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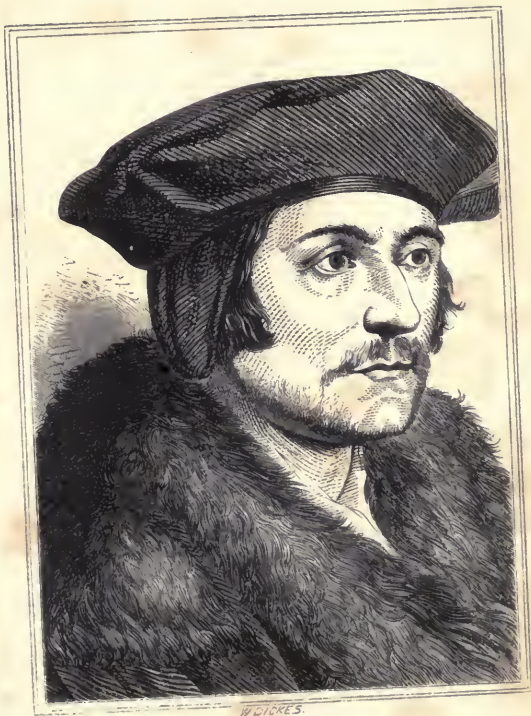




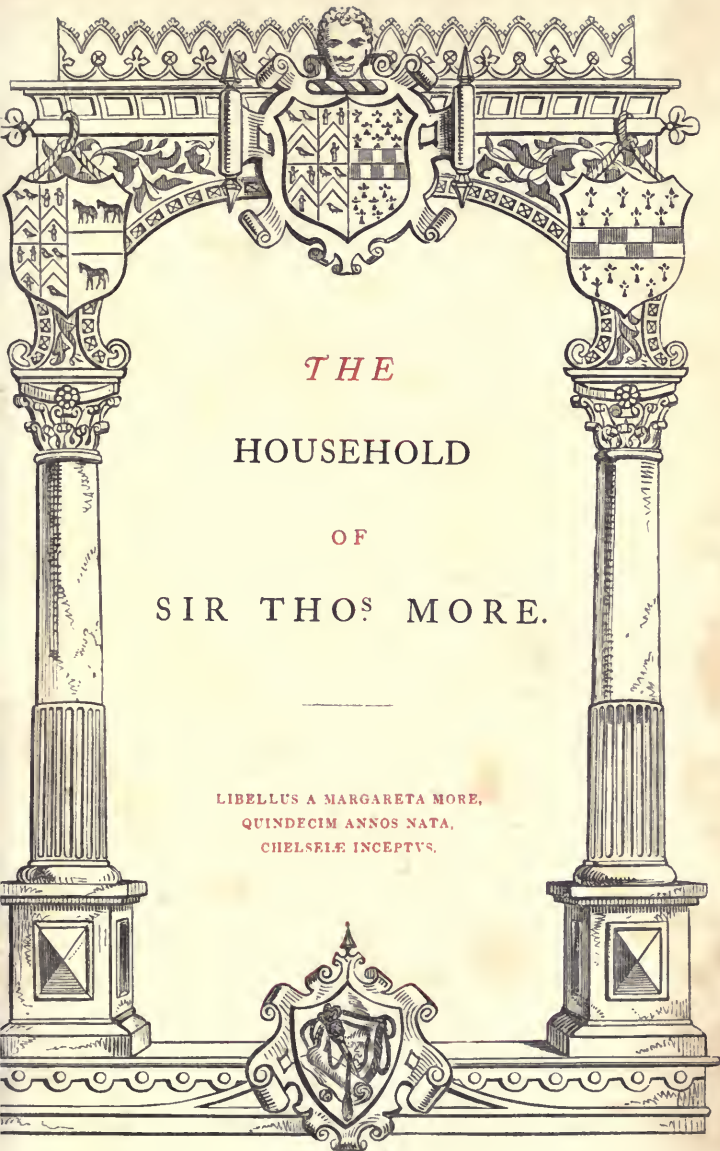








WICKES.



*THE*  
HOUSEHOLD  
*OF*  
SIR THOS. MORE.

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,  
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA,  
CHELSEÆ INCEPTVS.



Manning, Anne  
THE

HOUSEHOLD

OF

SIR THO<sup>S</sup>. MORE.

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*Nulla Dies sine Linea.*

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The  
HOUSEHOLD  
OF  
SIR THO<sup>S</sup>. MORE.

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*Chelsea, June 18th.*

. . . ON asking Mr. *Gunnel* to what Use I should put this fayr *Libellus*, he did suggest my making it a Kinde of family Register, wherein to note the more important of our domestick Passages, whether of Joy or Griefe—my Father's Journies and Absences—the Visits of learned Men, their notable Sayings, etc. “You are smart at the Pen, Mistress *Margaret*,” he was pleased to say; “and

1522  
June 18th.

“ and I woulde humblie advise your  
 “ journalling in the same fearless  
 “ Manner in the which you framed  
 “ that Letter which foe well pleased  
 “ the *Bishop of Exeter*, that he sent  
 “ you a Portugal Piece. ’Twill be  
 “ well to write it in English, which  
 “ ’tis expedient for you not alto-  
 “ gether to negleckt, even for the  
 “ more honourable Latin.”

Methinks I am close upon Wo-  
 manhood. . . . “Humblie advise,”  
 quotha! to me, that hath so oft  
 humblie sued for his Pardon, and  
 sometimes in vayne!

’Tis well to make trial of *Gonellus*  
 his “humble” Advice: albeit, our  
 daylie Course is so methodicall, that  
 ’twill afford scant Subject for the  
 Pen—*Vitam continet una Dies.*

. . . As I traced the last Word,  
 methoughte I heard the well-known  
 Tones



Tones of *Erasmus* his pleafant Voyce; and, looking forthe of my Lattice, did indeede beholde the deare little Man coming up from the River Side with my Father, who, because of the Heat, had given his Cloak to a tall Stripling behind him to bear. I flew up Stairs, to advertife Mother, who was half in and half out of her grogram Gown, and who stayed me to clasp her Owches; so that, by the Time I had followed her down Stairs, we founde 'em alreadie in the Hall.

So soon as I had kissed their Hands, and obtayned their Blessings, the tall Lad stept forthe, and who should he be but *William Roper*, returned from my Father's Errand over-seas! He hath grown hugelie, and looks mannish; but his Manners are worsened insteade of bettered by forayn Travell; for, insteade of his old

old Frankneffe, he hung upon Hand till *Father* bade him come forward; and then, as he went his Rounds, kissing one after another, stopt short when he came to me, twice made as though he would have saluted me, and then held back, making me looke so stupid, that I could have boxed his Ears for his Payns. 'Speciallie as *Father* burst out a-laughing, and cried, "The third Time's lucky!"

After Supper, we took deare *Erasmus* entirely over the House, in a Kind of family Procession, e'en from the Buttery and Scalding-house to our own deare *Academia*, with its cool green Curtain flapping in the Evening Breeze, and blowing aside, as though on Purpose to give a Glimpse of the cleare-shining *Thames!* *Erasmus* noted and admired the Stone Jar, placed by *Mercy Giggs* on the  
Table,

Table, full of blue and yellow Irises, scarlet Tiger-lilies, Dog-roses, Honeyfuckles, Moonwort, and Herb-Trinity; and alsoe our various Desks, eache in its own little Retirement, —mine own, in speciall, so pleasantly situate! He protested, with everie Semblance of Sincerity, he had never seene so pretty an Academy. I should think not, indeede! *Bess*, *Daisy*, and I, are of Opinion, that there is not likelie to be such another in the World. He glanced, too, at the Books on our Desks; *Bessy's* being *Livy*; *Daisy's*, *Sallust*; and mine, *St. Augustine*, with *Father's* Marks where I was to read, and where desist. He tolde *Erasmus*, laying his Hand fondlie on my Head, “Here is one who knows what is implied in the Word Trust.” Dear *Father*, well I may! He added, “there was no Law against laughing  
“ in

“ in *his Academia*, for that his Girls  
“ knew how to be merry and wife.”

From the House to the new Building, the Chapel and Gallery, and thence to visit all the dumb Kinde, from the great horned Owls to *Cecy's* pet Dormice. *Erasmus* was amused at some of their Names, but doubted whether *Dun Scotus* and the *Venerable Bede* would have thought themselves complimented in being made Name-fathers to a couple of Owls; though he admitted that *Argus* and *Juno* were good Cognomens for Peacocks. *Will Roper* hath brought Mother a pretty little forayn Animal called a Marmot, but she sayd she had no Time for such-like Playthings, and bade him give it to his little Wife. Methinks, I being neare sixteen and he close upon twenty, we are too old for those childish Names  
now,

now, nor am I much flattered at a Present not intended for me; however, I shall be kind to the little Creature, and, perhaps, grow fond of it, as 'tis both harmlesse and diverting.

To return, howbeit, to *Erasmus*; *Cecy*, who had hold of his Gown, and had alreadie, through his familiar Kindnesse and her own childish Heedlesness, somewhat transgressed Bounds, began now in her Mirthe to fabricate a Dialogue, she pretended to have overhearde, between *Argus* and *Juno* as they stood perch'd on a stone Parapet. *Erasmus* was entertayned with her Garrulitie for a while, but at length gentlie checkt her, with "Love the Truth, little Mayd, love the Truth, or, if thou liest, let it be with a Circumstance," a Qualification which made *Mother* stare and *Father* laugh.

Sayth

Sayth *Erasmus*, “ There is no  
“ Harm in a Fabella, Apologus, or  
“ Parabola, so long as its Character  
“ be distinctlie recognifed for such,  
“ but contrariwise, much Goode ;  
“ and the same hath been sanctioned,  
“ not only by the wiser Heads of  
“ *Greece* and *Rome*, but by our deare  
“ Lord Himself. Therefore, *Cecilie*,  
“ whom I love exceedingly, be not  
“ abasht, Child, at my Reproof, for  
“ thy Dialogue between the two  
“ Peacocks was innocent no less than  
“ ingenious, till thou wouldst have  
“ insisted that they, in sooth, sayd  
“ Something like what thou didst  
“ invent. Therein thou didst Vio-  
“ lence to the Truth, which *St. Paul*  
“ hath typified by a Girdle, to be  
“ worn next the Heart, and that  
“ not only confineth within due  
“ Limits, but addeth Strength. So  
“ now be Friends ; wert thou more  
“ than

“ than eleven and I no Priest, thou  
“ shouldst be my little Wife, and  
“ darn my Hose, and make me  
“ sweet Marchpane, such as thou  
“ and I love. But, oh! this pretty  
“ *Chelsea!* What Daifies! what  
“ Buttercups! what joviall Swarms  
“ of Gnats! The Country all about  
“ is as nice and flat as *Rotterdam.*”

Anon, we sit down to rest and  
talk in the Pavilion.

Sayth *Erasmus* to my *Father*, “ I  
“ marvel you have never entered  
“ into the King’s Service in some  
“ publick Capacitie, wherein your  
“ Learning and Knowledge, bothe  
“ of Men and Things, would not  
“ onlie serve your own Interest, but  
“ that of your Friends and the  
“ Publick.”

*Father* smiled and made Answer,  
“ I am better and happier as I am.  
“ As for my Friends, I alreadie do  
“ for



“ for them alle I can, soe as they  
“ can hardlie consider me in their  
“ Debt; and, for myself, the  
“ yielding to theire Solicitations  
“ that I would putt myself forward  
“ for the Benefit of the World in  
“ generall, would be like printing  
“ a Book at Request of Friends, that  
“ the Publick may be charmed with  
“ what, in Fact, it values at a Doit.  
“ The Cardinall offered me a  
“ Pension, as retaining Fee to the  
“ King a little while back, but I  
“ tolde him I did not care to be  
“ a mathematical Point, to have  
“ Pofition without Magnitude.”

*Erasmus* laught and sayd, “ I  
“ woulde not have you the Slave  
“ of anie King; howbeit, you  
“ mighte assist him and be useful to  
“ him.”

“ The Change of the Word,”  
sayth *Father*, “ does not alter the  
“ Matter ;



“ Matter ; I shoulde *be* a Slave, as  
“ completely as if I had a Collar  
“ rounde my Neck.”

“ But would not increased Use-  
“ fulnesse,” says *Erasmus*, “ make  
“ you happier?”

“ Happier?” says *Father*, some-  
what heating ; “ how can that be  
“ compassed in a Way so abhorrent  
“ to my Genius? At present, I live  
“ as I will, to which very few  
“ Courtiers can pretend. Half-  
“ a-dozen blue-coated Serving-Men  
“ answer my Turn in the House,  
“ Garden, Field, and on the River :  
“ I have a few strong Horses for  
“ Work, none for Show, plenty of  
“ plain Food for a healthy Family,  
“ and enough, with a hearty Wel-  
“ come, for a score of Guests that  
“ are not dainty. The lengthe of  
“ my Wife’s Train infringeth not  
“ the Statute ; and, for myself, I soe  
“ hate

“ hate Bravery, that my Motto is,  
 “ ‘ Of those whom you see in  
 “ Scarlet, not one is happy.’ I  
 “ have a regular Profession, which  
 “ supports my House, and enables  
 “ me to promote Peace and Justice;  
 “ I have Leisure to chat with my  
 “ Wife, and sport with my Children;  
 “ I have Hours for Devotion, and  
 “ Hours for Philosophie and the  
 “ liberall Arts, which are absolutelie  
 “ medicinall to me, as Antidotes to  
 “ the sharpe but contracted Habitts  
 “ of Mind engendered by the Law.  
 “ If there be anie thing in a Court  
 “ Life which can compensate for  
 “ the Losse of anie of these Blessings,  
 “ deare *Desiderius*, pray tell me  
 “ what it is, for I confesse I know  
 “ not.”

“ You are a comicall Genius,”  
 says *Erasmus*.

“ As for you,” retorted *Father*,  
 “ you

“ you are at your olde Trick of  
“ arguing on the wrong Side, as  
“ you did the firſte Time we mett.  
“ Nay, don’t we know you can  
“ declaime backward and forward  
“ on the ſame Argument, as you did  
“ on the *Venetian War*?”

*Erasmus* ſmiled quietlie, and ſayd,  
“ What coulde I do? The *Pope*  
“ changed his holy Mind.” Whereat  
*Father* ſmiled too.

“ What Nonſenſe you learned  
“ Men ſometimes talk!” purſues  
*Father*. “ I—wanted at Court,  
“ quotha! Fancy a dozen ſtarving  
“ Men with one roasted Pig  
“ betweene them;—do you think  
“ they would be really glad to ſee  
“ a Thirteenth come up, with an eye  
“ to a ſmall Piece of the Crackling?  
“ No; believe me, there is none  
“ that Courtiers are more ſincerelie  
“ reſpectfull to than the Man who  
“ avows

“ avows he hath no Intention of  
“ attempting to go Shares ; and e’en  
“ him they care mighty little about,  
“ for they love none with true  
“ Tenderneſſe ſave themſelves.”

“ We ſhall ſee you at Court yet,”  
ſays *Erasmus*.

Sayth *Father*, “ Then I will tell  
“ you in what Guife. With a Fool’s  
“ Cap and Bells. Piſh ! I won’t  
“ aggravate you, Churchman as you  
“ are, by alluding to the Bleſſings  
“ I have which you have not ; and  
“ I trow there is as much Danger  
“ in taking you for ſerious when  
“ you are onlie playful and ironical  
“ as if you were *Plato* himſelf.”

Sayth *Erasmus*, after ſome Minutes’  
Silence, “ I know full well that you  
“ holde *Plato*, in manie Inſtances,  
“ to be ſporting when I accept him  
“ in very Deed and Truth. *Specu-*  
“ *lating* he often was ; as a brighte,  
“ pure

“ pure Flame must needs be  
“ struggling up, and, if it findeth  
“ no direct Vent, come forthe of  
“ the Oven’s Mouth. He was like  
“ a Man shut into a Vault, running  
“ hither and thither, with his poor,  
“ flickering Taper, agonizing to  
“ get forthe, and holding himself in  
“ readinesse to make a Spring forward  
“ the Moment a Door should open.  
“ But it never did. ‘Not manie  
“ Wife are called.’ He had clomb  
“ a Hill in the Darke, and stoode  
“ calling to his Companions below,  
“ ‘Come on, come on! this Way  
“ lies the East; I am avised we  
“ shall see the Sun rise anon.’ But  
“ they never did. What a Christian  
“ he woulde have made! Ah! he  
“ is one now. He and *Socrates*—  
“ the Veil long removed from their  
“ Eyes—are sitting at *Jesus’* Feet.  
“ *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!*”

*Bessie*

*Bessie* and I exchanged Glances at this so strange Ejaculation; but the Subject was of such Interest, that we listened with deep Attention to what followed.

Sayth *Father*, “ Whether *Socrates* “ were what *Plato* painted him in “ his Dialogues, is with me a great “ Matter of Doubt; but it is not “ of Moment. When so many “ Contemporaries coulde distin- “ guishe the fancifulle from the “ fictitious, *Plato’s* Object coulde “ never have beene to *deceive*. “ There is something higher in Art “ than gross Imitation. He who “ attempteth it is always the leaste “ successfull; and his Failure hath “ the Odium of a discovered Lie; “ whereas, to give an avowedlie “ fabulous Narrative a Consistence “ within itselſe which permitts the “ Reader to be, for the Time, volun- “ tarilie

“tarilie deceived, is as artfulle as it  
 “is allowable. Were I to construct  
 “a Tale, I woulde, as you sayd to  
 “*Cecy*, lie with a Circumstance,  
 “but shoulde confider it noe  
 “Compliment to have my Unicorns  
 “and Hippogriffs taken for live  
 “Animals. *Amicus Plato, amicus*  
 “*Socrates, magis tamen amica Veritas.*  
 “Now, *Plato* had a much higher  
 “Aim than to give a very Pattern  
 “of *Socrates* his snub Nose. He  
 “wanted a Peg to hang his Thoughts  
 “upon——”

“A Peg? A Statue by *Phidias*,”  
 interrupts *Erasmus*.

“A Statue by *Phidias*, to clothe  
 “in the most beautiful Drapery,”  
 sayth *Father*; “no Matter that the  
 “Drapery was his own, he wanted  
 “to show it to the best Advantage,  
 “and to the Honour rather than  
 “Prejudice of the Statue. And,  
 “having



“ having clothed the same, he got  
“ a Spark of *Prometheus* his Fire,  
“ and made the aforesayd Statue  
“ walk and talk, to the Glory of  
“ Gods and Men, and fate himself  
“ quietlie down in a Corner. By  
“ the Way, *Desiderius*, why shouldst  
“ thou not submitt thy Subtletie to  
“ the Rules of a Colloquy? Set  
“ *Eckius* and *Martin Luther* by the  
“ Ears! Ha! Man, what Sport!  
“ Heavens! if I were to compound  
“ a Tale or a Dialogue, what  
“ Crotchets and Quips of mine own  
“ woulde I not putt into my  
“ Puppets’ Mouths! and then have  
“ out my Laugh behind my Vizard,  
“ as when we used to act Burlesques  
“ before *Cardinall Morton*. What  
“ rare Sporte we had, one Christmas,  
“ with a Mummary we called the  
“ “Triall of Feasting!” *Dinner* and  
“ *Supper* were broughte up before  
“ my



“ my *Lord Chief Justice*, charged  
“ with Murder. Their Accomplices  
“ were *Plum-pudding*, *Mince-pye*,  
“ *Surfeit*, *Drunkenness*, and suchlike.  
“ Being condemned to hang by the  
“ Neck, I, who was *Supper*, stuf  
“ out with I cannot tell you how  
“ manie Pillows, began to call  
“ lustilie for a Confessor; and, on  
“ his stepping forthe, commenct a  
“ List of all the Fitts, Convulsions,  
“ Spasms, Payns in the Head, and  
“ so forthe, I had inflicted on this  
“ one and t’other. ‘Alas! good  
“ Father,’ says I, ‘*King John* layd  
“ his Death at my Door;—indeede,  
“ there’s scarce a royall or noble  
“ House that hath not a Charge  
“ agaynst me; and I’m sorelie afrayd’  
“ (giving a Poke at a fat Priest that  
“ fate at my *Lord Cardinall’s* Elbow)  
“ ‘I shall have the Death of *that*  
“ holy Man [to] answer for.’”

*Erasmus*

*Erasmus* laughed, and sayd, “ Did  
“ I ever tell you of the Retort of  
“ *Willibald Pirkheimer*? A Monk,  
“ hearing him praise me somewhat  
“ lavishly to another, could not  
“ avoid expressing by his Looks  
“ great Disgust and Dissatisfaction;  
“ and, on being askt whence they  
“ arose, confest he could not, with  
“ Patience, heare the Commendation  
“ of a Man soe notoriously fond of  
“ eating Fowls. ‘ Does he steal  
“ them?’ says *Pirkheimer*. ‘ Surely  
“ no,’ says the Monk. ‘ Why, then,’  
“ quoth *Willibald*, ‘ I know of a  
“ Fox who is ten times the greater  
“ Rogue; for, look you, he helps  
“ himself to many a fat Hen from  
“ my Roost without ever offering  
“ to pay me. But tell me now,  
“ dear Father, is it then a Sin to eat  
“ Fowls?’ ‘ Most assuredlie it is,’  
“ says the Monk, ‘ if you indulge  
“ in

“ in them to Gluttony.’ ‘ Ah! if,  
“ if!’ quoth *Pirkheimer*. ‘ If stands  
“ stiff, as the *Lacedemonians* told  
“ *Philip* of *Macedon*; and ’tis not  
“ by eating Bread alone, my dear  
“ Father, you have acquired that  
“ huge Paunch of yours. I fancy,  
“ if all the fat Fowls that have  
“ gone into it could raise their  
“ Voices and cackle at once, they  
“ woulde make Noife enow to  
“ drown the Drums and Trumpets  
“ of an Army.’ Well may *Luther*  
“ say,” continued *Erasmus*, laughing,  
“ that their fasting is easier to  
“ them than our eating to us;  
“ seeing that every Man Jack of  
“ them hath to his Evening Meal  
“ two Quarts of Beer, a Quart of  
“ Wine, and as manie as he can eat  
“ of Spice Cakes, the better to  
“ relish his Drink. While I . . .  
“ ’tis true my Stomach is Lutheran,  
“ but

“but my Heart is Catholic; that’s  
 “as Heaven made me, and I’ll be  
 “judged by you alle, whether I am  
 “not as thin as a Weasel.”

’Twas now growing dusk, and  
*Cecy’s* tame Hares were just  
 beginning to be on the alert,  
 skipping across our Path, as we re-  
 turned towards the House, jumping  
 over one another, and raising  
 ’emselves on their hind Legs to  
 solicit our Notice. *Erasmus* was  
 amused at their Gambols, and at  
 our making them beg for Vine-  
 tendrils; and *Father* told him there  
 was hardlie a Member of the  
 Householde who had not a dumb  
 Pet of some Sort. “I encourage  
 “the Taste in them,” he sayd,  
 “not onlie because it fosters Hu-  
 “manitie and affords harmlesse Re-  
 “creation, but because it promotes  
 “Habitts of Forethoughte and  
 “Regularitie.

“ Regularitie. No Child or Servant  
“ of mine hath Liberty to adopt a  
“ Pet which he is too lazy or nice  
“ to attend to himself. A little  
“ Management may enable even a  
“ young Gentlewoman to do this,  
“ without soyling her Hands; and  
“ to neglect giving them proper  
“ Food at proper Times entails a  
“ Disgrace of which everie one of  
“ ’em would be ashamed. But,  
“ hark! there is the Vesper-bell.”

As we passed under a Pear-tree, *Erasmus* told us, with much Drollerie, of a Piece of boyish Mischief of his, —the Theft of some Pears off a particular Tree, the Fruit of which the Superior of his Convent had meant to reserve to himself. One Morning, *Erasmus* had climbed the Tree, and was feasting to his great Content, when he was aware of the Superior approaching to catch him  
in

in the Fact ; foe, quickly slid down to the Ground, and made off in the opposite Direction, limping as he went. The Malice of this Act consisted in its being the Counterfeit of the Gait of a poor lame Lay Brother, who was, in fact, smartlie punisht for *Erasmus* his Misdeede. Our Friend mentioned this with a Kinde of Remorse, and observed to my *Father*,—"Men laugh at the  
" Sins of young People and little  
" Children, as if they were little  
" Sins; albeit, the Robbery of an  
" Apple or Cherry-orchard is as  
" much a breaking of the Eighth  
" Commandment as the stealing of a  
" Leg of Mutton from a Butcher's  
" Stall, and ofttimes with far less  
" Excuse. Our Church tells us,  
" indeede, of Venial Sins, such as  
" the Theft of an Apple or a Pin ;  
" but, I think," (looking hard at

*Cecilie*



*Cecilie* and *Jack*,) “even the  
 “youngest among us could tell  
 “how much Sin and Sorrow was  
 “brought into the World by  
 “stealing an Apple.”

At Bedtime, *Bess* and I did agree  
 in wishing that alle learned Men  
 were as apt to unite Pleasure with  
 Profit in their Talk as *Erasmus*.  
 There be some that can write after  
 the Fashion of Paul, and others  
 preach like unto Apollos; but this,  
 methinketh, is scattering Seed by  
 the Wayside, like the Great Sower.

'Tis singular, the Love that *Jack*  
 and *Cecy* have for one another; it  
 resembleth that of Twins. *Jack*  
 is not forward at his Booke; on the  
 other Hand, he hath a Resolution of  
 Character which *Cecy* altogether  
 wants. Last Night, when *Erasmus*  
 spake of Children's Sins, I observed  
 her

Tuesday.

her squeeze *Jack's* Hand with alle her Mighte. I know what she was thinking of. Having bothe beene forbidden to approach a favourite Part of the River Bank which had given way from too much Use, one or the other of 'em transgressed, as was proven by the smalle Footprints in the Mud, as well as by a Nofegay of Flowers, that grow not, save by the River; to wit, Purple Loofstrife, Cream-and-codlins, Scorpion-grafs, Water Plantain, and the like. Neither of 'em woulde confesse, and *Jack* was, therefore, sentenced to be whipt. As he walked off with Mr. *Drew*, I observed *Cecy* turn soe pale, that I whispered *Father* I was certayn she was guilty. He made Answer, "Never mind, "we cannot beat a Girl, and 'twill "answer the same Purpose; in "flogging him, we flog both."

*Jack*.



*Jack* bore the firſte Stripe or two, I ſuppoſe, well enow, but at lengthe we hearde him cry out, on which *Cecy* coulde not forbear to doe the ſame, and then ſtopt bothe her Ears. I expected everie Moment to heare her ſay, “*Father*, ’twas I;” but no, ſhe had not Courage for that; onlie, when *Jack* came forthe all ſmirched with Tears, ſhe put her Arm about his Neck, and they walked off together into the Nuttery. Since that Hour, ſhe hath beene more devoted to him than ever, if poſſible; and he, Boy-like, finds Satisfaction in making her his little Slave. But the Beauty lay in my *Father’s* Improvement of the Circumſtance. Taking *Cecy* on his Knee that Evening, (for ſhe was not oſtenſible in Diſgrace,) he beganne to talk of Atonement and Mediation for Sin, and who it was that bare our Sins  
for

for us on the Tree. 'Tis thus he turns the daylie Accidents of our quiet Lives into Lessons of deepe Import, not pedanticallie delivered, *ex cathedrâ*, but welling forthe from a full and fresh Mind.

This Morn I had risen before Dawn, being minded to meditate on fundrie Matters before *Bess* was up and doing, she being given to much Talk during her dressing, and made my Way to the Pavilion, where, methought, I should be quiet enow; but beholde! *Father* and *Erasmus* were there before me, in fluent and earnest Discourse. I would have withdrawne, but *Father*, without interrupting his Sentence, puts his Arm rounde me and draweth me to him; soe there I sit, my Head on's Shoulder, and mine Eyes on *Erasmus* his Face.

From much they spake, and  
othermuch

othermuch I guesfed, they had beene converfing on the prefent State of the Church, and how much it needed Renovation.

*Erasmus* fayd, the Vices of the Clergy and Ignorance of the Vulgar had now come to a Poynt, at the which, a Remedie muft be founde, or the whole Fabric would falle to Pieces.

—Sayd, the Revival of Learning feemed appoynted by Heaven for fome greate Purpofe, 'twas difficulte to fay how greate.

—Spake of the new Art of Printing, and its poffible Confequents.

—Of the active and fertile Minds at prefent turning up new Ground and ferreting out old Abufes.

—Of the Abuse of Monachifm, and of the evil Lives of Conventualls. In fpecial, of the Fanaticifm and Hypocrifie of the Dominicans.

Considered

Considered the Evills of the Times such, as that Societie must shortly, by a vigorous Effort, shake 'em off.

Wondered at the Patience of the Laitie for soe many Generations, but thoughte 'em now waking from their Sleepe. The People had of late begunne to know their physickall Power, and to chafe at the Weighte of their Yoke.

Thoughte the Doctrine of Indulgences altogether bad and false.

*Father* sayd, that the graduallie increast Severitie of Church Discipline concerning minor Offences had become such as to render Indulgences the needfulle Remedie for Burthens too heavie to be borne. —Condemned a Draconic Code, that visited even Sins of Discipline with the extream Penaltie. Quoted how ill such excessive Severitie answered.

answered in our owne Land, with regard to the Civill Law; twenty Thieves oft hanging together on the same Gibbet, yet Robberie noe whit abated.

Othermuch to same Purport, the which, if alle set downe, woulde too soon fill my Libellus. At length, unwillinglie brake off, when the Bell rang us to Matins.

At Breakfaste, *William* and *Rupert* were earneste with my *Father* to let 'em row him to *Westminster*, which he was disinclined to, as he was for more Speede, and had promised *Erasmus* an earlie Caste to *Lambeth*; howbeit, he consented that they should pull us up to *Putney* in the Evening, and *William* should have the Stroke-oar. *Erasmus* sayd, he must thank the *Archbishop* for his Present of a Horse; "tho' I'm full faine," he observed,  
"to

“ to believe it a Changeling. He  
“ is idle and gluttonish, as thin as  
“ a Wasp, and as ugly as Sin. Such  
“ a Horse, and such a Rider!”

In the Evening *Will* and *Rupert* had made 'emselves spruce enow, with Nosegays and Ribbons, and we tooke Water bravelie;—*John Harris* in the Stern, playing the Recorder. We had the six-oared Barge; and when *Rupert Allington* was tired of pulling, Mr. *Clement* tooke his Oar; and when *he* wearied, *John Harris* gave over playing the Pipe; but *William* and Mr. *Gunnel* never flagged.

*Erasmus* was full of his Visitt to the *Archbishop*, who, as usuall, I think, had given him some Money.

“ We fate down two hundred to  
“ Table,” sayth he; “ there was Fish,  
“ Flesh, and Fowl; but *Wareham*  
“ onlie played with his Knife, and  
“ drank



“drank noe Wine. He was very  
 “cheerfulle and acceffible; he  
 “knows not what Pride is; and  
 “yet, of how much mighte he be  
 “proude! What Genius! What  
 “Erudition! what Kindnesse and  
 “Modesty! From *Wareham*, who  
 “ever departed in Sorrow?”

Landing at *Fulham*, we had a  
 brave Ramble thro' the Meadows.  
*Erasmus*, noting the poor Children  
 a gathering the Dandelion and  
 Milk-thistle for the Herb-market,  
 was avised to speak of forayn  
 Herbes and their Ufes, bothe for  
 Food and Medicine.

“For me,” says *Father*, “there  
 “is manie a Plant I entertayn in my  
 “Garden and Paddock which the  
 “Fastidious woulde cast forthe. I  
 “like to teache my Children the  
 “Ufes of common Things—to  
 “know, for Instance, the Ufes of  
 “the

“ the Flowers and Weeds that  
“ grow in our Fields and Hedges.  
“ Manie a poor Knave’s Pottage  
“ woulde be improved, if he were  
“ skilled in the Properties of the  
“ Burdock and Purple Orchis,  
“ Lady’s-smock, Brook-lime, and  
“ Old Man’s Pepper. The Roots  
“ of Wild Succory and Water  
“ Arrow-head mighte agreeable  
“ change his Lenten Diet; and  
“ Glaswort afford him a Pickle for  
“ his Mouthfulle of Salt-meat.  
“ Then, there are Cresses and  
“ Wood-forrel to his Breakfast, and  
“ Salep for his hot evening Mefs.  
“ For his Medicine, there is Herb-  
“ twopence, that will cure a  
“ hundred Ills; Camomile, to lull  
“ a raging Tooth; and the Juice of  
“ Buttercup to cleare his Head by  
“ sneezing. Vervain cureth Ague;  
“ and Crowfoot affords the leaste  
“ painfull



“ painfull of Blisters. St. *Anthony's*  
“ Turnip is an Emetic; Goose-  
“ grafs sweetens the Blood; Wood-  
“ ruffe is good for the Liver; and  
“ Bindweed hath nigh as much  
“ Virtue as the forayn Scammony.  
“ Pimpernel promoteth Laughter;  
“ and Poppy, Sleep: Thyme giveth  
“ pleasant Dreams; and an Ashen  
“ Branch drives evil Spirits from  
“ the Pillow. As for Rosemarie,  
“ I lett it run alle over my Garden  
“ Walls, not onlie because my Bees  
“ love it, but because 'tis the Herb  
“ sacred to Remembrance, and,  
“ therefore, to Friendship, whence  
“ a Sprig of it hath a dumb  
“ Language that maketh it the  
“ chofen Emblem at our Funeral  
“ Wakes, and in our Buriall  
“ Grounds. Howbeit, I am a  
“ Schoolboy prating in Prefence  
“ of his Master, for here is *John*  
“ *Clement*

“ *Clement* at my Elbow, who is the  
“ best Botanist and Herbalist of us  
“ all.”

—Returning Home, the Youths being warmed with rowing, and in high Spiritts, did entertayn themselves and us with manie Jests and Playings upon Words, some of 'em forced enow, yet provocative of Laughing. Afterwards, Mr. *Gunnel* proposed Enigmas and curious Questions. Among others, he woulde know which of the famous Women of Greece or Rome we Maidens would resemble. *Bess* was for *Cornelia*, *Daisy* for *Clelia*, but I for *Damo*, Daughter of *Pythagoras*, which *William Roper* deemed stupid enow, and thoughte I mighte have found as good a Daughter, that had not died a Maid. Sayth *Erasmus*, with his sweet, inexpressible Smile, “ Now I will tell  
“ you

“ you, Lads and Lasses, what  
“ manner of Man *I* would be, if  
“ I were not *Erasmus*. I woulde  
“ step back some few Years of my  
“ Life, and be half-way 'twixt  
“ thirty and forty; I would be  
“ pious and profounde enow for  
“ the Church, albeit noe Church-  
“ man; I woulde have a blythe,  
“ stirring, English Wife, and half-  
“ a-dozen merrie Girls and Boys,  
“ an English Homestead, neither  
“ Hall nor Farm, but betweene  
“ both; neare enow to the Citie  
“ for Convenience, but away from  
“ its Noise. I woulde have a  
“ Profession, that gave me some  
“ Hours daylie of regular Businesse,  
“ that should let Men know my  
“ Parts, and court me into Publick  
“ Station, for which my Taste  
“ made me rather withdrawe. I  
“ woulde have such a private Inde-  
“ pence,

“pendence, as should enable me to  
“give and lend, rather than beg  
“and borrow. I woulde encourage  
“Mirthe without Buffoonerie, Ease  
“without Negligence; my Habitt  
“and Table shoulde be simple, and  
“for my Looks I woulde be neither  
“tall nor short, fat nor lean,  
“rubicund nor fallow, but of a fayr  
“Skin with blue Eyes, brownish  
“Beard, and a Countenance en-  
“gaging and attractive, soe that  
“alle of my Companie could not  
“choose but love me.”

“Why, then, you woulde be  
“*Father* himselfe,” cries *Cecy*,  
clasping his Arm in bothe her  
Hands with a Kind of Rapture;  
and, indeede, the Portraiture was  
soe like, we could not but smile at  
the Resemblance.

Arrived at the Landing, *Father*  
protested he was wearie with his  
Ramble;

Ramble; and, his Foot slipping, he wrenched his Ankle, and fate for an Instante on a Barrow, the which one of the Men had left with his Garden-tools, and before he could rise or cry out, *William*, laughing, rolled him up to the House-door; which, considering *Father's* Weight, was much for a Stripling to doe. *Father* sayd the same, and, laying his Hand on *Will's* Shoulder with Kindnesse, cried, "Bless thee, my Boy, but I woulde not have thee overstrayned like *Biton* and *Cli-tobus.*"

This Morn, hinting to *Bess* that she was lacing herselfe too straitlie, she brisklie replied, "One would think 'twere as great Meritt to have a thick Waiste as to be one of the earlie Christians!"

These humourous Retorts are  
ever

June 20.

ever at her Tongue's end; and albeit, as *Jacky* one Day angrily remarked when she had beene teasing him, "*Bess*, thy Witt is "Stupidnesse;" yet, for one who talks soe much at Random, no one can be more keene when she chooseth. *Father* sayd of her, half fondly, half apologeticallie, to *Erasmus*, "Her Wit hath a fine "Subtletie that eludes you almoste "before you have Time to recognize "it for what it really is." To which *Erasmus* readily assented, adding, that it had the rare Meritt of playing less on Persons than Things, and never on bodilie Defects.

Hum!—I wonder if they ever sayd as much in Favour of me. I know, indeede, *Erasmus* calls me a forward Girl. Alas! that may be taken in two Senses.

Grievous



Grievous Work, overnichte, with the churning. Nought would persuade *Gillian* but that the Creame was bewitched by *Gammer Gurney*, who was disatisfyde last Friday with her Dole, and hobbled away mumping and cursing. At alle Events, the Butter would not come; but *Mother* was resolute not to have soe much good Creame wasted; soe sent for *Bess* and me, *Daisy* and *Mercy Giggs*; and insisted on our churning in turn till the Butter came, if we fate up alle Night for't. 'Twas a hard Saying; and mighte have hampered her like as *Jephtha* his rash Vow: howbeit, soe soone as she had left us, we turned it into a Frolick, and sang *Chevy Chase* from end to end, to beguile Time; ne'erthelesse, the Butter would not come; soe then we grew sober, and, at the Instance of sweete *Mercy*, chaunted the 119th Psalme;



Pfalme; and, by the Time we had attained to "*Lucerna Pedibus*," I hearde the Buttermilk separating and splashing in righte earneste. 'Twas neare Midnichte, however; and *Daisy* had fallen asleep on the Dresser. *Gillian* will ne'er be convinced but that our Latin brake the Spell.

21st.

*Erasmus* went to *Richmond* this Morning with *Polus* (for soe he Latinizes *Reginald Pole*, after his usual Fashion,) and some other of his Friends. On his Return, he made us laugh at the following. They had clomb the Hill, and were admiring the Prospect, when *Pole*, casting his Eyes aloft, and beginning to make fundrie Gesticulations, exclaimed, "What is it I beholde? "May Heaven avert the Omen!" with suchlike Exclamations, which raised the Curiositie of alle. "Don't  
"you

“ you beholde,” cries he, “ that  
“ enormous Dragon flying through  
“ the Sky ? his Horns of Fire ? his  
“ curly Tail ? ”

“ No,” says *Erasmus*, “ nothing  
“ like it. The Sky is as cleare as  
“ unwritten Paper.”

Howbeit, he continued to affirme  
and to stare, untill at lengthe, one  
after another, by dint of straying  
theire Eyes and theire Imaginations,  
did admitt, first, that they saw Some-  
thing ; next, that it mighte be a Dra-  
gon ; and last, that it was. Of course,  
on their Passage homeward, they  
could talk of little else—some made  
serious Reflections ; others, philo-  
sophicall Speculations ; and *Pole* wag-  
gishly triumphed in having beene  
the Firste to discern the Spectacle.

“ And you trulie believe there  
was a Signe in the Heavens ? ” we  
inquired of *Erasmus*.

“ What

“What know I?” returned he smiling; “you know, *Constantine* saw a Cross. Why shoulde *Polus* not see a Dragon? We must judge by the Event. Perhaps its Mission may be to fly away with *him*. He swore to the curly Tail.”

How difficulte it is to discerne the supernatural from the incredible! We laughe at *Gillian's* Faith in our Latin; *Erasmus* laughs at *Polus* his Dragon. Have we a righte to believe noughte but what we can see or prove? Nay, that will never doe. *Father* says a Capacitie for reasoning increaseth a Capacitie for believing. He believes there is such a Thing as Witchcraft, though not that poore olde *Gammer Gurney* is a Witch; he believes that Saints can work Miracles, though not in alle the Marvels reported of the *Canterbury Shrine*.

Had

Had I beene Justice of the Peace, like the King's Grandmother, I would have beene very jealous of Accusations of Witchcraft; and have taken infinite Payns to sift out the Causes of Malice, Jealousie, &c., which mighte have wroughte with the poore olde Women's Enemies. *Holie Writ* sayth, "Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live;" but, questionlesse, manie have suffered hurte that were noe Witches; and for my Part, I have alwaies helde ducking to be a very uncertayn as well as very cruel Teste.

I cannot helpe smiling, whenever I think of my Rencounter with *William* this Morning. Mr. *Gunnell* had set me *Homer's* tiresome List of Ships; and, because of the excessive Heate within Doors, I took my Book into the Nuttery, to be beyonde the Wrath of far-darting  
*Phæbus*

*Phæbus Apollo*, where I clomb into my favourite Filbert Seat. Anon comes *William* through the Trees without seeing me; and seats him at the Foot of my Filbert; then, out with his Tablets, and, in a Posture I should have called studded, had he known anie one within Sichte, falls a poetizing, I question not. Having noe Mind to be interrupted, I lett him be, thinking he would soone exhaust the Vein; but a Caterpillar dropping from the Leaves on to my Page, I was fayn, for Mirthe sake, to shake it down on his Tablets. As ill Luck would have it, however, the little Reptile onlie fell among his Curls; which soe took me at Vantage that I coulde not helpe hastilie crying, "I beg your Pardon." 'Twas worth a World to see his Start! "What!" cries he, looking  
up,

up, “are there indeede *Hama-*  
“*dryads?*” and would have gallanted  
a little, but I bade him hold down  
his Head, while that with a Twig  
I fwitched off the Caterpillar.  
Neither coulde forbear laughing;  
and then he sued me to step downe,  
but I was minded to abide where  
I was. Howbeit, after a Minute’s  
Pause, he sayd, in a grave, kind  
Tone, “Come, little Wife;” and  
taking mine Arm steadilie in his  
Hand, I lost my Balance and was  
faine to come down whether or  
noe. We walked for some Time  
*juxta Fluvium*; and he talked not  
badlie of his Travels, infomuch as  
I founde there was really more in  
him than one would think.

—Was there ever Anie thing soe  
perverse, unluckie, and downrighte  
disagreeable? We hurried our  
Afternoone Tasks, to goe on the  
Water



Water with my *Father*; and, meaning to give Mr. *Gunnel* my *Latin* Translation, which is in a Booke like unto this, I never knew he had my Journalle insteade, untill that he burst out a laughing. “Soe this “is the famous *Libellus*,” quoth he, . . . . I never waited for another Word, but snatcht it out of his Hand; which he, for soe strict a Man, bore well enow. I do not believe he could have read a Dozen Lines, and they were towards the Beginning; but I should hugelie like to know which Dozen Lines they were.

Hum! I have a Mind never to write another Word. That will be punishing mysele, though, insteade of *Gunnel*. And he bade me not take it to Heart like the late *Bishop of Durham*, to whom a like Accident befel, which soe annoyed him that  
he



he died of Chagrin. I will never again, howbeit, write Aniething favouring ever soe little of Levitie or Abfurditie. The Saints keepe me to it! And, to know it from my Exercife Book, I will henceforthe bind a blue Ribbon round it. Furthermore, I will knit the sayd Ribbon in soe close a Knot, that it shall be worth no one else's Payns to pick it out. Lastlie, and for entire Securitie, I will carry the Same in my Pouch, which will hold bigger Matters than this.

This Daye, at Dinner, Mr. *Clement* tooke the Pistoller's Place at the Reading-desk; and, insteade of continuing the Subject in Hand, read a Paraphrase of the 103rde Psalm; the Faithfullnesse and elegant Turne of which, *Erasmus* highlie commended, though he took Exceptions to the Phrase "renewing thy Youth  
" like

22nd.

“like that of the Phœnix,” whose fabulous Story he believed to have been unknowne to the Psalmist, and, therefore, however poetically, unfit to be introduced. A deepe Blush on sweet *Mercy's* Face led to the Detection of the Paraphrast, and drew on her some deserved Commendations. *Erasmus*, turning to my *Father*, exclaymed with Animation, “I woulde call this House the “Academy of *Plato*, were it not Injustice to compare it to a Place “where the usuall Disputations “concerning Figures and Numbers “were onlie occasionallie intersperst “with Disquisitions concerning the “moral Virtues.” Then, in a graver Mood, he added, “One mighte “envie you, but that your precious “Privileges are bound up with soe “paynfull Anxieties. “How manie “Pledges have you given to Fortune!”

“ If

“ If my Children are to die out  
“ of the Course of Nature, before  
“ their Parents,” *Father* firmly re-  
plied, “ I would rather they died  
“ well-instructed than ignorant.”

“ You remind me,” rejoyns  
*Erasmus*, “ of *Phocion*; whose Wife,  
“ when he was aboute to drink the  
“ fatal Cup, exclaimed, ‘ Ah, my  
“ Husband! you die innocent.’  
“ ‘ And woulde you, my Wife,’ he  
“ returned, ‘ have me die guilty?’”

Awhile after, *Gonellus* askt leave  
to see *Erasmus* his Signet-ring, which  
he handed down to him. In passing  
it back, *William*, who was occupyde  
in carving a Crane, handed it soe  
negligentlie that it felle to the  
Ground. I never saw such a Face  
as *Erasmus* made, when ’twas picked  
out from the Rushes! And yet,  
ours are renewed almost daylie,  
which manie think over nice. He  
took

took it gingerlie in his faire, Woman-like Hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on; which escaped not my Step-mother's displeas'd notice. Indeede, these *Dutchmen* are scrupulouſlie cleane, though *Mother* calls 'em ſwinish, becauſe they will eat raw Sallets; though, for that Matter, *Father* loves Creſſes and Ramps. She alſoe miſlikes *Erasmus* for eating Cheeſe and Butter together with his Manchet; or what he calls *Boetram*; and for being, generallie, daintie at his Sizes, which ſhe ſayth is an ill Example to ſoe manie young People, and becometh not one with ſoe little Money in's Purſe: howbeit, I think 'tis not Nicetie, but a weak Stomach, which makes him loathe our Salt-meat Commons from Michaelmaſſe to Eaſter, and eſchew Fiſh of the coarſer Sort. He  
cannot

cannot breakfaste on colde Milk, like *Father*, but liketh Furmity a little spiced. At Dinner, he pecks at, rather than eats, Ruffs and Reeves, Lapwings, or anie smalle Birds it may chance; but affects Sweets and Subilties, and loves a Cup of Wine or Ale, stirred with Rosemary. *Father* never toucheth the Wine-cup but to grace a Guest, and loves Water from the Spring. We growing Girls eat more than either; and *Father* says he loves to see us slice away at the Cob-loaf; it does him goode. What a kind Father he is! I wish my *Step-mother* were as kind. I hate alle sneaping and snubbing, flowting, fleering, pinching, nipping, and such-like; it onlie creates Resentment insteade of Penitence, and lowers the Minde of either Partie. *Gillian* throws a Rolling-pin at the Turnspit's Head,  
and

and we call it Low-life; but we looke for such Unmannerlinesse in the Kitchen. A Whip is onlie fit for *Tisiphone*.

As we rose from Table, I noted *Argus* pearcht on the Window-fill, eagerlie watching for his Dinner, which he looketh for as punctuallie as if he could tell the Diall; and to please the good, patient Bird, till the Scullion broughte him his Mefs of Garden-stuff, I fetched him some Pulse, which he took from mine Hand, taking good Heede not to hurt me with his sharp Beak. While I was feeding him, *Erasmus* came up, and asked me concerning *Mercy Giggs*; and I tolde him how that she was a friendlesse Orphan, to whom deare *Father* afforded Protection and the run of the House; and tolde him of her Gratitude, her Meekness, her Patience, her Docilitie,



Docilitie, her Aptitude for alle goode Works and Alms-deeds ; and how, in her little Chamber, she improved eache spare Moment in the Way of Studdy and Prayer. He repeated “ Friendlesse ? she “ cannot be called Friendlesse, who “ hath *More* for her Protector, and “ his Children for Companions ; ” and then woulde heare more of her Parents’ sad Story. Alsoe, would hear somewhat of *Rupert Allington*, and how *Father* gained his Law-suit. Alsoe, of *Daisy*, whose Name he tooke to be the true Abbreviation for *Margaret*, but I tolde him how that my Step-sister, and *Mercy*, and I, being all three of a Name, and I being alwaies called *Meg*, we had in Sport given one the Significative of her characteristic Virtue, and the other that of the French *Marguerite*, which may indeed



indeed be rendered either Pearl or Daify. And *Chaucer*, speaking of our English Daify, faith

“ *Si douce est la Marguerite.*”

Since the little Wisdom I have Capacitie to acquire, soe oft gives me the Headache to Distraction, I marvel not at *Jupiter's* Payn in his Head, when the Goddes of Wisdom sprang therefrom full growne.

23rd.

This Morn, to quiet the Payn brought on by too busie Application, Mr. *Gunnell* would have me close my Book and ramble forth with *Cecy* into the Fields. We strolled towards *Walham Greene*; and she was seeking for Shepherd's Purfes and Shepherd's Needles, when she came running back to me, looking rather pale. I askt what had scared her, and she made answer that

*Gammer*

*Gammer Gurney* was coming along the Hedge. I bade her set aside her Feares; and anon we came up with *Gammer*, who was pulling at the purple Blossoms of the Deadly Nightshade. I sayd, “*Gammer*, to what Purpose gather that Weed? knowest not ’tis evill?”

She sayth, mumbling, “What GOD hath created, that call not thou evill.”

“Well, but,” quo’ I, “’tis Poison.”

“Aye, and Medicine too,” returns *Gammer*, “I wonder what we poor Souls might come to, if we tooke Nowt for our Ails and Aches but what we could buy o’ the Potticary. We’ve got noe Dr. *Clement*, we poor Folks, to be our Leech o’ the Household.”

“But hast no Feare,” quo’ I, “of an Over-dose?”

“There’s

“ There’s manie a Doctor,” sayth she, with an unpleasant Leer, “ that hath given that at first. In Time he gets his Hand in; and I’ve had a Plenty o’ Practice—Thanks to Self and Sister.”

“ I knew not,” quoth I, “ that thou hadst a Sister.”

“ How should ye, Mistress,” returns she, shortlie, “ when ye never comes nigh us? We’ve grubbed on together this many a Year.”

“ ’Tis foe far,” I returned, half ashamed.

“ Why, foe it be,” answers *Gammer*; “ far from Neighbours, far from Church, and far from Priest; howbeit, my old Legs carries me to *your* House o’ Fridays; but I know not whether I shall e’er come agayn—the Rye Bread was foe hard last Time; it may serve  
“ for

“ for young Teeth, and for them  
“ as has got none; but mine, you  
“ see, are onlie on the *goe* ;” and she  
opened her mouth with a ghastly  
Smile. “ ’Tis not,” she added,  
“ that I’m ungratefulle ; but thou  
“ sees, Mistrefs, I really *can’t* eat  
“ Crufts.”

After a Moment, I asked,  
“ Where lies your Dwelling ?”

“ Out by yonder,” quoth she,  
pointing to a shapeless Mass like  
a huge Bird’s Nest in the Corner of  
the Field. “ There bides poor  
“ *Joan* and I. Wilt come and  
“ looke within, Mistrefs, and see  
“ how a Christian can die ?”

I mutelie complied, in spite of  
*Cecy’s* pulling at my Skirts.  
Arrived at the wretched Abode,  
which had a Hole for its Chimney,  
and another for Door at once and  
Window, I found, sitting in a  
Corner

Corner, propped on a Heap of Rushes, dried Leaves, and olde Rags, an aged sick Woman, who seemed to have but a little While to live. A Mug of Water stooode within her Reach; I saw none other Sustenance; but, in her Visage, oh, such Peace! . . . . . Whispers *Gammer* with an awfulle Look, “She sees ’em now!”

“Sees who?” quoth I.

“Why, Angels in two long Rows, afore the Throne of God, a bending of themselves, this Way, with their Faces to th’ Earth, and Arms stretched out afore ’em.”

“Hath she seen a Priest?” quoth I.

“LORD love ye,” returns *Gammer*, “what coulde a Priest doe for her? She’s in Heaven already. I doubt if she can heare me.” And then,  
in

in a loud, distinct Voyce, quite free from her usuall Mumping, she beganne to recite in *English*, “Blessed is every one that feareth the LORD, and walketh in his Ways,” etc. ; which the dying Woman hearde, although already speechlesse ; and reaching out her feeble Arm unto her Sister’s Neck, she dragged it down till their Faces touched ; and then, looking up, pointed at Somewhat she aimed to make her see . . . and we alle looked up, but saw Nought. Howbeit, she pointed up three severall Times, and lay, as it were, transfigured before us, a gazing at some transporting Sichte, and ever and anon turning on her Sister Looks of Love ; and, the While we stode thus agaze, her Spiritt passed away without even a Thrill or a Shudder. *Cecy* and I beganne to weepe ; and, after a  
While,

While, foe did *Gammer* ; then, putting us forthe, she sayd, “ Goe, “ Children, goe ; ’tis noe goode “ crying ; and yet I’m thankfulle to “ ye for your Teares.”

I sayd, “ Is there Aught we can “ doe for thee ? ”

She made Answer, “ Perhaps “ you can give me Tuppence, “ Mistrefs, to lay on her poor Eye- “ lids and keep ’em down. Bless “ ’ee, bless ’ee ! You’re like the “ good Samaritan—he pulled out “ Two-pence. And maybe, if I “ come to ’ee To-morrow, you’ll “ give me a Lapfulle of Rosemarie, “ to lay on her poor Corpse. . . . “ I know you’ve Plenty. God be “ with ’ee, Children ; and be sure “ ye mind how a Christian can “ die.”

Soe we left, and came Home sober enow. *Cecy* sayth, “ To die



“die is not soe fearfulle, *Meg*, as  
 “I thoughte, but shoulde *you* fancy  
 “dying without a Priest? I shoulde  
 “not; and yet *Gammer* sayd she  
 “wanted not one. Howbeit, for  
 “certayn, *Gammer Gurney* is noe  
 “Witch, or she woulde not soe  
 “prayse God.”

To conclude, *Father*, on hearing  
*Alle*, hath given *Gammer* more than  
 enow for her present Needes; and  
*Cecy* and I are the Almoners of his  
 Mercy.

Yesternighte, being *St. John's Eve*,  
 we went into Town to see the mus-  
 tering of the Watch. Mr. *Rastall*  
 had secured us a Window opposite  
 the *King's Head*, in *Chepe*, where  
 their Majestys went in State to see  
 the Show. The Streets were a  
 Marvell to see, being like unto a  
 Continuation of fayr Bowres or  
 Arbours,

June 24th.

Arbours, garlanded acrosse and over the Doors with greene Birch, long Fennel, Orpin, St. *John's* Wort, white Lilies, and such like; with innumerable Candles intersperst, the which, being lit up as soon as 'twas Dusk, made the Whole look like enchanted Land; while, at the same Time, the leaping over Bon-fires commenced, and produced Shouts of Laughter. The Youths woulde have had *Father* goe downe and joyn 'em; *Rupert*, speciallie, begged him hard, but he put him off with, "Sirrah, you Goose-cap, dost think " 'twoulde befitt the Judge of the "*Sheriffs' Court*?"

At length, to the Sound of Trumpets, came marching up *Cheapside* two thousand of the Watch, in white Fustian, with the City Badge; and seven hundred Cressett Bearers, eache with his Fellow to supplie

supplie him with Oyl, and making, with their flaring Lights, the Night as cleare as Daye. After 'em, the Morris-dancers and City Waites; the Lord Mayor on horseback, very fine, with his Giants and Pageants; and the Sheriff and his Watch, and *his* Giants and Pageants. The Streets very uproarious on our way back to the Barge, but the homeward Passage delicious; the Nighte Ayre cool; and the Stars shining brightly. *Father* and *Erasmus* had some astronomick Talk; howbeit, methoughte *Erasmus* less familiar with the heavenlie Bodies than *Father* is. Afterwards they spake of the King, but not over-freelie, by reason of the Bargemen overhearing. Thence, to the ever-vext Question of *Martin Luther*, of whome *Erasmus* spake in Terms of earneste, yet qualifide Prayse.

“ If

“ If *Luther* be innocent,” quoth he, “ I woulde not run him down  
 “ by a wicked Faction; if he be in  
 “ Error, I woulde rather have him  
 “ reclaymed than destroyed; for  
 “ this is most agreeable to the  
 “ Doctrin of our deare Lord and  
 “ Master, who woulde not bruise  
 “ the broken Reede, nor quenche  
 “ the smoking Flax.” And much  
 more to same Purpose.

We younger Folks felle to  
 choosin our favourite Mottoes and  
 Devices, in which the Elders at  
 length joyned us. *Mother's* was  
 loyal — “ Cleave to the Crown  
 “ though it hang on a Bush.”  
*Erasmus's* pithie — “ *Festina lente.*”  
*William* sayd he was indebted for  
 his to *St. Paul* — “ I seeke not yours,  
 “ but you.” For me, I quoted  
 one I had seene in an olde Countrie  
 Church, “ *Mieux être que paroître,*”  
 which

which pleased *Father* and *Erasmus* much.

Poor *Erasmus* caughte colde on the Water last Nighte, and keeps House to-daye, taking warm Poffets. 'Tis my Week of Housekeeping under Mother's Guidance, and I never had more Pleasure in it; delighting to suit his Taste in sweete Things, which, methinks, all Men like. I have enow of Time left for Studdy, when alle's done.

June 25th.

He hathe beene the best Part of the Morning in our Academia, looking over Books and Manuscripts, taking Notes of some, discoursing with Mr. *Gunnel* on others; and, in some Sorte, interrupting our Morning's Work; but how pleasantlie! Besides, as *Father* sayth, "Varietie is not always Interruption. "That which occasionallie lets and  
" hinders

“hinders our accustomed Studdies,  
 “may prove to the ingenious noe  
 “less profitable than their Studdies  
 “themselves.”

They beganne with discussing the Pronunciation of Latin and Greek, on which *Erasmus* differeth much from us, though he holds to our Pronunciation of the *Theta*. Thence, to the absurde Partie of the *Ciceronians* now in *Italie*, who will admit noe Author save *Tully* to be read nor quoted, nor any Word not in his Writings to be used. Thence to the Latinitie of the *Fathers*, of whose Style he spake slightlie enow, but rated *Jerome* above *Augustine*. At length, to his *Greek and Latin Testament*, of late issued from the Presse, and the incredible Labour it hath cost him to make it as perfect as possible: on this Subject he so warmed that *Bess* and  
 and

and I listened with suspended Breath. “ May it please God,” sayth he, knitting ferventlie his Hands, “ to “ make it a Blessing to all Christen- “ dom! I look for noe other Reward. “ Scholars and Believers yet unborn “ may have Reason to thank, and “ yet may forget *Erasmus*.” He then went on to explain to *Gunnel* what he had much felt in want of, and hoped some Scholar might yet undertake; to wit, a Sort of *Index Bibliorum*, showing in how manie Passages of Holy Writ occurreth anie given Word, etc.; and he e’en proposed it to *Gunnel*, saying ’twas onlie the Work of Patience and Industry, and mighte be layd aside, and resumed as Occasion offered, and completed at Leisure, to the great Thankfullenesse of Scholars. But *Gunnel* onlie smiled and shooke his Head. Howbeit, *Erasmus* set forth



forth his Scheme for playnlie, that I, having a Pen in Hand, did privilie note down alle the Heads of the same, thinking, if none else would undertake it, why should not I? since Leifure and Industrie were alone required, and since 'twoulde be for acceptable to manie, 'speciallie to *Erasmus*.

June 29th.

Hearde *Mother* say to *Barbara*, "Be sure the Sirloin is well "basted for the King's Physician;" which advised me that Dr. *Linacre* was expected. In Truth, he returned with Father in the Barge; and they tooke a Turn on the River Bank before sitting down to Table. I noted them from my Lattice; and anon, *Father*, beckoning me, cries, "Child, bring out my "favourite Treatyse on Fishynge, "printed by *Wynkyn de Worde*; I  
must

“ must give the Doctor my loved  
“ Passage.”

Joyning 'em with the Booke, I found *Father* telling him of the Roach, Dace, Chub, Barbel, etc. we oft catch opposite the Church; and hastilie turning over the Leaves, he beginneth with Unction to read the Passage ensuing, which I love to the full as much as he:—

He observeth, if the Angler's Sport shoulde fail him, “ he at the best  
“ hath his holsom Walk and mery  
“ at his Ease, a fwete Ayre of the  
“ fwete Savour of the Meade of  
“ Flowers, that maketh him hungry;  
“ he heareth the melodious Har-  
“ monie of Fowles, he seeth the  
“ young Swans, Herons, Ducks,  
“ Cotes, and manie other Fowles,  
“ with their Broods, which me  
“ seemeth better than alle the Noise  
“ of Hounds, Faukenors, and  
“ Fowlers

“ Fowlers can make. And if  
 “ the Angler take Fyssh, then  
 “ there is noe Man merrier than  
 “ he is in his Spryte.” And,  
 “ Ye shall not use this foresaid  
 “ crafty Disporte for no covetynesse  
 “ in the encreasing and sparing of  
 “ your Money onlie, but prynci-  
 “ pallie for your Solace, and to  
 “ cause the Health of your Bodie,  
 “ and speciallie of your Soule, for  
 “ when ye purpose to goe on your  
 “ Disportes of Fysshynge, ye will  
 “ not desire greatlie manie Persons  
 “ with you, which woulde lett you  
 “ of your Game. And thenne ye  
 “ may serve God devoutlie, in saying  
 “ affectuoufli your customable  
 “ Prayer; and thus doing, ye shall  
 “ eschew and voyd manie Vices.”

“ Angling is itselſe a Vice,” cries  
*Erasmus*, from the Thresholde ;  
 “ for my Part I will fish none,  
 save

“ save and except for pickled  
“ Oysters.”

“ In the Regions below,” answers  
*Father*; and then laughingly tells  
*Linacre* of his firste Dialogue with  
*Erasmus*, who had beene feasting  
in my Lord Mayor’s Cellar:—

“ ‘ Whence come you ? ’ ‘ From  
“ below.’ ‘ What were they about  
“ there ? ’ ‘ Eating live Oysters,  
“ and drinking out of Leather Jacks.’  
“ ‘ Either you are *Erasmus*,’ etc.  
“ ‘ Either you are *More* or No-  
“ thing.’ ”

“ ‘ Neither more nor les,’ you  
“ should have rejoyned,” sayth the  
Doctor.

“ How I wish I had ! ” says *Father*;  
“ don’t torment me with a Jest I  
might have made and did not make ;  
‘ speciallie to put downe *Erasmus*. ”

“ *Concedo nulli*, ” sayth *Erasmus*.

“ Why are you so lazy ? ” asks  
*Linacre* ;

*Linacre*; “I am sure you can speak English if you will.”

“Soe far from it,” sayth *Erasmus*, “that I made my Incapacitie an Excuse for declining an English Rectory. Albeit, you know how *Wareham* requited me; saying, in his kind, generous Way, I served the Church more by my Pen than I coulde by preaching Sermons in a countrie Village.”

Sayth *Linacre*, “The Archbishop hath made another Remark, as much to the Purpose: to wit, that he has received from you the Immortalitie which Emperors and Kings cannot bestow.”

“They cannot even bid a smoking Sirloin retain its Heat an Hour after it hath left the Fire,” sayth *Father*. “Tilly-vally! as my good *Alice* says,—let us remember the univerval Doom, ‘*Fruges consumere nati,*’

“*nati,*’ and philosophize over our  
“Ale and Bracket.”

“Not *Cambridge* Ale, neither,”  
sayth *Erasmus*.

“Will you never forget that  
“unlucky Beverage?” sayth *Father*.

“Why, Man, think how manie

“poor Scholars there be, that con-

“tent themselves, as I have hearde

“one of *St. John’s* declare, with

“a penny piece of Beef amongst

“four, stewed into Pottage with

“a little Salt and Oatmeal; and

“that after fasting from four

“o’clock in the Morning! Say

“Grace for us this Daye, *Erasmus*,

“with goode Heart.”

At Table, Discourse flowed soe  
thicke and faste that I mighte aim  
in vayne to chronicle it—and why  
should I? dwelling as I doe at the  
Fountayn Head? Onlie that I find  
Pleasure, already, in glancing over  
the

the foregoing Pages whensoever they concern Father and *Erasmus*, and wish they were more faithfullie recalled and better writ. One Thing sticks by me,—a funny Reply of Father's to a Man who owed him Money and who put him off with “*Memento Morieris.*” “I bid “you,” retorted *Father*, “*Memento Mori Æris*, and I wish you would take as goode Care to provide for the one as I do for the other.”

*Linacre* laughed much at this, and sayd,—“That was real Wit; a Spark struck at the Moment; and with noe Ill-nature in it, for I am sure your Debtor could not help laughing.”

“Not he,” quoth *Erasmus*. “*More's* Drollerie is like that of a young Gentlewoman of his Name, which shines without burning,” . . . and, oddlie enow, he looked  
acrosse



acroffe at *me*. I am fure he meant  
*Befs*.

Father broughte home a strange  
Guest to-daye,—a converted *Jew*,  
with grizzlie Beard, furred Gown,  
and Eyes that shone like Lamps lit  
in dark Cavernes. He had beene  
to *Benmarine* and *Tremeçen*, to the  
*Holie Citie* and to *Damascus*, to *Urmia*  
and *Affyria*, and I think alle over  
the knowne World; and tolde us  
manie strange Tales, one hardlie  
knew how to believe; as, for Ex-  
ample, of a Sea-coast Tribe, called  
the *Balouches*, who live on Fish and  
build theire Dwellings of the Bones.  
Alsoe, of a Race of his Countriemen  
beyond *Euphrates* who believe in  
*Christ*, but know nothing of the  
Pope; and of whom were the  
Magians that followed the Star.  
This agreeth not with our Legend.  
He

July 1st.

He averred that, though soe far apart from their Brethren, their Speech was the same, and even their Songs; and he sang or chaunted one which he sayd was common among the Jews alle over the World, and had beene soe ever since their Citie was ruinated and the People captivated, and yet it was never sett down by Note. *Erasmus*, who knows little or nought of Hebrew, listened to the Words with Curiosity, and made him repeate them twice or thrice: and though I know not the Character, it seemed to me they sounded thus:—

*Adir Hu yivne bethcha beccaro,  
El, b'ne; El, b'ne; El, b'ne;  
Bethcha beccaro.*

Though Christianish, he would not eat Pig's Face; and sayd  
Swine's

Swine's Flesh was forbidden by the Hebrew Law for its unwholesomenesse in hot Countries and hot Weather, rather than by way of arbitrarie Prohibition. *Daisy* took a great Dislike to this Man, and woulde not sit next him.

In the Hay-field alle the Evening. Swathed *Father* in a Hay-rope, and made him pay the Fine, which he pretended to resist. *Cecy* was just about to cast one round *Erasmus*, when her Heart failed and she ran away, colouring to the Eyes. He sayd, he never saw such pretty Shame. *Father* reclining on the Hay, with his Head on my Lap and his Eyes shut, *Bess* asked if he were asleep. He made answer, "Yes, and dreaming." I askt, "Of what?" "Of a far-off future Daye, *Meg*; when thou and I shall looke back on this  
" Hour,

“ Hour, and this Hay-field, and my  
“ Head on thy Lap.”

“ Nay, but what a stupid Dream,  
“ Mr. *More*,” says *Mother*. “ Why,  
“ what woulde *you* dreame of, Mrs.  
“ *Alice*?” “ Forsooth, if I dreamed  
“ at alle, when I was wide awake,  
“ it shoulde be of being *Lord Chan-*  
“ *cellor* at the leaste.” “ Well,  
“ Wife, I forgive thee for not saying  
“ at the *most*. Lord Chancellor,  
“ quotha! And you woulde be  
“ Dame *Alice*, I trow, and ride in a  
“ Whirlecote, and keep a Spanish  
“ Jennet, and a Couple of Grey-  
“ hounds, and wear a Train before  
“ and behind, and carry a Jerfalcon  
“ on your Fist.” “ On my Wrist.”  
“ No, that’s not such a pretty Word  
“ as t’other! Go to, go!”

Straying from the others, to a  
remote Corner of the Meadow, or  
ever I was aware, I came close  
upon

upon *Gammer Gurney*, holding Some-  
what with much Care. “Give ye  
“good den, Mistress *Meg*,” quoth  
she, “I cannot abear to rob the Birds  
“of their Nests; but I knows you  
“and yours be kind to dumb Crea-  
“tures, soe here’s a Nest o’ young  
“Owzels for ye—and I can’t call  
“’em dumb nowther, for they’ll  
“sing bravelie some o’ these Days.”  
“How haft fared, of late, *Gammer*?”  
quoth I. “Why, well enow for  
“such as I,” she made Answer;  
“since I lost the Use o’ my right  
“Hand, I can nowther spin, nor  
“nurse sick Folk, but I pulls Rushes,  
“and that brings me a few Pence,  
“and I be a good Herbalist; onlie,  
“because I says one or two English  
“Prayers, and hates the Priests, some  
“Folks thinks me a Witch.” “But  
“why dost hate the Priests?” quoth  
I. “Never you mind,” she gave  
Answer,

Answer, "I've Reasons manie; and  
 " for my English Prayers, they were  
 " taught me by a Gentleman I nursed,  
 " that's now a Saint in Heaven, along  
 " with poor *Joan*."

And soe she hobbled off, and I  
 felt kindlie towards her, I scarce  
 knew why—perhaps because she  
 spake soe lovingly of her dead Sister,  
 and because of that Sister's Name.  
*My Mother's Name was Joan.*

July 2nd.

*Erasmus* is gone. His last Saying  
 to *Father* was, "They will have you  
 " at Court yet;" and *Father's*  
 Answer, "When *Plato's* Year comes  
 " round."

To me he gave a Copy, how pre-  
 cious! of his Testament. "You  
 " are an elegant Latinist, *Margaret*,"  
 he was pleased to say, "but, if you  
 " woulde drink deeplie of the Well-  
 " springs of Wisdom, applie to  
 " Greek.

“ Greek. The Latins have onlie  
“ shallow Rivulets; the Greeks,  
“ copious Rivers, running over  
“ Sands of Gold. Read *Plato*; he  
“ wrote on Marble, with a Diamond;  
“ but above alle, read the New  
“ Testament. ’Tis the Key to the  
“ Kingdom of Heaven.”

To Mr. *Gunnel*, he said smiling,  
“ Have a Care of thyself, dear  
“ *Gonellus*, and take a little Wine  
“ for thy Stomach’s Sake. The  
“ Wages of most Scholars now-a-  
“ days, are weak Eyes, Ill-health,  
“ an empty Purse, and shorte Com-  
“ mons. I neede only bid thee  
“ beware of the two first.”

To *Bess*, “ Farewell, *Bessy*; thank  
“ you for mending my bad Latin.  
“ When I write to you, I will be  
“ sure to signe myselfe ‘*Roterodamius*.’  
“ Farewell, sweete *Cecil*; let me  
“ always continue your ‘desired  
“ Amiable.’



“Amiable.’ And you, *Jacky*,—  
“love your Book a little more.”

“*Jack’s* deare Mother, not content  
“with her Girls,” sayth *Father*,  
“was alwaies wishing for a Boy,  
“and at last she had one that means  
“to remain a Boy alle his Life.”

“The Dutch Schoolmasters  
“thoughte *me* dulle and heavie,”  
sayth *Erasmus*, “soe there is some  
“Hope of *Jacky* yet.” And soe,  
stepped into the Barge, which we  
watched to *Chelsea Reach*. How  
dulle the House has beene ever since!  
*Rupert* and *William* have had me  
into the Pavillion to hear the Plot  
of a Miracle-play they have alreadie  
begunne to talke over for *Christmasse*,  
but it seemed to me downrighte  
Rubbish. *Father* sleepest in Town  
to-nighte, soe we shall be stupid  
enow. *Bessy* hath undertaken to  
work *Father* a Slipper for his tender  
Foot ;

Foot; and is happie, tracing for the Pattern our three Moor-cocks and Colts; but I am idle and tire-some.

If I had Paper, I woulde beginne my projected *Opus*; but I dare not ask *Gunnel* for anie more just yet; nor have anie Money to buy Some. I wish I had a Couple of Angels. I think I shall write to Father for them to-morrow; he alwaies likes to heare from us if he is twenty-four Hours absent, providing we conclude not with "I have Nothing more to say."

I have writ my Letter to *Father*. I almoſte wiſh, now, that I had not ſent it.

*Rupert* and *Will* ſtill full of their Moralitie, which reallie has ſome Fun in it. To ridicule the Extravagance of thoſe who, as the Saying is,

July 4th.

is, carry their Farms and Fields on their Backs, *William* proposes to come in, all verdant, with a real Model of a Farm on his Back, and a Windmill on his Head.

July 5th.

How sweete, how gracious an Answer from *Father*! *John Harris* has brought me with it the two Angels; less prized than this Epistle.

July 10th.

Sixteenth Birthdaye. *Father* away, which made it fadde. *Mother* gave me a payr of blue Hofen with Silk Clocks; Mr. *Gunnel*, an ivorie-handled Stylus; *Bess*, a Bodkin for my Hair; *Daisy*, a Book-mark; *Mercy*, a Saffron Cake; *Jack*, a Basket; and *Cecil*, a Nofegay. *William's* Present was fayrest of alle, but I am hurte with him and myselfe; for he offered it foe queerlie and  
tagged

tagged it with fuch. . . . I refused it, and there's an End. 'Twas unmannerlie and unkinde of me, and I've cried aboute it since.

Father alwaies gives us a Birth-daye Treat; foe, contrived that Mother shoulde take us to see my *Lord Cardinal of York* goe to *Westminster* in State. We had a merrie Water-partie; got goode Places and saw the Show; Crosse-bearers, Pillar-bearers, Ushers and alle. Himselfe in crimson engrayned Sattin, and Tippet of Sables, with an Orange in his Hand helde to 's Nose, as though the common Ayr were too vile to breathe. What a pompous Priest it is! The Archbishop mighte well fay, "That Man is drunk with too much Prosperitie."

Betweene Dinner and Supper, we had a fine Skirmish in the Straits of Thermopylæ. Mr. *Gunnel* headed the

the Persians, and *Will* was *Leonidas*, with a swashing Buckler, and a Helmet a Yard high; but Mr. *Gunnel* gave him such a Rap on the Crest that it went over the Wall; soe then *William* thought there was Nothing left for him but to die. Howbeit, as he had beene layd low sooner than he had reckoned on, he prolonged his last Agonies a goode deal, and gave one of the Persians a tremendous Kick just as they were aboute to rifle his Pouch. They therefore thoughte there must be Somewhat in it they shoulde like to see; soe, helde him down in spite of his hitting righte and lefte, and pulled therefrom, among sundrie lesser Matters, a carnation Knot of mine. Poor Varlet, I wish he would not be so stupid.

After Supper, *Mother* proposd a Concert; and we were alle singing  
a Rounde

a Rounde, when, looking up, I saw *Father* standing in the Door-way, with such a happy Smile on his Face! He was close behind *Rupert* and *Daisy*, who were finging from the same Book, and advertised them of his Coming by gentlie knocking their Heads together; but I had the firste Kifs, even before *Mother*, because of my Birthdaye.

It turns out that *Father's* Lateness Yester-even was caused by Prefs of Businesse; a forayn Mission having beene proposed to him, which he resisted as long as he could, but was at length reluctantlie induced to accept. Lengthe of his Stay uncertayn, which casts a Gloom on alle; but there is soe much to doe as to leave little Time to think, and *Father* is busiest of alle; yet hath founde Leisure to concert with  
Mother

July 11th.

Mother for us a Journey into the Country, which will occupy some of the Weeks of his Absence. I am full of carefull Thoughts and Forebodings, being naturallie of too anxious a Disposition. Oh, let me caste alle my Cares on another !  
*Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.*





1523.

May 27th, 1523.

'Tis foe manie Months agone since that I made an Entry in my *Libellus*, as that my Motto, "*Nulla Dies sine Linea*," hath somewhat of Sarcasm in it. How manie Things doe I beginne and leave unfinisht! and yet, les from Caprice than Lack of Strength; like him of whom the Scripture was writ,—“ This Man “ beganne to build and was not able “ to finish.” My *Opus*, for Instance; the which my Father's prolonged Absence in the Autumn, and my Winter Visitt to Aunt *Nan* and Aunt *Fan* gave me such Leisure to carrie forward. But alack! Leisure was les to seeke than Learninge; and when I came back to mine olde Taskes, Leisure was awanting too; and then, by reason of my sleeping in a separate Chamber, I was enabled to steale Hours from the

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the earlie Morn and Hours from the Night, and, like unto *Solomon's* virtuous Woman, my Candle went not out. But 'twas not to Purpose that I worked, like the virtuous Woman, for I was following a Jack-o-Lantern; having forsooke the straight Path laid downe by *Erasmus* for a foolish Path of mine owne; and soe I toyled, and blundered, and puzzled, and was mazed; and then came on that Payn in my Head. *Father* sayd, "What makes "*Meg* soe pale?" and I sayd not: and, at the last, I tolde *Mother* there was somewhat throbbing and twisting in the Back of mine Head, like unto a little Worm that woulde not die; and she made Answer, "Ah, "a Maggot," and soe by her Scoff I was shamed. Then I gave over mine *Opus*, but the Payn did not yet goe; soe then I was longing for  
the

the deare Pleasure, and fondlie turning over the Leaves, and wondering woulde *Father* be surpris'd and pleas'd with it some Daye, when *Father* himself came in or ever I was aware. He sayth, "What hast thou, *Meg*?" I falter'd and woulde sett it aside. He sayth, "Nay, let me see;" and soe takes it from me; and after the firste Glance throws himself into a Seat, his Back to me, and firste runs it hastilie through, then beginnes with Methode and such Silence and Gravitie as that I trembled at his Side, and felt what it must be to stand a Prisoner at the Bar, and he the Judge. Sometimes I thought he must be pleas'd, at others not: at lengthe, alle my fond Hopes were ended by his crying, "This  
" will never doe. Poor Wretch,  
" hath this then beene thy Toyl?  
" How

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“ How couldst find Time for soe  
“ much Labour? for here hath  
“ beene Trouble enow and to spare.  
“ Thou must have stolen it, sweet  
“ *Meg*, from the Night, and pre-  
“ vented the Morning Watch.  
“ Most dear’st! thy *Father’s* owne  
“ loved Child;” and soe, careffing  
me till I gave over my Shame and  
Disappointment.

“ I neede not to tell thee, *Meg*,”  
*Father* sayth, “ of the unprofitable  
“ Labour of *Sisyphus*, nor of drawing  
“ Water in a Sieve. There are some  
“ Things, most deare one, that a  
“ Woman, if she trieth, may doe as  
“ well as a Man; and some she  
“ cannot, and some she had better  
“ not. Now, I tell thee firmlie,  
“ since the firste Payn is the leaste  
“ sharpe, that, despite the Spiritt and  
“ Genius herein shewn, I am avised  
“ ’tis Work thou canst not and Work  
“ thou

“thou hadst better not doe. But  
“judge for thyselfe; if thou wilt  
“persist, thou shalt have Leisure  
“and Quiet, and a Chamber in my  
“new Building, and alle the Help  
“my Gallery of Books may afford.  
“But thy Father says, Forbear.”

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Soe, what coulde I say, but “My  
“Father shall never speak to me in  
“vayn.”

Then he gathered the Papers up  
and sayd, “Then I shall take  
“Temptation out of your Way;”  
and pressing ’em to his Heart as he  
did soe, sayth, “They are as deare  
“to me as they can be to you;” and  
soe left me, looking out as though  
I noted (but I noted not) the cleare-  
shining Thames. ’Twas Twilichte,  
and I stoode there I know not how  
long, alone and lonely; with Tears  
coming, I knew not why, into mine  
Eyes. There was a Weight in the  
Ayr,

1523.

Ayr, as of coming Thunder; the Screaming, ever and anon, of *Juno* and *Argus*, inclined me to Mellancholie, as it alwaies does: and at length I beganne to note the Moon rising, and the deepening Clearnesse of the Water, and the lazy Motion of the Barges, and the Flashes of Light whene'er the Rowers dipt their Oars. And then I beganne to attend to the Cries and different Sounds from acrosse the Water, and the Tolling of a distant Bell; and I felle back on mine olde heart-sighinge, "*Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.*"

Or ever the Week was gone, my Father had contrived for me another Journey to *New Hall*, to abide with the Lay Nuns, as he calleth them, Aunt *Nan* and Aunt *Fan*, whom my Step-mother loveth not, but whom  
I love

I love and whom *Father* loveth. Indeede, 'tis sayd in *Effex* that at first he inclined to Aunt *Nan* rather than to my Mother; but that, perceiving my Mother affected his Companie and Aunt *Nan* affected it not, he diverted his hesitating Affections unto her and took her to wife. Howbeit, Aunt *Nan* loveth him dearlie as a Sister ought: indeed, she loveth alle, except, methinketh, herself, to whom, alone, she is rigid and severe. How holie are my Aunts' Lives! Cloistered Nuns could not be more pure, and could scarce be as usefulle. Though wise, they can be gay; though noe longer young, they love the Young. And their Reward is, the Young love them; and I am fulle sure in this World they seeke noe better.

Returned to *Chelsea*, I spake much

1523.



1523.

much in Prayse of mine Aunts, and of single Life. On a certayn Evening, we Maids were sett at our Needles and Samplers on the Pavilion Steps; and, as Follie will out, 'gan talk of what we would fayn have to our Lots, shoulde a good Fairie starte up and grant eache a Wifh. *Daisy* was for a Countess's Degree, with Hawks and Hounds. *Bess* was for founding a College, *Mercy* a Hospital, and she spake soe experimentallie of its Conditions that I was fayn to goe Partners with her in the same. *Cecy* commenced, "Supposing I were married; if "once that I were married"—on which, *Father*, who had come up unperceived, burst out laughing and sayth, "Well, Dame *Cecily*, "and what State would you keep?" Howbeit, as he and I afterwards paced together, *juxta Fluvium*, he did

did say, “*Mercy* hath well pro-  
pounded the Conditions of an  
Hospital or Alms-house for aged  
and sick Folk, and ’tis a Fantasie  
of mine to sett even such an one  
afoot, and give you the Conduct  
of the same.”

From this careles Speech, dropped  
as ’twere by the Way, hath sprung  
mine House of Refuge! and oh,  
what Pleasure have I derived from  
it! How good is my Father! how  
the Poor blefs him! and how kind  
is he, through them, to me!  
Laying his Hand kindly on my  
Shoulder, this Morning, he sayd,  
“*Meg*, how fares it with thee now?  
Have I cured the Payn in thy  
Head?” Then, putting the  
House-key into mine Hand, he  
laughingly added, “ ’Tis now yours,  
my Joy, by *Livery* and *Seisin*.”

I wish

1523.  
Aug. 6th.

I wish *William* would give me back my Testament. 'Tis one thing to steal a Knot or a Posie, and another to borrow the most valuable Book in the House, and keep it Week after Week. He soughte it with a kind of Mysterie, soe as that I forbore to ask it of him in Companie, lest I should doe him an ill Turn; and yet I have none other Occasion.

Alle Parties are striving which shall have *Erasmus*, and alle in vayne. E'en thus it was with him when he was here last,—the *Queen* would have had him for her Preceptor, the *King* and *Cardinall* prest on him a royall Apartment and Salarie, *Oxford* and *Cambridge* contended for him, but his Saying was, “Alle  
“ these I value les than my Libertie,  
“ my Studdies, and my literarie  
“ Toys.” How much greater is  
he

he than those who woulde confer on him Greatness! Noe Man of Letters hath equall Reputation, or is soe much courted.

1523.

Yester-even, after overlooking the Men playing at Loggats, Father and I strayed away along *Thermopylae* into the Home-field; and as we sauntered together under the Elms, he sayth with a Sigh, “*Jack*, is “*Jack*, and no *More* . . . . he will “never be anything. An’ ’twere not “for my beloved Wenches, I should “be an unhappy Father. But “what though!—My *Meg* is better “unto me than ten Sons; and it “maketh no Difference at Harvest- “time whether our Corn were put “into the Ground by a Man or a “Woman.”

Aug. 7th.

While I was turning in my Mind what Excuse I might make for  
*John,*

1523.

*John, Father* taketh me at unawares by a sudden Change of Subject; saying, "Come, tell me, *Meg*, why "canst not affect *Will Roper*?"

I was a good while silent, at length made Answer, "He is so "unlike alle I esteem and admire " . . . so unlike all I have been "taught to esteem and admire by "you."—

"Have at you," he returned laughing, "I knew not I had been "sharpening Weapons agaynst my- "self. True, he is neither *Achilles* "nor *Hector*, nor even *Paris*, but "yet well enough, meseems, as "Times go—smarter and comelier "than either *Heron* or *Dancey*."

I, faltering, made Answer, "Good "Looks affect me but little—'tis in "his better Part I feel the Want. "He cannot . . . discourse, for "instance, to one's Mind and Soul, "like

“like unto you, dear *Father*, or  
“*Erasmus*.”

1523.

“I should marvel if he could,”  
returned *Father* gravelie, “thou art  
“mad, my Daughter, to look, in  
“a Youth of *Will’s* Years, for the  
“Mind of a Man of fifty. What  
“were *Erasmus* and I, dost thou  
“suppose, at *Will’s* age? Alas,  
“*Meg*, I should not like you to  
“know what I was! Men called  
“me the Boy-fage, and I know not  
“what, but in my Heart and Head  
“was a World of Sin and Folly.  
“Thou mightst as well expect *Will*  
“to have my Hair, Eyes, and  
“Teeth, alle getting the worfe for  
“Wear, as to have the Fruits of my  
“life-long Experience, in some  
“Cafes full dearly bought. Take him  
“for what he is, match him by the  
“young Minds of his owne standing:  
“consider how long and closelie we  
“have



1523.

“ have known him. His Parts are,  
 “ furelie, not amifs: he hath more  
 “ Book-lore than *Dancey*, more  
 “ mother Wit than *Allington*.”

“ But why need I to concern  
 “ myself about him ?” I exclaymed,  
 “ *Will* is very well in his way:  
 “ why should we cros each other’s  
 “ Paths? I am young, I have  
 “ much to learn, I love my Stud-  
 “ dies,—why interrupt them with  
 “ other and lefs wise Thoughts ?”

“ Because nothing can be wise  
 “ that is not practical,” returned  
*Father*, “ and I teach my Children  
 “ Philosophie to fitt them for living  
 “ in the World, not above it. One  
 “ may spend a Life in dreaming  
 “ over *Plato*, and yet goe out of it  
 “ without leaving the World a  
 “ whit the better for our having  
 “ made Part of it. ’Tis to little  
 “ Purpose we studdy, if it onlie  
 “ makes



“ makes us look for Perfections in  
 “ others which they may in vayne  
 “ seek for in ourselves. It is not  
 “ even necessary or good for us to  
 “ live entirely with congeniall  
 “ Spiritts. The vigorous tempers  
 “ the inert, the passionate is evened  
 “ by the cool-tempered, the profane  
 “ balances the visionarie. Woulde  
 “ thy Mother suit me better, dost  
 “ thou suppose, if she coulde discuss  
 “ Polemicks like *Luther* or *Melanc-*  
 “ *thon*? E’en thine owne sweet  
 “ Mother, *Meg*, was less affected to  
 “ Study than thou art,—she learnt  
 “ to love it for my Sake, but I made  
 “ her what she was.”

And, with a suddain Burste of  
 fond Recollection, he hid his Eyes  
 on my Shoulder, and for a Moment  
 or soe, cried bitterlie. As for me,  
 I shed, oh! such salt Teares! . . .

Entering

1523.  
Aug. 17th.

Entering, o' the suddain, into *Mercy's* Chamber, I founde her all be-wept and waped, poring over an old Kirtle of Mother's she had bidden her re-line with Buckram. Coule not make out whether she were sick of her Task, had had Words with Mother, or had some secret Inquietation of her owne; but, as she is a Girl of few Words, I found I had best leave her alone after a Carefs and kind Saying or two. We alle have our Troubles.

Wednesday,  
19th.

. . . . Trulie may I say foe. Here have they ta'en a Fever of some low Sorte in my House of Refuge, and *Mother*, fearing it may be the Sicknesse, will not have me goe neare it, lest I should bring it home. *Mercy*, howbeit, hath besought her foe earnestlie to let her goe and nurse the Sick, that *Mother* hath

hath granted her Prayer, on Condition she returneth not till the Fever bates . . . thus setting her Life at lower Value than our owne. Deare *Mercy!* I woulde fayn be her Mate.

1523.

We are alle mightie glad that *Rupert Allington* hath at lengthe zealouslie embraced the Studdy of the Law. 'Twas much to be feared at the Firste there was noe Application in him, and though we alle pitied him when *Father* first broughte him Home, a pillaged, portionlesse Client, with none other to espouse his Rightes, yet 'twas a Pitie soone allied with Contempt when we founde how emptie he was, caring for nought but Archerie and Skittles and the Popinjaye out o' the House, and Dicing and Tables within, which *Father* would on noe Excuse permitt. Soe he had to conform,

21st.

1523.

conform, ruefullie enow, and hung piteouſlie on Hand for awhile. I mind me of *Bess's* ſaying, about *Chriſtmaffe*, "Heaven ſend us open "Weather while *Allington* is here; "I don't believe he is one that will "bear ſhutting up." Howbeit, he ſeemed to incline towards *Daiſy*, who is handſome enow, and cannot be hindered of Two-hundred Pounds, and ſoe he kept within Bounds, and when *Father* got him his Cauſe he was mightilie thankfule, and woulde have left us out of Hand, but *Father* perſuaded him to let his Eſtate recover itſelf, and turn the mean Time to Profit, and, in ſhort, ſoe wrought on him, that he hath now become a Student in righte earneſte.

22nd.

Soe we are going to loſe not only Mr. *Clement*, but Mr. *Gunnel!*  
How

How forrie we alle are ! It seemeth he hath long been debating for and agaynst the Church, and at length finds his Mind soe stronglie set towards it, as he can keep out of it noe longer. Well! we shall lose a good Master, and the Church will gayne a good Servant. *Drew* will supplie his Place, that is, according to his beste, but our worthy Welshman careth soe little for young People, and is soe abstract from the World about him, that we shall oft feel our Loss. *Father* hath promised *Gonellus* his Interest with the *Cardinall*.

I fell into Disgrace for holding Speech with *Mercy* over the Pales, but she is confident there is noe Danger; the Sick are doing well, and none of the Whole have fallen sick. She sayth *Gammer Gurney* is as tender of her as if she were her  
Daughter,

1523.

Daughter, and will let her doe noe vile or paynfull Office, soe as she hath little to doe but read and pray for the poor Souls, and feed 'em with favourie Messes, and they are alle so harmonious and full of Cheer, as to be like Birds in a Nest. *Mercy* deserves theire Blessings more than I. Were I a free Agent, she should not be alone now, and I hope ne'er to be withheld therefrom agayn.

30th.

Buſied with my Flowers the chief o' the Forenoon, I was fayn to rest in the Pavilion, when, entering therein, whom shoulde I stumble upon but *William*, layd at length on the Floor, with his Arms under his Head, and his Book on the Ground. I was withdrawing brisklie enow, when he called out, "Don't goe away, since you *are* " here,"



“ here,” in a Tone soe rough, soe unlike his usuall Key, as that I paused in a Maze, and then saw that his Eyes were red. He sprung to his Feet and sayd, “ *Meg*, come “ and talk to me ;” and, taking my Hand in his, stepped quicklie forthe without another Word sayd, till we reached the Elm-tree Walk. I marvelled to see him soe moven, and expected to hear Somewhat that shoulde displease me, scarce knowing what ; however, I might have guesst at it from then till now, without ever nearing the Truth. His first Words were, “ I wish “ *Erasmus* had ne’er crost the “ Thresholde ; he has made me “ very unhappie ;” then, seeing me stare, “ Be not his Council just “ now, deare *Meg*, but bind up, if “ thou canst, the Wounds he has “ made. . . There be some Wounds, “ thou



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“ thou knowest, though but of a cut  
 “ Finger or the like, that we cannot  
 “ well bind up for ourselves.”

I made Answer, “ I am a young  
 “ and unskilled Leech.”

He replied, “ But you have a  
 “ quick Wit, and Patience, and  
 “ Kindnesse, and for a Woman, are  
 “ not scant of Learning.”

“ Nay,” I sayd, “ but Mr.  
 “ *Gunnel*—”

“ *Gunnel* would be the Last to  
 “ help me,” interrupts *Will*, “ nor  
 “ can I speak to your Father. He  
 “ is alwaies too busie now . . . .  
 “ besides,—”

“ Father *Francis*?” I put in.

“ Father *Francis*?” repeats *Will*,  
 with a Shake o’ the Head and a  
 ruefulle Smile, “ dost thou think,  
 “ *Meg*, he coulde answer me if I  
 “ put to him *Pilate’s* Question,  
 “ ‘ What is Truth?’ ”

“ We

“ We know alreadie,” quoth I.  
Sayth *Will*, “ What do we  
“ know ?”

I paused, then made Answer  
reverentlie, “ That *Jesus* is the Way,  
“ the Truth, and the Life.”

“ Yes,” he exclaymed, clapping  
his Hands together in a strange Sort  
of Passion; “ that we *doe* know,  
“ blessed be GOD, and other Foun-  
“ dation can or ought noe Man to  
“ lay than that is layd, which is  
“ JESUS CHRIST. But, *Meg*, is this  
“ the Principle of our Church ?”

“ Yea, verily,” I steadfastlie re-  
plied.

“ Then, how has it beene over-  
“ layd,” he hurriedlie went on,  
“ with Men’s Inventions! *St. Paul*  
“ speaks of a Sacrifice once offered :  
“ we holde the Host to be a con-  
“ tinuall Sacrifice. Holy Writ  
“ telleth us, where a Tree falls it  
“ must

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“ must lie ; we are taughte that  
 “ our Prayers may free Souls from  
 “ Purgatorie. The Word sayth,  
 “ ‘ By Faith ye are saved ;’ the  
 “ Church sayth, we may be saved  
 “ by our Works. It is written,  
 “ ‘ The Idols he shall utterly  
 “ abolish ;’ we worship Figures of  
 “ Gold and Silver. . . ”

“ Hold, hold,” I sayd, “ I dare  
 “ not listen to this. . . You are  
 “ wrong, you know you are wrong.”

“ How and where ? ” he sayth ;  
 “ onlie tell me. I long to be put  
 “ righte.”

“ Our Images are but Symbols of  
 “ our Saints,” I made Answer ;  
 “ ’tis onlie the Ignorant and Un-  
 “ learned that worship the mere  
 “ Wood and Stone.”

“ But why worship Saints at  
 “ alle ? ” persisted *Will* ; “ where’s  
 “ your Warrant for it ? ”

I sayd,

I sayd, " Heaven has warrantd  
" it by fundrie and speciall Miracles  
" at divers Times and Places. I  
" may say to you, *Will*, as *Socrates*  
" to *Agathon*, ' You may easilie argue  
" agaynst me, but you cannot argue  
" agaynst the Truth.' "

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" Oh, put me not off with *Plato*,"  
he impatientlie replied, " refer me  
" but to Holie Writ."

" How can I," quoth I, " when  
" you have ta'en away my Testa-  
" ment ere I had half gone through  
" it? 'Tis this Book, I fear me,  
" poor *Will*, hath unsettled thee.  
" Our Church, indeed, sayth the  
" Unlearned wrest it to their  
" Destruction."

" And yet the Apostle sayth,"  
rejoyned *Will*, " that it contayns alle  
" Things necessarie to our Salva-  
" tion."

" Doubtlesse it doth, if we knew  
" but

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“but where to find them,” I replied.

“And how find, unlesse we seeke?” he pursued, “and how know which Road to take, when we find the Scripture and the Church at Issue?”

“Get some wiser Head to advise us,” I rejoyned.

“But an’ if the Obstacle remains the same?”

“I cannot suppose that,” I somewhat impatientlie returned, “God’s Word and God’s Church must agree; ’tis only we that make them at Issue.”

“Ah, *Meg*, that is just such an Answer as Father *Francis* mighte give—it solves noe Difficultie. If, to alle human Reason, they pull opposite Ways, by which shall we abide? I know; I am certain. ‘*Tu, Domine Jesu, es Justicia mea!*’”

He

He looked foe rapt, with claspt  
Hands and uprayfed Eyes, as that  
I coulede not but look on him and  
hear him with Solemnitie. At  
length I sayd, “ If you know and  
“ are certayn, you have noe longer  
“ anie Doubts for me to lay, and with  
“ your Will, we will holde this  
“ Discourse noe longer, for however  
“ moving and however confiderable  
“ its Subject Matter may be, it  
“ approaches forbidden Ground too  
“ nearlie for me to feel it safe, and  
“ I question whether it favoureth  
“ not of Heresie. However, *Will*,  
“ I most heartilie pitie you, and  
“ will pray for you.”

“ Do, *Meg*, do,” he replied, “ and  
“ say nought to any one of this  
“ Matter.”

“ Indeede I shall not, for I think  
“ ’twoulde bring you if not me into  
“ Trouble; but, since thou hast  
“ soughte

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“ foughte my Council, *Will*, receive  
 “ it now and take it. . . .”

He sayth, “ What is it ?”

“ To read lesse, pray more, fast,  
 “ and use such Discipline as our  
 “ Church recommends, and I ques-  
 “ tion not this Temptation will de-  
 “ part. Make a fayr Triall.”

And soe, away from him, though  
 he woulde fain have sayd more ; and  
 I have kept mine owne Worde of  
 praying for him full earnestlie, for  
 it pitieth me to see him in such  
 Cafe.

Sept. 2d.

Poor *Will*, I never see him look  
 grave now, nor heare him fighe,  
 without thinking I know the Cause  
 of his secreet Discontentation. He  
 hath, I believe, followed my Council  
 to the Letter, for though the Men's  
 Quarter of the House is soe far  
 aparte from ours, it hath come  
 rounde



rounde to me through *Barbara*, who had it from her Brother, that Mr. *Roper* hath of late lien on the Ground, and used a knotted Cord. As 'tis one of the Acts of Mercy to relieve others, when we can, from Satanic Doubts and Inquietations, I have been at some Payns to make an Abstracte of such Passages from the Fathers, and such Narratives of noted and undeniable Miracles as cannot, I think, but carry Conviction with them, and I hope they may minister to his Soul's Comfort.

1523.

*Tuesday.*

Supped with my Lord *Sands*. *Mother* played Mumchance with my Lady, but *Father*, who saith he woulde rather feast a hundred poor Men than eat at one rich Man's Table, came not in till late, on Plea of Businesse. My Lord tolde him  
the

4th.

1523.

the King had visited him not long ago, and was so well content with his Manor as to wish it were his own, for the singular fine Ayr and pleasant growth of Wood. In fine, wound up the Evening with Musick. My Lady hath a Pair of fine-toned Clavichords, and a Mandoline that stands five Feet high; the largest in *England*, except that of the Lady *Mary Dudley*. The Sound, indeed, is powerfull, but methinketh the Instrument ungaynlie for a Woman. Lord *Sands* sang us a new Ballad, "*The King's Hunt's up*," which *Father* affected hugelie. I lacked Spiritt to sue my Lord for the Words, he being so free-spoken as alwaies to dash me; howbeit, I mind they ran somewhat thus. . . .

" *The*

“ *The Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,  
And it is well nigh Daye,  
Harry our King has gone hunting  
To bring his Deere to baye.  
The East is bright with Morning  
Lighte,  
And Darknes it is fled,  
And the merrie Horn wakes up the  
Morn  
To leave his idle Bed.  
Beholde the Skies with golden Dyes,  
Are . . .*”

1523.

—The Rest hath escaped me,  
albeit I know there was some Burden  
of Hey-tantara, where my Lord did  
stamp and snap his Fingers. He is a  
merry Heart.

1524,

1524.

1524, *October.*

Oct.

Sayth Lord *Rutland* to my Father, in his acute sneering Way, “ Ah, “ ah, Sir *Thomas*, *Honores mutant Mores.*”

“ Not so, in Faith, my Lord,” returns *Father*, “ but have a Care “ left we translate the Proverb, and “ say Honours change Manners.”

It served him right, and the Jest is worth preserving, because 'twas not premeditate, as my Lord's very likely was, but retorted at once and in Self-defence. I don't believe Honours *have* changed the *Mores*. As *Father* told *Mother*, there's the same Face under the Hood. 'Tis comique, too, the Fulfilment of *Erasmus* his Prophecy. *Plato's* Year has not come rounde, but they have got *Father* to Court, and the  
King

King seems minded never to let him goe. For us, we have the same untamed Spiritts and unconstrayned Course of Life as ever, neither lett nor hindered in our daylie Studdies, though we drefs somewhat braver, and see more Companie. *Mother's* Head was a little turned, at first, by the Change and Enlargement of the Householde . . . the Acquisition of Clerk of the Kitchen, Surveyor of the Dresser, Yeoman of the Pastrie, etc. but, as *Father* laughingle tolde her, the Increase of her Cares soon steddied her Witts, for she found she had twenty Unthrifts to look after insteade of half-a-dozen. And the same with himself. His Responsibilities are foe increast, that he grutches at everie Hour the Court steals from his Family, and vows, now and then, he will leave off joking, that the King may the sooner wearie

1524.

1524.

wearie of him. But this is onlie in Jest, for he feels it is a *Power* given him over lighter Minds, which he may exert to usefull and high Purpose. Onlie it keepeth him from needing *Damocles* his Sword; he trusts not in the Favour of Princes nor in the Voyce of the People, and keeps his Soul as a weaned Child. 'Tis much for us now to get an Hour's Leifure with him, and makes us feel what our olde Privileges were when we knew 'em not. Still, I'm pleased without being over elated, at his having risen to his proper Level.

The *King* tooke us by Surprise this Morning: Mother had scarce time to slip on her Scarlett Gown and Coif, ere he was in the House. His Grace was mighty pleasant to all, and, at going, faluted all round, which *Bessy* took humourously,  
*Daisy*

*Daisy* immoveable, *Mercy* humble, I distastefullie, and *Mother* delight-edlie. She calls him a fine Man; he is indeede big enough, and like to become too big; with long flits of Eyes that gaze freele on all, as who shoulde say, "Who dare let or hinder us?" His Brow betokens Sense and Franknesse; his Eyebrows are supercilious, and his Cheeks puffy. A rolling, straddling Gait, and abrupt Speech.

'Tother Evening, as *Father* and I were, unwontedly, strolling together down the Lane, there accosts us a shabby poor Fellow, with something unsettled in his Eye. . . .

"Master, Sir Knight, and may it please your Judgeship, my name is *Patteson*."

"Very likely," says *Father*, "and my Name is *More*, but what is that to the Purpose?"

"And



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“ And that is *more* to the Purpose, “ you mighte have said,” returned the other.

“ Why, soe I mighte,” says *Father*, “ but how shoulde I have proved it ? ”

“ You who are a Lawyer shoulde “ know best about that,” rejoined the poor Knave ; “ ’tis too hard for “ poor *Patteson*.”

“ Well, but who are you ? ” says *Father*, “ and what do you want of “ me ? ”

“ Don’t you mind me ? ” says *Patteson* ; “ I played Hold-your- “ tongue, last *Christmasse* Revel was “ five Years, and they called me a “ smart Chap then, but last *Martin- “ masse* I fell from the Church “ Steeple, and shook my Brain-pan, “ I think, for its Contents have “ seemed addled ever since ; soe “ what I want now is to be made a “ Fool.”

“ Then

“ Then you are not one already ?”  
says *Father*.

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“ If I were,” says *Patteson*, “ I  
“ shoulde not have come to *you*.”

“ Why, Like cleaves to Like, you  
“ know they say,” says *Father*.

“ Aye,” says 'tother, “ but I've  
“ Reason and Feeling enow, too, to  
“ know you are no Fool, though  
“ I thoughte you might want one.  
“ Great People like 'em at their  
“ Tables, I've hearde say, though  
“ I am sure I can't guesse why, for  
“ it makes me sad to see Fools  
“ laughed at; ne'erthelesse, as I get  
“ laughed at alreadie, methinketh  
“ I may as well get paid for the Job  
“ if I can, being unable, now, to  
“ doe a Stroke of Work in hot  
“ Weather. And I'm the onlie  
“ Son of my Mother, and she is  
“ a Widow. But perhaps I'm not  
“ bad enough.”

“ I know

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“ I know not that, poor Knave,”  
 says *Father*, touched with quick  
 Pity, “ and, for those that laugh at  
 “ Fools, my Opinion, *Patteson*, is  
 “ that they are the greater Fools  
 “ who laugh. To tell you the  
 “ Truth, I had had noe Mind to  
 “ take a Fool into mine Establissh-  
 “ ment, having alwaies had a Fancy  
 “ to be prime Fooler in it myselfe;  
 “ however, you incline me to change  
 “ my Purpose, for as I said anon,  
 “ Like cleaves to Like, foe, I’ll tell  
 “ you what we will doe—divide the  
 “ Businesse and goe Halves—I con-  
 “ tinuing the Fooling, and thou  
 “ receiving the Salary; that is, if  
 “ I find, on Inquiry, thou art given  
 “ to noe Vice, including that of  
 “ Scurrillitie.”

“ May it like your Goodness,”  
 says poor *Patteson*, “ I’ve been the  
 “ Subject, oft, of Scurrillitie, and  
 “ affect

“affect it too little to offend that  
“Way myself. I ever keep a civil  
“Tongue in my Head, 'specially  
“among young Ladies.”

1524.

“That minds me,” says *Father*,  
“of a Butler who sayd he always was  
“sober, especially when he only had  
“Water to drink. Can you read  
“and write?”

“Well, and what if I cannot?”  
returns *Patteson*, “there ne'er was  
“but one, I ever heard of, that knew  
“Letters, never having learnt, and  
“well he might, for he made them  
“that made them.”

“*Meg*, there is Sense in this poor  
“Fellow,” says *Father*, “we will have  
“him Home and be kind to him.”

And, sure enow, we have done so  
and been so ever since.

A Glance at the anteceding Pages  
of this Libellus me-sheweth poor  
*Will*

Tuesday,  
25th.

1524.

*Will Roper* at the Season his Love-fitt for me was at its Height. He troubleth me with it noe longer, nor with his religious Disquietations. Hard Studdy of the Law hath filled his Head with other Matters, and made him infinitely more rationally, and by Consequents, more agreeable. 'Twas one of those Preferences young People sometimes manifest, themselves know neither why nor wherefore, and are shamed, afterwards, to be reminded of. I'm sure I shall ne'er remind him. There was nothing in me to fix a rational or passionate Regard. I have neither *Bess's* Witt nor white Teeth, nor *Daisy's* dark Eyes, nor *Mercy's* Dimple. A plain-favoured Girl, with changefulle Spiritts,—that's alle.

26th.

*Patteson's* latest Jest was taking Precedence of *Father* yesterday,  
with

with the Saying, "Give place,  
"Brother; you are but Jester to  
"King *Harry*, and I'm Jester to  
"Sir *Thomas More*; I'll leave you to  
"decide which is the greater Man  
"of the two."

1524.

"Why, Gossip," cries *Father*, "his  
"Grace woulde make two of me."

"Not a Bit of it," returns *Patteson*,  
"he's big enow for two such as you  
"are, I grant ye, but the King  
"can't make two of you. No!  
"Lords and Commons may make a  
"King, but a King can't make a  
"Sir *Thomas More*."

"Yes, he can," rejoyns *Father*,  
"he can make me Lord Chancellor,  
"and then he will make me more  
"than I am already; *ergo*, he will  
"make Sir *Thomas* more."

"But what I mean is," persists  
the Fool, "that the King can't  
"make such another as you are, any  
more

1524.

“ more than all the King’s Horfes and  
 “ all the King’s Men can put *Humpty-*  
 “ *dumpty* together again, which is an  
 “ ancient Riddle, and full of Marrow.  
 “ And foe he’ll find, if ever he lifts  
 “ thy Head off from thy Shoulders,  
 “ which GOD forbid!”

*Father* delighteth in sparring with *Patteson* far more than in jesting with the King, whom he alwaies looks on as a Lion that may, any Minute, fall on him and rend him. Whereas, with ’tother, he ungirds his Mind. Their Banter commonly exceeds not Pleasantry, but *Patteson* is ne’er without an Answer, and although, maybe, each amuses himselfe now and then with thinking, “I’ll  
 “ put him up with such a Question,” yet, once begun, the Skein runs off the Reel without a Knot, and shews the excellent Nature of both, foe free are they alike from Malice and  
 Over-



Over-licenſe. Sometimes their Cuts are neater than common Liſteners apprehend. I've ſeene *Rupert* and *Will*, in fencing, make their Swords ſaſh in the Sun at every Parry and Thruſt; agayn, owing to ſome Change in mine owne Poſition, or the Decline of the Sun, the Scintillations have eſcaped me, though I've known their Rays muſt have been emitted in ſome Quarter alle the ſame.

*Patteſon*, with one of *Argus's* caſt Feathers in his Hand, is at this Moment beneath my Lattice, aſtride on a Stone Baluſtrade; while *Befſy*, whom he much affects, is fitting on the Steps, feeding her Peacocks. Sayth *Patteſon*, “ Canſt tell me, “ Miſtreſs, why Peacocks have ſoe “ manie Eyes in their Tails, and “ yet can onlie ſee with two in their “ Heads?”

“ Becauſe

1524

“ Because those two make them  
“ soe vain alreadie, Fool,” says *Befs*,  
“ that were they always beholding  
“ their owne Glory, they woulde  
“ be intolerable.”

“ And besides that,” says *Patteson*,  
“ the lesse we see or heare, either,  
“ of what passes behind our Backs,  
“ the better for us, since Knaves  
“ will make Mouths at us then, for as  
“ glorious as we may be. Canst tell  
“ me, Mistres, why the Peacock  
“ was the last Bird that went into  
“ the Ark?”

“ First tell me, Fool,” returns  
*Befs*, “ how thou knowest that it  
“ was soe?”

“ Nay, a Fool may ask a Question  
“ would puzzle a Wiseward to answer,”  
rejoyns *Patteson*; “ I mighte ask  
“ you, for example, where they got  
“ their fresh Kitchen-stuff in the  
“ Ark, or whether the Birds ate  
“ other

“ other than Grains, or the wild  
“ Beasts other than Flesh. It needs  
“ must have been a Granary.”

1524-

“ We ne'er shew ourselves such  
“ Fools,” says *Bess*, “ as in seeking  
“ to know more than is written.  
“ They had enough, if none to  
“ spare, and we scarce can tell how  
“ little is enough for bare Sustenance  
“ in a State of perfect Inaction. If  
“ the Creatures were kept low,  
“ they were all the less fierce.”

“ Well answered, Mistress,” says  
*Patteson*, “ but tell me, why do you  
“ wear two Crosses ?”

“ Nay, Fool,” returns *Bess*, “ I  
“ wear but one.”

“ Oh, but I say you wear two,”  
says *Patteson*, “ one at your Girdle,  
“ and one that nobody sees. We  
“ alle wear the unseen one, you  
“ know. Some have theirs of Gold,  
“ alle carven and shaped, soe as you  
hardlie

1524.

“hardlie tell it for a Cross. . . like  
“my Lord Cardinall, for Instance  
“ . . . but it is one, for alle that.  
“And others, of Iron, that eateth  
“into their Hearts. . . . methinketh  
“Master *Roper's* must be one of 'em.  
“For me, I'm content with one of  
“Wood, like that our deare LORD  
“bore; what was goode enow for  
“him is goode enow for me, and  
“I've noe Temptation to shew it,  
“as it isn't fine, nor yet to chafe at it  
“for being rougher than my Neigh-  
“bour's, nor yet to make myself  
“a second because it is not hard  
“enow. Doe you take me, Mis-  
“trefs?”

“I take you for what you are,”  
says *Befs*, “a poor Fool.”

“Nay, Niece,” says *Patteson*,  
“my Brother your Father hath  
“made me rich.”

“I mean,” says *Befs*, “you have  
“more

“ more Wisdome than Witt, and a  
“ real Fool has neither, therefore  
“ you are only a make-believe  
“ Fool.”

1524.

“ Well, there are many make-  
“ believe Sages,” says *Patteson* ;  
“ for mine owne Part, I never aim  
“ to be thoughte a *Hiccius Doc-*  
“ *cius.*”

“ A *hic est doctus*, Fool, you  
“ mean,” interrupts *Befs*.

“ Perhaps I do,” rejoins *Patteson*,  
“ since other Folks soe oft know  
“ better what we mean than we  
“ know ourselves. Alle I woulde  
“ say is, I ne’er set up for a Con-  
“ juror. One can see as far into a  
“ Millstone as other People, without  
“ being that. For Example, when  
“ a Man is overta’en with Qualms  
“ of Conscience for having married  
“ his Brother’s Widow, when she is  
“ noe longer soe young and fair as  
“ she

1524.

“ she was a Score of Years ago, we  
“ know what that’s a Sign of. And  
“ when an *Ipswich* Butcher’s Son  
“ takes on him the State of my Lord  
“ *Pope*, we know what that’s a Sign  
“ of. Nay, if a young Gentle-  
“ woman become dainty at her  
“ Sizes, and sluttish in her Apparel,  
“ we . . . as I live, here comes  
“ *John Heron*, with a Fish in’s  
“ Mouth.”

Poor *Bess* involuntarily turned her Head quicklie towards the Watergate; on which, *Patteson*, laughing as he lay on his Back, points upward with his Peacock’s Feather, and cries, “ Overhead,  
“ Mistrefs! see, there he goes.  
“ Sure, you lookt not to see Master  
“ *Heron* making towards us between  
“ the Posts and Flower-pots, eating  
“ a dried Ling?” laughing as wildly as though he were verily a Natural.

*Bess,*

*Bess*, without a Word, shook the Crumbs from her Lap, and was turning into the House, when he witholds her a Minute in a perfectly altered Fashion, saying, “ There be  
“ some Works, Mistress, our Con-  
“ fessors tell us be Works of Super-  
“ erogation . . . is not that the  
“ Word? I learn a long one  
“ now and then. . . . such as be  
“ setting Food before a full Man,  
“ or singing to a deaf one, or  
“ buying for one’s Pigs a Silver  
“ Trough, or, for the Matter of  
“ that, casting Pearls before a  
“ Dunghill Cock, or fishing for  
“ a Heron, which is well able to  
“ fish for itself, and is an ill-natured  
“ Bird after all, that pecks the Hand  
“ of his Mistress, and, for all her  
“ Kindness to him, will not think of  
“ *Bessy More.*”

How apt alle are to abuse un-  
limited



1525.

limited License! Yet 'twas good  
Counfel.

1525, July 2.

1525,  
July 2.

. . . . Soe my Fate is settled.  
Who knoweth at Sunrise what will  
chance before Sunfett? No; the  
Greeks and Romans mighte speake  
of Chance and of Fate, but we must  
not. *Ruth's Hap* was to light on  
the Field of *Boaz*: but what she  
thought casual, the LORD had con-  
trived.

Firfte, he gives me the Marmot.  
Then, the Marmot dies. Then,  
I, having kept the Creature soe long,  
and being naturallie tender, must  
cry a little over it. Then *Will*  
must come in and find me drying  
mine Eyes. Then he must, most  
unreasonable, suppose that I could  
not have loved the poor Animal for  
its owne Sake soe much as for  
his;

his; and, thereupon, falle a love-making in such downrighte Earneste, that I, being alreadie somewhat upset, and knowing 'twoulde please *Father* . . . and hating to be perverse, . . . . and thinking much better of *Will* since he hath studded soe hard, and given soe largelie to the Poor, and left off broaching his heteroclite Opinions. . . . I say, I supposed it must be soe, some Time or another, soe 'twas noe Use hanging back for ever and ever, soe now there's an End, and I pray God give us a quiet Life.

Noe one woulde suppose me reckoning on a quiet Life if they knew how I've cried alle this Forenoon, ever since I got quit of *Will*, by *Father's* carrying him off to *Westminster*. He'll tell *Father*, I know, as they goe along in the Barge, or else coming back, which will

1525.

will be soone now, though I've ta'en no Heed of the Hour. I wish 'twere cold Weather, and that I had a fore Throat or stiff Neck, or somewhat that might reasonable send me a-bed, and keep me there till to-morrow Morning. But I'm quite well, and 'tis the Dog-days, and Cook is thumping the Rolling-pin on the Dresher, and Dinner is being served, and here comes *Father*.



1528.

Sept.

1528, Sept.

*Father* hath had some Words with the Cardinall. 'Twas touching the Draught of some forayn Treaty which the Cardinall offered for his Criticism, or rather, for his Com-mendation, which *Father* could not give. This nettled his Grace, who exclaimed,—“ By the Mafs, thou “ art the veriest Fool of all the “ Council.” *Father*, smiling, re-joined, “ GOD be thanked, that the “ King our Master hath but one “ Fool therein.”

The *Cardinall* may rage, but he can't rob him of the royal Favour. The *King* was here yesterday, and walked for an Hour or soe about the Garden, with his Arm round *Father's* Neck. *Will* coulde not help felicitating *Father* upon it afterwards;

1528.

afterwards; to which *Father* made Answer, “ I thank GOD I find his  
“ Grace my very good Lord indeed,  
“ and I believe he doth as singularly  
“ favour me as any Subject within  
“ this Realm. Howbeit, son *Roper*,  
“ I may tell thee between ourselves,  
“ I feel no Cause to be proud  
“ thereof, for if my Head would  
“ win him a Castle in *France*, it  
“ shoulde not fail to fly off.”

—*Father* is graver than he used to be. No Wonder. He hath much on his Mind; the Calls on his Time and Thoughts are beyond Belief: but GOD is very good to him. His Favour at home and abroad is immense: he hath good Health, soe have we alle; and his Family are established to his Mind, and settled alle about him, still under the same fostering Roof. Considering that I am the most  
ordinarie

1528.

ordinarie of his Daughters, 'tis singular I should have secured the best Husband. *Daisy* lives peaceable with *Rupert Allington*, and is as indifferent, me seemeth, to him as to alle the World beside. He, on his Part, loves her and theire Children with Devotion, and woulde pass half his Time in the Nurserie. *Dancey* always had a hot Temper, and now and then plagues *Bess*; but she lets noe one know it but me. Sometimes she comes into my Chamber and cries a little, but the next kind Word brightens her up, and I verilie believe her Pleasures far exceed her Payns. *Giles Heron* lost her through his own Fault, and might have regained her good Opinion after all, had he taken half the Pains for her Sake he now takes for her younger Sister: I cannot think how *Cecy* can favour him; yet

1528.

yet I suspect he will win her, sooner or later. As to mine own deare *Will*, 'tis the kindest, purest Nature, the finest Soul, the . . . and yet how I was senselesse enow once to undervalue him!

Yes, I am a happy Wife; a happy Daughter; a happy Mother. When my little *Bill* stroaked dear *Father's* Face just now, and murmured "Pretty!" he burst out a-laughing, and cried,—

"You are like the young *Cyrus*,  
 " who exclaimed,— 'Oh! Mother,  
 " how pretty is my Grandfather!'  
 " And yet, according to *Xenophon*,  
 " the old Gentleman was soe rouged  
 " and made up, as that none but  
 " a Child woulde have admired  
 " him!"

"That's not the Case," I observed,  
 " with *Bill's* Grandfather."

"He's a *More* all over," says  
*Father*,



*Father*, fondly. “Make a Pun,  
 “*Meg*, if thou canst, about *Amor*,  
 “*Amore*, or *Amores*. ’Twill onlie  
 “be the thousand and first on our  
 “Name. Here, little Knave, see  
 “these Cherries : tell me who thou  
 “art, and thou shalt have one.  
 “*More ! More !*’ I knew it,  
 “sweet Villain. Take them all.”

1528.

I oft sitt for an Hour or more,  
 watching *Hans Holbein* at his Brush.  
 He hath a rare Gift of limning ;  
 and has, besides, the Advantage of  
 deare *Erasmus* his Recommendation,  
 for whom he hath alreddie painted  
 our Likenesses, but I think he has  
 made us very ugly. His Portraiture  
 of my Grandfather is marvellous ;  
 ne’erthelesse, I look in vayne for the  
 Spirituallitie which our *Lucchese*  
 Friend, *Antonio Bonvisi*, tells us is  
 to be found in the Productions of  
 the Italian Schools.

*Holbein*

1528.

*Holbein* loves to paint with the Lighte coming in upon his Work from above. He says a Lighte from above puts Objects in their proper Lighte, and shews their just Proportions; a Lighte from beneath reverses alle the naturall Shadows. Surelie, this hath some Truth if we spirituallize it.

June 2d.

*Rupert's* Cousin, *Rosamond Allington*, is our Guest. She is as beautiful as . . . not as an Angel, for she lacks the Look of Goodness, but very beautiful indeed. She cometh hither from *Hever Castle*, her Account of the Affairs whereof I like not. Mistres *Anne* is not there at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about Court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the scriptural Injunction to *Solomon's* Spouse—to forget her Father's House.

The

The *King* likes well enow to be compared with *Solomon*, but *Mistress Anne* is not his Spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified Habitts have spoilt her, I trow.

1528.

*Rosamond* says there is not a good Chamber in the Castle; even the Ball-room, which is on the upper Floor of alle, being narrow and low. On a rainy Day, long ago, she and *Mistress Anne* were playing at Shuttlecock therein, when *Rosamond's* Foot tripped at some unevenesse in the Floor, and *Mistress Anne*, with a Laugh, cried out, "Mind you goe not down into the "Dungeon"—then pulled up a Trap-door in the Ball-room Floor, by an iron Ring, and made *Rosamond* look down into an unknown Depth; alle in the blacknesse of Darknes. 'Tis an awfulle Thing to have onlie a Step from a Ball-room to a  
Dungeon!

1528.

Dungeon! I'm glad we live in a modern House; we have noe such fearfome Sights here.

Sept. 26.

How many, many Tears have I shed! Poor, imprudent *Will!*

To think of his Escape from the *Cardinall's* Fangs, and yet that he will probablie repeat the Offence. This Morning *Father* and he had a long, and, I fear me, fruitless Debate in the Garden; on returning from which, *Father* took me aside and sayd,—

“ *Meg*, I have borne a long Time  
 “ with thine Husband; I have  
 “ reasoned and argued with him,  
 “ and still given him my poor,  
 “ fatherly Counsel; but I perceive  
 “ none of alle this can call him  
 “ Home agayn. And therefore,  
 “ *Meg*, I will noe longer dispute  
 “ with him.” . . “ Oh, *Father!*” . .  
 “ Nor

“ Nor yet will I give him over ;  
“ but I will fet another Way to  
“ work, and get me to GOD and pray  
“ for him.”

1528.

And have not I done so alreadie ?

I feare me they parted unfriendlie ;  
I hearde *Father* say, “ Thus much I  
“ have a Right to bind thee to, that  
“ thou indoctrinate not her in thine  
“ owne Heresies. Thou shalt not im-  
“ perill the Salvation of my Child.”

27th.

Since this there has beene an ir-  
resistible Gloom on our Spiritts, a  
Cloud between my Husband's Soul  
and mine, without a Word spoken.  
I pray, but my Prayers seem dead.

. . . . Last Night, after seeking  
unto this Saint and that, methought,  
“ Why not applie unto the Foun-  
“ tain Head? Maybe these holie  
“ Spiritts may have Limitations sett  
“ to

Thursday,  
28th.

1528.

“to the Power of their Inter-  
 “cessions—at any Rate, the Ears of  
 “*Mary-mother* are open to alle.”

Soe I beganne, “*Eia mater, fons*  
 “*amoris.*” . . .

Then methoughte, “But I am  
 “onlie asking *her* to intercede—I’ll  
 “mount a Step higher still.” . . .

Then I turned to the greate  
 Intercessor of alle. But methought,  
 “Still he intercedes with another,  
 “although the same. And his  
 “owne Saying was, ‘In that Day  
 “ye shall ask *me nothing*. What-  
 “soever ye shall ask in my Name,  
 “*he* will give it you.’” Soe I did.

I fancy I fell asleep with the  
 Tears on my Cheek. *Will* had  
 not come up Stairs. Then came a  
 heavie, heavie Sleep, not such as  
 giveth Rest; and a dark, wild Dream.  
 Methought I was tired of waiting  
 for *Will*, and became alarmed.

The

The Night seemed a Month long, and at last I grew so weary of it, that I arose, put on some Clothing, and went in Search of him whom my Soul loveth. Soon I founde him, sitting in a Muse; and said, “*Will, deare Will?*” but he heard me not; and, going up to touch him, I was amazed to be broughte short up or ever I reached him, by Something invisible betwixt us, hard, and cleare, and colde, . . . in short, a Wall of Ice! Soe it seemed, in my strange Dreame. I pushed at it, but could not move it; called to him, but could not make him hear: and all the While my Breath, I suppose, raised a Vapour on the glassy Substance, that grew thicker and thicker, soe as slowlie to hide him from me. I could discern his Head and Shoulders, but not see down to his Heart. Then I shut  
mine

1528.



1528.

mine Eyes in Despair, and when I opened 'em, he was hidden altogether.

Then I prayed. I put my hot Brow agaynst the Ice, and I kept a weeping hot Tears, and the warm Breath of Prayer kept issuing from my Lips; and still I was persisting, when, or ever I knew how, the Ice beganne to melt! I felt it giving way! and, looking up, coulde in joyfulle Surprize just discern the Lineaments of a Figure close at t'other Side; the Face turned away, but yet in the Guise of listening. And, Images being apt to seem magnified and distorted through Vapours, methought 'twas altogether bigger than *Will*, yet himself, nothingthelesse; and, the Barrier between us having sunk away to breast-height, I layd mine Hand on's Shoulder, and he turned his  
Head,

Head, smiling, though in Silence ;  
and . . . oh, Heaven ! 'twas not  
*Will*, but———.

1528.

What coulde I doe, even in my  
Dreame, but fall at his Feet ?  
What coulde I doe, waking, but the  
same ? 'Twas Grey of Morn ; I was  
feverish and unrefreshed, but I  
wanted noe more lying a-bed.  
*Will* had arisen and gone forthe ;  
and I, as quicklie as I coulde make  
myself readie, sped after him.

I know not what I expected, nor  
what I meant to say. The Moment  
I opened the Door of his Clofett, I  
stopt short. There he stoode, in  
the Centre of the Chamber ; his  
Hand resting flat on an open Book,  
his Head raised somewhat up, his  
Eyes fixed on Something or some  
One, as though in speaking Com-  
munion with 'em ; his whole Visage  
lightened up and glorifide with an  
unspeakeable

1528.

unspeakeable Calm and Grandeur that seemed to transfigure him before me; and, when he heard my Step, he turned about, and 'steade of histing me away, helde out his Arms. . . . We parted without neede to utter a Word.

June, 1530.

June, 1530.

Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Firste, *Father's* Embassade to *Cambray*, which I shoulde have grieved at more on our owne Accounts, had it not broken off alle further Collision with *Will*. Thoroughlie homesick, while abroad, poor *Father* was; then, on his Return, he noe sooner fett his Foot a-land, than the *King* summoned him to *Woodstock*. 'Twas a Couple o' Nights after he left us, that *Will* and I were roused by *Patteson's* shouting beneath our Window,

Window, "Fire, Fire, quoth *Jere-*  
*miab!*" and the House was a-fire,  
sure enow. Greate Part of the  
Men's Quarter, together with alle  
the Out-houfes and Barns, consumed  
without Remedie, and alle through  
the Carelessnesse of *John Holt*.  
Howbeit, noe Lives were lost, nor  
any one much hurt; and we thank-  
fullie obeyed deare *Father's* Behest,  
foe soone as we received the same,  
that we woulde get us to Church,  
and there, upon our Knees, return  
humble and harty Thanks to  
ALMIGHTY GOD for our late Deliver-  
ance from a fearfulle Death. Alsoe,  
at *Father's* Desire, we made up to  
the poor People on our Premises  
theire various Losses, which he bade  
us doe, even if it left him without  
foe much as a Spoon.

But then came an equallie un-  
lookt - for, and more appalling  
Event:

1530.

1530.

Event: the Fall of my *Lord Cardinal*, whereby my Father was shortly raised to the highest Pinnacle of professional Greatness; being made *Lord Chancellor*, to the Content, in some sort, of *Wolfsey* himself, who said he was the onlie Man fit to be his Successor.

The unheard-of Splendour of his Installation dazzled the Vulgar; while the Wisdom that marked the admirable Discharge of his daylie Duties, won the Respect of alle thinking Men, but surprized none who already knew *Father*. On the Day succeeding his being sworn in, *Patteson* marched hither, and thither, bearing a huge Placard, inscribed, "Partnership Dissolved;" and apparelled himself in an old Suit, on which he had bestowed a Coating of black Paint, with Weepers of white Paper; assigning  
for't

for't that "his Brother was dead."  
 "For now," quoth he, "that they've  
 "made him *Lord Chancellor*, we  
 "shall ne'er see Sir *Thomas* more."

1530.

Now, although the poor *Cardi-  
 nall* was commonlie helde to shew  
 much Judgment in his Decisions,  
 owing to the naturall Soundness of  
 his Understanding, yet, being noe  
 Lawyer, Abuses had multiplied du-  
 ring his Chancellorship, more especi-  
 allie in the Way of enormous Fees  
 and Gratuities. *Father*, not content  
 with shunning base Lucre in his  
 proper Person, will not let anie one  
 under him, to his Knowledge, touch  
 a Bribe; whereat *Dancey*, after his  
 funny Fashion, complains, saying,—

"The Fingers of my *Lord*  
 "*Cardinal's* veriest Door-keepers  
 "were tipt with Gold, but I, since  
 "I married your Daughter, have  
 "got noe Pickings; which in your  
 "Case

1530.

“Case may be commendable, but  
“in mine is nothing profitable.”

*Father*, laughing, makes Answer, —

“Your Case is hard, Son *Dancey*,  
“but I can onlie say for your  
“Comfort, that, soe far as Honesty  
“and Justice are concerned, if mine  
“owne Father, whom I reverence  
“dearly, stode before me on the  
“one Hand, and the Devil, whom  
“I hate extremely, on the other,  
“yet, the Cause of the latter being  
“just, I shoulde give the Devil his  
“Due.”

*Giles Heron* hath found this to his Cost. Presuming on his near Connexion with my Father, he refused an equitable Accommodation of a Suit, which, thereon, coming into Court, *Father's* Decision was given flat against him.

His Decision agaynst *Mother* was equallie impartiall, and had Some-  
thing



thing comique in it. Thus it befelle.—A Beggar-woman's little Dog, which had beene stolen from her, was offered my *Mother* for Sale, and she bought it for a Jewel of no greate Value. After a Week or soe, the Owner finds where her Dog is, and cometh to make Complaynt of the Theft to *Father*, then sitting in his Hall. Sayth *Father*, “ Let's  
“ have a faire Hearing in open Court;  
“ thou, Mistress, stand there where  
“ you be, to have impartiall Justice;  
“ and thou, Dame *Alice*, come up  
“ hither, because thou art of the  
“ higher Degree. Now then, call  
“ each of you the Puppy, and see  
“ which he will follow.” Soe *Sweetheart*, in spite of *Mother*, springs off to the old Beggar-woman, who, unable to keep from laughing, and yet moved at *Mother*'s Losse, sayth,—

“ Tell 'ee

1530.

“ Tell’ee what, Mistrefs . . . .  
 “ thee shalt have ’un for a Groat.”

“ Nay,” sayth *Mother*, “ I won’t  
 “ mind giving thee a Piece of Gold ;”  
 foe the Bargain was fatisfactorily  
 concluded.

*Father’s* Despatch of Bufineffe is  
 such, that, one Morning before the  
 End of Term, he was tolde there  
 was noe other Cause nor Petition to  
 be sett before him ; the which, being  
 a Cafe unparalleled, he desired  
 mighte be formally recorded.

He ne’er commences Bufineffe in  
 his owne Court without first stepping  
 into the Court of King’s Bench, and  
 there kneeling down to receive my  
 Grandfather’s Blessing. *Will* sayth  
 ’tis worth a World to see the Unction  
 with which the deare old Man  
 bestows it on him.

In Rogation-week, following the  
 Rood as usuall round the Parish,

*Heron*

*Heron* counfelled him to go a Horfe-back for the greater Seemlineffe, but he made Anfwer that 'twoulde be unfeemlie indeede for the Servant to ride after his Mafter going a-foot.

His Grace of *Norfolk*, coming yefterday to dine with him, finds him in the Church-choir, finging, with a Surplice on.

“What!” cries the *Duke*, as they walk Home together, “my *Lord Chancellor* playing the Parifh-clerk? Sure, you difhonour the King and his Office.”

“Nay,” fays *Father*, fmiling, “your Grace muft not deem that the King, your Mafter and mine, will be offended at my honouring *his* Mafter.”

Sure, 'tis pleafant to heare *Father* taking the upper Hand of thefe great Folks: and to have 'em coming  
and

1530.

and going, and waiting his Pleasure, because he is the Man whom the King delighteth to honour.

True, indeed, with *Wolfey* 'twas once the same; but *Father* neede not feare the same Ruin; because he hath HIM for his Friend, whom *Wolfey* said woulde not have forsaken him had he served HIM as he served his earthly Master. 'Twas a misproud Priest; and there's the Truth on't. And *Father* is not misproud; and I don't believe we are; though proud of him we cannot fail to be.

And I know not why we may not be pleased with Prosperitie, as well as patient under Adversitie; as long as we say, "Thou, LORD, hast made our Hill foe strong." 'Tis more difficult to bear with Comelinese, doubtlesse; and envious Folks there will be; and we know alle  
Things

Things have an End, and everie  
Sweet hath its Sour, and everie  
Fountain its Fall ; but . . . 'tis very  
pleasfant for all that.

1530.



*Tuesday,*

1532.

*Tuesday, 31<sup>st</sup>, 1532.*

Who coulde have thoughte that those ripe Grapes whereof dear *Gaffer* ate soe plentifullie, should have ended his Dayes? This Event hath filled the House with Mourning. He had us all about his Bed to receive his Blessing; and 'twas piteous to see *Father* fall upon his Face, as *Joseph* on the Face of *Jacob*, and weep upon him and kifs him. Like *Jacob*, my Grandfire lived to see his duteous Son attain to the Height of earthlie Glory, his Heart unspoyled and untouched.

*July 1532.*

The Days of Mourning for my Grandfire are at an end; yet *Father* still goeth heavilie. This Forenoon, looking forthe of my Lattice,  
I saw

I saw him walking along the River Side, his Arm cast about *Will's* Neck; and 'twas a dearer Sight to my Soul than to see the *King* walking there with his Arm around *Father's* Neck. They seemed in such earnest Converse, that I was avised to ask *Will*, afterwards, what they had been saying. He told me that, after much friendly Chat together on this and that, *Father* fell into a Muse, and presently, fetching a deep Sigh, says,—

“Would to GOD, Son *Roper*, on  
“Condition three Things were well  
“established in Christendom, I were  
“put into a Sack, and cast pre-  
“sently into the *Thames*.” *Will*  
says,—

“What three soe great Things  
“can they be, *Father*, as to move  
“you to such a Wish?”

“In Faith, *Will*,” answers he,  
“they



1532.

“ they be these. — First, that whereas  
 “ the most Part of Christian Princes  
 “ be at War, they were at universal  
 “ Peace. Next, that whereas the  
 “ Church of CHRIST is at present  
 “ sore afflicted with divers Errors  
 “ and Heresies, it were well settled  
 “ in a godly Uniformity. Last, that  
 “ this Matter of the *King's* Mar-  
 “ riage were, to the Glory of God,  
 “ and the Quietness of alle Parties,  
 “ brought to a good Conclusion.”

Indeed, this last Matter preys on my Father's Soul. He hath even knelt to the King, to refrain from exacting Compliance with his Grace's Will concerning it; movingly reminding him, even with Tears, of his Grace's own Words to him on delivering the Great Seal, “ First  
 “ look unto GOD, and, after GOD,  
 “ unto me.” But the King is heady in this Matter; stubborn as a Mule

or

or wild Afs's Colt, whose Mouths must be held with Bit and Bridle if they be to be governed at alle; and the King hath taken the Bit between his Teeth, and there is none dare ride him. Alle for Love of a brown Girl, with a Wen on her Throat, and an extra Finger.

1532.

How short a Time agone it seemeth, that in my Prosperity I sayd, "We shall never be moved; "Thou, LORD, of Thy goodness "haft made our Hill foe strong!" " . . . . Thou didst turn away thy "Face, and I was troubled!"

July 18th.

Thus sayth *Plato*: of Him whom he soughte, but hardly found: "Truth is his Body, and Light his "Shadow." A marvellous Saying for a Heathen.

28th.

Hear also what St. *John* sayth:  
" GOD

1532.

“ GOD is Light ; and in him is no  
 “ Darknes at all.” “ And the  
 “ Light was the Life of Men : and  
 “ the Light shineth in Darknes,  
 “ and the Darknes comprehended  
 “ it not.”

Hear also what St. *Augustine* sayth :  
 “ They are the most uncharitable  
 “ towards Error who have never ex-  
 “ perienced how hard a Matter it  
 “ is to come at the Truth.”

Hard, indeed. Here's *Father* agaynst *Will*, and agaynst *Erasmus*, of whom he once could not speak well enough ; and now he says that if he upholds such and such Opinions, his dear *Erasmus* may be the Devil's *Erasmus* for what he cares. And here's *Father* at Issue with half the learned Heads in Christendom concerning the King's Marriage. And yet, for alle that, I think *Father* is in the Right.

He

He taketh Matters foe to Heart  
that e'en his Appetite fails. Yesterday  
he put aside his old favourite  
Dish of Brewis, saying, "I know  
" not how 'tis, good *Alice* ; I've lost  
" my Stomach, I think, for my old  
" Relishes" . . . and this, e'en with  
a Tear in his Eye. But 'twas not  
the Brewis, I know, that made it  
start.

1532.

He hath resigned the Great Seal!  
And none of us knew of his having  
done foe, nor e'en of his meditating  
it, till after Morning Prayers to-  
day, when, insteade of one of his  
Gentlemen stepping up to my  
Mother in her Pew with the Words,  
"Madam, my Lord is gone," he  
cometh up to her himself, with a  
Smile on's Face, and sayth, low  
bowing as he spoke, "Madam, my  
" Lord is gone." She takes it for  
one

Aug.

1532.

one of the manie Jests whereof she misses the Point; and 'tis not till we are out of Church, in the open Air, that she fully comprehends my *Lord Chancellor* is indeed gone, and she hath onlie her Sir *Thomas More*.

A burst of Tears was no more than was to be lookt for from poor Mother; and, in Sooth, we alle felt aggrieved and mortyfide enough; but 'twas a short Sorrow; for *Father* declared that he had cast *Pelion* and *Offa* off his Back into the bottomless Pit; and fell into such funny Antics that we were soon as merry as ever we were in our Lives. *Patteson*, so soon as he hears it, comes leaping and skipping across the Garden, crying, "A fatted Calf! let a  
"fatted Calf be killed, Masters and  
"Mistresses, for this my Brother  
"who was dead is alive again!" and  
falls

falls a kissing his Hand. But poor *Patteson's* Note will soon change; for *Father's* diminished State will necessitate the Dismissal of all extra Hands; and there is manie a Servant under his Roof whom he can worse spare than the poor Fool.

In the Evening he gathers us alle about him in the Pavilion, where he throws himself into his old accustomed Seat, casts his Arm about *Mother*, and cries, "How glad must "*Cincinnatus* have been to spy out "his Cottage again, with *Racilia* "standing at the Gate!" Then, called for Curds and Cream; sayd how sweet the soft Summer Air was coming over the River, and bade *Cecil* sing "The King's Hunt's up." After this, one Ballad after another was called for, till alle had sung their Lay, ill or well, he lifting the While with closed Eyes, and  
a composed

1532.

a composed Smile about his Mouth ;  
the two Furrows between his Brows  
relaxing graduallie till at length  
they could no more be seene. At  
last he says,

“ Who was that old Prophet that  
“ could not or would not prophesy  
“ for a King of *Judab* till a Minstrel  
“ came and played unto him? Sure,  
“ he must have loved, as I do, the  
“ very lovely Song of one that  
“ playeth well upon an Instrument,  
“ yclept the Human Heart; and  
“ have felt, as I do now, the Spirit  
“ given him to speak of Matters  
“ foreign to his Mind. ’Tis of  
“ *res angusta domi*, dear Brats,  
“ I must speak; soe, the sooner  
“ begun, the sooner over. Here  
“ am I, with a dear Wife and eight  
“ loved Children . . for my Daugh-  
“ ters’ Husbands and my Son’s Wife  
“ are my Children as much as any ;  
“ and



“and *Mercy Giggs* is a Daughter  
“too . . . nine Children, then, and  
“eleven Grandchildren, and a Swarm  
“of Servants to boot, all of whom  
“have as yet eaten what it pleased  
“them, and drunken what it suited  
“them at my Board, without its  
“being any one’s Business to say  
“them nay. ’Twas the dearest  
“Privilege of my *Lord Chancellor* ;  
“but now he’s dead and gone, how  
“shall we contract the Charges of  
“*Sir Thomas More* ?”

1532.

We looked from one to another,  
and were silent.

“I’ll tell ye, dear ones,” he went  
on. “I have been brought up at  
“*Oxford*, at an Inn of Chancery, at  
“*Lincoln’s Inn*, and at the King’s  
“Court; from the lowest Degree,  
“that is, to the highest; and yet  
“have I in yearly Revenues at this  
“Present, little above one Hundred  
“Pounds

1532.

“ Pounds a-year ; but then, as *Chilo*  
“ sayth, ‘ honest Loss is preferable  
“ to dishonest Gain : by the first, a  
“ Man suffers once ; by the second,  
“ for ever ;’ and I may take up my  
“ Parable with *Samuel*, and say :  
“ ‘ Whose Ox have I taken ? whose  
“ Ass have I taken ? whom have  
“ I defrauded ? whom have I oppres-  
“ sed ? of whose Hand have I re-  
“ ceived any Bribe to blinde mine  
“ Eyes therewith ?’ No, my worst  
“ Enemies cannot lay to my Charge  
“ any of these Things ; and my Trust  
“ in you is, that, rather than regret  
“ I should not have made a Purse  
“ by any such base Methods, you  
“ will all cheerfully contribute your  
“ Proportions to the common Fund,  
“ and share and share alike with  
“ me in this my diminished  
“ State.”

We all gat about him, and by  
our

our Words and Kiffes gave Warrant  
that we would.

1532.

“ Well, then,” quoth he, “ my  
“ Mind is, that since we are all of  
“ a Will to walk down-hill together,  
“ we will do soe at a breathing  
“ Pace, and not drop down like a  
“ Plummet. Let all things be  
“ done decently and in order : we  
“ won’t descend to *Oxford* Fare first,  
“ nor yet to the Fare of *New Inn*.  
“ We’ll begin with *Lincoln’s Inn*  
“ Diet, whereon many good and  
“ wise Men thrive well ; if we find  
“ this draw too heavily on the  
“ Common-Purse, we will, next  
“ Year, come down to *Oxford* Fare,  
“ with which many great and learned  
“ Doctors have been conversant ; and,  
“ if our Purse stretch not to cover  
“ e’en this, why, in Heaven’s Name !  
“ we’ll go begging together, with  
“ Staff and Wallet, and sing a *Salve*  
“ *Regina*

1532.

“ *Regina* at every good Man’s Door,  
 “ whereby we shall still keep Com-  
 “ pany, and be merry together !”

Sept. 22d.

Now that the first Surprise and Grief, and the first Fervour of Fidelity and Self-devotion have passed off, we have subsided into how deep and holy a Quiet !

We read of the Desertion of the World, as a Matter of Course ; but, when our own Turn comes, it does seem strange, to find ourselves let fall down the Stream without a single Hand outstretched to help us ; forgotten, in a Moment, as though we had never been, by those who lately ate and laughed at our Table. And this, without any Fault or Offence of ours, but merely from our having lost the Light of the *King’s* Countenance. I say, it does seem strange ; but how fortunate, how

1532.

how blessed are those to whom such a Course of Events *only* seems strange, unaccompanied by Self-reproach and Bitterness! I could not help feeling this, in reading an affectionate Letter deare *Father* writ this Forenoon to *Erasmus*, wherein he sayd, “ I have now obtained what, “ from a Child, I have continually “ wished! that, being entirely quit “ of Businesse and all publick Affairs, “ I might live for a Time only to “ GOD and myself.”

Having no Hankering after the old Round he soe long hath run, he now, in Fact, looks younger every Day; and yet, not with the same kind of Youth he had before his Back was bowed under the Chancelorship. 'Tis a more composed, chastised Sort of Rejuvenescence: rather the soft Warmth of Autumn which sometimes seems like May,  
than

1532.

than May itself: the enkindling, within this mortal Tabernacle, of a heavenly Light that never grows dim, because it is immortal; and burns the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever: a Youthfulness of Soul and Mind characterised by Growth; Something with which this World and its fleeting Fancies has nothing to do: something that the *King* can neither impart nor take away.

. . . . We have had a tearfull Morning . . poor *Patteson* has gone. My Father hath obtained good Quarters for him with my *Lord Mayor*, with a Stipulation that he shall retain his Office with the *Lord Mayor* for the Time being, as long as he can fill it at all. This suits *Patteson*, who says he will sooner shift Masters year by year, than grow too fond of any Man again, as he hath of *Father*; but there

there has been sad blubbering and blowing of Noses.

1532.

This Afternoon, coming upon *Mercy* seated in the Alcove, like unto the Image of some Saint in a Niche, her Hands folded on her Lap, and her Eyes steadfastly agaze on the setting Sun, I could not but mark how Years were silentlie at work upon her, as doubtles upon us alle; the tender, fearfulle Girl having thus graduallie changed into the sober, high-minded Woman. She is so seldom seene in Repose, so constantly astir and afoot in this or that kind Office, mostly about the Children, that I had never thought upon it before; but now I was alle at once avised to marvel that she who had so long seemed fitter for Heaven than Earth, shoulde never literallie have vowed herself the  
Spouse

Sept. 24th.



1532.

Spoufe of *Christ*; more in especiall as all Expectation of being the Spoufe of anie else must long since have died within her.

I sayd, “*Mercy*, thou lookst like  
“ a Nun: how is’t thou hast ne’er  
“ become one in Earnest?”

She started; then sayd, “ Could  
“ I be more usefull? more harmles?  
“ les exposed to Temptation? or  
“ half so happy as I am now? In  
“ sooth, *Meg*, the time has been  
“ when methought, how sweet the  
“ living Death of the Cloister!  
“ How good that must needs be  
“ which had the Suffrages of *Chry-*  
“ *ostom* the golden-mouthed, and  
“ holy *Ambrose*, and our own *Anselm*!  
“ How peacefull, to take Wing like  
“ the Dove, and fly away from a  
“ naughty World, and be at Rest!  
“ How brave, to live alone, like  
“ St. *Antony*, in the Desert! only  
“ I would

“ I would have had some Books  
“ with me in my Cave, and 'tis  
“ uncertayn whether St. *Antony* had  
“ knowledge of Letters, beyond  
“ the heaven-taught Lesson, ‘ God  
“ is Love,’ . . . for methought so  
“ much Reflection and no Action  
“ would be too much for a Woman’s  
“ Mind to bear—I might goe mad :  
“ and I remembered me how the  
“ Dove that gladly flew away from  
“ the Ark, gladly flew back, and  
“ abode in the Ark till such Time  
“ as a new Home was ready for her.  
“ And methought, cannot I live  
“ apart from Sin here, and now ;  
“ and as to Sorrow, where can we  
“ live apart from that? Sure, we  
“ may live on the Skirts of the  
“ World in a Spiritt as truly un-  
“ worldlie as though we were  
“ altogether out of it: and here I  
“ may come and go, and range in  
“ the

1532.

“ the fresh Air, and love other  
“ Folks’ Children, and read my  
“ Pfalter, and pore over the Sayings  
“ of the wise Men of old, and look  
“ on the Faces I love, and sit at  
“ the Feet of Sir *Thomas More*. Soe  
“ there, *Meg*, are my poor Reasons  
“ for not caring to be a Nun. Our  
“ deare Lord is in himself all that  
“ our highest, holiest Affections  
“ can seeke or comprehend; for he  
“ made these our Hearts; he gave  
“ us these our Affections; and  
“ through them the Spirit speaks.  
“ Aspiring to their Source, they  
“ rise up like the white Smoke  
“ and bright Flame; while, on  
“ Earth, if left unmastered, they  
“ burn, suffocate, and destroy. Yet  
“ they have their natural and  
“ innocent Outlets even here; and  
“ a Woman may warm herself by  
“ them without Scorching, and yet

“ yet be neither a Wife nor a  
“ Nun.”

1532.

Ever since *Father's* Speech to us in the Pavilion, we have beene of one Heart and one Soul; neither have any of us said that aught of the Things we possessed were our own, but we have had all Things in Common. And we have eaten our Meat with Gladness and Singleness of Heart.

Sept. 28th.

This Afternoon, expressing to *Father* my gratefull Sense of our present Happiness . . . “ Yes, *Meg*,” returns he, “ I, too, am deeply  
“ thankful for this breathing  
“ Space.”

“ Do you look on it as no more,  
“ then?” I sayd.

“ As no more, *Meg*: we shall  
“ have a Thunder-clap by-and-by.  
“ Look out on the *Thames*. See  
“ how

1532.

“ how unwontedlie clear it is, and  
“ how low the Swallows fly. . . .  
“ How distinctlie we see the green  
“ Sedges on *Battersea* Bank, and  
“ their reflected Images in the  
“ Water. We can almost discern  
“ the Features of those poor Knaves  
“ digging in the Cabbage Gardens,  
“ and hear 'em talk, so still is the  
“ Air. Have you ne'er before noted  
“ these Signs?”

“ A Storm is brewing,” I sayd.

“ Aye, we shall have a Lightning-  
“ flash anon. So still, *Meg*, is also  
“ our moral Atmosphere just now.  
“ God is giving us a breathing  
“ Space, as he did to the Egyptians  
“ before the Plague of Hail, that  
“ they might gather their live Stock  
“ within Doors. Let us take for  
“ Example them that believed and  
“ obeyed him; and improve this  
“ holy Pause.”

Just

Just at this Moment, a few heavie Drops fell agaynst the Window Pane, and were seene by both. Our Eyes met; and I felt a silent Pang.

1532.

“Five Days before the *Passover*,” resumed *Father*, “all seemed as still  
 “and quiet as we are now; but  
 “JESUS knew his Hour was at hand.  
 “E’en while he yet spake familiarly  
 “among the People, there came a  
 “Sound from Heaven, and they that  
 “stood by said it thundered; but *he*  
 “knew it for the Voice of his dear  
 “Father. Let us, in like Manner,  
 “when the Clap cometh, recognise  
 “in it the Voice of GOD, and  
 “not be afraid with any Amaze-  
 “ment.”

*Gammer Gurney* is dead, and I must say I am glad of it. The Change, to her, must be blessed,  
 and

Nov. 2d.

1532.

and there seemed some Danger left, after having escaped being ducked for a Witch, she should have been burnt for a Heretic. *Father* looked on her as an obstinate old Woman; *Will* counted her little short of a Saint and Prophetess, and kept her well supplied with all she could need. Latterly she was stone deaf; so 'tis a happy Release.

The settled Purpose of *Father's* Soul, just now, is to make up a Marriage between *Mercy* and Dr. *Clement*. 'Tis high Advancement for her, and there seems to have been some old Liking between 'em we never knew of.

1533,  
April 1.

Though some Months have passed since my Father uttered his warning Voice, and all continues to go quiet, I cannot forbear, now and then, to call his Monition to Mind, and look  
about



about for the Cloud that is to bring the Thunder-clap ; but the Expectation sobers rather than saddens me.

1533.

This Morning, leaning over the River Wall, I was startled by the cold, damp Hand of some one from behind being laid on mine. At the same Time a familiar Voice exclaimed, “ Canst tell us, Mistrefs, “ why Fools have hot Heads and “ Hands icy cold ? ”

I made Answer, “ Canst tell me, “ *Patteson*, why Fools should stray “ out of Bounds ? ”

“ Why, that’s what Fools do “ every Day,” he readily replied ; “ but this is *All Fool’s Day*, mine “ own special Holiday ; and I told “ my *Lord Mayor* overnight, that if “ he lookt for a Fool this Morning, “ he must look in the Glafs. In “ sooth, Mistrefs *Meg*, I should by “ Rights

1533.

“ Rights wear the Gold Chain and  
“ he the Motley ; for a proper Fool  
“ he is, and I shall be glad when  
“ his Year’s Service to me is out.  
“ The worst o’ these Lord Mayors  
“ is, that we can’t part with ’em till  
“ their Time’s up. Why now, this  
“ present one hath not so much  
“ Understanding as would foot an  
“ old Stocking ; ’twas but yesterday  
“ when, in Quality of my Taster,  
“ he civilly enough makes over to  
“ me a half-eaten Plate of Gurnet,  
“ which I wave aside, thus, saying,  
“ I eat no Fish of which I cannot  
“ affirm, ‘ *rari sunt Boni*,’ few are  
“ the Bones. . . . and I protest to  
“ you he knew it not for Fool’s  
“ Latin. Thus I’m driven, from  
“ mere Discouragement, to leave  
“ Prating for Listening, which  
“ thou knowest, Mistress, is no  
“ Fool’s Office ; and among the  
“ fundrie

“ fundrie Matters I hear at my  
“ Lord’s Table . . . for he minds  
“ not what he says before his  
“ Servants, thereby giving new  
“ Proof ’tis he shoulde wear the  
“ Motley. . . I note his saying that  
“ the *King’s* private Marriage will  
“ affuredlie be made publick this  
“ coming Easter, and my Lady  
“ *Anne* will be crowned. . . . more  
“ by token, he knows the Merchant  
“ that will supply the *Genoa* Velvet  
“ and Cloth of Gold, and the  
“ Masquers that are to enact the  
“ Pageant. For the Love o’ Safety,  
“ then, Mistrefs *Meg*, bid thy good  
“ *Father* e’en take a Fool’s Advice,  
“ and eat humble Pie betimes, for,  
“ doubt not this proud Madam to  
“ be as vindictive as *Herodias*, and  
“ one that, unless he appease her full  
“ early, will have his Head set before  
“ her in a Charger. I’ve said my Say.”

Three

1533.

April 4th.

Three Bishops have been here this Forenoon, to bid *Father* to the Coronation, and offer him twenty Pounds to provide his Dress; but *Father* hath, with courtesie, declined to be present. After much friendly preffing, they parted, seemingly on good Terms; but I have Misgivings of the Issue.

9th.

A ridiculous Charge hath beene got up 'gainst dear *Father*; no less than of Bribery and Corruption. One *Parnell* complaineth of a Decree given agaynst him in favour of one *Vaughan*, whose Wife, he deponeth, gave *Father* a gilt Flaggon. To the noe small Surprise of the Council, *Father* admitted that she had done soe: "But, my Lords," proceeded he, when they had uttered a few Sentences of Reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, "will ye list the  
" Conclusion

“ Conclusion of the Tale? I bade  
“ my Butler fill the Cup with Wine,  
“ and having drunk her Health, I  
“ made her pledge me, and then re-  
“ stored her Gift, and would not  
“ take it again.”

1533.

As innocent a Matter, touching  
the offering him a Pair of Gloves  
containing Forty Pounds, and his  
taking the first and returning the  
last, saying he preferred his Gloves  
without Lining, hath been made  
publick with like Triumph to his  
own good Fame; but alack! these  
Feathers show which way sets the  
Wind.

*April, 13th.*

April 13th.

A heavier Charge than either  
of the above hath been got up,  
concerning the wicked Woman of  
*Kent*, with whom they accuse him  
of having tampered, that, in her  
pretended

1533.

pretended Revelations and Rhapsodies, she might utter Words against the *King's* Divorce. His Name hath, indeed, been put in the Bill of Attainder; but, out of Favour, he hath been granted a private Hearing, his Judges being, the new Archbishop, the new Chancellor, his Grace of *Norfolk*, and Master *Cromwell*.

He tells us that they stuck not to the Matter in Hand, but began cunningly enow to found him on the *King's* Matters; and finding they could not shake him, did proceed to Threats, which, he told 'em, might well enow scare Children, but not him; and as to his having provoked his Grace the *King* to sett forth in his Book aught to dishonour and fetter a good Christian, his Grace himself well knew the Book was never shewn him save for verbal Criticism when the Subject-matter  
was



was completed *by the Makers of the same*, and that he had warned his Grace not to exprefs soe much Submission to the Pope. Whereupon they with great Displeasure dismissed him, and he took Boat for *Chelsea* with mine Husband in such gay Spiritts, that *Will*, not having been privy to what had passed, concluded his Name to have beene struck out of the Bill of Attainder, and congratulated him thereupon soe soone as they came aland, saying, “ I gues, “ *Father*, all is well, seeing you thus “ merry.”

“ It is, indeed, son *Roper*,” returns *Father* steadilie; repeating thereupon, once or twice, this Phraze, “ All is well.”

*Will*, somehow mistrusting him, puts the Matter to him agayn.

“ You are then, *Father*, put out “ of the Bill?”

“ Out



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“ Out of the Bill, good Fellow ?” repeats *Father*, stopping short in his Walk, and regarding him with a Smile that *Will* sayth was like to break his Heart. . . “ Wouldst thou “ know, dear Son, why I am so “ joyful? In good Faith, I have “ given the Devil a foul Fall; for “ I have with those Lords gone so “ far, as that without great Shame “ I can ne’er go back. The first “ Step, *Will*, is the worst, and that’s “ taken.”

And so, to the House, with never another Word, *Will* being smote at the Heart.

But, this Forenoon, deare *Will* comes running in to me, with Joy all bright, and tells me he hath just heard from *Cromwell* that *Father’s* Name is in sooth struck out. Thereupon, we go together to him with the News. He taketh it  
thankfully,

thankfully, yet composedly, saying, as he lays his Hand on my Shoulder, “ In faith, *Meg*, *quod differtur non aufertur.*” Seeing me somewhat stricken and overborne, he sayth, “ Come, let’s leave good *Will* awhile “ to the Company of his own select “ and profitable Thoughts, and take “ a Turn together by the Water “ Side.”

Then closing his Book, which I marked was *Plato’s Phædon*, he steps forthe with me into the Garden, leaning on my Shoulder, and pretty heavilie too. After a Turn or two in Silence, he lightens his Preffure, and in a bland, peaceifying Tone commences *Horace* his tenth Ode, Book second, and goes through the first fourteen or fifteen Lines in a kind of lulling Monotone ; then takes another Turn or two, ever looking at the *Thames* ; and  
in

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in a stronger Voice begins his favourite

*“ Justum, ac tenacem Propositi Virum  
Non Civium Ardor,” etc.*

on to

*“ Impavidum ferient Ruinæ ;”*

—and lets go his Hold on me to extend his Hand in fine, free Action. Then, drawing me to him agayn, presentlie murmurs, “ I reckon that “ the Sufferings of this present “ Time are not worthy to be “ compared with the Glory which “ shall be revealed in us. . . Oh “ no, not worthy to be compared. “ I have lived ; I have laboured ; I “ have loved. I have lived in them “ I loved ; laboured for them I “ loved ; loved them for whom “ I laboured ; my Labour has not “ been in vayn. To love and to “ labour

“ labour is the Sum of living, and  
“ yet how manie think they live  
“ who neither labour nor love.  
“ Agayn, how manie labour and  
“ love, and yet are not loved ; but  
“ I have beene loved, and my  
“ Labour has not been in vayn.  
“ Now, the Daye is far spent, and  
“ the Night forecloses, and the  
“ Time draweth nigh when Man  
“ resteth from his Labours, even  
“ from his Labours of Love ; but  
“ still he shall love and he shall live  
“ where the Spiritt sayth he shall  
“ rest from his Labours, and where  
“ his Works do follow him, for he  
“ entereth into Rest through and  
“ to Him who is Life, and Light,  
“ and Love.”

Then looking stedfastlie at the  
*Thames*, “ How quietlie,” sayth he,  
“ it flows on ! This River, *Meg*,  
“ hath its Origin from seven petty  
“ Springs

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“ Springs somewhither amongst the  
“ *Gloucestershire* Hills, where they  
“ bubble forthe unnoted save by the  
“ Herd and Hind. Belike, they  
“ murmur over the Pebbles prettily  
“ enough; but a great River, mark  
“ you, never murmurs. It mur-  
“ mured and babbled too, 'tis like,  
“ whilst only a Brook, and brawled  
“ away as it widened and deepened  
“ and chafed agaynst Obstacles,  
“ and here and there got a Fall,  
“ and splashed and made much  
“ Ado, but ever kept running on  
“ towards its End, still deepening  
“ and widening; and now towards  
“ the Close of its Course look you  
“ how swift and quiet it is, running  
“ mostly between Flats, and with  
“ the dear blue Heaven reflected in  
“ its Face.” . . .

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1534, *April* 12.

April 12th.

'Twas o' *Wednesdayer* was a Week,  
 we were quietly taking our Dinner,  
 when, after a loud and violent  
 Knocking at the outer Door, in  
 cometh a Pourfuivant, and sum-  
 moneth *Father* to appear next  
 Daye before the Commiffioners, to  
 take the newly-coined Oath of  
 Supremacy. *Mother* utters a hasty  
 Cry, *Bess* turns white as Death,  
 but I, urged by I know not what  
 suddain Impulfe to con the new  
 Comer's Visage narrowly, did with  
 Eagernes exclaim, "Here's some  
 " Jest of *Father's*; 'tis only *Dick*  
 " *Halliwell!*"

Whereupon, *Father* burft out a  
 laughing, hugged *Mother*, called  
*Bess* a silly Puff, and gave *Halliwell*  
 a Groat for 's Payns. Now, while  
 some



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some were laughing, and others taking *Father* prettie sharplie to Task for soe rough a Crank, I fell a musing, what could be the Drift of this, and coulde only surmize it mighte be to harden us beforehand, as 'twere, to what was sure to come at last. And the Preapprehension of this soe belaboured my alreadie o'erburthened Spiritts, as that I was fayne to betake myself to the Nurserie, and lose alle Thought and Reflection in my little *Bill's* prettie Ways. And, this not answering, was forct to have Recourse to Prayer; then, leaving my Clofett, was able to return to the Nurserie, and forget myselfe awhile in the Mirth of the Infants.

Hearing Voyces beneathe the Lattice, I lookt forthe, and behelde his Grace of *Norfolk* (of Late a strange Guest) walking beneath the  
Window



Window in earnest Converse with *Father*; and, as they turned about, I hearde him say, “By the Mafs, “*Master More*, ’tis perilous striving “with Princes. I could wish you, “as a Friend, to incline to the “*King’s* Pleasure; for *Indignatio* “*Principis Mors est.*”

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“Is that all?” says *Father*; “why “then there will be onlie this “Difference between your Grace “and me, that I shall die to-daye, “and you to-morrow;”—which was the Sum of what I caught.

Next Morning, we were breaking our Fast with Peacefullnesse of Heart, on the Principle that sufficient for the Daye is the Evill thereof, and there had beene a wordy War between our two Factions of the *Neri* and *Bianchi*, *Befs* having defalked from the Mancheteers on the Ground that  
black

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black Bread sweetened the Breath and settled the Teeth, to the no small Triumph of the Cob Loaf Party; while *Daisy*, persevering at her Crufts, sayd, “ No, I can cleave  
“ to the Rye Bread as steddilie as  
“ anie among you, but ’tis vayne of  
“ *Father* to maintain that it is as  
“ toothsome as a Manchet, or that  
“ I eat it to whiten my Teeth, for  
“ thereby he robs Self-deniall of its  
“ Grace.”

*Father*, strange to say, seemed taken at Vantage, and was pausing for a Retort, when *Hobson* coming in and whispering Somewhat in his Ear, he rose suddainlie and went forthe of the Hall with him, putting his Head back agayn to say, “ Rest ye alle awhile where  
“ ye be,” which we did, uneasilie enow. Anon he returns, brushing his Cap, and says calmlie, “ Now,  
“ let’s

“let’s forthe to Church,” and clips *Mother’s* Arm beneathe his owne and leads the Way. We follow as soon as we can; and I, listing to him more than to the Priest, did think I never hearde him make Responce more composedlie, nor sing more lustilie, by the which I founde myself in stouter Heart. After Prayers, he is shriven, after which he faunters back with us to the House; then brisklie turning on his Heel, cries to my Husband, “Now, *Will*, “let’s toward, Lad,” and claps the Wicket after him, leaving us at t’other Side without so much as casting back a parting Look. Though he evermore had beene avised to let us companie him to the Boat, and there kifs him once and agayn or ever he went, I know not that I should have thoughte much of this, had not *Daisy*, looking after him

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him keenly, exclaymed somewhat shortlie as she turned in Doors, “ I  
“ wish I had not uttered that Quip  
“ about the Cob-loaf.”

Oh, how heavilie sped the Day!  
The House, too big now for its  
Master’s diminished Retinue, had  
yet never hitherto seemed lonesome;  
but now a Somewhat of dreary and  
dreadfull, inexpressible in Words,  
invisible to the Eye, but apprehended  
by the inner Sense, filled the blank  
Space alle about. For the first  
Time, everie one seemed idle; not  
only disinclined for Businesse, but  
as though there were Something  
unfeemlie in addresssing one’s Self  
to it. There was nothing to cry  
about, nothing to talk over, and  
yet we alle stooode agaze at each  
other in Groups, like the Cattle  
under the Trees when a Storm is at  
hand. *Mercy* was the first to start  
off.

off. I held her back and said,  
 “What is to do?” She whispered,  
 “Pray.” I let her Arm drop, but  
*Bess* at that Instant comes up with  
 Cheeks as colourless as Parchment.  
 She sayth, “’Tis made out now.  
 “A Pursuivant *de Facto* fetched him  
 “forthe this Morning.” We gave  
 one deep, univerval Sigh; *Mercy*  
 broke away, and I after her, to seek  
 the same Remedy, but alack, in  
 vayn. . .

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How large a Debt we owe you,  
 wise and holie Men of old! How  
 ye counsel us to Patience, incite us  
 to Self-mastery, cheer us on to high  
 Emprize, temper in us the Heat  
 of Youth, school our Inexperience,  
 calm the o’erwrought Mind, allay  
 the Anguish of Disappointment,  
 cheat Suspense, and master Despair.  
 . . . How much better and happier  
 ye

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ye would make us, if we would but list your Teaching!

*Bess* hath fallen Sick; no marvell. Everie one goeth heavilie. Alle Joy is darkened; the Mirthe of the House is gone.

*Will* tells me, that as they pushed off from the Stairs, *Father* took him about the Neck and whispered, "I thank our LORD, the Field is won!" Sure, *Regulus* ne'er went forthe with higher Self-devotion.

Having declared his Inabilitie to take the Oath as it stoode, they bade him, *Will* tells me, take a turn in the Garden while they administered it to fundrie others, thus affording him Leifure for Re-consideration. . But they might as well have bidden the Neap-tide Turn before its Hour. When called in agayn, he was as firm as ever, so was given in Ward to the *Abbot* of *Westminster*



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*Westminster* till the *King's* Grace was informed of the Matter. And now, the Fool's wife Saying of vindictive *Herodias* came true, for 'twas the *King's* Mind to have Mercy on his old Servant, and tender him a qualified Oath; but Queen *Anne*, by her importunate Clamours, did overrule his proper Will, and at four Days' End, the full Oath being agayn tendered and rejected, *Father* was committed to the Tower. Oh, wicked Woman, how could you? . . . . Sure, you never loved a Father. . .

*May*



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May 22nd.

*May 22d.*

In Answer to our incessant Applications throughout this last Month past, *Mother* hath at length obtained Access to dear *Father*. She returned, her Eyes nigh swollen to closing with weeping. . . . We crowded round about, burning for her Report, but 'twas some Time ere she could fetch Breath or Heart to give it us. At length *Daisy*, kissing her Hand once and agayn, draws forthe a disjoynted Tale, somewhat after this Fashion.

“ Come, give over weeping,  
 “ dearest *Mother*, 'twill do neither  
 “ him, you, nor us anie Goode. . . .  
 “ What was your first Speech of  
 “ him?”

“ Oh, my first Speech, Sweet-  
 “ heart, was, ‘ What, my Goodness,  
 “ Mr.

“ Mr. *More!* I marvell how that  
“ you, who were always counted a  
“ wise Man, should now see play  
“ the Fool as to lie here in this  
“ close, filthy Prison, shut up with  
“ Mice and Rats, when you mighte  
“ be abroad and at your Liberty,  
“ with the Favour of King and  
“ Council, and return to your righte  
“ fayr House, your Books and Gal-  
“ lery, and your Wife, Children,  
“ and Household, if see be you onlie  
“ woulde but do what the Bishops  
“ and best learned of the Realm have,  
“ without Scruple, done alreadie.”

“ And what sayd he, *Mother*, to  
“ that?” . . .

“ Why, then, Sweetheart, he  
“ chucks me under the Chin and  
“ sayeth, ‘ I prithee, good Mistres  
“ *Alice*, to tell me one Thing.’ . . .  
“ Soe then I say, ‘ What Thing?’  
“ Soe then he sayeth, ‘ Is not this  
“ House

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“ House, Sweetheart, as nigh Heaven  
“ as mine own ?’ Soe then I jerk  
“ my Head away and say, ‘ Tilly-  
“ valley! Tilly-valley!’ ”

Sayth *Bess*, “ Sure, *Mother*, that  
“ was cold Comfort. . . . And what  
“ next ?”

“ Why, then I said, ‘ *Bone Deus*,  
“ Man! *Bone Deus!* will this Gear  
“ never be left?’ Soe then he  
“ sayth, ‘ Well then, Mrs. *Alice*, if  
“ it be foe, ’tis mighty well, but,  
“ for my Part, I see no greate  
“ Reason why I shoulde much joy  
“ in my gay House, or in Aniething  
“ belonging thereunto, when, if I  
“ shoulde be but seven Years buried  
“ underground, and then arise and  
“ come thither agayn, I shoulde  
“ not fail to find Some therein that  
“ woulde bid me get out of Doors,  
“ and tell me ’twas none o’ mine.  
“ What Cause have I, then, to care  
“ foe

“foe greatlie for a House that  
“woulde foe soone forget its  
“Master?” . . .

“And then, *Mother?* and then?”

“Soe then, Sweetheart, he sayth,  
“‘Come tell me, Mrs. *Alice*, how  
“long do you think we might  
“reckon on living to enjoy it?’  
“Soe I say, ‘Some twenty Years,  
“forfooth.’ ‘In faith,’ says he,  
“‘had you said some thousand Years,  
“it had beene Somewhat; and yet  
“he were a very bad Merchant that  
“woulde put himselfe in Danger  
“to lose Eternity for a thousand  
“Years. . . . how much the rather  
“if we are not sure to enjoy it one  
“Day to an End?’ Soe then he  
“puts me off with Questions, How  
“is *Will?* and *Daisy?* and *Rupert?*  
“and this one? and t’other one?  
“and the Peacocks? and Rabbits?  
“and have we elected a new King  
“of

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“ of the Cob-loaf yet? and has *Tom*  
“ found his Hoop? and is the Hasp  
“ of the Buttery-hatch mended yet?  
“ and how goes the Court? and  
“ what was the Text o’ *Sunday*?  
“ and have I practised the Viol? and  
“ how are we off for Money? and  
“ why can’t he see *Meg*? Then  
“ he asks for this Book and t’other  
“ Book, but I’ve forgot their Names,  
“ and he sayth he’s kept mighty short  
“ of Meat, though ’tis little he eats,  
“ but his Man *John a Wood* is gay  
“ an’ hungry, and ’tis worth a World  
“ to see him at a salt Herring.  
“ Then he gives me Counsell of  
“ this and that, and puts his Arm  
“ about me and says, ‘Come, let us  
“ pray;’ but while he kept praying  
“ for one and t’other, I kept a-  
“ counting of his gray Hairs; he’d  
“ none a Month agone. And we’re  
“ scarce off our Knees, when I’m  
“ fetched

“ fetched away ; and I say, ‘ When  
 “ will you change your Note, and  
 “ act like a wise Man?’ and he  
 “ sayth, ‘ When ? when ?’ looking  
 “ very profound ; ‘ why, . . . when  
 “ Gorse is out of Blossom and Kissing  
 “ out of Fashion.’ Soe puts me  
 “ forthe by the Shoulders with a  
 “ Laugh, calling after me, ‘ Re-  
 “ member me over and over agayn  
 “ to them alle, and let me see  
 “ *Meg.*’ ”

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. . . I feel as if a String were  
 tied tight about my Heart. Me-  
 thinketh 'twill burst if we goe on  
 long foe.

He hath writ us a few Lines with  
 a Coal, ending with “ *Sursum Corda,*  
 “ dear Children ! up with your  
 “ Hearts.” The Bearer was dear  
*Bonvisi.*

July 25th.

The

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Aug. 16th.

The LORD begins to cut us short. We are now on very meagre Commons, dear *Mother* being obliged to pay fifteen Shillings a-week for the Board, poor as it is, of *Father* and his Servant. She hath parted with her Velvet Gown, embroidered overthwart, to my Lady *Sands'* Woman. Her Mantle edged with Coney went long ago.

But we lose not Heart; I think mine is becoming annealed in the Furnace, and will not now break. I have writ somewhat after this Fashion to him. . . . “What do  
“you think, most dear *Father*, doth  
“comfort us at *Chelsea*, during this  
“your Absence? Surelie, the Re-  
“membrance of your Manner of  
“Life among us, your holy Con-  
“versation, your wholesome Coun-  
“sells, your Examples of Virtue,  
“of which there is Hope that they  
“do



“do not onlie persevere with you,  
“but that, by GOD’S Grace, they are  
“much increast.”

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I weary to see him. . . . Yes, we  
shall meet in Heaven, but how long  
first, oh LORD? how long?

Now that I’ve come back, let me  
seek to think, to remember. . . .  
Sure, my Head will clear by-and-  
by? Strange, that Feeling shoulde  
have the Masterdom of Thought  
and Memory, in Matters it is most  
concerned to retayn.

Aug. 20th.

. . . I minded to put the Hair-  
cloth and Cord under my Farthin-  
gale, and one or two of the smaller  
Books in my Pouch, as alsoe some  
Sweets and Suckets such as he was  
used to love. *Will* and *Bonvisi* were  
a-waiting for me; and deare *Bess*,  
putting forthe her Head from her  
Chamber Door, cries piteously,  
“Tell

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“ Tell him, dear *Meg*, tell him . . .  
“ ’twas never foe fad to me to be  
“ fick . . . and that I hope . . . I pray  
“ . . . the Time may come . . . ”  
then falls back swooning into  
*Dancey’s* Arms, whom I leave cry-  
ing heartilie over her, and hasten  
below to receive the confused  
Medley of Messages sent by every  
other Member of the House. For  
mine owne Part, I was in such a  
tremulous Succussion as to be scarce  
fitt to stand or goe; but Time and  
the Tide will noe Man bide, and,  
once having taken Boat, the cool  
River Air allayed my fevered Spiritts;  
onlie I coulde not for awhile get  
ridd of the Impression of poor  
*Dancey* crying over *Bess* in her  
Deliquium.

I think none o’ the three opened  
our Lips before we reached *Lambeth*,  
save, in the *Reach*, *Will* cried to  
the

the Steersman, "Look you run us  
"not aground," in a sharper Voyce  
than I e'er heard from him. After  
passing the *Archbishop's* Palace,  
whereon I gazed full ruefullie, good  
*Bonvisi* beganne to mention some  
Rhymes he had founde writ with  
a Diamond on one of his Window-  
panes at *Crosby House*, and would  
know were they *Father's*? and  
was't the Chamber *Father* had used  
to sleep in? I tolde him it was,  
but knew Nought of the Distich,  
though 'twas like enow to be his.  
And thence he went on to this and  
that, how that *Father's* cheerfullie,  
funny Humour never forsook him;  
nor his brave Heart never quelled;  
instancing his fearlesse Passage  
through the Traitor's Gate, asking  
his Neighbours whether *his* Gait  
were that of a Traditor; and, on  
being fued by the Porter for his  
upper

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upper Garment, giving him his *Cap*, which he sayd was uppermost. And other such Quips and Passages, which I scarce noted nor smiled at, soe sorry was I of Cheer.

At length we staid rowing: *Will* lifted me out, kissed me, heartened me up; and, indeede, I was in better Heart then, having been quietlie in Prayer a good While. After some few Forms, we were led through fundrie Turns and Passages; and, or ever I was aware, I founde myself quit of my Companions and in *Father's* Arms.

We both cried a little at first; I wonder I wept noe more, but Strength was given me in that Hour. As soone as I coulde, I lookt him in the Face, and he lookt at me, and I was beginning to note his hollow Cheeks, when he sayd, "Why, *Meg*, you are getting  
"freckled;"

“ freckled ;” soe that made us bothe  
laugh. He sayd, “ You shoulde get  
“ some Freckle-water of the Lady  
“ that sent me here ; depend on it,  
“ she hath Washes and Tinctures in  
“ Plenty ; and after all, *Meg*, she’ll  
“ come to the same End at last, and  
“ be as the Lady all Bone and Skin,  
“ whose ghaftlie Legend used to  
“ scare thee soe when thou wert a  
“ Child. Don’t tell that Story to  
“ thy Children ; ’twill hamper ’em  
“ with unfavoury Images of Death.  
“ Tell them of heavenlie Hofts  
“ a-waiting to carry off good  
“ Men’s Souls in fire - bright  
“ Chariots, with Horses of the Sun,  
“ to a Land where they shall never  
“ more be furbated and weary, but  
“ walk on cool, springy Turf and  
“ among Myrtle Trees, and eat  
“ Fruits that shall heal while they  
“ delight them, and drink the  
“ coldest

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“ coldest of cold Water, fresh from  
 “ the River of Life, and have space  
 “ to stretch themselves, and bathe,  
 “ and leap, and run, and, which-  
 “ ever Way they look, meet *Christ’s*  
 “ Eyes smiling on them. Sure,  
 “ *Meg*, who would live, that coulde  
 “ die? One mighte as lief be an  
 “ Angel shut up in a Nutshell as  
 “ bide here. Fancy how gladfome  
 “ the sweet Spirit woulde be to  
 “ have the Shell cracked! no  
 “ matter by whom; the King, or  
 “ King’s Mistres. . . Let her dainty  
 “ Foot but set him free, he’d say,  
 “ ‘For this Release, much Thanks.’  
 “ . . . . And how goes the Court,  
 “ *Meg*?”

“ In Faith, *Father*, never better.  
 “ . . . There is Nothing else there,  
 “ I hear, but Dancing and Disport-  
 “ ing.”

“ Never better, Child, sayst thou?

“ Alas,



“ Alas, *Meg*, it pitieth me to con-  
“ sider what Misery, poor Soul, she  
“ will shortlie come to. These  
“ Dances of hers will prove such  
“ Dances that she will spurn our  
“ Heads off like Footballs; but  
“ ’twill not be long ere her Head  
“ will dance the like Dance. Mark  
“ you, *Meg*, a Man that restraineth  
“ not his Passions, hath always  
“ Something cruel in his Nature,  
“ and if there be a Woman toward,  
“ she is sure to suffer heaviest for it,  
“ first or last. . . . Seek Scripture  
“ Precedent for’t . . . . you’ll find  
“ it as I say. Stony as Death, cruel  
“ as the Grave. Those *Pharisees*  
“ that were, to a Man, convicted  
“ of Sin, yet haled a finning  
“ Woman before the LORD, and  
“ woulde fain have seene the  
“ Dogs lick up her Blood. When  
“ they lick up mine, deare *Meg*, let  
“ not

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“ not your Heart be troubled, even  
“ though they shoulde hale thee to  
“ *London Bridge*, to see my Head  
“ stuck on a Pole. Think, most  
“ dear’st, I shall then have more  
“ Reason to weep for thee than  
“ thou for me. But there’s noe  
“ weeping in Heaven; and bear in  
“ Mind, *Meg*, distinctlie, that if  
“ they send me thither, ’twill be  
“ for obeying the Law of GOD  
“ rather than of Men. And after  
“ alle, we live not in the bloody,  
“ barbarous old Times of Crucify-  
“ ings and Flayings, and immerfing  
“ in Cauldrons of boiling Oil.  
“ One Stroke, and the Affair’s done.  
“ A clumsy Chirurgeon would be  
“ longer extracting a Tooth. We  
“ have oft agreed that the little  
“ Birds struck down by the Kite  
“ and Hawk suffer less than if they  
“ were reserved to a naturall Death.  
“ There

“ There is one sensible Difference;  
 “ indeed, between us. In our Cafes,  
 “ Preparation is a-wanting.”

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Hereon, I minded me to slip off the Haircloth and Rope, and give the same to him, along with the Books and Suckets, all which he hid away privatelie, making merry at the last.

“ ’Twoulde tell well before the  
 “ Council,” quoth he, “ that on  
 “ searching the Prifon-cell of Sir  
 “ *Thomas More*, there was founde,  
 “ flagitiouslie and mysteriouſlie laid  
 “ up . . . a piece of Barley-fugar !”

Then we talked over fundrie Home-matters ; and anon, having now both of us attayned unto an equable and chaſtened Serenitie of Mind, which needed not any falſe Shows of Mirth to hide the naturall Complexion of, he ſayth, “ I  
 “ believe, *Meg*, they that have put  
 “ me

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“ me here ween they have done me  
 “ a high Displeasure; but I assure  
 “ thee on my Faith, mine owne  
 “ good Daughter, that if it had  
 “ not beene for my Wife, and you,  
 “ my dear good Children, I woulde  
 “ faine have beene closed up, long  
 “ ere this, in as strait a Room,  
 “ and straiter too.”

Thereon, he shewed me how  
 illegal was his Imprisonment, there  
 being noe Statute to authorize the  
 Imposition of the Oath, and he  
 delivered himself, with some Dis-  
 pleasure, agaynst the King's ill  
 Counsellors.

“ And surelie, *Meg,*” quoth he,  
 “ 'tis pitie that anie Christian Prince  
 “ shoulde, by a flexible Council  
 “ readie to follow his Affections,  
 “ and by a weak Clergy lacking  
 “ Grace to stand constantly to the  
 “ Truth as they have learned it, be  
 “ with

“ with Flattery so constantly abused.  
“ The Lotus Fruit fabled by the  
“ Ancients, which made them that  
“ ate it lose all Relish for the daylie  
“ Bread of their own Homes, was  
“ Flattery, *Meg*, as I take it, and  
“ Nothing else. And what less was  
“ the Song of the Syrens, agaynst  
“ which *Ulysses* made his Sailors  
“ stop their Ears, and which he,  
“ with all his Wisdome, coulde not  
“ listen to without struggling to be  
“ unbound from the Mast? Even  
“ Praise, *Meg*, which, moderately  
“ given, may animate and cheer  
“ forward the noblest Minds, yet  
“ too lavishly bestowed, will decrease  
“ and palsy their Strength, e’en as  
“ an Overdose of the most generous  
“ and sprightlie Medicine may  
“ prove mortiferous. But Flattery  
“ is noe Medicine, but a rank  
“ Poison, which hath slayn Kings,  
“ yea,

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“ yea, and mighty Kings ; and they  
“ who love it, the LORD knoweth  
“ afar off; knoweth distantlie, has  
“ no care to know intimatelie, for  
“ they are none of his.”

Thus we went on, from one Theme to another, till methinketh a heavenlie Light seemed to shine alle about us, like as when the Angel entered the Prison of *Peter*. I hung upon everie Word and Thought that issued from his Lips, and drank them in as thirsty Land sucks up the tender Rain. . . . Had the Angel of Death at that Hour come in to fetch both of us away, I woulde not have sayd him nay, I was foe passively, so intenselie happy. At length, as Time wore on, and I knew I shoulde soone be fetcht forthe, I coulde not but wish I had the Clew to some secreet Passage or Subterreneal, of the  
which

which there were doubtless Plenty  
in the thick Walls, whereby we  
might steal off together. *Father*  
made Answer, “Wishes never filled  
“a Sack. I make it my Businessse,  
“*Meg*, to wish as little as I can,  
“except that I were better and  
“wiser. You fancy these four  
“Walls lonesome; how oft, dost  
“thou suppose, I here receive *Plato*  
“and *Socrates*, and this and that holy  
“Saint and Martyr? My Gaolers  
“can noe more keep them out than  
“they can exclude the Sunbeams.  
“Thou knowest, *JESUS* stood among  
“his Disciples when the Doors were  
“shut. I am not more lonely than  
“*St. Anthony* in his Cave, and I  
“have a divine Light e’en here;  
“whereby to con the Lesson, ‘God  
“is Love.’ The futility of our  
“Enemies’ Efforts to make us  
“miserable was never more stronglie  
“proven



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“proven to me than when I was a mere  
“ Boy in *Cardinall Morton's* Service.  
“ Having unwittinglie angered one  
“ of his Chaplains, a choleric and  
“ even malignant-spirited Man, he  
“ did, of his owne Authoritie, shut  
“ me up for some Hours in a  
“ certayn damp Vault, which, to a  
“ Lad afeard of Ghosts and devilish  
“ Apparitions, would have beene  
“ fearfome enow. Howbeit, I there  
“ cast myself on the Ground with my  
“ Back sett agaynst the Wall, and  
“ mine Arm behind my Head, this  
“ Fashion . . . and did then and there,  
“ by reason of a young Heart, quiet  
“ Conscience, and quick Phanfy,  
“ conjure up such a lively Picture of  
“ the Queen o' the Fairies' Court,  
“ and alle the Sayings and Doings  
“ therein, that never was I more  
“ sorry than when my Gaoler let  
“ me goe free, and bade me rise up  
“ and



“ and be doing. In place, there-  
“ fore, my Daughter, of thinking  
“ of me in thy Night Watches as  
“ beating my Wings agaynst my  
“ Cage Bars, trust that God comes  
“ to look in upon me without  
“ Knocking or Bell-ringing. Often  
“ in Spiritt I am with you alle ; in  
“ the Chapel, in the Hall, in the  
“ Garden ; now in the Hayfield,  
“ with my Head on thy Lap, now  
“ on the River, with *Will* and  
“ *Rupert* at the Oar. You see me  
“ not about your Path, you won’t  
“ see my disembodied Spiritt beside  
“ you hereafter, but it may be close  
“ upon you once and agayn for alle  
“ that : maybe, at Times when you  
“ have prayed with most Passion,  
“ or suffered with most Patience, or  
“ performed my Hests with most  
“ exactnes, or remembered my  
“ Care of you with most Affection.

“ And

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“ And now, good Speed, good *Meg*,  
 “ I hear the Key turn in the Door.  
 “ . . . This Kifs for thy Mother, this  
 “ for *Befs*, this for *Cecil*, . . . this  
 “ and this for my whole School.  
 “ Keep dry Eyes and a hopefull  
 “ Heart; and reflect that Nought  
 “ but unpardoned Sin shoulde make  
 “ us weep for ever.”

*September.*

Seeing the Woodman fell a noble  
 Tree, which, as it went to the  
 Ground, did uptear severall small  
 Plants by the Roots, methoughte  
 such woulde be the Fall of dear  
*Father*, herein more sad than that  
 of the Abbot of *Sion* and the *Char-*  
*terhouse* Monks, inasmuch as, being  
 celibate, they involve noe others in  
 their Ruin. Brave, holie Martyrs!  
 how cheerfully they went to their  
 “ Death.

Death. I'm glad to have seene how pious Men may turn e'en an ignominious Sentence into a kind of Euthanasie. Dear *Father* bade me note how they bore themselves as Bridegrooms going to their Marriage, and converted what mighte have beene a Shock to my furcharged Spiritts, into a Lesson of deepe and high Comfort.

One Thing hath grieved me forelie. He mistooke Somewhat I sayd at parting for an Implication of my Wish that he shoulde yield up his Conscience. Oh no, dearest *Father*, that be far from me! It seems to have cut him to the Heart, for he hath writ that "none of the terrible Things that may befall him touch him soe nearlie as that his dearly beloved Child, whose Opinion he soe much values, shoulde desire him to overrule  
" his

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“his Conscience.” That be far from me, *Father!* I have writ to explayn the Matter, but his Re-proach, undeserved though it be, hath troubled my Heart.

*November.*

Nov.

Parliament will meet to-morrow. 'Tis expected *Father* and the good Bishop of *Rocheſter* will be attainted for Miſprifion of Treafon by the flavifh Members thereof; and though not given hithertoe unto much Heede of Omens and Bodements while our Hearts were light and our Courage high, yet now the coming Evill ſeemeth foreshadowed unto alle by I know not how many melancholick Prefages, ſent, for aught we know, in Mercy. Now that the Days are dark and ſhort, and the Nights ſtormy, we ſhun to linger much after Duſk in lone Chambers

Chambers and Passages, and what was sayd of the Enemies of *Israel* may be nigh sayd of us, “that a “falling Leaf shall chase them.” I’m sure “a going in the Tops of “the Mulberry Trees” on a bluf-terous Evening, is enow to draw us alle, Men, Mothers, and Maids, together in an Heap. . . . We goe aboute the House in Twos and Threes, and care not much to leave the Fireside. Last *Sunday* we had closed about the Hearth, and little *Bill* was a reading by the Fire-light how *Herodias’* Daughter danced off the Head of St. *John* the *Baptist*, when down comes an emptie Swallow’s Nest tumbling adown the Chimnie, bringing with it enow of Soot, Smoke, and Rubbish to half smother us alle; but the Dust was nothing to the Dismay thereby occasioned, and I noted one or two  
of

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of our bravest turn as pale as Death. Then, the Rats have skirmished and galloped behind the Waincoat more like a Troop of Horse than a Herd of such smaller Deer, to the infinite Annoyance of *Mother*, who could not be more firmly persuaded they were about to leave a falling House, if, like the scared Priests in the Temple of *Jerusalem*, she had heard a Voyce utter, "Let us depart  
"hence." The round upper Half of the Cob-loaf rolled off the Table this Morning; and *Rupert*, as he picked it up, gave a Kind of Shudder, and muttered somewhat about a Head rolling from the Scaffold. Worse than this was o' *Tuesday* Night. . . . 'Twas Bed-time, and yet none were liking to goe, when, o' suddain, we hearde a Screech that made every Body's Heart thrill, followed by one or  
two

two hollow Groans. *Will* snatches up the Lamp and runs forth, I close following, and alle the others at our Heels; and after looking into fundrie deserted Cup-boards and Corners, we descend the broad Stone Steps of the Cellars, half-way down which *Will*, stumbling over something he sees not, takes a flying Leap to clear himself down to the Bottom, luckily without extinguishing the Lamp. We find *Gillian* on the Steps in a Swoon; on bringing her to, she exclayms about a Ghost without a Head, wrapped in a Winding-sheet, that confronted her and then sank to the Ground as she entered the Vaults. We cast a fearfulle Look about, and descry a tall white Sack of Flour, recently overturned by the Rats, which clears up the Mystery, and procures *Gillian* a little Jeering; but we alle  
return



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return to the Hall with fluttered Spiritts. Another Time I, going up to the Nurserie in the Dark, on hearing Baby cry, am pass'd on the Stairs by I know not what, breathing heavilie. I reache forthe my Arm, but pass cleare through the spirituall Nature, whatever it is, yet distinctlie feel my Cheek and Neck fanned by its Breath. I turn very faint, and get Nurse to goe with me when I return, bearing a Light, yet think it as well to say nought to distres the rest.

But worst of alle was last Night. . . . After I had beene in Bed awhile, I minded me that deare *Will* had not returned me *Father's* Letter. I awoke him, and asked if he had broughte it up Stairs; he sleepily replied he had not, soe I hastily arose, threw on a Cloke, took a Light, and entered the Gallery; when,

when, half-way along it, between me and the pale Moonshine, I was scared to behold a slender Figure alle in white, with naked Feet and Arms extended. I stoode agaze, speechlesse, and to my Terror made out the Features of *Bess* . . . her Eyes open, but vacant; then saw *John Dancey* softly stealing after her, and signing to me with his Finger on his Lips. She passed without noting me, on to *Father's* Door, there knelt as if in Prayer, making a low sort of Wail, while *Dancey*, with Tears running down his Cheeks, whispered, "'Tis the "third Time of her thus sleep-  
"walking . . . the Token of how  
"troubled a Mind!"

We disturbed her not, dreading that a suddain Waking might bring on Madnes; soe after making Moan awhile, she kisses the senseless Door,  
rises

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rises up, moves towards her own Chamber, followed by *Dancey* and me, wrings her Hands a little, then lies down and graduallie falls into what seems a dreamlesse Sleep, we watching her in Silence till she's quiet, and then squeezing each other's Hands ere we part.

———*Will* was wide awake when I got back; he sayd, “Why, *Meg*, “how long you have beene! could you not lighte on the Letter?” . . . When I tolde him what had hindered me by the Way, he turned his Face to the Wall and wept.

*Midnight.*

The wild Wind is abroad, and, methinketh, *nothing else*. Sure, how it rages through our empty Courts! In such a Season, Men, Beasts, and Fowls cower beneath the Shelter of their rocking Walls,  
yet

yet almost fear to trust them.  
LORD, I know that thou canst give  
the Tempest double Force, but do  
not, I beseech thee! Oh! have  
Mercy on the frail Dwelling and the  
Ship at Sea.

Dear little *Bill* hath ta'en a  
feverish Attack. I watch beside  
him whilst his Nurse sleeps. Earlie  
in the Night his Mind wandered,  
and he told me of a pretty ring-  
streaked Poney, noe bigger than a  
Bee, that had golden Houfings and  
Barley-sugar Eyes; then dozed,  
but ever and anon kept starting up,  
crying, "Mammy dear!" and softlie  
murmured, "Oh!" when he saw  
I was by. At length I gave him  
my Forefinger to hold, which kept  
him ware of my Presence without  
speaking; but presentlie he stares  
hard towards the Foot of the Bed,  
and says fearfullie, "*Mother*, why  
"hangs

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“hangs yon Hatchet in the Air,  
 “with its sharp Edge turned  
 “towards us?” I rise, move the  
 Lamp, and say, “Do you see it  
 “now?” He sayth, “No, not  
 “now,” and closes his Eyes. After  
 a good Space, during the which  
 I hoped he slept, he says in quite  
 an altered Tone, most like unto  
 soft, sweet Music, “There’s a pretty  
 “little Cherub there now, alle  
 “Head and noe Body, with two  
 “little Wings aneath his Chin;  
 “but, for alle he’s soe pretty, he is  
 “just like dear *Gaffer*, and seems  
 “to know me . . . and he’ll have a  
 “Body agayn too, I believe, by  
 “and by. . . . *Mother, Mother*, tell  
 “*Hobbinol* there’s such a gentle  
 “Lamb in Heaven!” And soe, slept.

17th.

He’s gone, my pretty . . . ! slipt  
 through my Fingers like a Bird!  
 upfled

upflod to his own native Skies; and yet, whenas I think on him, I cannot choofe but weepe. . . Such a guileleffe little Lamb! . . . My Billy-bird! his Mother's owne Heart!—They are alle wondrous kind to me. . .

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How ftrange that a little Child fhoulde be permitted to fuffer foe much Payn, when of fuch is the Kingdom of Heaven! But 'tis onlie tranfient, whereas a Mother makes it permanent, by thinking it over and over agayn. One Lesson it taughte us betimes, that a naturall Death is not, neceffarilie, the moft eafie. We muft alle die. . . . As poor *Pattefon* was ufed to fay, “ The greateft King that ever was made, “ muft bed at laft with Shovel and “ Spade,” . . . and I'd fooner have my *Billy's* Baby Deathbed than King *Harry's*, or *Nan Boleyn's* either, however

27th.



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however manie Years they may yet carry Matters with a high Hand. Oh, you Ministers of Evill, whoever ye be, visible or invisible, you shall not build a Wall between my GOD and me. . . I've Something within me grows stronger and stronger, as Times grow more and more Evill; some woulde call it Resolution, but methinketh 'tis Faith.

Meantime, *Father's* Foes . . . alack that anie can shew 'emfelves such! are aiming, by fayr Seemings of friendlie Conference, to draw from him Admissions they can come at after noe other Fashion. The new *Solicitor Generall* hath gone to the Tower to deprive him of the few Books I have taken him from Time to Time. . . . Ah, Master *Rich*, you must deprive him of his Brains afore you can rob him of their Contents!



Contents! . . . and, while having 'em packt up, he falls into easie Dialogue with him, as thus, . . .

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“Why now, fure, Mr. *More*, were there an Act of Parliament made that all the Realm shoulde take me for King, you woulde take me for such with the Rest.”

“Aye, that would I, Sir,” returns *Father*.

“Forsooth, then,” pursues *Rich*, “we’ll suppose another Act that should make me the Pope. Woulde you not take me for Pope?”

“Or suppose another Case, Mr. *Rich*,” returns *Father*, “that another Act shoulde pass, that GOD shoulde not be GOD, would you say well and good?”

“No, truly,” returns the other hastily, “for no Parliament coulde make such Act lawful.”

“True, as you say,” repeats *Father*,

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*Father*, "they could not," . . . soe eluded the Net of the Fowler; but how miserable and unhandsome a Device to lay wait for him thus!

. . . . I stole forthe, ere 'twas Lighte, this damp chill Morning, to pray beside the little Grave, but found dear *Daisy* there before me. How Christians love one another!

*Will's* Lofs is as heavie as mine, yet he bears with me tenderlie. Yesternighte, he sayth to me half reproachfullie, "Am not I better "unto thee than ten Sons?"

*March*, 1535.

March,  
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Spring comes, that brings Rejuvenescence to the Land, and Joy to the Heart, but it brings none to us, for where Hope dieth, Joy dieth. But Patience, Soul; God's yet in the Aumry!

*May*

May 7.

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*Father* arraigned.

July 1.

By Reason of *Will's* minding to be present at the Triall, which, for the Concourse of Spectators, demanded his earlie Attendance, he committed the Care of me, with *Bess*, to *Dancey*, who got us Places to see *Father* on his Way from the Tower to *Westminster Hall*. We could not come at him for the Crowd, but clambered on a Bench to gaze our very Hearts away after him as he went by, fallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in Mien not a Whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen Gown, and leaning on a Staff; which unwonted Support when *Bess* markt, she hid her Eyes on my Shoulder and wept fore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her Eyes were

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were soe blinded, I think she coulde not see him. His Face was calm, but grave, as he came up, but just as he passed he caughte the Eye of some one in the Crowd, and smiled in his old, frank Way ; then glanced up towards the Windows with the bright Look he hath soe oft cast to me at my Casement, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying “ *Father,*” but he heard me not ; perchance ’twas soe best. . I woulde not have had his Face cloud at the Sichte of poor *Bessy’s* Tears.

. . . *Will* tells me the Indictment was the longest ever hearde ; on four Counts. First, his Opinion on the King’s Marriage. Second, his writing fundrie Letters to the *Bishop of Rochester*, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his Grace’s Supremacy. Fourth, his positive Deniall  
of

of it, and thereby willing to deprive the King of his Dignity and Title.

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When the reading of this was over, the *Lord Chancellor* sayth, “Ye see how grievoullie you have “offended the King his Grace, but “and yet he is soe mercifulle, as “that if ye will lay aside your “Obstinacie, and change your “Opinion, we hope ye may yet “obtain Pardon.”

*Father* makes Answer . . . and at Sounde of his deare Voyce alle Men hold their Breaths; . . . “Most “noble Lords, I have great Cause “to thank your Honours for this “your Courtesie . . . but I pray “ALMIGHTY GOD I may continue “in the Mind I’m in, through his “Grace, until Death.”

They coulde not make goode their Accufation agaynst him. ’Twas onlie on the last Count he could

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could be made out a Traitor, and Proof of 't had they none; how coulde they have? He shoulde have beene acquitted out of hand, 'steade of which, his bitter Enemy my *Lord Chancellor* called on him for his Defence. *Will* sayth there was a generall Murmur or Sigh ran through the Court. *Father*, however, answered the Bidding by beginning to expresse his Hope that the Effect of long Imprisonment mighte not have beene such upon his Mind and Body, as to impair his Power of rightlie meeting alle the Charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed Hold of his Staff, whereon he was accorded a Seat. 'Twas but a Moment's Weakness of the Body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the  
*King's*



*King's* Marriage to his Grace himself, which he was soe far from thinking High Treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it Treachery to have withholden his Opinion from his Sovereign King when solicted by him for his Counsell. His Letters to the good *Bishop* he proved to have been harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his Opinion, when askt, concerning the Supremacy, he alleged there coulde be noe Transgression in holding his Peace thereon, GOD only being cognizant of our Thoughts.

“Nay,” interposeth the *Attorney Generall*, “your Silence was the “Token of a malicious Mind.”

“I had always understoode,” answers *Father*, “that Silence stoode “for Consent. *Qui tacet, consentire “videtur;*” which made Sundrie smile.



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smile. On the last Charge, he protested he had never spoken Word against the Law unto anie Man.

The Jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the *Solicitor Generall*, offers himself as Witness for the Crown, is sworn, and gives Evidence of his Dialogue with *Father* in the Tower, falselie adding, like a Liar as he is, that on his saying “No Parliament coulde make a Law that GOD shoulde not be GOD,” *Father* had rejoyned, “No more coulde they make the King supreme Head of the Church.”

I marvell the Ground opened not at his Feet. *Father* brisklie made Answer, “If I were a Man, my Lords, who regarded not an Oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this Bar. And if the Oath which you, Mr. *Rich*, have just taken, be true, then I pray  
“ I may

“ I may never see God in the Face.  
“ In good Truth, Mr. *Rich*, I am  
“ more sorry for your Perjurie than  
“ my Perill. You and I once  
“ dwelt long together in one Parish ;  
“ your manner of Life and Con-  
“ versation from your Youth up  
“ were familiar to me, and it  
“ paineth me to tell ye were ever  
“ held very light of your Tongue,  
“ a great Dicer and Gamester, and  
“ not of anie commendable Fame  
“ either there or in the *Temple*, the  
“ Inn to which ye have belonged.  
“ Is it credible, therefore, to your  
“ Lordships, that the Secrets of my  
“ Conscience touching the Oath,  
“ which I never woulde reveal, after  
“ the Statute once made, either to the  
“ King’s Grace himself, nor to anie  
“ of you, my honourable Lords, I  
“ should have thuslightly blurted out  
“ in private Parley with Mr. *Rich*?”

In

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In short, the Villain made not goode his Poynt: ne'erthelesse, the Iffue of this black Day was afore-hand fixed; my Lord *Audley* was primed with a virulent and venomous Speech; the Jury retired, and presentlie returned with a Verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the King's Grace woulde have 'em doe in that Case.

Up starts my Lord *Audley*;—commences pronouncing Judgment, when—

“ My Lord,” says *Father*, “ in  
“ my Time, the Custom in these  
“ Cases was ever to ask the Prisoner  
“ before Sentence, whether he coulde  
“ give anie Reason why Judgment  
“ shoulde not proceed agaynst him.”

My Lord, in some Confusion, puts the Question.

And then came the frightful Sentence.

Yes,

Yes, yes, my Soul, I know ; there were Saints of old fawn afunder. Men of whom the World was not worthy.

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. . . Then he spake unto 'em his Mind ; and bade his Judges and Accusers farewell ; - hoping that like as St. *Paul* was present and consenting unto St. *Stephen's* Death, and yet both were now holy Saints in Heaven, soe he and they might speedilie meet there, joint Heirs of e'erlasting Salvation.

Meantime, poor *Bess* and *Cecilie*, spent with Grief and long waiting, were forct to be carried Home by *Heron*, or ever *Father* returned to his Prison. Was't lesf Feeling, or more Strength of Body, enabled me to bide at the Tower Wharf with *Dancey* ? God knoweth. They brought him back by Water ; my poor Sisters must have passed him.

The

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. . . The first Thing I saw was the  
Axe, *turned with its Edge towards*  
*him*—my first Note of his Sentence.  
I forct my Way through the Crowd  
. . . some one laid a cold Hand on  
mine Arm; 'twas poor *Patteson*,  
soe changed I scarce knew him,  
with a Rosary of Gooseberries he  
kept running through his Fingers.  
He sayth, “Bide your Time, Mistres  
“ *Meg* ; when he comes past, I'll  
“ make a Passage for ye ; . . . Oh,  
“ Brother, Brother ! what ailed thee  
“ to refuse the Oath ? *I've* taken it !”  
In another Moment, “ Now, Mis-  
“ tress, now !” and flinging his  
Arms right and left, made a Breach  
through which I darted, fearlesse of  
Bills and Halberds, and did cast  
mine Arms about *Father's* Neck.  
He cries, “ My *Meg* !” and hugs  
me to him as though our very Souls  
shoulde grow together. He sayth,  
“ Bles

“ Bles thee, bles thee! Enough,  
“ enough, my Child; what mean  
“ ye, to weep and break mine Heart?  
“ Remember, though I die inno-  
“ cent, ’tis not without the Will of  
“ GOD, who coulde have turned  
“ mine Enemies’ Hearts, if ’twere  
“ best; therefore possess your Soul in  
“ Patience. Kifs them alle for me,  
“ thus and thus. . .” soe gave me  
back into *Dancey’s* Arms, the Guards  
about him alle weeping; but I  
coulde not thus lose Sight of him  
for ever; soe, after a Minute’s  
Pause, did make a second Rush,  
brake away from *Dancey*, clave to  
*Father* agayn, and agayn they had  
Pitie on me, and made Pause while  
I hung upon his Neck. This Time  
there were large Drops standing on his  
dear Brow; and the big Tears were  
swelling into his Eyes. He whif-  
pered, “ *Meg*, for *Christ’s* Sake don’t  
“ unman



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“ unman me ; thou ’lt not deny my  
 “ last Request ? ” I sayd, “ Oh ! no ; ”  
 and at once loosened mine Arms.  
 “ God’s Blessing be with you,” he  
 sayth with a last Kifs. I could  
 not help crying, “ My *Father*, my  
 “ *Father !* ” “ The Chariot of  
 “ *Israel*, and the Horsemen thereof ! ”  
 he vehementlie whispers, pointing  
 upwards with soe passionate a  
 Regard, that I look up, almost ex-  
 pecting a beatific Vision ; and when  
 I turn about agayn, he’s gone, and  
 I have noe more Sense nor Life till  
 I find myself agayn in mine owne  
 Chamber, my Sisters chafing my  
 Hands.

*July 5th.*

July 5th.

Alle’s over now. they’ve done  
 their worst, and yet I live. There  
 were Women could stand aneath  
 the Crosse. The *Maccabees’* Mother  
 . . . yes,



— . . . yes, my Soul, yes ; I know  
 — Nought but unpardoned Sin.  
 . . . The Chariot of *Israel*.

1535.

Dr. *Clement* hath beene with us.  
 Sayth he went up as blythe as a  
 Bridegroom to be clothed upon  
 with Immortality.

6th.

*Rupert* stode it Alle out. Perfect  
 Love casteth out Feare. Soe did  
 his.

. . . My most precious Treasure  
 is this deare Billet, writ with a  
 Coal ; the last Thing he sett his  
 Hand to, wherein he sayth, “ I never  
 “ liked your Manner towards me  
 “ better than when you kissed me  
 “ last.”

17th.

They have let us bury his poor  
 mangled Trunk ; but, as sure as  
 there's a Sun in Heaven, I'll have  
 his

19th.

1535.

his Head!—before another Sun hath risen, too. If wise Men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a Fool.

I doe think Men, for the most Part, be Cowards in their Hearts. . . . moral Cowards. Here and there, we find one like *Father*, and like *Socrates*, and like . . . this and that one, I mind not their Names just now; but in the Main, methinketh they lack the moral Courage of Women. Maybe, I'm unjust to 'em just now, being crost.

July 20th.

. . . I lay down, but my Heart was waking. Soon after the first Cock crew, I heard a Pebble cast agaynst my Lattice, knew the Signall, rose, dressed, stole softly down and let myself out. I knew the Touch of the poor Fool's Fingers; his Teeth were chattering,  
'twixt

'twixt Cold and Fear, yet he laught  
aneath his Breath as he caught my  
Arm and dragged me after him,  
whispering, "Fool and fayr Lady  
" will cheat 'em yet." At the Stairs  
lay a Wherry with a Couple of  
Boatmen, and one of 'em stepping  
up to me, cries, "Alas for Ruth,  
" Mistrefs *Meg*, what is 't ye do?  
" Art mad to go on this Errand?"  
I sayd, "I shall be mad if I goe  
" not, and succeed too—put me in,  
" and push off."

We went down the River  
quietlie enow—at length reach  
*London Bridge Stairs*. *Patteson*,  
starting up, says, "Bide ye all as ye  
" are," and springs aland and runneth  
up to the Bridge. Anon, returns,  
and sayth, "Now, Mistrefs, alle's  
" readie . . . readier than ye wist. . .  
" come up quickly, for the Coast's  
" clear." *Hobson* (for 'twas he)  
helps

1535.

1535.

helps me forth, saying, "God  
"speed ye, Mistrefs. . . An' I dared,  
"I woulde goe with ye." . . .  
Thought I, there be others in that  
Case.

Nor lookt I up, till aneath the  
Bridge-gate, when casting upward  
a fearsome Look, I beheld the dark  
Outline of the ghastly yet precious  
Relic ; and, falling into a Tremour,  
did wring my Hands and exclaym,  
"Alas, alas, that Head hath lain  
"full manie a Time in my Lap,  
"woulde God, woulde God it lay  
"there now !" When, o' suddain,  
I saw the Pole tremble and sway  
towards me ; and stretching forth  
my Apron, I did in an Extasy of  
Gladness, Pity, and Horror, catch its  
Burthen as it fell. . . *Patteson*,  
shuddering, yet grinning, cries  
under his Breath, "Managed I not  
"well, Mistrefs? Let's speed away  
"with

“ with our Theft, for Fools and  
 “ their Treasures are soon parted ;  
 “ but I think not they’ll follow  
 “ hard after us, neither, for there  
 “ are Well-wishers to us on the  
 “ Bridge. I’ll put ye into the  
 “ Boat and then say, GOD speed ye,  
 “ Lady, with your Burthen.”

1535.

*Rixpab*, Daughter of *Aiab*, did watch her Dead from the Beginning of Harvest until the latter Rain, and suffered neither the Birds of the Air to light on them by Day, nor the wild Beasts of the Field by Night. And it was told the King, but he intermeddled not with her.

July 23rd.

*Argia* stole *Polynices*’ Body by Night and buried it, for the which, she with her Life did willingly pay Forfeit. *Antigone*, for aiding in the pious Theft, was adjudged to be

1535.

be buried alive. *Artemisia* did make herself her loved one's Shrine, by drinking his Ashes. Such is the Love of Women; many Waters cannot quench it, neither can the Floods drown it. I've heard *Bonvifi* tell of a poor *Italian* Girl, whose Brothers did slay her Lover; and in Spite of them she got his Heart, and buried it in a Pot of Basil, which she watered Day and Night with her Tears, just as I do my Coffer. *Will* has promised it shall be buried with me; layd upon my Heart; and since then, I've beene easier.

He thinks he shall write *Father's* Life, when he gets more composed, and we are settled in a new Home. We are to be cleared out o' this in alle Haste; the King grutches at our lingering over *Father's* Footsteps, and gazing on the dear familiar  
Scenes

1535.

Scenes affociate with his Image ;  
and yet, when the News of the  
bloody Deed was taken to him, as  
he fate playing at Tables with  
Queen *Anne*, he started up and  
scowled at her, saying, “ Thou  
“ art the Cause of this Man’s  
“ Death !” *Father* might well say,  
during our last precious Meeting  
in the Tower, “ ’Tis I, *Meg*, not  
“ the King, that love Women.  
“ They belie him ; he onlie loves  
“ himself.” Adding, with his own  
sweet Smile, “ Your *Gaffer* used  
“ to say that Women were a Bag  
“ of Snakes, and that the Man  
“ who put his Hand therein woulde  
“ be lucky if he founde one Eel  
“ among them alle ; but ’twas  
“ onlie in Sport, *Meg*, and he  
“ owned that I had enough Eels to  
“ my Share to make a goodly Pie,  
“ and called my House the Eel-pie  
“ House



1535.

“ House to the Day of his Death.  
 “ ’Twas our Lord *Jesus* raised  
 “ up Women, and shewed Kind-  
 “ nesse unto ’em; and they’ve kept  
 “ their Level, in the Main, ever  
 since.”

I wish *Will* may sett down everie Thing of *Father’s* saying he can remember; how precious will his Book then be to us! But I fear me, these Matters adhere not to a Man’s Memory . . . he’ll be telling of his Doings as Speaker and Chancellor, and his saying this and that in Parliament. Those are the Matters Men like to write and to read; he won’t write it after my Fashion.

I had a Misgiving of *Will’s* Wrath, that Night, ’speciallic if I failed; but he called me his brave *Judith*. Indeed I was a Woman bearing a Head, but one

one that had oft lain on my Shoulder.

My Thoughts beginne to have Connexion now ; but till last Night, I slept not. 'Twas scarce Sunfett. *Mercy* had been praying beside me, and I lay outside my Bed, inclining rather to Stupor than Sleep. O' fuddain, I have an Impression that some one is leaning over me, though I hear 'em not, nor feel their Breath. I start up, cry "*Mercy!*" but she's not there, nor anie one else. I turn on my Side and become heavie to Sleep ; but or ere I drop quite off, agayn I'm sensible or apprehensive of some living Conscioufness between my closed Eye-lids and the setting Sunlight ; agayn start up and stare about, but there's Nothing. Then I feel like . . . like *Eli*, maybe, when the Child *Samuel* came to him twice ; and Tears well into

1535.

into mine Eyes, and I clofe 'em agayn, and fay in mine Heart, " If " he's at Hand, oh, let me fee him " next Time . . . the third Time 's " lucky." But 'steade of this, I fall into quiet, balmy, dreamlesse Sleep. Since then, I've had an abiding, affuring Sense of Help, of a Hand upholding me, and smoothing and glibbing the Way before me.

We must yield to the Powers that be. At this Present, we are weak, but they are strong; they are honourable, but we are despised. They have made us a Spectacle unto the World, and, I think, Europe will ring with it; but at this present Hour, they will have us forth of our Home, though we have as yet no certayn Dwelling-Place, and must flee as scared Pigeons from their Dove-cot. No Matter ;

Matter; our Men are willing to labour, and our Women to endure: being reviled, we blefs; being persecuted, we suffer it. Onlie I marvell how anie honest Man, coming after us, will be able to eat a Mouthful of Bread with a Relish within these Walls. And, methinketh, a dishonest Man will have fundrie Frights from the *Lares* and *Lemures*. There 'll be Dearth o' black Beans in the Market.

Flow on, bright shining *Thames*. A good brave Man hath walked aforetime on your Margent, himself as bright, and usefull, and delightfome as be you, sweet River. And like you, he never murmured; like you, he upbore the weary, and gave Drink to the Thirsty, and reflected Heaven in his Face. I'll not swell your full Current with any more fruitless

1535.

fruitless Tears. There's a River, whose Streams make glad the City of our GOD. He now rests beside it. Good Christian Folks, as they hereafter pass this Spot, upborne on thy gentle Tide, will, maybe, point this Way, and say—"There dwelt Sir *Thomas More*;" but whether they doe or not, *Vox Populi* is a very inconsiderable Matter. Who would live on their Breath? They hailed *St. Paul* as *Mercury*, and then stoned him, and cast him out of the City, supposing him to be dead. Their Favourite of to-day may, for what they care, goe hang himself to-morrow in his Surcingle. Thus it must be while the World lasts; and the very Racks and Scrues wherewith they aim to overcome the nobler Spirit, onlie test and reveal its Power of Exaltation above  
the

the heaviest Gloom of Circum-  
stance.

1535.

*Interfecistis, interfecistis Hominem  
omnium Anglorum optimum.*

F I N I S.

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