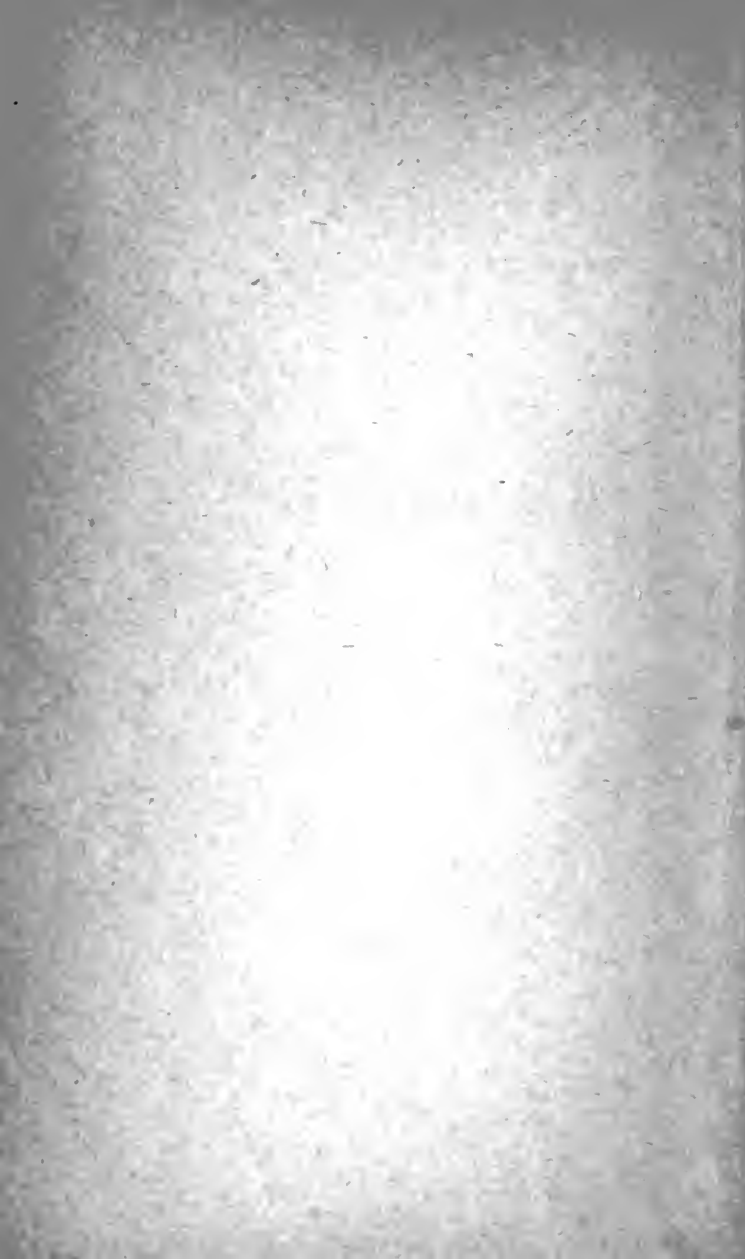


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PASSAGES IN THE LIFE
OF
THE FAIRE GOSPELLER

MISTRESS ANNE ASKEW.

Recounted by ye unworthie Pen of
Nicholas Moldwarp, B.A.,

AND NOW FIRST SET FORTH BY
THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

Rather Death than false of Faith.

NEW YORK,
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

ASSOCIATION OF VETERANS
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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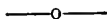


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PROLOGUE.

What the House Porter sayd.

———— Yes, Sir, the House hath a Blight on it. I remember when 'twas not so . . . that was when I was a Boy ; and before you were born, Sir. Not so very young ? well, you may be older than your favour, Sir . . . In respect of years, I suppose I might be your Grandfather, Sir.

Maybe ye come down to these parts for fowling ? Marry, we have decoys of teal, widgeon, and others of the duck kind . . . Greebes, goodwits, whimbrels, coots, ruffs an' reeves find plenty of food in our fishy pools and streams. This county is a great resort of the feathered kind. Stares roost on the reeds in winter, breaking 'em down by their weight. *Not* a fowler, Sir ?

. . . Stratford on Avon, Sir ? No, I've

never been there. I was born and bred on this land, Sir,—that's why I hang by it stili. It has a bad name, folks speak ill of it, and I'm sure I've reason to think ill of it; but 'tis familiar to me, you see. Well, it *is* low and fenny.

Ghosts, Sir? No! . . . I ne'er heed what they say of 'em. There's none, Sir!—or there would be, here. Dismal Noises there are, full sure, sighings of the Wind, and so forth—scurrying of Rats behind the Pannels,—creaks of rustie Casements,—old Furniture stretching itself and yawning. Nothing worse.

If I thought *she* walked, I'd watch the livelong Night for her, I warrant ye! But no, she's quiet where she is. There be others, might well be unquiet in their graves, but they would not haunt this place, Sir. Still, I deny not there be stories about . . .

Now we come to Mistress Anne's picture. That's her.—Yes, it's like. 'Equal' to that, Sir? Bless you!

This was done by an Italian. Her picture was painted in London, some time after, but I doubt if by as good a hand. The other is called 'the motto picture.' This wants no

motto. I've seen her look just so; her lips a little apart, ready to speak. That bad man called her a parrot. 'Parrot' quotha!

What did he mean by it? Well, Sir, he meant to silence her; put her down. She had too sharp a wit for him: not sharp i' th' wrong sense, ye wot. Certes, when they browbeat her, she answered 'em agayn. A worm will turn, Sir. Yes, Sir, just as you say: much enforced, she would show a hasty spark. Gone the next moment, Sir!

—If you look well at that picture, you'll note there's not a single hard line in it. Master Moldwarp observed it to me first. He sayd there are no hard lines in nature, and this picture is next to nature itself. Going—you see—before its time—the paint caking off—covered with a network of small cracks, though painted in my time. Stand a little back, Sir—you'll not see them. There are very deep, soft shadowings about the eyes—you can hardly tell whether the eyes are grey or brown; no more you could of hers—they looked like three-piled velvet, till they lighted up, and then—flash! 'The hasty spark,' Sir!

The tincture of her skin reminds you of a pearl and a peach? Well, Sir, you say true.

That little bit of hair beneath the coif, dark in the shade, golden in the sun, is well done, it seems to me, Sir? She was small and compactly made, not under-sized, but of middle height—her little bones were firmly knit, Sir! But oh, the spirit of endurance—

We'll pass on, an' it please you. This small closet was her cousin Britain's bed-chamber. Darksome and somewhat straitened, but he liked it because it opened into the Book-room. He was hugely given to study, was Master Britain. There's the old press he kept his clothes in.

This is the Book-room, Sir. Disappointed in it? May I make bold to ask what you expected? Belike there be bigger book-rooms at your Universities; but for a country gentleman—well, I thought it had been something beyond common. Master Britain's hand was familiar with those heavy volumes, Sir; but they are spoiling for want of care—the damp mildews them in winter, and the sun rots them in summer, streaming in on them through that south window with ne'er a blind.

Mistress Anne used to be here a good deal; poring over the books with her cousin. She

had a turn for study, Sir; it was born in her. Perhaps it had been better had she ne'er learnt to read. Nobody comes here now, but Master Nicholas Moldwarp. Who is he, do you say, Sir? A reverend and clerkly gentleman, though of humble descent, Sir. His father was house-steward to Sir William. Little Nick, as he was used to be called, took hugely to his book, and it came to Sir William's knowledge, and he favoured him and let him learn of his chaplain, and he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge.

At eighteen years of age, Sir, he was made bachelor of arts. That showed good scholarship, I suppose? I remember we all thought much of it. He was elated a little, I think, by what was thought of him here at home, and he gave out that he was pretty sure to get a Fellowship. But difficulties arose, Sir: he had become tinctured with the new opinions. Some evil in his throat, like as of the core of an apple in his wind-pipe, came on whenc'er he essayed to read aloud or speak for a continuance; and this growing worse and hindering his advancement, Sir William made him keeper of the Book-room, and sent him abroad with Master Francis.

Yes, he lives still, Sir. Sir Francis is dead; but Master Moldwarp, though his senior, is not. His blameless course, Sir, has conduced to long living; but he has had his forrows. He is now very withered, very fhaky . . . trembling like the last November leaf on the bough; but his mind as clear as ever, Sir; and he still hangs about the old place.

He hath a pension of Ten Pounds by the year. That was granted to him for dedicating a Book to the King's Majesty, which he went up and presented to him at Greenwich. It took him a deal of pains to write, and was sayd to be above common, Sir. What was the subject? Well, Sir, The Adornment of Gardens.

A trivial subject, ye may think, and unlikely for a great Scholar to write upon; but I've heard him say there's no Subject so Bald and unpromising but a Genius may ingrayn and overlay it with choice Conceits and Classicalities. Maybe King Henry would have affected it more, had it been touching Polemics, but that would not have been such safe ground; for I've heard the King was apt to change his own Mind, so that what he

prayed to-day, he might punish to-morrow . . . Gardening was safe ground, Sir.

Ye should have seen the presentation copy, done on vellum, with fine bordures of gold and divers colours—the gold-leaf layd on quite in plates, like as the old Monks used to do. Master Moldwarp had a gift that way, which he improved abroad.

When Queen Mary came to the Throne, he lost his Pension, and had to shift for his living an' keep close to save his Life. We all loved him so well that he harboured safely among us, and he mostly tables with me still. But, by the bounty of our gracious Queen, his Pension hath been restored. Happy the Land that hath a Godly Queen.

Sir, it is pouring of Rain—your goodly Apparel will be drenched, if ye essay to go forth ere the Storm hath spent itself. An' you will condescend, Sir, to accompany me to the Steward's Room, which is nearly the only inhabited corner of the House, you shall have, not a Manchet, but a good Barley Loaf; and three Mutton-bones boiled; and shall see and converse with Master Moldwarp, an' it like you.



Good Will! fweet Will! hadft thou been in my place, thou wouldft have made precious Merchandize of this old Maunderer; and, couldft thou have feen the Deferted old Manor Houfe, all mouldering and decaying bit by bit, and the Pleafance fo rankly o'er-grown, and the defaced Picture of that fair Creature—fcarce fixteen at the time—and the old tattered green Bed ſhe ſlept in, and the old Book-room ſhe haunted—I know full well thou wouldft have become fo poſſeſſed of her preſence, as that, having brooded on it awhile, firſt on the ſpot, and then in thy Bank-fide Lodging, thou wouldft have called her into Life agayn, in one of thoſe marvelouſe Creations of thine which thou art e'en now deviſing.

Now, forasmuch as I am at this preſent ſhut into mine ill Lodging by ſettled Rain, I find time to jot down all was ſayd to me by this grey-haired blue-coated old Serving-man, who was not ill-pleaſed to get a Companion and Auditor; and meſeems, in thus doing, I may be ſupplying *you*, moſt gifted Will, with

Notes pour Servyr. Read them to the end, then, and cast them not incontinently into the Wood-fire that burns on Thy Hearth e'en in open-casement season, chiefly for the purpose, I suspect, of burning waste paper.

This old Servitor is very deaf, as well as well stricken in years. You will perceive he repeated almost everything I sayd to him ; to make sure, as 'twere, of not misapprehending me. Thus I have sent you not a Dialogue, but Monologue.

Agayn, his speech was hardlie that of a mere House Porter ; and I take it to be for this reason—that he meffes dailie with a good Scholar whose converse imparts a kind of intelligence to his owne. Tell me your Companions, and so forthe—the Proverb is something stale. By commerce with a superior Mind, the inferior acquires something, however little, tincture from it. *Par exemple*, I may and must have been somewhat sharpened at thy whetstone, gentle Will—albeit I am to thee as Cloth of Frieze to Cloth of Gold.

The old Man took me through fundrie damp stone passages ; and whenever a door shut to behind him, 'twas with a ghostly

clang that echoed through the empty House. Sometimes, when he fumbled at a rusty lock, it seemed me some conscious Presence breathed a cold Breath on my Cheek or the nape of my Neck. Now and then, in dark corners, I thought I heard a Sigh.

At length we reached the House Steward's Room, where, though there was little beside an old oaken Table, Bench, and Stool, a decaying fire, green platters, and a black jack—there was more an air of human, living comfort than in any other apartment of that forlorn house. Dozing or musing over that handful of red embers, with his pale, bony hands on his knees, sat a lean old man who might have been your Holofernes, returning blink for blink with an old grey Cat.

He, looking leisurely round, as if assured of only seeing his old chum, opened his eyes wide at my unexpected apparition, and greeted me with a wistful stare. To him I said mine usher how that I was a noble and worthy gentleman who, for regard to *the* Family (as though there had been but one in the world) had sought out that removed place, for no other earthly reason than to look at the old walls, and the portraiture of Mis-

tr^efs Anne: and that a squall of wind and rain having befallen, he had bidden me to his poor table to break my fast however meanly.

Sayd Master Holofernes—Master Moldwarp, I mean—with a dignity that became him, “Sir, you are welcome. Jasper and I commonly partake our meal head to head, as the Frenchman says—The advent of a third party is almost unexampled, and by no means unwelcome. I would we could shew him better entertainment.”

I protested against the need or the wish. With a mute gesture of the hand he waved the subject out of sight, and thereupon we drew round the old board with ne’er a cloth on’t, and pulled at the barley loaf and black jack in right good fellowship. Nor was formal grace forgotten: and when the old student quenched his drought, he toasted “To better times;” and fetched a sigh.

Why seek for better? quod I. Sure the times are mended since you were a schoolboy.

You may say so, you may say so, quod he, shaking his old poll, that had a trick o’ trembling already. Why, Sir, I can remember the worst times this land ever knew—times that your nurse may have scared you with stories

of—days when the godly of this realm had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprifonment—were tempted, were tried, were flain with the sword, were burned with fire. You have heard of it with the hearing of the ear, but mine eyes have feen it.

(Confirmed by Jasper with fomewhat between a grunt and a grone.)

Something I have heard of this, replied I, with affumed lightnefs, but what the eye does not fee, the heart does not rue.

Probatum est, rejoined the old man, and feemed shutting his memories up, which was not what I wanted.

If you have any exemplars to quote, fayd I, bending towards him, and fpeaking loudly and diftinctly, all I can fay is that any recollections you can unfold and will condefcend to impart, will find an apprehenfive auditor.

Sir, I am not deaf, fayd he, fomewhat quickly. Indeed my age is great, but my hearing is not dulled, nor my mental force abated. I think I may fay fo, Jasper? (Two nods from Jasper.) My hand, indeed, doth vibrate a little, which makes my penmanship falter fomewhat; but yet I write, Sir. Yes, I write a little fill!

I am not ignorant, sayd I, of your pretensions as an author. (A good touch that, Will!)

The bait took. No? sayd he, with a curious, pleased smile fleeting over his wizen face. May I be so bold as to inquire what work of mine you have perused?

Have you ever surpased that which you dedicated to the King?

Well—no—quod he, doubtfully. I conceited you referred to that—'Tis the only thing of mine that will live—A few brochures that made a noise, Sir, at the time, have all dropt out of sight.

Sic transit gloria mundi, sayd I appropriately; which was well received.

All this while the sky had been getting darker and darker, the atmosphere stifling; and at this moment a vivid Lightning flash passing right between us, made us start from our seats, and was followed the next instant by a deafening crash of thunder. It made us wink, I might say wince; for a minute we were all dead silent, and then Master Moldwarp began, rather under his breath, to recite the Twenty-ninth Psalm—*Vox Domini super aquas, Deus majestatis intonuit: Dominus*

super aquas multas. Vox Domini in virtute : vox Domini in magnificentia, etc.

When he got to *confringentis cedros* he made a solemne pause ; looking at Jasper with meaning. And Jasper told me there had indeed been a mighty Cedar overshadowing that unfortunate House, that was shivered to splinters by a lightning flash, the very day and hour that Mistrefs Anne suffered.

Methinks everything brings us round agayn to Mistrefs Anne, sayd I.

Belike, belike, the old man sayd softly. Oh, Sir, the time cannot now be far off when I shall enter the same Prefence where she is, whether by rough or smooth path.

I folicited him with much endeavour to tell me all he knew or could remember of her, from which at first he held back. At length on my vaunting fomewhat the endowments and acquirements of an illustrious, gifted Friend of mine, (thyself, Will,) to whose wit mine own was but as the Scabbard to the Sword, and who now held a prominent place, though infinitely below that he merited, in the world's esteem, and that he coveted and would prize any particulars I could give him (excuse that flourish), his curiosity became awakened,

and he questioned me shrewdly respecting the course your genius had chosen. When I mentioned the Stage, it was plain to see you lost some elevation in his opinion.

The sock and buskin, quod he, have been held in respect from the days of Thespis his cart, by reason of great poets such as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides making their dramas the vehicles of great and profound truths. Yet we know too well that the excessive love of the Greeks and Romans for their Theatres, and finally their Amphitheatres, demoralized and debased them more than anything else. Wherefore, Sir, I hold it a thing to be regretted, that in these more instructed times, wherein the pure Gospel light shineth, our court and city are alike given to the patronage and encouragement of these foolish, licentious toys. . . . Peradventure I am addressing a dramatist. . . . ?

(I disclaimed the honour.)

Or a player . . . ?

(I denied the imputation.)

Nay then, I offend you not, young Sir, in declaiming against one of the greatest temptations to waste time in the metropolis, where the language is often impure and profane,

the dress immodest, the examples ensnaring, the views of human life and character unnatural, the morality highly dangerous, the company pernicious.

I asked whether he had lately visited the capital.

Not for twenty years and more, he replied.

Then I assured him things were not as bad there as he imagined; and it may be I coloured the picture a little too brightly. He observed with simplicity, that he was glad things had changed so much for the better. The old Mysteries and Moralities had been mysteries of immorality and profanity, compelling the word of God to supply matter for buffoons. He should deem the glorious and blessed Reformation near perfection when comedies, masques, and interludes were banished altogether. Now we had become men, we should put aside childish things.

I observed, You include not tragedies. . . .

Ah, said he, with a dolorous sigh, we find tragedies in real life beyond any that were writ by the old Greeks.

I pressed him more closely; and at length out there came such a tale of woe and sorrow as for piteousness exceeded that fabrication of

thine, Will, that beguiled the time as we footed it up to London, trusting, like Dick Whittington, to find its streets paved with gold.

In fine, he robbed me of some tears ; and old Jasper too, waking up from a doze, and taking up the story he knew by heart already, where he found us at it, was fain to brush his hand now and then across his eyes : adding here and there some correlative circumstance.

I made a minute or two of times and places ; observing which, Master Moldwarp said 'twas pity my tablets were so small, and half-filled already.

Then I asked him whether he of his courtesy might not be prevailed on to vacate a certain portion of his leisure (his life is nothing else) to the perpetuating with his masterly pen the fragment of family history he had been relating to me. He smiled a little at the word masterly ; said his writing days were past . . . time had been when, an' if he would . . . but he was in the scar and yellow leaf now . . . perhaps, if he addressed himself to it at some propitious season he might jot down a thing or two, might profit

me and my gifted friend, in the way of Christian warning and example.

I somewhat eagerly rejoined, that if he would furnish the fable, we would fit the moral ourfelves.

Fables I am too old for, fayd he gravely, and fo, I think, are you. But an' if an old man's broken record of some events that will never die out of his mind while memory lafts, can afford you a little pleafure, I may well effay to fupply them, for the fake of the pleafant hour we have had together.

I thanked him warmly and took him at his word. Then, after some little arrangement how the manuſcript ſhould be ſent me, we parted like the beſt of friends.

Jafper remarked that the rain had now ceaſed ; and indeed, as I picked my way down the foaked Avenue, where the old track was ſcarce diſcernable for weeds, I obſerved with delight that e'en the minuteſt leaf, bud, and blade of grafs, ſparkled in the ſun as if beſet with diamonds.

Returned to the poor Inn where I ſup, I have cheated the elſe heavy time during a recurrence of the ſummer ſtorm, by ſetting down theſe particulars as a fort of prologue

to the old-world narrative I hope soon to send you. Till then, I lay aside these leaves and release my thoughts from the Deserted House.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

OLD FRIEND,

Years have passed by since I penned these nearly forgotten pages. The old man seemed to have failed of his promise; but I did him injustice, for his manuscript hath just come to hand, after many delays and mischances by the way. With regard to it, I may say, He, being dead, yet speaketh. It is even so; Master Moldwarp, after attaining extreme old age, hath gone to his rest. His works will follow him: his good deeds to testify in his favour; his writings will resolve 'emselves to dust like his poor body. What need to covet this world's immortality, when the other and better imperishable life is in question? You yourself seem to feel something of this, judging by the neglect to which you have consigned your admired

works, without giving them even a revise. This, I think, you owe the World, that will not consent to let them die. Howbeit, if you will not hear Master Jonson on this head, you are not likely to hear me.

The old man's tale is different from what I had expected—I doubt your making any use of it: yet, sunning yourself in the pleached alleys of New Place, or seated within your parlour lattice, with pippins and carraways on the table, it may beguile the half-hour after dinner, when you happen to be free from the importunity of a guest.





NOTES POUR SERVYR

SET DOWN BY Ye UNWORTHIE PEN OF
NICHOLAS MOLDWARP, B.A.

SECTION I.

How we lost our loved Lady.



N olde Mafes Priest, hight Sir Maurice, a man much beloved and of most sweet conditions, was chaplain and confessor to the right worshipful and my singular good Master, Sir William Askew of Stallingboro', Lincolnshire, Knight. Thinking he perceived in me good Promise,—for, though but House Steward's son, a love of Letters had been born in me—he induced the noble Knight first to put me to School, and then to send me to Cambridge.

As a mere Boy, I had lived at our Farm, but was continuallie at the Hall for something or other, and on pleasant footing with the

young Folk. There were Master Francis, Master Edward, Master Roger, Mistrefs Patty, Mistrefs Anne, and, Mistrefs Joan. Sir William liked to have me about Master Francis (several years my junior), in the hope I might make him more bookish: and oft-times we went a fishing together. This reminds me of a little Trait that amused me at the time, and was brought stronglie back to me long afterwards.

I was bird-nesting one side a Hedge, on the other side of which Master Francis and little Mistrefs Anne were in the Home-clofe, gathering Crowfoot and Trefoil for their Pet Lamb. Kine were feeding in the Meadow, and presentlie Mistrefs Anne sayth:

“Frank, the big Bull’s looking at us.”

“Never mind,” quod he careleslie, “keep your eye on him, and he won’t run at you.”

But, anon, looking up himself, and seeing the Bull draw near, he o’ sudden took Panic and fled for his Life, and vaulted over the stile, leaving the brave little Mayd facing the Bull as he had bidden her. I made no moe ado, but cleared the stile the next moment, and caught her out of danger. When I asked her “Were ye not scared?” she made

answer, "A little, but Frank told me there was no Peril if I faced it." When I asked Master Francis how his practice came to be so diverse from his precept, he looked confused, but did not say.

I was fifteen yeares old when I entered St. John's College, Cambridge. The university roll was at that time full of great Names. My tutor was Hugh Fitzherbert, Fellow of St. John's, who, with his sworn friend Pember, despised not my youth, but incited me to press forward in the Race that was set before me. .

By applying to my Studies with all Diligence, I took my Bachelor's Degree at the age of Eighteen, which was accounted early. I had good hope of a Fellowship before Twenty. But a Squinancy in my Throat left such a weakness behind it as prevented all hope, for the time being, of my Lecturing or speaking in Publique ; and this disappointment, together with some Discouragement from Doctor Medcalfe, who held me too much led away by what was termed "the new learning," and therefore warned all the Fellows not to be so bold as to give me their Voyce in the Election—so affected my Health

and distempered my Spirits, as that I was forced to return home to be nursed, having been absent from it three years. And thereafter, Sir William made me keeper of his Book-room.

'Tis pity, o' my Life, when narrow Means mate wide Aspirings. Sir William's Means were not narrow, for a Countrie Gentleman dwelling on his own Estate; but acquaintance with a too luxurious Court had greatly straitened him. He had attended King Henry the Eighth to the Field of Cloth of Gold, with as faire an equipage and retinue as any Knight in Lincolnshire could have boasted. But he paid dear for his short Glorie. I need not remind ye that the nobilitie and gentry of England and France vyed with each other on that Occasion in lavish Expence. Many of 'em involved themselves in great Debts, and were not able by the Penury of all their after Lives, to repair the cost of that vaine Splendour of so shorte Duracion.

Sir, it was thus with Sir William. When he returned to Stallingboro', all the county Gentry flocked about him to heare how and about it, and there was much Feasting, much Entertayning, much Carousing, and much

Jefting that was not convenient. All the while, Sir William had a Thorn in his heart that he masked under a fmiling face; and when the Round was run, and we fettled into our Places agayn, he took a ftrict account of his Houfehold and Eftate, to fee how he could retrench, and his Retinue was diminished, and timber was cut down, and land was fold, and the tables were mulcted of certayn Meates, and Scambling-days came not onlie in Lent, and oftener than on Mondays and Saturdays. I ufed full oft to fee the Chequirroills, and I remember the Servants were to have no Board Wages in thofe Days, they went about their own Bufineffe, and Chickens were onlie to be ferved at Sir William's Mefs, and Woodcocks to be bought at a Penny a-piece at the moft, and Sea Pies at principall Feafts and no other, and the fame with Herons and Cranes, and Pygges not to coft more than *ivd.* or *vd.* That was the old Rule; and if the Caterer raifed the Prices of his Stuff otherwife than he was wont to do, he was to be reafoned with upon it. But now, fmall Birdes were not to come to table at all, fave fuch as we fnares ourfelves, and no white Salt was to be ufed, fave

for Sir William's Mefs, and no Lambs be bought, when dear, e'en for the firft Mefs, nor yet Stockfish we wanted not, for its cheapnefs; all Beer to be brewed in the Houfe, all Bread made in the Bakehoufe, all Vinaigre made of ye broken Wines; and Leathern not Earthen Jacks used by the Men for drinking. In fine, I think Sir William would ha' been glad, had we been created without mouths, like the *Aftomi*, that People of whom Pliny fpeaks: not but what I hold that ftory to be Fable or Fancy, derived, maybe, from their covering the lower part of their Faces.

Now, all this skimping proceeded from an honeft, honourable defire in Sir William, to pay his Debts and recover his Independence, wherefore we did not mind it much, at leaft I did not, though it hurt me for my Father to be fo hauled over the Coals as he often was.

This was the ftate of Houfekeeping ftill carrying on when I became one of the Houfehold; but we were all mighty happy in our feverall fashions; for in truth, Ill-humours could fcarce abide where my Lady was, fo fweet and gracioufe was her nature. But I

noted a Pensiveness on her dear face it had ne'er worn before, which I now think arose from a Prescience of her Fate. She was very kind to me; would prescribe Honey and Borax for my Throat, and divers Syrops and Emollients. Some travelled Personage had told her of the wondrous fair Gardens in Italy; and one of her Delices was to work out her pretty fantasies on the old Pleasance, wherein I oft assisted her with my Mathematiques in laying out Geometrical Figures. Sometimes she would say, "If I had your ready Pen, Nicholas, I would work it out on Paper."

Sir William had loved to humour her hitherto, and had gone to much expence for Lapidary-work; but now, when she wished for a Fountain, he sayd, "In a word, my Love, it may not be afforded." She uttered not a word of Disappointment, but quietlie counter-ordered some adornments she had intended for her Grotto; and I believe she bought not so much as a kerchief or quoffure from that moment, but made those she had by her, serve.

In a little while, she was snatched from us; leaving in her place a little, wawling Infant.

The blow fell on us like a Thunder-clap: the cheerfull Mansion became a Funerall Maufoleum. The Chamber she had died in was shuttered and locked up: that which Sir William adopted in its stead was the dismal left in the House. In place of Mirrours and pleasant Pictures, it had a Skull and Croff-bones, a Relic or two, and a Spanish painting of the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence. In this Chamber Sir William long time immured himself, macerating his body with long fasting, breaking his rest with untimeous vigils, so that he became more like a Spectre than a Man.

All this partook of a humorous Mellancholie which the good Chaplain Sir Maurice called most unwholesome. The House was so dilled by it, that Master Francis, now fifteen, was the less loath to go to Cambridge, albeit with little turn for study. His younger brothers were left pretty much to their own devices, with the Gamekeepers or in the Stables; the little Ladies were secluded out of sight in the Nursery; which we greatly deplored, because their pretty voices, though like to pierce the Father's Heart at first, would have fed a sweet Humanity, and soon have proven his greatest Solace.

After some weeks, however, Sir William took order for a better disposition of his Household. Mistress Patty was fetched away by one of her Aunts, who thenceforth brought her up: and Sir William's bewidowed Sister, Mistress Britain, came to rule over his house, bringing her onlie Son, Master Edmund, to take the run of the house with his Cousins.

And now, little pattering feet would agayne find their way into the Book-room, and when Sir William went forth to ride, his absence might be known by the shrieks of Laughter at being tickled and chafed about, that rang through the House. I was studying hard at that time, mastering fundrie living Languages, but oft-times I set my Books aside to sport with the Children and tell them stories; while Mistress Britain was busy in the Store-room or Stille-room, or overseeing the Kitchen from the little, latticed Gallery.

Shortlie these Joculations were held to have passed bounds. Sir William summoned me to him one day, and thus bespake me:—

“Nicholas, there is a way in which thou mayst make thyself a little less unprofitable to me. The children are growing misorderly, they are old enough now to apply to regular

taskes. See to it, therefore, that they henceforth come to thee for tutoring. Even Mistrefs Anne is equal to her Letters."

'Twas fourly spoken; but never was office more readilie accepted. I sayd—

"Sir William, to perform your behest will be the greatest of pleasure to me," and bowed lowlie before him.

"See ye spoil them not," sayd he sternly. "You must have a little rod."

"Very well, Sir," sayd I, knowing that an' I had sayd I trusted there would be no neede, he would have supplied one himself, and a thicke one.

"I was not half whipt myself," added he, as I turned to go. "Had I been better corrected, as a boy, I had been a better man."

"We all need correction sometimes, Sir," sayd I mildlie:—on my life, only to say something insteade of nothing.

"O indeed! and pray, what correction do I want?"

I floode abasht, and sayd, "Indeed, Sir William, I know not."

"I should think so," sayd he shortly. Then, as I quickened my pace toward the Door, he called me back, and sayd feverely—

“You do not mean to imply, I suppose, that my great and dreadful Bereavement was sent as a Correction?”

“No more, Sir,” answered I deprecatingly, “than the Tower that fell on the Galileans.”

“Good fo . . . onlie, whenever people harbour ill of me in their Thoughts, I had much rather they spake it out.”

“Good Sir William . . . mine honoured Patron,” cried I, “what call could I, your most unworthie Servant, possibly have to harbour evill Thoughts of one who has onlie accumulated Kindnesses on me? I should be of all Men the most ungratefull!”

“Weil, I think you would,” sayd he, softening. “There, go now . . . I’ve no more to say Get you gone. And mind! don’t forget the rod!”

I suppose this was reiterated lest I should go away too happy. O how distempered was the poor Knight’s mind! how changed from what it was aforetime. I found little Mistress Anne in the Book-room, playing with her Dolls; which she would fain make me kiss. Then she got upon my knee, and laid her fatin-soft cheek next mine.

“The idea,” thought I, as I caressed her

with delight, "of scoring this soft skin with stripes!" And I recalled the Scriptural expression, "his skin came agayn unto him, *like the skin of a little child.*" And agayn, Ifay sayth "the Calf, and the young Lion, and the Fatling together, *and a little child shall lead them.*" And agayn what sayd our Saviour? "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

I was a young Man then, I am an old Man now; but I hold still, as I ever did, that young children are better allured to Learning by Love than Beating. Obedience there must be; that's the foundation-stone of all; but that may be obtained by a wife Love.

Thus, I aimed to draw rather than drive my young charges to their taskes; and did so with faire success. The young Gentlemen, indeede, were somewhat obstreperous; but the promise of a Story, or to help them catch a Trout, or bend their Bow, or make a Ball for 'em, strengthened my hold on them mightily. The Rod, indeed, was made, though never used; at least by me. It hung on the wall like a Kite on a Barn-door, till one unluckie day, when Mistrefs Anne

committed some childish Misdemeanour. I believe she would not be washed. Sir William, chancing to heare the Nurse's angry toue, would know what it meant. She most unwisely, made the worst of it; whereon he, without a word of reasoning or command (the child would have minded him, rily on't) and without deferring the matter to Mistress Britain, whose province it properly was, strides, black as night, to the Book-room, takes down the dusty rod, and in a little while I heard a shrilly wail. Ah, it smote my heart! Master Britain, who was construing to me, stopped short. When Sir William went out, I sayd to the lad, "Go and comfort her." He brought her in, all bedabbled with tears.

Children's woes are soon comforted . . . presently they were at play in the garden. Sir William thought he had done well. Perhaps he had—Eli was a good old Priest, but he kept not his sons in the right path. But see here—It had been better the Rod had never been made. For when we've made a thing, our fingers itch to use it. **We** think it no good hanging by the Wall.



SECTION II.

How we came by our new Lady.

AFTER this, Mistrifs Anne was duteous, obedient, forgiving, and loving; but she had a dread of her Father she knew not before. Sometimes, though rarelie, he would carefs her, and she would sweetly return his carefs; but not as she would fly up to me, even till a big girl of seven or eight; hugging and kissing me till I was fain to bid her desist. She obeyed; but with a droll look; making as though she were going to kifs me, and then turning off. For she could be very droll and waggish, could Mistrifs Anne.

As for Mistrifs Patty, she was getting her education in the household of an honourable Lady much at court, who had fundrie young Gentlewomen in her Household, and a Mother of the Maids to have the oversight of them. Mewed up they were, the most of their time, at their tapestry and other

work; and full glad, for Diversion, to get their lessons in Musique and Dancing; but it was held a speciall privilege for them to get the training, with chance of Husbands or Court Preferment afterwards. How such training and such preferment sometimes answered, Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Katherine Howard perhaps might tell.

What better could be done, Sir? Now my Lady was gone, there was a poor look-out for the daughters at home: for Mistresses Britain, great in a Sick-room or Still-room or Wardrobe, had never trained young Gentlewomen. As for the young Gentlemen, when their time came, they learnt for to ride comely, run fair at the ring, shoot with bow and with gun, and play at all weapons; vault their own height, race, wrestle, swim; hawk, hunt, play at tennis and bowls; of the respective proper Teachers; all of which took them for the most part of their time, ye will see, out of my sight; or when they came in to construe a little, they would be out of breath and in a heat, and smelling of the Stable; and I grieve to say they learned stable talk and stable oaths more deftly than Latin and Greek. Master Edmund Britain,

indeed, was steady to his Book, for he had his way to make in the world and knew it. He was a pleasant, composed, conscientious Lad, whose good points were not fully estimated by his cousins.

Every year I visited Cambridge, to improve my parts, keep up old friendships and borrow books. Often I was pressed to remain there and study for a fellowship, but the desire had ceased within me; I loved my Book-room best. To me, in return, came now and then some fellow-student, dusty and foot-fore, whom, as Sir William disliked not the reputation of a small Mecænas, I was privileged to entertayn; and thus, through the loophole of retirement I got insight into what was passing in the world; wherein Doctor Martin Luther was beginning to make a stir.

In my learn'd and peacefull seclusion I also had leisure to carry on lengthened correspondences with college friends on the subjects then stirring men's minds; and because of my acquirement of the German tongue (which was more by the Eye than the Ear, wherefore I could read it better than speak it), from time to time a friend would send me

a German treatise to translate; the which sometimes brought money into my purse, though I mainly did it for love.

These works were in some instances, those of Martin Luther, which I naturally perused with that fond attention, which truth, accompanied by novelty, usually commands. How fresh and forcible they were, Sir! though on what ye may please to term such hacknied subjects. But Truth Divine can ne'er grow old; and here were what we had been accustomed to count for truths, and let pass as such, proven to be no truths at all, when set face to face with Scripture. The sophistry of the Schools thus began to be less esteemed, and Scripture itself, like a mighty Rock and unshakeable, to become more and more revealed as the tide of those idle waves receded from it that had vainly threatened to swallow it up.

Many ingenious persons were now diligently bringing all things to the test of the Bible, to ascertain whether they really had warrant therein; and these students were known in the universities by the cognomen of *Scripturists*, whereof Thomas Cranmer was one.

He, then a young husband, and the son of a country gentleman in Nottinghamshire, had given more evidence at first of eminence in manly sports than in polemics. For no man could better manage a pack of hounds, or use the cross-bow or long-bow with better aim. His father dying early, his mother sent him at fourteen to Cambridge, where he may be sayd to have wasted ten years in puerilities.

But after the death of his young wife, with whom he had onlie enjoyed one year's married happiness, he, being of better mood than Sir William Askew, did betake himself to profitable study, instead of to ascetic mortifications. Whereby it came that he benefited both himself and others; for he became a popular Lecturer at Magdalen College, and his lectures being chiefly directed against the superstitions of the Romish Church, caused more and more light to pierce through the long-established darkness.

I need not trace here, Sir, how he proceeded, step by step, refusing any student to proceed to his degree who did not prove conversant with the Scriptures. Many of 'em afterwards acknowledged their obligations to his care. Nor need I rehearse how he came

into court-notice by a so-called chance accident, King Henry happening to pass a night at Waltham, and some of his retinue happening to lodge in the house where Cranmer was visiting. At supper, ye will recollect, the much vext question rose, Is it lawful to marry a brother's widow? Cranmer's thought on the subject, of collecting the opinions of all the universities in Europe, appeared to his companions so plausible, that they reported it to the King, who desired to have speech of him. And thenceforth, as ye wit, he rose step by step, till he attained the highest eminence in the Church of this realm, to be degraded therefrom and receive the fiery crown of martyrdom.

When, in consequence of Cranmer's introduction to the King, he was sent to Italy as one of the three commissioners, ye may conceit how men's eyes were fixed on him.

Moreover, Wolfey's commanding all men to yield up their copies of the books of "that pestilent heretic, Martin Luther," under pain of being punished as heretics, only increased the desire of people to read them. Well I wot I myself was oft-times in jeopardy for harbouring these very works, which yet were

sent to me for traduction by notable pious scholars at Cambridge.

And before this, many unhappy persons had been brought before Wareham in the Bishops' Courts; some of them for declaring the Eucharist to be nothing but material bread, some for maintaining that fundry of the seven Sacraments were neither necessary nor profitable, other some that Pilgrimages ought not to be performed, that Images ought not to be worshipped, that Prayer ought not to be addressed to the Saints. Truly, they were knocking away the very ground from under us! What did they give us in its place? A stedfast Rock, even Christ.

When I mooted any of these subjects with Sir Maurice, he would placidly observe that "The Church was an anvil that had broken many hammers." But I trow that similitude originated with the other party.

When I told him of an Observantine Friar, of singular piety, who admitted he had tried the most rigid rules of mortification, and yet altogether failed of obtaining peace and assurance—

"As for assurance," quod the old Chaplain with a smile, "if you are on the road, say to

Lincoln, and don't know it, ye are on the road to Lincoln nothingtheles. As for Peace—son, son! it depends upon temperament! Go, write your book, and adorn its margins with goodly devices, emblazoned with divers colours! Credit me, ye shall get peace.”

And so away, with his sweet look and laugh; but he did not that way satisfy me.

One day he came in with a look of smiling complacence, and sayd,

“I have that to unfold which will surprise thee.”

“What is it, Father?” sayd I, expecting some public news, so little had we of change in private life.

He answered not till he had leisurely seated himself; but then sayd, with a twinkle in his eye—

“The Knight contemplates a second marriage.”

“Sir William!” I exclaimed. “To whom?”

He looked amused at my astonishment, and quietly answered,

“Mistress Margery, the daughter of Sir Robert Hildyard. I tell ye no secret, my son, for he hath expressly desired me to reveal it to the househo'd. Well, what have you to object?”

“Nothing,” I replied, “only it came on me so sudden. Nothing, if the lady be good and motherly to the children.”

“Why should we doubt it?” sayd Sir Maurice. “She is, I am told, graciouse and well-conditioned; comely to see, pleasant to listen to; in sooth, a lady of good favour and a faithful daughter of the Church. Well portioned moreover. What, then, lacketh?”

“What, indeed?” repeated I. “Well, I hope the house will be the merrier.”

“And the more orderly, too,” sayd Sir Maurice. “Mistress Britain carrieth a slack rein.”

“We were all very well as we were, I think,” sayd I. “Well, I wish it may all be for the best.”

“Don’t wish it, though, in a tone as though you thought it might be all for the worst,” rejoined he, smiling.

“No, father, no.”

By and by, Mistress Anne ran in to me, took me by the hand, looked wistfully in my face, and sayd in a troubled voice,

“We are going to have a new Mother.”

“Why not?” sayd I gently. “You cannot remember the old one.”

“She was not old!” was the quick reply. “She never lived to be old; and now she is where she will be young for ever.”

“Sure, then, she has the best of it,” said I, stroking her head.

“Yes, but—Must we love this new one?”

“Certainly we must,” said I, “and revere her too.”

“I did not mean you, Master Nicholas. I meant my brothers and sisters and I.”

“Full sure you must; and now, hear me, my little lady. This is one of the turning-points of your life.”

“Turning-points? What be they, Master Nicholas?”

“See here now. Ye are facing the southern door. We will suppose that door leads to goodness and happiness. It is in your own power to go to it, and through it.”

Then with my hands on her shoulders, I turned her suddenly about, and said, “Now you face that north door, which only leads to a dark closet, where things vile and refuse are shut out of sight. We will take that to lead to wrong and to sorrow.”

“Yes, I see. What then?”

“All depends, ye see, on which way you

turn, before you start on your course. Now, if you, at this present juncture, proceed to manifest fullness, stubbornness, and ill-will, because Sir William is about to do what he is at perfect liberty to do—and which he thinks, and we may all find, is a wise and good thing—you will be making strait for the dark closet. If you follow his will with sweet affection, strive to give the Lady a dutiful welcome, study to love her, obey her, please her as much as you can—you will be making for the door that leads to flowery paths and bright sunshine.”

“But what and if she will not be pleased?”

“Not pleased with *you*, my Joy? If you try to please her, take my word she will be pleased—Aye, and please you too.”

“Very well, then, I will,” said she, fetching a sigh. Then, dancing off from me,—

“See, Master Nicholas! I’m going through the door that leads to flowers and bright sunshine!”

“Always do so, sweet Mistress.”

And as she opened the door, sure enough, the bright Sunlight poured in, and she disappeared in a flood of glory.

So the wedding took place. Of course the

burthen and glory of it was at the other house—the house of the bride’s father ; but we came in for some of it too : had cakes and ale, carolling and revelling, an ox roasted whole, sports on the Green, and much gunpowder expended. I thought the knight’s bravery fate somewhat cumbrously on him ; he was not so erect and slender-made as at the Field of Cloth of Gold. Still, he was e’en yet a fine figure of a man ; of a proper height ; thick without grossness, his face broad, stern, and manly ; his eyes shining fitfully from dark caverns ; his beard with much less of grey than of black in it. And when ye saw him in his white fatin hosen and coat, gold spurs, broad gold chain, and crimson velvet mantle upborne by the blooming lads his sons, truly, the Bridegroom coming out of his Chamber not ill represented the sun Shining forthe in his strength.

So this is how we came by our new Lady. Mistress Patty, too, came home for a while, and filled the house with laughter. Before she returned, Mistress Anne wondered much what she would be like, and how they should resemble one another. I sayd,

“ Like the Town and Country Mousse.”

“No more than that?” returned she.

I sayd, “There need not be contradictory, but may be subcontrary opposition.”

“Oh, if you get to your categories and syllogisms, I’ve done with you,” sayd she, laughing, and running off.

Not that she knew a category from a syllogism, though I had defined ’em to her, but she had picked up the terms.

When the Town-mouse arrived, truly she did not shame Mistrefs Anne in respect of learning. She could scarce write legibly, was an ill speller, and hesitated over a word of four syllables. Also her false quantities were marvellouse.

But then, as for dancing, she could bound and leap with the greatest agility; knew all the new figures and steps; could tell of the new fashions in drefs; thrum a little on the Theorbo; sing full sweetly (but the words were not pretty); had been to ever so many plays and masques, had even performed a child’s part in some of them; could patter French; and say her Latin prayers, without understanding one word, or caring to understand.

For all this, I liked the Country Mouse better



SECTION III.

How Sir William put me in Charge.

NEW brooms sweep clean. 'Tis a homely proverb to apply to a Lady. Ne'ertheless, our new Lady cleaned us up to that state of polish that we shone again. Mistress Britain had gracefully yielded up the keys, and returned to London, though pressed to stay: and took with her her son Ned, whom I was full sorry to part withal, the youngster took to his studies so bravely. Great was the wail Mistress Anne made for him. "Oh, dearest Ned, and must we part?" (this in the Pleached Alley, when they wist not I was in the Arbour.) "How shall I fare without thee? Who will correct my Sums? and help me in parsing? and tell me the conjugations?"

"Nay, coz, you must do all that for yourself now. 'Tis expedient I should not be with you always, or you would be but a left-hand glove all your life. Your wit shall now be set

on new work." "But I've none, Ned; I don't believe I've anie at all." "Oh yes, you have; a great deal for a girl, onlie Master Moldwarp doesn't let you know it, for fear it should make you vain." "Why, whenever I translate some dull epistle into Latin, he say 'Tully would not have done it so.'" "No, because he knows the exact word Tully would have used; and I'll tell you how he knows, since I'm going away."—(Oh, the villain!) "Master Moldwarp takes a short epistle of Tully's, suited to your capacity,—say, one of those 'to Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.' . . ."

"Ah, I love that," quoth Mistress Anne. "I should like you to write me just such letters, Ned, when you get to London, all full of love and grief—"

"Well, perhaps I may; only you must not look to have much grief, Nan; because, you see, 'tis long since I was in London—when I was quite a Boy"—(what was he now?)—"and there'll be many fine fights I shall be full fain to see—"

"What be those fights, Ned?"

"Why, to see the foldiers relieve guard, and to see the King's Watch set, and the

Archery Grounds, and the Playhouse, and—oh, I cannot tell the half.”

“I like not what Patty tells of the Playhouses,” says Mistress Anne, “and you will see Patty often, Ned, and forget me.”

“But I swear I will not,” says Ned.

“Oh, Ned, that’s very wicked indeed! Knowest thou not who has sayd, ‘Swear not at all?’”

“But you put me beside myself, Nanny. You may count on me as your Friend as long as ever we live; so don’t misdoubt me.”

“Well, I will not: only I suppose you’ll have a wife, some day—”

“Yes, I suppose I shall, and then you shall come and visit us. Then you shall see all the fights in London town. But meanwhile I must read hard for a Lawyer, and keep my Terms, and eat many dinners . . .”

“That will not be hard, if only one a day.”

“No, only it will keep me on the spot, you see; and that’s why I must eat them.”

’Twas worth a world to hear their pretty talk, only I was glad the Boy plighted not himself to have her for his Wife, but only for his Visitor, to see the fights of London town Boy-like, he may be hoped to do much better

for himself than that, without considering that Sir William would look a good deal higher than the Law-courts for his daughter.

So Master Edmund went ; but not before I had set him on telling his cousin, for his sake to stick to her books—and then, maybe, he would think of her in London. After he was gone, Mistress Anne was very pensive for a day or so ; then cleared up, and went to her tasks with zeal. She was now very forward in her Latin, and could construe very prettily.

Our new Lady was of a sanguineous complexion, faire, and fresh-coloured ; with golden locks like Aurora, approaching to red. Her keen, grey eye saw everything at a glance, and at last she found me out in my Book-room.

“Oh, what, here you are, Master Nicholas ! up to the eyes in dusty books. Do the worms get to them much ? My father, Sir Robert, hath a copy of Gower that they have pierced right through, like as with a gimlet. Ah, here is one they have begun their work upon—faugh ! how musty it smells. I suppose you have a set time for dusting and airing them all—How often ? I should say once a quarter was too seldom. Are there any Italian novels here ? I read a little Italian. What language

are these books in? High Dutch? Oh, I know not one word . . . unless *fauer kraut*— There are two words for you . . . Read me a little, that I may hear the sound . . . Ha! . . . a little more, an' it please you? That will do. I call it not a pretty language. It pleases not my ear: my ear is very delicate. I can play the Viol-di-gamba. What books are these? Latin? Oh, I know Latin. A little, that is."

I ventured to say Ladies were so modest, they always sayd "a little."

"But in troth, I know but little. Come, you shall hear me construe a sentence or two . . . There! Not amifs, was it?" (She had made some frightful mistakes; but what matter?) "You keep Nan well to her books, I hope? She is getting to an awkward age. One does not want children always about, pricking up their ears at grown-up talk. She must be a good deal at her needle, and at her book. Oh, what, you write books, I think, Master Moldwarp? Some one told me so. Do you get anybody to read them? Do you get paid anything for them? My father hath given large fums, sometimes, for Dedications. There was one in Latin . . . I forget how it began. I think it was *Arma virumque cano* . . . no,

Cedant arma . . . prettily turned. What are you at work upon now? German again? Who wrote it? Martin Luther? O, the naughty man! His books are very unfit, you know . . . You must never let Mistrefs Anne read them."

Mistrefs Anne then coming in, my Lady called her sweetheart and precious: then, in the next breath, "Why, child, you have been through an Hedge: what disorder is this? your hair is the absoluteft maze: why is it only tied with a ribband? 'Twere best cut fhort off—mine was cut ftrait acrofs the forehead, at your age: and I had a coif. You must have a fet of little coifs too: they are decent and maidenlie."

So our pretty Mistrefs Anne's *chioma aurata* was hidden under a little linen cap—but her beauty could not be hidden any way.

Why do I dally with these old, fond records? Because of the troublous days coming.

Master Francis had returned to Cambridge. He had been sent thither full young, but not so young but that he was contracted in marriage to Mistrefs Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of Master William Hanford of South Kelsey, which contract he was to fulfil

after that he had been three years at College and two years on the Continent of Europe.

The prospect of this rich match pleased Sir William mightily, and made him yet more content with my Lady, who had helped to promote the contract.

Next there was Master Edward to provide for; but he promised to provide for himself. The toga was to give place to arms in his case: he was anything but bookish, and born to be a Soldier. A Soldier he eventually became, and a valiant one too: likewise a Gentleman Pensioner. He was married, in due course, to Mistress Margaret Gibson:—but that's told too soon. At the time whereof I write, he was a spirited Boy.

Thirdly, Master Roger: he had much ado to keep ahead of Mistress Anne in their studies; and presently let her overpass him. Nor did he trouble himself much to regain the lost ground.

Now here ye shall see the perfect order and daily course of this honourable Family. Mafs, to begin with, at six o' the clock; a certain portion of study; then Breakfast; then study again; afterwards exercise, in the open air, weather permitting: study again: Dinner:

eleven o' the clock till twelve some open-air pastime : Even-song at three hours after noon ; general talk in the hall, toward dusk, round the fire, during the short days. Study again Supper, six o' the clock to seven. To bed at nine, after Complines.

Sir, we were, as times went, very happy : in a little Haven of quiet the troublous waves of the world did not reach. And yet there were troubles and disturbances but a little way off. The Cardinal's disgrace and death, the blow that was struck, through him, at the Clergy, the assumption of supreme authority by the King, the imminent likelihood of an utter breach with Rome, filled men's minds and mouths and led to overt actions. Much money that was claimed by the Pope, for first fruits, and levied on new Prelates, was withheld ; and it was made law that any censures passed by his Holiness on account of it, should be disregarded. Then there was the matter of Queen Katherine's appeal going on : the King was cited to appear, and went not. Moreover, he privately married Mistress Anne Boleyn, whether his Divorce should be gotten or no : and an act was passed forbidding all appeal to Rome, in matters of marriage, di-

voice, wills, and fundry others. And then the King proceeded to divorce himself.

All this weaned the people more and more from their respect for Papal authority; and a Bishop preached every Sunday at Paul's Cross, to the effect that the Pope had no authority beyond his own diocese. The King was declared supreme head of the Church.

That brought Sir Thomas More to the block. A good and great man, Sir, and consistent Romanist. A great tide had risen, and he was swept away in it, struggling against it to his latest breath.

Nobody knowing what lengths the King would go, everybody believed their own hopes. Heretics for a while were not persecuted: the books that had stolen across the Channel and been translated, were read and canvassed everywhere. Tindal's translation of the Bible did more than all the rest.

When Bilney was martyred, Mistress Anne came to me, looking very white. I sayd, "What is it, sweet Mistress?" She sayd, "Master Kyme hath come over to play shuffle-board, but chiefly, I think, to tell my father, with gloomy joy, that Master Bilney is burnt."

When I heard this, I wept, and sayd, "I knew him well at Cambridge. Alas, my brother!" She took my hand in both hers—she was about fourteen then—and sayd,

"Weep not, for ruth, Master Nicholas."

I sayd, "I weep for ruth, at his ruthles end. Tell me what they sayd of him—?" drying my eyes.

"That would only pain you, but I will tell you what he—Thomas Bilney, sayd. He had these words of the prophet Iſaiah in his mouth, 'When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.' Are they true, think ye?"

"As truth itself, Mistrefs."

"But *he* was burned!"

"In the vulgar, material sence, but what then? The fire only consumed his body as stubble, while his Spirit soared upward like Elijah in the fiery chariot. Our Saviour sayd these words—'Fear not them that can destroy the body, but afterward have no more that they can do. I will tell you whom ye shall fear. Fear Him who, *after* that He hath killed the body, hath power to cast into hell.' That is God. Believeſt thou this?"

“I cannot choofe but believe it! though Mafter Kyme thinks he is gone to torment. He feems glad of it, Mafter Nicholas!—is not that bad of him? I diflike him fo!—”

Then ſhe prefently added, “The wind, as though in pity, blew the flames from him feveral times; but they only heaped the reeds and fagots the more about him, he fometimes crying out, ‘Jefus!’ at other times, ‘Credo,’ to the very laft.”

“Why, then, the Soul was victorious over the Body,” cried I. “Heaven be praifed for it. Depend on it, Jefus never let him call on Him that way, without anfwering. He never does.”

“Do you think you could bear to be martyred?”

“I hope I ſhall never be tried.”

“I’m fure I hope fo too,” ſayd ſhe, deeply fighting, “for you and myſelf too. I’ll tell you what I think, Mafter Nicholas! I know not that I am brave enough to bear burning, but I think I could make bold to fay, in a great matter of right and wrong, that which ſhould procure me burning.”

“May you never be tried—Come, let us read a little together.” And I took up Horace, at his tenth Ode.

“One must take care, though,” pursued she, “that one’s Judgment is not in fault. Else, one might be burnt for the sake of a supposed Truth, which, after all, was not true.”

“Just so,” sayd I, for I had no warrant to unsettle her, and had been accustomed, when she, as a child, would ask me this and that, as children will, to tell her, “That is too grown-up for you as yet.” But this would hardly do now, for her mind was expanding every day, and ripening fast, and she could not always be evaded. Sometimes I sayd, “Go, inquire of Sir William,” or “Go, ask Sir Maurice.” “Nay, but,” she would answer, “you trow Sir William never likes or will answer such matters. All I should get would be a frown, and maybe, a push or a cuff. As for dear old Su Maurice,” and she laughed in my face, “you know I should get no answer from *him*.”

“Well, well then, Mistrefs, ye must study logic, that by acquiring solid powers of reasoning ye may be able to solve all hard questions, like Solomon himself.”

“So I will then,” sayd she, “though I shall never be a Solomon.”

“In truth, the more we know, the more we find that we do not and cannot know.”

“Then where’s the good of going onward?”

“Because a blessing commonly attends on those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.”

“Is that a Scripture phrase?”

“The latter part is.”

“Show it me, that I may see it myself.”

Thus we used to be drawn to the very verge of dangerous ground.

One day, Sir William summoned me.

“Moldwarp,” sayd he with some abruptness, “wouldst thou like to make acquaintance with foreign parts?”

“Certes, I should,” sayd I with a start.

“But hast thou sufficient mastery of continental tongues to make thy way?”

“My accent is doubtless defective, but yet I could make myself understood—which is to say, in German, French, and Italian.”

“That will do. You know something of foreign monies?”

“I have acquainted myself with their comparative values.”

“Know the difference between a doit and a lucat, ha!—Frank is hanging about and

doing no good. I want to fend him abroad till he marries. He would be the better of a companion who had at least a smattering of the spoken tongues, and some knowledge of the monies. Of geography also, and history, and what is worth noting. You think yourself equal to this?"

"You should hardly ask me, Sir William. My Inclinations may prompt me to too promising an answer; but I will perform to the best of my Ability."

"Enough sayd. Your route is drawn out and papers provided; with letters commendatory and bills of exchange. Keep the boy out of mischief and write to me once a month. You have nothing to do but pack up and pack off. I hope you will enjoy yourselves."

I was elated beyond measure; first, at being treated with such confidence and responsibility; next, at the prospect of the scenes before me. In fact I was a young man still; staid and simple, however, in my life and habits; with a natural shrewdness, plentiful inexperience, great honesty, and desire to acquit me well of my charge.

My little packet was soon made up,

Mistress Anne was both pleased and sorry: she regretted to miss me, but rejoiced in Frank's getting my company, and counted on many stories of our adventures when we returned. I neglected not to take leave of my loved parents. Though my father was but Steward of the House, that was an office not disdained by many a Knight in the retinue of our great Earls. However, my father was but House Steward to a Knight; but yet he had his little Farm, worth five pound a year, the tillage whereof kept half a dozen men. He had a walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked a score of kine. Nay, and I am proud to say he found the King a harnesser, with himself and his horse, until he came into an household where he should receive wages. That was my father's position—neither less nor more. He portioned my sisters with twenty nobles a-piece: and something he gave to the poor. Might my father have as little call for shame of me, as I of my good father!





SECTION IV.

How Master Francis and I went over-seas.



T was in the pleasant Spring-tide
that we started—

*“Whenne that April, with his showres fote,
The breath of March hath pierced to the rote.”*

Master Francis mounted on a fine Bay Horse, myself on a servicable roadster, a Groome behind us with our bags: and full cheerful we set forth together, to see the World, or at least a new part of it. I will not ungratefully neglect to say that my Lady had started me with four good Holland shirts, and Sir William had given me a compleat Suit of new Black, Cloak and Beevor Hat inclusive; the suit having been made up by the village Taylor, who certes allowed for my Growth, as if I had been an Urchin. Sir William likewise gave me a Purse containing

ten gold pieces for my sole and separate use ; so that verily I was well found.

If my purpose were to cover Paper, which it is not, I could, methinks, fill some Pages pleasantlie with what befel us on our journey from Stallingborough to Harwich, and how we fed, what we discoursed on, and what company we fell in with by the Way.

Instead of this, you must suppose us embarked on board a Dutch vessel bound for Flushing, where we landed next day at noon, after much discomfiture from sickness.

At that time, Master Francis was as handsome and engaging a Youth as you would be likely to meet in the course of the longest day. His raiment and equipage were point-device, for he loved to go handsomely apparelled. We were on very pleasing terms together, for he was affable and I compliant ; and, at first, my knowledge of the language gave me so much the advantage, and his want of it left him so much behindhand, that I continually took the Lead ; but this was of no long continuance. He soon picked up a smattering of the Vernacular wherever we went, and with a better accent than mine.

We proceeded to Rotterdam by water,

mightily pleased with the novelty of our mode of travelling. This city was noteworthy to me, as being the birthplace of Erasmus ; and I was sorry he was not then in it ; but he, though alive, was then extreme old (yet younger than I at this present writing), and resident at Basse.

We visited, in succession, the Hague, Leyden, Utrecht, Antwerp, and Bruffels, seeing the remarkable things of each. I would fain have tarried yet longer in every one of them ; but Master Francis, with the impatience of his age, was for hurrying onward to Paris. When we got there, we presented ourselves to the English Ambassador, sent the Letters of Introduction with which we were charged, and took up our abode at a convenient lodging, as it was intended our stay should be of some duration.

Here Master Francis, at Sir William's desire, was to play at weapons, and practise the blow as well as the thrust, to exercise his breath and strength. Also, he was not to let a day pass without an hour or two spent in practising the single sword and dagger, and in reading the classics with me. All which, for a little time, he punctually fulfilled.

Soon, however, being presented by our Ambaffador to King Francis the Firft, Queen Claude, and the Queen Mother Louife, he obtained the entry to fo many houfes of the great, and formed acquaintance with fo many young gallants, that his time was confumed in one diverfion after another, and his ftudies altogether neglected ; he excufing himfelf to me for it by alleging that Sir William had fent him abroad mainly to polifh his manners and ftudy mankind.

Study mankind indeed ! as if that were the way to do fo ! It made me full anxious to know what Sir William would think of it ; but yet I had no certain complaint whereof to write unto him ; and when I mentioned in a general way, that Mafter Francis now found no time for ftudies, the anfwer, which was brief and long in coming, lightly treated it, and fayd, allowances muft be made for the vivacity of youth. So there was an end.

Meanwhile I picked up a ftudious acquaintance or two, and learnt that King Francis' lenity, or rather laxity, as touching the Sacramentarians (which was the name given in France to the Reformed), had till lately been fuch, that they had begun to lift up their

heads and think their Redemption was drawing nigh. But some ill-judged placards affixed by 'em to the Gates of the Palace at Blois (where the Court then was) so enraged the King, that he hurried up to Paris, though in depth of Winter, and got up an Expiatory Proceſſion, in which he, Queen Claude, and the whole Court took part; after which, a moſt ſtrict Search was made for Heretics, who, after ſhort trial, were haled to the Stake and miſerably burnt, the King himſelf looking on.

Afterwards, finding he had carried this too far, and excited great deteſtation in Germany, King Francis affected to gloſs it, and for a while there was a lull, which was juſt when we got there.

It ſtruck me that Paris was a ſtrangely un-governed, miſ-ordered city: I will juſt quote a ridiculous adventure that happened to myſelf, which was not without its evil confequents.

One night, we had been ſupping in the ſuburbs of St. Germain, and, at Maſter Francis' requeſt, I was returning without him, he alleging ſome flight reaſon. I was approaching the Pont Neuf, preceded by a

boy carrying a torch, when I heard the clashing of swords a little in advance. This did not deter me from going forward, though I carried no arms, but only a stout stick; and anon I was accosted by two breathless men with drawn swords and cocked pistols, one of whom thrust a paper into my hand, requesting me civilly enough to read it. He sayd he had casually picked it up, and the substance of it had appeared so strange that it had caused him and his companion to come to blows.

I perused it with some surprize, and the matter of it was this, That it should be known to all men by these Presents, that whosoever should pass over that Bridge after nine o'clock at night in the Winter, and ten in Summer, should leave his Cloak behind him, and, in case of no Cloak, his Hat. While I, in amaze, was revolving this strange condition, one of them sayd, politely, "Sir, ye see we have no choice but to relieve you of your cloak, which of course you will have back again;—'tis a mere form"—"And your Hat likewise, to be quite on the safe side," added his companion. So without time for a word of remonitance, one whipped off the one, and the other the other, and took to their

heels round the corner ; and as for the boy with the torch, he fled across the Bridge, crying "J'ay Peur!" which, being interpreted, is, "Oh, I'm so frightened!" So there had I to grope onward in the Dark, cloakless, hatless, and in marvellous ill-humour : and was so long on the road, that by the time I reached our Lodging, there was Master Francis back before me, who roared with laughter when he saw me, and asked me how I came to look so like a skinned Rabbit. When I told my tale, discontentedly enough, he shook his head upon it, and said gravely, I seemed to have been within an Ace of another Life ; but yet, after that, I was plentifully laughed at about it, both by him and his witty-pate acquaintance. Strangely enough, the Cloak and Hat *were* returned ; being found on the open stair next morning, though sadly begrimed, as though they had passed the night in the Stable. I suppose the Rogues had consciences ; though how they knew my Lodging I trow not ; unless they followed me in the distance.

Though this may appear to others a misadventure of trifling import, it proved of serious consequence, by lessening Master Francis'

respect for my sagacity, and accustoming him to a way of laughing at me whenever I opposed any undesirable inclination of his, and had the best of the argument.

A wicked city is Paris. Scarce a night passed without some street murder; and what led to such murders, but revelling and drunkenness? The wit and beauty of the women, the courtesy of the men (though but the mask of selfishness), are most ensnaring to the young. The Court was very corrupt, despite some notable exceptions, as the Queen Consort and Queen Marguerite of Navarre. Were I a father, I would ne'er send child of mine there. Grant a little polish gained—is that an equivalent for the bloom brushed off? Ye would not deem a coat of varnish repaired the lost bloom of plum or peach.

Queen Marguerite was deemed spotless as snow. She was called the Pearl of Princesses. She hath since been the *Alma Mater* of the French Reformation. Her little Court at Beauvais was the refuge of the Calvinists. She wrote "Le Miroir de l'Âme Péchereuse," which our Maiden Monarch hath translated. Yet e'en this Pearl of Princesses wrote **some** very light tales.

Clement Marot—I saw a little of him : he hath since turned David's Pseaulmes into verse : but he was neither good nor pious then.

There, saw I my first Play : save those, ye wit, our Scholars play at Christmas, in Colleges and Villages. Master Francis was greatly taken with them : then, after the play, the supper ; much drinking, much gaming, much unreasonable jesting. One day I was sent to our Ambassador on a message, and he told me privily, we had better proceed on our journey. He sayd, if I were gainfaid, he would bear me out in it.

So we got our passports ; Master Francis not offering that opposition I had looked for. Just before we turned our backs on Paris, he received letters from home ; and sayd to me, with glee—

“ There's like to be a double wedding when we get home. Sister Patty is promised to Master Kyme the younger—Thomas Kyme ! ”

“ Indeed ! ” cried I. “ And does she like it ? ”

“ She likes the prospect of being married, no doubt, ” returned he lightly. “ There seems no chance of her being Maid of Honour. ”

“You are pleased with it yourself?”

“How can I choose but be pleased? Kyme is not very sociable, but he is very rich—will be, at least, on his father’s death. Old Kyme hath rich lands at Wrangle, Friskney, Wainfleet, and Thorpe. At present, Tom Kyme hath but little. But my father hath such faith in him that he is going to advance him a portion of my sister’s dowry.”

“That is a singular step,” I observed.

“Singular good fortune for Kyme, I wis,” replied Master Francis. “He will improve with it the property on which my sister is hereafter to live.”

“Suppose he should die first, after spending the dowry?”

“Oh, suppose and suppose! Suppose the sky should fall, old croaker!—Since Robin is going home, he can carry answers to these letters.”

Robin the groom, being sick, and deadly homesick, we were going to carry him no further: our Ambassador having undertaken to send him back to England with servants of his own, who were returning thither on business.

So we wrote home by Robin, and then set our faces toward Italy; approaching it through

Orleans, Lyons, and Marfeilles, whence we took fhip for Genoa.

On our voyage, a wind as tempeftuous as Euroclydon (they call it Tramontana) overtook us, and, blowing very hard from land, between the gaps of the mountains, raifed on a fudden fo great a fea, that we were almoft abandoned to defpair. The Pilot gave us up for loft, and the Sailors fell to their prayers. A Priest on board confeffed many of us, as in the article of death; amongit others, Mafter Francis, who was fore diftraught and in the moft abfolute terror.

For me, though I believed my end very near, a calm poffeffed me I could no ways account for: it originated not in myfelf; it could not be from beneath; then it muft have been from above. *Deus nofter refugium et virtus, adjutor in tribulationibus.*

And now, when we were weary, and fpent in pumping and baling out water, it pleafed God of His own proper mercy to allay the Storm, and fo we were at the Haven where we would be: noting, with rapture, the charming Villas fcattered over the Hills, and inhaling the odours of Orange, Citron, and Jafmine, that were wafted off fhore.



SECTION V.

What befel us in Foreign Parts.



WE reached Genoa at a season of inconceivable stir and bustle, the Harbour crowded with Gallies, for the famous Andrew Doria, Lord High Admiral of the Imperial Fleet, was about to put to sea. We had arrived in the very Nick of Time: the grandeur of the scene was incredible; and Master Francis, for all his late fears on the tempestuous deep, could hardly be restrained from enrolling himself in the forces as a Volunteer.

We landed by the Pratique house, where, after strict examination by the Sindaco, we were had to the Ducal Palace, and, our names having been taken down there, were conducted to our Inn.

Genoa could not immediately subside from its ferment, and it seemed the gayest, most enchanting place in the world. The Palaces,

with their court-yards adorned with sculptures and orange-trees, were of excellent beauty; but what delighted me beyond measure were the Gardens, beautiful with terraces, marble stairs, urns, fountains, and grottoes, most delectable to behold, which I have already enlarged on in my *Treatyse On the Adornment of Gardens*, dedicated to the King.

So again, at Ferrara, where I was inexpressibly pleased with the Gardens of the Belvedere Palace; and, again, the Gardens of the Pitti Palace at Florence, which I have dilated on in another place. Ah, what beauties!—

At Ferrara, Sir, where Master Francis was courteously received by Duke Ercole and Duchesse Renée, we saw the famous poet Ariosto and his venerable mother, in the modest mansion bestowed on him by the Duke.

At Arezzo, we had a glimpse of the famous Michel Angelo Buonarroti.

O, the delight I experienced in beholding Padua! and the busy scene its vaulted streets presented, as students from Turkey, Arabia, Persia, and every land in Christendom, poured forth from some popular Lecture. Fain would

I have tarried long time in that learned City and made acquaintance with some of its University Doctors ; but Master Francis was for pressing forward to Venice, so I needs must yield. Hitherto we had travelled vetturino, that is on hired horses with a Guide ; but now we embarked in a stout vessel, sailed down the Adige, into the Adriatic, and beheld the beautiful City, contemplating herself as in a Mirrour in the tremulous waters.

As soon as we landed, we were conducted to the Dogana ; after which we took up our quarters at a good Inn near the Rialto.

After supper, Master Francis proposed our going forth in a Gondola, which pleased me well. Most delightful was it to float over the liquid surface of those watery streets of gorgeous Palaces, with their flights of steps, terraces, and balconies, and to catch glimpses of fair women and stately cavaliers leaning over the ballustrades, or descending or ascending the marble stairs—to see other Gondolas, with their high steel beaks, and taffelled curtains, dart out from unseen coverts and glide by as silently as bats ; while others gave forth silvery sounds of music and mirth. At sundry points, the Gondolas were so crowded together

that they were like to sink one another, swaying fearfully to one side. All the nobility feemed out on the Canals, enjoying the pleasant freshness of the air after a hot summer day.

Sometimes the Gondolier used his oar as a helm, and let the little vessel float idly at its will. We lingered on the water till long after the general concourse had dispersed, and till lights began to glimmer through windows, and purple night set in, glorified by an infinity of stars, and till the moon arose and cast broad lights and deep black shadows. Now and then a solitary Gondola flected past like a swallow on the wing; and once, a large one, closely curtained with black, and with muffled oars, passed noiselessly along in the deep shadow; and our Gondolier told us, when it had passed, that it belonged to the Inquisition, and was carrying forth a prisoner, or prisoners, to be drowned in the Laguna. A sorrowful death, I thought; and I strained my ears, though vainly, to hear the fatal plash.

At length, we bade the fellow carry us back to the Inn: we were some way from it; the Canals were now deserted.

All at once, we heard afar off, with a surprise that gave a thrill, a rich and melodious

voice chanting somewhat in metre, the effect of which was most entrancing. No sooner did it cease, than we were startled by hearing our own Gondolier take up the refrain and give a replication of the ditty in a loud, harsh voice. He ceased; the other responded; then he again; and thus they alternated stanza after stanza, till the strange Gondolier passed us like a shot, and we presently heard his voice in the remote distance, dying into the silence of night. 'Twas Ariosto these Gondolieri were singing; methought that was a popularity to be proud of.

As we rounded a corner, we came on a flight of marble stairs, which an old and weighty gentleman, whose Gondola had just glided away, was slowly ascending; when I was ware of two Miscreants lurking behind a Pillar to waylay him. I had scarce pluckt Master Francis by the sleeve and pointed them out, when they assailed the old dignitary, who uttered a loud and terrified cry of "*Al Soccorso!*"

Master Francis was up with him the next instant, his sword whipt out; and the Ruffians, seeing they had more than they bargained for, ran off into the dark.

“Cheerly, cheerly, Signor!” says Master Francis. “Have they hurt you?”

“A mere prick, my brave young friend,” returns the other; and then ensued great salutations and courtesies, ending in his constraining Master Francis to go into his Palace, which he did, after slightly calling to me from where he stood, to go back to the Inn, and bid the Gondolier return for him.

I liked not this: I liked not losing sight of him, nor knowing into what hands he had fallen: however, I gathered from the Gondolier that the Senator Cornaro (for his rank was no less) was of one of the noblest houses in Venice; and he told me also that the waylayers were probably no mere Pilferers, but a couple of Bravoes hired by some Enemy to slay the old Man, out of some Spite and Revenge.

When Master Francis returned, which was very late, he reprov'd me for waiting Supper for him—saying he had supped with the Senator and his fair daughter. He was in high spirits, for he had been made much of, on account of his succour of the old Gentleman; and thenceforth he had free access to the Palace as a cherished Guest.

Thereafter we were much divided. He never put me forward, or made me known to Signor Cornaro ; so that I wist not what his employments were, nor into what sort of company he had fallen. Once, when I intimated I would gladly have borne him company, he sayd flightly, "Your clothes are too shabby,"—which hurt me, for they were always well brushed, and by no means threadbare. And as almost every one in Venice wore black, why, I was not so far out of the Fashion. Had it not been for the Tone he took over me, I should have been content enough to have my time at my own dispose ; but that was not what I had been sent abroad for.

However, having remonstrated as well as I could, I did not see what remained left undone that I could have done ; so I made e'en the best of it, and lookt about the place a little, and saw the Arsenal, and the Churches, and the Ducal Palace ; the Courts of Justice, the Senate-house, and the Exchange ; but all with a kind of dissatisfaction.

A gentleman whom I met at the *tavola ordinaria*, helped me chiefly to the seeing of these, and also to see some Libraries and

book-shops. I was much tempted to buy a Hebrew Pfalter, the first that had issued from the press, as also an Italian translation of the Bible printed at Venice in 1471, for the curiosity and interest of it; but counting the cost, found it prudent to abstain, though my companion seemed rather sorry I did not. Afterwards I was told he was a Spy.

But before I knew that, he took me to several Painters' Studios, where I picked up some hints of colouring; and also to some factories and curiosity-shops.

I found Venice was a very wicked place. I heard tales of treachery, malice, and revenge, beyond belief. It was a noted place for poisoning, and the inventing of the most cruel and subtle instruments of Torture. For example: I saw a Chair so contrived as to catch fast any Person that should sit down in it, by certain springs in the back and sides, which on sitting down should surprize him by inclosing his arms and thighs, with true Italian treachery. Likewise I saw a thing more fearful than cruel, which is to say, a goggle-eyed Satyr's Head, which by some contrived machinery could utter a human voice; a conceit that might affright

perhaps others beside Women and Children.

I became apprehensive that Master Francis was following evil courses. In England he had been a worthy youth, though somewhat wilful and idle. Among the respectable Hollanders he maintained the good report of his family. In France, the corrupt influence of the Queen Mother Louise extended beyond the Court to the Capital and Country, just as the Circles made by a Stone cast into the Water extend one beyond another. Hence, a Levity of Manners, a Looseness of Speech, a Lightness of Conduct, that could not but be very bad Examples to the young.

In Italy, we found ourselves among a more decent, decorous People, rarely endowed and most plausible of Speech. But they are profound Diffimulators: their own History bewrays it: they e'en make it a Science. Still, they themselves maintain that no one is so bad as "*L' Inglese Italianato*"—the Italianified Englishman.

Now, while I was leading an anxious, unquiet life, I received a letter from Sir William, accusing me of gross mismanage-

ment of our Expenditure, which he understood was owing to my unacquaintance with the Monies and Current Prices of Italy; adding roundly that he would have no such Wastry, and that if I looked not sharp, he would presently recal me.

This letter took me quite by Surprise, and occasioned thoughts that were most painful. It was apparent that Master Francis had written home to his father, without my knowledge, things that disparaged me and that were untrue; for the purpose, namely, of excusing his own profusion at my Expense.

I turned in my thoughts how I should handfomely clear myself to Sir William without inculpating his Son, but could come to no conclusion; so, to constrain myself, as 'twere, to a cheerfuller frame, I went forth to the *Mercera*, a spot where any but the desolatest mind might surely find amusements.

For there, on either hand, you behold the fairest Shops in the World, tapestried, as 'twere, with Cloth of Gold and rich Damasks hung from the first-floor Windows, delighting the Eye with every conceivable allure-ment of Fabric and Colour: there, again, are

Perfumery-shops, regaling exquisitely the Smell with odours of Rose, Violet, Pink, and every odoriferous Flower, while the sense of hearing is captivated by the warbling of numerous Nightingales in Gilded Cages hung up in the Shops ; so that, shutting your eyes, you might conceit yourself in some Woody Lane or Copse, rather than in the midst of a City. And no sound of wheel or hoof ; nothing but the *susurra* of innumerable Voices, the ringing of Bells, and the melody of stringed and wind Instruments.

So cheerful a scene might well have cheated my fadness ; but it did not, for, as I entered the Mercera, I encountered Master Francis, walking in the too familiar Italian fashion, with his arm about the neck of a gay young Nobleman. I saluted him with gravity as I passed : he responding by a scarce perceptible nod. Said Signor Zeno, "*Conosce costui ?*" He replied with slightness, "*Io lo conosco,*"—as if he just knew me by sight and that were all.

This stung me, and did not the better fit me for showing him his father's letter, which I did next time we met, keeping my eye on him while he read it.

He coloured high, and fayd, with choler, "Have you nothing better to do than to stare? What is this Coil? You know as well as I do that we are short of Money, and had best beware of making Mischief between my Father and me."

I fayd, nothing would occasion me greater concern than to do so; it wounded me that he should deem me capable of such baseness. He fayd imperiously, "Peace, minion!" which was a term he certainly was no ways entitled to use, but he meant to hurt me, and did. I was prudent enow to take his advice, and held my peace.

But the pleasantness of my life was gone, and so, I apprehend, was his. One Evening, at Dusk, a Maskt Person stepped from behind a Column, and put a billet into my hand. It contained these words—"Your Master is in danger." I did not so much mind being held his servant, though I was his Governor, not he my Master; but I was disquieted for his safety. To check him a little, I showed him the billet. He treated it lightly, and fayd, "The words of some jealous, meddling woman."

Another billet was shortly given me at

dusk "Since he will not be warned, he must abide the risk. Mocenigo is coming home."

What had Mocenigo's coming home to do with it? Mocenigo was betrothed to Cornaro's daughter, Madonna Veronica, and was high in command in the Venetian Navy. He was now with the fleet at Cyprus. What call had Master Francis to make the brave man jealous, or give him reason for jealousy, even by light, unmeaning gallantry to his affianced bride,—he who was himself contracted to Mistress Bessy, and to marry her on his return home? Up to the time of his leaving England, he had been distractedly fond of her, wooing her with love-tokens, love-verses, gauds, trinkets, posies, sweet-meats, and what not. For a time he was always thinking of her,—up to the time, that is, of his going to the French Court, and sunning in the smiles of Queen Louise's ladies.

Sir, ye are young: mayhap your friend is. Take warning by Master Francis—wear not your heart on your sleeve, to be pluckt at by the idle, audacious hand of strangers.



SECTION VI.

How we left Venice.



WHILE I was painfully musing over this billet, Master Francis comes in with a rare carven Ivory Casket studded with small Brilliants in his hand. I may here say, that throughout his travels, he had bought gauds that pleased his fancy for Mistrefs Bessy, some of which had already found their way to her. Setting down the Casket on the table, he began to tear open fundry Notes that lay thereon, pishing, and crying with annoyance, "Bills, bills, bills!" as he threw 'em consecutively on the table. I meanwhile eyeing the casket (which I had already noted in a Jeweller's shop on the Mercera) sayd commendingly, "A pretty toy for Mistrefs Elizabeth." "'Tis not for Mistrefs Elizabeth," returned he shortly, "and cost more than 'twas worth. Jews have no consciences, I think—and here are bills for

things I've paid for already . . . But oh! Nick, what's this?" and he turned ashy pale—"A letter from my Step-mother, saying Sir William lies at point of Death, and bidding me home on the instant." "Sir, sir," said I, "we cannot choose but make our best speed thither." "Not an Hour must be lost," said he. "Take measures for our immediate Journey. I will but bid adieu to a Friend, and turn my face homeward." And clapping his hand to his forehead, as if in Anguish intolerable, he caught up the Casket and was hastening forth, when I said, "Sir, you must leave that to be packed up." "Tut, fool!" rejoined he, and rushed away.

I was used now to his uncivil language, but did not like it the more. By and by he returned in strange commovement: a kinsman o' Cornaro's was with him, almost as much excited as himself, who hurried our Departure, obviated all Difficulties (as for Monies, Papers, &c., got us on board a Felucca), and in less than another hour we were ploughing the Adriatic.

Master Francis flung himself prone on the deck, with his face buried in his Mantle. I think young People have a Luxury some-

times in immoderate Grief, and think it becomes them. Deep, exhausting Sighs and spasmodic Throes were heard and seen from under the Cloak ; and I thought, sure the young Gentleman grieves pitcoufly for his Father ; or else is leaving his heart behind him—which is it, I wonder ?

I need not go over the circumstantial of our Journey, which, though tedious, was as rapid as circumstances permitted. Master Francis noted nothing, scarce spake or ate on the Road. He left everything to me ; and had I not been a better Accountant and Economist than he had represented me to be, it would have fared ill with us, e'en with the purse Cornaro's kinsman put in his hand at parting.

Gladly I hailed the white cliffs of England ; gladly rode post with him home ; our horses in a lather. The Lincolnshire air felt moist and raw, but it was our native air for all that : the country looked strangely flat and colourless ; it seemed as if something had been cut off the horizon, to bring the cold, grey sky lower down to it. In Venice, a red rag or a broken blue jug in a window had absolute beauty in it—here were green, swampy tracts

with fat beasts depasturing on them ; the vast, yellow Humber ; and, in the distance, a blue strip of the German Ocean.

We galloped as we approached Stillingboro', and breathlessly flung ourselves from our horses at the Hall door.

"Doth my Father yet live?" cries Master Francis.

"Yes, Sir, he's doing cheerly," says Robin. Oh, how thankful I felt! Master Francis sprang up the great Staircase, three stairs at a time, while I followed more slowly, and paused in the doorway. Sir William was sitting up in his great Bed, swathed in Flannels, his Lady and Daughters beside him, Master Francis with his back to me, his arms about his Father, who was embracing him with affection, but saying with some Heat,—

"Dying? Nothing of the sort . . . I'm a great way from Death yet, I assure you. You have only been recalled by a Woman's nonsense ; but, however, since you are here, 'tis well, for you have been spending a great deal too much Money, Frank, in your absence."

Mistress Anne here came round to me, and pressed my great, bony hand most lovingly

betwixt both her own. I thought her the most beautiful Creature I had seen in my life. Sayd Sir William,—

“Oh, what, Moldwarp, you are there, are you? Your Suit of Black something the worfe for service. I believe I could write my name in the Duft on your Doublet There, go and get something to eat.”

Mistress Anne soon slipped after me, and sayd, “Do not mind my Father’s speaking short. We have all had a good deal to bear while he was ill. I believe Gout generally distempers the mind as well as body. I knew not Lady Askew had ordered you home, but perhaps he did. Frank’s extravagance hath vexed them forelie. But oh, what a pleafant time you must have had of it, dear Nicholas! I hope you have a great deal to tell!”

I sayd I had indeed seen much that was noteworthy.

“As soon, then, as thou hast had Meat and Drink, and shaken the Duft off thyself, come into the Book-room and talk without ceasing.”

But before I could do that, Sir Maurice would needs have me into his little vestry, and search and probe me most narrowly respecting

all our doings. He seemed to know a great deal already, and to have been espying us all the while, by Deputy or Deputies, which indeed the Priesthood may well do if they deem it worth their while, they have so many Espions. And when he had sifted me like Wheat, he would fain know about foreign Churches, Cathedrals and convents, shrines and relics, different orders and fraternities, the state of Religion abroad, the degree of respect commanded by the Priests, and religious gossipry in general.

When I went to the Book-room, feeling like a Culprit, and expecting a chiding from Mistress Anne, she was leaning half out of the open Lattice, and on the other side of it was a good-looking young Man talking with her whom I did not at first discern to be Master Edmund Britain. He greeted me first, was amused and pleased at my not having known him, and sayd,—

“ Well, 'tis a compliment to my manhood.” After which, he bade Mistress Anne stand aside, till he scrambled into the room, by planting his foot on a strong branch of Honey-suckle, which helped him up.

What a pleasant talk we had! Little

Mistress Joan made a fourth, coming in and standing by my knee; but she was not so pretty as Mistress Anne had been at her age.

By and by, Mistress Anne excused herself, and went up to Sir William, who exacted his Daughters' attendance by turn; they standing beside him by the hour, till they were like to drop; even whiles he slept. Directly she was gone, Master Britain sayd to me, "Is not my cousin fair?" "I am quite amazed," answered I, "to see how she hath improved. She is a wondrous fair woman." "They count her as a child, though," he rejoined. "She is snubbed and checked more than any creature I e'er knew; and yet she's not hurtful, nor spiteful, nor unduteous in aught. Her happiest hours are spent in this room, among your books: you will find she hath fed free lie on them." "Had I known that," sayd I, "I would have packed some in a box and sent them to our Farm-house. I knew that no one else would trouble them, and did not think she would." "There is no harm in them," sayd he. "'Tis hard to say what there's no harm in, in these days," sayd I. Then we talked of the times, and of his Studies.

Shortlie, Master Francis' accounts were

Mistress Anne Askew.

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overhauled, and I was called in to verify them. He met me just as I passed in to Sir William, and whispered hastily, "Say nothing about Cornaro's Purse." "I looked surprised, and would have remonstrated; but he was gone. I had little time to digest the matter, and left it to settle itself. I would not needlessly bring it up; and if I were obliged to account for it, I would speak the truth. As it happ'd, I had no need; Sir William never once questioned our having had enough residue to bring us home: there was a deficit he could no ways account for, unless it had been gambled away. He questioned me straitly if it had gone thus. I sayd I had never seen him play. He supposed I had always been with him? I sayd I had not the entry of the Senator's house. He chafed, and sayd Frank should not have gone there alone. I explained, as well as I could, how it was. He thought upon it with a troubled face, and sayd,—

"Well, I suppose young Men must be young Men . . . as Boys will be Boys; and have been, ever since Cain and Abel. His wife's Fortune must reconcile me—and they shall be married as soon as she will name the day. He hath expended a good deal on her

already—I say not wasted a good deal on her because it hath been favourably received by her family, and given a good impressiōn of his means. Howbeit, I have no faith in that Hungarian opal being genuine.”

I sayd, “Opals are so diverse, that I have been told the attempt to fix a price on them is idle. Each has its distinctive beauty, altogether independent of weight.”

“You are speaking of the real thing,” sayd he impatiently, “which I am convinced this is not.”

“I had not thought,” I sayd, “that Art could produce such an exact copy. However, the Venetians are very clever, and the Jews are very cunning; and (under your favour, Sir William) the young are very guileless, and easy to be imposed upon.”

“I believe you have hit it now,” sayd he, mollified, “and the Lad thought to please me. Tush, an Opal as big as that would be worth a King’s Ransom.”

I found afterwards, Master Francis had little claim to guilelessness in the matter; for when I told him Sir William thought the Opal not genuine, he answered, “Did I ever say it was? I did not think, though, he would doubt it.”

I shrewdly opined Master Francis had, after all, left Venice in debt ; which indeed was the case. But one coil he had got into he was not altogether blameworthy in. He had taken a fancy to fit for his Picture to a young Venetian Artist, intending it for Mistress Bessy, and had given Messer Antonio sundry sittings. Howbeit we left him and the Picture in the lurch when we came away. I had read to him sometimes during these sittings, to beguile the time, and likewise in the hope to profit him a little. Howbeit, I liked not the Novelle the painter would have supplied ; and when I read a Classique, Master Francis, after keeping quiet a little, would make some utterly irrelevant remark. Then we would fall into general talk, pleasant enough, because Messer Antonio was full of ingenuity ; and he would ask about England, which Master Francis would describe as the finest place in the world ; as indeed it is, for many things, but not in the way he intended. He would add that there were more good Patrons than good Painters, and that, if Messer Antonio came over here, he would shortly make his fortune ; which was spoken very much at random, though Messer Antonio did not know

it. One of my fancies was whether Messer Antonio might not put him to his wit's end some day, by presenting himself, with his great, unpaid-for Picture, at the Gate.

Master Francis was very much obliged to me for not telling about Cornaro's loan. Where he got the Money to repay it, I know not ; but he came to me one day to get me to write in his name to the Senator, he not being conversant enough with Italian spelling to do it himself, and acquit him of the debt, at the same time thanking him handsomely for the assistance in his moment of unlooked-for need.

After this, his thoughts turned chiefly to his approaching wedding. Mr. Ned Britain went back to his Law-Courts at Term-time ; Sir William was on his legs again, though tottery ; and my Lady obtained from him the object of her Desire, which was a Scarlet Satin Gown.

Mr. Thomas Kyme was now admitted to formal visits at the Hall, as Mistress Patty's declared lover ; she was always demure and stately at such times, and seemed, to me, acting a part. His own demeanour was scarce less constrained ; so there was little love lost

between them. But how changed she was from a girl! She would still, when no one was by to check her, sport and romp with her younger brothers and sisters, and rush down the stairs and bounce into the rooms; but it was as though she were only trying to run away from herself. You might hear her loud laugh all over the house; and hear it stop short in the midst. Meeting her the next moment, she would look as if she had never laughed in her life; dreary as a cloistered Nun. She was grown thin and haggard. What a change from the blooming Mistress Patty!

Meeting her thus in the Gallery, I would turn into the Book-room, and there find Mistress Anne, pure as a pearl, beautiful as a nymph, kneeling before a great Folio, with her hands over her ears, and her eyes devouring the open page. I found her bent was now wholly to polemical studies; she was quite versed in all the questions of the day. 'Twas no good now to shut the stable-door; the steed had found his own way out, and was pasturing at his own free will. Those pastures were green and fresh, beside living waters.

Once, when I would gently have drawn the Bible out of her hand, she smiled in my face and sayd,—

“To no use, Nicholas. I have it all here, and here,”—touching first her forehead and then her heart.

The Reformation had made great strides during my absence, and many were searching the Scriptures in the spirit of the intelligent Bereans.

Even Master Francis had entertained the subject, in a superficial sort of way, while abroad; and while he brought home a false opal for his step-mother, a Venice-glass for his father, a stiletto for his brother Ned, and a carved fan for his eldest sister, he brought home an Italian Bible (the same I had coveted) for his “sister Nan.”

So she read this unreprieved, keeping it in her pouch, and drawing it out whenever she listed; answering briefly, whenever the question was put, “Nan, what art about?” “Reading Italian.”

I found her cousin Britain had discoursed with her a good deal on religious matters. His own mind seemed to be in an inquiring state.



SECTION VII.

Of Weddings and Burials.

HMUST hasten onward to Master Francis' Marriage, and remark by the way that his Italian flame had burnt out as speedily as Tow or Flax, so evanescent are the impressions of many young People.

The Nuptials were solemnized with much State: I walked over to South Kelsey to witness them; and before they took place, Master Francis went up to Court and was knighted by King Henry, during the festivities in honour of Queen Anne Boleyn. This was about Whitfuntide, 1534: and ye may be sure, a good deal was thought of it at South Kelsey, as also at Stallingboro'.

After the wedding festivities were ended, we subsided into great quiet. It was then I

began to lay the foundation stone of my Treatyse on the Adornment of Gardens, and build it up day by day. How calm and happy an occupation it was! I soon found I could best elucidate it by marginal designs, which indeed were not very well done, but yet there was nobody about me that could do better, or as well; and as I coloured them in the Venetian style (at least as near as I could come to it) the effect to the eye was agreeable. His Honour Sir William took considerable interest in this my work, would watch me at it, and daily after dinner cry, "Well Moldwarp, how are you getting on now? Let us see,"—and then would leisurely begin at the very beginning and turn over page after page, remarking as he proceeded, without Satiety, which was singularly acceptable to my unworthy self, and proved a great spur to the accomplishment of my Task. As for Mistress Anne, she would rub my paints, wash my brushes, and do anything I would let her to help me, so that we were very harmlesse happy. And my opinion is, that whatever self-gratulation may attend the completion of a work, or whatever praise from others it may elicit, the true reward is in the production thereof.

When my poor work was completed, it was a notion of some of Sir William's guests, to whom he made me exhibit it, that the King's Grace would be pleased to accept the Dedication of it to himself; and though I was somewhat in dread of so aspiring a step, I was urged on to it, and finally, through Sir William's abetting the same, it was brought to pass. Enough of this toy; maybe I should have omitted its mention altogether; but old age is garrulous.

Sir William having married his Son, would needs next compleat the Marriage of his eldest Daughter in the ensuing Autumn. Now Mistress Patty having, as I have heretofore rehearsed, fallen much out of health, which at first no one seemed to notice, began to have long swoonings, which no one could choose but notice, since she lost or nearly lost her senses, her lips and also nails turned blue, her face ashen grey and clammy. One of these swoonings occurring on a day that the Marriage had been much spoken of, Sir William attributed it to some misliking on her part, and was offended at her indisposition and would make no account of it, but begged he might hear no more of her till she got

better. Thereon, she no sooner came to herself, than Mistress Anne led her gently into the open air to a bench aneath my Lattice, and I heard her sweet, tender chiding of her sister, and how she sayd, "Dear Patty, my Father thinks you give way too much, and that, if you would rouse yourself when the swooning is coming on, you might keep it off altogether."

But she only wept and sayd, "Chide me not, Nan, for thou hast ever been kind to me. I can no more help it than I can help breathing. I hear every word you say, but speak I cannot while that deadly sickness lasts, which comes on every fifth day."

When I heard her say that, I thought, "Why, 'tis an ague she hath gotten, and of the worst kind. How came we never to guess it before?"

So I hastened to name it to Sir William, who at first would not credit it; but at length perceiving its likelihood, he did send for the Court Physician, who came down at great charges, and, after examination of the case, pronounced it double Tertian Ague. Thereon Miss Patty had to drink Mulled Wine, infused with certain Medicaments, but above all to be

removed, not only from the vicinage of the Moat, which indeed was that season full noisome, but leave Lincolnshire for a while altogether. Thus she returned to her Court friends for some months, and got quite well; so that it was settled she should be married in the Spring.

That was the Spring in which the unhappy Lady Anne Boleyn came by her violent Death on the 19th of May, 1536; but that concerneth not this present history.

In the early spring of that year, the House Porter came to me and sayd there was an outlandish Stranger at the Gate, whom no one could understand. I went forth to prove him with Languages; and who should he be but Messer Antonio, the Venetian painter, who, taking Sir Francis at his word, had found his way over to us, expecting great patronage. I told him Sir William was from home, and Sir Francis married and settled in another neighbourhood, which greatly disgusted him; and he seeming quite at his wit's end, I bade him come in and take some refreshment. At this juncture, Sir William luckily rode up with his Hawk on his fist, and looked inquiringly at the fallow stranger. When I did him to wit

who he was, he fayd he must by no means be cast adrift, since his Son had invited him over; so, to my great relief as well as that of the poor Painter, he bade me receive and entertain him till Sir Francis should be advised of his coming.

When he had washed and fed and was resting himself, we had much talk of Venice the Beautiful and what was doing there, and how he came to think of journeying to us (which I eventually gathered was for stabbing a Rival, only at first he made as though it were solely on Sir Francis' account). He had met with strange Misadventures by the way, and called Lincolnshire "*questa brutta pacse.*" I do not wonder at an Italian thinking it so.

To be short—he painted that goodly Picture of Mistrefs Anne, which is now, for want of care, going to ruin; and he painted Sir William and my Lady, and then went to South Kelsey and painted Sir Francis and Dame Elizabeth Askew. After this we lost sight of him, but I understood that Sir Francis was somewhat anxious to get rid of him, and sent him up to London, telling him he would be sure of patronage, which, however, he found not; for Toto di Nanziata and Bartolomeo Penni

were beforehand with him ; and what became eventually of the poor fellow I do not know.

Mistress Patty now returning home, Master Kyme would play the impatient Lover, and insist on her naming the day, which she did, and she had already brought her own consent to it, and brought many fine things from London, including a five-pointed Head-tire for Mistress Anne, who had hitherto worn but a coif. Brothers and cousins were summoned about us ; the house was full of Guests ; rebecks and recorders were tuning ; rich dishes prepared ; sumptuous clothes provided—and on one fatal day, when they were riding on the banks of the Humber and a fog came on, Mistress Patty took a cold, and became so ill, she was forced to take to her Bed, which she never left alive.

I ne'er knew a man more put out by disappointment than was Master Kyme. It was not Grief, so much as Indignation that his Will should be thwarted. For a few days, it was hoped the Sickness would pass off, and the Guests stayed on. But when the Shadow of Death fell on the House, they all disappeared like the Swallows, in a Day, and only

hushed voices and muffled footsteps were heard. When they told her she must die, she cried, "Oh, I cannot—oh, save me, save me!"—and wept fore. Her Father, her Stepmother, would comfort her in vain. The old Chaplain essayed his best—she would none of him. She kept crying, "Oh, leave me with my sister Nan!"—which at last they did.

How Mistress Anne ministered to her unquiet spirit and brought peace, she onlie knew.

After a long time, when Sir William and my Lady went in to them, Mistress Patty was peacefully ebbing away, Mistress Anne, with her arms about her, lying by her side, Mistress Patty opened her eyes—said, "Kiss me, Nan"—then suddenly looking upward, exclaimed, "Behold where He is!" and so died.

It was very piteouse, and much dwelt on in the country. Sir William felt it much, but his trouble uttered not itself in words; only in sighs. This was the first Death-bed Mistress Anne had seen; but it did not scare her with any terrors. She shed tears of sweet affection; and thenceforth was habi-

tuallie grave. She would often unconsciously cease from what she was about, and seem looking into the unseen World. When Master Edmund Britain occasionally came down to the Hall, she would affect his company more than anie else; there was no levitie in their talk, nor any love-making; though I used to think they might be Lovers by and by. They would discourse of high and holy themes, like Brother and Sister, or very dear Friends . . . which was what they were. She would question him much concerning the progress the Reformers were making, and of the checks they gat from the King. And thus she went on to about eighteen years of age.

During these faddened and silent years, we had seen little or nothing of Mr. Thomas Kyme; but now he rode over with Sir Francis, and paid Sir William a visit of some duration. What they devised between 'em, we only knew by the Consequents.

After some reflection, when they were gone, Sir William sent for Mistress Anne. She came in to me afterwards, and sat down and sobbed bitterly. I asked her what was her grief. She said, "My Father sayth I

must marry." I sayd, "Sure that must happen first or last. Who would let a fair Daughter remain single all her life?" She sayd, "But I am quite young yet—I told him so. There's no hurry." I sayd, "All young Gentlewomen say those things." She sayd, "I don't care what all young Gentlewomen say," and wept on. After a pause, I sayd, "Who is the Party?" "Did I not tell you?" sayd she, looking up. "Who, of all others, but Master Kyme?" "Master Kyme!" repeated I in amaze; and had not a word to proffer.

"You may well be surpris'd, Nicholas," sayd she, "but my Father declares it shall be, and soon too. Oh! I had much rather die."

I sayd, "We must not take the name of the King of Terrors in vain. Here is no question of dying: it only concerns a thing you don't like—"

"And cannot do," interposed she.

"Well, well," sayd I, "let us see how things will turn."

They did not turn. Sir William would not turn: Mr. Kyme was not to be turned: more by token he had received half of Mistress Patty's portion in advance, which Sir William

had no mind to lose, nor he to give up. Sure, that was the sorrowfulest time the House had yet known; forrier, by far, than Mistress Patty's death, because this had much bitterness in it. It made ill words all round. Lady Askew sayd, "Sir William, I must say you too much urge your daughter." He sayd sternly, "In the good old times the disobedience of children was punishable by death." "Good old times, quotha," muttered Master Roger; for which he was sent to his chamber supperless.

Sir Francis was had over to talk with his sister, because that, aforetime, they had been very fond of one another. After a long talk with her in the withdrawing-room, he rose as if to leave, but beckoned her after him; and brought her, his arm about her waist, into the Book-room, she with her eyes swollen with crying. He sayd, "By your leave, Moldwarp," and went on as if I had been a Chair or a Table. He sayd, "Sweet Nan, come tell me, your own dear Brother, where the shoe pinches. Don't send me home with a troubled heart—have we not alway loved one another?" "Indeed we have, Frank," she sayth, crying. "Well then, what is't?"

Where's the hitch? Never mind telling me,—I won't tell again." "I can't love him, Frank." "Nay, but why? He's a personable Man—a right worthy Gentleman." "I think differently. I think him harsh, disagreeable, and ugly." "Oh fie for shame! those are not words for a Lady's mouth." "Our minds do not accord in one single point." "Tush!" "Tell me now, Frank, you who have an ear for Musique, what Concert should that be in which you played one tune on the Viol-di-Gamba, and Sister Bess played another tune on the Flute?" He laughed immoderately and said, "A most horrible Discord." "Then that's just the Concert Master Kyme and I should make together," said she quickly. He laughed on, and I thought, forced his merriment to cover his difficulty. But she said, "You may laugh an' you will; 'tis no laughing matter to me. Tell me now, Frank, can I be compelled by Law of the Country, to be married whether I will or no?" He stood at pause, and said, "Why, no." "Then will I never marry Master Kyme!" "I tell you what, Nan; I see what it is, and will not mince it. You love another man."

She coloured scarlet, and sayd, "I don't!" But he sayd, "O yes you do, and that makes you so difficult." "Who, pray?" "*Non importa.* No need to mention names. *You* know, and *I* know." And he held her firm and looked full into her eyes.

She sayd, "I will not bear this. You may look as you will, and think what you will, but you are quite mistaken." "What makes you colour so, then? Just look at her, Moldwarp!" "Sir, fir," sayd I, in remembrance.

But she returned his look intrepidly, though her cheek, brow, and neck were still incarnadined, and sayd, "It is as I say: I tell no lie. My heart is my own: who is there, I pray, to give it to?" He still kept his eye on her, and sayd deliberately, "Edmund Britain." "Poor dear Edmund; must *he* be brought in?" cried she, with almost merriment, though her colour yet augmented. "Indeed, I remember he used to call me his little wife, but he left that off long ere he went to College; and, I think, would not have me if I asked him."

Sir Francis only replied, "Nan, Nan, I have your secret," and turned to the door

"Faithful friends don't betray secrets,—supposing it one," sayd she quickly. But he was gone.





SECTION VIII.

Springes to catch a poor Bird.



AFTER this, there was a dull sort of quiete in the House for a few days, though I wist that Letters were privilie exchanged betwixt Sir William and his Son. On the third day, Sir Francis and his Lady rode over to Dinner, and invited Mistrefs Anne to spend a week with them, which, consent being obtained, she was full faine to do, and thankful to them for asking her.

At dinner-time, Sir William looking toward his son, sayd in a loud, clear voice, "I suppose you have heard of this projected Marriage of Edmund Britain's?"

"No, indeed," returns Sir Francis; "what, is it a settled thing, then? I had not sup-

posed anything ferious in that quarter. What, hath the Lady money?"

"Not much of that, I believe," sayd Sir William, slightly; and began to speak of a different matter. I stole a look at Mistress Anne, from where I sat at the Side-table, and noted her eye-lids tremble a little, which was all the emotion she showed.

Master Kyme came not near us while she was away, and I heard he abstained equally from going to South Kelsey.

I was only a bystander; had neither right nor disposition to interfere in the Game; nevertheless I had my own proper thoughts and notions; and one of them was that this story of Master Britain's engagement was a fabrication; but the scene was sufficiently well enacted to have the force of truth to a guileless young mind.

Have you seen Kelsey Hall, Sir? It is a moated Mansion, added to at different periods, which gives it an irregularity that to my eye is by no means unpleasing. It hath a small Court in front, surrounded by a wall with octangular turrets at each corner, and a handsome Gate-way in the middle. On one side the Entrance Porch, the Mullioned Windows

have five lights; on the other side, only four. There are little, stepped Gables over the Dormer Windows.

Mistress Anne had been so little from home, and Sir Francis and his Lady, being young and fond of pleasure, kept such different State from Sir William, that she enjoyed her sojourn with them exceedingly. They rode, they hawked, they played with Bows and Arrows, they sang Madrigals and played on stringed and wind Instruments, and made her time pass as pleasantlie as they could; giving her to understand by the way, that all these Delices would be at her command when she was wedded to Master Kyme. Sure 'twas ingeniously done.

Then, when she came back, Master Kyme rode over and brought her a rare jewel; an Emerald, with three pear-shaped pendants; but she contemned it. He told her how much it had cost him, and sayd the jewel was without flaw. Then, sayd she, "That's a great deal to say of an Emerald, and more than can be honestly sayd of any living creature; least of all, of me."

"I wist not you had any flaw," quod he.
"O yes, Sir; a very unyielding Temper"

“Since you trow that to be a flaw, which in sooth it is,” returns he, “no doubt you will strive for grace to mend it.” “In reasonable things, but not unreasonable.” “How mean you by that?” sayd he. “I mean that there are things in which others would sometimes have me yield, that they deem reasonable, but I, unreasonable.” “Oh, Mistrefs Anne, there is a certain guide for that. Ye should abide by the judgment of your Elders.” “How if they are not my Betters?” “That query favoureth not of a humble mind.” “How if my Elders are at issue between themselves? But there! I’m tired of it!” sayd she, flinging away a Carnation she had been pulling to pieces.

Master Kyme looked at her from under his thick, black brows, as though he hoped to make her sing another Song, another Day. But she saw him not, for her face was turned aside, and pouting. She had a weary time of it, day by day: all pleasant Talk was chafed away by Altercation. One day, when she was leaving the room in a huff, she ran against some one in the Doorway and sayd, “Oh, Edmund, is it thou?” and began to cry. He sayd, “Why, Nan, what’s the matter? You

used to be all Smiles and no Tears." "'Tis just the other way now then," sayd she, "for I am badgered from morn till night." "By whom?" sayd he, taking her by the hand and drawing her to a chair, and then sitting over against her on a Stool. She hung her head and sayd, "By my Father mostly." "I suppose," sayth he, "you know the first commandment with promise?" "You think to stop my mouth with that," sayth she, softer, and looking down. "Dear Nan," he returns very kindly, "you accept the whole canon of Scripture, do you not?" "Why, of course I do." "You deem it a great and glorious thing that Cranmer has done, to set up a copy of Coverdale's Bible in the choir of every Church, for public use?" "Indeed I do," she cries, her bright eyes raised and beaming. "You are ready to abide by it to the death." "Aye, I hope I am, God being my Helper." "Now see how witlefs a thing it is, Nan, to be willing to die for it, and not to live by it." "How mean you?" sayd she, regarding him wistfully. "I know not any warrant we have," he pursued, "for obeying one part of Scripture and not another: onlie picking out our favourite texts in it. The wickedest sinner that ever

lived might even his conduct by it that way. He that sayd Thou shalt not kill, said Thou shalt not steal : now, if thou kill not, yet if thou steal, thou hast broken the Law." "Of course ; that's the substance of St. Paul's argument," sayth she. "We are sinners all." "He that sayd Thou shalt not steal, sayd also Honour thy Father and thy Mother," continued he. "Now, if thou steal not, yet if thou dishonourest thy Father and Mother, thou transgresshest the Law." "To disallow is not to dishonour," sayd she, looking troubled. "Tut ! what is to disallow but to dishonour ? We dishonour those we disobey and contravert." "I see they have had you here on purpose to put me down with your Subtleties," sayth she, beginning to weep. "On my Honour no, Nan. I came down of my own Accord, and on no Invitation." It was easy to see what great Relief she received on hearing this.

"O, Ned," sayth she, "you joy my heart ; and since I think you the best friend I have, advise me, I beseech you, in this fore strait." "Right willingly, and without Fee," quoth he playfully. "Show me what the strait is." "Sure you know the difficulty I am now

in?" she said. But he looked all abroad, though I trow he knew it well enough in his heart. He would compel her to speak, which she did faltering, and plucking at her Apron.

"Why, about Master Kyme." "What about Master Kyme?" "You know he was to have had Patty." "I know he was to have had Patty." "Patty died." "I know that too." "Is that any reason he should have *me*?"

"That depends," said he, with a pleasant smile, and shifting his posture. "Is there any reason he should not?" "Yes, if there's not mutual Liking." "I conclude he likes you." "But I know I don't like him."

"Your objections, your objections," said he, flicking his hand with his glove.

"Oh, I can't count them all, they're so many; I like him in nothing—dislike him in everything."

"If you were my sister, Nan, I might ask . . . do you like any one better?"

"All the world! every one!" said she briskly, which took him so by surprise he could not help laughing.

"Well," said he, "I don't see my way out of

this—” “How can you wonder that I don't?” “How, indeed?” repeated he, gravely, and regarding her with attention. “You are but young yet, and know not that Life is full of forrow.”

“O but I do,” returns she, weeping. “Have not I lost Patty?”

“Aye,” sayd he, “and I lost a dear Friend no great while back. It made me so sick at heart that I came to this conclusion . . . There's no good or Stay in this Life at all, but only to do one's Duty in it. But you cannot understand or feel this.”

“Indeed but I can, though,” quoth she.

“There's no good nor Stay in this Life, save to do one's Duty in it,” repeated he after pausing. “And this Life, how short! a mere Breath—a Bubble. It is the prelude to a Life that shall never end. How mad, then, to set the Pleasure of this little Life before its Duty!”

“I don't want to do that,” sayd she, humbly.

“I know you don't.”

“But I want to know what my Duty is.”

“If I show it you, will you engage to perform it? Otherwise I may spare myself the trouble.”

“Well, then,—I will,” sayd she, hesitating.

“You will!”

“Yes, I will.”

He took her hand for a moment.

“Duty very often comes in the very shape we do not wish. The old Chinese Philosopher sayd, that when he was undecided which was the best between two courses, he generally found it safest to take the most Untempting. Every thinking Person knows (only the general don't think) that there are two great Antagonists engaged in constant Warfare—the World, and Heavenly Wisdom. Now, there is so much that is dear to us, on the side of the World! And Satan, like a cunning General, puts the very dearest thing we have, which he holds as Hostage, in the front Rank of his forces!—thinking we will not stir against it. Do you see?”

“Yes, Ned,” with a deep sigh. I was sure how the matter would end after this.

“Well,” sayth she, after long thinking, “if I must, I must—”

“That's my good Nan!”

“And as Queen Esther sayd, ‘If I die, I die.’”

“Die! We shall all die; but none the sooner, all the sweeter, for being in the path of Duty.”

“You are quite sure, Ned, it *is* my duty to marry him whom I do not love? Once prove it, and . . .”

“Cases like these go not by logical proof. Our likes and dislikes shift like the clouds. Resolve to be a good wife unto him; you’ll learn to love him!”

“Is that the way you would like *your* wife to learn to love you, cousin?”

He did not answer this, but went on, “Receive his overtures of affection pleasantly, graciously; what begins in Duty cannot but end in Happiness.”

“Well, I’ll try,” said she, with yet another sigh.

“And if you do, Nan, it cannot but be a well-assorted Marriage.”

“Oh, by the way, cousin,” raising her sweet eyes with a smile in them to his, “I offer you my good wishes on your own approaching Marriage.”

“Mine?” said he, changing countenance; “I’m not going to be married! Who could have told you so?”

“ My father.”

His eyelids gave an involuntary quiver. “ Ah, my Uncle laboured under a Mistake,” sayd he quietly. “ Next time we are alone together, he shall have it explained. Come, shall we go and seek him ? ”

She was very pale ; her eyes full of tears. But she put her hand in his, and sayd, “ Yes ; and mind you keep me up to the mark.”

“ No doubt of it,” he replied ; “ and, Nan, one word in your ear : give yourself much unto Prayer.”

“ Ah, I do that alreadie ! Where, else, were I ? ”

After that, they passed out together ; and I felt absolutely convinced she was being led to Suffering and Sorrow.

Sir William was infinitely pleased at her yielding all he wanted without more ado : and careffed her now and then, which, I think, went further with her than all his arguments and upbraidings. Master Kyme, too, showed his best side outward, so that the path to her Fate was smoothed as much as might be. They took long Rides together ; she loved galloping, and would return all flushed and panting. As for her Wedding

Garments, perhaps never Bride took less interest in them. She sayd, "I wish all the feasting were over. When we are left alone, Master Kyme will doubtless go out hunting, and looking after his estate. I shall sit within and make clothes and fops for poor Folk, and read a great deal."

"And write, perhaps," said I.

"What, a book, Nicholas? What a bright thought! Why should I not, as well as Marguerite de Valois?"

"Or a deal better?" sayd I, playing on the word.

In fact, she had a pretty turn for poetry; as also for musique. I doubt if Queen Anne Boleyn, or Lord Percy, or Lord Surrey, could make better verses, or set them to prettier Tunes. Happy they who have such resources, not for the praise they get, but for the solace and refuge they afford, in many else sad or idle Hours.





SECTION IX.

How the poor Bird fled from its Cage to its Nest.

SO she was married—the pale, beautiful bride! I think one of her purest pleasures was giving me a complete new suit, of excellent broad-cloth, and pinning a white knot on it herself. As she left the Book-room, she looked around it, saying, “How many happy hours have I passed here!—”

When the last summer sunbeam shines on us, we should be very sad, did we know 'twas our last. I think my last summer sunbeam was o'erclouded when she left the House; but a not unpleasing grey, dim twilight, gradually stole on, that was not for some time deepened into gloom.

My niece Lettice, a buxom, black-eyed

lafs, was promoted to be her woman : a great honour for Lettice, Sir, and one that she did not abuse. When she came over to Stalling-boro' for her holidays (her Lady always gave her one a quarter), she always brought me her Lady's kind regards, and often some little token, of fruit, or flowers, or a book, or, maybe, a kerchief hemmed by herself. Thus I learnt of Lettice how she fared.

Master Edmund Britain looked over the Marriage Settlements. There was a small property devised to her from her Mother, which he sayd should be settled on her for her sole and separate use ; and he carried the point too ; Master Kyme could not for shame gainfay it, having already had the use of half her portion and now getting the other half ; but he sayd, Wives should not be independent of their Husbands. She was not, Sir ! He took care of that, and gave her the less Pin-money, and at length none. I believe their first variance was about her little Pittance, when Quarter-day came round and she gat it not. She had a Girl's pleasure in the independent use, for the first time, of a little Money ; and wanted it not for Vanities, poor young Lady, but for the Poor, and for

Books. She sayd, half between jest and earnest, that if he did not pay it her, she would tell her Father; so then he let her have, what ought never to have passed through his hands. But, you see, she had unbusiness-like Trustees; at least one was,—the other was Master Britain.

Sir William having carried his point with his Daughter, had now nothing to do, one would suppose, but enjoy having his own way: but he grew exceeding captious and quarrelous; so that it was next to impossible to please him. The only company he now seemed truly to care for, was that of Sir Francis, who, however, came not over to him so often as he would have seen him; nor remained so long; and this was a fertile source of complaint. His second son, Master Edward, was now of the household of Archbishop Cranmer; who, on his appointment, wrote of him that the young man was of a very gentil nature, right forward and of good activity. Master Roger was keeping his terms at Oxford.

My good Parents had long gone to their rest; my Brother held the little farm, which now depended only on one Life; my sisters were married to honest Yeomen and had

grownup Children. At times we heard the news; oft-times none reached us till it was stale: the winter was long and drearie, and Mistrefs Anne was unable to come over to us. When I hearde she had a little Daughter I rejoiced that she had so pure a fource of Pleasure vouchsafed, and prayed the little Youngling might prove an Epitome of herself; but Sir William was disappointed of her not bearing a man-child, and Master Kyme was out of humour at not getting an Heir.

I wearied for a sight of her dear Face, but on how sad an occasion did she visit us. Sir William had an access of Gout in the stomach, which caused all his Children to be summoned about him by Express; but the more distant ones arrived not in time to see him alive. Master Kyme was from home, but Mistrefs Anne came over as fast as a strong high trotting horse could carry her (it being two days' journey); the Nurse, riding Pillion, following her with the infant. To see her hang over Sir William, and tend him with the utmost duteousness, ye might have thought he had been the kindest Father ever was; but he made little account of her, and only

chafed because Sir Francis came not on the instant. At length, with his wife, eldest son, and two daughters about him, he made an end, deriving but little comfort, it seemed to me, from the ceremonial observances of religion that yet were duly and reverentlie performed. After extreme unctiōn, he fell into lethargy, and so shortly departed.

Mistress Anne, full of tears, was faine to remain in the House till after the Funeral:—ye have seene the green Bed, fir, in the chamber she lay in. As soon as the obsequies were concluded, (which were celebrated at Midnight, a large body of the country Gentry attending to do him the last honours,) Master Kyme took wife and child with him; the young gentlemen dispersed, and the bewidowed Dame and youngest Daughter, remained bereft and lonely till Affairs were settled and she put in receipt of her jointure, which is to say at the expiry of six months. Many Servants were dismissed, the remainder put on board wages, the greater part of the House shut up, and wearing apparel packed ready for a visit to my Lady's kinffolk. Mistress Joan, though of tender years, had already, by Sir William's arrangements, been

destined for the wife of Sir George St Paul of Snarford; and she visited among his family and hers, till the Wedding took place; never setting foot in Stallingboro' again.

Thus the place was left to enjoy its Sabbaths; and I wot I should have beene cast forth with the rest, but that the Mansion was left in charge of an old servant or two, and my Lady thought I might as well stay on, and keep them to their posts. I now had great leisure for Study, which assuredly I did not neglect. Now and then I hoed and raked the Flower-beds a little, and did a little pruning, for it seemed a shame the Pleasance should be let grow weedy and seedy by one who had writ on the Adornment of Gardens. Howbeit, there was work, not for one man but half a dozen.

One day after weeding a little, I sat down on the heavy stone Roller to recover my breath, when I saw my niece Lettice coming up the turfen alley. Time had fled on so unmarked, that I was astonied when she told me Mistres Anne had borne another infant.

“And,” sayth she, “’tis another girl, as

ill luck will have it, which makes Master Kyme downright savage.”

“How can he be so un-Christian?” quod I, “when the Lord hath added another little Olive-branch to his table? Children are a heritage from the Lord.”

“Aye; but he doth not count it so,” sayd Lettice. “Oh, it is fearful to hear how he upbraids her—not for this, in so many words, but for all she does and says, and mainly for what he calls her Gospelling.”

“Aye, aye?” sayd I, anxiously.

“In faith, the sweet Lady hath no comfort but in her infants, and her Bible,” sayth Lettice. “When they were first married, I know not what spirit of wisdom and silence possessed my dear Mistrefs, but she habitual-ly kept her tongue within her teeth, only trusting herself to utter phrases absolutely needful and harmless. Master Kyme was well pleased with this retention of speech. The first time she brake through it was, as I told you, when he kept back her Money and she threatened to tell her Father. I know not what courses he took with her, when by themselves, to cow and lesson her; but when I next went in to her, she was in a violent

fit of trembling, like as Mistrefs Patty shook in the double tertian. But she had carried her point; and after that she seemed desirous by the utmost sweetness and study of his wishes, to make him forget she had ever gainsaid him. This he'd on till after Sir William's death. Master Kyme, who had, I believe, never forgiven her first self-assertion, now thought he would make her find she had no appeal. He abided his time; she meanwhile, unsuspecting coming evil, and incited to good spirits by her dear little infant, would sing and laugh to it, and talk freely out of her heart's fulness to all about her. Thus her tongue became unlocked: she was as free of speech as though there was no one to be afraid of; and would bid us, like the good Mistrefs she is, be faithful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord—not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, or women-pleasers either. Also at dinner time, she would from time to time speak her mind, in converse with guests; Master Kyme eyeing her all the time with silent severity: yet abstaining from checking her, because the Duchess of Suffolk had shown her favour."

“That was very good of her noble Grace,” sayd I, “fo to strengthen the unprotected. How did matters go after that?”

“Quarter day came round and passed,” sayd Lettice, “and my Mistress, who had promised help to a poor Widow, at length sayd ‘Good husband, you have forgotten my money.’ ‘I have none about me,’ he answered slightly. I believe she did this two or three times without getting any more satisfaction. At length she sayd, but not unkindly, ‘Well, I wish Cousin Britain had taken order to pay my money direct to myself. I think I’ll ask him.’ ‘Why are you always harping on Money?’ quod he, very sharply. ‘Because I want it very badly, my dear.’ ‘Have you not everything found?’ ‘Tis not for myself, but Widow Green, who hath lost her Cow.’ ‘Oh, there then; there’s something towards it’—giving her a little loose silver: which was not the same thing, you know, Nunks.”

“Not at all,” sayd I. “I’m sorry they had words. Widow Green would rather have shifted without the money than gotten it at such cost.”

“But ’twas her own, you know,” persisted

Lettice, "and I must say I think her right No more was then sayd; but next morning my Mistrefs could nowhere find her Bible. We hunted high and low for it in vain; it could not be found. At length she sayd to Master Kyme, 'Such a strange thing hath befallen: my Bible is gone.' 'O, I have it,' sayd he coolly, 'you are not to have it again.' 'Not have it?' repeated she, colouring violently, 'It is mine.' He answered, 'What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own.' Tears started into her eyes, and she sayd, 'This is too cruel a jest. Forfooth and forfooth ye must let me have it.' 'Not I,' answered he roughly. 'It is no jest, as ye shall find. I desire that from this time forth thou tamper not with the religion of my household. If thou dost so, after this injunction, I shall take such order of thee, Madam, as' And so away, only finishing his sentence by a terrible look. She, ready to faint, could not proffer a word; and up to this time, hath not again provoked him to anger. Meanwhile she uses a little Italian Testament."

"Which Sir Francis brought her from Italy," sayd I; "I know it well."

“But it will soon be taken from her,” said Lettice, “for Master Kyme’s Confessor is a most tyrannous Priest, and ruleth everything in the house.”

After some further talk, she left me, to see her father and mother, and I remained in a painful muse on this family story, till driven indoors by a smart rain.

The weather broke up, about this time, and set in very wet. I was used to sleep in what went by the name of the Priest’s Chamber, over the Gateway, which had aforetime been occupied by good old Sir Maurice till his death. I loved the little cell for his sake: it had no Fireplace, and was draughty enough, set up on high and exposed to the wind all round; but that seldom hindered me of sleep.

But one night, when the wind blew in gusts and the rain pattered against the Lattice, I was roused from sleep by what seemed Voices borne on the Blast, and I lay thinking of the poor Outcasts who might, e’en on such a night, be crossing dank Moors or cowering ’neath Hedges. The rattle, as of a Pebble cast against the Casement, made me rise up and look about me. I distinctly

heard a Woman's voice at the Gate below, calling "Uncle! uncle!" I opened the casement in great fear, and called, "Who's there?"

"'Tis I, uncle," cried Lettice, "with Mistress Anne and the two babes. Oh, haste and let us in, for we are drenched to the skin, and ready to drop."

"Alas for ruth!" ejaculated I. "Tarry but a moment; I'll come quickly." And hastily dressing, I went down and let her in, greeting her with "Poor soul! poor soul!"

There was hardly any light, for black clouds were fast drifting over the moon, but a pale ray for a moment showed me indistinctly a cowering figure wrapped in something whitish, like sheet or blanket, and closely clasping something in her arms. Lettice had the bigger child, heavy with sleep, on her back. Mistress Anne spake never a word.

"We must get indoors, uncle, as soon as ever we can," cried Lettice quickly.

"*Instanter, instanter,*" said I, half out of my wits; "there's nobody indoors but old Meggot and his wife; and I fear they sleep heavily."

Meanwhile we had blundered our way across the soaked court, to the Portal, where Lettice, seizing the great Bell-handle, never ceased from pulling till the clangour resounded through the empty House. Presently old Margery put forth her head from a Dormer window, and began in a quavering voice to cry "Murder! Fire!"

"Come down quickly," I cried, "and let us in! Here's Mistress Anne!"

Margery uttered a cry of surprise, and hurried away. We soon heard her crossing the Hall and undoing the Bolts. "Whatever can have brought you, good Madam, at this untimely hour?" quod she, peering into her face.

"Fire—let us have a fire quickly," said Mistress Anne, "and milk for the babes."

Directly Margery brought a light, I caught sight, for the first time, of Mistress Anne's face, and was terrified at it. Her cheeks were as crimson, her eyes shining as stars, her wet hair hanging over her shoulders. From her hard, unnatural voice, and blazing eyes and cheeks, it was evident she was in a high fever.

No more said she, but followed us strait

through the great, vacant Kitchen, where we now ne'er lighted a Fire, into the Steward's Room hard by, which we preferred inhabiting and cooking in by reason of its snugness, and for Economy of Fuel. Here were dying Embers on the Hearth, which Margery speedily nursed into a good Fire, Mistress Anne getting so close to it as to endanger her garments, and sighing deeply from time to time, as she chafed her little infant. Margery, talking disjointedly, set on Milk and brought Bread and Basins, and soon they were all having bread-and-milk, and shaking out their wet upper-garments; and then they crept up-stairs, where Margery made what poor provision she could for their sleeping, my Lady having locked up all but the Servants' Bedding before she went away.





SECTION X.

Of our Journey to London.



I HAD no more Sleep that night, and at Day-dawn, after counsel with Mistrefs Anne, I started for Kelsey, to bring Sir Francis over to her.

He had juft breakfasted, and was playing with his Hawk when I got there. He sayd, "What now, Moldwarp? What makes you fo early astir? To pick up the early worm, eh?"

I sayd, "Sir Francis, I have fomewhat for your private ear. A fore Misfchance hath befallen."

He sayd, "Take the Hawk, Jessop—come in here, Nicholas;" and straitway turned into his private Room; where he threw himself into a Chair. "Now then for it"

“Master Kyme, Sir, hath turned Mistrefs Anne out of Doors. She came a-horseback with her Maid and two Infants, across the Moors through Wind and Rain, and reached Stallingboro’ long past Midnight.”

He swore an oath and started to his feet, crying, “I must have his Blood.”

“Sir, fir!” sayd I, “don’t talk that way . . . you have a Spouse and two sweet offspring of your own.”

“True, true,” sayd he, resumng his seat. “I owe my life to my family, and a Duello does not always determine a quarrel with justice. But,—sent her adrift? . . . and in such Weather, too! Perhaps the illgrained fellow hath even struck her!”

“She sayd nothing of that,” sayd I.

“Well, well, then I dare say he has not. Most likely she would have told if he had.”

But she has told nothing,” sayd I; “scarce opened her lips.”

“That looks suspicious,” sayd he, frowning and looking hard at me—“women always make enough ado in these cases, and naturally make the best of their own cause, and the worst of the other side. If he’d Beaten her, I vow I would draw his Blood . . . unless he

gave me a very good reason indeed why I should not. But we must be wary, Nick, we must be wary—there may be two ways of telling the Story; and between ourselves, Mistress Kyme's judgement is like to be warped a little by passion."

"But you have not heard her Story yet, Sir," cried I. "Do, for the love of ruth, ride over and see her for yourself and hear her Say. There may be things too delicate for her servants to be told, that she will confide to a dear Brother."

"You say true, indeed," quod he, "and yet there is nothing on earth more disagreeable than interference between Man and Wife—"

"But Sir! your own Sister—"

"Or, indeed, in any Family Quarrels—"

"Turned out of House and Home—"

"One is sure to burn one's fingers—"

"All through that drenching Rain—"

"And very likely, take the wrong side—"

"When I heard the Pebble come against my window," persisted I, "you might have knocked me down with a straw." And then, without the manners to wait till I was bidden, I ran, or raced, through all the par-

ticulars, with such vehement pity and eager watchfulness for some token of sympathy in him, that he could not choose but show concern, and cry,

“Poor Nan! poor Nan!—truly I wish I saw my way through this: I would consult my wife, only I know she would be against my taking any rash step—I must controul myself—I must seek to be mediator; Go back, Nick, and tell my Sister I’ll come over as fast as I can.”

With which I was constrained to content myself, though I would fain have seen him start when I did, since his boiling up had so suddenly subsided alreadie. However, I did him injustice, for just as I got back to the Hall, I heard Horses galloping behind me, and looking round, saw him riding up, like a gallant Gentleman as he was, his white Feather streaming in the air, and his fine face flushed with exercise. He flung his rein to his groom, sprang to the ground, and rushed in with outspread arms, crying, “My Sister! Oh, my unhappy Sister!”

Mistress Anne, rising up from her low seat by the fire, fell into his arms, and wept tears of affection and thankfulness. For a

while it was only such broken words as, "Oh, my poor Nan!—that it should come to this!" "Dear, dear Frank! I knew you would come! Oh, I have been so very, very unhappy!"

"Tell me all about it," says he, releasing her from his arms, "but not in this unfit place. Let us go into Lady Askew's room." "She hath locked it up, Frank—She hath locked up nearly all the House." "Nay then, we can pace the Hall—but you are tired?" "In faith, Frank, I can scarce stand—I shall be better presently." And she turned deadly pale. I brought her some water. "The Book-room," I sayd, "will be best."

"Just so, Nicholas," sayd Sir Francis; and taking his Sister's hand, he led her in there, and shut to the door. What they sayd was between 'emselves alone—we could only hear voices, raised to a high key sometimes, and then stifled; and a good deal of Sobbing. It seemed an age before they came forth; but they did at last; more by token, I think, the Baby began to wail and she heard it. I never saw a defolater Creature than she looked when she came forth; they were not on

the same terms as when they went in ; and I knew what a trick he had of edging round. "Well," says he, as if making some great concession, "I'll do as I say I will : I'll ride over and see him : your clothes you at least must have. And I hope this unhappy affair may be made up. Perchance he may this morning be in a better mind. Had he been drinking, think you ? Had you crost him in anything ? Tut, tut . . . there, don't cry. Thou knowest, Nan, my tender love for you. Make the best of it . . . something will needs come to pass. My lady desired me to bear you her loving regards—"

"Here's my baby, Frank—you have not seen it before—"

"Ha!—" with a pre-occupied air as if it was not his first sight of a baby ; which indeed it was not. "Well, cheer up, Sister . . . Hope for better times . . . Receive placably the first offer of composition . . . Let bygones be bygones . . . he'll know better in future. Mind ye be not backward when he comes forward. Something will be arranged, I doubt not. You shall hear from me soon. Farewell, Sister!"

And, having embraced her anew, he sprang

into his faddle, and the white plume vanished through the Gate.

The rest of the day was dull and cheerless enough; but Mistress Anne took up her quarters in the Book-room, where I failed not to keep up a good fire, and we contrived a little sleeping place for the infants. The eldest was an engaging prattler, and amused us whether we would or no. And little by little, Mistress Anne relieved her mind to me of much that was on it, and how that a cruel Confessor had alienated her husband from her, even to making him threaten her personal liberty, and seclusion from her children: and she sayd her lot had graduallie worsened ever since her father died; and that she thought what had happened now would have happened afore, but for his having the fear of the Duchesse of Suffolk before his eyes. She being now at a distance, he had ta'en advantage of her absence.

When she ceased, I paused a little, and then began gently to talk, not of her present Trouble in particular, but of Troubles in general, their purposes, whether as judgements, like the plagues of Egypt; or chaf-

tenings, like death of David's little child; or warnings, like the blindness of Elymas; or tests, like the sufferings of Job; or trials, like the trials of Abraham; or purifiers, like the afflictions of Mary Magdalene; or to make the good that lay hidden in us shine forth with the greater lustre, as in Queen Esther.

When I paused, she sayd, "Go on, dear Master Moldwarp, I love to hear you." Her eldest was sleeping on a pillow, her youngest nestling in her arms. The day was far spent, the wind and rain had ceased, we were sitting by the fitful light of the fire. So then, in a desultory fashion, I moralized on the patience of Job; and meekness under contumely of Hannah, and the low estate of Ruth, and the trials of unloved Leah, and the angel comforting desolate Hagar, and the tribulations of the early Christians, and the exceeding love of our Lord and Saviour in dying for us. After this, I sayd, "Suppose we pray?" and knelt down that minute and had a spirit of utterance given me I had never possessed before; and we rose up mightily composed and strengthened. Then the little one woke and sayd, "Sing, Mammy,

sing," and Mistress Anne sang one sweet hymn after another. Thus, strange to say, we were not unhappy. When we retired to rest, after our customary devotions, she gave me her hand and said,—

"Oh, old Friend, how you have calmed me! Would that you were ever at hand, as aforesaid." I said, "Would that I were."

A few days after, a sumptuous-mule brought over some great ill-packed bundles of apparel most negligently and disrespectfully put together; with a billet from Sir Francis; who said he had been unable to bring Master Kyme to any composition, and he believed the only way would be for his sister to humble herself. All this time, she had scarce tasted food save bread and milk; for our Board-wages necessitated a meagre Larder; and to supply somewhat for the unexpected demand on our resources, I had taken up my hat, and was about to step over to the Farm, when she called out, "Stop the groom! I'll ride over to Kelsey. My brother is under some great misapprehension. I was cast forth for none other than the Gospel's sake. No Reproach but that of Christ is upon me. As for Master

Kyme listening to reason, I might as well talk to the Coat-of-arms over the Gate. He hath imposed on me Silence, and threatened to gag me."

She would not be stayed; but, equipping herself in cloak and muffler, set forth accompanied by the man, leaving the children in charge of Lettice.

When the sixth morning came without her return, we became uneasy; and as the Babes wept and pined, we planned that I should follow her to wit was become of her, and allege for plea, that the Infant was out of forts.

I borrowed a Horse of my Brother, who was possessed of all was going on, though we kept it from the Village, and pitied us amain. When I got to Kelsey, I found Mistress Anne was not there: she had gotten a horse and journeyed to Lincoln. What possessed her to go to that city, I wist not, but follow her I needs must: my Fears would let me take no rest.

When I got to Lincoln, I went to a Seed-shop, the owner of which I knew, and asked him if he could direct me to Mistress Kyme. Smiling a little, he sayd, "Ye will

find her in the Cathedral, standing by the lectern, where she hath stood, these five days, to confront, she sayth, any that shall allege evil against her. Sure, her mind must be something distempered?"

I sayd, "Oh, believe it not. 'Tis only that she hath been hardly dealt with:" and I hastened, full of trouble, to the Cathedral, where a little knot of people were hanging about the entrance. I passed through their midst, and heard such fragments as "A Bess o' Bedlam;" "No, an Outcast Wife;" "In sooth a goodly Lady;" "A Bigot to her Opinions;" "A Faire Gospeller."

When I went in, not above five or six people were inside, and they were standing and curiously staring at Mistress Anne where she stood at the lectern, calmly reading the Bible. The sunlight streaming in upon her through a painted window at that moment, methought she looked like a glorified Saint.

After waiting a good while, there was a little huttling among the bystanders, and one of them stepping up to her, uttered some forrie Jest, I believe, though I could not hear it, for she gravely looked up at him till he turned away abasht, and then resumed

her reading. Looking up again, however, she perceived me, and, after a moment's hesitation, reverently closed the Bible, looking round her as she did so, and saying,—

“Good Christian people, this Book containeth the words of eternal life. For holding to this Book am I now in tribulation.” Then she came up to me, and eagerlie whispered, “Hath aught befallen the Children?” “The Babe,” I replied, “ceases not to moan and lament.” “Nay then,” quod she, “I will return with thee on the instant. I have now these six days stood here, to see what would be sayd unto me; and felt not one bit afraid, because I knew my cause to be good.”

Though I misdoubted her Judgement in so doing, I could not but admire her Courage and Simplicities.

As we rode back, she told me Sir Francis had turned quite cold upon her, and shown himself of very poor spirit: adding, “They were incensed at me for awaiting and braving the evil-speakers, whose minds are set on mischief, and mightily afraid of my angering the Ecclesiastical Authorities. Howbeit, not one of them offered me let or hindrance.”

After this, Sir Francis seemed minded to try what effect Neglect would have on her; for though he knew we were even pinched for food, he sent us not so much as a dish of water fish, though his Tenants were bound to supply his table with 'em all the year round; and though, when she depended not on Presents for Plenty, scarce a week passed without gifts of Game, Fruit, and suchlike, going to Master Kyme's house.

Mistress Anne felt the unkindness very little, for in truth she seemed not to know what she ate or drank, and she preferred Bread-and-milk, because 'twas soon lapt up and caused no Flushings nor Heaviness.

Her time was now mainly spent in Letter-writing, to I think almost every member of her family, and also to friends at a distance; and the counsel they sent her was so diverse, that if she had been so minded she could not have followed it at all. Sir Francis at length came over again to his sister; and was most contrary and querimonious, alleging that as she had brewed, so she must bake; that Master Kyme would on no hand now receive her again into his House. She sayd, deeply sighing, "Since that is so, I must sue

for a divorce." "I thought you would say it," quod Sir Francis. "You were best to apply to Cousin Britain, for you have not much to go towards law charges." She sayd, "Will you write to him about it?" He sayd, "I shall neither make nor meddle in the matter." "Oh, well, then I must do it myself," she sayd calmly; and she wrote to Master Britain, a very composed and well-ordered letter. He had for some time been a husband and a father, and was rising into fair practice.

By the earliest opportunity came a letter from Master Britain, showing what real sympathy could be, and what real friendship could offer. He expressed great tribulation at her sad case, much indignation against Master Kyme, to whom he offered to write, and he begged in his Wife's name and his own, that should she resort to London, she would, in any case, lodge in his house.

Mistress Anne would not be beholden to him for this, nor cumber him and his good wife with herself and small children: but she felt the goodness none the less, and sayd it joyed her heart. Also he had sent her her quarterly payment, which he took shame to

himself for not having ascertained beforetime that she had punctually received. Thus, with money in her purse, she was able to provide for the journey ; and she resolved to set forth without delay.

Now when I beheld the dear young Lady thus about to be thrown on the world, without any of the male kind to care whether she should sink or swim, I determined to be her attendant. After a little debate, she consented to this, thanking me much beyond my deserts or wishes ; and my Brother, still helpful in every way he could, provided us with Horses and a Guide : Mistress Anne and her Maid each carrying a child, and riding Pillion.





SECTION XI.

Of what befel us in London.



AT an Inn on the Road, where we baited, a slovenly Fellow lounging about the place seemed watching us attentively, and Mistress Anne, happening to notice him, sayd to me, "That man comes sometimes to Master Kyme." He, seeing himself observed, lounged away; but I saw him again, just before we entered London, and thought he dogged us.

Arrived in the City, we found a plain but decent Lodging with an old servant, over against the Temple, where was a double-bedded Chamber for Mistress Anne, the Infants, and my Niece; a Parlour, and an Attic for myself. She soon took order for

the method of her small Household on a scale proportioned to her means ; and having written letters to Master Britain and two Ladies of her acquaintance, sent me forth to deliver them. It seemed strange to me to be blundering my way about the busie City, the noises of which bewildered me ; howbeit I did mine errands at last, though more tardily than if I had been used to London. Master Britain was conferring with a Client, but when he saw me, his countenance changed ; and as soon as the Client was gone, he made me sit down and go over the whole matter in a plaine, methodicall way.

“I always thought Kyme a Churl,” quod he, “but guesed not he would exhibit this extremity of Malice. What is the ground of it, think ye?”

I sayd it undoubtedlie had been aroused by diversitie of religious Belief.

“There is no more likelie Cause. I confes I see not my way through this matter Separation is a grievouse remedy, and yet, e'en if we could bring them together again, we could not make them more of a mind.”

He sayd he would step round in the afternoon and see his Cousin, and invite her to visit his Wife at Chelsea. When I went back, I found Mistrefs Anne tying on her hood: she sayd the mistrefs of the house, Mistrefs Berry, was going to hear a Lecture, and had offered to take her with her. So I followed, to take care of both.

The Lecture was given by one Porter, a godly preacher, in the Crypt of St. Paul's. It gave us matter for much discourse and searching of Scripture on our return; and while thus engaged, there came in Master Britain. He was more affected at the meeting, I thought, than she; for her mind was now strung up and fixed on Matters far above the little reverses of daily life. When she told him where she had been, he sayd he had heard Master Porter once or twice himself, and deemed highly of him, but that attendance on his Lectures was not without danger, for that a retrograde movement had taken place in the King's Government under the influence of Gardiner, Wriothesley, and the Duke of Norfolk. She sayd, "Are we to fall back because of them?" He sayd, "No, but he had no mind to put his head in

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the lion's mouth, and hoped she would not." She replied not whether or no.

Then he bade her to Chelsea; but when she found Mistress Britain was keeping her bed, she said she would defer it to a more convenient time. Then they got to her matter with Master Kyme, and she was very quiet about it, and did not say aught that was querimonious. She said they could not fort 'emselves together: she had known from the first they had their minds set opposite ways, and 'twas conscience with her not to change hers. He said, "And perchance with Master Kyme too." She said, when it came to being a Man's conscience to lock up his Wife, threaten to gag her and separate her from her Children, and tell her Servants they were not to listen to her nor heed what she said, it was not easy to live with him. But when he put her outside the Door amid rain and darkness, and refused to let her in again, she could not choose but live without him.

Master Britain brooded over this in painful silence.

"So the Law had best complete what he hath begun," she said quietly. "Then I shall know where I am."

“Not in a hurry, not in a hurry,” sayd he. “Nothing will be gained by precipitation.”

“What am I to live on?”

“Of course we shall take order about that.”

“Very well, then,” sayd she, sighing, “I shall leave it to your direction.”

“And where shall you abide?”

“Where, better than here?”

“This is but a poor place.”

“The fitter for poor fortunes—I care not a Pin,” added she quickly, “for living on Bread-and-milk. *Do* I, Moldwarp?”

“Master Nicholas,” sayd he, cordially, “I am right glad you have linked yourself to my Cousin’s fortunes.”

When he was gone, we had our frugal supper: at Even-song, the good woman of the house, whose interest Mistress Anne had quickly secured, came in to join in the family exercises, which Mistress Anne conducted, reading the portion of Scripture, praying, and leading the Psalmody. After this, we all went peaceably to rest.

There was always some lecture or sermon, or prayer-meeting to attend. In the morning

a man in violet-coloured livery brought a note from Lady Denny, saying she was going down the river to the Court at Greenwich, and inviting Mistress Anne to bear her company: the Man would attend her to the Barge. I attended her to it too, and saw her safe into my Lady's hands: she was too fair to see and unused to City ways to be let go hither and thither.

When she returned, Lady Denny's groom of the chamber, Christopher, saw her to the door, and she was sorry she could only give him a groat. But the day arrived when the groat came from him to her.

She looked bright, and said, "Oh, they were all so good, I have been almost happy! I have been with Lady Hertford, and she is a very Saint. Her whole study is the Bible."

After this, she was sent for by these and other Court ladies from time to time, and enjoyed delicès of Christian friendship and conversation. The rest of her time was spent quite in a retired manner with her children, only going forth to hear Lectures and Sermons. All this while, Sir Francis wrote only once to her, without signing his

name at full length; but Miftrefs Difney wrote twice and kindly. Mefeemed, her own Sex fympathized with her a good deal the moft. Mayhap the married men feared her enfample, as the privy council of King Ahafuerus feared that of Queen Vashti. But they need not to have been afraid of Miftrefs Anne.

The more I held converfe with her, the more I perceived how her powers of reflection and reasoning had ripened fince her Marriage; which was not fo much by the ftudy of many books as of one Book, and making divine pature thereon.

One day, my Niece fayd unto me, "Methought People in great Cities were lefs curious than in fmall Villages, and had lefs time for their Neighbours' Affairs."

"'Tis fo," I replied.

"There's One i' the next Houfe," returned Lettice, "whofe fole Bufineffe feems to be to watch us from Morn till Night."

"Aye?" quoth I. "The man that dogged us on the Road?"

"No, not he, though he may be fet on by him. If, when thou returneft home, thou lookeft up at the firft-floor Lattice,

there thou shalt see him, lurking just within the shadow, like a Spider watching for a Fly."

I did so, and liked not the look of the Fellow, who caught my eye and drew back. Thereafter I made it my business to stare hard at him, every time I came back, till I'm sure he hated the very sight of me. At my instance, Mistress Berry privily asked the woman next door whether she had let her lodging and who was her Lodger. She sayd, one Master Wadloe, a Curfitor of Chancery, and a man of great piety. However, his piety proved to be of the sort Saul of Tarsus had, when he haled poor Christians to prison. It came out afterward, that, having gathered somewhat of her story, after a twisted fashion, and not thinking well of her Life, he had been so officious as to get himself lodged next Door, for the main or sole intent to spy out her ways, and sift them fine.

But mark the Issue of this: and take Comfort therein. From her malicious Espion, he became a compleat Convert to her virtue and sanctity. For, sayd he afterward, "She is the most devout and godly creature that ever I knew. At midnight she begin-

neth to pray, and ceaseth not for a long while after, when I and others apply ourselves to fleape or do worfe."

Now befel the sad and forrowful caption of Master Porter the Bible reader, who was committed to Newgate by order of Bonner, to the grievoufe losf and lamentation of his well-wifhers and difciples. Master Britain's fecond vifit to us was made as touching this, and to warn off Miftrefs Anne from fhewing herfelf openly his follower. Whereon ſhe quoted, "I was fick and in prifon and you vifited me;" and afked him how he interpreted that. He fayd, that was fpoken to Men. She fayd, "I've yet to learn there's one Gofpel for Men and another for Women." In truth, ſhe with Miftrefs Berry, and me for their Uſher. had already been to Newgate, and there cheered the prifoner's heart with Scriptural comfort. On his part, he was no whit caſt down or amazed, but lifted up his voice and preached the Saviour till e'en the Gaolers melted.

The end of this poor young Man, though painful, was ſhort. On the plea of cauſing tumultuous Affemblages, e'en in Prifon, he

was cast into a Lower Dungeon, and there chained by the Neck to the Wall; through which hard treatment, he, though young and vigorous, was, on the eighth day, found dead in his Bonds.

Then came to pass that which Master Britain in his world-wisdom had predicted; to wit that Mistress Anne, having been noted beyond others, maybe on account of her excellent Beauty, as having resorted to Newgate and upheld him in the Faith, was summoned before the Quest assembled at Sadlers' Hall, for having broken the law of the Six Articles. I, having scarce time to start off after her, hastily bade Mistress Berry advise Master Britain of the event.

I scarce need to tell any well-instructed person that the Six prescribed Articles of Faith, lately imposed on all by Act of Parliament through ye Influence of that Bigot the Duke of Norfolk, were these:—1. The Corporal presence of Christ in the elements. 2. Reception of the Communion in one kind. 3. Vows of Chastity. 4. Private Masses. 5. Celibacy of the Clergy. 6. Auricular Confession.

Against most of these Cranmer had argued

for several days. But the Popish party were as five to four; so they carried it.

In the greatest of Trouble I now took my way to Sadlers' Hall, where, on entering, I found Christopher Dare, being one of the Quest, examining her on the Real Presence, and putting it to her, did she believe the Sacrament hanging over the Altar was Christ's very body or not.

Then she: "I will in like manner ask you a Question, and do you answer me: Why was St. Stephen stoned to death?"

He frowned and pished, and could not think of an apt reply, and sayd he could not tell.

"No more tell I you what you have asked me," sayd she.

"It hath been alleged against you," quod he, "that you have been heard to say, 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.'"

"Well," then sayd she, "how read you the seventh and seventeenth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles? What say St. Stephen and St. Paul therein?"

"Nay," sayth he, "I have not their words at my fingers' end."

“These be they,” sayd she—“Sayth Stephen (Acts seven, forty-eight) ‘Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands: as sayth the Prophet, Heaven is my throne and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build Me? sayth the Lord: or what is the place of my rest? Hath not my hand made all these things?’—Holy Stephen quoted the prophet Ifay: chapter sixty-six. Hear also what St. Paul sayth: Acts feveteen—‘God, that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of Heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men’s hands, as though he needeth anie thing, seeing he giveth to all, life and breath and all things.’”

“Well,” sayth he, looking something mazed, “how take ye these sentences?”

On which she, with the only little dash of impatience from first to last, sayd—“I will not throw pearls before swine; acorns are good enow for them.”

After a pause, he asked her,

“How came you to say, ‘I had rather read five lines in the Bible than hear five masses?’”

“ Weill, I *would* rather,” she sayd quietlic.

“ How fo ? ”

“ Not for the dispraise of the Epistle or Gospel, but because the one would greatly edify me, the other not at all.”

“ How ? Not at all ? ”

“ Doth not St. Paul witness in the fourteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, saying, ‘ If the trumpet giveth an uncertain sound, who will prepare himself for the battle ? ’ ”

“ Oh, then you maintain that if an ill Priest ministereth, ’tis the substance of the devil, and not of God.”

Then she: “ I never sayd so; nor did I mean it. The ill-conditions of the Priest that ministered could nohow hurt my faith. In spirit I should still receive the body and blood of Christ.”

“ What hast thou to say, as touching Confession ? ”

“ The same that St. James sayd, that every man ought to acknowledge his faults to others, and pray, the one for the other.”

“ What is your judgement of the King’s book ? ”

“Nay, I can form no judgement, for I have never read it!”

Dare seemed to have come to his wit's end, for he now sent for a Priest noted for a Zealot.

He, in place of dodging her after the previous unskilled fashion, held to one main point, and pressed her hard down upon it. What deemed she of the Sacrament of the Altar?

She, perceiving him for what he was, one that would fain entangle her in her talk, sayd only, “I pray you have me excused.”

He presented the question to her again in various forms; but she returned no other answer. At this juncture, I heard a hard breathing close behind me, and looking round, beheld Master Britain, gazing and listening with the utmost anxiety.

Then sayd the Priest, “Believest thou not, that private Masses help departed Souls? Answer thou me.”

To whom she answered, “It were indeed idolatry, to believe more in them than in the death which Christ died for us miserable sinners.”

I drew a deep sigh, and 'twas echoed beside me. Then sayd Christopher Dare, with a gesture of impatience, "There is no arguing with such a woman—she must be brought before the Lord Mayor."

It might have been thought a matter of dailie course to her to be brought before him, so composedly did she go forth to appear before him and the Common Council then sitting in Guildhall.

My Lord Mayor, Sir Martin Bowes by name, a goldsmith of good Yorkshire family, might be reasonably supposed no rare theologian. He put to her the futile and irreverend question that had already been mooted along with many other Quodlibets, as touching a Mouse that should eat the Host: adding, "What sayest thou, foolish Woman?"

Thereat Mistris Anne did not refrain from smiling; and fundrie of the Council laughed outright, which made the Lord Mayor fore displeas'd.

"Tell me, woman," quod the Chancellor of London, "hast thou not by word of mouth publicly address'd congregations contrary to Scripture?"

"No, on my faith," sayth she.

It came into my mind that he must have heard some Bruit of her standing by the Lectern in Lincoln Cathedral, before the face of all the people. Sad to relate, though her answers gave or should have given full satisfaction, they had no mind to be satisfied; whereby this faire and innocent Lady, by nature shamesfast, by education cultivated, of habits retired and unacquainted with the world, was sent to the Comptor prison in Bread Strete, the Lord Mayor refusing to take bail.

A mob of men and boys, mostly City Prentices, hung about the grated window whence the Prisoners could look forth. Lettice and I did the same, albeit with small expectation that Mistress Anne would show her dear face at it. However, when we heard the prisoners begging a few pence of the by-standers to buy bread, and apprehended that our own dear Lady might e'en want food with the rest, we searched our pouches, but alas, found not so much as a Genoa halfpenny therein. On this, Lettice, with a hardihood for which I sincerely commend her, went up to the keen-looking lads and accosted them with, "Of your pity, fair

young Sirs, a trifle for my good Mistrefs; and may ye never, never know what it is to want a Crust of Bread!"

On this, with the impulsiveness of youth, they absolutely showered small coin on her, till, I believe, they had none left; she thanking and blessing them with more fluency than I could have commanded, had my Life depended on it. Then she would have handed the money through the grate, but the villainous expression of some of the faces looking forth, made her distrustful. At length a good, pious man, whom we knew by sight, received it of her, and promised it should go to her Lady.

Oh, where was Sir Francis, the loved companion of her youth (that bade her face the Bull and ran away himself)? where was the Husband of her Espousals, who had promised to cherish and succour her till Death should them part?

As well ask for last Summer's Gnats. The fair Creature was utterly left to her own Discretion and Faithfulness; which, so supporting her as they did, made it clear to all but the wilfully blind, that grace was given her from On High. She looked unto the Hill

from whence came her help ; and the Lord, in place of removing her Trial, supported her under it.

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SECTION XII.

Of our Change of Place.



HOW were we struck through as with a dart, when the Prison Door closed on our loved Mistress Anne! We went back to our Lodging the wretchedest souls on earth, there to be assailed by a flood of importunate Questions from the Woemen, and floods of Tears and bitter Lamentations, in the which I shame not to say I joined. By and by, I bade them call to mind how that when Peter was cast into Prison, prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him; and that it was while they were engaged, late at night. in that very act, that he was delivered unto them, even by the hand of an Angel, so that

the Servant-maid Rhoda, hearing his voice at the Gate, opened it not for gladness, but ran in to tell the rest. And I improved Mistress Anne's command of the Scriptures, chapter and verse and word for word, and showed how they were the Sword of the Spirit that man could neither gain say nor resist, though he could gag the mouth that spoke them. Thereafter we gave ourselves the greater part of the night to Prayer, and many ensuing nights and days our Minds were continually in a supplicating posture before the Lord, pleading with Him His own Promises, and acknowledging we were not worthy to Ask what yet we besought him to perform.

At the end of twelve days, I learned from Master Britain, to whom I made dailie resort, that he had obtained leave to see her and concert with her measures for her Release on bail. I waited for him outside, and when he came forth, his face looked full of care. He told me Bishop Bonner had sent a Priest unto her, to prove her with hard questions, and that her matter was now handed over to the Ecclesiastical Court. She was to go before the Bishop next day.

When I repeated this to the Woemen, they begun to lament and say, "Alas, for us, our prayers are not heard." I sayd, "Ye filly fouls, there is more need for prayer than ever: be at it without ceasing; perchance it may draw a Blessing and not a Curse."

So they took pattern by the importunate Widow, and spared not their pleadings, Day nor Night. Meantime the Bishop of London having told Master Britain that anie of the Prisoner's friends might be present at her examination the day following, he sent off expresses to her Brothers, and to her Husband, if haply his Heart might be softened. But they came not, and indeede Time would have failed, if Inclination had not. To be briefe, no one showed friendlie to her, but Master Britain and my unworthy self; and I had no Bail to offer, and only went to see and hear all I coulde, how the matter would turn, and remained in the Lobby, while Master Britain went in. Meanwhile a friend of his, one Master Spelman of Gray's Inn, arrived at his instance, to be her Surety; should no kinsman appear.

They waited as long as they could for her Brothers, and the Bishop bade Master Britain

exhort her meantime, to reveal freely the secrets of her heart when she came to be examined, for that, whatever she should say, in his House, no man should hurt her for it. This, Bishop Bonner repeated to her himself, when he went in to see her privately; showing none of that Severity and Ruthlessness he afterward made manifest.

All being ready (save the kindred that ne'er came) Mistress Anne was brought before the Court with proper order; and the Bishop began examining her on the Sacrament. Attaining to no satisfactory Issue thereby, the Bishop went out, anon returning with a written Paper, to which he desired her to sign her Name. She, looking at what was writ, before signing, sayd,

“I believe so much thereof as the book of Scripture doth agree to.”

On this, he shortly replyed, “It is not for you to teach me what to write.”

Then she, taking the pen which was given her, wrote, “I Anne Askew do believe all manner of thynges containd in the faith of the Catholic Church.”

When the Bishop saw what was writ, he waxed red with choler, and rising up from

his feat, went forthe into his withdrawing-room. Thither followed him Master Britain and Doctor Weston, and found him in a rage with the perverfest creature he had known in his life. Sayd Master Britain—

“O my Lord! set not her weak woman’s witt against your Lordship’s great wisdom!” —and Doctor Weston sayd other mollyfying things; so that, in fine, ye Bishop was brought to release his victim that time on Bail. Howbeit, she was still detained two more days in Custody, (which gave her younger Brothers time to have come) till she should agayn appear before the civill authorities in Guildhall. Then she finally obtayned her Discharge in the Consistory Court of St. Paul’s; her cousin Britain and Master Spelman being Sureties for her future appearance if it were required.

And thus we got her back. Our eyes were filled with Tears of joy rather than our mouths with laughter, at her so great deliverance; and there was not one of us sayd, “Why obtayned ye not sooner Release?” She was free and yet she had yielded not a jot; for the clause she appended to her Name bare witness that she had never recanted.

Bonner, meanwhile, might boast, an' he would, of having got her signature—he knew what that addition signified, and forgot it not nor forgave.

When she came forth, I lookt to see her faire Face marred with grief and Terror: having nightly pictured her to myself lying alone and in Darknesse, in some Mean Cell, her Spiritts amazed and dejected. On the contrary, though her Raiment (which was of Black) was soiled with dust, her Face, engaging as a Child's, looked all Peace and Sweetness; and almost her first word to me, after learning how fared the Infants, was—

“O, dear friend! I have found that Thing which I desired, but wist not would ever be vouchsafed me—something to do and to suffer for God. Since He hath counted me worthy to bear testimony for Him, there is nothing I shall love so much to do unto my Life's end, He being my Helper.”

I sayd, “Beseech ye, Mistress, be careful, for the young Babes' sakes.”

She sayd, “I seemed, in prison, to feel their little Fingers twining round mine. Careless I may not be; cowardly will I

never be. I brought not my Trial on myself, anie more than anie that resorted to Porter in Newgate; and I answered the Quest to the best of my judgement. I did not force the Truth on them, they forced it from me. Should they tear me with red-hot pincers, they will get nothing else." And she added that the lads of Sparta could bear to be whipped before the Altars, without so much as quecking.

When I sayd Sir Francis should have come, her face changed, and she sayd, "Ah, he might ha' come, an' he would."

I sayd, "Maybe my Lady would not let him."

"Cousin Britain," quod she, "did not fail me like my Brothers."

'Twas pretty to see her fly to her children and fondle them, and they nestling in her arms, to smother her with kisses; but soon she sayd she must change her prison-foiled garments. Oh! what Thanksgivings rose from our full hearts that Night. When the Infants were a-Bed, she took her Lute, and sang a sweet Hymn she had composed in her imprisonment.

Thereafter, we had three months of peace-

fulle rest: and, for that we were driven to hard shift, sometimes, for our daily Meat, so scant were her Means, I betook me to emblazon fundrie Samples of Ornamental Penmanship, which raised a few Shillings. We never abounded and we never lacked. Mistress Anne was sent for once and agayn by Lady Hertford and Lady Denny, the Countess of Suffex, and the Duchesse of Suffolk, and I played the Usher to her when she went to Greenwich, albeit my well-brushed Suit was too threadbare to find favour in the scornful eyes of the Waiters in the antechamber. On one occasion, that gracious child, the Lady Jane Grey, then nine years old, did run after her as she came forth, and say in a low voice, "Oh, Mistress Askew, the Queen wishes to see the book you spoke of."

For her grace Queen Katherine Parr was herself an illustrious Reformer, and had appointed Miles Coverdale her Almoner, and commissioned Nicholas Udall, Master of Eton school, to edit the Translations of Erasmus his Paraphrases of the four Gospels; e'en inciting her royal step-daughter, Princess Mary, to accept its dedication: the Queen

being then at Hanworth. And the Lady Herbert and Lady Tyrrell, and young Lady Jane Grey, all of her privy-chamber, were all of 'em Reformers, and searched the Scriptures diligently in the spirit of the Bereans. Wherefore it is easie to conclude with what zeft they hearkened unto her who now was called The Faire Gospeller, and who had endured bond and imprifonment for the Truth as it is in Jefus.

This good countenance toward her could not be hid in a corner. And albeit, when she went to the Palace, she was had into the privy-chamber where none overheard her talk with her Majesty and the Honorable women: it became furmized and whifpered among the houfehold, that Miftrefs Anne flood high in royal regard. All this while her family held clofe, in their Country-feats, and gave no fignal of Love or Remembrance.

In the month of June, woe worth the hour! she was fummoned again before the Council in Guildhall, along with Miftrefs Joan Santery, and Robert Luken, fervant of Sir Humphrey Brown. But nought being proven againft them, they were all difcharged; only one

witness appearing against Luken, and he seeming influenced by malice. Great was our thankfulness to have Mistress Anne once more rescued from the Lions' Den ; this time also, she had made no temporizing confession, neither damaged herself by any self-accusation. She offended not with the tongue.

Master Britain payd her Quarterage punctuallie, and, knowing how hard a matter we had to live, would have pressed on her money of his own ; but she would none of it, saying, if her Husband and Brothers would do as they ought, she need be beholden to nobody, and if they would not, she would make shift with that she had. Indeed, never Lady made so little suffice as she did : her linen and cambric, of the finest, carefully washed and mended by Lettice, wanted hitherto no additions : she had one or two black gowns for morning wear, and a deep Black Velvet for Court, on which her long, taper, jewelled fingers looked like wax. Her small white ruff and wrist cuffs were broidered with red—emblem of that red and fiery burning in which her fair body was afterwards consumed. Those Ladies her friends

would have supplied her handsomely with aught she needed, but she would never take of them.

One day when I attended her to Greenwich, and was awaiting her in the ante-room, which of all places I count the most tedious, a flippant hanger-on, with subtle malice in his long, narrow, ill-favoured face, crossed the room to me on the pointed tips of his toes, and bespoke me with—

“By your favour, Sir; what think you of these vex questions?”

“I know not of what you speak,” quod I.

“Of these Six Articles, and such like.”

“Oh,” sayd I. “Those are questions that seem to invite no answer. They may vex fundrie, but I know not how they can be vex.”

“You are guarded,” sayd he.

“Are not you so?” sayd I. “Every man had better be: especiallie a King’s Pensioner. Look here,” pulling a copy of my Treatyse from my pouch, “here’s a little work writ by my unworthie pen, for which I receive the King’s bounty to this day. The Print, you see, is Fine: the Topic not uninteresting. A few copies are still on hand at the

Bible and Crown, if you should please to take one."

"Thanks," sayd he; going off quicker than he came. Thereafter, when anie of 'em seemed about to accost me with troublesome intent, I took the whip-hand of 'em by inviting them to subscribe to a new edition of my Book dedicated to the King. They soon shunned me like contagion.

About this time, I had a noteworthy Dream. I say not there was aught supernatural in it, but at any rate it notably foreshadowed events. Methought Mistress Anne was walking on a fair Terrace by a River side, with one of those devout Ladyes, and that anon they sate down on a stone Bench and continued conversing, though I heard not one word that they sayd. Meanwhile the darkness of Evening gradually stole on, and I continued to watch with pleasure the motion of their lips, their earnest, pretty gestures, and the concern displayed in their countenances. Looking up, I beheld in the deep purple Firmament a little twinkling Star, just beginning to be born, as 'twere, in the blue expanse. Beholding it fixedly, I saw it wax bigger and brighter, descend-

ing gradually towards Miftrefs Anne, till at length it difclofed itfelf as a glorious Crown, and encircled her Head . . whereon I woke.

Yet month followed month, and ftill we dwelt in peace.

One day, I was croffing Lincoln's Inn Fields, when I almoft ran againft Sir Francis. He turned quite white when he faw who I was ; though, at the moment, he had clapped his hand on his Sword. I was equally ftartled, but made my Obeifance, and fayd, "Sir Francis, Miftrefs Anne will rejoice to fee you."

"Forbear to mention names," interrupted he, quickly. "Call me plain Sir, and fpeak of her as your Miftrefs. What makes fhe now. How fares fhe?"

"As poorly as fhe well can, having fcarce cheefe to her bread."

"Tut, tut! to whom is it owing? She hath brought it on herfelf. What a fine mifs fhe got into, being fhut up in the Comptor! 'Tis no very pleafant thing for a gentleman of my Pofition to hear talked of, I can tell thee. She fhould think of her Kindred a little."

“And her Kindred of her, Sir,” sayd I. He looked fiercely at me, but I would not be put down.

“Oh!” sayd I, “how you once loved her!——”

He was turning on his Heel; but stopped.

“You drive me out of my mind,” sayd he, impatiently. “Attend to what I am about to say, Nicholas. A fresh Heresy Bill hath passed, the meshes of which are not so wide but my Sister may be caught in it. Let her take warning betimes, and be ruled for her safety. Instead of hanging about the Court (a most unseemlie practice for a married woman separated from her husband) let her resume the old shamefastness and quietness, which, as you say, once made her so dear to me. I know of a safe Retreat, where she may harbour, an’ if she will, till this present danger be overpast. Do you think she will have sense enow to abide in it—?”

“With me, and her Children, and her Maid, Sir?”

“Aye, all of you. Is she scant of money?”

“She hath scarce anie.”

“Why has not Britain advanced her some?”

“She would not have it.”

“Tilly-vally. Well, I will allow you, Nicholas, so much by the week. You used to bear the Purse when we travelled, and were a pretty fair Accountant. I will allow you so much for the whole family by the Week, payable to yourself through Master Britain, as long as she will accept the covert, and abide in it. Do you close with the offer?”

“As far as I can, Sir, for another: and thankfully.”

“Well, try to get her to do the same: and let me know.”

“Will you not see her, Sir?”

“No, by no means. It would affect me too much. Come hither to-morrow, at this hour—Nay, go to Master Britain’s chamber, that will be best. Tell him; and he will tell you.”

Saying which he waved his hand, and swung out of sight with the white Feather streaming from his smart Beaver.

When I told Mistress Anne I had seen him, her colour changed, and tears came into her eyes. She said—“Why came not

dear Frank near me? Where is he? I'll go to him."

"He told not where he was," sayd I, "and apparently wished us not to know. Else, why interpose a third party?"

"What dost thou advise me to do, Moldwarp?"

"In faith, Madam, what good do you here? Your matter with Master Kyme is no more advanced. Your means are almost extinct: you will not borrow of friends. You sayd nobody should help you but your Husband or your Brother. Be helped, then, by your Brother."

"Sayd he what his help would be?"

"No; but he sayd it should suffice for all."

After meditating a little, she sayd, "Well then, so let it be. Having but food and raiment, let us therewith be content. I care not how removed the Retreat is, so I have my Children."

So I carried her acquiescence to Master Britain, who seemed mighty relieved by it; and he gave me the first installment of our allowance, which was still smaller than I had looked for; and ordayned that we should

make up our Fardels and be ready to start in a vehicle that should be provided before day-dawn, at a certain place.





SECTION XIII.

Of what befel us there.



OUR Retreat, out of sight of Men or sound of hoof or wheel, was rustically enow to be a pleasing exchange to us country-bred Folk from the noise of Temple Bar, the din of Church-bells, hoarse cries of Waggoners, shrill calls of Fishwomen and Milkmaids, whooping and whistling of city-prentices, with now and then the shouts of "Clubs! clubs!" When Spring should come it would be good for the little ones to smell the breath of cows, and stray about the meadow gathering daisies and buttercups; and meanwhile we had an inexpressible sense of peace and safety.

Master Britain had advanced me a month's

Allowance ; and when I went to him for the second, he told me things were going ill with the Reformers, and lest I should be tracked, he would pay me a Quarter's allowance, and we had better keep as snug as we could through the Winter ; which we did. When I next went to him, he told me anie breach of the Six Articles was being eagerly laid hold of by ye Council, in special when anie persons of note laid themselves open to suspicion. "Therefore," sayth he, "keep my Cousin as quiet as ye can, and let us hope she may be overlookt."

As the Spring advanced, he told me Doctor Latimer and Doctor Crome had been had up for examination, and that two of his Majesty's personal attendants, fat George Blaage (whom the King called Piggy) and John Lafcelles, were imprisoned.

"'Tis thought matters will go hard with 'em," quod he ; "and e'en the Queen's ladies are imperilled, nay, e'en the Queen herself ; so be more careful of my Cousin than ever."

I did not see how I could, but promised I would take all the care in my power. Afterwards I went to good Mistrefs Berry, with

whom we had lodged at Temple Bar. She sayd she was both glad and forrie to see me : glad to see the face of a friend ; sorry that my coming to her might lead to my being tracked ; “ for,” sayth she, “ this house is still being watched from next door ; and inquiry hath lately been made after you.”

I told Mistress Anne this with trouble, but she calmly sayd, “ Be not dismayed : not a hair of our heads shall fall without permission of our Heavenly Father.” We gave ourselves much unto prayer ; but I observed, that, while I prayed for her Deliverance from all Dangers ghostly and bodilie, she only prayed for faith and submission, and direction, and strength to fulfil the Lord’s will, and protection for her Children.

One night, just at Bed-time, there was a rapping at the Door ; and on my opening it, a lad thrust a Billet into my hand, and fled. It bore no superscription, but contained these words in Sir Francis’ hand, disguised—

“ Your Retreat is, I fear, discovered. Flee to the place you wot of, without the Children. They shall be cared for.”

I gave it to Mistress Anne, for whom

'twas meant. She changed colour, and sayd, "My poor little ones! must I leave them so foon?" She covered her eyes with her hands for a minute, and I saw her lips moving. Then she went to their little Bed where they lay warmly asleep, lockt in each other's arms, like the Princes in the Tower, and kissed 'em both. The biggest sleepily sayd, "Good night." She sayth, "Good night. God blefs my children."

Lettice had made up her little Fardel, and gave it her weeping. She took the good Girl about the Neck and kissed her, saying, "Be a Mother to my Children." "O Madam, you will come back," sayd I. "That is as may be," quod she. "We have not the ordering of it." We went forthe into the Dark, she carrying her Bible: and took short cuts across fields and over stiles we had learnt to know by daylight, till we came to a lone Cottage. Directly we tapped, the door was opened, and by no other than Sir Francis. She sayd, "O my Brother!" and fell into his arms.

He kissed her once or twice, and sayd with emotion, "'Tis well you are in safety, Nan; you know not what I have suffered. Ye are emperilling me as well as yourself.

Now, keep quite close in this place, till I bid you."

She sayd, "I will."

"And you, Nicholas, return whence ye came." I hesitated.

She sayd, "O yes, go back, Nicholas, and watch over the Children. Let me think they are cared for."

I sighd and sayd, "I obey."

"And now, fare thee well, Nan," sayd Sir Francis. "Maybe ye are in less danger than I, when all's sayd. I would that Woemen took more heed of consequences."

"In which world?" quod she.

"Tut, tut," sayd he, impatiently; "there is a way that seems good unto a woman, but the end thereof is death."

She looked earnestlie at him, and sayd—

"Rather Death, than false of Faith."

He hasted forth, and presentlie we heard a horse galloping away. Then after a tender parting, I quitted her, she begging me to let her know in a week, or ten days at most, how the Children were, and how things went. So I left her in that sequestered place.

'Twas none too soon, for next morn I

was fitting indoors, with my Eyes but not my Mind on a Book, when two strange Men, marvellously suspicious in appearance, came to the Door, and asked for Mistrefs Anne. The children by good hap were abroad with Lettice.

I pretended not to know who they meant; and sayd, "There is no Mistrefs Anne here. Walk in and see." For we had hidden away all her things. They sayd, "Who lodges here, then?"

I sayd, "I do, with my Niece and two Children. I am a poor Scholar, revifing a Book. Perhaps you will like to buy it?"

"What is it touching? The Bible?"

"No: the Adornment of Gardens."

They scoffed; and looked about the place a little, but found nothing. I watched them depart and took heart.

I waited the given time, and then went to see her. To my consternation she was gone! I asked the Purblind old Woeman whither she had fled. She sayd, to the House in the Chalk-pit. How had she gone? On a Pillion behind a Man.

I was troubled and dismayed, and askt the distance. Five mile, or maybe some-

thing better. How long had she been gone?
Two days.

I started off at once, and reached the House in the Chalk-pit footfore and wearie. It was shut up and sparred within: I knocked: a fierce Mastiff raged inside, but seemed the only living Creature. In vain I cried and shouted. I gat no answer.

Turning aside in sorrow of heart, I saw a little boy peering at me through a Hedge. I sayd, "My pretty Boy, hast thou seen a Lady about here?" He sayth, "Aye." "Where is she gone?" "With some Men." "Where have they ta'en her?" "To the House i' th' Wood." "How were the Men apparelled?" "In blue coats and badges." "What was on the Badges?" "An afs." Then I was comforted, for 'twas the Askew cognizance. I sayd, "Canst take me to the House i' th' Wood?" He hesitated, till I promised him a guerdon. Then he set off running before me on his bare feet, till I could hardlie follow. Howsoe'er, I managed to keep him in sight.

At length, he was spent, and cried, "See ye that foot-track thro' the brake! Follow it: I cannot go farther." I urged him, but he was

footfore and breathless, so I gave him the Penny and followed the Path. It proved much longer and more devious than he had told me, and I oft had to fight my way through briars, and sometimes I feared I had been sent astray by a villanous Child.

At length I came out on a little Glade, and on the farther side of it, sure enow, was the House i' th' Wood. A Hunting-lodge, seeminglie, fallen into decay; some of the shutters hanging by one hinge; but a thin wreath of smoke curling from a chimney betokened occupation. There was a little Brook between me and it; and the banks being rather steep, I could not easily cross. While walking along its Margent, looking for a ford, I heard the stealthy footfall of Horses, and peeping through the bushes, watched to see who should come.

Across the Glade, beyond the House, was a narrow road consisting of little but two ruts o'ergrown with grass. From the covert of Wood over this road issued forth a little knot of horsemen: one of the foremost being Sir Francis. He was wrapped in a black cloak; his usually fair and florid face was sickly pale, his air crestfallen. They halted and looked to

him for direction: he seemed irresolute a moment—then, waving his dastard arm toward the House, wheeled his horse about and galloped out of sight. The Craven!—the fell Traytour!

In desperation, I leaped the Brook; fell,—sprained myself,—yet ran limping to the back premises and battered at the Door, crying, “Alarm! alarm!” None heard me. There was a confused sound of voices in front; I ran round, and saw them lifting Mistress Anne on to a horse.

I know not what I cried, but she looked about; and without bewraying me for her follower, cried out, “Farewell, all who love me! I go to short pain and long joy.”

I rushed at them, and cried, “Take me too—I’m the same as she! If she’s guilty, I’m guilty.”

But they only laughed.

“Give the good Man a lift thro’ the Wood,” said she, calmly. “He hath been a faithful fervitor.”

“Clamber up behind me, then,” said one of the horsemen to me, not unkindly. With thankfulness I obeyed.

Soon we were threading the wood in single

file, but when we got out on a wider road, I prayed my companion to let me ride alongside Mistrifs Anne, which, however, he would not.

And so we rode on Londonward, I wot not how long, being sicke with grieffe, till we came to a branch road, when my companion sayd, "Alight now. In faith, thou hast had a pretty good lift."

And Mistrifs Anne, looking round, cried, "Farewell ! farewell !"

O how beautiful she looked, and how sweet and thrilling was her voice ! I strained mine eyes after her as long as she was in sight, and then went on my way weeping.

That craven Brother ! How I hated him in my heart ! He had indeed, as I learnt afterwards, been assayed with threats that might intimidate a Cowardly nature, which his was now proven to be ; but that excused him not from leading the Myrmidons of injustice himself to the Retreat he only knew of and had placed her in, with the promise of Safety. Oh, 'twas villanous ! No Plume wore he in his flouched hat that day, but he showed most compleatly the white Feather.

But mark the result to himself. Men may display their natural badness an' they will, being led captive by the Destroyer, but Justice sets her mark on them sometimes, in a manner that shows beyond mistake the Divine displeasure. From the hour he pointed out her Asylum and then fled like a timid Hare, he saw ever before him, e'en to the Day of her Death, an insufferable bright Light, which he spoke of as like that of a great and horrible Fire reflected in a glass Window. This curse he took about him, wherever he went, do what he would, and sometimes it drew from him Groans and Tears of torment.

When I got back to the Cottage, I found Lettice and the Infants gone! I should now have been bewildered outright, but for a billet left for me by my Niece, bidding me not to be alarmed, for that the Babes had been sent for by Mistress Disney, who would succour them till rejoined by their Mother.

The Nest being thus rest of its Fledglings, I turned my back on the Cottage next morning (for my fatigue and grief insisted on a few hours' rest), and took my way back to

Temple Bar, where I craved shelter from Miftrefs Berry. The good foul readilie took me in, bidding me lodge and table with her, free of charge, as long I behoved, and shed sad tears on hearing of this new Trouble.

Then I went to Master Britain, and he told me Miftrefs Anne was in ward; but that Kyme was going to appear before her first, and charge her with forsaking him. Sure, this was the Wolf charging the Lamb with muddying the Stream; for had he not turned her out of Doors?

Master Britain's Clerk, i' the outer Chamber, whom I knew pretty well by this time, sayd as I came out, "Pause awhile, I have somethig to give you,"—and went away.

Almost the next moment, Sir Francis passed through, and went straight in to Master Britain. I shrank back with inward loathing, but he noticed me not. His face looked wan and shrunk, his eyes continuallie blinked as though he could not controule the vibration of his eyelids. I heard him, in most piteous and lamentable guise, pray Master Britain to get his Sifter off, even

at the price of half his Fortune. Master Britain sayd he should do his best at any rate, but these were matters not to be reached by Guerdon. He seemed to wonder at Kyme's thinking of turning the tables on her; but Sir Francis' thoughts were all of the Ecclesiastical Court. My blood boiled when I heard the craven Knight avow such concern for her, and never let fell that 'twas he led the Myrmidons to her Retreat. "Waking or sleeping," sayth he, "I get no Rest."

Involuntarilie the words escaped me, as though forcing 'emfelves from my heart—

"Rather Death than false of Faith."

He instantly gave a kind of Sob, and I heard a heavy Fall. Master Britain called, "Help! help!" I ran in, and saw Sir Francis on the floor.

"Run, run for a Doctor!" cried Master Britain. I did so, and in the doorway nearly ran against the Clerk, carrying a big Book he thought I should find good reading. He told me where to find ye nearest Leech, with whom I returned; and finding Sir Francis was already recovering from his Swoon, I passed out, not wishing to see or hear more of

him. I was dismayed at the effect of my so hasty Ejaculation, which prickt too fore a Conscience. He took the echo of his Sister's words for supernatural. Master Britain, not knowing 'em to be hers, nor coupling them with the Trance, nor even catching their substance, did only think of Sir Francis' o'erwrought condition, and attribute it to sheer Affection and Attendrissment.

Now we were all at Pause till Master Kyme should arrive in London. When he did so, she was brought before the Privy Council without further delay, and accused of refusing, without just cause, to live with her husband. When plied with Questions, she refused to answer them, saying the Lord Chancellor already knew all about it: and when he told her it was the Royal pleasure she should plead, she desired to do so before the King in person.

"It is not reason," he reply'd, "that the King should be troubled on your account."

"And yet," quod she, "the wisest King that ever lived refused not to hearken unto two poor women that came to him for justice."

In fine, they could make nothing of it,

Kyme's casting her forthe being a fact that could not be denyed ; and neither of 'em being minded to rehearse the previous words that had passed between them.

So Master Kyme returned unto his own Place ; and then the more dangerous charge of Heresy was brought against her. First, Wriothesley asked her of her opynion of the Sacrament ; to whom she gave no direct answer ; and when Gardiner did charge her to speak out, she sayd—

“I will not sing a new song unto the Lord in a strange land.”

Then ensued a sharp argument betwixt them, he accusing her of speaking in parables. Then she : “It is best I should ; for if I speak the bare Truth, you will not receive it.”

“You are a Parrot !” quod he ; which was a singular contradiction to Bonner's complaynt of her that she was a woman of few words. To this check, she only made answer : “My Lord, I am willing to receive all things at your hands, whether Rebukes or what not.”

One should think this might have softened him ; but one after another of the Council did assayl and browbeat her ; prolonging the sitting to about five hours. Mistress Anne

was then conveyed, much wearied, by the Clerk of the Council to my Lady Garnish.

What passed next day, when she was agayn brought before the Privy Council, I can but adduce, as above, from her own words. My Lord Chancellor agayn questioned her as touching the Sacrament. She alleged she could onlie say what she had alreadie sayd. After manie words, they bade her step aside. Lord Lisle, Lord Effex, and the Bishop of Wincheſter then sued her earnestly to profess the bread and wine to be verily and indeed bone, flesh, and blood.

“It is a great shame of you,” sayd she, “to counſel contrary to your knowledge.”

The Bishop wished to speak with her in private; but she refused; saying, “In the mouth of two or three witnesſes, everything shall be established.”

Then sayd the Lord Chancellor, “I muſt have another word on the Elements.” Quod she, “How long will you halt, my Lord, on both?”

“Where found you that?” sayd he. She answered, “In the Scripture.”

“You will be burnt,” quod the Bishop. Well, well,” sayd she, “I have searched all

the Scriptures, yet never could find that either Christ or His Apostles ever put anie creature to death."

They would have obtayned her signature to a paper, but this she refused.





SECTION XIV.

Delivered to ye Tormentors.

HITHERTO Mistrefs Anne's Courage had never quelled, nor her Faith waxed weak. But it pleases God to test and prove His servants, that they may know all their strength to be from Him, and that without Him they are nothing.

When I returned to Mistrefs Berry's, after picking up what I coulde of the Examination at Greenwich, who should I find there but my Niece, Lettice! She, seeing my surprife, sayd, "Master Kyme hath discharged me, refusing anie payment of Wages since the Night I left his House and followed Mistrefs Anne."

“Nay,” sayd I, “that was to be expected.”

“And since,” purfued Lettice, “Mistress Difney hath undertaken the Children, and declines my being about them, I came hither to see if perchance I might be permitted to wait on my deare Lady.”

At this moment, there came in Lady Denny’s man Christopher, who had often attended Mistress Anne from Court, and brought Letters and Messages; and me-seemed he looked kindlie on my Niece. This impressiion was not weakened by the Start I saw him give, when he entered and found her with me.

“You here, Mistress Lettice?” quod he. “How I wish you could be placed about your misfortunate Lady.”

“That is the same thing which I covet,” sayd Lettice. “Do ye think, Sir, it can be brought about?”

“Nay, I know not,” returned he; “but this I know, that it would give entire pleasure to my Lady; and with your approval I will name it to her and ask whether it may be done.”

“Do so, by all means,” sayd Lettice; and

then, after detailing each to each all we knew and had seen of this fad Busineffe, he made as though to leave, but yet stepped back from the Door to notice some pretty Flower in the little Court behind, and drew Lettice out to tell him its name; and there I thought they had a little Lover's Talk, such as the staid think foolish, but which I disapproved not for either, they being so discrete and good.

At length it grew dark, and I thought the talk lasted too long; and when I looked forthe I saw them still in the Doorway, their heads close together, and I cryed, "'Tis nigh the time when sober Folk shut up."

"I come, Uncle," returned Lettice somewhat pettishly.

"I go, Sir," sayd Christopher, yet went not.

Then I misjudged 'em both as elder folk sometimes do misjudge the young (not but what Christopher was turned of thirty) and held the chamber door in my hand, half minded to speak agayn; and soe heard, softly spoken, such words as, "Well then, good night . . . you promise . . ." "Yes, I promise . . ." "You fully understand . . ."

“I fully understand . . .” “I may tell my Lady?” “You may.” “Be secret.” “As the Grave.” “Forget not the Signal.” “As soon forget my Prayers.”

I e'en fancied a kifs exchanged; and therein may have misjudged 'em too. Howbeit, when Lettice came in, and struck a light, I observed a bright hue on her cheek and sparkle in her eyes, which yet bore traces of tears. I sayd,—

“Ye are young, my Lafs; and I stand to thee in place of Father and Mother. Beware of men . . . subtle poison is under their tongues.”

“Not such tongues as yours, Uncle, nor yet as Christopher's,” sayth she quickly. “What think ye we were talking of? Plans of communication, in case I should be shut up with my Lady, and which e'en may lead to her release.”

The good Creatures! How badly I had misjudged 'em!

Now, at this very time, as we afterwards learnt, Mistress Anne lay in Ward at Greenwich, sorrowful unto Death . . . all her Courage gone, her Faith quenched, her Heart dismayed, her Fears raging, her Sins

brought back upon her, like a burthen too heavy to bear ; a dark Cloud interposed between her and her Saviour, and a great fear of death taking hold of her. That was the dread hour of the Powers of Darknesse : her foul refused comfort, she watered her couch with tears, and besought piteously she might see Master Latimer. Insteade of which were onlie Adversaries and busy Mockers.

Christopher came next day in great dismay to tell us this ; and he sayd interest was being made by secret friends to get Lettice admitted to her.

This was on a Sunday ; and we wrestled in Prayer for her almost all the Day, since she was brought too low to be able to pray for herself. Mark the answer.

In the height of her illness, when she thought she should die, she was removed to Newgate. There, her strength was renewed from above, never more to give way. Her enemies fearing she should 'scape them by too easy an end, so far relaxed as to let her Maid visit her from time to time. When she saw Lettice first come in, she flung her arms about her, and rested her head on her neck.

“Oh,” sayth she, “I have had a bitter season of defolation, but it is clean overpast. My Lord smiles upon me: He will not hide His face agayn.”

She now wrote to her friends, begging them to pray for her. And she wrote to the King, meekly setting forth the articles of her Faith, and affirming that, though by nature sinfull, yet she could take Heaven to record she was innocent of all Heresy.

Next day, they brought her for examination to the Crown Inn, where Rich and Bonner with all their power and specious words went about to persuade her to unfay herself, but in vayne. After them, Dr. Nicholas Shaxton counfelled her to recant as he had done; but she told him, “It had been better for you, had ye ne’er been born.” Thereafter she was sent to the Tower.

At three o’ the clock that same Afternoon, came to her Wriothesley and Rich, and it is not to be doubted, at the immediate instance of the King, whose jealousy of his good Queen’s orthodoxie had now been artfullie awakened by her Enemies, who desired to bring her and fundrie of her Ladies to the Block.

To this end the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Solicitor Generall now came, resolving by all Means, faire or foul, to get Mistrefs Anne to criminate them. They plied her with questions as touching the Duchefs of Suffolk, Lady Suffex, Lady Hertford, Lady Denny, and Lady Fitzwilliam, but she sayd she had nothing to allege againft anie of them.

“Nay but,” quod they, “the King hath been informed that ye can, an’ if ye will, name a large number of persons of the same way of thinking as yourself.”

“The King,” she replied, “hath beene misinformed on that point, as on others, by those about him.”

“Who assisted you in prison?”

“My maid, Sirs, went out and begged of the City Prentices, who gave her of their charitie, but who the good lads were I know not.”

“Nay, but we know ye had money of certayn Ladies, whose names ye can tell if ye will.”

“Indeed, a man in a blue coat did once bring me ten shillings, as he sayd, from Lady Hertford; and another in a violet coat gave me eight shillings, he sayd, from Lady

Denny. But in faith, Sirs, 'tis like the good man gave it me of his own good will."

"What members of the Privy Council contributed to your needs in Prifon?"

"Not one."

"'Tis false!" burst forthe the Chancellor; "and unless ye give up their names ye shall be racked."

"I have no names to give up."

Then they summoned Sir Thomas Knyvet, Lieutenant of the Tower, to subject her tender body to that villanous Torture. . . . Oh! what sayth Scripture? "I say unto you, my friends, Fear not them which can destroy the Body, but afterwards have no more that they can do."

She did not fear! she, so lately overwhelmed with Tears and Terrors, now meekly submitted herself to the Tormentors, and uttered no Moan. Sir, in their devilish spight, they had doubtless thought to delight their ears with her weeping Lamentations; and because she now sustayned that horrid stretching with intrepid constancy, and still gave up no names, those Beasts rather than Men flung off their Gowns and racked her with their owne hands, till she was well-nigh dead, yet after recover-

ing a little she reasoned with Wriothesley on the Sacrament, two hours off and on, and yielded not one jot of the truth as she held it.

Now these things could not be done in a corner, for servants spy out all their Masters' ways; and Christopher being in communication with Rich's servant, had time to bring us word of this long ordeal, and carry Lettice and me down to the Tower, to see what might hap.

Mistress Anne was then being carried into a private House to be recovered, those Savages being somewhat shamed at having so mangled her as nearly to be her Death; and Christopher, knowing one of the Servants, did smuggle us in to minister to her.

As I bent over her white, cold face, she whispered, "Sure, dear Friend, I have as wearie and painful limbes as ever had patient Job." I sayd, "O, dear Ladye, ye have shown Job's patience, and ye have Job's God to be your Strength." "Aye, and He doth strengthen me," whispered she.

Some one of the house here brought in word from the Chancellor, that if she would recant, she shoulde be mercifullie dealt with; but if she did refuse, she should be sent **back** to Newgate and burnt.

She made answer, "Rather Death than false of Fayth."

To Newgate, therefore, she was agayn committed, so soone as she could be moved.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas Knyvet, in the greatest trouble of mind, fought the King's presence, and humblie besought his forgiveness for not having racked Mistress Anne as extremely as the Chancellor and Mr. Secretary would have had him do.

The King, ashamed of what had been done, forgave him, and bade him return to his charge; and afterwards upbraided Wriothesley and Rich for their "extreme handling of the woman." And yet it was shrewdly suspected he had authorized it himself! *Put not your faith in Princes.*

Now in Newgate at this time there was a little army of Martyrs in the same condemnation with Mistress Anne, and destined for the same dismal fate; albeit one of them, George Blaage, being the King's servant, was let off. To Lascelles, one of these prisoners, whom Mistress Anne held in much esteem, she, as soon as able to use a pen, did indite the Letter here following:—

“O Friend most dearlie beloved in God!

“I marvel not a little what should move you to judge me in so slender a Faith as to fear Death, which is the end of all Misery. In the Lord, I desire you not to believe of me such Weakness; for I doubt not God will perform His work in me, like as He hath begun.

“I understand the Council is not a little displeas'd, that it is reported abroad that I was racked in the Tower. They say now, that what they did there was but to fear me; whereby I perceive they are ashamed of their uncomely Doings, and fear much lest the King's Majesty should have information thereof; wherefore they would that no Man should noise it. Well, their crueltie God forgive them!”

Indeed she wrote manie godlie letters during her few remaying days, to strengthen and refresh our Souls with that Comfort wherewith she was comforted. As also, a full declaration of her faith, which if Time and occasion serve, I will put in an Appendix.

But now the doom went forth that die

she should; and by that most horrid Payn of Burning. Along with her were to suffer, firste, a Shropshire Priest, called Nicholas Belenian; next, Master John Lascelles, Gentleman of the Household to the King's Majesty; third, John Adams, a simple Tailor: widely differing from one another in all Outward Circumstances; all alike in the Communion of Faith.

Within her iron Cage, ye might then have heard our sweet Bird singing a hymn of her own compofure, ending with—

*Yet, Lord, I Thee desire:
For that they do to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their Iniquitie.*





SECTION XV.

Adjutor in Tribulationibus.

IT would be impossible to describe the awful Rumour through London stretes, the Night afore the Martyrdom. It was fixed for the third Day after the last Examination. Mistrifs Berry, all bewept, would faine have me take her beforehand to Smithfield, where the dreadful Tragedy was to be brought to its Close; and many Citizens and their Wives, unable to bear the dread Spectacle itself, were minded to see the Spot, as well as a multitude of the baser sort, who love to be stimulated with whatever is horrible.

Thus, as we approached the place, we found it almost impassable; but yet were let through when 'twas understood we had personal concern in one of the Martyrs; and pitying looks were given us, with murmurs of "Poor foules."

We could hear the hollow Reverberation of many Hammers used by the Carpenters who were busily setting up a raised and covered Stage in front of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whereon the Lord Chancellor and his Compeers were to sit; also a temporary Pulpit for the Sermon to the condemned; and round all, a strong, circular Fence, inclosing a good area. Right in the centre, before the Stage and no great space from the Pulpit, were already to be seen three strong Oaken Stakes, with a Pile of Fagots beside them; at the mere sight of which, many women wept, turned sick, and were ready to faint. We met many pushing away from it, whose places were eagerly filled by new Comers.

Having rent our hearts by this sad scene, I took Mistress Berry out of the crowd, and

went fraight to Newgate, having gotten a Pass.

I found Mistress Anne sewing a button to the collar of the long white garment she was to wear on the morrow, and biting off the Thread as I had oft seene her do in happier hours. She raised her Angel Face, which was as calm as if she were preparing for some Christian festival, and holding out her hand, sayd,—

“O, dear Friend, how it joys me to see you! Do not go to Smithfield to-morrow—it will tax you too forelie. My light Affliction, which will be but for a Moment, will lead to a far more exceeding and Eternal Weight of Glory.”

I sayd, “How *can* you call it light?”

“Because the Lord makes it so,” she replied. “He sank beneath His own Cross: but He takes up the heavie End of mine. And thus, my Burthen is light.”

Seeing I could not answer her for Tears, she sayd, “Come, I will sing to you . . .”

“Oh, do not—do not! . . .”

“Yes, let me, for the last time, Nicholas! —till I sing the Lord a new Song in his blessed Kingdom. I made words and tune myself, as I sewed at my Shroud; now hear how goodly it is.”

And herewith she took one of my hands in both her own, and though so wrenched by that vile Rack that she could not set foot on the Ground, she looked in my face, and smiled and sang till I almost wished to die hearing her so sing. Then she sayd, “Let us pray.” And prayed for us all, and for her Enemies, and last for herself. “Now, you pray,” quod she; and so I did. I wot not how long we should have gone on this way, but that Archdeacon Louth came to visit her; so I had to take leave of her, he overlooking us, and could not, for Manhood and Christianitie, show less fortitude than she, who had such need to retayne her self command. She kissed me, once and agayn, calling me her father, bade me give her love to Lettice, and Mistress Berry, and all inquiring friends; then waved me off, still smiling, with—

“Now go: I have another to see: good

bye! good bye!—Have a care of your health, Nicholas! We shall meet agayn!" ...

The Archdeacon looked on, astonied.





SECTION XVI.

Freed at Last.



AFTER her bidding me spare myself, and not go, ye may wonder that I went—— Sir! I could not refrain. I must needs catch the last sight of her. But what! Could I not bear to see, what she could bear to suffer?

I hired a window in a mean House o'er-looking Smithfield Market, the owner being a secret Friend of Mistress Anne's, or, at any rate, of some of her fellow-sufferers. To this place I repaired overnight, which they told me would be necessarie, because of the press. And they offered me Supper and Bed; but I would not suffer mine eyelids to take rest, nor partake aught save

the bread of affliction and the water of affliction.

If her Friends could not wrestle for her in Prayer, that night, and all night long, what manner of Friends must they be? Had I e'en been minded to sleep, the lugubrious noises outside, and *sufurra* of the mixed Multitude, must have prevented it. Early in the morning, the church Bell began to toll with a heavie, dismal found. A body of Halbardiers came and encircled ye fence. Before it well got light, I saw men busie piling the Fagots about the Stakes, and carefully inserting somewhat among them. I asked the Owner of the House what they were about. He sayd, putting resinous matters, and, maybe, gunpowder, to shorten the Martyrs' suffering. Therein I took some comfort.

At length, after much suspense, a general movement and suppressed hum told that the prisoners were approaching. The Lord Chancellor, old Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Bedford, and Lord Mayor, arrived with much Pomp, and took their seats, which had now a red awning. A strange, confused moan or groan from many voices, arose as

the Martyrs came in, with bare heads and feet, and in long white Garments. Inasmuch as, by reason of her previous racking, Mistress Anne could not stand, she was brought in a Cart, containing a Chair, in which she was supported by two Sergeants at Arms. My eyes grew misty as they lifted her out, and when I could look at her agayn, she was bound with a chain to the same stake with another of the four Martyrs; and Fagots were being heaped about them. Then there was a Pause.

And now the weak-hearted Shaxton mounted the Pulpit, and began to inveigh against the pure doctrine which, not long ago, he himself had upheld. I doubt if a single soul attended to his Sermon, save Mistress Anne, who, when he grievously mis-quoted Scripture, sayd, in her clear, silver voice, "He speaketh without the Book." I saw the Chancellor gnaw his nails at this.

And next the tempting offer of the King's written pardon, as unfolded and displayed by the Chancellor, was made to each Martyr in turn. Mistress Anne refused even to look at it, saying, "I am not come here to deny my

Lord and Master." The others refused in turn. Whereon my Lord Mayor rose in his place, and in a loud, deep voyce, cried,

"Fiat Jusitia,"

and immediately the fagots began to crackle.

Now there was a great swaying to and fro of the crowd, as of a mighty Wave of the Sea, and I believe there were cryings and moanings, and savage strugglings for places. Amidst it all, my Lord Chancellor rose up in great haste, along with all his Compeers, and with most ungraceful Disorder would have quitted the Stage; having heard there was Gunpowder amongst the Stakes, and fearing the Explosion might reach 'em. Some time elapsed, ere they were satisfied on this point and resumed their Places.

Clouds of white, eddying Smoke, and darting forks of Flame, now concealed the Martyrs from our eyes; but those nearest to them heard them utter pious Ejaculations. The Smoke parting a little, I saw deare Mistres Anne's head fallen on her chest, and felt assured she was smothered. The

next instant, a loud Report caused a general outcry: the powder had exploded. Their light Affliction, which was but for a Moment, had been exchanged for a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory.

Sir, they say there was a Thunder-storm burst over us at the time, but I was too absorbed to note it. To me, the whole world had, for the nonce, become a blank. That night, strange to say, I slept heavilie. During the evening, I and Lettice, and Mistress Berry and Christopher, had gathered together and communed on all that lay in our Hearts. We were sensible of an inexpressible Load taken off us; the worst had been done. It could never be done agayn: she was beyond and above their reach now. We wept, and talked of her pretty ways, and how we had feared once and agayn her courage might fayl at the End. But it never did.

That night, I learned that Christopher had asked Lettice to be his Wife. I sayd, "I can entrust you with her; I know her happineffe will be in safe keeping. But let us not think of Wedding Bells along with Martyr Fires."

To be brief: in due time they were marryed; they have been happy, and have reared up a numerous and virtuous progeny. I am always welcome at their Farm, and from time to time have staid there; but I am now so well stricken in years,—though my Sight, Hearing, and Memory are unimpayred,—that I prefer hanging about the old Home of my Boyhood, where I hope, not longe hence, to die.

Sir, I have tried not to be garrulous; I have sayd little or nothing of mine owne People—my good Father and Mother—their edifying Deaths, within a few Hours of one another—the death of Sir Maurice the Chaplain—my going up to Greenwich to present my Book to the King's Majesty, &c.; and yet I fear I have mentioned myself nearlie as oft as Mistrifs Anne.

This is a fault, and should be corrected. But I am too old for correction now. It hath given me some pleasure to jot down these fading Memoryes and read them afterwards to Jasper . . . I have likewise journeyed to Christopher's Farm, and read over the MS. to him and Lettice, now past their Meridian; it recalled some sad yet **sweet**

recollections to them, in special including what first brought them together; viz., mutual concern for a most unfortunate Lady. And an esteem based on such a concern is very fit to be itself the base of a true and virtuous Love.

But what of Mistress Anne's foes? They are all dead, and gone to their own place, wherever that may be. If there were anie thing to be alleged in their excuse, I hope it will be alleged. God is not extreme to mark what is done amiss, specially from Ignorance. But there are some Sins that proceed from a worse Root than that: from desperate Hardness of Heart and Tyrannousness. I believe there must be a condign Punishment for such. I should believe it, if 'twere not revealed; but it is. We are told of it by Him who was emphaticallie *The Truth*, and He was so sorrie for what the unrepentant needs must come to, if they turned not, that He gave His own life for them, to the end that all who believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting Life.

In Stallingboro' Church, ye may see the fayre Tomb of marble, under which lie buried Sir William Askew and Dame

Margery, his second Wife. Upon the tomb is the portrayture of himselfe, in compleat Armour ; upon his Surcoat his armes, Sa : a fesse d'or entre trois Asses passants d'argent, maynes, tayles, and hoofs. . . . There, also, ye may see the tomb of Sir Francis, represented upon it by a recumbent half statue, his head sorrowfullie reclining on his left hand. He died long ago, Sir, while I, his senior, still live. His eldest son and heir, died before him.

I am not forrie to have been put upon making this brief abstrackt of a very sorrowful Page of Family History, in special at the request of a young Gentleman who may be advantaged by this Instance of the Victory of the Soul over the Body ; as well as deterred from Pusillanimity by the sad falling off of the gallant and graciouse Sir Francis.

But as to applying the substance of the Lincolnshire Tragedy to the Stage . . . albeit as full of dramatique Interest as aught in Sophocles or Euripides, though the one wrote of Antigone and the other of Iphigenia . . . Sir, the subject matter is too sacred, and involves too frequent reference to Holy

names and symbols, that should not be
brought on the Stage ^A profane Hand
must not touch them

FINIS.







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