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GASCOIGNE'S
PRINCELY PLEASURES
AT
KENILWORTH.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET,
SALISBURY-SQUARE.





Engraved by W. I. Pye, from a Drawing by E. Blodden.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Published by J. H. Burn, July 1851.

GASCOIGNE'S
PRINCELY PLEASURES

WITH THE

Masque,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED BEFORE

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

AT

KENILWORTH CASTLE

IN 1575;

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. H. BURN, MAIDEN-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN;
R. TRIPHOOK, OLD BOND-STREET; C. AND H. BALDWYN,
NEWGATE-STREET; AND C. SMITH, STRAND.

1821.



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INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

THE festivities which took place at Kenilworth Castle being now familiar to nearly all the reading public, as well by the recent reprint of Robert Laneham's letter, as by the admirable and interesting Romance of Kenilworth, it becomes a desirable appendage to both those works to have some specimens of the literary compositions which were prepared for the dramatic entertainments then displayed before Queen Elizabeth. Although Laneham's letter contains a perfect description of the arrangement and nature of the various pageants, yet he often professes himself unable to give more than a general abstract of the many laudatory orations, both in verse and prose, which were delivered in the course of the Queen's visit. For instance, such expressions as these convey only general information:—"A proper poesy in English rhyme and metre,"—"A rough speech full of passions,"—"A well-penned metre, and matter after this sort;" and he also uses these apologetical terms, which may be considered as an excuse for all his omissions. "Had her Highness happened this day to have come abroad, there was made ready a device of goddesses and nymphs, which, as well for the ingenious argument, as for the well-handling of it in rhyme and enditing, would undoubtedly have gained great liking, and moved no less delight. Of the particularities whereof, however, I cease to entreat, lest, like the bungling carpenter, by mis-sorting the pieces, I mar a good frame in the bad setting up; or by my bad tempering before-hand, blemish the beauty when it should be reared up indeed." In the printer's preface to the present work, also, is another allusion to

the incompleteness of Laneham, "And these being thus collected," says he, "I have for thy commodity, gentle reader, now published, the rather because of a report thereof lately imprinted by the name of the Pastimes of the Progress; which indeed doth nothing touch the particularity of every commendable action, but generally rehearseth her Majesty's cheerful entertainment in all places where she passed; together with the exceeding joy that her subjects had to see her, which report made very many the more desirous to have this perfect copy." Since, then, from this most impartial character of Laneham's letter, it is evident that it is imperfect in its details, a reprint of the "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," as advertised at the end of the former publication, is now presented to the public, arranged upon the same popular plan, to supply his deficiencies, and to give a perfect idea of the Kenilworth pastimes. The following masques, as will be hereafter seen, were not the productions of one person only; and in the notes appended to this volume some biographical sketches will be found of the principal authors employed; but, as the ensuing poems are generally known under the title of Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth, having been first printed with his works, the account of this celebrated writer has been reserved for the Introductory Preface.

There are several sources whence these memoirs have been derived; firstly, the author's own works; secondly, the admirable life written by Mr. Chalmers, for his edition of the English Poets; and, lastly, from a curious biographical poem by Gascoigne's friend, George Whetstone, a reprint of which immediately follows this introduction. The history of the last-mentioned authority, though by no means singular to bibliographers, is curious. Bishop Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*, edit. 1748, fol. p. 310, was the first who mentioned it in the following doubtful terms, "Whether it is our or another George Gascoigne, who is described by George Whetstone by this title, a remembrance of the well-employed life and godly end of Geo. Gascoign, Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, 7 Octob. MDLXXVII. reported by Geo. Whetstone, among the

books of Tho. Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph.²³ In consequence of this notice, a search was commenced through the Bodleian Library, where the Bishop's books were deposited. This, as well as the examination of several other libraries, was unsuccessful; and serious doubts were entertained, whether such a pamphlet had ever existed. At length, however, it was some years since found in the collection of the late Mr. Voight, of the Custom-house, London; at the sale of whose books in December, 1806, it was bought by Mr. Malone, for 42*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* The tract itself is of that character so well known to bibliographers, slight, and of uncommon rarity; it contains only thirteen pages, printed in the black letter in small quarto. But although it had thus been concealed, yet, besides Bishop Tanner's words, there was sufficient evidence of its existence in the books of the Stationers' Company, which shew, that Robert Aggas, of the Red Dragon, in St. Paul's Church-yard, had a license to print it, dated November 15th, 1577; which is also mentioned by Herbert, *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1169. Such is the history of Whetstone's tract, which, though it contains nothing worthy of being denominated, a *Life of Gascoigne*, has some few facts, though very obscurely related, that are certainly of great importance to his memoirs, and which have been carefully noticed in the following sketch:

George Gascoigne, the son and heir of Sir John Gascoigne, was descended from an ancient and respectable family of Essex, and was first educated under a minister named Nevinson, who, as Mr. Chalmers observes, was probably "Stephen Nevinson, LL.D. Prebendary and Commissary of the City and Diocese of Canterbury." Gascoigne was next removed to the University; Wood supposes him to have studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, but from several passages in his works, it is most probable that he belonged only to the latter. From College, like many young gentlemen of his time, Gascoigne went to Gray's Inn, of which he became a member, and it is probable, that about this period, he entered upon that dissolute course of life, his repentance of which is so strongly marked in the greater part of his

writings. With a mind certainly highly-gifted with poetic feeling, and a disposition amorous to a very great degree, it is not surprising, that the youthful poems of Gascoigne are all on the subject of love; Gabriel Harvey, in his *Gratulationes Valdinenses*, celebrates him, with Chaucer, and the Earl of Surrey, as a poetic champion of the female sex. It was most probably this dissipated course of life that caused Sir John Gascoigne to disinherit his son; although, from several passages in his poems, it would seem that his offences had been exaggerated by slanderous reports. Left entirely to himself, and cast into the world alone, he for some time endeavoured to brave it with independence; but, finding that the revellers with whom he had associated, and the mistresses on whom he had lavished his property, were alike insensible to his situation or unable to amend it, on March 19th, 1572, he sailed for Holland, and entered into the army of William, Prince of Orange. After a dangerous voyage, in which twenty of the crew were drowned through the pilot's intoxication, Gascoigne landed in Holland, and received a Captain's commission under the Prince. His poems entitled "Gascoigne's Voyage into Holland," "The Fruits of Warre," and "the Fruite of Fetters, with the Complaint of the Greene Knight," under which name it appears that Gascoigne was known in the army, contain much information respecting his life at this period. From these may be learned, that he was in a fair path to promotion, when an unfortunate dispute with his Colonel caused him to remove to Delf, in order to resign his commission to the Prince, who, however, exerted himself to bring about a reconciliation. During these events, while Gascoigne remained at Delf, a lady at the Hague, which was then occupied by the enemy's troops, sent a letter to him concerning his portrait which he had given her. This billet got into the possession of his Colonel and his enemies, who made such use of it as to excite considerable suspicion in the minds of many, especially the Dutch burghers, that Gascoigne was unfaithful to their cause. In consequence of this he underwent considerable privations, which lasted, as he remarks, "a winter's tyde," until the Prince coming into Zealand, Gascoigne laid the

whole affair before him, and immediately received passports for visiting the lady, and an ample testimonial of his worth. Soon after, William of Nassau laid siege to Middleburg, and Gascoigne evinced such bravery in the capture of it, that the Prince, as he relates, presented him with,

“Three hundred guilders good above my pay,
And bad me bide till his abilitie
Might better guerdon my fidelitie.”

The credit which Gascoigne had thus attained, was certainly a principal cause of the misfortunes which succeeded it; since his enemies had then to add envy to their former hatred and suspicion. A reinforcement was at that period sent from England to the Spaniards, and Gascoigne was ordered, under the command of Captain Sheffield, to an unfinished fort at Valkenburg, which was immediately attacked. The Dutch forces there amounted only to five hundred men, while those of the Spanish were about three thousand; added to which, the fortification works were incomplete, and the garrison not supplied either with provision or ammunition. It was vain to contend when this miserable defence was assaulted, though Gascoigne and his companions held out until they were forced to retreat, which they at length did to Leyden, the gates of which were shut against them. The rest is easily imagined—they surrendered to the Spaniards, upon honourable terms, and after about four months' captivity, the officers were sent home to their own countries. After his return to England, Gascoigne resided at his chambers in Gray's Inn, and occasionally at Walthamstow, as he again began the study of the law, and also published such of his more serious poems as he expected would efface the memory of his amatory verses. In the summer of 1575, he attended Lord Leicester at Kenilworth, to assist Hunnis, Goldingham, Mulcaster, &c. in the production of masques and pageants for Queen Elizabeth's entertainment; and in the course of the following work, the reader will observe what share he took in their composition. When the Kenilworth festival was over, Gascoigne is supposed to

have been employed at Walthamstow, in preparing his several works for the press; of which an accurate bibliographical account will be found at the end of this memoir. According to Whetstone, he wrote in this retirement, the satire of "The Steele Glasse," "The Glass of Government," "The Delicate Diet," "a Book of Hunting," and "The Doom's Day Drum;" the latter of which was not published until after his death. Though Gascoigne was certainly admired and caressed in his own time, and enjoyed the friendship and patronage of many great and eminent men, "yet," says Mr. Chalmers, "during this period he complains bitterly of what poets in all ages have felt, the envy of rivals and the malevolence of critics, and seems to intimate that, although he apparently bore this treatment with patience, yet it insensibly wore him out, and brought on a bodily distemper which his physicians could not cure. In all his publications, he takes every opportunity to introduce and bewail the errors of his youth, and to atone for any injury, real or supposed, which might have accrued to the public from a perusal of his early poems, in which, however, the proportion of indelicate thoughts is surely not very great." In little more than two years after the Queen's visit to Kenilworth, on October the 7th, 1577, Gascoigne died, at Stamford in Lincolnshire, according to Whetstone, in the presence of his wife and son, and with such calmness,

"as no man there perceiv'd
By struggling sign, or striving from his breath,
That he abode the pains and pangs of death."

It is supposed by his biographers, that his age did not exceed forty years.

The above hasty sketch of Gascoigne's life cannot be better concluded, than by the following finely-written poetic character, which Mr. Chalmers has given of him and of his works. "If we consider the general merit of the poets in the early part of the Elizabethan period, it will probably appear that the extreme rarity of Gascoigne's works has been the chief cause of his being so much neglected by modern readers. In smoothness and harmony of versification, he yields to no poet of his own

time, when these qualities were very common; but his higher merit is, that in every thing he discovers the powers and invention of a poet; a warmth of sentiment, tender and natural; and a fertility of fancy, although not always free from the conceits of the Italian school. As a satirist, if nothing remained but his *Steele Glass*, he may be reckoned one of the first. There is a vein of sly sarcasm in this piece, which appears to me to be original; and his intimate knowledge of mankind, acquired indeed at the expense probably of health, and certainly of comfort and independence, enabled him to give a more curious picture of the dress, manners, amusements, and follies of the times, than we meet with in almost any other author. To point out the individual beauties of his miscellaneous pieces, after the specimens exhibited by Mrs. Cooper, by Bp. Percy, Warton, Headley, and Ellis, would be unnecessary; but there are three respects in which his claims to originality require to be noticed, as zeros in a history of poetry. His *Steele Glass* is among the first specimens of blank verse in our language; his *Jocasta* is the second theatrical piece written in that measure; and his *Supposes* is the first comedy written in prose.

Chronological List of the Works, in Verse and Prose, of George Gascoigne.

"*A Hundreth sundrie Flowres*, bound up in one small Posie. Gathered partly (by translation) in the fyne outlandish gardins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others: and partly by inuention, out of our owne fruitfull orchardes in England: Yelding sundrie sweete sauours of tragicall, comical, and morall discourses, bothe pleasaunte and profitable to the well-smellyng noses of learned readers.

Meretum petere, graue.

Imprinted for Richarde Smith." [1572]. 4to.

In this edition, which Herbert has fully described, *Typog. Antiq.* p. 990, was first published, "*Supposes*, a Comedie, written in the Italian tongue by Ariosto, englished by George Gascoigne, of Greies inne, Esquire, and there presented 1566;" reprinted in Hawkins's

Origin of the English Drama, 1773, vol. II. And "Jocasta, a tragedie, written in Greeke by Euripides, translated and digested into acte by George Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmarsh*, of Greies inne, and there by

* From the very little that is known respecting this author, or rather translator, it appears that he was a Member of Gray's Inn, that he and his brother Anthony were the intimate friends of George Gascoigne, were also gentlemen of Essex, and had the character of being noted poets of their time. The "Ode to Concord," inserted by him in this translation of "Jocasta," in conjunction with Gascoigne, was not originally written by Euripides, but has received the highest commendation from Warton, as exhibiting great elegance of expression and versification, and has been transcribed by that distinguished critic into his *History of English Poetry*, vol. III. p. 374. Kinwelmarsh has also several verses in "The Paradyse of Daynty Deuyses," originally printed in 1576, which Mr. Haslewood, in his excellent prefix to the reprint of that work in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. IV. considers as inferior to the productions of the more distinguished contributors, Richard Edwards; Thomas, Lord Vaux; Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; and William Hunnis. The following stanzas, "On Learning," have however justly received his commendation, as being very pleasing; and as a fair specimen of Kinwelmarsh's poetical abilities, it is hoped they are not obtrusively inserted.

*Who wyll aspire to dignitie,
By learnyng must advanced be.*

THE poor that liue in needie rate,
By learning doo great richesse gayne:
The rich that liue in wealthy state,
By learnyng doo their wealth maintayne.
Thus ritch and poore are furthered still
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceits of franticke youth
The golden gyft of learning staves:
Of doubtfull thinges to searche the truth,
Learning sets forth the redde wayes.
O happy him doo I repute,
Whose brest is fraught with learninges fruite.

them presented in 1566." This edition is of such extreme rarity, that only two perfect copies are known, one formerly in the possession of the late George Steevens, Esq., and a second in Emanuel College Library, placed there, it is conjectured, by Dr. Farmer; a third, perfected in manuscript from the last named copy, was in the library of Thomas Hill, Esq. Steevens, in a notice of this work, has stated that it differed very materially from the subsequent edition, in 1587; and contained several pieces which were afterwards omitted. The only variation, however, which was perceptible to Mr. Alex. Chalmers, on a comparison of the two editions, was the omission of a short piece, not very delicate, entitled "Ariosto allegorised." The edition of 1572, appears in short to have been an *unchastised* work, published, as it should seem, without the author's formal consent, though certainly not without his knowledge at the time of printing. The paginary numbers in all the known copies extant, terminate abruptly at 164, and recommence at 201.

There growes no Corne within the feeelde,
 That Oxe and Plough did neuer tyll :
 Right so the mind no fruite can yeelde,
 That is not lead by learninges skill;
 Of ignoraunce comes rotten weedes,
 Of learningyng springes right noble deedes.

Like as the Captayne hath respect
 To trayne his souldiers in aray :
 So learning dooth mans mind direct,
 By *Vertues* staffe his lyfe to stay.
 Though Freendes and Fortune waxeth skant,
 Yet learned men shall neuer want.

You Impes therefore in youth be sure
 To fraught your mindes with learned thinges :
 For Learning is the fountayne pure
 Out from the which all glory springes.
 Who so therefore wyll glory winne,
 With Learning fyrst must needes beginne.

Finis. F. K.

“*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquier.* Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour, 1575.

‘Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.’

Printed at London, for Richard Smith.” 1575. 4to.

This is generally termed the second edition of Gascoigne’s poems, and commences with an “Epistle to the Reverend Deuines unto whom these Posies shall happen to be presented,” in defence of his former publication. Bishop Tanner, in his enumeration of Gascoigne’s pieces, has erroneously described them as having been published in two volumes, 1577 and 1587; Mr. Haslewood has, however, expressed his belief that Tanner should have noticed them, as being dated 1572 and 1575; these editions being evidently to bind in two volumes, and the title, with the date of 1575, was probably intended for the second volume. Herbert has noticed another edition of these Posies, printed for Christopher Barker, 1575, 4to. *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1077. This, however, though it is not intended to deny Herbert’s assertion, must remain a matter of doubt, as no catalogue, which the writer has consulted, appears to contain this particular edition. There were some material variations in the names of persons, in some of Gascoigne’s pieces, in the edition of 1575, from that of 1572. A detailed digest of the contents, &c. of the edition of 1575, containing the whole of Gascoigne’s poetry, collected and published anterior to the author’s decease, is inserted in the preliminary memoranda prefixed to Mr. Alex. Chalmers’s reprint of Gascoigne’s poems, in the *Works of the English Poets*, 1810. vol. ii. p. 452.

In the title of this edition of Gascoigne’s Posies is inserted an admirable wood-cut device, prefixed by Richard Smith to most of the books which he published, representing Time drawing forth the figure of Truth from a pit or cavern, encircled with the legend “*OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET.*” Bishop Percy has copied this device, with some variations, in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, edit. 1765. vol. ii. p. 259; and observes, that it possibly suggested to Rubens his well-known design of a similar kind, *Le Temps decouvre la Verité*, which

he has introduced into the Luxembourg Gallery. *Reliques, ut supra*, vol. ii. p. 151.

“*The Glasse of Gouvernement*. A tragicall Comedie so intituled, because therein are handled the rewardes for Vertues, as also the punishment for Vices. Done by George Gascoigne, Esquier. 1575.”

Colophon “Imprinted at London by H. M. for Christopher Barker at the Grassehopper in Pauls Church-yard. 1575.” 4to. Herbert notices, another edition with this Colophon, “Imprinted in Fleet-street at the Faulcon, by Henry Middleton, for Christopher Barker, 1575.” 4to. *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1076. 1803. It is, however, highly improbable that there was more than one edition; the first notice of the printer and publisher being evidently the imprint on the title; the latter, that of the usual detailed Colophon at the end, affixed to almost all books published during the reign of Elizabeth.

“*The Hermits Tale at Woodstock, 1575.*” Royal MSS. 18 A XLVIII. in the British Museum. Printed in the first volume of Queen Elizabeth’s Progresses by Mr. Nichols, 1788. 4to. vol. i. Andrews, in his *Continuation of Dr. Henry’s History of Great Britain*, has the following note: “The poet Gascoigne, as he draws his own picture, presenting his book to Elizabeth, has a pen for an ear-ornament, and thus he sings,

“ Behold good queene, a poett with a speare,
 (Strange sightes well mark’d are understode the better)
 A soldier armde with pensyle in his eare,
 With pen to fighte, and sworde to write a letter.

Frontispiece to Gascoigne’s Translation of
 “*The Heremyte.*”

“*The Princely Pleasures at the Courte at Kenelwoorth*: That is to saye, the copies of all such verses, Proses, or Poeticall inuentions, and other deuices of pleasure, as were there deuised, and presented by Sundry Gentlemen, before the Quenes Maiesty: in the year 1575.

Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, 1576. 8vo.
 Of this edition, which is the first, only one copy is known. At the sale of Dr. Wright’s library, in April,

1787, Dr. Farmer obtained it for the very trifling sum of ten shillings! On the demise of Dr. Farmer, in 1798, his library was also dispersed by the hammer, and this unique copy was purchased by Mr. Jeffery of Pall Mall, for the late George Ellis, Esq., for two pounds six shillings, which is somewhat surprising, as the rarity of the volume had then become more generally known; it subsequently passed through the hands of Mr. Park to Messrs. Longman and Co., from whom it was transferred to its present possessor, William Staunton, Esq. of Longbridge. The existence of this edition was unknown to Mr. Nichols, while editing the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*; and the "*Princely Pleasures*," of Gascoigne, are there given from a transcript from the subsequent edition of 1587; nor does it appear, that although Ritson had noticed this edition in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, that Mr. A. Chalmers knew any thing more respecting it than Mr. Nichols, as in the preliminary notices prefixed to his republication of Gascoigne's poems, speaking of this work, he observes, "This piece was first printed in the posthumous edition of his works." *Works of the English Poets*, 1810. vol. ii. p. 450.

"*A delicate diet for daintie mouthde Droomkardes. Wherein the fowle abuse of common Carowsing and Quaffing with hartie draughtes, is honestlie admonished. By George Gascoigne, Esquier.*

'Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.'

Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, Aug. 22. 1576." 8vo.

The late Mr. F. G. Waldron reprinted this tract, which originally comprised three sheets, in 1789, from a copy which Steevens possessed, and with his usual urbanity lent him for that purpose; it afterwards formed one of the rare tracts reprinted in the *Literary Museum*, edited by Waldron, in 1792. 8vo. Mr. Heber purchased Steevens's copy, at the sale of his library, in 1800. Herbert notices another, which was in the collection of Edward Jacob, Esq., of Faversham, Kent. *Typog. Antiq.* p. 1042.

"*The wyll of the Deuyll*; with his ten detestable Commaundementes: Directed to his obedient and accursed chyl dren; and the reward promised to all such as obediently wil endeuer themselves to fulfil them. Whereunto is adjoynd a Dyet for dyuers of the Deuylls dearlings, comonly called dayly Dronkardes. Very necessarrie to be read, and well considered of all Christians.

Imprinted by Richard Jhones." *no date*, 8vo. *Herbert*, p. 1051-2.

A tract of extreme rarity, a copy appears to have once been in the library of the Hon. Topham Beauclerk, see Paterson's *Catal. Bibl. Beauclerk*, 1781, part 1. n^o. 4137, where it is ascribed to George Gascoigne. Steevens refers to it, in a note on Shakspeare's King Lear: see *Shakspeare's Plays*, edit. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 109; and Mr. Haslewood has inserted it in the list of Gascoigne's works, *British Bibliographer*, 1810, vol. i. p. 80. In 1576, Richard Jones had licence for "The Temptations of the Deuyll: with remedies against the same." *Herbert*, p. 1052. Whether this was another book, or the title under which the above was originally intended to have been published, is doubtful.

"*The Steele Glas*. A Satyre cōpiled by George Gascoigne. Together with the Complainge of Phylomene, an Elegie deuised by the same author.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

Printed for Richard Smith." 1576. 4to.

The title of this extremely rare tract, is within a prettily ornamented border, formed of metal pieces, and has also Richard Smith's device, noticed p. xiv. *ante*. On the reverse of the title, is Gascoigne's portrait in armour, with a ruff round his neck; on his right hand a musket and bandaleers; on his left, books, placed with their backs to the wall, on a shelf; and, underneath his motto, "Tam Marti, quam Mercurio." A copy of this portrait is inserted in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. i. p. 73, and in the second number of *Kenilworth Illustrated*.

"*The Griefe of Joy*. Certeyne Elegies, wherein the doubtfull Delightes of Manes Lyfe are displayed.

Written to the Queenes most excellent Mat^{tie}.
 Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.
 1576."

An unpublished MS. Poem, in the British Museum. Beloe has printed the dedication "To the high and mightie Princesse Elizabeth," in which the author humbly entreats her Highness "to accept this *Nisfe* for a new yerer gyfte," dated "this first of January, 1577." accompanied with a specimen of the poem, taken from the fourth song or section, *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*, 1807, vol. ii. The object of this poem, which consists of what the author calls "four songs," seems intended to impress the idea so beautifully expressed by the writer of the celebrated *Ode to Indifference*:

"Bliss goes but to a certain bound;
 Beyond is agony."

After treating of the sports and amusements of youth, he proceeds to censure the vanities of extreme fondness for dancing, leaping, and what he terms *roonyng*, vaultyng, &c. continuing his invectives to "wrestlyng," where the poem abruptly terminates: "left imperfect," as he observes, "for feare of horsmen." The MS. displays a beautiful specimen of penmanship and wherever the Queen is immediately addressed, the letters are emblazoned in burnished gold.

Gascoigne has verses before Turbervile's booke of Hunting, 1575, "in commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie," Cardanus comfote, &c. 1576, and Hollyband's French Littleton, 1595. He has also a prose preface before "A Discourse of a Discouerie for a new passage to Cathaia, written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, 1576," *Herbert*, p. 1041; and is celebrated by Gabriel Harvey, as one of the English poets who have written in praise of Women.

Chaucerusque adsit. Surreius et inclytus adsit
 Gascoignoque aliquis sit, mea Corda, locus.

Gratulationes Valdincenses, 1578. 4to. lib. iv. p. 22.

The Drum of Dooms-Day, was a posthumous publication, and appeared under the following title :—

“ *The Droomme of Domesday.* Wherein the frailties and miseries of man’s life, are lyvely portrayed and learnedly set forth. Deuided as appeareth in the page next following. Translated and collected by George Gascoigne, Esquyer.

Tam, &c. *ut supra.*

At London, imprinted by John Windet, for Gabriel Cawood : dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost, 1586.” 4to.

In the dedication to his patron the Earl of Bedford, we are informed that this work is principally a translation from an old volume he found in his library ; which wanting the beginning and end, he could not ascertain the author’s name ; that he was prompted to translate, arrange, and publish the same, partly to atone for mis-spent time, and partly in consequence of the suggestion of a friend, who, after allowing his poetry its full merit, said “ hee woulde like the gardiner much better if he would employ his spade in no worse ground, then either diuinitie or moral philosophie.” The dedication is dated, “ From my Lodging, where I finished this trauaile in weake plight for health, as your good Lordshippe well knoweth, this 2 of Maye, 1576.”

“ *The Whole Works of George Gascoigne, Esquyre.* Newlye compyled into one volume ; that is to say : His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of Warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steel-glasse, the Complaint of Phylomene, the Storie of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the Pleasure at Kenelworth Castle.

Imprinted by Abell Joffes, dwelling in the Fore Street, without Creēple-gate, neere vnto Grubstreēt, 1587.” 4to. *Herbert*, p. 1161.

Mr. Alex. Chalmers denominates this “ the third, and most complete edition of his works, and may be reckoned the best, except that the errors pointed out in the former editions are not corrected in this.” *Works of the English Poets*, vol. ii. p. 454. Mr. Haslewood has also given a particular description of the contents of this volume in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. i. p. 79, 80.

Abel Jeffes, who was a disorderly member of the Stationers' Company, and appears to have been of too despicable a character to have been admitted on the livery, was not only in this, but in other instances, an unprincipled infringer on the literary property of his fellow-printers and stationers. The right of Gascoigne's poems seems in part to have been the property of Henry Bynneman, whose apprentice Abel Jeffes had been; but after the decease of his master, 8th of Jan. 1583-4, on which day Newberry and Denman, his assignees, delivered up certain copies, "which belonged to Hen. Bynneman, deceased," to the Stationers' Company, for the benefit of their poor; he would seem to have reprinted Gascoigne's "whole works," without any right of assignment whatever. "The Steel Glas," printed in 1576, and contained in this edition of 1587, appears on inspection to have been only once printed, a new title being the only substitution in lieu of that with the portrait of Gascoigne on the reverse. By what means he obtained the printed sheets of this and the other pieces attached to the volume of 1587, whether by purchase or an unjust encroachment, it is now certainly beyond the reach of discovery. The surreptitious aggrandisement of the right of Gascoigne's "whole workes," or rather the poetical portion only, on the part of Abel Jeffes, does not appear to have ensured to him the success he possibly had hoped for, as some copies are extant with the following variation in the title:

"*The pleasauntest workes of George Gascoigne, Esquire: Newlye compyled, &c. &c. ut supra.*"

Imprinted by Abel Jeffes, 1587." 4to. See an interesting article on Gascoigne, communicated by Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, whose copy had formerly been the late Thomas Warton's. *Cens. Literaria*, vol. i. p. 109. A copy with the same variation appears to have been in the library of the Hon. Topham Beauclerk. See *Catal. Bibl. Beauclerk*, 1781, part i. n^o. 3278. It is also perhaps not wholly unworthy of notice to observe, that no two copies of the volume of 1587, which the writer has seen, were found to comprise the same uniform arrangement of the several pieces of which it consists.

A REMEMBRANCE

of the wel employed life, and godly end of
GEORGE GASKOIGNE, Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire, the 7 of October
1577.

The reporte of GEOR. WHETSTONS,
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
End in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON-
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Pauls Churchyard, and
are there to be solde.

The Stanzas commencing,

“ What is this World ?” &c. p. xxxi.

to that ending,

“ Save only man, who as his earthly living is,
Shall live in wo, or els in endles blis.” p. xxxiii.

Are the contents of a Poem, in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, edit. 1600. entitled “ A Description of the World,” signed *G. Gaske*. From a conjecture that this name was only an abbreviation for *G. Gascoigne*, these stanzas have ever since been attributed to him; it is, however, clearly evident that *Whetstone*’s name should have supplied the place of that signature, he being in reality the author of the following Poem, from which they are an extract. *G. Gaske* had, therefore, no existence, though admitted by *Ritson* as “ an authour ” of the reign of *Elizabeth*, in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802. p. 218.

The wel employed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esquire.

AND is there none wil help to tel my tale,
Who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints have shone?
feeles all men joy? cā no mā skil of bale?
O yes! I see a comfort in my mone:
Help me, good George! my life and death to touch
some man for thee may one day doo as much.

Thou seest my death, and long my life didst knowe;
my life? nay, death: to live I now begin:
But some wil say, *Durus est hic sermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on sin.
Yet trust me, frends! (though flesh doth hardly bow)
I am resolv'd, I never liv'd til now.

And on what cause in order shall ensue:
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte;
Whose tale attend; for once the same is true;
Yea, Whetston! thou has knowen my hidden hart,
And therefore I conjure thee to defend
(When I am dead) my life and godly end.

first of my life, which some (amis) did knowe ;
 I leve mine armes, my acts shall blase the same ;
 Yet on a thorne a grape will never growe,
 no more a churle dooth breed a childe of fame :
 but (for my birth) my birth right was not great :
 my father did his forward sonne defeat.*

This froward deed could scarce my hart dismay :
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke :
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra* ;
 Besides, my wit can guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding cause to foster hye desire,
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But, foolish man! deckt in my peacock's plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit ;
 Yea, brainsick I was drunk with fancies fumes ;
 But, *Nemo sine crimine vivit* ;
 for he that findes himself from vices free,
 I give him leve to throw a stone at me.

It helps my praise that I my fault recite :
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for joy ;
 Evil sets out good, as far as black dooth white ;
 The pure delight is drayned from anoy.
 But (that in cheef which writers should respect)
 Trueth is the garbe that keepeth men uncheckt.

* He was Sir John G. sonne and heire disinherited.

And for a trueth, begilde with self-conceit,
 I thought that men would throwe rewards on me ;
 But as a fish seld bites without a baight,
 So none, unforst, mens needs will hear or see ;
 and begging sutes from dunghil thoughts proceed :
 the mounting minde had rather sterve in need.

Wel, leave I hear of thriftles wil to write :
 wit found my rents agreed not with my charge ;
 The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures barge.
 These lusty limes, *saunce use* (quod I) will rust :
 That pitee were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd impayred my desert)
 I boldely vaunt, the blast of fame is such,
 As proves I had a froward sours hart.
 My slender gaine a further witnes is ;
 for woorthiest men the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man that went to fight for pence,
 Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt :
 Yea, had not woordes fought for my lives defence,*
 for all my hands, my breth had there been stopt ;
 But I, in fine, did so persuade my foe,
 As (set free) I was homewards set to goe.

* He had the Latin, Italian, French and Dutch languages.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit ;
 Yet awckward chance lackt force to heard my hope.
 In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit ;
 The windowes of my muse then straight I ope,
 and first I showe the travail of such time
 as I in youth imployd in looving rime.

Some straight way said (their lungs with envy fret),
 those wanton layes inductions were to vice.
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*)
 our neyghbours harms are items to the wise ;
 And sure these toyes do showe, for your behoof,
 The woes of loove, and not the wayes to love.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
 I left this vaine to path the vertuous waies ;
 The lewd I checkt in GLAS OF GOVERNMENT :
 And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise)
 I wrought a GLASSE wherin eche man may see
 Within his minde what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule transformed to a beast,
 my DIET, helps a man again to make.
 But (that which should be praisd above the rest)
 My DOOMES DAY DRUM from sin doeth you awake.
 for honest sporte, which doeth refresh the wit,
 I have for you A BOOK OF HUNTING writ,

These few books are dayly in your eyes,
 Parhaps of woorth, my fame alive to keep;
 Yet other woorks (I think) of more emprise,
 Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep:
 yea, til I dy, none shall the same revele;
 So men wil say, that *Gaskoigh* wrote of zeale.

O Envy vile! foule fall thee, wretched sot!
 Thou mortal foe unto the forward minde!
 I curse thee, wretch! the only cause, God wot,
 That my good wil no more account did finde.
 And not content thy self to do me fear,
 Thou nipst my hart with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of spight, foule Envies poysoned pye:
 To Midas eares, this as[s] hath Lyntius eyes;
 with painted shewes he heaves himself on hie,
 full oft this Dolte in learned authors pries;
 But as the Drone the hony hive doth rob,
 with woorthy books so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms to paint a prating tung,
 When (God he knowes) he knows not what he saies;
 And lest the wise should find his wit but yung,
 he woorkes all means their woorkes for to dispraise.
 To smooth his speech, the beast this patch doth crop:
 he shows the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye, woorse than this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes he with silence striketh dead);
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *spight* in every place doth spread;
 And with his breth, the Viper dooth infect
 The hearers heads and harts with false suspect.

Now of *suspect* the proprietie to shoue:
 he hides his dought, yet still mistrusteth more
 The man; suspect is so debar'd to knowe
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling sore;
 And so in vain he good account doeth seek,
 who by this Feinde is brought into mislike.

[Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart!]
 These privy foes, to tread me under foot,
 My true intent with forged faults did thwart;
 so that I found, for me it was no boot
 to woork, as Bees, from WEEDES, with honyd ranes,
 when Spiders turned my FLOWERS into banes.

When my plain woords by fooles miscontred were,
 by whose fond tales reward held his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to settle care
 within my brest, who wel deserv'd, did lack;
 for who can brook to see a painted crowe
 Singing aloft, when Turtles mourn belowe?

What man can yeld to starve among his books,
and see pied Doultes uppon a booty feed ?

What honest minde can live by favring looks,
And see the lewd to rech a freendly deed ?
what hart can bide in bloody warres to toile,
when carpet swads devour the soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch whom fortune stinted soe :
These men were bribed ere I had breth to speak.
Muse then no whit with this huge overthrowe,
though crushing care my giltles hart doth break ;
But you wil say that in delight doo dwell ;
my outward showe no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark unto the rest !
The Swan in songs dooth knolle her passing bel ;
The Nightingale with thornes against her brest,
when she might mourn, her sweetest laye doth yel ;
The valiant man so playes a pleasant parte,
When mothes of mone doo gnaw upon his hart.

for prooffe, myself, with care not so afeard,
But as hurt Deere waile (through their wounds,
When stoutly they doo stand among the heard) alone ;
So that I saw but few hark to my mone,
made choise to tel deaf walles my wretched plaint,
in sight of men who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft use doeth weare an iron cote,
 as misling drops hard flints in time doth pearse,
 By peece meales care so wrought me under foot.
 but more than straunge is that I now rehearse :
 Three months I lived and did digest no food,
 when none by arte my sicknes understood.

What helpeth then ? to death I needs must pine :
 yet as the horse, the use of warre which knowes,
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
 but til he dye poste with his Rider goes,
 Even so my hart whilst lungs may lend me breth,
 Bares up my limmes, who living go like death.

But what availes Achilles hart to have,
 king Cressus welth, the sway of all the world ?
 The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched Slave,
 when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whorld ;
 yea, oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye ;
 Then good you live as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight I wretched now am in,
 I looke much like a threshed ear of corne ;
 I holde a forme within a wrimpled skin,
 but from my bones the fat and flesh is worne :
 See ! see the man, late plesures minion,
 pinde to the bones with care and wretched mone.

See gallants ! see a picture worth the sight,
 (as you are now, myself was heretofore)
 my body, late stuff full of many might,
 As bare as Job is brought to Death his doore ;
 My hand of late which fought to win me fame,
 Stif clung with colde, wants forse to write my name.

My legges which bare my body full of flesh,
 Unable are to stay my bones upright ;
 My tung (God wot!) which talkt as one would wish,
 In broken words can scarce my minde recite ;
 My head, late stuff with wit and learned skill,
 may now conceive but not convey my wil.

What say you, freends ! this sudain change to see ?
 you rue my greef, you doe like flesh and blood ;
 But mone your sinnes, and never morne for me.
 And to be plain, I would you understood
 My hart dooth swim in seas of more delight :
 Then your who seems to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world ? A net to snare the soule,
 A mass of sinne, a desart of decett,
 A moments joy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a loothsome baight,
 Unto the minde a cankerworm of care,
 Unsure, unjust in rendring man his share ;

A place where pride oreruns the honest minde,
 Where rich men joynes to rob the shiftles wretch,
 Where bribing mists the judges eyes doo blinde,
 Where Parasites the fattest crummes do catch;
 Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)
 Are overblowen with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of winde,
 Conceivd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought up with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then, (til death vouchsafe him some relief)
 Day, yea nor night, his care dooth take an end,
 To gather goods for other men to spend.

O foolish man that art in office plaste!
 Think whence thou camst, and whether the shall goe:
 The huge hie Okes small windes have overcast,
 when slender reeds in roughest wethers growe:
 Even so pale death oft spares the wretched wight,
 And woundeth you who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths that nourish hie desire!
 Abase your plumes which makes you look so big:
 The Colliers cut the Courtiars steed wil tire;
 Even so the Clark the Parsones grave dooth dig,
 whose hap is yet heer longer life to win,
 Dooth heap (God wot) but sorowe unto sinne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heed!
 the thunderboltes the lofty Towers teare;
 The lightning flash consumes the house of reed;
 Yea more in time all earthly things will weare,
 Save only man, who as his earthly living is,
 Shall live in wo, or els in endles blis.

More would I say, if life would lend me space,
 but all in vain; death waits of no mans will:
 The tired Jade dooth trip at every pace,
 when pampered horse will prounce against the hil;
 So helthfull men at long discourse sporte,
 when few woords the sick would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made:
 my welth is small, the more my conscience ease.
 This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
 my loving wife and sonne will hardly please:
 But in this case, to please them as I may,
 These following woords my testament do wray.

My soule I first bequeath Almighty God,
 An though my sinnes are grevous in his sight,
 I firmly trust to scape his firy rod,
 whenas my faith his deer Sonne shall recite,
 whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
 Is sole the cause that saves me from hel fire.

XXXIV.

My body now which once I decked brave,
 (from whence it came) unto the earth I give;
 I wish no pomp the same for to ingrave;
 once buried corn dooth rot before it live,
 And flesh and blood in this self sorte is tryed;
 Thus buriall cost is (without proffit) pride.

I humbly give my gracious sovereign Queene
 (by service bound) my true and loyall hart;
 And trueth to say, a sight but rarely scene,
 As Iron greeves from thadamant to parte;
 her highnes so hath recht the Grace alone
 To gain all harts, yet gives her hart to none.

My loving wife whose face I fain would see,
 my love I give, with all the welth I have;
 But since my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee,
 most gracious Queene! for Christs his sake I crave
 (not for any service that I have doon)
 you will vouchsafe to aid her and my sonne.

Come, come, deer Sonne! my blessing take in parte,
 and therewithall I give thee this in charge,
 first serve thou God, then use bothe wit and arte
 thy fathers det of service to discharge;
 which (forste by death) her Maiestie he owes,
 beyond desarts who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all sortes of men forgive
 Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend ;
 And as good men in charitte should live,
 I crave my faults may no mans minde offend :
 So here is all I have to bequest,
 And this is all I of the world request.

Now farwell, Wife! my Sonne, and frends, farwel!
 farewell, O world, the baight of all abuse!
 Death! where is thy sting? O Devil! where is thy hel?
 I little fear the forses you can use ;
 yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye!
Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end worthy the showe,
 Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heavd ;
 And sweetly thus good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio* ;
 yea with such ease, as no man there perceivd
 By strugling signe, or striving from his breth,
 That he abode the pains and pangs of Death.

EXHORTATIO.

His *scen* is playd; you folowe on the act:
 Life is but Death, til flesh and blood be slain:
 God graunt is woords within your harts be pact;
 As good men doo holde earthly plesures vain;
 The good for their needs *Vtuntur mundo*:
 And use good deeds *Vt fruuntur Deo*.

Contemme the chaunge (use nay abuse) not God,
 Through holy shows this worldly muck to scratch:
 To deale with men and Saints is very od,
 hypocrisie a man may over catch.
 But hypocrite! thy hart the Lord dooth see,
 who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil judge thee.

Thou jesting foole, which makst at sin a face!
 Beware that God in earnest plague thee not;
 for whereas he is coldest in his grace,
 Euen there he is in vengeance very hot;
 Tempt not to far; the lothest man to fight,
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

You Courtiers! check not Merchants for their gain;
 you by your losse doo match with them in blame.
 The Lawyers life you Merchants! doo not staine:
 The blinde for slouth may hardly check the lame;
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit,
 wil Lawyers payre, I feare with overwaight.

You Lawyers now, who earthly Judges are!
 you shal be judgd, and therfore judge aright:
 you count *Ignorantia Juris* no bar;
 Then ignorance your sinnes wil not acquite.
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agre,
 That you may judge as you would judged bee.]

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good!
 make showe in woorkes, that you your woords insue:
 A Diamond holdes his vertue set in wood,
 but yet in Golde it hath a fresher hue;
 Even so Gods woord told by the Devil is pure;
 Preacht yet by Saints it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now! what office so thou have,
 to whose behoofe this breef discourse is tolde,
 Prepare thy self eche houre for the grave:
 the market eats as wel young sheep as olde;
 Even so the Childe who fears the smarting rod,
 The father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time this worldly life shall leave;
 thus sure thou art, but knowst not when to dye;
 Then good thou live, least death doo the deceive,
 as through good life thou maist his force defye;
 for trust me, man no better match can make;
 Then leave unsure for certain things to take.

Vivit post funera virtus.

AN EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY G. W. OF THE DEATH OF M. G.

GASKOYNE.

For Gaskoynes death, leave to mone or morne!
 You are deceived: alive the man is stil.
 Alive? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
 in that, that he his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, two lyves he gaines for one:
 His soule in heaven dooth live in endles joye,
 his woorthy woorks such fame in earth have sowne,
 As sack nor wrack his name can there destroy.

But you wil say, by death *he* only gaines,
 And now his life would many stand in stead,
 O dain not, Freend! (to counterchange his paynes)
 If now in heaven, he have his earned meade;
 For once in earth his toyle was passing great,
 And we devourd the sweet of all his sweat.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

THE
PRINCELY PLEASURES
AT
KENILWORTH CASTLE.

A brief rehearsal, or rather a
true copy of as much as was presented
before her Majesty at Kenilworth, during
her last abode there, as
followeth.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

[From the first edition 'Imprinted at London by Richard Jones, 1576.']

BEING advertised (gentle reader) that in this last Progress, her Majesty was (by the Right Noble Earl of Leicester) honourably and triumphantly received and entertained at his Castle of Kenilworth: and that sundry Pleasant and Poetical Inventions were there expressed, as well in verse as in prose. All which have been sundry times demanded for, as well at my hands, as also of other printers, for that indeed all studious and well-disposed young gentlemen and others, were desirous to be partakers of those pleasures by a profitable publication: I thought meet to try by all means possible if I might recover the true copies of the same, to gratify all such as had required them at my hands, or might hereafter be stirred with the like desire. And in fine, I have with much travail and pain obtained the very true and perfect copies of all that were there presented and executed; over and besides, one moral and gallant Device, which never came to execution, although it were often in readiness. And these (being thus collected,) I have (for thy commodity, gentle reader) now published: the rather because of a report thereof lately imprinted by the name of the Pastime of the Progress: which (indeed) doth nothing touch the particularity of every commendable action, but generally rehearseth her Majesty's cheerful entertainment in all places where she passed: together with the exceeding joy that her subjects had to see her: which report made very many the more desirous to have this perfect copy: for that it plainly doth set down every thing as it was indeed presented, at large: And further doth declare, who was Author and Deviser of every Poem and Invention. So that I doubt not but it shall please and satisfy thee both with reason and contentation: In full hope whereof, I leave thee to the reading of the same, and promise to be still occupied in publishing such works as may be both for thy pleasure and commodity.

This 26th of March, 1576.



HER Majesty came thither (as I remember) on Saturday being the ninth of July last past. On which day there met her on the way, somewhat near the Castle, *Sibylla*, who prophesied unto her Highness the prosperous reign that she should continue, according to the happy beginning of the same. The order thereof was this: *Sibylla* being placed in an arbour in the park near the highway, where the Queen's Majesty came, did step out and pronounced as followeth :

ALL hail, all hail, thrice-happy Prince,
 I am *Sibylla*, she
Of future chance, and after-haps,
 fore-shewing what shall be.
As now the dew of heavenly gifts
 full thick on you doth fall,
E'en so shall virtue more and more
 augment your years withal.

The rage of war bound fast in chains
shall never stir nor move :
But peace shall govern all your days,
encreasing subjects love.
You shall be called the Prince of Peace,
and peace shall be your shield,
So that your eyes shall never see
the broils of bloody field.
If perfect peace then glad your mind,
hè joys above the rest,
Which doth receive into his house
so good and sweet a guest.
And one thing more I shall foretell,
as by my skill I know :
Your coming is rejoiced at
ten thousand times and mo.
And whiles your Highness here abides,
nothing shall rest unsought,
That may bring pleasure to your mind,
or quiet to your thought.
And so pass forth in peace (O Prince
of high and worthy praise) :
The God that governs all in all,
encrease your happy days.

This device was invented, and the verses also written, by M. Hunnis, Master of her Majesty's Chapel.

HER Majesty passing on to the first gate, there stood on the leads and battlements thereof six Trumpeters hugely advanced, much exceeding the common stature of men in this age, who had likewise huge and monstrous trumpets counterfeited, wherein they seemed to sound: and behind them were placed certain trumpeters, who sounded indeed at her Majesty's entry. And by this dumb shew it was meant, that in the days and reign of King Arthur, men were of that stature. So that the Castle of Kenilworth should seem still to be kept by Arthur's heirs and their servants. And when her Majesty entered the gate, there stood *Hercules* for Porter, who seeming to be amazed at such a presence, upon such a sudden, proffered to stay them. But yet at last being overcome by view of the rare beauty and princely countenance of her Majesty, yielded himself and his charge,

presenting the keys unto her Highness, with these words:—

What stir, what coil is here? come back, hold,
whither now?

Not one so stout to stir, what harrying have we
here?

My friends a porter I, no poper here am plac'd:
By leave perhaps, else not while club and limbs do
last.

A garboil this indeed, what, yea, fair Dames? what
yea,

What dainty darling's here? oh God, a peerless
pearl;

No worldly wight no doubt, some sovereign Goddess
sure:

Even face, even hand, even eye, even other fea-
tures all,

Yea beauty, grace, and cheer, yea port and ma-
jesty,

Shew all some heavenly Peer, with virtues all
beset.

Come, come, most perfect paragon, pass on with joy
and bliss,

Most worthy welcome, Goddess guest, whose presence
gladdeth all.

Have here, have here, both club and keys, myself,
my ward I yield,

E'en gates and all, yea Lord himself, submit and seek
your shield.

These verses were devised and pronounced
by Master Badger of Oxford, Master of Arts,
and Bedel in the same University.

When her Majesty had entered the gate, and
come into the base court, there came unto her
a Lady attended with two nymphs, who came
all over the pool, being so conveyed, that it
seemed she had gone upon the water. This
Lady named herself the Lady of the Lake, who
spake to her Highness as followeth :

Though haste say on, let suit obtain some stay,
(Most peerless Prince, the honour of your kind)
While that in short my state I do display,

And yield you thanks for that which now I find,
Who erst have wish'd that death me hence had fet,
If gods, not born to die, had ow'd death any debt.

I am the Lady of this pleasant lake,
Who since the time of great King Arthur's reign,
That here with royal court abode did make,
Have led a low'ring life in restless pain.
Till now that this your third arrival here
Doth cause me come abroad, and boldly thus appear.

For after him, such storms this Castle shook,
By swarming Saxons first who scourg'd this land,
As forth of this my pool I ne'er durst look.
Though *Kenelm* King of *Merce* did take in hand
(As sorrowing to see it in deface)
To rear these ruins up, and fortify this place.

For straight by Danes and Normans all this isle
Was sore distress'd, and conquered at last.
Whose force this Castle felt, and I therewith
Did hide my head, and though it straightway pass'd
Unto Lord Saintlowe's hands, I stood at bay:
And never shew'd myself, but still in keep I lay.

The Earl Sir Mountford's force gave me no heart,
Sir Edmund Crouchback's state, the prince's son,
Could not cause me out of my lake to part,
Nor Roger Mortimer's ruff, who first begun

(As Arthur's heir) to keep the Table Round,
Could not comfort my heart, or cause me come
on ground.

Nor any owner else, not he that's now,
(Such fear I felt again, some force to feel)
Till now the Gods do seem themselves t' allow
My coming forth, which at this time reveal
By number due, that your thrice coming here
Doth bode thrice happy hope, and voids the place
from fear.

Wherefore I will attend while you lodge here,
(Most peerless Queen) to Court to make resort;
And, as my love to Arthur did appear,
So shall't to you in earnest and in sport.
Pass on, Madam, you need no longer stand,
The Lake, the Lodge, the Lord, are yours now to
command.

These verses were devised and penned by M
Ferrers, sometime Lord of Misrule in the Court.

Her Majesty proceeding towards the inner
court, passed on a bridge, the which was railed
in on both sides. And on the tops of the posts

thereof were set sundry presents, and gifts of provision: as wine, corn, fruits, fishes, fowls, instruments of music, and weapons for martial defence. All which were expounded by an actor clad like a Poet, who pronounced these verses in Latin :

Jupiter è summi dum vertice cernit Olympi,
 Huc, Princeps Regina, tuos te tendere gressus:
 Scilicet eximiæ succensus imagine formæ,
 Et memor antiqui qui semper ferverat ignis,
 Siccine Cœlicolæ patientur turpiter (inquit)
 Muneris exortem Reginam hoc visere castrum,
 Quod tam læta subit? Reliqui sensere tonantis
 Imperium superi, pro se dat quisque libenter:
 Musicolas Sylvanus aves; Pomonaque poma,
 Fruges alma Ceres, rorantia vina Lyæus;
 Neptunus pisces, tela et tutantia Mavors:
 Hæc (Regina potens) superi dant munera divi:
 Ipse loci dominus dat se Castrumque Kenelmi.

These verses were devised by Master Muncaster, and other verses * to the very self same

* The other verses are preserved in the recent edition of Laneham's Letter, p. 16.

effect were devised by M. Paten, and fixed over the gate in a frame. I am not very sure whether these or Master Paten's were pronounced by the Author, but they were all to one effect. This speech being ended, she was received into the inner court with sweet music. And, so alighting from her horse, the drums, fifes and trumpets sounded: where-with she mounted the stairs, and went to her lodging.

On the next day (being Sunday) there was nothing done until the evening, at which time there were fire-works shewed upon the water, which were both strange and well executed; as sometimes passing under the water a long space, when all men had thought they had been quenched, they would rise and mount out of the water again, and burn very furiously until they were utterly consumed.

Now to make some plainer declaration and rehearsal of all these things before her Majesty, on the tenth of July, there met her in the forest, as she came from hunting, one clad like a savage man, all in ivy, who, seeming to won-

der at such a presence, fell to quarrelling with
Jupiter as followeth:—

O! thund'ring *Jupiter*,
 who swayest the heavenly sword:
 At whose command all gods must crouch,
 and 'knowledge thee their Lord.
 Since I (O wretch therewhiles)
 am here by thy decree,
 Ordained thus in savage-wise
 for evermore to be.
 Since for some cause unknown,
 but only to thy will:
 I may not come in stately Court,
 but feed in forests still.
 Vouchsafe yet, greatest god,
 that I the cause may know,
 Why all these worthy Lords and Peers
 are here assembled so?
 Thou knowest (O mighty god)
 no man can be so base,
 But needs must mount, if once it see
 a spark of perfect grace.
 And since I see such sights,
 I mean such glorious Dames,

As kindle might in frozen breasts
 a furnace full of flames,
 I crave (great god) to know
 what all these Peers might be:
 And what has moved these sundry shews,
 which I of late did see?
 Inform me, some good man,
 speak, speak some courteous knight:
 They all cry mum; what shall I do,
 what sun shall lend me light?
 Well, Echo, where art thou?
 could I but Echo find,
 She would return me answer yet
 by blast of every wind.

Ho *Echo*: *Echo*, ho,
 where art thou, *Echo*, where?
 Why, *Echo*, friend, where dwell'st thou now!
 thou woult'st to harbour here.

(*Echo* answered.)

Echo.

Here.

then tell thou me some news,
 For else my heart would burst with grief,
 of truth it cannot chuse.

Echo.

Chuse.

Chuse? why? but thou me help :
 I say my heart will break :
 And therefore even of courtesy,
 I pray thee *Echo* speak.

Echo.

Speak.

I speak? yes, that I will,
 unless thou be too coy,
 Then tell me first what is the cause,
 that all the people joy?

Echo.

Joy.

Joy? surely that is so,
 as may full well be seen :
 But wherefore do they so rejoice?
 is it for King or Queen?

Echo.

Queen.

Queen? what, the Queen of Heaven?
 they knew her long ago:
 No sure some Queen on earth,
 whose like was never none.

Echo.

None.

O then, it seems the Queen
 of England for to be,
 Whose graces make the Gods to grudge :
 methinks it should be she.

Echo.

She.

Have been ? why then they served
 King Arthur man of might,
 And ever since this castle kept,
 for Arthur's heirs by right.

Echo. Right.

Well, *Hercules* stood by,
 why came he from his dorter ?
 Or was it eke some monstrous man,
 appointed for a porter ?

Echo. A porter.

A porter ? surely then,
 he either was acrazed,
 Or else to see so many men,
 his spirits were amazed.

Echo. Amazed.

Amazed ? so methought,
 why did he let them pass :
 And yield his keys ? because he knew,
 his master's will so was.

Echo. So was.

Well, then did he but well,
 yet saw I yet a Dame :
 Much like the Lady of the Lake ;
 perchance so was her name.

Echo. Her name.

Alas, and what could she
 (poor dame distress'd) deserve?
 I knew her well: perchance she came
 this worthy Queen to serve.

Echo. To serve.

So would I her advise:
 but what mean'd all those shifts,
 Of sundry things upon a bridge?
 were those rewards of gifts?

Echo. Gifts.

Gifts? what? sent from the god,
 as presents from above?

Or pleasures of provision,
 as tokens of true love?

Echo. True love.

And who gave all these gifts?
 I pray thee (*Echo*) say.

Was it not he, who (but of late)
 this building here did lay?

Echo. DUDLEY.

O DUDLEY, so methought:
 he gave himself and all,
 A worthy gift to be receiv'd,
 and so I trust it shall.

Echo. It shall.

What mean'd the fiery flames,
 which through the waves so flew?
 Can no cold answers quench desire?
 is that experience true?

Echo. True.

Well, *Echo*, tell me yet,
 how might I come to see
 This comely Queen of whom we talk?
 oh were she now by thee.

Echo. By thee.

By me? oh were that true,
 how might I see her face?
 How might I know her from the rest,
 or judge her by her grace?

Echo. Her grace.

Well then, if so mine eyes
 be such as they have been,
 Methinks I see among them all,
 this same should be the Queen.

Echo. The Queen.

Herewith he fell on his knees and spake as
 followeth:—

O Queen! I must confess,
it is not without cause :
These civil people so rejoice,
that you should give them laws.
Since I, which live at large,
a wild and savage man,
And have run out a wilful race,
since first my life began,
Do here submit myself,
beseeching you to serve :
And that you take in worth my will,
which can but well deserve.
Had I the learned skill,
which in your head is found :
My tale had flow'd in eloquence,
where now my words are drown'd.
Had I the beauteous blaze,
which shines in you so bright :
Then might I seem a falcon fair,
which now am but a kite.
Could I but touch the strings
which you so heavenly handle ;
I would confess, that fortune then,
full friendly did me dandle.

O Queen (without compare)
 you must not think it strange,
That here amid this wilderness,
 your glory so doth range.
The winds resound your worth,
 the rocks record your name:
These hills, these dales, these woods, these waves,
 these fields pronounce your fame.
And we which dwell abroad
 can hear none other news,
But tidings of an English Queen,
 whom heaven hath deck'd with hues.
Yea, since I first was born,
 I never joy'd so much :
As when I might behold your face,
 because I see none such.
And death or dreary dole
 (I know) will end my days,
As soon as you shall once depart,
 or wish to go your ways.
But, comely peerless Prince,
 since my desires be great :
Walk here sometimes in pleasant shade,
 to 'fend the parching heat.

On Thursday next (think I)
 here will be pleasant Dames :
 Who bet than I may make you glee,
 with sundry gladsome games.
 Meanwhile (good Queen) farewell,
 the gods your life prolong :
 And take in worth the Wild-Man's words,
 or else you do him wrong.

Then he bad *Echo* farewell, thus :—

Echo likewise farewell,
 let me go seek some death,
 Since I may see this Queen no more,
 good grief now stop my breath.

These verses were devised, penned, and pronounced by Master Gascoyne : and that (as I have heard credibly reported) upon a very great sudden.*

The next thing that was presented before her Majesty, was the delivery of the Lady of the Lake : whereof the sum was this. *Triton* in likeness of a mermaid, came toward the

Queen's Majesty as she passed over the bridge, returning from hunting. And to her declared that *Neptune* had sent him to her Highness, to declare the woeful distress wherein the poor Lady of the Lake did remain, the cause whereof was this. *Sir Bruce sans pitié*, in revenge of his cousin Merlin the Prophet, (whom for his inordinate lust she had inclosed in a rock) did continually pursue the Lady of the Lake: and had (long since) surprised her, but that *Neptune* (pitying her distress) had environed her with waves. Whereupon she was enforced to live always in that Pool, and was thereby called the Lady of the Lake. Furthermore affirming that by Merlin's prophecy, it seemed she could never be delivered but by the presence of a better maid than herself. Wherefore *Neptune* had sent him right humbly to beseech her Majesty that she would no more but shew herself, and it should be sufficient to make *Sir Bruce* withdraw his forces. Furthermore, commanding both the waves to be calm, and the fishes to give their attendance: And this he expressed in verse as followeth:—

The Speech of *Triton* to the Queen's Majesty.

Muse not at all, most mighty Prince,
 though on this lake you see
Me, *Triton*, float, that in salt seas
 among the gods should be.
For look what *Neptune* doth command,
 of *Triton* is obey'd :
And now in charge I am to guide
 your poor distressed maid ;
Who, when your Highness hither came,
 did humbly yield her Lake ;
And to attend upon your Court,
 did loyal promise make.
But parting hence that ireful knight,
 Sir *Bruce* had her in chace :
And sought by force, her virgin's state,
 full foully to deface.
Yea, yet at hand about these banks,
 his bands be often seen :
That neither can she come nor 'scape,
 but by your help, O Queen ;
For though that *Neptune* has so fenc'd
 with floods her fortress long,
Yet *Mars* her foe must needs prevail,
 his batteries are so strong.

How then can *Dian*, *Juno's* force,
 and sharp assaults abide?
When all the crew of chiefest gods
 is bent on *Bruce's* side.
Yea, oracle and prophecy,
 say sure she cannot stand,
Except a worthier maid than she
 her cause do take in hand.
Lo, here therefore a worthy work,
 most fit for you alone ;
Her to defend and set at large
 (but you, O Queen) can none ;
And gods decree and *Neptune* sues,
 this grant, O peerless Prince :
Your presence only shall suffice,
 her enemies to convince.

Herewith *Triton* sounded his trumpet and
spoke to the winds, waters, and fishes, as
followeth :

You winds return into your caves,
 and silent there remain :
You waters wild suppress your waves,
 and keep you calm and plain.

You fishes all, and each thing else,
 that here have any sway;
 I charge you all in *Neptune's* name,
 you keep you at a stay.
 Until such time this puissant Prince
Sir Bruce hath put to flight:
 And that the maid released be,
 by sovereign maiden's might.

This speech being ended, her Majesty proceeded further on the bridge, and the Lady of the Lake (attended with her two nymphs) came to her upon heaps of bulrushes, according to this former device: and spake as followeth:—

What worthy thanks might I, poor maid, express,
 Or think in heart, that is not justly due
 To thee (O Queen) which in my great distress
 Succours hast sent mine enemies to subdue?
 Not mine alone, but foe to ladies all,
 That tyrant *Bruce sans pitié*, whom we call.

Until this day, the lake was never free
 From his assaults, and other of his knights:

Until such time as he did plainly see
Thy presence dread, and feared of all wights :
Which made him yield, and all his bragging bands,
Resigning all into thy Princely hands.

For which great grace of liberty obtain'd,
Not only I, but nymphs, and sisters all,
Of this large lake, with humble heart unfeign'd
Render thee thanks, and honour thee withal.
And for plain proof, how much we do rejoice,
Express the same, with tongue, with sound, and voice.

From thence her Majesty passing yet further
on the bridge, *Proteus* appeared, sitting on a
dolphin's back. The dolphin was conveyed
upon a boat, so that the oars seemed to be
his fins. Within which dolphin a concert of
music was secretly placed, which sounded,
and *Proteus* clearing his voice, sang this song
of congratulation, as well in the behalf of the
Lady distressed, as also in the behalf of all
the nymphs and gods of the sea.

The Song of *PERCEVALE*.

O Noble Queen, give ear
to this my floating song :
And let the right of ready will
my little skill excuse.
For herdmen of the seas
sing not the sweetest notes :
The winds and waves do roar and cry
where Phœbus seldom floats :
Yet since I do my best,
in thankful wise to sing :
Vouchsafe (good Queen) that calm consent
these words to you may bring :
We yield you humble thanks,
in mighty *Neptune's* name,
Both for ourselves and therewithal
for yonder seemly Dame.
A Dame, whom none but you
deliver could from thrall :
No, none but you deliver us
from loitering life withal.
She pined long in pain,
as overworn with woes :

that no man could perceive but that they went upon the waves : at last (*Sir Bruce's* men being put to flight) the Captain should have come to her Majesty at the castle window, and have declared more plainly the distress of his mistress, and the cause that she came not to the court according to duty and promise, to give her attendance : and that thereupon he should have besought her Majesty to succour his mistress : the rather because *Merlin* had prophesied that she should never be delivered but by the presence of a better maid than herself. This had not only been a more apt introduction to her delivery, but also the skirmish by night would have been both very strange and gallant : and thereupon her Majesty might have taken good occasion to have gone in her barge upon the water, for the better executing of her delivery. The verses, as I think, were penned, some by Master Hunnis, some by Master Ferrers, and some by Master Goldingham.

And now you have as much as I could recover hitherto of the devices executed there ;

the Coventry shew excepted, and the merry marriage* : the which were so plain as needeth no further explication. To proceed then, there was prepared a shew to have been presented before her Majesty in the forest ;

The argument whereof was this :

Diana passing in chase with her nymphs, took knowledge of the country, and thereby called to mind how (near seventeen years past) she lost in those coasts one of her best beloved nymphs, called *Zabeta*. She described the rare virtues of *Zabeta*. One of her nymphs confirmed the remembrance thereof, and seemed to doubt that *Dame Juno* had won *Zabeta* to be a follower of hers : *Diana* confirmed the suspicion ; but yet affirming herself much in *Zabeta's* constancy, gave charge to her nymphs, that they diligently hearken and espy in all places to find or hear news of *Zabeta* : and so passed on.

* All the circumstances respecting the Coventry shew, and the merry marriage, here noticed, are particularly described in the recent publication of Laneham's Letter.

To entertain *intervallum temporis*, a man clad all in moss came in lamenting, and declared that he was the wild man's son, which (not long before) had presented himself before her Majesty; and that his father (upon such words as her Highness did then use unto him) lay languishing like a blind man, until it might please her Highness to take the film from his eyes.

The nymphs return one after another in quest of *Zabeta*; at last *Diana* herself returning, and hearing no news of her, invoketh the help of her father *Jupiter*. *Mercury* cometh down in a cloud, sent by *Jupiter*, to recomfort *Diana*, and bringeth her unto *Zabeta*. *Diana* rejoiceth, and after much friendly discourse departeth: affying herself in *Zabeta's* prudence and policy: She and *Mercury* being departed, *Iris* cometh down from the rainbow sent by *Juno*: persuading the Queen's Majesty that she be not carried away with *Mercury's* filed speech, nor *Diana's* fair words; but that she consider all things by proof, and then she shall find much greater cause to follow *Juno* than *Diana*.

The Interlocutors were these :

Diana: Goddess of Chastity.

Castibula, Anamale, Nichalis: *Diana's* nymphs.

Mercury: *Jove's* messenger.

Iris: *Juno's* messenger.

Audax: the son of *Silvester*.

ACTUS 1. SCENA 1.

DIANA. CASTIBULA.

MINE own dear nymphs, which 'knowledge me your
Queen,

And vow (like me) to live in chastity ;
My lovely nymphs (which be as I have been)
Delightful Dames, and gems of jollity :
Rejoicing yet (much more) to drive your days
In life at large, that yieldeth calm content,
Than wilfully to tread the wayward ways
Of wedded state, which is to thraldom bent.
I need not now, with curious speech persuade
Your chaste consents, in constant vow to stand ;
But yet beware lest Cupid's knights invade,
By slight, by force, by mouth, or mighty hand,

The stately tower of your unspotted minds :

Beware (I say) least while we walk these woods,
In pleasant chase of swiftest harts and hinds,

Some harmful heart entrap your harmless moods :
You know these holts, these hills, these covert places,

May close convey some hidden force unseen :
You see likewise, the sundry gladsome graces,

Which in this soil we joyfully have seen,
Are not unlike some court to keep at hand :

Where guileful tongues, with sweet enticing tales,
Might (Circe like) set all your ships on sand :

And turn your present bliss to after bales.
In sweetest flowers the subtle snakes may lurk :

The sugar'd bait oft hides the harmful hooks ;
The smoothest words draw wills to wicked work

And deep deceits do follow fairest looks.

*Hereat pausing, and looking about her,
she took knowledge of the coast, and
proceeded :*

But what ? alas ! oh whither wander we ?

What chase hath led us thus into this coast ?
By sundry signs I now perceive we be

In Brutus' land, whereof he made such boast,
Which Albion in olden days did hight,

And Britain next by Brute his noble name :

Then Hengist's land as chronicles do write :

Now England short, a land of worthy fame.

Alas, behold how memory breeds moan :

Behold and see, how sight brings sorrow in,

My restless thoughts have made me woe begone ;

My gazing eyes did all this grief begin.

Believe me (nymphs) I feel great grips of grief,

Which bruise my breast, to think how here I lost

(Now long ago) a love to me most lefe,

Content you all : her whom I loved most :

You cannot choose but call unto your mind

Zabeta's name, who twenty years or more

Did follow me, still scorning Cupid's kind,

And vowing so to serve me evermore :

You cannot choose but bear in memory,

Zabeta, her, whose excellence was such,

In all respect of every quality,

As gods themselves those gifts in her did grudge.

My sister first, which *Pallas* hath to name,

Envied *Zabeta* for her learned brain.

My sister *Venus* fear'd *Zabeta's* fame,

Whose gleams of grace, her beauties blaze did

stain ;

Apollo dread to touch an instrument,

Where my *Zabeta* chanc'd to come in place :

Yea *Mercury* was not so eloquent,
Nor in his words had half so good a grace.
My step-dame, *Juno*, in her glittering guise,
Was nothing like so heavenly to behold ;
Short tale to make, *Zabeta* was the wight,
On whom to think my heart now waxeth cold.
“ The fearful bird oft lets her food downfall,
“ Which finds her nest despoiled of her young ;”
Much like myself, whose mind such moans appal,
To see this soil, and therewithal among,
To think how now near seventeen years ago,
By great mishap I chanc'd to lose her here :
But, my dear nymphs, (on hunting as you go)
Look narrowly : and hearken every where :
It cannot be, that such a star as she
Can lose her light for any low'ring cloud :
It cannot be, that such a saint to see
Can long inshrine her seemly self so shroud.
I promise here, that she which first can bring
The joyful news of my *Zabeta's* life,
Shall never break her bow, nor fret her string.
I promise eke, that never storm of strife
Shall trouble her. Now nymphs look well about :
Some happy eye, spy my *Zabeta* out.

CASTIBULA.

O heavenly Dame, thy woeful words have pierc'd
 The very depth of my forgetful mind :
 And by the tale which thou hast here rehears'd,
 I yet record those heavenly gifts which shined
 Triumphantly in bright *Zabeta's* deeds :
 But therewithal, a spark of jealousy,
 With nice conceit, my mind thus far-forth feeds ;
 That she which always liked liberty,
 And could not bow to bear the servile yoke,
 Of false suspect, which mars these lovers marts,
 Was never won to like that smould'ring smoke,
 Without some feat, that passeth common arts.
 I dread *Dame Juno*, with some gorgeous gift,
 Hath laid some snare her fancy to entrap,
 And hopeth so her lofty mind to lift
 On Hymen's bed, by height of worldly hap.

DIANA.

My loving nymph, even so fear I likewise,
 And yet to speak as truth and cause requires,
 I never saw *Zabeta* use the guise,
 Which gave suspect of such unchaste desires.
 Full twenty years I marked still her mind,
 Nor could I see that any spark of lust

A loitering lodge within her breast could find.

How so it be (dear nymphs) in you I trust :

To hark, and mark, what might of her betide :

And what mishap withholds her thus from me.

High Jove himself my lucky steps so guide,

That I may once mine own *Zabeta* see.

Diana with her nymphs proceed in chase :

and, to entertain time, cometh in one

clad in moss, saying as followeth :

ACTUS 1. SCENA 2.

AUDAX solus.

If ever pity pierc'd

a peerless Princess's breast ;

Or ruthful moan moved noble mind

to grant a just request ;

Then, worthy Queen, give ear

unto my woeful tale :

For needs that son must sob and sigh

whose father bides in bale.

O Queen, O stately Queen,

I am that wild man's son,

Which not long since before you here,

presumed for to run.

Who told you what he thought
 of all your virtues rare :
And therefore ever since (and yet)
 he pines in woe and care.
Alas, alas, good Queen,
 it were a cruel deed
To punish him who speaks no more
 but what he thinks indeed.
Especially when as
 all men with him consent,
And seem with common voice to prove
 the pith of his intent.
You heard what Echo said
 to every word he spake ;
You hear the speech of *Dian's* nymphs,
 and what reports they make.
And can your Highness then
 condemn him to be blind ?
Or can you so with needless grief
 torment his harmless mind ?
His eyes (good Queen) be great,
 so are they clear and grey :
He never yet had pin or web,
 his sight for to decay.

And sure the dames that dwell
 in woods abroad with us,
 Have thought his eyes of skill enough,
 their beauties to discuss.
 For proof your Majesty
 may now full plainly see:
 He did not only see you then,
 but more he did foresee:
 What after should betide,
 he told you that (ere long)
 You should find here bright heavenly dames
 would sing the selfsame song.
 And now you find it true,
 that he did then pronounce,
 Your praises peyze * by them a pound,
 which he weigh'd but an ounce.
 For sure he is nor blind,
 nor lame of any limb :
 But yet because you told him so,
 he doubts his eyes are dim.
 And I therefore (his son)
 your Highness here beseech,

* Peyze—weigh. Fr. peser.

To take in worth (as subjects due)
 my father's simple speech.
 And if you find some film,
 that seems to hide his eyes :
 Vouchsafe, good Queen, to take it off,
 in gracious wonted wise.
 He sighing lies and says,
 god put mine eyes out clean,
 Ere choice of change in England fall,
 to see another Queen.

FINIS ACTUS I.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

ANAMALE sola.

WOULD god I either had some *Argus'* eyes,
 Or such an ear as every tiding hears ;
 Oh that I could some subtilty devise,
 To hear or see what mould *Zabeta* bears,
 That so the mood of my *Diana's* mind
 Might rest (by me) contented or appeas'd
 And I likewise might so her favour find,
 Whom, goddess like, I wish to have well pleas'd

Some courteous wind come blow me happy news ;
 Some sweet bird sing and shew me where she is ;
 Some forest god, or some of *Faunus'* crew,
 Direct my feet if so they tread amiss.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 2.

NICOLIS sola.

If ever *Echo* sounded at request
 To satisfy an discontented mind,
 Then *Echo* now come help me in my quest,
 And tell me where I might *Zabeta* find.
 Speak, *Echo*, speak, where dwells *Zabeta*, where ?
 Alas, alas, or she, or I am deaf.
 She answered not, ha ! what is that I hear ?
 Alas it was the shaking of some leaf.
 Well, since I hear not tidings in this place,
 I will go seek her out in some place else :
 And yet my mind divineth in this case,
 That she is here, or not far off she dwells.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 3.

DIANA with her Train.

No news, my nymphs ? well then I may well think,
 That carelessly you have of her enquired :

And since from me in this distress you shrink,
 While I (meanwhile) my weary limbs have tired;
 My father, *Jove*, vouchsafe to rue my grief,
 Since here on earth I call for help in vain:
 O, king of kings, send thou me some relief,
 That I may see *Zabeta* once again.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 4.

MERCURY, DIANA, and the Nymphs.

O goddess, cease thy moan,
 thy complaints have pierc'd the skies,
 And *Jove*, thy friendly father, hath
 vouchsaf'd to hear thy cries.
 Yea more, he hath vouchsaf'd,
 in haste (post haste) to send
 Me down from heaven to heal thy harm,
 and all thy miss to mend.
Zabeta, whom thou seek'st,
 (in heart) ev'n yet is thine,
 And passingly in wonted wise
 her virtues still do shine.
 But as thou dost suspect,
Dame Juno train'd a trap,

And many a day to win her will,
 hath lull'd her in her lap.
For first these sixteen years
 she hath been daily seen,
In richest realm that Europe hath,
 a comely crowned Queen.
And *Juno* hath likewise
 suborned sundry kings,
The richest and the bravest both
 that this our age forth brings :
With other worthy wights,
 which sue to her for grace ;
And cunningly, with quaint conceits,
 do plead the lover's case.
Dame Juno gives her wealth,
 dame Juno gives her ease,
Dame Juno gets her every good
 that woman's will may please.
And so in joy and peace
 she holdeth happy days :
Not as thou thought'st, nor done to death,
 or won to wicked ways.
For though she find the skill
 a kingdom for to wield,

(Even yet) in constant vow
 of chaste unspotted life :
 And that my step-dame cannot yet
 make her a wedded wife ?
 If that be so indeed,
 O Muses, help my voice,
 Whom grief and groans have made so hoarse,
 I cannot well rejoice.
 O Muses, sound the praise
 of *Jove*, his mighty name ;
 And you, dear nymphs, which me attend,
 by duty do the same.

Here *Diana*, with her nymphs, assisted by a
 concert of music unseen, should sing this song,
 or rondeau following :

O Muses, now come help me to rejoice,
 Since *Jove* hath changed my grief to sudden joy ;
 And since the chance whereof I craved choice,
 Is granted me to comfort mine annoy :
 O praise the name of *Jove*, who promised plain
 That I shall see *Zabeta* once again.

O gods of woods, and goddess *Flora* eke,
 Now clear your breasts and bear a part with me :
 My jewel she, for whom I wont to seek,
 Is yet full safe, and soon I shall her see.
 O praise the name of *Jove*, who promised plain
 That I shall see *Zabeta* once again.

And you, dear nymphs, who know what cruel care
 I bare in breast since she from me did part,
 May well conceive what pleasures I prepare,
 And how great joys I harbour in my heart.
 Then praise the name of *Jove*, who promised
 plain
 That I shall see *Zabeta* once again.

MERCURY.

Come, goddess, come with me,
 thy leasures last too long ;
 For now thou shalt her here behold,
 for whom thou sing'st this song.
 Behold where here she sits,
 whom thou so long hast sought :
 Embrace her since she is to thee
 a jewel dearly bought.

And I will now return
 to God in heaven on high :
 Who grant you both always to please
 his heavenly Majesty.
 Mercury departeth to heaven.

What, do I dream? or doth my mind but muse?
 Is this my leefe, my love, and my delight?
 Or did this god my longing mind abuse,
 To feed my fancy with a feigned sight?
 Is this *Zabeta*, is it she indeed?
 It is she sure: *Zabeta* mine, all hail!
 And though dame Fortune seemeth you to feed
 With princely port, which serves for your avail,
 Yet give me leave to gaze you in the face,
 Since now (long since) myself, yourself did seek,
 And be content, for all your stately grace,
 Still to remain a maiden always meek.
Zabeta mine (now Queen of high renown),
 You know how well I loved you always;
 And long before you did achieve this crown,
 You know how well you seem'd to like my ways:
 Since when, you (won by *Juno's* gorgeous gifts)
 Have left my lawns and closely kept in court;

Since when, delight and pleasure's gallant shifts
Have fed your mind with many a princely sport.
But, peerless Queen, (sometime my peerless maid)
And yet the same as *Mercury* doth tell,
Had you but known how much I was dismay'd
When first you did forsake with me to dwell;
Had you but felt what privy pangs I had,
Because I could not find you forth again,
I know full well yourself would have been sad,
To put me so to proof of pinching pain.
Well, since *Dan Jove* (my father) me assures,
That, notwithstanding all my step-dame's wiles,
Your maiden's mind yet constant still endures,
Though well content a Queen to be therewhiles;
And since by prudence and by policy,
You win from *Juno* so much worldly wealth,
And since the pillar of your chastity
Still standeth fast, as *Mercury* me tell'th,
I joy with you, and leave it to your choice
What kind of life you best shall like to hold;
And in meanwhile I cannot but rejoice
To see you thus bedeck'd with glistening gold;
To see you have this train of stately dames,
Of whom each one may seem some goddess peer,

And you yourself (by due desert of fame)
 A goddess full, and so I leave you here,
 It shall suffice that on your faith I trust ;
 It shall suffice that once I have you seen :
 Farewell ; not as I would, but as I must,
 Farewell, my nymph, farewell, my noble Queen.
Diana with her Train departeth.

ACTUS 2. SCENA ultima.

IRIS sola.

Oh lo, I come too late,
 oh, why had I no wings ?
To help my willing feet, which fet
 these hasty frisking flings ;
 Alas, I come too late,
 that babbling god is gone :
 And *Dame Dianu* fled likewise,
 here stands the Queen alone.
 Well, since a bootless plaint
 but little would prevail,
 I will go tell the Queen my tale :
 O, peerless Prince, all hail,
 The Queen of heaven herself
 did send me to control

That tattling traitor, *Mercury*,
 who hopes to get the goal,
By curious filed speech,
 abusing you by art :
But, Queen, had I come soon enough,
 he should have felt the smart.
And you, whose wit excels,
 whose judgment hath no peer,
Bear not in mind those flattering words
 which he expressed here.
You know that in his tongue
 consists his chiefest might ;
You know his eloquence can serve
 to make the crow seem white.
But come to deeds indeed,
 and then you shall perceive
Which goddess means you greatest good,
 and which would you deceive.
Call you to mind the time
 in which you did insue *
Diana's chase, and were not yet
 a guest of *Juno's* crew.

* Insue—follow.

Remember all your life
before you were a Queen :
And then compare it with the days
which you since then have seen.
Were you not captive caught ?
were you not kept in walls ?
Were you not forc'd to lead a life
like other wretched thralls ?
Where was *Diana* then ?
why did she you not aid ?
Why did she not defend your state
which were and are her maid ?
Who brought you out of briers ?
who gave you rule of realms ?
Who crowned first your comely head
with princely diadems ?
Even *Juno*, she which mean'd,
and yet doth mean likewise,
To give you more than will can wish,
or wit can well devise.
Wherefore, good Queen, forget
Diana's 'ticing tale :
Let never needless dread presume
to bring your bliss to bale.

How necessary were
 for worthy Queens to wed,
That know you well, whose life always
 in learning hath been led.
The country craves consent,
 your virtues vaunt each self,
And *Jove* in heaven would smile to see
 Diana set on shelf.
His Queen hath sworn (but you)
 there shall no more be such :
You know she lies with *Jove* a-nights,
 and night-ravens may do much.
Then give consent, O Queen,
 to *Juno's* just desire,
Who for your wealth would have you wed,
 and, for your farther hire,
Some Empress will you make,
 she bade me tell you thus :
Forgive me (Queen), the words are her's,
 I come not to discuss :
I am but messenger,
 but sure she bade me say,
That where you now in princely port
 have past one pleasant day :

A world of wealth at will
 you housefreak shall enjoy
 In wedded state, and thenceward
 hold up from great annoy
 The staff of your estate :
 O Queen, O worthy Queen,
 Yet never wight felt perfect bliss,
 but such as wedded been.

Tom Marti, quon Mercurio.

This shew was devised and penned by Master Gascoigne, and being prepared and ready (every Actor in his garment) two or three days together, yet never came to execution. The cause whereof I cannot attribute to any other thing, then to lack of opportunity and seasonable weather.

The Queen's Majesty hastening her departure from thence, the Earl commanded Master Gascoigne to devise some farewell worth the presenting ; whereupon he himself clad like unto *Sylvanus*, god of the woods, and meeting her as she went on hunting, spake (*ex tempore*) as followeth :

Right excellent, puissant, and most happy Princess, whiles I walk in these woods and wilderness (whereof I have the charge) I have often mused with myself, that your Majesty being so highly esteemed, so entirely beloved, and so largely endued by the celestial powers; you can yet continually give ear to the counsel of these terrestrial companions; and so, consequently, pass your time wheresoever they devise or determine that it is meet for your Royal Person to be resident. Surely if your Highness did understand (as it is not to me unknown) what pleasures have been for you prepared, what great good will declared, what joy and comfort conceived in your presence, and what sorrow and grief sustained by likelihood of your absence, yea, (and that by the whole bench in heaven) since you first arrived in these coasts, I think it would be sufficient to draw your resolute determination for ever to abide in this country, and never to wander any further by the direction and advice of these Peers and Counsellors; since thereby the heavens might greatly be pleased, and most men thoroughly

recomforted. But, because I rather wish the increase of your delights, than any way to diminish the heap of your contentment, I will not presume to stay your hunting for the hearing of my needless, thriftless, and bootless discourse; but I do humbly beseech that your excellency will give me leave to attend you as one of your footmen, wherein I undertake to do you double service; for I will not only conduct your Majesty in safety from the perilous passages which are in these woods and forests, but will also recount unto you (if your Majesty vouchsafe to hearken thereunto) certain adventures, neither unpleasant to hear, nor unprofitable to be marked.

Herewith her Majesty proceeded, and Sylvanus continued as followeth:

There are not yet twenty days past (most noble Queen) since I have been, by the Procuror-General, twice severally summoned to appear before the great gods in their Council-chamber; and making mine appearance according to my duty, I have seen in heaven two such exceeding great contrarities, or rather

two such wonderful changes as draw me into deep admiration and sudden perplexity. At my first coming I found the whole company of heaven in such a jollity, as I rather want skill to express it lively, than will to declare it readily. There was nothing in any corner to be seen, but rejoicing and mirth, singing, dancing, melody and harmony, amiable regards, plentiful rewards, tokens of love, and great good will, trophies and triumphs, gifts and presents, (alas, my breath and memory fail me) leaping, frisking, and clapping of hands.

To conclude, there was the greatest feast and joy that ever eye saw, or ear heard tell of, since heaven was heaven, and the earth began to have his being. And enquiring the cause thereof, *Reason*, one of the heavenly Ushers, told me, that it was to congratulate the coming of your most excellent Majesty into this country. In very deed to confess a truth, I might have perceived no less by sundry manifest tokens here on earth; for even here in my charge, I might see the trees flourish in more then ordinary bravery, the grass grow greener than it

was wont to do, and the deer went tripping (though against their death) in extreme delicacy and delight. Well, to speak of that I saw in heaven, every god and goddess made all preparations possible to present your Majesty with some acceptable gift, thereby to declare the exceeding joy which they conceived in your presence. And I, poor rural god, which am but seldom called amongst them, and then also but slenderly countenanced, yet for my great good will towards your Majesty no way inferior to the proudest god of them all, came down again with a flea in mine ear, and began to beat my brains for some device of some present, which might both bewray the depth of mine affections, and also be worthy for so excellent a Princess to receive. But whiles I went so amusing with myself, many, yea, too many days, I found by due experience that this proverb was all too true, *omnis mora trahit periculum*. For whiles I studied to achieve the height of my desires; behold, I was the second time summoned to appear in heaven. What said I? Heaven? no, no, most comely Queen,

for when I came there, heaven was not heaven, it was rather a very hell. There was nothing but weeping and wailing, crying and howling, dole, desperation, mourning, and moan. All which I perceived also here on earth before I went up, for of a truth (most noble Princess) not only the skies scowled, the winds raged, the waves roared and tossed, but also the fishes in the waters turned up their bellies, the deer in the woods went drooping, the grass was weary of growing, the trees shook off their leaves, and all the beasts of the forest stood amazed.

The which sudden change I plainly perceived to be, for that they understood above, that your Majesty would shortly (and too speedily) depart out of this country, wherein the heavens have happily placed you, and the whole earth earnestly desireth to keep you. Surely (Gracious Queen) I suppose that this late alteration in the skies hath seemed unto your judgment drops of rain in accustomed manner. But, if your Highness will believe me, it was nothing else but the very flowing tears of the gods, who melted into moan for your hasty departure.

Well, because we rural gods are bound patiently to abide the censure of the celestial bench, I thought meet to hearken what they would determine, and for a final conclusion it was generally determined, that some convenient messenger should be dispatched with all expedition possible, as well to beseech your Majesty that you would here remain, as also further to present you with the proffer of any such commodities and delights, as might draw your full consent to continue here for their contentation, and the general comfort of men.

Here her Majesty stayed her horse to favour *Sylvanus*, fearing lest he should be driven out of breath by following her horse so fast. But *Sylvanus* humbly besought her Highness to go on, declaring that if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue this tale to be twenty miles long. And therewithal protested that he had rather be her Majesty's footman on earth, than a god on horseback in heaven, proceeding as followeth :

Now to return to my purpose (most excellent Queen) when I had heard their deliberation,

and called unto mind that sundry realms and provinces had come to utter subversion by over great trust given to Ambassadors, I (being thoroughly tickled with a restless desire) thought good to plead in person; for I will tell your Majesty one strange property that I have, there are few or none which know my mind so well as myself, neither are there many which can tell mine own tale better than I myself can do. And therefore I have continually awaited these three days, to espy when your Majesty would (in accustomed manner) come on hunting this way.

And being now arrived most happily into the port of my desires, I will presume to beseech most humbly, and to entreat most earnestly, that your Highness have good regard to the general desire of the gods, together with the humble petitions of your most loyal and deeply affectionate servants.

And for my poor part, in full token of my dutiful meaning, I here present you the store of my charge, undertaking that the deer shall be daily doubled for your delight in chase. Further-

more I will entreat *Dame Flora* to make it continually spring here with stores of redolent and fragrant flowers. *Ceres* shall be compelled to yield your majesty competent provision, and *Bacchus* shall be sued unto for the first fruits of his vineyards. To be short, O peerless Princess, you shall have all things that may possibly be gotten for the furtherance of your delights. And I shall be most glad and triumphant, if I may place my godhead in your service perpetually. This tedious tale, O comely Queen, I began with a bashful boldness, I have continued in base eloquence, and I cannot better knit it up, than with homely humility, referring the consideration of these my simple words, unto the deep discretion of your Princely will. And now I will, by your Majesty's leave, turn my discourse into the rehearsal of strange and pitiful adventures.

So it is, good gracious Lady, that *Diana* passeth often-times through this forest with a stately train of gallant and beautiful nymphs.

Amongst whom there is one surpassing all the rest for singular gifts and graces: some call

her *Zabeta*, some other have named her *Ahtebasile*, some *Completa*, and some *Complacida*; whatsoever her name be, I will stand upon it. But (as I have said) her rare gifts have drawn the most noble and worthy personages in the whole world to sue unto her for grace.

All which she hath so rigorously repulsed, or rather (to speak plain English) so obstinately and cruelly rejected, that I sigh to think of some of their mishaps. I allow and commend her justice towards some others, and yet the tears stand in mine eyes (yea and my tongue trembleth and faltereth in my mouth) when I begin to declare the distresses wherein some of them do presently remain. I could tell your Highness of sundry famous and worthy persons, whom she hath turned and converted into most monstrous shapes and proportions. As some into fishes, some others into fowls, and some into huge stony rocks and great mountains: but because divers of her most earnest and faithful followers (as also some sycophants) have been converted into sundry of these plants, whereof I have charge, I will shew unto your

Majesty so many of them as are in sight in these places where you pass.

Behold, gracious Lady, this old oak, the same was many years a faithful follower and trusty servant of her's, named *Constancy*, whom, when she could by none other means overthrow, considering that no change could creep into his thoughts, nor any trouble of passions and perplexities could turn his resolute mind, at length she caused him, as I say, to be converted into this oak, a strange and cruel metamorphosis. But yet the heavens have thus far forth favoured and rewarded his long continued service, that as in life he was unmovable, even so now all the vehement blasts of the most raging winds cannot once move his rocky body from his rooted place and abiding. But to countervail this cruelty with a shew of justice, she converted his contrary, *Inconstancy*, into yonder poplar, whose leaves move and shake with the least breath or blast.

As also she dressed *Vain Glory* in his right colours; converting him into this ash-tree, which is the first of my plants that buddeth,

and the first likewise that casteth leaf. For believe me, most excellent Princess, *Vain Glory* may well begin hastily, but seldom continueth long.

Again she hath well requited that busy elf, *Contention*, whom she turned into this brambler, the which, as your Majesty may well see, doth even yet catch and snatch at your garments, and every other thing that passeth by it. And as for that wicked wretch *Ambition*, she did by good right condemn him into this branch of ivy, the which can never climb on high, nor flourish without the help of some other plant or tree, and yet commonly what tree soever it riseth by, it never leaveth to wind about it, and straitly to enfold it, until it hath smowldered and killed it. And by your leave, good Queen, such is the unthankful nature of cankered ambitious minds, that commonly they malign them by whom they have risen, and never cease until they have brought them to confusion. Well, notwithstanding these examples of justice, I will now rehearse unto your Majesty such a strange and cruel meta-

morphosis as I think must needs move your noble mind unto compassion. There were two sworn brethren which long time served her, called *Deep-desire* and *Due-desert*, and although it be very hard to part these two in sunder, yet is it said that she did long since convert *Due-desert* into yonder same laurel-tree. The which may very well be so, considering the etymology of his name, for we see that the laurel-branch is a token of triumph in all trophies, and given as a reward to all victors, a dignity for all degrees, consecrated and dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses* as a worthy flower, leaf, or branch, for their due deserts. Of him I will hold no longer discourse, because he was metamorphosed before my time; for your Majesty must understand that I have not long held this charge, neither do I mean long to continue in it; but rather most gladly to follow your Highness wheresoever you shall become.

But to speak of *Deep-desire*, (that wretch of worthies, and yet the worthiest that ever was condemned to wretched estate,) he was

such an one as neither any delay could daunt him ; no disgrace could abate his passions ; no time could tire him ; no water quench his flames ; nor death itself could amaze him with terror.

And yet this strange star, this courteous cruel, and yet the cruelest courteous that ever was, this *Ahtebasile*, *Zabeta*, or by what name soever it shall please your Majesty to remember her, did never cease to use imprecation, invocation, conjuration, and means possible, until she had caused him to be turned into this holly-bush, and as he was in this life and world continually full of compunctions, so is he now furnished on every side with sharp pricking leaves, to prove the restless pricks of his privy thoughts. Marry, there are two kinds of holly, that is to say, he holly, and she holly. Now some will say, that she holly hath no pricks, but thereof I intermeddle not.

At these words her Majesty came by a closer harbour, made all of holly ; and while *Sylvanus* pointed to the same, the principal bush shook. For therein were placed both strange music,

and one who was there appointed to represent *Deep-desire*. *Sylvanus*, perceiving the bush to shake, continued thus :

Behold, most gracious Queen, this holly-bush doth tremble at your presence, and therefore I believe that *Deep-desire* hath gotten leave of the gods to speak unto your excellent Majesty in their behalf, for I myself was present in the council-chamber of heaven, when *Desire* was thought a meet messenger to be sent from that convocation unto your Majesty as ambassador; and give ear, good Queen, methinks I hear his voice.

Herewith *Deep-desire* spake out of the holly-bush as followeth :

STAY, stay your hasty steps,

O Queen without compare;

And hear him talk, whose trusty tongue

consumed is with care :

I am that wretch *Desire*,

whom neither death could daunt,

Nor dole decay, nor dread delay,

nor feigned cheer enchant.

Whom neither care could quench,
 nor fancy force to change ;
And therefore turn'd into this tree,
 which sight, perchase, seems strange.
But when the gods of heaven,
 and goddesses withall,
Both gods of fields and forest gods,
 yea, satyrs, nymphs, and all,
Determined a dole,
 by course of free consent :
With wailing words and mourning notes,
 your parting to lament.
Then thought they meet to choose
 me, silly wretch, *Desire*,
To tell a tale that might bewray
 as much as they require.
And hence proceeds, O Queen,
 that from this holly-tree
Your learned ears may hear him speak,
 whom yet you cannot see,
But, Queen, believe me now,
 although I do not swear ;
Was never grief, as I could guess,
 Which set their hearts so near,

As when they heard the news,
 that you, O royal Queen,
 Would part from hence; and that to prove
 it may full well be seen.
 For mark what tears they shed
 these five days past and gone:
 It was no rain, of honesty,
 it was great floods of moan.
 As first *Diana* wept
 such brinish bitter tears;
 That all her nymphs did doubt her death,
 her face the sign yet bears.
 Dame *Flora* fell on ground,
 and bruis'd her woeful breast:
 Yea, *Pan* did break his oaten pipes;
 Silvanus and the rest,
 Which walk amid these woods,
 for grief did roar and cry;
 And *Jove*, to shew what moan he made,
 with thund'ring crack'd the sky.
 O Queen, O worthy Queen,
 within these holts and hills,
 Were never heard such grievous groans,
 nor seen such woeful wills.

But since they have decreed,
 that I poor wretch, *Desire*,
In their behalf shall make their moan,
 and comfort thus require :
Vouchsafe, O comely Queen,
 yet longer to remain ;
Or still to dwell amongst us here :
 O Queen, command again :
This castle and the knight,
 which keeps the same for you ;
These woods, these waves, these fowls, these fishes,
 these deer which are your due :
Live here, good Queen, live here,
 you are amongst your friends :
Their comfort comes when you approach,
 and when you part, it ends.
What fruits this soil may serve,
 thereof you may be sure :
Dame *Ceres* and Dame *Flora* both
 will with you still endure.
Diana would be glad
 to meet you in the chase :
Silvanus and the forest-gods
 would follow you apace.

Yea, *Pan* would pipe his part,
 such dances as he can :
 Or else *Apollo* music make,
 and *Mars* would be your man.
 And to be short, as much
 as gods and men may do :
 So much your Highness here may find,
 with faith and favour too.
 But if your noble mind,
 resolved by decree,
 Be not content, by me *Desire*,
 persuaded for to be,
 Then bend your willing ears
 unto my willing note,
 And hear what song the gods themselves
 have taught me now by rote.
 Give ear, good gracious Queen,
 and so you shall perceive
 That gods in heaven, and men on earth,
 are loth such Queens to leave.

Herewith the concert of music sounded, and
Deep-desire sang this song :

COME, Muses, come and help me to lament,
Come, woods, come waves, come hills, come doleful
dales,

Since life and death are both against me bent,
Come gods, come men, bear witness of my bales.
O heavenly nymphs, come help my heavy heart,
With sighs to see Dame *Pleasure* thus depart.

If death or dole could daunt a deep desire,
If privy pangs could counterpoise my plaint :
If tract of time, a true intent could tire,
Or cramps of care, a constant mind could taint :
Oh then might I at will here live and serve ;
Although my deeds did more delight deserve.

But out, alas, no gripes of grief suffice
To break in twain this harmless heart of mine,
For though delight be banish'd from mine eyes,
Yet lives *Desire*, whom pains can never pine.
O strange effects ! I live which seem to die,
Yet die to see my dear delight go by.

Then farewell, sweet, for whom I taste such sour,
Farewell, delight, for whom I dwell in dole :

Free will, farewell, farewell my fancy's flower,
Farewell, content, whom cruel cares control.
Oh farewell life, delightful death, farewell,
I die in heaven, yet live in darksome hell.

This song being ended, the music ceased, and
Sylvanus concluded thus :

Most gracious Queen, as it should but evil
have beseemed a God to be found fraudulent
or deceitful in his speech : so have I neither
recounted nor foretold any thing unto your
Majesty, but that which you have now found
true by experience, and because the case is
very lamentable, in the conversion of *Deep-*
desire, as also because they know that your
Majesty is so highly favoured of the Gods, that
they will not deny you any reasonable request.
Therefore I do humbly crave in his behalf,
that you would either be a suitor for him unto
the heavenly powers, or else but only to give
your gracious consent that he may be restored
to his pristinate estate. Whereat your High-
ness may be assured that heaven will smile,
the earth will quake, men will clap their hands,

and I will always continue an humble beseecher for the flourishing estate of your Royal Person.

Whom God now and ever preserve, to his good pleasure and our great comfort.

Amen.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

GLOSSARIAL
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Page 5.—*M. Hunnis, Master of her Majesty's Chapel.*

The first edition of Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures* reads "Master of the children in hir Majesty's chapel." Queen Elizabeth retained on her Royal establishment four sets of singing-boys; which belonged to the Cathedral of St. Paul, the Abbey of Westminster, St. George's Chapel Windsor, and the Household Chapel. For the support and reinforcement of her musical bands, Elizabeth, like the other English Sovereigns, issued out warrants for taking "up suche apt and meete children, as are fitt to be instructed and framed in the Art and Science of Musicke and Singing." Thomas Tusser, the well-known author of "*Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandrye*," was in his youth a choir-boy of St. Paul's. Nor is it astonishing, that although masses had ceased to be performed, the Queen should yet endeavour to preserve sacred melody in a high state of perfection; since, according to Burney, she was herself greatly skilled in musical learning. "If her Majesty," says that eminent author, "was ever able to execute any of the pieces that are preserved in a MS. which goes under the name of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal-book, she must have been a very great player: as some of these pieces which were composed by Tallis, Bird, Giles, Farnaby, Dr. Bull, and others, are so difficult that it would be hardly possible to find a master in Europe who would undertake to play any of them at the end of a month's practice." *Burney's General History of Music*, vol. III. p. 15. But the children

of the chapel were also employed in the theatrical exhibitions represented at Court, for which their musical education had peculiarly qualified them. Richard Edwards, an eminent poet and musician of the sixteenth century, had written two comedies, *Damon and Pythias*, and *Palemon and Arcite*, which, according to Wood, were often acted before the Queen, both at Court and at Oxford. With the latter of these Elizabeth was so much delighted, that she promised Edwards a reward, which she subsequently gave him by making him first Gentleman of her chapel, and in 1561, Master of the Children on the death of Richard Bowyer. As the Queen was particularly attached to dramatic entertainments, about 1569, she formed the children of the Royal Chapel into a company of theatrical performers, and placed them under the superintendance of Edwards. Not long after she formed a second society of players, under the title of the "Children of the Revels," and by these two companies all Lilly's plays, and many of Shakspeare's and Jonson's were first performed. The latter of these authors has celebrated one of the chapel children, named Salathiel Pavy, who was famous for his performance of old men, but who died about 1601, under the age of thirteen, in a most beautiful epitaph printed with his epigrams. As this poem has a close analogy with the present note, the reader will be gratified by the following copy of it, only premising that Jonson might speak of his subject with greater fondness, as he acted in his own *Masques of "Cynthia's Revels"* and the "*Poetaster*."

*AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.*

Weep with me all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry:
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.

Years he number'd scarce thirteen
 When fates turn'd cruel,
 Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel ;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly,
 That the Parcæ thought him one
 He play'd so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented ;
 But viewing him since, alas, too late !
 They have repented ;
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him ;
 But being much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, vol. viii. p. 229.

But however Jonson might think and write concerning young Pavy, the actors of the public theatres, such as the Globe, and the Fortune, looked enviously at the Queen's protected band of infantile performers ; and the Puritans made their first essay at the overthrow of the drama by writing violently against them. A pamphlet which came from this source in 1569, called "The children of the chapel stript and whipt," remarks, that "plaies will never be supprest, while her Maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish service in the devil's garments." But a certain number of the Children of the Revels was attached to each of the public theatres ; and these, though involved in the denunciations of the Puritans, were at least free from the hatred of the actors. Malone supposes, that it was against the choir-boys of St. Paul's that Shakspeare launched the following tirade in the 6th scene of the second act of Hamlet, where Rosencrantz and the Prince are conversing about the state of dramatic excellence.

"*Ros.* There is, Sir, an aiery* of children, little eyasses† that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyranni-

* Brood.

† Nestlings.

cally clapt for't: these are now the fashion; and so be-rattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

"*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted *? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?"

At length in 1583-4 the Theatre in the Convocation-house of St. Paul's was suppressed; in consequence, says Flecknoe, of "people growing more precise, and playes more licentious." After this, both the children of the chapel and the children of the revels went over to the theatre in Blackfriars, and the choir-boys of St. Paul's were confined to perform in their own school-room.

"It is believed," say the Editors of Kenilworth Illustrated, in a note upon the very passage now under consideration, "that Queen Elizabeth never attended a public theatre:" now, although there is probably no proof extant that she did, yet the following passage in one of her licences, certainly appears very like it. This is extracted from a privilege which she granted in 1574 to James Burbage, and four other servants of the Earl of Leicester, to exhibit all kinds of Stage-plays, during pleasure, in any part of England, "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them."

Having thus given some account of the Children of her Majesty's Chapel, it remains to state a few memoranda concerning William Hunnis, their Master, who is mentioned in the text.

All who have written of him agree that he was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in the time of King Edward VI., in whose reign, in 1550, he published "Certayne Psalms chosen out of the Psalter of David, and drawn furth into English meter by William Hunnis, seruant to the right honorable Sir William Harberde, Knyght, newly collected and imprinted," 8vo. He continued in the chapel under Queen Mary; and on the 15th of November, 1566, he was made Master of

* Paid.

the Children by Elizabeth, on the death of Richard Edwards*, already mentioned. On February the 14th, 1568, probably by the command of the Queen, who often exerted her power in a similar manner, he received from Sir Gilbert Dethick, Garter King of Arms, the following armorial ensign for the name of Hunnis of Middlesex. "*Bendy of six, Or and Azure, a Unicorn rampant Vert, armed Argent. Crest. On a wreath, between two honeysuckles proper, a Unicorn's head couped, Or, charged with two bendlets Azure.*" In 1576, Hunnis next appeared as an author in the celebrated "*Paradise of Daynty Deuices,*" for which he seems to have written twelve poems, including those which were printed in the subsequent editions. In 1578, he published his "*Hyve full of Hunnye,*" in 4to. and 8vo. ; and in 1585, his "*Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soule for Sinne.*" This went through five editions; it consisted of the Seven Penitential Psalms, and a "*Handfull of Honisuckles:*" it was last printed in 1621 at Edinburgh, 12mo. As a poet, Mr. Haslewood, in his admirable account of the contributors to the "*Paradise of Daynty Deuices,*" printed in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. p. xiv. gives him the following character: "Some of Hunnis's pieces are pretty at least; and discover such a simplicity of sentiment, ease of language, and flow of verse, as justly entitle them to commendation." Warton, however, says of him, "his honeysuckles and his honey are now no longer delicious." According to the cheque-book of the Chapel Royal, William Hunnis died on the 6th of June, 1597, and was succeeded in his office by Nathaniel, afterwards Dr. Giles.

Page 5.—*Six trumpeters hugely advanced.*

This serves to explain a passage in Laneham's Letter which has excited considerable doubt; namely, that

* Mr. Haslewood, in the preliminary notices of the contributors to the "*Paradise of Daynty Deuices,*" has inserted an interesting memoir of Richard Edwards, who was considered as its principal collector, though he had been dead about ten years in 1576, when the first edition was published.

where he says, "these trumpeters being six in number, were every one eight feet long." see edit. 1821. 8vo. p. 10. It would appear that these were but figures constructed like all those used in ancient triumphs and pageants, of hoops, deal boards, pasteboard, paper, cloth, buckram, &c. which were gilded and coloured on the outside; and within this case the real trumpeter was placed. An exhibition similar to that mentioned in the text, is related by Holingshed, to have taken place when Queen Mary proceeded through London, before her Coronation, Sept. 30th, 1553. "At the upper end of Grace's-street," says that minute chronicler, "there was another pageant, made by the Florentines, verie high, on the top whereof there stood four pictures, and in the midst of them and most highest, there stood an angell all in greene, with a trumpet in his hand: and when the trumpetter (who stood secretlie in the pageant) did sound his trumpet, the angell did put his trumpet to his mouth, as though it had been the same that had sounded, to the great marvelling of many ignorant persons." *Chronicles of Eng.* 1586. fol. vol. III. p. 1091. Selden, in his "Table Talk," when speaking of Judges, alludes to such figures. "We see," says he, "the pageants in Cheapside, the lions, and the elephants, but we do not see the men that carry them."

Page 6.—*harrying.*

This word signifies an outcry or chasing, and is derived from the Norman French *Haro* or *Harron*, which was a hue-and-cry after felons and malefactors. *vide* Phillips, and Jacob's Law Dictionary.

Page 6.—*Garboil.*

Tumult or disorder. *vide* Phillips.

Page 7.—*The Lady of the Lake.*

Vide the tenth note to the recent reprint of Laneham's Letter, page 96.

Page 7.—*fet. i. e. fetched.*

The preterite and participle past of the ancient verb active to Fet; viz. to fetch, to go and bring. This word is evidently taken from the Saxon *Fettan*, *fettian*, or *fetigian*, which are all of the same signification as the former. *vide* Bailey, Somner.

Page 8.—*Unto Lord Saintlowe's hands.*

The history of Kenilworth Castle and its various owners, is alluded to both in Laneham's Letter, page 5, and more particularly in the poem printed in the text.

Notwithstanding the high antiquity which is assigned to Kenilworth, as well in the present verses as by Laneham, Sir William Dugdale says, that the land on which the Castle is situate was given by King Henry I. to a Norman, named Geoffry de Clinton, his Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer, by whom the building was first erected. By this proprietor also, he states, the Monastery of Black Canons of St. Augustine's order, to have been instituted at the same time, near the fortress. In 1172, the Castle was garrisoned by King Henry II., to withstand the unnatural insurrection of his eldest son Henry, who was assisted by Louis VII. King of France, and several of the English Barons. Although it is by no means certain that the building again reverted to the Clintons, yet early in the reign of John, Henry Clinton, the grandson of the founder, released to that King all his interest in the Castle and lands. The son of this last possessor, who also bore his father's name, engaged himself in the wars of the tumultuous Barons during the reigns of John and Henry III.; but, in 1217, upon his submission to the latter Monarch, he had livery of his father's land at Kenilworth. This appears to have been the last of the Clintons who held this estate. The Castle had long been in the hands of the Crown, and was held for it, by the successive sheriffs for the counties of Warwick and Leicester. In 1243, Henry III. constituted Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, Governor of Kenilworth Castle; and ten years afterwards granted it to him and his wife, Eleanora, for their lives. This haughty and ambitious Baron was Commander-in-chief of the insurrection against Henry III., concerning Magna Carta; and soon after his receiving the grant of this Castle, himself and his comrades met in arms at Oxford. The conclusion of this convocation was, that they marched against the royal army, and Simon de Montfort was slain at the battle of Evesham, on August 5th, 1265. It is to the warlike disposition and death

of this Baron, that the Lady of the Lake alludes in her verses, where she says,

“The Earl, Sir Mounthord’s force, gave me no heart.”

Kenilworth Castle in the interim, was defended by Simon de Montfort, the younger, son of the late Earl; and when the King’s forces were besieging it, he, perceiving that it must shortly be surrendered, retired privately into France to raise more soldiers in aid of the Barons designs. In his absence Henry de Hastings was left Governor, whom he assured of a certain and early relief; but the King’s reinforcements arriving first, after much doubt and delay, the Castle was yielded to Henry III. on the feast of St. Thomas, December the 21st, 1265. About the end of the siege, which lasted six months, and amounted to a very considerable sum, the King, by the advice of Ottobon, the Papal Legate, called a convention at Kenilworth, at which it was determined, that persons who had forfeited their lands in the late rebellion, might redeem them by a fine, to be paid to such as then possessed them. Some exceptions were however made, which were, the wife and children of the late Earl of Leicester; Robert Ferrers, Earl of Derby; Henry de Hastings, mentioned above; and those who wounded the King’s messenger, when he summoned Kenilworth Castle to surrender. On all these were imposed either heavier fines or imprisonment; and the act by which the foregoing particulars were declared, was called *Dictum de Kenilworth*, an entire copy of which may be found in some of the ancient statute-books, or in the “Statutes of the Realm,” printed by command, 1820, vol. I. p. 12. Laneham also alludes to the Statute of Kenilworth in the following passage of his Letter, p. 86. “A singular pattern of humanity may be well unto us towards all degrees: of honour toward high estates, and chiefly whereby we may learn in what dignity, worship, and reverence, her Highness is to be esteemed, honoured, and received, that was never indeed more condignly done than here; so, as neither by the builders at first, nor by the *Edict of Pacification* after, was ever Kenilworth more enobled than by this, his Lord-

ship's receiving her Highness here now." In the original edition of Laneham, is the following marginal note to this passage. "1266. An. 50. Hen. III." Immediately after the siege and surrender of the Castle, Philip Marmion, the first Lord of Scrivelsby and Tamworth, was made Constable by the King; but, on the 16th of January, 1267, it was conferred with many privileges upon Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of the King, and to his lawful heirs. In 1296, Edmund died at Bayonne, and was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas; in whose time Roger Mortimer held at Kenilworth the feast of the Round Table, mentioned in the text. This festival, according to Dugdale, took place in 1378, and he thus describes it: "The same year I find, that there was a great and famous concourse of noble persons here at Kenilworth, called the Round Table, consisting of an hundred knights, and as many ladies; whereunto divers repaired from foreign parts for the exercise of arms, viz. tilting, and martial tournaments; and the ladies, dancing; who were clad in silken mantles, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, being the chief, and the occasion thereof. Which exercises began on the eve of St. Matthew the Apostle, (21st September) and continued till the morrow after Michaelmas day," (30th.) *Antiq. of Warwicksh. edit. by Dr. Thomas; 1730. vol. 1. p. 247.* Roger Mortimer appears to have been one of the most fashionable gallants of his time, and his son Geoffery named him, "The King of Folly." But Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, joined the baronial party against the favorites of King Edward II.; namely, Pierce Gaveston, and the two Spencers; and although the King once pardoned him, and restored his forfeited lands, yet in 1322, he was taken in arms at the battle of Boroughbridge, and a few days after was beheaded. Kenilworth Castle was next delivered into the hands of John de Someri, Baron of Dudley; Ralph Lord Basset, of Drayton; and Ranulph de Charun, for the King's use; but when the fortunes of King Edward were overthrown, his officers were expelled, and himself brought to the fortress as a prisoner in the power of Henry, brother of the late possessor, and others of his infamous fellow-

subjects. After the cruel death of Edward II., at Berkeley Castle, whither he was conveyed from Kenilworth, the detestable Henry, Earl of Lancaster, was restored to his brother's possessions; and from him the Castle descended, through his son and grand-daughter, to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. At length the property of Kenilworth once more reverted to the Crown, by passing to the Duke's son, Henry of Bolingbroke, who afterwards became Henry IV.; and it thus continued until the reign of Elizabeth, by whom it was presented to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Though thrice married, the Earl had only one illegitimate son, Robert; in consequence of which, the estate and Castle of Kenilworth at his death, about 1587, went to his brother, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who held it until the following year. After the decease of the latter, Sir Robert Dudley endeavoured to prove his legitimacy; this was vain; for, as the Earl of Leicester had married a third wife while the second was living, both of whom survived him, his acknowledged Countess procured a command from the Lords of the Council to stop the proceedings in this cause of succession, as well as that all the depositions should be sealed and laid up with the records of the Star-chamber. The hopes of Sir Robert Dudley for obtaining his father's possessions being thus frustrated, he left England for Italy, having received licence to travel for three years. When he had departed, Lady Lettice Dudley and her legal advisers, one of whom, it is melancholy to say, was the great Sir Edward Coke, then Attorney-General, procured a summons for his return, by a special writ of privy-seal: which not being obeyed, the Castle and lands of Kenilworth were seized on for the King's use, by virtue of the Statute of Fugitives. 31st Edw. III. cap. xiv. Although the Castle and lands of Kenilworth were now vested in the Lord Privy-seal, through the contempt of Sir Robert Dudley, yet the amiable Henry Frederic, Prince of Wales, was unwilling to make them his dwelling, without a compensation to the ejected owner. In consequence of this feeling, through the mediation of special agents, in 1611, he bought the premises of Sir Robert,

for the sum of 14,500*l.*, to be paid within a twelve-month after; the office of Constable of the Castle being granted by Patent to the latter for life. On November 6th, 1612, the Prince died, when not more than 3000*l.* of the sum were discharged, and that amount having been paid to a merchant who failed, Sir Robert Dudley lost the whole. Prince Charles, however, as his late brother's heir, took possession of Kenilworth, and procured an act of Parliament (21st James I. c. 12.) by which the wife of Sir Robert was enabled, on May 4th, 1621, to alienate all her right to him, as if she had been sole possessor of the estate, for the sum of 4000*l.*, which was paid to her from the Exchequer. On March 15th, 1626, Charles I. issued a Patent, granting to Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, and two of his family, the custody of the Castle, park, and chase of Kenilworth for their joint and several lives; but after the King's martyrdom, Oliver Cromwell divided the manor between his lawless followers, who wholly devastated the property. At the Restoration it again passed into the family of the Earl of Monmouth; and, after their leases were expired, Charles II. granted the reversion of the whole manor to the Right Honourable Lawrence Lord Hyde; afterwards created Baron of Kenilworth, and Earl of Rochester. Through this family it has descended, by marriage, to the Right Honourable Thomas Villiers, the present Lord Clarendon, who, it is pleasing to state, has endeavoured to preserve the venerable ruins of the Castle from farther dilapidations.

It will be evident from the above slight history of Kenilworth that there exists a considerable difference between its real memoirs, and those ascribed to it by Laneham. Camden also in the following passage condemns the inaccuracy of those legends which carry its foundation back to the Saxon period. "More to the north-east," says the learned antiquary, "where a number of small streams, uniting among parks, form a lake, which, soon after being confined in banks, makes a canal, stands Kenilworth, anciently called Kenelworda, though now corruptly Killingworth, which gives name to a large, beautiful, and strong castle, surrounded by parks,

not built by Kenulphus, Kenelmus, or Kinegilsus, as some dream, but, as can be made to appear from records, by Galfridus Clinton, Chamberlain to King Henry I." *Britannia*, edit. 1789, vol. II. p. 329. The Lord Saintlowe, who is mentioned in the text as having once been possessor of Kenilworth, was most probably one of the family of Saintloe, or Saintloo, who, about the time of Elizabeth, were Lords of the Manor of Tormarton, in the county of Gloucester. Sir William Saintloe was Captain of the Guard to the above Sovereign.

Having thus given sufficient of a true History of Kenilworth Castle, to be a perfect guide to the readers of the works of Gascoigne and Laneham, it remains to give some account of the buildings and grounds as given by those who saw them in all their original splendour. Dugdale commences with saying, that the situation is of extraordinary strength and largeness, as may be seen by the circuit, breadth, and depth of the outer moats, together with the parts called Caesar's Tower, which, by the thickness of its walls and form of building, he considers to have been of the first foundation. In 1241, Henry III., to whom the Castle then belonged, made extensive improvements and repairs at Kenilworth; such as ceiling the chapel with wainscot, painting it, and making new seats for the King and Queen. The bell-tower also was repaired, and the south walls next the pool were newly erected. The Queen's chamber was likewise enlarged and painted. In 1391, Richard II. furnished John of Gaunt with materials for improving and building at this place; and he, according to Dugdale, "began the structure of all the buildings here, except Caesar's Tower, with the outer walls and turrets." But little, however, appears to have been done towards making the Castle splendid as a nobleman's seat, or a palace fit for the visit of a Queen, until Elizabeth, on the 9th of June, 1562, presented the building to the Earl of Leicester; who, Dugdale remarks, "spared for no cost in enlarging, adorning, and beautifying thereof; witness that magnificent gate-house towards the north; where, formerly having been the back side of the Castle, he made the front; filling up a great proportion of the

wide and deep double ditch, wherein the water of the pool came. And, besides that stately piece on the south-east part, still bearing the name of Leicester's buildings, did he raise from the ground two goodly towers at the head of the pool, viz.—the Floud-gate, or Gallery tower, standing at one end of the Tilt-yard, in which was a spacious and noble room for ladies to see the exercises of tilting and barriers; and at the other, Mortimer's tower, whereupon the arms of Mortimer were cut in stone; which doubtless was so named by the Earl of Leicester, in memory of one more antient, that stood there formerly; wherein, as I guess, either the Lord Mortimer, at the time of that great and solemn tilting, formerly mentioned, (vide page 83 ante.) did lodge; or else, because Sir John Mortimer, Knight, prisoner here in Hen. V. time, was detained therein. The Chase he likewise enlarged, impaling part of Blakwell within it; and also a large nook, extending from Rudfen-lane towards the pool; which, being then a waste, wherein the inhabitants of Kenilworth had common*, in consideration thereof, he gave them all those fields called Prior's fields, lying north of the Castle. I have heard some, who were his servants, say, that the charge he bestowed on this Castle, with the parks and chase thereto belonging, was no less than sixty thousand pounds. Here, in July, an. 1575, (17 Eliz.) having completed all things for her reception, did he entertain the Queen for the space of xvii. days †, with excessive cost, and variety of delightful shews.²⁾ Of the gardens made by Lord Leicester, Laneham gives a very particular account, vide the reprint of his Letter, p. 71. Leland makes but few observations on Kenilworth; so that it is evident that at his visit, the Castle had none of those marks of magnificence with which it was afterwards adorned. “ King

* Vide the 49th note to the recent reprint of Laneham's Letter, p. 71. where will be found an extract from the Secret Memoirs of the Earl of Leicester, asserting that he enclosed these grounds by oppressive means, and not by exchange.

† Other authors say nineteen, and the expense of the festival has been estimated at 1000*l.* per diem.

Henry VIII." says he, "did of late years great cost in repaire of the Castle of Killingworth. Amongst these reparations the pretty Banketing-house of Tymbre, that stood thereby in the meere, and bore the name of pleasant, was taken downe, and part of it is set up in the Base-court of Killingworth Castle." *Itinerary*, vol. iv. p. 191. The next notice which occurs in history concerning the appearance of Kenilworth, is the survey taken by the officers of King James I., on the contempt of Sir Robert Dudley, to the Royal Warrant of Privy Seal, sent after him to Italy, commanding his return. The following copy of remarks upon this survey, will give a more perfect idea of the splendour of the Castle than any other description can; since it was taken when the buildings were in their most perfect state, as well as being more numerous and magnificent than at any other period of their history.

"The Castle of Kenilworth, situate upon a rock.

1. The circuit thereof within the walls containeth 7 acres, upon which the walks are so spacious and fair, that two or three persons together may walk upon most places thereof.

2. The Castle, with the 4 Gate-houses, all built of free-stone, hewen and cut; the walls, in many places, xv. and x. foot thickness, some more, and some less; the least 4 foot in thickness square.

3. The Castle and 4 Gate-houses, all covered with lead, whereby it is subject to no other decay than the glass, through the extremity of the weather.

4. The rooms of great state within the same; and such as are able to receive his Majestie, the Queen, and Prince, at one time, built with as much uniformity and conveniency as any houses of later time; and with such stately cellars, all carryed upon pillars, and architecture of free-stone, carved and wrought as the like are not within this kingdom; and also all other houses for officers answerable.

5. There lieth about the same in Chases and Parks 1200*l.* per ann. 900*l.* whereof are grounds for pleasure; the rest in meadow and pasture thereto adjoining, tenants, and freeholders.

6. There joineth upon this ground, a park-like ground, called this King's Wood, with xv. several copices lying all together, containing 789 acres, within the same: which, in the Earl of Leicester's time, were stored with red deer. Since which the deer strayed, but the ground in no sort blemished, having great store of timber, and other trees of much value upon the same.

7. There runneth through the said grounds, by the walls of the Castle, a fair Pool, containing 111 acres, well stored with fish and fowl; which at pleasure is to be let round about the Castle.

8. In timber and woods upon this ground, to the value (as hath been offered) of 20,000*l.* (having a convenient time to remove them), which, to his Majestie in the survey, are but valued at 11,722*l.*, which proportion, in a like measure, is held in all the rest upon the other values to his Majestie.

9. The circuit of the Castle, Mannours, Parks, and chase lying round together, contain at least xix. or xx. miles, in a pleasant country; the like, both for strength, state, and pleasure, not being within the realm of England.

10. These lands have been surveyed by Commissioners from the King and the Lord Privy-seal, with directions from his Lordship to find all things under the true worth, and upon oath of jurors, as well as freeholders, as customary tenants; which course being held by them, are notwithstanding surveyed and returned at 38,554*l.* 15*s.* Out of which, for Sir Robert Dudley's contempt, there is to be deducted 10,000*l.*, and for the Lady Dudley's jointure, which is without impeachment of waste, whereby she may fell all the woods, which, by the survey amount unto 11,722*l.*

The total of the	}	In Land,	16,431 <i>l.</i> 9 <i>s.</i>
Survey ariseth,		In Woods,	11,722 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i>
as followeth:		The Castle,	10,401 <i>l.</i> 4 <i>s.</i>

His Majestie hath herein the mean profits of the Castle and premises, through Sir Robert Dudley's contempt during his life, or his Majesties pardon; the reversion in fee being in the Lord Privy-seal." Dugdale's

Warwickshire, vol. I. p. 251. An original copy of the Survey of Kenilworth Castle is preserved among the Cottonian MSS. Vespas. F. ix. 302. in the British Museum.

Such was Kenilworth at its height of magnificence; the next notice is of its decline and overthrow, and almost ever since that time it has been, as Bishop Hurd remarks, "void and tenantless ruins; clasped with the ivy, open to wind and weather, and presenting nothing but the ribs and carcase, as it were, of their former state." When Oliver Cromwell portioned out this manor to his officers, it is related that they "demolished the castle, drained the great pool, cut down the King's woods, destroyed his parks and chase, and divided the lands into farms amongst themselves." This was the complete overthrow of that magnificent castle, and succeeding writers have had only to record how time and the storms of heaven have continued to cast down stone after stone of the interesting ruins. In 1716, the excellent Dr. Richard Hurd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, visited Kenilworth Castle; and he has given a beautiful account of its state at that time, in the third of his "Moral and Political Dialogues."—"When they alighted from the coach," says he, "the first object that presented itself was the principal gateway of the Castle. It had been converted into a farm-house, and was indeed the only part of these vast ruins that was inhabited. On their entrance to the inner court, they were struck with the sight of many mouldering towers, which preserved a sort of magnificence even in their ruins. They amused themselves with observing the vast compass of the whole, with marking the uses, and tracing the dimensions of the several parts. All which it was easy for them to do by the very distinct traces that remained of them; and especially by means of Dugdale's plans and descriptions, which they had taken care to consult. After rambling about for some time, they clambered up a heap of ruins, which lay on the west side the court; and thence came to a broken tower, which, when they had mounted some steps, led them to a path-way on the tops of the walls. From this eminence they had a very distinct view of the

several parts they had before contemplated; of the gardens on the north-side; of the winding meadow that encompassed the walls of the Castle, on the west and south; and had, besides, the command of the country round about them for many miles. There was something so august in the mingled prospect of so many antique towers falling into rubbish, and in the various beauties of the landscape, that they were, all of them, as it were, suspended in admiration, and continued silent for some time." *Moral and Polit. Dial. edit. 1759. 8vo. p. 25.*

Here then is the last state of that celebrated castle, in which the most splendid scenes of Elizabeth's most splendid reign were performed; like the great and magnificent cities of Babylon and Jerusalem, its goodliness is turned into ruins, and the beauty of it is exchanged for desolation. The flapping banners, rich with embroidered blazonings, and the gorgeous cloths of tissue and tapestry, which once covered the chambers, have all been rent from their places; and instead of them there is the ivy, and the long grass, the rush, the dock, and the "hyssop that springeth out of the wall." For the minstrel's music there are now the shrieks of the owl; and, for the court and presence of royalty, there are now silence and mournful solitude. One would have felt proud of the fall of Kenilworth, had the walls been rased to the ground in battle; but to think that it was first dilapidated by the lawless bands of our own ancestors, and then left to the most cruel decay; it is like viewing a dear friend perishing, piecemeal, by consumption; and the feelings thus excited, are the finest, though the most distressing which the heart can endure.

"The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair."

Page 9.—*voids the place.*

An old English verb active, originally derived from the French *Vider*, to empty or leave vacant. It was frequently used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Shakspeare in his *Henry V.* act v. scene vii. makes the King say,

“ Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill ;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight.”

Page 9.—*M. Ferrers, Lord of Mis-rule in the Court.*

Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, vol. II. sect. xxxiv. p. 293, states that this was George Ferrers, whom Holingshed mentions as Lord of Misrule in the time of King Edw. VI. ; but Wood in his “*Athenæ Oxonienses*,” when speaking of this eminent author, never mentions his having held such an office; probably supposing, that it would be derogatory to his character, both as a scholar and a poet. Puttenham calls him by the name of “Maister Edward Ferrys,” and this has created a supposition that these were two different persons, but the character which he has given of that author, has nearly identified him to be the same as the George Ferrers already mentioned. The latter writer, when speaking of him as a poet of Edward the Sixth’s reign, says: “But the principall man in this profession, at the same time was Maister Edward Ferrys, a man of no lesse mirth and felicitie that way, but of much more skil and magnificence in his meeter, and therefore wraite for the most part to the Stage in Tragedie, and sometimes in Comedie, or Enterlude, wherein he gave the King so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes.” Lib. I. ch. xxxi. p. 49. edit. 1589. Soon after, the same author again observes, “for Tragedie the Lord Buckhurst and maister Edward Ferrys, for such doinges as I have sene of theirs, deserve the highest price.” Ibid. p. 51. These passages are supposed by Warton, sufficient to prove that Puttenham mistook the name of Edward for George, especially when joined to the fact, that “no plays of an Edward Ferrers, or Ferrys,

which is the same, are now known to exist, nor are mentioned by any writer of the times which are now concerned." Notwithstanding this conclusion, Wood in his *Athenæ*, mentions an Edward Ferrers, though his account of him is doubtful, short, and indefinite; as he professes himself unable to say where he was born, or to name the College in Oxford at which he was educated. The only particulars, therefore, which can be collected from Wood, are, that Edward Ferrers was of the family of Ferrers, of Baldesley Clinton, in Warwickshire; that he continued at Oxford University several years, "being then in much esteem for his poetry;" that about the time of his leaving College he wrote "several Tragedies, Comedies, or Enterludes;" and that he "was in great renown about 1564," when he supposes him to have died, and to have been buried at Baldesley Clinton, leaving a son Henry. But although this dispute must perhaps long remain undecided, yet it is certain, that George Ferrers was the Lord of Mis-rule alluded to in the text; and of him, and his office, it will be interesting to give as full an account, as the materials now to be obtained will permit.

George Ferrers, according to all his biographers, was born at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, and received a part of his education at Oxford. After quitting College, he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, where he became a Barrister; and as Wood remarks, was as "eminent for the law, as before he was for his poetry, having been as much celebrated for it by the learned of his time, as any." While studying the jurisprudence of England, Ferrers appears to have published his first work, entitled, "The Great Charter, called in Latyn, Magna Carta, with diuers olde statutes:" no date. In the second edition of this work, the colophon declares the author's name in the following terms. "Thus endeth the booke called Magna Carta, translated oute of Latyn and Frenshe into Englishe, by George Ferrerz. Imprynted at London, in Paules church-yerde, at the signe of the Maydens head, by Thomas Petyt. M.D.XLII." Mr. Haslewood, the unwearied and excellent illustrator of the Poetry and Biography of Queen Elizabeth's reign, has said in his introduction to the recent reprint of the

the Sherifes, and so departed to the Tower-wharfe againe, and to the Court by water, to the great commendation of the Maior and Aldermen, and highly accepted of the King and Councell." *Annals*, edit. 1631. Fol. p. 608. In 1559, Ferrers again appeared as a poet in the celebrated "Mirror for Magistrates," in which he wrote, in conjunction with several of the best versifiers and most learned men of that period; and as the history of this book is a portion of his own life, it will not be irrelevant to give it so far as Ferrers was concerned.

Richard Baldwyne, who may be considered as the first of that party which composed the *Mirror for Magistrates*, was a graduate of Oxford and an ecclesiastic; and he, in his Preface to the work, states, that Thomas Marshe, the printer, had invited him to take a share in the composition of a continuation of Lydgate's "Fall of Princes;" in which the examples should be selected from English history. Baldwyne, however, was unwilling to engage in a work so laborious without assistance; but Marshe soon after provided "divers learned men, whose many giftes nede fewe prayses,—to take upon them parte of the travayle." These met together to the number of seven, of whom George Ferrers was one, and who, after they had agreed upon the plan to be pursued, wrote the first tale, entitled, the Fall of Robert Tresilian, Chiefe Justice of England. Besides this, Ferrers wrote five other poems, which were, on the misfortunes of Thomas, of Woodstock; King Richard the Second; Eleanor Cobham; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; and Edmund, Duke of Somerset; and to the above, Wood adds other stories which he does not name. Most of these were scattered through the different editions of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, from 1559, till 1578. Of that published in the latter year, Mr. Haslewood is inclined to think Ferrers was the Editor, since it contains many exclusive alterations, and his two legends of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. In 1575, George Ferrers seems to have been employed by the Earl of Leicester, as one of the authors for the entertainment to be given to the Queen; at which time he appears still to have been in the Office of Lord of

Mis-rule. In the elegant work, entitled, "Kenilworth Illustrated," William Hamper, Esq. of Birmingham, whose very extensive antiquarian learning and collections are so well known to the literary world, has printed an original MS. of Masques, which was long in the possession of Henry Ferrers, Esq. of Baddesley Clinton, in Warwickshire, who was, most probably, a very near relative of George. There is little doubt that they were the production of the courtly Master of Mis-rule; and that the first part, which is called "A Cartell for a Challenge," was exhibited in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, on November 17th, 1590; when Sir Henry Lee, the Queen's Champion, resigned the office to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. It is supposed that the remainder was presented on a progress, probably when the Queen visited Sir Henry Lee, at Quarendon, in Buckinghamshire. Only a small portion of this interesting composition has been printed before. Early in 1579, George Ferrers is supposed to have died at Flamstead in Hertfordshire; as, on the 18th of May in that year, administration was granted on his effects. Having thus recorded what is known of the life of Ferrers, the history and nature of his office are next to be considered.

The title and the duties of a Lord of Mis-rule appear in England to have had a classical origin; since Warton, in his *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. II. sect. xvi. p. 378, mentions, that "in an original draught of the Statutes of Trinity College, at Cambridge, founded in 1546, one of the Chapters is entitled, *De Præfecto Ludorum qui Imperator dicitur*, under whose direction and authority, Latin Comedies and Tragedies are to be exhibited in the hall at Christmas. With regard to the peculiar business and office of Imperator," continues the same writer, "it is ordered, that one of the Masters of Arts shall be placed over the juniors, every Christmas, for the regulation of their games and diversions at that season of festivity. At the same time, he is to govern the whole society in the hall and chapel, as a republic committed to his special charge, by a set of laws which he is to frame in Latin and Greek verse. His sovereignty is to last during the twelve days of

Christmas; and he is to exercise the same power on Candlemas-day." His fee amounts to forty shillings. Nor was this peculiar to the University of Cambridge; for Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, speaks of a similar custom being used in several of the Colleges at Oxford, especially at St. John's and Merton. The Inns of Court also celebrated their Christmas sports under the direction of a Revel Master, who frequently received substantial honours and rewards. Warton mentions, that a Christmas Prince, elected by the society of the Middle Temple, in 1635, was attended by a Lord Keeper, Lord Treasurer, eight Officers with white staves, a band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and two Chaplains, who preached before him on the Sunday preceding Christmas-day. This holiday Sovereign also dined in the hall and chamber, under a cloth of estate; while his feasts were supplied with venison by Lord Holland, and by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London with wine. After his reign was over, King James I. knighted him at Whitehall.—The same system of appointing a Ruler of Pastimes seems to have been common through most ranks; for Stow observes, that "the like had ye in the house of every Nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The Mayor of London, and either of the Sheriffs, had their several Lords of Mis-rule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to delight the beholders. These Lords, beginning their rule at Allhallond-Eve, continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas-day: in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nayles, and points in every house, more for pastime than for gaine." *Strype's Edit. of Stowe*, Book I. p. 252. But the best account of the fees, duties, dress, and general use of the Lord of Mis-rule, is given by the most violent enemy of all sports that probably ever existed, namely, Philip Stubbs, the vehement author of the "Anatomic of Abuses." This singular writer, while he rails most immoderately at all the fashions and follies of his age, condemning them and their votaries to certain perdition,

has nevertheless contrived most minutely to record them for the benefit of posterity; and frequently, where less scrupulous writers are deficient in their intelligence, their imperfections may be amply supplied by a reference to his pious invectives. Speaking of the Lord of Misrule, Stubbs writes thus: "Firste all the wilde heades of the parishe, conventynge together, chuse them a grand Capitaine (of mischeef), whom they innoble with the title of my Lorde of Misserule, and hym they crown with great solemnitie, and adopt for their kyng. This kyng anoynted, chuseth forthe twentie, fourtie, threescore, or a hundred lustie guttes like to hymself, to waite upon his lordely majestie, and to garde his noble persone. Then every one of these his menne he investeth with his liveries, of greene, yellowe, or some other light wanton colour. And as though that were not (baudie) gaudy enough, I should saie, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribons, and laces, hanged all over with golde rynges, precious stones, and other jewelles: this doen, they tye about either legge, twentie or fourtie belles, with rich hande-kercheefes in their handes, and sometymes laied acrossse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the moste parte of their pretie Mopsies and loovng Bessies, for bussing them in the darcke. Thus thinges sette in order, they have their hobby horses*, dragons, and other antiques, together with their baudie Pipers, and thundering Drommers, to strike up the Deville's dance† withall, then marche these heathen companies towards the Churche and Churche-Yarde; their Pipers pipyng, Drommers thonderyng, their stumpes dauncyng, their belles jnynglyng, their handkercheefes swyngyng about their heades like

* These were formed with the resemblance of a horse's head and tail, having a light wooden frame to be attached to the body of the person who performed the hobby-horse. The trappings and footcloth, which were often very splendid, reached to the ground, and so concealed the actor's feet, while he pranced and curvetted like a real horse.

† The Morris Dance.

madmen, their Hobbie horses and other monsters skyr-mishyng amongst the throng: and in this sorte they goe to the Church, (though the Minister bee at Praier or Preachyng) dauncyng and swyngyng their handkercheefes over their heades in the church, like Devilles incarnate, withe suche a confused noise, that no man can heare his owne voice. Then the foolish people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageauntes, solemnised in this sort. Then after this, aboute the Church they goe againe and againe, and so forthe into the Church-Yarde, where they have commonly their Sommer haules, their Bowers, Arbours, and Banquettyng houses set up, wherein they feaste, banquet, and daunce all that daie, and (peradventure) all night too. And thus these terrestriall furies spend their Sabbath daie. Then for the further innoblyng of this honourable Lurdane * (Lorde, I should saye), they have also certaine papers, wherein is paynted some bablerie or other, of Imagerie worke, and these they call my Lord of Misrule's badges; these thei giue to every one that will geve money for them, to maintaine them in this their heathenric, devilrie, whoredome, drunkennesse, pride, and what not. And who will not shew himselfe buxome † to them, and give them money for these the Deville's Cognizaunces, they shall be mocked, and flouted at shamefully. And so assotted are some, that they not onely give them money, to maintaine their abomination withall, but also weare their badges and cognizaunces in their hattes or cappes, openlye. Another sort of fantastick fooles, bring to these Helhounds (the Lorde of Mis-rule and his complices) some Bread, some goode Ale, some newe cheese, some olde cheese, some Custardes, some Cakes, some Flaunes ‡, some Tartes, some Creame, some Meate, some one thing,

* A Blockhead.—Old French, *Lourdain*.

† Compliant, lively, brisk.—Saxon, *Bucrum*.

‡ According to Phillips, this was a species of cake, made with flour, eggs, butter, and sugar.

some another. but if they knewe that as often as they bring any to the maintenaunce of these execrable pastymes, they offer sacrifice to the Devill and Sathanas, they would repent, and withdrawe their haundes, which God graunt they maie." Edit. 1585. 8vo. fol. 92. b. Such was a Lord of Mis-rule, whose office, however, branched out into other circumstances than those now detailed, but his duties are all equally at an end, and the name only remembered. The puritans were the principal cause of this overthrow; as, in the time of James I., the custom was preached against as a relic of the Saturnalian games, deduced from the pagan ritual.

Page 10.—*Master Muncaster.*

From Fuller's *Worthies of England*, edit. 1662, part III. p. 139. Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. I. p. 369, and Wilson's *Memorabilia Cantabrigiæ*, p. 112, a few particulars may be gained of the life of this eminent scholar, Dr. Richard Mulcaster. He was the son of William Mulcaster; was born at Carlisle, and was descended from an ancient family in Cumberland, which had been employed by King William I., to defend the border provinces of England from the depredations of the Scots. After having received his education on the foundation at Eton, in 1548, he was elected to King's College, Cambridge; but after taking one degree, he removed to Christ-Church, Oxford, to which he was elected in 1555. In December, 1556, he assumed his Bachelor's degree, and became so eminent for his Greek learning, that in 1561, he was made the first Master of the Merchant-Tailors' School, then recently founded. After passing upwards of twenty-five years in this situation, in 1596, he resigned it, and was made Head-master of St. Paul's, where he continued for twelve years more; and then, on the death of his wife, he retired to the Rectory of Stamford-Rivers, in Essex, which was given him by Queen Elizabeth. He was also, in 1594, made a Prebend of Salisbury, and was sometimes employed by the Queen in dramatic productions, since his name appears for two payments in the Council-Register. On April 15th, 1611, Mulcaster died at his rectory, and

was buried, in his own church, by the side of his wife. The works of Dr. Mulcaster were, "Positions;" a book on the training up of children, 1581, 4to.: "Elementarie," a volume on the English language, 1582, 4to.: and a Catechism for St. Paul's School, in Latin verse, 1599, 8vo.

Page 16.—*Dorter.*

A word derived from the French noun, *Dortoir*, a Dormitory. It originally signified, according to Phillips, "the common room or place where all the Friars of one Convent sleep together and lie all night."

Page 21.—*Who bet than I, &c.*

An ancient poetical contraction, and also the original Saxon word *Bet*, used for better. During the repetition of the five lines preceding the above, a marginal note, in the first edition of the *Princely Pleasures*, states that "the Queene saide the actor was blind," in consequence of which, at p. 37, Audax, his Son, comes to entreat her Majesty to restore his father to sight.

Page 22.—*Merlin the Prophet, enclosed in a rock.*

The original of this story, as well as the history of the Lady of the Lake herself, is to be found in the well-known romance of *La Morte d'Arthur*; for the first chapter of the fourth book, is thus entitled: "How Merlyn was assotted and dooted on one of the lades of the lake, and how he was shytte in a roche, vnder a stone, and there deyed." The idea of Sir Bruce's revenge, seems to be without foundation.

Page 28.—*The Heron House.*

The marginal notes to the first edition of Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*, states that "there was a Heron House in the Pool;" the original survey of the Manor preserved in the Cottonian Library, Tiberius, E. viii. 246, is, however, so damaged by fire, that this building is never mentioned.

Page 29.—*Master Goldingham.*

Of Henry Goldingham only a very few memoranda are now extant: like many scholars of his time, he appears to have been employed, both as a writer and an actor of pageants, as in the present instance, when he

performed Arion. A whole masque of his composing will be found in "The receiving of the Queene's Majestie into her Citie of Norwich," which was printed in Mr. Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. II. p. 26, of that particular tract. There is also in the Harleian Manuscripts, preserved in the British Museum, a poem by Goldingham, which is referred to in vol. III. of *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, p. x. In the Harleian Catalogue, edit. 1808, vol. III. p. 447, it is thus described: "Numb. 6902. A Quarto containing a Poem inscribed to Queen Elizabeth by Henry Goldyngham, and entitled the Garden Plot. It is an allegorical poem, (118 verses) with a long introduction, (46 verses) in stanzas of six lines. This copy is prepared for introducing illuminations, but none are finished." In another Harleian Manuscript, No. 3695, which is a collection of "Merry Passages and Jeasts," are two anecdotes concerning Goldingham, one of which, as it relates to the Kenilworth Pageant, is here transcribed, but the other is wholly unworthy of being extracted.

"221. There was a spectacle presented to Q: Elizabeth vpon the water, and amongst others, Har: Golding: was to represent Arion vpon the Dolphin's backe, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and vnpleasant when he came to performe it, he teares of his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but honest Har: Goldingham; which blunt discoverie pleasd the Queene better, then if it had gone thorough in the right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." In the romance of Kenilworth this incident is given to a fictitious but well-drawn character called Michael Lambourne, vide vol. III. p. 79. Before closing this note, it should be remarked, that in the text the name of Proteus is erroneously inserted for Arion.

Page 33.—*A Shew to have been presented.*

Vide Lancham's Letter, p. 49, for the reason it was omitted.

Page 30.—*Zabeta.*

A title formed from the last three syllables of the Queen's name, when translated into Latin, viz.: Eliza-

betha. She is, in page 62, called by several other appellations, as *Ahtebasile*, *Completa*, and *Complacida*. The first of these when divided thus, Ah te basile, signifies Ah thou Queen, taking the word basile, for ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΗ; the second is the feminine gender in the nominative case, of the Latin adjective *Completus*, accomplished, complete; and the third is also a female name, expressive of pleasing or delighting. It is evident, that both the exhibitions in which these names were used, were composed to display to Elizabeth the national wish for her marriage with Lord Leicester; who is represented in the latter under the name of Deep-desire; while it is probable that Due-desire was meant for the Earl of Essex, and that all the other allegorical characters were but the types of real personages at the Court. Dudley in this manner showed his policy, by enforcing his own suit, and depreciating his rivals, even when the Queen had withdrawn from the intrigues of government, to pleasure and retirement.

Page 31.—*Affying*.

Assuring; the word is originally derived from the French verb active *Fier*, to trust or rely upon. Another edition reads affirming.

Page 31.—*Filed*.

Smooth, polished.—Probably from *Fylb*, a folding or rolling.

Page 33.—*Holts*.

Small woods, or groves,—derived from the Saxon *Holte*.

Page 33.—*Hight*. Named, called.

Page 34.—*lcf*. Dear-beloved.

Page 35.—*Wight*.

A person.—Saxon *Wihc*; a creature, an animal.

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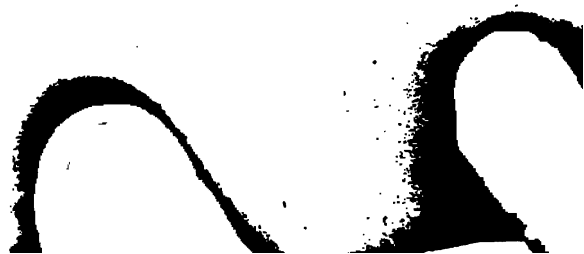
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