

Vox Borealis

or

The Northern Discoverie,
1641.

4-2302

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.





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VOX BOREALIS.

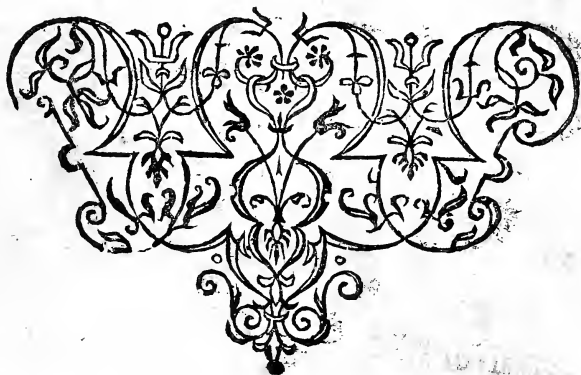
OR

THE NORTHERN
DISCOVERIE.

BY WAY OF DIALOGUE

between JAMIE and WILLIE.

By James M. M. M.



Amidst the Babylonians,

Printed, by MARGERY MAR-PRELAT, in *Theackcoat-lane,*
at the Signe of the Crab-tree Cudgell, without any priviledge
of the Cater-Caps, the yeare coming on, 1641.



THE
EPISTLE.



MOST Kind and Courteous Countrey-men :
Being at *Berwicke*, it was my chance to meepe
with two of my Countrey-men there, the one
of them being lately come from *London*, and the
other had been in the Camp ; where after *salu-*
tations past amongst us, they desired me to write
down their severall collections of passages, which I confesse
are not such as they would have been, if mischances had not
happened : For it seems the one was forced to burn his noates
at *London*; and the others were spoyled with water at *Berwick*;
and therefore they are but fragments, not whole relations; yet
such as they are accept of them, in regard of the good will of
the giver, who may one day make amends for what is here om-
mitted : which (as he is truly bound) so he will duely indea-
vour to performe; and will not cease to informe you of any
thing which may tend to the advancement of the Cause, and
good of the Countrey, whose peace and prosperity is daily
wished of.

your truly affected Friend :

The PRINTER to the Reader.

MARTIN MAR-PRELAT was a bonny Lad,
His brave adventures made the Prelats mad :
Though he be dead, yet he hath left behind

A Generation of the MARTIN kind.

Yea, there's a certaine aged bonny Lasse,
As well as He, that brings Exploits to passe ;
Tell not the Bishops, and you s^t know her Name,

MARGERY MAR-PRELAT, of renowned fame.
But now, alas, what will the Prelats doe ?

Her Tippit's loose, and BOREAS 'gins to blow ;
Shée'l scould in Print, whole Volumes till they roare,
And laugh to see them strangled in their goare ;
While BOREAS blows, shée'll put his Wind in Print,
And venture Life to strike their fatall dint ;

Shée'll doe as much for South, for East, or West,
If they'll but venture to blow at the BEAST :

For 'tis high time the Winds should joyne as one,
To bluster vengeance on that cursed Throne ;

MARGERY will joy, to see that happy day,
The Winds conjoyn'd to blow the BEAST away :

How e're the North sends forth a lusty gale :
A Board ye Prelats, and goe hoyst up Sayle :

This Wind will drive you to the Romish Coast,
Feare not to goe, the Pope will be your Host ;

To speed your voyage, if you want some Wind,

MARGERY will helpe you, though she break behind.

If this verse (Reader) doe offend thy Nose,

VOX BOREALIS brings perfumed Prose,
Which is so pleasant that you cannot chuse

But laugh to read this merry Northern News.



VOX BOREALIS.
OR THE
NORTHERNE
DISCOVERY, BY WAY OF
DIALOGUE, BETVVIXT

Jamie and Willie.

WILLIE.



ROTHER *Jamie*, welcome to *Berwick* : what hath drove you hither so soon ?

JAMIE.

O *Billie Willie*, the does little kenn the cause, but He tell ye : when our brother *Scotter* came to *Scotland*, he

left me to supply his place, but I have had a hard task of it; for the Search at *London* was hotter then the Presse at *Paris*, and the new Invented Oathes exceeded the *Spanish* Inquisition : for all *Scots* men should have been sworn to fight against the cause of GOD, his Conscience, and his Country. And I will tell thee truly, they were three such Enemies as I durst not venture against them, - and therefore took my heels and ranne away.

WILLIE. Now wellaway fall them was the cause of that; on't there's *London* News indeed, have you no better ?

JAMIE. I had once good store of News in my pocket Book, but wae betyde them made me burn it.

WILLIE. Burn it Brother, how came that to passe ?

JAMIE. Marie I was forced to doe it, or els the Hangman had done it for me, and perhaps burnt me with it ; for all *Scots* men

VOX BOREALIS, or

men are counted Heretiques by the Popes publication; and there's some of Bishop *Bonnors* brood alive at *London*, that faine would make *Marie-bonifiers* of us.

WILLIE. Oh, this moves me much, and the more, because my noates had almost as bad luck as yours, for one day being riding to water my Horfe, he stumbled, and I fell over head and luggs in the River, where I was like to be drowned; and all my papers (being in my pocket) were quite spoyled, insomuch as I cannot read them: but now seeing our Brother is here, let us rubbe up our memories, and recollect our collections, and he shall put it down in the best order we can deliver it; and you shall begin first quoth *Willie*. Content quoth *Jamie*, and thereupon he began as followeth.

My fellow Scouters,

I mean not to trouble you with any Forraigne News, as of the Conveening of the Conclave of Cardinalls at *Rome*, and of their Consultations about the *Scots* businesse; nor how they have had a solemne Procession with Prayers, for the good successe of the Catholique cause; nor how they have agreed to give a Cardinalls cappe to such as shall have the Fortune to bring home the lost Sheep againe to the Romish pit-ford.

Nor will I trouble you with the mighty Spanish Fleet now preparing (that in 88. being but like a few Fisher-boats unto it) which for a while meanes onely to hover up and down the Seas, or perhaps to dance the *Canaries* a turn or two, and when they see who is like to carry away most knocks, then they mean to shuffe in for a share.

Nor how *Baireir* is gone to *Bohemia*, Plundred *Pragge*; and if *Generall Leslye* were once come to him with 10000. *Scots*, he then would give the Emperour a visit at *Vienna*.

Nor how the French Embassadour hath Importuned the hying of some Venetian Gallies for *Marcellin*, which is conceived had been employed for the recoverie of the Islands of *Cernsey* and *Gersy*, to which his Master layes a little, and is out of hope ever to have them, unlesse now when the King was busie in this expedition for *Scotland*.

Nor of the King of *Denmarks* dealing at the Sound, and elsewhere, in detayning all *Scots* Commanders and provision from them that came there.

Neither will I insist how little the *Hollanders* observes, either confederacie or conspiracie in these troubles, they selling powder

powder and shot to the one to kill the other; and Armour to the English for defence against the Scots; shewing themselves right Juglers, that can play with both the hands, so they may have profit. But leave all these things to the News-mongers at London, and onely tell you what I heard concerning our own troubles.

They say at London that the cause of this combustion proceedeth from a quarr ell for Superiority between Black-capps and Blew-capps, the one affirming that Cater Capps keeps square dealing, and the other tells them that Cater Capps are like Cater-pillars, which devoure all where they may be suffered, and the round Cappel tells the other, that their Cappel is never out of order, turn it which way you will; and they stand stiffly to it, that Blew-capps are true Capps, and better then black ones.

That they are quoth *Willie*, and if it comes onco to the hur-ling of Capps, we shall have ten to their one; let all the Cater-Capps in Christendome take their parts.

Others tells us (quoth *Jamie*) that there arose such a heat of Hiearchie at *Lambeth*, as melted all the Monopoly money in the Exchequer: and it is thought, if the River had not been between, It would have quite consumed the power of the Parliaments. But however, it hath cast such a myst among the Courtiers, as they cannot discern what the quarell is, but are led on hoodwincked, like so many blind buzzards, they know not whether, nor for what, nor to what end.

When a Warre was concluded upon, then they began to differ about the Generall, Some alledging that it required one that had been in Service, and others conceived greatnesse of Persons might asmuch availe, as goodnesse of Commanders: But the Papists fearing that their Patron should be jussled out by another, they hung their lippe, and vowed they would not contribute unlesse a Papist were preferred, which was yeilded unto, for feare the expedition should have miscarried.

We heard from *Scotland* how the Covenanters hoped that the King would get none but Papists and Atheists to fight against them, unlesse the King of *Moroco* sent him some of his Barbarians: and that they have chosen for their chief Ensigne the Silver Bible, and Flaming Sword, which they will never put up untill they have whipt the Whore of *Babylon* out of their Kingdome; and then if they fight for any thing after, it will be to cast all their casheard Mytres in a Crown.

But

But the English tells us another Tale, how the Kings Army cares neither for their Ensigne, nor them, but will teach them such Canonickall Doctrine ere they have done with them, as they never heard in *Scotland* before.

That the Citizens of *London* refused to lend money, untill all Monopolies were put down (whereupon to please the People.) 33. Patents were cal'd in at a clappe: but indeed they were onely such as the Proctors could make no benefit by, But such as yeelded any profit (though with the greatest grievance) were never medled withall. So as the Proctors are grown now worse then before, whose cankered conditions can never be cured, untill a Parliament cause their necks to be noyted with the oyle of a hempseed halter.

That the Papiests and Prelats, and all Deanes and Doctors, gave very liberally towards those Warres; and to say the truch, good reasons had they to beare the greatest burthen, who were the chiefest causers of it, and are the greatest burthen to the Land; and will reape the greatest benent by it, if their designe did not deceive them.

That the Prelates had a project to make all the Lawyers likewise to contribute to it, which caused great contention between them: whereupon the Bishops would have turned the Common Law in Cannon Law, and Courts of equity, into *simplicity*: But a great Lawyer opposed it, and told them plainly, That albeit it was spoken abroad, that the Judges had overthrowen the Common Law, and the Bishops the Gospell; So as we may be said to be of no Religion, that live neither under Law nor Gospell, yet he hoped to see a Parliament, and then it would appeare who were Parliament prooffe, and who not.

Now GODS blessing be upon his heart (quoth *Willie*) and if a Parliament come, I hope to see some of those bigg bellied Bishops like so many false fellowes, for all their knacks and knaveries, to shake their shanks upon a Gallowes: For if GREGORY once get them under his hands, all their tricks, and trumperies will not serve their turne, but he will make them and their Corner-capps look awry on their businesse.

Oh (quoth *Jamie*) they are too much maintained into it to come to that, for they suffer no other Doctrine to be taught, either in Court or Countrey, but for the maintaining of Ecclesiasticall Authority; and they have so prevailed as every man stands in doubt which side to turn to. Let us fight for Episcopacie sayes one. Let's stand for the truth sayes another: but then

then comes the Kings Proclamations, and that stoppes the mouth of all questions. In the mean time, the Clergy cannot but laugh heartily at the Peoples simplicity, who are so forward to fight for them that are their enemies.

This businesse hath been carryed with such power and poyntencie, as there are many men which find Armes to this expedition, that would be loath their Sword should be drawn in the Quarrell; and many Ministers Purfes appeared to this Contribution, whose Prayers went the clean contrary way: yet to please the Prelats, and for feare of Suspension, they were content to allow to this Collection.

That all the Doctors about *London* have long laboured for 8. groats in the pound, of House-rent, for Parsons Duties, which in some Parishes amounts to 8000. pound *per annum*, and in some to 5000. pound, in others to 3000. pound; and the least about 500. pound *per annum*, which was like to have been effected the sooner, because they would have given the first two yeares increase towards the *Scots expedition*.

Oh (quoth *Willie*) there had been brave places for our *Scots* Bishops.

Give them a rope and butter (quoth *Jamie*) But now you would laugh to see how Lown-like our Lord Bishops walks up and down *London*, with halfe a score of Casheered *Scots* Ministers after them, like so many mourning Pilgrims, all of them (as in a Procession) waiting upon the old Archbishop; but ye ken there is an old saying, *There can be no holy Procession where the Diuel carryes the Crosse*. Such alterations and Innovations have been in the English Churches, as he that had been but three yeare absent out of the Kingdome, could not have told at his return how to have behaved himselfe in the Church, when to have *sit*, nor when to have *stood*; when to have *prayed*, nor when to have *read*: but (as a dumb *Diego*) must crouch and kneel as the rest did, yet knew not for what.

But G O D be thanked since the *Scots* businesse begun, the Church hath had a pretty quiet nappe of rest; and Ceremonies stand at a stay.

That in the heat of altering of *Altars*, much contention was amongst themselves. Some would have Candlesticks plac'd and all other Implements; and others would have an *Altar* made ready first to receive the *sacrifice* when it should be sent them, insomuch as the great Doctor of all Church Ceremonies, *Protested he was more troubled with the too much Conformations*

bleness of some, nor with the Non-conformableness of the others: and the reason was, because the one runnes too fast on before, for the other to follow after. This is no small grace for Conformers: why, herein they were like Mr. Michael Scot, who found the Devil his Master more worke then he was able to doe.

That Paul Tunc-man of the Temple, having spent a yeares Preaching to prepare his Auditorie to admit of an Altar, at the last prevailed; whereupon that it might be the more *perspicuous*, he would not suffer any thing to stand neare it. But he brake his backe with the removing of the Pulpit, which stood before it. And when he heard that the King and the Scots were agreed, and that the Altars were like to down againe, away he went into the Countrey, where for very grief he gave up the Ghost, and shut out his feet and dyed: at whose buriall a good old Doctor brought this for his *text* at his Funerall Sermon, *He which was kill'd bewixt the Temple and the Altar; and his application proved true. He consumed his estate in Suits with the Templers, and spent his Spirits in labouring to maintain the lawfullnesse of the Altar: so he was kill'd between the one and the other.*

That a madde Cappe, and (I beleeve it was a Blew one) coming in one day to a new altered Church, and looking upon their *implements* told his Friend that was with him, *that their Altar betokened alteration of Religion; their Plate, pride; their clasped Booke, obscurity from the Communalitie; the Cushion, lazinesse in their calling; and their two darke Tapers blindnesse and ignorance: For if their light shine no better than their blind Tapers, it will never be able to light any man to heaven.*

There hath been such a number of Ballad-makers, and Pamphlet writers employed this yeare, as it is a wonder every thing being Printed, that hath any thing in it against the Scots, as the *Loyalities* Speech, that there was any roome for that, (which was made in Queen. *Elizabeths* time, upon the Northern Rebellion) and now reprinted, but the Author was ashamed of his Name: After that dropt the Irish Bishops Book, which cryed downe all the *Covenanters*, and called up some *esuite* to maintaine this Northern Combustion, worfe then the *Gunpowder Treason*: and if none come, it's thought he will act the *esuites* part himselfe in some thing hereafter.

The first fruits of his grand service was that hot prize which he playd in the Starre-Chamber of *Dublin*, at the Conventing of Mr. *Henry Stewart*, his Wife and two Daughters; with

the Northerne Discovery.

with one *James Gray*, for not taking the *Oath*: his virulent revilements against the cause, and the maintainers thereof, made his Face pale as ashes, and his joynts to quiver, which argued an ill Cause, and a worse Conscience: but the saying proves true, *corruptio boni pessima*, the better man the worse Bishop.

After this one blurts out a Book, wherein (as if he had been a Messenger from Warres) he undertakes the ungirding of the Scots Armour, but GOD be thanked his arme was too short to reach them; and I hope *Gregory Brandon* will one day gird him up in a Hempen Halter, or *St. Iohnstone* Ribband.

Pox upon those Priests (quoth *Willie*) let us heare somewhat els, for ther's no goodnesse in them.

Then (quoth *Iamie*) I will tell you somthing of Poets and Players, and ye ken they are merry Fellows.

There was a poore man (and ye ken *povertie is the badge of Poetry*) who to get a little money, made a Song of all the Capps in the Kingdome, and at every verse end concludes thus,

*Of all the Capps that ever I see,
Either great or small, Blew Cappe for me.*

But his *mirth* was quickly turned to *mourning*, for he was clapt up in the *Clink* for his boldnesse, to meddle with any such matters. One *Parker*, the Prelats Poet, who made many base Ballads against the Scots, sped but *little better*, for he, and his *Antipodes* were like to have tasted of Justice *Longs liberalitie*: and hardly he escaped his Powdering-Tubb, which the vulgar people calls a Prison.

But now he sweares he will never put pen to paper for the Prelats againe, but betake himselfe to his pitcht Kanne, and Tobacco Pipe; and learne to sell his frothie Pots againe, and give over Poetrie.

But Ile tell thee, I met with a good Fellow of that *quality*, that gave me a few fine Verses; and when I have done I will sing them.

In the meane time let me tell ye a lamentable Tragedie, acted by the Prelacie, against the poore Players of the *Fortune* Play-house, which made them sing

Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me? &c.

or they having gotten a new old Play, called *The Cardinalls conspiracie*, whom they brought upon the stage in as great state as they could, with *Altars, Images, Crosses, Crucifixes*, and the like



like, to set forth his pomp and pride. But wofull was the sight to see how in the middest of all their *mirth*, the Pursuivants came and seized upon the poore Cardinal, and all his Consorts, and carryed them away. And when they were questioned for it, in the High Commission Court, they pleaded *Ignorance*, and told the Archbishop, *that they tooke those examples of their Altars, Images, and the like, from Heathen Authors.* This did somewhat assuage his anger, that they did not bring him on the Stage: But yet they were fined for it, and after a *little Imprisonment* gat their *liberty*. And having nothing left them but a few old Swords and Bucklers, they fell to Act the *Valiant Scot*, which they Played five dayes with great applause, which vext the Bishops worse then the other, insomuch, as they were forbidden Playing it any more; and some of them prohibited ever Playing againe.

Well (quoth *Willie*) let the Bishops be as angry as they will, we have acted the *Valiant Scot* bravely at *Berwicke*: and if ever I live to come to *London*, Ile make one my selfe to make up the number, that it may be Acted there to, and that with a new addition; for I can tell thee, here's matter enough, and ye ken that I can Fence bravely, and flash flash, with the best of them.

Nay (quoth *Iamie*) I beleeve you may save that labour, for every Ladde at *London* learns to exercise his Armes: There hes been brave branding amongst the Boyes there upon this businesse, and they have divided themselves into three Companies, *The Princes, The Queens, and The Duke of Yorks*: the first were called *The English*, the second *The French*, and *The Duke of Yorks* were called *The Scots Company*, who like brave blades were like to beat both the other two. And I can tell thee, that there hes been such hot *service* amongst them, that some of their youngest Souldiers have been faine to be carryed heame out of the Field: wherupon it was blabbed abroad, *that Boyes had done more then men durst doe here at Barwick.*

But all this Sport was little to the Court Ladyes, who begun to be very melancholy for lacke of Company, till at last some young Gentlman revised an old Game called

Have at thy Coat old Woman.

But let the old Woman alone, she will be too hard for the best of them.

With these and the like passages the time was spent, untill News came of the Peace, which did not please the Prelats, yet

yet they could not tell how to helpe it : Faine would they have pickt a Quarrell, but knew not how, untill ill lucke at last did helpe him. For it seems that the *Scots* Commissioners had made some Noates of remembrance of such Speeches as had been past between the King and them upon the *Pacification*, which they gave unto the English Nobility, who being (after the Kings return) to give in *account* of their *proceedings* to the rest of the Councell, they were questioned for having the said Noates; and every one made some excuse, and like simple honest men confest their sillynesse; and were content to have it Proclaymed that they never heard such words spoken. Now forsooth, because they could not hang a few papers; therefore they commanded they should be burnt by the common Hangman, who at the time appointed came in as great state, as if he had been to Bishop, or brand, *BASTVICK* and *BURTON* againe, to the Pallace Yard (*alias* the Prelats Purgatory) with a Haltar in each hand, with two Trumpets touting before him; and two men with a few loose papers following him; where after reading of the *Proclamation*, *Gregory* very Ceremoniously put fire to the Faggots, and so the poore innocent Papers payd for it: when he had done, he cryed, *GOD* sive the King, and flourish'd his Roapes, *If any man conceale any such Papers, he shall be hang'd in these Halters*, with which words I was so affraid, that I ranne home and burnt all my Papers, and so saved him a labour.

Now I wish the wagge in a widdie (quoth *Willie*) that so abuses King and Counsell, as we may not keep a few Papers for them; what a mischiefe meane they; are they ashamed of their doings, that the people must not know how things goe?

So it seems (quoth *Iamie*) But if any thing were worth the hearing it should be Proclaymed with sound of Truuper; as ye kenne the last Lent the Troupers used to ryde up and down streets from City to Court, and from Court to Countrey, with their Trumpets before them, which made the People run out to see them, as fast as if it had been the Bagge Pipes playing along before the Beares: But at their return all that was layd aside, and as if they had been ashamed of themselves) they stole into the Town always in the duske of the evening, where somtimes two, somtimes three would come home together, driving their Horses before, and a Poke Mantle lying on the Saddle, with their Boots and Sword tyed on the toppe:

VOX BOREALIS, or

coppe of it: these lodged in *Smithfield*, and fed as long on their Horses, as their Hoast durst let them.

Others came home on *foot*; with their Saddles on their backs (for they had sold their Horse skinnes, and shooes, where they fell lame by the way) and these men Landed at *Pye Corner*, where (after they had sold their Saddles) like rusty rascalls they eat out their Swords.

Now I have told you all I can remember, for I came away as soone as the Papers were burnt: But if I had not been apparelled like a poore Parson, all in blacke, with a Canonnicall Coat, I had been robb'd many times by the way, for the Souldiers returned home by hundreds, and all was Fish that came in the Net, where they could catch any thing. But upon *Newmarket Heath*, I mist my way, and met with a Shepheard, who told me, *It was no wonder to see me so; for most of the Minsterie had been out of the way for a long time together, and had misted the King to an unchristie Iourney, wherein he had spent more money then all the Clergie of the Kingdome were worth.* Well quoth I to the Shepheard, every one to their Calling, thou to thy Hooke, and I to my Booke; and so away I went, and never met with any thing worth noating by the way: So as I will onely sing my Song, and conclude.

*Sir John got on a bonny browne Beast
To Scotland for to ride a,
A brave Buffe Coat upon his back,
A short Sword by his side a.
Alas young man we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride a.*

*He danc'd and pranc'd, and pranckt about
'Till people him espide a,
With pyeball'd arparrell he did so quarrell,
As none durst come him nye a.
But soft Sir John, ere you come home,
You will not look so high a.*

*Both Wife and Maid, and Widow prayd
To the Scot s he would be kind a;
He storm'd the more, and deeply swore
They should no favour find a.*

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*But if you had been at Barwick and seen,
He was in another ruffe a.*

*His men and he in their jollitie
Did drinke, quarrell and quaffe a,
Till away he went like a Jack of Lent :
But it would have made you laugh a,
How away they did creep, like so many Sheep,
And he like an Essex Calfe a.*

*When he came to the Camp, he was in a damp
To see the Scots in fight a,
And all his brave Troops like so many droops,
To fight they had no heart a.
And when the Allarme cal'd all to arme,
Sir John he went to shite a.*

*They prayd him to mount, and ryde in the Front
To try his Courage good a :
He told them the Scots had dangerous plots,
As he well understood a.
Which they denyed, but he replied
It's sinne for to shed blood a.*

*He did repent the money he spent,
Got by unlawfull Game a ;
His curled locks could endure no knocks.
Then let none goe againe a :
Such a Carpet Knight as durst not fight,
For feare he should be slaine a.*

Well (quoth *Willie*) as I remaember there was some Songs here also at the Camp of him. And I will sing so much of it as I can, because I will begin as you have ended : but mine is a sinister verse then yours, for it hath two foot more, and it is to be sung, To the Tune of *Iohn Dorie*, as followeth.

*Sir John got on an ambling Nagge,
To Scotland for to goe,
With a hundred Horse, without remorse,
To keep ye from the foe.*

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No Carpet Knight ever went to fight
With halfe so much braveado ;
Had you seen but his look, you would swear on a book
Hee'd conquered a whole Armado.

But the valour of the Knight, and the veyn of the Poetry, are both of so course a thread, that I had rather tell you the rest of it in plain Prose.

Willie (being to make his relation) after a little pause said, *It's not my meaning Sirs, to mention any thing which happened in our way towards Barwicke; neither what spoiles and pillagings the Souldiers exercised: nor how the Troupers robbed and rifled every one they met with, and forceably took away whatsoever they could lay hands on, without respect of Conscience. And it seems the Countrey had as little spirit, as they had Conscience: for could ever a free State, especially in time of peace, indure such insolencies against persons, States, and families, and that from the scum of men, voyd both of fortitude and righteousnesse: but such as had lost all tincture of their progenitors spirit, and subjected themselves to perfect slavery. An Uncle of mine well versit in Military Discipline, told me, that if Grecians, Romans, yea or Turks were here to see a sort of white-livered Raggamuffins, under the name of Souldierly overrunning, a warlike famous people from their very originall, witnesse the Romans testimony of them, they would say it, either they were not the same people, or by way of transmigraton, they had sent their soules to the Hollander: But the Duke of Buckingham, alias of our destruction, by the plot of this pragmatick Bandeleer, Sir Dudley Larbetom, first bridled them, and sadled them, for the Rutters to mount on; which though they mist, yet they never cast the Bridle and Saddle so that who will may ride them. But Ile leave such things to those that if they durst would faine complaine, and have cause to sing *The lamentation of their losses.**

But I cannot omit to tell you of the great *threatnings* which were thundered out against the *Covenanters*, all the way as they went along, and every Molehill was made a Mountaine, to aggravate their Rebellion; and every man vowed to be revenged, though he neither knew of whom, nor for what: But by that time that we had been there encamped three nights, we found besides the *Scots Armie* (two strong enemies) more then we expected (*hunger and cold*) which so sharply assayed us, that if our Foes had not proved our Friends, in *relieving* us, we had suffered much misery.

That

That within a week after our first coming, sundry of our Souldiers *surfatted* with eating of fresh Salmon, inso much, as they were ready to *mutinie* for want of *meat*; whereupon by advise of Councell, it was fit they should have liberty to take what they could get beyond *Tweed*. But the honest Souldiers knowing that *sweet meat must have sowre sauce*, would not venture for it.

Then it seems (quoth *Lamie*) that they are but *fresh water Souldiers*, not yet seasoned with the *Souldiers life*; how would they be able to hold out a Winter Leager, if they cannot shift out a Summer with good fresh Salmon.

A Winter League quoth *Willie*, would burne all their bones in the North, for the best of them is no body without a Feather-bed at his back; and either a dish of *beef* and *brewesse*, or *bacon* and *baggepudding* in his belly: but if he have that and his *double beere*, and his *drabbe*, he will stand to it stiffly.

Marie now I remember (quoth *Lamie*) that they call a *baggepudding* *Londons joy*, and I beleeve its that which makes many of them so bigge bellied: but if they cannot byte of a *Banrock*, and bibbe of the *Brooke*, they are not fit *Comerages* for me; for I can fare hard, lye hard, and fight hard. And if my *Tobacco box* afford me but two *Pipes* a day, I shift out well enough for any thing else.

It must be better *Tobacco* (quoth *Willie*) then that which the common Souldiers had in the Camp, which the *Sutlers* made of *Cabbedge leaves*, and *Dock leaves* steeped in *pisse*, and dried, with the blossomes of *green Broom*; this they sold for 4 *Pipes* a penny: but it did so *smoake* and *stinke*, as if they had burnt their *Hurs*.

At our first coming there was a great quarrell between the *Musqueteers* and the *Archers* in the Armie, about *precedencie*: The one saith, *bee's the onely man now in use*; and the other blurts out his bolt, and tells them, *that Bows and Arrowes won Bolloyne*: But a tall strippling standing by told them, *that a minc'd Pye was more acceptable then either*; and offered, *if any man durst gainsay it, and would meet him at Barwick bounds, with a minc'd Pye, and two Pewter Spooones; if he did not beat him at his own weapons, he would be content to fast two dayes after*.

That it was feared, so soon as the Army went home, there would have been *Civill Warres*, between the Men and the Women, in the *Northerne Countreys* for *superiority*, partly because the Men had done no *Feats of Arms* worthy of so brave

2
 appointed Army, and the ancient Fame of their Countrey, telling them, if they had been in their place, they would either by valour have won the breaches, or left their Mothers Daughters. Others of some quality storned that their Husbands were not Knighted, and they Ladyfied; and told them in some heat, that if they could not be Knighted under the Banner, they would goe nye to Knight them under the Curtin. But a witty Blade somwhat better experienced in the Laws of Venus, than the rest; and having learned in the Lowe-Countries to shelter himselfe behind a Cannon-Basket, derided the matter very daintily, and gave the Women good satisfaction: It's true quoth he) that that old Propheti-call *Adage* proves now too true:

*Waters shall waxe, and Woods shall waine,
 And unman, shall be Man, and Man shall be waine.*

Where can this rather be verified than in Womens Imperious thoughts, irrationall commands, usurped government, and metamorphosised apparrell, wherein Women against the Laws of GOD, Nature, Nations, they act Man, and play the very Viragons: Man by the contrary being too vigorous, looseth GOD, his Image, in his privilegde, in sitting in the Saddle and giving her the Reines, he unmans himselfe; and being Woman in all, save that wherein his Wife would not have him: So he sitteth down in effect with *Sardanopalus* to the Distaffe. But to meddle no more with this Hornet nest, and come to the particulars: You are to know Ladies the huggleth spirit is not all lost, but our great plenty, much ease, and long peace, all ill used, have shorrened our spirit, and made us to seek, except it be to Roare, Pipe and Pot in Tavernes, and Ale-houses, to make Children gaze at Buffe Calfe and Feather, with damnable oaths, and villanous deeds, to terrifie and torment the People: and as many of them in practise know not the right hand from the left; so many of their Commanders are Ignoramusses in the very vocables of Art: but as the Constable said to the Captain, *We must be dissembled in a trance; our Commanders must learn to command, and we to doe; we must learne to creep before we goe; to stand before we dance; and how to handle Armes, and to indure some hardship before we fight.*

Againe, Noble Amazons, take notice, that we had no Commission to fight with the Scots, which if we had had, we would have gone nigh to have frightened them as ill as the Cowes of *Barwick* frightened us: But we were onely by flourishes to scare them; witnesse our going to *Kelfo* Market to see how meat rated.

But in the third place, a greater block then both these lay in the way, and that which hindered, a Shop-broken Taylor turn'd *Steward* in a Ship to fight, namely, *want of a good cause*. It is enough thinke I to venture *bodies*, though we venture no *soules*: and what shall a man have but a vanishing vapour of *report*, when he hath sacrificed himselfe.

Lastly, if we had killed the *Scots*, the *Papists* would have cut our *throats* for our paines: And as for *Knighting*, I assure you *Gentlewomen*; a great many more have it, then can tell how to use it; and so the *Women* were well pacified.

That there came divers *Carpet Knights* to the *Camp*, onely for *fashion*, not for *fighting*, whose chiefeft *attendants* are either *Poets* or *Players*: at whose returne you shall either have the second part of *Hobia Moko*, or els *Polydamna* acted, with a new addition. But if it had once come to knocks, then you must have expected a *Tragedie* instead of a *Commedie*; as *The losse of a Loyall Subject*, *The Prodigals Repentance*; *The Sucklings succour*; *The Last Lover*, or some such pretty peece.

That all the time of the *Camp* lay here, we had most lamentable wet wether, as if the heavens had mourned with continuall rayne, which our *Camp* scarce called *Scottish teares*: but I am sure it made good the old saying, *A Scottish mist will wet an English man to the skinne*: and well it might be, for there was neither care taken for *Huts*, nor *Tents*; but as soone as it was faire againe in the *Sun-shine*, they went all in hunting the lousie lare, where they made good that *Riddle* which put *Homer* to a stand, *What they found they left behind them? and what they could not find they tooke with them.* But having done execution upon those grudge *Pikes*, at their returns they would bragge how many *Covenanted* enemies they had killed since they went out.

Why (quoth *Iamie*) was any *Covenanters* kill'd, we heare no such *News* at *London*.

It's but onely a *jeare* (quoth *Willie*) to call their *Lyce* and backbyters there *covenanted* enemies.

Let them *jeare* on (quoth *Iamie*) if they dare kill nothing els but *Lyce*, then I am content they should never have other *employment*: for indeed it was told at *London*, that there was nothing among the *Souldiers* in the *Kings Camp* but *Lyce*, and long *nayles*, which it seems was all the *employment* they had, or *blood*, which was shed there.

No (quoth *Willie*) they durst not doe so much as goe into

Scotland to kill either Man or Beast there; and this they gave out for their excuse, *That all the ground was undermined betwixt Barwicke and the Scottish Camp*: so as they durst not march on for feare of blowing up. But they needed never feare that, for unlesse the English Matchevilians undermined the *Scotts Covenanters*, and by a long tayld traine from *London* to *Edenburgh* blew up the Parliament there (least they blew up the Bishops) there is nothing els to be blown up.

That here in the *North*, the Kings Coyne which had been for so many yeares rackt out of the *Countrey* into the Kings Coffers, hath been now most Prodigally spent. And the Monopoly money which hath lyen so many yeares mould in the Exchequer, is now so well Sunshin'd, and so often turn'd over from hand to hand, as it will not come there to be rusty againe this seaven yeares.

It is thought this climate hath an extraordinary operation in altering of mens constitutions and conditions: For our gallants have both changed their voices and their words since they came from *London*: For there they used to speake as bigge as Bulbeggars, that fight in barnes; and at every word Sirra, Rogue, Rascal, and the like: but it is otherwayes now, for their words is as if they whispered, for feare the *Scotts* should heare them; and their words are turned to honest lacke, courage Souldiers, and the like. So as if we had stayed but a little while longer, we should have been all fellows at Football.

That a great many old Souldiers lived by their shifts, some counterfitted Fortune-tellers, some Juglers, and some Morrice dancers; and indeed they sped best of all, for whilst the Wives without conveighs (which lay lurking about the house) would either get a Duck or a Henne, or others, perhaps a Lamb or a Pigge; and home they came to the Camp oftentimes with halfe a dozen of Women at their heels, crying stoppe thief stoppe; but never an honest man was in the way, and it is not the fashion for one theefe to stay another. But when they came to their Huts, then there was all the spore to see them quarrell for dividing of it, untill the Marshall or Provost came, who to stint the strife kept it to himselfe: so oftentimes he, that fet it never cat it.

Oh quoth *Iamie* what belly-gods are these, that will robbe the poore people. If they had playd such pranks in *Scotland*, they had been well bangd both baek and side.

I warrant quoth *Willie* that the Northern people dream'd of these

the Northerne Discovery.

these broyles many yeares agoe. For they have been so provident^d to prevent them, as they never planted any Orchards: For if there had been either Fruit above ground, or Roots in the ground, nothing had been left them; for they marcht by Pares up and down; looking for a prey: but as I tell, the Countrey cozged them for that.

That one day in a Misty morning, about a dozen of Camp Royane Ruffins had a desire to plunder a Countrey Village in Scotland. I will ranke them in order as they went out, least their disorderly returne home prevent me: First, there rode two Carubins, who in their rusty Armor, and starv'd Stallions, looke like a couple of Brewers Servants in leather Ierkings, made of old Boots ryding for old Caske. After them followed two light Horse-men, with great Saddles and Perrsonels, like a couple of Fiddles with their Muscicall Instruments in cases.

Next to these marcht foure Footmen, with Sow skine Knapsaks, and Halfe-Pikes, like foure Banbary Tinkers with their Buggets at their backs. And after them some Musketeers with their Rists in their hands, and their Bandeleers about their necke, like so many Sow-gelders. When they came to the Village the men were gone to the Market, and the Women were at milking. The Horse-men stood behind the Barn-yard to receive what the others should bring them. The Musketeers marcht into the Milkehouse, and the Pikemen to the Henroost, where the Fowles began to flutter, the Geese to kekele, and the Dogs to bark; and all the Village was presently in an uproare. Out came a Winch crying, Come out, come out, for here are Theeves come to rebbe us: With that an Allarum was beat on the bottome of an old Kettle; and out came all the Wives very well weaponed, some with Rocks, some with Forks, and some with Flailes, crying, Where are these false swearing theeves: But as soone as they found them, they so belaboured the poore Pikemen, as happy was he could get first free from them: yet at last they gat loose, and followed their Horsemen, who fled away as soone as ever they heard the fray begin. In the meane time the Musketeers had so pangd their panches with Butter milke, and Whay, that they could scarce get out of the Wines gripes to come to their Horse-men. But what with feare, and their strugling with the Women for the victory, most of them made bold with their Breeches. But at last, when they see that the Wives stood so stiffly to it, they ranne as fast away as they could. But there was such a wild-goose chase, between the Wives and them, as has been feldome seen, insomuch as the poore Pikemen having overheat themselves, the Butter-milke and Whay had such an operation, as they had got such a Squirt, that the Women could trace them wheresoever they fled; and still as they overtooke them they did so beswaddle them, that they cryed for Quarter. What is this (quoth a Woman.)

VOX BOREALIS, or

Woman) that the Lowncalls Quarter? If thy quarters have n^ee enough they shall have enough. Alas cummer (quoth another) he cries for mercie : then (quoth she) false thi fe, cry God this mercie, and Ile let thee alone. The poore man learned the language, and so that Fray ended : but withall, they promised never to come into that Kingdome any more. When they had their Libertie, it was bootlesse to bid them runne : for away they went with as much speed as their legges could carrie them. But a man might have found them by the Sent all the way. All the spoyle that this Fray afforded was onely their Bandaleers for the Boyes to play withall, and their Rests for Reckes for the VVives to spinne withall.

Now Gods blessing and mine (quoth Iamie) light upon the Goodwives, for they have played their parts bravely. And I hope the English Army never troubled them for it.

No (quoth VVillie but they lay upon the lurch a good while after for a revenge, and one day early in the morning stole into Scotland, thinking to have taken them *tarde* : but when they came there, albeit they had shuffled all the Coat Cards in their owa hands, and so thought it had been a won Game, yet when they saw Clubbes turne up Trump, they gave it over as a lost Game. And never after offered them any injurie, but some of the Souldiers were so trampled and trod upon, in their suddain retreat, that divers of them dyed presently after their returne : amongst whom (one more godly then the rest) desired to have his Will written : but there was none to doe it but a Poet, and he made it in Verse, which was as followeth.

Being sore sicke, and ready for to dye,
 Yet thanks be to God, in perfect memorie,
 My VVill I make. And first I doe bequeath
 My Soule to Christ, my Body to the Grave :
 My Braines unto my Countrey, that they may
 Not brainsiek runne in such bad deeds as they.
 My Eares unto the King, that he may heare
 His Subjects suits in Peace, and not in VVearre.
 My Eyes unto the State, that they may see
 All false Seducers of his Majestie.
 My Tongue to such as dare not the Truth tell.
 My Mind to those that thinke all is not well.
 My Nose to those that have not perfect sent,
 To smell out those as hinders Parliament.
 My Hand to him that meanes to shed no blood.

the Northerne Discoverie.

*My Heart to those that for the Gospel stood,
My Broad-Backe to the Protestants, that they
With Patience suffer, and in Love obey.
My Legges I leave to lame men, to assist them :
If Scots come on, here's many that will misse them.
My Feet to Franck who hath no heart to stay,
That better he may scape, and runne away.
I know no fit Executor for this VVill :
But if that any please it to fulfill,
I leave them power; and doe begge with teares,
England and Scotland to be Overseers :
That each may have their own due Legacie.
Soe farewell Friends : Death calls away for me.*

Within two or three dayes after this retreat, there was an agreement made between the two Armies, and both of them were to dissolve their Forces. Wherenpon Order was given in the Kings Camp, that every man should have a monethes pay to carrie him home to his Countrie : but the Captaines and Commanders did so shuffle and thirke the poore Souldiers, that some of them had nothing, and the most had but foure or five shillings a piece, to travell 300. miles : yet to give the Devill his due, they did them a *Court courtesie* in giving them a Passe home to their Countrey, with a Licence to begge by the way, and a Tiquet to all Maiors, Justices, Constables, and the like, not to trouble the Stocks, nor Whipping Posts with any such Souldiers as came from the Kings Camp.

Now good Gibbie get them (quoth *Lamie*) and ye kenn that if he once shake hands with any, they had need say their Prayers, for they are not long lived after it. But what silly Souldiers were those that would be put off so : Marie it is no mervell then they begged and robbed all the way home. And so deeply swore, *they would rather be hang'd at home, then ever goe abroad in the Kings Camp againe.*

They could not helpe it (quoth *Willie*) for they might tell their Tale one to another, for no body els would heare them. And besides, they were so glad to be gone, as they never stayed for any Conduct or Company : for they were not so farre in love with the businesse, as to play *Loath to depart* : But every man shifted for himselfe, as soon as he could, for feare he should have been called backe againe, and put upon some new *employment* there.

VOX BOREALIS, or

We could never (quoth *Lamie*) understand the *truth* of the agreement at the Camp, some told one thing, some told another.

The effect of the agreement (quoth *VVillie*) was thus in brief. That both the Armies should be dissolved. That the Kings Castles should be surrendered. That the Kings Shippes should depart the Firth. That a set Assembly should be called, and have liberty to settle the Government of the Church. That a Parliament should immediately follow, which should ratifie the Assembly, and redresse the grievances of the Kingdome.

Their Demands (as I was informed) were these, that besides the holding and confirmation of the Assembly, to be holden by the succeeding Parliament: they desired these particulars, namely, That the Scottish delinquents should be sent home to their Tryall; restoration of the States damages: and lastly, security from further danger from the Fireworks Ingeneers of this Combustion: and whether these were granted or not, not to meddle with hand or Seale, I referre my selfe to the Martyred Papers, and the Consciences of some of the English Lords.

Good agreements Brother, but badly performed: For as soon as the Armies were dissolved, and the King possessed of the Castles of *Edenburgh*, *Dunbartne*, &c New cavells were rayed against the Covenanters. And it was reported, that under the colour of a Parle with the Lords at *Berwick*, they should all have been detayned and sent Prisoners to London. But as good happe was, they went not, but excused themselves to the King, because the appointed Assemblies was then to begin, which hath since quite abolished Bishops.

The King seemed displeas'd, and thereupon placed General *Rubwen* Governour of the Castle of *Edenburgh*: And now he having gotten that by a *tricke*, which they never could have gotten by *strength*; keeps a couple of false Knaves, to laugh at the Lords (a Foole and a Fidler) and when he and they are almost drunke, then they goe to singing of *Scots yggies*, in a jeering manner, at the Covenanters, for surrendring up their Castles.

The Fidler he sings
out his his heels
and Dances and
Sings

Put up thy Dagger Jamie,
and all things shall be mended,
Bishops shall fall, no not at all
when the Parliament is ended,

Then

the Nerberne Discovery.

Then the Foole he
firts out his folly,
and whilst the
Fidler playes he
fings

Which never was intended,
but onely for to flamm thee:
We have gotten the game,
wee'll keep the same,
Put up thy Dagger Jamie.

The Devill a Dagger (quoth *Jamie*) shalbe put up by me, nor I beleeve by any man in the Kingdome; untill the *Parliament* be ended, and have confirmed the putting down of *Bishops*; wee'll be no longer flim flamb'd by any of them. And for this trick, we will have that false Papistical' Fraytor *Rethwen*, and all his knaveries out of the Castle; or else we will make it too hot for him to hold it. I am in such a rage at these Rascalls, as if I had them here I would beat them both blacke and blew, and teach them to sing another Song, called *The Lowms Lamentation*; yea and make them dance after my Pipe, ere I had done with them.

Peace (quoth *Willie*) *Patience* will bring all to perfection, and time will discover the truth. But if this *Pacification* was onely pretended, that they might get the Castles into their custodie; and the *Parliament* but onely promised, and never intended to confirm the abolishing of *Bishops*, then we have just cause to doe that which was never dreamed on.

Dreamed on (quoth *Jamie*) If Dreames prove true, I shalbe Master of a Mytre ere it be long: for every night I am so troubled with finding of Mytres, *Crucifixes*, rich *Copes*, and the like, That I thinke to my comfore, it wilbe my Fortune to fall upon the rising of some of those Belly-god *Bishops* houses, before this Warre be ended; and then let me alone to expone my Dreame. And I hope if I take pains to pull down Popery in such a manner, as it will not trouble my Conscience hereafter.

I would it were come to that (quoth *Willie*) if it must needs come to it: but it were better the businesse ended in a peaceable way.

That will never be (quoth *Jamie*) For there is a time when *Babylon* must down, and the *Bishops* who are but Whelps of that Whores litter must down before her; and why may not the time be now? For the Pope had never such a blow as *Scotland* now hath given him. And if *England* give him but such another, it will make him stagger.

Ha *Jamie*, there thou hirst the marke, for all the pollicie that

I have can never possesse me of any possibility of bringing *peace* and *sifery*, except the bloody and undermining *Locusts* be sent to the *bottomlesse pit*, from whence they came; and the whole litter of the *Whores Whelps* (as thou callest them) the *Bishops*, with all their appendices be rooted out: Yea except some *Carpenters* arise, and saw off these strong *Hornes* of the *Beast*, which by stickling make so many leakes in the *English Church*, she and all in her are like to perish: and then those *hellish Pirats*, worse then *Tunmea* and *Algeir*, will have a bout with the bordering of the *Scots*: but I hope they shall all be hang'd first. The *Scots* have set the *English* a faire *Coppy*, and if they cannot write for these also, the *Scots* will lend their hand, if they be willing to learne. Yet not to write a *letter*, much lesse a *line* of *Rebellion*: For as they may compare with any *Nation* in the world for their *Loyalty*; so to terme the saving of the *Church*, *King* and *State* *Rebellion*, is of the *Devil*, the *Father of lyes*.

I am confident, that the *English* will not be so forgetfull of their *honour* and *profession*, as to make such use of the *Scots*, as the *Monkey* made of the *Spannell*, in pulling the *Chestnut* out of the fire with the *Spannells* foot: But as *mutuall necessity*, craves *mutuall ayd*; so I hope the *Scots* and *English* will in a *Brotherly conjunction*, like *Joab* and *Abijhai*, help one another against the *Syrians* and *Ammonites*, that is *forraigne* and *domesticke enemies*. If the *Syrians* be too strong for me (saith *Joab*) then thou shalt helpe me. but if *Ammon* be too strong for thee, then I will come and helpe thee, 2 Sam. 10. 11. The application is easie. But whither am I gone, certainly beyond both *packe* and *packe pin*, yea and the *warehouse* too.

O BILLIE WILLIE, that some good Engine had the hammering of this, and it might prove a bonny piece. But I meane well. Now to close up all, as I wish with the Spirit all happinesse to attend those that dash *Babels* brats against the walls: so let both *Nations* take heed of that *Curse* denounced against those that doe the werke of the *Lord* negligently. Psal. 137. 11. Jer 48. 10.

By this time we were call'd to *Supper*, and therupon gave over *discourse*: and the next day after departed all Three for *Edenburgh*, where we agreed over againe to own the hazard of a new *Journey* to *London*, to see how things were carryed there. But the manner of the *carriage*, and how we shall dispose of our selves there, cannot be resolved till we see the successe of this

the Northerne Discoverie .

Parliament. Till when, and ever, we remaine

Ready to do our utmost indeavours,

in any thing that may tend to the good

of this Kirk and Kingdome.



P O S T S C R I P T .

Through fire and water we have past,
To bring you Northern News:
And since as Scouts we travelled last,
We now that name refuse.

But if henceforth new broyles appeare,
And Warre begin to rise,
Castilians like wee' ll cloth our selves,
And live like Spanish spyes.

Here ends the First Part.

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