāslated ye boke of Polycronycon in to Englysshe.*"

"¶ Lately fynysshed and Imprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde, the yere of our lorde god M.CCCCC. & .xxviii. the .ix. daye of Apryll."

At the bottom is the device No. vii. already mentioned, but with a different outer border.

This is one of the many editions of what is commonly called *Caxton's Chronicles*, which is dated 5 June, 1480: which Chronicles were reprinted with THE FRUIT OF TIMES, at St. Albans in 1483, fol. and hence sometimes were called *The Book of St. Albans*.

A few words more may yet be necessary in explanation of the contents of this work.

It appears, as has been already said, to be formed of a combination of CAXTON'S CHRONICLE 1480, and THE FRUIT OF TIMES 1483. "This Chronicle," says Lewis, in his Life of Caxton, p. 31, "being afterwards reprinted with *Fructus Temporum*, gave occasion to the confounding these two histories, and calling *The Chronicles of England* † by the name of *Fructus Temporum* or *The Fruit of Times*; which treats of Scripture and *Foreign* history, as well as of *English*."

The schoolmaster, or monk of St. Albans, to whom

* In the Polychronicon this topographical description commences in lib. primus at cap. xxxij. with Hibernia, then Scotia, Wallia, and concludes with Britannia to cap. lx.

† "As, saith Caxton, in his Chronicle, which he calls *The Fruit of Tyme*." Grafton, vol. ii.

"It is recorded and found in the Chronicle of William Caxton, called *Fructus Temporum*." Fox's *Acts and Monuments*, fol. 69, ed. 1563. *Lewis*.

Sir

Sir Henry Chauncy has chosen to give the name of INSOMUCH, and who was, probably, an assistant to Caxton in the compilation of his Chronicle, reprinted it at that place, when he prefixed thereto a prologue and his further collection, called THE FRUIT OF TIMES in 1483.*

In 1486 was printed at the same place JULIANA BERNERS'S BOOK ON HAWKING, more especially known by the name of THE BOOK OF ST. ALBANS, and edited by this same schoolmaster or monk, as is shewn with great ingenuity and strong argument in the preliminary

* The prefixture made by this schoolmaster, in addition to the prologue, commences the Chronicle with Adam, and briefly deduces it, in about six leaves, to the time of Silvius viij^th king of Italy "fader vnto Brute kynge of Brytayn now called Englonde," concluding "pars prima," with the account "how the londe of englonde was fyrst named Albyon," which begins "in the noble lande of Sirrie," and that is the regular commencement of the edition printed by Caxton.

An enumeration of the several editions of these chronicles, was given in our second volume (p. 39.) Of the alteration from time to time made in the text not any notice has appeared from our bibliographers. It is probable they were made throughout the work, as we infer from the following specimen.

"Whan Roderyk was slayne in this batayle, kynge Westmer in remēbraūce of his vyctory, lete arere there beside ye hye waye a greate stone ye whiche standeth yet & euer shall. And he made graue in ye stone letters y^t said. The kynge Westmer of Brytayne slewe ī this place Roderyk his enmye. And this Westmer was ye fyrst y^t buylded house & towne in Westmerlande, for he named it after his name. And whā Westmer had so done he dwelled all his lyfe in Westmerlande, for he loued that coūtre aboue all other coūtrees & whā he had reygned .xxv. yere he deyed and lyeth at Carleyll. ed. 1520. Folio xxx.

"And after this batayle that is aboue sayd, whan Roderyk was slayne, kyng Westmer in remembraūce of his vyctory let arere there besydes ye waye a grete stone on hygh, and yet it standeth and euermore shal stande, and he let graue in the said stone lettres that thus sayd. The kyng Westmer of Brytayne slewe in this place Roderyk his enemy. And this Westmer was ye fyrst that buylded hous and towne in Westmerlonde, and at that stone begynneth Westmerlonde, that Westmer let call after his owne name. And whā Westmer had so done he dwelled all his lyfe tyme in that countre of Westmerlonde for he loued that countre aboue all other countrees. And whan he had regned .xxv. yere he dyed, and lyeth at Karleyll. ed. 1528.

dissertation

dissertation, by Mr. Haslewood, in his late truly curious and beautiful reprint of this work, from Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1496. Mr. Haslewood observes, that the name of *Insomuch* has probably no other foundation, than the occurrence of this word at the commencement of the Proœmium of both the above works, *The Fruit of Times* and *The Book of St. Albans*.

B.

Poems by Sir Richard Maitland.

Sir R. Maitland was a lawyer and statesman, who in his old age amused himself by writing very bad verses. His character, however, was held in veneration by his contemporaries; and his attachment to literature was the means of preserving many valuable poems of other writers. The following are omitted in Mr. Pinkerton's excellent edition; and are probably now first published. Sir R. M. died aged 90 in 1586.

" My Lordis sen abstinence is taine,
In the mene tym that concord may be drest,
Now tyn na tyme as ye haive done bygaine;
Since ye may haive conferring as ye list,
Do your power this realme to put to rest:
Let never weir againe among zow rys;
Than all the warld will your concording prys.

Thair will na body be agains this peace,
Bot gif it be of men of weir the bandis,
Quhilk fra all kind of slaifrie cannot leis,
And that bruikis* otheris men's landis,
For wrangous geir that cannot keip thair handis;
This sort of men wald haive na quyetnes,
For feir thay want something yat yai posses.

But at that sort ye sould no counsel tak,
That has na feir of god nor conscience,
To use all thing impediment may mak
To your concord and ye give thame credence.
How thay proceid thair is experience;
For it is seid that some men sair may rew,
That in this land sa monie captaines grew.

* Enjoys.

For

For anie pleass^r. of thir gredie men
This comoune weill put not in jeopardie;
At your conventioune gar the cuntre ken
That ye travill to mak tranquillitie.
And that ye are content fertill aggrie;
All folleis past to be forgot for evir:
I trow ye ken bot few that falted nevir.

Great is the skaith that comes of this weir,*
Of slauchter, heirshipe, oppressioune, mizcheife;
It is pitie the comonis for to heir
How thay are drest with thift & oppine reif,
Syn seis nane appeirance of releife:
Thir cruell crymes yai feir unpunishit be,
Sa langas lestis this Jnamitie.

Yet of all weir peace is the final end
Thairfoir aygrie my lordis or it be war;†
Thair is nathing bot peace that may this mend:
And that ye wald this comoune weill prefer
To all causes that ar particular,
And far na private proffect that may be,
Stop not to mak ane perfyt unitie.

The qlk to do J pray the loving Lord,
To give you grace in sic abundance now,
That never mair be distanse or discord;—
And sic Justice be done this kinrik throw,
The quhilk may gar the rasch bins‡ keip the cow,
And everie man bruik his awin landis & geir;
All trew leigis to lieve withoutten feir.

Finis q^th Sr R. M."

"The Lord that raisit lyfe againe,
that deit for us on guide fryday,
qlk sufferit meikill woe and paine
with Jewis that we hard of say,
wer he amang us now this day,
he wald far mair thoill§ and susteine,
for now as J heir all men say,
is the warst warld that evir was sein.

Ane heroid|| rang into theis yeiris
ane murtherar of Jnocentis;
but now he has ane thowsand freiris;

* War. † Worse. ‡ Bands, or ropes made of rushes.
§ Suffer. || Herod.

for trewlie, in thair intentis,
to rug and reif, and tak up rentis,
the puire pepill oppressand cleine.
for the qlk thing some sair repentis,
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

That tyme thair was bot ane pilat;
now is thair mae than fiftie store;
with as fair wordis of dissait,
as hard* the other of befoir
sa fast into this warld they soir,*
to trew men dois meikill teine;†
their traist ay kythes‡ moir & moir;
as in this warld it is now sein.

That tyme thair was bot ane caiphace
that did accuise our Lord Jesue;
but now is monie mae alace
the Inocentis for to persew:
thair is bakbytteris now anew,
bot of guide men over quhew I wein,
that will & can give counsall trew;
as in this warld it may be sein.

The tormenturis war than sa skant,
cryst for to scourge skerce found were sax;
now of ane thousand not ane dois want,
thair wicked number so dois wax;
to spoulzie§ puire men of thair pakis,
to reif can na man theme refraine
quhill that thay gar ane wuddie‖ rax
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

Thair was ane Judas in that tyme,
for silver did his master sell;
bot now is smitted without cryme¶
ane thowsand mae than I can tell,
that dois in this countrie dwell,
wald sell thair sawillis as J wein
for geir unto the divill of hell;
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

Peter to Annas hous him drest,
quhair he his maister did deny;
monie with mouth hes now confest
thay ar of crystis company,

* Sic in MS. † Pain, injury. ‡ Becomes known.
§ Spoil. ‖ A halter. ¶ Sic.

bot

bot and ye will thair warkis espy,
ye sall sie thame befoir your eine
denyand crist alluterlie
as be thair lyfis may be sein.

Pilat let bot ane theife gang
quhen he put Jesus Crist to deid,
bot now fyve hundreth theifis strang,
at ainis with thair remissioune speid,
and trew folk can get na remeid
quhat wrang that evir thay susteine,
quhilk garris monie beg thair bread
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

Fra pilat fand of deid na caus
in cryst, he wald haive lattin him ga;
J wald thay that leidis our lawis
and o^r judges wold do sa;
compell na Jnnocent to pay,
nor thame convict be subtill mein,
nor in thair syes put not thairfra,*
let na partialitie be sein.

Thairfoir princes and magestratis
and ye in court that office bear,
that for auctoritie debaittis,
to hurt the Jnocent tak feir,
for leid suspitione or for geir.
from wrang proceiding ay abstein:
for dreid god, quhen zour sinis appeir,
his vengeance gar on yow be sein.

The Jewis war to cryst unkind
for all his warkis & guidnes;
his miracles put fuirth of mynd,
quhen that to deid he did him dres.
sua in this world all thankfulnes
and all auld kindnes that hes bein
and all guide turns mair & les
ar clein for got & now o^r sein.

Apeiranthe now all men sayes
that all scottis ar in despair;
think and can thay put off thair dayes
quhat sall cume eftir thay tak na cair,

* Sic in MS.

thocht all the regioune sould for fear,
of thair will nochit want ane prein ;
qlk will mak monie biggings bear,*
and one waist cuntre to be sein.

Quhair is the zealous men & wyse
of kirk and of the temporall stait,
that in this realme has bein oft syse,†
that wald tak travill air & lait
to stenche all troubill and debaitt,
and ane great perell could prevein,
and now the lordis to gang ongett
the comoune weill to be forsein.†

God mak us quyt of all blasphemeis,
and of all men of evin† conditioune;
god mak us quyt of all menkimeris‡
amongis us of seditioune ;
and all raisers of suspitioune :
send us guide men to gang betwein
the lordis to mak unione;
that peace may in this land be sein.

God keip the Kingis majestie
and give him grace manifold,
the land to keip in libertie
in peace and justice to us hald.
sua that na persone young nor auld
sall onie caus haive to complein
that justice now is coft and sauld,
as uther tymes has bein sein.
Finis 9d

W. Richart Maitland
of Lethingtonne knicht."

R. P. G.

¶ *A Mery Play betwēne Johan Johan the husbande Tyb his wyfe and Syr Jhān the preest.* [Col.] *Finis, Imprynted by Wyllyam Rastell the xii day of February the yere of our Lord Mccccc and xxxiii. Cum privilegio.* Small folio, 16 pages.

The above is one of the six plays attributed by our dramatic biographers to John Heywood author of *The*

* Buildings bare. † Sic in MS. ‡ Men-comers.

Four P's contained in Dodsley's collection, of *The Spider and Flie*, and of some other poems; a satisfactory account of which may be found in the third volume of Warton's History of English Poetry.* No copy of the present drama appears to exist in the Garrick collection at the British Museum,† and if any of our modern editors of ancient plays were in possession of it, they seem to have regarded the Four P's as better calculated for the illustration of our early scenic history. The "*Mery Play*," however cannot be considered as entirely devoid of interest; exclusively of its antiquity and rarity, it is valuable as affording a specimen of the earliest and rudest form of our comedy, (for the poem is shorter and the number of the Dramatis Personæ yet fewer than those of the *Four P's*) and of the liberty with which even the Roman Catholic authors‡ of that age felt themselves authorised to treat the established priesthood. Johan Johan himself prologises thus,

> God spede you Maysters everychone;
> Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone?
> I pray God the dyvell take her,
> For all that I do, I cannot make her,
> But she wyll go a gaddynge very much,
> Lyke an Anthony pig with an olde wyche,
> Whych fedeth her aboute hyther & thyther,
> But, by our Lady, I wote not whyther.

He proceeds to affirm "by our Lady of Crome" that he will beat her soundly upon her return. It occurs however, to him that she may possibly die under the operation, and he has no taste for hanging; that she may not mend if she survive his correction; and that his neighbours may chide him for cruelty. His love of authority, however, and his suspicions that she is visiting Syr Johan, confirm him in his first resolution; he requests the audience not to interfere in her behalf, and is loudest in his threats, when she suddenly returns with these words,

> Tyb.—Why? whom wilt thou beate, I say, thou knave?
> Jhan.—Who? I, Tyb? none, so God me save.

* P. 87 and seq.
† See Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, v. 4.
‡ Heywood was a bigoted papist.

Tyb.

Tyb.—Yes, I harde thee say thou woldest one bete.
Jhan.—Mary, wyfe, it was stokfysshe in Temmes strete,
Whiche wyll be good meate agaynst lente.
Why, Tyb, what haddest thou thought that I had ment?

During a short dialonge in which Johan evidently labours under considerable fear, she complains of sickness, which he attributes (aside) to her compotations with the priest, and in return to a gentle expostulation on the length of her absence, she deigns, after some hesitation, to inform him of the cause.

Truely, Johan Johan, we made a pye,
I, and my Gossyp Margery,
And our Gossyp the Preest Syr Johan,
And my neyhbour's yongest daughter Ann.
The Preest payde for the stuffe & the makyng,
And Margery she payde for the bakyng.

Johan expresses, (aside) in no very gentle terms, his opinion of his wifes gossip Mar. and after some further conversation, the chief humour of which lies in the half suppressed insinuations, and more explicit side speeches of the unfortunate husband, he is obliged to go in person, and invite the priest to partake of the pye which Tyb had brought home under her cloke. As he is setting out on this untoward errand, she calls him back several times, in the wantonness of her authority, first to set the table upon its tressels, then to fetch the stools, and to wash out the cups, to *see if there be any ale in the pot*, and for various other trifling offices of housewifery; all which he executes with much concealed discontent, but at the same time with the most prompt submission. At last he is allowed to quit the house, and knocking at the priest's door requests admission, and delivers his invitation. Syr Johan at first scruples to accept it, as fearing that Tyb was at enmity with him for reproving, and assigning her a penance on the score of her continual brawling and ill usage of her husband; speaking, however, at the same time, much in praise of her virtue and other good qualities. Johan, easily deceived by this artifice, begins to repent of his suspicions, and presses Sir Johan yet more earnestly to indulge them with his society. The wily priest after a short opposition,

opposition, accompanies him home. Here the looks with which Tyb receives her paramour again rouse the suspicions of the husband: he has however had scarcely time to express them, when he is dismissed to fill the pail with clean water, for the purpose of washing their hands before they sit down to their meal. His back is no sooner turned than Syr Johan addresses Tyb.

—I wolde ye had harde the tryfyls,
The toges, the mockes, the fables, & the nyfyls,*
That I made thy husband to beleve and thynke.
Thou mightest as well into the erthe synke,
As thou couldest forbear laughing any whyle.

The further account of Johan's gullability, is interrupted by his return in with the pail empty, having discovered a crack in its side at which the water flowed out as fast as he could pour it in. For the purpose of mending this, they give him a wax candle, which the priest very opportunely happens to have about him, and which, being somewhat hard, requires softening at the fire before it is sufficiently pliable to be worked into the chink. At this job the unhappy man is kept during the whole time that his wife and the priest are engaged at supper, which does not pass without much familiarity between them, and much ridicule of poor Johan. The priest, for the amusement or instruction of Tyb, relates sundry miracles, chiefly concerning women who had obtained children by application to him. The pye is at last consumed without the assistance of Johan, who, having long eyed it with all the solicitude of an hungry stomach, is roused by his disappointment to a degree of courage with which no other species of indignity seems capable of inspiring him. He openly remonstrates with the greedy pair, but his expostulations are answered only by fresh insult and mockery. At length his patience is exhausted—" *Syth it is so*, he exclaims,

and syns that ye twayne
Wold give me no meat for my suffysance,
By kok's soule, I wyll take no lenger payne,
Ye shall do all for yourself with a very vengeaunce

* *Nyfyls*—this word appears a corruption either of the Latin *nihil*, or the French *nouvelles*. It evidently signifies empty stories or falsehoods.

For

For me, & take thou there thy pale now,
And yf thou canst mend it let me se how.
Tyb. A horson knave, hast thou brok my payll?
Thou shalt repent by kok's lilly nayll.
Rech me my distaf, or my clyppyng sherys,
I shall make the blood ronne about his erys.

Johan answers with equal spirit, a violent altercation ensues, and the priest taking the part of his paramour "*They fyght by the erys a whyle and than the preest and the wyfe go out of the place.*"

Johan, after some exultation for his victory, begins to apprehend that they may possibly revenge themselves on him in no very honourable manner; he resolves therefore to follow them, and the drama concludes with these words,

—I wyll hye me thyder
To se yf they do me any vylany,
And thus farewell this noble company.

M. Ash.

¶ *Hippolitus, Translated out of Seneca. By Edmund Prestwich.** *Together with divers other Poems of the same Author's.*

Verum pone moras, et studium lucri,
Nigrorumque memor dum licet ignium,
Misce stultitiam conciliis brevem.

London, Printed by G. D. for George Boddington, at the signe of the Crown in Chancery lane neere the Rolles, 1651. Sm. 8vo. pp. 139, besides *Dedication, Address, and commendatory verses.*

This is a rare little volume, of which I am indebted to Mr. Heber for the loan. It is dedicated "To the noble and most vertuous lady Mrs. Anne Leedes." And after "An Address to the judicious Reader," has commendatory verses by Ja. Shirley; Char. Cotton; Cromwell Stanhop; Ric. Rogers; Edward Williams;

* For some account of this family, see the late Sir John Prestwich's *Respublica.*

and

and Mat. Carter. The Hippolitus, including eleven pages of Comment, ends at p. 60. The other poems are the following.

—1. On an ill-favoured woman, become a young lover. 150 lines.

2. An Ale-match.—256 lines.

3. On a Talkative and Stammering Fellow.—130 lines.

4. Upon Lucretia.—Short.

5. The Power of Love.—58 lines.

6. The new Niobe.—An ode.

7. Gaine in Losse.—Lyric.

8. The Perfect Love.—Lyric.

9. To a Lady working a bed with crewell.—Stanza.

10. The Revenge.—18 stanzas.

11. To a lady refusing to unvaile.—Four feet couplets.

12. On a lame and scolding negro.—Four feet couplets.

13. An Epithalamium.—10 stanzas.

14. To a Gentlewoman, that sued to her servant, whom she had formerly forsaken.—Eleven stanzas.

15. How to chuse a Mistress.

16. Love without Hope.—8 stanzas.

17. The Dumb Lover.—34 stanzas.

18. A Remedy against Love.—Reprinted in *Ellis's Specimens*.

19. Answer to the former.

20. To Almanna, why she should marry me.

21. The Meteor.—Also reprinted by *Ellis*.

22. An Epithalamium.

23. On a Necklace of small pomander, given him by a lady.

24. On himself being lame.

25. The Broken Heart.

26. To Phœbus.

I shall select one or two specimens.

NO. 7. GAIN IN LOSS.

Away, fond Boy, away!
What tempts thee for to stay,
  Hovering about my breast?
Thou canst not hope to sway,

And

Whereas disdain's possest
With such an interest.

And Honour 'll not allow
That thou shouldst lower bow
When daily conquests post
Afresh to crown thy brow;
And every shaft almost
A heart or two can boast.

Yet if thou entrest here,
By thine own power I swear,
All glory thou must quit;
No bow nor quiver bear,
But unto scorn submit
Thyself an anchorite.

Thus spake Almanna, and Cupid smil'd,
To think how much she was begnil'd;
Then shot; but spite of all his art
His blow the little archer spoil'd:
Out flew the golden-headed dart,
But could not pierce her armed heart.

Almanna laugh'd, and the God cried,
With fear of whipping terrified,
And grieved for her broken bow;
No hope of comfort he espied,
So that his tears, which seem'd to flow,
If not then blind had made him so.

Another such he would have bought,
But there was none, & if without
He went, or this should broken bring,
Venus would know: that very thought
Fresh floods from the poor boy did wring,
Lest she should whip him with the string.

But th' Virgin, not of marble made,
All means to comfort him assay'd;
And oft his blubber'd cheeks did dry.
At last with pity oversway'd,
She promised him that he should lie
Among the babies of her eye.

There he the beams of these bright twins,
With which all hearts, all eyes he wins,
Hath both for bow and arrows found;
And nothing now to think begins,

Since

Since his own shafts did once rebound,
But self-love can Almanna wound.

No. 17. THE DUMB LOVER.

Fair Almanna, cruel maid,
Many shepherds had enflamed,
Whose complaints her sport she made,
Frowning still when love was named;
Yet those frowns did love persuade.

'Mong the rest, ah hapless youth!
Annaphil did wish to have her
Though scant of wealth, yet in sooth
Passing all that sought her favour,
For his passing, passing truth.

This poor wretch sought to suppress
With his tears the rising fire;
But those tears prov'd witnesses
To the world of his desire;
And his pains were ne'er the less.

Speak he durst not; for he fear'd
No death worse than a denial;
Yet in his eyes, still betear'd,
A too miserable trial
Of what love can do appear'd.

Arms across, unsteady pace,
Eyes cast down as in subjection,
Broken words, and changed face,
A most desperate affection
In the woeful youth betrays.*

Coward Love, oft would he say,
Who thy shafts on slaves bestowest,
Wounding such as do obey,
But with rebels meeting, throwest
Down thy arms, and runn'st away!

Was it not enough, that I
Willingly thy yoke took on me?
But I must that service buy,
Which I fear hath quite undone me
With fresh cares, fresh misery?

* A very beautiful stanza. *Editor.*

Was

Was it not enough, that thou
  With thy proper force refused
To succour me; but that now
  My tongue, through thee speech-disused,
Cannot mine own thoughts avow?

Art thou a God, who I see
  Thus thy humblest vassals wrongest?
No; thy weaker deity
  Either yields unto her strongest,
Or thy sting is lost in me.

Then his hearty sighs would show
  What his tongue had left unspoken;
And he beat his breast to know
  If his heart, already broken,
Now were quite consum'd, or no.

And, as if those windy sighs
  Had in him a tempest rais'd,
Floods would seem to drown his eyes,
  Because they too much had gaz'd
For unsafe discoveries.

Once he in this wofull plight
  Had his lovely saint espied;
But at that unlook'd for sight
  The storm was laid, the floods dried,
And his eyes beheld the light.

How he then amazed stood!
  With what more than glutton-greediness
He devour'd that precious food!
  Health could not dissuade his neediness
From what his sense found so good!

His eyes left physicians rules;
  Measure in such feasts observed
Is a lesson fit for fools:
  They from such nice precepts swerved,
Train'd in Love and Beauty's schools.

Yet his tongue would fain have got
  So much leisure from their wonder,
As might serve for to relate
  What a burden he lay under;
But to speak it knew not what.

And when he her heart to bow,
  Had fram'd a speech full of passions,

Mingling

Mingling many a faithfull vow
  With more humble supplications,
Then, alas, it knew not how.
Yet his other parts did prove
  Friends to its determination;
All his gestures spoke of Love;
  All did seem to beg compassion;
E'en his silent lips did move.
And in words, which never are
  Heard but by the understanding,
Whisper'd forth, O heavenly fair,
  O Goddess! all, all-commanding,
Deign to hear a Caitiff's prayer.

Long have I lov'd, loved well;
  Faithfull Love not hate deserveth.
What savage mind is so fell,
  As his loving flock he sterveth,
If not sav'd by miracle?

Long have I serv'd; service true
  Requires wages for pains-taking;
And though stipends were not due,
  What Miser's so given to raking,
As he would no favour shew?

Long have I in fetters lain;
  Misery compassion breedeth;
And, though Pity quite were slain,
  The bloodiest mind never feedeth
On such as count death a gain.

See but how the sun displays
  His beams on the meanest creatures;
And will you withdraw your rays
  From one who admires your features,
And knows no light but your face?

See our fruitful mother earth,
  How she in her womb doth cherish
The seed, till a happy birth
  Makes the labourers fields to flourish!
And will you bring forth a dearth?

Mark how every grateful tree
  Yields the swain a yearly blessing!
And will you undressed be,
  Ere you'll either pay for dressing;
Or accept the courtesy?

When

When a fruitful shower of rain
  From a melting cloud distilleth,
The earth drinks it up again;
  And it the earth's wrinkles filleth:
Shall my tears then fall in vain?

Breathe you forth a fervent prayer;
  Heaven therewith is strait acquainted,
And you hope will ease your care:
  Should not then my suit be granted,
Since you so like to Heaven are?

Love the neighbouring elm and vine
  In such strict embraces tyeth;
Love doth make the turtle pine,
  When his loving marrow dyeth,
And have you no sense of mine?

Love his power doth each where prove;
  Every thing hath love about it;
Trees, beasts, birds, and gods above;
  And are you alone without it?
The most lovely void of love?

Change, O change this humourous mind;
  Never by a name be fooled;
Greater glory will you find,
  (Be by flesh and blood but ruled)
If you leave a babe behind.

Were you now laid in your grave,
  And this beauteous outside rotten,
No monuments your fame could save;
  Virtue quickly is forgotten,
If the world no pictures have.

Then if marriage be the best,
  The best lover should be chosen.
Will you warm a niggard's breast,
  Whose desire with care is frozen,
And his mistress in his chest?

Or shall any sensual slave
  Glory in so rich a treasure;
One who covets but to have
  You to satisfy his pleasure,
Which his lust, not love doth crave?

Rather take; a man would die,
  One who goods and life despiseth,
Might he pleasure you thereby:

(This

(This from perfect love ariseth;)
Such an one, though poor, am I.

Thus within himself he prayed,
But received small satisfaction;
For she heard not what he said;
And she would not read his action:
So the wretch is quite dismayed.

¶ *DIVES ET PAUPER.* Folio.

Colophon. "*Here endith a compendiouse treetise dyalogue, of Dives & pauṗ, that is to say, the riche & the pore fructuously tretyng upon the X cōmondementes, fynisshed the v. day of Juyl, the yere of our lord God M.CCCC.lxxxiii. Emprentyd by me Richarde Pynson at the temple barre, of London. Deo gracias.*"

230 leaves besides eleven of contents, one blank following them; also one at the end, on the back of which is Pinson's Device No. 11.

The first ten chapters are entitled "OF HOLY POVERTIE." Then follow "TEN PRECEPTES," each precept containing many chapters.

The contents of the chapters on Holy Poverty are as follow.

"Riche and pore haue like cumynge into this worlde & lyke outgoyng, but their liuyng in this worlde is unlike what shulde confort a pore ayenst grutchyng, & what wyckednesses folowe louers of richesses . . . the first chapter.

¶ Of thre maner lordshippes & of whiche lordship it is understode y^t god yaue mā lordship ouir fisshes, briddes & beestes, ... ca. ii.

¶ Howe this scripture is understonde. It is more blisful to yeue than to take. & howe sum̄e wylful pore man yeueth more thanne a riche couetous man so stondyng may yeue. ca. iii.

¶ That riche & pore either is necessarie to other, & that the riche man nedith more than the pore. ca. iiii.

¶ Why richesse is clepyd a deuylship of wyckednesse & one exposicion of this texte. It is more easy a camel to passe by a nedlis iye thanne a riche man to entre the kingdome of heuene. . . . . ca. v.

¶ Howe men shuld haue them to richesses whan god

¶ *Of holy pouertie.*

The firste chaptre.

Diues et pauper obuī auerūt sibi: utrius que operator est dñs Prouerbi. xxii.

These ben the wordes of Salomon this moche to say ī Englisch. The riche & the pore mette to themself, the lorde is worcher of euir either. This texte worshipfulle Bede expowneth thus. A riche man is nat to be worshipped for this cause only that he is riche, ne a pore man is to be dispysed, bicause of his pouertye but the werk of god is to be worshippyd in them bothe, for they bothe been made to the ymage & to the lyknesse of god. And as it is writen. Sapiencie. vii. ca. One maner of entring into this worlde, & a like maner of out wēdyng fro this wretchid world is to alle men both riche & pore: For bothe riche & pore comen īto this worlde nakyd and pore, wepyng & weilynge & bothe they wenden hens nakyd & pore with moche peyne. Nathelesse the riche & the pore in their lyvynges in this worlde in many thinges been ful vnlyke. For the riche man aboñdeth in tresoure gold & silver & other richesses. He hath honours grete and erthly delices. Where the pore creature lyneth in grete penury, and for wantyng of richesses suffreth colde and hunger,

hunger, and is ofte in dispyte. Pauper. I that am a pore caytyf symple and lytel sat by, biholdynge the prosperite of them that been riche, and the disese of that I suffre and other pore men like unto me am many a tyme steryd to grutche and to be wery of my lyf. But thanne renuen to my mynde the wordes of Salomon before rehersyd, howe the lorde made as wele the pore as the riche. And therto Job witnessith, that noo thinge in erthe is made withouten cause. Job v. Thanne I suppose within myself, that by the prevy domes of god that be to me vnknowen, it is to me pfitable to be pore. For wele I wote that god is no nygarde of his giftes. But as the apostle sayth. Rom. viii. To them that been chosen of god alle thinges worchen to gydie into gode. And so sithen I truste throughe the godenes of god to be oon of his chosen. I can not deme but that to me it is gode to be pore. Moreouir Seint Poule i. Thymoth. vi. writeth in this maner They that wylle or desire to be made riche fall into temptacion & into the snare of the deuyl and into many desires unprofitable & noyous. For covetise of richesses more than is bihoueful a mā for to haue is rote of al euylles. Experience accordeth with this sawe of the apostle.

¶ For lesynges and p̄iuries fals sotelties and gyles and many other wyckednesses, been as comon as the cart weye with suche inordinate louers of richesse whiche synnes brynge theim to endlesse perisshinge, but if they be wasshen away before the our of dethe, with greate and bytter penaunce. It is an olde prouerb He is wele at ese y^t hath enough and can say ho. He hath enough holy doctours sey to whom his temporall godes be they neuir soo fewe suffisen to him and to his, to fynde them that them nedyth. Wel I know that as Poul saith in the place bifore rehersed and Job sayth the same, Job i. Nakyd we cōme īto this world we brynge noo richesse with us, ne none shalle we bere with us, whanne we shalle passe fro this world as is also before seid. Nathelesse whiles we lyue here we may nat vtterly cast all tempāll godes away, wherfore after the īformacion of this holy mā Poule in the same cheptre, haue I helynge and symple livelode I purpose through godde's grace to holde me content & neuyr bisy me to kepe to gider aboundaunce of worldly richesses."

This is the first book of Pynson printed with a date. See *Dibdin*, ii. 401.

Three years afterwards, 1496, Wynkyn de Worde also printed this work, in folio, which Mr. Dibdin considers a re-impression of Pynson's, with only a variation of orthography. *Ibid.* ii. 67.

¶ *The Chronicle of Jhon Harding, from the fyrste begynnynge of Englande, unto the reigne of Kyng Edward the fourth wher he made an end of his Chronicle: And from that tyme is added a continuation of the storie in prose to this our tyme, now first imprinted, gathered out of diuerse and sondery autours y^t haue writē of the affaires of Englande. Londini Ex officina Richardi Graftoni Mense Januarii. MDXLIII. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. 4to.*

This book having been reprinted in the present year, and admirably edited by Mr. Henry Ellis, it is unnecessary to say more, than to copy Bishop Nicholson's short character of the original.

"The next historian (to Thomas Walsingham) was JOHN HARDING, a Northern English man, and an inveterate enemy to the Scotish nation, against whom he carried arms in several expeditions. He collected out of all our histories whatever might tend to the proof of the ancient vassalage of that kingdom to the crown of England; and hearing there was in Scotland an old record that put the matter beyond dispute, he went with great hazard thither in disguise, and with much ado, brought it away, and shew'd it to Hen. V. Hen. VI. Edw. IV. To the last of these he dedicated his two books of Chronicles in English rhyme; whereof the curious reader may have a taste in some of our modern writers. It appears he was living (tho' very old) in the year 1461. So that Nicholas Montacute (about that time master of Eton school, and a collector of English History) may be reckoned his contemporary; as may also Royle Albanus, a Carmelite of London, who drew up the genealogies of some of our kings." *

But see a more critical account in Warton's History of English Poetry, ii. 125, 126, 127, and in Ellis's Preface.

* Hist. Libr. 3d edit. p. 68.

Grafton

Grafton has prefixed a dedication of three leaves in verse to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. And there is added a continuation of the Chronicle in prose from Edw. IV. to Hen. VIII.

INEDITED POEM BY JOHN WALLYS.

The following specimen while it brings us acquainted with a poet of the 16th century, whose name and works have hitherto escaped the notice of our bibliographers, will also prove that the fondness for alliterative poetry (occasioned, perhaps, by the popularity of Piers Plowman) had not entirely ceased, even at so late a period as the year 1550 (the earliest which I think we can well assign to the poem in question.)

This singular composition is contained in the same manuscript (MS. Ashmole 48, p. 145,) in which the works of Richard Sheale, noticed in my former communication, are found.

1.

Wanderyng on my waye, as I was wonte for to wende,
In a mornyng of May myrthes gan I myng.*
In the dawnynge of the daye, when the dewes gandyssend,
In Awrora, when Flore gan spreyde and sprynge,
The dear in the dales champions gan chace,
The byrdes sat syngyng thys songe wyth lawdacion,
Saying "Good order ys ever in that place,
"Wheras honore ys hadde in heyhe estimacion."

2.

I stented of my steven,† and stode stone styll,
Undernethe the holtys thys harmonie to heare.
Hit sownded so of sapience that wytt was in wylle,‡
In the woodes by the waters as I niggede nee near.
The honters wyth ther hornes to thee howndes blew base,
Their voices in the valleys was cause of consolacyon;
Saying, "Good order ys ever in that place
"Wheras honor ys hadde in higge estimacyon."

* Ming, mix in, participate.

† Stented of my steven, stinted of, or held my voice.

‡ Wytt was in wylle, does the author mean that his inclination coincided with his judgment, in the wish to hear these sounds of sapience?

Then

3.

Then buskyd I me backwarde, and tomyde to a tre,
I was myndede to the mowntaynes wth a mylde moode.
The lovelyest Ladye in my syght ther dyd I see,
That ever bar body of bone and of bloode.
I was ravysht owt of reson with her fragrant face,
She talked so tretably with curtas communycacyon;
Saying, "Good order ys ever in that place
"Wheras honore ys hade in higge estimacyon."

This lady is Intelligence, who directs the poet to a castle inhabited by all the virtues. The poem (which is altogether allegorical, and contains no particular allusions to manners or customs) ends with the burden, "Sayinge good ordare," &c.

C.

¶ *Lachrymæ Musarum; The Tears of the Muses; exprest in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry Lord Hastings, onely sonn of the Rt. Honble. Ferdinando Earl of Huntingdon, Heir-Generall of the high born Prince George Duke of Clarence, Brother to King Edward the Fourth. Collected and set forth by R. B*

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. Hor.

London, Printed by T. N. and are to be sold by John Holden, at the blue Anchor in the New Exchange, 1650. 8*vo.**

The Poems are,

1. By the Earl of Westmoreland. 2. Lord Falkland. 3. Sir Aston Cokaine. 4. Sir Arthur Gorges. 5. Robert Millward. 6. Thomas Higgons. 7. Cha. Cotton. 8, 9. Tho. Pestel, *pater*. 10, 11. George Fairfax, Latin and English. 12, 13, 22. Francis Standish. 14. Jo. Joynes. 15. Sam. Bold. 16. J. Cave. 17. Phil. Kindar. 18. Rob. Herrick. 19. John Denham. 20. Andrew Marvell. 21. J. Hall. 23. J. B. 24. Tho. Bancroft. 25. W. Pestell. 26. Tho. Pestell, *the son.*

* The Editor is indebted to Francis Freeling, Esq. for the loan of this work.

27.

27. R. P. Latin. 28. John Rosse. 29. Alex. Brome. 30. Edward Standish. 31. Ric. Brome, who I presume was the editor of the collection.

"Here was the end of the book intended to have been; and so was it printed, before these following papers were written, or sent in."

32. M. N. 33. "Joannes Harmarus, Oxoniensis, φιλιαρτος, et C. W. M." 34. "Joannes Dryden, Scholæ Westm. Alumnus." 35. "Cyrillus Wyche, Scholæ Westm. Alumnus." *Latin.* 36. "Edw. Campion, Scholæ Westm. Alumnus." *Latin.* 37. "Tho. Adams, Scholæ Westm. Alumnus." *Latin.* 38. "Radulphus Mountague, Edwardi Mountague Baronis de Boughton filius natu minor, ex Schola Westmonast." *Latin.*

I shall first select the short pieces of two noble authors.

BY THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Is there a bright star fall'n from this our sphere,
Yet none sets out some newer kalendar?
Do the orbs sleep in silence? Is the scheme
Struck dumb at th' apprehension of the theme?
I shall not challenge *Booker* here? nor will I
Call up the mathemat-like dreams of *Lilly*,
To search the reason, sift prognosticks out,
How this so sad disaster came about;
Since that to every one it is well-known,
The best and precious things are soonest gone,
Such grief by th' cause is heighten'd to excess;
And where that falls, expression grows less.
Yet if we'd scan why thus he's Hasting* hence,
His name may give you some intelligence.
The world with him this opposition had;
He was too good for it, and that too bad.

BY LORD FALKLAND.

Farewell, dear Lord and Friend, since thou hast chose
Rather the Phœnix life, than death of crows;
Though Death hath ta'en thee, yet I'm glad thy Fame
Must still survive in learned Hastings' name.
For thy great loss my fortune I'll condole,
While that Elizium enjoys thy soul.

* A miserable pun. These lines give but a mean idea of the noble author's genius.

The

The following lines have considerable merit; and I more willingly introduce them as written by a poet, whose compositions are now little known.

BY SIR ARTHUR GORGES.

Since that young Hastings 'bove our hemisphere
  Is snatch'd away, O let some angel's wing
Lend me a quill, his noble fame to rear
  Up to that quire which Halleluiah sing.
Sure Heaven itself for us thought him too good,
  And took him hence just in his strength and prime,
When Virtue 'gan to make him understood,
  Beyond the peers and nobles of his time.
Wherefore 'twill ask more than a mortal pen
  To speak his worth unto posterity;
Whose judgment shin'd 'mongst grave and learned men,
  With true devotion and integrity:
    For which in heaven the joys of lasting bliss
    He reaps, whilst we sow tears for him we miss.

But I no praise for poetry affect,
  Nor Flattery's hoped meed doth me incite;
Such base-born thoughts as servile I reject:
  Sorrow doth dictate what my pen doth write:
Sorrow for that rich treasure we have lost;
  Zeal to the memory of what we had;
And that is all they can, that can say most.
  So sings my muse in zeal and sorrow clad:
So sang Achilles to his silver harp,
  When foul affront had reft his fair delight;
So sings sweet Philomel against the sharp;
  So sings the swan, when life is taking flight:
    So sings my Muse the notes which sorrow weeps;
    Which anthem sung, my Muse for ever sleeps.

BY SIR THOMAS HIGGONS.

These are thy triumphs, Death, who prid'st to give
Their lives an end, who best deserve to live!
Dull, useless men, whom Nature makes in vain,
Or but to fill her number and her train;
Men by the world remembred but till death
Whose empty story endeth with their breath,
Stay till old age consume them; when the Good
The Noble and the Wise, are kill'd i'th'bud.

Such

Such was the subject of our grief, in whom
All that times past can boast, or times to come
Can hope, is lost: whose blood, although its springs
Stream from the royal loins of England's kings,
His virtue hath exalted, and refin'd;
For his high birth was lower than his mind.
But that the Fates, inexorably bent
To mischief man, and ruin his content,
Would have this sacrifice, the Sisters might
Have been affected with so sweet a sight,
And thought their hasty cruelty a crime,
To tear him from his friends before his time.

BY CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

Amongst the mourners that attend his herse
With flowing eyes, and wish each tear a verse,
T'embalm his fame, and his dear merit save
Uninjur'd from th' oblivion of the grave,
A sacrifice I am come to be
Of this poor offring to his memory.
O could our pious meditations thrive
So well, to keep his better part alive,
So that, instead of him we could but find
Those fair examples of his letter'd mind,
Virtuous emulation then might be
Our hopes of good men, though not such as He.
But in his hopeful progress since he's crost,
Pale Virtue droops, now her best pattern's lost.
'Twas hard, neither divine, nor human parts,
The strength of Goodness, Learning, and of Arts,
Full crowds of friends, nor all the prayers of them,
Nor that he was the pillar of his stem,
Affection's mark, secure of all men's hate,
Could rescue him from the sad stroke of fate.
Why was not th' air drest in prodigious forms,
To groan in thunder, and to weep in storms?
And, as at some men's fall, why did not his
In Nature work a metamorphosis?
No; he was gentle, and his soul was sent
A silent victim to the firmament.
Weep, ladies, weep; lament great Hastings' fall;
His House is buried in his funeral.
Bathe him in tears, till there appear no trace
Of those sad blushes in his lovely face:

Let

Let there be in't of guilt no seeming sense,
Nor other colour than of innocence.
For he was wise and good, though he was young,
Well suited to the stock from whence he sprung:
And what in youth is ignorance and vice,
In him prov'd piety of an excellent price.
Farewell, dear Lord; and since thy body must
In time return to its first matter, dust;
Rest in thy melancholy tomb in peace! For who
Would longer live, that could but now die so?

For a full and minute account of the illustrious house of Hastings, the reader is referred to *Nichols's Leicestershire* under *Ashby de la Zouch.*

"¶ *Thys Prymer off Salisburye vse is sett owght along wythowght ony serchyng, wyth many prayers, and goodly pyctures in the Kalender, yn the matyns off owr lady, yn the houres off the crosse yn the vii. psalmes: & yn the dyryge, with the xv. oos yn ynghlysh & the ꝓfessionall & Jesus psalter newly emprynted yn Paris, wythyn the howse off Thylman Kerver att the expenses of Johan groute boke seller yn london dwellyng wyth yn the black freers next the church doore.*" 16*mo. b. l.*

Below this title is the small device of *Thielman Kerver*, with the date M.D.xxxiii.

At the end of the Calendar with which this little volume opens, "The dayes of the weke" are "moralysed" in verse: after which we have "The maner to lyue well" compiled by "Mayster Johan quentin doctour in dyuinite at Parys; trāslated out of frenche into englysse by *Robert Coplād prynter at Londō.*" Near the end, signat. N. iiii. is a table of the general contents; with "Expliciunt hore beatissime virginis Marie secūdum vsum Sarum, totaliter ad longum, cum orationibus beate Brigitte, ac multis aliis, impresse Parisiis, impensis quidem honesti viri Joannis Growte librarii, opera autem cōspicue matrone Yolande Bonhomme vidue defuncti Thielmanni Kerver, sub vnicorni commoratis, in vico diui Jacobi Anno dni. M.D.xxxij. mense Augusto."

Then

Then follows, after another impression of the device, "An inuocacyon gloryous named the psalter of Jesus," mentioned in the title at the beginning: from the close of which the following "Prayer to Jhesus" has been copied.

"Jhesu Lorde that madest me
And with thy blode haste bought
Forgyue that I haue greuyd the
In wordes werkes and thought.

¶ Jhesu for thy woundes smerte
On thy fete and handes two
Make me lowly of my herte
The to loue as I shulde do.

¶ Jhesu cryste to the I call
That arte god full of myght
Kepe me clene that I do not fall
In deedly synne day ne nyght.

¶ Jhesu gyue my askynge
Perfyte pacyence in my dysease
And that I neuer do that thynge
The to angre or dysplease.

¶ Jhesu that arte heuen kynge
Sothfast gost and man also
Gyue me grace of good endynge
And them that I am holden to.

¶ Jhesu for thy dolefull teres
That thou weped for my gylte
Here and spede my prayers
And graunt that I be not spylte.

¶ Jhesu for them I the beseche
That angre the in any wyse
Stryke them not in thy wreche
And let them lyue in thy seruyce.

¶ Jhesu joyfull for to se
Of thy sayntes euerychone
Conforte them that carefull be
And helpe them that be wo begon.

¶ Jhesu kepe them that be gode
And them amende that greuyth the
And sende vs fruyte and erthly fode
As vs nedeth in our degre.

Jhesu

¶ Jhesu that arte without leas
  Almyghty god in trynyte
Seas all varre & send vs peas
  With lastynge loue & charyte.

¶ Jhesu that art the ghostly stone
  Of all holy churche en erde
Brynge thy flocke all in to one
  And rule them ryght in one herde.

¶ Jhesu for thy precyous blode
  Brynge the soules in to blysse
For whom I have any good
  And forgyve them theyre mysse. Amen."

E.

¶ *The Censvre of a loyall Subiect: vpon certaine noted Speach & behauiours of these fourteen notable Traitors at the place of their executions the xx and xxi of September, last past. As also, of the Scottish Queen, now (thankes be to God) cut of by iustice, as the principal Roote of al their treasons. On Wednesday the 8 of Februarie* 1586. *Wherein is handled matter of necessarie instruction and comfort for al duetiful subiectes: especially, the multitude of ignoraunt people. Feare God: be true to thy Prince: and obey the Lawes. At London. Printed by Richard Jones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and the Crowne, neere Holborne bridge. qto.*

At the back of the title-page is the following Advertisement:

"Cvrteous Reader: my good friend M[aster] G[eorge] W[hetsone] at his departure into the countrey left this most honest worke to be censured by me, being right well assured by the continuance of our true friendshippes that I would not deceiue him with a flattering iudgment, and (trust me) vpon a considerate reading, I found it a little book containing a large testimony of his loyalty to his Prince and country, a sweet comfort and most sound counsail for good subiectes: concluding, by many fair examples of Traitors foule endes, that the reward of treason is distruction, and after death lasting infamie. I haue aduentured to possesse thee

thee with the benefite thereof, before I made account vnto him of my liking, which is that no good subiect can mislike the same, and I made the more haste herein, because some wicked persons that will not be admonished haue now by new conspiracy desired our publique sorrowe, and by their discouery haue brought an vniuersall ioy into the church of God. Giue God thankes for his wonderfull preseruation of her Maiestie and the confusion of her enemies; serue him and read this booke which trulie promiseth thee that such miscreate persons shall neuer prosper in their deuices. No more but feare God and thou shalt fare well. Thy louing frien, T. C.*

It is dedicated to the right honourable Sir William Cecill, Knight, Baron of Burleigh, Lord high Treasurer of England, &c. wherein the author says,

"I present, for the general instruction of my countreymen the subiects of England, my obseruances of certain noted speach and behauiors of those fourteene notable traitors, which lately suffered for their treasons: trusting that this censure, by the sentence of all good subiects, will merite the acceptance of my former bookes, which hetherto haue escaped the disgrace of publique reproofe. Protesting, in the behalf of my writing, that my desire hath euermore bene to instruct all men and not to iniure the worst of the wicked." Subscribed: "Humbly at your Lordship's commandement. G. W."

Then the work as "a Censure, in forme of a Dialogue" wherein three are "the speakers: Walker, a godly deuine; Weston, a discreet gentleman; Wilcocks, a substantial clothier." The last has newly arrived at home and relates the best news at London.—Here our author takes opportunity to show his loyalty, leaving scarce one of the persons that had suffered in the time of Elizabeth unnoticed. His observations on the Q. of Scots appear the most interesting at the present period.

"In very truth (he says) necessitie hath made the bloody deuices of the Scottish Q. so common, as no good subiect may iustly be forbidden to deriue the cause, both of foraigne and domestike conspiracies, from her vnprincely heart. Our sacred Q. Elizabeth's mercy hath many yeares contēded with a number of fearful admonitions to preserue both the life and honor of this most vnkinde queen. When the

* Q. Thomas Churchyard?

Scottes, her own people, pursued her life and printed her defame the Queene's Maiesty entertained her as Augustus did his enemye Cinna: she gaue her her life that many waies sought her own life: and was so carefull of her honour that she forbad the bookes of her faults to be conuersant among her english subiects, which almost in euery other nation wer made vulgar:* but Cinna after three times forgiuenes, became (none so) faithful to Augustus: when this Scottish Queen, being three times thrise forgiuen, remaineth (none more) bloodily infected to Queene Elizabeth, her own hand writings be witnesses. During the whole course of her abode in Eng. which may be properly called a protection, and no imprisonment, ther is nothing more manifest then that her mallice thirsted the death of her own life. The currantes of her practises were so general as euery good christian prince know as much, and certified her Maiestie no lesse: in fine seeing y^t her pretēdings were not only against the person of her maiestie, but that they also reached to the change of christiā religion, some zealous members of the Church of God, in publique writing did set downe, the daunger of her Maiesties mercye,† and in christian pollicy shewed by many waightie reasons, that God deliuered the Scottish Queen vnto the sword of her iustice, as he did many idolatrous princes into the handes of the kinges of Israell: But our most gratious Queen notwithstanding these continual aduertisementes with a magnanimous heart digested all this danger: yea, she was so farre from reuenge as shee yeelded not to make her subiects partakers of these forraine counsels whom next vnder her, they principally concerned. Lastly, when the continual importunities of her louing subiects by all the estates of Parliament tyred her Maiestie with petitions to proceed to the sentence of her own lawes, her clemency found out delay, when justice would admit no excuse. But the delaye of execution prooued so dangerous as the safety of ye Queenes Maiestie (was in iudgement of the wisest) held desperate so long as the Scottish Queen liued: and (therfore) to the vnspeakable griefe of ye Queenes Maiestie, though (otherwise) to the vniuersall ioy and desire of her subiectes, justice was executed vpon this vngodly Queene vpon Wednesday the 8 of Februarie 1586."

Eusebius Hood.

* Bookes written against the Scottish Q. forbidden in England. *Margin.*

† A book long since written in French to sentence the bloody proceedings of the Scottish Q. with death. *ib.*

¶ *A Relation of ten years Travels in Europe, Asia, Affrique, and America. All by way of Letters occasionally written to divers noble personages, from place to place; and continued to this present year, by Richard Fleckno. With divers other Historical, Moral, and Poetical pieces of the same author.*

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

London. Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by. 8vo. *pp.* 176.

As very little is known of Fleckno's history,* though Dryden's poem has coupled his name with contempt, I copy fully the contents of this rare little volume, for which the usual kindness of Mr. Heber has furnished me with the opportunity.

"To the Lord Marquis of Newcastle, who in answer to a copy of verses of his sent him the following.

Fleckno, thy verses are too high for me,
Though they but justly fit thy Muse and thee,
Cæsars should be thy theme on them to write,
Though thou'dst expresse them more than they could fight;
Those worthies rank them in thy wit's pure file,
Though Homer's blush, and Virgil's lofty stile:
For thy poetic flame is so much higher,
Where it should warm, 't consumes us with thy fire.
Thy vaster fancy does embrace all things,
And for thy subject ought t'have greatest kings.

My Lord,

I received the verses you honored me withall, which impose on me a necessity of deserving them, although I do not yet; to which end I know you writ them (for 'twere too great presumption in me to imagine you flatter'd me) it being one of the gentlest arts of friendship *laudando præcipere*, to praise ones friends into virtues which they want; yet must I glory in it, and praise it every where; since if, as Cicero says, *laus est laudari a laudabili viro*, 'tis only true praise to be praised by a praise-worthy man, how glorious must it be to me, to be praised by the most praise-worthy man alive? by one who has the most of the nobleman in him,

* See Scott's Dryden, vol. x. p. 441.

the

the most of true greatness, and who is of so equal a mind in all fortunes, as prosperous could never elate, nor adverse e'er depress; no more, my Lord, but the assurances that I shall always be

Your Lordship's most, &c."

The first letter to Col. William Evers from Gant, *(Ghent)* 1640, states the author's reasons for leaving England, saying that, like certain birds, he flies from coming storms. The second letter in 1641 is from the same place, and contains a character and epitaph of the Earl of Strafford. The third letter is from Ghent to Mr. Henry Petus in 1642. Letter IV. is to the Lady Audley from Brussels, 1642. Letter V. from the same place to Mr. Edward Lewis, 1643. Letter VI. is also from Brussels, 1644, and concerns his "resolution to travel into Italy." Letter VII. is to Mademoiselle de Beauvais, from Paris, 1644. VIII. To the same, from Marseilles, 1644. IX. To the same from Genoa, 1645. X. To the same from Rome, 1645. XI. To the same, from Rome, 1645, "containing an historical relation of the marriage of the Duchess of Lorain." XII. "To the Duchess of Loraine, from Rome, 1645, touching the state of her affairs." XIII. "To Sir J. S. from Rome, 1645, in answer to his news of the Scots coming into England." XIV. "To the Lord Marquis Camillo Bagni, from Rome, anno 1645." XV. "To Count Salazar, from Rome, 1646, on the taking Piombino and Porta Lengona." XVI. "To the Princess of Hoghzollern, from Rome, 1647, of his irksome life at Rome, and hope he had to revisit Flanders." XVII. "To the Count Salazar, from Genoa, 1648. Of the reduction of Naples, and some passages concerning it." XVIII. "To the Lord Thomas Somerset, from Marseilles, 1647. Of his voyage and return out of Asia." XIX. "To the Lord Charles Dudley, Prince of the Empire, &c. from Lisbon, 1648. Of his sea-voyage from Provence to Portugal." XX. "To Doctor Hart at Rome, from Lisbon, 1648. Concerning some reports of him at Rome." XXI. "To the Countesse of Berlamont, 1648, where he merrily describes his life at Lisbon." XXII. "To Mademoisselle de Beauvais, from Lisbon, 1645." XXIII. "To the same, 1648. Of his sea-voyage from Lisbon

Lisbon to the Brasils." XXIV. "To the Reverend Father John Pererio of the Society of J. in Brasil, 1650." XXV. "To the Lord ——— from Lisbon, 1650. Of some discourses in Portugal." XXVI. "To Mr. John Mulys, 1650. Character of an English merchant resident in foreign parts." XXVII. "To the Duchess of Lorain, at Berseel nigh Brussels, 1650. The description of the Countess of Berlamont's funeral." XXVIII. "To the same. Apprehending danger from the inflammation and redness of the Princess's eyes." XXIX. "To the same. Merrily describing his journey on foot from Berseel to Bruxelles." XXX. "To the Lord Duke of Buckingham. In praise of Berseel, a castle of Mademoiselle de Beauvais nigh Bruxelles." XXXI. "To Mademoiselle de B. 1650. The reason of his leaving Bruxelles to wait upon the Duchess of Lorain into the country." XXXII. "To Monsieur Laurius, Lieutenant Civil at Gant, 1650." XXXIII. "To Mademoiselle de B. 1650. Of language." XXXIV. "To the same, Of the pronunciation of several languages." XXXV. "To Mademoiselle de B. Of fame." XXXVI. "To Mademoiselle de Clerque at Gant, 1650. Wherein he declares the life they led in the country." XXXVII. "To Mademoiselle de Beauvais. The vices of evil tongues arraigned." XXXVIII. "To the Lady ——, 1651. Of secrets." XXXIX. "To the Lady ——, how we are to contemn the calumnies of the world." XL. "To Mademoiselle de B——. Of affectation." XLI. "To Mademoiselle de B——, 1651. Inviting her into the country, the plague being hot at Bruxelles." XLII. "To Mademoiselle ———, taking exceptions at somewhat he had writ." XLIII. "Per Speculum in Enigmate. On a mirour in enigma, presented to the Princess of Loraine." XLIV. "To Mademoiselle de Beauvais in raillerie, 1651." XLV. "The answer." XLVI. "To Mademoiselle de Beauvais, 1651. On his leaving Breen." XLVII. "To the Lady Tenham, 1654. In sending her a song or ballad." XLVIII. "To Cloris, 1654. On her going out of town. XLIX. "To the Lord Rich." L. "To the Lady ———. Of the Temple of Friendship, a tragi-comedy he was writing, with the character of the persons." LI. "To

Lilly drawing Cloris picture," poetry. LII. "To the Lady Biron. On the black hair of a fine lady," poetry. LIII. "To Briget Countess of Desmond. In excuse of his no sooner celebrating her praises," poetry. LIV. "To Clo is," poetry. LV. "To the Lady Elizabeth Darcey," poetry. LVI. "To the Lady Isabella Thinn," poetry. LVII. "The fair mourner. To the Lady Howard," poetry. LVIII. "To Misa. Angry because she was old," poetry. LIX. "To the same. On her striving to appear still fair and young," poetry. LX. "To Phillis. Reporting he loved her because he praised her," poetry. LXI. "To the Vice-roy of Norway, 1655. In sending him some verses, which he desired."—"On his choosing Valentines." LXII. "To the Countess of Desmond. On the death of Lady Theophyla Carey, daughter to Henry Earle of Monmouth, 1655." LXIII. "To Mr. Thomas Higgins. With his ode in praise of a country life." LXIV. "A condoling epistle to the Duchess of Richmond, 1655. On the death of my Lord Duke her husband." LXV. "A consolatory epistle to the Queen Mother of France, Mary of Medices, written about the year 1641. Omitted in its place, and inserted here."

"ODE IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

O happiness of country life,
Which town nor palace ne'er could boast;
Where men are e'en with gods at strife,
Whose happiness should be the most.

Whilst innocently all live there,
Lords of themselves as well as land,
Out of the road of hopes and fear,
And out of Fortune's proud command.

While to deprive men of their own,
Is crime which yet they never saw,
Nor more injustice e'er was known,
Than not to give beasts hunted law.

Where but for fish there's none lay baits,
Nor traps but for some ravenous beast,
And but for fowl there's no deceits,
So harmless they're in all the rest.

Where

Where of false dealings none's afraid,
And soothing flattery none allows,
But only in the dairy-maid,
Who, whilst she milks them, strokes her cows.

Where only in sheep-shearing time
The rich the poor do seem to fleece,
And of oppression all their crime
Is only whilst they make their cheese.

Then for the pleasant do but think
Th' vast difference there is twixt both,
Whilst men in towns live in a sink,
A life e'en very beasts would loath.

Where nothing on the earth does grow
To speak the seasons; but (in sum)
By dirt they only winter know,
And only dust shews summer's come.

Then for serenating the mind,
Without which no contentment is,
Where in loud cities shall you find
A recollection like to this?

Where on some object whilst I stay,
And hidden cause of it would find,
No noise does fright my thoughts away,
Nor sudden fright disheart my mind.

Or if that any noise there be,
'Tis such as makes me not afeard,
Of water's fall, birds' melody,
O'th' bleating flock, and lowing heard.

Meantime how highly are they blest,
Whose conversation's all with them,
Who only but for th' name of beast
Are in effect less beasts than men.

For no ambition makes them fight,
Nor unto mutual slaughter run,
Invading one another's right
Till th' one or both be quite undone.

None others acts calumniate,
Nor misinterpret every word;
For others lives none lies in wait,
Nor kills with poison, nor with sword.

Then to conclude, the country life
Has happiness towns could never boast,
Where men are even with gods at strife,
Whose happiness should be the most.

And since life somewhere must be spent,
Give me but Amoret's company,
Without which life has no content,
And here I could both live and die."

These lines have some poetical merit, and place Fleckno in a better light than he has hitherto appeared in.

July 28, 1812. B.

¶ *Sivqila. Too good to be true. Omen. Though so at a vewe, Yet all that I tolde you, Is true, I vpholde you: Nowe cease to aske why? For I cannot lye. Herein is shewed by way of Dialogue, the wonderful maners of the people of Maugsun, with other talke not friuolous. Seen and allowed, &c. Printed in Thames Streate, neere vnto Baynards Castell.* 1580. [Back of title "*the armes of Sir Chr. Hatton.*" Colophon,] *At London Imprinted by Henry Binneman, dwelling in Thames Streete neere vnto Baynardes Castle.* 1580. pp. 178. Quarto.

This work was followed, in the next year, by "The "second part and knitting up of the Boke entituled "Too good to be true. Wherein is continued the dis-"course of the wonderful Lawes, commendable cus-"tomes, and strange manners of the people of Maugsun. "Newly penned and published by Tho. Lupton. "Printed 1581. 4to."—Few readers are unacquainted with the Utopia of Sir Thomas More; this dialogue describes an imaginary commonwealth, and is imitative of that fanciful and visionary work;* it contains much good sense, but is decidedly inferior to its elegant prototype.

The following extract is not inapposite, even at the present *enlightened* period.

"There is not one dicer nor yet carder in all our countrey. Oure Rulers, Lordes, Knightes, and Gentlemen, (wishing rather to profite other, than to fill their purses wyth other mens pence, and to solace their wearyed mindes

* The interlocutors are Sivqila a stranger, and Omen an inhabitant of Maugsun.

"There

by honest pastimes, than to get greedie gain by diuelish and detestable diceplaye) doe use divers times (when they doe playe) to playe at Chesse, the Astronomers game, and the Philosophers game, whiche whettes their wittes, recreates their minde, and hurtes nobody in the meane season.*

Sivqila. These games you speake of are too busie for manye of oure heades: and many of our heades are otherwise too busie to followe your good orders. Dice-playe is so commonlye used with us, that many boyes, servingmen, and other, are more experte in playing at dice, than in Dauid's Psalmes.

Omen. Haue you no lawes againste suche unlawfull games?

Sivqila. Yes, we haue lawes to forbid them, and licences to allowe them.†

Omen. That is as thoughe a father shoulde commaunde his sonne to goe to schoole, and immediatly give him leave to playe the trewant. Those lawes shal never be wel kepte, that are licensed to be broken.—Nay, if *we* have lawes, we keepe lawes."

The general discussion of the work is often relieved by "pleasaunte" narrations, amongst which is the well known tale of Androcles and the Lion.‡

Bristol. J. F.

¶ *A Swete and devovte Sermon of holy saynt Ciprian of mortalitie of man. The rules of a Christian lyfe made by Picus erle of Mirandula, bothe translated into englyshe by syr Thomas Elyot knyghte. Londini in aedibus Tho. Bertheleti.* Colophon, *Thomas Berthelet regius impressor excudebat. An.* 1534. *Cum privilegio.*

Several of the curious tracts published by this worthy knight have already been noticed in the pages of the Bibliographer, and the present may assist in a completion of the list.

The dedication is,

'To my ryghte worshypfull suster dame Suzan Kyngestone, and prays her 'to communicate it with our two susters religiouse Dorothe and Alianour.'

Bristol. J. F.

* The exercise of the higher sorte. *Margin.* † Marke well. ib.

‡ This has very lately been elegantly modernised from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Mr. Elton (the translator of Hesiod) in his *Tales of Romance.*

¶ *Flowres of Epigrammes out of sundrie the most singular authors, selected, &c. by Timothie Kendall, late of the vniuersitie of Oxford, now of Staple Inn. London*, 1577. [Sixteens, containing S. in eights.]

Kendall's poems are of extreme rarity, nor can I, at the present moment, call to mind more than two other copies; one in the collection of the late Mr. Malone, the other (and that imperfect) in the library of George Mason.

The copy now before me wants the title-page, but I have transcribed it from Herbert's Ames, vol. ii. page 1115, for the sake of rendering the present account more perfect. On sign. A ij. is the epistle dedicatory, "to the right honourable the lorde Robert Dudley, earle of Leycester, baron of Denbigh, master of the queenes maiesties horse, knight of the noble order of the garter, cheefe chaunceler of the uniuersitie of Oxford, and one of her highnes moste honourable priuie counsell:" [to whom] "Timothe Kendall wisheth happy health, with increase of honour."

Of the author little is now known.* He was a native of the county of Oxford, and, although he has escaped the researches of the Oxford biographer, became a member of that university, having previously received a school education at Eton. From thence he removed to Staples inn, London, and here all traces of his life, for the present, remain.

The volume is divided into two parts, 1. *Flowers of Epigrams: out of sundrie the moste singular authors selected*, containing 112 folios, ending at sign. O 8. 2. *Trifles by Timothe Kendal, deuised and written (for the moste part) at sundrie tymes in his yong and tender age.* The latter, although foliated anew, begin at sign. P. On the last leaf the following colophon, *Imprinted at London in Paules churche yarde, at the signe of the Brasen Serpent by Jhon Shepperd Anno* 1577, with the singular device of a swan performing on a violin, with a scroll of music before it, and represented as singing the following lines from Martial beneath,

* For some notices of the family of Kendal, who were distantly related to Sir Aston Cockain, see the *Topographer*, vol. ii. 158, and vol. iv. 112.

"Dulcia

"Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua,
Cantator Cygnus funeris ipse suis."

So much for the typographical description of this volume. I wish I could add, that its literary merit was at all equal to its rarity, but this, perhaps, were too much to expect, for had it possessed more intrinsic value it would have been more carefully preserved; as it is there are not, in all probability, six copies in existence.

Immediately following the epistle before mentioned is the author's preface "to the courteous and frendly reader," part of which I transcribe. "Hauyng enured my selfe in my greene and growyng yeares to readyng of poetrie (an arte in my mind and censure both princely and pleasant) in riper yeares I could neither by faire meanes be allured, nor foule mines procured, from embracying thereof, so greatly therewith was I linked in loue."—Now (courteous reader) of all sorts of poems and poesies. none (mee thinketh) are more pithie and pleasant, than pretty, shorte, witty, quicke and quippyng epigrammes; in the which kind of writyng Marcus Valerius Martialis is counted cheefly to excell. Wherfore out of him (as sundrie other most singular authors) haue I translated and taken sundrie short, propper, pithie and pleasant verses and epigrammes for thy no little profite and great delectation: marrie, this I must let thee vnderstand, that as well out of Martial as the rest, I haue left the lewde, I haue chosen the chaste; I haue weeded away all wanton and woorthlesse woordes; I haue pared away all pernicious patches; I haue chipt and chopt of all beastly boughes and brāches, all filthy and fulsom phrases. Which I thinke none will mutter at and mislike, but suche as delight more to drawe of the dregs, than drinke of the delicate liquour." He then promises, "if thou shalt thinke well of mee and thanke mee, I shall (God willyng,) shortly as conuenient leisure shall serue, either augment these. or publish more for thy delight and profite. In the meane tyme, take these in good part (I beseech thee) whiche were made of mee,

Cum mihi vernarent dubia lanugine malæ.
Vale."

Warton (*Hist. Eng. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 432) justly observes: "It is charitable to hope, that our translator Timothy Kendall wasted no more of his time at Staples Inn

Inn in culling these fugitive blossoms. Yet he has annexed to these versions his Trifles, or Juvenile Epigrams, which are dated the same year."

It seems, however, that his contemporaries were of a contrary opinion, since W. Seymour, Gentleman, of Gray's Inn, George Whetstones, E. G. (probably Edward Guilpin,) Abraham Fleminge, A. W. (perhaps Andrew Willet,) and G. L. wrote commendatory verses on the volume. The latter two copies in Latin, one in hexameter and pentameter lines, the other a Sapphick ode.

Although Kendall professes to have translated the greater part of his epigrams from Martial, he has by no means confined himself to that author. Some are from Pulix, Pictorius, Dardanius, Angelus Politianus, Textor, Balbus, Erasmus, Ausonius, and others; some from the Greek Anthologia, Beza, Sir Thomas More, Pontanus, Buchanan, Haddon, Parkhurst, and Ascham. From his translations it will not be necessary to give any long extracts; for Kendall's sole aim appears to have been, an exact version, line for line, from the Latin into his native tongue; nor has he evinced the slightest idea of retaining the terseness and point of his original author. Perhaps the two following are among the best specimens of this part of the volume.

MARTIAL.

To hymselfe.

"Martial, the thinges that do attaine
The happy life be these I finde:
The riches left, not got with paine;
The fruitefull ground, the quiet minde.

The egall frend; no grudge no strife;
No charge of rule, nor gouernaunce;
Without desease the healthfull life;
The household of continuaunce.

The mean dyet, no delicate fare;
True wisdome ioynd with simplenes;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppresse.

The faithfull wife without debate;
Such sleepes as may beguile the night;

Content

Content thy self with thine estate,
Ne wishe for death, nor feare his might." Fol. 18, b.

B. Dardanius.

The Description of Iustice.

" What hight's thy name, thou goddes, tell?
My name doeth *Justice* hight.
Why lookst thou fell? teares, plants nor bribes
Maie make me goe from right.
Borne of what stocke? of Gods aboue.
Thy parent's names descrie?
Measure my sire, my mother *Truste*,
My nurse was *Penurie*,
A babe who lulde thee in her lap,
Fair *Prudence*, noble dame.
By whom doest thou the guiltie knowe?
Judgement doeth shewe the same.
Why beares thy lefte hande ballaunces;
Thy right, a shinyng blade?
The one doeth ponder causes iuste;
To plague the sworde is made.
So fewe why are there thee to ayde?
Good men are vanisht quight.
Who doeth thee still associate?
Poore *Plainesse*, pure and bright.
Why is thy one eare open wide,
Thy other closed faste?
The good, they alwaies must be heard;
The bad, they must be caste.
Why in apparell art thou poore?
Who will be iuste and right,
Shall neuer, while he liues, become
A riche and wealthie wight." Fol. 36.

Probably the three next are among his worst.

Parkhurst.

" *To Candidus.*

Poore Proclus, Martha tooke to wife,
Of lofty linnage hie:
She was not, Candidus, his wife,
But mistres his, perdie." Fol. 97.

" *The*

"*The Lover.*

Who more a wretch than he
Whom Loue tormenteth sore?
With scorchyng heate of Cupid's coales
He burneth euermore." Fol. 105, b.

"*Of Loue.*

Loue is for to be liked, if
Both loue so, as they ought;
But where one loues, the other lothes,
There Loue is vile and nought." Fol. 105, b.

The second part of the book, entitled *Trifles*, consists entirely of Kendall's own compositions. At the back of the title is the following extract from Cornelius Gallus:

"Diversos diversa juvant; non omnibus annis
Omnia conveniunt; res, prius apta, nocet.
Exultat levitate puer, gravitate senectus,
Inter utrumque manens stat juvenile decus.
Hunc tacitum tristemque decet, fit clarior ille
Lætitia, et linguæ garrulitate suæ."

Considering that these *Trifles* were "devised in his young and tender age," it will be allowed that Kendall's quotation is, here, very pertinent.

From this portion of the volume it is, that we learn the few particulars of the author's life already related. At fol. 5, b, are "*Verses written to his father when he was scholler in Æton*;" at fol. 14, "*Preceptes written in his frend Richard Woodward's praier booke, somtime his companion in Oxford;*" and at fol. 30, "*An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father, William Kendall which died (beyng cut of the stone) and lyes buried at Northaston in Oxfordshire.*" Besides these persons, he addresses his uncle Henry Kendall; his cousins Paul Tooley, Mary Palmer, and John Kendall; his dear brother (probably by marriage) John Sheppard, of Gray's Inn, and has epitaphs on his mother Allice Kendal; his aunt Ellen Kendall; the Lady Allice Avenon, and "a sorrowfull sonet vpon the death of Walter, late erle of Essex." He addresses also two short pieces to Henry Knevet gentleman, the same, as I conjecture, celebrated by Borbonius in his *Nugæ*.

Our readers have already had a taste of Kendall's powers

powers of translation, and I regret to say his original compositions will not advance his poetical reputation. It may, however, be stated to his credit, that a strong moral sentiment runs through most of his productions, and that he has followed the same rules himself, which in his preface he prescribed to those authors he undertook to make speak English. Sometimes, indeed, a want of delicacy in his allusions and expressions will obtrude itself, but this is a fault too prevalent in most of our English epigrammatists, particularly at the period when we may suppose Kendall wrote, and it may justly be attributed more to the taste of the times than the ill intentions of the writer. But it must be owned by all persons, that these improprieties occur but seldom, in comparison with the excellent moral precepts, we meet with at, nearly, every page. Of this class are the following:

"*Commendation and praise of Vertue.*

By riches none are happie made,
  For riches slide awaie;
Thou got with sweate, and labour greate,
  At length, yet they decaie.
Faint, faultryng, fumblyng, feble age
  Decreaseth sturdie strength,
Health sicknesse quailes, and beautie braue
  Doeth flittyng fade at length.
Sweete ticklyng pleasure tarries not,
  Nor maketh any staie,
But in an hower, a little tyme,
  Doeth vanishe quight awaie.
But *Vertue* faire adornes the mynde,
  And perfect doeth remaine;
She stedfast bides, and neuer slides,
  And naught maie *Vertue* staine.
No tyme can *Vertue* faire deface,
  She after death endures,
And vs, aboue the clustryng cloudes,
  A place with God procures.
Vertue doeth make vs blessed, and
  A happie ende doeth giue,
And, when we rotteen bones remaine,
  Yet *Vertue* makes vs liue." Fol. 8.

 "*How*

"*How to get the Loue, bothe of God and men.*

Who leaues; who loues; who liues; who lends;
Who spares; who spies; who speakes; who spends;
Shall purchase to hymself the loue
Of men beneath and God aboue.

Exposition.

Who leaues to lead a lothsome life;
Who loues the lazor poore to feede;
Who liues in loue, and hateth strife;
Who lends who lackes and stands in neede;
Who spares to spende, and waxeth wise;
Who spies the baite and shunnes the hookes;
Who speakes the truthe and hateth lies;
Who spends his tyme in sacred bookes;—
Hym God hymself in heauen aboue,
And men beneath shall like and loue." Fol. 6, b.

We now pass to our author's wit, which is generally very poor.

"*Of Papistes.*

If murdryng monsters mount the skie,
Then papists thither packe, perdie!" Fol. 21.

"*Of Loue.*

Loue worketh woonders great,
Straunge thinges it bringes to passe;
It maketh of a prudent man
A very doltish asse!" Fol. 5, b.

The following are rather better:

"*Of a Lawyer.*

Thou saist that for Lawier,
Then thee none may be better:
Nor none so good (say I)—put out
The third and second letter." Fol. 18, b.

Another.

"Wouldst haue mee tell what law thou hast?
Thou hast as muche as need.
An old saw said, *need had no law*—
No more hast thou indeed." Fol. 26, b.

Few of our readers, perhaps, would guess the following enigma:

"*A Cherrie.*

"*A Cherrie.*

A red skin glisteryng me doeth hide,
I doe with ioyce abounde;
Insteade of harte I holde a stone,
Wherein is kernell founde." Fol. 27.

I will conclude this article, the length of which nothing but the rarity of the book could, in any way, excuse, with another riddle somewhat plainer and somewhat better.

"*Nix.*

More white I am then plume of swan;
Daughter of winter colde I am;
Lesse harde then ice conceal'd am I,
Yet not lesse colde then ice, perdie.
Thinner then mushrome that doeth growe;
To water thin, heate makes me goe.
The letter first, take from my name,
And nine in number thou doest frame.
If this woorde, *Cor*, thou ad to me,
The blackest birde I am to see." Fol. 27.

P. B.

¶ *The most Excellent and Famous History of the most Renowned Knight, Amadis of Greece, surnam'd the Knight of the Burning Sword, son to Lisvart of Greece, and the fair Onoloria of Trebisond. Representing his Education in the Court of King Magadan, his conquering of the Defended Mountain, his Combat with his Grandfather the Emperor Esplandian, his killing Trandalon the Ciclops, and falling in love with Lucella daughter to Alpatracy King of Sicily, his arrival in the Isle of Argenes, where he put an end to the Enchantments of Queen Zirfea, his assisting his Great-grandfather King Amadis in the Island of the Great Siclades, and in respect to him, taking on himself the name of Amadis of Greece: Together with the high and noble Enterprizes of his Cozen Lucencio, Gradamart son to the King of the Giant's Island, Birmartes son to the King of Spain, and many other Noble Knights and Gallant Ladies; all no less useful than pleasant. Humbly addrest to the Beauties of Great*

Great Brittain. By a Person of Quality. Licensed according to order. Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur street without Newgate, and I. Blare at the Looking Glass on London Bridge. 1694. B. l. sm. quarto, pp. 220.

This is a translation from the seventh* book of the Amadis de Gaule, but by whom executed, I do not know. I am not aware of any earlier edition than the present: if so, this could not have been rendered into the English language by the fashionable translator of romance, Anty. Munday, as he flourished about a hundred years preceding the date of it. We are then, I fear, left in the dark as to the real name of the person of quality who undertook the task of giving the adventures of the Knight of the Burning Sword to the public in an English dress. The ensuing preface follows the title-page.

"To the Beauties of Great Britain.

"To you, fair Ladies, does our younger Amadis, after his traversing many vast and foreign regions, address himself, laden with triumphant spires, and crown'd with victorious laurels; all which he humbly lays at your feet, whom he acknowledges to be not only the fairest, but also, the kindest and best natur'd of your sex. In your soft arms and silken laps he hopes to find that repose he has so long in vain been seeking thro' so many hard and perillous adventures: And these hopes of his are much encouraged, by his considering the favourable reception you some time since gave his father *Lisvart*, his grandfather *Esplandian*, and his great grandfather *Amadis of Gaul*, King of *Great Britain*, the greatest exemplar of constant and loyal love that is in any history, of this sort, to be found. If therefore you will graciously condescend to his request, and receive him into your favorable embraces, he here makes a solemn protestation, that all his future endeavours shall wholly be directed to procure your satisfaction and delight, and his chief ambition shall be, to let the world see how highly he values the honour of being

Your

Amadis of Greece."

* The late Mr. Dutens was incorrect in his account of this romance, as he states it to be the *ninth* book of Amadis de Gaule.—*Généalogies des Heros de Roman.*

The

The work contains 63 chapters (the number in the French edition,) consisting of the usual proportion of combats, shipwrecks, enchantments and intrigues. At the end of the last chapter, a *second* part is promised, if the present work should receive encouragement; from the want of that encouragement or from some cause, no second part ever made its appearance in a translation, and the history, which ought to embrace at least the eighth book of Amadis de Gaule, is consequently imperfect.

Mr. Southey, speaking of the Spanish romance, says, " In Amadis of Greece may be found the Zelmane " of the Arcadia, the Masque of Cupid of the Faery " Queen, and the Florizel of the *Winter's Tale. These " resemblances are not imaginary (Florizel indeed is " there with the same name)—any person who will " examine, will be convinced beyond a doubt that " Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare, each of them " imitated this book,—was ever book honoured by three " such imitators!"

In vain would any person search for the Florizel above alluded to in this work. Florizel is the hero of the 9th book of the Amadis de Gaule, in which the name of Amadis de Greece is scarcely to be found: so that Mr. S. is hardly warranted in stating that the *Amadis of Greece* is so fortunate in its imitators.

This book contains a few miserable wood-cuts, and is most wretchedly printed.

W.

¶ *Greenes farewell to Folly. Sent to Covrtiers and Schollers as a president to warne them from the vaine delights that drawes youth on to repentance. Sero sed seriò. Robert Greene, Vtriusque Academiæ in Artibus magister. Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for T. Gubbin and T. Newman.* 1591. qto. extends to M. 3.

In forming the list of Green's works† the earliest date

* It has been always conjectured that Shakspeare borrowed his plot from Green's 'Dorastus and Fawnia.' The latter was probably the imitator of the romance.

† *Cens. Lit.* vol. p. 11.

of

of the "Farewell to Folly" I could then give was 1617. The present copy, with six other pieces equally rare, had lately a vellum cover written upon "Scūall smale bookes bounde together," and appeared to have been collected before 1600. It is in the possession of Mr. Phelps, from whose collection I have derived much valuable assistance on this and many other occasions.

The dedication runs "to the honorable minded gentleman, Robert Carey, Esquire: Robert Greene wisheth as many good fortunes as the honor of his thoughts doe merite. Hauing waded, noble minded courtier, through the censures of many both honourable and worshipfull in comitting the credite of my bookes to their honourable opinions as I haue found some of them not onely honourably to patronize my workes, but curteouslie to passe ouer my vnskilfull presumption with silence, so generally I am indebted to all gentlemen that with fauors haue ouerslipt my follies: Follies I tearme them, because their subiects haue bene superficiall, and their intents amorous, yet mixed with such morrall principles that the preceptes of vertue seemed to craue pardon for all those vaine opinions loue set downe in hir periods. Seeing then (worthie Macænas of letters) my workes haue beene counted follies, and follies the fruit of youth, many yeeres hauing bitten me with experience, and age growing on bidding mee *Petere grauiora*, to satisfie the hope of my friends, and to make the world priuie to my priuate resolution, I haue made a booke called my *Farewell to Follies:* wherein as I renounce loue for a foole, and vanitie as a vaine too vnfit for a gentleman, so I discouer the generall abuses that are ingrafted in the mindes of courtiers and schollers, with a colling card of counsell, suppressing those actions that straie from the golden meane of vertue. But (right worhipfull) some are so peremptorie in their opiuions, that if Diogenes stirre his stumpes, they will saie, it is to mocke dancers, not to be wanton; that if the fox preach tis to spie which is the fattest goose, not to be a ghostly father; that if *Greene* write *his Farewell to Follie*, tis to blind the world with follie, the more to shadow his owne follie. My reply to these thought searchers is this, I cannot Martinize, sweare by my faie in a pulpit, and rap out gogs wounds in a tauerne, faine loue when I haue no charitie, or protest an open resolution of good, when I intend to be priuately ill; but in all publike protestations my wordes and my deedes iumpe in one simpathie, and my tongue and my thoughts are relatiues.

But

But omitting these digressions (right worshipful) to my book, which as it is the farewell to my follies, so it is the last I meane euer to publish of such superficiall labours, which I haue aduentured to shroude vnder the shelter of your worshippes patronage, as vnder his wing, whose generall loue bought with honorable deserts, may defend it from the iniurie of euerie enuious enemie. I can shadowe my presumption with no other excuse but this, that seeking to finde out some one courtier whose vertuous actions had made him the hope of many honours, at whose feete I might laie downe the follies of my youth, and bequeath to him all the profitable fruits of my ensuing age, finding none that either fame could warrant me, or my own priuat fancie perswade to be of more hope then your selfe, I set downe my rest, and ventured boldly on your worship's fauour, which if as I haue found before, I obtaine now, I shall thinke myselfe as fortunate in getting so honorable a patrone for my new indeuours, as vnhappie for blemishing my forepassed youth with such friuolous labours. And thus hoping my honest resolution to do well shall be countenanst with your worship's curteous acceptance, I commit you to the Almightie. Your worship's in all humble seruice, Robert Greene."

Then follows an address:

"To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities health.

"Gentlemen and Studentes (my olde friendes and companions) I presented you alate with my Mourning garment; howe you censure of the cloth or cut I knowe not, but the printer hath past them all out of his shop, and the pedler founde them too deare for his packe, that he was faine to bargain for the life of Tomliuolin to wrappe vp his sweete powders in those vnsauorie papers: If my garment did any Gentleman good I am glad, if it offended none I am proud, if good man find fault that hath his wit in his eyes and can checke what he can not amend, mislike it, I am careles, for Diogenes hath taught me, that to kicke an asse when he strikes, were to smell of the asse for meddling with the asse. Hauing therefore Gentlemen (in my opinion) mourned long enough for the misdeedes of my youth, least I shoulde seeme too Pharisaicall in my fastes, or like our deare English breethren that measure their praiers by the houre glasse, fall a sleepe in preaching of repentance. I haue nowe left of the intent and am come to the effect, and after my mourning present you with my Farewell to Follies, an vltimum vale to al youthful vanities: wishing al Gentlemen, as wel Courtiers as

Schollers, to take view of those blemishes that dishonor youth with the quaint shew of pleasant delights. What a glorious shew would the spring present if the beautie of hir floures were not nipt with the frostes? how would Autumne boast of hir fruites if she were not disguised with the fall of the leafe, and how would the vertues of youth shine (polished with the ripe conceit of wit) if they were not eclipsed with the cloudes of vanity. Then, sweete companions and louemates of learning! looke into my Farewel, and you shall find the poisons which infect young yeares, and turning but the leafe reade the antidotes to preuent the force of such deadly confections. Lay open my life in your thought and beware by my losse, scorne not in your age what you haue learned in your accidence, though stale yet as sure as check. *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Such wags as haue bene wantons with me and haue marched in the Mercers booke to please their Mistris eye with their brauerie, that as the frolike phrase is, haue made the tauerne to sweat with riotous expences, that haue spent their wits in courting of their sweetehearts, and emptied their purses by being too prodigall, let them at last looke backe to the follies of their youth, and with me say, farewell vnto all such vanities. But those young nouices that haue not yet lost the maidenhead of their innocency, nor haue not heard the melody of such alluring syrens, let them read that they may loth, and that seeing into the depth of their follie they may the more detest that whose poysoned sweetenesse they neuer tasted. Thus generally I woulde wish all to beware by me to say with me, farewell to follie. Then shoulde I glorie that my seede sowne with so much good will shoulde yeeld a haruest of so great aduantage. But, by your leaue Gentlemen, some ouer curious will carpe and say that if I were not beyond, I would not be so bold to teach my betters their dutie, and to shew them the sunne that haue brighter eyes than myselfe; well Diogenes tolde Alexander of his follie and yet he was not a king. Others will flout and ouer read euerie line with a frumpe and say tis scuruie, when they themselues are such scabd Jades that they are like to dye of the fazion; but if they come to write or publish anie thing in print, it is either distild out of ballets, or borrowed of theologicall poets, which for their calling and grauitie, being loth to haue anie prophane phāphlets passe vnder their hand get some other Batillus to set his name to their verses: Thus is the asse made proud by this vnder hande brokerie. And he that can not write true Englishe without the helpe of Clearkes of Parish Churches,

Churches, will needes make himselfe the father of interludes. O tis a iollie matter when a man hath a familiar stile and can endite a whole year and neuer be beholding to art; but to bring Scripture to proue any thing he sayes, and kill it dead with the text in a trifling subiect of loue, I tell you is no small peece of cunning. As for example, two louers on the stage arguing one an other of vnkindnesse, his mistris runnes ouer him with this canonicall sentence; A man's conscience is a thousande witnesses; and hir knight againe excuseth him selfe with that saying of the Apostle, Loue couereth the multitude of sinnes, I think this was but simple of Scripture. In charitie be it spoken I am perswaded the sexten of Saint Giles without Creplegate, would haue beene ashamed of such blasphemous rhetoricke. But not to dwell in the imperfection of these dunces, or trouble you with a long commentarie of such witlesse cockescombes, Gentlemen, I humbly intreat pardon for myselfe, that you will fauour my farewell and take the presentation of my booke to your iudiciall insights in good part, which courtesie if I finde at your hands as I little dout of it, I shall rest yours as euer I haue done.

Robert Greene."

The running title of the work is "Greene *his* farewell to Follie," and the story is fixed at the period "when the state of Italie was pestered with the mutinous factions of the Guelphes and Ghibellines," which occasioned the senate of Florence to wear coats of steel, and those of the house of Farneze, who were not interested for either of the contending parties, to leave the city. Of this little society the following is the description.

"The chiefe of these was Ieronimo Farneze, a noble man, honorable for his parentage, and honoured for his vertue, one that in his youth armed his actions with prowesse, and in his age made a proofe of his life by wisdome, who discouering the miserie of time by experience, founde that sweeter was the deaw that dropt from peace than the showers that powred downe from wars, that the garland of Mercurie was more precious than the helmet of Mars, that quiet and content sooner rested vnder the marble altar of Pallas than vnder the siluer targets of Bellona, not that the nobleman thought it dishonorable to be martiall, but that he counted it prodigall to be factious: to auoide therefore all suspition that might insue by his residence in so troublesome a citie, setting his household

affaires in some good order accompanied with his wife, three daughters and foure young gentlemen allied vnto him by affinitie, hee departed from Florence, seated himselfe in a farme of his about sixe miles distant from Vienna: the eldest of his daughters was named Margaret, the seconde Fraunces, the youngest Katherine, all which as ioyning in a sympathie of their parents propagation, were beholden to Nature for beauty, to Fortune for wealth, and to the Gods for wisedome and vertue: the young Gentlemen were these, Seignior Peratio, Seignior Bernardinos, Seignior Cosimo, and Messieur Benedetto, all, as I said before, allied to Farneze by affinitie and therfore honorable, and directing the course of their liues after his compasse and therefore vertuous."

Retired to a grange in a melancholy situation, the effects of solitude are met by a spirited conversation, which forms the first, second, and third discourse of Folly, illustrated by the tales of Peratio, Cosimo, and Bernardinos, which last is levelled against gluttony. It follows:

"Bernardino's tale.—In the citie of Auspurg in Germaine there ruled not long since a Duke whose name for reuerence I conceale, and therefore will tearme him Don Antonio, a man of very honorable parentage, but so giuen to the filthy vice of dronkennesse as he almost subuerted the state of the citie, with his gluttonies, for oftimes he fell into tyranous and barbarous cruelties, as one that had martiall law in his power, and other whiles gaue wrong sentence against the innocent, as his humour fitted, which excesse had led him. But aboue all the rest, a poore man hauing a matter to plead before him, which he was acertained by law should goe on his side. Don Antonio comming dronke to the place of iudgement, sleeping in his surfets, neuer considered the equitie of the cause, but gaue sentence against the poore man, and condemned him in so great a summe, as scarce all his moueables were able to discharge, well the verdict giuen he had no remedy but to abide the censure of the iust iudge, and to make sale of all that he had to answer his condemnation: which done so little remayned that hee had nothing left to maintaine his wife and children, wherupon pouertie being the heauiest burden a man can beare, presented vnto him a glasse of many miseries, which were apparent to insue by distressed want, wherein after the poore wretch had a long while gazed he fell to despaire, that flinging into his backe side, he toke the altar out of his stable, and running into the field went to hang himselfe in a thicket hard adioyning to his house,

house, where yet a little entering into consideration with himselfe, he began thus to debate, "Infortunate Rustico, for so we will terme him, how art thou oppressed with sundrie passions, distres haling thee on to despaire, and the care of thy soule willing thee rather to choose pouertie than hell; well did Tymon of Athens see the miserie of man's life, when hee bought a peece of ground, wherein hee placed gibbets and spent his time in such desperate philosophie as to perswade his friendes to hang themselues, so to auoide the imminent perilles of innumerable misfortunes, so Rustico seeme thou an Athenian, be one of Tymon's friendes, listen to his doctrine, follow his counsell, preuent miserie with death. But alas this is not sufficient, for in freeing thyselfe from calamitie, thou leaueth thy wife and children in a thousand sorrowes, and further thou cuttest off all hope of reuenges. Reuenge, yea reuenge Rustico, for assure thyselfe if thou liuest not, yet God will reuenge, haue two sinnes escaped vnpunished, hath not the accursed Duke to his drunken messe added iniustice, yes, and therefore deserues to be reuenged with thine owne hand, let examples arme thee to the like attempt. Philip King of Macedonia was slaine by a meane gentleman, Pausanias, because he would not let him haue iustice against Antipater, who had offred him wrong. Demetrius hauing receiued many requests of his poore subiects, as he passed ouer a bridge threwe all their supplications into the water, for which cause hee became so odious to his subiects that they suffered Pyrrhus his enemie to driue him out of his kingdome without battell. Ferdinando the fourth putting to death a knight more for anger than anie iust cause, the gentleman at the sentence cried out, Iniurious emperor, I cite thee to appeare before the tribunall seate of God, to answere this wrong within thirtie daies, on the last of which expired tearme the Emperour died: then comfort thyselfe, Rustico, let not despaire arme thee to such an heathenish resolution, rather liue to reuenge than die to double thy miserie, and seeing the Duke hath dealt thus hardly, vse him as Alexander Seuerus handled his secretarie, who beeing a caterpiller in the court and selling the fauourable lookes of his maister for coyne, promising poore men to prosecute their sutes, when he neuer mooued their cause: at last in requitall of this treacherous dealing was tied to a post and choaked with smoake, hauing a proclamation made before him by sound of trumpet, that they which sell smoake shoulde so perishe with smoake." The poore man from these plaintes fell into teares, that ouercome with the passions hee fell a sleepe, where in a

dreame

dreame was by God reuealed vnto him the means of reuenge, as soone as he awoake and called vnto minde the vision, thinking it to be no fantasticke illusion of the brayne, but a strickt commaunde from the heauenly powers wente home and waxed contrarye vnto his woonted custome very merrye, frequenting dayly the Duke's palace, where giuing himselfe vnto drinking he became in time to bee in some fauour with the Duke, who neuer remembered that hee sat in iudgment against the poore man. On a time seeing that oportunitie fauoured him, he requested the Duke that as he went on hunting he would take the paines to visit his poore house, where he should finde no daintie faire but onely that he durst promise a cup of good wine. This worde was enough to perswade the Duke to a greater matter, so that he granted to come. The poore man glad that his purpose was like to take effect and made a sale of all that hee had, euen to his verie shirt, to the great sorow of his wife, and wonder of his neighbours which knew not his pretence, as soone as he had pretilie furnished himself with mony he bought great store of excellent and delicate viandes of strong and pleasant wine conuaied them home to his house, whether within two daies after the Duke foresent his cooke, certifieng the poore man that he would dine with him, who prouiding most sumptuous fare set all his wealth vpon the table at one dinner, and intertained the Duke with such a heartie welcome that he not onely wondered where Rustico got such store of victuals but gaue great thankes for his good cheere. Rustico serued in wine in such abundaunce, that Don Antonio fell to his olde vice of dronkennes and in such sort as he neuer tooke so much in his life; the poore man seeing him take his drinke so freely, went to one of his trumpetters, and told him that the Duke commanded hee shoulde by sounde of trumpet presently summon all the citizens to appeare at his house eyther without delaie or excuse, which commande hee forthwith executed, and the burgomaisters & chiefe men of the citie meruailing what this should meane, yet hasting to the house of Rustico they found a scaffolde erected at the doore, where after they had stayed awhile Rustico came foorth and began to speake in this manner:

"Worthie Citizens and Burgomasters of Auspourg, I knowe you meruaile what the cause of your comming is, especially seeing mee that am poore and vnlettered prepare to offer an oration to such politike gouernours, but it is the care of my countrie and especially of this citie, which is like to ruinate through the want of the possession of a perfect magistrate that

that driues me to this resolute and desperate attempte; the dutie of a magistrate, as I haue heard a certaine philosopher should set downe, consisteth in three especiall pointes, in ruling, teaching, and iudging, that hee be wise to gouerne, vertous to giue insample and impartiall to judge, for, as Cicero saith, sooner shall the course of nature faile than the subiects will leaue to follow the steps of their prince. If then that commonwealth be happy that is gouerned by such a king, in what distresse is that citie that wanteth such a magistrate, and hath one that neither ruleth, teacheth, or doth iustice, but censures all things by the pallet. Philip of Macedonia beeing desired by an olde woman to heare her complaint, answered hee had no leisure. Then, quoth she, be not king, meaning that a prince ought to haue more care ouer the affairs of the commonwealth then ouer his own priuate busines. Then worthie citizens, what may that citie saie whose gouernour is addicted to his own pleasure, that delights not in iustice but in superfluity, that honors not the seate of iudgment with philosophie but poluteth the place with dronkenesse, that studieth not in the lawe but his library is in the kitchen, that seeketh not to learne wisdome but to gorge his stomack with delicates; such a one, worthie citisens, haue we for our duke, our gouernour, our magistrate." And as hee vttered that word, his poore wife and children dragged the Duke vpon the scaffolde, who was all besmeared in his owne vomite and resembling rather a brute beast then a man, bred loathsomnes to all the people: which the poore man taking for his aduantage, cried out: "See Burgomasters and Citisens of Auspourg, your duke, your magistrate, your gouernour, who is come upon the scaffolde to heare the complaints of the widow and fatherlesse and to minister iudgement. This is the man that condemned me in the halfe of my goods by iniustice, and the other halfe I haue solde to present you this spectacle: the one halfe he gaue awaie beeing dronken, and the other, this daie hee hath consumed in gluttony. Now, citizens, shame you not at such a sight, what shall Germanie, France, Italy, and all the bordering cities report of our towne? What straunger will desire to traffique where there is such a glutton? what citie can ioy where there is such a gouernour? If you suffer this, the commonwealth is like to ruinate, and you and your children like to beare the burthen of a superfluous tyrant: See what Rustico hath done for his countrie, now vse him as you please." The Burgomaisters by a general assent, gaue commandement that he should be vncouered vpon the scaffold til he came to himself, and in the

the meane time they assembled themselues and determined his exile. The Duke, after he had taken two or three houres sleepe, finding himself vpon an open scaffolde, was ashamed, but hearing what had happened to him by the meanes of Rustico, and how the Burgomaisters had resolued on his banishment, as one feeling the horrour of the fact, desperatly went into the poore man's backe side and hanged himselfe, which newes being brought to the Burgomaisters, with a general voice they created Rustico gouernour of the citie."

At the conclusion of this parly, to prevent the cook being cholerick, they go to dinner, "and so," says the author, "for this time we will leaue them. Finis."

J. H.

¶ *A Cypres Garland. For the Sacred Forehead of our late Soueraigne King James. By Hugh Holland, P. Ouid. Naso. Infœlix habitum temporis huius habe. London, printed for Simon Waterson, M.DCXXV.* qto. 12 leaves.

Hugh Holland was born at Denbigh about 1563. He was bred at Westminster school (says Wood) while Camden taught there, a circumstance alluded to in the present elegy, which, upon the same authority, seems the only one of his pieces that has been printed. Of his manuscripts some of them were presented to the King, as in the present dedication, "to my Lord the Dvke of Bvckingham's grace," he says;

"It was you that led me by the hand, not once, nor twice, to kisse that awful hand of his, to which I durst not haue else aspired. With what sweetenesse and brauery the great majesty of Brittanie imbraced then his meanest vassal, and those my humble compositions, our young souereigne (then prince of my country) your Grace and the honourable Lords then present, perhaps remember; sure I am I can neuer forget, and if I do, let my right hand forget her cunning;" and his verses commence,

"Who now wil reade my rimes, and with exceding
Sweet grace and accent, mend them in the reading:
So would he praise the manner and the matter,
Nor did they him, he rather them did flatter.
For with his sugred lips my eares he charmed,
And with his snowy hand my lips he warmed,

But

But now the frost of death my heart hath chilled,
My blood is through my eyes to teares distilled.
His ague hath me whole, that for enditing,
I neither haue a head, nor hand for writing.
Great Britany, that knowes no other bounders
But heav'n and sea, lost lately both her founders:
My master, king of armes by man's appointment,
My soueraign, king of peace by God's annointment.
Oh that my soueraigne had bin longer liued,
Or had my Camden yet a while suruiued:
With angell's quill, what else can reach his glory?
To write this mortall god's immortall story:
But in that other world, which neuer endeth,
Him with his Lord's his herald, he attendeth."

The author also introduces himself and family in the following passage.

"Why was the fatall spinster so vnthrifty,
To draw my third foure yeares to tell and fifty?
Why did not Atropos in peeces rauil
My string of life, and cut it with my nauill?
Curs'd be the day that I was borne, and cursed
The nights that haue so long my sorrows nurced:
Yet griefe is by the surer side my brother,
The child of payne, and *Payne* was eke my mother,
Who children had, the arke had men as many,
Of which, myselfe except, now breathes not any:
Nor *Vrsula* my deere, nor *Phil* my daughter,
Amongst vs death hath made so dire a slaughter.
Them and my *Martyn* have I, wretch, suruiued,
But all their deaths my soueraigne's hath retriued.
Each yeare, moneth, weeke, day, houre, I loose some fleeces,
So from my selfe, and all, I part by peeces:*
The whilst I stand in controuersy, whether
More sigh and weepe, I; or the winde and weather."

The "third four years to tell and fifty" shows our author's age to have been sixty-two, and may serve as some apology for the string of conceits which this offspring of his muse displays. He died at Westminster,

* This idea is beautifully enlarged upon in an elegy by Thomson.

1633,

1633, and was buried at the abbey church of St. Peter. *

* *.

¶ *The Honorable Reputation of a Souldier: With a Morall Report, of the Vertues, Offices, and (by abuse) the Disgrace of his profession.* [Wood cut of a warriour, half body, in armour with a sash.] *Drawn out of the liues, documents, and disciplines, of the most renowned Romaine, Grecian, and other famous Martialistes. By George Whetstone, Gent. Malgre de Fortune. Imprinted at London, by Richard Iones: dwelling neere vnto Holburne Bridge,* 1585. qto. to sig. F ij.

The dedication wishes "To the most worthy gent. Sir William Russell, knight, accomplishment of his honorable desire. Sir, (it continues) hauing, I may truly saye, with much labour compiled a booke, intituled, *The English Mirour:* The first part setting forth, the Conquests of Enuy: cōtaining ruine and subuertion of the auncient Monarchies and common weales, &c. The second part, shewing Enuy to be conquered by Vertue: publishing the peaceable victories of her Maiestie, to Gods hye glorie and vniuersall wonder. The third part, intituled, a Fortresse against Enuy: wherin euery good cōmon wealthsman, may see the true offices, vertues, and (by abuse) the disgrace of his profession: But because the booke is of some volume, I cannot haue it speedily printed: and for that occasiō now (at this present) maketh passadge for this subiect, being a member or small parcell of the fore-recited booke. Therefore, as a testimonie of the zeale which I beare to your worship and euery worthy person, whose profession is martiall, I reuerently submit my trauell, to be censur'd by your able iudgement, which medleth no whit with millitarie execution, but altogether with morall gouernmēt, necessarie for a perfect souldier. For if I myselfe, which haue beene brought vp among the Muses, in our English (onely) peaceable and happy governmēt, should take vppon mee to set forth the order of battailes, th' aduantages of places, the benifits of stratagems,

* See Wood's Ath. Oxon. vol. 1. col. 583. and Fuller's Worthies, vol. ii. p. 567. ed. 1811.

with

with many other millitary regards both offenciue and defenciue, I might for my hyre, iustly receaue the scoffe that Haniball gaue vnto the Philosopher Phormio: who vpon such an indiscrete discriptiō) tould him that: The art millitarie was sooner learned of souldiers in the brode fields, thē of philosophers in close scoles. And certainly Haniball aunswered more like a philosopher, then Phormio reasoned like a souldier: for experiēce is ye true teacher of all artes, and therefore that honorable part of a souldier, which containeth martiall execution, I leaue to the report of the well experiēced captaine; and no doubt, among the worthie English captaines, there are some that can vse both Cæsars pen and sword. My trauell which worketh betweene fire and frost (as I haue saide) onely containeth: The morall vertues and honorable reputatiō of a souldier." Subscribed "your worship's by bounden dutie. George Whetstone."

To this epistle succeeds a poetical address

"To the right valiant Gentlemen and Souldiers, that are or shalbe armed vnder the ensigne of Sainct George: In recompence of their worthie aduentures, heauen, and euerlasting honor.

God with S. George, Allon, braue gentlemen!
Set speares in rest, renew your auncient fame:
Rush on the pikes, the cannon do not shen,
Your ancestors with passage through the same,
This prouerbe raisde among the French, their foes,
Vous es fi fier, que vn Anglois.

Thou art as fierce as is an Englishman,
The French still say and proofe the same did teach:
Turne you the French into Castillian,
It hath a grace in such a loftie speach:
Your cause is good and Englishmen you are,
Your foes be men euen as the French men weare.

The force of death that raiseth many feares,
In crauin harts which courage doe dispise;
Long liues the man that dyes in lusty yeares,
In actions where honour may arise:
And wherein may you honour more expect,
Then wronged men to succour and protect?

The lyon prayes vpon the stoutest beast,
Yet lickes the sheep the which the wolfe hath wound:
So worthy mindes, proude lookes that feareth least,
Doth helpe to raise the wounded from the ground:

Like

Like lyons then the armes of England shield,
Pray on your foes and pittie those that yeld.

I say no more but God be your good speede,
And send you hap, which I did neuer taste;
And if this booke you do witsafe to reade,
You cannot thinke your labour spent in waste:
Which doth containe the morall rules of those,
That followed Mars in thickest preace of foes.

George Whetstone."

Of this edition, probably the first, not any mention is made by our bibliographers. It was hastened in its appearance by the war with Spain, and being well-timed considered of sufficient importance for translation into Dutch, and printed in that language in the following year,* and also formed a portion of the Miror which came forth in 1586.† It is a compilation from history, principally the Roman, and commences with an enumeration of persons advanced from the lowest rank to the situation of general, or commander: observing, that the baseness of parentage might be no blemish to those that deserved well; nor noble blood a privilege for those that did amiss; the Grecians by a law, forbad him the tomb of his ancestors that added not some glory to their monuments. Amidst the many examples to establish the honourable reputation of a good soldier the author's judgment or modesty has made him select only two or three from our own annals. One may be given as a specimen.

"Couradge hath obtained great victories, but pollicie hath gottē wonderful and (almost) incredible.

"Prince Edwarde, King Edwarde the third's sonne, by pollicie ioyned with manhood, only with 8000 men, ouercame King Iohn of Fraunce and his army of threescore thousand men: in which ouerthrowe King John was taken prisoner and sent into England, who seeing the graue counsellers that were attendant of the king, shooke his head, and sayd: "These fellowes (quoth hee) were they that brought me into England." Attributing his ouerthrow to the graue directions of the king's counsell."

Eusebius Hood.

* Herbert, 1678.
† See the Cens. Literaria, vol. v. p. 351.

¶ *Three*

¶ *Three godly and learned Sermons, very necessarie to be read and regarded of all men. Preached by Thomas Drant, Bachelor in Diuinitie. Imprinted at London. Anno Dom.* 1584. oct. N. ij.

These sermons are the production of the translator of Horace. The first two are dedicated to Sir Thomas Henneage, treasurer of the Queen's majesty honourable chamber, who is informed

"The causes why I should offer them to you are these: Fyrst, many gifts worthy much commendations in yourselfe: then that I was your seruaunt, and in deede it shall not but delight me to call you and esteeme you as my maister: then that at all times you both haue deserued and beene wylling to deserue well of my studyes. Of the Sermons I will say no one worde, they are printed, and men haue eyes, God giue them iudgement: this one thing I must needes say, my health was very ill, bothe when I made these, and is yet stil: it hath spoyled me of my lecture at Paules, my beeing in the cittie, peraduenture shortly of the country and my life too." Subscribed,

"Your worships euer to be commanded Thomas Drant."

The first sermon was preached at "Saint Maries Spittle on Tuesday in Easter weeke, 1570." The text from the Canticles, 5. 6. "More specially (says the preacher) let vs pray for the churches of Englande and Ireland, and as the duety of our loue, and subiection most of all requireth, let vs pray for her most excellent Maiestie Elizabeth, by ye grace of God Queene, &c. That God's enemies and her enemies, may be made his and her footestooles. That her scepter may growe greene, and flourish like a palme-tree, well and moystlie planted, and that her seate may neuer totter, or nodde, but stand steddy as the seate of Salomon, and fayre as the sunne. That the dayes of her regiment may bee as the dayes of heauen. Let vs pray for all the nobilitie and genterie of this lande, that they doo not liue as the Gyauntes or noble men before Noes floude, without raigne or rule: least that as those giants brought downe vpon the heads of ye worlde a floude of water: so some of our English giants doo bring vppon vs a floude of fyre: That they may remember that saying of Dauid: I sayde you are Gods, because the worde is come to you. If the word come to them or they to the worde, then they are God's Gods, and God's Gentlemen. If it come not to them, nor they to it, then they are the Herald's Gods, and the

the Herald's Gentlemen. Pray for them that they may bee to their prince as Thomas was to his maister Christe: let vs goe, and let vs dye with him. That they may remember that God's booke of life is better then the Heraldes booke of armes, and that neither house nor bloode can saue. . . . . Pray for bothe twaine the Vniuersities of Cambridge, and Oxenforde, or as the Scripture calleth them, the families of the sons of ye prophets, that they may grow on, frō strength to strength in courage of spirite, and from wisdome to wisedome in plenty of iudgement, that they may bee able men to teache, and reprooue, to plant and destroy, and that like young Samuel, they may profite in fauour with God and man. Pray for all the whole worlde . . . . . specially those that grone vnder the crosse of Gog of Rome and Magog of Constantinople, that they may be assisted with might or deliuered with speede."

Some further extracts may amuse. In attacking the Romanists, he says:

"The best argument they haue for the church of Rome is, because it was once a holy place, and the sound of the gospell went thence and therfore styll Rome must be the broode mother of religion, and that there needes must be the church. And peraduenture, they will make it of the nature of Rome, that Rome hath the best religion: then we maye saye thus. Mount Flascon hath the best wine, the Athenians the best hony, Persia the best oyle, Babylon the best corne, India the best golde, Tyrus the best purple, Basan the best oakes, Libanus the best cedars, Persia the best iewelles, Arrabia the best spices, Tharsis the best shyppes, Englande the best sheepe, Saxonis the best oxen, Sicilia and Dalmacia the best horsses, Pirons the best fishe, Ithaca the best swine, and Rome the best religion. Or thus: the Italians be most wittie, the Spanyards best water skirmigers, the Frenchmen best keepers of holdes, the Scotte with his launce, the Irish man on foote, the Germaine in voice, the Marmadons in strength, the olde Romanes best suffering of hunger and colde, and the new Romanes are most religious. Or thus: the Egiptians haue no beeues, Affricke hath no bores, the countrey Heleus hath no mules, the Macrobians haue no yron, Athens hath no owles, England no woolues, Wight no foxes, Ireland no venemous beast, nor Rome no bad religion. . . . . And now me thinke of these Romanes I may thus say: the Moores are a vaine people, the Phrygians fearefull, the Israelites of an harde necke, and loden with sin, the

Athenians vaineglorious, the Grecians lyght, the Galathians dullardes, the Carthaginians falsifiers of theyr faith, the Cretes lyars, the Sodomites full of bread, the Jewes vsurers, the Persians wasters, the Spanyardes lechers, the Flemminges drinckers, the English gluttons, the Germanes vnciuill, the Lacedemonians theeues, the Canniballes cruell and the Romanes idolaters. So may I saye, and euen so doo I say; for vndoubtedly the Church of Rome is not Christes true church."

"Touching the hunger of orphans, and such as be fatherlesse, I doo not thinke but that it is very great, and I haue no great hope that it will be much lesse: The fathers themselues in this world haue much a doo to shift for themselues; therfore it must needes be the condition of these poore sely ones to hunger, to thyrst, to pine, and to starue. Yet the example of this good gentleman Allderman Dabbes, and his euer laudable goodnesse to *this lytle poore people,** was likely to haue styrred vp many after this tyme, to haue doone the lyke. But I trow, for all that we can preach and exhort it will be true, that when the Sonne of man commeth there will be but lyttle faith, and little good works too. This man in these orphans hath clad Christe and fed Christe. . . . . Truely this land is a land of no charity, for euen of purpose they deuise, good Lorde, to make hauocke of all thinges, that we may be relecued with nothing. Hauocke in theyr owne apparell, theyr wiues, children and seruauntes apparell, outragious hauocke in theyr diets, yea, too much hauocke too many wayes. Theyr horsses chew and spewe vppon golde and syluer, and theyr mules goe vnder ritch veluette. Dogges are deare vnto them and feede much daintilie. Courses and kites coste them many a rounde pounde. There is none but thy Maiestie knoweth all things, that knoweth all theyr hauockes and vaine expenses so that we can get nothing; specially, good Lorde, O good Lorde, this London people, though it drawe neere thee with lyppes, and haue a name to liue, yet hath it a most flintie and vncyrcumcised heart, and is in deede of no bowels, Lord, heere is the ritch glutton to be seene vp and downe, and round about the towne. Heere is scarce any thing in the vpper sorte, but many a foolishe Naball scraping and scratching, eating and drinking and sodeinlie and vnworthely dying. The eyes of Juda were sayd to be redde with drinking, but much of this people haue theyr whole faces fyre red with continual quaffing and carousing. Sodome and Gomorra were sayde to be

* The voices of Christes Hospitall. *Margin.*

full

full of bread, but these Londoners are more then full, for they are euen bursten with bancquetting, and sore and sicke with surfetting."

"I will speake a thing of marueylous troth: A man is but a lily, the pride and glory of man is but the pride and glory of a lillie! Salomon is a lillie! King Salomon is a lily! King Salomon in all hys glory is a lilie! Sons of vanity to whom it is delightful to haue fethers to daunce in your tops as big as Ajax sheelde, to haue your heads Turkish, and your backes Spanish, your wastes Italian, and your feete Venetian, with such a world of your hosen glory about your loynes. Sonnes (I say) of vanity, ye are but lillies. Salomon in all his glory is but a lily! Salomon in hys worst workeday apparell, is better then the best of you all. Salomon in hys best holyday apparell is not so braue as a lilly: ye therefore in the huffe of your ruffe are nothing comparable to a lily, no not to a fielde lily. Daughters of vanity and dames of delicacy, ye thinke it fine and featous to be called roses, primroses, and lilyes: and indeede it is true in respectes you are roses, primroses, and lilies: When ye haue gotten all vpon your heads and backes which English soile dooth yeeld and many a marchaunt hath fetched full farre, when all your taylors haue broken their braines about contriuing of formes and fashions, yet then are ye nothing so tricksy trime as the lily."

The second sermon was preached "at the court at Windsor, the eight day of January, 1569," the text being from Genesis: "They were both naked, Adam and Eve, and blushed not;" wherein the courtiers are severely inveighed against for their luxury of dress.

The last was delivered at St. Mary's Spittle, Tuesday in Easter week, 1572; the text selected from Eccle. 11. v. 1, 2, 3. It is dedicated to Sir Francis Knolls, Knight, who is told it "hath three specialties in it. The fyrst is, it speaketh and pleadeth much for the releefe of pouerty. Secondly, it is earnest for the safety of the prince and weale publicke as it now is. Thirdly, it is tarte and vehement against sinne: as bribery, simony, vsurie, hipocrisy, flattery, hard hartednes, vitiousnes, trouthlesnes,"- &c. It was commended by Dr. Humfrey at Paul's Cross.*

* *.

* It was also printed singly, and probably there were several editions: there was one by John Day, n. d.

British Bibliographer.

No. XIV.

On Romance and Minstrelsy.

WHILST we justly congratulate ourselves on the general diffusion of literature in our own days, and on the speed with which any valuable work of science or imagination is communicated from one country of Europe to another, we too seldom are tempted to ask whether our ancestors had any similar means of diffusing their knowledge and the works of fancy they produced? And yet even a slight acquaintance with the romances, and the shorter fabliaux of the middle ages in the different European languages, proves that with respect to this branch of literature at least (no doubt the best calculated to insure mutual research and communication in the chivalrous ages) the minstrels and writers of romance, whether retained in the houses of the great, or wandering from one city or village to another for the amusement of the middle and lower ranks, took care to procure both large romances and shorter narrations from their comrades in other countries. With respect to the larger romances the fact is well known, and their very bulk readily accounts for the circumstance, as transcripts were no doubt procured and safely lodged in the libraries of monasteries and colleges. Hence we find the greater part of the romances relating to Arthur and Charlemagne existing in some shape or other in most of the languages spoken by the Christians at the time. The deeds of Lancelot, Tristrem and Ywaine, as well as those of Orlando Oliver and Ogier, were equally popular in England, Italy, Spain, Germany, and even in Scandinavia, as in France, where most of the gests were originally recorded and embellished with fictions. The singular diffusion of these longer narra-

tive poems, which is equally observable in the fabulous tales of Troy and of Alexander, has been noticed by several authors, and may one day be the subject of a more extended memoir.

To account for the speedy and equally universal diffusion of the shorter narrations or fabliaux, recourse must be had to other suppositions. From their shortness and from the small number of monastic MSS. in which they are to be found, they appear to have been chiefly handed about by oral tradition, and hence we may account for the infinite change of incident, character, and place of action, and the continual curtailments and additions which they have been subject to. Stories which originated in the East, and whose place of action had been Bagdad or Cairo, were readily transferred at the option of the reciter to Paris, Lincoln, or Vienna, and nothing was more easy than to adapt the costume to the several countries they were transferred to. The scarcity of MSS. mentioned above may be easily proved. The French fabliaux published by Barbazan and Méon are principally selected from two or three MSS. preserved at Paris; in the Teutonic language a considerable number are still extant in two MSS. at Vienna and Strasburgh; while the number of similar productions and translations of the English minstrels (who it may be presumed were equally assiduous to procure the amusement afforded by these tales to their countrymen as they were to translate the longer legends) at present in existence is comparatively trifling. Among the Spaniards they were probably formed into the shape of their comic romances, at least one of these* which I have lately met with is no other than the widely-diffused story of the Citizen's Wife of Orleans (Méon's Barbazan, III. 161.) The Italians, whose literature and language were fixed at a much earlier period than those of other modern European nations, were enabled to hand down these stories in a far less perishable form. The original of many of Boccaccio's novels has been traced, and if the Italian commentators had been equally attentive to the matter of the tales, as they have been to the Tuscan idiom of his language, they might have pointed out the

* Collection de D. Ramon Fernandez, Madrid, 1796, vol. xvi.

source

source of most of them. The same assertion holds good when applied to the Cento Novelle Antiche, the Pecorone, and the collections of Bandello, Masuccio, and Cinthio, with the rest of the host of the Italian novelists.

A great number of these popular tales undoubtedly came from the East, but there is reason to suppose that the obligation was repaid in many instances by the Europeans to the Orientals. Others no doubt were founded on actual facts, variously altered by different composers and reciters. But the confusion is so great that the possibility of tracing many to their original source is almost out of the question; at least a research of this kind would require many years labour, and the question, whether such a period of time would be well or ill bestowed, or ever reward the toil requisite to accomplish it? might easily startle the most assiduous lover of romance. In the progress of a man's reading he may, however, with little difficulty meet with resemblances the most striking, and trace originals of many stories hitherto supposed inventions of the author. The collections of the learned illustrator of Shakspeare might startle any other collector who has picked up a few grains among the heap of chaff which has been accumulating for centuries, but they should not deter him from communicating any really curious discovery of the kind. It is with this view I offer the present slight memoir for insertion in your valuable miscellany, a portion of which I am happy to observe is dedicated to romance; as well as to stimulate others to communicate the result of their investigations to the public.

The story of the curious fabliau of Dan Hew of Lincoln, inserted in a late number, * has been employed by a variety of Trouveurs of different nations, and has been moulded into various forms. The oldest copy is probably the tale of the Little Hunchback in the Arabian Nights, pointed out by your correspondent, if its antiquity may not be disputed by a similar story in the Seven Wise Masters, and from thence copied into the Gesta Romanorum.† The tale was eagerly seized upon

* Vol. ii. p. 593.

† Most of these coincidences have been pointed out in Mr. Douce's digest of the last mentioned work, but I have repeated them to mention the variation which gave rise to the English tale.

by the French and Italian novelists. The fabliaux of Estourmi and Des trois Boçus, as well as a novel of Straparola in the Bergamask dialect, and some later imitations, differ but little from the original Oriental tales. But Dan Hew belongs to a variety of the tale, the oldest specimens of which to my knowledge are the fabliaux Du Prestre qu'on porte, Du Segrestain Moine,* and Du Segrestain de Clugny, abridged in Le Grand; either of the two latter, which nearly coincide, appears to me the undoubted original of Dan Hew, as well as of the first novel in Masuccio's Novellino.

I take this opportunity of subjoining a few other curious coincidences. In the last mentioned novelist, the story of Chaucer's Miller's Tale, which Tyrwhitt had not met with elsewhere, occurs. As Masuccio flourished a considerable time after Chaucer, (*circa* 1460) and as the former is very unlikely to have been acquainted with the Canterbury Tales, it appears more than probable that both authors were indebted to some prior fabulist.

A late perusal of the Notti of Straparola† suggested several coincidences between his novels and some stories once highly popular in this island. From the fifth novel of the eighth night Robert Armin translated the Italian Tailor and his Boy; another of his novels (Notte xi, favola 2) bears a very striking similarity to the ancient romance of Amadas lately printed; and the fabliau of Sir Cleges, the original conclusion of which I was happy to meet with in your last number, strongly resembles part of the buffooneries of Cinarosto at the papal court, related in the third novel of the seventh night. The occurrence of the same story in Sacchetti has been

* Printed both in the late edition of Barbazan as well as the two above mentioned.

† The latter editions of this curious collection exhibit one of the strangest specimens of inquisitorial impertinence. Nine novels, relating partly to the wickedness of friars and partly to supernatural events, are entirely omitted, and wherever friars, nuns, priests, or saints are mentioned, they are uniformly changed to ordinary persons, or the passages where they occur are entirely expunged. Any invocation or allusion to the deity is carefully suppressed, and to such a length did this pious fraternity proceed that they would not suffer such words as fate, fortune and chance to stand. On the contrary, they seldom retrenched the frequent indelicacy of the text.

elsewhere pointed out. The similarity of another novel of Straparola (N. iv. F. 4) to the Merry Wives of Windsor, as well as the obligations of Moliere to the same source, has been noticed before. But even descending to our common nursery tales, we may occasionally meet with the same tales in much older authors than we are aware of. The first tale of the same novelist's eleventh night, is no other than the renowned Puss in Boots, which most readers will recollect having perused with infinite delight in their infancy; and surely it would be the height of ingratitude never to recal such tales to our memory. Nor is the literature both of the nursery and that which, till within a few years, formed the favourite amusement of the common people, by any means unworthy of notice. No class of literature can boast of being diffused among a larger body of readers, or throughout a greater part of the globe. It certainly is some object of curiosity to find the despised stories of Blue-beard, Redriding-hood, Cinderella, &c. equally prevalent in the nurseries of England, France, Germany, and Denmark. Even the songs of our earliest youth are equally popular; that of the Ladybird is as common among German nurses as it is in England. Again, on the stalls of the hawking booksellers of the former nation we meet at present with an assortment very similar to what are now considered rarities among English collectors, and which have been driven, by a degree of refinement which the antiquary will scarcely admit to be laudable, from the cottages of farmers and peasants. Fortunatus, the Four Sons of Aymon, Melusina, Octavianus, Sir Tristrem and the Seven Wise Masters, as well as the originally German Eulenspiegel and the Priest of Calenberg,* both once well known in English translations, are still in the hands of German peasants, and their popularity has been transmitted from father to son for many generations. The same works occur at the fairs in Denmark, where they are eagerly bought up and read; and these stories have been probably translated into more languages than most

* A fragment of the English translation of this very singular comic romance is in the library of Francis Douce, Esq. and probably is unique.

of.

of the classical productions calculated for more refined palates.

To return from this digression, the subject of which certainly merits more extensive research; the original of several popular ballads may also be traced in the Italian and other novelists; I will content myself with two instances. The Heir of Linne, printed by Bishop Percy, bears a strong resemblance to a novel in Cinthio's Heccatomithi, (Deca. IX. nov. 8) and the Cruel Black, in Evans's collection, is no other than a novel of Bandello (Part III. nov. 8 of the entire editions,) versified.* The obligations of the elder dramatists to these, and similar sources, have been pointed out in numerous instances by Langbaine, but his industry has not exhausted the study; nor are the more modern dramatists altogether unindebted to the Italians.†

I conclude this enumeration, which might have been easily extended to a far greater length, with observing that the History of Lord Mendozze is not, as your correspondent conjectures, a translation from the Spanish, but from a novel of Bandello, (Part III. nov. 44, probably through the medium of his French translator Belleforest) with which the story, as exhibited in the analysis, perfectly coincides.‡

Edinburgh, Aug. 26, 1812. H. W.

* In the projected reprint of the Palace of Pleasure a short reference to the originals of the stories could not but add considerable value to the work. I have no opportunity to refer to it, but have no doubt it might be done in most instances. Of those reprinted in the present publication one (vol. i. p. 261) is from Boccacio, another (p. 468) from the Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre (novel 65). The sources of the others are classical.

† To the stories resembling Walpole's Mysterious Mother, as enumerated in the *Biog. Dram.* and *Censura Lit.* vol. ix. may be added the 23d novel of Masuccio, and another of Bandello (Part II. nov. 35). The eighth novel of Parabosco is evidently the source of the principal incident in a modern English farce, I think the Village Lawyer. I take this opportunity to notice a mistake in the late edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. The original of the Triumph of Death, one of the Four Plays in One, is not the first novel of Bandello, but the 42d of the first part. The principal plot in the Little French Lawyer is found in the Diporti of Parabosco (nov. 2) as well as in Masuccio, as there pointed out.

‡ It was also translated by Painter for the Palace of Pleasure, (vol. 1, nov. xlv.) under the title of the Duchess of Savoy. J. H.

The

The Bannatyne Manuscript.

During the fifteenth and the earlier part of the sixteenth century, the Scottish poets certainly both in point of imagination, and what at first sight would seem singular, in harmony of versification, exceeded their Southern brethren. The works of Dumbar, who certainly stands at the head of the ancient poets of his country, possess a degree of polish which would be vainly searched for in the compositions of his contemporaries Skelton and Hawes; and the same parallel would hold good on a comparison of several subsequent Scottish *makaris* with Heywood and other rhymers of the south. The school of Surrey and Wyat first began to balance the scale, but Scotland still continued to produce specimens which are fairly entitled to claim equality of praise with their compositions. On the whole, it will not appear an unjust decision to assert, that from the time of Chaucer to that of Spenser more real poetry was composed on the north than on the south side of the Tweed.

The most valuable and extensive stock of the Scottish poetry of this period, which has reached our days, is undoubtedly contained in the volume sometimes called the Hyndford MS. from John third earl of Hyndford, who presented it to the Advocate's Library, but more properly the Bannatyne MS. from George Bannatyne, a minor poet himself, who collected it according to his own assertion in 1568,* and who is certainly intitled to the praise of extraordinary diligence, as he copied about 750 large folio pages, written pretty closely, in the space of three months. Our curiosity to know something of so early an enthusiast for the poetry of his country can unfortunately not be gratified, as we are in possession of no facts respecting his quality and occupation whatever. Mr. Tytler in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, asserted that he was one of the canons of Elgin cathedral, but he undoubtedly confounded him with one Bellenden, who actually held that situation. The only thing we can collect from his introductory stanzas

* Mr. Pinkerton seems to doubt the accuracy of this date on account of a poem of Wither which occurs in the MS. but that is inserted by a later hand on the title page of the third subdivision.

is

is, that he undertook his compilation, which I suspect to have been intended for the press, at a very early period of his life. From the inscription "Jacobus Foulis, 1623," occurring in the MS. it is conjectured that it passed into the hands of Sir James Foulis of Collington, who married Janet Bannatyne, probably a daughter or niece of the compiler. From several inscriptions of a similar kind the MS. evidently continued in the family of Sir James till the year 1712, when it was presented by Sir William Foulis to Mr. William Carmichael, an advocate.

Bannatyne seems to have been dissatisfied with the original commencement of his collection, for the first twenty-seven leaves are separately paged, and contain several long poems repeated in the subsequent completed part, with which this fragment appears to have no connection. On the fly-leaf preceding the whole work the following words are written in an old hand, differing from that of the compiler: "Heir begynnis ane ballat buik writtin in the yeir of God 1568." The fragment is followed by "The Song of the Redsqware," printed in the Evergreen and the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and inserted at a much later period, as appears by the following note, "This poem is in the handwriting of the honourable Mr. William Carmichaell, advocate." On the first page of the second and complete collection occurs the following address from "The wryttar to the reidaris:"*

"Ye reverend redaris thir workis revolving richt,
Gif ye get crymes correct thame to youre micht,
And curss na clark that cunnyngly thame wrait,
Bot blame me baldly brocht this buik till licht,
In tenderest tyme, quhen knawlege was nocht bricht;
Bot lait begun to lerne and till translait
My copies awld, mankit, and mutillait,
Quhais trewth as standis, yet haif I sympill wicht
Tryd furth: thairfoir excuse sumpairt my micht.

Now ye haif heir this ilk buik sa provydit
That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit:

* I have discarded the *y* for the *th*, as well as the *x* for the *y*, as they both completely fail in expressing the letters intended by the original transcribers.

1. The

1. The first concernis Gods gloir and ouir saluatioun ;
2. The nixt ar morale, grave, and als besyd it
3. Grund on gud counsale ; the thrid, I will nocht hyd it,
   Ar blyith and glaid, maid for ouir consolatioun ;
4. The ferd of luve and thair richt reformatioun ;
5. The fyift ar tailis and storeis weill discydit:
   Reid as ye pleiss, I need no moir narratioun."

On the next folio the following title occurs in a later hand, "Ane most Godlie, mirrie, and lustie Rapsodie made be sundrie learned Scots poets, and written be George Bannatyne in the tyme of his youth." The first division is concluded on fol. 43, by the following colophon and title : "Heir endis the first pairt of this buke contenand ballattis of theologie. Followis the secound pairt of this buk contenand verry singular ballatis full of wisdome and moralitie." These are concluded on fol. 97 : "Heir endis the secound pairt of this buke. Heir begynnys the thrid pairt of this buik contenand balletis mirry, and vthir solatius consaittes as set furth be diuers ancient poyettis 1568." Fol. 211, "Heir endis the buik of mirry ballettis, set furth be diuers new and ancient poettis. Heir followis ballattis of luve, devydit in four pairtis, the first ar songis of luve, the secound ar contemptis of luve and evill wemen, the thrid ar contempis of evill fals vicius men, and the fourt ar ballattis detesting of luve and lichery. The fourt pairt of this buke." Fol. 298, "Heir endis the ballattis of luve, remedy thairof, and contempt of luve. Heir followis the fyift pairt of this buik, contenyng the fabillis of Esop, with diverss vthir fabillis and poeticall workis maid and compylit by diuers lernit men. 1568." On the last folio, after a prayer of one stanza, occurs another address from "The wryttar to the redare :"

"Heir endis this buik written in tyme of pest,
Quhen we fra labor was compeld to rest,
Into the three last monethis of this yeir
From our redimaris birth, to knaw it heir
Ane thowsand is, fyve hundreth thre scoir awcht.
Of this purpoiss na mair is to be tawcht:
Swa, till conclude, god grant ws all gude end,
And eftir deth eternall lyfe ws send.
Finis.
1568."

The

The poems selected from this voluminous manuscript by Lord Hales, as well as a few printed by Pinkerton, and those published in a most mutilated, inaccurate, and modernised state by Allan Ramsay, are well known, and undeniably comprise the most valuable portion of its contents; there are however a great number of those yet unprinted, which deserve a revival for their actual merit; others, particularly in the third class, afford singular and interesting specimens of the humour of the times, but unfortunately their obscenity is in general too gross for the present age. Of the annexed specimens the first is anonymous, and has considerable merit, particularly in description, though the affectation of superabundant alliteration renders some passages so quaint as to bear rather a ludicrous complexion. From the context it appears to have been composed on a lady of the noble family of Perth, named Margaret; and it may be conjectured with almost more than probability, that the subject of the poem was Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Drummond, lord of that ilk and Stobhall, who is stated to have been contracted to King James IV. and had a daughter by him, afterwards married to Alexander earl of Huntley.

Quhen Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht
With blossomes blyth and bred,
Be that riuer ran doun rycht
Undir the ryss* I red;
The merle melit† with all her mycht
And mirth in mornyng maid:
Threw sōlace, sound, and semely sicht,
Alswith a sang I said.

Undir that bank quhair bliss had bene
I bownit me to abyde;
Ane holene,‡ hevinly hewit grene,
Rycht heyndly did me hyd;
The sone schyne out the schawis schene
Full semely me besyd:
In bed of blumes bricht besene
A sleip cowth me ourslyd.

About all blumet wes my bour
With blosumes broun and blew,
Ourfret§ with mony fair fresch flour,
Helsum of hevinly hew;
With schakeris‖ of the schene dew-schour
Schynyng my courteins schew,
Arrayit with a rich vardour
Of natours werkis new.

* Shrubs.

† To *mele*, to mix, also to speak, in the text it seems to imply to *sing*.

‡ Holly.

§ Overfretted, wrought.

‖ The moisture distilled from flowers.

Rasing

Rasing the birdis fra ther rest
The reid sone raiss with rawis;*
The lark sang lowd quhill lycht mycht lest
A lay of luvis lawis;
The nythingall woik of hir nest
Singing "the day updawis;"
The mirthfull maveis merriest
Schill† schowtit threw the schawis.

All flouris grew that firth within
That man cowth haif in mynd,
And in that flud all fysche with fyn,
That creat wer be kynd;‡
Undir the ryss the ra did ryn,
Our ron,§ our rute, our rynd,
The dun deir dansit with a dyn
And herdes of hairt and hynd.

Wod winter with his wallowand‖ wynd
But weir¶ away was went:
Brasit about with wyld wod-bynd
Wer bewis on the bent.**
Alone under the lusty lynd
I saw ane lusum lent††
That fairly‡‡ was so fare to fynd
Undir the firmament.

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,
Allone lent on a land,
And farest figour, be Sct. Syve,
That evir in firth§§ I fand.
Hir cumly cultur‖‖ to discryve
I dar nocht tak on hand;
Moir womanly borne of a wyfe
Wes neuer, I dar warrand.

To creatur that wes in cair,
Or cawld of crewelty,
A blicht blink of hir visage bair
Of baill¶¶ his bute*** mycht be;
Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair
Mycht havy hairtis uphie;
So angelik under the air
Neuir wicht I saw with e.

The blossumes that wer blyth and brycht
By hir wer blacht††† and blew
Scho gladit all the foull of flycht
That in the forest flew;
Scho mycht haif comfort king or knycht
That ever in cuntre I knew,
As waill,‡‡‡ and well of warldly wicht
In womenly vertew.

Hir cullour over hir countenance,
Hir cumly cristall ene,
Hir portratour of most plesance
All pictour did prevene;§§§
Of every vertew to advance
Quhen ladeis prasit bene,
Rycht left in my rememb[e]rance
That rose is rutit grene.

This myld meik mensuet‖‖‖‖ Margerite,
This perle polist most quhyt,
Dame Natours deir dochter discreit,
The dyamant of delyt.

* Rays. † Shrill. ‡ Nature. § Over bush, shrub.
‖ Withering. ¶ Without doubt.
** Boughs on the coarse grass, or on the plain.
†† A lovesome [lady] leaned. ‡‡ Scarcely.
§§ "A plain amidst wood," as defined by Camden.
‖‖ Behaviour, conduct; perhaps we should read *cullour.*
¶¶ Evil. *** Redemption. ††† Bleached, pale.
‡‡‡ Weal, advantage, from avail. §§§ Prevent.
‖‖‖‖ Gentle. The poet like many of his fellows quibbles on the meaning of Margaret his mistress's name, *viz.* pearl.

Never

Never formit wes to found* on feit
Ane figour more perfyte,
Nor non on world that did hir meit
Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.
This myrthfull maid to meit I ment,
And merkit† furth on mold;
Bot sone within a wane‡ scho went,
Most hevinly to behold;
The bricht sone with his bemys blent§
Upoun the berkis bold:
Farest under the firmament
That formit wes on fold.||

As paradyce that place but peir
Wes plesant to my sicht,
Of forrest, and of fresch reveir,
Of firth, and fowll of flicht,
Of birdis, bath on bonk and brere,
With blumes brekand bricht,
As hevin in to this erd doun heir,
Hertis to hald on hicht.

So went this womanly away
Amang thir woddis wyd,
And I to heir thir birdis gay
Did in a bonk abyd,
Quhair rone and ryss raiss in aray
Endlang the reuer syd:
This hapnit in a tyme in May,
Intill a morning tyd.

The rever threw the ryss cowth rowt
And roseris¶ raiss on raw;**
The schene birdis full schill cowth schowt
Into that semly schaw;
Joy was within and joy withowt
Under that vnlinkest waw,††
Quhair Tay ran doun with stremis stowt
Full strecht vnder Stobschaw.‡‡

The following is an hitherto unpublished poem of Alexander Scott, who is peculiar for the harmony and polish of his versification, and for the sweetness of some of his poems, which are exclusively devoted to love, with the exception of a few humorous pieces. Nothing is known of him, excepting that he flourished about 1550, and that he lived in, or was connected with Dalkeith, as appears by one of his published poems. At the time when Montgomery wrote his epistle to Hudson, printed in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish poetry, Scott appears, in addition to his advanced age, to have felt all the ills of poverty so frequently attendant on poets.

* Go, walk.

† This passage confirms Mr. Pinkerton's explanation of this word in the following line of Gawan and Gologras, *viz.* marched. Dr. Jamieson is inclined to confine the meaning to *ride*.

"Than he *merkit* with myrth our ane grene meid."

‡ Carriage. § Glanced. || Earth. ¶ Rose bushes.

** Bank.

†† I have not met with this word elsewhere, but it certainly signifies straight, without turnings. *Links* is used for the windings of a river. The last line confirms the explanation here offered. *Waw* means wave. ‡‡ Stobhall, a seat of the Perth family.

"Up

"Up helsum hert! thy rutis rais, and lowp,*
Exalt and clym within my breist in staige!†
Art thou nocht wantoun, haill, and in gud howp,
Fermit in grace, and free of all thirlaige,‡
Bathing in bliss, and sett in hie curaige?
Brasit in joy, no falt may the affray,
Having thy ladeis hart in heretaige,
In blencheferme§ for ane sallat every May;
So neides thow nocht now sussy,‖ sych, nor sorrow,
Sen thow art sure of sollace evin and morrow.

Thow Cupeid rewardit me with thiss;
I am thy awin trew liege, withowt tressone.
Thair levis no man in moir eiss, welth, and bliss;
I knaw no siching, sadnes, nor yit soun,¶
Walking,** thocht, langour, lamentatioun,
Dolor, dispair, weiping, nor jelosye;
My breist is woyd, and purgit of pussoun;††
I feill no pane, I haif no purgatorye,
Bot peirles, perfytt, paradisall plesour,
With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mesoure.

My lady, lord, thou gaif me for to hird,‡‡
Within myne armes, I nureiss on the nycht,
Kissing I say, "My bab, my tendir bird,
Sweit maistres, lady, luffe, and lusty wicht,
Steirr, rewle, and gyder of my sensses richt!"
My voice surmontis the sapheir cludis hie,
Thanking grit God of that tressour and micht.
I coft§§ hir deir, but scho fer derrer me,
Quhilk hafvind honor, fame in aventour,
Committing clene hir corse to me in cure.

In oxteris‖‖ cloiss we kiss, and cossis¶¶ hairtis,
Brynt in desyre of amouris play and sport;

* Leap. † By degrees or steps.
‡ Thraldome. § A manner of holding land.
‖ Care; *souci*, Fr. The next word is in the MS. erroneously *sytt*. ¶ Swoon. ** Waking.
†† Poison, metaphorically. ‡‡ Guard. §§ Bought.
‖‖ Embraces; originally armpits.
¶¶ Caress, flatter. Dr. Jamieson seems to doubt this meaning in the following passage of Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Graysteel, where it has evidently the same meaning as the text and the German verb *kosen*:

Ye will not *cose*, sir, as I ween,
I think your love be in no weir;
Therefore I rede you make good cheer.

Meittand

Meittand oure lustis spreitles we twa departis:
Prolong with lasur, lord, I the exhort,
Sic tyme that we may both tak our confort,
First for to sleip, syne walk* withowt espyis!
I blame the cok, I pleine the nicht is schort.
Away I went, my watch the cuschett† cryis,
Wissing all luvaris leill to haf sic chance
That thay may haif ws in rememb[e]rance.

Qd. Scott.

The following poem is anonymous, and evidently a close imitation of the former in a different verse, and thus gives a good specimen of the employment of the *makaris*. From the style I should conjecture it to be Scott's as well as the former.

My hairt is hech aboif, my body is full of bliss,
For I am sett in lufe als weill as I wald wiss,‡
I lufe my lady pure, and scho luvis me againe,
I am hir seruiture, scho is my souerane;
Scho is my verry harte, I am hir howp and heill,§
Scho is my joy invart, I am hir luvar leill;
I am hir bound‖ and thrall, scho is at my command,
I am perpetuall hir man both fute and hand:
The thing that may hir pleiss my body sall fulfill,
Quhatevir hir diseiss it dois my body ill.
My bird, my bony ane, my tendir bab venust,
My lufe, my lyfe ailane, my lyking, and my lust!
We interchange our hairtis in vtheris armis soft,
Shreitless we twa depairtis vsand our luvis oft;
We murne quhen licht day dawis, we plene the nicht is schort;
We curss the cok that crawis, that hinderis our disport.
I glowffin¶ vp agast quhen I hir miss on nicht,
And in my oxster fast I find the bowster richt;
Than langour on me lyiss, lyk Morpheus the mair,
Quhilk caussis me vpryss and to my sueit repair,
And than is all the sorrow furth of rememb[e]rance
That evir I had a forrow** in luvis observance:
Thus nevir I do rest, so lusty a lyfe I leid,
Quhen that I list to test†† the well of womanheid.

* Wake. † Ringdove. ‡ Wish.
§ Hope and health. ‖ Bondsman.
¶ "To open the eyes at intervals in awaking from a disturbed sleep or slumber." Jamieson, *voce* Gliffin.
** Afore, *rhythmi gratia*. *To forowe* occurs in James I.'s Quair.
†† Taste.

Luvaris

Luvaris in pane, I pray God send yow sic remeid
As I haif nycht and day, yow to defende from dreid;
Thairfoir be evir trew unto your ladeis fre
And thay will on you rew as myne has done one me.

The next is a love-song from an anonymous poet to the widow, as it should seem, of a man of rank, and affords a tolerable specimen of the amorous ditties with which the MS. abounds:

"O lusty flour of yowth, benyng and sueit,*
Fresch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht, and schene,
Fair lufsum lady, gentill, and discret,
Yung brekand blossum yit on the stalk grene,
Delytsum lilly, lusty for to be sene,
Be glaid in hairt and expell haviness;
Bare of bliss that evir so blyth has bene?
Dewoyd langour, and lief in lustiness.

Brycht sterne at morrow that dois the nycht hin chace†
Of luvis lychtsum lyf and gyd,‡
Lat no dirk clud absent from ws thy face,
Nor lat no sable from ws thy bewty hyd,
That hes no confort quhair that we go or ryd
Bot to behald the beme of thy brychtness:
Baneiss all baill and into blyss abyd;
Dewoyd langour, and lief in lustiness.

Art thow plesant, lusty, yung, and fair,
Full of all vertew and gud conditioun,
Rycht nobill of blud, rycht wyss, and debonair,
Honorable, gentill, and faythfull of renoun,
Liberall, lufsum, and lusty of persoun,
Quhy suld thow than lat sadness the oppress?
In hairt be blyth and lay all dolour doun,
Dewoyd langour, and lief in lustiness.

I me commend with all humilitie
Unto thi bewty blisfull and bening,
To quhome I am, and sall ay serwand be
With steidfast hairt and faithfull trew mening
Unto the deid without[en] departing;
For quhais saik I sall my pen address
Saugis to mak for thy reconforting,
That thow may leif in joy and lustiness.

* The manuscript reads *brycht*, which the transcriber caught from the next line. The rhyme points out the variation.
† Chace away. ‡ This line evidently wants a foot.

O fair

O fair sueit blossum now in bewty flouris,
Unfaidlit bayth of cullor and vertew,
Thy nobill lord that deid hes done devoir,
Faid nocht with weping thy vissage fair of hew.
O lufsum lusty lady, wyse and trew,
Cast out all cair and comfort do incress,
Exyll all sichand,* on thy serwand rew,
Dewoyd langour, and leif in lustiness.

The last copy of verses is recommended by the name of the author, and the singularity of its rhythmical structure, but certainly can challenge no high rank among the productions of William Dumbar. It is at any rate a mite towards a collection of his works, which, to the disgrace of his country, have never appeared in a uniform standard edition.

Quha will behald of luve the chance,
With sueit dissauyng countenance,
In quhais fair dissimvlance
May none assure?
Quhilk is begun with inconstance,
And endis nocht but variance;
Scho haldis with continwance
No seruiture.

Discretioun and considerance
Ar both out of hir governance,
Quhairfoir of it the schort plesance
May nocht indure;
Scho is so new of acquentance,
The auld gais fra rememb[e]rance;
Thus I gife our the observauss
Of luvis cure.

It is ane point of ignorance
To luf in sic distemperance,
Sen tyme mispendit may avance
No creature.
In luve to keip allegiance,
It war als nyss† ane ordinance
As quha wald bid ane deid man dance
In sepulture.

Finis. q. Dumbar.

Edinburgh, 25 Aug. 1812. H. W.

* Sighing. † Foolish.

Of

Of the Lay of Dame Sirith.

The fabliau, of which I transmit an abstract, is perhaps one of the earliest compositions of that nature extant in our language. The only copy which I have ever met with occurs in the Bodleian library.* The manuscript which contains it, appears to have been written about the year 1300, but to the poem itself I should be tempted to ascribe a date still earlier, both from the Saxonisms with which it abounds, and the very sparing occurrence of words derived from the French, which latter circumstance is the more remarkable as it is probably an imitation, and a very close one as to the story, of a French original analysed by Le Grand.

The extreme rarity of specimens of the humorous tale in early English poetry, and the interesting example afforded by the one in question of that state of our language in which, although it had ceased to be grammatically Saxon, it had as yet borrowed little or nothing from the French, must apologise for the preservation of a story, that, on the score of its moral value, no one would have wished to drag from its obscurity.

The expressions of disapprobation which the poet occasionally bestows on the depraved heroine of his tale must, to a contemporary audience capable of immediately understanding its language and enjoying the rude humour which it certainly possesses, have operated but as very slight drawbacks to its general tendency. In the present days, however, no moral danger can be suspected from the perusal of such antiquated licentiousness. The mischief is unfortunately too readily to be found by those who seek it in a shape far more intelligible and alluring.

ARCHÆOPHILUS.

Ci cōmence le Fables et la cointise de Dame Siriz.

As I com by an waie,
Hof on ich herde saie,
Full modi mon and proud.

* MS. Digby, 86. Some account of the contents of this highly curious MS. may be found in the appendix to Warton's History of Eng. Poetry.

Wis he wes of lore,
And youthlich under yore,*
  And clothed in fair sroud.

To lovein he begon
On wedded wymmon.
  (Therof he hevede wrong.)
His herte hire wes alon,†
That reste nevede he non,
  The love wes so strong.

Wel‡ yerne he him bithoute,
Hou he hire gete moute,
  In ani cunnes wise.
That befel on a day,
The§ loverde wende away,
  Hou his marchaundise.

He wende him to ‖then Inne
Ther he wonede inne,
  That wes riche ¶won.
And com into then halle,
**Ther hoe wes srud with palle,
  And thus he bigon

"God Almizten be herinne"—
"Welcome, so ich ever bidde wenne,"††
  Quoth this wif,
"His hit thi wille, comme and site,
"And wát is thi wille let me wite,
  "Mi leve lif.

"Bi howre loverd hevene King,
"If I mai don ani thing,
  "That the is lef,
"Thou mizt finden me ful fre,
"Fol bletheli wol I don for the,
  "Withouten gref."

"Dame, God ye foryelde,
"Bote ou that thou me mout bimelde.

* Young in age. † Was fixed upon her.
‡ Earnestly. § The husband (lord) of the woman.
‖ The—It appears a corruption of the Saxon *tham*.
¶ House, residence.
** Where she was clothed in her robe. *Ther* and *than* are used throughout the poem for *where* and *when*, and *hoe* for *she*.
†† The meaning of the latter part of this line does not seem altogether clear.

"Ne

" Ne make the wroth,*
" Mine herande wille I to the bede.
" Bote †wratthen the for ani dede.
" Were me loth."

" Nai, I wis, Wilekin,
" For nothing that ever is min,
" Than thou hit ‡yerne,
" Houncurteis ne willi be
" Ne con I noat on vilte,
" Ne noat I nel lerne

" Thou mai saien alle thine wille,
" And I shall herknen and sitten stille,
" That thou have told.
" And if that thou me tellest skil,§
" I shal don after thi wil,
" That be thou bold.

" And than thou saie me ani same,‖
" Ne shal I the nouzt blame
" For thi sawe."
" Non ich have wonne leve,
" Gif that I me shulde greve,
" Hit were hounlawe.

" Certes Dame thou saiest as ¶hende.
" And I shall setten spel on ende,**
" And tellen the al.
" What ich wolde, and wi ich com,
" Ne con ich saien non falsdom,
" Ne non I ne shal,

" Ich habbe iloved the moni yere,
" ††Than ich nabbe nout ben her
" Mi love to schowe.
" Wile thi loverd is in toune,

* *Bimelde.* Betray, inform against. Meldan, A. S. prodere. The general sense of this passage appears to be—" Dame Heaven recompense thee, provided thou dost not betray me, or make thee wrath." † Offend, make wrath. ‡ Desire.

§ If thou speakest advisedly to me.

‖ Quære the meaning of *same* here, can it be a mistake for *shame?* ¶ Courteous.

** I do not recollect to have met with this phrase elsewhere: it appears to mean, " I will be brief in my story, and make no delay in coming to the point."

†† During which time.

"Ne mai no man with the holden* roune
"With no thewe†

"Yursten dai ich herde sai,
"As ich wende bi the waie,
"Of owre sire.
"The told me that he was gon
"To the faire of Botolfston
"In Lincolneschire.

"And for ich weste that he wes houte,
"Therfore ich am igon aboute
"To speken with the.
"Him ‡burth to liken wel his lif
"That mizte welde §sett a wif
"In privite.

"Dame, if hit is thi wille,
"Both ‖dernelike and stil
"Ich wille the love."—
"That wolde I don for non thing,
"Bi howre loverd hevene King
"That ous is bove.

"Ich habbe mi loverd that is mi spouse,
"That maiden brouzte me to house
"¶Mid menske I non
"He loveth me, and ich him wel,
"Oure love is also trewe as stel,
"Withouten **won.

"Than he be from hom on his hernde,
"Ich were ††ounseli, if ich lernede
"To ben on hore.
"That ne shall nevere be,
"That I shal don selk fassete,
"On bedde, ne on flore.

"Never more his lif wile,
"Than he were on hondred mile,

* Talk, conversation, according to its etymology, secret or mysterious speech, from the A. S. Rune, which from meaning a letter came very naturally in an ignorant age to be applied to any thing beyond the knowledge of the multitude. The usage of the word in this place is highly appropriate.

† In no manner. A. S. Theaw, ritus.

‡ Quære if a mistake for wurth? § Such.

‖ Privately, dyrne, A. S. dark.

¶ Against decency will I nought. ** Fail, waning.

†† Wicked.

"Hi

"Hi zende Rome.
"For no thing ne shuld I take
"Mon on erthe to ben mi *make
"Ar his hom come."

The lover continues for some time to urge his suit in vain, till at length utterly despairing of success

"Dreri mod he wende awai,
And thouzt bothe nizt and dai
Hire al for to wende,
A frende him radde for to fare,
And leven al his michele kare
To dame Sirith the hende.

Thider he wente him anon,
So †swithe so he mizte gon,
No mon he ni mette.
Ful he was of ‡tene and treie,
Mid wordes milde and eke sleie
Fare he hire grette."

Dame Sirith upon learning his errand begins by blaming his unlawful wishes, and excusing herself from being any ways concerned in promoting them, for (says she)

"Ich am old, and sek, and lame,
"Seknesse haveth maked me ful tame.
"Bless ye, bless ye, leve knave,
"Lest ye mesaventure have,
"For this lesing that is founden
"Uppon me that am hard ibounden.§
"Ich am a holi wimmon,
"On witchecrafft nout I ne con,
"Bote with gode men almesdede
"Ilke dai mi lif I lede,
"And bid mi Pater-noster, and mi crede,
"That goed hem fal at here nede,
"That helpen me mi lif to lede."

Wilkin however, nothing discouraged, backs his request by the promise of "mani a pounde and mani a marke;" the old beldam begins to relent, she asks.

* Companion. † Quick. ‡ Sorrow and trouble
§ For this wickedness into which you would inveigle me who am old and in misfortune. This appears to be the general sense of the passage.

"Liz

"*Liz me not, Wilekin, bi thi †sente
"Lovest thou wel Dame Margeri?"

He replies that he is so deeply enamoured of her that he shall certainly die unless he obtain his wish; "sooner than that shall happen," rejoins Sirith, "I will undertake to accomplish the matter for you, but you must promise me the closest secresy."

"For al the worlde ne woldi nout
"That ich were to ‡chapitre ibrouzt
"For none selke werkes
"Mi jugement were sone igiven
"To ben with shame somer driven
"With prestes and with clarkes."

He promises concealment, gives her twenty shillings as earnest of a much larger bounty in the event of her success, and, her scruples thus overcome,

Dame Sirith bigon to go
As a wrecche that is wo,
§That hoe come hire to then inne,
Ther this goed wif wes withinne.
Tho hoe to the dore com,
Swithe ‖reuliche hoe bigon.
"Loverde," hoe seith, "wo is old wives,
"That in povertè ledeth ay lives.
"¶Not no mon so muchel of pyne,
"As powre wif that falleth in ausine**
"That mai ilke mon bi me wite,
"For mai I nouther gange ne site.
"Ded woldi ben ful fain,
"Hounger and thurst me haveth nei slain,
"Ich ne mai mi limes on wold††
"For mikel hounger, and thurst, and cold.
"War to liveth selke a wrecche?
"Wi nil dethe mi soule fetche?"—

* Lie not to me. † Salvation.

‡ From Sirith's apprehensions of being brought before a chapter, it is possible the author meant to describe her as a worthless nun: The ecclesiastical courts, however, took cognizance of witchcraft and the like offences, equally in the persons of the laity.

§ Untill. ‖ Ruefully. ¶ Has not.

** I cannot find this word in any glossary. Can it signify alms? or may we read ansine, and interpret it care (from anxius), though this is, I fear, equally unsupported by authority.

†† Move.

"Seli

"Seli wif, Goed the *hounbinde,
"To dai wil I the mete finde,
"For love of Goed.
"Ich have †reurthe of thi wo,
"For evele iclothed I se the go,
"And evele y shoed,
"Com herin, Ich wile the fede"—
"Goed Almizten do the mede."—
* * * * * * *
"Have her fles, and eke bred,
"And make the glad, hit is mi red.
"And have here the coppe with the drinke"—
"Goed the befal for thi ‡swinke,"
Then spak that holde wif,
(Eveles§ awarie hire lif)
"Alas! alas! that ever I live!
"Al the sinne ich wold forgive
"The mon that smite off min heved.
"Ich wolde min lif ware me bireved"—
"Seli wif, what eilleth the?"
"Bote ethe mai I sori be.
"Ich hevede a douzter feir and fre,
"Feiror ne mizhte no mon se.
"Hoe hevede a curteis hussebond,
"Freour mon mizte no mon finde.
"Mi douter lovede him al to wel,
"For thi mak I sori del.
"Uppon a dai he wes oute wente,
"And tharforn wes mi douter shend.
"He hede on ernde out of toune,
"And com a modi clarc with croune;‖
"To mi douter his love bede,
"And hoe nolde nout folowe his rede.
"He ne mizte his will have,
"For nothing he mizte crave,
"Thenne bigon the clerc to wiche,
"And ¶shop mi douter til a biche.
"This is my douter that ich of speke.
"For **dele of hire min herte breke,
"Loke hon hire heien greten,
"On hire cheken the teres meten.

* Release thee from thy distress, unbind thee.
† Pity. ‡ Labour. § Worry, torment.
‖ Having his head shorn.
¶ Transformed, shaped. ** Sorrow.

"Forth;

"Forthi, Dame, were hit no wonder
"Than min herte burste assunder.
"And wose ever is yong houssewiffe,
"Hoe loveth ful luitel hire lif,
"An eni clerc of luve hire bede,
"Bote hoe graunte and lete him spede."

The innocent victim of this detestable artifice is naturally terrified into a resolution of purchasing her security from a like transformation, at the expense of her honour, and the old wretch, having procured Wilkin a second and more satisfactory interview, receives her reward and declares her readiness to assist any other unsuccessful lovers on the like condition.

"And wose is onwis
"And for non pris
"Ne con geten his levemon
"I shal for mi mede
"Garen him to spede
"For ful wel I con."
Explicit.

Metrical Account of what passed at Oxford on the Divorce between King Henry VIII, and Queen Catharine, by William Forrest, priest.

The following history of the whole of the transactions in the university of Oxford, relative to Henry's divorce, cannot but be interesting, particularly as the author was present on the spot during the whole discussion, as appears by the following passage in his poem:

"At which trauelynge certaynlye was I,
Attendynge vpon a certayne goode man,
Whearfore in the same I something saye can."

Wood has given a portion of it in his *History and Antiquities of Oxford*, but it is now reprinted entire from the original MS. preserved in the Bodleian library. This was originally in the possession of Ralph Sheldon, esq. of Beoly, Warwickshire, an intimate friend of Wood's, who presented it to the Oxford antiquary; and Wood, in the year 1692, sold it to the university.

"I

"I have discovered from it," says Wood,* "many things relating to the affairs of Oxford, acted during the time of the divorce, which I could never see elsewhere."

Some account of the author and his other productions will be found in the ATHENÆ OXONIENSES, vol. i. col. 297, edit. 4to.

It should be added, that as Forrest was a strong papist, there can be little doubt but he has given a high coloured picture of the opposition made to the king's commissioners by the university, yet notwithstanding this, many of the circumstances he has recorded are, in all probability, facts that really occurred.

Walter sendethe to Oxforde to haue his case discussed, John Longelande (busshoppe of Lincolne) his cheif commyssioner; ffryer Nicholas defendaunte in the same. Ffyue inceptours, doctors (with sundry other) specially withestandinge thearin, wheare women shewed them selfs on Grysildys partye; Thunyuersiteis seale (by stealthe) goaten; and what myseryes ensued. ca. 9.

"Yeat, for that WALTER wolde not be thought
(Of headye poure) to worke contrariouslye,
Hee sent to Oxforde, as playnnes he sought
To haue his case theare tryed by the clergie.
At whiche trauelynge certaynlye was I
Attendynge vpon a certayne goode man;
Whearfore in the same I somewhat saye can.

Thither was sent, as cheeif commyssioner
The *Busshoppe of Lyncolne*, one *John Langelande*,
Withe certayne other that well cowlde flatter,
The learned judgment theare to vndrestande;
Wheare one *ffryer Nycholas* tooke muche in hande,
As cheeif defendaunte in the foresaide case,
Whoe fownde hym selfe macht, euyn to the harde face.

But theare was vsed no indifferencye;
Suche as by learnynge made againste the kynge,
They were redargued moste cruellye,
Threatened also to forgoe their lyuynge:
On thother syde, all thearto inclynynge,

* *Athenæ Oxon.* p. 298.

They

They had highe chearinge, with meede otherwaye;
Ffalsehod tryūphinge, truthe quaqynge for fraye.

That tyme an acte theare shoulde haue gone forwarde,
Wheare seauyn famous clarks, that inceptors weare,
Bycause (in this case) ffyue wolde not drawe towarde,
It was dyfferred to their heauye cheare;
For that their cheeif ffrendys weare presentlye theare.
Mawdelaye, Mooreman, Holyman also,
Mortymer, Cooke, withe other twoe moe.*

Theis ffyue in nowise wolde graunte their consents,
The regent maisters weare of the same mynde,
Rather, they graunted, to forgoe howse and rents,
Then weetinglye, so to shewe them selfs blynde.
The proctors, for gaynes they hoaped to fynde,
(Throughe frendeshippe they made) obteyned the grace
Of *Busshoppe Langlande*, the acte to take place.

The matier louge tyme theare hangynge in suspense,
Witheoute hauyng thunyuersiteis seale,
As to confyrme WALTER's foresaide pretence;
For whiche the busshoppe harde threatnyngs did deale,
To his reproache, and hynderaunce of good heale.
If so that some theare had had hym at large,
I wolde of his life haue taken no charge.

For on the outegatys wheare hee by nyghts laye,
Weare roapes faste nayled, withe gallowes drawne by,
To this entent, as a man myght well saye,
If wee so myght, suche weare thy destynye.
His seruaunts ofte handeled accordynglye,
As one (indeede) makynge water at a wall,
A stone (right heauye) on hym one let fall.

Women (that season) in Oxforde weare busye,
Their harts weare goode it appeeared no lesse;
As *Ffryer Nicholas* chaunced to come by,
Halas! (said some) that we myght this knaue dresse,
For his vnthankefull daylye busynes
Againste our queene, good GRYSILIDIS.
He shoulde euyl to cheeaue,† hee sholde not sure mysse.

* These were Robert Aldridge and Thomas Charnock, a dominican.

† *He should have come to evil.* So Chaucer, "yevel mote he cheeve." *Canterbury Tales*, v. 16693.

Withe

Withe that a woman (I sawe it trulye,)
A lumpe of osmundys* let harde at hym flynge,
Whiche myste of his noddle, the more pytie,
And on his ffryer's heelys it came trycelynge.
Whoe (sodaynly) as hee it perceauynge,
Made his complaynte vpon the women so,
That thirtye the morowe weare in buckerdo.

Theare they contynued three dayes and three nyghts,
Till woorde was sent downe from WALTER the kynge,
Whoe fret at the harte as vexed withe spryts,
That GRISILDY's parte they weare so tenderynge:
To all that so dyd, this woorde downe sendynge,
That magre their teeathes, hee wolde haue his furthe,
And ere longe tyme make some of them small wurthe.

But yeat for all that, the ffyue foresaide clark,
Withe moste of the regent maisters, that tyde,
For all the threatnyngs that flaterers bark,
From that was the right they wolde no whit slyde.
The busshoppe LANGELANDE dyd thus then prouyde,
A conuocation of certayne to call,
And gote the seale, as consented of all.

Ffor whiche was weepings and lamentation,
I was then present, and herde their complaynte.
Halas! (they saide) in pytefull fashyon,
Nowe is goode *Oxforde* for eauer attaynte;
Thowe that haste florisched art become faynte;
Thowe weare vnspotted till this present daye,
With truthe euermore to holde and to saye.

But notwithestandinge consyderinge as thus,
Thoue weare withe powre and myght ouerlayde,
Thoue thearfore remaynyste innoxius,
As dothe (by vyolence) the rauysched mayde.
Eaueriche his duetye on eache pate bee payde,
That is, whoe of vs hathe wronged the right,
God, to their deserts, their dooyngs requyte.

This to this ende wee put in remembraunce,
To the knowledge of oure posterytee,
That all that season made not dyssemblaunce,
But tenne to one stucke to the verytee.
But cheife that ought had no syncerytee,

* This is a kind of fern which grows in bogs and pools. There are various species of it, for an account of which see Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary*.

False

False ambition, and keepynge yn fauour
Declared in this muche lewde behauour.

In this mateir to bee adnoted,
What euyl counsell withe pryncys maye induce,
For consequentlye this royalme was sorted,
As water breakynge ouer hedde or sluce.
All good ordres weare cleane set oute of vse,
Suche calamyteis ensuynge theare vpon
To this royalmys neare subuersion.

Then florisched fflatery tryumphantlye;
Then ffalschod beeare rule, and truthe set a syde;
Then weare the goode maligned throughe enuye;
Then was true meekenes ouercome withe pryde;
Then to perdition all goodenes faste hyde;
Then was selfe-wyll cheif ruler ouer all;
Then myght in right none for aduocat call.

Then of the churche began thaffliction;
Then entred heresies cursed and nought;
Then encreased Goddys malediction;
Then his due honour in great decaye brought;
Then the goode not regarded as they ought,
But euery ribaulde myght them checke and chace;
The goode depryued, the badde in their place.

In earthe they cowlde not their malice extende,
But vnto heuen shewed indignation;
The holye saynctys theare they dyd discommende,
By too too muche abomynation.
Sclaunderinge certayne vndre this faschion,
Howe holye virgyns of no lyttle some,*
Weare concubynes to the busshoppe of Rome.

The gloryous perpetuall virgyn Marye,
No better esteamed then an other woman;
Eache dounge gell† as goode as the sanctuarye:
Theis myscheifs, withe hundrede folde mo, began
At the incumynge of this newe queene Anne,
Whoe, as she was, declared at the laste,‡
Whome, God vanysched withe muche sodayne blaste.

As good and blessed inducethe vertue,
And woorkethe all meanys to mayntayne the same,
So, the malignaunte dothe vertue subdue,
Bycause their doyngis shee dothe fierslye blame:

* *Summ, price, estimation.* † *Dung-hill.*
‡ *Who discovered her real character at last.*

Prooif,

Prooif, who so notethe, vice endethe withe shame.
Then was no wondre this alteration,
To breede great meanys of desolation.

Ffor certaynlye vpon this induction,
Entred in this royalme suche innouation
To the pooare manny's vttre destruction.
Raysinge of rents in wondreful fashion,
From one to fyue in ful numeration,
To cawsynge of dearthe in vytayl and warys,*
Withe other sundrye ineuytable carys.

So muche the bodye not heere molestynge,
But hundredfolde more endaungeringe the sowle;
At ffastynge and prayinge was made but iestinge,
The vile ignoraunte the clarke to controwle;
All holye cerymonyes coniuringe the mowle.†
Eache cockynge cobler and spittyll howse proctor
In learnynge taken so goode as the doctor.

In tokne yeat more of infidelytee,
Downe went the crosses in eauerye countraye.
Goddy's seruaunts vsed withe muche crudelytee,
Dysmembred (like beasts) in thopen highe waye laye:
Their inwardys pluckte oute and harts where they,
In suche moste greuous tyrannycall sorte,
That to to shamefull weare heere to reporte.

Shortelye after to mende the mateir more,
Churches and monasteries downe they went,
To haue the treasure speciallye thearfore,
Althoughe they fayned for other entent:
After this prouerbe to like consequent;
The glouer (craftelye) brought this reason yn,
The dogge to bee madde, all to haue his skynne.

Yeat this was not the vttremuste euyl,
Theye nybbed Christ's faithe after their pleasure;
So weare they ledde by their maister the deuyl,
For on the truthe they lyed oute of measure.
The whoale heere to wright I haue no leasure,
But to this ende I haue rehersed this,
What came by exchaunge of goode GRISILIDIS."

P. B.

* *Victuals* and wares.

† I take the meaning of this line to be, *all holy ceremonies were mocked at.* Mr. Upton in his MS. notes to the *Etymologicum* of Junius (*Bibl. Bodl.*) explains "to mow," *os distorquere.* Chaucer uses *mowe* in the fourth book of *Troilus and Cresseide,*
"Then laughith she, and makith him the *mowe.*" Edit. Urry, p. 305.

¶ *Toxophilvs, the schole of shootinge conteyned in two bookes. To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastyme to rede, and profitable for theyr use to folow, both in war and peace.* [Col.] *Deo gratias. Londini. In œdibus Edouardi Whytchurch. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum* 1545. qto.*

Of a work twice, at least, reprinted† lately, it is only necessary to possess the reader of an omission which probably could not be supplied from the rarity of the first edition. That is the original dedication to Henry VIII. the more curious from the author's confession, "that he had at that time a desire of travelling into Italy, and was in hopes of obtaining, by the dedication of his book to the king, a pension which might enable him to fulfil his desire.‡" It follows:

"To the moste gracious, and our most drad Soueraigne Lord, Kyng Henry the VIII. by the grace of God, Kyng of Englande, Frauuce and Irelande, Defender of the faythe, and of the churche of Englande and also of Irelande, in earth supreme head, next vnder Christ, be al health, victorie and felicitie.

* The above title of Ascham's Toxophilus is taken from the head of the table of Contents. The first leaf has the royal arms engraved, accompanied with Latin and English verses, as largely and with accuracy described by Herbert, p. 541: but this leaf having on the reverse the lines by Walter Haddon, that writer is scarcely correct in designating it a frontispiece. The two books are particularly noted by the capitals A and B in the running title, and a renewed pagination: the whole volume extends to Y iiij, besides eight leaves of introduction. This is certainly the first edition, though composed in the year preceding, as stated in the following title of the second edition:—Toxophilvs, the schole, or partitions of shooting contayned in ij bookes, writtē by Roger Ascham 1544, and now newly perused. Pleasaunt for all Gentlemen and Yomen of England for theyr pastime to reade, and profitable for their vse to folowe both in warre and peace. Anno 1571. Imprinted at London in Fletestreate neare to Saint Dunstones Churche by Thomas Marshe, qto.

† Nearly verbatim by the Reverend John Walters, M. A. Master of Ruthin school, and late fellow of Jesus College, Oxford: at Wrexham, 1788. Also in the edition of Ascham's English works, published by Mr. James Bennet, sometime a schoolmaster at Hoddesdon. Herbert, *ut sup.*

‡ Biog. Britannica, vol. i. p. 282, note B.

What

"What tyme as moste gracious Prince, your highnes this last year past, tooke that your moost honorable and victorious iourney into Fraunce, accompanied with such a porte of the Nobilitie and yeomanrie of Englande, as neyther hath bene lyke knowen by experience, nor yet red of in historie: accompanied also with the daylie prayers, good hartes, and willes of all and euery one your graces subiectes, lefte behinde you here at home in Englande: the same tyme, I beinge at my booke in Cambrige, sorie that my litle habilitie could stretche out no better to helpe to forward so noble an enterprice, yet with my good wylle, prayer, and harte, nothinge behynde hym that was formoste of all, conceyued a wonderful desyre, bi the praier, wishing, talking, and communicatiō that was in euery mās mouth, for your Grace's moost victoriouse retourne, to offer vp sumthinge, at your home cumming to your Highnesse, which shuld be a token of mi loue and deutie toward your Maiestie, and also a signe of my good minde and zeale toward mi countrie.

"This occasion geuen to me at that time, caused me to take in hand againe, this litle purpose of shoting, begon of me before, yet not ended thā, for other studies more mete for that trade of liuinge, whiche God and mi frendes had set me vnto. But when your grace's moste ioifull and happie victorie preuēted mi dailie and spedie diligencie to performe this matter, I was compelled to waite an other time to prepare and offer vp this litle boke vnto your Maiestie. And whan it hath pleased youre Highnesse of your infinit goodnesse, and also your most honorable counsel to know and peruse ouer the contentes, and some parte of this boke, and so to alow it, that other mē might rede it, throughe the furderaunce and setting forthe of the right worshipfull and mi singuler good Master Sir William Pagette Knight, moost worthie secretarie to your highnes, and most open and redie succoure to al poore honest learned mēs sutes, I moost humblie beseche your Grace to take in good worthe this litle treatise purposed, begō, and ended of me onelie for this intent, that labour, honest pastime and vertu, might recouer againe that place and right, that idlenesse, vnthrifte, gamning and vice hath put them frō.

"And althoughe to haue written this boke either in Latin or Greke (which thing I wold be verie glad yet to do, if I might surelie know your Grace's pleasure therein) had bene more easier and fit for mi trade in study, yet neuerthelesse, I supposinge it no point of honestie, that mi commodite should stop and hinder ani parte either of the pleasure or profite of manie,

manie, haue written this Englishe matter in the Englishe tongue, for Englishe men; where in this I trust that your grace (if it shall please your Highnesse to rede it) shal perceaue it to be a thinge honeste for me to write, pleasaunt for some to rede, and profitable for manie to folow, contening a pastime, honest for the minde, holsome for the body, fit for eueri man, vile for no man, vsing the day and opē place for honestie to rede it; not lurking in corners for misorder to abuse it. Therefore I trust it shal apere, to be bothe a sure token of my zeele to set forwarde shootinge, and some signe of my minde, towardes honestie and learninge.

Thus I wil trouble your grace no longer, but with my daylie praier I wil beseche God to preserue your Grace, in al health and felicitie: to the feare and ouerthrowe of all your ennemies; to the pleasure, ioyfulnesse and succour of al your subiectes: to the vtter destruction of papistrie and heresie: to the continuall setting forth of Goddes worde and his glorye. Your Grace's most bounden scholer,

Roger Ascham.

E. Hood.

¶ *A Remembrance of the Honors due to the Life and Death of Robert Earle of Salisbury, Lord Treasurer of England, &c.* (Wood-cut, head of the Earl,* peaked beard and whiskers, hair in front erect, broad ruff.) *Imprinted at London for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop neere Christ Church doore.* 1612. 4to. extends to sign. D. iv.

Written by Richard Johnson (author of *A Crowne Garland of Golden Roses*, &c.) and contains a life of the Earl in prose, and at the end *A Mourner's Passion for the losse of the aforesaid nobleman deceased*, in verse, commencing,

> "The world (I see) is waxt vnkinde,
> And time forgets what time hath done;
> And spightfull spight weares out of minde,
> The doubtfull race great men doe run."

At sign. D ii. an account of the funeral in prose, and at D iii. b. *Of the miserable estate of worldly estates all subiect to change and times enuie.* Five stanzas of six lines each.

B. L. O.

* Not mentioned by Granger.

¶ *A Booke of Christian Prayers, collected out of the aunciẽt writers, and best learned in our tyme, worthy to be read with an earnest mynde of all Christians, in these daungerous and troublesome dayes, that God for Christes sake will yet be mercifull unto us. At London. Printed by John Daye, dwellyng over Aldersgate,* 1581. *Cum priuilegio.* [Colophon.] *At London, printed by John Daye, dwellyng ouer Aldersgate beneath Saint Martines. Anno* 1581. *Cum gratia et priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.* Small 4to.

The colophon is under a beautiful wood-cut of two figures of a sage and a gentleman pointing to a figure of Death recumbent on a tomb, from the centre of which springs a tree:—a label from the sage, and another written round the tree, have these words: *Etsi mors indies accelerat, vivet tamen post funera virtus:* in the distance a rock crowned with a castle, overhanging the sea.

According to Herbert, I. 645, there was a former edition in 1578, and a later in 1590.

The borders of every page of this extraordinary book are most richly adorned with an endless variety of wood-cuts, admirably designed and cut, after Albert Durer, &c. containing the life and passion of Christ. Then follow the Cardinal Virtues treading their opposites under their feet—Knowledge, Faith, Hope, Patience, Humility, Mercy, Concord, Love, Wisdom, Industry, Memory, Justice, Courage, Temperance, Sobriety, Chastity, Perseverance, Charity. These extend to sign. P. ij. Then come the Senses, Sight, Hearing, Taste, Smelling, Touching. On the reverse of Q. i. begins a representation of the End of the World, which extends to sign. R. i.

Then follow the Virtues again, with a new combination of the other ornaments which accompanied each figure, on the other sides of the margin; and the Senses and End of the World in the same manner.—Last comes the Dance of Death after Holbein. At the bottom of each of these is an altar-tomb with the ensignia of mortality—each inscribed with two verses. This series of figures is twice repeated; and the work ends at fol. 140.

On the back of the title is a figure of Q. Elizabeth kneeling before a table, with a book open on it—over her is a rich canopy; and about her, her arms, and many other ornaments.

The preface to the christian reader is subscribed R. D.

¶ *A paire of Tvrtle Doves; or, the Tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio. Seconded with the Tragicall end of Agamio, wherein (besides other matters pleasing to the Reader) by way of dispute betweene a Knight and a Lady, is described this neuer before debated question, to wit: Whether man to woman, or woman to man offer the greatest temptations and allurements vnto vnbridled lust, and consequently whether man or woman in that vnlawfull act be the greater offender. A Historie pleasant, delightful and witty, fit of all to be perused for their better instruction, but especiall of youth to be regarded, to bridle their follies. Printed for Francis Burton, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's-church-yard, at the signe of the Flower-de-Luce and Crowne.* 1606. qto. sig. O.

This romantic novel is confidently attributed to the pen of Robert Green, though his name is not any where attached to it, and the language bears all the character of a hasty effusion by that versatile genius. The present edition is the only one certainly known. The late Mr. George Steevens supposed he had seen another, and his remarks on his copy, which had before belonged to Mr. Bowle, are as follows.

"V. Jackson Cat. of 1760. 2395.* Greene's Hist. of fair Bellora.—The hand-writing of Mr. Bowle. G. S.

"I am well convinced that I have seen another edition of this romance, with a less crowded and circumstantial title-page, but cannot recollect where I met with it. When my course of black letter began, had I been aware of the necessity of such a precaution, I would have kept a minute register of all anonymous tracts, which, on some kind of authority, were ascribed to contemporary pamphleteers, like Greene, &c. I am how-

* There is also another reference, "v. Floncel 4327, or 4827."

ever

ever much mistaken if the name of Greene was not either printed in the title of the other edition, or at least written on it in an ancient hand. I hardly suppose the authority of Mr. Bowle's quotation from one of old Jackson's catalogues would have been sufficient for me to rely on. G. S."

The dedication is addressed

"To all kind, and vnkind, readers of both kindes.—To please many, yea rather a few, is a thing easie to be desired, but hardly obtained: for in this sicke age the mindes of most are infected with such a froward malady, and their appetites infected with such a giddy humour, that scant any thing (be it neuer so curious) can procure a pleasing realish to their dainty-toothed curiosity. But I must tell such distempered persons, that heere is nothing prepared to afford them any kind entertainment: for where loue is rewarded with hate, cost is better spared then ill spent, and I had rather such guests should fast then to be inuited to my feast. And if they will follow the rules of my physicke, I counsell them to clear and purge their quesie stomackes from that corrupt humor, which turneth the sweetest honny into noysome poyson, for before that time wholesome food can minister no comfort to feeble nature; but doth rather feede the peeuish malady and augment the vigor of their dangerous disease.

"Now for other who are of a better complexion, and a more healthfull constitution, shall all be hartily welcome, so many as after a friendly inuitation are willing to come to take such cheare as is chearefully prouided for them. I will keep open house al the year, you may be bold to enter without checke of any churlish porter, and kind harted hospitality shall be my steward, although for his large liberality, he is quite shut out of doores in most places, I beshrew wanton Pride for her labour, it is by her procurement: for they two can neuer dwell together vnder one roofe, and she in this new fangled doting olde age, hath gotten the vpper hand; more is the pitty and greater the impiety. But you that are my welcome guestes shall not come to a nigarde's feast, for if variety m[a]y please you, you shall haue store and plenty, and if the first seruice will not serue your turne, I pray you be patient till you see the prouision of all your fare, and I doubt not but before it be time to take vp the table, you shal meete with some dish that shall be so well dressed as it may delight your palat. If I should praise my cheare ouermuch, men might beg me for a foole, and bid me hold my peace

 while

while I learned more wit: yet I may be bold to say, it is not so good, but I wish it were far better for your sakes. And if you thinke yourselues as welcome as you are new-come, I beshrew you if you spare, and therefore once againe for all, I bid you all hartily welcome."

The scene of this tragical history is laid in Greece, of which the king was far renowned for maintaining with vigour impartial justice. "He would neither be induced by soft harted pittie, to spare his dearest friends, nor incensed by the passions of fierie choler to be reuenged of his greatest foes." His only child is the heroine, Bellora: Her, we are told,

"The diuine graces had so gloriously adorned, with such excellent beautie of bodie and exceeding such admirable qualities of minde, that they might well be deemed to haue emptied their rich-stored treasurie, of their fairest and rarest iewells, to bestowe them on this gracious lady, for her princely dower, whose fresh and amiable cheekes nature had so deepely died with her purest and choisest colours, that their eie-pleasing tincture farre surpassed the fairest damask rose, and much excelled the whitest growing lilly and so curiously compacted the whole frame of her refined substance, that if Apelles (that uature-like resembling limner) had beene tasked to haue drawne her counterfeit, her two bright-burning lampes would haue so dazled his quicke-seeing sences, that quite dispairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had beene inforced to haue staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus vnfinished."

As men in elder time might with less harm view the monstrous Medusa than the quick-sighted lover the bright shining Bellora, for the one being metamorphosed into stone was freed from pain, but the other lived a dying life more dolorous than sudden death, therefore the king, to prevent further mischief, commanded his daughter to be privily conveyed to a distant solitary cottage. Two knights being equally inflamed with love, haunt the residence of the princess: on the first discovery of their passion, disregarding their hitherto preserved amity, they fight, and the one who in a previous discourse proposed determining their chance by lots, is slain by Fidelio. The victor also succeeds in obtaining an interview with his mistress, and an amorous intercourse commences. This being discovered to the king and both

both parties in durance, he determines that the strict law shall be enforced, whereby "whosoeuer were apprehended and conuicted, for the like crime that Fidelio and Bellora had committed, that one of them after straight examination, and due inquisition made, who was found least culpable, should bee condemned to perpetuall exilment, and the other offending most, to suffer a most bitter death. For their lawe did deeme it a thing opposite and flat contrarie to right, that the punishment inflicted should not differ in quantitie, when the fault of the transgressors did differ in qualitie." The strict examination gives place for long orations from the lovers, and wherein each strenuously seeks to be considered the greater delinquent. The judges declare them to have been alike affected and little or no difference in their offence; this conclusion not pleasing the king, it is suggested to him to have

"Such a competent number of men and women to bee assembled, as might be thought meete and to elect one of each sex, to argue by a solemne disputation, whether man to woman, or woman to man, offereth greatest occasions of inducements to lewdnesse and follie, and if woman had the worst, and lost the day, that then his daughter Bellora should die: but if it were apparant that men were most faultie in matters of such condition that then sentence and speedie execution of death should passe against Fidelio."

Which being concluded upon, heralds are sent to the confines of other nations to divulge this

"Decreed disputation, to incite some knight trained vp in amorous battells and well schoolled in the precepts of Ouid's art, that great master of loue, like a stoute champion, to patronage the cause of men: and on the other side to instigate some ladie qualified with the like skill and practized in controuersies of the same condition to mannage the defence of her female sexe, and to resist the forces of her contrarie foe, induced thereunto by promise of an honorable reward, and a thirstie desire to be enrowled in the booke of euerlasting fame."

The disputation is evidently to imitate the ancient mooting matches, and the following is the author's description of his mooters:

"Nowe in those daies, there was a noble ladie, and gallant gentlewoman in the Spanish court, witty, quick-conceited, and for commendable qualities so gracious, that shee could

could bee seconded of none, she did so far surpasse them all: so that this glorious ladie, richly decked with nature's choisest jewells, was greatly affected and often courted by many of great note and honor, who by their loue fauours sought to woe her and by ceaselesse importunitie to winne her. Yet shee did alwaies demeane herselfe in those light affaires with such a modest temperature, that it was a doubtfull case, whether shee was more to be prised and praised for her prompt ac[ti]uitie of wit, then to be admired at for her wel-disposed inclination and womanlie discretion. This gentlewoman (who by her long practize was wonderfull skilfull in loue's-logicke, and quick-eied to spie out any fallacian in that faire-speaking art) was named Moranio. There was also within the circuit of the Spanish region, a certaine effeminate knight called Agamio: who rather delighting to write quaint deuises to courtlie ladies, with his idle pen, then in open field to encounter his foe with his warlike launce, became with often exercise very ingenious in that skill, and prooued a marueilous proficient in the art of loue, and was so sharp-sighted to discrie the subtile close-contriued pratizes of women-kind, and to crosse their wittie shifts, that for his dexteritie in those qualities hee was no where to bee equaled."

In the disputation the author has collected all the arguments and examples that an extensive reading could supply, making six speeches of the disputants fill near thirty pages. Finally, the moderators, or judges, twelve in number, "gaue sentence of death with one consent against Bellora and doom of perpetuall banishment against Fidelio." Intercessions with the king proving ineffectual, preparation is made to carry the sentence into effect, at which time Fidelio rushes unexpectedly into the fire. This occasions the deferring of the sentence against Bellora, who contrives in despair to give herself a prey to the lions kept at the palace.

Agamio is next made to fall in love with Morania; who maddened with disappointment at the failure of her own eloquence, and to revenge the death of the princess, determines by artifice, and with the connivance of the queen, to make him believe he has excited a mutual passion. This ends in his destruction in a way horrific and cruel, making monsters of the women who could inflict such a death; but take the author's own words:

"Agamio his priuate speech vnto Morania.—So great is the

the delight of my inward thoughts, and so far pleasing is the present object of my outward sences that I could now wish to abide the wounds of death, and to pay nature her due debt, least changing time shold change my present myrth into future sorrow, and enuious fortune giue me a fearefull downefal from so high a seat. But how can my rude tongue (gracious madam) tell forth thy worthy praises, from whose blisseful bounty do flow the sweet streams of my instant ioy, and doubtles hope of a happie life, seeing your rare and miraculous clemency hath clean remitted the misdemenor of my former iniurious follies, and that now after a long war, you haue entred a kind league with me of perpetual peace.

"Neuertheles, althogh the bright sun shine of your beaming vertues hath bin heretofore a little obscured by the false oppositions of my blacke and slanderous tongue, yet now it hath recouerd his former light, and shal herafter shine far more clearer, and as I haue before intended all my forces to the dishonor of all you female angel-like creatures, so now I will not spare (in part of recompence) to spend my derest blood to aduance or aduantage the glory of your tender harted sex. And now I wish that he may still abide much wo, and liue in little ease, that can be so hard-harted as once to wrong your gentle nature, and to you (kind lady) I protest with solemne vow, (and let the heauens reuenge it) if my deeds keep not euen bias with my words, that I will continue faithfull in the sure bond of our nuptiall coniunction, vntill death by taking away my life, disolue the knot of my fixed loue, and in token of my loyall fidelity, I giue you my hande, a sure pawne of my true hart; and let thy Agamio soone cease to breath and liue, if he once think to faile in the duty of perfect loue, or imagine to breake his plighted faith to thee (worthy and gracious lady) who art his first, and shalt be his last, and best beloued.

"The Author.*—As soone as false conceited Agamio had ended his penitary confession, and was come to the foote of his submissiue recantation, counterfetting Morania, too subtle to intangle this credulous doter within the hidden snare, soone changed the coppy of hir countenance, and suddenly ouercast hir smiling face with sad and louring looks, and thirsty reuenge had now ingrauen deep and angry frowns in her smooth forehead, as outward signes of her old malice, (for awhile) low couched, and close imprisoned in the narrou

* By the interlocutory observations of "the author," he appears to have imitated the model of the early drama, which introduces the chorus for explanatory purposes to the auditory.

caues

cases of her hollow hart, and wheras before she cheared vp her new come ghest with a sweet welcoming song, she now began to checke him in a flat contrary note, and freshly to renew again her former quarrel. And when hee (silly foole) expected that the table should haue bin couered for a great feast, she began to say him this bad grace before a worse supper.

"Morania her vnexpected speech vnto Agamio.—As selfe conceited pride (fond Agamio) will alwaies climbe high, so at last tripped downe by some misfortune, it will fal as lowe; and as selfe loue of thy owne perfections hath euermore besotted thy minde with blinding follies, so now thy woful end shal pay thee home in al measure for thy false opinion. Didst thou like a foolish chapmā at the first cheapning, thinke to buy so precious a jewell as my loue is, and at so base a rate, which many others, al of them far thy betters, could not get with great proffers, much labor, and infi[ni]t cost? Couldst thou so childishly suppose that thou wert so worthy a mate, that at the first motion I would giue both hand and hart to make vp the match, and yeeld thee my greatest fauor won by thy iniurious wrōgs, which many braue knights haue often sought, but coulde neuer obtain with great sute and long seruice. But as thy inuectiue speeches ful of spight against womankind, might perhaps (to inconsiderate judges) make shew of a pretty wit, so now thy hasty and ouerheady recanting doth yeild a plaine proof that thou euer wandred far wide from the path of perfect wisedome: for true loue can neuer fix good liking when it is sought to be conquered by force, but it is alwaies attained soonest, and abideth euermore soundest whē it is gained by gentle proceedinges, which may best please, and do most content the milde inclination of a woman's kind nature, was it not of late a comedy pleasant inough to thy waiward humor, that thou didst attempt to eclipse the bright beames of my mayden fame with thy black opposed speeches? But do you now still seeke when you see I liue for all your spight, and that I haue digested al your poison by the vertue of a good nature, to win that by dissembling, which thou couldest not subdue by force, and if thou shouldst bee so happy (as you say falsely) and I most happy (as I may say truely) by the fruition of thy bad will, then thou mightest make open proclamation of my dishonor, and crow ouer me as a subdued captiue to thy cursed lust, and hereafter say, women are very kinde to their secret friendes, when being requested, they proue so kind to their opē foes.

"But as fondlings account their chickens before they be

 hatcht,

hatcht, and foolish gamsters boast of their winnings before they come to the end of the game, so shal thy hoped haruest dye in the sprooting bud, thy faire blossomes being killed with vngentle frost, perish and bring forth no fruite, and the torments of thy cruell and vngentle death, make some mends for the wicked deeds of thy hated life: wherefore I wish thee to make a small repentance for thy great and grieuous offences, before the few minuites of thy posting life, haue run out their short course.

"And because the horror of thy lingring death, may be ye more terror to thy like minded mates that hereafter liue, we haue deuised such deadly pains that the very thought doth amaze me with fear; yet because thou hast run a wild race full of impiety, thou must and shalt abide them without any pitty, and although women shal be the sole executioners (who haue had al the wrong) and cry quittance with thee in thy woful end, yet thinke not to escape their weake and feeble hands, for who euer yet iniured their sexe and gentle nature, but before their work was at an end, receiued the due wages that their bad labours well deserued: And let men say Morania would haue dyed for sorrow if she had not beene reuenged vpon her old enimy Agamio.

"The Author.—No sooner had Morania named reuenge (a sweet word to grudging minds) with a treble and terrible voice and that her fellow-actors had heard their communication, but the furious queene with her inraged traine at once rushed hastily on the stage, being al prepared to play mad Medea's part in the bloody tragedy of their maligned foe Agamio; and when he saw his merciles executioners, he began to growe pale and change his colour, dreading to endure the tempest of their stormy choler, and before his tongue might speake or plead his maister's sorrowful case, they seized as greedily on him (as Acteon's houndes did fasten on their mishaped maister) and with their vnited forces did lay him flat on the ground, and so quickly muffled vp his mouth, that well (poore soule) hee might think his worst; but he had not liberty to speak one word: yea they did so violently beat on his panting breast that he could hardly fetch his labouring breath. And when they had quickly dispoyled him of his comely and costly array, they tyed and chayned him to a post (like a muzled beare) there to be baited to death, and fresh remē-brance of his old wrongs had set so sharp an edge on their murdering ire, that nothing might sooner coole their fierce minds or better quench their blood-thirsty humour, then to inuent such strange deuised paines, that the least pinch might make

make him feele a deadly pang, and yet the greatest torture be too weake to make a finall riddance of his wearisome life.

"But heere I must make a little pause and wonder, that hellish reuenge (yet how sauage is the nature of this cruell monster) should so farre transport trembling harted women from their mild and modest nature, for some of them with hot burning pinsers nipped his naked body, and others with teeth and nailes made deepe impressions in his tender flesh: that if murderous Medea had beheld those tormentors with her faire-sparkling eyes, she could not at least but haue fetched one sorrowfull sigh at so grevious and pittifull a sight.

"Now when they saw their extreame handling had almost bereaued him of his sence and feeling, then they would often hold their hands, and make pausing rest, yet it was not to giue any ease or breathing to his poore panting hart, but that their seacond assault might haue greater force, and do their captiue foe more hurt. And when the sorrow-madded queene, and her like moody mates, in acting their cruell parts, had almost wearied their hands, but not halfe tyred the mallice of their harts, they thought it now fitte time to defer for a while the last bloody act, untill they had refreshed themselues with a ioyfull feast, while their welcome and ilcome guest (full sore against his will) kept a true fast.

"And although their fare had bin very coarse, yet would they haue fed neuer the worse, sharp reuenge had so whet their hungry stomackes, but that their delicate fare and merry talke might do him the more despight, they would sup and reuill it out in his hearing and open sight, that in the middest of all their frolick mirth he might make many a mournefull sob and sorrowfull sigh. And after they had a little labored their teeth, and their tongue had some leasure to talke (for when women meete together alone at a feast they do not vse to be mute) they reckoned vp al the bead role of all his wrongs, which from time to time he had done to the female sex, and for euery bad word he had spoken, named a bitter death, which they al concluded he had worthily deserued.

"For they all well knew that she pleased the queen best, that could thinke of the worst and recount the most. And as before their mercilesse hands wounded his body, so now their sharpe poynted words entered his eares, and pearced his languishing hart, and both hands and toong were emplyed to redouble the paines of his sufferings, and so in the meane while his sighing note serued instead of sweete musicke,

sicke, to recreate their wearied senses. But when their pleasant supper was ended, and they had passed away the time with much talke, the queene and her partakers prepared themselues to act the catastrophe of their bloody and nightly tragedy, and now to make a short riddance of their capitall foe's hatefull life, and yet they could haue wished, he might haue liued stil in extream pangs of lingering death.

"Now when the sun began his daily circuit in the blushing orient, least his bright eye should discouer their secret and night-hooded murder, they suddenly threw the maugled and tormented body of Agamio into a fierce flaming fire, where it was quickly burnt and consumed into ashes. And although their reuenging minds were somwhat quieted when their enimy was quite dead, yet they were all content, that his memory should liue somewhat longer, and euery one of them tooke some of his ashes, being his last reliques, and entombed it in their golden tablets, that so often as they did view it with their eie, they might conceiue new ioy in their hart, with a pleasant thought of their great victory ouer so stout a foe. And thus ended the lamentable tragedy of rash beleeuing and credulous Agamio, whose death may be a caueat for others not hastily to trust the faire wordes of an old foe, making a goodly shew of a fained reconciliation. Finis."

J. H.

¶ *The Contemplation of Sinners.* 1499. 4*to.*

Colophon:

"¶ *Here endeth the treatyse called the Contemplacyon of Synners, for euery daye of the weke a synguler Medytacyon. Emprentyd at Westmynster by Wynken de Worde the .x. daye of July, the yere of our Lorde .M.CCCC.lxxxxix.*"

"*Namque huius mundi fallacis guadia vite*
Et quibus exuere se debet omnis homo,
Sunt miseranda nimis vexant mortalia corda
Virtutum faciunt quamlibet immemorem
Quos igitur cristi baptisma sacrum renouauit
Librum hunc perlegite qui facit esse sacros
Quid iusto prodest aut quid peccator egebit
Si libet inspicere vos docet istud opus."

¶ Prologus.

"¶ At the deuoute and dylygent request of the ryght reuerende

renerende fader in god & lorde Rycharde bysshop of Dureham and lorde pryueseall of Englonde, this lytell boke named Contemplacōn of Synners is compyled & fynysshed. The sayd blessyd fader in god desynynge gretly all vertue to encrease and vyce to be exyled, hath caused this booke to be enprynted to the entente that oft redynge this booke may surely serche and truely knowe the state of his conscyence."

Mr. Dibdin, who has given a full account of this book (ii. 83) pronounces it in every respect a great curiosity.

I select the following curious, though rude, alliterature verses from Monday's contemplation :

" Tulit me a conspectu vite salubris rabida prosperitas."

" O stronge tyraunt traytour ryght tresonable
Conuent of all contagyous companye,
Thy fadyd flourysshynge is fantasy felable
Thou gyrthe of gyle scole of cupydytye
Fader of falset, nouryce of iniquytye
The chaūgeable chaunce of thy folyche fortoune
Just men oppressynge, and shrewes settynge hye
Maketh a man to lose an heuenly crowne."

The work has about eight curious wood-cuts, some of which have been copied by Mr. Dibdin.

This account is taken from a copy in the library of Lee Priory, near Canterbury.

¶ *The Miracle of the Peace in Fraunce. Celebrated by the Ghost of the Diuine Du Bartas. Translated by Iosuah Sylvester. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke for John Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in Fleet-streete at the signe of the Bible.* 1599. pp. 70. In fours.

This little article of a voluminous and very unequal writer* has not been noticed by either Herbert or Ritson.† It is dedicated in a sonnet to M. Anthony Bacone whose arms are on the back of the title. The contents are

* Mr. Ellis in his second volume has given a specimen of Sylvester's poetry. The poem of " a contented mind" there selected must have been a close imitation of one inserted in the *Cens. Lit.* vol. x. p. 282.

† The poems are to be found in the 4to. collection of Sylvester's works.

sonnets

sonnets relative to the peace, a dialogue vpon the troubles past betweene Heraclitvs and Democritus; an ode on Astrea, and some epigrams and epitaphs. The ode may be selected as containing some pleasing and tender images, though dilated with too many of the usual conceits of the translation.

"*An ode of the loue and beauties of Astrea.*

To the most matchles, faire, and vertuous, M. M. H.

Tetrasticon.

Thou for whose sake my freedom I forsake,
Who murdring me doost yet maintaine my life:
Here vnder *Peace*, thy beauties type I make
Faire war-like nymph that keep'st me still in strife.

Sacred peace if I approoue thee,
If more than my life I loue thee,
'Tis not for thy beauteous eyes:
Though the brightest lampe in skies
In his highest sommer shine,
Seemes a sparke compared with thine;
With thy paire of selfe-like sunnes,
Past all els-comparisons.

'Tis not, deare, the dewes ambrosiall
Of those pretie lips so rosiall,
Make me humble at thy feet;
Though the purest honie sweet
That the Muses birds doe bring
To Mount Hybla euery spring,
Nothing neare so pleasant is
As thy liuely, louing kisse.

'Tis not, Beautie's Emperesse,
Th' amber-circlets of thy tresse,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That so fast my freedome bindes;
Though the precious glittering sand
Richly strow'd on Tagus' strand;
Nor the grains Pactolus told
Neuer were so fine a gold.

'Tis not for the polish't rowes
Of those rockes whence prudence flowes,
That I still my suite pursue;
Though that in those countries new

In

In the orient lately found,
(Which in precious gemmes abound)
'Mong all baytes of auarice
Be no pearles of such a price.

'Tis not, sweet, thine yuorie necke,
Makes me worship at thy becke;
Nor that pretie double hill
Of thy bosome panting still:
Though no fairest Leda's swanne,
Nor no sleekest marble can
Be so smooth or white in show,
As thy lillies, and thy snow.

'Tis not, O my paradice!
Thy front euener than the yce,
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his mild-sweet maiestie:
Though the siluer moone be faine,
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to sustaine disgrace
If by day shee meet thy face.

'Tis not that soft sattin limme,
With blewe trailes enamel'd trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection,
Keepes my thoughts in thy subiection:
Though it haue such curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on lute to heare it warble,
Would mooue rocks and rauish marble.

'Tis not all the rest beside,
Which thy modest vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah, too iniurious)
Makes me of thy loue so curious:
Though Diana being bare,
Nor Leucothoe passing rare,
In the christall-flowing springs,
Neuer bath'd so beauteous things.

What then, (O diuinest dame)
Fires my soule with burning flame?
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling taper catches?
And what nectar from aboue
Feeds and feasts my ioyes, my loue,
If they tast not of the dainties
Of thy sweet lippes sugred plenties?

What

What fell heat of couctize
In my feeble bosome fries;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy tresses purest gold?
What inestimable treasure
Can procure me greater pleasure,
Then those orient pearles I see,
When thou daign'st to smile on mee?

What, what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites,
If I ouer-passe the messe
Of those apples of thy brests?
What fresh buddes of scarlet rose
Are more fragrant sweet than those:
Then those twins, thy strawberry teates,
Curled—purled, cherrilets?

What (to finish) fairer limme,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rarer subiect
Makes me make thee all mine obiect?
If it be not all the rest
By thy modest vaile supprest:
Rather which an enuious cloud
From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah 'tis a thing farre more diuine,
'Tis that peerles soule of thine;
Master-peece of heau'ns best art,
Made to maze each mortall hart:
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy mild pleasing curtisie
Makes thee triumph ouer me.

But, for thy faire soules respect,
I loue twinne-flames that reflect
From thy bright tralucent eyes;
And thy yellow lockes likewise;
And those orient pearlie rockes
Which thy lightning smile vn-lockes;
And the nectar passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I loue thy fresh rosie cheeke
Blushing most Aurora-like,

And

And the white exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And those yuorie-marble mounts,
Either, neither, both at once:
For I dare not touch to know,
If they be of flesh or no.

I loue thy pure lillie hand
Soft and smooth, and slender, and
Those fine nimble brethren small
Arm'd with peare-shel helmets all;
I loue also all the rest
By thy modest vaile supprest:
Rather which an euious cloud
Frō my longing sight doth shroud."

E. Hood.

¶ *A short and profitable Treatise of lawfull and vnlawfull Recreations, and of the right vse and abuse of those that are lawefull. Written by M. Dvdley Fenner Preacher of the word of God in Midleburgh.* 1587. *Eccles. 2. 2. I saye of laughter, thou art madde! and of gladnes, what doest thou? Imprinted at Midleburgh by Richard Schilders.* 12mo. eight leaves.

This little tract has a prefatory address "to the Christian Reader," and is divided under the several heads "of Christian exercises, playes, pastimes, or recreations," and "speciall rules of recreation." The pious author has contented himself with gathering the leading texts of scripture as applicable to his subject, without censuring or naming the general amusements of that period, which leaves his performance destitute of the information which might be expected from the title-page. In temperance, sobriety, and apparel we are "to square our selues according to the most sober of our age, degree, condition and sorte of life." Cards and dice are condemned and should be exchanged for "other recreations, as pleasaunt and of greater prayse, as chesse, musicke, &c." The following extract commences the second division upon the rules of recreation, and contains the only allusion to dramatic exhibitions.

"*What*

"*What is a Christian recreation?*—A christian recreation is an exercise of something indifferent both for the nature and vse of it, only for the necessarie refreshing of the body or minde or both. So are allowed in the Scriptures the vse of the bowe. 2 Sam. 1. 18. Of musicke. Nehe. 7. 67. Of hunting, Cant. 2. 7. but so as we doe not stirre vp or prouoke Christ with it. Lastlie, for the exercise of wit, honest ridles, Iud. 14.

"Rules for the better vnderstanding of euery parte of the declaration of Christian exercise: and first what is indifferent both in nature and vse.

"1. *In nature.* An indifferent thing in nature is that, which is left free, so as wee are not simplie commanded, or forbidden to vse it, but when we shall finde it in Christian wisdome beneficiall, or hurtfull vnto vs. Such is not the taking vpp of the iesture, behauiour or speech of euill men: or the fayning of them in playes, because we are expressly forbidden to take vp the outward fashion, or shape the lusts of our ignorāce. 1 Pet. 1. 14. where the word (Suschematizomenoi) which the Holy Ghost vseth, signifieth that very maner of fayning the outward shewes which are vsed in playes. Such also is not that whiche Solomon speaketh of, to cast firebrandes, arrowes, and deadly things, and say: Am I not in sport? Pro. 26. 18. 19. Such is not the dauns-ing of men and women togither, whiche thing neyther agreeth with the shamefastnes of the one, nor with the grauitie of the other. Nay, the very sight of it in a woman is founde to ouerwhelme men more then strong drinke. Mark, 6. 22. And necessarilie draweth with it that which Salomō giueth to vnchast women: That her feete dwel not in the house. Prou. 7. 11.

"2. *In vse.* By a thing indifferent in vse, is meant that which is not onely free to bee vsed, but also conuenient in that time and place, before those persons where wee are presentlie to vse the same; as if the thing be made by the law vnlawfull, and withall to haue no good report, prayse, or vertue in it, then is it not indifferent. Phil. 4. 8. as dycing, wanton pictures, vaine gestures, or what soeuer hath any shewe of euill. 1 Thes. 5. 10. 22. Lastly, they are not indifferent in vse, if they giue offence, as hath bin proued before."

* *

¶ *Graphice. The use of the Pen and Pensil. Or, the most excellent Art of Painting: in two Parts. By* WILLIAM SANDERSON, *Esq.* fol. *Lond.* 1658.

Opposite the title is the portrait of the author by Faithorne; and beneath it,

> "*Gulielmus Sandersonus ætat. suæ* 68,
> *Etsi se nescit quod senescit tamen cupit dissolvi.* 1658."

From the preface it should appear that Sanderson, though an amateur only, was "not without some experience by his own private practice." In the course of the work are portraits of Charles I. and "Maria Ruten Uxor D. Antoni Van Dyck, Eq." also by Faithorne.

The following short extracts may show that many curious anecdotes of the arts are scattered through the volume.

P. 14. "We read, of kings and nations that have valued painters; so have they sought their paintings for their weight in gold; for 100 talents; for 6000 testers; 12000 testers. Nay, some pieces were preserved with so much safety, that their keepers lives have been responsible for their security.

"An example of that nature we had in Abraham Van-Dort, supervisor of the late King Charles his repository of rarities; with especiall command and care of one most excellent piece of miniture; which therefore he lodged (more secure then safe) so farre out of the way, as not to be found by himself, when it was missing, to his own memory, at the king's demand; till after his death, the executors brought it home. This chance fitted the story, which was of the lost sheep found. The designe of the limner, a shepheard bearing upon his shoulder a strai'd sheep to the fold. The doctrine, Christ reclaims the sinner. But miserable it was to the poor man who at the first, for fear of his masters Van Dort's displeasure, or perhaps his own love to the excellency of that art, in sad regret, went home and hanged himself."

P. 16. "It is said that Laniere in Paris, by a cunning way of tempering his colours with chimney soote, the painting becomes duskish, and seems ancient; which done, he roules up and therby it crackes, and so mistaken for an old principall, it being well copied from a good hand."

In page 20 we have the enumeration of the principal English masters of the author's own time.

"In

"In the life, *Walker, Zowst, Wright, Lillie, Hales, Sheppheard, de Grange,* rare artizans.

"*Fuller* for story, *Stone* and *Croix* ingenious painters in the incomparable way of copying after the antient masters.

"*Barlo* for fowl and fish, and *Streter* in all paintings.

"Then have we *Marshall* for flowers and fruits.

"*Flesher* for sea-pieces.

"*Reurie* for most paintings, usually in little, and *John Baptista*; also *Cleve* his excellent designs for those rare tapstry work, wrought at Moretlake, and otherwise, which will eternize his aged body.

"For miniture or limning, in water colours, *Hoskins*, father and son; those pieces of the father (if my judgement faile not) incomparable.

"The like of *Cooper's* and *Cary*: and let me say it with submission, *Gibson's* great piece of the Queen of England's head to the life, done with that elaborate and yet accurate neatness as may be a master-piece to posterity.

"And to make good that maxime that the ground of all excellencies in this art is the naturall fancie *bon-esprite*, quick wit, and ingenuity, which adds and enables the elaborate part, pick me out one equall to *Madame Caris*, a Brabanne; judgement and art mixed together in her rare pieces of limning, since they came into England. And in oyl colours we have a virtuous example in that worthy artist *Mrs. Carlile*: and of others *Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Brooman*, and to *Mrs. Weimes*.

"And to give honour to this art of painting, many worthy gentlemen, ingenious in their private delight, are become juditious practitioners herein; namely *Sir John Holland, Mr. Guies, Mr. Parker, Mr. Sprignall, and others.* I need not name the rest; their works will better their worths and estimations in this and other excellent sciences of art and learning. Quære, *Haines* and *Thorne*."

P. 24. "We shall not doubt the question, whether painting becomes outsides of walls of the house; in imitation of the Germain, Cæcill Viscount Wimbleton (sometime generall of the English in the Dutch warrs) seems to intend the beautifying pleasant scite, and gracefull edifice at Wimbleton, with large and ample figures without doors, in Fresco, and *Stoke Parke* in Northampton, they are done by Claine. And *Carew-House*, at Parsons Green, large and bold, but almost decayed, though but lately done. Some towns are done so amongst the Germains, but then, not with glaring colours; that were to please common judgements.

"I have observed other pieces in England, not many; for indeed the worke is soone lost upon a moist wall; which in

our clime necessarily follows. That excellent painting of the two Kings, Henry the Seventh and Eighth, with their Queens, done upon the wall in the Privy Chamber of the late King at White-Hall in oyle only, by the rare hand of *Holben*, hath been preserved with continuall warmth within doors, and benefit of fire, even till now. But withall, I observe the wall prim'd with a very thick compost of playster, and some other mixture fixed, to preserve the worke."

P. 79. "I have seen a book of pictures in this last manner of croyon, done by the hand of that incomparable artist *Hans Holben*, who was servant in ordinary to King Henry the Eighth. They were paintings of the most English Lords and Ladies then living; and the patternes whereby he drew their pictures in oyle. Many of those pieces in the book were spoyled by the injury of time and the ignorance of such as had it in custody. Yet there appear'd in those ruines and remaines, an admirable hand, and a rare manner of working in few lines, with much diligence and labour in expressing the life and likenesse. Many of them equalling his own oyl pictures, and always excelling any other artizan. After a long peregrination, this book fell into the hands of the late Earle of Arrundell, Earle Marshall of England, an eminent patron to all painters, and who understood the art; and therefore preserved this book with his life, till both were lost together."

This passage probably alludes to the drawings which have been published of late years, from his Majesty's cabinet, by Mr. Chamberlaine. H. E.

¶ *Arthur of Brytayn* (in a ribband.)

The Hystory of the moost noble and valyaunt knyght Arthur of lytell brytayne, translated out of frensshe in to englisshe by the noble Johan bourghcher knyght lorde Barners, newly Imprynted.—[Beneath, a wood cut of a Knyght on horseback armed at all points, accompanied by his squire, in a border of four pieces unconnected.] Colophon. ¶ *Here endeth the hystory of Arthur of lytell Brytayne. Imprynted at London in Powles churche yeard at the sygne of the cocke by Roberte Redborne.** B. L. Wood cuts, folio, pp. 174, exclusive of table of contents.

The celebrity of the round table and its gallant

* According to Herbert, Redborne, Radborne or Badborne printed no other work than the above. Herbert's Ames, 686.

supporters

supporters imperiously demanded from every writer who trod the flowery regions of romance in the middle ages, an acknowledgment of its superiority, or a reference to its institutions. A varlet* who failed to trace his descent from one of the "*preud hommes*," who were seated round the table of "*Camelyarde*,"† could have little hope of having his claim to knighthood recognised by the hearers of the lay, or the readers of the manuscript in the 14th and 15th centuries. In point of fact even the romances founded on Turpin's supposed chronicle, of which the heroes were generally the peers of Charlemagne, have continual allusions to the incidents and personages of the supposed court of Arthur. In many of these later productions the fairies who interested themselves about the fortunes of Arthur and his knights, play conspicuous characters. In the romances of Ogier le Dannoys for instance, Morgan le Faye, Arthur's sister, occupies no inconsiderable portion of our attention, and the fortunes of his son, 'Le preux Meurvin,' are not less dependent on the clumsy kindness of these *awkward machines*.‡ The name of Arthur would be no trifling recommendation of the romance in question which is supposed by the Comte de Tressan to have been written about the time of Charles the 6th of France, during whose temporary derangements, and consequently unfortunate reign, the superiority of England was so strongly marked. This elegant writer, as the foundation for his belief, discovers in the romance a decided anxiety to give celebrity to every thing that can have any connection with England; in addition to which he is of opinion, that the style and language strongly resemble, and are therefore contemporaneous with, those of Froissart.

Perhaps this conjecture may receive confirmation from the circumstance of this romance having been

* "Les ecuyers furent aussi appelés *Varlets* Sergens & Damoiseaux." St. Palye, tom. 1, 36.

† 'Howe Kyng Arthur tooke and wedded Gueneuer vnto his wyfe, whiche was doughter to Leodegraunce Kyng of the lande of Camelyarde, with whome he had the Round Table.' Story of Prince Arthur. Copland's edit. 3 book, chap. 1, d. 1.

‡ 'Les feés, cette machine si grossiere, si disproportionèe.' Oeuvres de Tressan, vol. 7, 201. One of these fairies, educated by the lady of the lake, breaks, by her vagaries, the *natural* train of the romance before us.

selected

selected by the venerable translator of Froissart's chronicles, as equally worthy of an English dress. The familiar acquaintance with the style of Froissart, which must have been the consequence of Lord Berners's study of that voluminous chronicler, would naturally beget a partiality to any work which possessed similar demands on his attention.

In productions of this class we have very few originals in the English tongue. Romances of chivalry are to be found almost entirely in the romance language: a dialect perhaps much more used in this country after the Norman conquest, than even in France; and, reasoning from that circumstance, we have a right to put in a legitimate claim to most, if not all, of the early romances. So intimate is our connection with it still, that I very much question whether even in the present day, an Englishman with only the common portion of school-acquired knowledge of the French tongue, would not more easily comprehend the *genuine* romance language, than a native Frenchman whose attention had not been directed to the study. A few of these romances have been translated into English; the best of which translations now extant assuredly are by Lord Berners, to whose character in this particular, a lively and ingenious living writer pays this just tribute: "In the class of romances of chivalry we have several translations in the black letter; such are the Mort d'Arthur, Huon of Bordeaux, &c. The best translations, now very rare and high-priced, are those of Lord Berners, the admirable translator of Froissart in the reign of Henry 8; and not the least of his merits is now the genuine antique cast of his style."*

The first French printed edition was given to the world in 1502, but it is not so easy to ascertain when the first edition of Lord Berners's translation was printed. Herbert mentions an edition by Rob. Copland without date, but which he had not seen; and which, from the title page containing the phrase "newly imprynted," he conceives to have been not the *first* edition. In the catalogue of the late Duke of Roxburgh's library was a copy of this translation, wanting the last leaf, and stated to be Copland's: this, how-

* Curiosities of Literature, edit. 1807, vol. 2, 252.

ever,

ever, was incorrect, as it was in fact Redborne's edition, and was in all probability that which had been in Major Pearson's collection, art. 3309. Another copy of the work, without date, occurs in West's catalogue, art. 2483; and a third, said to be printed by Copland, in Ratcliffe's catalogue, art. 821. I think it, however, highly probable that the latter, although said to be Copland's, as was the case with the Duke of Roxburgh's copy, was in fact printed by Redborne, who has not only used the same wood cuts as Copland, but has employed a rude type very similar to that used by them.

The last edition of which I can learn any tidings was in 1609.* At the back of the title page is, "The Prologe."

¶ "Here foloweth the translatour's prologue.—Forasmoche as it is delectable to all humayne nature to rede and to here these auncient noble hystoryes of the chyualrous feates and martyall prowesses of the vyctoryous knyghtes of tymes paste, whose tryumphaunt dedes yf wrytynge were not sholde be had clene oute of remembraunce. And also bycause that ydelnesse is reputed to be the moder of al vices, wherfore somwhat in eschewynge therof, and in the waye of lowli erudycyon and learnynge I, John Bourghchere knyght, lorde Berners, haue enterprysed to translate out of Frensshe in to our maternal tongue a noble hystory, makynge mencyon of the famous dedes of the ryght valyaunt knyght Arthur, sonne and heyre to the noble duke of Brytayne, and of the fayre lady Florence, daughter and heyre to the myghty Emendus Kynge of the noble realme of Soroloys, and of the grete trouble that they endured or they attayned to the perfourmaunce of theyr vertuous amorous desyers; for fyrste they ouercame many harde and strauge aduentures, the whiche as to our humayne reason sholde seeme to be incredible, wherfore after that I had begon this sayd processe I determined to haue left and gyuen vp my laboure, for I thoughte it sholde haue be reputed but a fulye in me to translate, beseming suche a fayned mater wherin seineth to be so many vnpossybylyties, how be it than I called agayne to my remembrauce

* Warton, who probably never saw it, falls into the following error, "Our King Arthur was sometimes called Arthur of Little Brittayne, and there is a romance with that title reprinted in 1609." Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. 3. 477.

that

that I had redde and seen many a sondrye volume of dyuerse noble hystoryes wherin were contayned the redoubted dedes of the auncyent inuynsyble conquerours and of other ryght famous knyghtes who acheued many a straunge and wonderfull adnenture, the whyche by playne letter as to our vnderstandynge sholde seme in a maner to be supernaturall, wherfore I thought that this present treatyse myght as well be reputed for trouth as some of those.* And also I doubted not but that the first auctour of this boke deuysed it not without some maner of trouthe or vertuous entent, the whiche consyderacyons and other gaue me agayne audacyte to contynue forth my fyrste purpose tyll I had fynysshed this sayd boke, not presumynge that I haue reduced it into fresshe ornate polysshed Englysshe, for I knowe myselfe insuffycyent in the facondyous arte of rhetoryke, nor also I am but a lerner† of the language of Frensshe—how be it I truste my symple reason hath ledde me to the vnderstandynge of the true sentence of the mater, accordinge to the whiche, I haue folowed as nere as I coude, desyrynge all the reders and herers therof to take this my rude trāslacion in gre and yf ony faute be to laye it to myn vnconnynge and derke ignorauce, and to mynysshe, adde or augmēt as they shall fynde cause requysyte, and in theyr so doynge I shall praye to God that after this vayne and transytory lyfe he may brynge them vnto the perdurable Joye of heven. Amen!" "Thus endeth the translatour's prologue."

Then follows the table of contents of 117 chapters. As I understand that this very curious and rare work is about to be reprinted in a correct and elegant manner, I shall content myself with giving a short extract, merely as a specimen of the translator's style in light composition.

Arthur had been engaged in marriage by his parents, much against his inclinations, (for he had conceived a previous attachment to a young maiden named Jehannet) to the Lady Perron, whose virtue was not a little doubtful. Overpowered however by parental authority, he at length yielded, and the nuptial ceremony was per-

* Certainly there is as much appearance of truth in the incidents of this romance as in the intimacy between Gaston Count of Foix and the Demon Orthon, related with the utmost gravity by Froissart.

† It would appear from this phrase that this translation was anterior to that of Froissart.

formed

formed with great magnificence. The lady Perron, conscious that her situation would not bear minute scrutiny, had bribed the young Jehannet to occupy her place on the bridal night by the side of the youthful Arthur; who retired to bed at the appointed hour, totally unconscious of the trick which was to be thus put on him.

"And whā that Arthur was thus a bedde he beganne to draw nere to his wyfe as to his knowlege. Than Jehannet counterfayted her speche and sayd softely—Syr it is so or ye touche me I wyll knowe what shall be min endowrye, I requyre you syr assygne it to me; and than shall I be readye to fulfyll all your commaundemente. Than Arthur toke the charter and the rynge and delyuered them to Jehannet, and sayde my loue Perron ye shall haue a fayre endoury, for it draweth nere to the some of x thousande pounde. And so dydde put the rynge vpon one of her fyngers. My ryghte dere Lorde, sayde Jehannet, I humbly thanke you; and so toke the charter and the rynge and layde theym vp priuely vnder the beddes syde. So thus was Jehānet moost parte of the nyghte wyth Arthur in grete joye and myrthe vntyll the tymé that Arthur fell a slepe, for he had not slepte of all ye nyghte before. And whyle that he thus slepte Jehannet pryuely rose and tooke wyth her the charter of Perrons endourye and came to the Lady Luke.* And incontynent she was conūeyde agayne pryuely to the istang† to her moder. And than was Perron put softly into the bedde to Arthur, who woke not tyll it was fayre daye. And whan he was waken he sawe where as Perron laye faste aslepe by hym, for she had not slepte of all the nyght tyll than." Cap. 13, fol. ix.

The ensuing chapter, in which Arthur pays a visit to Jehannet and is undeceived by her as to his wife, Perron, is much too loose for modern times, but affords an additional proof how little delicacy our ancestors felt on subjects which no modern writer of the least correctness would allude to without apology.

W.

* Perron's mother, who had planned this notable stratagem.

† L'estang, in old French, a reservoir for fish. Query—in this case a *pur lieu?*

The

The first Day's Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamations and Musick: after the manner of the Ancients. By Sir W. D. 12mo. Lond. 1657.

This is one of the smaller pieces of Sir William Davenant. "After a flourish of musick, the curtains are drawn, and *the Prologue* enters." With an introduction of sixty-two lines the curtains are closed again: when a concert of instrumental musick, "adapted to the sullen disposition of Diogenes, being heard awhile," Diogenes and Aristophanes, in habits agreeable to their country and professions, appear sitting in two gilded rostra: and declaim "Against" and "For publique entertainment by moral representations." The character of Diogenes is supported by all the arguments which a cynic might be supposed to introduce.

"Would you meet to enjoy the pleasure of musick? (he observes) 'tis a deceitful art, whose operations lead to the evil of extreams, making the melancholy to become mad, and the merry to grow fantastical. Our citie's ancient stamp, the *Owl* (which bears no part in the merry quires of the woods) denotes the wisdom, not the mirth of Athens. I would have the people of Athens, from the mason to the merchant, look as grave and thoughtful as rich mourners. They should seem priests in the temples, philosophers in their houses, and statesmen in the streets."

Music befitting the disposition of Aristophanes is next heard, when the comic poet rises to pronounce *his* declamation.

"Renown'd Athenians! how vainly were you assembled here, if you met to be made wise by *Diogenes?* and how much more vainly should I ascend the rostra, if I sought to inform your understanding concerning him, or reform his concerning himself? Diogenes came to perswade you to suspect the good effects of assemblies, and I come to accuse him of the evils of solitude.

"This discontented cynick would turn all time into midnight, and all learning into melancholy magick. He is so offended at mirth, as if he would accuse even nature herself to want gravity, for bringing in the spring so merrily with the musick of birds. When you are young, he would have you all seem old, and formall as simple men in authority. When you are old, he would bring you back to the crying condition

condition of children, as if you were alwaies breeding teeth. Nor hath he forgot to dispose of middle age, when the ripeness of mind and body makes you most sufficient for the difficult toyls of affairs: for in this season of laborious life he would use you worse then beasts; who are allow'd bells with their heavie packs; and entertain'd with whistling, when they are driven with goads.

"Instead of defending poetry" (he adds,) "whose severall beauties make up the shape of the opera, I will conclude in excuse and defence of her enemy; who hath much reason to diswade you from moral representations, because he is himself the worst representation of morality; and is justly afraid to be represented on the theater."

At the close of Aristophanes's speech the company are again entertained not only with instrumental but vocal music: when upon the opening of the curtain a *Parisian* and a *Londoner* in the livery-robes of their respective cities, fill the same rostra and declaim concerning the pre-eminence of Paris and London. The Parisian takes the first turn, and has some severe hits at the existing state of London.

"Sure your ancestors (he says) contriv'd your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot, that you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? Or are your shambles so empty, that you are afraid to take in fresh ayr, lest it should sharpen your stomacks? Oh the goodly landskip of old Fish Street! which, had it not had the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective: and where the garrets (perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity) are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home.

"You would think me a malicious traveller, if I should still gaze on your mishapen streets, and take no notice of the beauty of your river; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen, and now step into one of your pescod boats; whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of gundaloes, nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of *Chaise-a-bras*. The commodity and trade of your river belongs to yourselves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or freedom of ayr; unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a palace, there a wood-yard, here a garden,

garden, there a brew-house: Here dwells a lord, there a dyer, and between both duomo comune.

"I will forbear to visit your courtly neighbours at Wapping, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your bridge, but that I am loth to disturb the civil silence of Billings-gate, which is so great, as if the mariners were alwaies landing to storm the harbour."

The English system of education is also noticed with some little severity of censure.

The Londoner, however, whose speech is introduced by musick, "imitating the waites" of the city, retorts without any diminution of wit.

In crossing the river at Paris, he observes, "We neither descend by stairs when we come in "to the boat," nor ascend when we go out, but crawl through the mud like cray-fish, or anglers in a new plantation. I could wish you had the adornments of wall'd banks; but in this witty region of civility, as well as in our dull rude town, I perceive there is not a perfect coherence in all the parts of magnificence."

Another burst of music follows the close of this declamation, with a song.

1.

"London is smother'd with sulph'rous fires;
Still she wears a black hood and cloak,
Of sea-coal smoke,
As if she mourn'd for brewers and dyers.

Chorus.

But she is cool'd and clens'd by streams
Of flowing and of ebbing Thames.

2.

Though Paris may boast a clearer sky,
Yet wanting flows and ebbs of Sene,
To keep her clean,
She ever seems chok't when she is dry.

Chorus.

And though a ship her scutcheon be,
Yet Paris hath no ship at sea."

Epilogue then enters, and the entertainment ends. The music on the occasion appears to have been composed by Dr. Coleman, Capt. Henry Cook, Mr. Henry Lawes, and Mr. George Hudson.

E.

¶ *Lord Rivers's Dictes & Sayings of the Philosophers*, 1477. [On the Recto of the first leaf Caxton's large device. Colophon.] ¶ *Caxton me fieri fecit.*

At fol. I iii.

"Here endeth the book named the dictes or sayngis of the philosophers enprynted by me Wyllm Caxton at Westmestre the yere of our lord .M.cccc.Lxxvii. Whiche book is late translated out of frenshe into englyssh by ye noble & puissant lord Antoine Erle of Ryuyers lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wyght. Defendour and directour of the siege apstolique, for our holy Fader the Pope in this Royame of Englond and gouernour of my lord Prince of Wales, and It is so that at suche tyme as he had accomplisshid this said werke, it liked hym to sende it to me in certayn quayers to ouersee, whiche forthwyth I sawe & fonde therin many grete, notable, and wyse sayengis of the phylosophres. Accordyng vnto the bookes made in frenshe whiche I had ofte afore redd But certaynly I had seen none in englyssh til that tyme, And so afterward I cam vnto my sayd lord & told hym how I had red & seen his book. And that he had don a meritory dede in the labour of the translacion therof in to our englysh tunge. Wheryn he had deseruid a singuler lawde & thank, &c. Thenne my sayd lord desired me to ouersee it & where as I shold fynde faute to correcte it, wheryn I answerd vnto his lordship that I coude not amende it, But yf I sholde so presume I myght a paire it. For it was ryght wel & connyguly made & translated into right good & fayr englyssh. Notwythstondyng he willed me to ouersee it & shewid me diuerce thinges whiche as hym semed myght be left out as diuerce lettres missyues sent from, Alisander to darius & Aristotle & eche to other. Whiche lettres were litil appertinēt vnto to dictes and sayenges aforsaid for as moche as they specifie of other maters, and also desired me that don to put the sayd booke in enprinte, And thus obeyng his request & comaundement I haue put me in deuoir to ouersee this his sayd book and behelden as nyghe as I coude howe It accordeth wyth thorigynal beyng in frensh," &c.

After the preface, which is extracted by Dibdin, the work begins thus:

"Sedechias was the first, Philosophir by whom through the wyl & pleaser of oure lorde god, Sapience was vnderstande, and lawes resceyued, whiche, Sedechias saide that euery creature

creature of good beleue ought to haue in hym sixtene vertues. ¶ The first vertue is to drede and knowe god and his angellys. ¶ The seconde vertue is to haue discrecion to discerne the goode from the badde and to vse vertu and sle vices. ¶ The thridē vertue is to obeye the kynges or princes that god hath ordeygned to reygne upon hem, and that haue lordship and power vpon the people. ¶ The fourthe vertue is to worship hys fadre and his modre. ¶ The fyfthe vertue is to do Justely and truely to euery creature after his possibilite. ¶ The sixthe vertue is to distribute his almes to the poure people. ¶ The seuenthe vertue is to kepe and defende straungers and pylgrymes. ¶ The eyghte vertue is to bynde and determine hym self to serue our lorde god. ¶ The nynthe vertue is to eschewe fornicacion. ¶ The tenthe vertue is to haue pacience. ¶ The enleuenth vrtue is to be stedefast and true. The twelfthe is to be peasible and attemperate and shame fast of synne. ¶ The thertenthe vertue is to loue justice. ¶ The fourtenthe vertue is to be liberal and not couetous. ¶ The fyftenthe vertue is to offre sacrifices to our lord god almyghty for the beneficis and gracis that he sheweth hym dayly. ¶ The sextenthe vertue is to worship god almyghty, and to put to hym hooly in his protection and defence for resistāce of the infortunitees that dayly falles in this worlde. ¶ The saide Sedechias saide that right as it apparteyneth to the people to be subgect and obeissant to the royal maieste of their kyng or prince, right so it behoueth their kyng or prince to entende diligentely to the wele and gouuernaūce of his people, and rather to wylle the wele of them, than his owne propre lucre, for by simylytude right so is the kyng or the prynce, wyth his people, as the soule wyth the body. ¶ And sayde yf a kynge or a prynce enforce hym self to gadre money or tresor by sutyl exortacion or other vndue meanes, he ought to knowe he doth amys. For suche tresor may not be gadred wythout the sequele be to his daunger or depeopulacion of his Royame or countrey, & sayde zedechias yf a kyng or a prynce be neglygent & sloughfull and take no hede to serche and enquyre the dysposicyon and werkys of his enemyes, theintent, wyl and dede of his subgettys, he shal not be longe in surete in his royamme. And sayde the people is fortunat and happy that haue a good and a vertuous kyng or prynce dyscrete and wyse in seyences. ¶ And mykyl ar the people infortunat whan eny of thyes thynges lacke in their kynge or prynce. And sayde yf a kyng or a prynce for slouth leue to doo eny of lytyl thynges that hym ought, and is ordeygned he shulde execute lyghtly after he leueth greter vndon, and seo consequently

sequently he may lese all ryght, as a lytyl sekenesse or hurt wythout it be sone and wele remedyed, may cause the dystruction of all the hole body. ¶ And sayde yf a kynge or a prynce byleue the fayre wordes and flatterynge of his enemyes hauynge no respect to their werkes, it is meruaylle, but the sayd kynge or prynce therby sodeynly take harme. ¶ And sayde it apperteygneth to a kynge or a prynce to enforme his sone in vertue and scyence, and how he shall gouuerne his lande aftyr hym, howe he sholde be ryghtwys to his people. How he shulde loue and haunte his knyghtes not sufferyng them to vse to mykyl hunting nor other Idelnesses, but instructe hem to haue goode eloquence and to eschewe all vanytees. ¶ And sayde it apparteygneth to a kynge or to a prynce, If he wyll haue eny nyghe seruaunt fyrst to knowe his guydyng and condycyons, and how he gouuerneth hym self in his house and amonge his felowes, and yf he vnderstande hym of goode condycion and gouuernaunce, hauyng pacience in his aduersyte reteyne and take hym than hardely. And ellys to beware of hym. And seyde Zedechias yf thou haue a verey true frende that loueth the wele, thou ought to take hym more in thy loue and fauour than eny of thy kynnysmen desyryng thy deth for to haue the successyons of the goodes. And sayde commouely euery resemblance delyteth other. And sayde he that wyl not be chastysed by fayre & swete wordes, ought to be corrected by sharp and harde correction. ¶ And sayde the grettest rychesse is satisfacciō of the herte. ¶ And sayde he is not riche, to whome richesse lasteth not, ne whan they may be lyghtly take away: but the best ryches is that thyng that dureth perpetuelly. ¶ And sayde the obeyssance doon by loue is more ferme than that that is don by myght or drede. ¶ And sayde that experyence is a goode chastycement. And sayd the lokyng vpon the begynnyng of the werke yf it be goode yeneth hope to the endyng. ¶ And sayde that goode renommee and fame is ryght proffytable in this worlde, the dedes therof auaylen in the other worlde. ¶ And sayde it is better a man to holde his peas, than speke myche to eny Ignorant man, and to be alone, than to be accompayned wyth euyl people. ¶ And sayde, whan a kyng or a prynce is euyl tatched and vycious, bettyr is to theym that haue noo knowlege of hym than to thoos that bee grettest maystres in his house. ¶ And sayde better is a woman to be barayn than to beere an euyl dysposed or a wykked chylde. ¶ And sayde the companye of a poure wyseman is better then a ryche Ignorāt that weneth to be wyse by subtylte. ¶ And sayde he that offendeth god his creatour by

gretter

gretter reason he fayleth to other. ¶ And sayde byleue not in hym that seyth he loueth and knoweth trowth and doth the contrary. ¶ And sayd the Ignoraunte men woll not absteyne them from their sensualytes, but loue their lyf for their plesaunce, what defence so euer be made vnto them, right as chyldren enforce them self to ete swete thynges, and the rather that they be charged the contrarye, But it is other wyse wyth wysemen, for they loue their lyues but onely to doo goode dedys and to leue Idelnesse and the delectacioun of this worlde. ¶ And sayde how may be compared the werkes of theym that entende the perfection of the goode thynges perpetuell, to theym that wyll but their delyces transitory. ¶ And sayde that the wyse men bere there greues & sorowes as they were swete vnto theym, knowyng theyr trouble pacyently taken the ende thereof shalbe to theyr meryte. ¶ And sayde that it is proufytable and goode to doo wele to them that haue deserued it, and that it is euyl doon to doo wele to theym that hath not deseruyd it. For all is lost that is yeuen vnto them ryght as the reyne falleth vpon the grauell. ¶ And sayde he is happy that vsyd his dayes in doyng couenable thynges, & takyth in this worlde but that that is necessarye vnto hym and may not forbere. Aplyeng hym self to doo goode dedys and to leue the badde. ¶ And sayde a man ought not to be demed by his wordes, but by his werkys, for communely wordes ben vayne, but by the dedes is knowen the harme or the prouffit of euery thyng. And sayde, whan that almesse is distrebute to poure indygent people, it profyteth as a good medycine couenably yeuen to them that be seke, but the almes yeuen to the not indygent, is as medycine yeuen wythout cause. ¶ And sayde he is happy that wythdraweth his ere and his eye fro all euyll thynges. ¶ And sayde, the most couenable dyspence that eny man may make in his lyff, it is that is sette in the seruice of god, and in goode werke. ¶ And the seconde is that is spended in necessarye thynges that may not be forborne, as mete, drinke, clothyng and for remedyes ayenst sickenesse, and worste of all is that is dispended in syn and euyll werke."

Here end the sayings of Sedechias. Next follow those of Hermes.

This is the first book from the press of Caxton, which has the year and place annexed to it.

There is another edition of the same year, which Mr. Dibdin believes to be the first, printed without numerals, signatures,

signatures, or catchwords, containing 75 leaves. The edition here registered, which neither Oldys, Ames, nor Herbert appear ever to have seen, has signatures, and this mark ¶ before sentences, as in the specimen I have given. It contains 68 leaves, including the two of the title and the proœmium. Mr. Dibdin mentions the copy of this edition in the Lambeth library (No. 1092) as containing the *unique* distinction of the printer's large device on the recto of the first leaf. But the copy in the library of Mr. Barrett, at Lee Priory near Canterbury (whence this account is taken) also has it.

The work is a translation from "*Les Dicts Moraux des Philosophes, les Dicts des Saxs, et le Secret des secrets d'Aristote,*" fol. translated from the Latin by Guillaume de Tignoville, who was provost of Paris in 1408. For a farther account and more extracts see *Dibdin*, I. 59, 72. And for an account of Earl Rivers, see *Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors by Park*, vol. 1.

B.

Willobie his Avisa, or the true Picture of a modest Maide and of a chast and constant wife. Whereunto is added an Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Auisa: with the victorie of English Chastitie neuer before published. The fourth time corrected and augmented. Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1605. qto. 72 leaves, without introduction.

Our information respecting the author, HENRY WILLOBIE, is confined to the subject of the present article, which supplies but a very scanty portion of materials as to his personal history. The AVISA was licensed and published in 1594, under the inspection of the author's "chamber-fellow" Hadrian Dorrell; and, as he dates the preface from his "chamber in Oxford," there is sufficient ground to presume they were educated together at the university, although neither of their names is recorded by the industrious Anthony Wood.

The poem soon after its appearance must have been attacked by an anonymous critic, "one P. C." which occasioned the editor to put forth an "apology" for the work, dated 1596, appended, we presume, to the second

 edition,

edition, and wherein he says, "this poeticall fiction was penned by the author at least for thirty and five yeares sithence, as it will be proued." If there was sufficient ground for this assertion, it fixes the time of the composition about 1561, and supposing the author then, as seems reasonable to presume, to have attained his twenty first-year, it places the time of his birth, as conjecturally fixed by Mr. G. Ellis, at 1540. However some doubt arises whether this inference is not contradicted by the preface of 1594; which, as in the extracts will presently appear, describes the author not only as "a scholar of very good hope," but also as a "young man," who desirous of seeing the fashions of other countries, had, "not long sithence," departed voluntarily in her majesty's service. Here the most enlarged meaning bestowed on the expression "not long sithence" can neither explain the sentence that calls him a "scholar of very good hope," nor that of a "young man," whereby they shall be terms applicable to a person who had written thirty years before, and from the above inference might have been then in the fifty-fourth year of his age. It is probable the preface may be relied on; otherwise the author's departure from this country will be found too remote for the term of any voluntary engagement, civil or military, that could be attached to foreign service. Dorrell's subsequent anachronism may be ascribed to inadvertency; to a zealous but hurried attempt to parry the attack of the critic, by the supposed youth of the writer; and by fixing the composition at a period sufficiently early to prevent an unfavourable comparison with more recent productions, thereby to claim indulgence for a

"——— tender muse that neuer tride
Her ioynted wings till present time."

Our author and his family probably resided in Kent. He says

"At westerne side of Albion's ile,
Where *Austine* pitcht his monkish tent,
Where shepheards sing, where muses smile,
The graces met with one consent,
To frame each one in sundrie part
Some cunning worke to shew their arte."

To

To describe this circumstance as having happened on the western side of Albion is certainly an error. Austen, and his followers, first settled at Canterbury by the direction of King Ethelbert, where they practised all the self denial and austere manners of the fathers of the primitive church. Again he says,

"Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,
A rosie vale in pleasant plaine;
The nimphes frequent this happy dale,
Olde Helicon reuiues againe:
Here Muses sing, here satyres play,
Here mirth resounds both night and day.
At east of this a castle stands,
By auncient shepheards built of olde,
And lately was in shepheards hands,
Though now by brothers bought and sold;
At west side springs a christall well;
There doth this chaste Auisa dwell . . . .
Along this plaine there lyes a downe,
Where shepheards feed their frisking flock,
Her sire the maior of the towne,
A louely shout of auncient stocke:
Full twentie yeares she liued a maid,
And neuer was by man betraid."

This scenery may be applicable to the same county, and when more minutely examined, we think will enable us to discover the family and residence both of the author and his *Avisa*, but we have not at present time or space for the pursuit of this clue; of which the result shall hereafter be communicated.

The apology concludes with saying the author is "now of late gone to God," which places that event between the dates of the preface, Oct. 1, 1594, and the Apology, 30 June, 1596.

When the third edition of this poem was printed is not yet discovered. Although the present article bears an impress of the *fourth* edition, they are assuredly all of more than common rarity. Ritson commends the Avisa as "remarkably smooth and fluent for its age," and Mr. G. Ellis has pronounced "the metre of these poems harmonious and pleasing."

As an amatory effusion the length is objectionable; but the author has attempted to relieve it by an episto-

lary style, thereby forming a collection of short poems with continuity of subject. It might be difficult to select even one of those which should entitle the writer to any superior rank among the poets of his own period; although his work contains passages of merit, and he has occasionally succeeded in a pleasing description of his subject. Dorrell evidently attempted to give a superior character to the work, and, I suspect, laboured to fix it among the poems of the highest description. In the original title it is said to be "in hexameter verse," whence Mr. G. Ellis observes "it would seem that the term *hexameter* was applied to *stanzas* containing *six lines*, and not to lines containing *six feet*." Again, each division of the poem, however indefinite the length, when only six lines, is entitled a canto, a term then very unfitly used, unless for a composition in the heroic measure.

The dedication is "to all the constant ladies and gentlewomen of England that feare God," of whom the writer tells "concerning this booke, which I haue promised to dedicate to the safe protection of your accustomed curtesies, if yee aske mee for the persons, I am altogether ignorant of them and haue set them downe onely as I finde them named or desciphered in my author. . . . . If mine authour have found a Brytane Lucretia, or an English Susanna, ennie not at her prayse (good Ladies) but rather endeuor to deserue the like. There may be as much done for any of you as he hath done for his Avisa." Subscribed "Yours most affectionate Hadrian Dorrell." Then follows the preface, addressed

"To the gentle and courteous reader. It is not long sithence (gentle reader) that my very good friend and chamber-fellow M. Henry Willobie, a young man and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her maiestie's seruice. Who at his departure chose me amongst the rest of his friendes, vnto whom he reposed so much trust, that he deliuered me the keye of his study, and the vse of all his bookes till his returne. Amongst which (perusing them at leysure) I found many pritty and witty conceites, as I suppose of his owne doing, one among the rest I fancied so much, that I haue ventured so far vpon his friendship, as to publish

publish it without his consent. As I thinke it not necessarie to be ouer curious in an other man's labour, so yet something I must say for the better vnderstanding of the whole matter. And therefore, first for the thing it selfe, whether it be altogether fained, or in some part true, or altogether true, and yet in most part poetically shadowed, you must giue me leaue to speake by coniecture, and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtful, and therefore I make you the judges. Concerning the name of Auisa, I thinke it to bee a fained name, like vnto Ouid's Corinna, and there are two causes that make me thus to thinke, first, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember, and next, for this in a void paper rolled vp in this book, I found this very name Avisa, written in great letters a prety distance asunder, and vnder euery letter a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme,

A.	V.	I.	S.	A.
Amans.	vxor.	inuiolata.	semper.	amanda.

That is in effect, a louing wife that neuer violated her faith is alwayes to be beloued. Which makes me cōiecture, that he minding for his recreatiō to set out the idea of a constant wife, (rather describing what good wiues should do then registring what any hath done) deuised a woman's name that might fitly expresse this woman's nature whom he would aime at: desirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off, either Plato in his common wealth, or More in his Vtopia. This my surmise of his meaning is confirmed also by the sight of other odde papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it out of Cornelius Agrippa, drawne the seueral dispositions of the Italian, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Germaine, and the Englishman, and how they are affected in loue. The Italian dissembling his loue assaileth the womā beloued with certaine prepared wantonesse: he prayseth her in written verses, and extolleth her to the heauens.

"The Spaniard is impatient in burning loue, verie mad with troubled laciuiousnesse; he runneth furiously, and with pitifull complaintes, bewayling his feruent desire; doth call vpon his ladie and worshippeth her, but hauing obtained his purpose maketh her common to all men.

The Frenchman endeuoureth to serue, he seeketh to pleasure his woman with songs and disports, &c.

The Germane and Englishman being milder of nature are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instantly require with arte, and entice with giftes, &c. Which seuerall

seuerall qualities are generally expressed by this author in the two first trials or assaults, made by the nobleman, and the lusti caualieros, captaines or cutters, &c. signifying by this generalitie, that our noblemen, gentlemen, captaines and lusty youthes haue of late learned the fashions of all these countries, how to solicite their causes, and court their ladies and louers; and this continueth from the second canto to the ende of the two and twentieth.

"After this hee comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth first with the Frenchman vnder the shadow of these letters, D. B. from the three and twentieth canto vnto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly, the Englishman or Germane, vnder these letters, D. H. from the 34 canto vnto the ende of the fortie three. Lastly, the Spaniard and Italian who more furiously inuadeth his loue, and more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty foure canto to the end of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himself, and so describeth his owne loue: who that was I know not, and I will not be curious.

"All these are so rightly described according to their nature that it may seem the author rather meant to shew what suits might be made, and how they may bee answered, then that there hath beene any such thing indeed. . . . .

"For the persons and matter, you haue heard my coniecture: now for the manner of the composition, disposition, inuention and order of the verse, I must leaue euerie man's sense to himself, for that which pleaseth me may not fancie others. But to speake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the disposition, is not common, nor, (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse, although hee flie not aloft with the winges of Astrophel, nor dare to compare with the Arcadian Sheepheard, or any way match with the daintie Faierie Queene, yet shall you find his wordes and phrases neither triuiall, nor absurd; but all the whole worke, for the verse pleasant, without hardnes, smooth without any roughnes, sweete without tediousness, easie to be vnderstood, without harsh absurditie: yeelding a gratious harmony euery where, to the delight of the reader.

"I haue christened it by the name of Willoby his Auisa, because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his own hand. How he will like my boldeness, both in the publishing and naming of it, I know not. For the encouraging and helping of maids and wiues to hold an honest

and

and constant course against all vnhonest and lewde temptations, I haue done that I haue done; I haue not added nor detracted any thing from the worke it selfe, but haue let it passe without altering any thing; onely in the end I haue added to fill vp some voyd paper, certain fragments and ditties, as a resolution of a chast and constant wife, to the tune of fortune, and the prayse of a contented mind, which I foūd wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.

"Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farther delaies; I commit you to the good gouernment of God's spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.

"Hadrian Dorrell."

Verses by "Abell Emet in commendation of Willobie's Auisa," praise his silver pipe for its sweet sounds, and his lofty style, which with golden wings remounts the fame of worthy dames. The next poem we shall give entire, for it bears a fiat in the name of Shakespeare.

In prayse of Willoby his Auisa, Hexametron to the Author.

"In lauine land though Liuie boast,
There hath beene seene a constant dame;
Though Rome lament that she haue lost
The garland of her rarest fame,
Yet now ye see that here is found
As great a faith in English ground.
Though Collatine haue dearly bought
To high renowne a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine haue sought
To haue a faire and constant wife,
Yet Tarquine pluckt his glistring grape,
And Shake-speare paintes poor Lucrece rape.*
Though Susan shine in faithfull prayse,
As twinckling starres in crystall skie:
Penelop's fame though Greekes do raise,
Of faithfull wiues to make vp three;
To thinke the truth, and say no lesse,
Our Auisa shall make a messe;
This number knits so sure a knot,
Time doubts that he shall adde no more,

* The Rape of Lucrece as well as the Avisa originally appeared in 1594: but it is not probable that the above commendatory lines were published earlier than 1596, which is the date given to the piece of Emet in the *Bibliographia Poetica*.

Vnconstant

Vnconstant Nature hath begot
Of fleeting feemes such ficle store,
  Two thousand yeares haue scarcely seene,
  Such as the worst of these haue beene.
Then Aui-Susan ioyne in one,
Let Lucres Auis be thy name,
This English eagle soares alone,
And far surmounts all others fame,
  Where high or low, where great or small,
  This Brytan bird out flies them all.
Were these three happie, that haue found
Braue poets to depaint their praise?
Of rurall pipe, with sweetest sound,
That haue beene heard these many dayes,
  Sweet Willobie his Auis blest,
  That makes her mount aboue the rest.

Contraria Contrariis
Vigilantius Dormitanus.

The introductory canto has a description of the heroine, her beauty and rare accomplishments, and the gifts bestowed upon her by Venus, Pallas and Diana, who are called "the graces."* With the second canto commences "the first triall of Avisa, before she was maried, by a nobleman: vnder which is represented a warning to all young maids of euery degree, that they beware of the alluring inticements of great men." Of this part the four concluding cantos are here given.

Cant. X. Nob[leman.]

Well then I see you haue decreed,
And this decree must light on me:
Vnhappie lillie loues a weede,
That giues no sent that yeelds not glee:
  Thou art the first I euer tride,
  Shall I at first be thus denide?
My haplesse hap fel much awry,
To fixe my fancie's prime delight
In haggard hauke that mounts so hie,
That checks the lure and fawkner's sight,
  But soare you hie, or flie you low,
  Stoup needs you must, before you goe.

* Some of the attributes conferred are rather singular, for "Venus, fram'd a luring eye," and "Pallas gaue a reaching head."

Your

Your modest speech is not amisse;
Your maiden's blush becomes you well,
Now will I see how sweet you kisse,
And so my purpose farder tell:
  Your coy lookes and trickes are vaine,
  I will no nay, and that is plaine,
Thou must perforce be well content
To let me winne thee with thy will:
Thy chiefest frends haue giu'n consent,
And therefore thinke it is not ill:
  Abandon all thy fond delay;
  And marke this well, that I shall say.
My house, my heart, my land, my life,
My credit to thy care I giue:
And if thou list to be a wife,
In shew of honest fame to liue:
  He fit thee one shall beare thy cloke,
  And be a chimnie for the smoke.
But say the word it shall be done,
And what thou list or what thou craue;
What so be lost, what euer wonne,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue.
  Thou shalt haue all, what wilt thou more,
  Which neuer woman had before.
Here's fortie angels to begin,
A little pledge of great good will,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pin;
I will be carefull of thee still:
  If youth be quaild, if I be olde,
  I can supply that with my golde.
Silke gownes and veluet shalt thou haue,
With hoods and caules, fit for thy head,
Of goldsmithe's worke a border braue,
A chain of gold ten double spread;
  And all the rest shall answere this,
  My purse shall see that nothing misse.
Two waiting maides attendant still,
Two seruing men, foure geldings prest,
Goe where you list, ride where you will,
No iealous thought shall me molest:
  Two hundreth pounds I do entend,
  To giue thee yearely for to spend:
Of this I will assurance make,
To some good friend whom thou wilt chuse,
That this in trust from me shall take,

While

While thou doest liue, vnto thy vse:
  A thousand markes to thee I giue,
  And all my iewels when I die.
This will I doe whateuer chance.
Ile shortly send and fetch thee hence;
Thy chiefest friends I will aduauce,
And leaue them cause of no offence:
  For all this same, I onely craue,
  But thy good will, that let me haue.
A modest maide is loth to say
In open wordes she doth consent,
Till gentle force do breake the stay:
Come on mine owne, and be content;
  Possesse me of my loue's desire,
  And let me taste that I require.

Cant. XI. Avisa.

Hand off my Lord, this will not serue,
Your wisdome wanders much awry,
From reason's rule thus farre to swerue;
Ile neuer yeeld, Ile rather die:
  Except you leaue, and so depart,
  This knife shall sticke within your hart.
Is this the loue your franticke fit
Did so pretend in glosing shew?
Are these your waies? is this your wit
To tice and force poore maidens so?
  You striue in vaine, by raging lust
  To gaine consent, or make me trust.
For who can trust your flattering stile,
Your painted wordes, your braue pretence,
When you will striue by trained wile
To force consent to lewde offence:
  Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
  Ile rather die within your armes.
Your golden angels I repell,
Your lawlesse lust I here defie:
These angels are the postes of hell,
That often lead poore soules awry:
  Shame on them all, your eyes shall see,
  These angels haue no power of me.
Your gownes of silke, your golden chaines
Your mē, your maids, your hundreth pounds,
Are nothing els but deulish traines,
That fill fond eares with tickling sounds;

A bladder full of trayterous wind,
And fardest off from filthie mind.
Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,
And lust would giue no longer leaue
To faithlesse heart to lie and faine,
Which might perchance in time deceiue,
By Jesus Christ I do protest,
I'le neuer grant that you request.

Cant. 12. *Nob. Furens.*

Thou beggar's brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clownish spawne, thou countrie gil,
My loue is turnd to wreakfull hate,
Go hang and keepe thy credit still:
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong,
I hope to see thee beg ere long.
Was this great offer well refus'd?
Or was this proffer all too base?
Am I fit man to be abusde
With such disgrace by flattering grace?
On thee or thine, as I am man,
I will reuenge this if I can.
Thou think'st thy selfe a peerelesse piece;
And peeuish pride, that doth possesse
Thy heart, perswades that thou art wise,
When God doth know ther's nothing lesse;
'Twas not thy beautie that did moue
This fond affect, but blinded loue.
I hope to see some countrie cloune
Possessor of that flattering face;
When need shal force thy pride come down,
I'le laugh to see thy foolish case:
For thou that thinkst thy selfe so braue,
Wilt take at last some paltrie knaue.
Thou selfe-will gig that doest detest
My faithfull loue, looke to thy fame;
If thou offend I do protest,
I'le bring thee out to open shame:
For sith thou fainst thy selfe so pure,
Looke to thy leapes that they be sure.
I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadst my heart but now my hate;
Refusing wealth, God send thee woe;
Repentance now will come too late:

That

That tongue that did protest my faith
Shall waile thy pride, and wish thy death.

Cant. XIII. Avisa.

Yea so I thought, this is the end
Of wandring lust resembling loue.
Wa'st loue or lust that did entend
Such frendlesse force, as you did moue:
Though you may vaunt of happier fate,
I am content with my estate.
I rather chuse a quiet mind,
A conscience cleare from bloudie sinnes,
Then short delights, and there-in find
Thar gnawing worme, that neuer linnes.
Your bitter speeches please me more
Then all your wealth, then all your store.
I loue to liue deuoid of crime,
Although I beg, although I pine,
These fading ioyes for litle time
Imbrace who list, I here resigne:
How poore I go, how meane I fare,
If God be pleasd I do not care.
I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you sweare reuengement deep,
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,
That you might laugh, when I should weep:
Your lust would like but for a space,
But who could salue my foule disgrace.
Mine eares haue heard your taunting words:
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongst your mates at open bordes,
Knowst such a wife? knowst such a maid?
Then must you laugh, then must you wink,
And leaue the rest for them to thinke.
Nay yet well fare the happie life,
That need not blush at euerie view;
Although I be a poore man's wife,
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you.
Then laugh as long as you thinke best,
My fact shall frame you no such iest.
If I do hap to leape aside,
I must not come to you for aide;
Alas now that you be denide,
You think to make me sore afraide:

Nay watch your worst, I do not care;
If I offend, pray do not spare.
You were my friend, you were but dust,
The Lord is he, whom I do loue,
He hath my heart, in him I trust,
And he doth gard me from aboue:
I weigh not death, I feare not hell,
This is enough, and so farewell.

"The second temptation of Avisa [is] after her marriage by Ruffians, Roysters, yong Gentlemen and lusty Captaines, which all she quickly cuts off."

This occupies nine short poems.

"The third triall: wherein are expressed the long passionate and constant affections of the close and warie suter, which by signes, by sighes, by letters, priuy messengers, by iewels, rings, gold, diuers gifts, and by a long continued course of curtesie, at length preuaileth with many both maids and wiues, if they be not garded wonderfully with a better spirite then their owne: which all are here finely daunted, and mildly ouerthrowne by the constant answeres and chast replies of Auisa."

As mentioned above in the preface, the author in this division introduces his own passion for Avisa.

Cant. XLIII.

"Henrico Willobego Italo Hispalensis.

"Hen. Will. being sodainly infected with the contagion of a fantasticall fitte, at the first sight of A. pyneth awhile in secret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heat of so feruent a humor, bewrayeth the secrecie of his disease vnto his familiar friend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curtesie of the like passion, and was now newly recouered of the like infections: yet finding his friend let bloud in the same veine, he tooke pleasure for a time to see him bleed, and in steed of stopping the issue, he inlarged the wound with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perswading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, and no doubt, with paine, diligence and some cost in time to be obtained. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibility, either for that hee now would secretly laugh at his friend's follie, that had giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether another could play his part better then himselfe, and in vewing a far off the course of

this

this louing comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then did it for the old prayer.* But at length, this comedy was like to haue growne to a tragedy, by the weake and feeble estate that Hen. Will. was brought vnto, by a desperat vew of an impossibilitie of obtaining his purpose, till time and necessity being his best phisitians brought him a plaster, if not to heale, yet in part to ease his malady, in all which discourse is liuely represented the vnruly rage of vnbrideled fancie, hauing the raines to roue at libertie, with the diuers and sundrie changes of affections and temptations which will, set loose from reason, deuise, &c. H. W.

Hen. Will.

What sodaine chãc or change is this
That doth bereau my quiet rest?
What surly cloud eclipst my blisse;
What spirite doth rage in my brest?
  Such fancie qualmes I neuer found,
  Till first I saw this westerne ground.
Can change of ayre complexions change,
And strike the senses out of frame?
Though this be true, yet this is strange,
Sith I so lately hither came:
  And yet in bodie cannot find
  So great a change as in [my] mind.
My lustlesse limmes do pine away,
Because my hart is dead within,
All liuely heat I feele decay,
And deadly cold his rome doth winne:
  My humors all are out of frame,
  I frize amidst the burning flame.
I haue the feuer ethike right,
I burne within, consume without,
And hauing melted all my might,
Then followes death, without all doubt.
  O fearefull foole, that know my griefe,
  Yet sue and seeke for no reliefe.
I know the time, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did view,
That nouell shape, that friendly face,
That so doth make my heart to rew.
  O happie time if she incline,
  If not woe worth these lucklesse eyne.
I loue the seate where she did sit,
I kisse the grasse where she did tread.

* *Sic.* misprint for player.

Me

Me thinkes I see that face as yet,
And eye that all these turmoyles breed:
  I enuie that this seat, this ground,
  Such friendly grace and fauor found.
I dream't of late, God grant that dreame
Portend my good, that she did meet
Me in this greene by yonder streame,
And smiling did me friendly greet:
  Where wandring dreames be iust or wrong,
  I minde to trie ere it be long.
But yonder comes my faithfull friend,
That like assaults hath often tride;
On his aduise I will depend,
Where I shall winne, or be denyde:
  And looke what counsell he shall giue,
  That will I do, where die or liue.

Cant. XLV. H. S.*

Wel met friend Harry, what's the cause
You looke so pale with Lenton cheekes?
Your wanny face and sharpned nose
Shew plaine your mind some thing mislikes:
  If you will tell me what it is,
  I'le help to mend what is amisse.
What is she, man, that workes thy woe,
And thus thy trickling fancie moue?
Thy drowsie eyes, and sighes do shoe
This new disease proceds of loue:
  Tell what she is that witcht thee so,
  I sweare it shall no farther go.
A heauie burden wearieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very light or rather none,
And boren well with little paine:
  The smothered flame, too closely pent,
  Burns more extreame for want of vent.
So sorrowes shrynde in secret breast
Attainte the heart with hotter rage,
Then griefes that are to friends exprest,
Whose comfort may some part asswage:
  If I a frend, whose faith is tride,
  Let this request not be denide.

* Misprint for W. S. as confirmed afterwards and by the above prose address.

Excessiue

Excessiue griefe doth counsels want,
And cloud the sence from sharpe conceits;
No reason rules, where sorrowes plant,
And follie feeds, where furie frets;
Tell what she is, and you shall see,
What hope and helpe shall come from me.

Our extracts already extend beyond customary limits; and we therefore omit the correspondence of Willoby with Avisa, and proceed to

THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUSION.

So thus she stands vnconquered yet,
As lambe amidst the lion's pawes,
Whom gifts, no wiles, nor force of wit,
Could vanquish once for all their shewes,
To speake the truth and say no more,
I neuer knew her like before.
Then blame me not if I protest,
My silly muse shall still commend
This constant A. aboue the rest,
While other learne their life to mend,
My tongue on high, and high shall raise,
And alway sing her worthy prayse.
While hand can write, while wit deuise,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue shall be had in prise
Among the best and honest sort.
And they that will mislike of this,
I shall suspect they strike amisse.
Eternall then let be the fame
Of such as hold a constant minde;
Eternall be the lasting shame,
Of such as waue with euery winde:
Though some there be that will repine,
Yet some will prayse this wish of mine.
But here I cease for feare of blame,
Although there be a great deale more,
That might be spoken of this dame
That yet lies hid in secret store:
If this be lik't then can I say,
Ye may see more another day.

Agitante calescimus illo

Farewell.

FINIS.

Next

Next follows "the Apologie shewing the true meaning of Willoby his Auisa:" from the pen of the editor. To this he was certainly provoked by the anonymous critic, already alluded to, as appears by the following extracts.

"Most I maruaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to be a scholer) hath beene carried away with this stream of a misconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no perticular woman in the world, that was eyther partie or priuie to anye one sentence or word in that booke. This poeticall fiction was penned by the author at least for thirty and fiue yeares sithence, (as it will be proued) and lay in wast papers in his studie, as many other prettie things did, of his deuising, and so might haue continued still (as his Susanna yet doth) had not I contrarie to his knowledge with paine collected it; and (in consideration of the good ende, to which it was directed,) published it. Seeing therefore that I gaue the offence, I must satisfie for it, in defending innocents from slaunderous tongues. This plaine morall deuise was plotted onely for the repression and opening of vice, and so the exaltation and triumph of vertue, as he himselfe saith,

"My sleepie muse that wakes but now,
"To vertue's praise hath past her vow."

"Vertue therefore being *Genus*, and chastitie *Species*, if he should haue discribed it either in *Genere*, or *Specie*, as some haue done, he might haue beene as obscure as some others haue beene. He fayned therefore an indiuiduum, as it were a particular of this speciall, the more familiarly to expresse it, as it were in common talke, as if two did answere one another, to delight the reader the more, with varietie of follie quenched presently, with the like varietie of vertue. To this fayned indiuiduum he gaue this fained name Auisa, which poeticall fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to despise that which he cannot mend. The author was vnknowen, not because he could not, but because he would not knowe him: his true name being open euerie page. He saith: the author hath registred the meanest. I thought that chastitie had not bene the meanest, but rather one of the greatest giftes that God giueth to men or women. If by the meanest, hee meane anye other obiect or subiect of Willobie his muse, then chastitie it selfe, (vnder the fayned name of A'VISA) it is a meaning of his owne making; and a subiect of his owne suggestion, far from the mind of the first maker. None can eternize their follie in things which they neuer

 thought

thought of: but I pray God some other haue not eternized their follies, more waies then one. If this fained name of AVISA mislike any man, for any hidden or priuate cause to the author or me vnknowen, let him call it what he will: so that he vnderstand, that it is chastitie it selfe, not any woman in the world that is fained to giue these soyles to this foule vice. . . . .

"Concerning the fayned name of AVISA, I haue shewed the author's deuise and his reason for the fiction, in the first preface, which I thought would haue quailed all other fictions whatsoeuer. But yet if farder yee will haue my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse force me to thinke that which I am vnwilling to say: That this name insinuateth that there was neuer such a woman seene as here is described. For the worde Avisa is compounded (after the Greeke maner) of the priuatiue particle A, which signifieth *non*: and of the particle *visus, visa, visum,* which signifieth, seene: So that *A'uisa* should signifie, by this as much as *non visa*, that is, such a woman as was neuer seene. Which if it be true the Auisa is yet vnborne that must reioyce in this praise. . . . .

"But to conclude, thus much I dare precisely aduouch that the author intended in this discourse, neyther the description nor prayse of any particular woman. Nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall vnder a fained name insinuateth what godly and constant women should doe and say in such lewde temptations. And also, vnder fained letters, generally expresseth what course most of these lawlesse suters take, in pursuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C. hath offered manifest iniurie to some, what euer they bee whome his priuate fancie hath secretly framed in conceit.

"This is the least that I could say, and the last that euer I will say, touching this matter, in defence of my friend. If any notwithstanding will continue the error of their vnsatisfied minds they must for euer reste in the rightlesse erring till the author (now of late gone to God) returne from heauen to satisfie them farder touching his meaning. And so farewell. Oxford, this 30 of June 1596. Thine to vse, Hadrian Dorrell."

At the end of the volume are three poems. The first is entitled "the Victorie of English Chastitie, vnder the fained name of Avisa:" and the subject a contention among the goddesses Juno, Venus, Diana and Pallas, whether

whether the Grecian dame Penelope or Avisa should bear the palm for chastity.

> " Whilst Eris flasht these fretting flames,
> A noble prince in *Rosie* borne,
> Rogero, right to angry dames,
> His flying steed, and pace did turne,
> Which done they all did straight agree,
> That this Rogero iudge should be."

Rogero decides in favor of Avisa. The choice of Rogero for a judge no doubt arose from the translation of Ariosto by Harington, which appeared in 1591; but does not assist in fixing the date of the preceding work; being subscribed "Thomas Willobie *frater* Henrici Willobie *nuper defuncti*."

The other two pieces are those "wrapped altogether" with the Avisa, entitled "the Resolution of a Chast and Constant Wife," in quatrains, and "the Praise of a Contented Mind."

J. H.

A Pleasant conceite penned in verse. Collourably sette out, and humblie presented on New-yeeres day last, to the Queene's Maiestie at Hampton Courte. Anno Domini, 1593. *At London, Printed by Roger Warde, dwelling in Holburne at the signe of the Castle.**

This is one of the periodical addresses presented by Churchyard to his royal mistress, "in signe and token [as he tells her in the dedication] that your goodnesse towardes me oftentimes, and cheefely now for my pencyon, shal neuer goe out of my remembraunce."

By "a pleasant conceite" he describes as a painter the "trym townes and stately towers" of North-hampton, Warwicke, Bedford, Lyncolne, Kyldare, Hartford, Huntington, Woster, South-hampton, Pembroke, Shrewsbric and Oxford: concluding with a brief compliment to the Queen and the dames sitting near the cloth of state; and where

* Quarto, eight leaves. The first has sig. A. only, and the last is entirely blank. The whole tract may be found in *Nichols's Progresses.*

——— stood 5 fair flowers whose beauty bred disdaine,
Who came at certain houres, as nymphs of Dian's train.

As the poet in one line declares "theyr names are heere that honour much our state," those of the towns had probably personal reference, though the descriptions are not sufficiently complimentary to woo and win female ears, being chiefly of their ancient topographical character. A second poem inscribed "to the generall readers," was probably added to encrease the size of the pamphlet.

"Reade with good will, and iudge it as ye ought,
And spare such speech, as fauour can bestow:
So shall you find the meaning of his thought,
That did this work in clowd and collours show.
Wrest things aright but doe no further goe:
In ballance thus wey words with equall weight,
So wisdom's skill shall scanne the matter streight."

In one place he alludes to another piece of his own not generally known.

"The booke I call'd of late *My deere adiew*,
Is now become my welcome home most kinde;
For old mishaps are heal'd with fortune new,
That brings a balme to cure a wounded mind;
From God and Prince I now such fauour find,
That full afloate in flood my shyp it rydes,
At anchor hold, against all checking tydes."

Gabriel Harvey's attack upon Tom Nash occasions him to declare his amity with the latter.

"No writer now dare say the crowe is blacke,
For cruell kytes will craue the cause and why;
A faire white goose beares feathers on her backe,
That gaggles still much like a chattring pye:
The angell bright that *Gabrill* is in sky,
Shall know that *Nashe* I loue and will doe still,
When *Gabrils* words scarce winnes our world's good will."

E. Hood.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The gratifying and highly valuable "Anglo-Saxon Poem, on the Battle of Finsborough," with Latin and English versions, came too late for insertion in the present Number with the care that is due to it; but we promise our readers this curious article in our next.

British Bibliographer.

No. XV.

¶ Anglo-Saxon Poem on the Battle of Finsborough.

The Anglo-Saxon Ode or Song on the Battle of Brunanburg, preserved in the Chronicle, edited by Bishop Gibson, is well known to all admirers of our ancient poetry. It has been translated and commented upon by more than one intelligent antiquary. The fragment, which is the subject of the present communication, although perhaps little inferior to that well-known composition, either in antiquity or poetical merit, and preserving the memory of a contest recorded in no other historical document, has yet, by some accident, failed to attract the notice to which it appears fairly entitled. It has not been mentioned, as far as I can ascertain, by any Anglo-Saxon scholar, since it was published by the celebrated Hickes, who discovered it on a single leaf, bound up with a manuscript volume of Homilies, preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library of Lambeth, and printed it *without a translation,* (which circumstance may perhaps, in part, account for its remaining so long unnoticed) in the first volume of his *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium.*

Although the poem is unfortunately imperfect both at its commencement and termination, still the narrative contained in it is, as far as it goes, complete. It appears to have been written in commemoration of the successful defence of the town or fortress of Finsborough, garisoned by a Saxon force, under the command of a leader named Hengist, against the attack of some enemy, concerning whose appellation or country no light can be gained from the composition itself.

I can find the name of Finborough preserved only

in two places in this country; the one in Suffolk, the other in Cheshire. It is not improbable that the latter of these may (in some one of the predatory inroads which the Danes are known to have made in the neighbourhood of the Mersey) have become the scene of the action here recounted. The first assault upon the fortress appears to have taken place by night, and the subsequent siege to have lasted five days; at the expiration of which, the chieftain of the besieging party being wounded, they were constrained to retreat without effecting their purpose.

The style in which the event is detailed resembles that of the ode rather than of regular epic composition, a remark which will apply equally to many of the more poetical parts of the reputed Cædmon. The commander of the besieging army is represented as addressing and receiving an answer from the leader stationed at the principal gate of the fortification, in a manner which may faintly remind the reader of some of the dialogues which Homer has occasionally put into the mouths of his contending heroes.

I have only a few words to add concerning the two versions of this curious relique which I have ventured to submit to the judgment of your readers. In the former of these, which accompanies the original, I have adopted the Latin language, from the consideration that, as it admitted (like the Anglo-Saxon) of an inverted construction of sentence, it would enable me to translate word for word, which I have endeavoured to do with as much precision as I was capable of; and to this object all attempts at elegance, or even purity of style have of course been sacrificed. But as such a translation, though it may present with sufficient accuracy the literal meaning, and even the characteristic involution of sentence of the original, would still be totally inadequate to convey any notion of its merits as a poetical composition, I have been emboldened to add a second translation into English verse. In this I have retained the whole matter of the original without addition or transposition. The more remarkable expressions I have endeavoured, where they admitted of it, to translate literally. In other cases the extreme conciseness of the Anglo-Saxon has rendered it almost impossible for me to present any intelligible copy of it

without

without using considerable amplification. If on the one hand the style has by this liberty been rendered more perspicuous and agreeable to our received notions of poetic diction, I fear that on the other it has lost by it much of the fire and vigour which result from the abruptness and compression of the original. For all imperfections of this nature, and for such errors as may be detected in the literal version of this long-neglected monument of the genius and language of our forefathers, I have to request the indulgence of your readers. A few notes are appended to some of the doubtful passages; those who are acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon poetry must be aware that its construction is frequently not a little obscure and difficult, and will therefore be the more ready to excuse any mistakes into which I may have fallen. J. J. C.

P. S. I have distinguished by Italics the commencement of those syllables by which the alliterative harmony of the verse appears to be formed. In the Latin translation, words understood are enclosed in brackets; literal renderings, for which words somewhat more intelligible have been substituted in the current text, are bracketted and printed in italics. I have endeavoured upon the whole to lay before the reader a specimen of the manner in which it has always appeared to myself, that the remains of our Anglo-Saxon poets might be most advantageously edited.

† † † † † †	† † † † † †
† † † nas byrnað.	† † † accendit
Næfre *b*leot*b*rode	Nunquam clamavit
Da *b*earo ȝeong cyning.	Exercitus juvenis Rex.
* Ne ꝑis ne *d*aȝað eastun,	Neque elucescit (dies) ab oriente,
† Ne her*d*raca ne fleoȝeð,	Nec belli draco volat,
Ne *b*er ‡ ðisse *b*ealle.	Nec exercitus Aulæ
*H*ornas ne byrnað.	Pinnacula Accendit:
Ac her *f*orthberað,	Sed exercitus egreditur,
*F*uȝelas singað,	Volucres cantant,

* The exact meaning of the whole of this first clause is somewhat obscure. Its general purport, however, appears to be either that no warlike demonstrations were made during the daytime, or that the army, while preparing for and marching to its nocturnal attack, (the sun not having yet appeared in the east) proceeded at first silently and without violence.

† The metaphor, by which the arrow is described in this line, may remind the classical reader of a similar expression in the splendid passage which Æschylus has put into the mouth of Apollo in his *Eumenides*:

"Μη και αβυσσαι πτηνον αεγηστην οφιν."

‡ In this and in all other places where the article does not appear to be properly *demonstrative*, I have omitted to translate it.

Gylleð græghama,	Strepit cicada,
God-wudu hlynneð,	Belli trabs resonat,
Scyld scefte * oncwyd.	Clypeo cuspis alliditur.
Nu scyneð thes Mona	Nunc fulget Luna
Waðol under cwolcnum.	Errans sub nubibus,
Nu arisath cwea-dæda,	Nunc surgunt doloris acta
Ðe þisne folces nið	Quæ hujus populi inimicitia
Fremman willað.	Perficere debet.
Ac oncwacnigeað nu	Sed expergiscitur nunc
Wigend mine.	Bellator meus,
Habbath eowre landa,	Habet nostram terram,
Hie geath on ellen,	Alte gradditur in virtute
Windað on orde,	Versatur in principatu,
Wesað on mode.	Sapiens est in consilio.
Da arras mænig	Tunc surgebat plurimus
Goldhladen ðegn,	Auro ornatus Ductor,
Gyrde hine his swurde.	Accinxit sibi gladium.
Ða to dura eodon	Tunc ad fores ibant
Drihtlice cempan	Nobiles Bellatores
Sigeferð & Eaha,	Sigeferth & Eaha,
Hyra swurd getugon,	Sibi gladium accinxerunt,
And æt othrum durum	Et ad alias portas
Ordlaf & Guðlaf,	Ordlaf & Guthlaf,
And Hengest sylfe	Et Hengist ipse
Hwearf him on laste.	Ferebat se gressu.
Ða gyt Garulf	Tunc etiam Garulfus
Guthere styrode,	Gutherum excitabat,
Thæt he swa freolic feorh	(Ita) ut ille adeo Promptus iret
Forman siðe.	Primo tempore (& vel *primo in loco*)
To thære healle durum.	Ad Aulæ portas.
Hyrsta ne bæran.	Ornamenta non gerebant.
† Nu hyt niða heard	Nunc (dicere) hoc prælium grave
Any man wolde.	Quispiam vellet.
Ac he frægn ofer eal	Sed ille rogabat super omnes
Undearninga	Elata voce *(palam)*
‡ Deormod hæled,	Amatus *(carus animi)* Dux
Hwatha ðura heolde.	Quis portam teneret.
" Sigeferth is min nama, cweð he,	" Sigeferth est mihi nomen (inquit)
" Ic eom Secgena leod	" Ego sum Saxonici populi
" § Wrecten wide cud.	" Defensor late notus.

* This word I apprehend to be compounded of on. super, & cwedan. dicere. sonare. It will then mean *sounds upon.*

† I have ventured to supply the word dicere, in the Latin, and to give the passage a turn somewhat different in the English translation. Possibly I may have been mistaken in both.

‡ I have both here and in the English considered the word Deormod merely as an epithet. If it be a proper name, answering to the modern Dermot, it may afford some grounds for the supposition that the aggressors were Danes from Ireland.

§ This word does not occur in Lye's Dictionary. It probably signifies *champion*, from wræcan. exercere defendere. Wenna, in the next line, is in the same predicament. I have supposed it to be derived from the same root with winnan & wonian laborare deficere.

" Fæla

" Fæla ic *w*euna ȝebad	" Multos ego labores pertuli
" *H*eordra *b*ilda.	" Difficilium prœliorum,
" * Ðe is ȝyt *b*erwitod	" Hoc est adhuc exercitui notum
" †*S*wæther thu *s*ylfe to me	" Tune ipse me
" *S*ecean wylle ?"	Quærere cupis ?
Tha wæs on healle	Tunc fuit in aulâ
Wæl-slihta ȝehlyn,	Bellicæ stragis tumultus.
Sceolde-celæs-borð	Clypei concavi lignum
Lenumon handa,	Arripiebant manibus.
*B*anhelm *b*erstan,	Ossa cranii *(galeæ)* findebant.
*B*uruðelu dynede.	Arcis tecta resonabant.
Oð æt thær *G*uðe-	Donec in bello
*G*arulf ȝecrang,	Garulfus occidit,
*E*alra *æ*rest	Omnium excellentissimus
*E*orth buendra,	Terram incolentium,
*G*uðlafes sunu.	Guthlafri filius.
Ymbe hyne *g*odra fæla	Circa illum fortes multi
Hwearflacra *b*ræer.	Caduci moriebantur.
*H*ræfen wandrode	Corvus vagabatur
*S*weart & *S*ealo brun.	Niger & salicis instar fuscus
*S*weord leoma *s*tod,	Gladii coruscatio constitit
Swylce eal *F*insburuh	Tanquam omnis Finsburga
*F*yrenu wære.	Accensa esset.
*N*e ȝefrægn ic	Non audivi ego
*N*æfre *w*urthlicor	Unquam spectabiliorem
Æt *w*era hilde.	In bello pugnam.
*S*ixtiȝ *s*iȝebeorna.	Sexaginta victoriæ filii
*S*el ‡ ȝebæ ran	Pro aulâ stabant
Ne nefre swa noc hwitne medo	Nunquam adeo ulla ex parte medi
Sel forgyldan.	Aulam (ut) traderent.
Thonne *b*næf guldan,	Tunc juvenes auro ornati,
His *h*ægstealdas,	Ejus (scil: Hengisti) primarii,
Hiȝ*f*uhton *f*if dagas,	Pugnabant septem dies,
Swa hyra nan ne *f*eol	Ita ut eorum nemo caderet
Dr*i*htȝesiða.	Principis-sociorum.
Ac hiȝ nu *d*uru heoldon.	Sed illi adhuc portam tenebant.
Ða ȝe*w*at him § *w*und hæleth	Tunc accingebat se vulneratus Dux
On *w*æȝ gangan,	In fugam *(viam)* recipere.
Sæde thæt his *b*yrne	Dixit quod ejus lorica
A*b*rocen wære	Fracta erat
‖ *H*ere sceorpum *b*ror,	Exercitus acutis (telis) caduca
And eac wæs his *b*elm th*y*rl.	Et etiam erat ejus galea penetrata.

---

* I am by no means certain that my translation of this line is correct.

† The word seccan here is somewhat ambiguous; it may signify either *to attack*, or *to yield to*.

‡ From ȝebeorȝan servare. I am uncertain as to the exact construction, though not as to the general purport of the next line.

§ This is given by Lye as the participle of Wundan, to wound. It appears rather to be the participle of Wunian, *Languore affici*, from which the secondary verb Wundan is derived.

The construction of this line is somewhat obscure.

Tha

Tha hine sona *f*ræʒn,
*F*olces hyrde
Hu tha *w*iʒend hyra
*W*unda ʒenæson.
Oðde hwœther dæra hyssa
† † † † † † † † † †

Tunc illi cito quærebant
Populi pastorem
Quomodo tunc ducem suum
Vulneribus levarent.
Aut ubi sua † † †
† † † † † † †

" *The Fight of Finsburg.*

" The sun had climb'd the eastern sky—
But not by day the youthful band
May hear their leaders battle cry,
Nor yet, on Finsburg's fatal strand,
The warrior's winged serpent fly:
Pauses from blood the foeman's hand,
Nor strives he yet to fire yon hall's proud canopy.

Sweetly sung the birds of night,
The wakeful cricket chirrup'd loud,
And now the moon, serenely bright,
Was seen beneath the wandering cloud.
Then rous'd him swift our deadly foe,
To deeds of slaughter and of woe.
Now beneath the jav'lin's stroke
The buckler's massy circle rung.
Anon the chains of slumber broke
Our chieftain great and good,
He whose high praise fills ev'ry tongue,
First in valour as in blood,
The matchless Hengist to the battle woke.

Uprose in that eventful tide
Full many a warrior brave,
And don'd his armor's golden pride,
And girt his glittering glaive.
At the high hall's portal wide,
Foremost of the noble band,
Sigvart and Æha proudly stand.
Where other pass the foe might find,
Ordlaf watch'd with Guthlaf join'd.
Garulf next with fiery speed
Rous'd Guthere from the slumb'rer's bed.
No care of dress their steps delay'd,
Each grasp'd in haste his shining blade,
And fierce the brother warriors flew
To guard the hall's high avenue.
He that prides him in the fight,
Had joy'd to see that gallant sight.

And now in accents loud
Our foeman's chieftain bold and proud
Sought, what Thane or Battle Lord
At the high gate kept watch and ward.
" Sigvart is here" (the champion cried,)
" Sigvart oft in battle tried,
" Known to all the warrior train
" Where spreads the Saxon's wide domain.
" Now, chieftain, turn thee to the fight,
" Or yield thee to the Saxon might."

Soon the tented halls among
Loud the din of slaughter rung,
Closer now each hostile band
Grasps the shield with eager hand,
And many a chief is doom'd to feel
Thro' helm and head the griding steel.
First in that disastrous plain
Guthlaf's valiant son was slain,
Where Garulf lies untimely dead
Many a fated hero bled.
There to seek his destin'd food,
The dark and willow pinion'd raven stood:
And far around that field of blood
The sword's dread radiance beam'd to heav'n.
It seem'd as though that morn had giv'n
All Finsburgh to the rav'ning flame.
Ne'er heard I yet of fight might claim
A nobler or a sadder name.

At the high hall a chosen band,
Leaders brave that shine afar,
Full sixty sons of vict'ry stand
In all the golden pomp of war:
Little think they to forego
The hall of Mead for that proud foe.
Five live-long days the battle's sound
Was heard by Finsburg's earth-rais'd mound,
Yet undiminished and unquell'd
That hero band the portal held.
Till bleeding from the Saxon blade,
Our foeman's lord his fear betray'd,
And told, in accents of despair,
How broken helm and corslet reft
Defenceless to the stroke had left
His head and bosom bare.
Then sought the vanquish'd foe relief
And safety for their wounded chief.
Finis."

ART.

¶ Fragments of a French Metrical Romance upon Guy Earl of Warwick.

The annexed fragments of a French Metrical Romance on the subject of Guy Earl of Warwick, were discovered on a half sheet of parchment, which had been used as a fly-leaf to a life of Thomas à Becket, printed early in the sixteenth century, and preserved in the Bodleian Library. They will afford sufficient proof that whether or no the story be (as Mr. Ellis has ingeniously suspected) of Saxon origin, its more modern relators were indebted for a part at least of its incidents to a French Minstrel of the thirteenth century.*

It was possibly a copy of this Romance which formed the article entitled "Une Volum del Romaunce de Gwy & de la Reygne," in the collection of books bequeathed by Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, to the monastery of Bordeslye.†

C.

No I.

En la sale par devant li
Re Dieu garist son seignours Guy.
De tel beuve & de tel manger
Cum ele soleit user,
A une fe quant ele mangoit,
Les XIII Poores demandoit,
E homie tost les amena,
En ‡ heir devant li assisles a,
Guy un des XIII estoit,
Mult dote kil conu seit.
La Contesse les ad agardè,

Porceo

† † † In the hall before her that God might preserve her Lord Guy. When she ate *(in public)* on festivals, she asked these twelve paupers to share such drink and viands as she was herself accustomed to use, and men speedily brought them to her. In . . . . . she has placed them before her. Guy was one of the twelve. He fears much lest he should be recognized—The Countess

* This seems the latest date which the style of the fragment will permit us to assign for its composition.

† See this curious bequest in Mr. Todd's Illustrations of Chaucer, p. 161.

‡ This word is not to be found in Roquefot.

Porceo k'il est plus meseisè
De li en prist grant pite'.
Checon mes dunt ele manga
A cel Pelerin enveia,
De son vin & de son Mie'. *
En riches coupes de or tailè,
Par un † g'iant l'ad mandè
Ke il remeine en la citè,
Checon jor a la cair venist,
‡ Assee viande, av'eit cev dist.
E il en ad mult mercie,
Mes tut ad il en sun pensè,
Kant la cuntasse out mangè,
E la table fu levè.
Mult tost de la sale Guy sen ist,
Hors de la citè tost se mist,
En vers Ardene dreit ala.
Un seint home ke il conua,
Ke en la forest maneit.
Cele past ala tut dreite.
Kant il vint al hermitage."

† † † † † † †

No. 2.

" Atant est venuz Colebrant
Ki tant est corsu § & grant,

Que

Countess viewed them, and because he appeared the most unfortunate object among them, she took great pity upon him. She sent to that pilgrim of every meat that she ate herself, of her wine and her Malmsey in rich goblets of carved gold. She commanded him by a ..... that he should remain in the city, and come every day to court to her repast. She said this and Guy greatly thanked her, but much had he in his thoughts. When the Countess had feasted and the tables were broken up, he quickly departed from the hall, conveyed himself out of the city, and went straight to Arden, seeking an holy man whom he well knew, and who dwelt in that forest. He directly sought that quarter, and when he came to the hermitage———

† † † † † † † † † ↓

In the mean time Colebrant approached, who was so unwieldy and

* I know not what this abbreviation stands for. It may be *Malvoisie*, and I have ventured so to render it.

† This word is unintelligible to me.

‡ For a ses viandes?

§ The word corsu is not to be found in Roquefort: if it be derived from *cors*, *a body*, it may signify, as I have ventured to render it, *unwieldy* or *corpulent*. The reader of early French MSS. will soon discover that even the dictionary of Roquefort, copious and excellent as it is, will not unfrequently fail or disappoint him.

Que nul cheval ne'l peut porter,
De li ne les armes sustener.
A pe tut dis combaterent,
En bataille cheval ne guerreit,
Kar tant de man's armes avoit
Ke a peine un char les aportereit.
Mult estoit Colebrant corsu,
Un haubert avoit vestu,
Nért pas haubert maile,
Tut autrement fut forgè
De gros esplentes de asser
Jointz esent pour son cors garder,
E devant & derere
Jointz erent de'splentes d ássere,
Le cors coverent & braz & poigns.
Chances out de tel fason,
Ke ni out si esplente non.
Heume out bon fort & fer,
Ne dote cop de branc d' assere.
Al Col li pent un targe ronde,
N'ad plus fort en tout le monde,
Tut de fer & d' asser liste."

and large, that no horse could carry him or sustain the weight of his armour. Both fought on foot; he sought not a horse for their combat, for he had such a weight of heavy armour that a chariot would scarcely have borne it. Colbrand was most unwieldy; he had armed himself in a hauberk not of mail; far differently was it forged. Great splints of steel were joined together to defend his body both before and behind; they covered his body, his arms, and his hands. He had cuisses of such a fashion, *that there was no splint in them*. He had a helm good, stout, and *hard as iron*. He feared not the stroke of the steeled blade—At his neck hung a round shield. There was none stronger in the whole world; it was entirely made of iron and polished steel.

¶ Of Gentylnes & nobylyte. A dyaloge betwen the marthaunt, the knyght & the plowman, dysputyng who is a very gentylman, & who is a noble man, and how men shuld come to auctorytye, compilid in maner of an enterlude with diuers tops & gestis added therto to make mery pastyme and disport.

Of the author, some account will be found in *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. I. Col. 348, edit. 4to. One of

of his other productions has been noticed in a former number.*

The merchant enters first, and with great self-complacency exclaims:

"O what a gret welth and prosperyte
Jt is to any reme where marchauntes be,
Hauyng fre lyberte and entercours also
All marchaundyse to co̅uey to and fro.
Whych thyng I haue vsyd, & the verey fet found,
And thereby gotten many a thousand pownd;
Wherfore now be cause of my grete ryches.
Thorough owt this land in euery place doutles
I am magnyfyed & gretly regardyd,
And for a wyse and noble man estemyd."

He is thus replied to by the knight;

"Maister marchaunt, I here you ryght well,
But now in presumpsion me thynk ye excell,
To call your self noble in presence here:
I wys men know what your auncestours were,
And of what grete stok descendid ye be;
Your fadyr was but a blake smyth, perde!"

The merchant, naturally enough, inquires,

"Why, Sir, what than? what be you I pray you?
Knight. "Mary, I am a gentylman, I wold ye knew,
And may dyspend yerely. V. C. mark land.
And I am sure all that ye haue in hand
Of yerely rent, is not worth. V. markys.

True, says the merchant, but I am able to buy all your land, and pay for it immediately with money gained by my own industry.

Knight. "Yet art thou but a chorle, and I haue skorn
Thou shuldist co̅pare with me a gentylman born.
Merch. Why what callyst thou a gentylman, tel me?
Knight. Mary I call them gentylmen that be
Born to grete landys by inherytaunce,
As myn auncestours by co̅tynnuunce,
Haue had this. V. C. yere, of whom now I
Am descendid, and commyn lynyally,
Beryng the same name and armys also
That they bare this. V. C. yere agoo.
Myn auncestours also haue euer be
Lordys, knyghtes, and in grete auctoryte,
Capteyns in the warr, and gouerners,
And also in tyme of pease gret rulers.

* Vol. IV. p. 118.

And

And thyn were neuer but artyfycers,
As smyths, masons, carpenters or weuars."

The merchant replies, that although all this may be true, his ancestors have assisted in building houses, framing tools, and performing other necessary offices for the knight's family, and, on this account, are entitled to praise and respect. In the midst of their conversation they are interrupted by another personage; since, according to the stage direction,

"*Here the plouman com̃ith in with a short whyp in hys hand, and spekyth as folowith.*

"Now here is bybbyll babbyll, clatter clatter!
I hard neuer of so folysh a matter.
But, by goddy's body, to speke the troth,
I am better than other of you both."

Both the merchant and the knight agree in reprehending this boldness, and seem disposed to pay very little attention to the plowman's claim. After some harsh words on all sides, for the knight calls the plowman a "kankerde chorle," and the merchant terms him a "lewyd vyllayn and rude raskall," which the countryman retorts with "folysh peuysh daw," and "jak-heryng," the knight threatens to lay his sword on the pate of his antagonist if he does not make a hasty retreat. The courage of honest Clod cannot bear this, and he falls* on them both so lustily that they soon cry out for quarter. When peace is again restored, the merchant relates the cause of the controversy, and the plowman gives it as his opinion, that since neither of them have adduced any of their own deeds, but those only of their ancestors, as proofs of their claim, they are neither entitled to the honorable distinction of "nobleness." But, says the knight, I have some claim from my own deserts,

"For I am & haue ben one of the cheualry
At the com̃aundement of my prynce euer redy,
And euery tyme of warr haue be captayn
And leder of a. M. men or twayne,
And w' hors & harnes † spere and sheld
Haue jop̃dyd ‡ my body in euery felde

* "*Et verberat eos,*" says the stage direction. In fact, all the mery pastyme and disporte seems to consist entirely in the good drubbings bestowed by the enraged plowman on his adversaries.

† Armour. ‡ Jeopardied, clothed, covered.

The

The rentes of my landys haue spende lyberally,
And kept a grete house contynually:
And holp to ponysh theuys & brybers alwey
To the grete tranquylyte of my contray.
And you, maister marchaunt, wyl neuer take labour
Except it be for your p̃ffet and lucoure."

The merchant next contends for the honour of his profession, without the assistance of which, he says, it would be impossible for the natives of England to procure the necessaries and comforts of life.

"And I spende my studi & labour contynually,
And cause such thyngis to come hyder dayly,
For the comfort of thys land & com̃en welth,
And to all the people grete p̃ffet & helth.
And for such noble dedys reason wyll than
That I ought to be callyd a noble man."

The plowman now asks the rivals what creature is the most noble in the universe? and they both agree, of course, that the Deity is, because he needs no assistance from any other person, whereas his aid is absolutely necessary to every thing on the earth. Well then, says the plowman, then by like reasoning I must be much more noble than either of you, for I till my land, raise my food, shear my sheep, brew my beer, and, in short, want nothing of any person for my subsistence. Besides, I am always employed, and therefore always cheerful; I have all I want that is needful for my support, and with that I am content.

"And to desyre no more than is nedefull,
That is in this worlde the lyf most ioyfull;
Which lyfe in this worlde no man shall acquire
Tyll he subdue his insaciat desyre."

The three competitors now take leave of each other, after engaging to meet in the same place in a short time. The merchant takes leave of the audience,

"And in the meayn wyle, good lord, of thy grace
Preserue all the people here in this place.
Amen.
Finis prime partis."

The second part is so similar to the first, that an analysis of it seems perfectly unnecessary. The three characters meet, dispute, grow warm, fight, are parted, and, at length, quit the stage, without either having converted

converted his adversary. A new personage then makes his appearance, and concludes the drama.

" *The Phylosopher.*

" Ye soferayns all, dyscrete & excellent,
Before whom thys dyalog shewyd hath be
Touchyng. iij. poynts by wey of argument
Furst what is gentylnes & what nobylyte
And who shuld be chose to hye auctoryte
Thys questyouns they be so hye & sottell
Few dare p̃sume to dyffyne them well.

Yet I thynk now vnder your correccyons
The thyng that makyth a gentylman to be
Ys but vertew & gentyll condycyons
Whych as well in pore men oft tymys we se
As in men of grete byrth or hye degre
And also vycious & churlyssh cõdycyons
Maybe in men born to grete possessyons.

And forther as touchyng nobylyte
Yet standyth much p̃t I thynk doutles
In suffycyencye reason doth agre
But that suffysaunce makyng noblenes
Must nedys be ãnexid vnto goodnes
For suffysauns is not the cause pryncypall
That god his noble, but hys goodness wythall

So vertue is euer the thyng pryncypall
That gentylnes & noblenes doth insue
Then these hedys, rulers & gouernours all
Should come therto because of theyr vertue
And in auctoryte they ought not contynue
Except they be good men dyscrete & wyse
And haue a loue & zele vnto Justyce.

Wherfore souereyns, all that here present be
Now marke well these reasons here brought in
Both agayns men of hye & of low degre
For thys intent only to rebuke syn
For the best wey that is for one to be gyn
To cõuert the people by exortacyon
Ys to p̃swade them by naturall reason

For when that a man by hys owne reason
Juggyth hym selfe for to offend
That grudgyth his cõscyens & gyffyth cõpuncyon
Jnto hys herte to cause hym amend
But such blynd bests that wyl not intend

To

To here no good councell nor reason
Ought by the law to haue sharp coreccyon

But then yf the laws be not suffycyent
Whych have be made & ordeynyd before
To gyfe ther fore co̅dygne ponyshment
The pryncys & gouernours be bound euermore
To cause new laws to be made therfore
And to put such men in auctoryte
That good men just & indyfferent be

But because that men of nature euermore
Be frayle & folowyng sensualyte
Yt is impossyble in a maner therfore
For any gouernours that be in auctoryte
At all tymys just & indyfferent to be
Except they be brydelyd & therto compellyd
By some strayt laws for them deuysyd

As thus, that no man such rome ocupye,
But certayn yerys, & than to be remouyd,
Yet that whyle, bound to attend dylygently,
And yf he offend & surely prouyd
Wyth out any fauour that he be ponyhysshyd
For the ponysshment of a juge or offycer
Doth more good than of thousand other

And vntyll that such orders be deuysed
Substauncyally, and put in execucyon
Loke neuer to see the world amended
Nor of the gret myschefes the reformacion
But they that be bounde to see the thyngs done
I pray God, of his grace put in theyr myndys
To reforme shortly suche thynges amys.

And though that I myselfe now p̅case
Thus myn oppynyon haue publysshed
Or any of my felowes here in this place
In any poynt here haue vs abused
We beseche you to holde vs excused
And so the auctour hereof requyreth you all.
And thus I cu̅myt you to god eternall.
A M E N.
Johe̅s rastell me fieri fecit
Cum priuilegio regali."

The volume is in small folio, without date, containing three sheets; the signatures extending to C iv.

P. B.

Art.

¶ *The true Effigies of the German Giant, now to be seen at the Swan near Charing-Cross, whose stature is nine foot and a half in height, and the span of his hand a cubit compleat. He goes from place to place with his vvife, who is but of an ordinary stature, and takes money for the show of her husband.*

On a folio broadside, with an engraving on copper, ten inches by seven, representing the German Giant, with his wife on one side holding by her husband's hand; on the other, a gentleman, probably a spectator, whose arm the giant is spanning. His thumb and finger reaching from the point of the gentleman's extended forefinger, to the bend of the arm. The etching resembles Hollar's coarsest style.

" It from tradition hath of old been se'd
This isle by gyants was inhabited,
Who with an oak in hand, would walk as free
As once * Silvanus with a cypress tree:
And hence 'tis like, that first of all 'twas spoke
This hardy nation had their hearts of oak:
Arms lent by nature, and throughout the land
The oak complying with the gyant's hand.
Fit for their hand, and not without desert,
The oak complying with the gyant's heart.
Yet though this island better fenced stood
With walls of oak, than gyantean blood;
With walls whose tops and bottoms do disdain
All opposition from the roaring main;
Yet it must not in honor be deny'd,
That gyants first did in this isle reside:
Ætnean brothers whose bold heads aloft
The tops of hills and clouds beneath them scoft;
Such, by the labells both of Fame and Fate,
Was by the dread hand of mighty *Askepate*,
Who neer *Southampton*, a full mile, had strength
To throw a mill-stone on his foot at length:
So vast a stone upon his foot below
Seem'd but a corn upon the gyant's toe:

* " Et teneram ab radice ferens Silvane cupressum."
VIRG. GEOR. I.

The

The place to this day to be seen, doth tell
Where this was done and where the mill-stone fell,
And such stout *Coronæus* was, from whom
Cornwal's first honor, and her name doth come,
For though he showeth not so great, nor tall
In his dimensions set forth at Guild-hall,
Know, 'tis a poet onely can define,
A gyant's posture in a gyant's line,
The art falls short of nature, and must err
When rules are given her by the carpenter,
Who ought not bulks uncircumscrib'd to draw,
By the small compass of his own scant law;
And thus attended with his direful dog,
The gyant was (God bless us) *Gogmagog*.
And he who (fear'd by his prodigious fame)
Not long since kept the gates of Nottingham;
And many others who have left to all
Succeeding times, their proud memorial,
And though that nature now more spent and old,
Doth in such off springs grow more weak & cold;
Yet some remainders to this day are seen,
Of what we finde she heretofore hath been:
Witness this gyant, who not long ago
Was seen in Ipswich at a publick show;
And though no native, yet his birth must be
Fam'd as his countrey is of Germany.
Poor Germany who now the Turks to raunt
Many more gyants like himself doth want.
To see him hundreds day by day do throng,
As he from place to place doth pass along;
His bode's uncertain, for to think 'tis vain,
One place so tall a wonder to contain;
His whole proportion is upright and streight,
'Tis nine foot fully and a half in height,
Not much in debt to age, his body clean
Up to his stature, and not fat nor lean;
His hand exceeds in bigness, and his span
'Bove twice th' extensions of another man;
He no excess of any wine doth pour
Into his gorge, nor doth he much devour;
And though his stature be admir'd, yet he
Doth seem much pleas'd with mediocritie.
But that which makes the wonder seem more rife,
This so great gyant hath a little wife,
By whose advice he's carryed up and down,
From court to countrey and from town to town.
He is their gain, where ever he doth go,
Tis she receives the money for the show.

A woman lovely, and in all compleat,
And though but little, yet her wit is great;
Thus heretofore true love with love did dy,
The faithfull *Phillis*, and the good *Sir Guy*.
But that a gyant one so tall in show,
Should choose a wife and live with one so low,
Is more than ever any age yet knew,
And haply more than age again shall view.

Finis.

London, Printed for Matthew Collins, at the three Black Birds, in Cannon street, 1660."

In Wood's study at Oxford, B. 35. The Oxford antiquary hath written the following note on the margin:

"An Irish man as large as this, was to be seen at the blew bore, Oxon. an. 1681, at the act time."

A. O.

¶ *The New Yeeres Gift: presented at Court, from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, (commonly called Little Jefferie) Her Maijesties' Servant, with a Letter as it was penned in short-hand: wherein is proved Little Things are better then Great. Written by Microphilvs. Printed at London by N. and J. Okes, dwelling in Little St. Bartholmewes.* 1636. 24mo. pp. 116. *

"To the reader. As they are not alwaies most valiant who are most violent: so commonly the most censorious, be the least judicious. I expect the judgment of the wise, and the censure of the over wise; and wish I were of the formers pardon as certaine, as the latter are of mine. The censures of the learned ought to bee judicious, the censures of them both charitable. Howsoever if any shal say, when I undertooke this worke I had but little to doe, it shall no way displease him, who is, and will remaine to his friends a servant, and to his foes a MICROPHILUS."

Complimentary verses are prefixed, signed S. M.;

* Prefixed is the portrait of Jeffery Hudson, the dwarf. See Granger, *temp.* Charles Ist. Class. XII.

D. L.:

D. L.; T. Little; W. Loe; W. Short. The first is addressed

"To his high and mighty friend, William Evans, sirnamed the Great Porter.

"Wil, be not angry this small booke is read
In praise of one no bigger then thy head;
'Tis not in envy of thy greatnesse made,
Which might be unto twenty such, a shade:
Though hee bee small in body and in limbe,
Yet wee commend some thing that's great in him
The greatnesse of his spirit, and his minde,
Whose vertues are not like thy strength confin'd
Vnto his bulke: but pure without a dreg;
And has a body streighter then thy leg.
Doubt not in emulation some will straine
His sinewy muse, for to advance thy fame,
Then be not angry this small Lord is prais'd,
Since thou by nature, he by wit, is rais'd.

S. M.

The Letter is thus inscribed "To the most exquisite Epitome of Nature and compleatest Compendium of a Courtier the Lord Minimvs; [whom] the Lady Parvula wisheth health and happines.—Sir, May it please your *diminutive eminence,* permit a devoted lover of your *concise dimensions,* to present very *lowly,* as most fitting to your person, in remembrance of this newyeare a *small* token of my unparralleld affection. Confesse I must, *compendious Sir,* my gift is somewhat of the *least,* but my hope is, being therein so like yourselfe, it will not displease you. And if whatsoever is received, is received according to the measure or size of the receiver, be a true rule in phylosophy; then, bootlesse had it beene for your obsequious Handmaid, to have meditated any present for size *greater*; since how *great* soever, it would have beene but as very *little,* yourselfe so very *little,* being the receiver: Nor is your *littlenesse* (mistake me not) mentioned as any derogation to worth: diamonds of most precious value, are but *little* in substanee: and if it might not appear in me presumption to trouble you with further discourse, I could with easie, or no labour prove things *little* to bee farr better then things that are *great.* Is not a *Microcosme* better than a *Macrocosme,* the *little-world* man, then the *great world* earth? Nay man the *lesser* world is lord of the *greater;* and in the *greater* world, which is the Creator's library (the severall creatures being as so many bookes in it) have we not rarer documents from the *little decimosextos,* the ant and dove, then from the *great folios,* the elephant and whale!.... And as men that are *little* are very excellent:

cellent: so likewise that which is excellent in or about men is very *little:* wit, the thing so admired, is not that in men very *little?* Money, the thing so desired, though a man have *much,* yet he esteemes it as *little,* and things ever are to be iudged as they are valued: is not honesty in men *very little,* when sophistry hath fled the schooles and is become a shop-keeper, and tradesmen think if they lose their lying they lose their living? Looke for *obedience,* of things the best, is it not *little,* when princes' commands are rather questioned then obeyed? Looke for *malice,* of things the worst, is it not *very great,* when fooles had rather spend much in law then forgive somewhat in charity? .... If a man but seriously observe hee shall finde very few things such as they seeme: and by reason wise men also have their weake times their verdict to bee no sufficient argument to command universall beliefe, especially where reason is pregnant with probable proofes on the adverse side, add to this diffidence being so necessary a part of wisedom. Besides admit this position *little better then great* seeme very strange, yet stranger then this have bin admitted after a rational examination, and therefore why not this upon the like consideration? When I had one servant, I had a servant; when I had two servants, I had halfe a servant; when I had three I had never a one: this speech I presume may be beleeued to be a very mad one, and yet it is a most wise one, for 'tis resolved thus: a master having but one servant, thought him over-burthened with work, and therfore tooke another to helpe him; (now hee had two) but each so trusted to the others observance, that they were often missing and the worke not done; he chose another (so he had three) and was then worse served then before..... Consider *little* morally and vertue is in the meane: consider *little* theologically and the whole church is but a *little* flocke; consider *little* civilly, and who dare deny (I assume spirit from truth) but that the *little prince* is a better man then the king's *greatest subiect?* Nay, the king himselfe, who is God's epilogue and man's prologue, take him in the better consideration, with God he is *minor;* take him in the other, with man he is *maior;* for so Tertullian, *Imperator est Maior omnibus, solo Deo minor:* a king is greater then all others, lesse onely then God. And I will for ever heartily pray heaven blesse our Queene, because she has made the kingdome happy by bringing his Maiesty so many *little ones.* In *short* who desireth not in debt to be as *little* as may bee? and what a rare temper is it in men of desart not to bee ambitious of *Greatnes?* and even in the *highest* matters which men attempt, how commonly the most doe come *short,* and in their *greatest* business effect but *little.* And therefore as it was said of Scipio that he was *nunquam minus* solus, quam *cum solus,* never lesse alone, then when alone: so it may

be

be said of you (excellent *abstract of greatnesse)* that you are *nunquam minus parvus, quam cum parvus;* never lesse *little* then when *little.* I hope you will pardon me if in my stile I have used a *little* boldnesse, & familiarity, you knowing it to bee so commendable, and that it is *Nimia familiaritas,* great boldnes onely which breedeth contempt; especially since you are no stranger, but of my owne countrie, an englishman, though some (indging by your *stature)* have taken you to bee a *low-country-man.* Many merry new-yeares are wished unto you, by the sworne servant of your Honour's perfections,

PARVULA.

"Postscript. If the *great* length of my letter hath molested your more serious affairs, you may thence gather the convenience of *little,* and that it might not displease, I appointed it (by my servant Microphilus) to be written in *your owne hand.* Finis."

E. HOOD.

¶ *Answere to the petitions of the Traytours and rebelles in Lyncolneshyre. Anno M. D. XXXVI.* qto. 4 leaves.

This tract is in reply to the articles of complaint of the men in Lincolnshire, under the heads of chusing counsellors; suppressing religious houses and monasteries; the act of uses; the grant of the fifteenth and of the first fruits. They are called "the rude co-mons of one shire, and that one of the most brute and beastely of the hole realme, and of least experience to fynde faulte." It is written as in the person of the king, and concludes,

"We pray vnto almyghty god, to gyue you grace to doo your duities, to vse yourselfes towarde vs lyke trewe and faythefull subiectes, so as we may haue cause to order you thereafter, and rather obedyentely to consent amongest you, to delyuer into thandes of our lieutenant C. persons, to be ordered according to their demerites at our wyll and pleasure, than by your obstinacy and wylfulnes, to put your selfes, your lyues, wyues, chyldren, landes, goodes and cattalles, besydes the indignation of god, in thutter aduenture of total distruction and vtter ruine by force and violence of the swerde. *Londini in aedibvs Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. cvm privilegio.*'

J. H.

ART.

¶ *A Remedy for Sedition, wherin are conteyned many thynges, concernyng the true and loyall obeysance, that commẽs owe vnto their prince and soueraygne lorde the kynge. Anno M. D. XXXVI.* qto. 26 leaves.

"Who so ever (this tract begins,) welle consyderewth ith * hymselfe, the high cõmodyties, that come of good lawes, he wyl, I am right assured, thinke as diuine Plato thought, all those lawes, that are made for the welth and safegarde of man kynde, to be of god, all be it they be constituted by manne: on the other syde, he that wel pondereth the damages, that of necessitie muste folowe, where eyther none be, that can rule, or fewe that wyll obey, shall thynke as I doo, all realmes, regions, cities, and townes, that are not gouerned by lawes, to be forestis of wyld beastis, and not places habytable for men. We lacke noo good lawes God be thãked: but what auayle they, whan as Diogenes saith, men that are good, nede them lyttell, and they that be euylle, are neuer the better for them..... A comune welthe is lyke a body, and soo lyke, that it can be resembled to nothyng so conuenient, as vnto that. Nowe, were it not by your faythe, a madde herynge, if the fote shulde say, I wyl wear a cappe with an ouche as the heade dothe? If the kneess shulde say we woll carie the eyes, an other whyle: if the shulders shulde clayme each of them an eare: if the heles wold nowe go before, and the toes behinde? This were vndoubted a mad heryng: euery man wold say, the fete, the knees, the shoulders, the heles make vnlawfull requestes, and very madde petitions. But if it were so in dede, if the fote had a cap, the knees eies, the shulders eares, what a monstrous body should this be? God sende them suche a one, that shal at any time go about to make as euil a comune welth, as this is a a body. It is not mete, euery man to do that he thinketh best..... I haue ofte meruailed to see the diligencye that the Jewes vse in bringynge up theyr youthe and ben moch ashamed to se howe neglygent christen men are in so godly a thynge. There is neyther man, woman, nor child of any lawful age, but he, for the moste parte, knoweth the lawes of Moyses: and with vs he is almoste a good curate, that knoweth vi. or vii. of the x. commandementes: amonges the Jews, there is not one, but he can by some honest occupation, get his liuinge. There be fewe idell, none at all, but suche as be ryche ynoughe, and may liue without labour. There is not one begger amonges them. Al the cities of Italy, many places in Ce-

* Sic.

cilia

cilia, many bourges in Germany, haue a great nombre of Jewes in them. I haue ben long amonges them that are in Italy, I nuer harde of a Jewe that was a thefe, neuer that was a murderer. No, I neuer harde of a fray betwene them. I am ashamed to saye as I neede must saye; they maye well thynke theyr religion better than ours, if religio̅ be tried by mens lyues. Nowe if Moyses lawe, lerned in youthe, and but carnally vnderstande, can so steye them, that fewe or none fal into other vice than vsury, whiche also they do thynke permitted by Moyses lawe, so that they vse it not one to an other, as in dede they do not, but a Jewe to a straunger, might not we lerne so moch of Christis law, as were able to kepe vs from rebellion? Maye not poore mens chyldren come to the sermons? May they not here preachers? Can they here goddis lawes, ye though they be but easily preached, and not abhorre sedycyon and rebellion?.....Who was lesse beloued in the northe, than my lorde Cardinall, god haue his sowle, before he was amonges them? Who better beloued after he had ben there a whyle? We hate oft times, whom we haue good cause to loue. It is a wonder to see howe they were turned, howe of vtter ennemyes, they becam his dere frendes. He gaue byshops a right good ensample, how they might wyn mens hartis. There was fewe holy dayes, but he wolde ride v. or vi. myle from his howse, nowe to this paryshe churche, nowe to that, and ther cause one or other of his doctours, to make a sermone vnto the people. He sat amonges them and sayd masse before al the paryshe. He sawe why churches were made. He began to restore them to their ryght and propre vse. If our byshops had done so, we shuld haue sene, that preachyng of the gospell is not the cause of sedition, but rather lacke of preachyng of it. He broughte his dinner with hym, and bad dyuers of the parish to it. He enquired whether there was any debate or grudge betwene any of them, yf there were, after dinner he sente for the parties to the church, and made them at one. Men say wel that do wel. Goddis lawes shal neuer be so set by, as they ought, before they be well knowen..... You wil thynke I knowe London well, that make this offer vnto you: Blyndefelde me, carye me after to what place ye woll, I wyll lyttel fayle, to tel where ye set me, and before whose doore. They that know not my cunnynge, wyll skace beleue me. I praye you, can ye set me in any place, but I may say, and lye lyttell, I am nowe before a tauerne, or an ale howse. Fayle I maye, but farre I can not fayle..... We shall haue a better tyme, a worse quarell we can not haue, to spende our bloode in. We woll our enemies laughe not at our distruction. We woll that they be not mery at our calamitie, whiche can not be mery, excepte they see vs sadde. We woll be frendes, God saue Englande as it is, if all Englyshe men say so to, I am sure God

God wyl saye amen. *Londini in aedibvs Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. cvm privilegio.*"

J. H.

¶ *A Lamentation in whiche is shewed what Ruyne and destruction cometh of seditious rebellyon.* Anno M. D. XXXVI. qto. 12 leaves.

"If stvdy" (it commences) "had goten me as much eloquence, as true and vnfeyned loue of my countrey gyueth me cause to lament: the durst I boldely say, that there is none so wycked, none so vnnaturall, none so farre vnder all the senses of humanitie, but I coude fully perswade hym, nothynge so moche to be eschewed, as sedition, none soo worthy all punyshement, as they whyche trayterously make of one nation two, of them that euen now were frendes sodaynly to be vtter ennemies. But seing min eloquence, whiche I muste nedes graunte to be very smalle, can not so serue me, as I desyre in so weighty a mattier, I wyll see what loue, sorowe, and pitie can do, whiche if they coude as ernestlye worke, as they be greatte in me, I wolde truste to make all honeste stomackes to deteste and abhorre sedicious traytours.....These spirituall traytours, that are in harneys ayenste theyr countrey call theymselfe, which haue none other spirite than their father the dyuelle hath inspired into them. If these be spiritual put a coule on Catilin's backe, is not he than a religious monke, and a good spirituall man? If these be religious and spirituall men, whiche doo all that they can to distroye bothe the lawes of god and of man, to bryng this realme in desolation, why maye not Jacke Cade, Jacke Strawe, Wyll Wawe, Wat Tyler, Jacke Shepeherde, Tomme Myllar, and Hob Carter, a barbour sent for, be shorne into religion? If they be spirituall, that consume the day eyther in ydelnes, or in another thynge worse then that, sowynge sede in other mens forowes, whom shall we call carnall?....If God be on our syde, the Cobbler hath clouted euylle, he hath putte to moche hempe in his lyngell. God is with the right parte, and cannot leaue it. All traytours God wylling, shall lerne by Lyncolneshire, nothing to be more odious to God and man, than treason. God saue the kynge. *Londini in aedibvs Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. cvm privilegio.*"

J. H.

Art.

¶ *A Declaration, conteynyng the ivst cavses and consyderations, of this present warre with the Scottis, wherin alsoo appereth the trewe & right, that the kinges most royall maiesty hath to the soueraytie of Scotlande.* (Col.) *Londini in officina Thomas Bertheleti typis impress. Cum &c. Anno M. D. XLII.* qto. 16 leaves.

This and the three preceding articles have each of the titles in a compartment of naked boys in procession; six of them bearing one, preceded by some with musical instruments, with a chief and others following: up the sides boys climbing through vine leaves, and at the top a laureated head in an oval between two sphynxes.

In Holinshed's Chronicles of England, edit. 1809, this tract is closely copied. See Vol. III. the latter part of p. 826 to p. 828; and the whole of it is inserted under the head of Scotland, in Vol. V. p. 517—26.

J. H.

¶ *Hypnerotomachia. The Strife of Loue in a Dreame. At London, Printed for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop, in S. Paules Church-yard, at Cheape-gate.* 1592. qto. 104 leaves.

This is a translation of a large portion of the *Hypnerotomachie Polyphili,* first printed in 1499: see De Bure, No. 3766. A copious account of that work, with some spirited specimens of the wood-cuts, will, we understand, be found in the third volume of Mr. Dibdin's Catalogue of Lord Spencer's library. The translation is not mentioned by Herbert.

The initials R. D.* are subscribed to the dedication, but without any notice that the work had before appeared in any other language. At the back of the title-page is the following brief invocation " to the thrise

* Probably, by the following simile, educated at Cambridge; " When the foote of the phane or image in turning about, did rub and grinde vpon the copper base, fixed vpon the pointe of the obeliske, it gaue such a sound as if the tower bell of Saint John's Colledge in the famous Vniuersitie of Cambridge had beene rung."

honovrable

honovrable and ever lyving vertves of Syr Phillip Sydney, Knight; and to the right honorable and others whatsoever, who living loved him, and being dead give him his dve." On the next page commences the dedication, whereby "to the Right Honourable Robert Deuorax, Earle of Essex and Ewe, Viscount Hereford, and Bourghchier, Lorde Ferrers of Chartley, Bourgchier and Louaine, Maister of the Quenes Maiesties Horse, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, is wished the perfection of all happinesse and tryumphant felicitie in this life, and in the worlde to come." [And continues] "when I had determined, right honorable, to dedicate this booke to the euer lyuing vertues of that matchlesse knight Syr Phillip Sydney; me thought that I could not finde out a more noble personage then yourselfe, and more fit to patronize, shield, and defende my dutie to the deade, then your Honour, whose greatnes is such, and vertues of that power, as who so commendeth them, deserueth not to be accounted a flatterer, but he that doth not the same, may be thought an euill willer..... My humble request is that your Honor may not thinke of me (by the tytle of the booke and some part of the discourse) as if I were amorous, and did speake according to my owne passions, for I being restrained of my liberty, and helde in the graue of obliuion where I still as yet remaine, oppressed with melancholie, and wearied with deeper studies, I was glad to beguile the time with these conceits, anothomising in them the vanitie of this life and vncertaintie of the delights therof, in the dreame of Poliphilus."....

Some Latin verses are entitled, "Anonymi elegia ad Lectorem;" and a leaf with "faultes escaped in the printing."

A specimen from the opening of the first chapter, which contains a description of the sun rising, will be sufficient. There is a head title:

"*Poliphili hypnerotomachia, wherein he sheweth, that all humaine and worldlie things are but a dreame, and but as vanitie itselfe. In the setting foorth whereof many things are figured worthie of remembrance.*"

The author beginneth his Hypnerotomachia, to "set downe the hower and time when in his sleepe it seemed to him that hee was in a quiet solitarie desart, and vninhabited plaine, and

and from thence afterward how he entered vnaduisedly before he was aware, with great feare, into a darke obscure and vnfrequented wood.

" *The discription of the morning.*

" What houre as Phœbus * issuing foorth, did bewtifie with brightnesse the forhead of Leucothea, † and appearing out of the Occean waues, not fully shewing his turning wheeles, that had beene hung vp, but speedily with his swift horses Pyrous & Eous, ‡ hastning his course, and giving a tincture to the spiders webbes, among the greene leaues and tender prickles of the vermilion roses, in the pursuite whereof he shewed himselfe most swift & glistering, now vpon the neuer resting and still moouing waues, he crysped vp his irradient heyres.

" Vppon whose vprising, euen at that instant, the vnhorned moone dismounted hir selfe, losing from hir chariot hir two horses, the one white and the other browne, and drewe to the horrison || different from the hemisphere ¶ from whence she came.

" And when as the mountaines and hilles were beautifull, and the northeast winds had left of to make barraine with the sharpnesse of their blasts, the tender sprigs to disquiet the moouing reedes, the fenny bulrush, and weake cyprus, to torment the foulding vines, to trouble the bending willowe, and to breake downe the brittle firre bowghes, vnder the hornes of the lasciuious bull, as they do in winter.

" At that very houre, as the diuers coulered flowers and greene meades, at the comming of the sunne of Hypperion ** feare not his burning heate, being bedued and sprinkled with the christalline teares of the sweete morning, when as the halcyons †† vpon the leuell waues of the stil, calme, and quiet flowing seas, do build their nests in sight of the sandie shore, whereas the sorrowful Ero, with scalding sighes did be-

* Phœbus the sunne. † Leucothea the morning.

‡ Pyr and Eo, the horses of the sunne.

|| Horison, a circle, deuiding the halfe speare of the firmament from the other halfe which we do not see.

¶ Hemisphere is halfe the compasse of the visible heauen.

** Hyperion the sunne.

†† Halcyons are certaine byrds which building near the shore vpon the waues there will be no storme vntill the young be hatched.

hold

hold the dolorous and vngrate departure of hir swimming Leander. *

"I lying vpon my bed, an oportune and meet friend to a wearie body, no creature accompaning me in my chamber, besides the attender vppon my body, and vsuall night lights, who after that she had vsed diuers speeches, to the end shee might comfort me, having vnderstood before of me, the originall cause of my hollow and deepe sighes, she indeuored hir best to moderate, if at least she might, that my perturbed and pittiful estate. But when she sawe that I was desirous of sleepe she tooke leaue to depart.

"Then I being left alone to the high cogitations of loue, hauing passed ouer a long and tedious night without sleepe through my barren fortune and aduerse constellation, altogether vncomforted and sorrowfull, by means of my vntimely and not prosperous loue, weeping, I recounted from point to point, what a thing vnequall loue is: and how fitly one may loue that dooth not loue: and what defence there may bee made against the vnaccustomed, yet dayly assaults of loue: for a naked soule altogether vnarmed, the seditious strife, especially being intestine: a fresh still setting vpon with vnstable and new thoughts.

"In this sort brought to so miserable an estate, and for a long while plunged in a deepe poole of bitter sorrowes, at length my wandring sences being wearie to feede still vpon vnsauorie and fayned pleasure, but directly and without deceit, vppon the rare diuine obiect: whose reuerende idea is deeply imprinted within me, and liueth ingrauen in the secret of my heart, from which proceedeth this so great and vncessant a strife, continually renuing my cruell torments without intermission. I begin of the conditions of those miserable louers, who for their mistresses pleasures desire their owne deaths, and in their best delights do think themselues most vnhappie, feeding their framed passions not otherwise then with sithful imaginations. And then as a weary bodye after a sore labour, so I somewhat in outward shew qualified in the payne of my sorrowfull thoughts, and hauing incloystered and shut vp the course of my distilling teares: whose drops had watered my pale cheekes, thorow amorous griefe, desired some needfull rest.

"At length my moyst eyes being closed within their bloud

* Leander, a young man of Abydos, who in swimming over the Hellespont (a narow sea) by Byzantium (which parteth Europ from Asia) to Sestus, was in the sight of his louer Ero of Sestus drowned, which she seeing, threw hir self down into the sea and died with him.

shotten

shotten and reddish liddes, presently betwixt a bitter life and a sweet death, I was in them inuaded and ouercome, with a heauie sleepe, who with my minde and watchfull spirits, were no pertakars of so high an operation. Methought that I was in a large plaine, and champion place, &c."

The translation is not free from some of the exceptionable passages of the original, and the concluding chapter contains the triumph of Vertumnus and Pomona.

Eu. Hood.

¶ *The Ephemerides of Phialo, deuided into three bookes. The first, A method which he ought to follow that desireth to rebuke his friend, when he seeth him swarue: without kindling his choler, or hurting himselfe. The seconde, A Canuazado to Courtiers in foure pointes. The thirde. The defence of a Curtezan ouerthrowen. And a short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers. By Step. Gosson, Stud. Oxon. Imprinted at London by Thomas Dawson. Anno.* 1586. 12mo. Sig. M. 4. With introduction. 99 leaves.

Our limits will not now allow such a space as might be expected from the singular rarity of this tract. By the dedication

"To the right noble gentleman, Master Philip Sydney, esquier, Stephan Gosson wisheth health and happinesse." [Concluding :] "the daies workes of Phialo, which spendeth his time in profitable disputation among his freendes, I haue called his Ephemerides, after the manner of the Greekes, humbly requesting your worshippe to vouchsafe them the reading, because you are learned, and to yelde them your patronage, sith they carie some tast of the Vniuersitie. Your worships to commande. S. G.

[Then] "literarum studiosis in Oxoniensi Academia Steph. Gosson. Sal." [In four pages, subscribed] "valete, Londini 5 Kalend. Nouemb. 1579, Stephanus Gosson."

An address "to the reader" is followed by "the Ephimerides of Phialo," divided into three books, as described in the above title. From fo. 81 to the end is "An apologie of the Schoole of Abuse," which might have

have formed a valuable appendix to the late reprint of that work. *

"[Gosson defends his attack upon the ancient *poets* for making Jupiter] an abhominable leacher, as wicked a wretche as euer liued [king of the gods: Venus, a notorious strumpet,] as common as a barbar's chayre, [a goddess, and by] making gods of them that were brute beastes, in the likenes of men: diuine goddesses of common harlots: they robbe God of his honour, diminishe his aucthoritie, weaken his might, and turne his seate to a stewes." [Concluding there] "are many of their schollers so enchaunted that, like the superstitious and foolishe Ægiptians, they had rather lose their liues, then the idols of theyr byrdes, their beastes, their *ibes*, their adders, their dogges, their cattes, their serpentes, their crocodiles.

[To the pipers he says:] "Let them not think I abhorre musique: if they put on their spectacles, or take their eyes in their hands, & looke better in the Schoole of Abuse, they shal finde that with Plutarch I accuse them for bringing their cuning into theaters: y^t I say, they haue wilfully left, or with ignorance loste, those warlike tunes which were vsed in auncient times, to stirre vp in vs a manly motio^n, and found out new descant with the dauncers of Sybaris, to rocke vs asleepe in all vngodlinesse..... Though I be of Plutarche's opinion, that when we haue done or saide all that wee can, the oldest fashion is euer best, that newe cuttes are the paternes of running heads, strange blockes, the very badges of fonde conceites, yet do I not forbidde our newe found instrumentes, so that we handle them as Dauid did, too prayse God, nor bring them any more into publique theaters, too please wantons. London is so full of vnprofitable pipers and fidlers, that a man can no sooner enter a tauerne, but two or three caste of them hang at his heeles, too giue him a daunce before he departe, therefore let me^ of grauitie examine the case, and iudge vprightly, whether the sufferaunce of such idle beggers be not a greeuous abuse in a common wealth.

[He tells the players if they] "take a little more counsell of their pillowe, they shall finde themselues to be the worste, and the daungerousest people in the world. A theefe is a shrewde member in a common wealth, he empties our bagges by force, these ransacke our purses by permission; he spoileth vs secretly, these rifle vs openly; hee gettes the vpperha^d by blowes, these by merry iestes; he suckes our bloud, these our manners; he woundes our bodie, these our soule; O God, O men, O heauen, O earth, O tymes, O manners, O miserable dayes. He suffereth for his offence, these stroute without punishment vnder our noses, and lyke vnto a consuming fire

* In *Lord Somers' Tracts*, Vol. III. p. 552.

are

are nourished stil with our decay. . . . . If Diogenes were now aliue to see the abuses that grow by playes, I belieue hee woulde wishe rather to be Londoner's hounde than his apprentice, because hee rateth his dogge, for wallowing in carrion, but rebukes not his seruaunt for resorting to playes that are rank poison. . . . . They muste not thinke that I banishe recreation, because I barre them. . . . . there are other good pastimes to be founde, if we be willing to seeke them out. . . . . He that thinkes wanton playes a meete recreation for the minde of man, is as farre from the trueth as the foolish Gentiles, which belieue that their gods delight in toyes, and wee which carie our money too players too feede their pride, may be wel compared to the Bath keeper's asse which bringeth him woode too make his fire, and contenteth himself with the smell of the smoke. . . . Our players since I set out the *Schole of Abuse*, haue trauailed to some of mine acquaintance of both Vniuersities, with fayre profers, and greater promises of rewardes, if they woulde take so much paines as to write against mee; at laste, like to Penelopee's suters, which seeing themselues disdained of her, were glad to encroch with some of her maides, when neither of both Vniuersities would heare their plea, they were driuen too flie to a weake hedge, and fight for themselues with a rotten stake. Beggars, you know, must be no choosers, hunger sauceth euery meate: when fishers lay their hookes in haste, frogges will make sauory dishe. It is tolde mee that they haue got one in London to write certaine *Honest excuses*, for so they tearme it, to their dishonest abuses which I reuealed. It is good for him that will falsifie pictures, not too let them see the liuely creatures, that are desirous to view his worke, neither is it conuenient for him too present his excuse to any of those that haue read my Schoole, and behelde those abuses in playing places, least their eyes reprooue him for a lyar. . . . . I stay my hande till I see his booke; when I haue perused it, I wil tel you more. Mean while I beseech them to looke to their footing that run ouer shooes in al these vanities, lest they be swallowed without recouery: and wishing to my Schoole, some thriftier scholers, to players an honester occupation, and to their excuser a better minde, I take my leaue. Finis. Stephan Gosson. *Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet veram.* Imprinted at London at the Three Cranes in the Vinetree, by Thomas Dawson, 1586."

J. H.

¶ *A Caueat or Warening for Common Cursetors, vvlgarely called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman Esquier, for the vtilitie and profit of his natural country. Augmented and inlarged by the first*

first Author hereof. Whereunto is added the tale of the second taking of the counterfet crank, with the true report of his behauiour and also his punishment for his so dissembling, most maruelous to the hearer or reader thereof. New Imprinted. Anno 1573. [Wood-cut of two rogues being whipped at the tail of a cart, with the following verses beneath:]

This cart at his tayle doth draw all about,
Such pylfering pickers that to it is tyed:
The whip with his whickes the bloud fetcheth out,
The Baudes for baudery, and Hores therein ryed.

[Colophon.] *Imprinted at London by Henry Middleton dwelling in Flete-streat at the signe of the Faucon: and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard. An.* 1573. qto. H. iij.

This appears to be the third edition of a work already described,* and serves to fix the precise time of the appearance of the first edition by the following passage: "Vppon Alhallonday, in the morning, last Anno Domini 1566, or my boke was halfe printed, I meane the first impression."—I believe the present impression contains an additional wood-cut with the portraits of "a vpright man, Nicolas Blunt; the coũterfet cranke Nicolas Genings,"† with the following verses for a description.

"These two pictures lyuely set out,
One body and soule, God send him more grace:
This monstrous dissembler, a cranke all about,
Vncomly coueting of eche to imbrace,
Money or wares, as he made his race.
And sometyme a mariner and a seruing man:
Or els an artificer, as he would fayne than.
Such shiftes he vsed, being well tryed,
Abandoning labour till he was espyed;
Conding punishment for his dissimulation,
He surely receyued with much exclamation."

J. H.

* See vol. ii. p. 515, and Earle's *Microcosmography*, by Bliss, 1811, p. 246.

† "His picture remayneth in Brydewell for a monyment."

¶ *The*

¶ *The Belman of London: Bringing to Light the most notoriovs villanies that are now practised in the kingdome. Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of housholds, and all sorts of seruants, to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade. Lege, Perlege, Relege.* [Wood cut of the Bellman in the act of ringing through the street, with a lanthorn and long staff on his shoulder, accompanied with a dog.] *Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter.* 1608. qto. I. ij.

"The poore Belman of London, to all those that either by office are sworne to punish, or in their own loue to vertue, wish to haue the disorders of a state amended humbly dedicateth these his discoueries:" and we believe there are few of our readers but are sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the discoveries, as the work had many impressions in the lifetime of the author, Thomas Deckar, who, according to Oldys' manuscript notes, "was full threescore years of age in the year 1638." It is the first edition* of the Bellman, the date of which is rather doubtfully noticed by Dr. Nott in his late valuable reprint of the *Gull's Horn-book*, by the same author.† Deckar probably founded the present work upon Harman's *Caveat*, above noticed, enlarging it with an account of gambiers and others, to whose depredations the polished classes of society are more exposed than to those of pilfering beggars. A single character may suffice.

"*An angler.*

"An angler is a lymb of an vpright-man, as beeing deriued from him: their apparell in which they walke is comonly frieze jerkins and gally slops: in the daytime, they beg from house to house, not so much for reliefe as to spy what lyes fit for their nets, which in the night following they fish for.

* "The third impression, with new additions: printed at London, for Nathaniel Butter, 1608."

† The Gull's Horn-book, or a large portion of it, was probably reprinted, as—*The young Gallant's Academy; or, directions how he should behave himself in all places and company. As,* 1. *In an ordinary.* 2. *In a play-house.* 3. *In a Tavern.* 4. *As he passes along the street all hours of the night.* 5. *How to avoid Constables Interrogatories. To which is added, the character of a Town-*Hvff. *Together with the character of a right generous and well-bred gentleman. By S. V. Printed and are to be sold by Percivall Gilbourne at the George in Chancery lane near Fleet street.* Advertisement in Protestant Mercury. Novem. 25-7: 1696.

The rod they angle with is a staffe of fiue or six foote in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole boared quite thorough, into which hole they put an yron hooke, and with the same doe they angle at windowes about midnight, the draught they pluck vp beeing apparell, sheetes, couerlets, or whatsoeuer their yron hookes can lay hold of: which prize when they haue gotten, they do not presently make sale of it, but after foure or fiue daies, or according as they suspect inquirie will be made after it, doe they bring such goodes to a broker (traded vp for the purpose) who lends vpon them halfe so much money as they be worth, which notwithstanding serues the angler a while for spending money, and enriches him that buyes it for a long time after." J. H.

¶ *Hymnes, or sacred Songs, wherein the right vse of Poësie may be espied. Be Alexander Hume: Wherevnto are added, the experience of the Author's youth, and certain precepts seruing to the practise of Sanctification. The table followes in the next page.** *Ephes.* v. 18. *But be ful filled with the Spirit speaking vnto yourselues in Psalmes, and Hymnes, and spirituall songs, singing and making melodie to the Lord in your hearts. Edinbvrgh, Printed by Robert Walde-graue, Printer to the King's Majestie.* 1599. *Cum privilegio regio.* qto. pp. 66. besides introduction, four leaves.

The inscription of the dedication wishes: "to the faithfvll and vertvovs ladie, Elizabeth Mal-vill, Ladie Cumrie, grace, mercie, and peace, from God the father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ." And concludes with saying: "hauing composed in my youth a few songes in verse to the glorie of God, seeing the custome of men is to dedicate their workes to their fauorites and patrones: shall it not be lawfull to me also, after the maner of men, to present vnto you (a faithfull and be-

* "At the back of the title: the contents of this booke.—1, The author's recantation.—2 Of God's benefits bestowed vpon man.—3, A description of the day etiuall.—4, Consolation to his sorrowfull soule.—5, Praise for deliuerie of the sick.—6, Of God's omnipotencie.—7, The triumph of the Lord after the maner of men, alluding to the defait of the Spanish nauie, in the yeare 1588.—8, The humiliation of a sinner.—9, An epistle to Master Gilbert Moncrieff mediciner to his majestie, containing the experience of the author's youth.—10, Christian precepts seruing to the practise of Sanctification." The last are moral sentences in prose.

loued

loued ladie) a part of my little labours? And sa meikle the rather, because I know ye delite in poesie yourselfe, and as I vnfainedly confes, excelles any of your sex in that art, that euer I hard within this nation. I haue seene your compositiones so copious, so pregnant, so spirituall, that I doubt not but it is the gift of God in you. Finally, because so little a worke as this is, requires a short epistle, I take my leaue, not doubting but my good meaning shall be fauorablie accepted. Continue (good ladie and sister) in that godlie course which ye haue begun: let nothing be done vpon ostentation. Loue your husband: haue a modest care of your familie, and let your cheefe care be casten vpon the Lord Jesus, who will recompense vs at his comming. To God therefore the Father, our Lord Jesus Christ, be all praise for euer, Amen. At Logie the 16th of Februarie, 1598. Your brother in the Lord Jesus, Alexander Hume, minister of the Evangell."

The preface is addressed "to the Scottish youth," reprehending the custom of making vain recitals and singing idle songs when they meet in company, of which, as it exhibits a faithful trait of their manners, we shall give an extract from the commencement.

"To the Scottish youth. As it is a thing verie customable vnto thee, O curious youth, greatlyuly to delite in poesie, ather in playing the parte of a poet thyselfe, or by exercising thy spirit in reading and proclaiming the compositions of other men: so it is as common to thy indiscreit age to make a chuse of that naughtie subiect of fleshly and vnlawfull loue. In suche sort that in princes courts, in the houses of greate men, and at the assemblies of yong gentilmen and yong damesels, the chiefe pastime is, to sing prophane sonnets, and vaine ballats of loue, or to rehearse some fabulous faits of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like raueries and such as ather haue the art or vain poetike, of force they must shew themselues cunning followers of the ethnike poets, both in phrase and substance, or else they shall be had in no reputation. Alas for pittie! Is this the right vse of a Christian's talent to incense the burning lustes of licentious persons by such euill examples and allurements? Art thou (O miserable man) well occupied, that day and night busies thy braine to invent these things which may foster the filthie vice and corruption that naturallie is seased in the harts of all men? Was it to this end that thy maker sent thee in the world to be an instrument of wickednes? Or hes he giuen thee such gifts, and viuacitie of spirit, to be exercised in vanitie and prouoking others to vncleannes? Knowes thou not that thou must render account of euerie idle word that proceedes out of thy mouthe? And that thy vngodlie conuersation banishes the spirit of God from thee? Suffocats

 thy

thy gude giftes, rottis thy conscience, and makis thy God to become ane enemie against thee."

After striving to awaken the reader's attention to a due enquiry of his own state, and a search into the scriptures for miracles, valiant deeds of arms, wise sentences, and heavenly poesy, he concludes

"I haue heere set downe before thee a few spirituall songs, begun in my youth and prosecuted in my wraslings with the world, and the flesh, whereby thou may cleerely see what aboundance of good matter is offered, which the most parte of poets foolishlie reiectes, and dedicates their hole studie to things moste vile and contemptible. Farther, I contemne not the moderate and trew commendation of the vertuous and noble actes of good men: nor yet the extolling of liberall sciences: but thous hast notable examples in the French toong set foorth by *Salust* of *Bartas*. Onely thus much haue I written in rude Scottish and hash verses, to prouoke the more skilfull in that art to flee higher, and to encourage the meaner sort to follow. To the effect, that the spirits of men in all their actions may be applyed to the right end, euen to glorifie God, who must euer sanctifie and prosper the interprises of his owne. At Edinburgh the 9th day of December, 1594. Thy louing friend. Alexander Hume."

In 1802 Sibbald published in his *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry** the epistle to Montcrief, which contains several particulars of our author's life; part of the poem on the defeat of the Spanish navy in 1588, which is subscribed the 4th October, 1589; and the third piece "of the day Estivall" as "Thanks for a Summer day:" but has not preserved the original text in either article. In the biographical prefixture Sibbald suspects Hume to have been "the person who, under the name of *Polwart*, carried on a *flyting* correspondence with *Montgomery:*" author of the beautiful moral allegory of the *Cherrie and Slae.* Upon this conjecture Dr. Leyden (in whose recent death we have to regret the loss of one of the genuine and enthusiastic followers of nature and the muse,†) observes "these must have been composed while he retained the character of a courtier:" nor is it probable from the present work but that Hume, after putting on the gown, was a rigid and exemplary minister. Dr. L. has inserted among the *Scotish Descriptive Poems*‡ the

* Vol. iii. p. 367.

† See Gent. Magazine, vol. LXXXII. p. 409.

‡ P. 195.

one

one of the Day Estivall, with preliminary observations and having, as the phraseology of Hume is rather English than Scotish, reduced it to the modern standard. Each editor has given a memoir of Hume, as also has Mr. Irving in the *Lives of the Scotish Poets.**

The first of the following specimens follows the preface, and is not mentioned in the table of contents.

A Sonnet of Loue.

Not lawfull loue, but lecherie I lacke:
Not women wise, but witlesse I disdaine:
Not constant trueth, but tromperie I detract:
Not innocence, but insolence prophaine:
Not blessed bands, but secreite working vaine:
As Pyramus and Thisbe tuike on hand,
As Jason and Medea made their traine,
As Dæmophon and foolish Phillis fand,
As Hercules at Iolëes command,
Which like a wife for loue sat downe to spin.
And finally all follie I gainstand,
Which may allure the heart to shame or sin:
Beware with vice, be not the cause of ill,
Sine speak, and sport, look, laugh, and loue your fill.

Of God's Omnipotencie.

O euerie liuing warldly wight,
Awake and dres your selfe with speede;
To serue and praise the God of might,
From whome all bountie dois proceede:
For gif ye drift, and still refuse,
The heauens and earth will you accuse.

The brutall beasts but ony stryfe,
They willinglie his voice obay:
The creatures that bes na life,
Sets forth his glorie day by day:
The earth, the aire, the sea, and fire,
Ar subiect all to his impire.

The heauen it is his dwelling place,
The earth his littil fute-stule law,
His warks are all before his face:
Of hearts the secreits he dois knaw.
And euerie thing as in a glas,
He sets before it cum to pas.

* Vol. II. p. 297.

The

The swift and actiue fierie spreits,
The cherubins of substance pure,
They walk amang the holie streeits,
And makes him daylie seruice sure:
Yea, at all times they readie stand,
To gang and cum at his command.

When Jonah in the sea was cast,
By lot, for safetie of the leaue,
A mightie qohaill did follow fast,
Prepard the prophet to receaue;
Quhilk at command did him deuore,
Sine brought him safely to the shore.

And as Eliah lurking lay,
Lang solitar by Cherith side,
The rauens left their common pray,
His sustenance for to prouide,
As they were charged him to feede,
They brought him daylie flesh and bread.

Quha learned Balaam's brutall asse,
The angell of the Lord to knaw;
A foote she forward wald not pas,
That way where she him standing saw,
Bot spake that maruell was to see,
Against hir maister's crueltie.

The roaring lions fiers and fell,
Brought vp and baited ay with blood,
They spar'd the godly Daniell,
Expos'd to them in place of fude:
Sa fishes, fouls, and rauenous beists,
Of God maist high they hald the heists.

The verie deuils dare nocht rebell,
Against his Maiestie and might,
The spreits vncleane he did expell,
Forth of the pure possessed wight,
Quha but his priuiledge diuine,
Durst na way enter in the swine.

Into the prophets mouthes the spreit
Of lies could neuer enter in,
Quhile he did licence first intreate,
Of God the Lord, for Ahab's sin:
Quhilk be that meanes did him entyse,
His awin defait till enterprise.

His halie statute to fulfill,
And potent power to declaire,
The massiue earth reposis still,
Suspended in the cessill eire:

And

And at hir dew appointed houres,
Brings forth maist pleasant fruits and floures.

Quhat thing is fiercer nor the sea?
Mair raging nor the awfull deepe,
Quhilk back retird at his decrie,
And dois her bounds and marchis keepe:
Syne at his charge apart stude by,
To make his hoste a passage dry.

Without the subtile air but dout,
Na plaint nor liuing thing may lest:
Therefore it cleaues the earth about,
And is in euerie place possest,
Then as his godlie wisedome wald,
Decernes the seasons hett and cald.

The brimstane and the burning fire,
Maist sudenely from heauen fell downe,
For to consume into this yre,
Baith Sodome and Gomorrah towne:
Bot in the firie furnace he,
Preserved safe the children three.

The mightie winds blaws to and fra,
From euerie airth be day and night,
We heare them thudding by vs ga,
Yet not conceaues them with our sight:
Bot in a clap the Lord to please,
Their blasts they quietly appease.

Like flocks of fowls the clouds aboue,
Furth flies and couers all the sky:
Againe they suddenly remooue,
We wat not where nor reason why:
Bot till obey his holy law,
They poure out rain, sharpe haile, and snaw.

Behald the fearefull thunder crack,
And fierie flauchts sa violent,
Appeares nocht in the cloudis black,
Quhill be the highest they be sent:
The harts of men are dasht with feare,
Sik lights to see, and claps to heare.

The heauen sa high, sa cleare of hew,
Declares his power passing weill:
Sua swift of course ay recent new,
Revoluing like a turning wheill,
Nane knowes whereof the globe is made,
Quhais beautie at na time dois fade.

He

He made the sun a lampe of light,
A woll of heate to shine by day
He made the moone to guide the night;
And set the starnis in gud array,
Orion, Pleiads, and the Vrse,
Obserues their dew preserued course.

O poets, paganes impudent,
Quhy worship ye the planets seauen?
The glore of God be you is spent,
On idols and the hoste of heauen,
Ye pride your pens mens eares to pleis,
With fables and fictitious leis.

Your knowledge is bot ignorance,
Your cunning curiositie:
I finde your facund eloquence,
Replete with fekles fantasie:
Ye neuer knew the liuely rod,
Nor gospell of the Sun of God.

He is aboue *Mercurius*,
Aboue *Neptunus* on the sea,
The winds they knaw not *Eolus*,
Their is na *Jupiter* but he:
And all your gods baith great and small,
Are of na force for he is all.

Bot sonnes of light ye knaw the trueth,
Extol the Lord with heart and minde,
Remoue all stayes and sluggish sleuth,
Obey his voice, for he is kinde:
That heauen and earth may witnes beare,
Ye loue that God which bought you deare.

J. H.

¶ Catalogue of Early Scotish Poets, to the End of the Sixteenth Century.

The following catalogue is the result of a few inquiries respecting the writings of the earlier Scotish poets; and is only the outline of a subject, which, if properly executed, would be very interesting to those who are fond of Scotish literature, and form an useful supplement or companion to Warton's History of English Poetry. It is however a task that would require much

much time, and other necessary qualifications, and has been, more than once, attempted, without success.*

Many other poets, flourished during the same period, with those who are recorded in the following list, yet no remains of their works are known; they are chiefly mentioned by Dunbar, Lyndsay, and Rolland, as, James Afflek; Clerk, of Tranent; David Drummond; Durie, sometime Bishop of Galloway; Etrik; Galbreith; Henry, a Cistercian monk; Heriot; Sir Hew, of Eglintoun; Hutchown of the Awe Ryale; King James V.; Kendal; Kid, *or*, Kyd; Kynlouch; Christian Lindsay; Sir Mungo Lockhart; Quintene, *perhaps* Quintin Schaw; Sir John Ross; Stobs; Alexander Traill.

It is quite unnecessary here to say any thing in commendation of the Scotish poetical writers, either during the above mentioned period, or subsequently; much remains to be done in giving a complete and correct account of several of their works, especially of Dunbar, Drummond, Henrysoun, and Douglass. Any of these, it is likely, would answer, if done on a similar plan with the late edition of Lyndsay, which reflects great credit to its learned editor.

The Bannatyne and Maitland collections† contain the greater part of the smaller pieces of early Scotish poetry. A short account, and list of the contents of these manuscripts, will be found appended to *Ancient Scotish Poems, never before in print. But now published from the MS. collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, &c.* By John Pinkerton. Lond. 1786. 2 vols. 8vo.

* In 1803 with the manuscripts of the library of the late Mr. Ritson, there was sold, as lot 985, "Bibliographia Scotica, anecdotes, biographical and literary, of Scotish Writers, Historians, and Poets, from the earliest account to the nineteenth century, in two Parts, intended for publication." The lot was purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. for only forty-three guineas. It is understood to be now in the possession of Mr. G. Chalmers for completion, and we may therefore be certain, that however the publication may be wished, the tardiness will best promote that completion.—To the present article I have attached some slight notes, distinguished by my initial, that our correspondent may not be answerable for their insufficiency. J. H.

† In reference to these MSS. the abbreviation of B. for Bannatyne, and M. for Maitland, in the following list, have been used.

‡ A valuable account of "the Bannatyne Manuscript is inserted in our present volume, p. 183. H.

The

The first efforts of printing in Scotland were poetical. The only reliques of this press (which was established in Edinburgh by King James IV. in 1507), preceding the year 1536 are a vol. in 4to. containing Dunbar's Golden Terge, and Lament for the death of the Makkaris, a Gest of Robin Hude, the Knightly Tale of Golagrass and Gawane, with twelve other tracts, all (except one) in verse. Printed by Walter Chepman, and Androu Miller, in 1508. * And the Aberdeen Breviary, by the same printers, in 1509, and 1510, 2 vols. in sm. 8vo.

The principal, and indeed only collections of Scotish poetry, are *A choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern, by several Hands*, (commonly called Watson's from the printer) in three parts,† Edin. 1706, &c. in 8vo. *The Evergrene, being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the ingenious before* 1600 (inaccurately) published by Allan Ramsay, Edin. 1724, 2 vols. in 12mo. (Lord Hailes's elegant Selection of) *Ancient Scotish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, Edin. 1770, 8vo.‡ Pinkerton's Collection, above mentioned,‖ and J. Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scotish Poetry, preceding the Union of the Crowns*. Edin. 1802, 4 vols. 8vo.§ D. L. E.

April, 1813.

* Some thoughts are entertained of reprinting as a fac-simile the whole volume, in a limited edition of 150 copies.

† Part I, first printed, 1706, in 146 pages. II, 1709, contains 117 pages. III. 1711, in 120 pages, having at conclusion "the end of the first volume." The plan was never continued. In 1713 appeared the second edition of part I, which was not a verbal, though a paginary reprint. The following is from a manuscript note by Ritson. "The 2d edition of the *first* part was published in 1713, but without any intentional variation, except that in p. 1, instead of 'King James the *Fifth*,' it has 'King James the *First*,' which is false." H.

‡ See a valuable bibliographical article upon this volume by Mr. Gilchrist in the Censura Literaria, Vol. V. p. 238. H.

‖ Mr. Pinkerton has also published another work, as *Scotish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions*, 3 vols. 1792, 8vo. H.

§ To the above notices may be added the unfinished volume by the late Mr. Ritson, called *The Caledonian Muse*, wherein the specimens are chronologically arranged, and divided in three parts. It is my intention to attempt a conclusion of the last part, and submit the volume, within a very short period, to the candour of the sons of Caledonia, rather than suffer any relick of the accurate Ritson to be lost. H.

ANDERSON,

ANDERSON, JAMES. Minister of Collace. Ane godly treatis, calit the first and second cumming of Christ, with the tone of the wintersnycht. *Edin.* Robert Smyth, 1595, 16mo.; again, *Edin.* Andro Hart, (date cut off) 12mo.

ARBUTHNOT, ALEXANDER. Principal of King's College, Aberdeen. Five poems in M. MS.

BALNEVIS, HENRY, of Halhill. One Poem in the B. and M. MSS. "Confession of faith, conteining how the troubled man should seeke refuge at his God; compiled by Mr. Henry Balnaves of Halhill, and one of the Lords of Session and Counsell of Scotland, being a prisoner within the old pallaice of Roane in the yeare 1584, *Edin.* Th. Vautrollier, 1584, 12mo.

BANNATYNE, GEORGE, (the compiler of Bannatyne MS.) Two Poems, in B. MS.

BARBOUR, JOHN, archdeacon of Aberdeen. Actes and Life of Robert Bruce, composed in 1375. The earliest MS. of which, that is now known, is in the advocates library, Edin. written by John Ramsay in 1489. It was first printed, *Edin.* Andro Hart, 1620, 8vo. Various editions have been since published.*

BELLENDEN, or BALLENTYNE, JOHN, Archdeacon of Murray, died at Rome, 1550. One poem in B. MS. (twice repeated). Vertue and Vice, as a proheme to the Cosmographical part of his translation of Hector Boece's Cronyklis of Scotland, (this translation was finished in 1530.) *Edin.* Thomas Davidson, 1536, again by same, 1540; and, without date, all in folio, b. l.; also in the B. MS. Proheme to Hector Boece, hys Cronyklis of Scotland, be the translatoure Johne Bellenden. He likewise translated the first five books of Livy "into Scots," with a poetical prologue prefixed to it and still extant in MS.

BLYTHE, JOHN. Poem in the B. MS.

BROUN, WILLIAM. Poem in the B. MS.

BVREL, JOHN. Two poems, printed in (Watson's) collection, Part II, 1709.

BURNE, NICOL. Translated a Latin poem of Beza's for his "Disputation concerning the controvertit headdis of Religion," *Parise*, 1581, 12mo.; also, at end of the same, Ane Admonition to the Antichristian Ministers of the deformit Kirk of Scotland, 1581.

CLAPPERTON. Poem in the M. MS.

CLERK, JOHN. Three poems in the B. MS. One of these also in the M. MS. and ascribed to Dunbar.

CULROSE. Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culros, younger. Ane godly Dream, compiled at the request of a speciall friend.

* *The Bruce* was printed from the MS. of 1489, by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols. 1790. H.
Edin.

Edin. 1603, in 4to.—*Edin.* A. Hart, 1620, in 18mo.—*Aberdene*, E. Raban, 1644, 8vo. &c.

Davidson, Thomas. The excusation of the Prentar, in five Stanzas, prefixed to Bellenden's translation of Hector Boece.

Davidsone, Johne. Ane brief Commendation of vprichtnes, &c. in Inglis meter, *Sanctandrois*, R. Lekpreuik, 1573, 4to. "A Memorial of the Life and Death of two worthye Chrittians, Robert Campbel of Kinyeacleugh, and his wife Elizabeth Campbel. In English meter. Edinburgh. Printed by Robert Walde-graue, printer to the king's maiestie, 1595. Cum priuilegio Regali." 22 leaves in 8vo. The dedication is "To his loving sister in Christ, Eliz. Campbel of Kinyeacleugh," and dated "from Edin. the 24th of May, 1595. Your assured friend in Christ, I. D." Besides these two, he is author of some other works.

Douglas, Gawin, bishop of Dunkeld. Translation of Virgil's Æneis, Lond. 1553, 4to.* and with Glossary (by Thomas Ruddiman), *Edin.* 1710, fol. Palice of Honour, *Lond.* 1553, 4to.—*Edin.* Johne Ros, for Henrie Charteris, 1579, 4to. &c. King Hart, an Allegorycale Poeme, in the M. MS.

Dunbar, William. In point of number, the most extensive writer of the early Scotish poets, as his poems have been reckoned to exceed 100, which are chiefly contained in the B. and M. MSS. The late Mr. Ritson was for a considerable time employed in making a collection of Dunbar's works, which he intended to have published. †

Fethy. Poem in the B. MS. (Mr. Pinkerton, describing the MS., says it is (by Selby.)

Fowler, William, P. (arson) of H. (awicke.) Sonnet prefixed to the Fories, by K. James VI. Two MS. vols of his poetry are in the College Library, Edinburgh, which were presented by William Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1627. The first is intituled "The Tarantula of Love," consisting of sonnets in the manner of Petrarch. The other vol. in folio, is a translation of the "Triumps of Petrarke," dedicated to Jean Fleming, Lady Thirlstane, the wife of Chancellor Maitland, dated from Edinburgh, Dec. 17, 1587. "Sonet," signed M. W. F. prefixed to "Essayes of a Prentise," 1584. "Sonet to the onely royal Poet," prefixed to "His Maiesties poetical Exercises," 1591. Epitaph on Mrs. Bows. Edin. 1597. He is

* This volume is noticed by Herbert, p. 356; by Warton, Vol. II. p. 281; and in Censura Literaria, Vol. III. p. 286, and Vol. VIII. p. 37. In the Athenian Mercury of Oct. 24, 1693, in reply to a question of what books of poetry one that's young should read, there is reference to "Douglas's Æneads (if you can get it), the best version that ever was, or ever will be, of that incomparable poem." H.

† *Select Poems of Wil. Dunbar, part first. From the M. S. of George Bannetyne.* Perth, 1788. Oct. H.

likewise

likewise author of An Answer to John Hamilton. Edin. 1581, 4to.

Flemyng. Poem in the B. MS. ascribed by Pinkerton to Kennedie.

Glencairn, Earl of. Ane epistill directed from the holy Heremite of Allareit, to his brethren the Gray Friers, (about 1566) in Knox's History of the Reformation.

H. G. probably Sir Gilbert Hay, chamberlain to K. Charles VII. of France, in 1547. Elegie translatit out of the Frenche, in the M. MS.

Henry, the Minstrel. Commonly called Blind Harry. The Actis and Deidis of the Illuster and vailyend Campion Schir William Wallace, knight of Ellerslie. The oldest MS. which is now known, is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, written by John Ramsay, in 1488, who transcribed in the following year, Barbour's Bruce; it was published, *Edin.* 1570, 1594, 1601, 4to.; *Edin.* Andro Hart, n. d. 1611, 4to.; 1620, 12mo.; *Aberdeen,* 1630, 12mo.; *Glasgow,* 1665, 1690, 12mo; *Edin.* 1673, 12mo. Various editions have since been published.

Henryson, or Henderson, Robert. The Morall Fables of Esope, the Phrygian. Compvled into eloquent and ornamentall Meeter, by Robert Henrisoun, schoole-master of Dunfermling. Newlie revised and corrected. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1621," 8vo. They are chiefly contained in the B. MS.; also in the Harleian collection is the Morall Fabillis of Esope, compyled be Maister Robert Henryson, Scol-maister at Dunfermling, 1571," MSS. Harl. 3865. His other poems are partly in the B. and partly in M. MSS. His Testament of the Faire Creseide, with the Complaynt, was first published with Chaucer's works, 1532, fo.; afterwards, *Edin* 1593, 1611, 4to.

Holland the Howlat, [dated from Ternoway, the seat of the earls of Moray,] supposed to have been written in the year 1453.

Hudson, Robert. Ane uther Epitaph of the said Schir Richard (Maitland) in the M. MS. "Sonet," signed R. H. prefixed to "Essayes of a Prentise," &c. 1584.

Hudson, Thomas. The History of Judith, in forme of a Poeme; penned in French by the noble poet G. Salust, Lord of Bartas: Englished by Thomas Hudson, *Edin.* T. Vautroullier, 1584. 8vo. Epitaph upon Sir Richard Maitland, 1585, in the M. MS. 8vo. "Sonet," signed T. H. prefixed to "Essayes of a Prentise," &c. 1584.

Hume, Alexander. Hymnes, or Sacred Songes, wherein the right Vse of Poesie may be espied, *Edin.* Rob. Waldegraue, 1599, 4to.* Besides some other works in prose, he is esteemed to be the author of the Flytting betwixt Montgomery and Polwart. *Edin.* 1629, 4to.; *Glasgow,* 1665, 8vo.

* See the preceding article. H.

James

James I. King of Scotland. The following are generally ascribed to him, though much has been both said and written to the contrary. The Kings Quair, MS. in the Bodleian Library, also printed by W. Tytler in his edition of the Remains of James I. *Edin.* 1783, in 8vo. A Song on his Mistress, afterwards his Queen, in M. MS. Christes Kirk on the Green, first published with notes by Bishop Gibson, *Oxford*, 1691, 4to.; * Edin. 1708, 12mo. Peblis to the Play, in the M. MS.

James VI. King of Scotland. The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine art of Poesie. Imprinted at *Edinburgh* by Thomas Vautroullier, 1584, 1585, 4to. His Maiesties Poetical Exercises at vacant houres, *Edinburgh*, printed by Robert Waldegraue [1591], 4to. Sonet, in the M. MS., &c.†

* "Christ's Kirk on the Green" (says Mr. Park), is given to James the First of Scotland by Ramsay, Tytler, Pinkerton, Ellis, Irving, &c. in contradiction to the assignment of Dempster, Bishops Gibson and Tanner, Watson, Ruddiman, Percy, Warton, Ritson, and Lord Hailes." *Royal and Noble Authors*, Vol. V. p. 19. The last assignment is to James the Fifth, and Ritson has printed it as the production of that monarch in the *Caledonian Muse*. The *two ancient Scottish poems, the Gaberlunzie-Man and Christ's Kirk on the Green*, were printed by John Callander, esq. of Craigforth, 1782, as "Poems which tradition ascribes to James the Fifth."

James the Fifth is certainly entitled to notice as a poet, were there no other authority than the lines quoted by Mr. Park as addressed to him by Sir David Lindsay. *Ut sup.* p. 20. H.

† For an accurate account of the productions of James the VIth, see *Royal and N. Authors*, by Park, Vol. I. p. 113. His poetical pieces, written after he became king of the southern men, seem intentionally omitted in the above list; to which may be added the funeral sonnet written upon the Chancellor Maitland, Lord Thirlstane. That distinguished character translated "His Majesties owne Sonnet," upon the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 into Latin verse, and James repaid the obligation with a funeral sonnet, which is undoubtedly one of the happiest efforts of the regal muse. Mr. Park has printed it in his fifth volume, p. 56, observing, that it "appears to have been placed in the aisle of Haddington church, when Monteith published his *Theatre of Mortality* in 1713." It may also be found in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Vol. I. p. 121, in an article "of the poetry of James VI." and again, in Irving's *Lives of the Scotish Poets*, Vol. II. p. 223. All the three copies vary, and being anglicised not of equal authority with the following copy extracted from the Harl. MSS. 4043, N° 436.

"*Ane funerall Sonnet maid be his Ma. upon the decese of Sir Ihone Maitland, Chancellor*, [ob. 1595].

"Thow passinger, that spyis with gaizing eyis
This trophee sad of death's triumphing dairt,
Considder quhen this outward tumbe thow seis,
How raire a man leavis hir his earthlie pairt.
His wisdome and his vprichtnes of hairt,

His

INGLIS, Sir JAMES. General Satire, a poem in the M. MS., but in the B. MS. attributed to Dunbar. Mackenzie makes him to be the author of the Complaynt of Scotland*.

JOHNSTOUN, PATRICK. The thre Deid Powis, a poem in the B. MS., but in the M. MS. attributed to Henryson.

KARRE, Sir ROBERT. Psalmes in English verses to the measures of the French and Dutch, in MS. Vide Auctuarium Bibliothecæ Gul. Drummondi. Edin. 1627, in 4to.

KENNEDY, JOHN. Poem in the B. MS. Historie of Calanthrop and Lucilla, a poetical Romance, *Edin.* John Wreittoun, 1626, 12mo.

KENNEDY, WALTER, (sometimes called ANDREW.) Six poems in the B. and M. MSS.

LICHTOUN. Two poems in the B. MS.

LYNDSAY, Sir DAVID. 1. The Dreme, composed in 1528. 2. The Complaynt, 1529. 3. The Complaynt of the King's Papingo, 1530. 4. Satire on the Three Estaits, 1535. 5. Answer to the King's Flyting, 1536. 6. The Complaynt of Bash the King's Hound, 1536. 7. The Deploration of Queen Magdalene, 1537. 8. The Justing of Watson and Barbour, 1538. 9. The Supplication against Syde Taillis, 1538. 10. Kitties Confession, 1541. 11. The Tragedie of Cardinal Archbishop of St. Androis, David Beaton, 1546. 12. The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, 1550. 13. Ane Dialog of the Miserabill estait of this World, betwix Experience and ane Courteour, 1553. There are also three small poems ascribed to Lyndesay in the B. MS.

The most compleat and accurate edition of Lyndsay's works is that in 3 vols. *Lond.* 1806, 8vo. edited by George Chalmers, esq.

His pietie, his practise of our stait,
His quick ingyne, and versed in euerie airt,
As equallis all war euer at debait.
Then iustlie lies his death brocht furth of lait,
A heavie greif in Prince and subiectes, all
That vertew lovis and vyce do beare at hait;
Thocht vitious men reioicis of his fall.
Thus for himself most happie doia he dee,
Thocht for his prince it most vnhappie be.
JA. REX."

From the poetical exercises there was selected *His Majesties Lepanto, or, Heroicall Song, being part of his Poeticall Exercises at vacant houres. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, and Henry Hooke.* 1603. qto. Sig. E. 3. There is prefixed "The avthovr's preface to the reader." H.

* But see the elaborate and valuable dissertation of the late Dr. Leyden before his *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1801. H.

The

The following are a list of the early editions.

Paris (Rouen) 1558, 4to. and 12mo.; *Lond.* 1566;* *Edin.* 1568, 1571, 1574; *Lond.* 1575, 1581; *Edin.* 1582, 1588, 1592, 1597, 1604, all in 4to.; *Edin.* 1610, and 1614, 8vo.; *Edin.* 1630. and 1634, 12mo.

The above editions generally contain the whole, except N°s 4 and 12.

N° 3 was printed at *Lond.* by John Byde, 1538, 4to.

N° 1, 2, 3, and 11, separately at *St. Androis* (St. Andrews) by John Skott, 1559, all in 4to.

N° 11, at *Lond.* by Day, [1546] 12mo.

N° 13, *Lond.* by Thos. Purfoote, 1566, 4to.

N° 12, at *Edin.* by H. Charteris, 1594, 4to.; again, by R. Lawson, 1610, 8vo.

N° 4, at *Edin.* by Robert Charteris, 1602,† and 1604, 4to.

Maitland, John, Lord Thirlstane. Second son of Sir Rd. Maitland. Two Poems in the M. MS.

Maitland, Sir Richard, of Lethington. 40 Poems in the M. MS.; 26 have been printed by Pinkerton, and one from the B. MS. in Ramsay's Evergreen.

Maitland, Mary, third daughter of Sir Richard M. married Alex. Lauder of Hattoun. Poem in the M. MS.

Mersar. Two Poems in the B. and M. MSS.

Moffett, Sir John. Two Poems in the B. MS.

Montgomery, Alexander. A "Sonet" with his initials before the "Essayes of a Prentise," &c. 1584. The Cherrie and the Slae, *Edin.* 1597, 4to.; again, newly perfected before the author's death, *Edin.* 1615. 12mo.; many editions have been since printed: it was translated into Latin, and published at *Arct.* 1638, and *Edin.* 1696, both 12mo.‡ Two Poems in the

* *Cens. Literaria*, Vol. VII. p. 113. H.

† Bibl. Wright, 1787, No. 1357. Lyndsay's Satires, in quarto, Edin. 1632, probably a mistake for 1602.

‡ Ritson in the *Caledonian Muse*, already noticed, has reprinted "the Cherry and the Slae" from "the Evergreen," with the following note: "This poem is said to have been written in 1590. Ramsay tells us that his edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrave, the king's printer in 1597, according to a copy corrected by the author himself, the other by Andro Hart, printed 1615, said on the title page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 quatuorzeims, not long before the author's death.' Captain Montgomery was not, as is generally supposed, the inventor of this kind of stanza. He only imitated a more ancient piece called *The Banks of Helicon*, which is still extant."

However it seems to have escaped the notice of Ritson that K. James quoted the Cherry and the Slae in the *Revlis and Cavtelis*

the M. MS. Drummond of Hawthornden, presented to the College Library (along with the rest of his library), a large collection of Montgomery's Poems, ten of which only have been published in Sibbald's Chronicle, Vol. III.

Montgomery, Robert, sometime Archbishop of Glasgow. Two Poems in the B. MS. along with a version of the first and twenty-third Psalmes.

Napier, John. To the various editions of his Plaine Discovery of the Revelation of St. John (first printed at Edinburgh, 1593, in 4to, where the fifth and last edition was likewise printed in 1645), is prefixed An Address to Antichrist of 24 lines, under this title,

> "The book this bill sends to the beast
> Craving amendment now in heast,"

with a poetical version of certain notable prophecies, extract out of the bookes of Sibylla."

Nornall, Robert. His Mirroure of ane Christian, (in verse), *Edin.* R. Lekpreuike, 1561, 4to.

Norval. Poem in the B. MS.

Rolland, John. Ane Treatise callit the Court of Venus, devidit into four Buikes, *Edin.* Johnne Ros, 1575, 4to. The Sevin Seages, translatit out of Prois into Scottis meiter, *Edin.* pr. by J. Ros, for Henrie Charteris, 1578, 4to.; again, *Edin.* by the heirs of Andro Hart, 1631, 8vo.

Rowl. There appear to have been two writers of this

Cavtelis of Scottis Poesie, 1584. In describing the verse that may be used in love matters, he says, "also all kyndis of cuttit and brokin verse, quhairof new formes are daylie inuentit according to the poetis pleasour, as

> "Quha wald haue tyrde to heir that tone,
> Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
> Through schouting of the larkis?
> They sprang sa heich into the skyes
> Quhill Cupide walknis with the cryis
> Of Naturis chapell clarkis.
> Then leauing all the heauins aboue
> He lichted on the eard,
> Lo how that lytill god of loue,
> Before me then appeard.
> So myld lyke
> And chyld lyk
> So moylie
> And coylie
> With bow thre quarters skant
> He lukit lyke a sant."

This is the sixth stanza in the poem, and as it was well known that Montgomery's "poetical talents procured him the patronage of his Sovereign," it was perhaps one of the pieces communicated, in manuscript, which obtained him that notice. See Irving's *Lives*, Vol. II. p. 185. H.

name, but it is uncertain to which the poem in the B. and M. MSS. belongs.

SCHAW, QUINTIN. Poem in the B. MS.

SCOT, ALEXANDER. Thirty-three Poems in the B. MS., one of which is also found in the M. MS.

SELBY. Poem in the B. MS.

SEMPLE, or SEMPILL, ROBERT. Three Poems in the B. MS. besides four others, printed at Edin. in 1570, 71, 72, and 73, in folio. He is likewise supposed to be the author of Philotus, Edin. R. Charteris, 1603; again, Edin. 1612, 4to.; 1682, 12mo.; reprinted by Pinkerton, 1792.*

STUART, or STEWART. There appear to have been several poets of this name about the middle of the 16th century. In

* There were reprinted in July last a few copies of the poem called *The Sege of the castel of Edinburgh. Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik, Anno M. D. lxxjjj.* It is subscribed "Quod Sempill;" and in justice to the ingenious young bookseller who has edited it, and who obliged me with a copy, I shall give the conclusion of his prefixture, relative to the author.

"Spotswood mentions the "Masters of Ruthven and Semple" as being among the hostages entered in *Barwick*, as pledges for the fulfilment of the articles agreed to between the Regent and the English, respecting the siege. That the above mentioned persons were the *Lords* Ruthven and Semple there can be little doubt, nor is it likely that any but persons of rank would be given as hostages on such an occasion? We learn by the two following verses that the author was not present at the siege:

> Bot Hume wes first that ouir the walis wan,
> As I heir say I wes not thair my sell.

And there is every appearance of his being at Berwick when he wrote the poem, from the two first lines:

> Buschmet of Beruik mak zow for the gait,
> To ring zour drumis and rank zour me of weir, &c.

These circumstances would seem to identify Lord Semple as the author of the following poem: his other *printed* works are as follow:—The Regentis Tragedie (17 nine-line stanzas), Quod Robert Sempil, Lekpreuik, 1570. In the Duke of Roxburghe's collection of Ballads, Vol. III.—The Bischopis Lyfe and Testament, Quod Sempil (four leaves). Striuiling, 1571.—My Lord Methvenis Tragedie (24 nine-line stanzas), Quod Sempil. Sanct Androis, 1572.—*Philotus*, a play, is also supposed to have been written by him, besides several small pieces published by Ramsay in his Evergreen, remarkable for nothing but their obscenity. From his printed works it may be observed, that after the year 1570, he drops his christian name, and signs himself merely *Sempil*. As his father died some time in the year 1570, he succeeded to his titles, which were confirmed by charter, December 15, 1572. (See Douglas's Peerage, new edition), and this satisfactorily explains the above circumstance." H.

the

the B. and M. MSS. several of their poems are to be found. Prefixed to the Confession of Faith, Edin. R. Lekpreuik, 1565, in 8vo. is a Sonnet (14 lines), "William Stewart to the Church of Scotland."

STEWART, J. of Baldyneis. A vol. of his Poems in folio, which had been presented by the author to King James VI., was purchased for the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, 1812.*

* It is a small folio, in old gilt binding, with the initials of King James on the sides, to whom it was presented; and is written in a very neat and distinct manner. From the following note, in the beginning, by John, Earl of Roxburghe, it appears to have been for a considerable time in that family. "Roxburghe. King James (VI. of Scotland), ye first brought this booke with him out of Scotland." Its title is "Ane Abregement of Roland Furious. Translatit out of Ariost. Togither with sum Rapsodies of the Author's Zouthfull Braine. And last, Ane schersing out of trew felicitie. Composit in Scotis Meitir be J. Stewart of Baldyneis." After 28 lines. "To the rycht, hich, and michtie prence, James the Sext, Kyng of Scotland." The Induction, Direction, Dedication, Sonnet, and Invocation, follows the "Abregement" of "Ariost," upon 100 pages. Then the "Rapsodies of the Authors Zouthfull Braine," containing 66 Sonnets, &c. upon 80 pages. "To his majestie vith presentatio of this Volume. Sonnet," 14 lines—"Ane schersing out of trew felicitie" on 97 pages, and the volume concludes with

"*His fairweill to the Musis.*

"Fairweill my toynses trembling strings,
Fairweill the source quhair poems springs,
Fairweill *brycht purpour Pean fair*,
And all thy sisters sueit that sings,
On pleasand *pernass* mont preclair.

Fairweill my Versis Varpit vrang,
Fairweill the harpe quhairon I sang,
Fairweill *my* Muse that meed me mont,
Fairweill for I have hawe serwed zow lang,
Quhill both my brains ar bruist and blont.

Go scherse sum pregnant spreit perfyt,
Quhó in your douceur dois delyt
And neither nycht, Nor day, Vill spair,
For to declair sum dew Indyt
In Vorship of zow *Nymphis fair*.

Bot sum dois dalie dolor drie
For till obtein *The laurell* trie
And thocht ane Branche thairof thay pull
Most meschant mouth of *Momus* flie
Of sum Reprotche Vill ay be full.

Steill, David. Two Poems in the B. MS. He is supposed by Pinkerton to be the author of 'The thrie tales of the thrie priests of Peblis; contayning many notabill examples and sentences, *Edin.* Rob. Charteris, 1603, bl. l. 4to. Sibbald, however, ascribes it to Rolland.

Thomas, of Erceldoune, The Rhymer. Sir Tristrem, a metrical romance, was first published, 1804, 8vo. edited by Walter Scott, Esq.

W. M. subscribed to a sonnet before the Essayes of a Prentise, &c. 1584.

Watson, Allan. Poem in the B. MS.

Wedderburn. Three Poems in the B. MS. He is generally allowed to be the author of 'Ane Compendious Buik of Godly and Spiritual Sanges, collectit out of sundrye partes of the Scripture, with sundrye other Ballates changeit out of prophaine languis in godly Sangis for avoyding of Sin and Harlotry, *Edin.* about 1597, 12mo. With augmentation of syndrye gude and godly Ballates not contenet in the first edition. *Edin.* Rob. Smith, 1600. By Andro Hart, 1621, 12mo. A specimen of the last published by Lord Hailes, Edin. 1765, 8vo. And the whole republished by J. Gr. Dalyell, Esq. with the Scotish Poems of the 16th cent. *Edin.* 1801, 2 vols. 12mo.

Quhan *lustie Venus* Veill did dance
Befoir the *Gods* this churle be chance
Vas present than to hir Mishap
Quod he quhan all did hir awance
Hir Sandals dois ower loudlie clap.

I dout no thing to find also
This curshit Catiwe for my fo,
In finding fault vith this or that,
Bot zite I cair him nocht ane stro
My King vill veill protect my plat.

Quhois sacred thespian Science rair
Be batht in source *Castalla fair*,
Arrouse sall all my Roustie ryme
And vith *Pegasian* spring preclair
Cleine cleinge the same from ewirie cryme.

For as *Bellerophon* so Stout
From *Lycia* dang the monsters out,
And brocht curst Chimere to ane end,
Ewen so *his grace* I do nocht dout
Sall *Thersits fleme*, and me defend.

J. S.

This volume appears to have been written after 1573, as there are two Sonnets to King James, on New Years Day, 1572 and 1573.

D. L. E.

Wyntown,

WYNTOWN, ANDREW. Chronykil. That part which relates to Scotland was published in 1795, 2 vols. 8vo. edited by Mr. M'Pherson. D. L. E.*

¶ *A trve reportarie of the most trivmphant, and royal accomplishment of the Baptisme of the most excellent, right high, and mightie Prince, Frederik Henry; By the grace of God, Prince of Scotland. Solemnized the 30 day of August.* 1594. *Printed by R. Walde-graue, Printer to the K. Maiestie. Cum Priuilegio Regali.* qto. 15 leaves.

The "exercises that wer to be vsed for decoration of that solemnitie, were to be deuided both in feeld pastimes, with martiall and heroicall exploites, and in houshold, with rare shewes and singular inventions.

"The feeld to be vsed at two seuerall dayes: the first to be of three turks, three christian knights of Malta, three Amazones, and three Mores. But by reason of the absence, or at the least, the vncertain presence of the three last gentlemen, who should haue sustained these personages, it was thought good that the number of that mask shuld consist of nyne actors, nyne pages, and nyne Lackies, which comming from

* The same correspondent has furnished us with the following Latin verses by an unknown writer, taken from a fly-leaf to *Gul. Lambardi de priscis Anglorum legibus liber. Lond.* 1568, 4to.

"*Ad Auctorem.*

"Vis veteres leges, et vis ab origine prima
Discere quos ritus Anglica terra tulit?
Vltima Saxigenum vis noscere tempora Regum,
et quæ principio normaque lexque fuit?
Hæc lege quæ clara *Lambardus* luce reponit
è pigro excutiens scripta vetusta situ.
Dilituere diu veterum hæc monumenta virorum,
Saxonico quondam cognita sola sono;
Et nisi pervigilis Lambardi cura fuisset,
Vsque sub obscura nube iaceret opus.
Quæ nunc culta vides docto Latioque nitore
Lambardi dedit hæc ingeniosa manus;
Ingeniosa manus mens et præstantior illa,
desudant patriæ commoda quanta tuæ.
Quod patriæ prosis quod sic sis vtilis ergo
Laus tua, Lambarde, est, et labor ille tuus."

T. V.

sundry

sundry parts and at diuers times together with the diuersitie of their apparell, should bring some noueltie to the behoulders.

"The place most expedient for this action was the valey, neere the Castel, which being prepared for that purpose both with carier and scaffold, after the comming of the Queene's Maiestie with her honorable and gallant Ladies, together with the honorable Ambassadors, the field beeing beset by the braue Yonkers of Edinburgh with their hagbutes, during the whole time of that pastyme.

"Then three Christians entered the fielde with sound of trumpet, who were the King's Maiesty, the Erll of Marr, and Thomas Erskine, (gentleman of his maiesties chalmer) who made vp this nomber. A little after followed, three apparelled lyke Turkes, verie gorgeouslie attyred; and these were the Duke of Lennox, the Lord Home, and Sir Robert Ker of Cesfurde, knight. Last of all came in three amazones, in womens attyre, verie sumptuouslie clad, and these were the Lord of Lendores, the laird of Barclewch, and the Abbote of Holierood house. So all these persons beeing present and at their entrie making their reverence to the Queene's Maiesty, Ambassadors and Ladies, having their pages ryding vpon their led horse, and on their left armes bearing their maisters imprese or deuice..... And euerie Lackie carying in his hand his Maister's launce. They began their pastyme by running at the ring and gloue: The laws whereof were these.

"First, that all the persons of this pastime, compeare masked, and in such order as the come into the field, so to run out all their courses. Secondlie, that none vse anie other ring, but that which is put vp: and vse no other launce, but that which they haue brought for themselves. Thirdlie, hee that twise touches the ring, or stirres it, winneth as much as if he caried away the ring. Fourthlie, he that lets his launce fall out of his hand is depryued of all the rest of his courses. Fiftlie, that euerie one run with loose raines, and with as much speed as his horse hath. Sixtlie, that none after his race in vptaking of his horse lay his launce vpon his shoulder, vnder the pain of losse of that which he hath done in his course. Seuintblie, hee that carieth not his launce vnder his arme, looseth his course. Eightlie, that none vntil his three courses be ended, change his horse, if hee bee not hurt, or vpon some other consideration mooued to change him. These laws being seen and approued by the actors, the Queene's Maiestie, signified vnto them, that he who did run best should have for his rewarde, a faire and rich ring of diamonds: and hee also, who on that same side had best fortune in running he shuld be acknowledged with another as fair as the first. The proofe hereof being made the victorie fel to the Duke of Lennox, who bring-

ing

ing it to his side & pairtie, had the praise and prise adiudged to himself. Thus the first daye's pastime was ended, with great contentment to the beholders, and commendation of the persons enterprysers."

On the second day the baptismal ceremony was performed, and about eight of the clock at night the banquet commenced in the great hall. "After a while, hauing well refreshed themselues with the first seruice, which was very sumptuous, there came into the sight of them all, a Black-Moore, drawing (as it seemed to the beholders) a triumphall chariot (and before it, the melodious noyse of trumpets and howboyes) which chariot entered the hall, the motion of the whole frame (which was twelue foote long, and seuen foot broad) was so artificial within it selfe, that it appeared to be drawen in, onely by the strength of a Moore, which was very richly attyred, his traces were great chaines of pure gold. Vpon this chariot was finely and artificially deuised, a sumptuous couered table, decked with all sortes of exquisite delicates and dainties, of pattisserie, frutages, and confections. About the table were placed six gallant dames, who represented a silent comedie, three of them clothed in argentyne saten, and three in crimson saten: all these six garments were enriched with togue and tinsal of pure gold and siluer euery one of them hauing a crowne or garland on their heades very richly decked with fethers pearles and jewels vpon their loose haire in *antica fvrma*. . . . .This chariot which should haue bene drawn in by a *lyon*, (but because his presence might haue brought some feare to the neerest, or that the sight of the lights and torches might have commoued his tamenes) it was thought meet that the Moore should supply that roome; and so, he in outwarde shewe preassed to draw that forward, which by a secret convoy was brought to the prince's table, and the whole desert, was deliuered by Ceres, Foecunditie, Faith, Concord, Liberalitie, and Perseverance, [whom the six dames personated] to the erles, lords, and barons, that were sewers.

"Presently after the returning of the chariot entered a most sumpteous artificiall and wel proportioned ship: the length of her keele was 18 foot, and her bredth 8 foote: from her bottome to her highest flagge, was 40 foot: the sea shee stoode vpon, was 24 foot long, with bredth convenient: her motion was so artificially devised within herself, that none could perceuie what brought her in. The sea vnder her, was liuely counterfeit, with all colours. . . . .Her ordinance was 36 peeces of brasse, brauely mounted and her anchors siluer gilt. . . . . Her mariners were in number six apparelled all in changeable Spanish taffataes, and her pilote in cloth of gold, he alone stood at the helme, who only mooued and gouerned the whole frame both the ship and her burden very artificially. The musitions

sitions within the same were 14 all apparelled in taffataes of his Maiesties coilors, besides Arion with his harp. Being thus prepared at the sound of trumpets she approached, and at the next sound of Triton's wilk trumpe together with the master's whistle shee made sayle till shee came to the table, discharging the ordinance in her sterne by the way. [This was the king's invention.] There were delivered to the sewers] all sortes of fishes: as hearinges, whytings, flookes, oysters, buckies, lampets, partans, lapsters, crabs, spout-fish, clammes, with other infinit things made of suger, and most liuely represented in their owne shape. And whiles the ship was unloading, Arion sitting vpon the galley-nose, which resembled the form of a dolphin fish, played vpon his harp: then began her musike in green holyne howboyes in fiue partes. After that followed violls with voices in plaine counter pointe. . . . . After which ensued a stil noyse of recorders and flutes; and for the fourth a generall consort of the best instruments. So this Enterlude, drawing neere to an end, in the verie last courses was discouered this sentence likewise. *Submissus adorat occeanus*, inferring that the occean sea, by offering the shapes of her treasure humblie adored and honoured the sitters. And when in this time, all the banket was done, after thanks being giuen, there was sung with most delicate dulce voices and sweet harmonie in 7 partes, the 128 psalme, with 14 voices. And that being done, at the sound of Triton's wilk trumpet and the pilote's whistle she wayed anchor, made saile and with noise of howboyes and trumpets retyred, and then discharged the rest of her ordinance to the great admiration of the beholders. After all which pastime and sport with merry and ioyfull repast, the King and Queenes Maiesties, after other offices of honour and respect, the place being prepared for the reuels and the persons appointed for the same, dischargeing themselues sufficiently."

J. H.

¶ *An excellent Epitaffe of syr Thomas Wyat, with two other compendious dytties, wherin are touchyd, and set furth the state of mannes lyfe.*

This poetical quarto tract, without date, consists of only four leaves. The above is a head-title of Sig. A. i. over the portrait of Sir Thomas Wyat, in a circle, as also given in the *Nænia*. The Epitaph follows.

"Wyat

"Wyat resteth here, that quicke could neuer rest,
Whose heuenly gyftes, encreased by dysdayne;
And vertue sanke the deper in his brest,
Suche profyte he of enuy could optayne.

A head, where wysdom mysteries dyd frame
Whose hammers beat styll in that lyuely brayne,
As on a styth, where some worke of Fame
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Brytayn's gaine.

A vysage sterne and mylde, where both dyd groo,
Vyce to contempne, in vertues to reioyce,
Amyd great stormes, whome grace assured soo,
To lyue vprighte and simple at fortune's choyse.

A hand, that taught what might be saide in rime,
That refte Chaucer the glorye of his wytte,
A marke, the whiche (vnperfited for tyme)
Some may approche but neuer none shall byt.

A tonge, that serued in foraine realmes his king,
Whose curtoise talke, to vertu dyd enflame,
Eche noble harte a worthy guyde to brynge
Our Englysshe youth, by trauayle vnto fame.

An eye, whose iudgement no affect coulde blind,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcyle,
Whose pearcynge looke dyd represent a mynde,
With vertue fraught, reposed, voyde of gyle.

A harte, where drede yet neuer so imprest,
To hide the thought yt. might the trouth auaunce.
In neyther fortune lyfte, nor so represst,
To swell in welth, nor yelde vnto mischaunce.

A valiaunt corps, where force and beautye met,
Happy, alas, to happy but for foos,
Lyued, and ran the race that nature set,
Of manhode's shape, where she the mold did loos.

But to the heauens that symple soule is fleed,
Which lefte with such as couet Christe to knowe,
Witnes of faith that neuer shalbe deade,
Sent for our welth, but not receiued so.
Thus for our gylt, this iewell haue we lost,
The earth his bones, the heuen possesse his goost."

Then follow "The Myrroure or Glasse of Fortune," in nine octave stanzas, and "A compendious dittie, wherin is touched the state of mans lyfe," in 110 lines, thus concluding:

"The iuste men shall lyue by theyr good belefe
And shall haue a place where can be no grefe.

But

But gladnesse and myrth that none can amende,
Vnspeakable ioyes, whiche neuer shall ende.
With pleasures that passe all that we haue sought,
Felicities such as cannot be thought.
Whiche place they shall haue, that his wyll intendes,
With lyfe euerlastynge, and thus my tale endes.
Viuit post funera uirtus.
Imprynted at London by Iohn Herforde for Roberte Joye."

J. H.

¶ *The Commendation of Cockes, and Cock-fighting. Wherein is shewed, that Cocke-fighting was before the comming of Christ. London, printed for Henrie Tomes, and are to be sold at his shop ouer against Graies Inne gate in Holburne.* 1607. qto. 15 leaves.

By the dedication "to the right worshipfull Sir Henrie Bedingfield in the countie of Norffolke knight, George Wilson wisheth in this world, health, wealth, and prosperitie: and in the world to come, eternall felicitie."

A short epistle "to the reader whosoever." This treatise is divided into six chapters, and commences as follows with the creation:

"It is written in ths first chapter of the first booke of Moses, called Genesis: that God gaue vnto man soueraigntie, rule, and diminio ouer the fishes in the sea, ouer the fowles of the air; and ouer euery liuing thing that he had made: and behold, it was exceeding good, and was appointed vnto man for to doe him homage and to serue him in all places, and times, in his seuerall and necessary vses, and not onely for clothing and sustenance for his bodie; but also for recreation and pastime, to delight his minde: as with cocke-fighting, hawking, hunting, and such like. For honest recreation is not prohibited by the word of God: but rather tollerated and allowed."

In the fourth chapter the writer observes: "another thing now commeth into my minde, which I noted in the disputation betweene Maister Barnes and Stephen Gardiner, Maister Barnes preaching in London at Paule's crosse, compared himselfe to a cocke of the game, and Stephen Gardiner to another: but (quoth he) Stephen hath no spurres, signifying thereby, that (in his opinion) Gardiner was not so well armed at all points, to endanger and offend his aduersarie as himselfe was."

Of

Of the superiority of the cock over the phœnix and of the diversion over hawking, he thus discourses in the second chapter. "The phœnix is much prized of many, but not more praysed of all then the cocke is, for the one is not so worthy of commendations for her rarenesse and chastitie (which commeth of necessity, because there is no more of that kind) as the other is for his courage and constancie, who (though be hath great societie) will rather die, then derogate from any of his company. Master Michaell Drayton, an excellent poet, now liuing in London, in a booke of his called England's Heroicall Epistles, speaking of the phœnix, saith thus.

The Arabian bird that neuer is but one,
Is onely chast because she is alone;
But had our mother nature made them two,
They would haue done as doues and sparrowes doe.

Now what doth the doue, but by his billing beget others, or the sparrow, (but as the cocke doth) by treading, ingender, breede, and increase his own kind. And had the phœnix a pheere to doe so with, she would (in short time) grow to this passe, to be neither so chast, nor so rare as she now is. Joue's armour bearer, the eagle, is euery way greater, but no way so good as the cocke is: for though he be the king of birds, and therefore feared of all, yet he is a greedy and a deuouring cormorant that prayes vpon them, and therefore beloued of none. Our faulkons and other swift winged hawkes will sore hye, and sometimes delight vs a little: but the pleasure and pastime which they make vs is nothing in comparison of that which our cockes yeeld vs. And yet hawking is a sport of many great personages, and braue spirited gentlemen, much vsed, and mightily accounted of, and to speake as I thinke: it is a thing that deserueth both to be loued, and commended: yet cockes afford vs farre more pleasure, than hawkes can, though hawkes be ten times more chargeable, and troublesome, and require ten times more attendance than our cockes doe*."

Of the building of the cock-pit at Whitehall, he says,

"Our late prince of famous memorie king Henrie the eight, did take such pleasure and wonderfull delight in the cocks of the game, that he caused a most sumptuous, and stately cock-pit to be erected in Westminster, wherein his maiestie might disport himselfe with cocke-fighting, among

* In another place is an allusion to the "sqeaking castrell or a scuruie hobbie."

his

his most noble and louing subjects, who in like manner did affect that pastime so well, and conceiued so good an opinion of it, not onely because the king was so addicted to it, but also in regard of the great valor and incomparable courage that the cockes shewed in their battels; the which did inflame their hearts, that they caused cocke-pits to be made in many citties, boroughes, and townes throughout the realme. To which cock-pits resorted both dukes, earles, lords, knights, gentlemen, and yeomen, there to recreate and delight themselues with cocke-fighting."

In the last chapter he relates that there was "no longer agoe, than the 4th day of May, 1602, at a cocke-fighting in the citie of Norwich aforesayd a cocke called Tarleton (who was so intituled, because he alwayes came to the fight like a drummer, making a thundering noyse with his winges) which cocke fought many battels, with mighty and fierce aduersaries....Many more commendations than I have rehearsed may be given unto them, and many farre more excellent things might be spoken of them, both in regard of their nature, nurture, vertues, qualities, and courage, than either I have expressed, or am any way able to expresse sufficiently: wherefore I am resolved to leaue that Herculanean taske for some more blessed brain to take in hand: and onely content my selfe with that which I haue already done, not doubting but that in time this illiterate and imperfect embrion will intimate and allure some of Appolloes sacred heires, some at Thamisis sweet singing swans, some heauen inspired soule enchanting poet, to carrole forth at full, in high and heart pleasing strains, their dere and well deserued praises: which thing I would be most glad of, and will hartily pray for.

J. H.

¶ *A Search for Money, or The lamentable complaint for the losse of the wandring Knight, Mounsieur l'Argent. Or, Come along with me, I know thou louest money. Dedicated to all those that lack money. Frange nucis tegmen, si cupis esse nucem. By William Rowley. Imprinted at London for Joseph Hunt, and are to be solde at Newgate Market, neere Christ Church gate.* 1609. qto. 18 leaves.

The author, by his epistle dedicatory, wishes "to his entire and deare-esteemed friend, Maister Thomas Hobbs, health on earth, temporall and higher happinesse eternall.....Money, [he says] whose best part is but earth, whose too much worshipt greatnesse, in my iudgment, is but a bare-legd passage through many

many acres of briers, for a handfull of rushes on the other side, (being found not worth halfe the toile) but vse his companie as I do, and that's as I weare my gloues some-time on, some-time of, and many times leefe them quite, take this, to refuse it: the next search I make (God willing) shall bee for wisdome, and then, if you will go along with me, weele pace together: till then, farewell. Yours, William Rowley."

Dedication:—"To all those that lack money. Gentlemen, for so much you may be that want money, and more they cannot bee that haue it, (bee that your comfort,) yee are indeed the onelie *Mœcenasses* and patrons of poesie, but for your weake purses there are alwaies ioyned willing hearts, and, if not deedes, at the least goodwordes: (*Simile simili gaudet*) I ioye, *most respected benefactors*, in your fellowshippe, for from me yee are like to receiue nothing but good words, will yee now vndertake an equall trauell with me (I know not yet whither) and let the destinies (if they will) reward our paines. I know the walkes in Paules are stale to yee, yee could tell extemporally, I am sure, how many paces t'were betweene the quire and the west dore, or, like a *Suffolke* man, answere at the second question, dead sure: there hath beene (many of yee) seene measuring the longitude and latitude of More-fields any time this two yeares and vpwards; all but in the hard season of the great frost, and then yee slid away the time vpon the Thames; yee haue beene either eare or eye witnesses, or both, to many madde voiages made of late yeares, both by sea and land; as the trauell to Rome with the returne in certaine daies, the wild morrise to Norrige, the fellowes going backward to Barwick, another hopping from Yorke to London, and the transforming of the top of Paules into a stable, to these and many more, ad one more, what oddes with him now that will bring yee to the place where your lost and long wisht friend Mounsier Money is within two houres? me thinkes yee smile now? but you would laugh if it were so indeede, you thinke it not possible now, you having searcht so diligentlie and are yet without him, but pluck vp a good hart, hire but this hackney and (*vita pro vita*) hee will bring yee to the place for the prise of a peck of oates, tis no great charge, along with him but pace him not too fast for feare of stumbling, if yee dislike this voiage, returne to my stable againe, if I horse yee not for better profit, turne from a *Gentile* to a *Jew*, and spit at me, there has beene time and labor (a little of both) to bring him to this small growth. *Vale: frustra nihil.* Your ioynt friend in estate. William Rowley."

This trifle is the production of William Rowley the dramatic writer, and now first known. It has a vein of

of low humour similar to that which diversifies the pages of Deckar and other contemporary pamphleteers. In the privy search for the wandring knight, Mounsieur Money, they pass a lane near a ditch in the city, which from the description may be applied to Rosemary lane, as close upon Tower ditch.

"Beeing now in the cittie we concluded, *sit fas aut nefas*, to end our enquirie there ere wee past it, and at the instant, as wee were againe entring, wee spied a streete on the left hand (the verie hand that hell stands on,) all adorned like a most famous infamous ward rope, for there were executed and hung, some by the necke, some by the heeles, many innocent garments, whose first owners themselves were hung (most of them) on the other side of the citty, and now the garments (for their maisters crime) suffered the second place of paine, and were there tortur'd to bee purged in the ayre of some infections that yet either run or crept vpon them: we did immagine that our lost mounsier had been there at the receit thereof, but sure he would not lodge nor abide amongst such a tribe of Jewish brokers, yet hauing opportunity to aske, for then met vs one that had newly ransomed a long executed sute, and had of purpose chose it to see if it could conduct him the same way the former owner was gone. (For indeed he meant to weare it to the proofe.) Of him we askt who might bee the patron and furnisher of this large wardrope, he answered vs that the furnisher of that place was as mad a hangman as any was about the towne; nay, there was none like him, his name was *Don Carnifexius Crackonecko Dericko*, a rare fellow (for there was none such), and it was doubted whether he were a magician or no, for he vsed to ride in the ayre of *Pacolet's* wooden horse, marrie hee was a clowne in one thing, he neuer ridde with bridle, but a base halter alwaies, and that was to shew hee could raine his mare without a bit, and a mare it was by approbation, for shee casts many colts, and that was with his vnmercifull backing of her so neere her teeming time, nay (saies hee), hee is a very Alexander, for none but himselfe dares mount his Bucephalus, but it is in daunger of death ere hee comes to the ground, nay, his own seruant (by credible report) that had well broke and often managed her, for offering to get vppe the wrong way, was throwne and broke his neck."

J. H.

Caxton's

Caxton's Cato Pagnus, 1483.

"Here begynneth the prologue or prohemye of the booke callyd Caton, whiche booke hath ben translated in to Englysshe by Mayster Benet Burgh, late Archedeken of Colchestre and hye chanon of saint stephens at Westmestre, which ful craftly hath made it in balade ryal for the erudicion of my lord Bousher, sone & heyr at that tyme to my lord the erle of Estsex And bycause of late cam to my hand a book of the said Caton in Frensshe, whiche reherceth many a fayr lernynge and notable ensamples, I haue translated it oute of frensshe in to Englysshe, as al along here after shalle appiere, whiche I presente vnto the Cyte of London."

Colophon.

"Here fynyssheth this present book whiche is sayd or called Cathon translated oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe by William Caxton in thabbay of Westmynstre the yere of oure lord MCCCC lxxxiii, And the fyrst yere of the regne of kynge Rychard the thyrd the xxiii day of december."

On the reverse of the first leaf of the Proheme, at the end of that part which is copied by Mr. Dibdin (I. 198), Caxton records that Poggius the Florentine "*held Cathon glossed for the best book in his library.*" He thus goes on

"Thenne syth that he that was so noble a clerke helde this book for the best, doubtles, hit must folowe that this is a noble booke, and a vertuous, and suche one that a man may eschewe alle vyces and ensiewe vertue. Thenne to thende that this sayd book may prouffyte vnto the herars of it, I byseche Almyghty god that I may acheue and accomplysshe it vnto his laude and glorye And to therudicion and lernynge of them that ben ygnorauꝫt that they maye thereby prouffyte and be the better. And I requyre and byseche alle suche that fynde faute or errour, that of theyr charyte they correcte and amende hit. And I shalle hertely praye for them to Almyghty god, that he rewarde them.

In this smal lytyl booke is conteyned a short and prouffitable doctryne for all maner of peple, the whiche is taken and composed vpon the said book of Cathon with some addicions and auctoritees of holy doctours & prophetes. And also many Historyes & ensamples autentyke of holy faders & auncient Cronycles trewe & approuued Item this lytell booke shalle be deuyded in two partyes pryncipal. The fyrst partye pryncipal is the proheme whiche begynneth Cum animaduerterem.

animaduerterem. And endureth unto Itaque deo supplica- The second partye pryncipal is the trayttye and alle the maner of this present book, whiche begynneth Itaque deo supplica, an endureth vnto the ende of the sayd lytel booke. Item this second partye pryncipal is deuyded in two partyes, the first is in prose, and the second in verse, the fyrst partye whiche is in prose begynneth Itaque deo supplica. And endureth unto Si deus est animus, the which contayneth lvi commaundements. Item the seconde partye whiche is in verse, is subdyuyded in to foure partyes. The fyrst begynneth at Si deus est animus, & endureth unto Telluris si forte, the whiche conteyneth fourty commaundements. The second partye begynneth at Telluris si forte, & endureth vnto, Hoc quicunque velis, whiche conteyneth xxxv commaundements. The third partye hoc quicunque, & endureth to Securam quicunque, whiche conteyneth xxvi commaundements, the fourthe partye begynneth at Securam, and endureth vnto thende of the book. And conteyneth lvj commaundements. And soo this present lytel booke conteyneth in somme two honderd xiij commaundements, as wel in prose as in verse. But to thende that thystoryes and examples that ben conteyned in this lytel book may be lyghly founden, And also for to knowe vpon what commaundementes they ben adiousted and alledged, they shall be sette and entytled by maner of Rubrysshe in the commaundement vponwhiche eche shalle be conteyned and alledged. iij

Then on the reverse of this leaf commences the table, which continues through the two following leaves.

I select the following specimen from the body of the work, (b. vij) because it contains a story sufficiently whimsical.

" *Meretricem fuge.*

How oughtest to flee the comyn & folysshe wymmen t and the bawdes and theyr decepcions. For they ben more subtyl than the deuyl. Item thow oughtest to holde the by thy wyf yf thou be maryed. Saynt Crisostom sayth that he is a fole whiche leueth his good and trewe wyf and holdeth other comyn wymmen in his felawshyp. Peter alphons reherceth in his book, that in spayne wythin the cyte of hyspalensy was a moche fayre and a good bourgeys wyf and wel beloued of her husbond. It happed that a yonge clerke was enamowred of hyr, and many tymes prayed & requyred hir of loue, but for no thynge she wold neuer consente to hit. Thenne whan the clerke sawe that he was refused he enterd in to suche a malencolye, that better he semed to be deed, thenne on lyue, but nyghe his hows dwellyd a maquerel or bawde whiche had grete acqueyntaunce wyth the sayd bourgeyse. And

whan

whan the sayd bawde knewe that the sayd clerke was in suche poynte; she came for to speke wyth hym and dimaunded of hym what he eyled and why he was in so grete malencolye and comforted hym and dyd so moche that she knewe al his fayte. And in dede the clarke made bargayn with the sayd olde bawde for to fynde the meanes that he myght haue his plesure of the sayd bourgeys wyf and for to fulfylle his wylle and his entencion. This olde bawde had a lytill catte whiche she named pasquette the which she kepte wythout ony mete or drynke the space of thre dayes, and after she gaue to the catte a lytel flesshe with right stronge mustard, and after she wente for to speke wyth the sayd bourgeys wyf and ledde with hir her lytel catte, but bycause that she had eten the sayd mustard she dyd none other but wepte euer. And thenne the good wyf demaunded of the bawde why her catte wepte and syghed so sore. And she syghyng and wepyng answerd, Helas my lady, my catte whiche ye see and I haue cause ynough for to wepe, Wherfore sayd the wyf I praye you that ye wyl telle to me the cause. Helas sayd the olde bawde, my lady I dar not telle hit to you. Neuerthelesse the bourgeys wyf prayed hyr so moche, that she tolde hit to hir, sayeng madame syth hit pleseth to you, I shal telle hit to you, this catte whiche ye now see here is myn owne doughter, the whiche by the wylle and plesure of god hath ben transfourmed in to a catte bycause that a yonge man loued hit, but neuer for no thynge she wold not accorde for to doo his plesure and wylle. Wherfore the goddes were wroth and torned hir in to a catte as ye may see. And therfore she wepeth thus contynuelly, & whan she wepeth I can not holde me but that I must wepe. How sayd the bourgeys wyf ye say wonder, is hit trouthe that ye say, the whiche sware that hit was veray trouthe Helas sayd the bourgeys wyf whiche beleuyd lightly, knowest thou not suche a yonge clerke. Yes my lady I knowe hym ful wel, Certeynly sayd the bourgeys wyf he hath prayed me of loue, and hath offered to me many grete yeftes, but neuer for no thynge I ne wold consente ne graunte hys plesure, wherfore as I suppose he is in grete thought and malencolye, and therfore yf hit were sothe that thou sayest, I shold be torned in to a catte as thy doughter is, yf the goddes ben wrothe with me, Certeynly sayd the bawde yf ye holde thus longe the sayd clerke in that payne and languor, ye are in grete parelle for to be transformed from your fayre fourme, in to the lykenesse and fourme of a catte and ye shal therfore wepe al the tyme of your lyf, wherfore my dere lady, I counceyl you, or the goddes be wrothe vpon you, that ye doo after the wylle of the sayd clerke, For yf ye were torned in to a lityl catte ye shold be dyshonourd & ye shold be cause of the shame and dyshonoure perpetuell of your lynage, Thus

the sayd bourgeys wyf whiche doubted the furour and wrath of the goddes and the shame & dyshonour bothe of hir self and of her parentes, byleuynge the wordes of the forsayd olde bawde, consented wythin her herte to doo the wylle and plesure of the sayd clerke, And thenne with grete sygheng and malencolyes, for doubte that wors shold come to hit, sayd to the sayd olde woman that she wold goo toward the sayd clerke and that she shold telle to hym that he wold come for to speke with hir, and that of hyr he shold haue his plesure, Thenne was the olde bawde ioyeful and gladde, and after wente to the sayd clerke & said to hym that he shold make good chere, and that Incontynente he shold goo toward the bourgeys wyf & that of hir he shold haue al that shold please to hym, The whiche clerke wente Incontynent thyder and payed the bawde as he had promysed to hyr, And thus he had hys wylle of the sayd bourgeys wyf." *

I will give another specimen, more in the general manner of the book, from the reverse of sign. G. iij.

" *Cum tibi diuicie superant in fine senecte*
Munificus facito, viuas non parcus amicis."

How oughtest to be lyberalle and large at the ende of t thy dayes vnto thy frende, and noo nygarde, that is to wete when thou hast wherof and that thy rychesses are ouermoche, and more than to thyn estate nedeth for to be holden, For thou oughtest to gyue and to departe some to thy parentes and frendes, & to do therwith almesses to the poure membyrs of Jhesu cryst, Saynt ambrose sayth that yf thou gyuest not mete & drynke to hym that deyeth for hungre yf thou hast wherof, thou thyself sleest and puttest hym to dethe and arte cause of hys dethe."

From a copy in the library at Lee near Canterbury.

¶ *Old Meg of Herefordshire, for a Mayd-Marian: and Hereford Towne for a Morris-daunce; or Twelue Morris-Dancers in Herefordshire, of twelue hundred yeares old. Grata Senectus homini parilis Iuuentæ. London, Printed for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at his shop, at the great South doore of Paules.* 1609. 4to. 10 leaves. b. l.

[Dedicated] " To that renowned Ox-leach, old Hall, Taborer of Herefordshire, and to his most inuincible Weather-beaten Nutbrowne Taber, being alreadie old and sound, threescore yeares and vpward.

* The incidents of this story only slightly vary from those of the *Lay of Dame Sirith*, ante p. 193.

" To

"To thee (old Hall) that for thy age and art mightest haue cured an oxe that was eaten at Saint Quintin's, that for thy warlike musicke mightest haue strucke vp at Bullen, when great Drummes wore broken heades, thy little continuall taber had beene enough to haue put spirit into all the souldiers. Now Twiere-pipe that famous Southre Taberer with the Cowleyan windpipe, who for whuling hath beene famous through the Globe of the world, did euer gaine such renowne and credite by his pipe and Tabor, as thou (old Hall) by striking vp to these twelue hundred yeares moris dauncers:* nor art thou alone (sweet Hall) a most exquisite Taber-man, but an excellent Oxe-leach, and canst pleasure thy neighbours. The people of Herefordshire are beholding to thee, thou giuest the men light hearts by thy pype, and the women light heeles by thy Taber. O wonderfull pyper, O admirable Taber-man, make vse of thy worth, euen after death, that art so famously worthy in thy life, both for thy age, skill, and thy vnbruized Taber, who these threescore yeares has kept her maydenhead sound and vncrackt, and neither lost her first voyce, or her fashion: once for the countreyes pleasure imitate that Bohemian Zisca, who at his death gaue his souldiers a strict commaund, to flea his skin off, and couer a Drum with it, that

* Brand, among his notes on the Morris Dancers (see *Observations on ancient Popular Antiquities*, qto. 1813, Vol. II. p. 208,) has the following account of another, by eight persons. "A few years ago, a May Game, or Morris dance, was performed by the following eight men in Herefordshire, whose ages, computed together, amounted to 800 years: J. Corley, aged 109; Thomas Buckley, 106; John Snow, 101: John Edey, 104; GeorgeBailey, 106; Joseph Medbury, 100; John Medbury, 95; Joseph Pidgeon, 79." Though neither of these ancients are named in the above tract, it is probable the dance took place at no great distance of time from that period, and is the "May game, or Morris-dance, consisting of eight men," mentioned by Lord Bacon, as happening "a few yeares since in the Countie of Hereford." See *History Naturall and Experimentall of Life and Death*, 1638. The same story is also commented on in the following extract from *Vinetum Britannicum: or a treatise of Cider*, by J. Worlidge, Gent. 1691. "The constant use of this liquor (Cider) either simple or diluted, hath been found by long experience to avail much to health and long life; preserving the drinkers of it in their full strength and vigour even to very old age; witness that famous history in my Lord Bacon's History of Life and Death, of eight men that but a little before his time danced a Morris-dance, whose age, computed together, made eight hundred years; for what some wanted of one hundred years, others exceeded. These were reported to be tenants of one mannour, belonging to the Earl of Essex at that time, and to be constant Cider-drinkers. And divers other presidents of the like nature, Herefordshire, Glocestershire, &c. can furnish you withall." p. 23.

aliue & dead, he might sound like a terror in the eares of his enemies: so thou sweete Hereford Hall, bequeath in thy last will, thy velom-spotted skin, to couer Tabors: at the sound of which to set all the shires a dauncing.

"Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian, and Heretowne for a Morris daunce. The courts of kings for stately measures, the citie for light heeles, and nimble footing: Westerne men for gambouls: Middlesex * men for tricks aboue grou'd: Essex men for the Hey: Lancashire for Horne-pypes: Worcestershire for Bag-pypes: but Herefordshire for a Morris-daunce, puts downe not onely all Kent, but verie neare (if one had line enough to measure it) three quarters of Christendome. Neuer had Saint Sepulchre's a truer ring of bels: neuer did any silke-weauer keepe brauer time with the knocke of the heele: never had the dauncing horse a better tread of the toe: neuer could Beuerley Faire giue money to a more sound taborer, nor euer had Robin Hood a more deft Mayd-Marian.

"If your eares itch after this old (but yet no stale) wonder, let them itch no more (for why should any man's ears itch longer then is reason) you shall haue them tickled presently with the neb of my pen; vnderstand therefore (if at least you haue so much spare wit left you, as to vnderstand) that in the merriest moneth of the yeare, which last did take his leaue of vs, and in that moneth, as some report, lords went a maying, the wombe of the Spring being great with child of pleasure, brought forth (iust about that time) a number of knights, esquiers and gallants (of the best sort) from many partes of the land † to meete at a horse-race neere Hereford, in Herefordshire.

* Middlesex could not then claim the pre-eminence afterwards obtained in possessing the tallest May-pole "in all our land." It was erected in the Strand opposite May-pole alley, now the scite of Newcastle street, and in a poem dated 1634, said to have rivalled "the lofty spire of Clarken-well." However, the cockneys do not appear to have become such proficients in the games as to exclude the itinerant morris-dancers. Hence, in the tract of *Coach and Sedan, pleasantly disputing for place and precedence, the Brewers Cart being Moderator*, 1636, it is said, "talking in this manner, unexpected, there comes by a Morrice-dance of countrey-fellows; away goes Powell [a waterman] and takes the Maide-Marian, and the foole along to a taverne; the promiscuous by-standers left us to follow the Morrice Dancers." The scene of this dispute was *Jack-an-apes* lane, which, I believe, led from Little Lincolns' Inn Fields, into Chancery Lane.

† In *Poor Robin's Intelligence*, "from St. Mark's day till the morrow after Milk Maid's holiday," 1676, is the following description of the same period, in the metropolis.—"London and Westminster, May 1. This day there is nothing but pomp and jollity all

shire. [At this race, some wit, riper than the rest, and probably the author, raised expectation of a more lively meeting in 1609. He] vndertooke to bring a hobbie-horse to the race that should out-runne all the nags which were to come thither and to hold out in a longer then any would be there.

"The circle of time running round..... Innes were lodgings for lords: Baucis and Philæmon's house (had it stood theer) would haue beene taken vp for a knight. The streetes swarmed with people, the people staring and ioyfully welcomming whole brauies of gallants, who came brauely flocking on horseback like so many lustie aduenturers. Bath made her waters to boile vp and swell like a spring-tide with the ouerflowing of her owne teares, which fell from her eies through griefe, to see her dearest guests leaue her for the loue of a horse-race at Hereford. *.....

"What man would not wonder to see fire strucke out of yce? to see dead ashes kindled againe, and to yeelde fire? to see saples trees in the depth of winter laden with mellow apples, and to see those apples, when they are pluckt and cut, to grow againe. This wonder was as great, the accomplishment of it as strange.

"Age is no bodie (in trials of the bodie) when youth is in place, it giues the other the bucklers: it stands and giues aime and is content to see youth act, whiles age sits but as a spectator, because the one does but studie and play ouer the parts, which the other hath discharged in this great and troublesome theater..... To set out the sceane with mirth, as well as with wonder, the state of the whole act, was put into a Morris-

all the town over: those that have the richest coaches and liveries in Hide-park, and they that have the finest cloaths in Grays-Inn-walks, are this day in a very happy condition. But woe be to the hawthorn bushes, that are full of blossoms, they are condemned (like a gentleman in a fray) to be rifled of their gay attire by every mechanick. The play-houses in Moorfields, and the bear-gardens on both sides of the water, are to be thronged with journeymen and apprentices, for whose entertainment they are providing all kinds of fooleries suitable to their capacities; lyons, bears, bulls, dogs, apes, monkeys, baboons, and prize-players (the most ridiculous beasts of all) are this day exposed to the censure of every two-penny spectator, where he that is wounded is esteemed a bungler, and he that is not passes for a cheat."

* The number was at least two or three hundred, and of the better rank. The names are given of Lord Herbert of Ragland; Sir Thom. Somerset; Cha. Somerset; Count Arundel's 2 sons; Sir Edw. Swift; Sir Thom. Mildemay; Sir Rob. Yaxley; Sir Ro. Carey; Sir John Philpot; Sir Ed. Lewes; Sir Fr. Lacon; Sir James Scudamore; Sir Thom: Cornwall; Sir Ro. Bodenham; Sir Thom. Russell; Sir Bascaruile; Sir Th. Conisby; and Sir Geo. Chute.

dance,

daunce. To furnish which fully and rarely, a bill of names able to impannell three or 4 Juries was giuen and read, but only 18 were sworne and had the charge deliuered to them. Those vpon whose heades the *vous auez* was set, being these, that in the next ranke double their fyles, viz.

" *The Morris, and all the Officers attending vpon it.*

" The running horses being too light of foote for vs to follow, be content I pray to stay with vs, and to march along with our Infanterie of Hereford, which thus brauely came on.

" Two Musitions were appoynted (like the Drum maior and Drum minor, to strike vp, and to give the alarum :) the one of them was a Squire borne, and all his sons squires in their cradles. The instrument he tickled was a trebble violim, vpon which he played any old lesson that could be called for: the diuision hee made on the strings being more pleasing then the Diapason. In skill he out-shines blind *Moone of London*, and hath out-played more fidlers, then now sneake vp and downe into all the tauerns there. They may all call him their father, or (if you reckon the yeares rightly which are scored vpon his head) the Musition's grandsire, for this tuneable Squire is one hundred and eight yeares old. *

" Next to Arion (and cheeke by ioule with him in estimation) went old Orpheus, (as a man might, being deceiued, haue taken him) but that hee wanted Orpheus lute. This was old Hall of Hereford; † the wayts of three metropolitane cities, make not more musicke then he can with his pipe and tabor, if at least his head be hard-brac'd with nappie ale..... The wood of this olde Hall's Tabor should haue beene made a paile to carie water in at the beginning of king Edward the sixt's raigne: but Hall (being wise because hee was euen then reasonably well strucken in yeares) saued it from going to the water, and conuerted it in those days to a Tabor. So that his Tabor hath made batchelers and lasses daunce round about the May-poll, three-score sommers one after another in order, and is yet not worme-eaten. And noble Hall himselfe hath stoode (like an oake) in all stormes, by the space of four-score and seuenteene winters, and is not yet falling to the ground.

" The marshales of the field were foure: these had no great stomacke to daunce in the Morris, but took upon them the office of whiflers. ‡

* Squire of Hereford, a Musition. 108. *Margin.*

† Harrie Rudge the Taborer. *Mar.*

‡ In an advertisement of a Mock procession, relative to Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, in 1680, there are " six whifflers in caps, like pioneers, to make a way."

[These

[These were 1. Thomas Price, of Clodacke, upon whose cheeks age had written 105 years. 2. Thomas Andros, of Begger Weston; he carried upon his back 108 years. 3. William Edwards, of Bodenham, of 108 years, with the comfort of a young wife, and his age honoured with a child of six years old. 4. John Sanders, of Walford, an iron-worker, of 102 years.]

"Doe you not long to see how y^e. Morris-dancers bestir their legs; lift vp your eyes, leape vp behind their heads that stand before you, or else get vpon stalls, for I heare their bells, and behold here they come.

"Of twelue in the whole teeme, the foreman was James Tomkins, of Lengerren, a gentleman by birth; neither loued of fortune, nor hated of her, for he was neuer so poore as to be pittied, nor euer so rich as to be enuied: when he had bin a dweller in the world fourescore and eighteene yeares, he maried a wife of two and fiftie yeares old; she brought him a child that's now eight yeares old (liuing) the father himselfe hauing now the glasse of his life running to fill vp the full number of one hundred and six yeares.

"After him comes lustily dauncing John Willis, of Dormington, a bone-setter: he had gotten such skill by placing other mens bones in order, when they were strucke out of ioynt, that he would neuer suffer his owne to be displaced, and by that meanes was so lustie at legges now, that albeit he carried about him the full weight of one hundred yeares, yet he was not seen to lye behind his fellowes, but went foote by foote with the foremost. His dauncing was fit to his yeares and his purpose in being one of the Morris, was both honest and charitable, for he bestowed his person vpon them, with intent to be readie at hand if any dislocation should be wrought vpon any ioynt in his old companions, by fetching loftie trickes, which, by all meanes possible, they were sworne to auoide.

"Roome for little Dick Phillips, of Middleton; how nimbly he shakes his heeles; wel danc'd, old heart of oake; and yet as little as he seemes, his courage is as big as the hobbie-horses, for the fruits of his youth (gathered long agon) are not yet withered. His eldest sonne is at this present four score yeares of age, and his second sonne, may now reckon three score: at our Lady day last he made vp the yeares of his life iust one hundred and two.

"Now falls into his right place William Waiton, of Marden, with a hundred and two yeares at his heeles, and that you may know he neuer swore in his life, he was an old fisher, and of a cleane man, an excellent fowler, the first yeare of King Henrie the eight.

"Here slips in William Mosse, who, contrarie to his name, had no mosse at his heeles; little can he say of himselfe, and

I as

I as little of him, but that he beares the age of a hundred and sixe.

"Now cast your eyes vpon Thomas Winney, of Holmer, an honest subsidie man, dwelling close by the towne; he dances with a hundred yeares about him wheresoeuer he goes, if the church-yard and crampe take him not before Midsommer.

"But how like you John Lace, of Madley, a taylor, and an excellent name for it. In his youth he was a hosier, and a special good codpiece maker, being borne before the discension betweene *cloath breeches and veluet breeches*,* he carries foure score and seuenteen sommers about him, and faine would borrow three yeares of James Tomkins, to make him a hundred; and James may very well spare them, and yet leaue three toward the intrest.

"But what say you to John Carelesse? You let him passe by you and seeme as carelesse as he, a man of fourescore and sixteene at Midsommer next; he hath beene a dweller in Homlacie three score yeares and two, and knowne to be a tall man, till now he begins to be crooked; but for a bodie and a beard he becomes any Morris in Christendome.

"At the heeles of him follows his fellow William Maio, of Egelton, an old souldier, and now a lustie laborer and a tall man; fortie yeares since being grievously wounded, he carried his liuer and his lights home halfe a mile, and you may still put your finger into them but for a thin skin ouer them; and for all these stormes he arriues at fourscore and seuenteene, and dances merrily.

"But looke you who here comes, John Hunt, the Hobby-horse, wanting but three of an hundred, 'twere time for him to forget himselfe, and sing, *but O, nothing but O*, the Hobby-horse is forgotten: † the maide-marrian following him, offers to lend him seuen yeares more, but if he woulde take vp ten in the hundred his company are able to lend them.

"But now giue way for the Maide-Marrian, old Meg Goodwin, the famous wench of Erdisland, of who Maister Weauer, of Burton, that was fourscore and ten yeares old, was wont to say, she was twentie yeares elder then he, and he dyed ten yeares since. This old Meg was at Prince Arthur's death at Ludlow, and had her part in the dole: she was three-

* Probably an allusion to R. Greene's tract under that name.

† *But O, nothing but O, the Hobby-horse is forgotten.* Probably the burthen of some ballad, sufficiently in repute at the time to have made the line almost proverbial. In the last of three songs, mentioning the Morris-dance, and given in our first volume, at p. 343, 347—8, we have "the hobby-horse was quite forgot." The sentence is nearly the same as that used in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in part repeated in *Hamlet*. Undoubtedly all were derived from the same authority.

score

score yeares (she saith) a maide, and twentie yeares otherwise; that's what you will, and since hath beene thought fit to be a Maide-Marrian.

"Welcome John Mando; he was borne at Cradly, a very good two hand-sword man, of the age of an hundred at blacke monday last, and serues in place of Morgan Deede, who climes to that age within foure yeares, here present dwelling in the towne, but he has a great desire to keepe his bed, and be spared. . . . .

"But will you know what fashion was obserued amongst the Musitians, and what habits the dauncers tooke vpon them; here take a view of both. The musitians and the twelue dancers, had long coates of the old fashion, hie sleeues gathered at the elbowes, and hanging sleeues behind: the stuffe red buffin, stript with white, girdles with white, stockings white, and redde roses to their shooes: the one sixe a white Jewes cap with a jewell, and a long red feather: the other a scarlet Jewes cap with a jewell, and a white feather: so the Hobbi-horse, and so the Maid-Marrion was attired in colours: the Wiflers had long staues, white and red. And after the daunce was ended, diuerse courtiers that won wagers at the race, tooke those colours and wore them in their hats.

"*The speech spoken before the Morris.*

"Ye seruants of our mightie king,
That came from court one hundred mile,
To see our race, and sport this spring:
Ye are welcome, that is our country stile,
And much good doe you, we are sorie
That Hereford hath no better for yee.
A horse, a cocke, trainsents, a bull,
Primero, gleeke, hazard, mumchance:
These sports through time are growne so dull,
As good to see a morris dance:
Which sport was promised in iest,
But payd as truly as the rest.
A race (quoth you) behold a race,
No race of horses but of men:
Men borne not ten miles from this place,
Whose courses outrun hundreds ten:
A thousand yeares on ten mens backs,
And one supplies what other lacks.

"*The Lenuoy.*

"This is the Lenuoy (you may gather)
Gentlemen, Yeomen, Groomes, and Pages,
Lets pray Prince Henrie, and his father,
May outliue all these ten mens ages:

And

And he that mocks this application,
Is but a knaue past reformation.

"This speech spoken, old Hall strucke vp, and the Morris-dauncers fell to footing, whilest the whiflers in their office, made roome for the hobby horse.

"And howe doe you like this Morris-daunce of Herefordshire? Are they not braue olde youths? Haue they not the right footing? the true tread? comely lifeting vp of one legge, and actiue bestowing of the other? Kemps morice to Norwich was no more to this then a galliard on a common stage, at the end of an old dead comedie, is to a caranto daunced on the ropes.....

"How many tailors that skipping from their shoppe-boords on Saterday nights, lay waite onlie for weddings on the Sunday following, wasting their capers many times on filthie rotten mutton, and dauncing out their working-day gettings on holi-day spendings: how many of these, I say, would be able to set vp a morris at those yeares which Hereford here doth reckon? The great grand-fathers, fathers, of threescore such nimble footed linnen-armourers will neuer be able to put into the needle of life a threed so long, so strong, and so round: no, they eate away their dayes too fast, and drink vp their nights in surfeits: hee that can draw out the wire of his age (in these licentious cockney-endes of the worlde) to fortie yeares, is an olde man, and giues vp his cloake for riding on a Hobby-horse, or for playing any youthfull tricks besides.

"A taylor at fortie yeares is glad to trust to his yard, and walkes leaning vpon that. A fencer at thirtie (by reason of his knocking) takes any foyle to be a staffe to his age. A waterman at fiftie yeares falles from water to drinking of ale, onely to keepe life and soule togither. A vintner at threescore has legges no bigger then a crane, they are so wasted with running. But here is a doozen of yonkers, that haue hearts of oak at fourescore yeares: backes of steele at fourescore and ten, ribbes of yron at a hundred, bodies sound as belles, and healthfull (according to the Russian prouerbe) as an oxe when they are trauelling downe the hill, to make that one hundred and twentie.

"These shewed in their dauncing, and mooning vp and downe, as if Mawlborne hilles, in the verie depth of winter, when all their heades are couered (in steade of white woollie cappes) with snow, had shooke and dauuced at some earthquake....

"Alas! what doe I see? Hold Taborer, stand Hobby-horse, Morris-dauncers lend vs your hands, behold one of the nimble-legd old gallants, is by chance falne down, and is either so heauy, so weary, so vnactiue of himselfe, or else fiue of his fellowes are of such little strength, that all their armes are put vnder

vnder him (as leauers) to lift him vp, yet the good olde boyes cannot set him on his feete. Let him not lie for shame, you that haue (all this while) seene him daunce, and though hee bee a little out of his part, in the verie last act of all, yet hisse at nothing, but rather (because it is begd for God's sake.) *Summi* Jouis *causa plaudite.* Finis." *

To the above amusing detail of the characters and manner of the English Morris dance, as performed two centuries ago, the popularity of the subject may allow me to add, as a supplement, some account of the May-games, as exhibited in the neighbourhood of Longcombe, Oxfordshire, about 1774; which, though modern, is worthy preservation.

The May-games were, at that period, planned by the sons of wealthy farmers, who undertook the burthen of the expense in case the want of success should leave any undefrayed. Some convenient spot, near the middle of the village, where the use of a barn could be obtained, was fixt upon, and with a green sufficiently contiguous, where the bower and May-pole could be erected. The intended festival was then announced by the Morris-dancers upon Maunday-Thursday, (if that day fell conveniently,) who made a rotary visit to the halls of the neighbouring gentry, where they usually obtained a seasonable contribution. It was also made known upon the market days at all the adjacent towns.

The May-pole, and a thrave of boughs, to form the bower, were occasionally purchased, but more commonly obtained as a donation. The first, when erected, had the top adorned with a garland of flowers, and the latter being arched over, was made sufficiently capacious for the country-dances.

In the barn, or, as named for the occasion, the Lord's mansion, there were placed several barrels of ale, brewed for the purpose, with cakes newly baked, (for a daily supply of which some neighbouring oven was engaged) and a large quantity of ribbons. The sale of these articles usually exonerated the promoters of the games from any loss.

In chusing the Lord and Lady of the May, care was taken to select a smart active and handsome man, as well as a lively pretty woman, the daughter of some respectable farmer, and to whom it often proved the prelude of obtaining a husband. It is doubtful whether the Lord derived any pecuniary advantage from the revenue that supported his state, though the Lady was allowed daily new shoes and twenty yards of ribbon, and, at the end of the sports, complimented with a guinea.

* The above tract is now reprinting.

"In

In procession the Lady carried a bouquet, which was called her mace, and herself and Lord held each the end of a ribbon, as did their attendants, called my Lord's footman and my Lady's maid, part of whose province was to sell ribbons. The maid also carried a mace, which might be named the mace of mischief, as, to tickle the noses of her admirers, the flowers were often mischievously enwoven with pins as well as briar.

Another attendant, whose province gave life to the show, was called the Squire. His dress was a fanciful compound of those genuine Mimes, the Harlequin, Clown, and Scaramouch. He was furnished with a weapon to prevent the crowd incommoding his Lord and Lady in their progresses. It consisted of a short stick, having at one end a narrow round sand-bag, sewed in tan leather; at the other, the dried tail of a calf. From the last, the incorrigible, on whom the weight of the sand-bag had repeatedly fallen without effect, seldom ventured to provoke a second stripe. The Squire was noted for his loquacity, and was expected to have a wise or foolish speech ready upon every occasion; for by the laughter his nonsense occasioned, was commonly decided his ability to support the character.

Early upon May morning the Lord and Lady, with their attendants, waited by the May-pole for visitors,* whom they preceded in due form, their Squire and two servants leading the way, first to the bower and then to the mansion. Here the company were shewn the curiosities, viz. a flail, hung over a beam, as my Lord's organ; the portrait of a lion for my Lady's lap-dog, and that of an owl for her parrot. The regulations and forfeits of the mansion were also communicated, and finally, the party invited to partake of the refreshments. That being done, the duty of the Lord and Lady ceased, and they returned, with their attendants, to their former station, to wait other visitors. If while they were engaged, as it frequently happened, there arrived a set of Morris dancers, often with all the good folks of their village in company, the whole halted at a distance until the cavalcade could be preceded in due state to the mansion.

No inconsiderable portion of good humour and mirth arose from the non-payment of the forfeits. To call either of the above named curiosities by any other appellation than that as-

* It appears, by the following lines of a song, in Playford's *Choice Songs and Ayres*, 1673, that the visitors formerly made presents on that occasion:

> "About the May-pole we dance all a-round,
> And with garlands of pinks and roses are crown'd;
> Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
> To the gay Lad and bright Lady o' th' May."

signed

signed to it, incurred a fine of sixpence; and he that refused to pay was forced to ride my Lord's horse. This was a wooden machine, about four feet high, borne upon poles, and having the head of a horse with a bridle. Upon this my Lady first mounted, sideways, holding the rein; then the delinquent was placed behind her, and both carried by two men round the May-pole. A fine was often wilfully incurred, as during the ride it became the duty of the swain to salute my Lady; and whether he was a bashful or a gay gallant, the elevation and the deed always proved a subject of merriment for the spectators.

To these festivals the Morris-dancers came in sets far and near. Those from a distance, commonly on horseback, with the manes and heads of the horses decorated with flowers, &c. They usually wore a shirt closely pleated, buckskins, or white linen breeches, cotton stockings, and pumps. Six bells, fixed upon the outside of each leg, the whole dress tastefully adorned with ribbons and white handkerchiefs, or napkins, to use in dancing. In procession, first came the fool, next the piper, and then the dancers; of whom twelve seem to have been the customary number. It was not uncommon for persons to attend them, whose only task was the care of their cloaths.

There were also the dancers of the Bedlam-Morris. They did not wear bells, and were distinguished by high peaked caps (such as are worn by clowns in pantomimes) adorned with ribbons. Each carried a stick about two feet long, which they used with various gestulation during the dance, and, at intervals, struck them against each other. A clown and piper attended them.

The greatest number of Morris-dancers, in that part of England, always assembled in the Whitsun-week at Dover Hill, near the vale of Evesham, in the neighbourhood of Campden, Weston, and Longmaston. There were many booths erected, with various rural sports and gymnastic exercises. *

At the village of Finstock, near Charlbury, Oxfordshire, the Morris is held by prescription, with a right of common, of a considerable extent, by the forest of Whichwood. The young men and maidens claim the right of procuring from the forest as much materials for the bower, as, with the May-pole, they can draw away, always preserving leather harness for that purpose, and when the sports are ended the bower and May-pole are sold, and the money expended in malt, from which is brewed ale for the ensuing year. At Woodstock and Long-

* Dover-hill was probably named after the founder; and the sports, above alluded to, a continuation of the Cotswold games.

combe

combe those articles are usually obtained by the donation of the Duke of Marlborough.

"In conclusion," said my informant, "I may assert that in forty years I have never seen so much innocent mirth, pleasure, and happiness, enjoyed by numbers, as in those meetings. Early in the day the fiddle was heard in the bower, the young were ready, and happy in their mates, and the dance continued, almost without stopping, until the evening, for when some wished to rest there were others crowding near and waiting the opportunity to join the merry throng. The old folks, gaily dressed, were always cheerful, and seemed to have left their little ailments at home. I have heard the May-games censured even by those who partook of them, but who fortunately never saw the vice of a populous city. If there was occasionally a little to reprehend, there never was much to condemn; and it does not follow that recreation must create idleness and vice, because it suspends, for a while, the labour of the poor."

J. H.

¶ *Planetomachia: or the first parte of the generall opposition of the seuen Planets; wherein is Astronomically described their essence, nature, and influence: Diuersly discouering in their pleasaunt and Tragicall histories the inward affections of the mindes, and painting them out in such perfect colours, as youth may perceiue what fond fancies their florishing yeares doe foster: and age clerely see what doting desires their withered heares doe affoorde. Conteyning also a briefe Apologie of the sacred and misticall Science of Astronomie: By Robert Greene, Master of Arts and student in Phisicke.* 1585. *Imprinted at London, for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the great North doore of S. Paules, at the signe of the Byble.* 1585. qto. *

Dedicated to Lord Robert Dudley, Earle of Leicester, Baron of Denbigh, &c. concluding, "right honorable, I haue, mixed melancholie with musicke, and tempered the brawles of the planets with pleasaunt though tragical histories; which if

* Introduction six leaves. Signatures A, B. twice, C to H regular, all in fours; I 3; then C. D. E. of four each and F. 2. In all 59 leaves.

your

your Honour shall accept, my trauell shall be so requited, as if I had obtained most rich treasures. And thus hoping your Honor will pardon my rashnesse, and thinke of my mind more than of my matter, I commit your Honour to the Almightie. Your Honor's in all duetifull seruice to commaund, Robert Greene."

Advertisement. "To the Gentlemen Readers, health. I present here (Gentlemen) vnto your woonted courtesies, a ciuill conflict betweene the seuen planets: not discouering in this pamphlet any straunge or myraculous newes of the opposition or aspect of the starres, but onely shewing their nature and essence, and what proper qualities their celestiall configuration and influence doth infuse into humaine bodies: so that their proper dispositions once knowne, it shall bee easie by their outward affects to iudge what planet is chiefly predominant in his naturall constitution: but that I might not be to tedious to young mindes, I have interlaced my Astronomicall discourse with pleasant tragedies, that your profitable haruest may be gleaned together with delightfull paines. And thus committing my selfe and my labours to your courtesie, I most hartely and humbly bid you farewell. Yours to vse, Robert Greene."

Commendatory verses follow. In Latin, by P. H. *Armiger*; English, by Henry Gale, Master of Artes, and George Meares, Gentleman. Then a brief Apology of the sacred science of Astronomy, and a friendly dialogue, in Latin, between the Author and Francis Hand, Master of Arts, each in eight pages.

The *Planetomachia* is a conversation full of taunts and "biting quips," at a meeting of the fabulous deities, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury and Luna. Venus decyphers Saturn's malignant disposition with a tragical tale, who depicts her disordinate and lawless inclinations in a similar relation. And Jupiter makes a like description of the baneful influence of Mars. Sol, having been appointed moderator in the controversy, stays Mars in reply, the night having cast a dusky mantle over the sky, adjourning the sacred parliament, until Aurora appeared again, and until then directing "all to remaine as friends, without any quarrelous dissentions. Finis. Robert Greene."

J. H.

¶ *A Strange*

¶ *A Strange Horse-Race. At the end of which, comes in the Catch-pols Masque. And after that the Bankrouts Banquet: which done, the Diuell, falling sicke, makes his last Will and Testament, this present yeare.* 1613. *Aliquid latet, quod non patet: Written by Thomas Dekker. London, Printed for Ioseph Hunt, and are to bee sold at his shop in Bedlem, neere Moore-field Gate.* 1613. qto. Sig. G. ij.

Dedicated "to the very worthy, ivditiovs, and vnderstanding gentleman, Thomas Walthal, Esquire. If I put into your hands [says the author] a homely piece of worke (neither so good as you deserue, nor so rich as I do wish it) I must entreat you to blame the vanitie of our times, which are so phantasticall, that they couet suffes, rather slight, to feede the eye with shew, then substantiall for enduring. Let the fashion be French, it is no matter what the cloth be. I haue therefore not (with the sturgeon) swomme against the streame, but followed the humourous tides of this age, and (like Democritus) haue falne a laughing at the world, sithence it does nothing but mocke it selfe. . . . . Beare with the hard-fauourdnesse of the title. The value of a diamond is not lessened by the roughnesse when it is vncut. It can bee no shame to gather a violet, growing close to the ground. Had I better you should enjoy it, such as it is, if you entertaine, I shall rest. Most affectionately deuoted yours, Thomas Dekker."

Then the following advertisement addressed "Not to the Readers: but to the Vnderstanders. He that writes had need to haue the art of a skilfull cooke, for there must be those *condimenta* (seasonings) in his pen, which the other caries on his tongue: a thousand palats must bee pleased with a thousand sawces: and one hundred lines must content fiue hundred dispositions. A hard taske: one sayes, it is too harsh: another, too supple: another, too triuiall: another, too serious. The first reades, and mewes: the second reades, and railes: the third reades, and rackes me: the fourth reades, and rends me. He is tyed to a stake like a beare to bee baited, that comes into Paule's Church-yard to bee read. So that bare readers (I meane not threed-bare) are not *Lectores*, but *Lictores*, they whip bookes, as Dionysius did boyes, whereas to *vnderstanders*, our *libri*, which we bring forth, are our *Liberi* (the children of our braine) and at such hands are as gently intreated as at their parents: at the others, not. The titles of bookes are like painted chimnies in great countrey-houses, make a shew a far off and catch trauellers eyes; but comming nere them, neither cast they smoke, nor hath the house the heart to make you drinke. The title of this booke is like

like a jester's face, set (howsoeuer he drawes it) to beget mirth: but his ends are hid to himselfe, and those are to get money. Within is more then without; you shall not finde the kirnell, vnlesse you both cracke and open the shell. Aliquid latet, quod non patet. Digge vnder the right tree, and it is ten to one but you take vp gold: for in this (as in all other my former *Nocturnis lucubrationibus)* I haue stroue to feed the mind, as well as the body: If one leafe makes you laugh, the next settles your countenance. Tart meates go easily downe, being strewd with sugar: as musicke in tauerns makes that wine go downe merily till it confound vs, which (if the fidlers were not there) would hardly be tasted. So for the sake of the sawce which I haue tempered for this dish, you may (perhaps) eate the meat which otherwise you would not touch. The maine of my building is a *moral labyrinth*; a weake thred guides you in and out: I will shew you how to enter and how to passe through, and open all the roomes, and all the priuate walke, that when you come to them you may know where you are: and these they be—Yet I will not; I know it is more pleasure to finde out the conceitfull deceits of a paire of tarriers, then to haue them discouered. That pleasure be yours, the tarriers are mine. Farewell."

"The Contents of this booke. A strange horse-race. Chariot races. Foot-races. The Sunnes race. The Moones race. Races of winds and water. Races of the Elements. Races of Vertues and Vices. A masque of Catch-pols. Who are Catch-pols. The Diuel's falling sicke. His Will and Legacies. His Recouery. His dam brought to bed with two children. Their Nursing. A banquet of Bankrouts. The comfit-makers inuectiue against bankrouts."

J.H.

¶ *The Shepheard's Holiday.* Fo. pp. 43. MS.

[Dedicated] To the Vertuous { The Lady Kemp / Mrs. Thornton.

"Noble Friends.

"He that is so well acquainted with your bountie in the plentie of your tables may blush to make an eclogue your entertainment; especiallie, to invite to it. Rusticitie and plaine fare, though they seeme not the suiteable wellcome for ladies, are yet sometimes pleasant by the rule of contraries. Your apprehensions being of the acuter pallate, he conceiu'd it fitt to present you, as with no curious, no vulgar cates; the private commendation, or rather the testimoniall in his absence of the respects,

respects, he owes you: which he seemed confident, your ingenious dispositions would not inacceptablie receiue; being both no lesse able to judge of the ingenuitie and intention of the authour, than prudent to haue devested its outward dresse, and discouered the meaning of the poeme, without his setting a hand to the morall. But being moued with a kind of excesse of civillitie to waite vpon your vnderstandings rather than to seeme to instruct you, he hath thought it no vncomelie vndertaking to prefixe the ensueing key or clavis to this pastorall, or eclogue, which might heretofore haue passt for a masque, had it not bene for vizards.

"The Morall. In Dactylon, which is Digitus, a fingar, please to receiue direction to the whole discourse, as the key to the cabinet, or observation of times and humours. Wherein, taking the habit of a palmer (who is a religious travailer) vnder that vmbrage of gravitie he is the fitter to discover dispositions. He lines with old Geron, and is pretended Geron's heyre; signifieing, that observation is the pretended heyre of age: but Areton (which is verme) that travailes, liues abroad and is actiue, is the proper inheritour of the goods of time. That he is the genius of those plaines signifies the intelligence of affaires which conduceth to observation.

"Dalon, is Titio, a fire-brand, that is fired at one end, denoting conjugall loue, and as a brand is lasting, shewes constancie of affection. A brand is to sett other fuell on fire, burning not well alone. Conjugall affection, in like manner, kindleth each other's chast flame. That they keep the feast some time after the marriage is the sobrietie of theire affection, as well as continuance. The feast is the happinesse of each other's enjoyment. The best lambe of theire flocke is a religious example. Dalon is wisedome.

"Beta is the second letter of the Greeke alphabet. The alphabet deciphers a familie. Alpha is Paterfamilias, the lord and master; Beta is the lady, mistris, or dame of the house; the other vowells are the children; the rest of the consonants are the servants; and as these joyned make proper and distinct significations, so the other severallie imployed in oeconomicall vse, or household affaires, conduce to generall action and benefitt. In Beta you may read the vnderstanding, or, if you please to vndraw the curtaine, you may behold loue, modestie, and obedience, and the proper pourtraict of a wife, who seekes knowledge from wisdome, as the husband. The sheepheards bower is the shadow of sober pleasure and contentment.

"Bilkin is the character of temperance, moderation, discretion and judgement, who vnder the sheepheards life commendes innocence of life and retirement from the world. That Bilkin and Vida with Dalon and Beta sitt as moderators shewes that

Dalon's

Dalon's wisedome and knowledge, Beta's loue and modestie, Vida's experience and Bilkin's discretion are all conducent to the faire decision of controversie, which cannot be ended, till they go to Pega's fountaine which is the roote of the cause, and the clear evidence of truth.

Vida is experience.

Vota intimates virginitie; innocence in single life, devotion and contemplation, de ighting in freedome and avoiding marriage, as the commixture with the cares of the world. It signifies also libertie and a desire to commaund. Shee is lost in lover's maze, that is, amused amidst the passions of the mind. The lover's maze represents the world, wherein there are varietie of pathes, of temptations and turnings. Eccho is flatterie. Shee findes her companie by a song, which is, that consideration does reduce her to herselfe againe but not without divine grace. Her garland is bordred with primerose signifying timerousnes; briars-rose, modestie; skye-colour'd virgin's bower, serenitie; violets, gracefullnes of looke and sweet-report; jacinth's, steadines or constancie, which prevents levity and wantonnes; ros-solis, beautie, youth, comelines; golden-flower-gentles, curtesie and warines, resisting temptations; Scarlet-Ione Siluer-pinne, comelie adornment and convenient portion.

Lipsona signifies chast desire; inclines to a married life and defendes lawfull subjection. It is derived from the figure Liptote, which is the shortnes of expression according to greatnes of matter, and Sonus a sound; which is the nature of chast desire; that its modestie is difficult of speech to deliuer the largenes of its apprehensions and the merit of its subject. Her garland of marriage is bordered with marigolds, that is, duty and obedience. The ground is made of pinks, that is, modestie wch. appeares in blushes. It is made of mother of time, good huswifrie. Much-good specifies vertue. Money-wort a proper portion and reasonable maintenance. All heale is meekenes. Angelica, charitie. Rose-willow, continencie. Roses, love and pietie, which liue in the fragrancie of their perfumes, and are said to be a medicine for all things. Iris, as named of its various colours from the rainbow, denotes the covenant of matrimonie; the mindfullnes whereof doth helpe the convulsion of disorderlie passions, and strengthens, or confirmes resolution wch. is the sinewes of the mind. Asphodills conjugall loue wch. allayes the inflammation of theire breasts, and by its assistance or application cures the paine in the side which it heales and helpes each others infirmities. Gold of Pleasure contentment. Gardiner's delight cheerfullnes, and eglantine confidence.

"Tompkin shewes youth and naturall affection and inclination, too much led away with worldlie humane desires, and in-

 temperate

temperate passions: in whom you may read such excesse of loue.

"Jaclin mentioneth humour and pleasance of witt, a despiser of loue.

"Sylvans are rusticke neighbourhood, that frollicke it at solemnities.

"Geron is age, or time.

"Pega shadowes out trueth. As springs rise from vnder ground so trueth, though some time in obscuritie, at last appeareth as cleare as those springs, flowing continuallie. Pega appeares by invocation, and the light of trueth is obtained from the Divine hand by prayer. Pega is a fountaine; shee is a virgin for her puritie, yet married to Cumathalas a triton of the seas.

"χύμα is Vnda, a waue. θαλάσσος is Mare, the sea. Shee is married to a waue of the sea, that is, subject to be tossed and tumbled vp and downe the wide ocean of errour and sea of the world.

"Cumathalas is a favourite to Ops, because the earth receives the waters into her bosome through her many cavernes. Cumathalas warmes her with embraces, both in respect of the saltnes of the water, comming first from sea, and that troubles seeme to make trueth appeare the more liuelie.

"By this time, ladies, I haue led you a long walke; 'tis time to rest you, and for me to kisse your hands with my best wishes; and with most cordiall thankes to render you acknowledgement for all your noble favours, to

Your most obliged Friend,
June 1, and humble Servant,
1651. Wm. Denne."

This little moral mask is divided into six scenes, and is written in rhyme. Neither the name of the author, nor title of his piece, occur in the Biographia Dramatica; and the manuscript copy, in my possession, appears to have been that presented to his patronesses. The characters are already described, and the story, which is of very simple construction, may be gathered from the following lines:

"On these plaines,
Old customes liue as well as youthfull swaines.
Customes are rules that lines of life do draw,
Which, 'mongst vs Sheepheards stand instead of law.
The feast of rites vpon this ide of May,
Our living bookes ordaine a holyday:
Whereon the couple youngest, and last wed,
At Sheepheards bower the garnisht cloath shall spread.

And

And on the turfie table with the best
Of lambs in all theire flocke shall heyne the feast.
Which neighb'ring swaines, and lasses of next place
Shall present, with due ceremonies grace.
'Mongst which two youths, two maids, of equall yeares
To th' bride and bridegroom, chosen by theire peeres,
Shall 'bout a question by their songs contend:
Two moderators are the cause to end,
Of each sexe one. One youth, one maid maintaine,
While theese two like do crosse the same againe.
Each virgin bringes a garland of device,
Which neere the bower on poplar ribband tyes.
To highest worth, as moderator see,
Are given these garland signes of victorie.
But if theire equall merits so divide,
That neither moderator can decide:
Then in procession to the holy groue,
At Pega's fount they seek for what they s'roue.
Where, rites perform'd, the Nymph invokt does show,
Who best deserues, as they desire to know."

J. H.

¶ *The Fortunate Farewell to the most forward and noble Earle of Essex, one of the honorable priuie Counsel, Earle high Marshal of England, Master of the horse, Master of the ordinance, Knight of the garter, & Lord Lieutenant general of all the Queene's Maiesties forces in Ireland. Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord Harry Seamer, second sonne to the last Duke of Sommerset. Written by Thomas Churchyard, Esquire. Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant, for William Wood at the west doore of Powles.* 1599. 4to. 4 leaves.

At the back of the title is the dedication, whereby, "to the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer, Thomas Churchyard wisheth continuance of vertue, blessednesse of minde, and wished felicitie." Continuing, "in all duty—(my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Sommerset (vncle to the renowmed impe of grace noble King Edward the sixt) fauoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in requital whereof euer since I haue honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordship in sea seruices forward and

and ready in all honorable manner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approched neere our countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found * of your noble progenie, though vnable therefore finding myselfe vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I tooke occasion of the departure of a most woorthy Earle towardes the seruie in Ireland, so made a present to your Lordship of his happy Farewell as I hope: and trust to liue and see his wished welcome home." † It is subscribed "your L. in all at commandement, Thomas Churchyard." ‡

This address forms a poem of twelve stanzas. It commences:

"*The happy Farewell to the fortunate and forward most noble Earle of Essex.*

"Now Scipio sails, to Affrick far from hoem, §
The Lord of hoests, and battels be his gied,
Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,
On Irish seas, ELIZA's ships shall ried,
A warliek baud, of worthy knights I hoep,
Aer arm'd for fight, a bloody brunt to bied,
With rebels shall, boeth might and manhoed coep,
Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried:
Right maeks wrong blush, and troeth bids falshed fly,
The sword is drawn, TYROEN's dispatch draws ny.

A traitor must be taught to know his king,
When Mars shal march, with shining sword in hand,
A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,
Will run about the shraep and daer not stand,
When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe,
So false TYROEN, may faint when he would fight
Though now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe,
Traitors wants hart, and often taeks the flight:

* This word is supplied on conjecture from the last two letters nd; the page being curtailed by some inattentive binder.

† In 1599 he also published "the welcome home of the Erle of Essex," reprinted in the *Progresses*, Vol. II.

‡ There has lately been printed at Oxford *Bibliographical Miscellanies, being a selection of curious pieces, in verse and prose*: containing a metrical life of Churchyard. The very limited impression of this volume has probably before now placed it out of the power of the intelligent reader to obtain a copy.

§ Churchyard appears to have indulged occasionally in a fantastic and indefensible orthography.

When

When rebels see, they aer surprised by troeth
Pack hence in haest, away the rebels goeth."

The following picture may be applied as forming a faint outline of the destruction that sweeps at the heels of the present marauder of the continent. *

" Fostred from faith, and fear of God or man,
Vnlernd or taught, of any graces good,
Nurst vp in vice, whear falsehed first began,
Mercyles hoern, still sheading giltles blood,
Libertiens lewd, that all good order haets,
Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe.
Cruell as kiets, despising all estaets,
Diulishly bent, boeth currish, stern and wilde:
Their whoel deuice, is rooet of mischeenes all,
That seeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.

Will God permit, such monsters to beare sway,
His iustice haets, the steps of tyrants still,
Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance euery day,
Which God doth scourge, by his own blessed will,
He planteth force, to fling down feeble strength,
Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noght,
Whoes cloked craft, shall suer be seen at length,
When vnto light, dark dealings shall be broght:
Sweet ciuill lords, shall sawsy fellowes meet
Who must ask grace, on knees at honor's feet."

He concludes:

" Farewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains, and the rest,
Who goes with you, taeks threefold thankfull pain,
Who sets you forth, is ten times treble blest,
Who serues you well, reaps glory for their gain,
Who dies shall liue, in faem among the best,
Who liues shall loek, and laugh theas broils to scorn.
All honest harts, doth ciuill warr detest,
And curse the time, that ear TYROEN was born:
We hoep good hap, waits on the fleet that goes,
And God's great help, shall clean destroy our foes."

J. H.

* This was prepared for the press in November 1812. A little space has elapsed for the affairs of states; scarcely the solar year completed, and the all-wise Omniscient has decreed " to fling down feeble strength."

¶ *Polichronicon.*

¶ Policronicon.

A copy of the Policronicon, printed by Wynken de Worde, having the title, is rarely discovered. The only one I have ever seen is before me; it formerly belonged to William Booth, of Witton, near Birmingham, the correspondent of the learned Dugdale, and now enriches the valuable collection of my friend Mr. Phelps. The word "Policronicon," is in gothic letters, above an inch long, printed in black, over a wood-cut, six inches and three quarters long, by four and a half wide. The subject, a group of religious characters, having crosiers, &c. attending to hear the scripture expounded by a person on an elevated seat, before a desk and book, a cardinal's hat lying on the ground, and a lion sejant, in the middle of the assembly. In an upper compartment is a meagre landscape, in perspective, with a castle on a distant eminence to the left, and to the right the entrance and part of a convent or church.

At the back of the title is a poem in five stanzas, entituled "An Introductone Anno dn̄i M.cccc lxxxxv." *See Dibdin's Ames, Vol. II. p. 50.*

The whole volume is printed in double columns, and the "Prohemye" commences with a a ii, and ends in the first column on the reverse of a a iii. The table of contents begins with a a iiii. and at the bottom of the second column of h h v * is "Explicit Tabula vltimi libri."

The work commences with signature a i, "and the leues be-marked in the hede," with Roman capitals. The following colophon ends with the second column upon the reverse of fol. CCC xlvi. sig. X vii.

"¶ And here I make an ende of thys lytyll werke as nyghe as I can fynde after the fourme of the werke tofore made by Ranulph monke of Chestre. And where as there is fawte. I beseche theym that shall rede it to correct it. For yf I cowde haue founde moo storyes. I wolde haue sette in it moo. But the

* Signature a a has eight leaves, all the following signatures, to the end of the table, only six each. The remainder of the volume is in eights, the first alphabet being small letter, and the concluding alphabet capitals.

substaunce

substaunce that I can fynde, and knowe I haue shortly sette theim in this boke. To the entente that suche thynges as haue ben done sith the deth or ende of the sayd boke of Polycronycon sholde be hadde in remembraunce. And not put in oblyuyon ne forgetynge. Prayenge all theym that shall see this symple werke to pardon me of my symple writynge. ¶ Ended the thyrtenth day of Apryll the tenth yere of the regne of kyng Harry the seuenth. And of the Incarnacyon of our lord: M. CCCC. lxxxxv. ¶ Enprynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn Theworde."

Another edition of this work was printed at the Southwark press by a foreigner, named Peter Treveris, and to the same fortunate friend I am indebted for the loan of, what is equally uncommon, a perfect copy. It was printed in 1527, and the title-page forms three compartments. First, a wood-cut, in three divisions, with the portrait of the king, central between the royal and city arms, each in circles, and the cross and dagges of the last in red, and the whole upon a dark ground, with a large royal crown above in the middle. Second, "Polycronycon," printed in red, with large gothic letters. Third, a wood-cut, about six inches wide, by five inches high. The subject a spirited representation of St. George killing the Dragon, with "Savncte Georgici," on the borders of the trappings of the horse; and the tongue of the monster, the two crosses upon the shield, and embroidery of the trappings, and the mark of John Reyne, the publisher, (as engraved by Ames) at the bottom of the page, all in red. At the back of the title the introductory lines, already noticed. Then follow the prohemy, table and work. This reprint is nearly paginary, the signatures and folios being precisely the same as in the volume above described. The only variation appears the introduction of a few wood-cuts; the first, an English king, in armour, occurs at the head of "Sequitur liber quintus," on the recto of fol. lxxxii, and on the reverse, which is blank in De Worde's edition, a representation of a battle.* The passage above quoted, is given at the end, without the date: "pardonne me of

* See fac similies of that and other of the wood-cuts in *Dibdin's* Preliminary Disquisition before *Ames*, Vol. I. p. xii-xv. Where also some of the capitals used by Treveris are engraved in Plate III.

my

my symple wrytynge. ¶ Finis. Vltimi libri." The colophon is upon a distinct leaf, central of an elegant and spirited border,* and as follows. "¶ Imprented in Southwerke, by my, Peter Treueris, at y^e. expence of John Reynes, boke seller, at the sygne of saynt George, in Poules chyrchyarde. ¶ The yere of our lorde god M. CCCCC. &. xxvii. the xvi. daye of Maye:" On the second page the wood-cuts of the title repeated.

W. de Worde's edition of the Polycronicon, is a reprint of that by Caxton in 1482. The Prohemye is all copied from Caxton, except in the promise of the continuation of the history for the last 138 years, which De Worde has not performed. We shall give the Prohemy entire from De Worde, knowing how frequently the copies are deficient in that particular.

" Prohemye.

" Grete thankynges laude and honour we merytoryously ben bounde to yelde and offre vnto wryters of hystoryes whiche gretely haue prouffyted our mortall lyfe, that shewe vnto the reders and heerers by the ensamples of thynges passed, what thynge is to be desyred, and what is to be eschewed. For those thynges whiche our progenytours by the taste of bytternesse and experyment of grete Jeopardyes haue enseygned, admonested, and enformed vs excluded fro suche perylles, to knowe what is prouffytable to oure life, and acceptable, and what is vnprouffytable and to be refused. He is and euer hath ben reputed the wysest, whiche by the experience of the aduerse fortune hath beholden and seen the noble Cytees, maners, and varyaunt condycions of the people of many dyuerse Regyons. For in hym is presupposed the loore of wysedome and polycye, by the experyment of Jeopardyes and perylles whiche haue growen of folye in dyuerse partyes and contrees. Yet he is more fortunate, and maye be reputed as wyse, yf he gyue at-

* Having war trophies and ornaments up the sides; at the bottom, the conclusion of a boar hunt by boys, having spears and hounds, loose and in leash; at the top, a triumph exhibiting a female on a four wheel carriage with the dead animal before her, and the boys in procession, the leader blowing a bugle. As several of these urchins have wings, the story may be founded on that of Adonis, in a fanciful attempt of making the Loves slay the animal that killed him, and the triumph of Venus upon the victor.

tendaunce

tendaunce withoute tastynge of the stormes of aduersyte that may by the redyng of hystoryes conteynynge dyuerse customes, condycions, lawes, and actes of sondry nacyons come vnto the knowleche and vnderstandyng of the same wysedome and polycye. In whiche hystoryes so wryten in large and aourned volumes, he syttynge in his chamber or studye maye rede, knowe, and vnderstonde the polytyke and noble actes of alle the worlde as of one Cyte. And the conflyctes errours, troubles, and vexacions done in the sayd vnyuersalle worlde. In suche wyse as he hadde ben and seen them in the propre places where as they were done. For certayne it is a greete fortune vnto a man that can be refourmed by other and straunge mennes hurtes and scathes. And by the same to knowe, what is requysyte and prouffytable for his lyfe. And eschewe suche erroures and Inconuenytes, by whiche other men haue ben hurte and loste theyr felycyte. ¶ Therfore the counseylles of auncyent and whyte heered men, in whome olde age hath engendred wysedome, ben gretely preysed of yonger men. And yet hystoryes so moche more excelle them. As the dyuturnyte or lengthe of tyme Includeth moo ensamples of thynges and laudable actes then the age of one man may suffyse to see. ¶ Hystoryes ought not oonly to be Juged moost prouffytable to yonge men, whiche by the lecture, redynge, and vnderstandynge make them semblable and equale to men of gretter age, and to olde men, to whome longe lyfe hath mynystred experymentes of dyuerse thynges, but also thystoryes able and make ryght pryuate men dygne and worthy to haue the gouernaunce of Empyres and noble Royammes, hystoryes meoue and withdrawe Emperours and kynges fro vycyous Tyrannye. Fro vecordyous sleuthe vnto Tryumphe and vyctorye in puyssaunt bataylles. Hystoryes also haue meoued right noble knyghtes to deserue eternall laude, whiche foloweth them for theyr vyctoryous merytes. And cause them more valyantly to entre in Jeopardyes of bataylles for the defence and tuycyon of theyr countree, and publyke wele. Hystorye also affrayeth cruell Tyrauntes for drede of Infamye & shame Infynyte, by cause of the detestable actes of suche cruell persones ben oftymes planted and regystred in Cronycles vnto theyr perpetuell obprobrye and dyuulgacion of theyr Infamye. As the Actes of Nero and suche other. ¶ Truly many of hye and couragyous men of grete empryse, desyrynge theyr fame to be perpetuelly conserued by lyberall monumentes, which ben the permanente recordes of euery vertuous and noble Acte, haue buylded and edefyed Ryall and noble Cytees. And for the conseruacion of the wele publycke haue mynystred and establysshed dyscrete and prouffytable lawes. ¶ And thus the pryncypall laude, and cause of delectable and amyable thynges, in whiche

mannes

mannes felycyte stondeth and resteth ought and maye well be attrybuted to hystoryes, whiche worde hystorye maye be descryued thus. ¶ Hystorye is a perpetuall conseruatryce of those thynges, that haue be done before this presente tyme, and also a cotydyan wytnesse of byenfayttes, of malefaytes, grete Actes and Tryumphall vyctoryes of all maner people. And also yf the terryble feyned Fables of Poetes haue moche styred & meoued men to pyte, and conseruynge of Justyce. How moche more is to be supposed, that hystorye assertryce of veryte as moder of alle Phylosophye, meouynge our maners to vertue, refourmeth and reconcyled ner honde all those men, whiche thrugh the Infyrmyte of our mortall nature hath ledde the moost parte of theyr lyfe to Ocyosyte and myspended theyr tyme passed right soone out of Remembraunce. Of whiche lyfe and deth is egall oblyuyon. The fruytes of vertue ben Immortall, specyally whanne they ben wrapped in the benefyce of hystoryes. ¶ Thenne it muste folowe, that it is moost fayr to men mortall to suffre labours and payne, for glorye and fame Inmortalle. Hercules whan he lyued suffred greete labours and perylles wylfully puttyng hymselfe in many terryble and ferdfull Jeopardyes to obteyne of all people the benefaytes of Iumortall laude and renomme. ¶ We rede of other noble men, some lordes and some other of lower estates reputed as goddes in dyuerse regyons, the whose famous Actes, and excellent vertues oonly hystorye hath preserued fro perysshyng in eternall memorye. Other monymentes dystrybuted in dyuerse chaunges, endured but for a short tyme or season. But the vertue of hystorye dyffused and spredde by the vnyuersall worlde hath tyme, which consumeth all other thynges as conseruatryce & kepar of her werke. ¶ Ferthermore Eloquence is soo precyous and noble, that almoost noo thynge can be founden more precyous than it. By Eloquence the Grekes ben preferred in contynuell honour to fore the rude Barbares. Oratours and lerned clerkes in lyke wyse excelle vnlerned and brutysshe people. Syth this Eloquence is suche that causeth men amonge them selfe some to excelle other, after the qualyte of the vertue and Eloquence be seyn to be of valewe. For some we Juge to be good men dygne of laude, whiche shewe to vs the waye of vertue. And other haue taken an other waye for tenflamme more the courages of men by fables of poesye than to prouffyte. And by the lawes and Instytutes more to punysshe than to teche. Soo that of these thynges the vtylyte is myxte with harme. For some sothly techeth to lye. But hystorye representynge the thynges lyke vnto the wordes, embraceth all vtylyte and prouffyte. It sheweth honeste, and maketh vyces detestable. It enhaunceth noble men and depresseth wycked men and fooles. Also thynges that hystorye

descryneth

descryueth by experyence, moche proufyten vnto a ryghtfull lyfe. ¶ Thenne syth hystorye is so precyous and also prouffytable. I haue delybered to wryte two bookes notable, retenynge in them many notable hystoryes, as the lyues, myracles, passyons, and dethe of dyuerse holy sayntes, whiche shall be comprysed by thayde and suffraunce of almyghty god in one of them, whiche is named Legenda aurea, that is the golden Legende. And that other booke is named Polycronycon in whiche booke ben comprysed bryefly many wonderfull hystoryes. Fyrste the descrypcyon of the vnyuersal worlde, as well in length as in brede with the deuysyons of countrees, Royammes and Empyres, the noble Cytees, hye Mountayns, famous Ryuers, merueylles and wondres, and also the hystoryall Actes and wonderfull dedes syth the fyrste makynge of heuen and erthe vnto the begynnynge of kyng Henry the seuenthe the .x. yere of his regne, and vnto the yere of our lorde a. M. CCCC. lxxxxv. As by thayde of almyghty god shall folowe all a longe, after the composynge and gaderynge of dan Ranulphe monke of Chestre fyrste auctour of this booke, and afterwarde Englysshed by one Treuisa vycarye of Barkley, whiche atte requeste of one Syr Thomas lorde Barkley translated this sayd booke, the Byble, * and Barthylmew de proprietatibus reru† out of Latyn in to Englysshe. And now at this tyme symply emprynted newe and sette in forme by me Wynkyn de woorde and a lytyll embelysshed fro tholde makynge, and also haue added suche storyes as I coude fynde fro the ende that the sayd Ranulphe fynysshed his booke whiche was the yere of our lorde. M.CCC. and .lvii. vnto the yere of the same .M.CCCC.lxxxxv. whiche ben an hondred and. xxxviii. yere. Whiche worke I haue fynysshed vnder the noble proteccyon of my moost drad naturell and souerayne lorde and moost crysten kyng, kyng Henry the seuenth humbly besechynge his moost noble grace to pardone me yf ony thynge therinne be sayd of Ignoraunce, or otherwyse than it ought to be. And also requyrynge all other to amende where as ther is defaute, wherin he or they maye deserue thanke and meryte. And I shall praye for them that soo doo. For I knowleche myn Ignoraunce and also symplenes. And yf ther be thynge that maye please or prouffyte ony man I am gladde that I haue achyeued it. And folowynge this my prohemye I shall sette a Table shortely touched of the moost parte of this booke. And where the sayde Auctour hath all his werke in seuen bookes. I haue sette that whiche I haue added to after parte, and haue marked

* "The Byble," omitted by Treveris, and favours the presumption that Trevisa did not translate that work. See note in *Dibdin's Ames*, Vol. I. p. 141—3.

† Vide the present Vol. p. 107—10.

it

it the laste booke, and haue made chapytres acordynge to the other werke. Of whiche accomplysshynge I thanke almyghty god. To whome be gyuen honour, laude, and glorye, in secula seculor. Amen. ¶ Explicit Prohemium. ¶ Deo gracias."

J. H.

¶ [Colophon.] *Explicit (Noua legenda anglie.) Impressa londonias: in domo Winandi de Worde: commorantis ad signum solis: in vico nuncupato (the flete strete). Anno dñi M. CCCCC xvi. xxvii. die Februarii. ¶ Itaque omnes historie hic collecte: merito dicuntur noue: quia licet quedam etiam reperiuntur apud plures: non tamen ita emendate et correcte sicut in hoc volumen continentur.*

This volume contains about 170 legends, or lives of Saints, and, according to Ames, is called *Capgrave's lives of the Saints.** The Prologue ends thus:

" Et quia maior pars sanctorum in hac presenti legenda jam noueter impressa contentorum fuerunt de ista patria que nunc anglia vocatur: aut cum vocabatur britannia vel postquam nomen anglie sortita est in ea nati vel conversati. Et quia similiter predicte terre hibernie scotie et wallie: de jure subici debent et obedientes esse tenentur huic regno anglie. Presens volumen istud (ut videtur) non incongrue vocari potest (Nova legenda anglie)."

The following passage on the subject of early English Poetry, has escaped the notice of the bibliographers. The running title is

" *De Servo Dei Godrico et heremita.*

" Scotorum Rex David exercitum in Angliam ducens: regionem rapiwis et incendiis deuastauit. Venientes igitur quidam irruunt in ecclesiam godrici cuncta dirripiunt: oblatas cum vino comedunt et bibunt: et virum dei grauissime cesum: capillis virga intorta decollare proponunt. Cumque mortem paratus expectans: ceruicem libenter extenderet: quidam potens ne perimeretur de manibus eorum eum eripuit.

* See Dibdin's Ames, Vol. II. p. 209.

Dicebant

Dicebant enim ei ubi est thesaurus tuus? Ille autem eis non respondit: sed conuersus ad crucem ait Domine jhesu tu scis quia non est michi thesaurus in terra: nisi tu deus et dominus meus. Unde indignati eum amplius verberabant. Unus autem eorum citra tertium miliare recedendo in insaniam versus: linguam suam propriis dentibus comedit: et in lacum se precipitavit. Alius furens in weri flumine se demersit et periit: nec aliquis qui sancto iniurias intulerat: ad castrum nouum viuus peruenit: sed diuersi casibus interiere diuersis. A latronibus frequenter godricus iniurias vincula: verberaque sustinuit patienter: et illis recedentibus si quid forte remanserat currens post eos obsecrabat: ut etiam illud auferrent. Respiciens godricus ad altare beate Marie vidit duas virgines ad duo cornua altaris stantes. Erat autem illis species pulcherrima: et vestes niueo candore splendentes: et ipse diu se inuicem contemplantes. Godricus admirans et stupefactus intremuit: et mox tanto repletus est gaudio: ut pene sibi videretur a terreni pondere corporis liberatus: et tacens sepius in eas oculos conuertebat. Stante una stabat et altera: gradiente una gradiebat altera. Ad godricum denique accesserunt: et stantes aliquandiu tacuerunt. Tunc illa que a dextris erat: eum taliter est affata. Numquid me godrice cognoscis? Et ille Domina hoc nemo potest: nisi cui tu volueris reuelare. Bene inquit illa dixisti: quia mater christi sum: et per me ipsius gratiam obtinebis. Ista est apostolorum apostola maria magdalena. Nos tibi patrocinabimur: et solatium in omni tribulatione prestabimus. Ille pedibus virginis adoolutus: tibi me inquit domina mea committo ut me perpetuo custodire digneris. Tunc utraque manus super caput illius apposuit et cesariem complanantes domum odore dulcifluo repleverunt Post hec dei genitrix canticum coram illo quasi coram puero discente canticum cecinit et ipsum cantare docuit. Ipse vero post eam frequenter cecinit et memorie firmiter commendauit. Erat autem rithmice in anglico compositum: quod hoc modo in latinum transferri potest. Sancta maria virgo mater ihesu christi nazareni admitte protege adiuua tuum godricum: suscipe adduc cito tecum in dei regnum. Precepit ut quoties temptationi succumbere formidaret: hoc se cantico solaretur. Quando inquit sic me inuocabis: meum senties instanter auxilium. Et signum crucis capiti eius impressit et altera idem fecit: et ipso cernente in alta conscendunt: odorem incomparabilem relinquentes. Vestes earum tante subtilitatis erant: quod hominis tactum sustinere non possent. Erant enim sicut pellicula que intra oui testam continetur. Fol. CLXI."

An

¶ *An Excellent Poeme, vpon the longing of a blessed heart: which loathing the world, doth long to be with Christ. With an Addition vpon the definition of loue. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. Cupio dissolui, & esse cum Christo. Imprinted at London, for Iohn Browne, and Iohn Deane.* 1601. qto. 24 leaves.

Dedicated to "the fauourer of all good studies, and Louer of all vertues, the Lord North," and a short address "to the reader." A Sonnet, subscribed "H. T. Gent." speaks of two hopeful twins, which "a Rauisht soule, and longing Spirit sends:" the first has been described by Mr. Park,* and the present poem forms the conclusion. Eighteen lines in English, entitled, "Ad Librum," conclude the introductory matter. "Breton's Longing," describes the worldly Prince, counsellor, souldier, &c. and their counterparts acting under heavenly grace. The following is a specimen of both characters.

"The worldly Scholler loues a world of bookes,
And spends his life in many an idle line:
Meane while his heart, to heauen but little lookes,
Nor loues to thinke vpon a thought diuine:
These thoughtes of ours (alas) so lowe encline,
We seeke to know, what nature can effect:
But vnto God, haue small, or no respect.

The Poet, with his fictions, and his fancies,
Pleaseth himselfe with humourous inuentions:
Which well considered, are a kinde of franzies,
That carie little truth in their intentions:
While wit and reason, falling at contentions,
Make wisedome finde that follies strong illusion,
Bringes wit and senses wholly to confusion. . . . .

The Scholler that beginnes with Christ his crosse,
And seekes good speede, but in the Holy Ghost,
Findes by his booke that siluer is but drosse,
And all his labour, in his studie lost,
Where faith, of mercy, cannot sweetly boast,
And loue doth long for any other blisse,
Then, what in God, and in his graces is.

* *Censura Literaria*, Vol. IX. p. 160.

And

And such a Poet as the Psalmist was,
Who had no minde but on his Maister's loue:
Whose Muses did the world in musique passe,
That onely soong but of the soules behooue,
In giuing glorie to the God aboue,
Would all worldes fictions wholly laye aside,
And onely long but with the Lord to bide."

This poem, extending to seventy-two stanzas, is followed by another of twenty-seven stanzas, entitled "What is Loue." Then follows, "Solus in toto laudandus Deus," in sixteen sextains, english, and an unentitled conclusion in seven more.

J. H.

¶ *Parnassus Biceps, or Severall choice pieces of Poetry: composed by the best Wits that were in both the Universities before their Dissolution. With an Epistle in the behalfe of those now doubly secluded and sequestred Members, by one who himselfe is none. London, printed for George Eversden at the signe of the Maidenhead in St. Pauls Churchyard,* 1656. 12mo. pp. 163.

The dedication says "to the Ingenuous Reader: Sir, these leaves present you with some few drops of that ocean of wit, which flowed from those two brests of this nation, the two Universities; and doth now (the sluces being pul'd up) overflow the whole land: or rather like those springs of Paradice, doth water and enrich the whole world; whilst the fountains themselves are dryed up, and that Twin-paradise become desart. For then were these verses composed, when Oxford and Camebridge were Vniversities, and a colledge learned, then a town hall; when the buttery and kitchin could speak latine, though not preach; and the very irrational turnspits had so much knowing modesty, as not to dare to come into a chappel, or to mount any pulpits but their own. Then were these poems writ, when peace and plenty were the best patriots, and Mæcenasses to great wits; then we could sit and make verses under our own fig-trees, and be inspired from the juice of our own vines: then, when it was held no sin for the same man to be both a poet and a prophet; and to draw predictions no lesse from his verse then his text. [The writer, after advocating the cause of the secluded and sequestered members in a lively strain of irony, concludes] And thus far, ingenuous reader,

reader, suffer him to be a poet in his prediction, though not in his verse; who desires to be known so far to thee, as that he is a friend to persecuted truth and peace, and thy most affectionate christian servant, Ab. Wright.*

This miscellaneous collection of University Poems is compiled from the productions of the editor; Bishop Corbett; Ben Jonson; Mayne; Sir Henry Wotton; Cartwright; Dr. Wyld; Strode; L'Estrange;† Alexander Brome; and Cleveland. Among the pieces which I have not traced to their respective authors, is the following

" *On the Bible.*

" Behold this little volume here enrol'd,
'Tis the Almightie's present to the world.
Hearken, earth, earth: each senselesse thing can hear
His Maker's thunder, though it want an eare.
God's word is senior to his work; nay rather
If rightly weigh'd, the world may call it Father.
God spake, 'twas done: this great foundation
Was but the Maker's exhalation,
Breath'd out in speaking. The least work of man
Is better then his word; but if we scan
God's word aright, his works far short doe fall:
The word is God, the works are creatures all.
The sundry peeces of this generall frame,
Are dimmer letters, all which spell the same
Eternall word. But these cannot expresse
His greatnesse with such easie readinesse,
And therefore yeeld. For heaven shall pass away,
The sun, the moon, the stars, shall all obey
To light one generall boon-fire; but his word,
His builder up, his all-destroying sword,
Yet still survives; no jot of that can dye;
Each tittle measures immortality.
Once more this mighty word his people greets,
Thus lapp'd and thus swath'd up in paper sheets.
Read here God's image with a zealous eye,
The legible and written Deity."

J. H.

* For his life see Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. II. Col. 84; Wood has omitted to notice some English verses, subscribed, "Ab. Wright Art, Bac. Coll. Joan," among the complimentary writers of the *Flos Britannicvs veris novissimi Filiola Carolo & Mariæ nata xvii Martii Anno* M.DC.xxxvi. *Oxoniæ*, &c. qto.

† "The liberty and requiem of an Imprisoned Loyalist:" probably the first time of its being printed.

¶ 1. *Mars,*

¶ *Mars, his Trivmph, or the description of an Exercise performed the xviii of October*, 1638, *in Merchant-Taylors Hall, by certain Gentlemen of the Artillery Garden, London. London, printed by J. L. for Ralph Mab*, 1639. qto. 28 leaves.

(Dedicated) " to the right worshipfull Alderman, Thomas Soame, one of the collonels of the city and president of the Artillery Garden, London. As also to Captain John Ven, vice-president, Mr. William Manby, treasurer. And all other the worthy captains of the city, and gentlemen of the court of assistants.—Much honour'd Sir, and right worthy souldiers, the Grecians were the first that out of variety of action and long experience of warre, reduced the knowledge of arms into an art; giving precepts for the ordering of arms, and the embattelling of armies. The Romanes, who were their successours in time, so were they also of their precepts, breeding and inuring their youth to hardship, the use of armes, and the studies of the art military. So that, by their countenance and practise therein, they not onely became powerfull and terrible to others, but, in a word, reigned as sole monarchs of this mundane glory..... Neglect of discipline, and the art military have been alwayes the forerunners of destruction both to province and people. I might be infinite in examples of this nature, but then I should make my porch larger then my house. Therefore, let Rome's remissenesse be a warning to posterity; who, as it had a slow gradation in its arise by virtue, so had it degrees of falling, by neglecting discipline and art military, suffering itself to be crushed and overtrodden by every barbarous nation. This, as it reflects upon us a necessity, so it demonstrates of how necessary consequence the practice of arms is; inducing and inviting all generous spirits to endeavour the attainment of this military skill. To acquire the which the Grecians had their tactick masters, the Romanes their tribunes, and other inferiour tutors, which taught them in Campus Martius, and we our academies and military schooles of war, witnes our artillery garden with the military and martiall grounds, wherein the choice and best affected citizens (and gentry) are practiced and taught the rudiments of our militia. In times of peace so fitting them, that they may be able to stand in the day of battell, to God's glory, their own honours, and their countrey's good. (Subscribed) yours Will. Barrift."

" Mars his trivmph. The number of gentlemen employed in this exercise were fourscore, that is to say, eighteen with morions, swords, and targets, which encountred 9 against 9.

Secondly, 22 Saracens, that is to say, a captain, lieutenant, ensigne, one sergeant; pipe, a kettle-drum, and 16 select Sarracens.* Thirdly, 40 of the moderne armes, a captain, lieutenant, ensigne, 2 sergeants, 1 phife, and 2 drummes, 16 muskettiers in buffe coats, and beaver morians, and 16 pikemen, compleatly armed in white corslets, whole pikes, and morians."

It is impossible to follow these little bands through their various evolutions, postures, and motions performed, to amuse the "nobility, aldermen, and gentry," with more dramatic effect than usually attends such exhibitions and of sufficient interest for our author to describe them minutely, adding the posture tunes. In the battle the Christians overcome the Saracens, and, being conquered, "the Turks found so good quarter and kind usage, that now they are all turned Christians, leaving that course of life, and are now either merchants or shopkeepers for the most part. Finis. Imprimatur Tho. Wykes. Aug. 28, 1639."

J. H.

¶ 1. *The History of Philosophy. By Thomas Stanley.* Vol. I. 1655. Fol. II. 1656. Fol. III. 1660. Fol. All reprinted 1687. Fol. Again, 1700, and again, in 1743, in one vol. 4to.

2. *Æschylus.* By the same. *Lond.* 1664. Fol.

3. *Poems.* By the same. 1651. 8vo. †

* "Their musick was a turky drumme and a hideous noise-making pipe, made of a buffola's horn: the one half the Saracens were armed with short Barbary guns and cymiters, the other half with steel targets and cymiters on their thighs: some of the chiefest of them had broad turky daggers at their girdles, and all of them habited after the Persian and Turconian maner.—The captain and lieutenant marched with large pole-axes in their hands, cymeters on their thighs, battle axes hanging on their armes, and broad daggers at their girdles."

† These are

1. Poems by Thomas Stanley, Esq.

Quæ mea culpa tamen, nisi si lucisse vocari
Culpa potest: nisi culpa potest, et amasse, vocans.

Printed in the year 1651, pp. 80.

2. Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, Kisses by Secundus, Cupid Crucified by Ausonius. Venus, Vigils, Incerto Authore. Printed in the year 1651, pp. 260. At p. 79 begin Notes with the new title

These works are introduced for the purpose of rectifying a mistake which runs through all the biographers from Wood and Chauncey to the present time regarding the descent of Stanley, the ingenious author.

Wood calls this Thomas Stanley the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, of *Cumberlow*, in Hertfordshire. Chauncey says that this Cumberlow was sold by William Goodman, (the son of William Goodman, who purchased it 2 Edw. VI.) "to Thomas Stanley, Esq. *Citizen and Scrivener*, of London, from whom it descended to Thomas Stanley, Esq." to which last Thomas whom he makes a knight, Chauncey goes on to attribute all the literary works abovementioned; and adds, that he married Dorothy, daughter and coheir of Sir James Enion of Flower in Northamptonshire, Bart. and that he had issue, Thomas, who, with his mother Dorothy, sold Cumberlow to Joseph Edmonds, Esq.

But that this family of Stanley of *Cumberlow* must not be identified with that of the poet, I think the following pedigree from the Visitation Book of Essex, 1634, will satisfactorily prove.

"*Extract from Essex Visitation*, 1634.

"Thomas Stanley, *natural* son to Edward Earl of Derby, had issue

"James Stanley, of London, who lies buried at Ensham Abbey, near Oxford, and was father of

"Sir Thomas Stanley, of *Laytonstone*, in *Essex*, Kt. who married, *first*, Mary, daughter of Sir Roger Apulton, of South Benflet, in Essex, Kt. and Bart. by whom he had three sons, who all died without issue. He married, *secondly*, Mary,* daughter of Sir William Hammond, of St. Albans,

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title of *Excitations*. At p. 165, another title, Sylvia's Park, by Theophyle. Acanthus Complaint, by Tristan. Oronta, by Preti. Echo, by Marino. Love's Embassy, by Boscan. The Solitude, by Gongora.

3. Aurora Ismenia and the Prince, by Don Juan Perez de Montalvan. Oronta the Cyprian Virgin: by Signior Girolamo Preti. Tout vient a poinct qui peut attendre. Translated by Thomas Stanley, Esq. The second edition with additions. Lond. printed by W. Wilson for Humphrey Moseley at the signe of Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1650, 8vo. pp. 87.

* This marriage took place at Bishop's Bourne in Kent. See *Genealogical Notes*, Gent. Mag. 1796.

near

near Dover, in Kent, and had issue, (besides, two younger children, Eliz. and Steward,)

"Thomas Stanley, Esq. aged about nine years in 1634."*

This last Thomas was indisputably the poet, and author of the other learned works here enumerated. He dedicates his "Lives of the Philosophers," to his dear and much esteemed uncle, *John Marsham, Esq.* afterwards Sir John Marsham, Knt. and Bart. the very learned Chronologist, who married Elizabeth, another daughter of the abovementioned Sir William Hammond, as may be seen in *Collins's Peerage,* (new edit. Vol. V. title *Earl of Romney.)*

Thomas Stanley died 12 April, 1678, and was buried in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields. The learned Dr. William Wotton, (who married a Hammond of the St. Albans family) wrote an eulogium on our author, which was published at the end of Scævola Sammarthanus's *Elogia Gallorum.*

Our author has a poem addressed "To Mr. W. Hammond," beginning,

"Thou best of friendship, knowledge and of art,
The charm of whose lov'd name preserves my heart
From female vanities, (thy name, which there
Till Time dissolves the fabric, I must wear!")

He left a son, Thomas Stanley, educated like himself at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, who, when very young, translated into English *Claud. Ælianus's Various Histories,* printed at Lond. 1665, 8vo. and dedicated it to his aunt, the Lady Newton, wife of Sir Henry Puckering Newton, Knt. and Bart. to whom his father had dedicated his Æschylus.

Stanley's poems have more merit than most of those which have of late been revived. Extracts have been given in the *Censura Literaria,* Vol. IX. The following is a translation from Marino.

"*Echo.*

"In a solitary grove,
The sad witness of his love,
Poor Siringo (vainly who
Did Licoris long pursue)

* Harl. MSS. 1083, 1137.

Here

Here his weary steps restrain'd;
And so sweetly he complain'd,
That the water, and the air,
Wept, and sigh'd, his plaints to hear.
Silvio overheard his speech,
And engrav'd it on a Beech.

Nymph, said he, a nymph thou wert,
Now a naked voice thou art;
Who words follow'st, though thy hast
Onely can o'retake the last:
Thou, who with this murmuring source,
Birds, and beasts, maintain'st discourse,
To these rugged cliffs confin'd;
Thou, ah, none but thou! art kind:
Who, in pitty of my mone,
Often dost forget thine own.

Oracle of rural loves!
Speaking shade! soul of the groves!
Who, through each deserted place,
Dost thy savage lover trace;
Aery spirit! wand'ring noise!
Unseen image of the voice!
Wilde inhabitant that dwels,
In inhospitable cells!
If thou canst thy passion share,
Hear, and pitty my despair.

To the sad complaints I send,
From thy hollow grot attend;
But my grief when I have told,
To no other ear unfold,
If thy own unhappy fate,
Teach thee pitty to my state;
Carefully this secret lock,
In the caverns of that rock;
And let its rude breast become,
To my woes, and thee, a tomb.

Not that I fear to complain
Of my wrongs, and her disdain;
But, I would not, at their story,
The unpitying heavens should glory;
Nor that this unhappy noise,
Should disturb another's joyes.
Come then, to this dismal shade,
Never by the sun betraid,
We together will retire,
And our griefs alone expire.

Thou

Thou our destinies wilt fiude,
If compar'd, alike unkinde.
Equal beauty crowns both them
Who our amorous suits contemn.
Thou to empty air didst turn,
I in sighs dissolving mourn:
Thou retir'st from humane sight,
Courting loneness, flying light;
I the deserts seeking, shun
Equally, the world, and sun.

Hither often comes my coy
Fair one, like thy cruel boy,
And in this brook's fluid glass,
With delight surveys her face;
But if she, like him, to none
Save herself must kindness own,
Why my heart will she not view,
Where her form Love's pencil drew;
And if pleas'd with that she be,
Love herself in loving me?

If my sorrows, thus displaid,
Thy compassion may perswade;
Quit these beasts, and forests wilde,
To seek one then these less milde;
Leave thy dwelling in this stone,
To find out a living one;
On thy wing my soft sighs bear,
Breath them gently in her ear;
That she thus may learn to prove
Grief, though ignorant of love.

Or when day's bright star the fields
With meridian lustre guilds,
If she seek out this retreat;
To defend her from the heat;
And upon this smooth bank ly,
Teaching the birds harmony:
Or discourse with thee; o'recome
With her voice, oh, be not dumb:
Tell her what my grief affords
In entire, not broken words.

Tell her, thou, that to my woe
Both companion art, and foe;
The deep plaints my sorrows vent,
In this hapless languishment;
Say, how often I to thee
Have accus'd her cruelty;

Taught

Taught thee her lov'd name t' invoke,
Carv'd it upon every oak;
Trees Licoris only bear
To the eye, rocks to the ear.

Nymph, if thou wilt relieve me,
Thousand garlands I will give thee;
Juno shall prove harsh no more,
And thy humane vail restore:
Heaven thy speech return, appeas'd,
To thy arms thy lover pleas'd;
And this cave, which hath so long
Been acquainted with thy wrong;
Shall a faithful witness be
Of the love 'twixt him and thee.

Fool, who vainly doth deceive thee!
Or of reason thus bereave thee?
Why dost thou thy sad estate
To the sportive streams relate?
Comfort who, or pitty finds,
In dumb rock, or in deaf winds?
And, thou aid of all my grief,
Where I onely found relief;
My last accents who dost ease,
Art as silent now, as these.

Cruel nymph! to rob my joyes
Voice itself is without noyse;
She, who did some speech retain,
Her own sorrows to complain;
Now in silence drowns her grief,
Lest she should give mine relief.
Wanton daughter of the air!
Who regard'st not my dispair,
Know, I can grieve inward too,
And be dumb as well as you."

¶ ΔΑΦΝΙΣ ΠΟΛΥΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ. *An Eclog, treating of Crownes, and of Garlandes, and to whom of right they appertaine. Addressed and consecrated to the King's Maiestie. By G. B. Knight. Quod maximum, et optimum esse dicitur, oportet esse unum ex Arist. Top. l. 7. At London Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Adams,* 1605. 4to. Sign. G. 4.

This

This poem of Sir George Buc is dedicated to King James, in honour of whose descent from the regal race of England this genealogical garland is composed. It is a dialogue between Damætas and Silenus, the former "having been long a woodman, and having observed the natures and properties of many trees, being now desirous to learn from the latter "the peculiar majestical matter in the *Genest*."

"*Stanza* 1. (Damætas.)

"Of all the trees in heavenly Sylvan's guard,
Wherewith the worthiest brows were crown'd of yore,
There is but one, or few, (O reverend Bard)
Amid whose virtue's maze I would require
A line of any learned wizard's lore.
The plant of *Genest* chiefly I admire,
Whose humble highness makes me oft surmise
That lowly steps be ladders to the skies.

2.

For well I wist tho' *Genest* doth not dwell
In proudest soil, nor tops of mountains high,
She shews by this that she foreseeth well
The perils which do all extremes impend,
Th' aspiring Pine whose top doth threat the sky,
Divine revenge doth headlongs oft down send,
When this is safe upon her humble hill,
Nor thrall to any proud superior's will." &c. &c.

¶ *The Queene of Nauarres Tales. Containing Verie pleasant Discourses of fortunate Louers. Now newly translated out of French into English. London, printed by V. S. for John Oxenbridge, and are to be solde at his shop in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the Parot.* 1597. qto. Sig. M. 4.

The preface is uncommonly spirited and humourous. It is addressed to "his assured good friend J. O. stationer," and was not written by the translator of the tales, as he says:" you hauing manie times beene in hand with me about a booke intituled, The Queene of Nauarre's Tales; which (as you say), you haue caused to be translated out of French, at your proper charges, on

on mind to print it, and you haue seuerall times bin in hand with me to write you a preface." The selection is a partial one, and only extends to fifteen of the novels.

1. The Woman of Alancon. Day 1. Nov. 1.
2. The chast Death of the Muliteer's Wife. Day 1. Nov. 2. In the Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. p. 377. ed. 1813.
3. The King of Naples. Do. Nov. 3. Ib. p. 380.
4. The Gentleman and the Princess of Flanders. Ditto. No. 4. Ib. p. 386.
5. The Waterman's Wife. Do. No. 5.
6. The Subtle Wife. Do. No. 6,
7. The Marchant of Paris. Do. Nov. 7.
8. The Married Man that made himself a Cuckold. Do. Nov. 8.
9. The Amorous Gentleman. Do. Nov. 9. P. of P. vol. i, p. 455.
10. The Duke of Florence. Day 2. Nov. 2. Ib. p. 423.
11. The Gentlewoman of Milan. Day 2. Nov. 4.
12. The Lady disdained by her Husband. Day 2. Nov. 5.
13. Gentlewoman of Milan. Day 2. Nov. 6.
14. The Country-man's Wife and Curate. Day 3. Nov. 9.
15. The Fragilitie of Man. Day 3. Nov. 10.
16. The Merry Conceited Bricklayer. This story is only in part engrafted upon one in the Heptameron.
17. Mahomet and Hyerene. Not in the Heptameron.

From this rare volume I have selected No. 15 as forming a conclusion to the investigation in the ninth volume of the *Censura Literaria.* As to the probable origin of the story of the tragedy of the MYSTERIOUS MOTHER, there cannot be a doubt of Lord Orford's knowledge of the novel by the Queen of Navarre, though in the Postscript he has, for some reason, attempted to give the story of the play a more exceptionable origin, as carrying with it a more solemn appearance of truth.

"The Fifteenth Nouell. The strange fragilitie of man,* that to couer his horrour falleth from euil to worse.---In the time of king Lewes the Twelfth, one of the house of Ambois, nephew to the legate of France named George, being legate in Auigneon, had in the country of Languedoc a Lady, whose name I wil not rehearse for her kinred's sake, that had better than foure thousand crownes yearely reuenue: she being very yong was a widow, and had but one child, being a sonne; and for griefe she had for the losse of her husband, as also for the loue of her sonne, determined not to marry againe, And to auoyde all oc-

* *Sic.*

casions

casions would not vse the company of any other than religious persons, thinking that sinne causeth temptations, whereby the yong widow gaue her selfe only to diuine seruice, wholy forsaking worldly company, in such manner that she made conscience to goe to any wedding, or to heare the organs play within the church. When her sonne was seuen yeares olde, shee chose a man of zealous life to be his schoolemaster, by whose good meanes he might be brought vp in godlinesse. When her sonne entred into his fifteenth yeare, Nature, which of itselfe is a secret schoolemaister, finding him too delicately nourished, and full of idlenesse, taught him another lesson, than his maister vsed to do, for that he beganne to beholde and respect thinges that seemed faire; and among the rest a gentlewoman that lodged in his mother's chamber, wherof no man euer doubted, for that they no more respected him, than a yong infant; no other thing being spoken of in the whole house but godlinesse. This yong gentleman began secretly to seek vnto the maid that told it to her mistris, who loued and esteemed her sonne so much, that she suspected the maid to tell it her, onely to make her hate him; but she was so importunate with her mistris, that shee said vnto her, I wil know if it be true, and assure yourselfe I wil correct him if I finde it to be so: but if you tell me an vntruth, I wil make you feele the price thereof. And to finde the trueth she willed her to appoint her sonne to come about midnight to lie with her in a bed neere vnto the doore of the chamber where the maid lay. The maid obeyed her mistresse, and when night came the Gentlewoman laide hirself in her maide's bed, determining if it were true, to correct her sonne so well, that neuer after he should desire to lie with maide againe. And in thought and displeasure her sonne came to bed vnto her. She, although she saw him lie downe, would not yet beleeue he would commit any dishonest act, but stayed to speake with him, vntil she perceiued some signes of bad desire: but not being persuaded with so small a signe, that he would proceed further, was so long patient and so fraile of nature, that she conuerted her choller into a most abhominable pleasure, forgetting the name of mother: and euen as water that by force is holden in, when it issueth foorth, maketh more noyse than that which runneth his ordinary course, so this poore lady turned her glory into the restraint she gaue vnto her body. And when she proceeded to decline from the first degree of honestie, she found herselfe sodainly caried and borne vnto the last; and the said night became with child by him, whom she sought to keepe from getting others with childe. The same was no sooner committed, but the remorce of conscience, brought her into so great torment, that the repentaunce neuer left her during her whole life, which at the first was so sharp, that she rose out of the bed

from

from her sonne, that knew no other but it had bin the maid, and went into a closet and calling her good determination vnto mind, and the wicked execution thereof, she passed al the night in weeping and lamenting all alone: but in stead of acknowledging of the impossibilitie of our flesh, that without God's help, cannot but sinne, desiring by her selfe, and by her teares to satisfie her fault past, and by hir wisedome to auoyde the euill to come, she laide the excuse of her sinne vpon the occasion, and vpon the weakenes of flesh and blood, whereunto there is no remedy but only by the grace of God; she thought to do that, whereby in time to come she might not fal into the like inconuenience; and as though there were but one kinde of sinne to damne man, she deuised all the meanes she could to auoyde the same. But the roote of pride which externall sinne should heale, increased in her heart, in such maner, that by auoyding one mischiefe she fel into diuers others: for the next morning as soone as it was day, she sent for her sonne's schoole maister and said vnto him: Now my son beginneth to wax great, it is time to send him abroade. I haue a kinsman that dwelleth beyond the mountains with Monsis the great maister du Cliammont, that will be very glad to haue him in his company, wherefore I pray you bring him thither; and to thend I be not grieued with his departure, let him not come to take his leaue of me. And saying so, she gaue him money to beare his charges for the voyage: and the same morning caused the yong gentleman to depart, that was very glad at nothing else than after the inioying the pleasure of his loue, to goe vnto the wars. The lady continued long time in great melancholy and distresse; and had it not bin for the feare of God, she had often wished the end of the vnfortunate fruit she bare within her body. In the end she fained to be sicke, that vnder that pretence she might couer her imperfection; and being ready to be deliuered, remembring that there was no man in the world in whom she so much trusted, as a bastard brother of her's, whom she intertained and did him much good, she sent for him, and shewing him her hard fortune (but made him not acquainted that it was by her sonne) desired him to help her, and to saue her honour, which he did: and not long before she should lie down, he gaue her counsell to chaunge the air, and to go to his house, where she might sooner recouer her health than in her owne. She went thither but with small traine, and there she found a midwife ready for her, that by night not knowing her, brought her to bed of a fayre daughter: the gentleman deliuered it vnto a nurse, and caused it to be nursed for his owne. The Lady hauing stayed there a moneth, went home vnto her owne house, where after that she liued more strictly than euer she did, both in fasting and discipline. But when her sonne became great, perceiuing no warre to be in

Italie,

Italie, he sent to desire his mother that he might come see her: shee fearing to fall into the euill from whence she had escaped, would not permit him, till in thend he was so importunate with her, that she had no reason to deny him. Neuerthelesse she sent him word, that he should neuer come vnto her, if he were not married to a wife that he loued wel; and that he should not respect her riches, so she were honest, and it should suffice. In the meane time her bastard brother perceiuing the daughter whereof he had the charge, to waxe great, and very faire, thought to place her in some house farre off, where shee should not be knowne; and by the mother's counsell, gaue her vnto the Queene of Nauarre.* This daughter, named Katherine, grew to the age of twelue or thirteene yeres, and became so faire and honest, that the Q. of Nauarre bare her good affection, and desired much to mary her richly. But by reason she was poore, she found herselfe to haue suters great store, but none that would bee her husband. Vpon a day it happened that the gentleman that was her vnknowne father, returning from the other side of the Alpes, went vnto the Queene of Nauarre's house, where he had no sooner espied the mayd, but he became amorous of her, and bicause he had licence of his mother to mary one that liked him, he tooke no care but onely to haue a wife that pleased his fantasie, and knowing her to be such, asked her in mariage of the Queen, that most willingly consented as knowing the gentleman to be rich, and with his riches both faire and honest. The mariage being finished, the gentleman wrot vnto his mother, that from thencefoorth she neede not refuse him her house, for seeing he brought with him as faire a wife as any could be found. The gentlewoman that enquired with what house he had matched himselfe, found hee had maried their owne daughter, wherwith she was in such despaire, that [s]he presently thought to die, perceiuing that the more she sought to hinder her griefe, the more she was the means to increase the same. Whereupon not knowing what to doe, she went vnto the Legate being at Auignion, to whom she confessed the greatnes of her sinne, asking his counsell what she should doe therein. The Legat to satisfie her desire, sent for certaine deuines, to whom he vttered the matter not naming the persons, and found by their counsel, that the Gentlewoman ought not to make it knowne vnto her children, for that for their parts considering their ignorance, they had not sinned, but that she during her life ought to do penance without making any shew thereof. Which done, the poore woman returned home, where not long after ariued her sonne and her daughter

* The air of truth with which the royal authoress contrived to give spirit to her narrations affords the pleasing hope that this unfortunate story was the coinage of her own fancy, and has since only become popular from its singularity.

in

in lawe that loued so wel, that neuer husband nor wife loued in better sort, for she was both his daughter, sister, and wife, and he too her father, brother and husband; in which great amity they continued long: and the poore gentlewoman in her extreme penance, that neuer sawe them merry, but shee withdrew herselfe to weepe."

J. H.

¶ *M. Derings workes. More at large then euer hath heere-to-fore been printed in one volume. London, printed by Edward Griffin for Edward Blount.* 1614.

The Contents enumerated at the back of the title are, A sermon preached before the Queen, another at the Tower, 27 lectures or readings upon Hebrews; Certain godly letters; A brief and necessary catechism; godly private prayers; and also certain godly speeches. Then follow an address to the Christian Reader and a new title page, of A Briefe and necessarie Catechisme or Instruction, very needfull to be knowne of all Housholders: whereby they may teach and instruct their family in such poynts of Christian Religion as is most meate, with prayers to the same adioyning. Psalme 34. 11. Come Children, hearken vnto mee, I will teach you the feare of the Lord. London. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1614. At the back of the title commences a prefatory address, from which the following extract of the beginning is selected as a literary curiosity, being dated in 1572.

"*To the Reader.*

"It shal not be necessary for mee (most louing brethren) to shew any causes for mine owne excuse, why I haue attempted the setting forth of this little catechisme, as though I had rashly aduentured aboue that was meet, to set forth any thing to bee common by my priuate aduice: or, as though I had presumed aboue mine ability, to become so general a teacher, hauing myselfe so meane vnderstanding. For in these daies in which there is so great licenciousnes of printing bookes, as indeed it maketh vs al the worse, who can blame it that hath any tast or sauour of goodnesse, be it neuer so simple, if it had no other fruit? Yet this is great and plentiful, that in

in reading it, we should keep our eies from much godlesse and childish vanity, that hath now blotted so many papers. We see it al, & we mourn for griefe, so many as in spirit and truth do loue the Lord: what multitude of bookes, ful of all sin and abhominations, haue now filled the world! Nothing so childish, nothing so vaine, nothing so wanton, nothing so idle, which is not both boldly printed & plausibly taken, so that herin we haue fulfilled the wickednes of our forefathers, and ouertaken them in their sins: They had their spiritual inchantments, in which they were bewitched, Beuis of Hampton, Guy of Warwick, Arthur of the rou'd table, Huon of Burdaux, Oliuer of the Castle, the foure sons of Aymon, and a great many other of such childish folly. And yet more vanity then these, the witlesse deuices of Gargantua, Howle glasse, Esope, Robin-hood, Adam bell, Frier Rush, the fooles of Gotham, & a thousand such other. And yet of al the residue, the most drunken imaginations, with which they so defiled their festiual & high Holidaies, their legendary, their saints liues, their tales of Robin good fellow, & many other spirits, which Sathan had made, hel had printed, & were warranted to sale vnder the Pope's priuiledge, to kindle in mens harts the sparks of superstition, that at last it might flame out into the fire of purgatory. These were in the former daies, the subtle sleights of Sathan to occupy Christian wits in heathen fantasies. And we as men that cannot learn wisedome by any example to keep ourselues fro harm, but as though the wickednes of our forefathers were not yet ful, we wil make vp their measure, & set vp shrines to the word of God, and the writings of al his saints, which our fore fathers had cast out of al honor, that their owne dreames and illusions might be had in price. To this purpose (I trow) wee haue multiplied for our selues so many newe delights, that we might iustifie the idolatrous superstitio of the elder world. To this purpose we haue printed vs many baudy sogs (I am loth to vse such a loathsome word, saue that it is not fit enough for so vile endeuers.) To this purpose we haue gotten our songs and sonots, our pallaces of pleasure,* our vnchast fables, and tragedies, and such like sorceries, moe then any man may reckon. Yea, some haue bin so impudent, as new born Moabites, which wallow in their own vomit, and haue not bin ashamed to intitle their books the Court of Venus, the Castle of loue, and many other as shamelesse as these. O that there were among vs some zealous Ephesians, that books of so great vanity might be burned vp. The spirite of God wrought in them so mightily

* I had not seen either the work forming the subject of the preceding article, or the above, when the introduction of the new edition of the *Palace of Pleasure* was sent to press.

that

that they conteined the price of so great iniquity, in one citty, that at one fire they brought together the books, valued at two thousand marks, and burnt them al at once. O happy light, and cleare as the sun beames, if we might see the like in London, that the chiefest street might be sanctified with so holy a sacrifice. The place it selfe doth craue it, and holdeth vp a gorgeous Idol, a fit stake for so good a fire. O Lord thou art able to worke what thou wilt, let vs see this day that Jacob may reioce, & Israel may be glad."

The address extends to eight pages of very small print, and is dated "from my chamber, the 22d of Aprill, 1572. Thine in the Lord, Ed. De." The "xxvii lectvres, or readings, vpon part of the Epistle written to the Hebrues, made by Maister Edward Deering, Bachelour of Diuinitie:" has also a distinct title.

21 Dec. 1813.

J. H.

¶ *Mythomystes, wherein a short svrvay is taken of the natvre and valve of trve Poesy and depth of the Ancients above ovr moderne poets. To which is annexed the tale of Narcissus briefly mythologized. London, Printed for Henry Seyle, at the Tiger's-head in St. Paul's Church-yard.* n. d. qto. 60 leaves.

In the dedication inscribed "to the right Hon^e. and my euer-honor'd Lord, Henry Lord Matrauers," the author tells his Lordship, that being a lover of Painting, so of necessity he must love her sister the Art of Poesy, and adventures to present a slight draft of her to his Lordship, "some moneths since conceiued and euen as soone borne." Concluding "your Lo^pp humble and most affectionate seruant H. R."

"To the candid and ingenvovs Reader. Looke not generous reader (for such I write to) for more in the few following leaues, then a plaine and simple verity vnadorned at all with eloqution, or rhetoricall phrase; glosses fitter perhaps to be set vpon silken and thinne paradoxicall semblances, then appertaining to the care of who desires to lay downe a naked and vnmasked trueth. Nor expect heere an encomium or praise of any such thing as the world ordinarily takes Poësy for; that same thing beeing (as I conceiue) a superficiall meere outside of Sence, or gaye barke only (without the body) of reason. Wit-

 nesse

nesse so many excellent witts that haue taken so much paines in these times to defend her; which sure they would not haue done, if what is generally receiued now a dayes for Poësy, were not meerely a faculty, or occupation of so little consequence, as by the louers thereof rather to be (in their owne fauour) excused, then for any thing good in the thing itselfe, to be commended. Nor must thou heere expect thy solution, if thy curiosity inuite thee to a satisfaction in any of the vnder-accidentes, but in meerely the essential forme, of true Poesy: Such I call the accidents or appendixes thereto, as conduce somewhat to the matter, and end, nothing to the reall forme and essence thereof. And these accidents (as I call them) our commenders and defenders of Poësy haue chiefely, and indeed sufficiently insisted and dilated vpon: and are first, those floures (as they are called) of Rhetorick, consisting of their *Anaphoras, Epistrophes, Metaphors, Metonymyes, Syrecdoches*, and those their other potent tropes and figures; helpes, (if at all of vse to furnish out expressions with) much properer sure, and more fitly belonging to Poësy then Oratory; yet such helpes, as if nature haue not before hand in his byrth, giuen a poët all such, forced art will come behind as lame to the businesse, and deficient, as the best-taught countrey morris dauncer with all his bells and napkins, will ill deserue to be in an Inne of Courte at Christmas, termed the thing they call a fine reueller."

The work commences with the following extract, which contains all the observations relating to the English poets.

"Mythomystes: wherein a short svrvay is taken of the natvre and valve of trve Poesie, and depth of the ancients aboue our moderne Poets. I Haue thought vpon the times wee liue in; and am forced to affirme the world is decrepit, and out of its age & doating estate, subiect to all the imperfections that are inseparable from that wracke and maime of Nature, that the young behold with horror, and the sufferers thereof lye vnder with murmur and languishment. Euen the generall Soule of this great creature, whereof enery one of ours is a seuerall peece, seemes bedrid, as vpon her death bed, and neere the time of her dissolution to a second better estate, and being: the yeares of her strength are past; and she is now nothing but disease for the Soule's health is no other than meerely the knowledge of the Truth of things. Which health, the world's youth inioyed, and hath now * exchanged for it, all the diseases of all errors, heresies and different sects and schismes of opinions and vnderstandings in all matter of Arts,

* For the world hath lost his youth and the times begin to waxe old. a Esd. cap. 14. *Margin.*

Sciences,

Sciences, and Learnings whatsoeuer. To helpe on these diseases to incurability, what age hath euer beene so fruitfull of liberty in all kindes, and of all permission and allowance for this reason of ours, to runne wildely all her owne hurtfullest wayes without bridle, bound, or limit at all? For instance; what bookes haue wee of what euer knowledge, or in what mysteries soeuer, wisely by our auncients (or auoiding of this present malady the world is now falne into), couched and carefully infoulded, but must bee by euery illiterate person without exception, deflowred and broke open, or broke in pieces, because beyond his skill to vnlocke the? Or what Law haue we that prouides for the restraint of these myriads of hotheaded wranglers, & ignorant writers and teachers, which, out of the bare pruiledge of perhaps but puny graduate in som Vniuersity, will venter vpon all, euen the most remoued and most abstruse knowledges, as perfect vnderstanders and expounders of them, vpon the single warrant of their owne braine; or inuenters of better themselues, than all Antiquity could deliuer downe to them; out of the treasonous mint of their owne imaginations? What hauocke, what mischiefe to all learnings, and how great a multiplicity of poysonous errours and heresies must not of necessity hence ensue, and ouerspread the face of all Truths whatsoeuer?

"Among these heresies (to omit those in matter of diuinity, or the right forme of worshipping God, which the doctors of his church are fitter to make the subiects of their tongues and pens, than I, a Layman, and all-vnworthy the taske,) among, I say, these, (if I may so call them) heresies, or ridiculous absurdities in matter of humane letters, and their professors in these times, I find none so grosse, nor indeed any so great scandall, or maime to humane learning, as in the almost generall abuse and violence offered to the excellent art of Poesye; first, by those learned (as they thinke themselues) of our dayes who call themselues Poets; and next, by such as out of their ignorance, heede not how much they prophane that high and sacred title in calling them so.

"From the number of these first mentioned, (for, for the last, I will not mention them; nor yet say as a graue Father, and holy one too, of certaine obstinate heretikes said; *Decipiantur in nomine diaboli*; but charitably wish their reformation, and cure of their blindnesse;) from the multitude (I say) of the common rimers in these our moderne times, and moderne tongues, I will exempt some few, as of a better ranke and condition than the rest. And first to beginne with Spaine. I will say it may iustly boast to haue afforded (but many ages since) excellent Poets, as Seneca the Tragedian, Lucan, and Martiall the Epigrammist, with others; and in these latter times, as diuerse in prose, some good Theologians also in Rime; but for other

Poesies in their (now spoke) tongue, of any great name, (not to extoll their trifling, though extolled Celestina, nor the second part of their Dianna de Monte Major, better much than the first; and these but Poeticke prosers neither,) I cannot say it affords many, if any at all: The inclination of that people being to spend much more wit, and more happily in those prose Romances they abound in, such as their Lazarillo, Don Quixote, Guzman, and those kind of Cuenta's of their Picaro's, and Gitanillas, than in Rime. The French likewise, more than for a Ronsart, or Des-Portes, but chiefly their Salust, (who may passe among the best of our modernes,) I can say little of. Italy hath in all times, as in all abilities of the mind besides, been much fertiler than either of these in Poets. Among whom (to omit a Petrarch, who though he was an excellent rimer in his owne tongue, and for his Latine Africa iustly deserned the laurell that was giuen him, yet was a much excellenter Philosopher in prose; and with time, a Bembo, Dante, Ang. Politiano, Caporale, Pietro Aretino, Sannazaro, Guarini, and diuers others, men of rare fancy all) I must preferre chiefely three; as the graue and learned Tasso, in his *Sette giorni*, (a diuine worke) and his *Gierusalem liberata*, so farre as an excellent pile of meerely Morall Philosophy may deserue. Then, Ariosto, for the artfull woofe of his ingenious, though vnmeaning fables; the best, perhaps, haue in that kind beene sang since Ouid. And lastly, that smooth writ Adonis of Marino, full of various conception, and diuersity of learning. The Douche I cannot mention, being a stranger to their minds, and manners, therefore I will returne home to my Country-men, and mother tongue: And heere, exempt from the rest, a Chaucer, for some of his poems; chiefely his Troylus and Cresside. Then the generous and ingenious Sidney, for his Smooth and artfull Arcadia, (and who I could wish had choze rather to haue left vs of his pen, an Encomiasticke Poeme in honour, then prose-apology in defence, of his fauorite, the excellent art of Poesy.) Next, I must approue the learned Spencer, in the rest of his Poems, no lesse then his Fairy Queene, an exact body of the Ethicke doctrine: though some good iudgments haue wisht (and perhaps not without cause) that he had therein beene a little freer of his fiction, and not so close rinetted to his Morall; no lesse then many doe to Daniell's Ciuile warrs that it were (though otherwise a commendable worke) yet somwhat more than a true Chronicle history in rime; who, in other lesse laboured things, may haue indeed more happily, (howeuer, alwayes cleerely and smoothly) written. Wee haue among vs a late-writ Polyolbion, also, and an Agincourte, wherin I will only blame their honest Authour's ill fate, in not hauing laid him out some happier Clime, to haue giuen honour and life to, in some happier language. After these, (be-

sides

sides some late dead) there are others now lining, dramaticke and liricke writers, that I most deseruedly commend for those parts of fancy and imagination they possesse; and should much more, could wee see them somewhat more, force those gifts, and liberall graces of Nature, to the end shee gaue them; and therewith worke and constantly tire vpon sollid knowledges; the which hauing from the rich fountes of our reuerend auncients, drawne with vnwearied, and wholsomely imploied industries; they might in no lesse pleasing and profitable fictions than they haue done (the very fittest conduit-pipes) deriue downe to vs the vnderstanding of things euen farthest remooued from vs, and most worthy our speculation, and knowledge. But alas, such children of obedience, I must take leaue to say, the most of our ordinary pretenders to Poesy now a dayes, are to their owne, and the diseased times ill habits, as the racke will not bee able to make the most aduised among twenty of them confessed, to haue farther inquired, or attended to more, in the best of their Authours they haue chosen to read and study, than meerely his stile, phrase, and manner of expression; or scarce suffered themselues to looke beyond the dimensions of their owne braine, for any better counsaile or instruction elsewhere. What can wee expect then of the poems they write? Or what can a man mee thinks liken them more fitly to, than to Ixion's issue? for hee that with meerely a naturall veine, (and a little vanity of nature, which I can be content to allow a poet) writes without other grounds of sollid learning, than the best of these vngrounded rimers vnderstand or aime at, what does he more than imbrace assembled cloudes with Ixion, and beget only monsters? This might yet be borne with, did not these people as confidently vsurpe to them selues the title of Schollers, and learned men, as if they possest the knowledges of all the Magi, the wise East did euer breed; when, let me demand but a reason for security of my iudgement in allowing them for such, they straite giue mee to know they vnderstand the Greeke, and Latine; and in conclusion, I discouer the compleate crowne of all their ambition, is but to be stiled by others a good Latinist or Grecian, and then they stile themselues good Schollers. So would I too had I not before beene taught to say: *Non quia Græca scias, vel calles verba Latina, Doctus es aut sapiens. Sed quia vera vides*; and besides, hapned to know a late trauailing ODCOMBIAN among vs; that became (I know not for what Mortaller sinne than his variety of language) the common scorne and contempt of all the abusiue witts of the time: yet possesst both those languages in great perfection; as his eloquent Orations in both toungs; (and vttered vpon his owne head * without prompting) haue euer suf-

* For they made him stand, and speake Greeke vpon his head with his heeles vpward. *Margin.*

ficiently

ficiently testified. Now, finding this to be the greater part of the Schollership these our Poets endeauour to haue, and which many of them also haue; I find with all, they sit downe as satisfied, as if their vnfurnish brests contained each one the learning and wisdome of an Orpheus, Virgil, Hesiod, Pindarus, and Homer altogether. When as, what haue they else but the barke and cloathing meerely wherein their high and profound doctrines lay? Neuer looking farther into those their golden fictions for any higher sence, or any thing diuiner in them infoulded & hid from the vulgar, but lulled with the meruellous expression and artfull contexture of their fables—*tanquam parui pueri* (as one saies) *per brumam ad ignem sessitantes, aniles nugas fabellâsque de Poetis imbibunt, cum interim de vtiliore sanctioríque Sententia minime sunt solliciti.*

"I haue staid longer, and rubde harder mee thinkes than needes, vpon the sore of our now a day Poets. Let mee leaue them, and looke backe to the neuer enough honoured Auncients."……

At the end of the volume is the tale of Narcissus, which the author "had diuerse yeares since put into English," and from which the following description of Narcissus and Eccho will amply serve to appreciate his talents as a poet.

No sooner from his birth-day had the sun
After three lusters, in his carre of light
Three yearely rounds more through the Zodiack run,
When this bright visadg'd buoye (NARCISSUS hight)
Was growne to that supreme perfection
Of beauty, and grace, combinde to breed delight,
As no degree, no sexe, no age are free,
But all perforce of him enamour'd be.

The winning features of his face were such,
As the best beauties seem'd to his, but bad;
Sweet, soft, and fresh to looke vpon, and touch,
The tender hue was of the louely lad;
Widdowes desir'd, and married wiues as much,
And eu'ry maid a longing for him had;
No harte so chaste, and free from amo'rous fire,
But he could tainte, and kindle with desire.

Yet his proude hawty minde had in disdaine
Whateuer beauty came within his sight;
Nor car'de the choycest virgins loue to gaine,
Whereto by kinde, Nature doth man inuite;
Nor yet of riper women sought to obtaine
The vs'de allay of the bloud's appetite;

But only lou'de, ador'de, and deifi'de
Himselfe, dispizing all the worlde beside.

One day, that louely browe, those liuely eyes,
That ruby lip, that alabaster chinne
And crimson cheeke of his, a Nymphe espyes,
A Nymphe that neuer doth to speak beginne,
But readily to such as speake, replies;
Though all her words lame and imperfect been,
While in her mouthe confounding all the rest,
Her last worde only comes out perfectest.

This Nymphe which then, and still we ECCHO name,
That answers others speeche, but speakes to none,
Was not as now, a meere voice peec'd, and lame,
But forme and substance had of flesh and bone;
When to her toung that imperfection came
To vente but halfe wordes, and them not her owne,
Through a disdaine shee in the breste did raise
Of Juno, ielious of her husband's wayes.

Ere which a voice shee had, so sweete to th' eare,
With a discourse so smooth, and full of pleasure,
As it a heauen was her wordes to heare,
Wordes which the heauyest grieuance and displeasure
Could mitigate, and easyer make to beare,
(Of sweet and sage so equall was their measure;)
For still shee kept them by discretion good,
Within the seemely bounds of womanhood."

J. H.

¶ *Alcida. Greenes Metamorphosis. Wherein is discouered a pleasant transformation of bodies into sundrie shapes shewing that as vertues beautifie the mind, so vanities giue greater staines, than the perfection of any quality can rase out. The discourse confirmed with diuerse merry and delightfull Histories; full of graue principles to content age, and sawsed with pleasant parlees, and witty answeres, to satisfie youth: profitable to both, and not offensiue to any. By R. G. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci. London, printed by George Purslowe,* 1617. qto. sig. K. 3.

[Dedicated] "To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Charles Blount, Knight, indewed with perfections of learning, and titles of nobility: Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and vertue.

"Achilles

"Achilles, the great commander of the mirmidones, had no sooner (Right Worshipfull) encountred the hardie Troian with his courtelax, and registred his valour on the helme of his enemie, but returning to his tents, hee pourtraied with his pen the praise of Polixena, ioyning Amors with Armors, and the honor of his learning with the resolution of his Launce. In the Olympiades the Laurell striued as well for the pen, as the speare: and Pallas had double sacrafice, as well perfumes of torne papers, as incense of broken truncheons. Entring (right worshipfull) with deep insight into these premisses, I found blazoning your resolute indeuors in deeds of armes, and report figuring out your euer-intended fauours to good letters: presuming vpon the courteous disposition of your Worship, I aduentured to present you, as Lucius did Cæsar, who offered him an Helmet topt with plumes in warres, and a booke stuffed with precepts in peace, knowing that Cæsar held it as honorable to be counted an Orator in the Court, as a souldier in the field. So (right worshipfull) after you returne from the low Countries (passing ouer those praise-worthy resolutions executed vpon the enimie) seeing absence from armes had transformed Campus Martius to mount Helicon, I ouerboldned my selfe to trouble your worship, with the sight of my Metamorphosis: A pamphlet too simple to patronage vnder so worthy a Mæcenas: and vnworthy to be viewed of you, whose thoughts are intended to more serious studies. Yet Augustus would read Poems, and write Roundelayes, rather to purge melancholly with toyes, then for any delight in such trifles. So I hope your Worship wil, after long perusing of great volumes, cast a glance at my poore pamphlet: wherein is discouered the anatomy of Womens affections: setting out as in a mirror, how dangerous his hazard is, that sets his rest vpon loue: whose essence (if it haue any) is momentary and effects variable, if either the method, or matter mislike, as wanting scholarisme in the one, or grauity in the other: yet if it shall serue your Worship as a trifle to passe away the time, and so slip with patience, as a boord iest, I shall be lesse grieued: if any way it please as to procure you delight, I shall be glad and satisfied as haning gained the end of my labours: but howsoeuer hoping your Worship will pardon my presumption in presenting; and weigh more of the well affected will, then of the bad labored worke, I wish your Worship such fortunate fauours as you can desire, or I imagine. Your Worship's to command, Robert Greene.

[Then, an address wishing] to the Gentlemen readers health. "Falling (Gentlemen) by chance amongst a company of no meane Gentlewomen: after supposes and such ordinary sports past, they fell to prattle of the qualities incident to their owne sexe: one amongst the rest, very indifferent, more addicted to

tell

tell the truth, then to selfe conceit, said, That women that had fauours, had most commonly contrary faults: for (quoth shee) beauty is seldome without pride, and wit without inconstancie. The Gentlewomen began to blush, because shee spake so broad, be sure, and blamed her that shee would so fondly foyle her owne nest. Shee still maintained it, that what she had spoken was true: and more, that she had forgotten their little secrecie. Whereupon there grew arguments: and a sophisticall disputation fell out amongst the Gentlewomen, about their owne qualities. I sate still as a cypher in Algorisme. and noted what was spoken: which after I had perused in my chamber, and seeing it would be profitable for yong gentlemen, to know and foresee as well their faults as their fauours. I drew into a fiction the forme and method, in manner of a Metamorphosis: which (Gentlemen) I present vnto your wonted curtesies, desiring you not to looke for any of Ouid's wittie inuentions, but for bare and rude discourses: hoping to finde you, as hitherto I haue done whatsoeuer in opinion, yet fauourable and silent in speech. In which hope setting downe my rest, I bid you farewell. Yours euer, as he is bound, Robert Greene.

Commendatory verses follow in Latin by R. A. Oxon. G. B. Cant. and anonymous: in English, by Ed. Percy, and Bubb, Gent. From the story, want of room only prevents the giving any extract.

Robert Greene has lately obtained an advocate to redeem his character from the long continued obloquy, with which it has been shadowed by his partial or inattentive biographers. It is not necessary for me to idolize my author, nor attempt, obstinately, to contend against the numerous proofs of his errors, because I continue persuaded of the injustice formerly done him; and that, while his mind contained the soundest principles of virtue, enlarged by education and chastened by reflection, his heart was led astray in the career of vanity, and only revelled in the acts of folly, with a restless and indefensible hope of outstripping his looser associates. Yet, impressed with this opinion, it could not be otherwise than gratifying to me lately to receive an intimation that the efficient pen of my coadjutor was likely to be employed upon the subject. In a Preface, Critical and Biographical, prefixed to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, reprinted at the private press at Lee Priory, the task is, in part, performed, and, precluded as I feel myself from expressing any opinion

opinion in this place, upon the Memoir, I may yet be allowed to observe that the publication forms one of the most splendid and perfect specimens of typography that has, within recent date, issued from the press of any private gentleman.

J. H.

¶ *Babilon, a part of the seconde weeke of Gvillavme de Salvste Seignevr dv Bartas. With the Commentarie, and marginall notes of S. G. S. Englished by William L'isle. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. Imprinted at London by Ed. Bollifant, for Richard Watkins.* 1596, 37 leaves.

Dedicated "to the right honovrable, Charles lord Howard, baron of Effingham, knight of the most renowmed order of the garter, one of hir majestie's priuie councell, and lord high admirall of England, &c." wherein the writer, after describing the work of du Bartas as a stranger, venturing over the seas, notwithstanding the Spanish fleets, says, "so, my lord, with a fauorable winde, breathing directly from the french Helicon, by the safe conduit of your honourable name, and helpe of the Muses, at length I landed my stranger in England. Where, since his arriuall, he hath gladly encountred diuers of his elder brethren, that were come over before, some in a princely Scottish attire, others in faire English habits; and to th' entent he might the better enioy their companie, who by this time had almost forgotten their french, he was desirous to learne englishe of me: .... Whose I rest euer at command. William L'isle." *

The argument of the first two days of the second week is given in prose; and then follows the poem of Babilon, in which the text is repeatedly broke in upon for the purpose of giving the notes of the commentator. As our author's pretensions as a poet are dubious, it requires an awakening interest by subject to give currency to his drawling Alexandrines, and therefore the following specimen has been selected from the Vision, where the principal languages are scribed as applied to the English.

* For an account of the author, see Wood's Fasti I. Col. 147, and *Censura Literaria*, Vol. I. p. 291.

"The

" The speech of Englishmen* hath for hir strong pillers,
Three knights, *Bacon* and *More*, they two Lord Chancellers,
Who knitting close their toong rais'd it from infancie,
And coupled eloquence with skill in policie:
Sir *Philip Sydney* third who like a cignet sings
Fair Tham'ses swelling waues beating with siluer wings:
This streame with honour fild his eloquence doth beare
Into dame Thetis lap, and Thetis eu'ry-where.
But what new sunne is this † that beameth on mine eies?
What? am I wrapt amongst the heau'nly companies?
O what a princely grace! what state imperiall!
What pleasant lightning eies! what face angelicall!
Ye learned daughters of him that all gouerneth,
Is't not that Pallas wise, the great Elizabeth; ‡
That makes the sturdie men of England nothing bent
For man's empire to change a woman's gouernment?
Who whiles Erynnis, loth to tarry long in hell,
Hir neighbour kingdomes all with fire & sword doth quell,
And whiles the darke affright of tempest roring-great
Doth to the world's carack a fearfull shipwracke threat,
Holdeth in happie peace hir Isle, where true beliefe,
And honorable lawes are reck'ned of in chiefe:
That hath not onely gift of plentie delectable;
To speak hir mother-toong, but readily is able
In Latine, Spanish, French, without premeditation,
In Greeke, Italian, Dutch, to make as good oration,

* The speech of English. For ornament of the English toong he nameth Sir Thomas Moore and Sir Nicholas Bacon both Lord Chancellors: the first of them was very learned in the arts and toongs: the second exceeding well seene in the common lawes of England: and both very eloquent in their mother language. As for Sir Philip Sidney he deserueth no lesse commendation than the poet hath giuen him. Chaucer deserueth the like commendation here that Osias did among the Spanish Auctors.

† But what new sunne is this. He maketh a digression in praise of the Queene of England, who the space of seuen and thirtie yeeres hath gouernrd hir realme in great prosperitie; so as, during the troubles and ouerthrowes of other kingdomes about hir, hir selfe and hir people haue beene preserued from infinite dangers. This famous Queene hath also the toongs heere mentioned by the poet, very parfit, and at this day by the singular grace of God she is accounted the pretious pearle of the North, and very fortunate in all the wars she taketh in hand: hir happie successe and victories are euery day so memorable, that they deserue to be written in a large historie, and reuerenced of all posteritie.

‡ For the fourth piller of the English toong he nameth our gracious Queene Elizabeth, duly and truly praising hir for wisdome, maintenance of peace, learning, and eloquence. *Margin.*

As Greece can, as can France, as Rome emperiall,
As Rhine, as Arne can, plead in their naturall.
O bright pearle of the North, martiall, Mars-conquering,
Loue still and cherish arts, and heare the Muses sing:
And in case any time my verses winged light,
Shall ouer th' ocean sea to thine Isle take their flight,
And by some happie chaunce into that faire hand slide,
That doth so many men with lawfull scepter guide;
View them with gracious eie and fauourable thought,
I want thine eloquence to praise thee as I ought."

J. H.

¶ *A Goodly Gallerye with a most pleasaunt prospect, into the garden of naturall contemplation, to behold the naturall causes of all kynde of Meteors, as wel fyery and ayery, as watry and earthly, of whiche sort be blasing sterres, shooting starres, flames in the ayre, &c. thõder, lightning, earthquakes, &c. rayne, dewe, snowe, cloudes, springes, &c. stones, metalles, earthes, &c. to the glory of God, and the profit of his creaturs. Psalm.* 148. *Prayse the Lorde vpon earth Dragons and all deepes, fyre, haile, snowe, ise, wyndes, and stormes, that doe his wyll. Londini. Anno.* 1563. Colophon, beneath the printer's device and motto. *Impryted at London in Fletestreate, at the signe of the Faucone, by William Griffith: and they are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstones churchyarde in the weste.* 1563. 12mo. 74 leaves.

A new title page to this little intelligent performance was given by the printer in 1571.* It is dedicated "to the Right Honourable the Lorde Robert Dudley, Maister of the Quenes maiesties horse, Knight of the most Noble order of the garter, and one of the Quenes Maiesties priuie Counsell. William Fulce, wisheth increase of grace and heauenly giftes, in perfect health and true honor, long to continue."

And the author says of his work "at this tyme, I was bolde to enterprise the matter, for that one James Rowbothum, a man of notable impudens (that I saye no worse of him) abusinge your singuiar humanitie and gentlenes expressing thexample of one Bathillus, or rather (that I may con-

* Herbert 923.

tinue

tinue in the allegoria of birdes) of Esope's crowe, hath not ben ashamed to dedicate vnto your Lordship of late a treatise of myne, which I gathered out of diuerse writers concerning the Philosopher's game:* notwithstanding he was streightly commaunded to the contrary by the right honorable and reuerent father, my Lord of London, of whom also I was exhorted and encouraged to dedicate the same vnto your honour, myselfe. Whiche though nowe through his importunitie and disobedi ce, it be intercepted, and the booke defaced with his rude rythmes and peuish verses:† yet I thought best to geue your Lordeship vnderstanding that your honorable protection which is and should be the defence of learning and learned men, might no more be a boldening to such ignorant and vnhonest persones."

In the second book upon Meteors is the following section describing "of lights that goeth before men, and followeth th̃ abrode in the fields by the night season. There is also a kind of light y^t is seen in the night season, and seemeth to goe before men, or to followe them, leading them out of their waye vnto waters & other daungerous places. It is also very often seen in the night, of th̃ that sayle in the sea, & sometyme will cleave to ye mast of the shyp, or other highe partes, somtyme slyde round about the shyppe, and either rest in one part till it go out, or els be quenched in the water. This impression seen on the lande, is called in latin, *Ignis fatuus*, foolish fyre, that hurteth not, but only feareth foules. That whiche is seen on ye sea, if it be but one, is named Helena, if it be two, it is called Castor and Pollux,

The foulishe fyre is an Exhalation kendled by meanes of violent mouing, when by cold of the night, in the lowest region of the ayre, it is beaten downe, & then commonly, if it be light, seeketh to ascende vpward, & is sent down againe; so it danseth vp & downe. Els if it moue not vp and downe, it is a greate lompe of glueysh or oyly matter, that by mouing of the heate in itselfe, is enflamed of itselfe, as moyst haye wyll be kyndled of it selfe. In whote and fenny countries, these lyghtes are often seen, and whereas is abondance of suche vnctuus and fat matter, as about churchyardes wher through the corruptio̅ of the bodies ther buried, ye earth is ful of suche substance, wherfore in churchyardes, or places of co̅mon buriall, oftentimes ar such lightes seen, which ignorant and superstitious fooles, haue thought to be soules torme̅ted in the fyre of purgatorie. Indede ye deuill hath vsed these lightes (although they be naturally caused) as strong delusions to captiue the myndes of men, w^t feare of the pope's

* See Herbert, p. 803 & 805. † For a specimen of the verses see *Censura Literaria*, vol. vi. p. 261.

purgatorie,

purgatorie, wherby he did ope̅ iniury to the bloud of Christ, which only purgeth vs fro̅ al our sinnes and deliuereth vs from al torme̅ts, both temporall and eternal, according to the saying of the wyse ma̅, the soules of the ryghteous are in the hands of God, and no torment toucheth them. But to returne to the lightes in which there ar yet twoo thinges to be considered. First, why they leade men out of their waye. And secondly, why they seeme to follow men and go before the̅. The cause why they leade men out of the waye, is, that me̅ whyle they take hede to such lights, and are also sore afrayde, they forgett their waye, and then being ones but a litle out of their waye, they wa̅der they woote not whether, to waters, pyttes, and other very daungerous places, which, when at lengthe they happe the waye home, wyll tell a greate tale, how they have been lead about by a spirite in the likenes of fyre. Nowe the cause why they seeme to goe before men, or to followe them, some men haue sayde to be the mouing of the ayer by the goyng of the man, which ayre moued, shold driue them forward if they were before, and drawe them after, if they were behynd. But this is no reason at all, that the fire which is ofte̅times, thre or fowre miles distaunt from the man that walketh, shold be moued to and froo by that ayre which is moued through his walkinge, but rather the mouing of the ayre & the man's eyes, causeth the fyre to seeme as though it moued, as the Moone to chyldren seemeth, if they are before it, to run after them: if she be before them, to run before them, that they can not ouertake her though she seeme to be very neare them. Wherfore these lyghtes rather seeme to moue, then that they be moued in deade."

J. H.

¶ *Old Madrigals.* *

i.

"In vain he seeks for beautie that excelleth,
That hath not seen her eyes where Loue soiourneth;
How sweetly here and there the same she turneth,
He knowes not how loue healeth and how he quelleth;
That knowes not how she sighes and sweet beguileth,
And how she sweetly speakes and sweetly smyleth.

ii. I

* *Musica Transalpina, Altvs. Madrigales translated of foure, fiue, and sixe partes, chosen out of diuers excellent authors, vvith the first and second part of La Verginella, made by Maister Byrd, vpon fvve*

ii.

I saw my lady weeping and Loue did languish,
And of their plaint ensued so rare concenting,
That neuer yet was heard more sweet lamenting,
Made all of tender pittie and mournfull anguish:
The flouds forsaking their delightfull swelling.
Stayd to attend their plaint; the winds enraged,
Still and content to quiet calm asswaged,
Their wonted storms and euery blast rebelling.

(Part 2.)

Like as from heauen the dew full softly showring,
Doth fall and so refresh both fieldes and closes:
Filling the parched flowers with sap and sauour:
So while she bath'd the violets and the roses,
Vpon her louely cheekes so freshly flow'ring:
The spring reneu'd his force with her sweet fauour.

iii.

Sleepe, sleepe mine only juell,
Much more thou didst delight mee,
Then my belou'd, to cruell,
That hid hir face to spyte mee.

(Part 2.)

Thou bringst her home full nye me,
While she so fast did flye me,
By thy meanes I behold those eyes so shyning,
Long time absented, that look so mild appeased;
Thus is my griefe declyning:
Thou in my dreames dost make desire well pleased.
Sleepe if thou be like death, as thou art fayned,
A happy lyfe by such a death were gayned.

---

two Stanza's of Ariosto, and brought to speake English with the rest. Published by N. Yonge in fauour of such as take pleasure in musicke of voices. Imprinted at London by Thomas East the assigne of William Byrd. 1588. *Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.* Cantvs, Bassvs, Sextvs, same date. Dedicated to Gilbert, Lord Talbot, son of George, Earl of Shrewsbury: wherein Yonge observes, "I endeuoured to get into my hands all such English songes as were praise worthie, and amongst others I had the hap to find in the hands of some of my good friends certaine Italian Madrigales translated most of them five years ago by a gentleman for his priuate delight," which form part of the collection. Dated first of October, 1588. Contains 57 pieces. For extracts from second part of the Musica Transalpina, see *Cens. Lit.* Vol. IX. p. 5. In the present collection may be found the poem inserted in *England's Helicon*, ed. 1812. p. 204.

iv. Rybies

iv.

Rvbyes and pearles and treasure,
Kingdomes, renowne and glory;
Please the delightful minde and cheare the sory;
But much the greater measure
Of true delight he gaineth,
That for the fruits of Loue sues and obtaineth.

v.

The fayre yong virgin is like the rose vntainted,
In garden faire while tender stalk doth beare it;
Sole and vntoucht, with no resort acquainted,
No shepherd nor his flock doth once come neere it:
Th'ayre full of sweetnesse, the morning fresh depainted,
The earth the water with all their fauours cheer it:
Daintie yong gallants, and ladyes most desired,
Delight to haue therewith their head and breasts attyred.

(Part 2.)

Bvt not soone from greene stock where it growed,
The same is pluckt and from the same remoued;
As lost is all from heauen and earth that flowed,
Both fauour grace and beauty best beloued:
The virgin faire that hath the flower bestowed,
Which more than life to gard it her behowed;
Loseth hir praise, and is no more desired
Of those that late vnte hir loue aspired.*

vi.

Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth,
With flowers and herbs and winter's frost exileth;
Progne now chirpeth and Philomele lamenteth,
Flora the garlands white and red compileth,
Fields doe reioyce the frowning skye relenteth,
Joue to behold his dearest daughter smyleth:
Th' ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth;
Each creature now to loue him reconcileth.

(Part 2.)

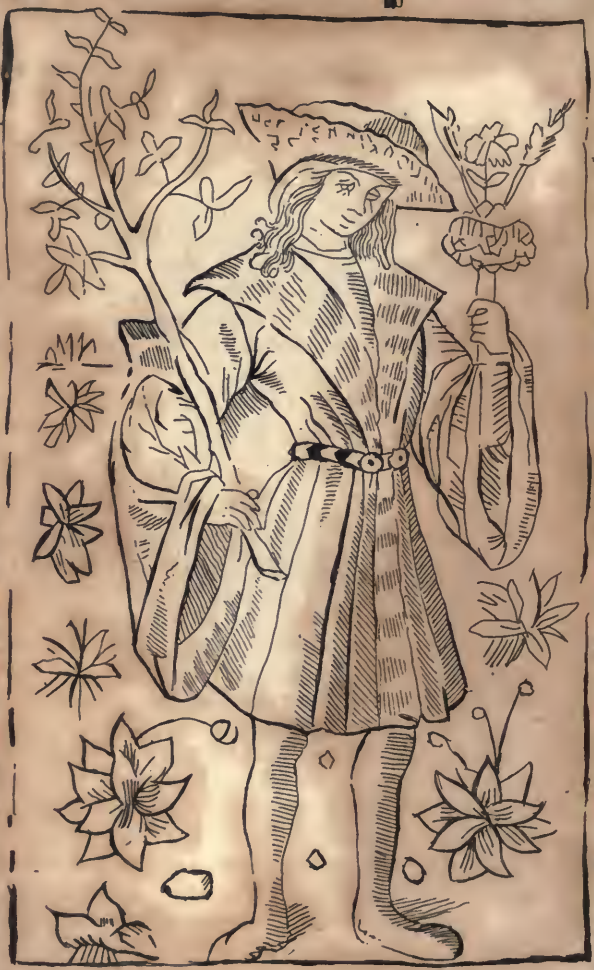
But with me wretch the storms of woe perseuer,
And heauy sighes which from my hart she strayneth;
That tooke the keye therof to heauen for euer,
So that singing of byrds and spring time flowryng,
And ladies loue that men's affection gayneth,
Are lyke a desert and cruell beasts deuouring.

J. H.

* This is the piece in two parts referred to in the title as by Bird.

¶ *Memoir*

¶ Skelton Poeta.



Etemo mansura die dum siderafulgent
Equora dum q; tument hec laurea nostra virebit
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomē referetur ad astra.
Vndiq; Skeltonis memorabitur altera donis

Portrait of John Skelton, Poet Laureat,

OB: 21 JUNE 1529 Æ. ABOUT 68.

The doggrel though humourous rhimes of this ancient poet laureat are amongst the earliest attempts at personal satire in our language. Chaucer and others that preceded, did not spare the drones of the confessional, but the pungency of general satire never equals scurrilous ribaldry and low invective in provoking curiosity and gratifying the invidious appetite of the multitude. Perhaps from that circumstance it has happened, that while the works of earlier poets have but slowly and almost recently obtained general circulation, many of the pieces of Skelton are found, during the reign of Elizabeth, when much of their poignancy had abated, to have the renewed impress of several printers, and to be preserved for posterity, when the names of better poets must have been lost in oblivion.

His works were partially collected as "*pithy, pleasant, and profitable,*" for Thomas Marsh in 1568; and reprinted in 1736, but by what editor is not known. There is an unimportant transposition of some pieces from the beginning to the end of the volume. Mr. A. Chalmers has since given place to Skelton's name among the English poets:* and having had an opportunity to compare the original edition with Mr. Chalmers's volume, I can pronounce the text verbally accurate, although taken from the reprint of 1736.

We had collected some few notices relative to the author and his works; but find the material part of them incorporated with the researches and additions made by Mr. Bliss to Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.†

As our readers probably possess both the volumes of Chalmers and Bliss, which have so lately appeared, we shall not consider it necessary to enlarge upon the subject beyond the description of the portrait given in a former number.

The print is taken, we believe, from a tracing made by the late George Steevens; and now in the British

* Vol. II. p. 227. † Ed. 1813. Vol. I. p. 49.

Museum; and, as appears, in the hand-writing of Steevens, is from the back of the title-page to "*A ryght delectable tratyse upon a goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell by Mayster Skelton Poete laureat studyously dyvysed at Sheryfhotton Castell. In ye. foreste of galtres. Where in ar cõprysyde many & dyvers solacyons & ryght pregnant allectyves of syngular pleasure, as more at large it doth apere in ye. pees folowynge.*

"*Inprynted by me Rycharde faukes dwellydg in duram rent or else in Powlys chyrche yarde at the sygne of the A B C. The yere of our lorde god. M.CCCCC. XXIII. The. III. day of Octobre.*" 4to. b. l.*

J. H.

¶ *Honovr in his perfection: or a treatise in commendations of the Vertues and Renowned vertuous vndertakings of the Illvstrious and Heroyicall Princes Henry Earle of oxenford. Henry Earle of Southampton. Robert Earle of Essex: and the euer praiseworthy and much honoured Lord, Robert Bartve, Lord Willoughby, of Eresby: with a briefe Cronology of theirs, and their Auncestours Actions. And to the eternall memory of all that follow them now, or will imitate them hereafter, especially those three noble Instances, the Lord Wriouthesley, the Lord Delaware, and the Lord Montioy. At nunc horrentia Martis arma virumq: Cano. London, printed by B. Alsop for Beniamin Fisher, and are to be sold at his shop in Pater noster Row, at the signe of the Talbot.* 1624. 4to.

Dedicated "to the honovr and eternall memorie of the foure illustrious, great, heroyicall and noble houses; the house of Oxford; the house of Sovthampton, the House of Essex, and the House of Willovghby, and to all the liuing braunches, Males and Females which truly deriue themselues from any of those long honoured and princely families." And is subscribed

* Should the reader compare the above with the *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. I. p. 207, there will be no necessity to refer to the Cracherode Collection. We stand pledged for the accuracy of the transcript from Steevens.

"a

"a deuoted and true admirer of your honourd vertues G. M." Probably Gervase Markham.

Upon a single leaf are the names of the officers in the four regiments of which the three Earls and Lord Willoughby were respectively Colonels.

"Honovr in his Perfection," commences with describing the Excellency, Antiquity, duty, glory, and reward of a Soldier. A definition of honour, its antiquity, universality, and priviledges. An invocation to Britain, and then the story of the house of Oxford compared with Cæsar. Of John the 15th Earl he relates that "Edward the fourth (amazed at his actions) said, 'that Oxford was an Eagle in the warres, and soared aboue the clouds when he thought to take him, but fell suddenly vpon those which held him farther off and shewed them destruction:' And the Duke of Gloster being asked his opinion of this Earle, said, 'He was the best sword and buckler that euer defended the House of Lancaster."... Of John the 16th Earl of Oxford, he relates an amusing story of his killing a wild boar when on foot at a hunt in France with a common rapier to the admiration of the noblemen who were beholders, and replying to the observation on his over daring: "My lords, what troubles you, or what myrackle haue I done of which I haue no feeling, is it the killing of this english pyg? Why euery boy in my Nation would haue performed it, they may be bug-beares to the French, to vs they are but seruants; I tel you, had an heard of Lyons beene in his place, I would haue done as much, and said vnto them with the poet, *Dominum cognoscite vestrum.* I tell you Man was created Master of all liuing creatures." At this the French were mute and only said amongst themselves that his valour and his Fortune had shakt hands and agreed to raise his name above comparison."

In the account of Henry, second Earl of Southampton, the author speaks of having lived many years where he daily saw the Earl, and of having accompanied him in a journey to the Azores. After descanting on the families and honours of the other noblemen, he concludes with the following as "a remembrance of the Lord Wriothesley, the Lord De-Ware, and the Lord Montioy."

"When (O Britaine) thou hast read these foure Chronicles to thy younger Schollers; if thou findest any heauie or vnapt for Noble Action; especially, where youth and abilitie of body hath giuen incouragement of better hopes, then point them out these three young Cæsars: the Lord Wriothesley, the Lord La Ware, and the Lord Montioy, let them looke vpon them

them with admiration, and when they haue perfitly viewed them, let them sigh and blush for shame that they are not equall partners of their vndertakings; let them behold the obiect whereat they looke, and they shall finde it is sacred and not prophane, a marke of holinesse, not a blazing meteor of greatnesse; looke on the chaine which drawes them, and they shall finde it iustice, not the quarrel of earthly passion; and let them looke at the end wherat they would aime, and they shall finde it in Heauen and the Communite with Saints not the Court (which is the Theater of worldly praise) nor the princes fauour: But if all this preuaile not, but still this secure Slumber of Peace will lye heauy vpon them; then stirre vp thy warme bloud, and modestly thus chide them:

"Tell them, that as the King is the great maine Ocean or Sea of all Honour, and may bestow his waters freely at his pleasure; so expects from those which are his pettie Riuers, that hourely to him they pay backe their Tributes: That hand which giues Honor, euer lookes from the honour'd hand to receiue some seruice; Then you (O yon yong men, you able men) you that haue receiued honors beyond expectations, fauours past hope, and wealth past merit. Looke whether your Riuers be not conuerted to standing lakes, and no Tribute returned, and whether your seruices be not concealed, whilest poore barren wishes only make good the place of a dead duty; if you finde these falts amend them, if you finde these falts forsake them.

"Againe, tell these great ones (whom hardly Thunder can awaken) that when they neglect Honour, they neglect and are rebellious against God, and it is a meere folly for them to hope to rule men, whom they will not be ruled by him that made them; But they will answere thee, that greatnesse of place, giues them priueledge from Censure, and so they can cary a faire shew, no matter for sufficiencie. Reply thou that it is folly to thinke so, for assure them that a superficiall shew of sufficiencie, is but like small wines which will not keepe, and being once tainted, no poison like that of Contempt.

"Say vnto those which are dull, and want good matter wheron to build great thoughts, that as small springs are soon emptied if the be often drawne, so spirits that haue weake foundations, silence is good to make them seeme wise; but when Wisdome comes to proue them, euery imagined good thing (in them) fals asunder like so many disioyned peices.

"Tell the phanta-ticke Mimmickes of honour, those which are carried away with euery shadow of fauour or fashion, that neuer fixe vpon any thing that is constant or serious; that alwaies hunt after vanities, and thinke no exercise in Armes so meritorious, as tossing a Shyttilwike: tell them the study of vaine things is a toilesome Idlenesse, and a painefull folly;

folly; the spirit which is strucke with this disease, are very hardly cured; neither can their curiositie in this kinde (how carefull soeuer) afford them any thing but ignorance; and beliene it, there is nothing more dishonourable or daungerous either to Court or Common-wealth, then an Ignorant great one: Tell them that Henry the Great of France, call'd Ignorant, Noble Men Golden Calues, and all that did Reuerence to them, well worthy to perish for Idolatrie: It was his opinion, that Noblemen might bee borne good, generous, and capable of Vertue; but Instruction only makes them wise: Wisedome cannot be gotten without paine, she cannot be sold, or if she could, it is ten to one, this sort of Nobilitie would neuer buy her, there are so many follies to step betwixt her and them, which are both cheape, and euer ready to pull downe the market.

"Lastly, and for a Conclusion of this small Treatise, say to him whatsoeuer hee be that shall taxe me of bitternesse, or thinke I have gone beyond the bounds of good manners in seeking to aduise them, who are aboue the rule of my knowledge, and that whatsoeuer is aboue me doth nothing belong vnto me, tell them they are mistaken: Bid them call to minde, that the Tree which grew from Romulus' Jaueling (when he threw it into the ground) was walled about by the Romans, and kept so carefully, that if any man (of what degree soeuer) saw the leaues begin to wither, he presently gaue the allarum to the whole Citie, and cryed for water as if all had beene on fire: In like manner Subjects haue cause to grieue and call out, when as those plants, from whence the hope to gather the strength of protection, the fruits of Justice and the shadow of their rest, doe wither either through the negligence of those which should prune and preserue them, or through the want of good Sap, which might be infused into them by due watering and manuring Finis."

J. H.

¶ *Ariosto's Satyres, in seven famous discourses, shewing the state. 1. Of the Court, and Courtiers. 2. Of Libertie, and the Clergie in generall. 3. Of the Romane clergie. 4. Of Marriage. 5. Of Soldiers, Musitians, and Louers. 6. Of Schoolmastrs and Scholers. 7. Of Honour, and the happiest life. In English by Gervis Markham. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Roger Jackson, dwelling in Fleet street, neere the great Conduit.* 1608. qto. pp. 108.

¶ *Ariosto;*

¶ *Ariostos seven Planets gouerning Italie. Or his Satyrs in seven famous discourses, shewing the estate* 1. *Of the Court, and Courtiers.* 2. *Of Libertie and the Clergy in general.* 3. *Of the Romane Clergie.* 4. *Of Marriage.* 5. *Of Soldiers, Musitians, and Louers.* 6. *Of Schoolemasters and Schollers.* 7. *Of Honour, and the happiest life. Newly Corrected and Augmented, with many excellent and note worthy notes, together with a new Addition of three most excellent Elegies, written by the same Lodovico Ariosto, the effect whereof is contained in the Argument. Qui te sui te sui. London, Printed by William Stansby for Roger Jackson, dwelling in Fleete streete neere the Conduit.* 1611.

This translation is claimed by Robert Tofte in a note upon the *Blazon of Jealousie,* and wherein he states it to have been, unknown to him, " set forth in another man's name." There is no difference in the two editions of the Satires, except in the titles. To the last are appended three elegies, with a new pagination. The following is the address

" *To the Reader.*

" Gentle Reader, the vertuous, with their owne, hauing alwaies regard to another's good, do painfully bestow houres, dayes, and yeares, to make that easie to others, which they with great labour haue obtained; in their places, vsing all meanes, to reclaime all persons from all manner vices, and to furnish them with such gifts of grace, as to make the possessors all ioyntly happy. From the man of experience, which hath learning and wisedome, thou mayst bee sure to receiue good instruction. I know my selfe vnable to give the Author of this booke his due commendation: if I were, and did, yet should I seeme to some to flatter; to others, not to haue said enough: wherefore for thy contentment, let this suffice thee: the Author had his education with the learned, his liuing among the greatest concourse of people, and his life vnreproouable. For his gifts, the world hath already had sufficient experience, in that famous worke of Orlando Furioso. Whoeuer thou art, I dare assure thee, thou mayest in this discourse (as in a glasse) see thy present estate, and so not misse to iudge rightly of thy end. In reading thou shalt finde pleasure both in the matter and forme, by considering thou shalt be

be able to instruct thy selfe and others; but by practising as thou ought, thou shalt finde setled happinesse. Let the example of others be thy instruction, to flye that euill which hath beene their ouerthrow, and to embrace that good which was their aduancement. Be thankfull first to God, then to the Author, and lastly to thy Country-man, who for thy sake without any other recompence, hath taken the paines in most exquisite manner, to bee thy interpreter. Vale."

Then "the argument of the whole worke, and the reasons why Lodouico Ariosto writ these Seauen Satyres." Some tales are introduced in the Satires as the well known one of Hans Carvels ring in the fifth Satire. The following is from the third.

"William surnamed Rufus, when in hand,
He swaid the english scepter at command,
It chan't a wealthy Abby voide did fall,
Whose great demeanes being rich in generall,
Many came to the king the same to buy,
(For he did money loue exceedingly.)
Now when Church-chapmen all were com'd vnto him,
And with their vtmost summes did amply woo him,
He spide a Monke stood halfe behinde the dore,
Whom straight he cald, and bade him come before:
Imagining he came as did the rest,
With full filde bagges, to make his offer best:
And therefore thus the King most graciously
Speakes to the Monke: "Tell me man willingly,
What thou wilt giue; great the revennues are,
And thou free leaue to offer for thy share."
"My gracious Lord (the old man did reply)
I came not hither this rich place to buy:
For I am poore: or had I wealth at will,
I would not load my conscience with such ill,
As to ingrosse Church-liuings aboue other,
Making me rich by robbing of my brother.
Besides I were an asse to vndertake,
To lay too great a burthen on my backe:
Which to support I know I am vnfit,
Both for my learning, industry and wit.
Onely I hither came in humble wise,
To beg of him which to this place should rise,
That I this petty fauour might but haue,
To be his priest, his Beadse-man or his slaue."
The King who heard this olde man gratiously,
And finding in him true humility,

Whence

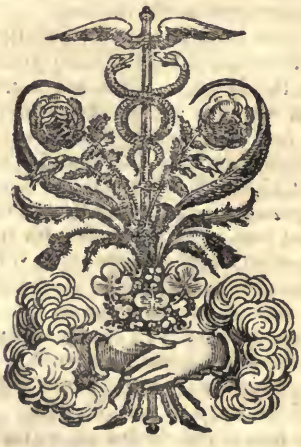
Whence his rare vertues sprang so curiously,
That they exceld his ranke in dignity:
Freely and franckly without recompence,
Gaue him this Abbey and dispatcht him thence.

J. H.

To Correspondents.

We feel particularly indebted to the Gentleman who furnished several volumes for inspection, through the medium of Mr. Triphook. The not giving excerpts from his interesting Collection of Manuscript Poems, has arisen from not being able to appropriate so large a space as the nature of the Collection was entitled to.

An intelligent friend suggests, that at p. 103, l. 5, for bowgyt we should read bowgty, i. e. booty; and at p. 115, l. 6 from the bottom, thoil means toil.



GENERAL INDEX.

John,

Romance

FINIS.

T. Beasley, Printer,
Bolt-court, Fleet-street, London.

THE

Mirour for Magistrates,

wherein may bee seene,

by

examples passed in this

Realme with

how greeuous plagues vices are punished in great Princes and Magistrates:

and how fraile and vnstable worldly *prosperity is found, where Fortune seemeth most highly* to fauour.

PART I.

By JOHN HIGGINS.

[Reprinted from the edition of 1587, collated with those of 1575 and 1610.]

TO THE NOBILITY AND ALL OTHER IN OFFICE, GOD GRAUNT THE INcrease of wisedome, with all thinges necessary for preseruation of theyr estates.

Amen.

AMONGSTE the wise (right Honorable) whose sentences (for the moste parte) tende either to teache the attayning of vertue or eschuing of vice, *Plotinus* that wonderfull and excellent Philosopher hath these wordes: The property of Temperaunce is to couet nothing which may be repented: not to excede the bands of measure, & to kepe Desire vnder the yoke of Reason. Whiche saying if it were so well knowen, as it is nedefull; so well embraced, as is[1] wished; or so surely fixed in minde, as it is printed in his workes: then certis many Christians might by the instruction of an Ethnicke Philosopher, shun great and daungerous perils. For to couet without consideration, to passe the measure of his degree, and to let will run at randon, is the only destruction of all estates. Else howe were it possible, so many learned, polliticke, wise, renoumed, valiaunt, and victorious personages, might euer haue come to such vtter decay? For example, wee haue[2] *Alexander* the Great, *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Cyrus*, *Hannibal*, &c. All which (by desier of glorye) felte the reward of theire immoderate and insatiable lustes: for if *Alexander* had beene content with Macedonie, or not beene pufte vp with pride after his triumphes, hee had neuer beene so miserably poysoned. If *Cæsar* and *Pompey* had beene satisfied with theire victories, and

Plotinus.

Quintus Curtius.

[1] Hee. edit. 1575. [2] Will you that I rehearse. ib.

had not fell to ciuill discention, the one had not beene slaine in the senate with daggers, nor the other abroade, by their frendes procurement. If *Cyrus* had beene pleased with all Persia, and Media, and not thirsted for bloud, hee had neuer com to so infortunate a fall. So if *Hanniball* had not so much delited in glorye of warfare, his coūtrey had neyther fell in ruine, nor hee bene miserably forced to poyson himselfe. But you will say, desire of fame, glorye, renowne, and immortalitie (to which all men well nighe by[3] nature are inclined, especially those which excell or haue any singuler gift of fortune or[4] the body) moued them to such daungerous, great, and hardy enterprises, which must needes be confessed[5] as an infallible veritie: and therefore I suerly[6] deeme those Princes aboue specified (cōsidering their[7] fortunes, fame, and exploytes) had neuer come to suche ende, but for wante of temperance. And now[8] sithe there are three other Cardinall vertues which are requisite in him that should bee in authoritye: that is to saye, Prudence, Iustice, and Fortitude, which so wonderfully adorne and beautifie all estates (If Temperaunce bee with them adioyned, that they moue the very enemies with admiration to prayse them) some peraduenture (as affection leades) will commende one, some another: as[9] *Aristotle* the Prince of Philosophers names Prudence, the mother of vertues, but[1] *Cicero* defines her the knowledge of things which ought to bee desired and followed, and also of them which ought to bee fled and eschewed; yet you shall finde that for want of Temperaunce, some which were coūted very wise[2] fell into wonderfull reproche and infamy. But[3] Iustice that incomparable vertue, (as the auncient Ciuilians define her) is[4] a perpetuall and constant will

Iustinus lib. 1.

Plutarchus. Liuius. Polibius.

Arist. Cicero. Prudence.

[3] Of. ib. [4] Of. ib. [5] Which must I needs be confesse. ib.

[6] Veritie: [but for so much as the above named virtue by Plotinus his iudgement hath such excellent properties it is so fit in a Magistrate, that] I surely &c. ib.

[7] Facts estates fortunes. ib. [8] Yet. ib. [9] Yea and though. ib.

[1] And. ib.

[2] Those whiche were counted the wisest that ever were. ib.

[2] Yea and though. ib. [4] Be. ib.

which giueth to euery man his right, yet if shee be not constant, which is the gifte of Fortitude; nor equal in discerning right from wrong, wherein is Prudence; nor vse proportion in iudgement and sentence, which pertayneth to Temperaunce: shee can neuer bee called equitie or iustice, but fraude, deceite, iniustice and iniurie. And, to speake of Fortitude, which *Cicero* defineth, a cōsyderate vndertaking of perills, and enduring of labours; if he whome wee suppose stoute, valiaunt, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperaunce, he is not coūted wise, righteous and constant, but sottish, rude and desperate. For Temperaunce (sayth *Cicero*) is of reason[5] in lust and other euel assaultes of the minde, a suer and moderate dominion & rule. This noble vertue is deuided into three[6] partes, that is Cōtinency, Clemencie, and Modestye, which well[7] obserued and kept (if grace bee to them adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the infortunate snares of calamity, or misfortune. But Ambition which is immoderate[8] desire of honour, rule, dominion, and superioritie, (the very distruction of nobility and common weales, as among the Romanes; Sylla, Marius, Carbo, Cinna, Cateline, Pompey, and Cæsar, are witnesses) hath brought great decay to[9] our cōtrey, and countreymen. Which Master Baldwin hath so touched[1] in his Epistle of the laste[2] volume of this booke, that I nede not therewith deale any further.[3] I haue here (right honorable) in this booke[4] only reproued foly in those which are heedelesse: Iniurie in extortioners, rashnes in venterers,

Fortitude. Cicero.

Cicero. Temperance.

[5] He is not counted holde, manly and constant but made beastly and desperate. I will also sith I haue gone so farre with the vertues (and the place so vrgeth) lastly set downe the difinition of Temperaunce, according to Cicero his opinion. Temperaunce (saith he) is of reason, &c. ib.

[6] Vertue hath three. ib. [7] Well and wisely.

[8] An immoderate. ib. [9] Also to. ib. [1] Learnedly touched. ib.

[2] Other. ib.

[3] Further. [Onely I would to God it were so ofte read and regarded of all Magistrates as the matter requireth.] ib.

[4] Booke (which I am so bold to dedicate to your honors.) ib.

[trecherie in traytours, riote in rebelles,][5] and excesse in such as suppresse not vnruly affections. Now[6] I truste you will so thinke of it (althoughe the style deserue not like commendation) as you thought of the other parte. Which if you shall, I doubt not but it may pleasure some; if not, yet geue occasiō to others which cā do better, either to amend these, or to publish their owne.[7] And thus wishing you Prudence to discerne what is meete for your callings, Iustice in the administration of your functions, Fortitude in the defence of your Countrey, and Temperaunce in moderation of all your affections, with increase of honours, and euerlasting felicity: I bid you in Christ Iesu farewell.[8] At Wincham the vii. day of December.

1586.

Your most humble in
the Lord,
IOHN HIGINS.[9]

[5] Not in first edit. [6] And. ib.
[7] Can do farre better, either with eloquence to amend that is amisse in mine, or else when they see these so rudely pende, to publish their own. ib.
[8] Your humble Iohn Higgins. [ed. 1575.]
[9] From edition, 1587.

"I. HIGGINS TO THE READER.

"Amongst diuers and sondry chronicles of many nations, I thinke there are none (gentle reader) so vncertaine and brief in the beginning as ours: at which I cannot but maruayle, sith at all tymes our Ilande had as learned wryters (some singuler men excepted) as any nation vnder the sunne. Againe, those which now are our best chroniclers as they report, haue great antiquities; but what they publish of late yeares may be enlarged in many places by chronicles of other nacions: whereby it is manifest they are either ignoraunt of the tōgues, or els not giuen to the studie of that, which they most professe. For if they were, me-thinkes it were easie for them, with such antiquities as they brag they haue, to fetche our histories from the beginning; and make them as ample, as the chronicles of any other country or nation. But they are faine, in steede of other stuffe, to talk of the Romains, Greckes, Persians, &c. and to fill our histories with their facts and fables. This I speake not to the end I wold have ours quite seperate from other, without any mention of them; but I would haue them there only named, where th' affayres of both countries, by warre, peace, truce, mariage, trafique, or some necessary cause or other, is intermixed. I haue seen no auncient antiquities in written hand but two: one was Galfridus of Munmouth, which I lost by misfortune; the other, an old chronicle in a kind of Englishe verse, beginning at Brute and ending at the death of Humfrey Duke of Gloucester; in the which, and diuers other good chronicles, I finde many thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced

of late by Maister Grafton; and that, where he is most barraine and wantes matter. But as the greatest heades, the grayest hayres, and best clarkes, haue not most wytte; so the greatest bookes, titles, and tomes, contayne not most matter. And this haue I spoken, because in wryting the Tragedies of the first infortunate princes of this Isle, I was often fayne to vse mine owne simple inuention, yet not swaruing from the matter: because the chronicles (although they went out vnder diuers men's names) in some suche places as I moste needed theyr ayde, wrate one thing, and that so brieflye, that a whole prince's raigne, life, and death, was comprysed in three lines; yea, and sometimes mine olde booke, aboue mentioned, holpe mee out when the rest forsoke mee. As for Lanquet, Stowe, and Grafton, [they] were alwayes nighe of one opinion: but the Floure of Histories somewhat larger: some helpe had I of an old chronicle imprinted the yeare 1515. But surely methinkes, and so do most which delite in histories, it were worthely done, if one chronicle wer drawne from the beginning in such perfect sort, that al monuments of vertuous men (to the exalting of God's glory) and all punishments of vicious persons (to the terrour of the wicked) might be registred in perpetuall remembraunce. To which thing the right reuerende father in God Matthew [Parker] Archbishop of Canterbury, and Metropolitane of Englande, hath brought such ayde, as wel by printing as preseruing the written chronicles of this realme; that by his grace's studie and paynes, the labour, in tyme to come, wil be farre more easy to them, that shall take such trauayle in hand. But to leaue with these, and declare the cause of my purpose. As I chaunced to reade the *Mirour for Magistrates*, a worke by all men wonderfully commended, and full of fitte instructions for preseruation of eche estate: taking in hand the chronicles and minding to conferre the times, meethoughte the liues of a number euen at the beginning, the like infortunate princes offered themselues vnto mee as matter very meete for imitation, the like admoni-

tion, miter, and phrase; and seing Baldwine by these woordes moued mee somewhat thereto; It were (saith hee) a goodly and a notable matter to searche and discourse our whole storye from the beginning of the inhabiting of this Isle, &c. I read the storyes, I considered of the princes, I noted their liues, and therewith conferred their deathes. On this, I tooke penne in hande, minding nothing lesse than to publishe them abroade, but onely to trye what I could do if neede were, or time and leasure were giuen mee to bestowe in such wyse. I wrote the twoo first, euen as they now are, and because I would not kepe secrete my first labours in this kinde of study (though I might well haue blushed at the basenes of my style) I shewed them to a friend of myne, desiring his vnfayned iudgement in this matter; which when he had read, he neuer left intreating me to wryte other, til I had ended all to the byrth of Christ: and yet not so content; he desired mee t' accomplish the residue til I came to the Conquest, (which were wel nighe fiftie Tragedies): but, wearied with those which I had written, I desired him pause on this, till tyme and leasure were giuen mee. Yet hee, making relation to other his frendes what I had done, left mee not quiet till they likewyse had seene them: whose perswasion, as it seemed without any suspition of assentation or flattery, so hath it made mee bolder at this present then before. "Although (sayd they) your Tragædies be simple, and not comparable to those which the other before haue written; yet when men consider that *many* wrote those, but *one* these; that they are graue writers, you are but yong; the perfection of those stories, and the imperfection of these: finally, the good wil you beare to your country, the commendation of vertue, the detestation of vice, the fal of ambition, the horrible end of traytours, harlots, tyrauntes, adulterers, enchaunters, murderers, and such like; When men (said they) consider these things, they cannot, (how simple soeuer your verse bee,) but thinke well of the matter." At length, with these perswasions

and suche like, I was contente (good reader) to publishe them for thy behoufe, and the publique weale of my countrye; at which if thou enuie, I minde not therefore to enuie my selfe, and staye my penne. But (God willing) thou shalt, as fast as I can prepare them, haue other bookes from my handes, which maye please thee againe; and thus with all my harte I bidde thee hartely farewell. Thy friende I. H."[1]

[1] From first edition. This address is omitted in editions 1587 and 1610.

A PREFACE TO THE READER.

[Before the edition 1587.]

ABOUTE a twelue yeares since (gentle reader) when I tooke vpon mee for exercise sake, only to make proofe in English verse what I could do, & had read the Mirour for Magistrates which Maister Baldwine set forth, (a booke both well penned and also well commended) I perused the Chronicles, I noted the times, I conferred the Princes, and me thought that a nomber euen at the firste inhabiting of this Islande, offered thē selues the like haplesse impes of Fortune, with matter very meete for imitation, and like admonition, meeter and phrase. And sith Maister Baldwine in these words of his preface moued mee somewhat thereto: It were (sayth hee) a goodly and a notable mater to search, and discours our whole storie from the beginning of the inhabiting of this Isle, &c. I read agayne the stories, I considered of the Princes, I noted theire liues, and therewith conferred their falles: on this I tooke penne in hande, and wrote a fewe of the firste euen as they since were imprinted, minding nothing lesse then to publish them abroade: and because I woulde not keepe secret my first laboures in this kinde of studie, (although I mighte haue blushed at the basenes of my style) I shewed them to some frendes of myne, desired theire vnfayned iudgementes herein, who not only perswaded mee that they were well, but also desired mee to followe the same order till I came to the birth of Christe: which when I had done, yet they willed mee to proceede with the falles of the like vntill the conqueste, which I coulde not doe, being called away by other studies of more importaunce, but the rest which I wrot after that time and

at leisure since by the perswations of some worshipfull, and my very good frendes; I haue here set downe, and agayne corrected those which I wrot before, euen for the profit of my natiue countrey. Now I desire thee (gentle reader) so well to accept of my paynes and good will herein bestowed, as I was well willing by this edition to doe thee ease, and pleasure. And so whishing thee the feare of God, the loue of thy Prince and countrey, and after this lyfe the fruition of perfecte felicitye, I doe bid thee hartely in Christe Iesu farewell.

Thy frende,

IOHN HIGINS.*

* This is principally taken from the latter part of the prefatory epistle of 1575.

THOMAS NEWTON

TO THE READER,

in the behalfe of this Booke.

AS when an arming sword of proofe is made,
Both steele and yron must be tempred well:
(For yron giues the strength vnto the blade,
And steele, in edge doth cause it to excell)
As ech good Bladesmith by his Arte can tell:
For, without yron, brittle will it breake,
And, without steele, it will bee blunt and weake:

So bookes, that now theyr faces dare to show,
Must mettald bee with Nature and with Skill:
For Nature causeth stuffe enough to flow,
And Arte the same contriues by learned quill
In order good, and currant methode still.
So that, if Nature frowne, the case is hard:
And if Arte want, the matter all is marde.

The worke, which here is offred to thy vewe,
With both these poynts is full and fitly fraught;
Set foorth by sundry of the learned Crewe:
Whose stately styles haue Phœbus garland caught,
And Parnasse mount theyr worthy works haue raught,
Theyr wordes are thundred with such maiestie,
As fitteth right ech matter in degree.

Reade it therefore, but reade attentiuely,
Consider well the drift whereto it tendes:
Confer the times, perpend the history,
The parties states and eke theyr dolefull endes,
With odde euentes, that divine iustice sendes.
For, thinges forepast are presidents to vs,
Whereby wee may thinges present now discusse.

Certes this worlde a Stage may well bee calde,
Whereon is playde the parte of eu'ry wight:
Some, now aloft, anon with malice galde
Are from high state brought into dismall plight.
Like counters are they, which stand now in sight
For thousand or ten thousand, and anone
Remooued, standé perhaps for lesse then one.

1587.

THOMAS NEWTONUS,

Cestreshyrius.[1]

[1] First printed and now given from edition 1587: also in Niccols.

THE AUTHORS INDUCTION.

1.

When Sommer sweete, with all her pleasures past,
And leaues began, to leaue the shady tree,
The winter colde encreased on full fast,
And time of yeare to sadnes moued mee :
For moysty blastes, not halfe so mirthfull bee,
As sweete *Aurora* bringes in spring time fayre,
Our ioyes they dimme, as winter damps the ayre.

2.

The nights began, to growe to lengthe apace,
Sir *Phœbus* to th' Antarctique gan to fare :
From Libraes lance, to th' Crab hee tooke his race
Beneth the lyne, to lende of light a share.
For then with vs the dayes more darkishe are,
More shorte, colde, moyste, and stormy cloudy clit,
For sadnes more then mirths or pleasures fit.

3.

Deuising then, what bookes were best to reade,
Both for that time, and sentence graue also,
For conference of frende to stande in steade,
When I my faithfull frende was parted fro ;
I gate mee strayght the Printers shops vnto,
To seeke some worke of price I suerly ment,
That might alone my carefull mynde content. [2]

[2] Higins, by correcting what he had wrote before, re-composed several passages: The first three stanzas of the Induction are thus varied in the edition of 1575:

As Somer sweete with all hir pleasures past,
And leaues began to leaue both braunche and tree,
While winter cold approched neere full faste,
Mee thought the time to sadnes moued mee
On drouping daies not half such mirth haue wee,
As when the time of yeare and wether's fayre,
So moue our mindes as mocions moue the ayre.

4.

Amongst the rest,[3] I found a booke so sad,
As tyme of yeare or sadnesse[4] coulde requier:
The Mirour namde, for Magistrates hee had,
So finely pende, as harte could well desire.
Which when I read, so set my heart on fire,
Eftsoones it mee constraynde to take the payne,
Not lefte with once,[5] to reade it once agayne.

5.

And as agayne I vewde this worke with heede,
And marked playne each party paynt[6] his fall:
Mee thought in mynde, I sawe those men indeede,
Eke howe they came in order Princely[7] all;
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall,
Sith those on whom, for Fortunes giftes wee stare,
Ofte sooneste sinke, in greatest seas of care.

6.

For some, perdy, were Kinges of highe estate,
And som were Dukes, and came of regall race:
Som Princes, Lordes, and Iudges greate that sate
In councell still, decreeing euery case.
Som other Knightes, that vices did imbrace,

The wearye nightes approched on apace
With darksom shades which somewhat breedeth care,
The Sun hath take more neere the earth his race,
In Libra than his greatest swinge he bare,
For pardy then the daies more colder are,
Then fades the greene fruite timely, herbes are don,
And wynter ginnes to waste that Sommer won,

I deemde some booke of mourning theame was beste
To reade, wherwith instructions mingled so
As migh[t] againe refresh my wittes oppreste,
With tediousnes not driue mee quyte therfro:
Wherfore I went the printer's straight vnto,
To seeke some woorke of price I surely mente
That might herein my carefull mynde contente.

[3] At leength by hap, ib. [4] Wynter, ed. 1575. [5] Not leaue with once, ib.
[6] Tell, ib. [7] Pleading, ib.

Som Gentlemen, som poore exalted hye:
Yet euery one, had playde his tragedye.

7.

A Mirour well it might[8] bee calde, a glasse
As cleare as any[9] cristall vnder Sun:
In each respecte, the Tragedies so passe,
Theyr names shall liue, that such a worke begun.
For why, with such *Decorum* is it don,
That *Momus* spight with[1] more then *Argus* eyes,
Can neuer watche, to keepe it from the wise.

8.

Examples there, for all estates you finde,
For iudge (I say) what iustice hee shoulde vse:
The noble man, to beare a noble mynde,
And not him selfe ambitiously abuse.
The gentleman vngentlenes refuse,
The rich and poore, and eu'ry one may see,
Which way to loue, and liue in due[2] degree.

9.[3]

I wishe them often well to reade it than,
And marke the causes why those Princes fell:
But let mee ende my tale that I began.

[8] May. ib. [9] More cleare then any. ib. [1] Which. ib. [2] His. ib.
[3] Thus in first edition.

Me thinkes they might beware by others harme,
And eke eschue to clammer vp so hye:
Yet cursed pryde doth all their wittes becharme,
They thinke of naught but prouerbes true do trie:
Who hewes aloft the chips may hurte his eye:
Who climes the tops of trees, wher bowes ar smal,
Or hawty towres, may quickly catch a fall.
This thing full well doth Phaëtons fall declare,
And Icarus aloft would flie and soare:
Eke Bladud once of Britayne rule that bare,
Would clyme and flie, but eache did fal therfore:
For Phaëton was with lightning all to tore,
And Icarus the meane that did not recke,
Was drownde; by fal did Bladud breake his neck.

When I had red these Tragedies full well,
And past the winter euenings[4] long to tell,
One night at last I thought to leaue this[5] vse,
To take som ease beefore I chaundge my muse.

10.

Wherefore away from reading I mee gate,
My heauy heade waxte dull for wante of reste:
I layde mee downe, the night was waxed late,
For lacke of sleepe myne eyes were sore oppreste:
Yet fancy still of all theire deathes increaste,
Mee thought my mynde from them I coulde not take,
So worthy wightes, as caused mee to wake.[6]

11.

At length appeared clad in purple blacke,[7]
Sweete *Somnus*, rest which comforts eache aliue;
By ease of mynde, that weares away all wracke,
That noysome night, from wery witts doth driue,
Of labours long, the pleasures wee atcheiue.
Whereat I ioyde, sith after labours paste,[8]
I might enioye sweete *Somnus* sleepe at laste.[9]

12.

But hee by whom I thought my selfe at reste,
Reuiued all my fancyes fond before:
I more desirous humbly did requeste,
Him shew th' vnhappy *Albion* Princes yore.[1]
For well I wist, that hee coulde tell mee more,

The scriptures eake of such beare witnes can;
As Babilon for high presumption fell:
But let me ende my tale—

[4] And past the night with labours long. ib. [5] My. ib.
[6] Methoughte nothing my minde from them could take,
So long as Somnus suffered me to wake. ib.
[7] Then straight appeard in purple colour blacke. ib. At last appeared. N.
[8] After paynes were past. ed. 1575.
[9] I might receiue by Somnus ease at last. ib.
[1] Vnhappy princes were of yore. ib.

Sith vnto diuers, *Somnus* erste had tolde,
What thinges were done, in elder times of olde.

13.[2]

Then strayght hee foorth his seruante *Morpheus* calde,
On *Higins* here thou muste (quoth hee) attende;
The *Britayne* Peeres to bring (whom Fortune thralde)
From Lethian lake, and th' auncient shapes them lende;
That they may shew why, howe, they tooke theire ende,
I will (quoth *Morpheus*) shewe him what they were;
And so mee thought, I sawe them strayght appeare.

14.

One after one, they came in straunge attire,
But some with woundes and bloude were so disguisde,

[2] Instead of Stanzas 13 and 14 the following are inserted in the first edit.

At length hee foorth his seruant Morpheus calde,
And bad him shewe mee from the first to th' ende,
Such persones as in Britayne Fortune thralde:
Which straight vpon his calling did attende,
And thus hee spake with countenaunce of frende,
" Come on thy wayes and thou shalt see and here,
" The Britaynes and their doinges what they were."

And as he led me through the darkes a whyle,
At length wee came into a goodly hall,
At th' ende wherof there seemde a duskish Ile:
Out of the which hee gan the Britaynes call,
Such only as from Fortune's hap did fall:
Which when he called thryce, me seemde to heare,
The doores to cracke from whence they should appeare.

And thryce I shrinkte aside and shund the sight:
And three times thryce I wishte myselfe away:
Eke thryce from thence there flew a flashe of light,
Three times I sawe them coming make their staye:
At laste they all approchte in such array,
With sundrie shewes, appearing vnto mee,
A straunger sighte then erste with eyes I see.

Men mighty bigge, in plaine and straunge attyre,
But some with wounds and bloud were so disguisde,
You scarcely could with reasons ayde aspire,
To know what warre such cruell death deuisde;
But sithe I haue their formes beneath comprisde,
Wheras their stories seuerally I showe,
Your selfe therby their cause of death may know.

You scarsly coulde by reasons ayde aspire,
To know what warre such sondry deaths deuisde;
And seuerally those Princes were surprisde.
Of former state, these states gaue ample show
Which did relate their liues and ouerthrow.

15.

Of som the faces bolde and bodyes were [3]
Distaynde with woade, and turkishe beardes they had:
On th' ouer lyppes mutchatoes long of heyre,
And wylde they seemde, as men dispayring mad.
Theire lookes might make a constant heart [4] full sad,
And yet I could not so forsake the vewe [5]
Nor [6] presence, ere theire myndes I likewise knewe.

16.

For *Morpheus* bade them each in order tell [7]
Their names and liues, their haps and haplesse dayes,
And by what meanes, from Fortunes wheele [8] they fell,
Which did them earst, vnto such honours rayse.
Wherewith the first not making moe delayes,
A noble Prince broade wounded brest [9] that bare
Drew neere, to tell the cause of all his care.

17.

Which when mee thought to speake hee might be bolde, [1]
Deepe from his breste hee threwe an vncouth [2] sounde:
I was amazde his gestures to beholde.
And bloud that freshly trickled from his wounde,
With Eccho so did halfe his wordes confounde,
That scarce a while the sence might playne appeare:
At last, [3] mee thought, hee spake as you shall heare. [4]

[3] And eke their faces all and bodies were. ib.
[4] Make my fearful harte. ib. [5] For my life eschewe. ib. [6] Their. ib.
[7] For Morpheus wilde me byde and bad them tell. ib. [8] Globe. ib.
[9] A person tall wide woundes in breste. ib.
[1] And as to speake he wiste he might be bolde. ib. [2] Vnquoth, N.
[3] But thus. ed. 1575.
[4] Some copies of Niccols have a castration of this Induction with some trifling difference of orthography.

HOW KING ALBANACT THE YONGEST SON OF BRUTUS,[1] AND FIRST KING OF Albany (now called Scotland) was *slayne by king Humber, the yeere before Christ,* 1085.

1.

Sith flattering Fortune sliely could beguile
Mee, first of Brytane Princes in this land :[2]
And yet at first on mee did sweetely smile,
Doe marke mee here,[3] that first in presence stand.
And when thou well my wounded corps hast scand,
Then shalt thou heare my hap to penne the same[4]
In stories calde *Albanactæ* by name.[5]

2.

Lay feare[6] aside, let nothing thee amaze,
Ne haue despaire, ne scuse the want of time :[7]

[1] The story of Brutus, or Brute, as here related by his son Albanact, closely versifies the principal incidents of his history given in the Chronicle of Saint Albans; an authority probably referred to by Higgins in the prefaratory address as "an olde chronicle imprinted the year 1515," that being the date of one of the editions printed by W. de Worde.

[2] Me first of all the princes of this lande. ed. 1575,

[3] Behold mee here. N.

[4] Then shalt thou see, what tale I mynde to frame. ed. 1575.

[5] The following stanza is second in edition 1575.

So if thou liste to heare what I recite,
If thou intende to showe my fatall fall:
I praye thee take the paynes my tale to wryte,
As I in order here repeate it shall,
What nedst thou muse? thou nedst not feare at all.
Syth those that later liu'de their tales haue tolde,
Our elder liues to write thou mayst be bolde.

[6] Dreade. ed. 1575. [7] Ne haue dispaire of so vncouched ryme. ib.

Leaue of on mee with fearefull lookes to gaze,
Thy pen may serue for such a tale as myne.
First I will tell thee all [1] my fathers lyne,
Then hitherward why hee with Troians man'd,
His voyadge made, and founde this noble land. [2]

3.

And last I minde to tell thee of my selfe,
My life and death, a Tragedy so true
As may approue your world is all but pelfe,
And pleasures sweete, whom sorows aye ensue.
Hereafter eke in order comes a crue,
Which can declare, of worldly pleasures vayne
The price wee all haue bought, with pinching [3] paine. [4]

4.

When Troy was sackt, and brent, and could not stand,
Æneas fled from thence, *Anchises* sonne,
And came at length to King *Latinus* land:
Hee *Turnus* slew, *Louinia* eke hee wonne.
After whose death, *Ascanius* next his sonne
Was crowned King, and *Siluius*, then his heire,
Espoused to a Latine Lady faire. [5]

[1] Of. N.

[2] Then why he flying from the Latin land
Did saile the seas and found the Briton strand. N.

[3] Greeuous. ed. 1575.

[4] The following omitted stanza from ed. 1575.
Well nowe I see thou putst apart thy fright,
(And giuste an eare to heare not heard before)
I will declare the storie all so right,
Thou shalt no whit haue neede t'inquire no more;
Do marke me well what I recite therefore,
And after write it and therewith my name,
Let hardly me receiue if ought be blame.

[5] And reign'de iii yeares, Ascanius then his sonne,
Reignde next to him, eke Siluius was his heyre,
Begate my father, of a Lady fayre. ib.

5.

By her had *Siluius* shortly issue eke,
A goodly Prynce, and *Brutus* was his name.
But what should I of his misfortune speake,
For hunting, as hee minded strike the game,
He shot[6] his father, that beyond it came.
The quarrell[7] glaunst, and through his tender side
It flewe where through the noble *Siluius* dyde.[8]

6.

Lo thus by chaunce though princely *Brutus* slewe
His father *Siluius*, sore agaynst his will,
Which came to soone, as he his arrowe drewe
Though hee in chace the game, did minde to kill,
Yet was hee banisht from his countrey still,[9]
Commaunded neuer[1] to retourne no more,
Except he would his life to loose therefore.

7.

On this, to Greece Lord *Brutus* tooke his way,
Where Troians were, by Græcians, captiues kept:
Helenus was by *Pirrhus* brought away
From death of Troians, whom their[2] friends bewept.
Yet hee in Greece this[3] while no busines slept,
But by his facts, and feates obtayn'd such fame,
Seauen thousand captiue Troians to him came.

[6] Strook. N. [7] "An arrow with a square head." *Johnson.*

[8] But when as *Brutus* fiftene yeares was olde,
(For so they calde my father by his name)
With *Siluius* then a hunting goe he would,
And thinking for to strike in chace the game,
His father that by chaunce beyonde it came,
Receiude the glaunce and through his tender syde,
With deadly dint, the shaft did swiftly slyde. ed. 1575.

[9] So though by chaunce my father Brutus slewe,
My grandsyre *Siluius*, sore against his will:
Which came by chaunce as he his arrow drewe,
That thought the fearfull Harte, not him to kill:
Yet was he banisht from Italia still: &c. ib.

[1] Thither. N. [2] From death of those whose fall their. ed. 1575.

[3] My father all this. ib.

8.

Assaracus a noble Græcian eke,
Who by his mother came of Troian race,
Because he sawe himselfe in Greece to weake,[4]
Came vnto him to ayde him in this case,
For that his brother thought him to deface.[5]
Which was a Greeke by both his parents sides,
His Castells three the Troian *Brutus* guides.

9.

While[6] hee to bee theyr Captayne was content,
And as[7] the Troians gathered to his band,
Ambassage to the[8] Græcian King he sent,
For to entreate they[9] might depart his land.
Which when King *Pandrasus* did vnderstand,
An army strayght he did therefore addresse,
On purpose all the Troians to suppresse.

10.

So as King[1] *Pandrasus* at Spartane towne
Thought them in deserts by, to circumuent,
The Troians with[2] three thowsand beate them downe,
Such fauoure loe, them[3] Lady Fortune lent.
By *Mars* his force, their rayes and ranckes hee rent,
And tooke Antigonus the brother of their King,[4]
With others moe, as captiues home to bring.

11.

The taken towne from which the King was fled,
Sir *Brutus* with sixe hundreth men did man,
Eche prisoner was vnto his keeper led
To keepe in towne, the noble Troians wan:
And into woods the Troiane gate him than[5]

[4] Saw my father's powre not weke. 1575.
[5] For of his brother he could finde no grace. N.
[6] Thus. 1575. [7] All. ib. [8] His post vnto the. ib. [9] He. ib.
[1] Then whyle King. ib. [2] My father with. ib. [3] Him. ib.
[4] And tooke the brother of the Grecian King. N.
[5] My father into woods conueyde him than. ed. 1575.

Againe with his, hee kept him there by night
To quaile the Græcians if they came to fight.

12.

The King which cal'd to minde his former foile,
His flight, and brother deare by Troians take,[6]
The towne hee lost, where *Brutus* gaue[7] the spoile,
Hee thought not so the fielde and fight forsake,
But of his men a muster new to make,
And so againe for to besiege the towne
In hope reuenge, or winne his lost renowne.

13.

By night the ambushe,[8] that his purpose knew,
Came forth from woods, whereas they[9] waited by,
The Troians all th' vnarmed Græcians slew,
Went through their campe, none could their force deny,
Vnto the tent where *Pandrasus* did ly,
Whereas Lord *Brutus*[1] tooke their King that night,
And sau'd his life as seem'd a worthy wight.

14.

This great exploite so wisely well atchiu'd,
The Troiane victour did a counsaile call,
Wherein might bee for their estate contriu'd,
By counsaile graue, the publique weale of all.
Now tell (quoth he) what raunsome aske wee shall?
Or what will you for our auaile deuise?
To which *Mempricius* answer'd, graue and wise.[2]

[6] And when the king had calde to mynde his foyle,
His flighte, and brother by the Troianes take. ib.
[7] And Brutus had. ib. [8] By night my father. ib. [9] He. ib.
[1] My father. ib.
[2] Which victorie when he had wisely won,
The Trojane victour did a counsayle call,
To knowe what best were with the king be don;
Now tell (q' he) what ransom aske we shall:
On which when none agreed scarce of ail,
At length Mempricius vp from seate did ryse
And silence made, gaue thus his counsayle wise. ib.

15.

" I cannot (*Brutus*[3]) but commend thine act[4]
In this, thou noble Captaine, worthy praise:
Which deemest well, it were an heynous fact,[5]
T' abridge the Grecian king of vitall daies,
And that wee ought[6] by clemency to raise
Our fame to skie, not by a sauage guise,
Sith Gods and men both, cruelty despise.

16.

" The cause wee fought, was for the freedome all
Of Troians taken, wee haue freedome won,
Wee haue our purpose, and their king withall,
To whom of rigour nothing ought bee done:
Though hee the quarrel with vs first begon,
And though wee owe the fall of Troyes requite,
Yet let reuenge thereof from gods to lighte.

17.

" His subiects now bewaile[7] their proude pretence,
And weapons laide aside, for mercy crie:
They all confesse their plagues to come from thence,
Where first from faith of Gods they seemd to fly.
Their Nobles dare not come the case to try,
But euen for peace, with all their heartes, they sue,
And meekly graunt, whence all their mischiefes grewe.

18.

" The Princesse[8] fayre, his daughter, who surmounte
For vertues rare, for beautie braue, and grace,
Both *Helen* fine, of whom they made accountes,
And all the rest that come of Græcian race,
Shee for her father sues, bewailes his case,

[3] Troianes. ed. 1575. [4] The fact. ib.
[5] Which thought, as 'twas a wicked heynous acte. ib.
[6] We rather ought. ib. [7] All do wayle. ib.
[8] Lady. ib.

Implores, desires thy grace, and gods aboue,
Whose woes may them and thee to mercy moue.[9]

19.

"Some Troians say hee should deposed bee
From kingdome quite, or else bee slaine hee should,
And wee here byde, eke this mislyketh me,
Nay rather while wee stay keepe him in hold,
Or let him pay a raunsome large of gold,
And hostage geue, and homage doe of right
To thee, that wonst the fielde by Martiall fight.[1]

20.

"For kingdomes sake a captiue king to kill,
As euill abroade as in his natiue lande,[2]
For vs in Greece to dwell were euen as ill,
The force of Greece we cannot still withstande.
Let vs therefore both cruelty abande,
And prudent seeke both gods and men to please:
So shall we finde good lucke at lande and seas.[3]

21.

"Or sith the Græcians will thee for to take
The noble Ladie *Iunogen* to wyfe,
If thou so please, let him her dowry make

[9] And by hir wisdome, cheere and parentes loue,
Doth vs, and Brutus, both to pitie moue. ib.

[1] Yet some will saye, he should depriued bee,
Of kingdome quite, and worthy Brutus should
Receiue the scepter, this misliketh mee,
To this vniustice, Brutus, if we could
Consent, I deeme, agree he neuer would,
So much himselfe ambitiously t' abuse,
Or else a king vnkindly so to vse, ib.

[2] Our names for aye with foule defame would brand. N.

[3] For kingdomes sake a king at home to kill
Were farre to bad, within his natiue lande:
Though he by right or wrong directed still,
His force gainst vs, that did him so withstande:
The king hath therfore ay the sworde in hand,
If any kicke against his pointes of lawe:
To cut them of, or keepe them vnder awe. ed. 1575.

Of golde, ships, siluer, corne, for our reliefe,
And other thinges, which are in *Græcia* ryfe.
That we so fraught may seeke some desert shore,
Where thou and thyne may raygne for euermore.[4]"

22.

This pleas'd both *Brutus* and the Troians all,
Who wil'd forthwith that *Pandrasus* the King,
Should reuerently be brought into the hall,
And present when they tolde him of this thing:
So griefe and sorowe great his heart did stinge,
He could not shewe by countenaunce or cheere
That he it lik'd, but spake as you shall heare.

23.

"Sith that the wrath of gods hath yeelded me,[5]
And eke my brother, captiues to your hands,
I am content to do as pleaseth yee,
You haue my realme, my lyfe, my goods and landes,[6]
I must be needes content as Fortune standes.
I gieue my daughter, gold, and siluer fine,
With what for dowry els you craue is myne."

24.

To make my tale the shorter if I may,
This truce concluded was immediately:[7]
And all thinges else performed by a day,
The King restor'd that did in pryson lie.
The Troians parted from the shores, perdy,[8]

[4] 'Tis best, O Brutus, if thou like her, take
His daughter Innogen vnto thy wyfe:
And let the king a dowry large hir make:
Gold, syluer, shippes, and corne for our reliefe:
With other thinges whereof this lande is rife:
That wee so fraught may seeke some desert shore
Where wee and ours may raigne for euermore. ed. 1575.

[5] The hateful gods haue yelded mee. ib.

[6] For feare I leese both life and goodes and landes. ib.

[7] My father then was married by and by. ib.

[8] The Troians proud of spoiles and victorie. N.

Did hoyse vp sayles, in two dayes and a night
Vpon the Ile of Lestrigons[9] they light.

25.

And leauing of their ships at roade, to land
They wandring went the countrey for to vew:
Loe there a desert city olde they fand,
And eke a temple (if reporte bee true)
Where in Dianas temple olde, the crew[10]
To[1] sacrifice their captaine counsaile gaue
For good successe, a seate and soyle to craue.[2]

26.

And he no whit misliking their aduice
Went forth, and did before the altar hold
In his right hand a cup to sacrifice,
And fild with[3] wine, and white hinds bloud scarce cold.
And then before her stature straight hee told
Deuoutly all his whole peticion there,
In sorte (they say) as is repeated heere.[4]

27.

"O goddesse great in groues that putst wilde boares in feareful feare,
And maist goe all the compasse pathes of euery ayrye sphere,
Eke of th' infernall houses too, resolue the earthly rights,
And tell what countrey in to dwell thou giu'st vs Troian wights.
Assigne a certaine seate where I shall worship thee for aye,
And where repleat with virgins, I, erect thy temples maye."

28.

When nine times hee had spoken this, and went
Foure times the altar rounde, and staide agen,
He powr'd the wine and bloud in hand hee hent

[9] Leogrece. ed. 1575. [10] Where Dian dwelt of whom the Troian crew. N. [1] In. ib.
[2] Wherin Diana to such credit grewe:
That sacrifice the Troianes counsayle gaue,
My father make, an aunswere for to haue. ed. 1575.
[3] Efilde with. ib. [4] In better sorte then I repeate it here. ib.

Into the fire. O witlesse cares of men,
Such folly meere, and blindnes great was then.
But if religion now biddes toyes farewell,
Embrace that's good, the vice of times I tell.

29.

He layde him then downe by the altars side,
Vpon the white *Hindes* skin espred therefore:
It was the third houre of the night, a tyde
Of sweetest sleepe, hee gaue himselfe the more
To rest[5] perdy.[6] Then seemed him before
Diana chaste, the goddesse to appeare,
And spake to him these wordes that you shall heare.

30.

" O *Brute*, farre vnder *Phœbus* fall, beyonde of *France* that raigne,
An Iland in the Ocean is, with sea tis compast mayne,
An Iland in the Ocean is, where Giauntes erst[7] did dwell:
But now a desert place that's fit, will serue thy people well.
To this direct thy race, for there shall bee thy seate for aye,
And to thy sonnes there shall bee built another stately *Troye*.
Here of thy progeny and stocke, shall mightie Kings descend,
And vnto them as subiect, all the world shall bow and bend."

31.

On this hee woke, with ioyfull cheere, and told
The vision all, and oracle it[8] gaue:
So it reioyst their hearts a thowsande fold.
To ships they got, away the shores they draue,
And hoysing sailes, for happie windes they craue.
In thirty dayes their voyage so they dight,
That on the coast of Aphrica[9] they light.

32.

Then to *Philænes* altars they attayn'd,
(For so men call two hilles erected are

[5] Surelie. N. [6] To reste and sleep. ed. 1575. [7] Once. ib.
[8] Aunswere that it. ib. [9] Affrica. ib.

In Tumise land) two brethren ground that gain'd
For Carthage once, and went tis sayd too farre,
On Cyren ground for bounds, there buryed were.
Because they would not turne againe, but striue
With Cyren men, they buryed them aliue.

33.

From thence they sailed through the middle lake,
Betwene Europa fayre and Aphrica the drye:
With winde at will, the doubtfull race they take,
And sail'd to Tuscane shores, on Europe coast that lye.
Where at the last amongst the men they did descrye
Fowre banisht bandes of Troians in destresse
To sayle with them, which did themselues addresse.[1]

34.

Companions of *Antenor* in his flight,
But *Corinœus* was their captayne than,
For counsayle graue,[2] a wise and worthy wight:
In warres the prayse of[3] valiantnesse he wan.
Lord *Brutus* liked well this noble man,
With him full oft confer of fates hee wold,
And vnto him the oracles hee told.[4]

35.

The Troians so in number now encreast,
Set on to sea and hoysed sayles to wynde.
To *Hercules* his pillers from the East

[1] From thence they sayled vnto *Saliues* lake:
Twene *Azaræ* hilles, and *Ruscitadam*
They paste, from thence to *Maluæ* floud they gate
To *Hercules* his pillers sight they came:
And then to Tuscan seas whereas by fame,
Not far from shore, like minded mates they finde,
Foure banisht races of the Troian kinde. ib.

[2] Calde. ib. [3] For. ib.

[4] My father did so frendely vse this man,
He was content and all his men besyde:
To trie aduentures by my fathers guyde. ib.

They cast by compasse ready way to finde:
Where through once past to Northward race they twinde,
To Pirene cleeues, tweene Spayne and France the bounde,
Reioycing neere the promist Ile so founde.[5]

36.

Eke[6] vnto Guyne in France they sayled thence,
Where[7] at the hauen of Loire they did arriue,
To vewe the countrey was their whole pretence
And victayles get, their souldiers to reuiue.[8]
Eke *Corinæus* lest the Galles should striue,
Led forth two hundreth of his warlike band,
To get prouision to the ships from land.

37.

But when the King *Goffarius* heard of this,
That Troians were arriued on his shore,
With Frenchmen and with Guynes their power and his,
Hee came to take the pray they gat before,
And when they met, they fought it both full sore,
Till *Corinæus* rusht into their band,
And caus'd them fly: they durst no longer stand.

38.

First might you there seene hearts of Frenchmen broke,
Two hundreth Troians gaue them all the foyle
At home, with oddes, they durst not byde the stroke,
Fewe Troians beate them in their natiue soyle.
Eke *Corinæus* followed in this broyle,
So fast vpon his foes before his men,
That they return'd and thought to spoyle him then.

39.

There hee alone against them all, and they
Against him one, with all their force did fight,

[5] This Stanza not in the first edit. [6] Then. ib. [7] And. ib.
[8] And vitayles for their men and them atchiue. ib.

At last by chaunce his sword was flowne away,
By fortune on a battayle axe hee light,[9]
Which hee did driue about him with such might,
  That some their hands, and some their armes did leese,
  Some legges, of some the head from shoulders flees.

40

As thus amongst them all hee fought with force
And fortune great, in daunger of his lyfe,
Lord *Brutus*[1] had on him therewith remorce,
Came with a troupe of men to ende the strife.
When Frenchmen saw the Troians force so rife,
  They fled away, vnto their losse and payne;
  In fight and flight nigh all their host was slayne.

41.

And in that broyle, saue *Corinæus*, none
Did fight so fearcely, as did *Turnus* then:
Sir *Brutus*[2] cosin with his sword alone
Did sley that time well nigh sixe hundreth men.
They founde him dead as they return'd agen,
  Amongst the Frenchmen, wounded voyde of sence,
  And bare his noble corps with honour thence[3].

42.

On this they bode awhile reuenge to yeelde,
And to interre the dead, and *Turnus* slaine,
They tooke a towne not far from place of fielde,
And built it strong, to vexe the Galles agayne.
The name they gaue it still doth yet remayne:
  Sith there they buried *Turnus*, yet men call
  It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

[9] By fortune on an halberde then he light. ib.
[1] My father. ib. [2] My father's. ib.
[3] ———voide of breath,
Which pincht my fathers hart as pangs of death. ib.

43.

Which towne they left at last with Troians man'd,
When as their ships were storde with what they neede
Aboarde, they hoise vp sayles and left the land,
By ayding windes they cut the seas with speede.
At length the shyning Albion clyues[4] did feede
Their gazing eyes, by meanes whereof they fand
Our Totnes hauen, and tooke this promist land.

44.

The countrey seemed pleasaunt at the vewe,
And was by fewe[5] inhabited, as yet,
Saue[6] certaine Giauntes whom they did pursue,
Which straight to Caues in Mountaines did them get:
So fine were Woods, and Flouds, and Fountaines set,
So cleare the ayre, so temperate the clime,
They neuer saw the like before that time[7].

45.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,
Lord *Brutus* caus'd it Britaine cal'd to bee,[8]
And eke the people Britans of the same,
As yet in auncient Recordes is to see.
To *Corinæus* gaue hee franke and free
The land of Cornwall, for his seruice don,
And for because from Giauntes hee it won.

46.

Then sith our Troiane flock came first from Troy,
The Chiefetaine[9] thought that duty did him binde,
As[1] Fortune thus had sau'd him from anoy,
The auncient towne againe to call to minde.

[4] Cleeues. N. [5] None. ed. 1575. [6] But. ib.
[7] My father had no cause but like it well
And gaue his souldiers places in to dwell. ib.
[8] My father caused Britayne called bee. ib.
[9] My father. ib. [1] Sith. ib.

Hee builte new Troy, them Troian lawes assignde,
That so his race,[2] to his eternall fame,
Might keepe of Troy the euerlasting name[3].

47.

And setled there, in perfect peace and rest,
Deuoid of warre, of laboure, strife, or paine,
Then *Iunogen* the Queene his[4] ioyes increast,
A Prince shee bare, and after other twaine,
Was neuer King of noble Impes[5] so faine,
Three sonnes which had so shortly here begat,[6]
Locrinus, Camber, last mee *Albanact.*

48.

Thus hauing wealth, and eke the world at will,
Nor wanting ought that might his minde content,
T' increase his powre with wights of warlike skill
Was all his minde his purpose and intent.
Whereby if foes inuasion after ment,
The Britans might not feare of forraine lands,
But keepe by fight possessions in their hands.

49.

Eke[7] when his people once perceiu'd his minde,
(As what the Prince doth often most embrace,
To that the subiects all are straight inclinde,
And reuerence still in eche respect his grace)
They gat in warre such knowledge in short space,
That after they their force to try begon,
They car'd for nought by wit or wight not won.

[2] Whereby his stock. ib.

[3] "Brute the fyrst King of Brytons, bylded & edefyed this cyte of London, the fyrst cyte of Brytayn, in remembraunce of the cyte of Troye, that was destroyed, and called it Troyeneweth and Trinouantum, that is newe Troye." *Trevisa's Polychronicon.* B. 1. C .xlvii

[4] Then eke my mother all his, &c. ed. 1575.

[5] Of children erste. ib.

[6] Three sonnes because of Innogen he gate. ib.

[7] Then. ib.

50.

They got of giaunts mountaines whence they came,
And woods from whence they oft made wise, they would
Destroy and kill, when voyage out they frame,
Or shewde themselues in bauding ouer bold:
Then straight the Britans, gladder then of gold,
  Were ready still to fighte at euery call,
  Till time they had extynct the monsters all.[8]

51.

Whereby the King had cause to take delight,
And might bee bolde the lesse to feare his foes:
Perdy[9] ech Prince may recke his enmies spight,
Thereafter as his force in fight hee knoes.
A princely heart the liberall gifts disclose.
  He gaue to eche such guerdons for their facts,
  As might them only mooue to noble acts.

52.

No labours great his subiects then refusde,
No trauayles that might like his regall minde:
But ech of them such exercise well vs'd,
Wherein was praise, or glory great to finde.
And to their liege bare faithfull hearts so kinde,
  That what hee wild they all obeyd his hest,
  Nought else was currant but ye Kings request.

53.

What Prince aliue might more reioyce then hee?
Had faithfull men, so valiaunt, bold, and stout?
What pleasures more on earth could lightly bee

[8] Those mightie people borne of Giants brood,
That did possesse this Ocean-bounded land,
They did subdue, who oft in battell stood
Gainst them in field, vntill by force of hand
They were made subiect vnto *Brutes* command.
Such boldnes then did in the Briton dwell,
That they in deedes of valour did excell. N.

[9] Surely. N.

Then win an Ile, and liue deuoyde of doubt?
An Ile sayd I? nay nam'd the world throughout
Another world, sith sea doth it deuide
From all, that wants not all the world beside.

54.

What subiects eke more happy were then these?
Had such a King of such a noble heart,
And such a land enioyde and liu'd at ease,
Whereof ech man almost might chose his part?
No feare of foes, vnknowne was treason's art,
No fayning friends, no fawning *Gnatoes* skill,
No *Thrasoes* brags, but bearing ech good will.

55.

But as ech sommer once receaues an ende,
And as no state can stable stande for aye,
As course of time doth cause thinges bowe and bend,
As euery pleasure hath hir ending daye,
As will can neuer passe the power of maye:
Euen so my father, happy dayes that spent,
Perceau'd he must by sicknesse last relent.

56.

As doth the shipman well foresee the storme,
And knowes what daunger lyes in Syrtes of sand:
Eke as the husbandman prouides beforne,
When hee perceaues the winter cold at hand:
Euen so the wise, that course of things haue scan'd,
Can well the end of sicknes great presage,
When it is ioyn'd with yeares of stooping age.

57.

His sonnes and Counsaile all assembled were:
For why hee sent for vs and them with speede.
Wee came in hast, this newes vs caused feare.[1]

[1] Did cause vs feare. N.

Sith so hee sent, wee thonght him sicke indeede. [2]
And when wee all approacht to him with heede, [3]
Too soone alas, his grace right sicke we found,
And him saluted as our duties bound.

58.

And casting of his woefull [4] eyes aside,
Not able well to mooue his painefull head,
As silent wee with teares his minde abide,
Hee wil'd himselfe bee reared in his bed.
Which done, with sight of vs his eyes hee fed,
Eke pawsing so a while for breath hee stayd,
At length to them and vs thus wise hee sayd.

59.

" No maruaile sure, though you herewith bee sad,
(You noble Britaines) for your *Brutus*' sake.
Sith whilom mee your captaine stout you had,
That now my leaue and last farwell must take,
Thus nature willes mee once an ende to make,
And leaue you here behinde, which after mee
Shall die, as mee [5] departe before you see.

60.

" You wot wherefore I with the Græcians fought,
With dinte of sworde I made their force to fly:
Antenor's friends on Tuscane shores I sought,
And did them [6] not my promist land deny,
By Martiall powre I made the Frenchmen fly,
Where you to saue I lost my faithfull frende,
For you, at Tours, my *Turnus* tooke his ende.

61.

" I neede not now recite what loue I bare,
My friendship you, I trust, haue found so well,

[2] His counsayle all and wee assembled were,
To bid vs hie, or haste there was no nede,
Wee went with them, this newes vs caused feare
Sith so he sent, he was not well in dede, &c. ed. 1575.

[3] Speed. ib. [4] Doulfull. ib. [5] I. ib. [6] You. ib.

That none amongst you all which present are,
With teares doth not record the tale I tell.
Eke whom I found for vertues to excell,
  To them I gaue the price thereof, as due
  As they deseru'd, whose facts I found so true.

62.

" Now must I proue, if paines were wel bestow'd,
Or if I spent my gratefull gifts in vayne,
Or if these great good turns to you I ow'd,
And might not aske your loyall loues againe:
Which if I wist, what tongue could tell my paine?
  I meane, if you vngratefull mindes doe beare,
  What meaneth death to let mee linger here?

63.

" For if you shall abuse your Prince in this,
The gods on you for such an haynous fact
To take reuenge bee sure will neuer misse.
And then to late you shall [7] repent the act,
When all my Realme, and all your wealthes are sackt:
  But if you shall, as you begon, proceede,
  Of kingdomes fall or foes there is no dreede.

64.

" And to auoyde contention that may fall,
Because I wishe this Realme the Britans still,
Therefore I will declare before you all,
Sith you are come, my whole intent and will:
Which if you keepe, and wrest it not to ill,
  There is no doubt but euermore with fame
  You shall enioy the Britans Realme and name.

65.

" You see my sonnes, that after mee must raigne,
Whom you or this haue lik'd and counsail'd well.
You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,

[7] Will. ib.

Which way they might all vices vile expell,
Which way they might in vertues great excell.
Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,
You shall discharge the trust repos'd in you.

66.

" Bee you their fathers, with your counsaile wise,
And you my children take them euen as mee
Bee you their guides in what you can deuise,
And let their good instructions teach you three:
Bee faithfull all: as brethren ought agree:
For concord keeps a Realme in stable stay:
But discord brings all kingdomes to decay.

67.

" Recorde you this: to th' eldest[8] sonne I giue
This Middle parte of Realme to holde his owne,
And to his heyres that after him shall liue:
Also to Camber, that his part bee knowne,
I giue that land that lyes welnigh oregrowne
With woodes, Northwest, and mountaines mighty hye,
By South whereof the Cornish sea doth lye.[9]

68.

" And vnto thee my yongest sonne, that art
Mine *Albanact*, I giue to thee likewise
As much to bee for thee and thine apart,
As North beyonde the arme of sea there lyes,
Of which loe heere a Mappe before your eyes.
Loe heere my sonnes my kingdome all you haue,
For which (remember) nought but this I craue:[10]

69.

" First, that you take these fathers graue for mee,
Imbrace their counsaile euen as it were mine:
Next, that betweene your selues you will agree,

[8] Record to this mine eldest, &c. ib.
[9] Twene this and that the *Stutiæ* streame doth lie. ib.
[10] For which I nought but this remember craue. ib.

And neuer one at others wealth repine,
See that yee bide still bounde with friendly line:
  And last, my subiects with such loue retaine,
  As long they may your subiects eke remayne.

70.

"Now faint,[1] I feele my breath begins to fayle,
My time is come, giue eche to mee your hand:
Farewell, farewell, to mourne will not preuayle,
I see with Knife where *Atropos* doth stand:
Farewell my friendes, my children and my land,
  And farewell all my subiectes, farewell breath,
  Farewell ten thowsand times, and welcome death."

71.

And euen with that hee turnde himselfe asyde,
Vpyeelding, gasping gaue[2] away the ghost:
Then all with mourning voyce his seruantes cry'd,[3]
And all his subiectes eke, from least to most,
Lamenting fil'd with wayling plaintes[4] ech coast,
  Perdy[5] the Britans, all as nature bent,[6]
  Did for their King full dolefully lament.

72.

But what auayles, to striue against the tide,
Or else to driue[7] against the streame and winde?
What booteth it against the Cliues to ride,
Or else to worke against the course of kinde?
Sith Nature hath the ende of thinges assin'd,
  There is no nay, wee must perforce depart,
  Gainst dinte of death there is no ease by arte.[8]

[1] Loe now. ib. [2] And gasped thryse and gaue. ib.
[3] Then all at once with mourning voyce they cryde. ib. [4] Teares. ib.
[5] And so. N. [6] All with one assent. ed. 1575. [7] Sayle. ib.
[8] This stanza follows in edit. 1575,
  As custome wild wee funerals preparde,
  And all with mourning cloathes, and chere did come,

73.

Thus raign'd that worthy King, that founde this land,
My father *Brutus*, of the Troian bloud,
And thus hee died when hee full well had man'd
This noble Realme with Britans fearce and good.
And so a while in stable state it stood,
  Till wee deuided had this Realme in three,
  And I to soone receiu'd my part to mee.

74.

Then straight through all the world gan Fame to fly,
A monster swifter none is vnder Sunne:
Encreasing as in waters wee descry
The circles small, of nothing that begunne,
Which at the length vnto such breadth doe come,
  That of a drop, which from the skies doth fall,
  The circles spread, and hyde the waters all:

75.

So fame in flight increaseth more and more:
For at the first she is not scarcely knowne,
But by and by she fleets[9] from shore to shore,
To cloudes from th' earth her stature straight is growne:
There whatsoeuer by her trompe is blowne,
  The sounde that both by sea and land out flies,
  Reboundes againe, and verberates the skies.

76.

They say the earth, that first the Giauntes bred,
For anger that the gods did them dispatch,
Brought forth this sister, of those monsters dead,

To laye this king on beere we had regarde,
In royall sort, as did his corps become,
His Herce prepard, we brought him to his tombe,
At *Troynouant* he built, where he did dye,
Was he entombde, his royall corps doth lye.

[9] Flits. ib.

Full lighte of foote, swifte winges the windes to catch;
Such monster erst did nature neuer hatch:
As many Plumes shee hath from top to toe,
So many eyes them vnderwatch, or moe.

77.

And tongues doe speake, so many eares doe harke,
By night tweene heauen she flies and earthly shade,
And shreaking, takes no quiet sleepe by darke:
On houses rowfes, on[1] towres as keeper made
Shee sits by day, and Cities threats t' inuade:
And as she tells what things shee sees by vewe,
Shee rather shewes that's fayned false, then true.

78.

She blazde abroade perdy a people small,[2]
Late[3] landed heere, and founde this pleasaunt Ile,
And how that now it was deuided all,
Made tripartite, [4] and might within a while
Bee won by force, by treason, fraud, or guile.
Wherefore she mooues her frendes to make assay
To win the price, and beare our pompe away.

79.

A thowsand things besides shee bruits and tells,
And makes the most of euery thing shee heares
Long time of vs shee talkes, and nothing els,
Eke what shee seeth abroade in haste shee beares,
With tatling toyes, and tickleth so their eares,
That needes they must to flattering fame assent,
Though afterwards they doe therefore lament.

80.

By East from hence a countrey large doth lye,
Hungaria eke of *Hunnes* it hath to name,
And hath *Danubius*' floud on South it bye,

[1] Or. ib.
[2] This fame declarde that euen a people small. ib.
[3] Had. ib.
[4] Into three parts. ib.

Deuiding quite from *Austria* the same.
From thence a king was named *Humber* came:
On coastes of *Albany* arriued hee,
In hope this king of *Britan* for to bee.[5]

81.

Which when by postes[6] of subiects I did heare
How enmies[7] were arriued on my shore,
I gathered all my souldiers voyde of feare,
And backe the *Hunnes* by force and might I bore.
But in this battaile was I hurt so sore,
That in the fielde of woundes I had I dide,
Where souldiers lost their noble prince and guide.[8]

82.

Such was my fate to venture on so bolde,
My rashnesse was the cause of all my woe:
Such is of all our glory vaine the holde,
So soone wee pompe and pleasures all forgoe,
So quickly are wee reft our kingdomes froe,
And such is all the cast of Fortune's play,
When least wee thinke to cut vs quite away.

83.

I deem'd my selfe an heauenly happy wight,
When once I had my part to raigne within:
But see the chaunce what hap did after light,
Or I could scarce t'inioy my glee begin.
This *Hunne* did seeke from mee my realme to win,
And had his will: O flattering fortune, fye,
What meanest thou to make thy selfe so slye:[9]

[5] ———did he arriue,
In hope this lande of Britayne to atchiue. ib.
In hope to bee the King of Britanie. N.

[6] When by report. N. [7] Foe-men. N.

[8] And left my men as flockes without a guide. ed. 1575.
———————of deadly wounds I dide,
My souldiers lost their noble prince and guide. N.

[9] To worke with princes slye. ed. 1575.

84.

You worthy warriours learne by mee, beware,[1]
Let wisedome worke, lay rashnesse all aparte,
When as with enmies you encountred are,
You must endeuoure all your skilfull arte,
By witty wiles with force to make your marte.
Wit nought auayles late bought with care and cost,
To late it comes when life and all is lost.[2]

L'ENVOY[3].

1.

Mvsing on these thinges I cal'd to my minde,
In historyes what I of *Troia* read,
And what of *Brutus* I in bookes did finde
Likewise I cast, and counted in my head.
I found that *Albanact* stoode mee in stead.
For why, *Sicilians* right this noble man
Calles *Lestrygons*, as they were named than.

2.

Lestrygo was, perdy, *Neptunus*' sonne,
To whom his father gaue that noble Ile:
And of his name the people there did wonne.
The writers false abus'd vs then long while,
Which set vs downe of *Leogece* an Ile,

[1] By my fall beware. N.

[2] If you repent when life and labours lost.
THE AUTHOUR.
With that the wounded Prince departed quite,
From sight he slinchte, I sawe his shade no more,
But Morpheus bade remember this to write,
And therewithall presented mee before
A wight wet dropping from the water's shore,
In princely weede, but like a warlike man,
And thus mee thought his story he began.

[3] The author's continuation, as in first edition, is given in the preceding note. Nicolls uniformly rejected these connecting lines of "the authour" as well as those of the later edition entitled "L'envoy."

So neere *Italia* strandes was placed than,
To which Lord *Brutus* came, that noble man.

3.

Of *Lestrygon* that Ilande first tooke name,
As *Albanact* hath well recited heere.
But of king *Humber* see what nowe became,
Which after him next haplesse did appeare
With Armoure wet, as drencht hee lately were:
So downe his greaues the water tricklinges ran,
While he this wise his woefull tale began.

HOW HVMBER THE king of *Hunnes* minding to conquer *Britaine, was drowned in the arme of sea now called Humber*, about the yeere before Christ. 1085.

1.

THOUGH yet no foraine Princes in this place
Haue come to tell their haplesse great mishap,
Yet give mee leaue a while to pleade my case,
And shewe how I slipt out of Fortunes lap.
Perchaunce some other will eschewe the trap
Wherein I fell, and both themselues beware,
And also seeke the lesse their[1] countreyes care.

2.

I am that *Humber* king of *Hunnes*, that came
To win this Ilande from the *Britaynes* fell:
Was drownde in *Humber*, where I left my name:
A iust reward for him that liu'd so well
At home, and yet thought others to expell
Both from theyr realme or right: well seru'd was I,
That by ambition thought to clime so hye.[2]

3.

But I must blame report, the chiefest cause
Of my decaye: beware of rashe report:
Tis wisdome first to take a whyle a pause,
Before to dint of daungers you resort:
Least when you come in haste to scale the fort,
By rashe assault some engine shaft or fire
Dispatche you quite, or make you soone retire.

[1] Thy. 1575.

[2] Both from their realme and light: O filthy fye
On such ambition earst as vsed I. ib.

4.

For vnto mee the rumours dayely flewe,
That here a noble Ilande might be wonne:
The king was dead: no warres the people knewe,
And eke themselues to stryue at home begon.
It were (quoth I) a noble acte well don
To win it then: and therewithall did make
Prouision good, this famous Ile to take.

5.

A warlike regall campe prouided was,
And shippes, and vittayle, for my *Hunnes* and mee,
By sea to *Britayne* conquest for to passe,
If Gods thereto or heauenly starres agree.
At length wee came to shores of *Albany*,
And there to fight with *Britaynes* pitch'd our fielde,
In hope to make them flinche, flye, fall, or yeelde.

6.

They met vs, long wee fearcely fought it out,
And doubtfull was the victours part of twaine:
Till with my *Hunnes* I rusht among the route,
And fought till that King *Albanact* was slayne.
Then they to yeelde or pardon craue were fayne,
And I with triumphes great receau'd the pray,
And marched forward, flesht with such a fraye.

7.

I past an arme of sea, that would to God
I neuer had bin halfe so bold at fyrst,
I made, to beate myselfe withall, a rod,
When so without[3] theyr realme I venture durst,
But marke my tale, thou heard'st not yet the worst:
As sure I thought the rest to circumuent
By spyes before, they knewe my whole intent.

[3] Within. ib.

8.

And or I wyst, when I was come to lande,
Not farre from shore two Princes were preparde,
Theyr scouts conueyed away my ships they fande,
And of my shipmens fleshe they nothing sparde.
To rescue which, as backe agyane I far'de,
  The armyes twayne were at my heeles behinde,
  So clos'd mee in, I wist no way to winde.

9.

On th' East *Locrinus* with an armie great,
By West was *Cambre* with an other band:
By North an arme of sea the shoares did beat,
Which compast mee and mine within their lande.
No way to scape was there but Water fande,
  Which I must taste, or else the sworde of those
  Which were to mee and mine full deadly foes.

10.

So when I sawe the best of all mine hoste
Beate downe with bats, shot, slayne, or forst to swimme,
Myselfe was fayne likewise to flye the coast,
And with the rest the waters entred in,
A simple shift for Princes to begin.
  Yet farre I deem'd it better so to dye
  Then at mine enmies foot an abiect lye.

11.

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,
If I might wend the water waues to passe:
The *Britannes* that before my ships had gate
Gan watche mee, where amidst the surge I was.
Than with my boates they rowde to mee (alas)
  And all they cryde keepe *Humber*, keepe theyr King,
  That to our Prince wee may the traytour bring.

12.

So with my boats beset, poore *Humber* I
Wist no refuge, my weery armes did ake,
My breath was short, I had no powre to crye,
Or place to stande, whyle I my playnte might make.
The water colde made all my ioynts to shake,
My heart did beate with sorowe, griefe, and payne,
And downe my cheeks salt teares they gusht amayne.

13.

O must thou yeelde, and shall thy boats betraye
Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercy *Britaynes* haue:
O would to God I might escape away,
I wot not yet if pardon I may craue,
Although my deeds deserue no life to haue.
I will, I nill, death, bondage, beast am I,
In waters thus, in forayne soyle to dye.

14.

With that I clapt my quauering hands abroade,
And helde them vp to heauen, and thus I sayde:
O Gods that knowe the paynes that I haue bode,
And iust reuengement of my rashnes payde,
And of the death of *Albanact* betrayde
By mee and mine, I yeelde my life therefore,
Content to dye, and never greeue yee more.

15.

Then straight not opening of my handes, I bowde
My selfe, and set my head my armes betweene:
And downe I sprang with all the force I coulde,
So duckte, that neither head nor foote were seene,
And neuer sawe my foes agayne I weene:
There was I drownde: the *Britaynes*, to my fame,
Yet call that arme of sea by *Humber's* name.[3]

[3] The story of Humber is narrated according to the principal authorities. It is somewhat different in the Chronicle of St. Albans, which says: "so it befel that

16.

Take heede by mee, let my presumption serue,
And let my folly, fall, and rashnes, bee
A glasse wherein to see if thou do swerue,
Thou mayst thy selfe perceiue somwhat by mee,
Let neither trust, nor treason, trayne forth yee,
  But bee content with thine estate, so shall
  No wrath of God procure thy haplesse fall.

17.

If thou bee foraine, bide with in thy soyle
That God hath giuen to thee and thine to holde,
If thou oppression meane, beware the foyle,
Beare not thy selfe of thee or thine to bolde,
Or of the feates thy elders did of olde.
  For God is iust, iniustice will not thriue:
  Hee plagues the proude, preserues the good aliue.[4]

this Kynge Humbar was besyde a water that was a great riuer with his folke for to dysporte hym. And there came Lotrin and Camber with theyr folke sodaynly or that ony of the other hoost knew of them. And whan Humbar dyde se them come in aray he was sore adrad, for as moche as his men wyst it not a fore; and also that they were vnarmed. And a none Humbar for drede lept ī to ye water and drowned hymselfe, and so he deyed. And his men were all slayne in so moche that there escaped not one away on lyue. And therefore is that water called Hūbar and euer more shall be, whyle the worlde is world."

[4] The Authoure.

Then vanishte Humber, and no sooner gon
Was he but straight in place before me came,
A princely wight had complet harnesse on,
Though not so complet as they now do frame:
He seemde sometime t'aue bene of worthy fame,
In breste a shafte with bleeding wounde he bare,
And thus he told the cause of all his care. ed. 1575.

LENVOY.

1.

WAs not this drenched king well servde thinke you,
That could not byde at home content with his?
Now by his fall and his ambition vewe,
What good they get which gaze on Fortune's blisse,
How soone their haps and hoped Ioyes they misse,
Wherefore the setled minde surmountes the rest,
The meane contented state of all is best.

2.

The conquest wonne, and kingdome got, you see
The *Albaynes* all subdude to *Humber's* crowne:
Yet straight againe the straunger drownde to bee,
To leese his conquest, kingdomes, and renowme.
Sith Fortune so sets vp and thirleth downe,
The setled minde content I counte is blest,
Reporting true the golden meane is best.

3.

Loe how vaine glory causde him venter life,
By seas to sayle, by land in fielde to fighte,[5]
In peace at home abroade to fish for strife,
And here confesse how *Sors* had sowst him right.
But king *Locrinus* next apearde in sight.
A shaft hee bare in wounded bleeding brest,
And thus (mee thought) his fatall fall exprest.

[5] A line as vigorous and musical as Dryden.

HOW KING LOCRINVS

the eldest sonne of Brutus liued vitiously,
and was slaine in battaile by his wyfe Queene
Guendoline, the yeere before Christ.
1061.

1.

If euer any noble Prince might rue
His facts are past, long since the same may I,[1]
That would to God it were not farre to true,
Or that I iustly could my faultes deny.
The trueth of thinges the end or time doth trie,
As well by mee is seene: my haplesse fall
Declares whence came my great misfortunes all.

2.

I am *Locrinus*, second *Britayne* king,
The eldest sonne of him that found this lande:
Whose death to mee my mischiefes all did bring,
And causde why first I tooke my death in hand.
Hee chiefly wil'd mee when hee gaue this land,
I should bee rulde by all his counsailes will,
And vse their iudgements in my dealings still.

3.

But what doe I accuse my father's hest,
What meane I here th' unfaulty for to blame:
All hee commaunded euen was for the best,
Though in effect of best the worst became.
So thinges oft times well ment vnfitly frame,
So often times the counsayle of our frend
Apparent good falls faulty in the end.

[1] My haplesse deeds of yore, the same may I. N.

4.

For as hee wisht I vsde his counsailes ayde
In ech thing that I deemde was good for mee
I neuer ought that they desir'd denayde,
But did to all their mindes and hests agree:
And *Corinæus* sawe my heart so free,
By diuers meanes hee sought this match to make,
That to my wife I might his daughter take.

5.

So I, [2] that wist not then what mariage ment,
Did straight agree his *Guendoline* to haue:
Yet afterward suspecting his intent,
My frendes to mee this poynte of counsaile gaue,
That who so doth of Prince aliaunce craue,
Hee meanes thereby to worke some poynte of ill,
Or else to frame the Prince vnto his will.

6.

It may well bee hee ment no euill [3] at all,
But wyse men alwayes vse to dreade the worst.
And sith it was the fountayne of my fall,
From whence the spring of all my sorowes burst,
I may well thinke was some of vs accurst.
For why, the end doth alwayes proue the facte:
By end wee iudge the meaning of the acte.

7.

I made no haste to wed my spoused wyfe,
I wist I could (as yet) without hir bide:
I had not tasted ioyes of trayned life,
I deem'd them fooles by Cupid's dart that dide.
I Venus vile and all hir feates [4] defyde,
I [5] liu'd at rest, and rulde my land so well
That men delighted of my facts to tell.

[2] But I. ed. 1575. [3] Ill. ib. [4] Force. ib. [5] And. ib.

8.

My brethren eke long welded well theyr partes,
Wee fearde no foes, wee thought our state would stand:
Wee gaue our selues to learned skilfull artes,
Wherein wee either fruite or pleasure fand,
And wee enioyde to[6] fine a fertile lande,
That fewe in earth might with our states compare,
Wee liu'd so voyde of noysome carke and care.

9.

But see the chaunce: when least wee thought of ill,
When wee esteem'd our state to bee most sure,
Then came a flawe to bridle all our will,
For straungers farre gan vs to warre procure:
And euen when first they put their pranke in vre,
On *Albayne* shoares my brother there they slewe,
Whose death wee after made the *Hunnes* to rue.

10.

When hee was deade they hop'd to winne the rest,
And ouer *Aby* streame with hast did hye.
But I, and eke my brother *Camber*, drest
Our armies strayght, and came their force to try.
Wee brake theyr rayes and forst the king to fly
Into the arme of sea they ouer came,
Where *Humber* drownde the waters tooke their[7] name.

11.

Wee either slewe, or tooke them captiues all,
Emongst the which (O mischiefe great to tell)
The Gods to worke mine ouerthrowe and fall
Sent Ladyes three, whose beauties did excell:
Of which, because I liked one so well,
I tooke her strayght, nor shee did ought deny,
But ech thing graunted so shee might not dye.

[6] So. ib. [7] His. ib.

12.

Thus *Humber* wee this hatefull hungery king
In *Humber* drencht, and him depriu'd of pryde,
And of his lofty[8] Ladyes he did bring
He lost the pray, and all his men beside,
And wee the spoyles of all his hoast deuide.
  But I that thought I had the greatest share,
  Had caught the cause of all my woefull care.

13.

They cal'd this Lady *Elstride*, whom I tooke,
Whose beauty braue did so my wittes confound,
That for her sake my promise I forsooke,
Whereby I was to *Guendoline* first bound.
Mee thought no Lady else so high renound[9]
  That might allure mee, chaunge my conflate minde,[10]
  So was I caught by snares of *Cupide* blynde.

14.

Was neuer none before so lik'd myne eye,
I lou'd her more then I could loue my life:
Her absence still mee thought did cause mee dye,
I surely ment to take her for my wife.
But see how beauty breadeth deadly strife,
  Lo here began my whole confusion, here
  Sprang out the shaft from whence this wound I beare.

15.

For *Corineus* had no sooner heard,
That I did meane his daughter to forsake,
But strayght as one that did nought else regard,
In hast his voyage towards me did take,
And come, declar'd what promise I did make,[1]

[8] Lovely. N. [9] No Lady went on earthely grounde. ed. 1575.
[10] Euer chaunge my minde. ib.
[1] Where he declar'd what promise I did make. N.

From which he sayd if once I sought to slyde,
It would by dynte of sworde, and bloude, be tryde.

16.

But if I would her take, as erst I sayd,
And not this straunger choose agaynst his minde,
His helpe he promiste at each time, and ayde
To be so ready, as I wisht to fynde.
He further sayd my countrey did me binde,
To take such one as all my subiects knewe,
Sith straungers to theyr foes are seldome[2] true.

17.

I wayde his wordes, and thought he wisht me well,
But yet because his stocke should gayne thereby,
I reckt them lesse: and yet the truth to tell,
I durst not dare my promise made deny.
For well I wist if once it came to try,
It would both weaken all this noble land,
And doubtfull be who should have th'vpper hand.

18.

Thus needes perforce I must his daughter take,
And must leaue of to loue where I delight:
I was constraynd, contented to forsake
The forme that most did captiuate my sight.
What lucke had I on such a lot to lyght?
What ment you Gods that me such fortune gaue,
To cast my minde on her I might not haue?

19.

To short my tale: this *Guendoline* I tooke:
I was content agaynst my w ill: what then?
Nor quite for this mine *Elstride* I forsooke.
For why, I wrought by skyll of cunning men
A Vault along vnder the ground, a denne

[2] Never. 1575.

Her company wherein I vsed still,[3]
There we accomplisht our vnhappy will.

20.

There I begat my *Sabrine* seely childe,
That virgine smale mine *Elstride* bare to mee:
Thus I my wife full often times beguylde,
Which afterward did beare a sonne to me,
Nam'd *Madan*: yet wee neuer could agree.
And he that was the cause she was my bryde,
The while her father *Corinæus* dyde.

21.

Which when I heard, I had my heart's desire,
I crau'de no more, there was my end of griefe:
At lest I thought to quench *Cupidoe's* fire,
And eke to worke my lusting loues reliefe:
I ment no more to steale it like a thiefe,
But maried *Elstride*, whom I lou'd as life,
And for her sake I put away my wyfe.

22.

Likewise I caus'd, was *Elstride* Queene proclaymd,[4]
And tooke her as my lawfull wife by right:
But *Guendoline*, that sawe her selfe disdaynd,
Strayght fled, and mou'de the *Cornish* men to fight.
To them when she declarde her piteous plight,
In hast they drest[5] an army, for to be
Reuengers of my new made Queene and me.

23.

And I likewise an army did prepare,
I thought to quayle theyr courage all by force:

[3] "The singuler great loue and affection that he bare vnto the saide Eastrilde coued not yet out of his minde and be forgotten, wherfore he made a Caue vnder the ground in the Citie of Troynouant and enclosed her therein—insomuch as he had the companie of her the space of vij yeres full, and none knewe it, but a fewe of his verie familyer and faythfull friendes." *Grafton.*

[4] Likewise my Elstride I as Queene ordain'd. N.

[5] Rais'd. N.

But to my cost I found to late beware:
There is no strength in armoure: men, ne[6] horse
Can vayle, if *loue* on wronged take remorce.
Sith[7] he on whom the deadly dart doth light,
Can neuer scape, by ransome, friend, or flight.

24.

So when our armies met nigh *Habrine*[8] streame,
The trompetts blew and I denyde the peace:
I minded to expell them all the realme,
Or else to make them euer after cease.
And they, except I *Elstride* would release,
(They sayd) and take my *Guendoline* againe,
They would reuenge the wrong or else be slayne.

25.

On this wee met, and valiauntly wee fought
On eyther side, and neither part did yeelde:
So equally they fell, it was great doubt,
Which part should haue the better of the fielde.
But I to bolde rusht in with sword and shield,
To breake their rayes, so hasty men get smart,
An arrowe came and stroke mee to the heart.

26.

Thus was I brought to bale, vnhappy, there,
My body pearst that wicked life had led:
When I had raygned all out twenty yeere,
And had my corps with many pleasures fed,
The earth receiu'd my corps as cold as led.
And all my pompe, my pryncely troupe and trayne,
On earth no more shall see their Prince agayne.[9]

[6] Or. 1575. [7] For. N. [8] Stura stream. 1575.

[9] Fabian varies from the other chronicles by stating the death of Locrine as in the life time of Gwendoline's father; as she "beynge sore discontent, excyted her Fader and frēdes to make warre vpon the sayd Lotryne her husbande. In the which warre, lastly, he was slayne when he reygned or ruled Loegria, or Logiers, after the concordaunce of moste wryters XX yers: And was buryed by his Fader

27.

To all estates[10] let this for wedlocke serue,
Beware of chaunge, it will not hold out long.
For who so mindeth from his mate to swerue,
Shall sure at length receiue reuenge for wrong.
Tis folly fight with God, h'is farre to strong,
For though yee coloure all with coate of ryght,
No fayned fard deceaues[1] or dimmes his sight,
Hee guydes the good, and wrekes the wronges of might.[2]

LENVOY.

1.

THIS is the iustice great of mighty Ioue aboue,
To plague the men whose fayth vnfirme hee findes,
The promisse plight in sponsales sacred loue,
Which both alike the Prince and simple subiect bindes,
Who recklesse breaks that same nor faithed promise mindes,

in the cytie of Troynouant." This might be the authority of our author for relating his burial at Troynouant as the stanza appears in the first edition.

Then was I brought to Troynouant, and there
My body was enterrid as you reade:
When I had raigned all out twenty yere:
Lo thus I liude and thus became I deade:
Thus was my crowne depriued from my heade,
And all my pompe, my princely troupe and trayne,
And I to earth and duste resolude againe. (1575.)

[10] Now warne estates. ib. [1] No false deceit deceiues. N.

[2] Edition 1575 has only seven lines in this stanza: it concludes thus

For though ye colour all, with coate of right:
Yet can no fained farde deceiue his sight.

THE AUTHOUR.

With that this king was vanisht quite and gone,
And as a miste dissolued into ayre:
And I was left with Morpheus all alone,
Who represented straight a Lady faire,
Of frendes depriude and left in deepe dispaire:
As eke she spake, all wet in cordes fast bounde,
Thus tolde she how she was in waters drounde.

If hee ensue the vice, wherein his sence is drounde,
No doubt Iehouah iust will therefore him confounde.

2.

If hee for wedlocke breatch in Pagan Princes then
So greate displeasure tooke, and did them sharply whip,
Will hee not rather nowe afflict such christen men,
As dare the sacred band of holy wedlocke rip?
Hee will not let the twifold faythed christian slip,
Which by so vayne delight in fleshly lustes is droun'd.
He cuts him of, and doth his queanes and him confound.

3.

Examples are in all the ages seene before,
And also daily proofe declareth well the same.
Wherefore I will of this as nowe resite no more.
Perchaunce I may incurre some vndeserued blame.
But next beholde on stage apear'd a noble dame,
(Whose beauty braue *Locrinus*' senses did confound)
Declaring how therfore Queene *Guendoline* her droun'd.

HOW QVEENE EL-

stride the Concubine and second wife of king Locrinus *was miserably drowned by Queene Guendoline*, The yeare before Christ. 1064.

1.

And must I needes my selfe recite my fall,
Poore Pryncesse[1] I: must I declare my fate?
Must I the first of Queenes amongst vs all,[2]
Shew how I thrise fell from my princely state:
And from the lofty seate on which I sate:
If needes I must, then well content, I will:
Lest here my place in vayne I seeme to fill.

2.

I am that *Elstride* whom *Locrinus* lou'd,
A Prince his daughter, came from *Germanes* land.
My fame of beauty many Princes mou'd[3]
To sue for grace, and fauoure at my hand.
Which bruite once blowne abroad in euery land,
One *Humber*, king of *Hunnes* with all his trayne,
To come to mee a suiter was full fayne.

3.

What neede I tell the giftes to me he gaue,
Or shew his suite, or promise he me plight,
Sith well you knowe a Prince neede nothing craue,

[1] Woman. ed. 1575. [2] The first saue three amongst vs all. ib.
[3] "Eastrildis so farre excelled in bewtie, that none was then lightly found vnto her comparable, for her skin was so whyte that scarcely the fynest kind of Iuorie that might be found, nor the snowe lately fallen downe from the Elament, or the Lylles did passe the same." *Grafton.*

May nigh commaund ech thing as twere his right.
For as the foule before the Eagles sight,
  Euen so we fall, submit, and yeelde vs still
  At Prince his call, obeysaunt to his will.

4.

And for that time the *Hunnes* full mighty were,
And did increase, by martiall feates of warre:
Therefore our *Germayne* Kinges agast did beare
Them greater fauoure then was neede by farre.
My father durst not *Humber's* hest debarre,
  Nor I my selfe, I rather was content
  In hope of crowne with *Humber* to consent.

5.

Two Princely dames with me came then away,
He brag'd to winne these countrey partes all three.
We Ladyes rather were [4] this Prince his pray,
Because he promist that we Queenes should bee.
We came to cost, these countrey coasts to see,
  Sith hee on whom our hope did wholly stand,
  Was drounde, nam'd *Humber* waters, lost the land.

6.

For as you heard before when he suppos'd
He had wonne all, because he wonne a part,
Strayght way he was agayne thereof depos'd,
Constrayn'd to flye and swim for life, poore heart.
Lo here the cause of all my dolefull smart:
  This noble King with whom I came to raygne,
  Was drencht, and drounde vnto my greeuous payne.

7.

Then were his souldiers taken, slayne, or spoylde,
And well were they, that could make suite for life.
Was neuer such an army sooner foylde:

[4] Was. 1575

O woefull warre, that flowd'st in flouds of strife,
And card'st not whom thou cut'st with cruell knife!
So,[5] had not *Venus* fraught my face with hue,
I had no longer liu'd my forme to rue.

8.

But[6] as I came a captiue with the rest,
My countenaunce did shine as braue as Sunne:
Ech one that sawe my natiue hue, were prest
To yeeld them selues, by beames of beauty wonne.
My fame strayght blowne, to gaze on me they runne,
And sayd I past ech wordly wight, as farre
As *Phœbus* bright excelles the morning starre.

9.

Like as you see in darkes,[7] if light appeare,
Strayght way to that ech man directs his eye:
Euen so among my captiue mates that were,
When I did speake, or make my playnts with cry,
Then all on me they stared by and by,
Bemoning of my fates and fortune, so,
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

10.

My forme did prayse my plea, my sighes they sued,
My teares enti'st theyr hearts, some ruth to take:
My sobbes in sight a seemely hue reneu'd,
My wringing handes wan suiters shift to make,
My sober southes did cause them for my sake
Me to commend unto their noble King,
Who wil'd they should me into presence bring.

11.

Which when I came, in cordes as captiue bound,
" O King (quoth I) whose power wee feele to strong,
O worthy wight, whose fame to skyes doth sound,
Doe pittie me, that neuer wisht thee wrong!

[5] Or. ib. [6] For. ib. [7] Night. N. [8] T'whom. N.

Release me, one, thy captiues all among,
  Which from my friends by fraude am brought away,
  A Prince his daughter, drownde in deepe decay.

12.

" Now as thou art a Prince thy selfe, of might,
And mayst doe more then I doe dare desire,
Let me (O King) finde fauoure in thy sight,
Asswage somewhat thy deadly wrath and ire.
No part of knighthoode[9] tis for to require
  A Ladyes death thee neuer did offend,
  Sith that thy foe hath brought her to this end.

13.

" But let me rather safely be conuay'd,
O gratious King, once home before I die.
Or let me liue thy simple wayting mayde,[10]
If it may please thy royall maiesty.
Or let me raunsome pay for liberty.
  But if he[1] minde reuenge of vnwraught ill,
  Why spare you *Britannes* this my corps to kill?"

14.

With that the King: " Good Lady faire, what ist
Thou canst desire or aske but must obtayne?
Eke would to god with all my heart I wist
Best way to ease thee of thy woefull payne.
But if thou wilt, doe here with me remayne.
  If not content, conductours shalt thou haue,
  To bring thee home, and what thou else wilt craue."[2]

[9] Manhode. ed. 1575. [10] Or let me on thy Queene be wayting mayde. ib.
[1] Thou. ed. 1575. You. N.
[2] Omitted stanza from ed. 1575.

As for my Queene as yet I none possesse,
Therefore thou rather maiste voutchsafe to take
That place thy selfe, then waite on her I gesse,
Whose beautie with thy face no match can make:
The Gods denye that I thy heste forsake;
  I saue thy life, eke God forbid that I
  Should euer cause so fayre a Ladie die.

15.

" O King (quoth I) the gods preserue thy grace,
The heauens requite thy mercy shew'd to me,
And all the starres direct thy regall race,
With[3] happy course, long length of yeares to see.
The earth with fertile fruites enrich so thee,
That thou maist still like Justice here dispose,
And euermore treade downe thy deadly foes."

16.

The noble King commaunded to vnbinde
Mine armes, and let me lewce, and free at will.[4]
And afterward such fauoure did I finde,[5]
That as his Queene I was at elbowe still:
And I enjoy'd al pleasures at my fill.
So that they quite had quenched out my thrall,
And I forgat my former Fortunes all.

17.

Thus loe by fauoure I obtayn'd my suite,
So had my beauty set his heart on fire,
That I could make *Locrinus* euen as muite,
Or pleasaunt as my causes did require.
And when I knew he could no way retire,
I prayd he would his fauoure so extend,
As I might not be blamed in the end.

18.

" For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,
And eke my loue to you hath[6] constant beene,
Then let your loue likewise agayne bee showne,
And wed mee as you may[7] your spoused Queene.
If since in mee mislikyng you haue seene
Then best depart betime, before defame
Begin to take from *Elstride* her good name."

[3] In. ed. 1575. [4] Mine armes and giue me libertie at will. N.
[5] With whom such fauour I did after find. N. [6] Have. ib.
[7] Sayd. ib.

19.

"No wauering heart (sayd he) *Locrinus* beares,
No fayned flattery shall thy fayth deface:
Thy beauty, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares,
Constrayne mee both thee and thyne hestes imbrace:[8]
I must of force geue thy requests a place,
For as they doe with reason good consent,
Euen so I graunt thee all thy whole intent."

20.

Then was the time appoynted and the daye,
In which I should bee wedded to this King.
But in this case his counsayle caus'd a staye,
And sought out meanes at discord vs to bring
Eke *Corinæus* claym'd a former thing,
A precontract was made and full accord
Betweene his daughter and my soueraigne Lord.

21.

And yet the King did geue mee comfort still,
Hee sayd hee could not to [9] forsake my loue:
Hee euermore would beare mee all good will,
As both my beauty and deserts did moue.
But still the end doth who is faulty proue:[10]
His counsayle at the last did him constrayne
To marry her, vnto my greeuous payne.

22.

At which I could not but with hate repine:
It vexed mee, his mate that should haue beene,
To liue in hate a Prince his concubine,
That euer had such hope to bee his Queene.
The steppes of state are full of woe and teene,[1]
For when wee thinke wee haue obtayn'd[2] the throne,
Then strayght our pompe and pryde is quite orethrowne.

[8] Constraineth one mine Elstride to imbrace. N.
[9] So, in both.
[10] Yet faithlesse in his promise he did proue. N.
[1] *i. e.* sorrow.
[2] Attainde. ed. 1575.

23.

Lo twise I fell from hope of Princely crowne:
First, when vnhappy *Humber* lost his life:
And next I layd my peacockes pride adowne,
When I could not be King *Locrinus*' wife.[3]
But oft they say the third doth end the strife,
Which I haue prou'd, therefore the sequel vewe,
The third payes home, this prouerbe is to true.

24.

The King could not refraine his former minde,
But vs'd me still, and I my doubtfull yeares
Did linger on, I knew no shift to finde,
But past the time full oft with mourning teares.
A concubine is neuer voyde of feares,
For if the wife her at aduantage take,
In rage[4] reuenge with death she seekes to make.

25.

Likewise I wist if once I sought to flye,
Or to entreat the King depart I might,
Then would he strayght be discontent with me.
Yea if I were pursued vppon the flight,
Or came deflourd into my father's[5] sight,
I should be taken, kept perforce, or slayne,
Or in my countrey liue in great disdayne.

26.

In such a plight what might a Lady[6] doe,
Was euer Princesse poore,[7] in such a case?
O wretched wight bewrapt in webbs of woe,
That still in dread wast tost from place to place,
And neuer foundest meane to end thy race,
But still in doubt of death in carking care
Didst liue a life deuoide of all welfare.

[3] Not be Locrinus wife. ed. 1575. [4] Radge. ib. [5] Parents. ib.
[6] Woman. ib. [7] Ladye fayre. ib.

27.

The King perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,
To ease my heart with all deuis'd deceates,
By secrete wayes I came denoyde of feare,
In Vaultes, by cunning Masons' crafty feates.
Whereas we safely from the Queene her threats,
Perdy the King and I so vs'd our arte,
As after turn'd vs both to payne and smart.

28.

By him I had my *Sabrine* small, my childe,
And after that his wife her father lost:
I meane he died and shee was strayght exilde,
And I made Queene vnto my care and cost.
For shee went downe to *Cornwall* strayght in post,
And caused all her fathers men to rise
With all the force and strength they might deuise.

29.

My King and hers, with me, gaynst her prepar'd
An army strong, but when they came to fight,
Dame *Guendoline* did wax at length to hard,
And of our King vs both deposed quight,
For from her campe an arrowe sharp did light
Upon his brest, and made him leaue his breath:
Lo thus the[8] King came by vntimely death.

30.

Then I to late began in vayne to flye,
And taken was presented to the Queene,
Who me beheld with cruell *Tigers*[9] eie.
" O queane (quoth shee) that cause of warres hast beene,
And deadly hate, the like was neuer seene,
Come on, for these my handes shall ridde thy life.
And take reuengement of our mortall strife.

[8] This. ed. 1575. [9] Tygres. ib.

31.

"I longed long to bring thee to this bay, [10]
And thou likewise hast sought to suck my bloud:
Now art thou taken in my spoyles a pray,
That caus'd my life full long in daunger stood.
I will both teach thy selfe and others good,
To breake the bandes of faithfull wedlocke plight,
And geue thee that which thou deseruest right.

32.

"O harlot whoare, why should I stay my handes?
O paynted picture, shall thy lookes thee saue?
Nay, binde her fast both hande and foote in bandes,
And let her some straunge kinde of torments haue.
What strompet stues, think'st, for thou seemest braue,[1]
Or for thy tears, or sighes, to scape my sight?
My selfe will rather vanquishe thee by fight.

33.

"Thou rather should'st my vitall breath depriue
Then euer scape, if none were here but wee,
But now I will not file my handes to striue,
Or else to touch so vile a drabe as shee.
Come on at once, and bring her after me,
With hand and feete (as I commaunded) bound,
And let me see her here, as *Humber*, drown'd."

34.

A thousand thinges beside shee spake in rage,
While that a caitiffe did with cords me binde.
No teares, nor sobbes, nor sighes, might ought asswage
The gelous Queene or mollifie her minde.
Occasions still her franticke head did finde,
And when shee spake her eyes did leame[2] as fire,
Shee lookt as pale as chalke, with wrathfull ire.

[10] Day. N.
[1] What strumpet, think'st, for that thou seemest braue. N.
[2] Seeme. N.

35.

Ne stoode shee still, but fearcely me defide,
Raung'd vp and downe, and oft her palmes shee strooke.
" *Locrinus* now (quoth shee) had not thus dide,
If such an harlot whoare hee had not tooke."
And therewithall shee gaue a *Tiger's* looke, [3]
That made me quake: " What lettes (quoth shee) my knife
To ridde this whore, my husbande's second wife.
H'is dead, I liue, and shall I saue her life?"

36.

" O Queene (quoth I) if pittie none remayne,
But I be slayne or drown'd as *Humber* was:
Then take thy pleasure by my pinching payne,
And let me hence as thou appoyntest passe.
But take some pittie on my childe, alas,
Thou know'st the infant made no fault, but hee [4]
That's dead, and I, therefore reuenge on mee."

37.

" No bastards here shall liue to dispossesse
My sonne, (shee sayd) but sith thou soughtest fame,
I will prouide for her a kingdome lesse,
Which shall hereafter euer haue her name.
Thou know'st whereof the name of *Humber* came:
Then so *Sabrina* shall this streame be cal'd,
Sith *Sabrine* me, as *Humber Locrine*, thral'd.

38.

With that my childe was *Sabrine* brought in sight,
Who when shee sawe me there [5] in bandes to lie,
" Alas (shee cri'd) what meanes this piteous plight?"

[3] Ne stoode she still but with hir handes on syde
Walkte vp and down, and oft hir palmes she stroke;
" My husband now (quoth she) had not thus dyde,
" If such an harlot whore he had not tooke:"
And there withallshe gaue me such a looke
As made me quake. ed. 1575.

[4] Thee. ib. [5] Take. ib.

And downe she fell before the Queene, with cry:
" O Queene (quoth shee) let me more rather die
Than shee that's giltlesse should: for why, thy king
Did as his captiue her to lewdnes bring."

39.

Which when I sawe the kindnes of the childe,
It burst my heart much more then dome of death:
Poore little lambe, with countenaunce how milde
Shee pleaded still: and I for want of breath,
(With woefull teares that lay her feete beneath)
Could not put foorth a word our liues to saue,
Or if therefore I might a kingdome haue.

40.

Her piteous plaintes did somewhat death withdraw,
For as shee long beheld the Queene with teares,
(Quoth shee) " Let me haue rigour voyd of lawe,
In whom the signe of all thy wrath appeares:
And let me die, my fathers face that beares.
Sith he is dead, and we are voide of stay,
Why should I thee for life, or mercy, pray?

41.

" My mother may to *Germany* returne,
Where shee was borne, and if it please thy grace:
And I may well lie in my father's tombe,
If thou wilt graunt his childe so good a place.
But if thou thinke my bloud is farre to base,
(Although I came, by both, of princely lyne)
Then let me haue what shroud thou wilt assigne."

42.

With that the Queene replide with milder cheere,
And sayd the childe was wonderous feate,[6] and wittie:
But yet shee would not her reuenge forbeare,
" For why (quoth shee) the prouerbe sayes, that pittie

[6] Wyse. ed. 1575.

Hath lewdly lost full many a noble Cittie.
  Here *Elstride* now ile wreke my greefes on thee,[7]
  To die, take leaue, but talke no more to me."

43.

On this my leaue I tooke, and thus I sayd,
" Farewell my countrey, *Germany*, farewell
Adew the place from whence I was conueyd:
Farewell my father, and my friends[8] there dwell.
My *Humber* droun'd, as I shall be, farewell!
  Adew *Locrinus* dead, for thee I die:
  Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

44.

" Adew my pleasures past, farewell, adew.
Adew the cares and sorowes I haue had.
Farewell my friends that earst for me did sue,
Adew that were to saue my life full glad.
Farewell my[9] fauning friends I lately had,
  And thou my beauty, cause of death, farewell,
  As oft as heart can thinke, or tong can tell.

45.

" Adew you heauens, my mortall eyes sha see
No more your lightes and planets all farewell,
And chiefly *Venus* faire that paintedst me,
When *Mercury* his tale to me did tell,
Eke afterwardes when *Mars* with vs did dwell:
  And now at last thou cruell *Mars* adew,
  Whose dart my life and loue *Locrinus* slewe.

46.

" And must I needes depart from thee, my childe?
If needes I must, ten thousand times farewell.
Poore little lambe, thy friends are quite exilde,
And much I feare thou shalt not long doe well.

[7] Then Elstride now prepare thy selfe therfore. ed. 1575.
[8] And friends. N. [9] The. 1575.

But if they so with boyling rancour swell
As thee to flea which neuer wroughtest ill,
How can they stay my stayned corps to kill?"

47.

With that, my *Sabrine's* slender armes imbrast
Me round, and would not let me so depart.
" Let me (quoth shee) for her the waters tast,
Or let vs both togeather end our smart.
Yea rather rippe you foorth my tender heart:
What should I liue? But they the childe withdrew,
And me into the raging streame they threw.

48.

So in the waters as I striu'd to swimme,
And kept my head aboue the waues for breath,
Mee thought I sawe my childe would venter in,
Which cry'd amayne, " O let me take like death."
The waters streyght had drawne me vnderneath,
Where diueing,[10] vp at length agayn rose I,
And sawe my childe, and cry'd " Farewell, I die!"

49.

Then as my strength was wasted, downe I went,
Eke so I plunged twise or thrise yet more:
My breath departed, needes I must relent.
The waters pearst my mouth and eares so sore,
And to the botome with such force mee bore,
That life, and breath, and minde, and sence was gone,
And I as dead and cold as marble stone.

50.

Lo thus you heare the race of all my life,
And how I past the pickes of painfull woe:
How twise I thought to bee a Prince his wife,[1]
And twise was quite depriu'd my[2] honour fro,
The third time Queene and felt foule ouerthro.

[10] Striving. ed. 1575. [1] A Prince's wife. N. [2] Myne. ed. 1575.

Let Princely Ladyes vewe mine historie,
Mine haps, and woes, and hatefull desteny.[3]

51.

Bid them beware, lest beuty them abuse,
Beware of pryde, for haue a fall it must:
And will them Fortune's flattery to refuse,[4]
Her turned[5] wheele is voyde of steedy trust.
Who reckes no meane, but leaueth all to lust,
Shall finde my wordes as true as I them tell:
Bid them beware[6] in time, I wish them well.[7]

LENUOYE.

1.

Who here cōsiders *Elstride's* beauty braue was seene:
Her noble birth, the sundry haps shee had:
How many erst the like infortunate haue beene,
Whose forme haue made right noble hearts full sad:
Hee neede not now in loue bee halfe so mad,
Sith beauty is the baite enbaneth many a bower,
A meate too sweete in taste, that sauced is too sower.

2.

It caused *Hercules* to slay th' *Œchalian* King,
And *Deianire* her worthy fere to bane:
It caus'd the *Greekes* their armies forth to bring,
And *Troia* faire to fall, by *Græcians* tane.
It setled here in *Britayne* first the Dane,

[3] Then warne all Ladies that howe much more hie
Then their degrees they clime, mo daungers nye. ed. 1575.

[4] Flattery refuse. N. [5] Turning. ed. 1575.

[6] Then bid beware. ib.

[7] THE AUTHOURE.
With that she flitted in the ayre abrode,
As twere a miste or smooke dissolued quite,
And or I long on this had made abode,
A virgine smale, appearde before my sight,
For colde and wet eke scarsly mone she might.
As from the waters drownd didering came,
Thus wise hir tale in order did she frame. ed. 1575.

For it of Kingdomes great the warres did oft deuoure:
The prouerbe sayth, sweete meate will haue of sauces sower.

3

Wherefore let noble men beware of beauties grace,
Lest so inflam'd they chaunce to fall thereby.
If they allur'd the *Sirens* sweete embrace,
And ships forsake, the waues are wilde perdy.
The monsters diue, the seas do swell to skye,
The toyling tempests tosse to reaue the vitall power,
While rockes, shelues, sāds, and seas, the woefull wights deuoure.

4.

They may hereby beholde the woefull childrens fall,
Of those which led their liues in lawelesse lust:
And learne to loue their Ladyes best of all,
Which are to them so faithfull, true, and iust.
Wherefore recyte the death of *Sabrine* here I must,
The Lady young, mee thought, from waters droun'd that came:
Which might thus wise her tale haue seem'd to frame.[8]

[8] Many of the incidents of the preceding lives are united to form the plot of "the lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest son of King Brutus, discoursinge the warres of the Britaines," entered in the Stationers Books 1594. The first act shows Brutus sick, making the division of the kingdom among his sons Albanact, Humber, and Locrine. The succeeding acts exhibit their wars on each other, and in the last is that created by Guendoline against Locrine, concluding with his death and those of his concubine and daughter the Lady Sabrine. See Malone's Supplement, Vol II. p. 189. There is also "an old ballad of a duke of Cornwall's daughter," (Guendoline) inserted in Evans's Ballads, 1784, Vol. I. The respective writers appear to have consulted the Mirror for Magistrates. In the persons represented in the play the author has chosen to deviate from all chronicle history, by making "Madan, *daughter* of Locrine and Guendolen."

HOW THE LADY SA-*brine daughter of King* Locrinus *and* Elstride, *was drowned by Queene* Guendoline, the yeare before Christ 1064.

1.

BEHOLDE mee *Sabrine* orphane erst bereft
Of all my friends, by cruell case of warre:
When as not one to treat for mee was left,
But Ielosie did all their powers debarre.
When as my father eke was slaine in warre,
And when my mother euen before my sight
Was drown'd to death, O wretch in woefull plight.

2.

Trust who so will the staffe of hye estate,
And bring mee word what stay thereby you haue:
For why, if Fortune once displeasure take,
Shee geues the foyle, though lookes bee neuer so braue,
Tis wisedome when you winne, to winne to saue:[1]
For oft who trustes to get a Prince his trayne,
Would at the length of begger's life be fayne.

3.

This might the *Hunne* erst *Humber* well haue sayd,
And this my mother *Elstride* prou'd to true,
When as his life by striuing streames was stayd,
And when the tyraunts her in waters threwe.
What I may say, my selfe reportes to you,
Which had more terrour shew'd then twice such twayne:
Geue eare, and iudge if I abode no payne.

[1] Tis wisedome rather then to winne to saue. ed. 1575.

4.

First when my fathers corps was striken downe
With deadly shaft, I came to mourne and see :
And as hee lay with bleeding brest in sowne,
Hee cast aside his watring eyes on mee.
" Flye, flye, (quoth hee) thy stepdame[2] seekes for thee,
My woefull childe : what flight maist thou to take,
My *Sabrine* poore, I must thee needes forsake.

5.

" See here mine end, behold thy father's fall,
Fly hence, thy stepdame seekes thy staylesse life :[3]
Thy mother eke or[4] this is wrapt in thrall,
You cannot scape of gelous griefe her knife,[5]
Farewell my childe, mine *Elstride* and my wife,
Adew (quoth hee) I may no longer byde :"
And euen with that hee gasped breath,[6] and dyde.

6.

What birde can flye, and soare, if stormes doe rage ?
What shippe can sayle if once the windes resist ?
What wight is that can force of warres asswage ?
Or elss what warre can bridle Fortune's list ?
What man is hee, that dare an hoast resist ?
What woman only dare withstand a fielde ?
If not, what childe but must to enemies yeelde ?

7.

My father's souldiers fled away for feare,
As soone as once theyr Captayne's death they scand :
The Queene proclaym'd a pardon euery where
To those would yeelde, and craue it at her hand :

[2] Elstride or Astrilde, is described by Robert of Gloucester as the stern Guendoline's " bed suster, hire lordis concubine."
[3] Flye, flye, thy gelous stepdame seekes thy life. ed. 1575.
[4] Eke. N.
[5] Farewell in woe you cannot scape hir knife. ed. 1575.
[6] Thryse. ib.

Excepting such as did her ayewithstand.
For so the course alwayes of pardons goes,
As saues the souldier, and entraps the foes.

8.

Then wist I flight could nothing mee preuayle,
I fearde her pardon would not saue my life:
The storme was such I durst not beare a sayle,
I durst not goe t'intreate my father's wife,
Although I neuer was the cause of strife:
For gelosie, deuoyde of reason's raygne,
With frenzyes fume enragde her restles brayne.

9.

But see the chaunce: Thus compast rounde with feare,
In broyles of bloude, as in the fielde I stand,
I wisht to God my corps were any where,
As out of life, or of this hatefull land.
No sooner wisht, but there was euen at hand
A souldier vile: "In haste (quoth hee) come on,
"Queene *Elstride* will, before thou come, begon.

10.

The rascall rude, the roag, the clubfist griepte
My selender[7] arme, and pluckt mee on in hast:
And with my robes the bloudy ground hee sweepte:
As I drue backe hee hal'd mee on full fast.
Vnder his arme my carefull[8] corps hee cast.
"Sith that (quoth hee) thou put'st mee to this payne,
"Thou shalt thereby at length but little gayne."[9]

[7] Little. ed. 1575. [8] Sclender. ib.
[9] An omitted stanza from ed. 1575.

Thus throughe the hoste he bare me to my bane,
And shewde the Souldiours what a spoyle he had:
"Loke here (quoth he) the litle Princes tane."
And laught, and ran as brutish butcher mad;
But my lamenting made the souldiours sad,
Yet nought preuailde, the caytife as his pray
Without all pitie bare me still away.

11.

So[1] at the length wee came where wee descri'd
A number huge of folkes about the Queene:
As when you see some wonder great betide,
Or else the place where some straunge sight hath bene:
So might you there the people standing seene,
And gazed all when as they see mee brought,
Then sure I deem'd I was not come for nought.

12.

And in the prease, some prays'd my comely face,
In beauty *Elstride* which resembled right:[2]
Some sayd I looked like my father's grace,
But[3] others sayd it was a piteous sight
I should so dye: the Queene mee pardon might.
Then sayd the beast[4] mee bore did mee abuse,
Which[5] not so rudely ought a Pryncesse vse.

13.

But what did this redresse my woefull care,
You wotte the commons vse suche prouerbes still:
And yet the captiues poore no better are,
It rather helpes theyr payned hearts to kill.
To pittie one in griefe doth worke him ill.
Bemone his woe, and cannot ease his thrall,
It killes his heart, but comforts none[6] at all.

14.

Thus past wee through the prease: at length wee came
Into the presence of the gelous Queene,
Who nought at all the rascall rude did blame
That bare mee so, but askte if I had seene
My father slayne, that cause thereof had beene.

[1] Till. ed. 1575.
[2] Some saide lo Elstride shee resembleth right. ib.
[3] Some. ib.
[4] Some said the thiefe. ib.
[5] And. ib.
[6] Nought. ib.

" O Queene (quoth I) God knowes my whole intent
Of slaughter giltlesse: I am innocent."[7]

15.

With that I sawe the people looke aside,
To vewe a mourning voice: I heard thereby
It was my woefull mother by, that cry'd
" Lo *Sabrine*, bound at brinke of death I lie."
What pen, or tongue, or teares with weeping eye
Could tell my woes, that sawe my mother bound
On waters shoare, wherein shee should bee droun'd!

16.

With that I fell before the Queene, and pray'd
For mercy, but with fierie eyes shee bent
Her browes on mee: " Out bastard vile (shee sayd)
Thou wot'st not yet wherefore for thee I sent."
" O Queene (quoth I) haue pittie, bee content,
And if thou minde of mercy ought to showe,
Drowne mee, and let my mother harmelesse goe.

17.

" For why, shee was a Prince his daughter, borne
In *Germany*, and thence was brought away
Perforce, by *Humber*, who by warres forlorne
Thy King as captiue tooke her for his pray.
Thou mayst full well her case with reason weye.
What could shee doe, what more then shee or I
Thy captiues now, thine owne to liue or die?

18.

" Take pittie then on Princely race, O Queene,
Haue[8] pittie, if remorce may ought require,
Take pittie, on a captiue thrise hath beene,

[7] " O Queene (quoth I) God knowes me innocent,
To worke my father's death I neuer ment." ed. 1575.

[8] Take. ib.

Let pittie pearce the rage of all thine ire.
But if thy breast burne with reuenging fire,
  Then let my death quench out that fuming flame,
  Sith of thy husband's bloud and hers I came."

19.

Much more I sayd while teares out streaming went,
But nought of ease at all thereby I gayn'd.
My mother eke, did, as shee lay, lament,
Wherewith my heart a thousand fold shee payn'd.
And though the Queene my playnts to fauour fayn'd,
  Yet at the last shee bad shee should prepare
  Her selfe to die, and end her course of care.

20.

Then all her friends my mother *Elstride* nam'd,
And pleasures past, and bade them all adue:
Eke as shee thus her last farewell had fram'd,
With losse of him from whom her sorowes grue.
At length to mee (which made my heart to rue)
  Shee sayd: "Farewell my childe, I feare thy fall,
  "Ten thowsand times adue, my *Sabrine* small."

21.

And as the cruell caytiffes came to take
Her vp, to cast and drowne her in the floud,
I fast mine armes about her clipt did make,
And cry'd, "O Queene let mercy meeke thy moode,
Doe rather reaue my heart of vitall bloud,
  Then thus I liue:" with that they slakt my hold,
  And drencht my mother in the waters cold.

22.

For loue to ayde her, venter in would I,
That sawe my mother striue aloft for winde.
To land shee lookte and sayd: "Farewell, I die!"
"O let mee goe (quoth I) like fate to finde!"
Sayd *Guendoline*: "Come on likewise, and binde

This *Sabrine* here likewise, for so shall shee
At once receiue[9] her whole request of mee.

23.

" Eke as I wish to haue in minde her fame,
As *Humber's* is, which should her father beene:
So shall this floude of *Sabrine* haue the name,
That men thereby may say, a righteous Queene
Here drown'd her husband's childe of concubine.
Therefore leaue *Sabrine* here thy name and life,
Let *Sabrine* waters end our mortall strife."

24.

" Dispatch!" (quoth shee:) With that they bound mee fast,
My slender armes and feete, with[1] little neede:
And sans all mercy, mee in waters cast,
Which drewe mee downe, and cast mee vp with speede,
And downe mee drencht the *Sabrine* fish to feede:
Where I abode till now from whence I came,
And there the waters hold as yet my name.[2]

25.

Lo thus this gelous Queene, in raging sort,
With bloudy hate bereft her husband's health:
And eke my mother *Elstride's* life (God wot)
Which neuer ment to hurt this common wealth.
And mee, *Locrinus'* childe, begot by stealth:
Agaynst all reason was it for to kill
The childe, for that her parents erst did ill.

[9] This Sabrine hand and foote; at once let see
Her here receyue. ed. 1575.

[1] Which. ib.

[2] Guendoline "made a proclamation throughout all the whole realme of Briteyn that the same water should be euermore called Habren, after the maydens name, for so euen at this day is Seuerne called in the Welsh tongue. And this did she as one desirous to make thereby the name of the yong mayden immortall, because she was her housband's daughter." *Grafton.*

26.

But here[3] you see, what time our pompe doth hyde,
Hereby you see th'vnsteady trust in warre,
Hereby you see the stay of states etride,
Hereby you see, our hope to make doth marre,
Hereby you see, wee fall from bench to barre.
From bench,[4] (quoth I) yea from the Princely seate,
You see how soone vs Fortune downe doth beate.

27.

And here you see, how lawlesse loue doth thriue,
Hereby you see, how gelous folkes doe fare:
Here may you see, with wisedome they that wiue,
Neede neuer recke *Cupidoe's* cursed snare,
Here may you see, deuorcement breedeth care,
Here seldome thriue the children may you see,[5]
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke gotten bee.

28.

Declare thou then our fall and great mishap,
Declare the hap, and glory wee were in:
Declare how soone wee taken were in trap,
When wee suppos'd wee had most safest bin.
Declare what losse they haue that hope to win.
When Fortune most doth sweetely seeme to smile,[6]
Then will shee froune: she laughes but euen a while.[7]

[3] By this. ed. 1575. [4] Hence. ib.
[5] Here may you see, the children seldome thee. ib.
[6] Farewell, and tell when Fortune most doth smile. ib.
[7] THE AUTHOUR.
With that the Lady Sabrine slinckt from sight,
I lookt about and then me thought againe
Approched straight another wofull wight:
It seemde as though with dogs he had bin slaine;
The bloud from all his members torne amaine
Ran downe: his clothes were also torne and rente,
And from his bloudy throte these plaintes he sente. ed. 1575.

LENUOY.

1.

A woefull thing mee thought this tale to heare,
That pittie could not moue Queene *Guendoline*,
When *Locrine* both and *Elstride* ended were,
Which had committed facts adulterine,
Th'adulter slayne and eke his concubine,
Not so her cruell minde could bee content,
But in reuenge to slay the Innocent.

2.

What maruayle though shee were of such a minde,
So cruell not to spare her husband's bastard small:
Sith that of gelosie wee often finde
Examples passing reason naturall.
Of *Porrex* mother, reade the life who shall,
Which slew her only sonne, eke *Progne* was content,
To sley her sonne an harmelesse Innocent.

3.

Medœa eke when *Iason* her forsooke,
And children twayne, which yong by him shee had,
Full cruelly a sword in hand shee tooke,
Reft both their liues, as cruell monster mad.
Was not *Agaue's* cruelty so bad,
Which *Pentheus* her sonne to sley could bee content.
Because hee nilde to Bacchanalls assent?

4.

I will no more of these as now recite,
Whose cruelty deserued all disgrace:
Nor yet in generall thus wise I write,
The worthy sexe of women to deface.
Tis gelosie reproued here in place.
But now I turne to Madan all to rent,
Which next on stage thus wise to talke him bent.

HOW KING MADAN

for his euill life was slayne by Wolues,

The yeare before Christ,

1009.

1.

AMONG'ST the rest that sate in hauty seat,
And felt the fall, I pray thee pen for mee
A Tragedy, may some such wisedome geat
As they may learne, and somewhat wiser bee:
For in my glasse when as themselues they see,
They may beware; my fall from Fortune's lap
Shall teach them how, t'eschew the like mishap.

2.

I am that *Madan*, once of[1] *Britayne* King,
The[2] third that euer raygned in this land:
Marke well therefore my death, as straunge a thing
As some would deeme could scarce with reason stand;
Yet when thou hast my life well throughly scand,
Thou shalt perceaue not halfe so straunge as true,
Ill life, worse death, doth after still ensue.

3.

For when my mother *Guendoline* had raygn'd
In my nonage full xv yeares, shee dide:
And I but yong, not well in vertues trayn'd,
Was left this noble Iland for to guide;
Whereby when once my minde was puft with pryde,
I past for nought, I vs'd my lust for lawe;
Of right, or iustice, reckte I not a strawe.

[1] That, ed. 1575. [2] Was, ib.

4.

No meane I kept but ruled all by rage,
No boundes of measure could mee compasse in.
No counsayle could my meekelesse minde asswage:
When once to fume I fearcely did begin,
And I excelde in nothing else but sinne;
So that my subiects all did wish my end,[3]
Saue such to whom for vice I was a friend.

5.

In[4] pleasures plung'd I tooke my whole repast,[5]
My youth mee led deuoyde of compasse quite:
And vices were so rooted in at last,
That to recure the euill it past my might.
For who so doth with will and pleasure fight,
(Though all his force doe striue them to withstand)
Without good grace they haue the vpper hand.

6.

What licoure first the earthen pot doth take,
It keepeth still the sauour of that same.
Full hard it is a Cramocke[6] strayght to make,
Or crooked Logges with wainscot fine to frame.
Tis hard to make the cruell Tiger tame.
And so it fares with those haue vices caught:
Naught once (they say) and euer after naught.

7.

I speake not this as though it past all cure
From vices vile to vertue to retire:
But this I say, if vice be once in vre,

[3] Durst none aduenture anger mine t' aswage
If once to freate and fume I did begin;
And I excelde in nothing els but sinne,
So that wel nighe all men did wishe my ende. ed. 1575.

[4] And. N. [5] In pleasures pleasaunt was my whole repaste. ed. 1575.

[6] This seems a provincial word, as crome is used in Norfolk for a hook. See *Grose's Glossary.*

The more you shall to quite your selfe require,
The more you plunge your selfe in fulsome mire,
As hee that striues in soakte quicke sirts[7] of sand,
Still sinkes, scarce euer[8] comes agayne to land.

8.

The giftes of grace may nature ouercome,
And God may graunt the time when wee repent.
But I did still in laps of lewdnes runne:
At last my selfe to cruelty I bent.
But who so doth with bloudy acts content
His minde, shall sure at last finde like agayne,
And feele for pleasures thousand panges of payne.

9.

For in the mid'st of those vntrusty toyles,
When as I nothing fearde, but all was sure,
With all my trayne, I hunting rode for spoiles
Of those, who after did my death procure.
These lewde delightes did boldly mee allure
To follow still and to pursue the chase:
At last I came into a desert place.

10.

Besette with hills, and monstrous rockes of stone,
My company behinde mee lost, or stayed:
The place was eke with hauty trees oregrowne,
So wist[9] and wylde it made mee halfe afrayd.
And strayght I was with rauening wolues betrayd,
Came out of caues, and dennes, and rockes amayne.
There was I rent in peeces, kild, and slayne.

11.

Woe worth that youth (in vayne) so vily spent
Should euer cause a King to feele such smart:
Woe worth that euer I should here lament,
Or shew the hurt of my poore Princely heart.

[7] Syrtes, a quicksand or bog. *Johnson.*
[8] Neuer. ed. 1575. [9] Vast. N.

I thinke the clowne that driues the mixen cart
  Hath better hap then Princes, such as I:
  No storme of Fortune castes him downe so hie.

12.

A man by grace and wit may shunne the snare.
Tis sayd a wise-man all mishap withstands.
For though by starres wee borne to mischiues are,
Yet grace and prudence bayles our carefull bandes.
Ech man (they say) his fate hath in his handes,
  And what hee marres, or makes to leese, or saue
  Of good or euill, is euen selfe doe selfe haue.

13.

This thing is seene by mee, that led my daies
In vitious sort, for greedy wolues a pray.
I wish, and will, that Princes guide theyr wayes:
Lo, here by this eschew like chaunce they may,
And vices such as worke their whole decay.
  Which if they doe, full well is spent the time
  To warne, to write, and eke to shun the crime. [1]

[1] The conclusion of this life, from stanza 11, is thus varied in ed. 1575.

Alas that youth (in vayne) so vyly spent,
Should euer cause a king to haue such ende:
Alas that euer I should here lament,
Or else should teache vnto my cost my frende:
Alas that fortune such mishap should sende:
  But sithe it is to late for me to crie,
  I wishe that others may take hede herebye.

I might full well by wisdome shund this snare,
Tis sayde a wiseman all mishap withstandes.
For though by starres we borne to mischieues are:
Yet prudence bayles vs quite from carefull bandes,
Eche man (they say) his fate hath in his handes,
  And what he makes, or marres to lese, or saue
  Of good, or euill, is euen selfe do selfe haue.

As here thou seest by me, that led my dayes
In vicious sorte, for greedy wolues a praye:
Warne others wysely, than to guide their wayes
By mine example, wel eschue they may,
Such vices as may worke their own decay:

LENUOY.

I.

Thus haue you here the end of *Madan*[2] seene,
(If it were hee) and yet I may suspect
It was some other Prince so seru'd had beene,
For that all stories doe not so detect
His death that Princely vertues did neglect.
But if hee died by wolues, as here I write,
His vice the cause mine author doth resite.

Which if they do, full well is spent the time
To warne, to wryte, and eke to reade this rime.

THE AUTHOUR.

When this was said, no more was Madan seene,
(If it were he) but sure I half suspecte
It was some other else, so seru'de had bene,
For that all stories do not so detecte
His death, or else I did perhaps neglecte
His tale, bicause that diuers stories brought,
Such fancies of his death into my thought.

Therefore although it be not as some write
Here pende by me, and yet as others haue:
Let it not greeue thee reade that I recite,
And take what counsaile of good life he gaue:
I trust I may (that dreame) some pardon craue,
For if the reste, no dreames but stories pen:
Can I for that they wryte be blamed then?

No sure, I thinke the readers will not giue
Such captious dome, as Momus erste did vse,
Though Zoilus impes as yet do carping liue:
And all good willing writers much misuse.
Occasion biddes me some such beastes accuse,
Yet for their bawling hurtes me not I nill:
But with my purpose, on procede I will.

Next after that, came one in princely raye
A worthy wight but yonge, yet felt the fall:
It seemde he had bene at some warlike fraye,
His breste was woundid wide and bloudy all:
And as to mynde he musde his factes to call,
Depe sighes he fet, made all his limmes to shake:
At length those wordes, or like to me he spake.

[2] Madan had reigned forty years. Fabian says there is "lytell or no memory made (of him) by any wryters." As a strict conservator of laws and for "great sapience," he is briefly eulogised by Harding.

2.

Wherefore although that authors heere dissent,
And I haue pen'd as praysed stories haue:
To reade his warnings thou maist bee content,
And take what counsaile of good life hee gaue.
I trust, I (dreaming) may some pardon craue,
For if the rest no dreames but stories pen,
Can I for that they write bee blamed then?

3.

But what neede I on this to longer stay,
Sith many moe remayne which felt the fall.
Of *Britayne* Princes heathen reade you may,
As *Maline* one appearing next of all:
Whose tale in order now resite I shall.
Then here conceiue this wounded Prince you see,
Thus wise, of Fortune, speaking vnto mee.

HOW KING MALIN

was slayne by his brother King Mempricius, the yeare before Christ, 1009.

I.

If fortune were so firme as shee is fraile,
Or glosing glory were still permanent:
If no mishap mens doings did assayle,
Or that their acts and facts were innocent:
If they[1] in hope no hurt nor hatred ment,
Or dealings aye were done with duty due,
They neuer neede theyr great[2] misfortunes rue.

2.

If pompe were payne, and pride were not in price,
Or hauty seate had not the highest place:
If they[3] could learne by others to bee wise,
Or else eschewe the daungers of their[4] face:
If once they[5] could the golden meane imbrace,
Or banish quite ambition from their[6] breast,
They[7] neuer neede to recke or reape vnrest.

3.

But they doe thinke[8] such sweetenes in renowne,
They[9] deeme on earth is all the greatest hap:[1]
They[2] nothing feare the hurt of falling downe,
Or little rome in Lady Fortune's lap.
They[3] geue no heede before they[3] get the clap:

[1] We. ed. 1575. [2] We neuer could our great. ib. [3] We. ib.
[4] Our. ib. [5] We. ib. [6] Our. ib. [7] We. ib.
[8] But O we thinke. ib. [9] We. ib.
[1] Vppon this earth is all the greatest hap. N. [2] We. ed. 1575.
[3] We. ib.

And then to late they [4] wish they [4] had bin wise,
When from the fall they [5] would, and cannot, rise.

4.

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate
Of nurce, or mother, both at once might bee,
And both did striue the better dugge to geat,
Till one were downe, and slipt beside her knee:
Even so it fares, by others as by mee, [6]
In Fortune's lap they [7] haue so little hold,
She cannot stay both striuing if shee would.

5.

I am that *Malin*, [8] one of *Madan's* sonnes,
Which thought to raygne and rule this noble Ile,
And would so done, but see what chaunce there com es
Where brethren loue and frendship quite exile:
Who thinkes in trust no treason neither guile,
Is soonest cleane bereau'd of life and all, [9]
In steade of rule hee reapes the crop of thrall.

6.

My yongest [1] brother then *Mempricius* hight,
Whose hauty minde, and mine, were still at square: [2]
Wee euermore as foes hight other spite,
And deadly ire in hatefull heartes wee bare.
Hee sought all wayes hee might to worke mee care,
And ech regarded others enuy, so,
As after turned both to paynfull woe.

[4] We. ed. 1575. [5] We. ib.
[6] And by me. ib. [7] We. ib. [8] Manlius. ib.
[9] Who thinkes an other of his right beguyle,
Himselfe is soonest cleane bereaude of all. ib.

[1] My elder brother. ib. The authority for making this variation was probably Harding, to whose work Higgins may refer as "an old chronicle in a kind of English verse." (See p. 7.) Harding says, "the yonger Memprise slewe his brother Maulyne, elder of age." The other writers seem uniform in describing Mempricius as the elder.

[2] Did euer square. ib.

7.

Because my father lou'd him well,[3] therefore
I fear'd my brother should obtayne my right:[4]
Likewise on fauoure boldned hee him bore,[5]
And neither had in vertue's wayes delight.
What neede I here our inward griefes recite?
Wee, not as brethren, liu'd in hatred still,
And sought occasion other each to kill.

8.

I hauing hope for to preserue the crowne,[6]
And hee for that hee feard my title[7] bred
Such frendship as might alwayes keepe him downe
And both depriue him of his crowne and head.
But when it chaunst our father once was dead,
Then strayght appeared all his[8] enuy playne:
For hee could not from his[9] attempt refrayne.[1]

9.

Some wisht wee should depart the realme in twoo,
And sayd my father eke was of that minde:
But nether of vs both, that so would doe,
Wee were not ech to other halfe so kinde.
And vile ambition made vs both so blinde,
Wee thought our raygne could not bee sure and good,
Except the ground thereof were layd with bloud.

[3] Lou'd me well. ed. 1575.
[4] My brother feared I should haue his right. ib.
[5] I me bore. ib.
[6] I for because I might obtaine the crowne. ib.
[7] Fauoure. ib. [8] Our. ib.
[9] And I could not from mine. ib.
[1] An additional stanza occurs here in the first edition.

See here, th' occasion of my haplesse happe,
See here his chaunce that might haue liu'de ful wel:
So baited swete is euery deadly trappe;
In brauiste bowres doth deepest daunger dwell.
I thought mine elder from his right t'expell,
Though he both age and custome forth did bring
For title right: I sayd, I would be King.

10.[2]

At last a time of parle appoynted[3] was,
And truce concluded for our titles right:
Wherein I hoped might bee brought to passe
That I enioy in peace my kingdome might.
But secretly by pollecy and sleight
Hee slewe mee with his swoord, before I wist:
Where crowne, peace, kingdome, life and all I mist.[4]

11.

Thus was I by my wicked[5] brother slayne,
Which with my death his cruell eyes did fill.[6]
This oftentimes they vse to get and gayne,
That cannot shunne misfortune as they wil.[7]
Was neuer man pretended such an ill,
But God to him like measure shortly sent,
As hee to others erst before had ment.

12.

Vniustice euer thriues as theues doe thee,
And bloudthirst cryes for vengeaunce at his hand,

[2] Instead of the tenth stanza the following are in the first edition.

Wherefore as eache did watch connenient time,
For to commit this haynous bloudy facte;
My selfe was taken not accusde of crime,
As if I had offendid any acte,
But he as one that witte and reason lackte,
Sayde traytour vile thou art to me vntrue;
And therwithall his bloudy blade he drewe.
Not like a king but like a cut throte fell;
Not like a brother, like a butcher brute;
Though twere no worse then I deserued well,
He gaue no time to reason or dispute:
To late it was to make for life my suite,
"Take traytoure here (quoth he) thy whole deserte,"
And therwithall he thrust me to the harte.

[3] Chosen. N.

[4] "Lastly by medyacions of frends a day of communycacion in louynge maner attwene these ii bretherne was appoynted, at which day of assemble Mempricius by treason slewe his brother Manlius." *Fabyan.*

[5] Brutishe. [6] Which likewyse went my brother for to kill. ib.

[7] Which do inuente anothers bloud to spill. ib.

Which all our rights and wronges doth dayly see[8]
The good to aide, and gracelesse to withstand;
If either vice or vertue wee aband,
  Wee either are rewarded as wee serue,
  Or else are plaged, as our deedes deserue.

13.

Let this my warning then suffice ech sort,
Bid them beware: example here you see:
It passeth play, 'tis tragicall disport
To clime the steppes of stately high degree.[9]
For though they thinke good Fortune seru'd not mee,
  Yet did shee vse mee as shee vs'd the rest:
  And so full oft shee[1] serueth euen the best.[2]

LENUOY.

1.

This was mee thought that time the ruefull tale,
That *Maline*[3] drewe from out his wounded breast.
A woefull thing to heare the Prince's bale.

[8] Vsurping wrong incurres the curse of heauen,
And blood cries out for vengeance at his hand,
Who still in care of humane good is giuen. N.

[9] A step aboue their owne degree. ed. 1575.

[1] I think she. ib.

[2] THE AUTHOURE.

When Manlius had thus endid quite his tale,
He vanishte out of sight as did the reste;
And I perceiued straight a persone pale,
Whose throte was torne and blodied all his breste:
"Shall I" (quoth he) "for audience make requeste,
No sure it nedes not, straunge it semes to thee,
What he that beares this rentid corps should bee.

"Wherefore I deeme thou canst not chuse but bide,
And here my tale as others erste before;
Sith by so straunge a meanes thou seest I dyde,
With rentid throte and breste, thou musist more;
Marke well (quoth he) my ratling voyce therefore:"
And therwithall this tale he gan to tell,
Which I recite, though nothing nere so well. ed. 1575.

[3] In the first edition always called Manlius.

Should by his brother boldly bee addrest:
But yet wee see such rage in tyraunts rest,
  If they may beare alofte alone the sway,
  For Kingdomes sake they care not whom they slay.

2.

Examples are King *Porrex* of this thing,
The *Romish Antonine* did euen the same:
But what neede I of these examples bring:
Such tyraunts euer yet deserued blame,
And haue procur'd them selues, beside defame,
  Not only after shorter time of sway,
  But most they were by others made away.

3.

Now here *Mempricius* which his brother slew
Was after King, as plainely stories tell:
Whose filthy facts all princes ought eschew,
And subiects eke, that hope to prosper well.
Hee next appear'd declaring how hee fell,
  Eke how his brother deare hee made away,
  And how the Wolues in hunting did him slay.

HOW KING MEM-

pricius geuen to all lust was deuoured

by wolues, the yeare before Christ,

989.

1.

Tis often sayd, a man should doe likewise
To other, as hee would to him they did.
Do as thou would'st bee done to, sayth the wise,
And doe as conscience and as iustice bid.
Ther's no man ought for rule[1] an other rid,[2]
Nor yet[3] his hands[4] with cruell bloud distayne:
For bloud doth alwayes cry for bloud againe.

2.

Eke lustfull life, that sleepes in sinkes of sinne,
Procures a plague: fie, fie, on *Venus* vile:
Wee little wot the mischiefes are[5] therein,
When wee with poysons sweete our selues beguyle.
The pleasures passe, the ioyes indure but while,
And nought thereby at all wee get or gayne,
But dreadfull death, and euerlasting payne.

3.

Mee thinkes thou harkenest for to heare[6] my name,
And musest what I am that thus doe come.
I would or this haue told it, but for shame:
And yet to giue example here to some,[7]
I will no longer fayne my selfe so dome,

[1] But he that myndes for rule. ed. 1575.
[2] For empire as I did. N.
[3] Must not. ed. 1575.
[4] His impious hands. N.
[5] Is. ed. 1575.
[6] Lookist for to haue. ib.
[7] Wherefore to giue example yet to som. ib.

But euen as others I will tell my fall:[8]
Take here my name, my life, my death and all.

4.

I am *Mempricius*, *Madan's* yonger[9] sonne,
Once King of *Britayne*, that my brother slewe:
Whereby the crowne, and Kingdome all I won,
And after norisht vices moe that grewe,
Not nature's lawes, nor God's, nor man's I knewe,
But liu'd in lust, not recking any thing,
I deemed all thinges lawfull[1] for a King.

5.

Fyrst[2] when I had my brother brought on beire,
I thought in rest to keepe the Kingdome long;
And I was voyde of doubte,[3] I had no feare,
Was none durst checke mee did I right or wrong.
I liu'd at large, and thought my powre so strong,
There could no man preuaile against my will,
In steede of lawe that vsed rigour still.[4]

6.

Then wickedly I fell[5] to sloulhfull ease,
A vice that breades a number moe beside.
I was so testy none durst mee displease,
And eke so puft with glory, vaine, and pride.
My sencelesse sence, as ship without a guide,
Was tost with euery fancy of my braine,
Like *Phœbus* chariote vnder *Phaëton's* raigne.

[8] But sith I must as others tell their fall. ed. 1575.
[9] Eldest. ib.
[1] I deemde was nought vnlawfull. ib.
[2] For. ib.
[3] I was deuoid of doubt. N.
[4] After attaining the crown he "became so lyther a man, that he destroyed w'in a whyle all the men of his londe." *Chr. of St. Albans.*
[5] So ofter that I felle. ed. 1575.

7.

I deem'd them foes that mee good counsaile gaue,
And those my chiefest frends could glose and lie:
I hated them that were so sage and graue,
And those I lou'd were lusty, lewde, and slie.
I did the wisest wittes as fooles defie,
  Such sots, knaues, ruffians, roysters I embraste,
  As were vnwise, vnhonest, rude, vnchaste.

8.

I lusted eke, as lazy[6] lechers vse,
My subiects wiues and daughters at my will
I did so often as mee pleas'd abuse,
Perforce I kept them at my pleasure still.
Thus gate I queanes and concubines at fill,
  And for their sakes I put away my wife:
  Such was my lewdnes, lust, and lawlesse life.

9.

But shame forbids mee for to tell the rest,
It mee abhorres to shew what did insue:
And yet because it moueth in my breast
Compunction still, and was God wot to true,
Ile farder tell whence[7] my destruction grue.
  To *Sodome* sinne I fowly fell,[8] and than
  I was despised both of God and man.

10.

Could I long prosper thus, doe you suppose?
Might ought of euill exceede[9] these vices told?
Thinke you ther's any wight on ground that goes
Might scape reuenge of vice so manifolde?
No sure: who is in sienfullnes so bolde,
  His vices fare like weedes they sproute so fast
  They kill the corps, as weedes the corne at last.

[6] Lothsome. ed. 1575. [7] I will declare whence. ib.
[8] Alas I fell. ib. [9] Might any ill exceed. ib.

11.

My greate outrage, my heedelesse head, the life
I beastly led could not continue so:
My brothers bloud, my leauing of my wife,
And working of my friends and subiects woe
Cry'd still to God, for my foule ouerthroe,
Which heares the wrong'd, hee vewes[1] their carefull case,
And at the length doth all their foes deface.

12.

Yet I mistrusting no mishaps at hand,
(Though I were worthy twenty times to die)
I lewdly liu'd, and did my wealth withstand.
I neuer thought my end was halfe so nie.
For my disport I rode on hunting, I,
In woodes the fearefull heart I chased fast,
Till quite I lost my company at last.

13.

And or I wist, to cost I found my foes,
By chaunce I came whereas the Wolues they bred:
Which in a moment did mee round inclose,
And mounted at my horse his throte and head.
Some on the hinder partes their panches fed.
Yet fought I still to scape, if it might bee,
Till they my panting[2] horse puld downe with mee.

14.

Then was I hopelesse to escape their iawes,
They fastned all their holders fast on mee:
And on my royall robes they set their clawes:
My Princely presence, nor my high degree
Moou'd them no more obeysaunt for to bee,
Nor of my corps to take no more remorce,
Then did the greeuous groning of my horse.

[1] Heedes. ed. 1575.
[2] Fainted. ib.

15.

But rauenously they rent my breast and throte,
Forsooke my steede, came all at once and tare
My kingly[3] corps, from which they fleyde my coate,
And of my flesh they made at all no spare,
They neuer left mee till my bones were bare.
Lo thus I slewe my brother, left my wife,
Liu'd vilely, and as vilely ended life.

16.

Beware of bloudy broyles, beware of wrong,
Embrace the counsayle of the wise and sage:
Trust not to power though it bee nere so strong,
Beware of rashnes rude and roysters rage.
Eschew vile *Venus*' toyes, shee cutts of age,
And learne this lesson of and tell thy friend,
By pockes, death sodayne, begging,[4] harlots end.[5]

[3] Tender. ed. 1575.
[4] By sudden death, pockes, begging. N.

[5] The Authour.

On this me thought he vanisht quite away,
And I was left with Morpheus all alone:
Whom I desirde these gryzely ghostes to stay,
Till I had space to heare them one by one.
And euen with that was Somnus seruaunt gone,
Whereby I slept and toke mine ease that night,
And in the morning rose their tale to wrighte.

Nowe (Reader) if you thinke I miste my marke,
In any thing whilere but stories tolde:
You must consider that a simple clarke,
Hath not such skill theffect of things t'vnfolde,
But may with ease of wiser be controlde:
Eke who so writes as much the like as this,
May hap be deemde likewyse as much to misse.

Wherefore if these may not content your minde
As eche man cannot fauour all mens vaines:
I pray you yet let me this frendship finde,
Giue your good will, I craue nought els for paines.
Which if you grutch me, as to great a gaines:
Then is my loue to you, and labour lost,
And you may learne take heede, with greater cost.

LENUOY.

I.

Marke but the end of brother quellers all,
And you shall see what woefull ends they had:
For so *Iehouah* suffers them to fall,
As were their risinges murderous and bad,

But now me thinkes I heare the carpers tell,
Saith one, the writer wanted wordes to fill:
The next reprou'd the verse not couched well:
The third declares, where lackte a point of skill:
Some others say they like the meeter ill:
But what of this? shall these dismay mee quite?
No sure, I will not cease for such to write.

For with more ease, in other workes they finde
A-fault, then take vpon them selues to pen
So much, and eke content eche readers minde:
How should my verse craue all their likings then?
Sith sondry are the sects of diuers men,
I must endeuour only those to please:
Which like that comes, so it be for their ease.

The rest I recke as they blame worthy bee,
For if the words I wrote for good intent:
Take other sence then they receiu'de of mee,
Be turnde to worse, torne, reached, rackt, or rent
Or hackt and hewde, not constret as I ment:
The blame is theirs, which with my workes so mell:
Lesse faulty he, that wisht his country well.

If some be pleasde and easde, I lease no toyle,
At carpers gyrdle hanges not all the keyes:
What price gaines he, that giues him fall or foyle,
Which neuer wan by wrastling any prayse,
I haue not spent in poetrye my dayes,
Some other workes in prouse I printed haue:
And more I write for which I leysure saue.

And for nine age not thirty yeares hath past,
No style so rype can yonger yeares attaine.
For of them all, but only ten the last,
To learne the tongues, and write I toke the paine,
If I thereby receiued any gaine,
By Frenche or Latine chiefely which I chose,
These fiue yeares past by writing I disclose.

The life of wicked *Cayne* was sorrowfull and sad.
Of *Ioram* the King what neede I to discriue,
So infamous and violent both dead and eke aliue.

2.

What auayl'd it *Memprice* this Kingdome to obtayne,[6]
That shamefully his Princely brother so did slay:
Sith that Almighty *Ioue* so punisht him agayne,
For scepter's sake that tooke his noble Prince away.
His wretched cruell corps became for Wolues a pray.
What neede I more the caytiues beastly facts descriue,
So infamous and violent, both dead and eke aliue.

Of which, the first two yeares I Grammer taught:
The other twaine, I Hulœts worke enlargde:
The last translated Aldus phrases fraught
With eloquence, and toke of Terence charge
At Printers hande, to adde the flowers at large
Which wanted there, in Vdalles worke before:
And wrote this booke with other diuers more.

Then pardon whats amisse, a while giue eare,
So shall you heare the rest that I recite,
Describing next what Princes did appeare:
When I had ended these are past to wrighte.
In slomber as I chaunst to lye one night,
Was Somnus prest, whom I desyrde to sende
His Morpheus ayde, these Tragedies to ende.

Wherewith he graunted my request and calde
For Morpheus straight: which knew wherto he came
I will (quoth he) the rest, whom Fortune thralde
Of Britaynes shewe: thy selfe to heare them frame.
And therewithall he set forth one like Fame.
In fethers all with winges so finely dight,
As twere a birde, in humaine shape of flight.

Yet twas not Fame that femme of painted plume,
He rather seemed Icarus deceau'de,
With winges to flye nighe Phœbus did presume.
At length in deede I plainly well perceau'de,
It was some king of vitall breath bereaude,
From flight he fell presuming farre to hye:
Giue eare take heede and learne not so to flye. ed. 1575.

[6] "Mempricius the *fyrst* king of Brytons regned X yere." *Polychronicon.*

3.

Now when as hee was gone, there presently, mee thought,
A King full Angel like in feathers did appeare:
With flying winges and plumes by cunning finely wrought,
As hee aloft like fame to flie prepared were,
To harken well his tale I gaue an heedy eare,
Which hee in order thus mee thought did then contriue,
Desiring mee to write it so, to warne the rest aliue.

HOW KING BLADVD,[1] *taking on him to fly, fell vpon the* Temple of Apollo, and brake his necke, The yeare before Christ, 844.

1.

I PRAY thee *Higgins* take in hand thy pen
And write my life and fall, among'st the rest

[1] Bladud is represented as a prince eager in the pursuit of learning, and of unusual mental acquirements. Having travelled to Athens he had sufficient address to obtain a visit to his native land of four of the most eminent scholars, or philosophers; for whom he founded an University at Stamford with many liberal endowments, and which flourished until the time of St. Augustine, who got the same suppressed on a presumption of heresy among the scholars. He also reputedly discovered the medicinal virtues of the hot-baths at Bath, a circumstance alone sufficient in that remote age to add a fabulous portion in the emblazonment of his character, and a belief, as the Chronicle of St. Albans hath it, that "thrugh his craft of nygromancy he made a meruaylous hote bathe, as the geste telleth." This same "geste" seems the foundation of the tale in all the Chronicles, which, though often repeated, was early disbelieved. It is best descanted on by the enlightened Treuisa in the Polychronicon. "Bladud, Leyles sone, a nygromancer was the IX kyng of Brytons, he buylded Bathe and called it Caerbadum. Englysshmen called it after Athamannes cyte, but atte last men called it Bathonia that is Bathe.—W[illelmus Malmel.] de pontificum. li. ii. In this cyte welleth vp and spryngeth hote bathes and men wene that Julius Cezar made there suche bathes.—R[anulphus of Chestre] But Ganfr. Monemutensis in his Brytons book sayth that Bladud made thylkes Bathes: by cause that William [of Malm.] had not seen that brytons book, wrote so, by telling of other men, or by his owne ghessing; as he wrote other thynges, not best aduisedly. Therfore it semeth more sothly that Bladud made not the hote bathes, ne Juluis Cezar dyde suche a deede, though Bladud buylded and made the cyte. But it acordeth better to kendly reason that the water renneth in the erthe by veynes of brymstone and sulphure and so is kendely made hote in that cours and spryngeth vp in dyuerse places of the cyte. And so there ben hote bathes that washeth of tetres, soores and skabbes.—Treuisa. Though men myght by crafte make hoote bathes for to dure longe ynough this acordeth well to reason and phylosophye and treateth of hoote welles and bathes that ben in dyuerse londes, though the water of this bathe be more troubly, and heuyer of sauour and of smelle than other hote bathes ben

A warning set mee downe for curious men,
Whose wittes the worke of nature seeke to wrest:

that I haue seen at Akon in Almayne and at Egges in Sauoye, whiche ben as fayre and clere as ony colde welle streme. I haue ben bathed therin and assayed them."

Higgins, in his account of the learning of Bladud, has closely copied Bale, whose character was then generally known through the medium of Grafton's chronicle. Perhaps to form the measure on a general model this life was re-written, being first composed in quatrains. It stands thus in the first edition.

Bladud recyteth how he practyzing by curious artes to flye, fell and brake his necke. The yeare before Christe 844.

SHALL I rehearse, likewyse my name?
And eke a place amongst them fill,
Which at their endes to mischiefe came?
Sith Morpheus bids me so, I will.

And that because I see thee minde,
To write my storie fate and fall,
Such curious heads it reade and finde:
May flee to flye, and shunne my thrall.

If daunger teach them liue take heede:
If leesers harme, make lookers wyse:
If warines do safetie breede,
Or wracke make saylers shelues dispise.

Then may my hurt giue sample sure:
My losse of life may lokers learne:
My warning may beware procure,
To such as daunger scarce discerne.

I am that Bladud Britaine king.
Rudhudebras his eldest sonne,
Did learning first to England bring:
And other wonders more were done.

Now giue me eare, and after wryte:
Marke well my life, example take:
Eschue the euill that I recite,
And of my death a myrour make.

In youth I gaue my minde to lore,
For I in learning tooke repaste:
No earthly pleasure likte me more,
I went to Athens at the last.

A towne in Greece, whose fame went foorth
Through all the world hir name was spred:
I counted knowledge so much woorth,
Hir only loue to Greece me led.

I was Prince *Bladud*, pregnant as the best
Of wisedome, and of wealth, and learning I had store,
Of regall race I came what neede I craued more?

There first of all the artes of seuen,
Wherein before I had small skill:
I Grammer gate declares the steuen,
By rule to speake, and wryte at will.

Next after that in Rhetorike fine,
Which teacheth how he talke to fyle:
I gate some knowledge in short time,
And coulde perswade within a whyle.

I thirdly learned Logicke well,
An arte that teacheth to dispute:
To aunswere wisely or refell,
Distinguishe, proue, disproue, confute.

Then after that, of number, I
The skilfull arte likewyse attainde:
Wherin of Mathematickes lie,
Full many pointes I after gainde.

And Musicke milde I lernde, that telles
Tune, tyme, and measure of the song:
A science swete the reste excelles,
For melody hir notes among.

But sixtly I the dame of artes,
Geometrie of great engine
Employde, with all hir skilfull partes,
Therby some greater giftes to winne.

So laste I lernde Astronomie,
A lofty arte that paste them all:
To knowe by motions of the skye,
And fixed starres, what chaunce might fall.

This pleasaunt arte allured me,
To many fonde inuentions then:
For iudgements of Astrologie,
Delites the mindes of wisest men.

So doth the arte Phisiognomie,
Dependes on iudgment of the face:
And that of Metoposcopie,
Which of the forehead telles the grace.

And Chiromancie by the hande,
Coniecures of the inward minde:
Eke Geomancie by the lande,
Doth diuers many farlies finde.

2.

But this in all the sortes of men wee see,
An vncontented minde when much they haue;

Augurium eke was vsde of olde
By byrdes of future things presagde:
And many thinges therby they tolde,
Were skilfull, learned, wyse and agde.

But Magicke, for it seemid sweete,
And full of wonders made me muse:
For many feates I thought it meete,
And pleasaunt for a Prince to vse.

Three kindes there are for nature's skill,
The first they Naturall do name:
In which by herbes and stones they will,
Worke wonders thinges, are worthy fame.

The next is Mathematicall,
Where Magike workes by nature so:
That brasen heads make speake it shall,
Of woode birdes, bodies flye, and go.

The thirde Veneficall by right,
Is named for by it they make:
The shapes of bodies chauuge in sight,
And other formes on them to take.

What nede I tell what Theurgie is,
Or Necromancie you despise:
A diuelishe arte, the feendes by this
Seeme calde, and coniurde to arise.

Of these too much I learned then,
By those such secrete artes profest:
For of the wise and skilfull men,
Whome Fame had praisde I gate the best.

They promist for to teach me so,
The secretes of dame nature's skill:
That I nede neuer taste of woe,
But alwayes might forsee it still.

Wherfore enflamed with their loue,
I brought away the best I could:
From Greece to Britayne lande to proue,
What feates for me deuise they would.

Of which were foure Philosophers,
For passing skill excelde the rest:
Phisitions and Astronomers,
In Athens all they were the best.

The learned yet would more profounder bee,
The richest most t'encrease their wealth do craue;
The finest Dames doe slike[2] their faces braue;

[2] Sleek. *Jamieson.*

My father harde of my retourne,
Of my successe in learning there:
And how the Grecians did adourne,
My wittes with artes that worthy were.

He herde likewyse what store I brought,
Of learned Greckes from Atticke soyle:
And of my laboure learning sought,
With study, trauayle, payne and toyle.

I likewyse heard he buylded here,
Three townes while absent thence was I;
By South he foundid Winchester,
By East he built Cantorbury.

By West full highe he built the last,
On hill from waters deepe belowe:
Calde Shaftesbury on rockes full fast,
It standes and giue to Seas a showe.

These causde we both might well reioyce
He for because I gate such fame:
And I, for that by all mennes voyce,
His factes deseru'de immortall name.

What nedes much talke, the peres and all
The commons eke with one assent:
Extold my name especiall,
Which had my youth in learning spent.

I was receau'de with triumphes great,
With pageauntes in eache towne I past:
And at the court my princely seate,
Was by my fathers ioyned fast.

The nobles then desir'de to haue,
On me their children wayte and tende:
And royall giftes with them me gaue,
As might their powres therto extende.

But here began my cause of care,
As all delightes at length haue ende:
Be mixte with woes our pleasures are,
Amidste my ioyes, I lost a frende.

The noblest yet would higher clime, and all to skies[3]
Immortall they to make their names on earth deuise.

[3] The noble higher climes and to the skies
T'advance his name he daily doth deuise. N.

My father, nyne and twenty yeares,
This time had raignde and held the crowne:
As by your Chronicles appeares,
Whan fates, on vs began to frowne.

For euen amidste his most of ioye,
As youth, and strength and honours fade:
Sore sickenes did him long anoye,
At laste, of life an ende it made.

Then was I chose king of this lande,
And had the crowne as had the rest:
I bare the scepter in my hande,
And sworde that all our foes opprest.

Eke for because the Greekes did vse,
Me well in Grece at Athens late:
I bad those foure I brought to chuse:
A place that I might dedicate

To all the Muses and their artes,
To learnings vse for euermore:
Which when they sought in diuers partes,
At last they found a place therfore.

Amidst the realme it lies welnighe,
As they by art and skill did proue:
An healthfull place not lowe nor highe,
An holsome soyle for their behoue.

With water streames, and springs for welles:
And medowes sweete, and valeyes grene:
And woods, groaues, quarries, al thing else
For studentes weale, or pleasure bene.

When they reported this to me,
They prayde my grace that I would builde,
Them there an Vniuersitie,
The fruites of learning for to yelde.

I buylte the scholes, like Attikes then,
And gaue them landes to maintayne those:
Which were accounted learned men,
And could the groundes of artes disclose.

3.

In *Britayne* though I learned had full well
The artes, and could among'st the wise conferre,

The towne is called Stamford yet,
There stande the wailes vntill this daye:
Foundations eke of scholes I set,
Bide yet (not maintainde) in decaye.

Whereby the lande receauid store,
Of learned clarkes long after that:
But nowe giue eare I tell thee more,
And then my fall, and great mishap:

Because that time Apollo was,
Surmisde the God that gaue vs wit:
I builte his temple braue did passe,
At Troynouant the place is yet.

Some saye I made the batthes at Bathe:
And made therefore two tunnes of brasse:
And other twayne seuen saltes that haue
In them, but these be made of glasse

With sulphur filde, and other things,
Wylde fire, saltgem, salte peter eke:
Salte armoniake, salte Alchime,
Salte commune, and salte Arabecke.

Salte niter mixid with the rest,
In these fowre tunnes by portions right:
Fowre welles to laye them in were dreste,
Wherin they boyle both daye and night.

The water springes them round about,
Doth ryse for aye and boyleth stil:
The tunnes within and eke without,
Do all the welles with vapours fill.

So that the heate and clensing powre,
Of Sulphur and of salts and fyre:
Doth make the bathes eche pointed houre,
To helpe the sickly health desyre.

These bathes to soften sinewes haue
Great vertue and to scoure the skin:
From Morphew white and black to saue,
The bodies faint are bathde therein.

For lepry, scabs, and sores are olde,
For scurfes, and botch, and humors fall:
The bathes haue vertues manyfolde,
If God giue grace to cure them all.

Yet when of *Athens* I the fame heard tell,
(Though it in *Greece* so far hence distant were)
I trauayl'd thither, writers witnesse are

The ioyntes are swelde, and hardned milte:
And hardned liuer, palseis paine,
The poxe and itche, if worke thou wilt,
By helpe of God it heales againe.

Shall I renege I made them then?
Shall I denye my cunning founde?
By helpe I had of learned men,
Those worthy welles in gratefull grounde?

I will do so: for God gaue grace,
Whereby I knew what nature wrought:
And lent me lore to finde the place,
By wisedome where those wells I sought.

Which once confest lo here my harme,
Eschewe the like if thou be wyse:
Let neuer will thy wits becharme,
Or make the chaunge of kinde deuise.

For if the fishe would learne to goe,
And leaue to swim against his vre:
When he were quite the waters fro,
He could not swim you may be sure.

Or if the beast would learne to flie,
That had no plumes by nature lent:
And get him wynges as earst did I,
Would not thinke you it him repent?

Though Magike Mathematicall,
Make wooden birdes to flye and soare:
Eke brasen heads that speake they shall,
And promise many marueiles more.

Yet sith it swarues from Nature's will,
As much as these that I recite:
Refuse the fondnes of such skill,
Doth ay with death the proufe requite.

I deemde I could more soner frame,
My selfe to flye then birdes of wood:
And ment to get eternall fame,
Which I esteemde the greatest good.

I deckt my selfe with plumes and wynges,
As here thou seest in skilfull wise:
And many equall poysing thinges
To ayde my flight, to fall or rise.

I studied there, and thence of learned men I brought
That learning might from *Britayne* land no more so far bee sought.[4]

[4] That noble arts in Britain might be taught. N.

Thou thinkste an arte that seldome vsde,
In hand I tooke, and so it was:
But we no daunger then refusde,
So we might bring our feates to passe.

By practise at the length I could,
Gainst store of wynde with ease arise:
And then which way to light I should,
And mount, and turne I did deuise.

Which learned but not perfectly,
Before I had therof the sleight:
I flew aloft but downe fell I,
For want of skill againe to light.

Upon the temple earst I built,
To God Apollo, downe I fell:
In fiters broisde for such a guilt,
A iust reuenge requited well.

For what should I presume so highe,
Against the course of n ture quite
To take me wynges and saye to flye,
A foole no fowle in fethers dight.

As learning founds and cunning finds,
To such haue wit the same to vse:
So she confounds, and marres the minds,
Of those her secrets seeme t'abuse.

Well then deserts requirde my fall,
Presumption proude, depriu'de my breath:
Renowne bereft my life and all,
Desire of prayse, procurde my death:

Do let allureing arts alone,
They pleasaunt seeme yet are they vayne:
Amongst an hundreth scarce is one,
Doth ought thereby but labour gayne.

Their cunning castes are crafty cares,
Deuices vayne deuisde by men:
Such witched wiles are Sathans snares,
To traine in fooles, despise them then.

Their wisdome is but wily wit,
Their sagenes is but subtiltie:

4.

But after hee was dead that was my stay,
My father graue, I meane the worthy King
Then all the *Britaynes* shortly by a day
To royall seat elected mee did bring.
Where I to place in order euery thing,
Did both receiue the crowne[5] and scepter in my hand,
With glory and renowned fame to gouerne all the land.[6]

5.

Then, for because the sway of all the Ile
Depended on my gouernement to rest
I did consult with all the peeres a while,
And of my father's counsaylers the best,
I order tooke for matters vnredrest,
Appoynting vnto each such place of iustice fit,
As serued to their birth, their persons, wealth and wit.[7]

[5] Receiu'd both crowne. N.
[6] With right and equitie to rule this land. N.
[7] Giuing to each such peace as best did fit
Their birth, their wealth, their persons and their wit. N.

Darke dreames deuisde for fooles are fit,
And such as practise pampestry.

Thou seest my fall and eke the cause,
Vnwisely I good giftes abusde:
Lo here the hurt of learned lawes,
If they be wrested or misusde.

Then wryte my story with the rest,
May pleasure when it comes to vewe:
Take heede of counsayles all is best,
Beware, take heede farewell adieu.

Farewell, will students keepe in minde,
οὐκ ἀρεῖα κακὰ ἔργα:
Els may they chaunce like fate to finde,
For why, Τοῖς κακοῖς τρῖς κακα.

Τέλος.

6.

The learned *Greekes*, whom I from *Athens* brought,
Conferring with the *British* learned men:
A place, as I commaunded them, had sought
Amid'st the Realme, and brought mee word agen.
At *Staneford* there I built a colledge then,
And made prouision for the same perdy,
To maynetayne them a famous Vniuersity.[8]

7.

By this, of skilfull men the land had store,
And all the arts were read in *Britayne* well:
No countrey was for learning praysed more.
Abroad, the world began of vs tell.[9]
From other nations hither came to dwell
The wisest wits, commending vs, extolling vs to skies:
They sayd wee were a people stout, and learned, graue, and wise.[10]

8.

And for that time of Gods wee honour'd all,
Apollo high for wisedome, arte, and skill:
At *Troynouant* a Temple speciall
I built to him, for sacrifices still.
Whereon I fell, as after speake I will.
Such was our vse and superstition [wholy][1] then,
To deeme as Gods the statures tall of noble worthy men.[2]

9.

Some saye I made the holesome Baths at Bathe,[3]
And made therefore two Tunnes of burning brasse:
And other twayne seauen kindes of salts that haue

[8] And of my land I gaue the fertil'st partes,
To foster learning and the famous artes. N.
[9] We did in noble science so excell. N.
[10] ————commending vs to skies,
Deeming vs people valiant, learn'd and wise. N.
[1] Niccols to improve the measure made several omissions in the text which are distinguished by inverted brackets.
[2] To deeme as Gods the images of men. N. [3] By arts I made. N.

In them inclos'd, but these bee made of glasse,
With sulphur fild, wilde fire emixt there was,
And in foure welles these Tunnes so placed heate for aye
The water springing vp, before it passe away. [4]

10.

Which waters heate and clensing perfect powre,
With vapours of the sulphur, salts, and fire,
Hath vertue great, to heale, and washe, and scowre
The bathed sores therein that health desire.
If of the vertues, moe thou dost require
[To knowe,] I will resite what old experience tells
In causes cold the noble vertues of these welles.

11.

The bathes to soften sinewes vertue haue,
And also for to clense and scowre the skin
From Morphewes white and blacke, to heale and saue
The bodyes freckled, faynt, are bathed therein:
Scabs, lepry, sores are [5] old and festered in,
The scurfe, botch, itche, goute, poxe, [sweld ioynts] and humores fell,
The milt and liuer hard it heales, and palsey well. [6]

12.

I must confesse by learned skill I found
Those natiue welles whence springs that helpe [7] for men:
But well thou know'st there runnes from vnder ground
Springes sweete, salt, cold, and hote euen now as then,
From rocke, salt petre, alume, grauell, fen,
From sulphur, iron, leade, gold, siluer, brasse and tinne:
Ech fountayne takes the force of vayne it coucheth in. [8]

13.

Then who so knowes by nature's worke in these,
Of metalles or of mynes the force to heale,

[4] These Tunnes I did essay
To place by arte that they might last of aye. N.
[5] Both. N. [6] Hard it healeth well N. [7] Whence ye haue helpe. N.
[8] Springs vertue take of vaines that they been in. N.

May sooner giue his iudgement in disease,
For curing by the bath, and surer deale
With sickly people of the publique weale,
And also finde of fountaynes salt, or hote, or cold,
And for to heale by them the sicke with honour bee bold.[9]

14.

The Citie eke of *Bathe* I founded there,
Renouned far by reason of the welles:
And many monuments that auncient were
I placed there, thou know'st the story tells.
I sought renowne and fame and nothing elze.
But when our actes extoll our prayse aboue the skie,
W'are blinded so, wee looke not downe from whence wee flye.[10]

15.

Tere are but fewe, whom Fortune bathes in blesse,
But blinded are, and dazelingly they looke:
They see nought else but worldly happinesse,
At that they only fish with Fortune's hooke.
Beneath on earth pompe, pelfe, and prayse they pooke,
On that depending frayle, that fayles, and flits, and flyes,
Forsaking vertue sole, that bides for aye aboue the skies.[1]

16.

Mens vayne delightes are wondrous to behold,
For that that reason nills, nor nature sowes
They take in hand, on science far to bold,
Deceiu'd by suttle snares of diuelish showes.
From which attemptes a floud of mischiefe flowes,
An heape of hurtes, [a swarme of smartes] a fry of foule decayes,
A flocke of feares, [a droue of deathes,] and thrales a thousand wayes.

[9] Fountaines hot and cold,
To heale by them the sicke, both yong and old. N.

[10] Extols vs to the skies,
We look not downe from whence we first did rise. N.

[1] Ambition will not wisdome's counsell brooke,
Pride sets her thoughts on things that vade away,
Forsaken vertue which doth nere decay. N.

17.

If that the water fish forsake the streame
Agaynst his kinde, feeles hee no hurt ensues?
Or if the brocke would learne to play the breame,
And leaue the lambes at land, were this no newes?
A fethered fowle in th'earth a den to chuse,
Or flounder say to flye [and soare aloft] the larke to catch,
Would not you maruell thē, what monsters now doth nature hatch?[2]

18.

But sith wee see that nature hath assign'd
The fowle to fly the ayre, as seemeth well,
The fish to swim the sea, as fits his kinde,
The earth for men and beastes to breede and dwell:
Of right a man, which doth the rest excell,
Should euen so far surpasse the rest in ech degree,[3]
As all the rest to him in wit and reason weaker bee.[4]

19.

All this I speake to warne the rest that heare,
And eke to shew the blindnesse of delites.
Herein my foly vayne may playne appeare,
What hap they heape which try out cunning slightes,
What hurt there hits, at such vayne shewes and sightes,
Where men for pleasure only take much [toyle and] payne,
To alter nature's gifts for [pompe, and pride, and] pleasure vayne.

20.

Were not it straunge, thinke you, a King to fly,
To play the tombler, or some iugling cast?
To dresse him selfe in plumes, as erst did I,
And vnder armes to knit on winges full fast?
A sport you thinke that might the wise agaste.
But *Magicke Mathematicall*[5] had taught mee poynts of scill,
Whereby when first I practis'd then, I lern'd my selfe to kill.[6]

[2] We might admire what monsters time did hatch. N.
[3] Surpasse in his degree. N. [4] As all the rest in wisdome weaker bee. N.
[5] Magicke arte. N. [6] Which in the end did proue my future ill. N.

21.

I deckte my corps with plumes (I say) and winges,
And had them set, thou seest, in scilfull wise,
With many feats, fine poyseing equall thinges,
To ayde my selfe in flight to fall or rise,
An arte men seldome vse mine enterprise:[7]
[Somwhat] gaynst store of winde, by practise rise I could,
And try'd which way to turne, and mount, and lyght I should.[8]

22.

But er the perfect scill I learned had,
(And yet mee thought I could doe passing well)
My subiects' hearts with pleasaunt toyes to glad,
From Temple's top, where did *Apollo* dwell,
I 'sayd to flye, but on the Church I fell,
And broysed all to peeces lost[9] my life withall.
This was my race, mine exercise and fatall fall.[1]

23.

What vayner thing could any Prince deuise,
Than so himselfe a foolish fowle to showe:
Learne you by mee, that count your selues so wise,
The worst to doubt of thinges, what ere you know,
Fly not so high for feare you fall so lowe:
The massy wight is far to great for fethery downe to beare:
Below ye happy man knowes when tis well, & can contēt hym there.[3]

24.

These curious artes alurementes haue alone,
They profer much in recompence of payne:
But yet among'st a thousand scarce is one
In practise, ought by them can saue or gayne.
You see perdy they are[2] but false and vayne

[7] Few men did euer vse like enterprise. N.
[8] And turne and winde at last which way I would. N.
[9] And in the fall I lost. N. [1] This was my race, this was my fatall fall. N.
[2] In their effects they are. N.
[3] Be wise in artes exceed not wisdome's bound,
The depth of arte by wit may not be found. N.

Sophisticall, deceiptfull, [endlesse] and vntrue,
That nothing haue them selues, and promise all to you.[4]

25.

I speake not of the rest that are in vse
Amongst the wiser sort, Philosophy,
Nor of the partes thereof, but of th'abuse
That comes by magicke arts of imagery,
By vile inchauntments, charmes, and pampestry,
All which I deeme (and they shall finde in proofe) as euill
That practise them, as is (by whom they deale) the diuell.[5]

26.

To make an end: you noble Kinges content
Your selues with studies seruing for the state:
You Lordes also with all your wits inuent
What way t'eschewe the Prynce and people's hate.
Yee subiects loue your Prynce, eschewe debate.
I wish you all beware to clime, or flee, or soare to hie,
For feare you tomble downe, or slip, or fall, as erst did I.[6]

[4] That nothing haue yet promise all to you. N.
All which by nature are abhor'd as euill,
Practisde by fooles, inuented by the diuell. N.

[6] ——— Beware of climing high,
Lest that you helpelesse fall, as erst did I. N.

THE AUTHOUR.

When Bladud thus had ended quite his tale,
And tolde his life as you haue heard before:
He toke his flight, and then a Lady pale
Appeard in sight, beraide with bloudy gore:
In hande a knife of sanguine dye she bore:
And in her breste a wounde was pearced wyde,
So freshly bledde, as if but than she dyde.

She staide a while, her coulour came and went,
And doubtful was that would haue tolde hir paine:
In wofull sort she seemed to lament,
And could not wel her tongue from talke refraine.
For why her griefes vnfolde she would right faine,
Yet bashfull was: at length an ende to make,
Hir Morpheus wild, and then thus wyse she spake.

LENUOY.

1.

Who so that takes in hand the aire to scale,
As *Bladud* here did take on him to flie:
Or *Dedal's* sonne (as *Poets* tell the tale)
Yong *Icarus*, that flew (they say) so hie:
Or else as *Simon Magus* flew perdy:
  Though nere so well his plumes and winges hee decke,
  By sea h'is droun'd, by land hee breakes his necke.

2.

On ground is surest place for men to goe,
But yet take heede and let your ground bee good:
The surest footing is perdy beloe,
Who styes the aire I count his dealing wood:
The slender buildings hauty, feoble stoode,
  On high the tempests haue much powre to wrecke:
  Then best to bide beneath, and surest for the necke.

3.

King *Bladud* yet might here commended bee,
For that hee loued learning all his daies:
Eke for hee built an Vniuersity
At *Staneford* first, hee well deserued praise,
But now his nice *Cordila* here assaies,
  From bleeding breast, to tell her woefull wrecke,
  With knife in hand her desperate death to decke.

HOW QVEENE CORdila *in dispaire slew her selfe, The* yeare before Christ, 800.

1.

If any woefull wight haue cause to wayle her woe,
Or griefs are past do pricke vs Princes tell our fall:
My selfe likewise must needes constrayned eke doe so,
And shew my like misfortunes and mishaps withall.
Should I keepe close my heauy haps and thrall,
Then did I wrong: I wrong'd my selfe and thee,
Which of my facts a witnes true maist bee.

2.

A woman yet must blush when bashfull is the case,
Though trueth bid tell the tale and story as it fell:
But sith that I mislike not audience, time, nor place,
Therefore I cannot keepe my woes in counsaile[1] well.
No greater ease of heart then griefes to tell,
It vaunteth all the dolours of our minde,
Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort finde.

3.

For why to tell that may recounted bee agayne,
And tell it as our cares may compasse ease:
That is the salue and medicine of our payne,
Which cureth corsies all and sores of our disease:
It doth our pinching panges and paynes apease:
It pleads the part of an assured friend,
And tells the trade, like vices to amend.

4.

Therefore if I more willing bee to tell my fall,
With my mishaps[2] to ease my burdened breast and minde:

[1] Cannot still keepe in my counsaile. ed. 1575. [2] And shew mishaps. ib.

Some[3] others haply may auoide and shunne the thrall,
And thereby for distresse more aide and comfort finde.
They keeping[4] measure, whereas I declin'd,
May bee as prompt to flie[5] like brute and blame
As I to tell, or thou to write the same.

5.

Wherefore if thou wilt afterwards record[6]
What Queene *Cordila* tells[7] to ease her inward smarte,
I will recite my story tragicall ech word,
To thee that geu'st an eare, and ready art.[8]
But lest I set the horse behinde the cart,
I minde to tell ech thing in order, so,
As thou maist see and shew whence sprang my woe.

6.

My grandsire *Bladud* hight, that found the bathes by skill,
A fethered King that practis'd highe to soare[9]
Whereby hee felt the fall, God wot against his will,
And neuer went, road, raygnd, nor spake, nor flew no more.
After whose death my father[1] *Leire* therefore
Was chosen King, by right apparent heyre,
Which after built the towne of *Leircestere*.

7.

Hee had three daughters, first and eld'st hight *Gonerell*,[2]
Next after her his yonger *Ragan*[3] was begot:
The third and last was I the yongest, nam'd *Cordell*.
Vs all our father *Leire* did loue to well, God wot.[4]
But[5] minding her that lou'd him best to note,

[3] That. ed. 1575. [4] May keep. ib.
[5] And willing be to flye. ib.
[6] For sith I see thee prest to heare that wilt recorde. ib.
[7] What I Cordila tell. ib.
[8] To thee that giu'st an eare to heare and ready art. ib.
[9] Practisde for to flye and soare. ib.
[1] Who dead his sonne my father. ib.
[2] He had three daughters faire the first hight Gonerell. N.
[3] My sister Ragan. ed. 1575.
[4] And of vs all our father deire in age did dote. ib. [5] So. ib.

Because hee had no sonne t'enioy his land,
Hee thought to guerdon most where[6] fauour most hee fand.

8.

What though I yongest were, yet men mee iudg'd more wise
Then either *Gonerell*, or *Ragan* more of age:[7]
And fairer farre: wherefore my sisters did despise
My grace and giefts, and sought my wrecke to wage.[8]
But yet though vice on[9] vertue dye with rage,
It can not keepe her vnderneath to drowne:
For still[1] shee flittes aboue, and reaps renowne.[2]

9.

My father thought to wed vs vnto Princely peeres,[3]
And vnto them and theirs deuide and part the land.
For both my sisters first hee cal'd[4] (as first their yeares
Requir'd) their mindes, and loue, and fauoure t'vnderstand.
(Quoth hee) all doubts of duty to aband,
I must assay your frendly faithes to proue:
My daughters, tell mee how you doe mee loue.[5]

10.

Which when they aunswerd him they lou'd their father more[6]
Then they themselues did loue, or any worldly wight:
He praised them, and sayd hee would therefore[7]
The louing kindnes they deseru'd in fine requite.

[6] To giue where. ed. 1575. [7] Had more age. ib.
[8] My prayse t'asswage. ib. [9] Gainst. ib. [1] But still. ib.
[2] This stanza follows in the edit. 1575.
Yet nathelesse my father did me not mislike,
But age so simple is and easy to subdue,
As childhode weake thats voide of wit and reason quite;
They thinke thers nought you flatter fainde, but all is true,
Once old and twyse a childe tis said with you,
Which I affirme by proofe that was definde,
In age my father had a childishe minde.
[3] He thought to wed vs vnto nobles three, or peres. ib.
[4] Sent. ib.
[5] I must assaye and eke your frendships proue.
Now tell me eche how much you do me loue. ib.
[6] Lou'de him well and more. ib. [7] Would agayne therefore. ib.

So found my sisters fauour in his sight,
  By flattery faire they won their father's heart,
  Which after turned hym and mee to smart.

11.[8]

But not content with this, hee asked mee likewise
If I did not him loue and honour well.
No cause (quoth I) there is I should your grace despise:
For nature so doth binde and duty mee compell,
To loue you, as I ought my father, well.
  Yet shortely I may chaunce, if Fortune will,
  To finde in heart to beare another more good will.

12.

Thus much I sayd of nuptiall loues' that ment,
Not minding once of hatred vile or ire:
And partly taxing them, for which intent
They set my fathers heart on wrathfull fire.
" Shee neuer shall to any part aspire
  Of this my realme (quoth hee) among'st you twayne:
  But shall without all dowry aie remaine."

13.

Then to *Maglaurus* Prince, with *Albany* hee gaue
My sister *Gonerell*, the eldest of vs all:

[8] But not content with this he minded me to proue,
For why he wonted was to loue me wonders wel:
How much dost thou (quoth he) Cordile thy father loue
I wil (sayd I) at once my loue declare and tell:
I lou'de you euer as my father well,
  No otherwyse, if more to know you craue:
  We loue you chiefly for the goodes you haue.

Thus much I said, the more their flattery to detect
But he me aunswered therunto again with ire,
Because thou dost thy fathers aged yeare neglect,
That lou'de the more of late then thy deserts require,
Thou neuer shalt, to any part aspire
  Of this my realme, emong thy sisters twayne,
  But euer shalt vndotid ay remayne.

Then to the king of Albany for wife he gaue
My sister Gonerell, the eldest of vs all:

And eke my sister *Ragan* to *Hinniue* to haue,
And for her dowry *Camber* and *Cornwall.*
These after him should haue his Kingdome all.
  Betweene them both hee gaue it franke and free,
  But nought at all hee gaue of dowry mee.

14.

At last it chaunst a Prince of *Fraunce* to heare my fame.
My beauty braue, my wit was blaz'd abroad ech where.
My noble vertues prais'd mee to my father's blame,
Who did for flattery mee lesse friendly fauour beare.[1]
Which when this worthy Prince (I say) did heare,
  Hee sent ambassage lik'd mee more then life,
  And soone obtayned mee to bee his wife.

15.

Prince *Aganippus* reau'd mee of my woe,
And that for vertues sake, of dowryes all the best:
So I contented was to *Fraunce* my father fro
For to depart, and hoapt t'enioy some greater rest.

[1] Who for I could not flatter did lesse fauour beare. N.

And eke my sister Ragan for Hinnine to haue,
Which then was Prince of Camber and Cornwall:
These after him should haue his kingdome all
  Betwene them both, he gaue it franke and free:
  But nought at all he gaue of dowry mee.

At last it chaunst the king of Fraunce to here my fame.
My beuty braue was blazed al abrode eche where:
And eke my vertues praisde me to my fathers blame
Did for my sisters flattery me lesse fauour beare.
Which when this worthy king my wrongs did heare,
  He sent ambassage likte me more then life,
  T'intreate he might me haue to be his wife.

My father was content with all his harte, and sayde,
He gladly should obtaine his whole request at will
Concerning me, if nothing I herin denayde:
But yet he kept by their intisment hatred still,

Where liuing well belou'd, my ioyes encreast:
  I gate more fauour in that Prince his sight,
  Then euer Princesse of a Princely wight.

16.

But while that I these ioyes so well enioy'd in *Fraunce*,
My father *Leire* in *Britayne* waxt vnweldy old.
Whereon his daughters more themselues aloft t'aduaunce
Desir'd the Realme to rule it as they wolde.
Their former loue and friendship waxed cold,
  Their husbands rebels voyde of reason quite
  Rose vp, rebeld, bereft his crowne and right:

17.

Caus'd him agree they might in parts equall[2]
Deuide the Realme, and promist him a gard

[2] Betwixt their husbands twaine they causde him to agree. N.

(Quoth he) your prince his pleasure to fulfill,
  I graunt and giue my daughter as you craue:
  But nought of me for dowry can she haue.

King Aganippus well a greed to take me so,
Hee deemde that vertue was of dowries all the best
And I contented was to Fraunce my father fro
For to depart, and hoapte t'enioye some greater rest.
I maried was, and then my ioyes encreaste,
  A gate more fauoure in this Prince his sight,
  Then euer Princesse of a princely wight.

But while that I these ioyes enioyd at home in Fraunce,
My father Leire in Britayne waxed aged olde,
My sisters yet them selues the more aloft t'aduaunce,
Thought well they might, be by his leaue, or sans so bolde:
To take the realme and rule it as they wolde.
  They rose as rebels voyde of reason quite,
  And they depriu'de him of his crowne and right.

Then they agreed, it should be into partes equall
Deuided: and my father threscore knightes and squires

Of sixty Knights on him attending still at call.[3]
But in six monthes such was his hap to hard,
That *Gonerell* of his retinue barde
The halfe of them, shee and her husband reft:
And scarce alow'd the other halfe they left.

18.

Eke as in *Albany* lay hee lamenting fates,[4]
When as my sister so sought all his vtter spoyle:
The meaner vpstart courtiers thought themselues his mates,
His daughter him disdayn'd and forced not his foyle.
Then was hee fayne for succoure his to toyle
With halfe his trayne to *Cornwall*, there to lie
In greatest neede, his *Ragan's* loue to try.

19.

So when hee came to *Cornwall*, shee with ioy
Receiued him, and Prince *Maglaurus* did the like.
There hee abode a yeare, and liu'd without anoy:
But then they tooke all his retinue from him quite

[3] Of sixtie Knights that on him should attendant bee. N.
[4] As thus in his distresse he lay lamenting fates. N.

Should alwayes haue, attending on him still at call.
But in sixe monthes so much encreasid hateful Ires,
That Gonerell denyde all his desires,
So halfe his garde she and her husband refte:
And scarce alowde the other halfe they lefte.

Eke as in Scotlande thus he lay lamenting fates,
When as his daughter so sought all his vtter spoyle,
The meaner vpstart gentles, thought them selues his mates
And betters eke, see here an aged Prince his foyle,
Then was he fayne for succoure his, to toyle,
With all his knightes, to Cornewall there to lye:
In greatest nede his Ragan's loue to trie.

And when he came to Cornwall, Ragan then with ioye,
Receiu'd him and eke hir husband did the like:
There he abode a yeare and liu'de without anoy,
But then they tooke, all his retinue from him quite

Saue only ten, and shew'd him daily spite:
  Which hee bewayl'd complayning durst not striue,
  Though in disdayne they last alow'd but fiue.

20.

What more despite could deuelish beasts deuise,
Then ioy their fathers woefull days to see?
What vipers vile could so their King despise,
Or so vnkinde, so curst, so cruell bee?
From thence agayn hee went to *Albany*,
  Where they bereau'd his seruaunts all, saue one,
  Bad him content him selfe with that, or none.

21.

Eke at what time hee ask'd of them to haue his gard,
To gard his noble grace where so hee went:
They cal'd him doting foole, all his requests debard,
Demaunding if with life hee were not well content:
Then hee to late his rigour did repent
  Gaynst mee, my sisters' fawning loue that knew,
  Found flattery false, that seem'd so faire in vew.

Saue only ten, and shewde him dayly spite,
  Which he bewailde complaining durst not striue,
  Though in disdayne they last alowde but fiue.

On this he deemde him selfe was far that time vnwyse,
When from his daughter Gonerell to Ragan hee
Departed erste yet eache did him poore king despise:
Wherfore to Scotlande once againe with hir to bee,
And bide he went: but beastly cruell, shee
  Bereau'de him of his seruauntes all saue one,
  Bad him content him selfe with that or none.

Eke at what time he askte of eache to haue his garde,
To garde his grace where so he walkte or wente:
They calde him doting foole and all his hestes debarde,
Demaunded if with life he could not be contente.
Then he to late his rigour did repente
  Gainst me, and sayde, Cordila nowe adieu:
  I finde the wordes thou toldste mee to to true.

22.

To make it short, to *Fraunce* hee came at last to mee,
And told mee how my sisters euell[5] their father vsde.
Then humbly I besought my noble King so free,
That he would aide my father thus by his abusde:
Who nought at all my humble hest refusde,
  But sent to euery coast of *Fraunce* for aide,
  Whereby King *Leire* might home bee well conueyde.

23.

The souldiours gathered from ech quarter of the land
Come at the length to know the noble Prince's will:
Who did commit them vnto captaynes euery band,
And I likewise of loue and reuerent meere good will
Desir'd my Lord, hee would not take it ill,
  If I departed for a space withall,
  To take a part, or ease my father's thrall.

24.

Hee graunted my request: Thence wee ariued here,
And of our *Britaynes* came to aide likewise his right

[5] Ill. N.

And to be short, to Fraunce he came alone to mee,
And tolde me how my sisters him our father vsde:
Then I besought my king with teares vpon my knee,
That he would aide my father thus by them misusde,
Who nought at all my humble heste refusde:
  But sent to euery coaste of Fraunce for ayde,
  Wherwith my father home might be conueide.

The soldiours gathered from eche quarter of the land,
Came at the length to know the king his mind and wil:
Who did commit them to my father's aged hand,
And I likewise of loue and reuerent mere goodwill,
Desirde my king, he would not take it ill,
  If I departed for a space withall:
  To take a parte, or ease my father's thrall.

This had: I partid with my father from my fere,
We came to Britayne with our royal campe to fight:

Full many subiects, good and stout that were:
By martiall feats, and force, by subiects sword and might,
The *British* Kings were fayne to yeeld our right:
Which wonne, my father well this Realme did guide
Three yeares in peace, and after that hee dyde.

25.

Then I was crowned Queene this Realme to hold,[6]
Till fiue yeares past I did this Island guyde:
I had the *Britaynes* at what becke I would,[7]
Till that my louing King mine *Aganippus* dide:
But then my seat it faltered on ech side,
My sisters sonnes[8] began with mee to iarre:
And for my crowne wagde with mee mortall warre.[9]

26.

The one hight *Morgan* Prince[1] of *Albany*,
And *Conidagus* King of *Cornwall* and of Wales:

[6] And I was Queene the kingdome after stil to holde. ed. 1575.
[7] Becke and bay I wolde. ib. [8] Two churlishe impes. ib.
[9] This stanza follows in edit. 1575.
The one hight Morgan th' elder sonne of Gonnerell,
My sister, and that other Conidagus hight.
My sister Ragan's sonne, that lou'de me neuer well,
Both nephewes mine yet would against mee Cordell fight,
Because I lou'de always that semed right;
Therefore they hated mee and did pursue
Their aunte and Queene as she had bene a jewe.
[1] This Morgane was that time the Prince. ib.

And manly fought so long our enmies vanquisht were
By martial feates, and force by subiects sword and might.
The Brityshe kinges were faine to yelde our right:
And so my father well this realme did guide,
Three yeares in peace and after that he dide.

Then I at Leircester in Ianus temple, made
His tombe, and buried there his kingly regall corse,
As sondry tymes in life before he often bade:
For of our father's will we then did greatly force,
We had of conscience eke so much remorce,
That we supposde those childrens liues to ill:
Which brake their father's testament, and will.

Both which at once prouided their artillery,
To worke mee woefull woe, and mine adherents bales.
What neede I fill thine eares with longer tales?
They did preuaile by might and powre, so fast
That I was taken prisoner at last.

27.

In spitefull sorte they vsed then my captiue corse:
No favour shewde to mee, extinct was mine estate:
Of kinred, Prynces, bloud, or peere was no remorse,
But as an abiect vile, and worse, they did mee hate.
To lie in darkesome dungeon was my fate,
As t'were a thiefe, mine aunsweres to abide,
Gaynst right and justice, vnder Jailour's guide.

28.

For liberty at length I su'd to subiects were:
But they kept mee in prison close, deuoide of trust:
If I might once escape, they were in dread and feare
Their fawning friends with mee would proue vntrue and iust.
They told mee take it patiently I must,
And bee contented that I had my life:
Sith with their mother's I began the strife.

29.

Whereby I sawe might nothing mee preuaile to pray,
To pleade, or proue, defend, excuse, or pardon craue:
They heard mee not, despis'd my plaints, sought my decay,
I might no lawe, nor loue, nor right, nor justice haue.
No friends, no faith, nor pittie could mee saue:
But I was from all hope of freedome[2] bard,
Condem'd, my cause like neuer to bee heard.

30.

Was euer noble Queene so drencht in wrecks of woe,[3]
Depos'd[4] from Princely powre, bereft of liberty,

[2] Licence. ed. 1575.
[3] Was euer lady in such wofull wreckfull wo. ib.
[4] Depriu'de. ib.

Depriu'd of all these worldly pompes her pleasures fro,
And brought from wealth to neede, distresse, and misery,
From Pallace proude in prison poore to lie,
From Kingdomes twayne, to dungeon one, no more,
From Ladies wayting, vnto vermine store?

31.

From light to darke, from holesome aire to lothsom smell,
From odoure sweete to smart, from ease to greeuous paine,
From sight of Princely Wights, to place where theues doe dwell,
From dainty beds of downe, to bed of strawe full fayne:
From bowres of heauenly hewe, to dennes of daine:
From greatest haps that worldly wights atchiue,
To more distresse then any wretch aliue?

32.

When first I left my friends in *Fraunce* did me exalte,[5]
And eke my noble King, mine *Aganippus* true:
And came to *England*, for their heynous facts and faulte,
Which from his right and kingdome quite our father threwe,
To take his[6] Realme: to raigne and treason knewe,
I thinke of all misfortunes was the worst:
Or else I deeme the causers all accurst.

33.

For marke my haplesse fall that fortune did me send,[7]
As thus in prison[8] vile on liue[9] I lingring lay,
When I had mourned long, but found no faythfull frend
That could me helpe, or ayde, or comfort any way,
Was seru'd at meate as those that[1] Kinges betray
With fare God wote was simple, bare, and thin,
Could not sustayne the corps it entred in.

[5] When first I left, the crowne of France did me exhalt. ed. 1575. When friends I left in France that did me first exhalt. N.
[6] This. ed. 1575.
[7] That drawes at length to ende. ib.
[8] As in this pryson. ib.
[9] Vile aliue. N. [1] Their. ed. 1575.

34.

And when the sighes, and teares, and playntes nigh burst my hart,
And place, and stenche, and fare nigh poysond euery pore:
For lacke of frends to tell my seas of giltlesse smart,
And that mine eyes had sworne to take sweete sleepe no more,
I was content, sith cares oppresse me sore,
  To leaue my foode, take mourning, playnts, and crye,
  And lay mee downe, let griefe and nature trye.

35.

Thus as I pining lay, my carcas coucht on strawe,[2]
And felt the payne erst neuer creature earthly knewe,
Mee thought by night a grizely ghost in darkes I sawe,
Eke nearer still to mee with stealing steps shee drewe:
Shee was of colour pale and deadly[3] hewe,
  Her clothes resembled thousand kinds of thrall,
  And pictures plaine of hastened deathes withall.

36.

I musing lay in paines, and wondred what shee was,
Mine eyes stood still, mine haire rose vp for feare an end,
My flesh it shoke and trembled: yet I cryde (alas)
What wight art thou, a foe or else what fawning frend?
If death thou art, I pray thee make an end.
  But th'art not death. Art thou some fury sent,
  My woefull corps, with paynes, to more torment?

37.

With that shee spake: "I am (quoth shee) thy frend *Despayre*,
Which in distresse each worldly wight with speede do ayde:
I rid them from their foes, if I to them repayre.
To long from thee by other caytiues was I stayde.
Now, if thou art to dye no whit afrayde,
  Here shalt thou choose of Instruments (beholde)
  Shall rid thy restlesse life, of this be bolde."

[2] Carkas on couch of straw. ed. 1575.
[3] A deadly. ib.

38.

And therewithall shee threwe her garments lap aside,
Vnder the which a thousand thinges I sawe with eyes:
Both knives, sharpe swordes, poynadoes[4] all bedyde
With bloud, and poysons prest which shee could well deuise.
" There is no hope (quoth shee) for thee to rise,
And get thy Crowne or Kyngdome refte agyne:[5]
But for to liue long lasting pyning payne.

39.

" Lo here (quoth shee) the blade that *Did*' of *Carthage* hight,
Whereby shee was from thousand panges of payne let passe:
With this shee slewe her selfe, after *Æneas*' flight,
When hee to Sea from *Tyrian* shoares departed was.
Doe choose of these thou seest from woes to passe,
Or bide the end, prolong thy paynfull dayes,
And I am pleasde from thee to packe[6] my wayes."

40.

With that was I (poore wretche) content to take the knife,
But doubtfull yet to dye, and fearefull fayne would byde.
So still I lay in study with my selfe at bate and strife,
What thing were best of both these deepe extreames vntryde,
Good Hope[7] all reasons of *Despayre* denyde:
And shee agayne replyde, to proue it best
To dye, for still in life my woes increast.

41.

Shee cal'd to minde the ioyes in *Fraunce* I whilome had:
Shee told me what a troupe of Ladyes was my trayne:
And how the Lordes of *Fraunce*, and *Britaynes*, both were glad
Of late to wayte on mee, and subiects all were fayne:
She tolde I had bin Queene of Kingdomes twayne,
And how my kinesmen[8] had my seate and Crowne.
I could not rise, for euer fallen downe.

[4] *i. e.* poniards. [5] Or libertie agayne. ed. 1575.
[6] Get. ib. [7] My Hope. ib. [8] Nephewes. ib.

42.

A thousand thinges beside recited then *Despayre* :
Shee tolde the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late,
Rehearst the prison vile in steede of Pallace fayre,
My lodging lowe and mouldy meates my mouth did hate ;
Shee shewde mee all the dongeon where I sate,
The dankish walles, the darkes, and bade mee smell,
And byde the sauour if I likt it well.

43.

Whereby I wretch deuoyd of comfort quite and hope,
And pleasures past comparde with present paynes I had,
For fatall knife slipt forth, my fearefull hand did grope:
Despayre in this to ayde my senceles limmes was glad,
And gaue the blade : to end my woes she bad.
" I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart
Ile pray to Gods, reuenge my woefull smart.

44.

" If any wrong deserue the wrecke, I pray yon skyes,
And starres of light, (if you my plight[9] doe rue)
O *Phœbus* cleere, I thee beseech and pray likewise,
Beare witnes of my playnts well knowne to Gods are true.
You see from whence these iniuryes they grue.
Then let like vengeaunce hap and light on those,
Which vndeserued were my mortall[1] foes.

45.

" God graunt immortall[2] strife betweene them both may fall,
That th' one[3] the other may, without remorce, distroye :
That *Conidagus* may his cosin *Morgan* thrall,
Because hee first decreast my wealth, bereft my ioye.
I pray yon Gods he neuer be a *Roy* :

[9] My wofull plight. ed. 1575.
[1] Deadly. ib. [2] A mortal. ib.
[3] That one. ib.

But caytife may be payde with such a frend,
As shortly may him bring to sodayne end.

46.

" Farewell my Realme of *Fraunce*, farewell, *Adieu*,
Adieu mes nobles tous, and *England* now farewell:
Farewell Madames my Ladyes, *car ie suis perdu*,
Il me fault aler desespoir m'adonne conseil
De me tuer, no more your Queene farewell.
My cousens[4] mee oppresse with mayne and might,
A captiue poore, gaynst Justice all and right."

47.

And therewithall the sight did fayle my dazeling eyne,
I nothing sawe saue sole *Dispaire* bad mee dispatch:
Whome I behelde: shee caught the knife from mee I weene,
And by hir elbowe carian death for me did watch.
" Com on (quod I) thou hast a goodly catch."
And therewithall *Dispaire* the stroke did strike,
Whereby I dyde, a damned creature like:

48.

Which I to late bewayle, let those aliue beware;[5]
Let not the losse of goods or honours them constrayne
To playe the fooles, and take such carefull carke and care;
Or to dispayre for any prison, pine, and payne;
If they be giltlesse let them so remayne;
Farre greater follye is it for to kill,
Themselues dispayring, then is any ill.

49.

Sith first thereby theyr enmyes haue that they desire,
By which they proue to deadly foes vnwares a frende:
And next they cannot liue, to former blisse t'spyre,

[4] Nephewes. ed. 1575.
[5] Which I, alasse, lament, bid those aliue beware. ib.

If God do bring theyr foes in time to sodayne ende.
They lastly, as the damned wretches, sende
  Theyr soules thereby to darkesome *Stygian* lake,
  Which kill the corps that mighty *Ioue* did make.[6]

LENUOY.

1.

When as this desperate Queene had ended thus
Her tale, and tolde the haplesse grace she had:
As of her playnte som poyntes I did discusse,
Her sisters dealings were (mee thought) to bad.
Her cosens cruell both, for Kingdomes mad.
  Her owne estate most pityfull to see,
  A Queene by kinred captiue kepte to bee.

[6] Their soules to hell, when as they vndertake
To kill a corps, which God did liuely make.

THE AUTHOUR.

Now when this desperate Queene had ended thus
Hir tale, and told what haplesse grace she had:
As of hir talke some pointes I did discusse,
In slomber faln I waxed wondrous sad,
Hir nephewes dealings were me thought to bad:
  Which greu'de me much, but Morpheus bad let bee,
  And therewithall presented one to mee.

Of stature tall a worthy princely wight,
In countenaunce he seemde yet mourning still;
His complet harnesse not so braue in sight,
Nor sure as ours, made now adayes by skill:
But clampt together, ioynts but ioyned ill:
  Vnfit, vnhandsome, heauy, houge, and plaine,
  Vnweldy wearing, ratling like a chaine.

Wherthrough he had receu'de a deadly stroake,
By sworde, or other instrument of warre,
And downe his thighes the bloud by sithes did soake
Which I perceiued as he came a farre.
Now sith (quoth he) to heare you present are:
  I will declare my name, life, factes and fall,
  And therewith thus he gan to tell it all. ed. 1575.

2.

So wise a Queene, so fayre a Princesse wrongde,
So dutifull in parents plight of yore:
By rebells vile hir cousens to bee throngde,
Such hatred hir ambiciously that bore.
Who euer saw such cruelty before?
Cordilacs state most pitifull to see,
By kinred cloce in prison kepte to bee.[7]

[7] The tale of the gentle Cordelia and her unfortunate and too credulous father is better known from the pages of Shakespeare than those of History. Though in both, if not entirely sprung from, it is enlarged by fable, yet the interest that has been excited by the drama justifies the giving it here from manuscript, in one of its earliest shapes, which as such forms a valuable record.

Of King Leir and of the answere of his yongest doughter that graciously was mariede to the kyng of Fraunce.

After kyng Bladud regned Leir his sone: and this Leir made the toune of Leicestre and lete calle the toune after his name and he gouernede the londe welle and nobly. This kyng Leir had iij doughters the first hight Gonorill, the secund Rigan and the third Cordeill, and the yongest doughter was fairest and best of condicions. The kynge hire fader, become an olde man, and wolde that his doughtres had been maried or that he deide: but first he thought to assaie whiche of ham [them] loued him best and moste, for she that loued him best shuld beste be maried. And he asked of the first doughter how moche sheo [she] him louede? and she answerd and saide, better than hier oune life. Now certes quoth the fader that is a grete loue. Tho [then] axede he of the secunde doughter, hou moche sheo him louede? and sheo said more and passing alle creatures of the world. Ma foy, quath the fader, more may I nought axen. And tho axed he of the thirde doughter, hou moche sheo him louede? Certes fader quoth she, my sustres haue tolde you glosyng wordes, but for suthe I shalle telle you treuthe, for I loue you as moche as I owe to loue my fadere, and for to bryng you more in certeyn howe love goth, I shalle you telle, for as moche as ye be worthe so muche shal ye be louede. The kyng hire fader hadde wente sheo hadde hym scorned and become wonder wrothe and swore be heuen and erthe that she shuld neuer haue good of him: but his doughtres that loued him so moche shuld be welle auaunced and maried. And the first doughter he maried to Mangles kyng of Scotlande and the secunde he maried to Hauemos Erle of Cornewaille and so they ordeynede and speken betwene ham [them] that they shulde departe the reame betwene ham too after the dethe of Leir hire [their] fader. So that Cordeill his yongest doughter shulde no thing haue of his lande. But this Cordeill was wonderous faire and of so good condicions and maners that the kyng of Fraunce Agampe, herde of hire speke and sent to Leir, hire fader, for to haue hire vnto wife and prayed him therof. And kyng Leir hire fader sente him worde that he had departed his londe vnto his two other doughters and saide he hadde no more lande wherewith hire for to marien: And whenne Agampe herde this answere he sente anone ayeyn to Leir and said, that he axid no thyng

3.

But next from *Wales* in warlike armoure came
With wounded corps Morganus th' Albane king,
In woefull wise his doubtfull tale to frame.

with hire, but onliche hire clothyng and hire bodie. And anone king Leir hire fader sente hire ouer the see to the kyng of Fraunce and he receyuede hire with mochel worshipp, and with moche solempnite hire spousede and made hire quene of France.

How Kyng Leir was driven oute of his londe thurz his foly and how Cordil his yongest doughter helped him at his nede.

Thus hit felle afterwarde that tho two eldest doughtres wolde nought abide til that Leir hire fader were dede but werred vppon him whiles that he leued and moche sorwe and shame him dede. Wherfore thei benomen him holly the reame and betwene ham had ordeyned that one of ham shulde haue kyng Leir to soiourne all his life tyme with xl [lx] knyghtes and hire squiers, that he myght worshipfully gone and ride whider that he wolde into what contre that him likede to playn and to solacen. So that Managles kyng of Scotland had kyng Leir with him in the maner as is aboue seide and or other halfe yere were passide Corneill [sic] his eldest doughter that was quene of Scotland was so anoyed of him and of his peple that anone he and hire lorde speken togedres. Wherfore his knyghtes and his squyers half frame him were gone and no mo lefte but oneliche xxx. And whenne this was done Leir began for to make moche sorowe, for incheson that his astate was inpeired, and men had of him more scorne and despite thanne euere thei hadde beforne. Wherfore he wiste neuer what to done and atte the laste thought that he wolde wende into Cornewaile to Ragan his other doughter. And whenne he was come there, the Erle and his wife that was Leier's doughter, him welcomede and with him made muche ioy, and there he dwelled with xxx knyghtes and squyers. And he had dwellede there scarsly tuelf month that his doughter of him nas fulle and of his companye, and hire lorde and shee of him had scorne and despite so that fro xxx knyghtes thei brougten vnto ten and afterwarde five and so there lefte with him no mo. Tho made he sorwe enough and said, sore wepying: allas that euere he come into that lande. And seid yit had me better for to haue dwellede with my ferst doughter. And anone wente thennes a yein to his first doughter: but anone as she sawe him come, she swore be God and his holy names, and be as moche as she myght that he shulde haue no mo with him but on knyght if he wolde there abide. Tho began Leir wepe and made moche sorwe and said, tho allas nou to longe haue I leuede that this sorwe and mischefe is to me nowe falle: for now am I pouer that sumtyme was riche but nou haue I no frende ne kyn that me wolle done eny goode. But whenne that I was riche alle men me honoured and worsheped and now euery man hath of me scorne and despite: And now I wote that Cordeil my yong doughter saide me treuthe whenne she saide as moche as I hadde so moche shulde I bene beloued. And alle the while that I hadde good tho was I beloued and honoured for my richesse: but my two doughteres me glosed tho and now of me thei setten litel price. And sothe [truth] tolde me Cordeil but I wolde nought belyve hit ne vnderstonde: And therefore I lete hire gone fro me as a thing that I sette litel

And of his auntes distresse reports each thing.
Hee from Glamorgan this for truth doth bring,
That who by slaughter seekes a prince to bee,
As traytoure falles beneath his first degree.

price of and now wote I neuer what for to done sith my ij doughteres haue me thus deceyuede that I so moche louede. And nou mote I nedes sechen hire that is in another lande, tha lightely I lete hire gone fro me with oute eny rewarde of yiftes. And sheo said she loued me as moche as she aught hire fadre by al manere resonn: And tho I shulde haue axed of hire no more, and tho that me otherwise behighten thurgh hire fals speche nou haue me deceyued. In this maner Leir longe tyme him began to make his mone and at the laste he shope him to the see and passed ouer into Fraunce and axede and aspiede where the quene myghten bene founde and men tolde where that she was. And whenne he come to the cite that sheo was inne priuiliche he sente his squyer to the quene to telle here that hire fadere was comen to hier for grete nede. And whenne the squyer come to the quene he tolde hire euere dele of hire sustres fro the beginnyng vnto the ende. Cordeil the quene anone nome gold and siluer grete plente and toke hit to the squier in counsell that he shulde gone into a certeyn citee and him arrayen, bathen, and wesshen, and then come ayein to hire and bringe with him an honest companye of knyghtes, fourty atte the leste with hire mayne: and thanne he shulde sende to hire lorde the kyng and sein that he were comen for to speke with his doughter and him for to seen. And whenne the kyng and the quene herde that he come they hym receyued with mochel honour. The kyng of Fraunce tho lete sende thurgh alle his reame and comanded that al men to him shulde ben entendaunt to Lier the quenes fader in al maner of thing as hit were to himselfe. Whenne Lier hadde duelled their a monthe and more he tolde to the kyng and to the quene his doughter hou his tueyn eldest doughtres had him serued. Agampe anone lete ordeyne a grete hooste of Fraunce and sente hit into Brutaine with Leir, the quenes fader, for to conquere his lande ayein and his kyngdome. And Cordeill also come with hire fader into Brutaine for to haue the reame after heir fadres deth. And anone thei wente to shipp and passede the see and come into Brutaigne and foughten with the felons and ham scomfetede and quelde and Leir tho had his lande ayein and after leued iij yere and helde his reame in pees and afterward deid and Cordeil his doughtere him lete entere with mochel honour at Leycetre.—Whenne that kyng Leir was dede Cordeill his yongeste doughter helde and hadde the lande v yere and in the mene tyme deide here lorde Agampe that was kyng of Fraunce and efter his dethe she lefte wedowe. And tho come Morgan and Conadage, that wer Cordiell sistre sones, and to hire had enuye for as moche that hire aunte shuld haue the lande: so that betwene ham they ordeyned a grete pouer and vppon hire werrede gretely, and neuere they reste til that they hadde here taken and putte hire vnto dethe. M. S. Brute.

HOW KING MORGAN

of Albany was slayne at Glamorgan,

in Wales, The yeare before Christ,

766.

1.

I Wot not well what reasons I may vse,
To quit myselfe from lasting infamy:[1]
Wherefore I must perforce myselfe accuse:
I was[2] in fault I cannot it denye.
Remorce of conscience pricks my harte so nye,
And mee torments with panges of pinching payne,
I can no longer mee from speache refrayne

2.

I am that *Morgan* sonne of *Gonerell*
Th'ungratefull daughter of hire father *Leire:*
Which from his Kingdome did him once expell,
As by the *British* storyes may appeare.
Ragan and shee conspirde (both sisters were)
But were subdude agayne and caus'd to yelde
Theyr fathers Crowne: *Cordila* wan the field.

3.

I need not heare the storyes all recite;
It were to long, but yet I briefly shall:
The cause *Cordila* ought her sisters spite
Was, they procur'd her, and their father's thrall.
Yet t'was her chaunce at length t'out liue them all,
Both sisters elder, and her father graue,
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

4.

That time was I of *Albany* the King,
Cal'd *Scotland* now, and eke my cousin then,

[1] Selfe from blame, blame worthy I. ed. 1575. [2] Am. ib.

Of *Cornewall* and of *Wales*, whom I did bring
To warre, against *Cordila* and her men:
Wee sayd wee would our title winne agen,
And that because our fathers[3] had it yore,
Wee ment to get it ours againe therefore.

5.

I must confesse I was the cause of warre,
I was not pleas'd with that was lotted mee:
Euen so our mindes ambitious often are
And blinded, that wee cannot reason see.
Wee thinke no men, but God's on Earth wee bee,
Yet worse are wee then beastes which knowe their kinde:
For wee haue nought but mischiefe oft in mind.

6.

Wee thinke, if so wee may our willes attayne
By right or wrong, by might or malice, wee
Could neuer liue like Fortune for to gayne:
Or if one foes wee once reuenged bee,
If that our enemies[4] fall wee chaunce to see,
O then wee ioy, wee lift our selues to skie,
And on the poore wee *crucifige* crye.

7.

I deem'd if once I might put her adowne,[5]
The Kingdomes all were *Conidag's* and mine:
And I could easly after winne the crowne,
If also I his state might vndermine.
I thought, in deede, to haue it all in fine:
By force or fraude I ment my purpose bring
To passe, I might bee after *Britayne* King.[6]

[3] Mothers. ed. 1575.
[4] Foe mens. N.
[5] I deem'd if that I might once put her downe. N.
[6] By force or fraud I did intend alone,
To sit as King vpon the Britaine throne. N.

8.

To speake in fewe, wee waged warre so long
Gainst her, at last wee put her vnto flight:
Wee warriours[7] for our aunt were far to strong,
Pursude and tooke, depriu'd her of her right.
Wee thought it ours what so wee wanne by might:
Eke so play tyraunts, Traitours all doe watch
To get by spoile and count their owne they catch.

9.

Not so contented were wee with the pray:
But fearing lest shee should recouer ayde,
I sent in hast to prison her away,
And all recourse of messengers denayd.
Thus when shee sawe her Maiesty decayd,
And that her griefes and sorowes daily grew,
In pryson at the length her selfe shee slewe.

10.

O caytife vile, should I constrain'd a Queene,[8]
That Iustice ment, her kingdome to forsake?
Nay traytour I, her cause of death haue bene,[9]
That would my selfe by bloudshed ruler make.
How could reuenge on mee but vengeaunce take?
Before the seat of God her bloud did call
For vengeaunce still, and so procur'd[1] my fall.

11.

Lo here God's iustice see, my treason see:
Behold and see, to raygne was my delight:
And marke, and make a mirrour here of mee,
Which afterward was seru'd by iustice right.
Wee wan the crowne betweene vs both in fight:

[7] Nephewes. ed. 1575.
[8] O caytife vile, that did constraine a Queene. N.
[9] Nay traytour I as nowe by proofe is seene. ed. 1575.
[1] For vengeaunce and at length procurde. ib.

And then because I was the elder sonne
Of th'elder Queene, I claymed all wee wonne.

12.

So were my dealings nought in peace and warre:
But by my force and fortunes v'sd in fight,
I past, that time, the *Britaynes* all by farre:
I was of person, fortitude, and might,
Both comely, tall, strong, seemely eke in sight,
Whereby I wonne mens fauoure, glory, wealth
And, puft with pride, at length forgate my selfe.

13.

I sayd it was my right the crowne to haue,
But *Conidagus* stoutly it deni'd:
Wherefore I went to *Wales*, my ryght to craue,
With all mine army, and to haue it tri'd.
Where long wee fought it stoutly on eche side,
Till at the last, vnto my woefull payne,
I was depriu'd of Kingdome quite, and slayne.

14.

And for to keepe in memory for aye
That there vnfaythfull *Morgan* lost his life,
The place is cal'd *Glamorgan* to this daye.[2]
There was I perst to death with fatall knife:
There was the end of all my hatefull strife.
So *Morgan*, where hee thought to winne the Crowne,
Was at *Glamorgan* traytour striken downe.

15.

Thus mayst thou tell how proude ambition proues,
What hap haue tyraunts, what wee Traytours haue:
What end hee hath that cruell dealing loues,
What subiects get the[3] Diademe doe craue.

[2] Cunedagius "slough Morgan that was rebel ayanst him in Glamorgan in Wales, and by cause of that happe that countree is called Morgan's londe." *Polychronicon.*

[3] That. N.

Tis better, then to winne, thine owne to saue:
For so orethwartly trade of Fortune goes,
When win thou would'st, then art thou sure to lose.[4]

LENUOY.

1.

How restlesse are the peeres aloft would ryse?
How vncontented are theyr hauty myndes?
How quiet is the simple setled wise,
Whom no desire of proud ambition blyndes?
I see no ease the seeke-throne thirsty findes.
Hee seekes all meanes to clime to catch the crowne,
Till for his haste *Ioue* hurle him headlong downe.

2.

The royall borne by birth, the time should stay
Till iust *Iehoua* gaue to him the place:
And not the Lordes anoynted seeke to slay,
But as his Soueraigne serue him well the space.
If hee with bloud his noble birth abace,
I meane if hee by slaughter catch the crowne,
With foote *Iehoua* castes him headlong downe.

[4] The Authour.

With that Morganus quickly past away,
The night me thought likewise was far epast,
Whereby it weried me so long to staye,
But Morpheus bad me bide and see the last,
" (Quoth he) the stories passe awaye as fast,
" As doth the tyme, and sith th'art nigh th'ende:
" Thou nedste not grutche, so short a space to spend."

And turning then him selfe from me asyde,
He calde the next which therwithall in sight
Appear'd, and all his breste with bloud bedide.
What chaunce (quoth I) hath so thy corps bedight,
Thou worthy prince, or what mishaps of fight?
" I will (quoth he) with all my hart vnfolde
" My fatall fall, and therwithall he tolde."

3.

If *Morgan* had not wrought his aunt's distresse
By dint of sword, by sword hee had not fell.
But who so shall by sword a Prince oppresse,
Shall of the sword therefore and slaughter smell.
Lo here the next, that came his tale to tell,
  Was gieuen to vice when once hee ware the crowne,
  Till slouth and sleepy sickenes cast hym downe.

HOW KING IAGO DY-
ed of the Lethargy, about the yeare before Christ, 612.[1]

I.

HAUE I oreslept my selfe, or am I wake?
Or hadst thou late oreslept thy selfe that wrote?
Could'st thou not for the Letharge paynes to take:
And with the rest his sleepy life to note?
Was I amongst the wicked wights forgote?
Well then, awaked sith wee are both twayne,
To write my sleepy sinfull life take payne.

2.

I am that *Iago*, once of *Britayne* King,
That ruled all this noble *Britishe* Ile:
No fame of mee the writers old doe bring,
Because my life and gouernement was vile.
Yet, *Higgins*, heere take paynes for mee a while:
Enregester my mirour to remaine,
That Princes may my vices vile refrayne.

3.

At first, a while, I ruled well the land,
I vsed Iustice, right tooke regall place:
No wight but found iust iudgement at my hand,
And truth durst shew, without rebuke, her face.
I gaue my selfe to all good giftes of grace,
My subiects liu'd in rest within my raygne,
No cause of Prince compeld them to complaine.

[1] This legend is not in the first edition.

4.

But as in calme a storme wee nothing feare,
When as the Seas are milde and smoth as glasse:
And as in peace no thought of warres wee beare,
Which least suppose of mischeeues come to passe:
Euen so my still and rightfull raygning was.
The calme a tempest boads: the shine, a raine:
Long peace, a warre: and pleasure, pinching paine.

5.

For rest and peace and wealth abounding thoe
Made mee forget my Iustice late well vsde;
Forsaking vertues, vices gan to floe,
And former noble acts I quite refusde.
My giftes, my treasures, wealth and will misusde,
Began all goodnes quite at length disdayn,
And did my facts with filthy vices staine.

6.

Misgouern'd both my Kingdome and my life,
I gaue my selfe to ease, to sleepe, and sinne:
And I had clawbackes euen in Court full rife,
Which sought by mine outrages gaines to winne.[2]
For Kinges no sooner well or worse beginne,
But euen at hand the good or bad take payn,
For vertue's sake, or meede, the Prince to trayne.

7.

As vices grew encreasing more and more,
So vertues fled and bade their friends adieu:
Deseases bad likewise, and sicknesse sore
Began to wexe, and griefes about mee grew.
I may fullwell my naughty surfets rue,
Which pesterd so at length my drousy brayne,
I could not scarse from sleeping ought refrayne.

[2] Which sought by outrage golden gaines to winne. N.

8.

A sleepie sickenesse, nam'd the *Lethargye*,
Opprest me sore, and feauers fearce withall:
This was the guerdon of my glottonie,
Iehoua sent my sleepie life this dwall.
So who so sleeping let sleepe Iustice shall,
Although he feele no whit such slumbring payne,
Yet may he write he hath not long to raygne.[3]

9.

Physicions wise may take on them the cure,
But if *Iehoua* smite the Prince for sinne,
As earst of me, then is the helpe vnsure,
That's not the way for health to enter in.
No potions then, nor pouders worth a pin:
But euen as we, they must to die be fayne.
Bid them in time from vices now refrayne.
Who gouerns well, deserues with mighty *Ioue* to raygne.[4]

LENUOY.

1.

Remembring with my selfe this story past,
When I agayne had tooke this worke in hand,
I tooke my pen and wrote the same at last,
Thereby to cause all Princes sloth aband.
When they his fall set downe so vnderstand,
They may beware: a warning this may be,
Against the slothfull sweames of sluggardye.

A sleepie sicknesse, nam'd the Lethargie,
Opprest me sore till death tooke life away:
This was the guerdon of my gluttonie,
As with the candles light the flie doth play,
Though in the ende it worke her liues decay:
So of the gluttons cup so long I drunke,
Till drown'd in it with shamefull death I sunke. N.

[4] This line omitted by Niccols.

2.

The stories tell of *Comodus* the raygne,
A wise and noble Emperour at first:
He diligent to gouerne well tooke payne,
Till at the length him sloth in vice had nurst.
But see at last, see whereunto it burst:
He strangled was by wicked treacherie,
That gaue himselfe to sluggish libertie.

3.

I may no longer on this sleeper byde,
Which for his slouthfull sinne was serued right:
Because himselfe to sluggishnes he plyde,
That plague of sickenesse dead on him did light.
But now beholde, next *Forrex* came to sight,
Which in this sort beganne his life t'unfold:
Eftsoones thus wise, his slaughter there he tolde.

HOW KING FORREX

was slayne by his brother King Porrex, about the yeere before Christ, 491.*

1.

COMPLAYNE I may with tragiques on the stage,[1]
Compeld I am amongst the rest that fell:
I may complayne that felt of warres the wage,

[1] To tell my storie on the tragicke stage. N.

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* In the first edition this legend is in quatrains.
Forrex declares howe hee minding to kill his brother which ruled with him (that he might therby raigne alone) was by him slain. About the yeare before Christe, 491.

PRIDE moues the mindes of stately wightes
Such hauty hartes to haue,
And causeth vs for glory vayne,
That is not ours to craue.

Pryde pluckes out reason forth hir place,
And planted will in stede:
She puffes our mindes with vayne desires,
Our fancies fonde to feede.

Wherby we growe so obstinate,
And so ambitious ill:
That vs at length our branery bids
In all things vse our will.

Ambition thinkes that lawefull is,
Which likes hir fancie best:
And demes she ought to haue hir forth,
And swinge before the rest.

She loues no mates, controlment shee
And warning doth despise:
She demes her selfe in all hir deedes,
And actions, wonders wise.

Vntimely death I drewe, doth mee compell.
If I had not bin crowned king I had bene well:[2]
There had no enuie vndermin'd my state,
Nor fortune foil'd the seate whereon I sate.

[2] I may complaine that felt god Mars his rage,
Alas, that fate to state should be so fell;
Had I been meaner borne I know right well. N.

She hath desire of this and that,
To get by crouche or clawe:
By right or wrong she forceth not,
She vseth will for lawe.

No kinde, or countrey she regardes,
No mother, father shee:
Nor wyfe, or husbande, kithe or kin:
But enuies eche degree.

For if thy hart Ambition haue,
Thy greedy mynde to still:
Thou wilt not sticke thy dearest frende,
Or nerest kin to kill.

But as the prouerbe sayes that Pryde
Must needes at length haue fall:
Though we suppose of strength and powre
We haue the deuill and all.

Euen so I say: Ambition makes
Vs often clime so hie:
At length we fall, we come to nought,
And drownde in darkenes lye.

This may I Forrex well auouche,
By proufe to true I finde:
Wherefore I prave thee with the rest,
Do put my faultes in mynde.

My father olde, hight Gorboduge,
Raignde three score yeares and three:
And at his death gaue all his lande
Twene Porrex proude and mee.

Fiue yeares we helde it so in peace,
In reste we ruled well:
But at the last by pryde and wrath
We foule at discorde fell.

2.

What blisse enioyd I while my father raynd![3]
I had no care, in honour I did liue:
Would God I had in that estate remaynd,

[3] While that my kingly sire, *Gorbodug*, raign'd. N.

We eache encrochte on others partes,
For rule we liu'de at strife:
And eache did seeke occasion aye
To reaue the others life.

I made this counte I elder was,
By birth the realme was myne:
By warre, or wrong, or bloud I ment
To haue it all in fine.

And he although he yonger were,
Esteemde his state so sure
As mine: and thought it his, if hee
My death might once procure.

My mother eke that lou'de me more
Although he yonger was:
By diuers meanes did helpe me still
To bring my feates to passe.

Wherby I thought my selfe so sure
To haue my purpose sped,
As I requirde: if once I might
Get of his crafty head.

See here what faith what frendship is,
What loue what fauour wee
Do shewe to any wight aliue,
If once aloft we bee.

To fathers we are faithlesse ofte:
To brothers, butchers vile:
Of sisters small accounte we make,
And wedded wyues exile.

If any kithe, or kin, we haue,
By whom we vantage may:
We care not by what cruell meanes
Their liues we take away.

But for to get the seate alone,
And for to wynne the crowne:
We care not whom, nor when, nor how:
So we may get them downe.

But what vs fortune wonted is to giue,
Good happe that holds as water in a siue:
  Shee showes a glimpse of thousand ioyes, and moe,
  Which hides in it tenne thousand seas of woe.

3.

That hatefull hellish hagge of vgly hue,
With rustie teeth and meygre corps misshape,
I meane that monster vile, the worst in viewe,
Whome some call *Discorde*, *Enuie*, *Ire*, and *Hate*:
She set my brother first with me at bate:

O brutish beasts! nay worse then those,
  For they are still content
With that they haue, what euer them
  Hath God or Nature sent.

But we do gape, and gaze for glore:
  We prowle, and powle, and pill,
And sweare, and stare, and striue, and fight,
  And one another kill.

And all for pompe, and glorie great,
  For name, renowne, estate:
Not caring of the commons crye,
  Or God's eternall hate.

If I had had the giftes of grace,
  I neuer would haue sought
By any meanes such worldly trashe,
  With brother's bloud to bought.

But as I ment euen so I sped,
  So bloudy butchers thye:
When moste I deemde my purpose sure,
  He was to good for me.

For as I thought his bloud to shed,
  I compast was about,
So that for thousand kingdomes, I
  Could not with life scape out.

He pearst my hart, what skilles it sith,
  My minde was euen as bad:
For why what measure I him mente,
  My selfe like measure had.

And so all such, as murder meane,
  Intende, or treason vse,
Shall at the length, like ende attayne,
  Or worse they cannot chuse.

When we fiue yeeres had raygned ioyntly well,
By her intisements, foule at strife we fell.

4.

We liu'd that space well in this noble Ile,
Deuyded well wee ioyntly did inioye
The princely seate, while Fortune fayre did smile,
Without disdayne, hate, discorde or anoye:
Euen as our father raignd, the noble *Roy*,
In wealth, peace, prayse, purporte, renowne and fame,
Without the blots of euerlasting blame.

5.

But when ambition bleared both our eyes,
And hasty hate had brother-hoode bereft:
Wee frendship fayre and concorde did dispise,
And far a part from vs wee wisedome left:
Forsooke each other at the greatest heft.
To rule the kingdome both wee left, and fell
To warring, iarring like two hounds of hell.

6.

For bounds we banded first on either syde,
And did incroach each one on others right.
T'inlarge the limetes of our kingdome wide,
We would not sticke full oft to fray and fight.[4]
The wretched ground had so bewicht our sight.
For why, the earth that once shall eate vs all,
Is th'only cause of many Princes fall.

7.

On th'earth wee greeue the grounde for filthy gayne,
On th'earth wee close the earth t'inlarge our land:
In th'earth wee moyle with honger, care, and payne,
Wee cut, wee dig thence Siluer, Gold, and Sand:
The bowels of the earth wee moyle with might of hand,

[4] Not sticke oft times in field to fight. N.

With Steele and Iron tearing vnder ground,
And rigging all the earth to make our ioyes abound.[5]

8.

For th'earth forget wee God, (vnfaythfull fooles)
For grounde forsake wee fayth and all our frends:
For th'earth wee set our selues to subtile schooles,
Of grounde lyke swine wee seeke the farthest ends:
Wee spoyle the grounde that all our liuing lends:
Of grounde to winne a plat a while to dwell
Wee venter liues, and send our soules to hell.

9.

If wee consider could the substance[6] of a man,
How hee composed is of Elements[7] by kinde,
Of earth, of water, ayre, and fire, than
Wee would full often call vnto our minde,
That all our earthly ioyes wee leaue behinde:
And when wee passe to th'earth wee turne to rot:
Our pompe, our pride, and glory is forgot.

10.

The fire first receaues his heate againe,
The ayre the breath bereaues away by right:
The watry and the earthly parts remaine,
Of elements composed scarce so light:
And in the ground a place is for them dight.
The moistures dry, the bones consume to dust,
The wormes with fleshe suffice their greedy lust.

11.

But wee forget our composition olde,
Both whence wee came, and whereunto wee shall:
Wee scarce remember wee bee made of mould,

[5] Into her bowels by the force of hand,
With steele and iron we do dig profound,
Working her woe to make our ioyes abound. N.

[6] If we behold the substance. N.

[7] How he is made of elements. N.

And how the earth agayn consumeth all.
This great forgetfulnesse breedes Princes thrall.
While present ioyes wee gaze vppon, meane while
A fadeing blisse doth all our wits beguile.

12.

All this I speake to th'end it may aduise
All Princes great, and noble peeres that ar,
To learne by mee the rather to bee wise,
And to abandon hate and malice far:
To banishe all ambitious bloudy warre:
To liue content in peace, with their estate:
For mischiefe flowes from discord and debate.

13.

And now Ile tell what discord vile hath done
To mee King *Forrex*. Thus the case it stood.
I thought in deede to haue some castels wonne
And holds, which were my brother's, strong and good.
So might I intercept his vitayles, forrage, food,
Abate his pride, obtaine the Kingdome all:
Mee thought the halfe a portion was to small.

14.

Ther's no man takes an enterprise in hand,
But hee perswades him selfe it is not ill:
Hee hath of reasons eke in steede to stand,
As hee supposeth framed wise by skill.
So I was led by reason rude, to kill
My brother, if I caught him at the nicke,
Because the quarell first hee gan to picke.

15.

And for because I was the elder Prince,
The elder sonne, and heyre vnto the crowne:
Me thought no lawe, nor reason could conuince

Mee from the fact, though I did beate him downe.
This was my way to winne and reape renowne.
I did prouide an army strong, encampte a fielde,[8]
Not far from where I hoapte to cause him yeelde.

16.

And sundry sharpe assautes on each wee gaue,
On purpose both enflamed for to fight:
Wee had in parle receaued counsayle[9] graue
Of wise and worthy men, perswading right:
'It pitie was (they sayd) so fowle a sight,
That brethren twayne, both Princes of a land,
Should take at home such woefull warres in hand.'

17.

But where ambition dwelles is no remorce,
No countrey's loue, no kinred holden kinde,
No feare of God, no sentence wise of force
To turne the harte, or mollify the minde:
Good words are counted wasting of your wynde.
The gayne proposde, the crowne and scepter hye,
Are th'only thinges whereat men gaze and prye.

18.

At length my brother for to ende the strife,
Thought best to worke the surest way to winne:
He founde the meanes to take away my life,
Before which time the warres could neuer linne.
How much might better both contented binne!
For hope is sloape,[1] and hold is hard to snatche,
Where bloud embrues the hands that come to catch.

[8] Armie strong for field. N.
[9] Heard the counsell. N.
[1] Hope will slip. N.

19.

Thus our ambition brewde[8] our subiecs smart:
Our broyles pourde out their guiltlesse bloud on ground:
Which vile deuise of mine ambitious heart
Procured Ioue my purpose to confound.
Therefore beware yee wights whose wealths abound,
Content your selues in peace to spend your dayes,
By vertues good aloft in earth your names to rayse:
So shall you liue in Heauen with mighty loue alwayes[9].

LENUOY.

1.

What cruell heartes had both these Princes then,
To raigne alone, which sought their brother's life:
These tyrants were no perfect noble men,
But buchers rather raignyng all by knife:
A woefull thing to heare such brother strife,
Where loue aye lasting loyall should endure,
That crowne or kingdome bloudshed should procure.

2.

And here you one thing chiefely haue to note,
That his pretence was punisht as the fact:
For hee no bloudshed wrought (as well you wote)
But purposde was to worke a bloudy act,
And that both time and place therefore hee lact:

[8] Bred. N.
[9] The concluding Alexandrine omitted by Niccolls.

THE AUTHOUR.

When as king Forrex thus had tolde his tale,
Me thought he stayde no whit but went his way.
Then came a mangled corps as full of bale,
And or he nerer came made half a stay.
(Quoth Morpheus) come, for shame thou nedste not stay,
As bad as thou haue tolde their tales before,
And so must thou and diuers other more.

Let such then know, as haue such thoughts in vre,
No murder stable Kingdome can procure.

3.

For if *Iehoua* did his purpose dint,
How much will hee the factours punish more:
Let noble men from such endeuours stint,
And loue embrace where hatred was before:
Iehouae's ioyfull impes embrace this lore:
For *Porrex* here can tell, they may bee sure,
No murder stable kingdome can procure.

HOW KING PORREX[1]

which slewe his brother was slayne by his owne mother and hir maydens,

about the yeare before Christ,

491.

I.

CAN cursed *Cayne* that captiue scuse him selfe,
That slew his brother *Abel* innocent:

[1] The life of Porrex was also re-written. It is thus in the first edition.

Porrex recites howe for the slaughter of his brother, he was slaine by his owne mother and hir maydens, as he laye sleeping. About the yeare before Christ, 491.

FROM darkesome dennes, where cruel Cayne, — Genes. 4.
And other like do lye:
Whose bloudie blades were bathde in bloud,
Poore caytiue thence come I.

Where Typhon is, his brother slewe, — Annius.
Osiris in despite:
And where their sister Isis is,
Did him againe requite.

Where Dardanus to rule alone — Virgil.
His brother made away: — in culi.
Etheocles, Polinices,
At once did others sley.

Where Helenus king Priam's son — Seruius. 3.
His brother Theon kilde. — Aeneid.
Medea eke in bloudy wyse, — Ouid in
Hir brother's bloud that spilde. — Ibin.

Where Tydeus is in hunting shote — Statius.
His brother through the side:
Polytes eke his brother's harte
With sworde that opened wyde.

And where as that Cambyses is, — Herodotus.
His sister once that slewe:
And Polipontes king that made, — Gel. li. 4.
His brother treason rewe. — cap. 3.

Or *Typhon* tell a reason for himselfe,
Why hee *Osiris* downe[2] to *Lymbo* pent?
King *Dardan* then may doe the lyke perdy,[3]
They slewe their brethren each, and so did I.

[2] Or Typhon who for state and worldly pelfe,
His deare Osiris. N.
[3] Then to do the like may trie. N.

And cruell where Odores is,
Which mercy did deny
To Mithridate his brother deare,
That did for pardon crie.

Herodotus.

Eke where Learchus is, that did
His brother sicke destroy:
With poyson deadly hoping so,
To make him selfe a Roy.

Ouid in Ibin.

And where that wretche Mamertes lies,
His brothers sonnes that spilte:
And Sisapho tormenting him,
For such an heynous gilte.

Plutarch. Laert. Volater.

Where Rhesus and Caduidus are,
With shaftes their brethren slewe:
And Philadelphus Ptolomæ
His brother's death did brewe.

Volater.

Where Philopater Ptolomæ
His father made away:
And after that his brother with
His dearest frendes did slay.

Plato. 10. de rep.

And where Ardieus, tyraunt vile,
His aged father stroyde,
And after that his elder brother,
Kingdomes to enioyde.

Cælius.

Where Mithridates, beastly king,
Of Pontus feeles anoye:
Which mother his, and brother eke,
Sixe children did destroye.

Volater.

Where is Antiochus the great,
His brother brought to graue:
That he might onely raigne alone,
And all the kingdome haue.

2.

The wicked witch *Medea* rent in peeces smalle
Absirtus limmes her brother, did not shee?
Shee threw him in the way dismembred all,
That so hir father's iourney stayde might bee:

Where Romulus, that Remus slew, — Liuius.
Of Romaines, first had fall: — Lucan.
Though louing brother first he were, — Ouid.
Presumde to scale the wall.

And where Mempricius lewde doth lye, — Flores
A Britayne Prince that slue, — Histor.
His brother Manlius fearing lest
He were to him vntrue.

Where Iurgurth eke that basterde is, — Salust.
His brethren brought to graue:
That after them Numidia
He might for kingdome haue.

And where a thousande are beside,
Which were to long to tell,
Their parentes deare and brethren slue,
And now in darkenes dwell.

From thence I came a Britayne yore,
Namde Porrex once a king:
Againe to shewe what vices mee
To sodaine death did bring.

Now list a while and then do write,
What I thee tell, that others may
Themselues in such attempts as these,
From bloudy acts, as brethren stay.

My brother Forrex fiue yeares space,
And I this kingdome helde:
Betweene vs both the common weale,
We scace did wisely welde.

At length we fondly fell at strife,
So Princes bide no mate,
Nor make, nor partners, with to raigne
But beare their equals hate.

The heire because I yongest was,
Thought his by right the crowne:
But I esteemde the halfe was mine,
And all if he were downe.

Orodes eke did sley his brother[4] *Mithridate:*
And so did I my brother [*Forrex*] in debate.

[4] Orodes slew his brother: N.

Whereby, O brothell, butcher eke,
  Not brother I did slay:
My brother for to haue it all,
  And get his right away.

Such are the acts of heedelesse youthes,
  Such are their studies still:
Which care not what offence they make,
  So they their fancies fill.

But as it is vniustice, and
  An haynous acte to vse:
Such murder, slaughter, parricide
  And iustice all refuse.

So Ioue the iust at length requites
  Our deedes: and makes vs rewe
We euer were, to God, or man
  Or nature's hestes vntrue.

For when I deemde the crowne was mine,
  Which had my brother slayne,
O griefe to tell, my mother, and
  Hir maydens wrought my payne.

Both for my fault, and for she lou'de
  My brother Forrex still:
With all hir maydes she came by night,
  My sleeping corps to kill.

And I that slombring sleeping lay,
  Though many dreames fortolde
My haplesse fall, could neuer wake,
  The meaning to vnfolde.

But last supposing with my selfe,
  I cruell Tigres sawe,
With rauening fearcenes rent their yong,
  Against dame Nature's lawe.

She came on me to fill my dreame,
  Before my eyes could wake,
And with a dagger reft my life,
  For Forrex slaughter's sake.

3.

Learchus slewe his brother for the Crowne,
So dyd *Cambyses* fearing much the dreame:
Antiochus [the great] of infamous renowne
His brother slewe, to rule alone the realme:
Ardieus dyd the lyke for kingdome's sake,
So dyd my selfe like wise away my brother take. [5]

[5] So I my brother's life away did take. N.

Much like Agaue and his mates,
Shee and hir maydens got
Them tooles therefore, and hewde my corse,
As small as fleshe to pot.

Or Progne Queene hir children slue,
and hewde their membres small:
In wrathfull ire made Tereus feede,
and fil himselfe withall.

Or like Medea monster Queene,
hir Iason's sonnes that kilde:
Because she was forsaken when
his purpose was fulfilde.

Like these was shee, nay worse, for why,
This ended Brutus lyne:
Brought me to ende and hir to shame,
though first the fault were mine.

Bid those beware that weene to winne,
by bloudy acts the crowne:
Lest from the height they feele the fall
of topsy turuye downe.

For if when they suppose themselues
aloft to touch the skie,
There chaunce a storme, there is no holde
to staye themselues so hie.

But faster farre, more swiftly they,
and with more swinge descende,
Then euer erst they could with all
there force to clime contende:
Do bid them then in all their deedes
marke well the finall ende.

Virgil in Culice.

Ouid. 6. Metamor.

Virgil. 8. Aegl.

4.

Mempricius lewde of lyfe likewise did kill
His brother *Manlius*, for the same intent:
These Princes vile were brother sleyers ill,
For kingdomes sake vnnaturally bent:
But reade the storyes, thou shalt finde it playne,
The bloudy wretches all were after slayne.

5.

Euen so I *Porrex* eke, which slewe my brother,
And ruled once the *Britayne* land with him,
Vnkindly kilde was by my cruell mother,
Which with hir maydens chopt mee euery limme:
As I lay sleeping on my bed at rest,
Into my chamber full and whole they prest.

6.

Apoynted well they were with weapons sharpe,
And boldly layde on me with all their might:
Oft quite and cleane they thrust me through the heart,
And on my corps each where theyr weapons light:
They chopt me small (I say) as flesh to pot,
And threwe mee out my limes yet trembling hot.

7.

Can I complayne of this reuenge shee raught,
Sith I procurde hir wrath by slaughter[6] of hir sonne?
Can I excuse my selfe deuoyde of faut,
Which my deare Prince and brother had fordonne?
No; 'tis to true that, who so slayes a King,
Incurrs reproch, and slaughter bloud doth bring.

8.

The traytours to their Prince haue alwayes binne
As sleyers of their parents, viper's broode:
The killers of their brothers, frends, and kinne,
In like degree well nigh of treason stoode:

[6] Procur'd the slaughter. N.

But what by this winne they, saue death, defame,
Distayne theyr bloud, and shroude themselues with shame.

9.

Example take you Princes of the [7] land,
Beware of discord, shun ambitious pride:
By right take yee the scepter in your hand,
Let not your sword with soueraignes bloud be dide:
The mighty Ioue, that raignes eternall ay,
Cuts of the Kings that enter in that waye.

10.

Vsurpers may perswade themselues a while
There is no God, no lawes of sacred crowne,
No wrong they doe, no murther seemeth vile,
Nor no respect of princely high renowne:
But if they could consider well the case,
They nild exalt themselues to Princes place.[8]

11.

They would example take by *Lucifer*
That was cast downe, the father first of pride:
And al his impes how high so ere they were,
Vsurping Realmes and Kingdomes farre and wide:
From light to darke, from throne to thrall they fell,
From hap to hate, from life to death, from heauen to hell.[9]

12.

Sufficient here is sayd to warne the wise,
For he by prudence oft forecasts the doubt:
The foole is bent all warnings to despise,
He runneth headlong with the rascall rout:

[7] This. N.
[8] They would not so aspire to Princes place. N.
[9] From bale to blisse and downe from heauen to hell. N.

Then if thou cast to liue at rest a subiect good,
Touch not the Prince's fame, crowne,[1] scepter, nor his blood.[2]

LENUOY.

1.

It lothed me a L'enuoy here to write
Of such a cruell, proude, ambitious beast;
But yet sith now his faultes he doth recite,
And warnes for murther's venge aliue the rest,
Which had therefore againe his death addrest,
I will (though he deseru'd no tale to tell)
Set downe his fall for sample seruing well.[3]

2.

The good deserue to haue their praises wrote,
To spread their fames, t'incourage those aliue:

[1] Touch not the Prince, crowne, scepter, &c. N.

[2] The Authour.

Next after Porrex came an other such,
Had all his body quite in peeces rent:
A desperate man, his life bewayling much:
Which for he seemed sorely to lament,
I was the rather him to heare content:
That I might also note his story here,
From like attempts of vices you to feare.

[Here follows the tragedy of Kimarus, as at p. 208.]

[3] The author has followed the authority of the Polichronicon in making Porrex the survivor. In the chronicle by Harding and other authorities their destiny is reversed; though generally it is stated, that the conqueror obtained the kingdom through the powerful aid of the king of France. Upon the story of these brothers was founded the tragedy of Gorboduc, produced by Norton and Sackvile in 1561, which was one of the earliest legitimate productions of the English drama. The murderous events of their history seem not to have been considered sufficient to maintain the interest of the play, and the traditionary tale was deviated from by making the old king Gorboduc survive his sons, and to fall a sacrifice with the queen, to the rage of the multitude. But this accumulation of horror was in taste with the times, and Sir P. Sidney describes the piece as "full of morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the very end of poetry."

Of wicked Princes wee the falls doe note,
A *Caueat* for kingdomes where they striue :
To show that who so slaughters doth contriue,
(Though hee deserue agayne no tale to tell)
His tragique fall may serue ensample well.

3.

These brethren quellers *Brutus* bloud bereft,
Which were last Kings that fate of all his line :
Six hundreth yeares and sixteene, or they lefte,
They raygnde, and thus they spoilde themselues in fine.
The ciuill warres insued hereof long time.
About the crowne I list not here define.
But of intruders three [4] that after fell,
As came to fight in order next I tell.

[4] The three formed part of a pentarchy, whereon the chronicles are uniform as to the obscurity.

HOW KING PINNAR

was slain in battayle by Mulmucius

Donwallo, about the yeare before Christ, 441.[1]

1.

MIGHT often times ouer runnes right[2] to fast,
Right commeth after[3] and hopes to haue his owne:
And when [agayne] hee ouertakes might at the last,
Then is the truth of all the quarell knowne.
Men neuer reape no other then was sowne:
If good were the gayne,[4] the better commes the crop:
On vine growes the grape, and not the biter hop.[5]

2.[6]

Of this that I haue sayd I would this inferre:
A man by might a while may perforce withholde
A kingdome not his owne: but hee farre better were
To yeeld vnto the right, and then hee may bee bolde.
Good metall bides the touch that trieth out the gold:
When copper playne appeares, the counterfaite in cast
Is counted but as drosse, and called in at last.

3.[7]

I am that *Pinnar* once a *Britayne* King,
No pinner by my science for to make pinnes:

[1] Not in the first edition. [2] Right ouerrunnes. N.
[3] After comes N. [4] If good be gaine. N.
[5] The grape growes on the vine and not the hop. N.
[6] Of this now spoken, this would I inferre,
Men may by might a kingdome long withhold
Not due to them: but they far better were
To yeeld vnto the right, what reason would.
Good mettals bides the touch, which tries the gold,
When copper counted counterfeit in cast,
Is deem'd but drosse and called in at last. N.
[7] I am that Pinnar, who when Brutus blood
Extincted was in bloodie Porrex raigne,

And yet I could well cast of thousands in a ring,
To catch the common wealth I made many ginnes.
Let him that learnes my science, tell mee what he winnes.
For tirrany, and robery, conspiracy, and wrong,
Prognosticats of rebells raigne, they cannot prosper long.

4.[8]

When I to mee had gote a rascall rable rude
Of roisters, ruffians, ronagats, and knaues,
I did my selfe at last into the throne intrude,
And was susteynd therein by billes, swords, and staues:
I made of them officers that were before but slaues:
Oppressing of the good and polleing of them still,
For to inriche the bad and mayntayne all their ill.

5.[9]

Duke *Cloten* of *Cornwall* was heire to the crowne.
But I, with other rebells, kept him from his right.
Though wee were conspiratours voide of all renowne,
Yet did wee raigne, and keepe him out by might.
But when his sonne *Donwallo* came for to fight,
Mulmucius, that was in armes a worthy man,
With me and them to try the quarell hee began.

Amongst the Princes in contention stood,
Who in the Britaine throne by right should raigne:
Mongst whom by might a part I did obtaine,
That part of Albion call'd Logria hight,
I did long time vsurpe against all right. N.

[8] Stater who stept into the Scottish throne,
And Rudacke, that vsurpt the Cambrian crowne,
Their minds to mine did frame and ioyn'd in one,
To keepe the Cornish Prince stout Cloten downe,
Twixt whom and vs in fighting, for renowne
Faire Ladie Albion Europes wondred Ile,
Rob'd of her beautie was, alas the while. N.

[9] Duke Cloten, though a man of worthie praise,
Who claim'd the crowne as due to him by right:
Could not preuaile till death did end his daies,
His sonne Mulmucius that vndaunted Knight
Pursu'd his fathers claime with all his might,
And meeting vs in many a bloodie field,
At length in manly fight did make vs yeeld. N.

6.[10]

Hee brought of *Cornishmen* a royall army good,
With other subiects late by me before opprest:
And made mee pay the price of pillage with my bloud,
As traitour slayn in field, example for the rest.
Euen so who euer shall from Prince the scepter wrest,
Vsurpe from him the crowne, or scale the throne of state,
Shall shortely feele the rod of God's immortall hate.

LENUOYE.

1.

Thus though vnorderly his tale hee tell,
As was his raygne, yet orderly it standes:
Euen such decorum deckes the person well,
Who in his life decorum due abandes.
No fyner fyled phrase could scape my handes,
When I began for him to pen the same:
Let *Pinnar* then receiue thereof the blame.

2.

And now you must suppose did next appeare
Another Prince, in warlike armour clad,
With bleeding woundes, as if newe slaine hee were:
Reciting first the hauty haps hee had,
And then his fall in fight, his Fortune bad.
If hee vnstatelike stammer out the same,
With staylesse staggering footed verse, by ame,
Let hardly him receiue thereof the blame:
Or geue the faute to th' countrey whence hee came.

[10] He Lion-like himselfe with his all troope
Of nimble Cornish met vs on the way,
And to his conquering arme did cause vs stoope,
The price of treason I with blood did pay,
My wrong deem'd right appear'd in my decay.
Who so by violence scales the throne of State,
Seldome sits sure, but falles by violent fate. N.

HOW KING STATER OF *Scotland was slayne by Mulmucius Donwallo*, about the yeare before Christ, 441.[1]

1.

STINT not in stories truely for to tell[2]
The fall of vsurpers, the presidents[3] of pryde.
Recite of our treasons, and how that wee fell,
Intruders vntrusty the Realme for to guide:
Of wit and of reason recklesse and wide,
That tooke so vppon vs to rule all the land,
No Princes presumde yet with scepter in hand.

2.

How stately I *Stater*, of *Scotland* the King,
Did beare mee full stoutely when I had the crowne:
And what a great army of *Scots* I did bring,
Against Lord *Donwallo*, of noble renowne.
A deemed dame Fortune would neuer so frowne,
Who made me a Prince, that Kingdome my pray,
Of late but a subiect and simple of sway.

3.

But here now behold how steady the state
Of climbers aloft is aboue their degree,
And how they doe fall from fortune to fate,
Example are such as my fellow and me.
The fruite giues a taste of the sappe of the tree,
The seede of the herbe, the grape of the vine:
The worke wrayes the man, seeme he neuer so fine.

[1] Not in the first edition: It is scarcely necessary to notice to the reader the change to the anapæstic metre in this short life, which the author has just called "staylesse staggering footed verse."

[2] Desist not in histories truly to tell. N.

[3] Mirrours. N.

4.

For when I had leuyed an armie to fight,
I ioyned with *Pinnar*, my power to preuayle:
And *Rudacke* of *Wales* came eke with his might,
Mulmucius Donwallo the King to assayle.
Our purpose the Prince by prowes did quaile,
Which came out of *Cornwall*, vs vanquisht in fielde,
Our souldiers slayne, skard, taken, forced to yeelde.[4]

5.

O fortune I blame thee, my selfe more vnwise:
Thou gau'st me a kingdome, and with life I it lost.
My souldiers were slayne fast before[5] mine owne eyes,
Or forced to flie, yeelde, and smell of the rost.[6]
I neede not of honour or dignitie boast,
Or tell of my triumphes, or crake of my crowne:
The vaunt of vsurpers is voyde of renowne.

LENUOY.

1.

A worlde it is to see the meaner sort
Enhaunce themselues aboue their due degree:
To sit aloft they deeme a noble sport,
From whence they may the worlde and people see.
But so they speede as their deseruings bee.
Still triall telles, Iehoua tumbles downe
Such subiectes false as dare assume the crowne.

2.

For if these Pagans proud so plagued were,
Which tooke on them ambitiously the sway,
Wil not th'almightie's Iustice soone appeare,

[4] Our souldiers were slaughter'd, or forced to yeeld. N.
[5] Were killed before. N.
[6] Or forced to yeeld & abandon the coast. N.

When Christian men their Christian Kinges betray?
Yes: he (by whome all Princes raigne for aye)
  Such subjectes smites, as dare assume the crowne,
  And from the throne intruders tumbles downe.

3.

But now beholde and marke this story well,
Which next in order seemes his tale to frame,
With bleeding woundes in fielde likewise that fell,
For so me thought in warlike sort he came,
The last of these that *Rudacke* had to name,
  Declaring how *Bellona* strooke him downe,
  Because he had vniustly caught the crowne.

HOWE KING RV-

dacke of Wales was slayn by Mul-

mucius Donwallo about the yeere before Christ 441.[1]

1.

RUDE are the reuelles royaltie that rape,
Restlesse the raygnes of rebels in the robe,
Reckles the rage where cruelty doth scrape,
Roundnesse regarded[2] but little of the globe,
No man ambitious prudent with the probe,
Crownerape accounted but cunning and skill,
Bloudshead a blockehouse to beate away ill.

2.

The rudenesse of rebels reaching the crowne,
May be compared to *Bladhud's* deuise:[3]
[But] better sit still than fall so farre downe,[4]
If Lordes coulde by others hurt learne to be wise.[5]
My selfe of [high] climbing haue payde well the price,
That rudely in throne myselfe did install
Aloft, not regarding how low I might fall.

3.

When *Britayne* was restlesse, wanting a Kyng,
(For *Forrex* and *Porrex* the Princes were slayne)[6]
The land many peeres ambitious did wring,
Endeuouring each the kingdome to gayne.
The heires good apparent forsake it were fayne,
The subiects were armed, wee nobles did striue,
At length we amongst vs deuision contriue.

[1] Not in the first edition. [2] Esteem'd. N.
[3] Bladhud's fond deuice. N. [4] Adowne N.
[5] By my mishaps let other men be wise. N.
[6] (For Forrex hight and Porrex both were slayne. N.)

4.

Then recklesse wee were when all was at rest,
And each had a kingdome aloted his part:
The vice of the subjects dayly increast,
And justice and right were layd quite apart.
The lawes ouerlashed by couine and craft,
And wee that did gouerne did winke at this geare:
The worser, perdy, our faythed frends were.[7]

5.

The ball that dame Fortune emparteth of blisse
Is golden to gaze on, but voluble round:
If once of your handfast in holding you misse,
Away then it roleth, and you are on grounde.
Of watchers thereon so many abounde,
And catchers thereat, with snatching therefore,
That if once you leese it, you catch it no more.

6.

A Chirurgian that taketh a wounde for to cure,
If skilfull and carefully hee sercheth it furst:
The sea man doth sounde to take the deepth sure,
Ay wisedome well taught for feare of the worst.
But our vile ambition, blinde, blockish, accurst,
Not prouing the sore, nor reckoning the sounde,
Our shippes and our science we sinke and confounde.

7.

Ambition out sercheth to glory the greece,
The staire to estate, the graple of grace:
But in her is hidde of perill a peece,
Which all our attempts doth dimme and deface.
Perdy shee gets vs vaine ioyes[8] but a space,
Short, britle as glasse: false fayre giueing light:
Not golden, though glittering braue in the sight.

[7] The worser thereby our faithfull friends were. N.
[8] We do enioy her vaine ioyes. N.

8.

For when see hath brought vs vnto the throne,
And Fortune hath fraught vs with honour at fill:
Then there to sit stedy and rule all alone
Wee racke our deuices, and scud with our scill.
Wee cutt off occursions, wee prole, pole, and pill:
Wee bolster, wee band out, to brybe, banish, sley,
The pillers of prudence that prop[9] in our wey.

9.

Our race is then restles, our sleeping vnsounde:
Our wakeing is warfare, our walkeing hath woe:
Our talkeing is trustless, our cares doe abound:
Our fauners deemde faythfull, and frendshippe a foe,
Which troubles our fancies so tosse to and froe.
That scarcely wee neuer inioy any rest
Tormented, whome Fortune exalted and blest.

10.

This thing can I witnesse what troubles ensue,
What cares doe vs compass enhaunced aloft:
I therefore wish rebells to take better vewe
Of the falles of intruders, recorded so oft.
Who climeth so highe his fall is not soft.
If once hee doe stagger or falter aside,
Hee cannot recouer the rest for to guide.

11.

When I with my felowes (our selues which thought sure)[1]
Here ruled the realme, there fell out a flawe:
Donwallo did seeke the Crowne to procure,
Alleadging a title thereto by the lawe.
He when him resisting in armes bright vs sawe,[2]
Came strayght with an hoaste prepared to fight,
With sworde for to trye out whose title was right.

[9] Stand. N.
[1] When I who with others did thinke myselfe sure. N.
[2] Who, when to field our power we did draw. N.

12.

Our numbre was great, our title vniust:
Our consciences guilty, our souldiers agast:
Our enmy with honour[3] had souldiers of trust:
And Fortune was frendly to them as they past.
They slewe of our men by manhoode full fast,
Or forst them to flye: In the feelde wee were fayne
To resist[4] them (poore Prynces) and so wee were slayne.

13.

First *Pinnar*, then *Stater*, I *Rudacke* likewise
At last was with number oppressed dispatcht,
Let Lordings beware how aloft they doe rise,
[For] by Princes and commons theyr climing is watcht.
No sooner they haue at the scepter once snatcht,
But guilty themselues they deeme worthy to die,
And God's iustice such sentence [t'accomplish] doth hie.

LENUOY.

1.

You see the end of rebelles here descride,
Entruders see whereto they haue to truste:
Their seat vnsure and slippery downe doth slide,
Their names are eaten out with cankerd ruste.
Theyr honours soone lay toumbling in the duste.
Wherefore I count them triple thrise and foure times blest,
Which prudently to serue their God and Prince are prest.

2.

Sith stories all doe tell in euery age
How these crowne croachers come to shamefull ends,
And how they shortely winne the woefull wage,
Which for vniustice *Ioua* iustely sends:

[3] Donwallo with honour. N. [4] Oppose. N.

Let hauty headstrong heede what hee pretends,
  Sith hee aliue, in death, and after's only blest,
  Which prudently to serue his God and Prince is prest.

3.

But now behold, from *Delphos* next in place
A noble valiaunt *Britayne* there I vewde,
Of stature tall, well sett, of comely grace,
With body broysde, and armoure all embrewde.
His wounded breast my woefull hart berewde:
  Whose life and death may proue contented wights are blest,
  Which prudently to serue their God and Prince are prest.

HOW THE NOBLE *King* Brennus, *after many triumphant* victories, at the seege of Delphos in *Greece slew him selfe, about the yeare before Christ,* 375.[1]

1.

AMONGSTE the noble martiall worthy men,
Renowned farre, victorious great of fame,
Though Autors sound my praise eftsoones agen
Emongst the *Britayne* Princes write the same:
I am that *Britayne* once that *Brennus* had to name,
My facts, exployts in warre, my conquests life and end,
Doe write as I recite, when time doth leasure lend.

2.

The mighty Monarche of this noble Ile
Mulmucius (conquerde tyranne Princes three
They by intrusion rayning here long while)[2]
Was father both to *Belinus* and mee.
His noble acts and lawes commended bee.
This *Belinus* (mine elder brother) was his heire,
And Queene *Cornwenna* was our mother wise and fayre.

3.

When after him my brother had the crowne,
Hee was content to make mee eke a king:
Hee gaue mee *Albany*, where with renowne
I rulde a while by Iustice euery thing:
But at the last ambition made me bring
An army thence, agaynst my brother for to fight,
Which rather ought t'aue honorde him with homage right.

[1] Not inserted in the first edition.

[2] Mulmucius who with conquering blade did free
The Britans troubled state from tyrants vile. N.

4.

When *Belinus* perceiued mee approach
Vnto his Realme, an army hee addrest:
He warned me I should not seek t'incroatch
That was not mine, for hee was ready prest
Mee to repell: hee wilde mee bee at rest,
I marched one, the armies met, wee fearcely fought,
My souldiers slayne, to saue my selfe by flight I sought.

5.

To *Norwaye* then I fledde for succour hence,
Where good *Elsingus* reignde the gentle King:
I tolde him what I was, and eke of whence,
Desirde his ayde, me home agayne to bring,
And he not only graunted me this thing,
But eke his daughter *Samye* fayre to be my wife,
With me to passe in *Albany* for aye a Princely life.[3]

6.

But while we were prouiding ships and men,
The fame abroad of my returne was spread,
And *Guthlake* that was King of *Denmarke* then,
Prouided with a nauie mee forlead:
The loue of *Samye* so enragde his riuall head,[4]
That for her sake he must perforce my ships [and me] forlay,
To win by fight or take by might the[5] Lady faire away.

7.

And when our nauies mette, he wilde me yeelde
This Lady straight, or else defend the cause:
A thing (quoth I) requested erst but seelde,
Against of Gods and men the sacred lawes:
It hath not erst bene harde amongst the wise men's sawes,[6]

[3] With me in Albany to leade a princely life. N.
[4] His eie on Samye's beautie had so fed. N.
[5] By force of armes to beare the. N.
[6] Erst bene heard mongst wise men sawes. N.

That any King should clayme the like with sword of stormie strife,
Or make assaulte in warlike sorte to winne a Prince's wife.[7]

8.

From wordes to fight we fell on eyther side,
But in the ende I was discomfit there,
And yeelded[8] her that listed scarce abide,
For she to him before did fauour beare:
By tempest then our nauies seuered were,
And he perforce by storme on shores of *Britayne* cast,
Was fayne for tribute hostage giue to *Beline* or he past.[9]

9.

At Seas turmoylde fiue dayes with raging winde,
Sore wearied with the fight, the foyle and losse,
And casting with my selfe in woefull minde,
The cause why so God *Neptune* did me tosse,
Why boyling Seas with surges so me sosse,[1]
I made a vowe to kill the man that causde me flye,
Or with my bloud the kingdome all from him to buy.

10.

The Seas alayde, at last my ships I found
And rigde againe, at seas met of our foes[2]
Some[3] wandring *Danes*, where we beset them round
In warlike sorte, we did them all inclose:
Euen so the wheele of Lady Fortune goes,
Abiects, castes downe, turnes topsie toruie quight,
The men of late extold with all her mayne and might.

11.

These ships my wants in some respect supplyde
With tacle, armour, vitayles and the rest

[7] ——————————the like by strife,
Or make assault by wrong to winne a Prince's wife. N.
[8] But on his side the conquest did appear,
I yeelded her. N.
[9] For tribute hostage gaue to Beline ere he past. N.
[1] And why false fortune my attempt did crosse. N.
[2] At seas we met our foes. N. [3] The. N.

And so to *Britayne* land apace I hyde,
For kingdome lost to make againe request,
Or else by might and force away to wrest
The scepter from my brother *Beline*, and the crowne,
Which lay that time by North at *Euerwyke* the towne.

12.

To lande I came, and did menace my brother sore,[5]
But he an armie did with speede addresse,
Which mette me straight at th'entry on the shore,
Our battayles ioynd and fought with valiantnesse:
But I was put in th'end to such distresse,
To ships I flewe and tooke a fewe with me beside,
And hoysing sayles for hap to *Gallia* strands I hyde.

13.

Ariued there, I trauayld long to see
The nature of the Countrey and the men:
And for my purpose I disposed mee,
To please the Princes and the people then,
In hope to see my countrey once agen,
To winne my noble kingdome or to wreacke the wrong
That I sustaynd, exilde from natiue soyle so long.

14.

When I had tolde the great mishaps I had
Vnto the Peeres of *Fraunce*, some ayde to craue,
I could obtaine no succour me to glad,
Nor men, munition, ships, ne vitayles haue:
I gate me thence to Duke *Seginus* graue,
Of *Prouence* then the Prince renowmed noble farre,
For prudence prompt in peace and wisdom great in warre.

15.

This worthie Duke receiued me with ioy,
(For of afflicted wights he had remorce)

[5] And threatned Beline sore. N.

He hearde me oft declare the great anoy
That I had felte, and of my brother's force:
Howe *Guthlacke* did my wife and me diuorce,
The broyles at Sea, the toyles I taken had at land,
Which neuer coulde the face of Fortune's foyle withstand.

16.

Thou *Britayne* tall (quoth he) I rue thy fate,
Thou noble Prince (for so thou art in showe)
If I could now restore thee thine estate,
Thou shouldst perceyue what fauour I thee owe;
'Tis Fortune's vse t'exalte and ouerthrow;
My counsayle then is this expect her grace a while,
Till where she frownes she turne her frendly face and smile.

17.

So in his court he did me intertayne,
Where long I liu'd and bare my selfe full well:
Some times to play the captaine I was fayne,
To winne some praise as causes did compell,
For when his subiects eyther did rebell,
Or confines made inroads to spoyle or pray his land,
Then I was one that had the charge to take the warres in hand.[6]

18.

In armour fearce and stout, and strong was I,
God *Mars* me gaue a stearne and stormie looke,
With feates of armes by land or seas to trye,
Experience taught me what I vndertooke:
No payne, no toyle, nor daunger I forsooke,
That might content the noble Duke of *Sauoy's* minde,
Whose bountie me to honour him and serue his grace did bind.[7]

19.

In peacefull milde I was of comely grace,
And wise in talke as time occasion gaue,

[6] Then appointed was to take the warre in hand. N.
[7] Whose bounteous grace for aye my loue to him did bind. N.

And (though I say't) I had a Princely face,
I coulde both hunt and hawke, and court it braue:
Eke Fortunes past had made me sage and graue,
More heedy all attemptes to prosecute with skill,
Rash hastie men (by proofe I found) incurre the greatest ill.[8]

20.

When Duke *Seginus* sawe my humble harte,
A regall *Britayne* Prince, of royall bloude,
How I employde my selfe and all my arte,
Mine actiue feates with grace and prowes good,
To serue and quayle his foes that him withstoode,
He gaue his daughter rich to me, a peerles [princely] dame,
His only heyre, and Dukedome[9] after him to guide the same.

21.

By her (when hee was deade) I *Sauoye* had,
A countrey fertile famous for the soyle;
With liberall giftes the souldiers hartes I glad,
To winne the restes good will I tooke some toyle,
By banquets, iewels, giftes, or warlike broyle:
Stil vsing all the meanes t'obeysaunce them to moue,
Eke all the wayes that might allure them me to loue.

22.

And settled so in honour greate at rest,
Without the feare of forayne foes, or nye:
I mused what for *Britayne* warres was best,
Which way I might agayne my quarell trye:
Such restles heades haue they that sitte on hye!
O poore estate, how blest were thou that sitste below,
How happy, safe and sure, if thou thy state couldst know

23.

A councill called for the same intent,
I told the Lordes my purpose for the warre,

[8] Rashnes (by proofe I found) incurs the greatest ill. N.
[9] With her his Dukedome. N.

How I to haue my kingdome here was bent,
They all agreed to levy nere and farre,
Such souldiers good and captaynes stoute that were,
They offered seruice eke themselues to fare with mee,
To winne the crowne by sworde or els reuenged bee.

24.

Concluding thus, a powre prouided was,
Munition good, and vitayles, shipping strong;
On voyage so with hoysed sayles wee passe,
Wee cut the seas and came apace along
To *Britayne* shores in hope to wrecke the wrong
That oft before was done, or winne the land agayne
Whence whilome twice I was to fly with daunger fayne.

25.

When wee were landed here, I herolds sent
To claime my Kingdome at his hands, my right,
I had them, if hee were not so content,
To sound defiaunce, fyre, and sword, and fight:
But of my message hee esteemed light,
Hee brought an army strong, apointed was the day
Of battayle, then to try who beares the Crowne away.

26.

This when our mother sawe *Corwenna* wise,
That mortall warres wee wadge for Kingdome sake
Shee with her selfe did many wayes deuise,
A peace betweene her Martiall sonnes to make,
And with the Lords full oft did counsaile take,
Yet all in vaine: there could no parle of peace preuayle,
But on wee marcht agreed each other to assayle.

27.

The feeldes once pight and time of battaile comme,
In place where should bee tryde this quarell sad,
In armour eke the souldiers all and somme,
With all the force that might so soone bee had,

We captaynes vsing speach our men to glad,
T'incourage them with promise proud of lasting fame:
Tweene th'armies both *Corwenna* stood that noble dame.
And thus shee spake:

28.

" O out, ahlas! my sonnes, what meanes this broyle?
Will you in feelde my tender bowels harme?
What furies force you thus t'unkindly toile?
What meane your men for slaughter here to swarme?
Did not this wombe once both inclose you warme?
And cannot now all *Britayne* hold you brethren twaine,
But needes by one of you his brother must bee slaine?

29.

" Cannot the feare of *Ioue's* immortall hate,
Your mother's teares, nor woefull wailings moue?
Nor naked brests you suckte your malice slacke?
Nor cause t'imbrace the sacred lore of loue?
O euerlasting *Ioue* that liu'st aboue!
Then I protest ere you doe fight the feelde this day,
You shall in field (vngratefull sonnes) your woefull mother slay.

30.

" Betweene you both you shall bereaue my life,
What woes (my sonnes) aliue shall I sustaine,
When I shall after this ambitious strife,
So many see of both your subiects slaine,
And you with brothers bloud your swords distayne,
I shall (I say) in th'end of fight take woefull vewe,
Of that my sonne, which this my sonne his [noble] brother slewe.

31.

" O rather now, my sonnes, leaue of to iar,
Lay weapons both aside take truce a while,
If you doe loue to spend your time in war,
Destroy not here at home your natiue Ile,
The present cause and quarell is to vile,

Joyne friendly both your armies fayth, and firme the same
To take some conquest great in hand of [euer]lasting fame.

32.

" Therein you may with greater honour deale,
By this defame you shall[10] your selfes for aye:
Thereby you may enlarge your publique weale,
By this your selues and it shall quite decay:
Thereby you shall mine age with honour stay,
Thereby you shal [in warres] most like your noble father bee,
Which ere he wan[1] the crowne did conquere [Kings and] kingdoms three.

33.

" Once for my sake then ioyne yet handes agayne,
Let mee enioy once both before I die,
I would to see you frends my sonnes bee faine,
And hope I haue you will not this denie,
I aske a thing shall neuer hurte perdy,
For if you now surcease [embrace,] and loue as brethren well,
Then all the world of this your [peace and] concord aye shall tell."

34.

And turneing then to mee, thus wise shee sayd:
" Thou knowst, my sonne, how twice thou hast bene foylde,
Thou twice to scape with life wast well apayde,
And since full farre to countryes straunge hast toyld:
If now thou shouldst of life and all bee spoilde,
(When liue thou maiste in Princely sort with peerelesse ioy)
What tong can tell thy mother's griefe and great anoy.

35.

" I heare thou hast in *Fraunce* a Dukedoome good,
Of subiects good thou hast an armie here,
Thou hast a wife that came of noble blood,

[10] By this you shall defame. N. [1] Wore. N.

Thou need'st at home no foes at all to feare:
What mean'st thou then such mortall hate to beare
Against my sonne, thy brother here, which gaue to thee
His kingdome halfe, the noble land of *Albany* ?

36.

" Sith thine ambition first procur'd the strife,
Which didst in armour rise against thy King,
Against thy brother lou'd thee more then life
Thou didst thy subiects his against him bring,
Think'st thou it was a wise or worthie thing ?
If not, thou hast good cause thy treason all confesse,
And though he draue thee out therefore, to loue him ne're the lesse.

37.

" Thou shalt therefore submitte thy selfe to mee,
And take a truce a peace I will conclude,
Thy brother eke shall so contented bee,
No quarels olde shall be againe renewde,
These broiles haue oft my cheeks with teares bedewde,
My heart is rent, my hope bereau'd, my ioyes are gone,
My life is lost if you conioyne not [frendships] both in one."

38.

Then turning vnto *Belinus* she spake:
" My noble sonne (quoth shee) thou twice hast quaylde
Thy brother's power, and mad'st him twice forsake
His natiue land, which I haue oft bewaylde:
What though thou haue so oft before preuaylde,
Think'st thou againe the thirde time eke to winne the feelde?
Or art thou sure to slay my sonne, or force thy foes to yeelde.[2]

39.

" What glory canst thou get thereby in th'end?
Will not the worlde of your foule slaughters tell?
Will not they all that liue, still discommend

[2] Or force him yeeld.

The man that did his owne deare brother quell?
Mempricius shamefull actes are knowne too well,
And *Porrex*, *Britayns* both their noble brethren slew,
Confounded [shortly] after both examples good for you.

40.

" Nowe further this againe to both I say,
Doe not you rue these noble souldiers good?
Doe not you see how many you shall slay?
Haue you no care to shed their guiltlesse blood?
The state of tyraunts neuer stable stoode,
By bloudshed they doe founde, bace, builde, and prop their state,
Raigne, liue and dye despisde, and heape themselues eternall hate.[3]

41.

" You noble men, in briefe I speake to you,
And vnto all the Captains of your bands,
And eke to all you souldiers good and true,
Which haue the sway of bloudshed in your hands:
Consider well the state of both our lands:
You shall decrease your force, by ciuile discord, warres and strife,
Distaine your blods, defame your selues, and reaue *Cornwenna's* life.[4]

42.

" Then if that eyther *Ioues* immortall ire,
(Which euer hated slaughters such as these)
Or feare of *Plutoe's* euerlasting fire,
Or daungers threatned both by land and seas,
Or mother's minde (which both you ought to please)
Or countries loue, or sacred peace (which al are bound t'imbrace)
May ought perswade, let my requests among you all haue place.[5]

[3] By bloodshed they do build and prop their tottering state,
Raigne, liue and die despisde, in never dying hate. N.

[4] ——————your force, by discord and by strife,
Distaine your bloods and reaue Corwenna's of her life. N.

[5] Then let my iust request haue place. N.

43.

" If not, loe here my naked breast, (quoth shee)
Which once you both did sucke in tender age,
Let both your swords in these first bathed bee,
Perhaps this slaughter shall your thirsts aswage:
It shall be counted euen as small outrage
To slay your mother pleading for your peace,
As wadge the wars which gods and men and nature wils to cease."[6]

44.

Much more she sayde which were too long to tell:
And proffered foorth to swordes her naked brest,
But when wee both considered had full well
Her woefull teares, her wise and graue request,
They so to peace our hautie hearts addrest,
We layde our weapons downe: we met, imbrac'st and kist,
More ioy in both the armies was then erst in wars I wist.[7]

45.

We ioyned hands, our captaynes did the like,
And eke the souldiers linked all in loue,
There was not one that did our truce mislike,
Our peace did all to ioy and maruaile moue,
With many triumphes feates of armes we proue,
Our subiects all reioyce, in songs we sound *Cornewenna's* prayse,
Her fame to skies aloft with many showtes and cryes they rayse.

46.

The *Galles* and *Senons* then supposing me
In *Britayne* from my Dukedome hard at fight,
Thought great occasion offred them to be,
And set themselues in armes and order right:
My subiects eke of *Sauoy* day and night
They did entice, perswade, solicite and constrayne,
To chuse another Duke at home with them to raigne.

[6] ——————Pleading for a righteous peace
Aswage the warres which gods commands you to surcease. N.

[7] ——————We met, and did imbrace,
All warre was set aside and ladie peace tooke place. N.

47.

Whereof when I heard tell in *Britayne* Isle,
Eke when my brother *Beline* thereof knewe,
We layde aside our sports and playes a while,
And of our souldiers tooke a muster newe:
Of both our hoasts we chose a noble crewe:
We past the seas, as brethren ought, in concord knit,
And both our force in one to conquere *Fraunce* we fit.

48.

Without resistance much we spoil'd the land
At th'entry in, and after many fights
We conquer'd all the Realme, my foes we fand,
Which were in armes stout, valiant, noble wights.
By sword they fell or flewe before our sights.
The *Germains* force likewise that did them succour send,
We made to fall therefore and to our scepters bend.

49.

Three hundred thousand we in armour had,
An armie great renownde *Europa* through:
The Kings and Princes of our peace were glad,
We were in fight so puissant fearce and rough,
Munition, vitayles, money eke enough,
We had of tributes store, of dueties in that came,
Through all the world of *Brenne* and *Beline* flew the fame.

50.

To vs came souldiers out of many parts,
And captaynes worthy for the fame of warre,
Of fearce *Bellona* braue wee had the arts,
Whereof wee wanne the praise both neare and farre:
But not with this wee so contented arr,
As *Hercules* to scale the *Alpes* did first contend,
So wee agayne (a worke of toyle) the cloudy *Alpes* ascend.

51.

Great mountaynes, craggy, high, that touch the skies,
Full steepe to climbe vnto, and penshot all,

The Seas allow doe rore, and foggy vapours rise,
And from the hills great streames of waters fall,
The pathes so strickte to passe the speede is small :[8]
The ise, snowe, cold, clouds, rombling stormes, and sights aboue,
Are able constant harts with doubtfull feare to moue.

52.

For as you goe sometimes y'ar fayne to reatch,
And hang by handes, to wend aloft the way,
And then on buttockes downe an other breatch,
With elbowes and with heeles your selfe to stay,
Downe vnder well behold the streames you may,
And waters wilde which from the mountaynes faling flow :
Ore head the rockes hang down whence riuers rore of melting snow.[9]

53.

When wee these *Alpes* had past with daungers greate,
To *Clusium* towne in *Tuscane* land wee came :
They, as wee did prouide our forage vitayles meate,[1]
Did issue out [in armes] to intercept the same :
Ambassage to the *Romaines* eke they frame,
Desiring aide against the *Galles* (so vs they counted theere)
Because I was of *Fraunce* and *Frenchmen* in our armies were.[2]

54.

The *Romaines* then, because that our successe
Reported was to them in warres before,
Euen for their owne safegard could doe no lesse,
But aide their neighbours now at neede the more :
To parle they sent for peace ambassadours therefore,

[8] The craggie mountaines that do touch the skies,
With aged heads are euer white with snow,
The seas allow do rore, whence vapours rise,
And from the hilles great streames of waters floe,
The pathes so strict to passe which few do goe. N.

[9] Hang threatning death to them below. N.

[1] The Tuscans as we droue our heards of neat. N.

[2] Frenchmen with vs were. N.

Wee aunswerde wee desirde but space wherein to [bide and] dwell,
Because our peopled Countrye could not now contayne vs well.[3]

55.

But they forgetting quite of armes the lawe
Did arme them selues, ambassadours full stoute,
With *Clusians* came to bring vs all in awe,
Without respect of any further doute:
Whereon the seige from *Clusium* walles aboute
Wee raysed strayght, in speede alarme at *Rome* wee cry,
There to reuenge th'ambassadours outrage and iniury.[4]

56.

Yet first wee thought it best ambassage send,
To haue truce breakers such deliuered vs,
By lawe of armes as ought no weapons wend,
And yet against the lawes came armed thus:
They sayd wee were a people barbarous,
They neither punishe would nor yeeld those *Romaines* good,
But honour them, they came of *Fabius* noble bloud.

57.

Full swiftely on wee marched then in haste,
And towardes *Rome* with all our powre wee hyde:
At *Alia* floud gan forty thousand taste
Of *Romaines* that vs met what might betyde:
Wee slewe them fast, the rest durst not abide,
Wee had the spoyle, to *Rome* wee came, the Citye wee possesse:[5]
A thousand waight of gold [wee make] the *Romaines* pay[6] for peace.

58.

Pannonia eke with broiles of warres wee tame,
And many yeares wee kept them vnder yoke,

[3] Could not hold vs well. N.
[4] We raised straight, at Rome we founded loud alarmes,
To wreake reuenge for breach done gainst the law of armes. N.
[5] We came, which we possesse. N.
[6] Paid. N.

The Princes all about that herde our noble fame
Desired peace with vs, before wee came to stroke:[7]
Wee *Britaynes* made *Europa* all to smoke:
To part our armies then in twayne wee tooke [at all] no doubte,
And seuerall conquests tooke in hand as [valiaunt] captaines stoute.

59.

To *Macedony Beline* tooke the way,
Where raigned *Ptolome* the tyraunt fell,
Which did his sisters sonnes vniustly slay
Before their mother's face, and her expell,
Arsinoe, that vsde him earst so well,
Yea, though before the Gods[8] hee sware to take her to his wife,
And loue her sonnes, [hee her expeld,] and them[9] bereft of life.

60.

Euen so that wicked king at first refusde
To purchase peace with price, or hostage sende,
That had before the fayth of Gods abusde,
Was destinate to haue a naughty ende:
Let Princes well beware what they pretende,
For who for kingdomes sake breakes fayth, and murders foule commits,[1]
Let him bee[2] sure to [haue a] fall on slipery throne hee sits.

61.

Our custome was that time to send each where
Our Herouldes offering peace for tribute golde,
But *Ptolome* to *Beline* bad him message beare,
Conditions take of peace ne tribute[3] pay hee woulde,
Ne frendship would admit[4] (as hee the herouldes tolde)

[7] Desired peace not daring vs prouoke. N.
[8] Though by the gods. N. [9] And here he them. N.
[1] Who for a crowne breakes faith, and murders foule commits. N.
[2] He will be. N.
[3] But from King Ptolomie these newes we heare,
No peace he crau'd, no tribute. N.
[4] Ne friendship crau'd. N.

Except the enmies layde downe weapons, them submit,
No truce with them, no peace there were, nor no agreement fit.[5]

62.

King *Beline* smilde to heare the heedelesse King,
Rash witted so selfe wild, and after this
The *Dardanes* offered twenty thousand bring
Of souldiers armde for ayde, to ioyne with his:
Quoth *Ptolome*, now lost[6] all *Macedony* is,
Yf we once conquerde [all the East] by *Alexander's* hande,
Neede we the *Dardanes* ayde these straungers to withstande?

63.

Wee haue (quoth hee) some souldiers, sonnes of those
Which serude in pay with them that vanquisht all,
And for our selues wee nothing feare our foes,
Although our army seeme to *Dardane* smalle:
This when th'ambassadours related all
To good king *Dardane:* Then this noble realme (quoth hee)
By this yong princox pryde will all be lost and conquerde bee.[7]

64.

With that alarme they crye, and armies ioyne,
Where *Britaynes* sley the *Macedonian* crewe,
And haue for spoyle theyr vitayles, armour, coyne,
Tooke *Ptolomey* theyr king and him they slewe.
His heade aboue the campe they beare for vewe
On speare, to make the rest of *Greekes* in doubt to stand,
Before they enterprice to take such [woefull] wars in hand.

65.

One this the fame of *Britaynes* far was spred,
All *Macedony* held theyr conntrey spoylde
To *Alexander* (erst theyr armies led)

[5] Except our weapons laid adowne we should submit,
No arguments of peace he would admit. N.
[6] Quoth he, *not* lost. N.
[7] Will all dispoiled bee. N.

And vnto *Philip*, Princes neuer foylde,
As vnto Gods they cry in warres tormoylde:
O helpe (quoth they) our countrey falls, and we are [all] vndonne,
Without your aydes whose noble actes erst all the world haue won.[8]

66.

But *Sosthenes*, a worthy *Macedonian* stoute,
When as the *Britaynes* bathed in theyr blisse,
Gate vnto him a warlike worthy route
And set agayne on *Beline* there; and his
Put him to foyle, for all his worthynes
Wheron when as the souldiers would haue made him all theyr roye:
By captaynes name hee tooke theyr oth theyr enmies to distroye.[9]

67.

When this in *Greece* I herde, and theyr successe,
First of the feelde they wonne, and folly then
Enrichte with spoyles, giuen all to idlenes
Which were before approued valiaunt men:
I sounde retracte and backwardes gate agen,
With seuen score and ten thousand footemen for the fight,
And fifteene thousand horsemen good of manhoode and of might.[1]

68.

With these apoynted well my frends to ayde
The *Britaynes* good, and *Beline* in that case,
To *Macedone* I marcht, with souldiers well apayde,
Both for my brother's sake and riches of the place:
Whereto when as wee came, in litle space

[8] Without your powerful aides, whose actes the world haue won. N.
[9] For which the souldiers all did chuse him for their king,
But them as captaine he against their foes would bring. N.
[1] Horse, which made a goodly sight. N.

We wan the feelde, we tooke the spoyles of all the land at will,[2]
In pleasures plungde we had of wealth, [renowne,] and fame, our fill.[3]

69.

So I that had all *Macedoyne* in awe,
With spoyle of mortall men was not content,
I past not of these conquests all a strawe,
The temples of the gods to spoile I ment,
And towards *Delphos* with mine army went:
Whereas on hyghe the temple[4] stoode most glorious to beholde,
And god *Apollo's* shrine enrichte with mighty masse of gold.[5]

70.

The riche and welthy gods (quoth I) may lende
To mortall men some of theyr treasures great,
They haue no neede thereof for to dispende
For clothing, vitayles, armour, drinke or meate:[6]
But yet wee must therefore theyr priests intreate,

[2] We wan the fielde in fight, we spoild the land at will. N.

[3] After this battle Beline must be presumed to haue returned to his natiue land, and many are the notable deeds which he reputedly effected for the weal of Britain. He, "both in ciuile iustice and also religion, as at that time was vsed, encresed his realm, constituting thre Archflamins, whose seas wer at London, York, and Carleon: He finished the foure great waies begun by his father: [Viz. Watling-street, Ikenild-street, the Fosse, and Ermin-street, thus referred to in Camden's *Britannia*: 'Some imagine that these ways were made by one MULMUTIUS, God knows who, many ages before the birth of Christ: but this is so far from finding credit with me that I positively affirm, they were made from time to time by the Romans!' To return: he] subdued and made tributarie vnto him Denmark. In London he made the hauen which at this day reteineth the name of him, called Belines-gate: and as master Leiland writeth (whose labour and industrie, in most diligent serchyng out the antiquities of this realm, is greatly to be commended) builded the tower of London. He maried his daughter Cambra vnto a prince of Almain called Antenor, of whom those people were called Cimbri and Sycambri. Finally after he had reigned with his brother and alone 26 yeres he died, and after the pagan maner with great pompe was burned." *Lanquet.*

[4] On high his temple. N.

[5] With gifts of gold. N.

[6] Brenne ouercame the Macedones with their Duke Sosteme, and after spoyled their goddes and their temples, and sayde in myrth, riche Goddes must geue to men some of their riches." *Grafton.*

There is enough for them, [and vs,] and many moe beside,
Of offerings greate from Princes brought of all the world so wide.[7]

71.

This *Delphos* is on mount *Parnasus* fayre,
In *Greece*, wel fenst with rising rockes about,
By nature placst aloft in pleasaunt ayre,
So high to scale they neede no enmies doubt,[8]
No watch, no warde they keepe the walles about:
So strong steepe pendent are the rockes whereon it [stately] stands,
As not the like could euer yet be made[9] with mortall hands.

72.

When in this city shoutes aloude they make,
Or when the trompets sounde therein is herde,
The *Ecchoes* shrill so cause the skies to shake,
That straungers staring stand and muse afferde:
The wordes and tunes resounde agayne so harde,
So often times aboute from euery rocke so playne,
As if to one that cryde a thousand cryde[1] to him agayne.

73.

This made the men that came from farre to maze,
To maruayle much, to feare and wonder still,
And at the syte thereof to stare and gaze,
Deuising ofte the stately high and mighty hill,
A building founded first by heauenly skill,
In citye [fayrely] builte and costly grande with worke of hande,
Apolloe's temple highe [to heauen] aboue the rest doth stande.

74.

'Tis rownde theater wise so braue within,
And large aloft without, pendant vpright,
So high it seemes impossible to winne,
With comely forme the gazers to delight,

[7] Brought both far and wide. N.
[8] No foes to doubt. N.
[9] Could since be made. N.
[1] One that cride, one cride. N.

The maiesty whereof [(I weene)] did them inuite
That chose that seate, to dedicate a temple[2] in the same,
Whereof for Oracles was spred through all the world the fame.[3]

75.

Amidste the height of this *Parnasus* mount,
A turning wey there is, and in the playne
A denne through rockes for deepenesse doth surmount,
And turning vaults far in, whence aunsweres vayne
The priests receiue from sprits to tell agayne
When any come for counsayle there of things to [come to] knowe:
Th'insensate priests the aunsweres of deluding sprits doe showe.[4]

76.

Wherefore the Kings and peoples offerings brought,
From all the world and coasts of nations far
Which many gifts of gold and siluer wrought,
The statures of the Gods and iewells rich there wer.[5]
To *Delphos* all they runne in any doubte which ar,[6]
This was the madnesse tho[7] that mortall men bewicht
Whereby *Apolloe's* temple was and *Delphos* so inricht.[8]

77.

Low nowe [in fewe,] I tell at *Delphos* what I did,
For towardes it as with my mates I went,
Them bee of courage good and nothing feare I bid,[9]
I told them, with the spoile,[1] them to reward I ment:
But now I askte how they would giue consent
The captaynes *Euridane* and *Thessalone* companions in the pray,[2]
Where it were good [straight now] to scale, or else a while to stay.

[2] T'erect a temple. N.
[3] Was spread a wondrous fame. N.
[4] The answere of deluding sprites the priests do show. N.
[5] The gold of kings and iewels rich were there. N.
[6] Run that doubtfull are. N. [7] Then. N.
[8] Was with gold so inricht. N.
[9] Courage good nought feare I bid. N.
[1] With Delphos spoile. N.
[2] Stout Euridane and Thessalone I did assay. N.

78.

The Captaynes counsaile was alarme [at once] to call,
Before the *Græcians* were prouided for defence,[3]
And straight to scale with skill the mighty wall,
Before the city knewe of our pretence:
The souldiers stout abroad encamped thence,
And sayd they must refreshe their weried limmes a space,
Vnable else to scale, or meete their enmyes in the face.[4]

79.

The *Græcians* them commaunde that dwelt by hip
In villages, to make[5] no spare of wine:
The *Britayne* souldiers fell thereon to sip,
Forgate their feats of warre and playd the swine,
Against their captaynes eke they gan repine:
So that full long it was or wee could them perswade
To flye from *Bacchus* bouthes, and fall agayne to blade.

80.

Of souldiers thousands sixty fiue I had,
But of our enmies fourteene[6] thousand were
The stately towne they see their harts to glad,
I bad them not at all to stand in [doubt or] feare:
Behold (quoth I) what doth in sight [aloft] appeare,
Those charets glittering braue and statures stout in founded gold[7]
Of sollid masse, more [weighty] riche then glorious to behold.

81.

For on the Temple stoode a sort of golden[8] shapes,
And in the walles thereof their pictures shone,

[3] Did prouide defence. N.
[4] Their foes in face. N.
[5] The Greekes in villages to make them trip
Intreated them to make. N.
[6] Our foes scarce fourteene. N.
[7] Statures all of gold. N.
[8] Stood faire golden. N.

Not one of these (quoth I) the *Britaynes* scapes,
Wee souldiers shall possesse them euery one,
Let vs therefore not linger here vpon,
But geue th'assaulte for here in hand wee haue for spoiles a peece,[9]
In price of gold, [of perle] and gemmes surmounts the wealth of *Greece*.[1]

82.

Wee haue or this the wealth of men possest
(Yet worthy Princes all) of mortall men,
But here the treasures of the Gods are prest
To looke for vs, shall wee refuse them then?
Wee shall not so bee profered ofte agen
Within the walles hereof are greater [offerings] farre by odds,
Th'attyre, crownes, scepters, statures, plate and garnish of the Gods.

83.

Wee sound Alarme th'assaute the rockes assayes,
Our souldiers brainesicke heedelesse vp ascend,
The *Delphos* men had fenste the easiest wayes,
So that against the rockes our force wee bend:
With stones the scaleing *Britaynes* downe they hend,
An earthquake eke by vowes [and cries] the sacrificers reare,
Which on my souldiers downe [to fall] a mighty rocke did teare.

84.

The ground did shake, and rent, and tempests rise,
The haylestones mighty fall, the thunders rore
The lightnings flasheing dazled all our eyes,
The *Britaynes* from th'assaute were ouer bore,[2]
My souldiers slayne discomfit mee before,

[9] For here the God Apolloe's pride. N.
[1] Surmounts all Greece beside. N.
[2] Ouerborne. N.

And I sore wounded, foule amazde, orecome with [toile and] smart,
T'escape the *Greekishe* sword [and shame] did perce my selfe to th'harte.[3]

85.

You noble captaynes now that know my facts,
Learne valiauntly in warres the sword to wend,
Let fame extoll your wise and warlike acts,
And let report your fortitude commend:
But let your warfares haue a wiser end,
And let what *Bochas* writes and *Higgins* here doth pen,
As myrours shew what good[4] wee gate, to warre with *Delphos* men.

LENUOY.

1.

Great ruth that such a noble conqueroure,
Should haue so hard and infamous an end,
Which of the worlde might haue bene Emperour,

[3] The principal events of this long life of Brennus are also recorded by Grafton and Harding, or may be found in the amusing and copious relation of Fabian. The supernatural discomfiture of his army and occasion of his death is thus related in the Polychronicon. "Efte Brennius tourned agayn oute of the eest countrees: And efte ouercome the Macedoyns and theyr duck Sosten, and spoyled goddes and temples and sayde merylv, that ryche goddes muste gyue men somwhat of her rychesse. Also he spoyled Appolyn Delphicus temple in the hylle mount Pernasus. There men of the countrey prayde helpe of her God, and sodaynly the erthe began to shake and a grete parte of the hylle felle vpon the hooste of Galles; and haylestones slough that other dele. The duc Brennius for sore of his woundes myght not endure, and therefore he slough himself with a sharpe swerde. No man shal wonder though Appolyn toke wreche of hem that spoyled the goddes and the temples: for God suffred Appolyn destroye many nacions by cause of theyr trespaas and euyl lyuyng and dedes. For it is certayn that spirites of the ayer may vse her shrewdnes in them that be myshyleuyd and euyll of dedes: For grace is wythdrawe from suche maner men and euyl of spirytes haue leue graunted to noye them and to greue them."

[4] Declare what good. N.

If all be true that storyes him commend:
But where is Fortune permanent a frend?
  Shee blyndely baytes and bathes her Impes in blisse,
  Who trustes her still I count ill fortune his.

2.

Galerius and *Florianus* stoute,
And *Iulian* of *Rome* the Emperours,
And *Diocesiane* of *Constantine* in doubte,
Though in their times full worthy warriours,
So counted often noble conquerours,
  They slewe themselues, abated from their blisse:
  Which who so doth I count ill fortune his.

3.

Cordila slewe her selfe in prison pent,
And *Dido* for *Æneas* flight away,
That *Iudas* which betrayde the innocent,
And *Pontius Pilate* wrought their owne decay:
What neede I here on desperate captiues staye?
  Sith who so bathes in flickering Fortune's blisse,
  Without God's grace I count ill fortune his.

4.

The warres haue prosperde well with Princes oft,
Yet best with such who vertue sought alone,
The rest, which onely werde to wende aloft,
Were euer foylde confounded by their fone:
But here I cease, the next full woe begone,
  With rented corps appeard deuoyde of blisse;
  Recounting thus that haplesse ende of his.

HOW KING KIMARVS

was deuoured by wilde beastes the yeere before Christ 321.

1.

No place commendes the man vnworthie prayse.
No title of estate[1] doth stay vp vices fall,
No wicked wight to woe can make delayes,
No loftie lookes preserue the proud at all,
No brags or boast, no stature high and tall,
No lustie[2] youth, no swearing staring stout,
No brauery, banding, cogging, cutting out.

2.

Then what auayles to haue a Princely place,
A name of honour or an high degree,
To come by kinred of a noble race?
Except we princely, worthie, noble be!
The fruite declares the goodnes of the tree,
Do brag no more of birth or linage than,
For vertue,[3] grace, and manners make the man.

3.

My selfe might bragge, and first of all begin,
Mulmucius made and constituted lawes,
And *Belinus* and *Brenne* his sonnes did win
Such prayse, their names to be immortall cause.[4]
Gurgunstus Readbeard with his sober sawes,
The sonne of *Beline* and my Grandsyre grand,
Was fortunate what ere he tooke in hand.

[1] No kingly state. N. [2] Lofty. ed. 1575. [3] Sith vertue. ib.
[4] Such praise that all the world giue them applause. N.

4.

His sonne my grandsire *Guintheline* did passe
For vertue's praise, and *Martia* was his wife,
A noble Queene that wise and learned was,
And gaue her selfe to study all her life,
Deuising lawes, discust the ends of strife
Amongst the *Britaynes* to her endlesse fame:
Her statutes had of *Martian* lawes the name.[5]

5.

My father eke was sober, sage, and wise,
Cicilius hight, King *Guintheline* his sonne,
Of noble Princes then my stocke did rise,
And of a Prince of *Cornwall* first begonne:
But what thereby of glory haue I wonne?
Can this suffice to aunswere eke for mee,
I came by parents of an high degree?

6.

Or shall I say, I was forsooth the King?[6]
Then might I liue as lewdely as I lust,
No sure, I cannot so auoide the sting
Of shame that prickes such Princes are vniust.
Wee rather should vnto our vertues trust,
For vertue of the auncient bloud or kinne,
Doth onely praise the parties shee's within.[7]

7.

And nobles onely borne (of this bee sure)
Without the vertues of their noble race,
Doe quite and cleane themselues thereby obscure,
And their renowne and dignities deface:
They doe their birth and linage all deface,

[5] "Marcia was right connynge and conde many maner craftes, she made the lawe called Marcene lawe." *Polychronicon.*
[6] Or shall I saye, Kimarus I was king. ed. 1575.
[7] Praise the men that vertuous bin. N.

For why, in deede they euer ought so well
In vertues graue, as titles braue excell.

8.

But oft (God wot) they fare as erst did I,
They thinke if once they come of Princely stocke,
Then are they placed safe and sure, so hie
Aboue the rest, as founded on a rocke:
Of wise mens warnings all they make a mocke:
They counsayles graue as abiect reedes despise,
And count the braue men gratious, worthy, wise.

9.

This kingdome came to mee by due discent,
For why my father was before mee King,
But I to pleasure all and lust was bent,
I neuer reckte of Iustice any thing,
What purpose I did meane to passe to bring,[3]
That same t'accomplish I with all my might
Endeuourde euer, were it wrong or right.

10.

I deemde the greatest ioyes in earthly hap,
I thought my pleasures euer would abide,
I seemde to sit in Lady Fortune's lap,
I reckte not all the world mee thought beside:
I did by lust my selfe and others guide,
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall,
And cut mee of, thus wise procurde my fall.

11.

As I was alwayes bent to hunting still,
(Yet hunting was no vice to those I had)
When I three yeares had ruld this Realme at will,
In chace a chaunce did make my heart ful sad:
Wilde cruell beasts as desperate and mad

[3] Purpose I to passe did meane to bring. N.

Turnde backe on mee, as I them brought to bay,
And in their rage my sinfull corps did slay.[9]

12.

A iust reward for so vniust a life,
No worse a death then I deserued yore,
Such wrecks in th'end to wretches all are rife,
Who may and will not call for grace before:
My wilfull deedes were nought, what wilt thou more?
For wanton wildenesse, witlesse, hedelesse toyes
The brutishe beasts bereaude mee of my ioyes.[10]

LENUOY.

1.

By this appeares that time in *Britayne* were
Aboundant store of wolues, and vices rife:
Mempricius tale the like doth witnesse beare,
And so doth *Madan's* mangled end of life:
These though they scaped stout *Bellonae's* knife,

[9] Of Kimarus "there is nothing written, but that he was a wilde and wanton Prince, geuen to all pleasure and pastime, and reigned but thre yeres, beyng slain of his aduersaries as he was a hunting." *Grafton.*

[10] THE AUTHOURE.

On this Kimarus left me all alone,
And so did Morpheus, then I thought to reste:
But yet againe he came presenting one,
For audience likewise making his requeste,
A worthy prince, he ware a warlike creste:
A blade in hande, he bloudy rusty bore,
Was all his harnesse from his shoulders tore.

His armes and handes were all embrued in bloud,
So was his breste, but all the rest beside
Seemde rayde with matter vyle, or slimy mud,
With red and yelowe as it were bedide:
You scarcely could the sight therof abide:
Yet sith he seemde some worthy wight to be,
It brought by farre lesse squemishnes to me.

Yet in the end for vices foule they fell
By Wolues deuourde, mine Author so doth tell.

2.

The glory vaine that fades and flits away,
Makes men so blinde, they looke not on the end:
Allurde to losse, on earthly pompe they stay,
But fewe to scale the vertue towres contend:
Fewe seeke, by Christ, the heauenly way to wend;
The onely causes why these Princes fell,
Are vices vile, as auncient authors tell.

3.

Next after this, on stage a Prince appearde,
With slimye glere, and bloud beraide that came,
In hand a dagger drawne his foe that dearde
Hee bare perdy, and showde mee eke the same:
And thus his tale in order hee did frame
As shall ensue, so hee mee thought did tell
How hee was slaine, and slewe a monster fell.

HOW KING MORINdus was deuoured by a monster, the yeare before Christ, 303.

1.

Let mee likewise declare my facts and fall,
And eke recite what means this slimy glere!
You neede not faine so quaynte a looke at all,
Although I seeme so fulsome euery where:
This blade in bloudy hand, perdy, I beare,[1]
And all his gore bemingled with this glue,
In witnes I my deadly enmy slewe.[2]

2.

Then marke my tale, beware of rashnes vile,
I am *Morindus* once was *Britayne* King,
On whom did sweetely[3] Lady Fortune smile,
Till shee mee to her top of towres did bring:[4]
My fame both farre and neare shee made to ring,
And eke my praise exalted so to skye,
In all my time more famous none then I.

3.

Some say I was by birth a bastard bace,
Begotten of the Prince his concubine,
But what I was declared well my grace,
My fortitude and stature Princely mine.
My father eke that came of Princely lyne,
King *Danius* gaue not so bace degree,
Nor yet the noble *Britaynes* vnto mee.

[1] Which I do beare. N.
[2] I the dreadfull monster slew. N.
[3] On whom long time did. N.
[4] Till on her wheele's steepe top she did me bring. N.

4.

For feats of armes and warlike poynts I past,
In courage stoute there liu'de not then my peere,
I made them all that knewe my name agaste,
And heard how great my enterprices were,
To shrinke, and slinke, and shift aside for feare:
All which at length did mee such glory bring,
My father dead, the *Britaynes* made mee King.

5.

But see how blinde wee are, when Fortune smiles,
How senceles wee when dignities increase,
Wee euer vse our selues discretely whiles
Wee litle haue, and loue to liue in peace:
Smale fauters facts with mercy wee release:[5]
Wee vse no rigoure, rancoure, rapine, such
As after when wee haue our willes to much.

6.

For while that I a subiect was, no King,
While I had nothing but my facts alone:
I studied still in euery kinde of thing
To serue my prince, and vnderfang his fone:
To vse his subiects friendly euerychone,
And for them all aduentures such to take,
As might them all my person fauoure make.

7.

But when I once attained had the Crowne,
I waxed cruell tyranous and fell,
I had no longer minde of my renowne,
I vsde my selfe to ill, the trueth to tell:
O bace degree in happie case full well!
Which art not puft with pride, vaineglory, hate,
But art beneath content to bide thy fate.

[5] Subiected thoughts doth wicked pride suppresse. N.

8.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in,
Not rain'd by reason ruled all by might,
Ne prudence reckt, right, strength, or meane a pin,
But with my friendes in anger all would fight,
I strooke, kilde, slewe who euer were in sight,
  Without respect, remorce, reproufe, regard,
  And like a madde man in my fury far'd,

9.

I deemde my might and fortitude was such,
That I was able thereby conquere all,
High kingdome's seate encreast my pompe so much,
My pryde me thought impossible to fall:
But God confoundes our proude deuices all,
  And brings that thing wherein we most doe trust,
  To our destruction by his iudgement iust.

10.

For when three yeares I ruled had this Ile,
Without all rule as was my rulesse life,[6]
The rumour ranne abroade within a while,
And chiefly in the Norwest Countrey rife,
A monster came from *Th'irish* seas, brought griefe
  To all my subiectes, in those coastes did dwell,
  Deuouring man and beast, a monster fell.

11.

Which when I knewe for trueth, I straight prepard
In warlike wise my selfe to trye the case,
My haste thereto a courage bold declard,
For I alone would enter in the place:
At which,[7] with speare on horse I fet my race,
  But on his scales it enter could no more,
  Then might a bulrush on a brasen dore.

[6] Without all law as was my lawlesse life. N.
[7] Whom. ed. 1575.

12.

Agayne I prou'd yet, nought at all preuaylde,
To breake my speare and not to pearce his syde:
With that the roring monster me assaylde,
So terrifide my horse I coulde not ride,
Wherewith I lighted, and with sworde I tride
By strokes and thrustes to finde some open in,
But of my fight hee neuer past a pin.[8]

13.

And when I weried was and spent with fight,
That kept my selfe with heede his daunger fro,
As last almost ashamde I wanted might,
And skil to worke the beastly monster wo,
I gate me nerer with my sworde him to,
And thought his flankes or vnder partes to wounde,
Yf there for scales[9] might any place bee founde.

14.

But frustrate of my purpose, finding none,
And eke within his daunger entring quite,
The grizely beast straight seasoned[1] mee vpon,
And let his talauntes on my corpes to light,
Hee gript my shoulders, not resist I might,
And roaring with a greedy rauening looke,
At once in iawes my body whole hee tooke.

15.

The way was large, and downe he drewe mee in,
A monstrous paunche for rowmth, and wondrous wide,
But (for I felt more softer there the skinne)
At once I drewe a dagger by my side:
I knewe my life no longer coulde abide,

[8] By strokes to find a passage to his life,
But now I found in vaine was all my strife. N.
[9] From scales. ed. 1575.
[1] Seazed. N.

For rammish stench, bloude, poyson, slimy glere,
That in his body so aboundant were.

16.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,
While first my dagger digde aboute his harte,
His force to cast mee welnigh drewe my breath,
But as hee felt within his woundes to smarte,
I ioyde to feele the mighty monster starte,
That roard, and belcht, and groande, and plungde, and cryde,
And tost mee vp and downe from syde to syde.

17.

Long so in panges hee plungde and panting lay,
And drewe his wynde so fast with such a powre,
That quite and cleane hee drewe my breath away,
Wee both were deade well nigh within an howre.
Lo thus one beastly monster did deuoure
An other monster moodeles to his[2] payne :
At once the realme was rid of monsters twayne.[3]

18.

Here mayst thou see of fortitude the hap,
Where prudence, iustice, temperaunce hath no place,
How sodaynly wee taken are in trap,
When wee dispise good vertues to embrace,
Intemperaunce doth all our deedes deface,
And letts vs heedeles headlong run so fast,
Wee seeke our owne destruction at the last.

[2] Vs. N.

[3] This fable of the monster is repeated with little if any variation by most writers. "As he (Morindus) wente vppon a tyme by the see side, he mette a grete beste that was blak and horrible, and hidous: and wente that hit had bene a whale of the see: And bente an arweblaste and wolde haue slayn that beste with a quarell, but he myght nought smyte hit. And when he hade shote alle his quarell, the beste anone come to hym in grete haste, and him deuourede alyue, and so he deide." *M. S. Brute.*

19.

For hee that hath of fortitude and might,
And thereto hath a kingdom ioynde withall,
Except hee also guide him selfe aright,
His powre and strength preuayleth him but small,
Hee cannot scape at length an haples fall:
You may perceiue a myrrour playne by me,
Which may with wisdome well sufficient bee.[4]

LENUOY.

1.

Wee reade the valiaunt actes of *Hercules*,
His mighty labours all and woefull end,
But *Samson's* conquests of his enemies,
The holy histories to vs commend.
Yet who so shal on fortitude depend,
Still trusting to obtayne the victory,
Let him beholde *Morindus'* history.

2.

Or of the death of *Theseus* they tell,
The fall of *Brennus* and his woefull end,
Though hee in force and powre bee nere so fell,
Hee cannot still on fortitude depend:
Tis vertue sole that all the wise commend:

[4] ——————an haplesse falle,
Or God's reuenge, example take by mee,
And let my death sufficient warning bee. ed. 1575.

THE AUTHOURE.

I could not thus departe to take my reste,
For Morpheus bad me byde and heare the last.
(Quoth he) behinde as yet, is one the beste:
" Do stay a whyle, giue eare till he be past,
" And therewithall approtched one full fast,
The worthiest wight I euer erste did see:
These wordes he spake, or like it seemed mee.

Shee still obtaynes for aye the victory,
By true reporte of euery history.

3.

Strength, beauty, wealth, facts, fauoure, fearcenesse fell,
All earthly pleasures feele a paynefull end,
Then happy thrice is hee (the truth to tell)
That onely can on heauenly powre depend:
But now I must to you the next commend,
In blacke, mee thought, appearing mournefully,
Declaring thus his woefull misery.

HOW KING EMERIA-
nus for his tirany was deposed, a-
bout the yeare before Christ,
235.[1]

1.

THE wofull wight that fell from throne to thrall,
The wretch that woue the web wherein hee goes,
A dolefull blacke bad weede still weare hee shall
In woefull sorte, and nothing blame his foes:
What neede such one at all his name disclose?
Except the haplesse rest of *Britaynes* should,[2]
Not here for shame recite his name hee would,

2.

I am *Emeriane* King that raignde a space,
Scarce all one yeare,[3] in *Britayne* Isle long sence,
But for I was in maners voide of grace,
Ferce, tyranous, and full of negligence,
Bloud thirsty, cruell, vaine, deuoide of sence;
The *Britaynes* mee deposde, from seat and crowne,
And reaude mee quite of riches and renowne.

3.

I was despisde and banisht from my blisse,
Discountnaunste, fayne to hide my selfe for shame:
What neede I longer stand to tell thee this?
My selfe was for my woefull fall to blame:
My raygne was short, in fewe my fall I frame,
My life was lothsome, soone like death that found,
Let this suffice a warning blaste to sound.

[1] Not in the first edition.
[2] Except the rest of Britaine princes should. N.
[3] The chronicles say six or seuen years, and deposed for his tyranny.

LENUOY.

1.

The cause why here this Prince is briefe in talke
Is, for the stories scarce remembre such,
What neede I then with them more farder walke?
Sith this perhaps may seeme, is sayd to much,
I must but briefly these vnworthy tutch:
The next approaching pufte with dropsie wanne,
Thus wise, mee thought, his yexeing[4] tale beganne.

[4] To yex, to have the hiccough. *Johnson.*

HOW KING CHIRINnus giuen to dronkennesse raygned but one yeare. Hee died about the yeare *before Christ*, 137.[1]

1.

Though I my surfets haue not yet out slept,
Nor scarce with quiet browes begin my tale,
Let not my drousy talke bee ouer leapt,
For though my belching sent of wine or ale,
Although my face bee falloe, puft, and pale,
And legges with dropsy swell, and panche resound,
Yet let mee tell what vice did mee confound.

2.

Perhaps thou thinkste so groase a blockhead blunt,
A sleepy swinishe head can nothing say:
The greatest heads and smalest eke were wont
To beare in them the finest wits away:
This thing is true thou canst it not denay,
And *Bacchus* eke ensharps the wits of some:
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.[2]

3.

Yet sith long since both braynes and all were spent,
And this in place amongste my mates I speake,
I trust thou wilt bee here withall content,
Although in deede my wits of talke are weake:
So old a vessayle cannot chuse but leake,
A drousy nole[2] that lyes on drinke a sleepe so long,
May pardon craue, although his tongue trip twifold wrong.[3]

[1] Not in the first edition.
[2] An unwilling dolt.
[3] A drunken sot whose faltering feete do slip,
Must pardon craue, his tongue in talke will trip. N.

4.

Chirinnus was my name a *Britayne* King,
But rulde short time, Sir *Bacchus* was my let:
Erinnys[4] eke my sences so did swing,
That reason could no seat amongst them get:
Wherefore the truth I pray thee playnly set,
I gaue my selfe to surfets swilling wine,
And led my life much like a dronken swine.

5.

Deseases grewe, distempraunce made mee swell,
My parched liuer lusted still for baste,
My tympane sounded like a taber well,
And nought but wine did like my greedy taste,
This vice and moe my life and mee defaste,
My face was blowne and blubd with dropsy wanne,
And legges more like a monster then a man.

6.

So not in shape [and shewe] I onely altered was,
My dispositions chaunged mee[5] likewise,
For vices make a man [a bull,] a goate, an asse,
A swine or horse, (as Poets can comprise)
Transforming into beasts by sundry wise
Such men as keepe not onely shape of men,
But them mishapeth also now and then.

7.

Wherefore let who so loues to liue long dayes
Without deseases, strong in youthfull state,
Beware of *Bacchus*' booth which all betrayes,
The vayle of vices vayne, the hauen of hate,
The well of weake delightes, the brande of bate,
By which I loste my health, life, realme and fame,

[4] Erynnys, *i. e.* the goddesses that were to search into those men who had committed heinous offences: their names are Megæra, Tisiphone, and Alecto.
[5] Chaung'd in me. N.

[My wealth, my crowne, my scepter, sheelde and name :]
And only wan the shrowding sheete of shame.

LENUOY.

1.

Of this bad vice who shall embrace the loue,
And not refraine him selfe there from by grace,
Let him bee sure it shall his sence remoue,
His beauty reaue, his facts and fame deface,
His wealth, strength, health, shall waste and were apace,
Hee cannot liue in health till hee bee olde,
Nor purchase health and sober fame againe with sowes[6] of golde;

2.

The Poets painted *Bacchus* naked, bare,
Because hee doth all secrets deepe disclose,
In woemen's weede because men feebled are,
Effeminate them selues to wine dispose,
Like wanton childe likewise they faine hee goes,
As dronkerds wanton were though nere so olde,
Not wonne to sage and sober life with sowes of golde.

3.

But naked therefore I suppose hee's faynde,
Because hee makes men naked, poore, and bare:
By him they waste away the wealth they gaynde,
And plunge them selues in seas of woefull care,
Or naked then of vertues all they are,
When they to *Bacchus* bend, both yong and olde,
Not wonne to sage and sober life, with sowes of gold.

[6] Sow, a great lump of melted iron or lead. *Bailey.*

4.

Who loues to liue a wise and godly life,
Let him refuse such naked gods to serue:
So shall he saue his fame auoyding strife,
And right report of all good men deserue.
But from my purpose lest I seeme to swerue:
There next me thought a Prince I did behold
Of vicious life, and thus his fates he did vnfold.

HOW KING VARIANVS

gaue himselfe to the lustes of the flesh,

and dyed about the yeare before Christ,

136.[1]

1.

WHERE no good giftes haue place, nor beare the sway,
What are the men but wilful castaway?
Where gifts of grace doe garnish well the King,
There is no want, the land can lacke no thing:
The Court is stil well stor'd with noble [prudent] men,
In Townes and Cities Gouernours are graue:
[The lands are tild,] the common wealth doth prosper[2] then,
And wealth at will the Prince and people haue.

2.

Perhaps you aske, what Prince is this appeares?
What meanes his talke in these our golden yeares?
A *Britayne* Prince that *Varianus* hight,
I helde some time the [crowne and] scepter here by right:
And though no neede there be in these your [golden] dayes
Of states to tell, or vertues good discriue,
Good counsayle yet may after stand[3] in stead alwayes,
When time agayne may vices olde reuiue.

3.

If not: yet giue me leaue amongst the rest
Which felt the[4] fall, or had their deaths addrest:
My cause of fall let me likewise declare,

[1] Not in the first edition.
[2] Also prosper. N.
[3] Yet doth stand. N.
[4] Their. N.

For falles the deathes of vicious Princes are :
They fal, when all good men reioyce to heare or see
That they short time enioyde their places hie,
For Princes which for [princely] vertues praysed bee,
By death arise extold, they scale the skie.

4.

I will be short because it may suffice
That soone is sayde, to warne the sage and wise :
Or if that they no warning neede to haue,
This may perchaunce somewhat their labour saue
With yonger heads, that will[5] not heare their faultes them tolde,
By such as would admonish them for loue :
When they my words and warnings here [of vice] beholde,
They may regarde and see their owne behoue.

5.

About my time the Princes liu'de not long,
For all were giuen almost to vice and wrong :
My selfe voluptuous was abandond quite,
To take in fleshly lust my whole delite :
A pleasure vile, that drawes a man from [all good] thrifte and grace,
Doth iust desires, and heauenly thoughtes expell :
Decayes the corps,[6] defiles the soule, [the factes] and fame deface,
And bringes him downe to *Plutoe's* paynes of hell.

6.

For this my sinne my subiectes hated mee,
Repining still my stayned life to see :
As when the Prince is wholy giuen to vice,
And holdes the lewder sort in greatest price,
The land decayes, disorder [sprouts and] springes abroade,
The worser sort do robbe, pille, polle, and spoyle,
The weaker are constraynd to[7] beare the greatest loade,
And leese the goodes for which [full sore] they erst did toyle.

[5] With those that will. N.
[6] Doth spoile the corps. N.
[7] Weaker force to. N.

7.

How can *Iehoua* iust abide the wrong?
He will not suffer such haue sceptcr long.
As he did strike for sinfull life my seate,
And did me downe from royall kingdome beate,
So hath be done for aye, examples[7] are in stories rife,
No wicked wight can gouerne long in rest:
For eyther some [the like] bereaues him of his life,
Or downe his throne and kingdome is deprest.
Bid Princes then and noble Peeres the like delights detest.
There is no way the [iudgement high and] wrath of *Ioue* to wrest.

LENVOY.

1.

What should I longer on such Princes stay,
Whose factes vnworthie were to be enrolde:
The cause why thence I make more speede away,
Is for his sake, whose fame hath farre bene tolde,
That noble *Nennius*' Duke, a captaine bolde,
Of royall bloud, to Prince and countrey kinde,
Whose fame a place aboue the skies shall finde.

2.

When he the feates of armes had learned well,
And coulde encounter with the best aliue,
Hee not to treason nor to falshode fell,
Nor with his ciuill friendes at home to striue:
But hence the landed *Romaynes* out to driue.
Which sith he did, to Prince and countrey kinde,
His fame a place aboue the skies shall finde.

[7] The like examples. N:

3.

Eke sith the rest, as were their liues obscure,
Haue tolde their tales, but simply as you see:
To helpe my style, the *Muses* most demure,
For *Nennius*' sake, gaue greater grace to mee,
Or else I thinke, frend Reader, t'was for thee,
That when thou readst of *Nennius*' noble minde,
Thou maist be so to Prince and countrey kinde.

4.

I will no longer thee from reading stay,
But wish thee marke howe he exhorteth all:
Do learne by him for countreye's sake to fray,
In peace no broyles of warres at home to brall:
And thinke thou seest that noble captayne tall
Thus wise display his warlike noble minde,
Duke *Nennius*, so to Prince and countrey kinde.

Howe the worthie *Britaine* Duke Nennius *as a valiaunt souldier and* faithfull subiecte encountred with Iulius *Cæsar, was by him death wounded: yet naytheles*[1] *he* gate *Cæsar's* sworde, put him to flight, slewe therewith *Labianus* a Tribune of the *Romaynes,* endured fight till his countreymen wanne the field, and now encourageth all good subiectes, to defende their countrey from the power of forraine and entruding enemies. He was slaine about the yeere before Christ, 52.

1.

I MAY by right some later writers blame,
Of stories olde, as rude or negligent:
Or else I may them wel vnlearned name,
Or heedlesse in those thinges about they went:
Some time on me as well they might haue spent,[2]
As on such traytours, tyrants, harlots, those
Which to their countreyes were the deadliest foes.[3]

2.

Ne for my selfe I would not[4] this recite,
(Although I haue occasion good thereto)
But sure, me thinkes it is too great despite
These men to others and their countreyes do,

[1] Neuerthelesse. N.
[2] This censure was probably from the circumstance of the deeds and name of Nennius being omitted in the Polychronicon, and by Fabian, Lanquet, Rastell, and Stowe.
[3] As on such tyrants who as bloodie foes,
Vnto their countrey wrought such deadly woes. N.
[4] As for myselfe I doe not. N.
[5] That to the dead these moderne writers doe. N.

For there are *Britaynes*, neyther one or two,
  Whose names in stories scarcely once appeare:
  And yet their liues examples worthie were.

3.

'Tis worthie prayse (I graunt) to write the endes
Of vicious men, and teach the like beware:
For what hath he of vertue that commendes
Such persons lewde, as naught of vertue's care:
But for to leaue out those prayse-worthie are,
  Is like as if a man had not the skill
  To prayse the good, but discommend the ill.

4.

I craue no prayse, although my selfe deseru'd
As great a laude as any *Britayne* yore:[6]
But I would haue it tolde how well I seru'd
My Prince and Countrye, Fayth to both I bore:
All noble hearts hereby with courage more
  Mayboth their forayne foes in fight[7] withstand,
  And of their enmies haue[8] the vpper hand.

5.

Agayne, to shewe how valiaunt then wee were
(You *Britaynes* good) to moue your hearts thereby,
All other nations lesse in fight to feare,
And for your countrye rather so to die
With valiaunt hauty courage, as did I,
  Then liue in bondage, seruice, slauery, thrall
  Of forayne powres, which hate your manhood all.

6.

Doe giue mee leaue to speake but euen a while,
And marke, and write the story I thee tell:
By North from *London* more then fifty mile,

[6] Any one of yore. N.
[7] Both tall forraine force in fight. N.
[8] Of their foes may haue. N.

There lies the Isle of *Ely* knowne full well,
Wherein my father built a place to dwell:
And for because hee liked well the same,
Hee gaue the place hee *Ely* hight his name.[9]

7.[1]

'Tis namde the Isle of *Ely* yet, perdy
My father namde it so: yet writers misse,
Or if I may bee bolde to say, they ly
Of him, which tell that farre vntruth like is:
What truth (I pray you) seemes to bee in this
Hee *Ely* lou'd, a goodly place built there,
Most it delited, raygnde not full a yeare.[2]

8.

Hee raygned forty yeares, as other tell,
Which seemes (as 'tis) a tale more true by farre.[3]
By Iustice guided hee his subiects well,
And liude in peace, without the broyles of warre.
His childrens noble acts in stories are,
In vulgar tongue: but nought is sayd of mee,
And yet I worthy was the yongste of three.

9.

His eldest sonne and heyre was after King,
A noble Prince and hee was named *Lud*,
Full politicke and wise in euery thing,
And one that wil'd his Countrey alwayes good:
Such vses, customes, statutes hee withstood,
As seemde to bring the publique weales decay,
And them abolisht, brake, repealde away.

[9] Place height Ely of his name. N. Some, as Camden observes, derive the name of Ely "from Helig, a British word signifying willows or sallows, which it bears in abundance; and indeed they are the only thriving trees here." *Camden's Britannia.*

[1] This stanza omitted by Niccols.

[2] Lanquet, Stowe, Grafton, Flores Histor. *Margin* of ed. 1575.

[3] ——————————— as stories tell,
And fame did beare his name both wide and far. N.

10.

So hee the walles of *Troy* the new renewde,
Them fortified with[4] forty Towres about:
And at the west side of the wall hee vewde
The Towre o'th [5] gate to keepe[6] the enmyes[7] out,
That made hee prisons for the poore bankrout,
Namde Ludgate yet, for free men debters, free
From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

11.

Some say the City also tooke the name
Of *Lud* my brother: for hee it reparde:
And I must needes as true confesse the same,
For why that time no cost on it hee sparde:
He still increast and peopled euery warde,
And bad them aye *Kaerlud*, the City call,
Or *Ludstone*, now you name it *London* all.

12.

At length hee died, his children vnder age,
The elder named was *Androgeus:*
Committing both vnto my brother's charge,
The yonger of them hight *Tennancius:*
The *Britaynes* wanting aged rulers thus,
Choose for that time *Cassibellane* their King,
My brother Iustice ment in euery thing.

13.

The *Romayne* then the mighty *Cæsar* fought
Agaynst the *Galles*, and conquerde them by might:
Which done, hee stoode on shoares where see hee mought
The *Ocean* Seas, and *Britayne* cliefues full bright.
(Quoth hee) what region lyes there in my sight?
Mee thinkes some Iland in the Seas I see,
Not yet subdued, nor vanquist yet by mee.

[4] Enlargde them made with. ed. 1575.
[5] *Sic.* Strong. N.
[6] A place for gates to keepe. ed. 1575.
[7] Foemen. N.

14.

With that they told him wee the *Britaynes* were,
A people stout, and fearce in feates of warre:
(Quoth hee) the *Romaynes* neuer yet with feare
Of nation rude were daunted of so farre,
Wee therefore mind to proue them what they are.
And therewithall hee[8] letters hither sent,
By those ambassage brought, and thus they went.[9]

C. IVLIVS CÆSAR

Consull of Rome, *to* Cassibellane
King of Britayne, sendeth greeting.

Sith that the Gods haue giuen vs all the West,
As subiects to our *Romayne* Empire hie,
By warre, or as it seemed *Ioue* the best,
Of whom wee *Romaynes* came, and chiefly I:

Therefore to you which in the *Ocean* dwell,
(As yet not vnderneath subiection due
Wee send our letters greeting: wete yee well
In warlike cases thus wee deale with you,

First, that you, as the other regions, pay
Vs tribute yearely, *Romaynes* wee require:
Then, that you will with all the force you may
Withstand our foes as yours, with sword and fire:

And thirdly, that by these you hostage[10] send
T'assure the couenaunts once agreed by you:
So with your daunger lesse our warres may end
Else bid wee warre. *Cassibellane* adieu.

CÆSAR.

[8] The. ed. 1575.
[9] ——————these letters he did frame,
Brought by ambassadours which hither came. N.
[10] Pledges. ed. 1575.

15.

No sooner were these[1] *Cæsar's* letters seene,
But straight the King for all his nobles sent,
Hee shewde them what their auncestours had beene,
And prayde them tell in this their whole intent:
Hee told them whereabout the *Romaynes* went,
And what subiection was, how seruile they
Should bee if *Cæsar* bare their pompe away.

16.

And all the *Britaynes* euen as set on fire,
(My selfe not least enflamed was to fight)
Did humbly him in ioyfull wise desire,[2]
That hee his letters would to *Cæsar* write,
And tell him playne wee past not of his spite:
Wee past as litle of the *Romaynes*, wee,
And lesse then they of vs, if lesse might bee.

17.

Wherefore the ioyfull King agayne replide,
Through counsaile wise of all the nobles had:
By letters hee the *Romaynes* hests denide,
Which made the *Britaynes* hauty harts full glad:
And eke the *Romayne* Consull proude as mad[3]
To heare these letters written: thus they went,
Which hee agayne to mighty *Cæsar* sent.

CASSIBELLANE

King of Britayne *to* C. Iulius Cæsar
Consull of Rome.

As thou, O *Cæsar*, writste the Gods haue geuen to thee
The west: so I replye, they gaue this Island[4] mee.
Thou sayst you *Romaynes* and thy selfe of Gods discend,
And darst thou then to spoile our *Troian* bloud pretend?

[1] This. N. [2] Require. ed. 1575.
[3] No doubt the Romaines more then half were mad. ed. 1575.
[4] Ile to mee. N.

Againe, though Gods haue giu'n thee all the world as thine,
That's parted from the world, thou getst no land of mine.
And sith likewise of Gods wee came a Nation free,
Wee owe no tribute, ayde, or pledge to *Rome*, or thee:
Retracte thy will, or wage thy warre, as likes thee best:
Wee are to fight, and rather then to frendship, prest.
To saue our Countrye from the force of foraine strife,
Eche *Britayne* here is well content to venter life.
Wee feare not of the end or daungers thou doest tell,
But vse thy pleasure if thou maist, thus fare thou well.

CASSIBELLANE.

18.

When *Cæsar* had receau'd his aunswere so,
It vext him much hee thereupon decreede[5]
To wage vs warre, and worke vs *Britaynes* woe:
Wherefore[6] hee hasted hitherwarde with speede.
Wee *Britaynes* eke preparde our selues[7] with heede
To meete the *Romaynes*, all in warlike guise,
With all the force, and speede wee[8] might deuise.

19.

And here the wiser deemde[9] it meeter much
T'assayle them first[1] at th'entry on this land,
Then for to giue aryuall here[2] to such,
Might with our victualls ayde[3] our selues withstand:
'Tis better far thy enmy to aband[4]
Quite from thy borders, to a forayne[5] soyle,
Then hee at home thee and thy Countrye spoile.

5 He fully straight decreed. ed. 1575.
6 Therefore. ib.
7 The Britaines eke prepar'd themselues. N.
8 They. N.
9 Wee Britaynes then farre deemde. ed. 1575.
1 To meete him first. ib.
2 Giue an entry here. ib.
3 Here. ib.
4 The enemies t'aband. N.
5 Straunger. ed. 1575.

20.

Wherefore wee met him at his entry in,
And pitche our camps directly in his way :
Wee minded sure to leese, or else to winne
The praise, before wee past from thence away :
So when that both the armies were in ray,
  And trumpets blaste on euery side was blowne,
  Our mindes to either eche were quickly knowne.

21.

Wee ioyned battayle, fearcely both wee fought,
The *Romaynes* to enlarge their Empyre's fame:
And wee with all the force and might wee mought,
To saue our Countrye ~~and to~~ keepe our name:
O, worthy *Britaynes!* learne to doe the same:
  Wee brake the rayes of all the *Romayne* hoast,
  And made the mighty *Cæsar* leaue his boast.

22.

Yet hee the worthyest Captaine euer was,
Brought all in ray and fought agayne a new,
His skilfull souldiers hee could bring to passe
At once, for why his traynings all they knew:
No sooner I his noble corps did vewe,
  But in I brake amongste the Captaynes band,
  And there I fought with *Cæsar* hand to hand.

23.

O God thou mightst haue giuen a *Britayne* grace,
T'haue slayne the *Romayne Cæsar* noble then,
Which sought his bloud the *Britaynes*[5] to deface,
And bring in bondage valiaunt worthy men,
Hee neuer should haue gone to *Rome* agen,
  To fight with *Pompey*, or his peeres to slay,
  Or else to bring his Countrey in decay.

[5] Sought the noble Britaines. N.

24.

It ioyde my harte, to strike on *Cæsar's* crest,
O *Cæsar*, that there had bene none but wee!
I often made my sword to try thy brest,
But Lady Fortune did not fauoure mee:[6]
I able was mee thought with *Cæsars* three
To try the case: I made thy harte to quake,
When on thy crest with mighty stroke I strake.

25.

The strokes thou strookste mee hurt mee nought at all,
For why, thy strength was nothing in respect:
But thou hadst bath'd thy sword in poyson all,
Which did my wound, not deadly els, infect:
Yet was I or I parted thence bewreckte,
I gate thy sworde from thee for all thy fame,
And made thee flye for feare to eate the same.

26.

For when thy sword was in my target fast,
I made thee flye and quickely leaue thy hold,
Thou neuer wast in all thy life so gast,
Nor durst agayne bee euer halfe so bold:
I made a number *Romaynes* hartes full cold:
Fight, fight, you noble *Britaynes* now (quoth I)
Wee neuer all will vnreuenged die.

27.

What *Cæsar* though thy prayse and mine bee od,
(Perdy the stories[7] scarce remember mee)
Though Poets all of thee doe make a God,
(Such simple fooles in making Gods they bee)
Yet if I might[8] my quarell try'd[9] with thee,
Thou neuer hadst retournde to *Rome* agayne,
Nor of thy faithfull friends bin beastly slayne.

[6] Not looke on mee. ed. 1575.
[7] The ancient stories. N.
[8] I had. N.
[9] My case haue tride. ed. 1575.

28.

A number *Britaynes* mightst thou there haue seene
Death-wounded fight,[1] and spoile their spitefull foes:
My selfe maimde slewe and mangled mo (I weene)
When I was hurte then twenty more of those:
I made the *Romaynes* harts to take their hose,[2]
  In all the campe no *Romayne* scarce I spide,
  Durst halfe the[3] combate gainst a *Britayne* byde.

29.

At length I met a noble man, they cald
Him *Labienus*, one of *Cæsar's* friends,
A Tribune erst[4] had many *Britaynes* thrald,
Was one of *Cæsar's* legats, forth hee sends:
Well met (quoth I) I minde to make th'amends,[5]
  For all thy frendships[6] to our Countrey crew:
  And so with *Cæsar's* sword his friend I slew.

30.

What neede I name you euery *Britayne* here,
As first the King, the nobles all besyde,
Full stout and worthy wights in warre that were,
As euer erst the stately *Romaynes* tryde:
Wee fought so long they durst no longer bide:
  Proude *Cæsar* hee for all his bragges and boste
  Flew backe to ships, with halfe his scattered hoste.

31.

If hee had bene a God (as sotts him nam'd)
Hee could not of vs *Britaynes* taken foile,
The Monarche *Cæsar* might haue bene asham'd

[1] Wounded in fight. N.
[2] Romaines stout their courage lose. N.
[3] A. ed. 1575.
[4] "Upon land Cæsar's horsemen at the first encounter were vanquished, and Laberius Durus the tribune slaine, in a place now called Cheston wood neare vnto Rochester, as saieth the Chronicle of Wigmore." *Stowe.*
[5] Make thee mendes. ib.
[6] Friendship.

From such an Island with his ships recoyle,
Or else to flye and leaue behinde the spoile:
But life is sweete, hee thought it better flye,
Then byde amongste vs *Britaynes*, here[7] to die.

32.

I had his sword was named *Crocea mors*,
With which hee gaue mee in the head a stroke,
The venime of the which had such a force,
It able was to pearce the harte of oke:
No medcines might the poyson out reuoke,
Wherefore though scarce hee perced had the skin,
In fifteene dayes my braynes it rancled in.[8]

33.

And then to soone (alas) therefore I dyde,
Yet would to God hee had returnde agayne,
So that I might but once the dastard spyde,
Before hee went I had the serpent slayne.
Hee playde the coward cutthrote all to playne:
A beastly serpent's harte that beaste detects,
Which, or hee fight, his sworde with bane infects.

34.

Well, then my death brought *Cæsar* no renowne,
For both I gate thereby eternall fame,
And eke his sworde to strike his friends adowne:
I slewe therewith his *Labiene* by name:

[7] For, ib.

[8] "The same [British] historie also maketh mention of one Belinus that was generall of Cassibellane's armie, and likewise of Nenius brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cesar's swoord fastened in his shield by a blow which Cesar stroke at him. Androgeus also and Tenancius were at the battell in aid of Cassibellane. But Nenius died within 15 daies after the battell of the hurt receiued at Cesar's hand, although after he was so hurt, he slue Labienus one of the Romane tribunes: all which may well be true, sith Cesar either maketh the best of things for his owne honour, or else coueting to write but commentaries maketh no account to declare the needeful circumstances, or any more of the matter, than the chiefe points of his dealing." *Holinshed.*

With Prince against my Countrey foes I came,
Was wounded yet did neuer faynt nor yeelde,
Till *Cæsar* with his souldiers fled the fielde.

34.

Who would not venter life in such a case?
Who would not fight at Countrye's whole request?
Who would not meeting *Cæsar* in the place,
Fight for life, Prince, and Countrye, with the best?
The greatest courage is by facts exprest:
Then for thy Prince, with fortitude, as I,
And Realme's defence,[1] is praise to liue or dy.

35.

Now write my life when thou hast leasure, and
Will all thy countrymen to learne by mee,
Both for their Prince and for their natiue land,
As valiaunt, bolde, and fearelesse for to bee.
A paterne playne of fortitude they see:
To which directly if themselues they frame,
They shall preserue their Countrye, fayth, and fame.

LENUOY.[2]

1.

When noble *Nennius* thus had ended talke,
Me thought he vanisht with so sweete a smell,[3]
As though the[4] graces all with him had walkte,
And what I heard of musicke did excell,
Like notes of instruments no tongue can tell,

[1] Behofe. ed. 1575.
[2] The first eight stanzas of the "L'enuoy" form the like number commencing "the Author" in the edition of 1575.
[3] He vanisht with so sweete an heauenly smell. ib.
[4] Me seemde the. ib.

In[5] harmony of such an heauenly noyes,
Me seemde they passed all our earthly ioyes.

2.

Their tunes declarde the battayle all so right,
As if the *Britaynes* and the *Romaines* than
Had presently in hearing and in sight,
A fresh the bloudy battayle all began :
Me thought I heard the vertues of the man
By notes declarde, and *Cæsar's* daungers tolde
More plainely then with eyes I might beholde.

3.

But when they came to tell of *Cæsar's* flight,
I saw the *Romaines* fall me thought full fast,
And all the *Britaynes* chace them euen till night :
Wherewith, the sound of *British* trumpets blast
Made me so madde, amazed[6] at the last,
I lookt about for sworde or weapon, I
To runne with *Britaynes* cryde, they flie, they flie.

4.

Their flight to ships and foyle the trumpets sound,
And blewe the victours triumphes at returne :
The noyse well nigh my sences did confound,
And made my heart with all their loues to burne :
But when they gan the wounded *Britaynes* mourne
With doubled wayling shrickes, such cryes they sente
And sobbes and sighes, wel nigh my heart they rente.

5.

Eke chiefly they at noble *Nennius* stayde,
They seemde with dolefull tunes their notes to riue :
And sodaynly his prayse againe they playde,
O worthie *Nennius* for thy factes aliue!
The trumpe of fame was straightly chargde reuiue,

[5] With. ed. 1575.
[6] And mazed. ib.

And keepe, maintaine and celebrate his prayse :
Which done, me thought they vanisht[7] quite their wayes.

6.

On this in troubled traunce I lay a while,[8]
In ioy reioycing what a wight he was,
A worthie Duke,[1] that for this noble Ile
So fought it forth, a myrrour fayre,[2] a glasse
For those aliue : his vertues so surpasse,[3]
That[4] for his factes, fight, fortitude, and fame,
He well deserues[5] an euerlasting name.

7.

At such a time and place is vertue tryde,
When manhood may both Prince and countrey please,
But such a brunt the valiant will abide,
And bende their force to worke their countreye's ease :
They thinke no trauayle loste, by land, or Seas,
But venture fortune, goods, life, landes and heale,
To fight it out for Prince and publique weale.

8.

You that haue heard or read the worthie factes
Of *Nennius* here, (though[6] rudely pende by mee)
Learne so to fight, let so your[7] noble actes
By those that after come, recounted bee :
I may full well reioyce he spake to mee,
For if I had not stayde to heare him then,
I thinke he scarce had come to speake agen.[8]

[7] Which graunted, al they vanisht. ed. 1575.
[8] On this in traunce I lay me thought a while
And musde reioysing. ib.
[1] Knight. ib.
[2] Playne. ib.
[3] Whose vertues so did passe. ib.
[4] As. ib.
[5] Deseruede. ib.
[6] So. ib.
[7] And let your. ib.
[8] The remainder of "the Authour" from the first edition.
But let me nowe retourne againe to tell,
What after this, me chaunst to see and heare.

9.

But next me thought appeared plaine in sight
A noble Lorde, which once had lost his head,
Of person tall, well set, a comely wight,

I trust yee Readers like my dealing well,
In promise that I made, this later yeare.
For sure I thinke, a man farre better were
  Not speaks at all, to promese hilles of gold,
  And in performance, waxe as key full colde.

I saide (if God sent time, and space therfore)
Ye should receaue from mee (as leysure came)
Of these my simple toyles, a greater store,
And partly you perceaue, how I performe the same.
Such workes, as this my simple muse can frame,
  (With all my harte and minde) you freely haue:
  As free, as God these giftes me frely gaue.

Wherefore giue eare, now harken well to this:
As to these tunes, I gaue me thought some heede,
In doubte if sences led my mynde amisse,
Or whether πάθος me with toyes did feede.
What doth (said Morpheus) now this musing nede?
  Art thou so farre orewatcht, thy wittes the fayle?
  Or els do fancies more then wit preuayle?

Not so (quoth I) though far the night be past,
And yet me thinkes, I could be well content
To leaue them so (if this were now the last)
So thou therto and Somnus sweete consent:
This noble Nennius well the time hath spent.
  I would haue staide, if he had spoken more:
  'Twas his departure, troubled me so sore.

(Quoth he) thou must a whyle yet longer byde:
In fewe he shall declare, how he hath sped
That commes. And euen with that I lookt aside,
And sawe a coarse approache without a head.
What now (quoth I) though erste (by thee) the dead
  Were causde to speake, declaring all their will,
  Yet speach of headlesse men doth passe my skill.

With that gan Morpheus touch him with his mace,
And sodainly an head, on shoulders pight.
For lacke of vse, he could not turne his face,
Or else had Morpheus scarcely set it right.
He had forgotten eke, to turne his sight:
  But still he stode his face to set awrye,
  And wappering turnid vp his white of eye.

Whome proude despite aliue to slaughter lead:
Thus wise he wilde me penne how earst he spead,
Perswading me, perdy, to write agen
His fall, amongst the *Britayne* noble men.

As t'were a dead man, reared vp an end,
Deuoyde of life, and yet a feeling had:
His lippes lay open, grimly ofte hee grend:
With hollowe eyes, full oft he frowned sad,
And bent his browes, and lookte as he were mad:
I sawe not in my life, I thinke his pere:
Nor shall not, if I liue this hundred yeare.

At length he tryde, which way to tell his mynde:
Yet how to speake his tonge had quite forgotte:
Each instrument forgotten had his kinde,
That erste could run at randon and by roate,
But then me thought, with fist his brest hee smote,
The other hande his musing browes did holde:
And as awakte (at laste) this tale he tolde.

Howe the Lord Irenglas cosen to king

Cassibellane was slayne by the Lord Elimine *cosen*
to *Androgeus* Earle of *London*, about the
yeere before Christ,
51.

1.

AMONGST the rest that whilome sate aloft,
Amongst the rest, that once had happie chaunce,
Amongst the rest, that had good Fortune oft,
Amongst the rest, that coulde themselues aduaunce,
Amongst the rest, that led in warres the staunce,[1]
And wanne the palme, the prayse, renowne, and fame,
[(Yet after fell in proofe to trye the same)]
Leaue in thy booke a place to put my name.

2.

[Which, *Higgins*, if thou shalt, and write therein
This tale I tell, no doubt thou shalt me please;
Thy selfe likewise thereby maist profit win;
For why, who writes such histories as these,
Doth often bring the Readers hearts such ease,
And[2] when they sitte, and see what he doth note,
And lessons learne to saue his[3] armour coate,
Well fare his heart (say they) this worke that wrote.

3.

Perhaps thou answere wilt and eke confesse,
They may in deede giue thankes, and that is all:
They can (saist thou) I thinke giue scarcely lesse,
For such a gifte a guerdon farre too small:
Well, yet doe write, content thy selfe withall,
Thou must the ende that God appoyntes abide:

[1] Daunce. N. [2] As. ed. 1575. [3] Their. ib.

Though they ingratefull be of reason wide,
Thou must not therefore this thy talent hide.

4.

This I obiect not that I thinke is so,
But if it erst haue chaunced so to hitte,
Thou shouldst not therefore let these stories go,
Which may perchaunce so exercise thy witte,
And may so frame thy phrases fine and fitte,
Though now no other gifte then thankes thou haue:
Yet shall thy verses liue, thy name to saue,
And spread thy prayse, when thou art layde in graue.

5.

But sure I thinke among so great a sort,
As shall thy workes and writinges chaunce to see,
Of courtzy all thou canst not finde them short,
But some must needes consider well of thee:
Though some doe pinche and saue, to thriue and thie,
And some doe polle and pill to get the pelfe,
And some haue layde vp all on leesing shelfe,
Yet some will well consider of thy selfe.

6.

I had almost stept in with thee so farre,
To bid thee wryte and register my name,
(Because I fearde of late the *Romayne* warre
Thou wrotste, had ended all thy former frame,
And I had beene excluded from the same)
That now I feare I wery thee with talke,
While from my purpose farre aloofe I stalke,
In steed of choyse, for cheese to giue thee chalke.][4]

7.

Wherefore I will be briefe, and tell thee all
My minde, the cause why I doe now appeare.[5]

[4] Insteede of cheese to fill thy chaps with chalke. ed. 1575.
[5] I will be briefe and truly tell thee all
The cause why I from graue do now appeare. N.

I will recite to thee my sodayne fall,
And what in life mine exercises were:
To which since I doe see thee set thine eare,
Marke now my tale, and beare it well away,
Marke what mee brought so sodayne in decaye,
[And marke of lusty life the vnstable staye.]

8.

Let who so stands trust to a stedfast holde,
(Yf hee suppose hee may a steedy finde)
And then hee neede not stagger when hee nolde,
As I and others calde agayne to minde:
But trust not Fortune, shee is counted blinde,[6]
To prayse her prankes occasion giues no cause:
Doe wisely, or you prayse her take the pause,
[Else may you prone your selues at length but dawes.]

9.

Some loue to boast what fortune they haue had,
Some other blame misfortune theyrs as fast,
Some tell of fortunes there bee good and bad,
Some fooles of fortune make themselues agast,
Some shewe of fortune comming, present, past,
And say there is a fate that ruleth all:
But sure it seemes theyr wisdome is but small,
[To talke so much of Lady Fortune's ball.]

10.

No fortune is so bad our selues ne frame,[7]
There is no chaunce at all hath vs preseru'd,
There is no fate whom wee haue neede to blame,
There is no destiny but is deseru'd,

[6] Let who so stands trust to a stedfast hold,
If stedfast hold he thinke that he may find,
Presume not on thy strength, nay yet be bold
On Fortune's gifts, nay let her guide thy mind
In hope of hap, for she is counted blind. N.

[7] So bad but we it frame. N.

No lucke that leaues vs safe or vnpreseru'd :
Let vs not then complayne of Fortune's skill,
For all our good descends from God's good will,
[And of our lewdnes springeth all our ill.]

11.

If so a man might stay on Fortune's holde,
Or else on Prince, as piller of defence,
Then might my selfe t'haue done[8] the same bee bolde,
In euery perill, purpose, or pretence:
Cassibellane as much as any Prince,
Lou'd mee his cosin[9] *Irenglas* by name,
Both for my feats in armes, and fauour, fame,[1]
[And for because I of his linage came.]

12.

I came (by parents) of his regall race,
Liude happy dayes (if happy mortall bee)
Had (as I sayd) his fauour, bare the grace,
I was his loyall seruant[2] franke and free,
But what of this at all preuayled mee?
Yet furthermore the feates of armes I knew,
I fought in field, when mighty *Cæsar* flewe,
[And of the *Romaynes* came my part I slewe.]

13.

Shall I for this prayse Fortune ought at all?
Did Fortune ought in this? no whit bee sure:[3]
Or shall I blame her after for my fall,
That neuer could mee any hurte procure?
T'was glory vayne did sweetely mee allure,
Wherefore giue eare, and then with pen disclose
[A tale which (though but rudely I dispose)
Who reades and heares it both, may pleasure those.[4]]

[8] To done. ed. 1575. [9] Nephewe. ib.
[1] For feates in armes, for fauour, and for fame. N.
[2] Nephew. ed. 1575. [3] No, no, be sure. ib.
[4] How seeming friends did prooue my chiefest foes. N.

14.

Full happy were our Countrey men that dy'd,
And[5] noble *Nennius*, in the field wee[6] fought:
When first both *Britaynes*, and the *Romaynes* tryd
With dint of sword, if titles theyrs were ought:
They dyed in theyr defence, no pompe they sought,
They liu'd to see their Countrey conquere still,
They dy'd before they felt of priuate ill,
[And bare eache other all their liues, good will.]

15.

When *Cæsar* so with shamefull flight recoyl'd,
And left our *Britayne* land vnconquer'd first,
Which only thought our Realme and vs t'haue spoyl'd,
Wee came to see (of all our field the worst)
Our souldiers slayne. O cruell *Cæsar* curst
(Quoth wee) should all these giltlesse *Britaynes* die[7]
[For thine ambition? fie, O *Cæsar*, fie,]
That durst not[8] byde but like a dastard flie.

16.

But then to see them in aray to lie,
And for to see them wounded all before,
Not one but in his place his life did trye,
To see the *Romaynes* bloudy backes that bore
In field, flight, dead, and scattered[9] on the shore,
What thousand tongues (thinke you) could tell our ioy![1]
This made our hartes reuiue, this pleas'd our *Roy*,[2]
[And wee lesse fearde our enemies all annoy.]

17.

With trompets mourning tune, and wayling cries,
And drummes, and fluits, and shawmes, wee sound adieu,

[5] As. N. [6] That. N.
[7] Quoth we, by thee did all these Britaines die. N.
[8] Yet darst not. ed. 1575.
[9] Their wounds in flight all scattered. N.
[1] Tongues ioy to light could bring. N.
[2] Our king. N.

And for our friends wee watred all our [weeping] eyes,
As loth to leese the liues of such a [noble] crew:
To th'earth wee bare them all in order dew,
According vnto each man's noble name,
And as their byrth requirde and worthy fame,
[Euen so to honour them, with herce wee came.]

18.

Of noble triumphes after was no spare,
Wee *Britaynes* erst were neuer halfe so glad,
That so wee made the *Romaynes* hence to fare,
No tongue can tell the harty ioyes wee had:
Wee were therewith so myrry mooded mad,[3]
Our fingers tickled still, which came from fight,
Wee had before our eyes our enmyes flight,[4]
[And nought was seemely then but warlike might.][5]

19.

So fares it when the meaner giue the spoyle,
And make the mighty all theyr force reuoke:
So fares it when great victours feele the foyle,
And meaner sorts of count doe giue the stroke,[6]
That pearceth euen the hardest harte of oke,
For where the weaker win the wage of fame,
[And stronger leese their wonted noble name,]
The victours harts a thousand ioyes enflame.

20.

A Iusting then proclaymed was for those,
That turneis[7] would approatch themselues trye,
Amongst vs *Britaynes* (not agaynst our foes)
Tweene th'Earle of *London's* cosin stout and I:
And both the partes wee both could make, perdy,
To winne the price, the prayse, the pompe consent,

[3] Therewith for battaile bent as mad. N.
[4] Our foes foule flight. N.
[5] Seemely there but swordes in sight. ed. 1575.
[6] And men lesse deem'd do giue the conquering stroke. N.
[7] (And turneys.) ed. 1575.

And eke the fame of former warres wee ment,
But foolish was the end of our intent.[8]

21.

For why, when glory vayne stirres men to strife,
When hope of prayse prouokes them once to ire,
Then they at all regard no goods nor life,
From faithfull frendship rudely they retire,
They are so set with glorie's gloze on fire,
That quite they rule and reason wrest awrye,
They turne away their friendly fuwting eye,[9]
[And others eache, as fixed foes defie.]

22.

O God that workest all the wonders wrought,
(And hast the powre to turne the hartes aliue)
Graunt grace to those that labour so for nought
But flitting fame, and titles hauty striue:
Let not ambition so the Earth depriue
Of worthy wightes, giue them some better grace,
That they may run for Countrye's weale their race,
[And not their bloud with braynsicke brawles debace.]

23.

Let them not breake the bond of frendly loue
In broyles of bate, but frendly faults redresse,
Let not them so their manhood seeke to proue
By priuate hate, to worke their owne distresse,
So shall they neede their enemies feare[1] the lesse:
Perdy, foule forayne[2] foes themselues they make,

[8] stanza thus altered by Niccols.

A solemne iusts proclaimed was for those,
Who would to win renowne their valour trie,
Where th'earle of London's cosin did expose
Himselfe to purchase praise, against whom I
To win the prize did all my powers applie:
But fatall was the scope I did intend,
Th'effects bewray'd my folly in the end.

[9] Fawting eye. ed. 1575. *i. e.* favouring eye. Their former friendly eie. N.

[1] Their foes to feare. N. [2] Friends worse then forren. N.

That in their Countrye, for vayne quarells sake,[3]
[Doe dare in hand reuenging weapons take.]

24.

But what neede I on those aliue to stay,
They haue examples good before their eyes,
By which (if they haue grace) beware they may,
The happiest men by others harmes are wise:
Let them not then our warning wordes despise,
Doe will them wisely of these thinges debate,
For why, the foolishe aye the[4] warning hate,
[Are neuer wise, or, had I wist, to late.][5]

25.

[Perhaps thou thinkste to long a time I stay,
And from that I proposed erst digresse,
Because that here (as it were by the way)
For warning's sake, my conscience I professe:
Yet for my breache of compasse blame mee lesse,
In talke, sith that thou come to heare mee art,
Which seeme (as woemen vse) to reme my hart,
Before I come to open all my smart.]

26.

Wee spent the day in iusting (as I sayd,)
Appoynted erst among our selues before,
And all the feates of armes in fielde wee playd,
Æneas taught our auncestours of yore,
What neede I fill thine eares with talking more,
My men and I had put those feates in vre,
And hee likewise (but nothing yet so sure,)
[Which did, at length, my haplesse end procure.]

27.

For as with fortune still I gaue the foyle,
To him that thought the glory all to haue,

[3] That fall at oddes for fond vaine glorie's sake. N.
[4] That. ed. 1575. [5] Wise before it be to late. ed. 1575.

When hee perceau'd hee coulde not keepe the coyle,
Nor yet with equall match himselfe to saue,
Occasion of dissention great hee gaue:
In stead of iest hee offred earnest play,
In lieu of sport hee spite did still[6] display,
[In stead of myrth, both malice and decay.]

28.

The traytour vile, the tyraunt (so hee prou'd)
With coward, canker'd, hatefull, hasty ire,
And caytife dealing, shewde how mee hee[7] lou'd,
When as hee could not to his hope aspire,
To winne the prayse of triumph, his desire,
Hee chalengde mee, and here began the broyle,
He thought with banding braue to keepe the coyle,
[Or else with flatts and facings mee to foyle.]

29.

And that because the[8] iudgment fauourde mee,
[Perdy,] report almost of all the route,[9]
Ran still that I was worthy praysde to bee,
And often times they gaue mee all a shoute:
This made mine enmies stare[1] and looke aboute,
And often wish them euill aloude that cryde,
Such is the nature still of naughty pryde,
[Can nothing worse[2] then others prayse abyde.]

30.

Wee twayne (quoth hee) betwene our selues will try
Alone our manhoods both, if thou consent:
Wee ought not breake the Prince his peace, quoth I,
His grace would not therewith bee well[3] content,
And sith no hurt was here nor malice ment,
You ought not so on choller take it ill,

[6] Did foule display. ed. 1575.
[7] He me. ib.
[8] Mens. N.
[9] The common rout. N.
[1] Made my foes to stare. N.
[2] Nothing lesse. ed. 1575.
[3] Not be well therwith. ib.

'Though I to win the price put forth my skill,
[But for my Knighthoode beare[4] mee more good will.]

31.[5]

With that quoth *Elenine* (for so hee hight,)
That was the Earle his cosin, then[6] my foe,
I meane (quoth hee) to try the case in fight,
Before thou passe againe my presence froe,[7]
And euen with that hee raught to mee[8] a bloe:
My friends nor I could[9] not this wrong abide,
Wee drewe,[1] and so did those on th'other side
[That fearcely[2] fought, and other each defide.]

[4] But rather therfore beare. ed. 1575.

[5] Here the following stanzas occur in the first edition.

To which he aunswerd as despite had spoke,
With hasty wordes and tauntes of hygher peres.
I list not any iote (quoth he) reuoke,
Of that is sayd, ne darste thou for thine eares
(What euer lookes in place thy fauters beares)
Alone to mete me in the field to fraye.
But I may hap (by chaunce) to finde the day,
Wherein thou shalt not beare the price away.

As for the king we doubte if he be heyre,
The kingdome is the Earle of London's right,
And though that he the prince his person beare
(In his nonage) he ought not reue it quyte,
Ne shall he stay mee if I mynde to fighte.
Then where thou speakst (quoth he) of princes peace,
And wouldst me warne, from furder dealing seace:
Thou better were (perhaps) to holde thy peace.

On which I playnly sayde, highe treason t'was,
So much to speake, against our soueraigne Lorde:
Quoth I, the boundes of modestie you passe,
That dare your case with prince his right accorde:
Your betters would far better wordes auorde,
And you perhaps your selfe so stoute that showe
Which make as though you sought his ouerthrowe,
Shall shortly more his grace his pleasure knowe.

[6] And. ed. 1575.

[7] Thyselfe a traytour rather semest right,
That darste presume amongst thy betters so. ib.

[8] I raught to him. ib.

[9] My frendes likewyse could. ib.

[1] They drew. ib.

[2] We freshly. ib.

32.

But I was all the marke whereat hee[3] shotte,
The malice still hee[4] meant to none but mee,
At mee hee[5] cast, and drewe mee for the lotte,
Which should of all reuenge the ransom bee:
Wherefore hee set them at mee francke[6] and free,
Till mee they tooke, so compast rounde aboute,
As I coulde not scape from among them out:
[Was neuer Lord[7] betrayde with such a route.]

33.

To make it short: I singled was therefore,
Euen as the Dere to finde his fatall stroke:
I could not scape, in numbre they were more,
My pageaunt was in presence there bespoke:[8]
A pillowe they prepared mee of oke,
My hands they bounde, along my corps they led,
From of my shoulders quite they stroke my head,
[And with my death theyr cruell eyes they fed.]

[3] They. ed. 1575.
[4] Was. ib. [5] They. ib.
[6] Wherfore they layde about them francke. ib.
[7] Knight. ib.
[8] Several of the early historians concur in representing that this improvident quarrell, and unexpected rencounter, first enabled Cæsar to establish his landing in Britain, from the assistance afterwards given him by the Earl of London. The following is one of the briefest of the statements:—" It befell thus vpon a day that the gentylmen of the kynge's housholde and the gentylmen of the Erle's housholde of London after meet, went togyder for to play. And thrugh debate that arose ymonge them Enelin, that was the Erle's cosyn of London, slewe Irenglas that was the kynge's cosyn. Wherfore the kynge swore that Enelyn sholde be hanged. But the Erle of London, that was Enelin's lorde, wolde not suffer hym. Wherfore the kynge was greatly wroth and vexed towarde the Erle and thought hym to dystroye. And pryuely the Erle sende letters to Julius Cezar, that he sholde come into this lande for to helpe hym, and hym auenge vpon the kynge, and he wolde helpe hym with al his myght. And whan the emperour herde these tydynges he was full glad, and ordeyned a stronge power, and came agayne the thyrde tyme into this lande, and the Erle of London helped hym with viii M. men. And at the thyrde tyme was Cassybolon ouercome and dyscomfyted, and made peas to the Emperour for thre thousande pounde of syluer, yeldynge by yere for truage for this lande for euermore." *Chron. of St. Albans.*

34.

If euer man that seru'd his Prince with payne,
And well deserued of his publique weal:
If euer Knight esteemde it greatest gayne,
For Prince and Countrey in the warres to deale:
My selfe was such, which venterde life and heale
At all assayes, to saue my natiue soyle,
With all my labour, trauayle, payne and toyle,
[Both from the force of foes and foraine foyle.]

35.

Yet heere you see, at home I had my fall,
Not by my fearcest foes that came in warre,
But by my friend I gate this griping thrall,
When folly framde vs both at home to iarre.
Oh that my Countrey man[8] should raunge so farre,
From wisedome's way, to wedde himselfe to will,
From reason's rule, to wrest his wittes to ill,
[From friendship fast, his dearest friend to kill!]

36.

Well, bid the rest beware of triumphes such,
Bid them beware for titles vaine to striue,
Bid them not trust such sullayne friends to much,
Did them not so theyr honours high achieue:
For if they will preserue theyr names aliue,
There is no better way to worke the same
Then to eschue of tyrany defame:
[Meeke clemency deserues a noble name.][9]

[8] Oh that my friend of yore. N.

[9] The edition of 1575 finishes with the life of Lord Irenglas, which Higgins calls the FIRST PART in his concluding lines of

THE AUTHOR.

With that (me thought) he vanisht quite away:
And I was come to end my worke at last:
Not minding longer on the which to staye,
My penne did trudge to wryte these verses fast.
I trust sith once, they haue the Printer past

That went before: these fragmentes come behinde,
Shall of the Readers, likewyse fauour finde.

So of my first part here I make an ende,
The Seconde parte which I haue now to fyle
Doth call me hence, from these to those to wende:
In which if God send grace to guyde my style,
I shall (I trust) and that in shorter whyle,
Againe retourne, to Printers presse with those:
Which shal likewise, their fight and falles disclose.

Till then farewell a thousand times to thee,
Which takst in hand this booke to shun the ill,
That was the fall of these describde by mee,
And haste to mende their faultes a firme good will,
I wishe thy health, increase of vertu still,
Adieu farewell, I haue but this to say,
God send vs both his heauenly grace for aye.

I. Higgins.

Postscript.

The little expectation entertained by the Editors of the British Bibliographer of the present abrupt termination of their work, cannot be more convincingly shown than by their having undertaken the very complicated and laborious task of forming a complete edition of *the Mirrour for Magistrates*, which, in the common proportionate distribution of their periodical numbers, could not have been finished in less than three years. Their wishes to have made their plan more perfect are expressed in another place; and it remains only to supply such information as appears material as to the preceding pages of *the Mirror for Magistrates*. In expectation of completing a reprint of all the parts, the Editors commenced with the performance of John Higgins, not with any preference as to merit, but for the purpose of arranging the whole of the lives in Chronological order. The Part first published was written by William Baldwin and his associates, and published in 1559. To that succeeded the publication of John Higgins in 1575, whose lives being selected from earlier periods of the English history than those in Baldwin's collection, obtained thereby precedence upon the two parts being afterwards united.

The preceding pages terminate with the life of *Irenglass* according to the original edition by Higgins; but the text is from the edition of 1587, being the last edited by him; and there are now first added as well the variations from the first edition, as of that printed by Richard Niccols in 1610. The same reason that influences the termination of *the British Bibliographer* will prevent a continuance of *the Mirror for Magistrates* in octavo, and the two works now form our fourth and last volume.

The Editors however do not shrink from their project, and a limited number of copies of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, having, according to the original plan, been taken off in quarto, they, from a wish to see the work completed, have been induced to listen to the invitation of persons no way concerned with the present undertaking, to continue and complete that impression, which will, therefore, be published in the course of the ensuing year.

J. H.

Dec. 28, 1813.

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST VOLUME.

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