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AN ENGLISH
PROSE MISCELLANY
SELECTED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN MASEFIELD

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INTRODUCTION

IN a book of this size it is impossible to give specimens of every prose-writer of importance from the time of Caxton until the middle of the eighteenth century. Caxton began to translate the Recuyel of the Histories of Troy in 1469. Blake, with whom began the modern romantic movement, wrote his first notable poem almost exactly three hundred years later. During those three centuries, two, of our three great literary periods, passed through their course of promise, blossom, and decay. It would need several volumes of the size of this book to give representative passages from the writings of the prominent prose-writers of those three hundred years. All that one can do, in a single volume, is to bring together specimens, beautiful or interesting in themselves, from the works of some of those who have expressed the thought, and peculiar genius, of their countrymen. This book does not pretend to be exhaustive, or comprehensive. It has been the aim of its collector to include a number of passages of English prose, all of them of some special beauty or vividness, which, in their arrangement, will show the reader how English style has changed, from century to century. The specimens, the passages selected, do not appear to the best advantage, thus detached from their contexts. Most of the various stories and excerpts are complete in themselves, needing no preliminary or final passage to give them point or weight. But an anthology of prose should serve rather as a guide, or whet, to the reader, than as a serious work. At best, it can only interest the reader in certain writers, or certain kinds of writing. It is to be hoped that this book may stimulate some of its readers to study the works of the writers repre-

sented. This book, like most books of the sort, contains attractive fragments. They are arranged like the goods in a bagman's sample-box, to show the reader what he may expect, when he receives the goods in bulk.

English prose literature, like everything else, may be divided, roughly, into the three classes of "good, better and best." In the highest or "best" class, may be placed those writers who write informed with a burning energy (either of ecstasy or of contemplation) which gives their prose something of the rapture and beauty, if nothing of the rhythm and music, of poetry. Our literature is rich in such writers; for many of our poets, and all our best orators and preachers, have written prose of this kind. In this first, or best class, filled by the masters of splendid eloquence, are the names of Jeremy Taylor, John Donne, Sir Thomas Browne, ecstatic and inspired writers; of Bishop Berkeley, "judicious" Hooker, Robert Burton, grave and contemplative writers; and of the great dramatic poets, Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher and Webster, who use prose seldom, but always with supreme effect. In the second class may be placed the men whose personalities are charming rather than compelling: the writers of books of travel, of sport, of fiction, of miscellaneous works, the makers of translations, etc., etc. The bulk of the national literature belongs to this class. It contains the names of the great English translators such as Lord Berners, John Florio, Sir Thomas North, of the men of profound influence in their time such as John Lyly, John Dryden, Joseph Addison, of sweet, simple and gracious characters like Izaak Walton, John Bunyan, William Law; and of popular writers of different kinds like Thomas Decker, Thomas Nashe and Daniel Defoe. In the third class, may be placed the keepers of diaries; the writers of personal memoirs; famous, or notorious, letter-writers; and gossip-mongers generally. This class, always precious to the historian and to the student, contains comparatively few names; and very few of its members reveal themselves sufficiently (like Pepys, Horace Walpole or either of the two

Melvilles) to interest the reader in their characters apart from what they write.

It has been found necessary to arrange this book in more than three broad divisions ; for it is surely desirable that the writers of sermons, and of pious ejaculations, should be separated (whatever their quality) from the novelists and satirists, from the historians and the translators. The book has therefore been divided into eight main divisions, containing, respectively, selections from the works of story-tellers, novelists, moral and philosophical writers, religious and theological writers, historians, translators, diarists, "character" writers, and memoir and letter writers. Each division, except in one or two places where the rule has been broken for the sake of variety, has been arranged in a rough chronological order, precedence being settled by the date of the author's birth (conjectural in some cases) not by the date of the publication of the book from which the excerpt has been taken.

The writing of diaries and memoirs, "the backstairs of history," became common, in this country, towards the end of the sixteenth century. It is one of the most interesting, but also the lowest form of literature ; for it is best when it sets down something in malice, or confesses to some personal lust or dislike. Such writing, with its uncharitable and vivid comment, gives the student his desired sense of the reality and the unpleasantness of past times. It interests us, not as literature, but as a peephole into the past ; or as a peephole into the heart of the writer, where we can see "his bad little eye glittering with sharpness." The most popular diarist we have is, of course, Pepys, whose natural failings honestly set down at once flatter and shock the hypocrisy of those who read him. His diary is a delicious thing ; but it does not give full expression to the author's abundant, many-sided, honest and efficient character ; and it came to an end before Pepys was of an age to appreciate, or to judge with ripe wisdom, the characters of the best of his associates. Sir Robert Carey, a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and James

Melville the Scotch Reformer, are both as artless as Pepys ; but they lived in times of greater stir ; and the stories they tell of life upon the Border, of the court of Elizabeth, and of the troubles of a hunted man, flying by night, in a little boat, from his persecutors, are as lively pieces of narrative as any we have. Almost as good, if a little stiff and formal, are Sir James Melville's stories of his visit to Queen Elizabeth, and of the obscure skirmish near La Ferre, where he got a sore knock upon the skull. These writers have the ring, and the reputation, of truthfulness ; so that one sets them at the head of memoir-writers of our country ; though they are all less interesting, and less literary, than Lord Herbert of Cherbury ; whose autobiography, much of it fiction, much of it exaggeration, is one of the most diverting books of memories in existence. If he had too good a conceit of himself, he had also the qualities of his defects, a large manner, a fine style, an opulent and royal attitude towards the world. He wrote with the fulness and arrogance of a great period. One can forget his stories of his manly beauty, (and of its effects on beautiful ladies) of his personal valour under fire, or when fighting a troop, one against many, a broken sword his sole weapon, in reading his scheme for a gentleman's education ; a scheme based, no doubt, on the system which had trained him in his youth, and not unlike the scheme laid down by Gargantua for the benefit of Pantagruel. Of the many books of Royalist and Puritan memoirs, from Rushworth to Lying Peter, some half dozen only are represented in this book. Sir Harry Slingsby's anecdote of the King's supper, Lady Fanshawe's ghost-story, Mrs Hutchison's touching story of her kinswoman's death, and Sir Philip Warwick's description of Cromwell, are the most interesting of those selected. Of the Restoration diarists and memoir writers, Pepys and Evelyn are the best known ; but perhaps the most delightful of them all is John Aubrey, "a shiftless person, roving and magotie-headed," who helped Antony à Wood with "folleries and misinformations." There is no one quite like Aubrey ; no one quite so curious, so

gullible, so quick, or so vivid. Perhaps Boswell comes nearest to him, of other English writers, though Boswell, being bred to the law, was shrewder, and less ready to believe a legend.

The shortness of this book has compelled the omission of nearly all the famous English letter-writers. Those selected are: the very beautiful letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to his wife; one of James Howell's "familiar epistles" dated from that Fleet prison where, as he puts it, he lay anchored so long; one of Horace Walpole's letters; one of Gilbert White's letters; and a letter of Thomas Gray, the poet. With so much of serious literary work to choose from, and to quote, it was impossible to add a number of letters, by famous hands, to a book of this size. The five letters quoted give variety to the collection. Two of them may show the reader how one of the nuisances of modern life may become beautiful, and one of the finer arts, in a good writer's hands; while one of them (that of Raleigh) a beautiful and touching letter, the farewell of a strange figure to the love of his youth, must haunt the memory of everyone who reads it.

Among the writings of the great English divines is much of the noblest prose our nation has produced. The names of two great divines, John Donne and Jeremy Taylor, stand out from their fellows, as touched by tongues of fire, as being themselves fires lighted at a divine torch. John Donne was one of the strangest and grandest figures of the many strange and grand men who were as the last fine fruit borne by that England which the Civil Wars destroyed. In his poetry, rugged and fiery, a darkness lit by flashes, he ranks with our greatest. In his prose, he is with the first half dozen. He is not easy to read, for his manner is always rugged and gnarled; but the "rugged mass" burns and kindles; and when the great heart takes fire the august rhythms have the grandeur of great poetry. The prose of Jeremy Taylor is more lyrical. Its measures are not so cramped; its movement is freer. His mind flashes into sudden and leaping blaze, where Donne's burns and glows steadily. The simile of the

two degrees of fire is a good one; for with Jeremy Taylor, the style, like a bright, leaping flame, is always climbing and spiring, in strength and beauty, about the external fuel of an image. With Donne, the style is the man, it burns by its own virtue, the fire is the man himself consuming. Something of the beauty and religious ecstasy of the prose of Taylor is to be seen in the prose of William Chillingworth, Thomas Traherne, and the poet Thomas Decker. Chillingworth will always be remembered with honour as the dear friend of Lucius Cary, the 2nd Viscount Falkland. He is now little read, partly because his intellect was busied with questions which no longer concern us, partly because the pulpit discourse, however fervent, is no longer a spiritual guide to the majority. He was one of the last of the eloquent preachers of our Church to give a poetical voice to his spiritual enthusiasms. Thomas Traherne, a rather later man, is a more beautiful writer. When Mr Dobell publishes his promised *Century of Meditations*, Traherne will take his place among the masters of English prose. The excerpts here given are from the *Christian Ethicks*, a book of passionate and rapturous contemplation of the glory of God, and the beauty of holiness. It is curious that a writer like Thomas Decker, the Elizabethan, whose poetry has been so nobly praised by Charles Lamb, should have received so little honour for his prose. Much of what he wrote, he wrote hurriedly, for (as Henslowe's *Diary* tells us) "Mr Dickers" was often in prison, and always in poverty; but the gaol and starvation are the honourable portion of genius; and it is the task of a genius like Decker to fill the gaol and the bare room with the beauty and order of the spiritual kingdom; and to see in the little joys, and sordid troubles, of a life more than usually sorrowful, a manifestation of divine love or anger. Of Decker's prose several examples have been given, to show his power in the various styles in which he wrote. Of the other beautiful characters whose eloquence is represented in this section, the most worthy are Latimer and Ridley, the two martyrs. Their sermons have not the poetical ornament of

the later writers, nor are they so literary as the religious writings of Miles Coverdale ; but they have an earnestness, an intensity, a strength of purpose, which is always rare, and always as precious as genius. In reading their sermons and other writings one feels that they were examples of the manly, simple, honest English character at its very best.

In the section of novelists and dramatists, it has been necessary to exclude all but a very few writers. Some have been excluded because they have no passage easy to detach, for the purpose of quotation ; others because their merit lies not so much in the quality of their writing as in the vigour of the characters created, and the tragical or comical power of the situations. It would be easy to fill a book with quotations from our novelists and dramatists ; but this book has another purpose. Of the dramatists, six only are included ; the five greatest names of the Elizabethan stage, and the best dramatic writer of the Restoration. Of the novelists, I have included only seven ; three Elizabethans, all of influence in their day, Sidney, Nashe, and Greene ; and four eighteenth century writers, equally famous, Defoe, Smollett, Fielding, and Laurence Sterne. Of them all, Nashe had, perhaps, the greatest genius ; and Sidney the most beautiful mind. In Smollett, a warped and deformed genius, there is a terrible exhibition of the force which is not power. In Fielding, a man of a more genial temper, and of a broader humanity, there is almost every quality, save the quality of beauty. In Sterne, there is charm, wit and grace, all made a little sickly by unwholesome sentiment. Robert Greene, the Elizabethan, deserves a place among the novelists (if for no other reason) for his excellent work in laying the foundations of the chap-book, a kind of literature prolific among us, and often of good quality, but now superseded by the journal and the magazine.

In the next section of the book, there are philosophical and moral pieces interspersed with fragments of a lighter kind, to give pleasure by their quaintness or humour. The first piece is the well-known passage in Roger Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, describing a visit to Lady Jane Grey, and giving

some insight into Tudor domestic discipline. It may be objected that a story from Harman's *Caveat* comes with an ill grace after so much beauty ; but the story is good reading, applicable even to-day, and Harman's book, with others of the same kind, (by Awdeley and others) had a pleasant influence upon the poetical drama. The fragment from John Lyly is very short, but *Euphues*, beautiful as it is, must be tasted like suckets, little by little. It was, perhaps, the first English prose book, in which the author was conscious of the art of writing, as a grace to be added to the thought expressed. It is a book which will always interest those studious of the art of writing. Its precise, artificial, dainty sentences, so false, so fair, with their polite extravagance, their picked language, will never lack lovers. The book has been jeered at, by those who could neither read nor understand it, as silly, as languid, or as affected. It is a book full of the energy of poetic invention, of a scrupulous choice care (almost a religious discipline) in the exclusion of the common or imperfect, and of a tenderness for all beautiful images ; virtues sufficient, in themselves, to condemn it in a generation which not only applauds the art of a Royal Academy, but preserves it, as its expression. Thomas Nashe, with his boisterous japes of the Red Herring, and Bishop Stubbes, with his dislike of football, have both of them the virtues of excess. In Decker's powerful account of London afflicted by pestilence, there is excess more or less disciplined by the poetical judgment. After Decker, there comes Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a great book, abundant and various ; a "heaped measure overflowing," like life itself. Bacon's prose, with its weight of word, and wealth of illustration, is too well known to need comment. It was difficult to choose a particular essay : but the one chosen, "Of Friendship," needs defence as little as the others. Raleigh, one of our popular heroes, is represented by the peroration to his *History of the World*, a piece of prose well known, perhaps worn threadbare by often quotation, but of a sombre beauty, of a style "eloquent, just and mighty" like its subject. Like the prose



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band," are strokes of perceptive and reflective genius. From such beginnings as Fuller's *Sea-Captain* and Sir Thomas Overbury's *Franklin*, a later generation evolved the persons of the Spectator Club, who, being "character sketches" themselves, helped vast numbers of their kind into our periodical literature. Addison and Steele perfected this particular kind of writing. Their grace and ease, and charm of manner, their humour and tenderness, and deft delicacy, will hardly be surpassed; though in the next century Charles Lamb continued their tradition, and gave it a new life.

Our literature contains so many excellent translations from different tongues, that it has been necessary to give the translators a section to themselves. This section contains some of the most beautiful prose we have. Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch* is one of the greatest books of our greatest literary period. Some of the very best of the books first published in England (the *Morte d'Arthur*, *Reynard the Fox*, etc.), were translated (by the publishers) from the French or Dutch, or from the Latin of the monks. All great literary ages have their special talent in translation; but in this volume is given no specimen of any translation later than the Jacob Boehme of William Law. The selections are mostly from the books of Caxton and the great Tudor translators; but among them are less familiar names, such as Knolles and Mabbe, and Roger L'Estrange.

Among the writers of history and biography, the names of Richard Hakluyt and of John Fox stand out, as worthy of special honour. Other historians have written greatly, about great men and great movements. These two have preserved for us the record of the valorous acts and truthful speaking of our English heroes. Next to these two, but a little lower, are Edward Wright, the Mathematician, who suffered such tortures from thirst at sea, and Edmund Spenser, the poet, perhaps the most enlightened (and most literary) of the many Englishmen who have taken a gloomy view of Ireland. Fulke Greville's story of the death of Sir Philip Sidney is never likely to be forgotten; and Knolles' story of

the Siege of Malta, so finely praised by Byron, can thrill us, and stir our blood, as it thrilled and stirred Dr Johnson and Southey. Purchas's tale of the sea may have been one of those written by Hakluyt; but valorous John Smith's tales are his own, true or not. In Izaak Walton's life of Hooker there are some amusing passages which detach readily from the context; and can therefore be quoted (as they are) in a book of this sort. Clarendon, the great historian of the Rebellion, does not lend himself to quotation; nor does Gilbert Burnet, a lesser but more delightful writer, who deserves the high praise given him by Charles Lamb. Last of these historians comes Gibbon, "the fat and icy," with his rolling and balanced periods, and his manner of describing a thing as though he neither saw it nor believed it.

At the end of the book there are a few critical papers. Of these the greater number are by poets, on poetry; for great criticism can only be written by great artists. "Great art," as Mr Yeats says, "can never exist without a great criticism"; and it is therefore fitting that great criticism should be wisely studied and remembered; after so long a course (in the rest of the book) of art that is very often great.

With this section, the book ends. In compiling it, it has been impossible to avoid the omission of many distinguished writers, whose names will occur readily to those who judge of books not by what they are, but by what they are not, and do not pretend to be. It is hoped that enough has been given to interest the reader in the lesser of the arts of writing, in "that other beauty," of prose, of which Dryden spoke. If too much has been given from the work of such an one, and too little from such an other, the reader may amend it, if he will, by studying the neglected man the more, in his published writings.

J. M.

AN ENGLISH PROSE MISCELLANY

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS

SIR JAMES MELVILLE, 1557

BEFORE the Duke of Guise' home-coming in France, the King of Spain was entered upon the frontiers of France with a great army of l. thousand men; whom to resist, the Constable my master was sent with a xvi. thousand. The day before he took 'his leave at the King in Rheims in Champagne, riding to the hunts, there came a man in grave apparel following him upon foot, crying for audience for God's sake. Whereupon the Constable stayed, willing him to speak; who said, "The Lord says, seeing that thou wilt not know me, I shall likewise not know thee. Already I see the reek of thy glory spread athwart the lift in dust." This strange language put the Constable in such a choler that he struck the poor man in the face with his horsewand, and boasted to cause him be hanged. The man answered that he was ready to suffer what punishment he pleased, seeing he had performed his commission. The Duke of Nevers perceiving the Constable commoved, drew near and desired to know the cause. The Constable shew him how that such a knave had been preaching to him of God. Then the said Duke boasted also the poor man; but as they rode forward after the King, I tarried behind and asked the man what had moved him to use such strange language unto the Constable. He said, the spirit of God suffered him not to rest until he had discharged his mind of such a commission.

Now the army of Spain above specified was led by Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, along the frontiers of France, who at last planted his camp about the town of St Quentin. Where the Constable sent the Admiral of Chattillon his sister son to defend the same, and lodged his camp at La Ferre, five leagues from the town of St Quentin, which was not sufficiently furnished with men and munition ; therefore he essayed the next day, in vain, to put in it more companies, under the conduct of Monsr. Dandelot, brother to the said Admiral. Again, after the preparation of two days, he marched forward with his whole army toward St Quentin, carrying with him xviii. cannons, with some boats with bridges of boards, that are commonly in camps, to pass the army in any need over rivers and waters. For there was a little loch upon the south-west side of the town, in the which the said boats were set, and Monsieur de Andelot first with three hundred entered in the town that way ; but so soon as it was perceived, the enemy stopped the rest to enter.

But so soon as the Duke of Savoy was coming with his whole army towards us, the Constable, alleging that he had furnished St Quentin sufficiently, drew homewards towards La Ferre in good order, intending to eschew battle if he could, the other being an overmatch. His intention was to pass and besiege Calais, but the whole horsemen of the enemy's was hard at us by (before) we had travelled four miles, where the Constable stayed a while. At length he said that their horsemen came to stay us until their footmen were come forward ; therefore he thought best to pass forward to a narrow part between a wood and a village, there to abide them battle if no better might be. In the meantime, the Marshal of St Andre, a great doer for the time, gave an unhappy counsel, that all the French servants that were upon horseback should retire from among the men of arms, lest they should be some impediment to them that fought. These varlets, being large as many as there were masters, were glad to get them out of the press, spurring with speed their horse-heads homewards, intending to stay upon some knowe to

behold the combat. The enemy perceiving afar off a great number of horsemen as fleeing, took occasion to charge upon our light horsemen; whereon the Constable, being in a valley between two heights, marching towards the strait part where he intended to stay, spurred forward up the little brae, that he might see how to resist and put order to the battle, which gave a hard apprehension to others that it was a fleeing; but when he turned on the knowe head to behold the onset, no man would tarry with him, for no command nor crying "tarry, tarry; return, return";—their heads were homewards and their hearts were hyn. Then his master-stabler brought him a Turkey speedy horse, to run away with the rest. He answered in anger that it was against his profession and occupation to flee; addressing himself fiercely against the greatest troop of enemies, saying "Let all good servants of the King follow me"; only he was accompanied with a threescore of gentlemen, who were all overthrown in an instant. The Constable desired to be slain, but his master-stabler, called Monsr. de Salvert, cried continually, "It is the Constable; slay him not"; but he was shot through the thigh before he was known, and taken prisoner. I, being evil hurt with a strake of a mace upon the head, was mounted again by my servant upon a Scots gelding, that carried me home through the enemies, who were all between me and home; and two of them strake at my head with swords, because my headpiece was taen off after the first rencounter that the mace had enfonced, and the two were standing between us and home, to keep prisoners in a narrow strait. But my skeich horse ran through them in a narrow gate, against my will, through the village; for the field between it and the wood was full of reek of culverins, and there were the most part of our footmen slain. The leaping over a dyke separated me from the two; then, being past the said village, there was bounds enough to eschew; so I came safe to La Ferre, where I met with Master Harry Killigrew, an English gentleman, my old friend, who held my horse while I sat down in a barber's booth to be pansed (dressed) of the hurt in my head.

1566.—All this while I lay within the Castle of Edinburgh, praying night and day for her Majesty's good and happy delivery of a fair son. This prayer being granted, I was the first that was advertised by the Lady Boyn, in her Majesty's name, to part with diligence, the 19th day of June, in the year 1566, between ten and eleven hours before noon. It struck twelve hours when I took my horse, and was at Berwick that same night. The fourth day after I was at London, and met first with my brother; who sent and advertised the Secretary Cecil that same night of my coming, and of the birth of the prince; willing him to keep it up, until my being at Court to shew it myself unto her Majesty, who was for the time at Greenwich; where her Majesty was in great merriness and dancing after supper; but so soon as the Secretary Cecil sounded the news in her ear of the Prince('s) birth, all merriness was laid aside for that night; every one that was present marvelling what might move so sudden a chagement; for the Queen sat down with her hand upon her hasset, and bursting out to some of her ladies, how that the Queen of Scotland was lighter of a fair son, and that she was but a barren stock. The next morning was appointed unto me to get audience; at what time my brother and I passed down the water by boat unto Greenwich, and were met by some friends that told us how sorrowful her Majesty was for my news, and what counsel she had gotten to shew a glad countenance; which she did in her best apparel, and said that the joyful news of the Queen her sister's delivery of a fair son, which I had sent unto her by Master Cecil, had recovered her out of a heavy sickness which had held her fifteen days. Therefore she welcomed me with a merry volt, and thanked me for the diligence that I had used. All this she said before I had delivered unto her my letter of credence. After that she had read it, I declared how that the Queen had hasted me towards her Majesty, whom she knew of all other friends would be gladdest of the good news of her birth, albeit dear bought with the peril of her life; for I said, that she was so sore handled in the meantime, that



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taken and demolished to the ground, and the said Arthur execute at Stirling in my sight, who died very penitently and well, to my great edification; being the first execution that ever I saw, except of a witch in St Andrews, against the which Mr Knox dealt from pulpit, she being set up at a pillar before him: like as I have heard the same most notable servant of God almost ordinarily threaten these Hamiltons most fearfully for the murder of the good Earl of Moray Regent. The Lord Arbroath married the Countess of Cassilis, sister to the Lord Glamys, then Chancellor, whereby he got tolerance for a short time. But the winter before the said Chancellor beind cut off at Stirling¹ in the summer following he was fain to flee away. The minister of Hamilton, Mr John Davidson, a good man, had admonished and threatened that castle for riot, whoredom, etc., and saw in a vision, as I heard him record, a great arm, with a sword in the neff (fist) standing above the castle, which, with swift force striking down upon it, did overthrow the same to the ground, and thereafter coming down through the wood and town, did spoil and hurt the same.

HIS ESCAPE FROM BISHOP ADAMSON

May 1584.—So seeking resolution carefully of my God what to do, a cousin of my own name, of his own free motion and accord, offered to me, by the assistance of God, to put me safe in Berwick within twenty-four hours, by sea. To this also my uncle Roger, and other friends, agreed. So after consultation with my God, and finding of his warrant in my heart, I concluded to go, albeit not without great temptations and mickle heaviness; yet on the part rejoicing, that God gave the heart to leave native country, house, and sweet loving new-married wife, and all for the love of him and his Christ. This my cousin being a mariner, conduced a boat to carry a tun of his portage wine about to Carell, and decking me up in his sea attire betimes in the morning, about

¹ “Slain in a tumult by a shot of a pistolet in the head.”

the summer solstice, took me in down under Dundee as a shipbroken seaman; and rowing about, behoved to go to the haven of St Andrews, to los a certain of slate stones, and because it was low water, we behoved to lie a while in the road till the water grew, where the boat wanting an over loft (deck) the sail was cast over her to end, and there I laid up, lest I should be spied of some ships riding beside. But within short space, partly by rocking in the sea, and partly for want of air, I grew so extreme sick that many a time I besought my cousin to set me a-land, choosing rather any sort of death for a good cause, nor (than) so to be tormented in a stinking hold. And yet, howbeit it was extreme painful, I gat there notable medicine of vomiting, which was a preservative to my health all that year.

So coming hard to the steps of the Archbishop's pier at St Andrews, we loosed our slates, and took in viviers (provisions) and rowed out again immediately, and came that night to Pitmillie Burn mouth, where I goed a-land and reposed me in my sea habit. And after offers of great kindness by the laird, and furniture of a rubber of stout March ale, betimes in the morning we rowed out about the Ness. The day was hot. There was but two men in the boat, by two cousins of mine with myself: of these two we had one at our devotion, the other was the owner of the boat and very evil-affected; but the hot rowing, and the stoup with the stark ale hard beside him, made him (at last) to keave over asleep. And it pleased God to send a pretty pirhe of wind, whereby getting on a sail upon her, or ever our skipper wakened we was a good space be-south the May; who, seeing he could not mend himself, was fain to yield and agree with his merchant for a hire to Berwick. But being off and on with Dunbar, about one, after noon, comes off the hills of Lammermuir a great mist, with a tempestuous shower and drow, which, or (before) we could get our sails tackled, did cast us about, and, or my cousin was aware, carried us back almost to the May, with such a how wa and spindrift, that, the boat being open, he looked for great danger if the stormy shower had

continued. But the young man being very skilful and able, starts to his chest, and took out a compass, and finding us contrary (to) our course, with mickle ado, wanting help, and shipping of mickle water, he cast about and piked on the wind, holding both the helm and sheet, sustaining in the meantime evil language of the skipper instead of help, till it pleased God mercifully to look upon us, and within an hour and a half to drive away the shower and calm the drow, so that it fell down dead calm about the sun drawing low. To keep the sea all night in an open little boat, it was dangerous, and to go to Dunbar we durst not, so of necessity we took us to St Abbs Head. But we having but two oars, and the boat slow and heavy, it was about eleven hours of the night or we could win there; howbeit, no man was idle, yea, I rowed myself till the hide came off my fingers, more acquainted with the pen nor working on an oar. Coming under the crag, we rowed in within a pretty little hold betwixt the main and the head, where, easily going a-land, we refreshed us with cold water and wine; and returning to our boat, slept the dead of the night, but needed none to waken us, for soon by (before) the day light paped, there was such a noise of fowls on the crag and about us, because of their young ones, that we were almost pressed to launch out. Now we had Cawdingham bay and Hay mouth to pass by, and that but slowly rowing by the land, where was the residence of Alexander Home of Manderston, one of our chief confederate enemies, and who had intercepted a boat of the Earl of Angus coming about from Tantallon to Berwick not long before. This put us in great fear; but our good God guarded us, making a sweet thick mist to arise, whereby we might but scarcely guess at the sight of the land, and therefrom none could see us. So we came on hylie and fair till we won within the bounds of Berwick, where we was in greatest danger of all unbeset in the mist by two or three of the cobles of Berwick, which were so swift in rowing, that they goed round about us; but we being five within board, and having two pistolets, with three swords, and they no armour, they

were fain to let us be, namely when they understood that we was making for Berwick.

Thus, graciously protected by my good God, I came to Berwick.

1588.—That winter the King was occupied in commenting of the Apocalypse, and in setting out of sermons thereupon against the Papists and Spaniards. And yet, by a piece of great oversight, the Papists practised never more busily in this land, and made greater preparation for receiving the Spaniards nor that year. For a long time the news of a Spanish navy and army had been blazed aboard; and about the Lammas tide of the 1588, this island had found a fearful effect thereof, to the utter subversion both of Kirk and policy, if God had not wonderfully watched over the same, and mightily fought and defeat that army by his soldiers, the Elements, which he made all four most fiercely to afflict them till almost utter consumption. Terrible was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobbs, and abounding was the tears at that Fast and General Assembly kept at Edinburgh, when the news were credibly told, sometimes of their landing at Dunbar, sometimes at St Andrews, and in Tay, and now and then at Aberdeen and Cromarty first. And in very deed, as we knew certainly soon after, the Lord of Armies, who rides upon the wings of the winds, the Keeper of his own Israel, was in the meantime convoying that monstrous navy about our coasts, and directing their hulks and galiots to the islands, rocks and sands, whereupon he had destined their wrack and destruction. For within two or three months thereafter, early in the morning, by break of day, one of our Bailies came to my bedside, saying (but not with fear), "I have to tell you news, sir. There is arrived within our harbour this morning, a ship full of Spaniards, but not to give mercy, but to ask." And so shows me that the Commander had landed, and he had commanded them to their ship again till the Magistrates of the Town had advised, and the Spaniards had humbly

obeyed: therefore desired me to rise and hear their petition with them. Up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of the town, came to the Tolbooth; and after consultation taken to hear them, and what answer to make, there presents us a very reverend man of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, grey haired, and very humble like, who, after mickle, and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance, and being about to answer in Latin, he having only a young man with him to be his interpreter, began and told over again to us in good English. The sum was, that King Philip, his master, had rigged out a navy and army to land in England, and him with a certain of captains, being the general of twenty hulks, upon an isle of Scotland, called the Fair Isle, where they made shipwreck, and where so many as had escaped the merciless seas and rock, had more than six or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cold, till conducting that bark out of Orkney, they were come hither as to their special friends and confederates, to kiss the King's Majesty's hands of Scotland, (and therewith bekkit even to the yeard) and to find relief and comfort thereby to himself, these gentlemen captains and the poor soldiers whose condition was for the present most miserable and pitiful.

I answered this mickle in sum: that howbeit neither our friendship, which could not be great, seeing their King and they were friends to the greatest enemy of Christ, the Pope of Rome, and our King and we defied him: nor yet their cause against our neighbours and special friends of England could procure any benefit at our hands for their relief and comfort; nevertheless, they should know by experience, that we were men, and so moved by human compassion, and Christians of better religion nor they, which should kythe (show) in the fruits and effect plain contrary to theirs. For whereas our people resorting amongst them in peaceable and lawful affairs of merchandize, were violently taken and cast in prison, their goods and gear confiscate, and their bodies

committed to the cruel flaming fire for the cause of religion, they should find nothing amongst us but Christian pity and works of mercy and alms, leaving to God to work in their hearts concerning religion as it pleased him. This being truly reported again to him by his trunshman, with great reverence he gave thanks, and said he could not make answer for their Kirk and the laws and order thereof, only for himself, that there were divers Scotsmen who knew him, and to whom he had shewn courtesy and favour at Calais, and as he supposed, some of this same town of Anstruther. So shew him that the bailies granted him licence with the captains to go to their lodging for their refreshment, but to none of their men to land, till the over lord of the town were advertised, and understand the King's Majesty's mind anent them. Thus, with great courtesy he departed.

That night, the Lord being advertised, came, and on the morn, accompanied with a good number of the gentlemen of the country round about, gavé the said general and the captains presence, and after the same speeches in effect as before, received them in his house, and entertained them humanely, and suffered the soldiers to come a-land, and tie all together, to the number of thirteen score, for the most part young beardless men, silly, trauchled and hungered, to the which, a day or two, kale, pottage and fish was given; for my advice was conforme to the Prophet Elizeus his to the King of Israel in Samaria, "Give them bread and water, etc." The names of the commanders were Jon Gomez de Medina, General of twenty hulks, Capitan Patricio, Capitan de Legoretto, Capitan de Luffera, Capitan Mauritio and Seignour Serrano.

But verily all the while my heart melted within me for desire of thankfulness to God, when I remembered the prideful and cruel natural of they people, and how they would have used us in case they had landed with their forces among us. And sall the wonderful work of God's mercy and justice in making us see them, the chief commanders of them, to make such dewgard and courtesy to poor seamen,

and their soldiers so abjectly to beg alms at our doors and in our streets.

In the meantime, they knew not of the wrack of the rest, but supposed that the rest of the army was safely returned, till a day I got in St Andrews in print the wreck of the galiats in particular, with the names of the principal men, and how they were used in Ireland and our Highlands, in Wales and other parts of England; the which, when I recorded to Jan Gomez, by particular and special names, O then he cried out for grief, bursted and grat. This Jan Gomez, shew great kindness to a ship of our town, which he found arrested at Calais at his home-coming, red to court for her, and made great rus of Scotland to his King, took the honest men to his house, and inquired for the Laird of Anstruther, for the minister and his host, and sent them many commendations. But we thanked God with our hearts, that we had seen them among us in that form.

THE DEATH OF HIS SON

For conclusion of this marvellous year I cannot forget my particular, seeing that is my special purpose to recount the gracious working of my God with me. He corrected me sweetly in taking from me at the beginning thereof my little son Andrew. But recompensed the same again most bountifully in giving me another Andrew, born that same year in the month of August: so the Lord takes, the Lord gives, blessed be the name of the Lord forever. The bairn was fallon beautiful, loving and merry, and seemed to be of a fine sanguine constitution till a quarter after he was speaned; but soon, whether by worms or a hectic consumption, I know not, both his flesh and colour failed, and by the space of a quarter of a year consumed and dwined away, keeping always the sweetest and pleasantest eye that could be in any's head. I was accustomed to set him at the end of the table in time of dinner and supper, as the Egyptians did the picture of death, to acquaint me therewith;



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and did not doubt but the country would be the better governed by our good agreements. I wrote to him on the Monday, and the Thursday after he appointed the place and hour of meeting.

After he had filled my man with drink, and put him to bed, he and some half a score with him got to horse, and came into England to a little village. There he broke up a house, and took out a poor fellow, who, he pretended, had done him some wrong, and before the door cruelly murdered him, and so came quietly home, and went to bed. The next morning he delivered my man a letter in answer to mine, and returned him to me. It pleased me well at the reading of his kind letter ; but when I heard what a brave he had put upon me, I quickly resolved what to do, which was, never to have to do with him till I was righted for the great wrong he had done me.

Upon this resolution, the day I should have met with him, I took post, and with all the haste I could, rode to London, leaving him to attend my coming to him as was appointed. There he staid from one till five, but heard no news of me. Finding by this that I had neglected him, he returned home to his house ; and so things rested (with great dislike the one of the other) till I came back, which was with all the speed I could, my business being ended. The first thing I did after my return, was to ask justice for the wrong he had done me, but I could get none. The Borderers seeing our disagreement, they thought the time wished for of them was to come. The winter being begun, there was roads made out of Scotland into the East March, and goods were taken three or four times a week. I had no other means left to quiet them, but still sent, out of the garrison, horsemen of Berwick to watch in the fittest places for them ; and it was their good hap many times to light upon them with the stolen goods driving before them. They were no sooner brought before me, but a jury went upon them, and, being found guilty, they were presently hanged. A course which hath been seldom used, but I had no way to keep the country quiet but to do so ; for when the Scots thieves found what a sharp course I took with them that were

found with the bloody hand, I had in a short time the country more quiet. All this while were but in jest as it were, but now began the great quarrel between us.

There was a favourite of his (of Sir Robert Car), a great thief, called Geordie Bourne. This gallant, with some of his associates, would, in a bravery, come and take goods in the East March. I had that night some of the garrison abroad. They met with this Geordie and his fellows, driving of cattle before them. The garrison set upon them, and with a shot killed Geordie Bourne's unclé, and he himself, bravely resisting, till he was sore hurt in the head, was taken. After he was taken, his pride was such, as he asked, who it was that durst avow that night's work. But when he heard it was the garrison, he was then more quiet. But so powerful and awful was this Sir Robert Car and his favourites, as there was not a gentleman in all the East March that durst offend them. Presently after he was taken, I had most of the gentlemen of the March come to me, and told me, that now I had the ball at my foot, and might bring Sir Robert Car to what condition I pleased; for that this man's life was so near and dear unto him, as I should have all that my heart could desire for the good and quiet of the country and myself, if upon any condition I would give him his life. I heard them and their reasons; notwithstanding, I called a jury the next morning, and he was found guilty of March treason.

Then he feared that I would cause him to be executed that afternoon, which made them come flocking to me, humbly intreating me that I would spare his life till the next day: and if Sir Robert Car came not himself to me, and make me not such proffers as I could not but accept, that then I should do with him what I pleased. And further, they told me plainly, that if I should execute him before I had heard from Sir Robert Car, they must be forced to quit their houses, and fly the country; for his fury would be such against me and the March I commanded, as he would use all his power and strength to the utter destruction of the East March. They were so earnest with me, that I gave them my word he should not

die that day. There was post upon post sent to Sir Robert Car; and some of them rode to him themselves to advertise him in what danger Geordie Bourne was: how he was condemned, and should have been executed that afternoon, but, by their humble suit, I gave them my word, that he should not die that day; and therefore besought him that he would send to me with all the speed he could, to let me know that he would be the next day with me, to offer me good conditions for the safety of his life. When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries, and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries, and we three, as the Warden's men, came to the Provost Marshal's, where Bourne was, and were let into his chamber. We sat down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend; and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himself said, that he had lived long enough to do so many villanies as he had done; and withal told us, that he had lain with about forty men's wives, what in England, what in Scotland; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murdering them: that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soul. We promised him to let our master know his desire, who, we knew, would presently grant it. We took our leaves of him; and presently I took order, that Mr Selby, a very worthy honest preacher should go to him, and not stir from him till his execution the next morning: for, after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life; and so took order, that, at the gates opening the next morning, he should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed. The next morning I had one from Sir Robert Car for a parley, who was within two miles staying for me. I sent him word, I would meet him

where he pleased, but I would first know upon what terms and conditions. Before his man was returned, he had heard, that in the morning very early Geordie Bourne had been executed. Many vows he made of cruel revenge, and returned home full of grief and disdain, and from that time forward still plotted revenge. He knew the gentlemen of the country were altogether sackless (innocent); and to make open road upon the March, would but shew his malice, and lay him open to the punishment due to such offences. But his practice was how to be revenged on me, or some of mine.

SIR J. TURNER

HERE I will set down an accident befell me; for though it was not a very strange one, yet it was a very odd one in all its parts. My two brigades lay in a village within half a mile of Appleby; my own quarter was in a gentleman's house, who was a Rit-master, and at that time with Sir Marmaduke; his wife kept her chamber ready to be brought to bed. The castle being over, and Lambert far enough, I resolved to go to bed every night, having had fatigue enough before. The first night I slept well enough; and rising next morning, I missed one linen stocking, one half silk one and one boot hose, the accoutrement under a boot for one leg; neither could they be found for any search. Being provided of more of the same kind, I made myself ready, and rode to the headquarters. At my return, I could hear no news of my stockings. That night I went to bed, and next morning found myself just so used; missing the three stockings for one leg only, the other three being left entire as they were the day before. A narrower search than the first was made, but without success. I had yet in reserve one pair of whole stockings, and a pair of boot hose greater than the former. These I put on my legs. The third morning I found the same usage, the stockings for one leg

only left me. It was time for me then, and my servants too, to imagine it must be rats that had shared my stockings so equally with me; and this the mistress of the house knew well enough, but would not tell it me. The room, which was a low parlour, being well searched with candles, the top of my great boot hose was found at a hole, in which they had drawn all the rest. I went abroad, and ordered the boards to be raised, to see how the rats had disposed of my moveables. The mistress sent a servant of her own to be present at this action, which she knew concerned her. One board being but a little opened, a little boy of mine thrust in his hand, and fetched with him four and twenty old pieces of gold, and one angel. The servant of the house affirmed it appertained to his mistress. The boy bringing the gold to me, I went immediately to the gentlewoman's chamber, and told her, it was probable Lambert having quartered in that house, as indeed he had, some of his servants might have hid that gold; and if so, it was lawfully mine; but if she could make it appear it belonged to her, I should immediately give it her. The poor gentlewoman told me with many tears, that her husband being none of the frugallest men (and indeed he was a spendthrift) she had hid that gold without his knowledge, to make use of it as she had occasion, especially when she lay in; and conjured me, as I loved the King (for whom her husband and she had suffered much), not to detain her gold. She said, if there was either more or less than four and twenty whole pieces, and two half ones, it should be none of hers, and that they were put by her in a red velvet purse. After I had given her assurance of her gold, a new search is made, the other angel is found, the velvet purse all gnawed in bits, as my stockings were, and the gold instantly restored to the gentlewoman. I have often heard that the eating or gnawing of clothes by rats is ominous and portends some mischance to fall on these to whom the clothes belong. I thank God I was never addicted to such divinations, or heeded them. It is true, that more misfortunes than one fell on me shortly after; but I am sure

I could have better foreseen them myself than rats or any such vermin, and yet did it not. I have heard indeed many fine stories told of rats, how they abandon houses and ships, when the first are to be burnt and the second drowned. Naturalists say they are very sagacious creatures, and I believe they are so; but I shall never be of the opinion they can foresee future contingencies, which I suppose the devil himself can neither foreknow nor foretell; there being things which the Almighty hath kept hidden in the bosom of his divine prescience. And whether the great God hath preordained or predestinated these things, which to us are contingent, to fall out by an uncontrollable and unavoidable necessity, is a question not yet decided.

JOHN MANNINGHAM

TO KEEP SHEEP THE BEST LIFE

15 *February* 1602.—The Life of Man was so affected to this life, that he denied not to crown his deity with this title: and by this he directed his especial charge to his especial disciple: giving us men this best name of a beast, of the best nature of beasts. They are innocent, they are patient, so would God have man; they love and live together, so would God have man. God made thee to behold the Heaven, and to meditate the wonders thereof; make thyself a shepherd, and thou art still beholding, still meditating. God commands thee to forsake the world: if thou art a shepherd thou dost so, thou withdrawest thyself from the world. The private life is the sweetest life; if thou livest the life of a shepherd, thou livest the sweetest private. Wilt thou be a King? Be a shepherd, thou hast subjects, thou hast obedient subjects, thou hast sheep, thou hast a sceptre, thou hast a crook; thy fold is thy council chamber, and the green field thy flourishing palace. Thy companions are the sun, the moon and the stars, of whom thou makest continual use, and from the view of their lights receivest thy counsel

and advice. Thou art more happy than other Kings, thou art freed from hate and so from fear, thou reignest quietly, and rulest securely: thou hast but one enemy, and thou hast an enemy for that enemy, the dog and wölf. He that was God's second best beloved was a shepherd and a King; if thou art a shepherd thou art a King, thou art happy, nay, thou art most happy, thou art a happy King.

24 *March* 1602.—This morning about three at clock her Majesty departed this life mildly like a lamb, easily like a ripe apple from the tree, cum leve quadam febre, absque gemitu. Dr Parry told me that he was present, and sent his prayers before her soul; and I doubt not but she is amongst the royal saints in Heaven in eternal joys.

WALTER YONGE

THE 2nd of August, 1626, anno 2 Caroli Primi, there was a general fast commanded by proclamation, that all people should assemble to their parish church and humble themselves before the Lord, desiring him to avert his punishment of the plague, which lieth heavy upon many parts of the Kingdom, and to defend us from the swelling pride of Spain. This day some of Newmarket beyond London going to church, met with eight of their neighbours which were going to reap, whom they demanded what they meant, and whether they would not turn back with them to the church to join with the congregation in prayer and fasting, that God's wrath might be averted from the land. These eight answered that they could not live by fasting and prayer, and went on in their intended course. The 4th of August, being the Friday, these eight went into the field to reap, and being there (it being a champaign country, not enclosed) there suddenly came a great storm of thunder and lightning. These having no shelter, seven of them covered themselves with sheaves; the eighth stood it out, and was smitten dead. Fire seized on the sheaves where the others lay, and burnt them, and so



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trumpets, only a page bearing his lance, passing by him with a courteous salute, took his ground, with such good success, that at the sound of the charge he passed the Turk through the sight of his bearer, face, head and all, that he fell dead to the ground; where alighting and unbracing his helmet, he cut off his head, and the Turks took his body; and so returned without any hurt at all.

The head he returned to the Lord Moses, the general, who kindly accepted it; and with joy to the whole army he was generally welcomed.

The death of this Captain so swelled in the heart of one Gualgo, his vowed friend, as, rather enraged with madness than choler, he directed a particular challenge to the conqueror, to regain his friend's head, or lose his own, with his horse and armour for advantage: which according to his desire, was the next day undertaken.

As before, upon the sound of the trumpets, their lances flew in pieces upon a clear passage; but the Turk was near unhorsed. Their pistols was the next, which marked Smith upon the placard; but the next shot the Turk was so wounded in the left arm, that being not able to rule his horse and defend himself, he was thrown to the ground; and so bruized with the fall, that he lost his head, as his friend before him; with his horse and armour: but his body and his rich apparel was sent back to the town.

Every day the Turks made some sallies, but few skirmishes would they endure to any purpose. Our works and approaches being not yet advanced to that height and effect which was of necessity to be performed; to delude time, Smith, with so many incontestable persuading reasons, obtained leave that the ladies might know he was not so much enamoured of their servants heads, but if any Turk of their rank would come to the place of combat to redeem them, he should have his also upon the like conditions, if he could win it. The challenge presently was accepted by Bonny Mulgro.

The next day both the champions entering the field as

before, each discharging their pistol (having no lances, but such martial weapons as the defendant appointed), no hurt was done; their battle-axes was the next, whose piercing bills made sometime the one, sometime the other to have scarce sense to keep their saddles: specially the Christian received such a blow that he lost his battle-axe, and failed not much to have fallen after it; whereat the supposing conquering Turk, had a great shout from the rampiers. The Turk prosecuted his advantage to the uttermost of his power; yet the other, what by the readiness of his horse, and his judgment and dexterity in such a business, beyond all men's expectation, by God's assistance, not only avoided the Turk's violence, but having drawn his falchion, pierced the Turk so under the Culets through back and body, that although he alighted from his horse, he stood not long ere he lost his head, as the rest had done.

SIR W. RALEIGH

TO HIS WIFE, THE NIGHT BEFORE HE EXPECTED TO BE
PUT TO DEATH AT WINCHESTER, 1603

YOU shall now receive (my dear Wife) my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel that you may remember it, when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows (dear Bess) let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust: and seeing it is not the will of God, that ever I shall see you more in this life; bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself. First, I send you all thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travels and care taken for me; which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death, but by your travels seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of

your poor child: thy mournings cannot avail me, I am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand, that my land was conveyed (*bona fide*) to my child; the writings were drawn at midsummer was twelve months; my honest cousin Brett can testify so much, and Dalberie, too, can remember somewhat therein: and I trust my blood will quench their malice that have thus cruelly murdered me; and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial: and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, God knows, that being thus surprized with death, I can leave you in no better estate; God is my witness I meant you all my office of wines, or all that I could have purchased by selling it; half my stuff and all my jewels, but some one for the boy; but God hath prevented all my resolutions, even that great God that ruleth all in all: but if you can live free from want, care for no more, the rest is but vanity; love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him; and therein shall you find true and lasting riches and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitation, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God, whilst he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him; and then God will be a husband to you, and a Father to him; a husband and a father which cannot be taken from you. Bayly oweth me a hundred pounds, and Adrian Gilbert six hundred pounds. In Jersey also I have much money owing me; besides, the arrearages of the Wines will pay my debts; and howsoever you do, for my soul's sake pay all poor men. When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought to by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich: but take heed of the pretences of men, and their affections; for they last not, but in honest and worthy men, and no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this (God knows) to

dissuade you from marriage ; for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me I am no more yours, nor you mine ; Death has cut us asunder ; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor child, for his father's sake ; who chose you and loved you in his happiest time. Get those letters (if it be possible) which I writ to the Lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life : but it is true that I disdain myself for begging it, for know it, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and all his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much ; God he knoweth how hardly I steal this time, while others sleep ; and it is also high time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied thee ; and either lay it at Sherburne (if the land continue) or in Exeter Church by my father and mother ; I can say no more, time and death call me away.

The everlasting, powerful, infinite and omnipotent God ; who is goodness itself ; the true Life and true Light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious Kingdom. My dear wife, farewell, bless my poor boy, pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms.

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now (alas) overthrown.—Yours that was, but now not my own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

I THOUGHT fit to entreat Sir William Herbert, now Lord Powis, to go to Sir John Ayres, and tell him that I marvelled much at the information given me by these great persons, and that I could not imagine any sufficient ground hereof ; howbeit, if he had anything to say to me in a fair and noble

way, I would give him the meeting as soon as I had got strength enough to stand upon my legs.

Sir William hereupon brought me so ambiguous and doubtful an answer from him, that whatsoever he meant, he would not declare yet his intention, which was really, as I found afterwards, to kill me any way that he could, since, as as he said, though falsely, I had seduced his wife. Finding no means thus to surprise me, he sent me a letter to this effect: that he desired to meet me somewhere, and that it might so fall out as I might return quietly again. To this I replied that if he desired to fight with me upon equal terms, I should, upon assurance of the field and fair play, give him meeting when he did any way specify the cause, and that I did not think fit to come to him upon any other terms, having been sufficiently informed of his plots to assassinate me.

After this, finding he could take no advantage against me, then, in a treacherous way, he resolved to assassinate me in this manner. Hearing I was to come to Whitehall on horseback, with two lackeys only, he attended my coming back in a place called Scotland Yard, at the hither end of Whitehall, as you come to it from the Strand, hiding himself here with four men armed, on purpose to kill me.

I took horse at Whitehall Gate, and passing by that place, he being armed with a sword and dagger, without giving me so much as the least warning, ran at me furiously, but instead of me, wounded my horse in the brisket, as far as his sword could enter for the bone. My horse hereupon starting aside, he ran him again in the shoulder, which, though it made the horse more timorous, yet gave me time to draw my sword. His men thereupon encompassed me, and wounded my horse in three places more; this made my horse kick and fling in that manner as his men durst not come near me; which advantage I took to strike at Sir John Ayres with all my force, but he warded the blow both with his sword and dagger; instead of doing him harm, I broke my sword within a foot of the hilt. Hereupon some passenger that knew me, and

observing my horse bleeding in so many places, and so many men assaulting me, and my sword broken, cried to me several times, " Ride away, ride away ;" but I, scorning a base flight upon what terms soever, instead thereof, alighted as well as I could from my horse.

I had no sooner put one foot upon the ground, but Sir John Ayres pursuing me, made at my horse again, which the horse perceiving, pressed on me on the side I alighted, in that manner that he threw me down, so that I remained flat upon the ground, only one foot hanging in the stirrup, with that piece of a sword in my right hand. Sir John Ayres hereupon ran about the horse, and was thrusting his sword into me, when I, finding myself in this danger, did with both my arms reaching at his legs, pull them towards me, till he fell down backwards on his head. One of my footmen hereupon, who was a little Shropshire boy, freed my foot out of the stirrup ; the other, which was a great fellow, having run away as soon as he saw the first assault. This gave me time to get upon my legs, and to put myself in the best posture I could with that poor remnant of a weapon.

Sir John Ayres by this time likewise was got up, standing betwixt me and some part of Whitehall, with two men on each side of him, and his brother behind him, with at least twenty or thirty persons of his friends, or attendants of the Earl of Suffolk. Observing thus a body of men standing in opposition against me, though to speak truly I saw no swords drawn but by Sir John Ayres and his men, I ran violently against Sir John Ayres ; but he, knowing my sword had no point, held his sword and dagger over his head, as believing I could strike rather than thrust ; which I no sooner perceived but I put a home-thrust to the middle of his breast, that I threw him down with so much force, that his head fell first to the ground, and his heels upwards. His men hereupon assaulted me ; when one, Mr Mansel, a Glamorganshire gentleman, finding so many set against me alone, closed with one of them ; a Scotch gentleman also closing with another, took him off also. All I could well do to those two which

remained was to ward their thrusts, which I did with that resolution, that I got ground upon them.

Sir John Ayres was now got up a third time, when I making towards him with the intention to close, thinking that there was otherwise no safety for me, put by a thrust of his with my left hand, and so coming within him, received a stab with his dagger on my right side, which ran down my ribs as far as my hip, which I feeling, did with my right elbow force his hand, together with the hilt of the dagger, so near the upper part of my right side, that I made him leave hold. The dagger now sticking in me, Sir Henry Cary, afterwards Lord of Faulkland, and lord deputy of Ireland, finding the dagger thus in my body, snatched it out. This while I, being closed with Sir John Ayres, hurt him on the head, and threw him down a third time, when, kneeling on the ground and bestriding him, I struck at him as hard as I could with my piece of a sword, and wounded him in four several places, and did almost cut off his left hand.

His two men this while struck at me ; but it pleased God even miraculously to defend me ; for when I lifted up my sword to strike at Sir John Ayres, I bore off their blows half a dozen times. His friends now finding him in this danger, took him by the head and shoulders, and drew him from betwixt my legs, and carried him along with them through Whitehall, at the stairs whereof he took boat. Sir Herbert Croft (as he told me afterwards) met him upon the water, vomiting all the way, which I believe was caused by the violence of the first thrust I gave him. His servants, brother, and friends being now retired also, I remained master of the place and his weapons ; having first wrested his dagger from him, and afterwards struck his sword out of his hand.

This being done, I retired to a friend's house in the Strand, where I sent for a surgeon, who searching my wound on the right side, and finding it not to be mortal, cured me in the space of some ten days, during which time I received many noble visits and messages from some of the best in the kingdom. Being now fully recovered of my hurts, I desired



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that he died at two o'clock, and she said, "I wish you to have had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window, but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house." We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.

JAMES HOWELL

A FAMILIAR LETTER

SIR,—I saw such prodigious things daily done these few years, that I had resolved with myself to give over wondering at any thing, yet a passage happened this week that forced me to wonder once more, because it is without parallel. It was, that some odd fellows went skulking up and down London streets, and with figs and raisins allured little children, and so purloined them away from their parents, and carried them a ship-board to transport them beyond sea, where, by cutting their hair, and other devices, they so disguise them that their parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous passage in Hamelin, a town in Germany, which I hoped to have passed through when I was in Hamburg, had we returned by Holland; which was thus (nor would I relate it unto you were there not some ground of truth for it). The said town of Hamelin was annoyed with rats and mice; and it chanced, that a pied-coated piper came thither, who covenanted with the chief burghers for such a reward, if he could free them quite from the said vermin, nor would he demand it till a twelve month and a day after. The agreement being made, he began to play on his pipes, and all the rats and the mice followed him to a great loch hard by, where they all perished, so the town was infested no more.

At the end of the year, the pied piper returned for his reward, the burghers put him off with slightings and neglects, offering him some small matter ; which he refusing, and staying some days in the town, on Sunday morning at High Mass when most people were at church ; he fell to play on his pipes, and all the children up and down followed him out of the town, to a great hill not far off, which rent in two, and opened, and let him and the children in, and so closed up again. This happened a matter of about 250 years since ; and in that town, they date their bills and bonds, and other instruments in law, to this day, from the year of the going out of their children : besides, there is a great pillar of stone at the foot of the said hill, whereon the story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time.—So, I am, your most affectionate servitor. J. H.

FLEET (PRISON), *October 1, 1643.*

WILLIAM LITHGOW

TRAVELS

THUS lay I six hours upon the rack, between four o'clock afternoon, and ten o'clock at night, having had inflicted upon me three score seven torments. Nevertheless they continued me a large half hour (after all my tortures) at the full bending ; where my body being all begored with blood, and cut through in every part to the crushed and bruised bones, I pitifully remained, still roaring, howling, foaming, bellowing, and gnashing my teeth, with insupportable cries, before the pins were undone, and my body loosed.

True it is, it passeth the capacity of man, either sensibly to conceive, or I patiently to express the intolerable anxiety of mind and affliction of body in that dreadful time I sustained.

At last my head being by their arms advanced, and my body taken from the rack, the water regushed abundantly from my mouth ; then they reclothing my broken, bloody, and

cold trembling body, being all this time stark naked, I fell twice in a sounding trance: which they again refreshed with a little wine and two warm eggs, not for charity done, but that I should be reserved to future punishment; and if it were not too truly known these sufferings to be of truth, it would almost seem incredible to many, that a man being brought so low, with starving hunger, and extreme cruelties, could have subsisted any longer reserving life.

And now at last they charged my broken legs with my former eye frightening irons, and done, I was lamentably carried on their arms to the coach, being after midnight, and secretly transported to my former dungeon without any knowledge of the town, save only these lawless and merciless tormentors: where, when come, I was laid with my head and heels alike high, on my former stones.

The latter end of this woeful night poor mourning Hazier the Turk was set to keep me, and on the morrow, the governor entered my room threatening me still with more tortures to confess, and so he caused he every morning long before day, his coach to be rumbled at his gate, and about me where I lay, a great noise of tongues, and opening of doors: and all this they did of purpose to affright and distract me, and to make me believe I was going to be racked again, to make me confess an untruth; and still thus they continued, every day of five days till Christmas.

Upon Christmas Day, Mariana the ladies' gentlewoman got permission to visit me, and with her licence, she brought abundance of tears, presenting me also with a dish of honey and sugar, some confections and raisins in a great plenty to my no small comfort, besides using many sweet speeches for consolations sake.

She gone, and the next morning of St Johns day come, long ere day the town was in arms, the bells ringing backward, the people shouting, and drums beating; whereat my soul was overjoyed, thinking that the Moors had seized upon all: and in the afternoon the Turk coming to me with bread and water, being by chance the second day, I asked him what

the fray was? who replied, "Be of good courage, I hope in God and Mahomet, that you and I ere long shall be set at liberty; for your countrymen, the English armado, and mine the Moors, are joined together, and coming to sack Malago: and, this morning, post came from Alicant to premonish the Governor thereof: whereupon he and the town have instantly pulled down all the cooper-shops and dwelling houses that were builded without by the shore side, adjoining to the towns wall: but yet, said he, it is no matter, the town may easily be surprised, and I hope we shall be merry in Algier, for there is above a hundred sail seen coming hither"; and therewith kissing my cheek, he kindly left me.

LUCY HUTCHINSON

MRS HUTCHINSON OF OWTHORPE

SHE was a lady of as noble family as any in the county, of an incomparable shape and beauty, embellished with the best education those days afforded; and above all had such a generous virtue joined with attractive sweetness, that she captivated the hearts of all that knew her. She was pious, liberal, courteous, patient, kind, above an ordinary degree, ingenuous to all things she would apply herself to; and notwithstanding she had had her education at court, was delighted in her own country habitation, and managed all her family affairs better than any of the homespun housewives, that had been brought up to nothing else. She was a most affectionate wife, a great lover of her father's house, showing that true honour to parents is the leading virtue, which seldom wants the concomitancy of all the rest of honour's train. She was a wise and bountiful mistress in her family, a blessing to her tenants and neighbourhood, and had an indulgent tenderness to her infants; but death veiled all her mortal glories in the 26th year of her age. The stories I have received of her have been but scanty epitaphs of those things which were

worthy of a large chronicle, and a better recorder than I can be ; I shall therefore draw again the sable curtain before that image which I have ventured to look at a little, but dare not undertake to discover to others. One that was present at her death told me that she had an admirable voice, and skill to manage it ; and that she went away singing a psalm, which this maid apprehended she sung with so much more than usual sweetness, as if her soul had been already ascended into the celestial choir.

SIR HENRY SLINGSBY, 1645

DIARY

WHILE the King stayed at Raglan, he sent to his nephew Prince Rupert, who was then at Bristol, to come over the water and meet him at Mr Moore's house, a little distant from the Black Rock ; having it once in his intention to go to Bristol . . . , but upon their meeting he altered of his purpose, and returned that night to Raglan again ; yet stayed he not there, but removed back to Hereford ; and hearing of Poyntz' advance, he gives orders to have a rendezvous 8 miles off upon a mountain, thinking we should have marched forwards ; but when we were drawn up he commands us to march directly back, and quarter beyond Hereford ; Poyntz having his intelligence abroad, and understanding where he meant to be, marched in the night to be with us ; but being thus defeated, we gained so much of him by this, and by the ways we took through the almost unaccessable mountains of Wales, that we heard no more of him, nor did he trouble our march till we got to Chester ; and though he troubled us not, yet found we both loss and trouble in our passage ; loss in our horses, many of them tiring, so that the troopers were fain to forsake them.

In our quarters we had little accommodation ; but in all the places we came to, the best at old Radnor, where the

King lay in a poor low chamber, and my Lord of Lindsay and others, by the kitchen fire on hay ; no better were we accommodated for victuals ; which makes me remember this passage ; when the King was at his supper eating a pullet and a piece of cheese, the room without was full, but the men's stomachs empty for want of meat ; the goodwife troubled with continual calling upon her for victuals, and having, it seems, but that one cheese, comes into the room where the King was, and very soberly asks if the King had done with the cheese, for the gentlemen without desired it.

But the best was, we never tarried long in any place, and therefore might the more willingly endure one night's hardship, in hopes the next night might be better. And thus we continued our march.

JOHN EVELYN

DIARY

I WAS borne at Wotton, in the county of Surrey, 31 Oct., 1620, after my Father had been married about seven yeares, and my Mother had borne him two daughters and one sonn, *viz.* Eliza, 28 Nov., 1614 : Jane, 16 Feb., 1615 ; George, 18 June, 1617. They had another sonn after me, Richard, born 4 Dec., 1622.

My Father, named Richard, was of a sanguine complexion, mixed with a dash of choler : his haire inclining to light, which tho' very thick became hoary by that time he was 30 yeares of age ; it was somewhat curled towards the extremity ; his beard, which he wore a little picked, as the mode was, of a brownish colour, and so continued to the last, save that it was somewhat mingled with grey haire about his cheekes : which, with his countenance, was cleare, and fresh colour'd, his eyes quick and piercing, an ample forehead, manly aspect ; low of stature, but very strong. So exact and temperate, that I haue heard he had never been surprised by excesse, being ascetic and sparing. His wisdom was greate, his judgment

acute; of solid discourse, affable, humble, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neate, silent, and methodical genius; discreetly severe, yet liberal on all just occasions, to his children, strangers, and servants; a lover of hospitality; of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions; a Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum; he served his Country as High Sheriff for Surrey and Sussex together. He was a studious decliner of honours and titles, being already in that esteem with his country that they could have added little to him beside their burden. He was a person of that rare conversation, that upon frequent recollection, and calling to mind passages of his life and discourse, I could never charge him with the least passion or inadvertance. His estate was esteem'd about £4,000 *per ann.* well wooded and full of timber.

My Mother's name was Elianor, sole daughter and heyresse of John Standsfield Esq.; of an ancient and honorable family (though now extinct) in Shropshire, by his wife Elianor Comber of a good and well knowne house in Sussex. She was of proper personage; of a browne complexion; her eyes and haire of a lovely black; of constitution inclyned to a religious melancholy, or pious sadnesse; of a rare memory and most exemplary life; for œconomie and prudence esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her Country.

So much touching my parents; nor was it reasonable I should speake lesse of them to whom I owe so much.

SAMUEL PEPYS

30th May, 1668. Up and put on a new summer black bombazin suit, and so to the office; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my periwig in good order at 20s. a year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and so to the King's playhouse, and there saw *Philaster*, where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, *Arethusa*, the part



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therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long hand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be any thing, which cannot be much, now my amours to Deb are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.

JOHN BUNYAN

PRESENTLY after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife, whose father was counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet this she had for her part, “The Plain Man’s Pathway to Heaven;” and “The Practice of Piety;” which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I would sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; (but all this while I met with no conviction). She also would be often telling of me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours; what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed.

Wherefore these books, with the relation, though they did not reach my heart, to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too with the foremost; and there should very devoutly both say and sing, as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but

withal I was so over-run with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else) belonging to the church ; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein.

This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest (though never so sordid and debauched in his life), I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit into him ; yea, I thought, for the love I did bear unto them (supposing them the ministers of God), I could have laid down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them ; their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came in my mind ; and that was, whether we were of the Israelites or no ? For finding in the scripture that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now, again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should : at last I asked my father of it, who told me, No, we were not. Wherefore then I fell in my spirit as to the hopes of that, and so remained.

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin ; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ : nay, I never thought of him, or whether there was such a one, or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, but wearieth himself with vanity, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God.

But one day (amongst all the sermons our parson made) his subject was, to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise. (Now, I was, notwithstanding my religion, one that took

much delight in all manner of vice, and especially that was the day that I did solace myself therewith.) Wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before, that I can remember; but then I was, for the present, greatly loaden therewith, and so went home when the sermon was ended, with a great burthen upon my spirit.

This, for that instant, did benumb the sinews of my best delights, and did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course: but oh! how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore leaving my cat upon the ground I looked up to heaven, and was, as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices.

I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but, suddenly, this conclusion was fastened on my spirit (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face), that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions. Then I fell to musing on this also; and while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it

was too late ; and therefore I resolved in my mind to go on in sin : for, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable ; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them ; I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as be damned for few.

Thus I stood in the midst of my play, before all that then were present : but yet I told them nothing : but I say, having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again ; and I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin ; for heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think ; wherefore I found within me great desire to take my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it ; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicates, lest I should die before I had my desire ; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God, I lie not, neither do I frame this sort of speech ; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires : the good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive me my transgressions !

And I am very confident that this temptation of the devil is more usual among poor creatures than many are aware of, even to over-run the spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart, and benumbing of conscience, which frame he stilly and slyly supplieth with such despair, that, though not much guilt attendeth such, yet they continually have a secret conclusion within them that there is no hope for them ; for they have loved sins, therefore after them they will go. “But thou saidst there is no hope : no, for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go. And they said there is no hope ; but we will walk every one after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart.”

Now therefore I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month or more ; but one day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop window,

and there cursing and swearing, and playing the madman, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me ; who, though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me ; and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life ; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.

At this reproof I was silenced, and put to secret shame ; and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven ; wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing ; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation ; for I thought that could never be.

But how it came to pass I know not ; I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it ; and whereas before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority ; now I could, without it, speak better, and with more pleasantness, than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did leave my sports and plays.

But quickly after this I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matter of religion ; wherefore falling into some love and liking to what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, but especially with the historical part thereof ; for as for Paul's Epistles, and such like scriptures, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant, either of the corruptions of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save us.

Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for

my way to heaven ; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort ; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience ; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again ; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year ; all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my life and manners ; and indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope ; for, as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state had been most fearful.

But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life, and truly, so they well might ; for this my conversion was as great as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly ; now I was become a right honest man. But oh ! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though, as yet, I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed, I did all I did, either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of, by men : and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth, or more.

Now you must know, that, before this, I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it ; yet my mind hankered ; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring : but I thought this did not become religion neither ; yet I forced myself, and would look on still, but quickly after, I began to think how if one of the bells should fall ? Then I

chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure ; but then I thought again should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then, rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam ; this made me stand in the steeple-door : and now, thought I, I am safe enough ; for if the bell should now fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door ; but then it came into my head, how if the steeple itself should fall ? And this thought (it may for aught I know when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was, my dancing ; I was a full year before I could quite leave that ; but all this while, when I thought I kept this or that commandment, or did, by word or deed, anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me ; yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.

But poor wretch as I was ! I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ ; and going about to establish my own righteousness ; and had perished therein, had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my state by nature.

HORACE WALPOLE

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

ARLINGTON-STREET, *May* 6, 1760.

THE extraordinary history of lord Ferrers is closed : he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character : it does not hinder



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THOMAS GRAY

To Mr NICHOLLS

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, *June 24, 1769.*

AND so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused. Are you not ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane, or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling stone and an arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the ague.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate and got a thousand guineas, and fourscore pounds a year for my old aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the Treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window-curtains: Are you avized of that? Ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My ode has been rehearsed again and again, and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piecemeal in the North Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music meeting, great names these, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Landes' Voyage through Italy, in eight

volumes; he is a member of the academy of sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters: poor man, he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses, too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use on some great occasion.

DEAR SIR,—*After so long silence, the hopes of pardon and prospect of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign? etc. etc. etc.*

GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE

SELBORNE, Dec. 12th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—We had in this village more than twenty years ago an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. And as people of this caste have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dozed away his time, within his father's house, by the fireside,

in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey wherever he found them; he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives, and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or bee-bird, and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. Had his capacity been better, and directed to the same object, he had perhaps abated much of our wonder at the feats of a more modern exhibitor of bees; and we may justly say of him now,—

. Thou,
Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Shouldst Wildman be

When a tall youth he was removed from hence to a distant village, where he died, as I understand, before he arrived at manhood. I am, etc.

DIVINES

HUGH LATIMER

A SERMON

WHAT should it mean that God would have us so diligent and earnest in prayer? Hath he pleasure in our works? Many talk of prayer, and make it a lip labouring. Praying is not babbling, nor praying is not monkery. It is to miserable folk a comfort, solace and remedy. But what maketh our prayer to be acceptable to God? It lieth not in our power, we must have it by another mean. Remember what God said of his son, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. This is my dear son in whom I delight. He hath pleasure in nothing but in him. How cometh it to pass that our prayers pleaseth God? Our prayer pleaseth God, because Christ pleaseth God. When we pray we come unto him, in the confidence of Christ's merits, and thus offering up our prayers, they shall be heard for Christ's sake. Yea, Christ will offer them up for us, that offered up once his sacrifice to God, which was acceptable; and he that cometh with any other mean than this, God knoweth him not. This is not the Missal Sacrifice, the Popish sacrifice to stand at the altar, and offer up Christ again. . . . This sacrifice a woman can offer as well as a man: yea, a poor woman in the belfry hath as good authority to offer up this sacrifice, as the Bishop in his *pontificalibus*, with his Mitre on his head, his rings on his fingers, and sandals on his feet. And whosoever cometh asking the Father remedy in his necessity for Christ's sake, he offereth up as acceptable a sacrifice as any Bishop can do. And so make an end. This must be done with a constant

faith, and a sure confidence in Christ. Faith, Faith, Faith. We are undone for lack of faith. Christ nameth Faith here, Faith is altogether. When the Son of Man shall come, shall he find faith on the Earth? Why speaketh he so much of Faith? Because it is hard to find a true Faith. He speaketh not of a politic Faith, a Faith set up for a time, but constant, a permanent, a durable Faith, as durable as God's word. He came many times. First in the time of Noe, when he preached, but he found little Faith. He came also when Lot preached, when he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, but he found no Faith. And to be short, he shall come at the latter day, when he shall find a little faith. And I think the day is not far off. When he was here casually, did he find any Faith? Many speak of Faith, but few there be that hath it. Christ mourneth the lack of it. He complaineth that when he came, he found no faith. . . .

In the time of Noe, they were eating and drinking, building and planting, and suddenly the water came upon them, and drowned them. In the time of Lot also, they were eating and drinking, and suddenly the fire came upon them, and devoured them. And now we are eating and drinking. There was never such building then, as is now, planting, nor marrying. And thus it shall be even when Christ shall come to judgment. Is eating and drinking and marrying reprov'd in Scripture? Is it not? Nay, he reproveth not all kind of eating and drinking, he must be otherwise understood. If the Scripture be not truly expounded what is more erroneous? And though there be complainings of some eating or drinking in the Scriptures, yet he speaketh not as though all were naught. They may be well ordered, they are God's allowance; but to eat and drink as they did in Noe's time, and as they did in Lot's time: this eating, and drinking, and marrying, is spoken against. To eat and drink in the forgetfulness of God's Commandments, voluptuously, in excess, and gluttony; this kind of eating and drinking is naught, when it is not done moderately, soberly, and with all circumspection. And likewise to marry, for fleshly lust, and for their own

fantasy. There was never such marrying in England, as is now. I hear tell of stealing of wards to marry their children to. This is a strange kind of stealing, but it is not the ward, it is the lands that they steal. . . . And many parents constrain their sons and daughters to marry where they love not, and some are beaten and compelled. And they that marry thus, marry in forgetfulness and obliviousness of God's commandments. But as in the time of Noe, suddenly a clap fell in their bosoms: so shall it be with us in the latter day, when Christ shall come. We have as little conscience as may be, and when he shall come we shall lack Lady faith: Well is them that shall be of that little flock, that shall be set on the right hand.

MILES COVERDALE

A SPIRITUAL AND MOST PRECIOUS PEARL

AS long as we have no manner of need, no man can hinder nor restrain our wickedness.

For an example, imagine two sundry houses, whereof in the one is celebrate and kept a marriage, where there is mirth, joy, and good cheer; and in the other is one sick on his death-bed. In the bride-house, where is dancing, is used all manner of lightness and dissoluteness, gross and filthy words, bawdy songs and ballads, shameless behaviour and manners, and wanton and light apparel. One leapeth and winceth like a horse, another stampeth like an ass, the third drinketh himself drunk, and the fourth doeth nothing that honest is; so that a man might say the people were become very brute beasts. But by him that lieth on his dead-bed is all still, not a word spoken but honest and seemly. All things are done sadly, demurely and discreetly. And at that time not only the men, but also the women and children, and all that are in the house, are godly occupied: they pray, they comfort, and

break out into such words as these: "*What is man? How transitory and vain are all things that we have here upon earth! but in the life to come it shall be far otherwise.*"

Again, from the marriage or bride-house goeth many one home heavy and sad, vexed in his mind, and disdainful that he is not so happy and fortunate as other be; and suddenly is ravished with the beauty of some wife or maiden that he saw at the dancing, which hath wounded and stricken him to the heart. And when he cometh home, he looketh sourly on his wife, he is froward toward his children, and testy against all the household, so that no man can please him.

But he that goeth home from the mourning house, thinketh himself well blessed and happy, that he himself lieth not in any such extreme necessity. If he hath had any sickness or vexation in time past, now he is able to bear it the more easily and patiently, when he compareth it to the grievous and intolerable pain of the man that lieth in pangs of death. By reason whereof he is the more patient, gentle, and friendly toward his wife, children, and his whole household; yea, he taketh occasion thereby to reform and amend his evil life.

THAT DEATH IS WHOLESOME

If an old silver goblet be melted, and new fashioned after a beautiful manner, then is it better than before, and neither spilt nor destroyed. Even so have we no just cause to complain of death, whereby the body being delivered from all filthiness, shall in his due time be perfectly renewed.

The egg shell, though it be goodly and fair-fashioned, must be opened and broken, that the young chick may slip out of it. None otherwise doth death dissolve and break up our body, but to the intent that we may attain to the life of heaven. The mother's womb carrieth the child seven or nine months, and prepareth it not for itself, but for the world wherein we are born. Even so this present time over all upon earth



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the patriarchs, prophets and apostles, which altogether wait and long for us. Seeing now that death is the path and way unto them, we ought the less to fly it, to the intent that we may come to our right home, salute our fathers and friends, embrace them, and dwell with them forever. We have here no remaining city, but we seek one to come. Our conversation and burghership is in heaven.

But if any man be afraid of death, and force not for the kingdom of heaven, only because of temporal pleasures, the same dealeth dishonestly ; even so do they, that whereas they ought to go the next way home, set them down in a pleasant place, or among companions at the tavern : where they lying still, forget their own country, and pass not upon their friends and kinsfolks. How evil this becometh them, every man may well consider by himself. The Lord Jesus giveth this similitude : *Except the wheat-corn fall into the ground and die, it bideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.* Likewise Paul compareth us men unto grains of corn, the churchyard to a field. *To die, he saith, is to be sown upon God's field.* The resurrection with the life that followeth after, resembleth he to the pleasant green corn in summer.

If a man lie in a dark miserable prison, with this condition that he should not come forth, till the walls of the tower were fallen down, undoubtedly he would be right glad to see the walls begin to fall ; our soul is kept in within the body upon earth as in captivity and bonds. Now as soon as the body is at a point that it must needs fall, why should we be sorry ? For by this approacheth the deliverance, when we, out of the prison of misery, shall be brought forth before the most amiable countenance of God, into the joyful freedom of Heaven.

NICHOLAS RIDLEY

To WEST SOMETIME HIS CHAPLAIN

I WISH you grace in God and love of the truth without the which truly stablished in men's hearts by the mighty will of Almighty God, it is no more possible to stand by the truth in Christ in time of trouble, than it is for the wax to abide the heat of the fire. Sir, know you this, that I am (blessed be God) persuaded that this world is but transitory, and (as St John saith) the world passeth away and the lust thereof. I am persuaded Christ's words to be true: *Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven*, and I believe that no earthly creature shall be saved, whom the Redeemer and Saviour of the world shall before his father deny. This the Lord grant that it may be so graffed, established and fixed in my heart, that neither things present nor to come, high nor low, life nor death, be able to remove me thence. It is a goodly wish that you wish me deeply to consider things pertaining unto God's glory: but if you had wished also that neither fear of death, nor hope of worldly prosperity should let me to maintain God's word and his truth, which is his glory and his true honour, it would have liked me well. You desire me for God's sake to remember myself. Indeed, sir, now it is time so to do, for so far as I can perceive, it standeth me upon no less danger, than of the loss both of body and soul, and I trow then it is time for a man to awake, if any thing will awake him. He that will not fear Him that threateneth to cast both body and soul into everlasting fire, whom will he fear? With this fear, O Lord, fasten thou together our frail flesh, that we never swerve from thy laws.

You say you have made much suit for me. Sir, God grant that in sueing for my worldly deliverance, you impaired and hindered not the furtherance of God's word and his truth. You have known me long indeed, in the which time it hath

chanced me (as you say) to mislike some things. It is true, I grant: for sudden change without substantial and necessary cause, and the heady setting forth of extremities, I did never love. Confession unto the minister which is able to instruct, correct, comfort, and inform the weak, wounded, and ignorant conscience, in deed I ever thought might do much good in Christ's congregation, and so I assure you I think even at this day. My doctrine and my preaching, you say you have heard often, and after your judgment have thought it godly, saving only for the Sacrament, which thing, although it was of me reverently handled, and a great deal better than of the rest (as you say) yet in the margent you write warily, and in this world wisely: and yet methought all sounded not well. Sir, but that I see so many changes in this world and so much alteration, else at this your saying I would not a little marvel. I have taken you for my friend, and a man whom I fancied for plainness and faithfulness as much (I assure you) as for your learning: and have you kept this so close in your heart from one unto this day? Sir, I consider more things than me, and will not say all that I think. But what need you to care what I think, for anything that I shall be able to do unto you, either good or harm? You give me good lessons to stand in nothing against my learning and to beware of vainglory. Truly sir, I herein like your counsel very well, and by God's grace I intend to follow it unto my live's end.

To write unto those whom you name, I cannot see what it will avail me. For this I would have you know, that I esteem nothing available for me, which also will not further the glory of God. And now, because I perceive you have an entire zeal and desire of my deliverance out of this captivity and worldly misery, if I should not bear you a good heart in God again, methink I were to blame. Sir, how nigh the day of my dissolution and departure out of this world is at hand, I can not tell: the Lord's will be fulfilled how soon soever it shall come. I know the Lord's words must be verified on me, that I shall appear before the incorrupt Judge, and be

countable to him of all my former life. And although the hope of his mercy is my sheet-anchor of eternal salvation, yet am I persuaded, that whosoever wittingly neglecteth and regardeth not to clear his conscience, he cannot have peace with God, nor a lively faith in his mercy. Conscience therefore moveth me, considering you were one of my family and one of my household, of whom then I think I had a special cure, and of all them which were within my house, which indeed ought to have been an example of godliness to all the rest of my cure, not only of good life, but also in promoting of God's word to the uttermost of their power: but (alas) now when the trial doth separate the chaff from the corn, how small a deal it is, God knoweth, which the wind doth not blow away: this conscience, I say, doth move me to fear lest the lightness of my family shall be laid to my charge for lack of more earnest and diligent instruction which should have been done. But blessed be God which hath given me grace to see this my default and to lament it from the bottom of my heart before my departing hence. This conscience doth move me also now to require both you and my friend Doctor Harvey, to remember your promises made to me in times past, of the pure setting forth and preaching of God's word and his truth. These promises, although you shall not need to fear to be charged with them of me hereafter before the world, yet look for none other (I exhort you as my friends) but to be charged with them at God's hand. This conscience and the love that I bear unto you biddeth me now say unto you both in God's name, fear God and love not the world: for God is able to cast both body and soul into hell-fire, when his wrath shall suddenly be kindled, blessed are all they that put their trust in him. And the saying of St John is true: *All that is in the world, as the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, is not of the father, but of the world, and the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.* If this gift of grace, which undoubtedly is necessarily required unto eternal salvation, were truly and unfeignedly grafted, and firmly stablished in

men's hearts, they would not be so light, so suddenly to shrink from the maintenance and confession of the truth, as is now, alas, seen so manifestly of so many in these days. But here, peradventure, you would know of me what is the truth. Sir, God's word is the truth, as I, John saith, and that even the same that was heretofore. For albeit man doth vary and change as the moon, yet God's word is stable and abideth one for evermore : and of Christ it is truly said, Christ yesterday and to-day, the same is also forever.

When I was in office, all that were esteemed learned in God's word, agreed this to be a truth in God's word written, that the common prayer of the Church should be had in the common tongue. You know I have conferred with many, and I ensure you I never found man (so far as I do remember) neither old nor new, Gospeller nor Papist, of what judgment soever he was, in this thing to be of a contrary opinion. If then it were a truth of God's word, think you that the alteration of the world can make it an untruth? If it cannot, why then do so many men shrink from the confession and maintenance of this truth received once of us all. For what else is it, I pray you, else to confess or deny Christ in this world, but to maintain the truth taught in God's word, or from any worldly respect to shrink from the same? This one thing have I brought for an example : other things be in like case, which now particularly I need not to rehearse. For he that will forsake wittingly, either for fear or gain of the world, any one open truth of God's word, if he be constrained, he will assuredly forsake God and all his truth, rather than he will endanger himself to lose or to leave that he loveth better indeed than he doth God and the truth of his Word. I like very well your plain speaking, wherein you say, I must either agree or die, and I think that you mean of the bodily death, which is common to good and bad. Sir, I know I must die whether I agree or no. But what folly were it then to make such an agreement by the which I could never escape this death which is so common to all, and also incur the guilt of death and eternal damnation? Lord grant that I may utterly

abhor and detest this damnable agreement so long as I live. And because (I daresay) you wrote of friendships unto me this short earnest advertisement, and I think verily wishing me to live and not to die, therefore bearing you in my heart no less love in God than you do me in the world, I say unto you in the word of the Lord (and that I say to you I say to all my friends and lovers in God) that if you do not confess and maintain to your power and knowledge, that which is grounded upon God's word, but will either for fear or gain of the world shrink and play the *Apostata* in deed you shall die the death : you know what I mean. And I beseech you all, my true friends and lovers in God, remember what I say, for this may be the last time peradventure that ever I shall write unto you.

From Bocardo in Oxford, the 18 day of Aprill, 1554

T. DECKER

THE PHOENIX

A THANKSGIVING FOR ALL THOSE BENEFITS WHICH WE REAP
BY THE BURIAL OF CHRIST

THE grave is full of horror, the house of the dead is the habitation of sadness, for the body receiveth no comfort, when it cometh to lodge in this last and farthest Inn. When our feet step upon that shore, we are robbed of all our honour, stripped out of all our gay attires, spoiled of all our gold and silver, forsaken by our friends, fled from by our kinsfolkes, yea, abhorred to be looked upon by our own children : nothing is left us but a poor mantle of linen to hide our nakedness ; that is the last apparel we must wear, and when that is worn out, we must be turned out of all.

A dreadful thing therefore would it be to dwell in this land of everlasting silence and darkness, but that Christ himself

hath gone thither before us. How infinitely are we bound to him, that (in this battle of death) we are not thrust upon any danger, but what he hath gone thorow. How above measure doth he love us, to try the ice first, before he suffer us to venture over? He went into the grave before us, to show that we all must follow him. But what riches may we gather out of this his sepulchre? What treasure lieth hid in these coffins of the dead? This clear gain we gather : this profitable knowledge we gain, that as Adam was made of a piece of clay, so all the sons of Adam must crumble into dust. The wombs of our mothers are the first lodgings that we lie in, and the womb of the earth is appointed to be the last. The grave is a butt at which all the arrows of our life are shot : and the last arrow of all hits the mark.

Yet suffer us, O Lord, not to repine, whether in the morning, at noon, or at midnight, that is to say, in our cradle, in our youth, or old age, we go to take our long sleep ; but let us make this reckoning of our years, that if we can live no longer, that is unto us our old age ; for he that liveth so long as thou appointest him (though he die in the pride of his beautie) dieth an olde man. Sithence then that wormes must be our last companions, and that the pillows upon which we are to rest forever, are, within, but dead men's skulls, whereof should we be proud? Why should we disdain the poorest beggar, when the hand that sways a sceptre, and the hand that holds a sheep-hook, being found together in the earth are both alike. What madness is it so to pamper the flesh with curious meats, and costly wines, when, do what we can, we do but fatten it for crawling vermin? What folly is it, to clothe our body in sumptuous attires, when (let them be never so gorgeous) we shall carry with us but a winding-sheet? Why do we bathe our limbs in sweet waters, and embalm our bodies with rich perfumes, when no carrion in the world can smell more noisome than must our carcasses? Blessed therefore be the Sepulchre that held our Saviour's body, sithence it is a book wherein we may learn how to contemn this foolish love of ourselves. Happy was thy burial (O Jesus)



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thou must die ; Foole, this night thy soul may be taken from thee ; and then, what thou shalt be tomorrow, prophecy upon thyself, by that, which thou hast done today ; If thou didst depart from that Table in peace, thou canst depart from this world in peace. And the peace of that Table is, to come to it *in pace desiderii*, with a contented mind, and with an enjoying of those temporal blessings which thou hast, without macerating thyself, without usurping upon others, without murmuring at God ; And to be at that Table, *in pace cogitationum*, in the peace of the Church, without the spirit of contradiction, or inquisition, without uncharitableness towards others, without curiosity in thyself. And then to come from that Table *in pace domestica*, with a bosom peace, in thine own Conscience, in that seal of thy reconciliation, in that Sacrament ; that so, riding at that Anchor, and in that calm, whether God enlarge thy voyage, by enlarging thy life, or put thee into the harbour, by the breath, by the breathlessness of Death, either way, East or West, thou mayst depart in peace, according to his word, that is, as he shall be pleased to manifest his pleasure upon thee.

OF MAN'S BODY

Meditation.—We attribute but one privilege and advantage to man's body, above other moving creatures, that he is not, as others, grovelling, but of an erect, of an upright form, naturally built, and disposed to the contemplation of Heaven. Indeed it is a thankful form, and recompenses that soul, which gives it, with carrying that soul so many foot higher, towards heaven. Other creatures look to the earth ; and even that is no unfit object, no unfit contemplation for Man ; for thither he must come ; but because Man is not to stay there, as other creatures are, Man, in his natural form, is carried to the contemplation of that place, which is his home, Heaven. This is Man's prerogative ; but what state hath he in this dignity ? A fever can fillip him down, a fever can depose him ; a fever can bring that head, which yesterday

carried a crown of gold, five foot towards a crown of glory, as low as his own foot, today.

When God came to breathe into Man the breath of life, he found him flat upon the ground ; when he comes to withdraw that breath from him again, he prepares him to it, by laying him flat upon his bed. Scarce any prison so close, that affords not the prisoner two, or three steps. The Anchorites that barqued themselves up in hollow trees, and immured themselves in hollow walls ; that perverse man, that barrelled himself in a tub, all could stand or sit, and enjoy some change of posture. A sick bed is a grave, and all that the patient says there, is but a varying of his own epitaph. Every night's bed is a type of the grave : At night we tell our servants at what hour we will rise ; here we cannot tell ourselves, at what day, what week, what month. Here the head lies as low as the foot ; the head of the people as low as they, whom those feet trod upon : and that hand that signed pardons, is too weak to beg his own, if he might have it for lifting up that hand : strange fetters to the feet, strange manacles to the hands, when the feet and hands are bound so much the faster, by how much the cords are slacker ; so much the less able to do their Offices, by how much more the sinews and ligaments are the looser. In the grave I may speak through the stones, in the voice of my friend, and in the accents of those words, which their love may afford my memory ; here I am mine own ghost, and rather affright my beholders, than instruct them ; they conceive the worst of me now, and yet fear worse ; they give me for dead now, and yet wonder how I do, when they wake at midnight, and ask how I do, tomorrow. Miserable, and (though common to all) inhuman posture, where I must practise my lying in the grave, by lying still, and not practise my resurrection, by rising any more.

OF SICKNESS

Meditation.—The Heavens are not the less constant because they move continually, because they move con-

tinually one and the same way. The Earth is not the more constant, because it lies still continually, because continually it changes, and melts in all the parts thereof. Man, who is the noblest part of the Earth, melts so away, as if he were a statue, not of earth, but of snow. We see his own envy melts him, he grows lean with that; he will say, another's beauty melts him; but he feels that a fever doth not melt him like snow, but pour him out like lead, like iron, like brass melted in a furnace: It doth not only melt him, but calcine him, reduce him to atoms, and to ashes; not to water, but to lime. And how quickly? Sooner than thou canst receive an answer, sooner than thou canst conceive the question; Earth is the centre of my body, Heaven is the centre of my soul; these two are the natural places of these two; but those go not to these two, in an equal place: my body falls down without pushing, my soul does not go up without pulling: Ascension is my soul's pace and measure, but precipitation my body's and even Angels whose home is Heaven, and who are winged too, yet had a ladder to go to Heaven by steps. The sun who goes so many miles in a minute, the stars of the firmament, which go so very many more, go not so fast as my body to the earth. In the same instant that I feel the first attempt of the disease, I feel the victory; In the twinkling of an eye, I can scarce see; instantly the taste is insipid, and fatuous; instantly the appetite is dull and desireless; instantly the knees are sinking and strengthless; and in an instant, sleep, which is the picture, the copy of death, is taken away, that the original, Death itself, may succeed, and that so I might have death to the life. It was part of Adam's punishment, *In the sweat of thy brows thou shalt eat thy bread*: it is multiplied to me, I have earned bread in the sweat of my brows, in the labour of my calling, and I have it; and I sweat again, and again, from the brow to the sole of the foot, but I eat no bread, I taste no sustenance: miserable distribution of mankind, where one half lacks meat, and the other stomach.

DEVOTIONS UPON EMERGENT OCCASIONS

I. *Meditation.*—Variable, and therefore miserable condition of Man: this minute I was well, and am ill, this minute. I am surprized with a sudden change, and alteration to worse, and can impute it to no cause, nor call it by any name. We study Health, and we deliberate upon our meats and drink and air and exercises, and we hew, and we polish every stone, that goes to that building; and so our Health is a long and a regular work. But in a minute a cannon batters all, overthrows all, demolishes all; a Sickness unprevented for all our diligence, unsuspected for all our curiosity; nay, undeserved, if we consider only disorder, summons us, seizes us, possesses us, destroys us in an instant. O miserable condition of Man, which was not imprinted by God, who as he is immortal himself, had put a coal, a beam of Immortality into us, which we might have blown into a flame, but blew it out, by our first sin; we beggared ourselves by hearkening after false riches, and infatuated ourselves by hearkening after false knowledge. So that now, we do not only die, but die upon the rack, die by the torment of sickness; nor that only, but are pre-afflicted, super-afflicted with these jealousies and suspicions, and apprehensions of Sickness, before we can call it a Sickness; we are not sure we are ill; one hand asks the other by the pulse, and our eye asks our own urine, how we do. O multiplied misery! we die, and cannot enjoy death, because we die in this torment of sickness; we are tormented with sickness, and cannot stay till the torment come, but pre-apprehensions and presages, prophesy those torments, which induce that death before either come: and our dissolution is conceived in these first changes, quickened in the sickness it self, and borne in death, which bears date from these first changes. Is this the honour which Man hath by being a little world, that he hath these earthquakes in himself, sudden shakings, these lightnings, sudden flashes; these thunders, sudden noises; these eclipses, sudden obfuscations, and darkenings of his senses; these blazing stars, sudden fiery

exhalations; these rivers of blood, sudden red waters? Is he a world to himself only therefore, that he hath enough in himself, not only to destroy, and execute himself, but to presage that execution upon himself; to assist the sickness, to antedate the sickness, to make the sickness the more rremediable, by sad apprehensions, and as if he would make a fire the more vehement, by sprinkling water upon the coals, so to wrap a hot fever in cold melancholy, lest the fever alone should not destroy fast enough, without this contribution nor perfect the work (which is destruction) except we joined an artificial sickness, of our own melancholy, to our natural, our unnatural fever. O perplexed discomposition, O riddling distemper, O miserable condition of man.

SOUL'S SICKNESS

1. *Expostulation.*—If I were but mere dust and ashes, I might speak unto the Lord, for the Lord's hand made me of this dust, and the Lord's hand shall recollect these ashes; the Lord's hand was the wheel, upon which this vessell of clay was framed, and the Lord's hand is the urn, in which these ashes shall be preserved. I am the dust and the ashes of the Temple of the Holy Ghost; and what marble is so precious? But I am more than dust and ashes; I am my best part, I am my soul. And being so, the breath of God, I may breath back these pious expostulations to my God. My God, my God, why is not my soul as sensible as my body? Why hath not my soul these apprehensions, these presages, these changes, those antidates, those jealousies, those suspicions of a sin, as well as my body of a sickness? Why is there not always a pulse in my soul, to beat at the approach of a temptation to sin? Why are there not always waters in mine eyes, to testify my spiritual sickness? I stand in the way of temptations, (naturally, necessarily, all men do so: for there is a snake in every path, temptations in every vocation) but I go, I run, I fly into the ways of temptation, which I might shun; nay, I break into houses, where the

plague is ; I press into places of temptation, and tempt the Devil himself, and solicit and importune them, who had rather be left unsolicited by me. I fall sick of sin, and am buried and bedrid, buried and putrified in the practice of sin, and all this while have no presage, no pulse, no sense of my sickness ; O heighth, O depth of misery, where the first Symptom of the sickness is Hell, and where I never see the fever of lust, of envy, of ambition, by any other light, than the darkness and horror of Hell itself ; and where the first Messenger that speaks to me doth not say, *Thou mayst die*, no, nor *Thou must die*, but *Thou art dead* : and where the first notice, that my soul hath of her sickness, is irrecoverableness, irremediableness : but, *O my God, Job did not charge thee foolishly*, in his temporall afflictions, nor may I in my spiritual. Thou hast imprinted a pulse in our soul, but we do not examine it ; a voice in our conscience, but we do not hearken unto it. We talk it out, we jest it out, we drink it out, we sleep it out ; and when we wake, we do not say with Jacob, *Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not* : but though we might know it, we do not, we will not. But will God pretend to make out a watch, and leave out the spring ? to make so many various wheels in the faculties of the soul, and in the organs of the body, and leave out Grace, that should move them ? or will God make a spring, and not wind it up ? Infuse his first grace, and not second it with more, without which, we can no more use his first grace, when we have it, than we could dispose ourselves by Nature to have it ? But, alas, that is not our case ; we are all prodigal sons, and not disinherited ; we have received our portion, and misspent it, not bin denied it. We are God's tenants here, and yet here, he, our Landlord pays us Rents ; not yearly, nor quarterly, but hourly and quarterly ; every minute he renews his mercy, but we will not understand, lest that we should be converted, and he should heal us.

FRAGMENT

Alas, our greatness is Hydroptick, not solid: we are not firm but puffed, and swollen; we are the lighter and the lesser for such greatness. Alcibiades bragged how he could walk in his own ground; all this was his, and no man a foot within him; and Socrates gave him a little map of the world, and bid him show him his territory there; and there an ant would have overstrid it. Let no smallness retard thee: if thou beest not a Cedar to help towards a palace, if thou beest not Amber, Bezoar, nor liquid gold, to restore Princes; yet thou art a shrub to shelter a lamb, or to feed a bird, or thou art a plantane to ease a child's smart; or a grass to cure a sick dog. Love an asker better than a giver: which was good Agapetus' counsel to Justinian: Yea, rather, prevent the asking; and do not so much join and concur with misery, as to suffer it to go to that strength, that it shall make thy brother ask, and put him to the danger of a denial.

T. FULLER

DECEIV'D, NOT HURT

HEARING a Passing-bell, I prayed that the sick man might have, through Christ, a safe voyage to his long home. Afterwards I understood that the party was dead some hours before; and it seems, in some places of London the tolling of the bell is but a preface of course to the ringing it out.

Bells better silent than thus telling lies. What is this but giving a false alarum to men's devotions, to make them to be ready armed with their prayers for the assistance of such, who have already fought the good fight, yea and gotten the conquest? Not to say that men's charity herein may be suspected of superstition in praying for the dead. However, my heart thus poured out was not spilt on the ground. Thy prayers



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that hour, when all men shall be poor ; for the justice of death looks equally upon the dead, and Charon expects no more from Alexander than from Irus.

VI. Give not only unto seven, but also unto eight, that is, unto more than many. Though to give unto every one that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking, where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies. For though sometimes necessitousness be dumb, or misery speak not out, yet true charity is sagacious, and will find out hints for beneficence. Acquaint thyself with the physiognomy of want, and let the dead colours and first lines of necessity suffice to tell thee there is an object for thy bounty. Spare not where thou canst not easily be prodigal, and fear not to be undone by mercy ; for since he who hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Almighty rewarder, who observes no Ides, but every day for His payments, charity becomes pious usury, Christian liberality the most thriving industry ; and what we adventure in a cockboat may return in a carrack unto us. He who thus casts his bread upon the water shall surely find it again ; for though it falleth to the bottom, it sinks but like the axe of the prophet, to rise again unto him.

IX. Persons lightly dipt, not grained in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness, and faint hued in integrity. But be thou what thou virtuously art, and let not the ocean wash away thy tincture. Stand magnetically upon that axis when prudent simplicity hath fixt there ; and let no attraction invert the poles of thy honesty. That vice may be uneasy and even monstrous unto thee, let iterated good acts and long-confirmed habits make virtue almost natural, or a second nature in thee. Since virtuous superstructions have commonly generous foundations, dive into thy inclinations, and early discover what nature bids thee to be or tells thee thou mayest be. They who thus timely descend into themselves, and cultivate the good seeds which nature hath set in them, prove not shrubs but cedars in their generation. And to be in the form of the best of the bad, or the worst of the good, will be no satisfaction unto them.

XXXVI. The heroical vein of mankind runs much in the soldiery, and courageous part of the world ; and in that form we oftenest find men above men. History is full of the gallantry of that tribe ; and when we read their notable acts, we easily find what a difference there is between a life in Plutarch and in Laertius. Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity may be found. A man may confide in persons constituted for noble ends, who dare do and suffer, and who have a hand to burn for their country and their friend. Small and creeping things are the produce of petty souls. He is like to be mistaken, who makes choice of a covetous man for a friend, or relieth upon the reed of narrow and poltroon friendship. Pitiful things are only to be found in the cottages of such breasts ; but bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty, and generous honesty, are the gems of noble minds ; wherein, to derogate from none, the true heroic English gentleman hath no peer.

3. VII. Burden not the back of Aries, Leo, or Taurus, with thy faults ; nor make Saturn, Mars, or Venus, guilty of thy follies. Think not to fasten thy imperfections on the stars, and so despairingly conceive thyself under a fatality of being evil. Calculate thyself within ; seek not thyself in the moon, but in thine own orb or microcosmical circumference. Let celestial aspects admonish and advertise, not conclude and determine thy ways. For since good and bad stars moralize not our actions, and neither excuse or commend, acquit or condemn our good or bad deeds at the present or last bar ; since some are astrologically well disposed, who are morally highly vicious ; not celestial figures, but virtuous schemes, must dominate and state our actions. If we rightly understood the names whereby God calleth the stars ; if we knew His name for the dog-star, or by what appellation Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn obey his will ; it might be a welcome accession unto astrology, which speaks great things, and is fain to make use of appellations from Greek and barbarick systems. Whatever influences, impulses or inclinations there be from the lights above, it were

a piece of wisdom to make one of those wise men who overrule their stars, and with their own militia contend with the host of heaven. Unto which attempt there want not auxiliaries from the whole strength of morality, supplies from Christian ethics, influences also and illuminations from above, more powerful than the lights of heaven.

3. IX. Since men live by examples, and will be imitating something, order thy imitation to thy improvement, not thy ruin. Look not for roses in Attalus his garden, or wholesome flowers in a venomous plantation. And since there is scarce any one bad, but some others are the worse for him; tempt not contagion by proximity, and hazard not thyself in the shadow of corruption. He who hath not early suffered this shipwreck, and in his younger days escaped this Charybdis, may make a happy voyage, and not come in with black sails into the port. Self-conversation, or to be alone, is better than such consortion. Some school-men tell us, that he is properly alone, with whom in the same place there is no other of the same species. Nebuchadnezzar was alone, though among the beasts of the field; and a wise man may be tolerably said to be alone, though with a rabble of people little better than beasts about him. Unthinking heads, who have not learned to be alone, are in a prison to themselves, if they be not also with others: whereas on the contrary, they whose thoughts are in a fair, and hurry within, are sometimes fain to retire into company, to be out of the crowd of themselves. He who must needs have company, must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be alone. Lose not the advantage of solitude, and the society of thyself; nor be only content, but delight to be alone and single with Omnipresency. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy nor the night black unto him. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination. In his bed he may lie, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth; may speculate the universe, and enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself. Thus the old ascetick Christians found a paradise in a desert, and with little converse on earth held a conversation in heaven; thus they

astronomized in caves, and, though they beheld not the stars, had the glory of heaven before them.

W. CHILLINGWORTH

THE DANGER

WHAT will become of me and you, beloved fathers and brethren of the clergy? We to whom God hath entrusted the exercise and managing of three or four of his glorious attributes; for to us is committed the Gospel of Christ, which is the wisdom of God hidden from the world. And to us is committed the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God to salvation, and which worketh mightily in them which believe, even according to the mighty working whereby he raised Christ from the dead. And to us is committed the Gospel of Christ, even the dispensation of the riches of his glorious mercy and compassions.

What then will become of us, if we, notwithstanding these great engagements, these inestimable prerogatives, shall turn this wisdom of God into foolishness, by exalting and defying our own carnal wisdom; if we shall weaken and make void this almighty power, by the violent opposition of our sinful lusts and affections; finally, if we shall be too sparing and niggardly in the dispensing of these his mercies; if we shall render his goodness suspected to our hearers, as if those frequent and plentiful offers of pity and compassion, were only empty historical expressions, and not professions of a mind heartily and sincerely inclined unto us.

I will tell you what will become of us; and I shall the better do it, by telling you first, what an excessive weight of glory we especially shall lose by it: They that be wise, saith Daniel, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. Not as those vulgar ordinary stars, that have light

enough only to make them visible ; but like those more noble lights, which are able to cast a shadow through the whole creation, even like the sun in his full strength. And the preferment we are likely to gain, is very answerable to our loss, we shall be glorious shining firebrands, of the first magnitude, in whose fearful horrible destruction, God will show what he is able to do.

JOHN HALES

OF DUELS

To die is not a private action to be undertaken at our own, or at any other private man's pleasure and discretion : for, as we are not born unto ourselves alone, but for the service of God, and the commonwealth in which we live ; so no man dies to himself alone, but with the damage and loss of that church or commonwealth of which he is a member : wherefore it is not left to any private man's power to dispose of any man's life, no, not to our own, only God and the magistrate may dispose of this. As soldiers in the camp must keep their standing, neither may they move or alter, but by direction from the captain ; so is it with us all : our life is a warfare, and every man in the world hath his station and place, from whence he may not move at his own, or at another man's pleasure, but only at the direction and appointment of God, his general, or of the magistrates, which are as captains and lieutenants under him. Then our lawful times of death are either when our day is come, or to fall in battle, or for misdemeanour to be cut off by the public hand of justice, "that the public might profit by the death of those, who, while living, would not be useful." He which otherwise dies, comes by surreption and stealth, and not warrantably, unto his end.—*A Sermon preached at the Hague.*

THE DANGER OF RECEIVING OUR GOOD THINGS IN THIS
LIFE

Now, beloved, yet to see this more plainly, what is the main end of our life? What is it, at which, with so much pain and labour, we strive to arrive? It is, or should be nothing else but virtue and happiness: now these are alike purchasable in all estates, poverty, disease, distress, contumely, contempt; these are as well the object of virtue as wealth, liberty, honour, reputation, and the rest of that forespoken rank: happiness therefore may as well dwell with the poor, miserable and distressed persons, as with persons of better fortune, since it is confessed by all, that happiness is nothing else but a leading of our life according to virtue. As great art may be exprest in the cutting of a flint, as in the cutting of a diamond, and so the workman do well express his skill, no man will blame him for the baseness of the matter, or think the worse of his work. Beloved, some man hath a diamond, a fair and glittering fortune; let him bestow the same skill and care in polishing and cutting of the latter, as he would or could have done on the former, and be confident it will be as highly valued (if not more highly rewarded) by God, who is no respecter of persons, but “accepteth every man according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not.”

JEREMY TAYLOR

HOLY LIVING

LOOK upon pleasures not upon that side that is next the sun, or where they look beauteously; that is, as they come towards you to be enjoyed; for then they paint, and smile, and dress themselves up in tinsel and glass, gems and counterfeit imagery: but when thou hast rifled and decomposed them with enjoying their false beauties, and that they begin to go

off, then behold them in their nakedness and weariness. See what a sigh and sorrow, what naked unhandsome proportions and a filthy carcase they discover : and the next time they counterfeit, remember what you have already discovered, and be no more abused, and I have known some wise persons have advised to cure the passions and longings of their children by letting them taste of everything they passionately fancied ; for they should be sure to find less in it than they looked for, and the impatience of their being denied would be loosened and made slack : and when our wishings are no bigger than the thing deserves, and our usages of them according to our needs, (which may be obtained by trying what they are, and what good they can do us), we shall find in all pleasures so little entertainment, that the vanity of the possession will soon reprove the violence of the appetite. And if this permission be in innocent instances it may be of good use : But Solomon tried it in all things, taking his fill of all pleasures, and soon grew weary of them all. The same thing we may do by reason, which we do by experience ; if either we will look upon pleasures as we are sure they look when they go off, after their enjoyment ; or if we will credit the experience of those men who have tasted them and loathed them.

Often consider and contemplate the joys of Heaven ; that, when they have filled thy desires which are the evils of the soul, thou mayest steer only thither, and never more look back to Sodom. And when thy soul dwells above and looks down upon the pleasures of the world, they seem like things of distance, little and contemptible, and men running after the satisfaction of their sottish appetites seem foolish as fishes, thousands of them running after a rotten worm that covers a deadly hook ; or, at the best, but like children with great noise pursuing a bubble rising from a walnut shell, which ends sooner than the noise.

To this, the example of Christ and His Apostles, of Moses, and all the wise men of all ages of the world, will much help ; who, understanding how to distinguish good from evil, did



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person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.

When the sentence of death is decreed, and begins to be put in execution, it is sorrow enough to see or feel respectively the sad accents of the agony and last contentions of the soul, and the reluctances and unwillingnesses of the body: the forehead washed with a new and stranger baptism, besmeared with a cold sweat, tenacious and clammy, apt to make it cleave to the roof of his coffin; the nose cold and undiscerning, not pleased with perfumes, nor suffering violence with a cloud of unwholesome smoke; the eyes dim as a sullied mirror, or the face of Heaven when God shews his anger in a prodigious storm; the feet cold, the hands stiff; the physicians despairing, our friends weeping, the room dressed with darkness and sorrow; and the exterior parts betraying what the violences which the soul and spirit suffer.

Then calamity is great, and sorrow rules in all the capacities of man; then the mourners weep, because it is civil, or because they need thee, or because they fear: but who suffers for thee with a compassion sharp as is thy pain? Then the noise is like the faint echo of a distant valley, and few hear, and they will not regard thee, who seemest like a person void of understanding, and of a departing interest.

T. TRAHERNE

CHRISTIAN ETHICKS

OF Goodness.—To shew that there is such a Goodness as that which infinitely delights in pouring out its glory upon all creatures, the Sun was made : which continues night and day pouring out its streams of light and heat upon all ages, yet is as glorious this day as it was the first moment of its creation. To shew this, the stars were made, that shine in their watches and glitter in their motions only to serve us. The moon was made to shew this goodness, which runs her race for ever to serve us. The Earth was made to support us, springs and rivers expend their streams to revive us. Fruits and flowers and herbs and trees delight us. All corruptible things waste and consume away, that they may sacrifice their essence to our benefit. For if they were made stiff and unalterable they could not feed us, nor communicate their essence and perfection to us. The emanations and effusions of minerals are unknown, but that of spices and odours is well understood. And if these by disbursing their proper sweetness, become more sweet and enlarge themselves, if they are made bright and fair for our sake, if they enjoy any light and pleasure in their service, as the sun and stars do, as herbs and flowers do, as beasts and birds and fishes do ; the goodness of the creator is abundantly more clear and apparent herein, for in all those creatures that perfect themselves by the service which they do, the service itself is a sufficient recompense : while those upon which we feed, being more corruptible, are exalted in their beings, by being turned into ours. And the trade of bees, in the honey they make for us, and the warmth of sheep, in the fleeces they bear for us, the comfort of birds in the feathers they wear, and the nests they build for us, and the pleasures of beasts, in the offspring they beget and bring up for us, these things show that God is good to all, and that his mercy is over all his Works. And if

any perish in our service, the bloody characters of his love and goodness are the more stupendous. All Nature is sacrificed to our welfare, and all that we have *by pure Nature* to do (till Sin mars all) is to admire and enjoy that goodness, to the delight of which we sacrifice ourselves in our own complacency. And in real truth, if it be a great wonder that any goodness should be thus infinite, the goodness of all other things without that goodness, is a far greater. If it be wonderful, admire and adore it.

The sun is a glorious creature, and its beams extend to the utmost stars, by shining on them it clothes them with light, and by its rays exciteth all their influences. It enlightens the eyes of all the creatures: it shineth on forty Kingdoms at the same time, on seas and continents in a general manner: yet so particularly regardeth all, that every mote in the air, every grain of dust, every sand, every spire of grass, is wholly illuminated thereby, as if it did entirely shine upon that alone. Nor does it only illuminate all these objects in an idle manner, its beams are operative, enter in, fill the pores of things with spirits, and impregnate them with powers, cause all their emanations, odours, virtues and operations; springs, rivers, minerals and vegetables are all perfected by the sun, all the motion, life and sense of birds, beasts and fishes dependeth on the same. Yet the sun is but a little spark, among all the creatures that are made for the soul; the soul being the most high and noble of all, is capable of far higher perfections, far more full of life and vigour in its uses. The sphere of its activity is illimited, its energy is endless upon all its objects. It can exceed the heavens in its operations, and run out into infinite spaces. Such is the extent of knowledge, that it seemeth to be the light of all eternity. All objects are equally near to the splendour of its beams: As innumerable millions may be conceived in its light, with a ready capacity for millions more; so can it penetrate all abysses, reach to the centre of all nature, converse with all beings, visible and invisible, corporeal and



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H. VAUGHAN

ALL IS VANITY

WHAT is become now of these great merchants of the earth, and where is the fruit of all their labours under the sun? Why, truly they are taken out of the way as all others and they are cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. Their dwelling is in the dust, and as for their place here, it lies waste, and is not known. Nettles and brambles come up in it, and the owl and the raven dwell in it. But if you will visit them at their long homes, and knock at those desolate doors, you shall find some remains of them, a heap of loathsomeness and corruption. O miserable and sad mutations. Where is now their pompous and shining train? Where are their triumphs, fire works and feasts, with all the ridiculous tumults of a popular, prodigious pride? Where is their purple and fine linen, their chains of massy gold, and sparkling ornaments of pearls? Where are their cooks and carvers, their fowlers and fishers? Where are their curious utensils, their cups of agate, crystal and china-earth? Where are their sumptuous chambers, where they inclosed themselves in cedar, ivory and ebony? Where is their music, their soft and delicate dressings, pleasing motions, and excellency of looks? Where are their rich perfumes, costly conserves, with their precious and various store of foreign and domestic wines? Where are their sons and their daughters fair as the flowers, straight as the palm trees, and polished as the corners of the temple? O pitiful and astonishing transformations. All is gone, all is dust, deformity and desolation. Their bones are scattered in the pit, and instead of well set hair, there is baldness, and loathsomeness instead of beauty. This is the state of their bodies, and (O blessed Jesus) who knows the state of their souls?

WILLIAM PENN

UNLAWFUL SELF

THAT unlawful self in religion that ought to be mortified by the cross of Christ, is man's invention and performance of worship to God as divine, which is not so, either in its institution or performance. In this great error those people have the van of all that attribute to themselves the name of Christians, that are most exterior, pompous, and superstitious in their worship; for they do not only miss exceedingly by a spiritual unpreparedness, in the way of their performing worship to God Almighty, who is an Eternal Spirit; but the worship itself is composed of what is utterly inconsistent with the very form and practice of Christ's doctrine, and the apostolical example. For whereas that was plain and spiritual, this is gaudy and worldly; Christ's most inward and mental, theirs most outward and corporeal: that suited to the nature of God, who is a Spirit, this accommodated to the most carnal part. So that, instead of excluding flesh and blood, behold a worship calculated to gratify them; as if the business were not to present God with a worship to please Him, but to make one to please themselves. A worship dressed with such stately buildings and imagery, rich furniture and garments, rare voices and music, costly lamps, wax candles, and perfumes; and all acted with that most pleasing variety to the external senses that art can invent or cost procure; as if the world were to turn Jew or Egyptian again; or that God was an old man indeed, and Christ a little boy, to be treated with a kind of religious mask, for so they picture Him in their temples, and too many in their minds. And the truth is, such a worship may very well suit such an idea of God: for when men can think Him such a one as themselves, it is not to be wondered if they address Him in a way that would be the most pleasing from others to themselves.

DRAMATISTS AND NOVELISTS

ROBERT GREENE

THE IDEA OF A MORTIFIED MAN

I N a valley between two high mountains topped with trees of marvellous verdure, whereby ran a fountain pleasant as well for the murmur of the streams, as for the sweetness of waters, there was situated a little lodge artificially built, and at the door, a man of very great gravity and no less age, sat leaning upon his staff, so to take the benefit of the air and the sun : his hairs were as white as the threads of silk in Arabia, or as the palm trees on the Mount Libanus ; many years had made him furrows in his face, where experience sat and seemed to tell forth oracles : devotion appeared in his habit, and his outward cloth discovered his inward heart, that the old hermit seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world : standing a while, and wondering at this old man, at last, all reverence done that his years did require, or my youth was bound unto, after salutations, I questioned him of the order of his life, who answered me with such courtesy and humility as I perceived in his words the perfect Idea of a mortified man : after sundry questions broken with pro and contra, at last he took me by the hand and carried me into his cell, where I found not those utensilia which Tully says are necessary to be in every cottage, but I found books and that of Theology, a drinking cup, and that was full of water : a dead man's skull, an hour-glass, and a Bible, thus only was his house furnished.



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flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting and withal singing: and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice music. As for the houses of the country—for many houses came under their eye—they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

THOMAS NASHE

(THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER)

T^o tell you of the rare pleasures of their gardens, their baths, their vineyards, their galleries, were to write a second part of the Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Devices. Why, you should not come into any man's house of account, but he had fish-ponds and little orchards on his leads. If by rain or any other means those ponds were so full they need to be sluiced or let out, even of their superfluities they made melodious use, for they had great wind instruments, instead of leaden spouts, that went duly on consort, only with this water's rumbling descent. I saw a summer banqueting house belonging to a merchant, that was the marvel of the world, and could not be matched except God should make another Paradise. It was built round of green marble like a theatre without: within, there was a heaven and earth comprehended both under one roof; the heaven was a clear overhanging vault of crystal, wherein the sun and moon and each visible star had his true similitude, shine, situation, and, motion, and, by what

enwrapped art I cannot conceive, these spheres in their proper orbs observed their circular wheelings and turnings, making a certain kind of soft angelical murmuring music in their often windings and goings about ; which music, the philosophers say, in the true heaven, by reason of the grossness of our senses, we are not capable of. For the earth, it was counterfeited in that likeness that Adam lorded out it before his fall. A wide vast spacious room it was, such as we would conceit Prince Arthur's hall to be, where he feasted all his Knights of the Round Table together every Pentecost. The floor was painted with the beautifullest flowers that ever man's eye admired ; which so lineally were delineated that he that viewed them afar off, and had not directly stood poringly over them, would have sworn they had lived indeed. The walls round about were hedged with olives and palm-trees, and all other odoriferous fruit-bearing plants ; which at any solemn entertainment dropped myrrh and frankincense. Other trees, that bare no fruit, were set in just order one against another, and divided the room into a number of shady lanes, leaving but one overspreading pine-tree arbour, where we sate and banquetted. On the well-clothed boughs of this conspiracy of pine trees against the resembled sunbeams, were perched as many sorts of shrill-breasted birds as the summer hath allowed for singing-men in her silvan chapels. Who though there were bodies without souls, and sweet resembled substances without sense, yet by the mathematical experiments of long silver pipes secretly inrinded in the entrails of the boughs whereon they sat, and undiscernably conveyed under their bellies into their small throats sloping, they whistled and freely carolled their natural field note. Neither went those silver pipes straight, but, by many edged unsundered writhings and crankled wanderings aside, strayed from bough to bough into an hundred throats. But into this silver pipe so writhed and wandering aside, if any demand how the wind was breathed ; forsooth the tail of the silver pipe stretched itself into the mouth of a great pair of bellows where it was close soldered, and bailed about with iron, it could not stir or have

any vent betwixt. Those bellows with the rising and falling of leaden plummets wounde up on a wheel, did beat up and down uncessantly, and so gathered in wind, serving with one blast all the snarled pipes to and fro of one trée at once. But so closely were all those organizing implements obscured in the corpulent trunks of the trees, that every man there present renounced conjectures of art, and said it was done by enchantment.

One tree for his fruit bare nothing but enchained chirping birds, whose throats being conduit-piped with squared narrow shells, and charged Siren-wise with searching sweet water driven in by a little wheel for the nonce, that fed it afar off, made a spirting sound, such as chirping is, in bubbling upwards through the rough crannies of their closed bills.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

YORICK

Clown. Here's a skull now, has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it.

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was ; whose do you think it was.

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he poured a flagon of rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Ham. This ?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest ; of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ?



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it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado; your Nicotian is good, too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any Prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.—*Every Man in his Humour.*

JOHN FLETCHER AND FRANCIS BEAUMONT

COUNTRY LIFE

Enter two citizens' wives, and Philip.

1st cit. W. Lord, how fine the fields be! What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2nd cit. W. Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1st cit. W. My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2nd cit. W. Ay, poor souls. I was amongst 'em once.

1st cit. W. And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2nd cit. W. Very good people, God help 'em.

1st cit. W. Wilt thou go down with me this summer, when I am brought to bed?

2nd cit. W. Alas, 'tis no place for us.

1st cit. W. Why, prithee?

2nd cit. W. Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1st cit. W. No!

2nd cit. W. No, truly, nor milk.

1st cit. W. Nor milk! how do they?

2nd cit. W. They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1st cit. W. Good Lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2nd cit. W. Ay, God knows, will they: and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1st cit. W. Do they not? alas, in good faith, I cannot blame them, for we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, choose us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1st cit. W. By your leave, good people, a little.

1st Shopman. What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my mistress so.

2nd Shopman. Let her look to herself, then. . . .

3rd Shopman. How now, goodman . . . ! why do you lean so on me?

Phil. Because I will.

3rd Shopman. Will you, Sir Sauce-box. (*Strikes him.*)

1st cit. W. Look, if one ha' not struck Philip! Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1st cit. W. Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1st cit. W. As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3rd Shopman. It's at the first end, then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1st cit. W. Well, slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3rd Shopman. When you will. . . .

1st cit. W. Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you it shall cost me a fall. . . .

[*A flourish. The pageant passes.*]

1st Shopman. Come, shall we go? all's done.

Woman. Ay, for God's sake; I have not made a fire yet.

2nd Shopman. Away, away. All's done.

3rd Shopman. Content. Farewell, Philip.

1st cit. W. Away, you halter-sack, you.

1st Shopman. Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.

Phil. Ay, marry, am I afraid of my face?

3rd Shopman. Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou sawest it in a glass: it looks so like a visor.

1st cit. W. You'll be hang'd, sirrah. (*Exeunt three Shopmen and Woman.*) Come, Philip, walk afore us homewards. Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?

2nd cit. W. Yes, marry, did he.

1st cit. W. They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth; I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some?

2nd cit. W. Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck.

[*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM CONGREVE

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

LADY WISHFORT. I have no more patience. If I have not fretted myself till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red, the red, do you hear, sweetheart? An arrant ash-colour, as I am a person. Look you how this wench stirs. Why dost thou not fetch me a little red? didst thou not hear me, Mopus?

Peg. The red ratafia does your ladyship mean, or the cherry brandy?

Lady Wish. Ratafia, fool, no, fool. Not the ratafia, fool—grant me patience—I mean the Spanish paper, idiot,—complexion, darling. Paint, paint, paint, dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? Why dost thou not stir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient. I cannot



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northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labour and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of hawk, its colour and beak resembling it, but had no talons or claws more than common; its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day; and what to do with myself at night, I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears. However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging; as for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider, that I might yet get a great many

things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council, that is to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft, but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a chequered shirt and a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft, and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard; but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bag full of small-shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehensions during my absence from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind

to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her ; but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away ; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as pleased) for more ; but I thanked her, and could spare no more, so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose ; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun ; and I plied all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without ; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy ; for the night before I had slept little, and had laboured very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship, as to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man ; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day at low water I went on board, and brought away something or other ; but, particularly, the third time I went I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, the barrel of wet gunpowder ; in a word, I brought away all the sails first and last, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces,



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TOBIAS SMOLLETT

THE DOCTORS' MESS

I HAD scarce time to wonder, when the master at arms came to the place of my confinement, and bade me follow him to the quarter deck, where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behaviour to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship, part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the master at arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed, for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his master in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr Thompson, who had represented me in such a favourable light to the surgeon, that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead. When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thompson carried me down to the cockpit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the surgeon's mates; and, when he had shown me their birth (as he called it), I was filled with astonishment and horror. We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulf than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrified cheese and rancid butter, that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop, where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale, meagre countenance, sitting

behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose, and a pen in his hand. This (I learned of Mr Thompson) was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provision to the several messes, and to mark what each received. He therefore presented my name to him, and desired I might be entered in his mess; then, taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet, surrounded with the medicine chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board, by way of table, fastened to the after powder room; it was also enclosed with canvas nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipman and quarter-master, who lodged within the cable tiers on each side of us. In this gloomy mansion he entertained me with some cold salt pork, which he brought from a sort of locker, fixed above the table; and, calling for the boy of the mess, sent for a can of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet.

L. STERNE

THE SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for at the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the Devil"; 'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserales; and they have had sufferings enow without it. I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them;—they will be registered elsewhere.

HENRY FIELDING

A NEWGATE SERMON

JONATHAN. All this is very true ; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

Ordinary. Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch ; a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is no where spoken against in scripture ; and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

Jonathan (having called for a bowl). I ask your pardon, Doctor. I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor. I think you never taste wine, while there is any punch remaining on the table.

Ordinary. I confess I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well for the reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other cause, *viz.* it is the properest for a draught. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thinking you knew my palate.

Jonathan. You are in the right ; and I will take a swingeing cup to your being made a bishop.

Ordinary. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair : it is yet time enough to think of dying : you have good friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a man reprieved, who had less reason to expect it.

Jonathan. But if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived, what then would become of my soul ?

Ordinary. Pooh, never mind your soul ; leave that to me ; I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket, which may be of some use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world :—but perhaps there are not many such



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truth, nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth : their precepts are neither borrowed from nature, nor guided by reason : mere fictions, only to evince the dreadful height of human pride ; in one word FOOLISHNESS. It may be, perhaps, expected of me, that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge ; but as to transcribe every passage to my purpose would be to transcribe their whole works, and as in such a plentiful crop it is difficult to choose : instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting what I have so fully proved, and what may, indeed, be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was FOOLISHNESS.

Proceed we now, in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here——”

But here the punch, by entering, waked Mr Wild, who was fast asleep, and put an end to the sermon ; nor could we obtain any further account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

MORAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, OCCA- SIONAL, AND SATIRICAL WRITINGS

ROGER ASCHAM

OF LADY JANE GREY

ONE example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report: which may be heard with some pleasure and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and the Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me; "I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, Madam, quoth I, to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto." "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp, and so severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or

mother ; whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently, sometimes, with pinches, nips and bobs and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer ; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking into me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.”

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

T. HARMAN

A COUNTERFEIT CRANK

UPON All-hallow Day in the morning last Anno Domini 1566, or my book was half printed, I mean the first impression, there came early in the morning a counterfeit crank, under my lodging at the White-Friars within the cloister, in a little yard or court whereabouts lay two or three great ladies, being without the liberties of London, whereby he hoped for the greater gain : this crank there lamentably lamenting, and pitifully crying to be relieved, declared to divers there his painful and miserable disease. I being risen, and not half



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long he had this disease, and what time he had been here about London, and in what place? Sir, saith he, I was born at Leicester, my name is Nicholas Genings, and I have had this falling sickness viii years, and I can get no remedy for the same, for I have it by kind, my father had it, and my friends before me, and I have been these two years here about London, and a year and a half in Bedlam: why, wast thou out of thy wits, quoth I? Yea, sir, that I was. What is the keeper's name of the house? His name is, quoth he, John Smith: then, quoth I, he must understand of thy disease, if thou hadst the same for the time thou wast there: He knoweth it well, yea, not only he, but all the house beside, quoth this crank, for I came thence but within this fortnight. I had stood so long reasoning the matter with him, that I was a-cold and went into my chamber and made me ready, and commanded my servant to repair to Bedlam and bring me true word from the keeper there, whether any such man hath been with him as a prisoner, having the disease aforesaid, and gave him a note of his name and the keepers also: my servant returning to my lodging, did assure me that neither was there ever any such man there, neither yet any keeper of any such name, but he that was the keeper sent me his name in writing, affirming that he letteth no man depart from him, unless he be fet (fetched) away by his friends, and that none that came from him begged about the city: then I sent for the printer of this book, and shewed him of this dissembling crank, and how I had sent to Bedlam to understand the truth, and what answer I received again, requiring him that I might have some servant of his to watch him faithfully that day, that I might understand trustily to what place he would repair at night unto, and thither I promised to go myself, to see their order, and that I would have him to associate me thither: he gladly granted to my request, and sent two boys that both diligently and vigilantly, accomplished the charge given them, and found the same crank about the Temple, where about the most part of the day he begged, unless it were about xij of the clock he went on the backside of

Clements Inn without Temple Bar, there is a lane that goeth into the Fields, there he renewed his face again with fresh blood, which he carried about him in a bladder, and daubed on fresh dirt, upon his jerkin, hat and hosen. And so came back again unto the Temple, and sometime to the water side, and begged of all that passed by: the boys beheld how some gave groats, some sixpence, some gave more: for he looked so ugly and irksomely, that every one pitied his miserable case that beheld him: to be short, there he passed all the day till night approached and when it began to be somewhat dark, he went to the waterside and took a sculler, and was set over the water into St Georges Fields, contrary to my expectation: for I thought he would have gone into Holborn, or to St Giles in the Field: but these boys with (Argus and Lynceus' eyes) set sure watch upon him, and the one took a boat and followed him, and the other went back to tell his master. The boy that so followed him by water, had no money to pay for his boat hire, but laid his penner and his inkhorn to gage for a penny, and by that time the boy was set over: his master with all celerity had taken a boat and followed him a pace. Now had they a sight still of the crank, which crossed over the fields towards Newington, and thither he went, and by that time they came thither, it was very dark. The printer had there no acquaintance, neither any kind of weapon about him, neither knew how far the crank would go, because he then suspected that they dogged him of purpose, he there stayed him, and called for the constable, which came forth diligently, to inquire what the matter was. This zealous printer charged this officer with him as a malefactor, and a dissembling vagabond: the constable would have laid him all night in the cage that stood in the street: nay, saith this pitiful printer, I pray you have him into your house, for this is like to be a cold night and he is naked; you keep a victualling house, let him be well cherished this night, for he is well able to pay for the same, I know well his gains have been great to-day, and your house is a sufficient prison for the time, and we will there search

him: the constable agreed thereunto, they had him in and caused him to wash himself: that done, they demanded what money he had about him, saith this crank, so God help me I have but xij pence, and plucked out the same of a little purse. Why, have you no more, quoth they? No, saith this crank, as God shall save my soul at the day of judgment. We must see more, quoth they, and began to strip him, then he plucked out another purse wherein was xl pence. Tush, saith this printer, I must see more; this crank saith, I pray God I be damned both body and soul, if I have any more: No, saith this printer, thou false knave, here is my boy that did watch thee all this day, and saw when such men gave thee pieces of sixpence, groats, and other money, and yet thou hast shewed us none but small money. When this crank heard this, and the boy vowing it to his face, he relented and plucked out another purse, wherein was eight shillings and odd money, so had they in the whole that he had begged that day xiiij shillings iii pence half penny: then they stripped him stark naked, and as many as saw him, said they never saw handsomer man, with a yellow flaxen beard, and fair-skinned without any spot or grief; then the good wife of the house fet her good man's old cloak, and caused the same to be cast about him, because the sight should not abash her shamefaced maidens, neither loathe her squeamish sight. Thus he sat him down at the chimney's end, and called for a pot of beer, and drank off a quart at a draught, and called for another, and so the third, that one had been sufficient for any reasonable man: the drink was so strong, that I myself the next morning tasted thereof, but let the reader judge what, and how much he would have drunk if he had been out of fear. Then when they had thus wrung water out of a flint, in spoiling him of his evil gotten goods, his passing pence and fleeting trash, the printer with this officer were in jolly jollity, and devised to search a barn for some rogues and upright men a quarter of a mile from the house, that stood alone in the fields, and went out about their business, leaving this crank alone with his wife and maidens. This crafty



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selves, after three days gazing is reversed over to children for babies to play with ; behold, it is every man's money, from the King to the Courtier ; every householder or goodman Baltrop, that keeps a family in pay, casts for it as one of his standing provisions. The poorer sort make it three parts of their sustenance ; with it, for his dinner, the patchedest *Leather pilche laborattro* may dine like a Spanish Duke, when the niggardliest mouse of beef will cost him sixpence. In the craft of catching or taking it, and smudging it merchant- and chapmanable, as it should be, it sets a-work thousands, who live all the rest of the year gaily well by what in some few weeks they scratch up then, and come to bear office of Questman and Scavenger in the parish where they dwell ; which they could never have done, but would have begged or starved with their wives and brats, had not this Captain of the squamy cattle so stood their good lord and master. Carpenters, shipwrights, makers of lines, ropes and cables, dressers of hemp, spinners of thread, and net weavers it gives their handfuls to, set up so many salt houses to make salt, and salt upon salt ; keeps in earnings the cooper, the brewer, the baker, and numbers of other people, to gill, wash and pack it, and carry it and recarry it.

In exchange of it from other countries they return wine and woads for which is always paid ready gold, with salt, canvas, vitre, and a great deal of good trash. Her Majesty's tributes and customs this Semper Augustus of the sea's finny freeholders augmenteth and enlargeth uncountably, and to the increase of navigation for her service he is no enemy.

Voyages of purchase or reprisals, which are now grown a common traffic, swallow up and consume more sailors and mariners than they breed, and lightly not a slop of a rope-hauler they send forth to the Queen's ships but he is first broken to the sea in the herring man's skiff or cockboat, where having learned to brook all waters, and drink as he can out of a tarry can, and eat poorjohn out of swuttie platters, when he may get it, without butter or mustard, there is no ho with him, but, once heartened thus, he will needs be

a man of war, or a tobacco taker, and wear a silver whistle. Some of these with their haughty climbing come home with wooden legs, and some with none, but leave body and all behind: those that escape to bring news tell of nothing but eating tallow and young blackamores, of five and five to a rat in every mess, and the ship-boy to the tail, of stopping their noses when they drunk stinking water that came out of the pump of the ship, and cutting a greasy buff jerkin in tripes and broiling it for their dinners. Divers Indian adventures have been seasoned with direr mishaps, not having for eight days space the quantity of a candles-end among eight score to grease their lips with; and landing in the end to seek food, by the cannibal savages they have been circumvented, and forced to yield their bodies to feed them. Our mitred Archpatriarch, Leopold Herring, exacts no such Muscovian vassailage of his liegemen.

PHILIP STUBBES

ON THE PLAYING OF FOOTBALL

SPUDENS. Is the playing at football, reading of merry books, and such like delectations, a violation or profanation of the Sabbath day?

Philoponus. Any exercise which withdraweth us from godliness, either upon the Sabbath or any other day else, is wicked and to be forbidden. Now, who is so grossly blind that seeth not, that these said exercises not only withdraw us from godliness and virtue, but also hale and allure us to wickedness and sin? For, as concerning football playing, I protest unto you, it may rather be called a friendly kind of fight than a play or recreation, a bloody and murdering practice, than a fellowly sport or pastime. For, doth not every one lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him, and to pick (pitch) him on his nose, though it be upon

hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or what place soever it be he careth not, so he may have him down? And he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? So that by this means, sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometime one part thrust out of joint, sometime another, sometime their noses gush out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away the best, goeth not scot free, but is either sore wounded and bruised, so as he dieth of it, or else scapeth very hardly. And no marvel; for they have sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the heart with their elbow, to hit him under the short ribs with their griped fists, and with their knees, to catch him upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with an hundred such murdering devices. And hereof groweth envy, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, enmity, and what not else? And sometimes fighting, brawling, contention quarrel-picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.

Is this murdering play now an exercise for the Sabbath day? Is this a Christian dealing for one brother to maim and hurt another, and that upon prepensed malice or set purpose? Is this to do to another as we would wish another to do to us? God make us more careful over the bodies of our brethren.

THOMAS DECKER

OUT of a long sleep I did at last fall into a Dream, which presented to my waking soul infinite pleasures, commixed with unutterable horrors. Those did I behold thus sleeping than ever I could before when my eyes were wide open. I climbed to the tops of all the trees in Paradise, and ate sweeter apples than Adam ever tasted. I went into the Star-Chamber of Heaven where Kings and princes were set to the



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subjects that scorn to be our companions? What though a prating Constable or a red nosed Beadle say to one of us, Sirrah Goodman Rogue, if I served you well, I should see you whipped through the town? Alas. Alas. Silly Animals. If all men should have that which they deserve, we should do nothing but play the Executioners and tormentors one of another. . . .

The life of a Beggar is the life of a soldier: he suffers hunger and cold in winter, and heat and thirst in summer: he goes lousy: he goes lame: he's not regarded, he's not rewarded: here only shines his glory; The whole Kingdom is but his walk, a whole city is but his parish; in every man's kitchen is his meat dressed, in every man's cellar lies his beer, and the best men's purses keep a penny for him to spend.

Since then the profession is ancient (as having been from the beginning) and so general, that all sorts of people make it their last refuge: Since a number of artificers maintain their houses by it: since we and many a thousand more live merrily with it: let us, my brave Tawny-faces, not give up our patched cloaks, nor change our copies, but as we came beggars out of our mother's bellies, so resolve and set up your staves upon this, to return like beggars into the bowels of the earth. Dixi.

Scarce was the word Dixi belched out of his rotten Aly lungs, but all the Bench, whistlers from one end to the other, gave a ringing Plaudite to the Epilogue of his speech, in sign of approbation: whereupon they rose up as confusedly as they sat down, and having paid so far as their purses would stretch for what they had devoured, making Oes in chalk for the rest when they met there next, And every man with his Mort (wife) being assigned to their quarters which order given, at what following Fairs to shake hands, and what Ale-bush to tipple, with Items likewise given where to strike down Geese, where to steal hens, and from what hedges to fetch sheets, tha may serye as pawnes, away they departed.

JOHN TAYLOR (THE WATER POET)

A NAVY OF LAND SHIPS

I HAVE little to say to the reader, because I neither know him nor his conditions, therefore to avoid lying and flattery, in putting the styles of Christian, gentle, courteous, friendly, learned or honest, upon the atheist, barbarous, hateful, ignorant, or dishonest; the reader gets no epistle at all of me: if he be good and well inclined, it is the better for himself; and if otherwise, it shall not be much the worse for me, there's the point. Now the reason why all these words, or names of my moral navy are called ships, or do end with the word or syllable ship, as Lord-Ship, Lady-Ship, Friend-Ship, and the like etc. The reasons I take to be these which followeth, and as I imagine most significate; first the whole life of man is a ship under sail; for be it either day or night, storm or calm, light or dark, hot or cold, winter or summer, yet the ship is in her course, ever going in her voyage; so likewise man, let him go, sit, stand, ride, run, work, play, sleep or wake, yet he is still going onward in his mortal passage. A ship is ever in need of repairing, so is a man either in body, mind, or goods. A ship is ever unsteady; a man is always mutable; some ships are hard to be steered; some men are harder to be guided. Some ships bear so great a sail that they bear their masts by the board, and make all split again: some men do spread such a clew in a calm, that a sudden storm half sinks them, and tears all. Some ships are so favoured by the wind, that they make rich voyages and quick returns; some men are so fortunate, that wealth and promotion do fall in their mouths. Some ships run through many a storm with much danger, and yet are so unlucky that they never make a good voyage; some men being born under threepenny planet can neither by pains, watching, labour, or any industry be worth a groat. Some ships by being overladen have been cast away; some men

by taking in too much have been forced to cast all away. Ships do wallow and heave, and sit upon the sea; men do stumble, reel and stagger on the land. Some ships have their cracks and imperfections gaily hid with painting; some men have their bad intents covered over with hypocrisy, and their diseased carcasses covered with good clothes. Some ships do bring profitable commodities, and some bring baubles, toys and trifles; some men do enrich a kingdom with their wisdom, authority and practice in virtue: and some men do disgrace and impoverish a monarchy by folly, ill-employed power, and sottishness in vanity. Some ships will run to leeward extremely, if the wind be scant, some again will barely beat it out to windward and weather it; so some men will shrink from their friends or from themselves in a storm, or trouble, or poverty; and some few again will bear up stiff, constantly, contemning and opposing the brunts of Fortune. Some ships are taken by others and made prizes; some men are captived by others and made slaves. Some ships are commended more for their bulk and beauty, than for any good service; and some men are more applauded for their fortunes, than for any good conditions. If I would insist longer on these comparisons, I could enlarge my induction to the bounds of a pamphlet; therefore I will conclude it with King Solomon's similitude, Wisdom 5. cap. 10. That man's life passeth as a ship that passeth over the waves of the waters. Therefore I wish all men to be provided as good ships should be, let Hope be their cable, let charity and love guard and compass, till they come happily to the haven of Gravesend, and from thence to that blessed harbour which hath no end.



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you shall make unto the hunted deer and view him, and if you find it to be a fresh deer, you shall rate the dogs and bring them back to the default, and these make them cast about again till they have undertaken the first hunted deer, then give them comfort by holloaing, and so continue the chase till you have either set up the deer or slain him, ever and anon having a watchful eye unto change; for it is the nature of a deer when he is once *imbost*, or weary, to seek where he may find another deer, and to beat him up and lay himself down in his place.

To know when a stag is weary, you shall see him *imbost*, that is, foaming and slavering about the mouth with a thick white froth, his hair will look black, shining and foul with sweat, and he will tappish oft, that is, he will ever anon be lying down and lurking in dark holes and corners, and for his last refuge he will betake himself to the soil; which is, he will leap if he can, into rivers ponds or other waters; out of which you shall force him either by art or strength. And thus much for the chase or hunting of the stag.

T. DECKER

(THE WONDERFUL YEARE, 1603)

LONDON SICK OF THE PLAGUE

WHAT an unmatchable torment were it for a man to be bard up every night in a vast silent Charnell-house? hung (to make it more hideous) with lamps dimly and slowly burning, in hollow and glimmering corners: where all the pavement instead of greene rushes, be strewed with blasted Rosemary: withered Hyacinthes, fatall Cipresse and Ewe, thickly mingled with heapes of dead men's bones: the bare ribbes of a father that begat him, lying there: here the Chaplesse hollow scull of a mother that bore him: round about him a thousand

corpses, some standing bolt upright in their knotted winding sheets: others half mouldred in rotten coffins, that should suddenly yawn wide open, filling his nostrils with noisome stench, and his eyes with the sight of nothing but crawling worms. And to keep such a poor wretch waking, he should heare no noise but of Toads croaking, Screech Owles howling, Mandrakes shrieking: were not this an infernall Prison? would not the strongest-harted man (beset with such a ghastly horror) looke wilde? and run madde? and die? And even such a formidable shape did the diseased Citie appeare in: For he that durst (in the dead houre of gloomy midnight) have beene so valiant, as to have walkt through the still and melancholy streets, what thinke you should have been his musick? Surely the loud grones of raving sicke men; the struggling panges of soules departing: In every house grieffe striking up an Allarum: Servants crying out for masters: wives for husbands, parents for children, children for their mothers: here he should have met some frantickly running to knock up Sextons; there, others fearfully sweating with Coffins, to steal forth dead bodies, least the fatal handwriting of death should seal up their doores. And to make this dismal consort more full, round about him Bells heavily tolling in one place, and ringing out in another. The dreadfulnessse of such an hour is unutterable: let us go further. If some poor man, suddenly starting out of a sweet and golden slumber, should behold his house flaming about his ears, all his family destroyed in their sleeps by the merciless fire; himselfe in the very midst of it, wofully and like a madde man calling for helpe: would not the misery of suche a distressed soule, appeare the greater, if the rich Usurer dwelling next doore to him, should not stirre (though he felt part of the danger) but suffer him to perish, when the thrusting out of an arm might have saved him? O how many thousands of wretched people have acted this poore man's part? how often hath the amazed husband waking, found the comfort of his bedde lying breathlesse by his side! his children at the same instant lying gasping for life, and his servants mortally wounded at

the heart by sickness ; the distracted creature beats at death-doors, exclaims at windows, his cries are sharp enough to pierce heaven, but on earth no ear is opened to receive them. And in this manner do the tedious minutes of the night stretch out the sorrows of ten thousand : It is now day, let us look forth and try what consolation rises with the Sun not any, not any : for before the jewel of the morning be fully set in silver, (an) hundred hungry graves stand gaping, and every one of them (as at a breakfast) hath swallowed down ten or eleven livelesse carcasses : before dinner, in the same gulfe are twice so many more devoured : and before the Sun takes his rest, those numbers are doubled : Three score that not many hours before had every one several lodgings very delicately furnisht, are now thrust altogether into one close room : a little noisome room : not fully ten foote square.

ROBERT BURTON

TIRED OF ALL THESE

HOW would our Democritus have been affected, to see a wicked caitiff or fool, a very idiot, a funge, a golden ass, a monster of men, to have many good men, wise men, learned men, to attend upon him with all submission, as an appendix to his riches, for that respect alone, because he hath more wealth and money, and to honour him with divine titles and bombast epithets, to smother him with fumes and eulogies, whom they know to be a dizzard, a fool, a covetous wretch, a beast, etc., *because he is rich*. To see *sub exuviis leonis onagrum*, a filthy loathsome carcass, a Gorgon's head puffed up by parasites, assume this unto himself, glorious titles, in worth an infant, a Cuman ass, a painted sepulchre, an Egyptian temple. To see a withered face, a diseased, deformed, cankered complexion, a rotten carcass, a viperous



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commanding beauty fades in an instant. It is a jewel soon lost, the painter's goddess, *Falsa veritas*, a mere picture. *Favour is deceitful and beauty is vanity.* Prov. 31. 30.

A little gem, bubble, is beauty pale,
A rose, dew, snow, smoke, wind, air, naught at all.

If she be fair, as the saying is, she is commonly a fool; if proud, scornful, *sequiturque superbia Formam*, or dishonest, *rara est concordia Formæ atque pudiciæ*, can she be fair and honest too? Aristo, the son of Agasicles, married a Spartan lass, the fairest lady in all Greece next to Helen, but for her conditions, the most abominable and beastly creature of the world. So that I would wish thee to respect, with Seneca, not her person, but qualities. *Will you say that's a good blade, which hath a gilded scabbard, embroidered with gold and jewels? No, but that which hath a good edge and point, well tempered metal, able to resist.* This beauty is of the body alone, and what is that, but as Gregory Nazianzen telleth us, *a mock of time and sickness?* or as Boethius, *as mutable as a flower, and tis not nature so makes us, but most part the infirmity of the beholder.* For ask another, he sees no such matter. *Dic mihi per gratias qualis tibi videtur, I pray thee tell me how thou likest my sweetheart,* as she asked her sister in Aristænetus, *whom I so much admire, he is the sweetest gentleman, the properest man that ever I saw: but I am in love, I confess (nec pudet fateri) and cannot therefore well judge.* But be she fair indeed, golden-haired, as *Anacreon* his *Bathyllus* (to examine particulars) she have

Flammeolos oculos collaque lacteola

a pure sanguine complexion, little mouth, coral lips, white teeth, soft and plump neck, body, hands, feet, all fair and lovely to behold, composed of all graces, elegancies, an absolute piece.

Lumina sint Melitæ Junonia, dextra Minervæ,
Mamillæ Veneris, sura maris dominæ.

Let her head be from Prague, paps out of Austria, belly from France back from Brabant, hands out of England, feet from

Rhine, buttocks from Switzerland, let her have the Spanish gait, the Venetian tire, Italian compliment and endowments. Let her be such a one throughout, as Lucian deciphers in his *Imagines*; as Euphranor of old painted Venus, Aristœnetus describes Lais, another Helen, Chariclea, Leucippe, Lucretia, Pandora; let her have a box of beauty to repair herself still, such a one as Venus gave Phaon, when he carried her over the ford; let her use all helps Art and Nature can yield; be like her, and her, whom thou wilt, or all these in one; a little sickness, a fever, smallpox, wound, scar, loss of an eye, or limb, a violent passion, a distemperature of heat or cold, mars all in an instant, disfigures all; childbearing, old age, that tyrant Time will turn Venus to Erinnyes; raging Time, care, rivels her upon a sudden; after she hath been married a small while, and the black ox hath trodden on her toe, she will be so much altered, and wax out of favour, thou wilt not know her. One grows too fat, another too lean etc., modest Matilda, pretty pleasing Peg, sweet singing Susan, mincing merry Moll, dainty dancing Doll, neat Nancy, jolly Joan, nimble Nell, kissing Kate, bouncing Bess with black eyes, fair Phyllis with fine white hands, fiddling Frances, tall Tib, slender Sib etc., will quickly lose their grace, grow fulsome, stale, sad, heavy, dull, sour, and all at last out of fashion. *Ubi jam vultus arqutia, suavis suavitatio, blandus risus* etc. Those fair sparkling eyes will look dull, her soft coral lips will be pale, dry, cold, rough and blue, her skin rugged, that soft and tender *superficies* will be hard and harsh, her whole complexion changed, in a moment, and as Matilda writ to King John,

I am not now as when thou saw'st me last,
 That favour soon is vanished and past:
 That rosy blush lapt in a lily vale,
 Now is with morpew overgrown and pale.

FRANCIS BACON

OF FRIENDSHIP

IT had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, “Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god ;” for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, had somewhat of the savage beast ; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man’s self for a higher conversation : such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathens—as Epimenides, the Candian ; Numa, the Roman ; Empedocles, the Sicilian, and Apollonius, of Tyana ; and truly, and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth ; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little : *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*—[“Great city, great solitude”] ; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods ; but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness ; and, even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame, of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind : you may take sarza to



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to draw him forth to his death: for when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill-presages, and especially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream; and it seemed his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter, which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, called him *venefica* ("witch"); as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life—there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as the two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him, saith, *Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi*—["These things, on account of our friendship, I have not concealed"]; and the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimus Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also, in a letter to the senate, by these words, "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth, most plainly, that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as a half piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews, and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his

first master, Duke Charles the Hardy—namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none ; and, least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XL, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito*—[“ Eat not the heart.”] Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts ; but one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man’s self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves ; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth of operation upon a man’s mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man’s body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature ; but yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature ; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression—and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections ; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempest, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend ; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another : he tosseth his thoughts more easily—he marshalleth them more orderly—

he seeth how they look when they are turned into words—finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, *that speech was like the cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad*; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best), but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation—which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, “Dry light is ever the best;” and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business: for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine sometime too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt (best I say to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities



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Here, the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say that a friend is another himself; for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him: so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like; but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his own son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless: I have given a rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

OF DEATH

DARKNESS and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us.

Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsisting with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again.

Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandize, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in Heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts—; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the sun with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end ; —which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself ; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself : all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration ; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing naticities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus ; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world, we shall not all die, but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but a few graves ; at least



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part of their Elysium. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard,¹ as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six feet as the moles of Adrianus.²

tabesne cadavera solvat,
An rogos, haud refert.—*Lucan.*

SIR JOHN ELIOT

THE MIND OF MAN

WE know there are necessaries for the body, necessaries for the mind, for the sustentation, for the satisfaction of them both, without which true happiness cannot be: and there in order; action must not dispose with relation unto virtue, virtue conforming it to the rule and line of reason. And of action and contemplation thus compos'd true virtue does consist, which likewise having a superiority of the affections, to hold them in obedience to the mind, that that excellence, which action and contemplation have composed, be not by the exorbitance of their motions broken or interrupted, but retain a constant clearness and serenity. This makes up that perfection of our Monarchy, that happiness of the mind, which, being founded upon these grounds, built upon these foundations, no power or greatness can impeach: such is the state and majesty that nothing can approach it, but by the admission of these servants; such is the safety and security, that nothing can violate or touch it but by the instruments and organs; such is the power and dignity as all

¹ In Paris, where bodies soon consume.

² A stately mausoleum, or sepulchral pile, built by Adrianus in Rome, where now standeth the castle of St Angelo.

things must obey it, all things are subject to the mind, which in this temper is the commander of them all. No resistance is against it; it breaks through the orbs and immense circles of the Heavens, and penetrates even to the centre of the Earth; it opens the fountains of antiquity, and runs down the stream of time, below the period of all seasons; it dives into the dark counsels of Eternity, and the abstruse secrets of nature it unlocks; all places, all occasions are alike obvious to this: this does observe those subtle passages in the air, and the unknown paths and traces in the deeps. There is that great power of operation in the mind, that quickness and celerity of motion, that in an instant it does pass from extremity to extremity, from the lowest to the highest, from the extremest point o' the west, to the horoscope and ascendant in the east, it measures in one thought the whole circumference of Heaven, and by the same line it takes the geography of the earth, the seas, the air, the fire, all things of either, are within the comprehension of the mind, it has an influence on them all, whence it takes all that may be useful, all that may be helpful in its government. No limitation is prescribed it, no restriction is upon it, but in a free scope it has liberty upon all. And in this liberty is the excellence of the mind, in this power and composition of the mind is the perfection of a man, in that perfection is the happiness we look for, when in all sovereignty it reigns commanding, not commanded; when at home the subjects are subject and obedient, not refractory and fractious; when abroad, they are as servants serviceable, and in readiness, without hesitation or reluctance; when to the resolutions of the Council, to the digests of the laws, the actions and affections are inclined, this is that *Summum bonum*, and chief good, which in this state and condition is obtained. The mind for this has that transcendence given it, that man, though otherwise the weakest, might be the strongest and most excellent of all creatures; in that only is the excellence we have, and thereby are we made superior to the rest, for in the habits of the body in all the faculties thereof, man is

not comparable to others, in sense and motion far inferior to many. The Ancients suppose it the indiscretion of Epimetheus, having the first distribution of the qualities, to leave us so defective ; when to the rest he gave an excellence in their kinds, as swiftness and agility to some, strength and fortitude to others, and whom he found weakest, those he made most nimble, as in the fowls and others it is seen, and whom he found most slow, to those he gave most strength, as bulls and elephants do express it, and so all others in their kinds have some singularity and excellence, wherein there is a compensation for all wants : some being armed offensively and defensively, and in that having a provisional security, but man only he left naked, more unfurnished than the rest, in him there was neither strength nor agility to preserve him from the danger of his enemies, multitudes exceeding him in either, many in both, to whom he stood obnoxious and exposed, having no resistance, no avoidance for their furies but in this case and necessity, to relieve him, upon this oversight and improvidence of Epimetheus, Prometheus that wise statesman whom Pandora could not cozen, having the present apprehension of the danger, by his quick judgment and intelligence secretly passes into Heaven, steals out a fire from thence, infuses it into man, by that inflames his mind with a divine spirit and wisdom, and therein gives him a full supply for all : for all the excellence of the creatures, he had a far more excellence in this ; this one was for them all ; no strength nor ability could match it, all motions and abilities came short of this perfection, the most choice arms of nature have their superlative in its Arts ; all the arts of Vulcan and Minerva have their comparative herein. In this divine fire and spirit, this supernatural influence of the mind, all excellence organical is surpassed, it is the transcendant of them all, nothing can come to match it, nothing can impeach it, but man therein is an absolute master of himself, his own safety and tranquillity by God (for so we must remember the Ethics did express it) are made dependent on himself, and in that self dependance, in the neglect of others, in the entire



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sudden faintness and universal weariness useth to be the body, a sign of following sickness ; or, as winter lightnings, earthquakes and monsters prove to commonwealths and great cities, harbingers of wretched events and emblems of their hidden destinies.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange, if whatsoever is humane should befall me, knowing how Providence overcomes grief, and discountenances crosses ; and that, as we should not despair in evils which may happen to us, we should not be too confident, nor lean much to those goods we enjoy ; I began to turn over in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable mortality, and to forecast everything which could beget gloomy and sad apprehensions, and with a mask of horror shew itself to humane eyes : till in the end, as by unities and points mathematicians are brought to great numbers, and huge greatness, after many fantastical glances of the woes of mankind, and those incumbrances which follow upon life, I was brought to think, and with amazement, on the last of humane terrors, or (as one termed it) the last of all dreadful and terrible evils, Death.

For to easy censure it would appear, that the soul, if it can foresee that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus over-grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustom'd sorrow : considering their near union, long familiarity and love, with the great change, pain, and ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of Death.

They had their being together, parts they are of one reasonable creature, the harming of the one, is the weakning of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses ? They are the gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight. If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute, to abide but a few months the want of one, how much more the being without such noble tools and engines be painful to the soul ? And if two pilgrims which have wandred some few miles together, have a hearts-grief when they are near to part, what must the sorrow be at

parting of two so loving friends and never-loathing lovers, as are the body and soul?

Death is the violent éstranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from the parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows or age-worn stories: all strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honour into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the reasonless breaker off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us; it, in one moment, robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together: by this are successions of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned: it is not overcome by pride, soothed by flattery, tam'd by intreaties, brib'd by benefits, softened by lamentations, nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help everything. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world, it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it. The ruins of Phanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames, yield a sad prospect to the soul, and how should it without horror view the wrack of such a wonderful master-piece as is the body?

JOHN MILTON

THE SEARCH FOR LOST TRUTH

TRUTH indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his

conspirators how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred Saint.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

OF MUSIC

IT is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is a musick, even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain "the musick of the spheres": for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-musick. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it: for even that tavern-musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear



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The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? Or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture all shall awake again.

JOHN MILTON

OF EDUCATION

I SHALL detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to haul and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered:—

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an academy, and big enough to lodge one hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done. This place should be at once

both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law or physic where they mean to be practitioners ; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lilly to the commencing, as they term it, master of art, it should be absolute. After this pattern as many edifices may be converted to this use as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility everywhere. This number, less or more, thus collected, to the convenience of a foot-company or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly—their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies : first, they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better ; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronounciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward ; so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as law French. Next, to make them expert in the usefulest points of grammar, and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education should be read to them, whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses ; but in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quintilian and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be to temper them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages :

that they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises; which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day might be taught them the rules of arithmetic, and, soon after, the elements of geometry, even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast till bed-time their thoughts would be best taken up in the easy grounds of religion and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the authors of agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella, for the matter is most easy; and if the language is difficult, so much the better; it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of Hercules' praises. Ere half these authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard and daily) they cannot choose but be masters of an ordinary prose: so that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern author the use of the globes and all the maps, first with the old names and then with the new; or they might then be capable to read any compendious method of natural philosophy; and, at the same time, might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the same manner as was before prescribed for the Latin; whereby the difficulties of grammar being soon overcome, all the historical physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's "Natural Questions," to Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus. And having thus past the principles of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and geography, with a general compact of physics, they may



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in their nightward studies wherewith they close the day's work under the determinate sentence of David or Solomon, or the evangels and apostolic scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of economics. And either now or before this they may have easily learned at any odd hour the Italian tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian; those tragedies also that treat of household matters, as *Trachiniæ*, *Alcestis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the study of politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies, that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor shaken uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience as many of our great councillors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of law and legal justice, delivered first and with best warrant by Moses, and, as far as human prudence can be trusted, in those extolled remains of Grecian lawgivers, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*; and thence to all the Roman edicts and tables, with their *Justinian*; and so down to the Saxon and common laws of England and the statutes. Sundays also and every evening may now be understandingly spent in the highest matters of theology and church history, ancient and modern: and ere this time at a set hour the Hebrew tongue might have been gained, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the *Chaldee* and the *Syrian* dialect. When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right accent and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit and vigour of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, *Euripides* or *Sophocles*. And now, lastly, will be the time to read with

them those organic arts which enable men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fitted style of lofty, mean, or lowly. Logic, therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referred to this due place, with all her well-couched heads and topics, until it be time to open her contracted palm into a graceful and ornate rhetoric taught out of the rule of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate; I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar, but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castlevetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, what is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things: or whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then appear in pulpits other visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought, than we now sit under, oft-times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one-and-twenty, unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and some-

times into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion.

HENRY MORE, THE PLATONIST

THE DEMON OF MASCON

THAT relation of Mr Francis Perreaud, concerning an unclean spirit that haunted his house at Mascon in Burgandy, both for the variety of matter and the authentickness of the story is of prime use. For though this Demon never appeared visible to the eye, yet his presence was palpably deprehensible by many freaks and pranks that he played. As in drawing the curtains at midnight, and plucking off the blankets; in his holding of the doors, and in rolling of billets; in his knocking and flinging things against the wainscot; in his whistling such tunes as they teach birds, and in his singing profane and bawdy songs; in his repeating aloud the Lord's Prayer and the Creed; in his imitating the voices and dialects of several persons, as also the crying of huntsmen, the croaking of frogs, and the speeches of jugglers and mountebanks; his scoffing and jeering and uttering merry conceits, as that of Pays de Vaux, where he said they made goodly carbonadoes of witches, and thereupon laughed very loud; his bringing commendations from remote friends, and his telling stories of fightings and murders; his discovering of things done in private to the actors of them; his exprobrating to a grave Divine the singing of a bawdy song in a tavern; his tossing of a roll of cloth of fifty ells; his disordering of skeins of yarn; and pulling men at their work by their coats backward; his flinging the hat of one at his face while he was asleep in his house, and snatching a candlestick out of a maid's hand; his entangling and trying things in such knots as it was impossible for any one to untie them, and yet



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towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge ; there we'll sit and sing, whilst their shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a yet sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look ! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea ; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs ; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun ; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

“ I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possess'd joys not promised in my birth.”

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me ; 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do ; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale ; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it : it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago ; and the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder ! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman ! I have been a fishing, and

am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-Woman. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made haycock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? You shall have it freely.

Piscator. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-Woman. What song was it, I pray? Was it "Come shepherds, deck your heads"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Phillida flouts me"? or, "Chevy Chace"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or "Troy Town"?

Piscator. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sang the first part, and you sang the answer to it.

Milk-Woman. Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

(The Milkmaid sings.)

Venator. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, and sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night; and without doubt, honest, innocent,

pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring, and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."

(The Milkmaid's Mother sings.)

Mother. Well, I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin, sing that song that you sang last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Maudlin. I will, mother. *(Sings.)*

Piscator. Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let Maudlin alone; do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes my hostess, to call us to supper. How now? Is my brother Peter come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him: they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

E. TOPSEL

THE VULGAR LITTLE MOUSE

THERE is no creature that heareth more perfectly than a mouse; they dwell in houses of men, especially near supping and dining rooms, kitchens or larders, where any meat is stirring. And they make themselves places of abode by gnawing with their teeth, if they find not convenient lodgings prepared to their hand, and they love the hollow places of walls, or the roofs of houses; and therefore the wasps, which in Aristophanes are called *Drophæ*, that is, gnawers of roofs, are to be understood to be mice, because *Mys Drophia* is a mouse in the house top. In the day time they lie still, so



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as they drink. And the reason thereof we will shew afterwards in the taking of mice, when we come to discourse of their poisons. And for the present it should seem their temperament, or constitution, is so moist, that nature can endure no addition. Yet in the plains of Arcadia, there are mice which drink of a certain fountain without any harm.

OF THE ELEPHANT

They live upon the fruits of plants and roots; and with their trunks and heads overthrow the tops of trees and eat the boughs and bodies of them, and many times upon the leaves of trees he devoureth chameleons, whereby he is poisoned and dieth, if he eat not immediately a wild olive. They eat earth often without harm, but if they eat it seldom, it is hurtful and procureth pain in their bellies, so also they eat stones. They are so loving to their fellows that they will not eat their meat alone, but having found a prey, they go and invite the residue to their feasts and cheer, more like to reasonable civil men, than unreasonable brute beasts. There are certain noble Melons in Ethiopia, which the elephants being sharp-smelling beasts, do wind a great way off, and by the conduct of their noses come to those gardens of melons, and there eat and devour them. When they are tamed they will eat barley either whole or ground: of whole at one time is given them nine Macedonian bushels, but of meal six, and of drink either wine or water, thirty Macedonian pints at a time, that is, fourteen gallons; but this is observed, that they drink not wine except in war, when they are to fight, but water at all times, whereof they will not taste except it be muddy and not clear, for they avoid clear water, loathing to see their own shadow thereon; and therefore when the Indians are to pass the water with their elephants, they choose dark and cloudy nights wherein the moon affordeth no light. If they perceive but a mouse run over their meat, they will not eat thereof, for there is in them a great hatred of this creature. Also they will eat dried figs, grapes, onions,

bulrushes, palms and ivy leaves. There is a region in India, called Phalacrus, which signifieth bald, because of an herb growing therein, which causeth every living thing that eateth thereof, to lose both horn and hair, and therefore no man can be more industrious or wary to avoid those places than is an elephant, and to forbear every green thing growing in that place when he passeth through it.

It will forbear drink eight days together, and drink wine to drunkenness, like an ape. It is delighted above measure with sweet savours, ointments, and smelling flowers, for which cause their keepers will in the summer time lead them into the meadows of flowers, where they of themselves will by the quickness of their smelling, choose out and gather the sweetest flowers, and put them into a basket if their keeper have any ; which, being filled, like dainty and neat men, they also desire to wash, and so will go and seek out water to wash themselves, and of their own accord return back again to the basket of flowers, which, if they find not, they will bray and call for them. Afterward, being led into their stable, they will not eat meat until they take off their flowers and dress the brims of their mangers therewith, and likewise strew their room or standing place, pleasing themselves with their meat, because of the savour of the flowers stuck about their cratch, like dainty fed persons which set their dishes with green herbs, and put them into their cups of wine.

JOSEPH GLANVILL

THE SCHOLAR GIPSY

THERE was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford who being of very pregnant and ready parts, and yet wanting the encouragement of preferment ; was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there, and to cast himself upon the wide world for a livelihood. Now, his necessities

growing daily on him, and wanting the help of friends to relieve him; he was at last forced to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies, whom occasionally he met with, and to follow their trade for a maintenance. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtlety of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love, and esteem; as that they discovered to him their mystery: in the practice of which, by the pregnancy of his wit and parts he soon grew so good a proficient, as to be able to outdo his instructors. After he had been a pretty while well exercised in the trade; there chanced to ride by a couple of Scholars who had formerly been of his acquaintance. The scholars had quickly spied out their old friend, among the gipsies; and their amazement to see him among such society, had well-nigh discovered him: but by a sign he prevented their owning him before that crew: and taking one of them aside privately, desired him with his friend to go to an inn, not far distant thence, promising there to come to them. They accordingly went thither, and he follows: after their first salutations, his friends enquire how he came to lead so odd a life as that was, and to join himself with such a cheating, beggarly company. The scholar gipsy having given them an account of the necessity, which drove him to that kind of life; told them, that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, and that himself had learnt much of their art, and improved it further than themselves could. And to evince the truth of what he said, he'd remove into another room, leaving them to discourse together; and upon his return tell them the sum of what they had talked of: which accordingly he performed, giving them a full account of what had passed between them in his absence. The scholars being amazed at so unexpected a discovery, earnestly desired him to unriddle the mystery. In which he gave them satisfaction, by telling them, that what he did was by the power of imagination, his fancy binding theirs; and that himself had



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think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature ; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy : we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty ; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice : our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here, pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife ; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here, is harmless and cheap plenty ; there, guilty and expensive luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandmen ; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence ; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding : to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry ; and to see, like God, that all his works are good :—

“*Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; ipsi
Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.*”

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.

THOMAS HOBBS

OF THE DIFFERENCE OF MANNERS

BY manners I mean not here decency of behaviour, as how one should salute another, or how a man should wash his mouth, or pick his teeth before company, and such other points of the “small morals” ; but those qualities of mind

that concern their living together in piece and unity. To which end we are to consider that the felicity of this life consisteth not in the repose of a mind satisfied. For there is no such *finis ultimus*, utmost aim, nor *summum bonum*, greatest good, as is spoken of in the books of the old moral philosophers. Nor can a man any more live, whose desires are at an end, than he whose senses and imaginations are at a stand. Felicity is a continual progress of the desire, from one object to another, the attaining of the former being still but the way to the latter. The cause whereof is that the object of man's desire is not to enjoy once only, and for one instant of time, but to assure for ever the way of his future desire. And therefore the voluntary actions and inclinations of all men, tend not only to the procuring, but also to the assuring of a contented life; and differ only in the way which ariseth partly from the diversity of passions in divers men; and partly from the difference of the knowledge or opinions each one has of the causes which produce the effect desired.

JONATHAN SWIFT

GULLIVER ON HIS FELLOWS

WHAT you have told me, (said my master) upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature hath left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief.

For your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore in

recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think that you have *said the thing that is not*.

I could not forbear shaking my head and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carbines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights; ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horse's feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcasses left for food to dogs and wolves and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, burning and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of Yahoos might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal, to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears being used to such abominable words, might by degrees admit them with less detestation. That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a Gnnayh (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting my hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection



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BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE

OF EXECUTION DAY

WHEN the day of execution is come, among extraordinary sinners and persons condemned for their crimes, who have but that morning to live, one would expect a deep sense of sorrow, with all the signs of a thorough contrition, and the utmost concern ; that either gravity or a sober silence should prevail ; and that all, who had any business there, should be grave and serious, and behave themselves, at least, with common decency, and a deportment suitable to the occasion. But the very reverse is true. The horrid aspects of turnkeys and gaolers, in discontent and hurry ; the sharp and dreadful looks of rogues, that beg in irons, but would rob you with greater satisfaction, if they could ; the bellowings of half a dozen names at a time, that are perpetually made in the inquiries after one another ; the variety of strong voices, that are heard, of howling in one place, scolding and quarrelling in another, and loud laughter in a third ; the substantial breakfasts that are made in the midst of all this ; the seas of beer that are swilled ; the never-ceasing outcries for more ; and the bawling answers of the tapsters as continual ; the quantity and variety of more intoxicating liquors, that are swallowed in every part of Newgate ; the impudence and unseasonable jests of those who administer them ; their black hands and nastiness all over ; all these, joined together, are astonishing and terrible, without mentioning the oaths and imprecations, that from every corner are echoed about, for trifles ; or the little light and general squalor of the gaol itself, accompanied with the melancholy noise of fetters, differently sounding according to their weight. But what is most shocking to a thinking man, is the behaviour of the condemned, whom (for the most part) you'll find, either drinking madly, or uttering the vilest ribaldry, and jeering others, that are less impenitent ; whilst the ordinary bustles

among them, and, shifting from one to another, distributes scraps of good counsel to unattentive hearers ; and near him, the Hangman, impatient to be gone, swears at their delays, and, as fast as he can, does his part, in preparing them for their journey.

At last, out they set ; and with them a torrent of mob bursts through the gate. Amongst the lower rank and working people, the idlest, and such as are most fond of making holidays, with prentices and journeymen to the meanest trades, are the most honourable part of these floating multitudes. All the rest are worse. The days being known beforehand, they are a summons to all thieves and pickpockets of both sexes to meet. Great mobs are a safeguard to one another, which makes these days Jubilees, on which old offenders, and all who dare not shew their heads on any other, venture out of their holes ; and they resemble free marts, where there is an amnesty for all outlaws. All the way from Newgate to Tyburn is one continued fair, for whores and rogues of the meaner sort. Here the most abandoned rakehells may light on women as shameless : here trollops, all in rags, may pick up sweethearts of the same politeness : and there are none so lewd, so vile, or so indigent, of either sex, but at the time and place aforesaid, they may find a paramour. Where the crowd is the least, which, among the itinerants, is nowhere very thin, the mob is the rudest ; and here, jostling one another, and kicking dirt about, are the most innocent pastimes. Now you see a man, without provocation, push his companion in the kennel : and two minutes after, the sufferer trips up the other's heels, and the first aggressor lies rolling in the more solid mire : and he is the prettiest fellow among them, who is the least shocked at nastiness, and the most boisterous in his sports. No modern rabble can long subsist without their darling cordial, the grand preservative of sloth, Geneva, that infallible antidote against care and frugal reflection ; which, being repeated, removes all pain of sober thought, and in a little time cures the tormenting sense of the most pressing

necessities. The traders, who vent it among the mob on these occasions, are commonly the worst of both sexes, but most of them weather-beaten fellows, that have misspent their youth. Here stands an old sloven, in a wig actually putrefied squeezed up in a corner, and recommends a dram of it to the goers-by: there another in rags, with several bottles in a basket, stirs about with it, where the throng is the thinnest, and tears his throat with crying his commodity; and further off, you may see the head of a third, who has ventured in the middle of the current, and minds his business, as he is fluctuating in the irregular stream: whilst higher up, an old decrepit woman sits dreaming with it on a bulk; and over against her, in a soldier's coat, her termagant daughter sells the sots-comfort with great dispatch.

G. SAVILE, EARL OF HALIFAX

OUR LADY OF ROME

AS for the late King (Charles I.) though he gave the most glorious evidence that ever man did of his being a Protestant, yet, by the more than ordinary influence the Queen was thought to have over him, and it so happening that the greatest part of his anger was directed against the Puritans, there was such an advantage to men disposed to suspect, that they were ready to interpret it a leaning towards Popery, without which handle it was morally impossible that the ill affected part of the nation could ever have seduced the rest into a rebellion.

That which helped to confirm many well-meaning men in their misapprehensions of the King was the long and unusual intermission of Parliaments; so that every year that passed without one, made up a new argument to increase their suspicion, and made them presume that the Papists had a principal hand in keeping them off: this raised such heats in



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(though by mistake) look upon that religion as more favourable to the enlarged power of Kings, a consideration which might have its weight with a young Prince in his warm blood, and that was brought up in arms.

I cannot hinder myself from a small digression, to consider with admiration, that the old Lady of Rome, with all her wrinkles, should yet have charms, able to subdue great princes ; so far from handsome, and yet so imperious ; so painted, and yet so pretending ; after having abused, deposed, and murdered so many of her lovers, she still finds others glad and proud of their new chains ; a thing so strange, to indifferent judges, that those who will allow no other miracles in the Church of Rome, must needs grant that this is one not to be contested ; she sits in her shop, and sells at dear rates her rattles and her hobby horses, whilst the deluded world still continues to furnish her with customers.

DR SOUTH

OF BENEVOLENCE

GOD sometimes, in the way of his providence, calls upon thee, O man, to relieve the necessities of thy brother, to support his blessed cause in the world ; and at other times to attend to the wants of thy country in one form or another. Now, before thou hast recourse to the old stale pretence, that it is *out of thy power*, consider with thyself, that there is a God, who will never be put off with pretences and falsehood, he knows exactly what thou canst do, and what thou canst not. And consider, in the next place, that it is not the best husbandry in the world to be damned to save charges. The miser, and many such there are, who yet wishes to be thought otherwise, is a pest and a monster ; and it is a query whether his heart is hardest or his hand the closest. He is greedier than the sea, and more barren than the shore. A scandal to

religion, and an exception from common humanity; and upon no other account fit to live in this world, but to be made an example of God's justice in the next. Rich men are sometimes outwardly esteemed and honoured, while the methods which they pursued to become rich are inwardly abhorred and detested. Generosity and compassion will always command respect, while oppression and avarice will be deservedly branded all the world over. When a flourishing oppressor shines in gold the basest thing lies hid under the richest covering.

GILBERT BURNET

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S STORY

HE told me of another odd presage that one had of his approaching death in the Lady Warre, his mother in law's house. "The chaplain had dreamt that such a day he should die, but being by all the family put out of the belief of it, he had almost forgot it; till the evening before at supper, there being thirteen at table; according to a fond conceit that one of these must soon die, one of the young ladies pointed to him, that he was to die. He remembering his dream fell into some disorder, and the Lady Warre reproving him for his superstition, he said, he was confident he was to die before morning, but he being in perfect health, it was not much minded. It was Saturday night and he was to preach next day. He went to his chamber and sat up late, as appeared by the burning of his candle; and he had been preparing his notes for his sermon, but was found dead in his bed the next morning."

These things he said made him incline to believe, the soul was a substance distinct from matter: and this often returned into his thoughts. But that which perfected his persuasion about it, was, that in the sickness which brought him so near

death before I first knew him, when his spirits were so low and spent, that he could not move nor stir, and he did not think to live an hour; he said his reason and judgment were so clear and strong, that from thence he was fully persuaded that death was not the spending or dissolution of the soul; but only the separation of it from matter. He had in that sickness great remorse for his past life, but he afterwards told me, they were rather general and dark horrors than any convictions of sinning against God. He was sorry he had lived so as to waste his strength so soon, or that he had brought such an ill name upon himself, and had an agony in his mind about it, which he knew not how to express. But at such times, though he complied with his friends in suffering divines to be sent for, he said he had no great mind to it: and that it was but a piece of his breeding, to desire them to pray by him, in which he joined little himself.

HENRY ST JOHN

THE IDEA OF A PATRIOT KING

WHAT spectacle can be presented to the view of the mind so rare, so nearly divine, as a king possessed of absolute power, neither usurped by fraud, nor maintained by force, but the genuine effect of esteem, of confidence, and affection; the free gift of liberty, who finds her greatest security in this power, and would desire no other if the prince on the throne could be, what his people wish him to be, immortal. Of such a prince, and of such a prince alone, it may be said with strict propriety and truth.

Volentes

Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.

Civil fury will have no place in this draught: or, if the monster is seen, he must be seen as Virgil describes him,



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erect with expectation, let it be reported that a state criminal of high rank is on the point of being executed in the adjoining square ; in a moment the emptiness of the theatre would demonstrate the comparative weakness of the imitative arts, and proclaim the triumph of the real sympathy. I believe that this notion of our having a simple pain in the reality, yet a delight in the representation, arises from hence, that we do not sufficiently distinguish what we would by no means choose to do, from what we should be eager enough to see if it was once done. We delight in seeing things, which, so far from doing, our heartiest wishes would be to see redressed. This noble capital, the pride of England and of Europe, I believe no man is so strangely wicked as to desire to see destroyed by a conflagration or an earthquake, though he should be removed himself to the greatest distance from the danger. But suppose such a fatal accident to have happened what numbers from all parts would crowd to behold the ruins, and amongst many who would have been content never to have seen London in its glory ! Nor is it, either in real or fictitious distresses, our immunity from them which produces our delight ; in my own mind I can discover nothing like it. I apprehend that this mistake is owing to a sort of sophism, by which we are frequently imposed upon ; it arises from our not distinguishing between what is indeed a necessary condition to our doing or suffering anything in general, and what is the *cause* of some particular act. If a man kills me with a sword, it is a necessary condition to this that we should have been both of us alive before the fact ; and yet it would be absurd to say, that our being both living creatures was the cause of his crime and of my death. So it is certain, that it is absolutely necessary my life should be out of any imminent hazard, before I can take a delight in the sufferings of others, real or imaginary, or indeed in anything else from any cause whatsoever. But then it is a sophism to argue from thence, that this immunity is the cause of my delight either on these or on any occasions. No one can distinguish such a cause of satisfaction in his own mind, I believe ; nay, when we do not

suffer any very acute pain, nor are exposed to any imminent danger of our lives, we can feel for others, whilst we suffer ourselves ; and often then most when we are softened by affliction ; we see with pity even distresses which we would accept in the place of our own.

CHARACTER STUDIES AND SKETCHES

JOHN STOW

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

HE was more skilful in all points of navigation, than any that ever was before his time or since his death, he was also of a perfect memory, great observation, eloquent by nature, skilful in artillery, expert and apt to let blood and give physic to his people according to the climates. He was low of stature, of strong limbs, broad breasted, round headed, brown hair, full bearded, his eyes round, large and clear, well favoured, fair, and of a cheerful countenance.

His name was a terror to the French, Spaniard, Portugal and Indians. Many princes of Italy, Germany, and others as well enemies as friends in his life time desired his picture. He was the second that ever went through the Streights of Magellan and the first that ever went round about the world: he was lawfully married unto two wives, both young; yet he himself and ten of his brethren died without issue. He made his youngest brother his heir who was with him in most and chiefest of his employments. In brief he was as famous in Europe and America as Tamburlaine in Asia and Africa. In his imperfections he was ambitious for honour, unconstant in amity, greatly affected to popularity.



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a mourning gown, and Melpomene cries Fire, Fire. His other poems are but briefs in rhyme, and like the poor Greek's collections to redeem from captivity. He is a man now much employed in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard. His frequent'st works go out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market, to a vile tune, and a worse throat : whilst the poor country wench melts like her butter to hear them. And there are the stories of some men of Tyburn, or a strange monster out of Germany ; or sitting in a bawdy house, he writes God's Judgments. He ends at last in some obscure painted cloth, to which himself made the verses, and his life, like a can too full, spills upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my hostess loses.

BEN JONSON

DOMINUS Verulamius. One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone : for no imitator ever grew up to his author ; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke ; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

Scriptorum Catalogus. Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas

Moore, the elder Wyatt, Henry Earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, Bishop Gardiner, were for their times admirable ; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney, and Mr Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high ; and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave and truly lettered ; Sir Edwin Sandys excellent in both ; Lord Egerton, the chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor, is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born, that could honour a language, or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward ; so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and acme of our language.

De augmentis scientiarum. Julius Cæsar. Lord St Alban.
I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of state ; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman, than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the case of Julius Cæsar, who, in the heat of the civil war, writ his books of Analogy, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late Lord St Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum* : which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated, nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book.

Qui longum noto scriptori proroget avum.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by

his place or honours ; but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength ; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

JOHN TAYLOR

THE LADY-SHIP WITH HER REGIMENT

THIS Lady-Ship was a very comely ship to the eye, set out with most excessive and superfluous cost, she was most richly adorned and beautified with flags, streamers, pennons and waistcloths. There was more time spent in rigging of her, than in all the rest of the fleet one after another. Her cordage and tackling was of fine silver twist, only her entering rope was pure gold ; her sails were silk of all the colours of the rainbow ; her masts and yards were strong and serviceable ; her guys, bowlines, sheets, tacks, braces, ties, and lifts, were all very costly ; her gaskets, marlines, cables, hawsers, fish and cat rope, buoy rope, and boat rope, bolt rope and top rope, the guest-rope, bucket rope and foot rope, shrouds, laniards, ratlines, halliards, rope yarns, sounding lines, were all of rare stuffs of great price and small profit. And contrary to any other ship, she had neither forestay or backstay, for the wind lay in her will, and if she please to sail any whither, there was no command had power to stop her, or cable and anchors strength to hold her. In a word, she was a fine timbered vessel, and had the virtue to sail without any compass, and indeed she was altogether for fair weather, for if it stormed, rained, or blew, or sun shined too hot, she would lie at anchor, and keep her harbour a month together



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eat, and drink the best, and withal not to pester, wrong, or oppress the fleet, with good examples or directions.

A FRANKLIN

SIR T. OVERBURY

HIS outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentlemen) and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, go to field, but, let us go; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment, he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, while curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's Ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding, to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly, as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyer's pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect; they are indeed his alm's houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs (!) nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare, nor subtlety, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pit falls for the black-bird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July, he goes to the next river, and sheers his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even song. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shrotings, the wakeful catches on Christmas Eve, the Hock, or seed cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds

them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy closet, when the finding an eiry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young) in regard, he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him ; he cares not when his end comes ; he needs not fear his audit, for his Quietus is in heaven.

T. FULLER

THE GOOD SEA CAPTAIN

HIS military part is concurrent with that of the soldier : he differs only in some sea-properties, which we will now set down. Conceive him now in a man of war, with his letters of marque, well armed, victualled and appointed, and see how he acquits himself.

The more power he hath, the more careful he is not to abuse it. Indeed a sea captain is a king in the island of a ship, supreme judge, above appeal, in causes civil and criminal, and is seldom brought to an account in Courts of Justice on land, for injuries done to his own men at sea.

He is careful in observing of the Lord's Day. He hath a watch in his heart though no bells in a steeple to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers. Sir Francis Drake in three years sailing about the world lost one whole day, which was scarce considerable in so long time. 'Tis to be feared some captains at sea lose a day every week, one in seven, neglecting the Sabbath.

He is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past, as devout when 'tis present : not clamorous to receive mercies, and

tongue-tied to return thanks. Many mariners are calm in a storm, and storm in a calm, blustering with oaths. In a tempest it comes to their turn to be religious, whose piety is but a fit of the wind, and when that's allayed, their devotion is ended.

Escaping many dangers makes him not presumptuous to run into them. Not like those seamen who (as if their hearts were made of those rocks they have often sailed by) are so always in death they never think of it. These in their navigations observe that it is far hotter under the Tropics in the coming to the Line, than under the Line itself, and in like manner they conceive that the fear and fancy in preparing for death is more terrible than death itself, which makes them by degrees desperately to contemn it.

In taking a prize he most prizeth the men's lives whom he takes ; though some of them may chance to be Negroes or Savages. 'Tis the custom of some to cast them overboard, and there's an end of them : for the dumb fishes will tell no tales. But the murder is not so soon drowned as the men. What, is a brother by the half blood no kin? A Savage hath God to his father by creation, though not the Church to his mother, and God will revenge his innocent blood. But our Captain counts the image of God nevertheless His image cut in ebony as if done in ivory, and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of Heaven.

In dividing the gains he wrongs none who took pains to get them. Not shifting off his poor mariners with nothing, or giving them only the garbage of the prize, and keeping all the flesh to himself. In time of peace he quietly returns home, and turns not to the trade of Pirates, who are the worst sea-vermin, and the devil's water-rats.

His voyages are not only for profit, but some for honour and knowledge ; to make discoveries of new countries, imitating the worthy Peter Columbus. Before his time the world was cut off at the middle ; Hercules' Pillars (which indeed are the navel) being made the feet, and utmost bounds of the Continent, till his successful industry enlarged it.



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SIR A. WELLDON

THE CHARACTER OF KING JAMES I.

HE was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough, his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doublets quilted for stiletto proof, his breeches in great pleats and full stuffed: he was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets; his eyes large, ever rolling after any stranger that came in his presence, insomuch, as many for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance; his beard was very thin: his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full in the mouth, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup on each side of his mouth; his skin was as soft as taffeta sarsnet, which felt so, because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers-ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin; his legs were very weak, having had (as was thought) some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born: that he was not able to stand at seven years of age, that weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders; his walk was ever circular, his fingers ever in that walk fiddling about. . . ; he was very temperate in his exercises and in his diet, and not intemperate in his drinking; however, in his old age, Buckingham's jovial suppers, when he had any turn to do with him, made him sometimes overtaken, which he would the very next day remember and repent with tears, it is true he drank very often, which was rather out of a custom than any delight, and his drinks were of that kind for strength as Frontignol, canary, high country Wine, tent wine, and Scottish ale, that, had he not had a very strong brain, might have daily been overtaken, although he seldom drank at any one time above four spoonfuls, many times not above one or two. He was very constant in all things. . . . In his diet, apparel and journeys,

he was very constant ; in his apparel so constant, as by his good will he would never change his clothes until worn out to very rags ; his fashion never, insomuch, as one bringing to him a hat of a Spanish block, he cast it from him, swearing he neither loved them nor their fashions. Another time, bringing him roses on his shoes, he asked, If they would make him a ruff-footed dove? one yard of sixpenny ribbon served that turn ; his diet and journeys were so constant, that the best observing courtier of our time was wont to say, were he asleep seven years, and then awakened, he would tell where the king every day had been, and every dish he had had at his table.

IZAAK WALTON

LIFE OF RICHARD HOOKER

THIS parsonage of Borne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that city to Dover ; in which parsonage Mr Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books, and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turn'd out of the road, and others (scholars especially) went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired : and alas, as our Saviour said of St John Baptist, What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? No, indeed : but an obscure, harmless man ; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat ; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul ; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications ; his face full of heat-pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour : God and Nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might

easily look him out of countenance; so, neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face: and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time: and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was weak or short-sighted; and where he fixt his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended: and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs Churchman to choose his wife.

THOMAS DECKER

A WHIP JACK

Then is there another sort of nimble fingered Knaves, and they are called Whip jacks: who talk of nothing but fights at sea, piracies, drownings and shipwrecks, travelling both in the shape and names of mariners, with a counterfeit licence to beg from town to town, which licence they call a Gybe, and the seals to it Jarkes. Their colour of wandring from shire to shire, (especially along the sea-coasts) is to hearken after their ship that was overthrown, or for the merchandize stolen out of her, but the end of their land-voyages is to rob booths at fairs, which they call Heaving of the Booth. These Whip jacks will talk of the Indies, and of all countries that lie under Heaven, but are indeed no more than fresh water soldiers.

JOHN AUBREY

THOMAS HOBBS

MR HOBBS'S person, etc. :—hazel, quick eye, which continued to his last. He was a tall man, higher than I am by about half a head . . . *i.e.* I could put my



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being naturally of a cheerful and pleasant humour, he affected not at all austerity and gravity and to look severe. He desired not the reputation of his wisdom to be taken from the cut of his beard, but from his reason.

Eie. He had a good eye, and that of a hazel colour, which was full of life and spirit, even to the last. When he was earnest in discourse, there shone, (as it were) a bright live coal within it. He had two kind of looks : when he laughed, was witty, and in a merry humour, one could scarce see his eyes ; by and by, when he was serious and positive, he opened his eyes round (*i.e.* his eye-lids). He had middling eyes, not very big, nor very little. (From Sir W. P.)

Stature. He was six foot high, and something better (quaere James Wh) and went indifferently erect, considering his great age very erect.

Sight-Wit. His sight and wit continued to the last. He had a curious sharp sight, as he had a sharp wit ; which was also so sure and steady (and contrary to that men call broad-wittedness) that I have heard him oftentimes say that in multiplying and dividing he never mistook a figure ; and so in other things.

He thought much and with excellent method and steadiness which made him seldom make a false step.

His books. He had very few books. I never saw (nor Sir William Petty) above half a dozen about him in his chamber. Homer and Virgil were commonly on his table ; sometimes Xenophon, or some probable history, and Greek Testament, or so. *Reading.* He had read much, if one considers his long life ; but his contemplation was much more than his reading. He was wont to say that if he had read as much as other men, he should have known no more than other men.

His physique. He seldom used any physic (quare Sir W. P.). What 'twas I have forgot, but will enquire of Mr Shelbrooke his apothecary at the Black Spread Eagle in the Strand. *Memorandum.* Mr Hobbes was very sick and like to die at Bristol House in Queen Street about 1668. He was wont to say that he had rather have the advice, or take physic

from an experienced old woman, that had been at many sick people's bed-sides, than from the learnedst but unexperienced physician.

'Tis not consistent with an harmonically soul to be a woman hater neither had he an abhorrescence to good wine, but . . . this only *inter nos*. *Temperance and Diet*. He was, even in his youth, (generally) temperate, both as to wine and women.

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.

I have heard him say that he did believe he had been in excess in his life, a hundred times; which, considering his great age, did not amount to above once a year. When he did drink, he would drink to excess to have the benefit of vomiting, which he did easily; by which benefit neither his wit was disturbed longer than he was spueing nor his stomach oppressed; but he never was, nor could not endure to be, habitually a good fellow, *i.e.* to drink every day wine with company, which, though not to drunkenness, spoils the brain. For his last thirty years, his diet, etc., was very moderate and regular. After sixty he drank no wine, his stomach grew weak, and he did eat most fish, especially whittings, for he said he digested fish better than flesh. He rose about seven, had his breakfast of bread and butter, and took his walk, meditating till ten, then he did put down the minutes of his thoughts, which he penned in the afternoon. He had an inch thick board about 16 inches square whereon paper was pasted. On this board he drew his lines. When a line came into his head, he would, as he was walking, take a rude memorandum of it, to preserve it in his memory till he came to his chamber. He was never idle; his thoughts were always working. His dinner was provided for him exactly by eleven, for he could not now stay till his Lord's hour (scilicet, about two) that his stomach could not bear. After dinner he took a pipe of tobacco, and then threw himself immediately on his bed, with his band off, and slept (took a nap of about half an hour). In the afternoon he penned his morning thoughts. *Exercises*. Besides his daily walking, he did twice

or thrice a year play at tennis (at about 75 he did it); then went to bed there and was well rubbed. This he did believe would make him live two or three years the longer. In the country, for want of a tennis-court, he would walk uphill and downhill in the park, till he was in a great sweat, and then give the servant some money to rub him. *Prudence.* He gave to his amanuensis, James Wheldon (the Earl of Devon's baker; who writes a delicate hand) his pension at Leicester, yearly, to wait on him, and take a care of him, which he did perform to him living and dying, with great respect and diligence: for which consideration he made him his executor. *Habit.* In cold weather he commonly wore a black velvet coat, lined with fur; if not, some other coat so lined. But all the year he wore a kind of boots of Spanish leather, laced or tied along the sides with black ribbons. *Singing.* He had always books of prick-song lying on his table:—*e.g.* of H. Lawe's etc. *Songs*, which at night, when he was abed, and the doors made fast, and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud (not that he had a very good voice) but for his health's sake: he did believe it did his lungs good, and conduced much to prolong his life. *Shaking Palsy.* He had the shaking palsy in his hands; which began in France before the year 1650, and has grown upon him by degrees, ever since, so that he has not been able to write very legibly since 1665 or 1666, as I find by some of his letters to me.

His Charity. His brotherly love to his kindred hath already been spoken of. He was very charitable (*pro suo modulo*) to those that were true objects of his bounty. One time, I remember, going in the Strand, a poor and infirm old man craved his alms. He, beholding him with eyes of pity and compassion, put his hand in his pocket, and gave him 6d. Said a divine (*scil.* Dr Jaspar Mayne) that stood by—"Would you have done this, if it had not been Christ's command?"—"Yes," said he.—"Why?" quoth the other.—"Because," said he, "I was in pain to consider the miserable condition of the old man; and now my alms, giving him some relief, doth also ease me."



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would discountenance any bold or forward address unto him. And in suits or discourse of business he would give way to none abruptly to enter into them, but looked, that the greatest Persons should in affairs of this nature address to him by his proper ministers, or by some solemn desire of speaking to him in their own persons. His exercises were manly; for he rid the great horse very well; and on the little saddle he was not only adroit, but a laborious hunter or field-man: and they were wont to say of him, that he failed not to do any of his exercises artificially, but not very gracefully; like some well-proportioned faces, which yet want a pleasant air of countenance. He had a great plainness in his own nature, and yet he was thought even by his friends to love too much a versatile man; but his experience had thoroughly weaned him from this at last.

He kept up the dignity of his Court, limiting persons to places suitable to their qualities, unless he particularly called for them. Besides the women, who attended on his beloved Queen and Consort, he scarce admitted any great officer to have his wife in the family. Sir Henry Vane was the first, that I knew in this kind, who having a good diet as Comptroller of the Household, and a tenuity of fortune was winked at; so as the Court was filled, not crammed.

His exercises of Religion were most exemplary; for every morning early, and evening not very late, singly and alone, in his own bedchamber or closet he spent some time in private meditation (for he durst reflect and be alone) and thro' the whole week, even when he went a-hunting, he never failed, before he sat down to dinner, to have part of the Liturgy read unto him and his menial servants, came he never so hungry, or so late in: and on Sundays and Tuesdays he came (commonly at the beginning of service) to the Chapel, well-attended by his Court, Lords, and chief attendants, and most usually waited on by many of the nobility in town, who found those observances acceptably entertained by him.

His greatest enemies can deny none of this; and a man of

this moderation of mind could have no hungry appetite to prey upon his subjects, tho' he had a greatness of mind not to live precariously by them.

OLIVER CROMWELL

I HAVE no mind to give an ill character of Cromwell ; for in his conversation towards me he was ever friendly ; tho' at the latter end of the day finding me ever incorrigible, and having some inducements to suspect me a tamperer, he was sufficiently rigid. The first time, that ever I took notice of him, was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman ; (for we Courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes) I came one morning into the House well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking (whom I know not) very ordinarily apparelled ; for it was a plain cloth-suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor ; his linen was plain, and not very clean ; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar ; his hat was without a hat-band ; his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour ; for the subject matter would not bear much of reason ; it being in behalf of a servant of Mr Prynne's, who has dispersed libels against the Queen for her dancing and such like innocent and courtly sports ; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the Council Table unto that height, that one would have believed the very Government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much by reverence unto that great Council ; for he was very much hearkened unto. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman, whom out of no ill will to him I thus describe, by multiplied good success, and by real, (but usurpt) power : (having had a better tailor, and more converse among good company) in my own eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's

hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence. Of him therefore I will say no more, but that verily I believe he was extraordinarily designed for those extraordinary things, which one while most wickedly and facinorously he acted, and at another as successfully and greatly performed.

JOSEPH ADDISON

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see



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them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; from which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them: If any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told

us, the Bishop of St Asaph in the morning, and Dr South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

“SIR ROGER,—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having

been at Eaton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.—I am, sir, your humble servant,

WILL WIMBLE.”

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will. Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: He makes a may-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will. is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself: He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make Will. the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old



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gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will. was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

RICHARD STEELE

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

“It is,” said he, “worth while to consider the force of

dress ; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the Yeoman of the Guard ; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader : Besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

“This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a common Street before Whitehall). You see the broken Lance that lies there by his right foot : He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces ; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists, than expose his enemy ; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

“You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the base-viol as well as any gentleman at court ; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and the greatest beauty of her time ; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist ; my grandmother

appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court she became an excellent country-wife, she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

“ If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view ; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid ; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will ; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families : The theft of this romp and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there : Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing) ; you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer : He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world ; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners ; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life ; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it, but however by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name,



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escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

S. RICHARDSON

HIS OWN PORTRAIT

SHORT; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightest cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly fore-right, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish faced and ruddy cheeked; at some times looking to be about sixty five, at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away ground, rather than seeming to rid it; a gray eye, too often overclouded by mistinesses from the head: by chance lively, very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; his eye always on the ladies; if they have very large hoops he looks down and supercilious, and as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that; as he approaches a lady his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up, pretty quickly for a dull eye; and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as *so* or *so*, and then passes on to the next object he meets.

DAVID HUME

QUEEN ELIZABETH

THERE are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess; her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition; she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities, the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

TRANSLATIONS

WILLIAM DE MACHLINIA

THE REVELATION TO THE MONK OF EVESHAM

Of the entryng of the gate of paradyse and of the ioy that apperyd withinforth.

FORTHERMORE nowe whenne we were pafte all thefe placys and fightys aforeseyde and had gonne a good fpace more inward and euer grew to vs more and more ioye and feyernes of placys. alfo at the lafte we fawe aferre a ful glorious walle of cryftal hoys heythe no man might fee. and lenthe no man might confider. and when we came thedyr y fawe within forthe a ful feyre brighte fchynyng gate and ftode opyn faue hit was figned and leide ouer with a croffe Treuly theder came flockemele the multytude of tho bleffyd fowlys that were next to hyt. and wolde cum in at that feyre gate The croffe was fette in the myddys of that gate. and nowe fche was lyfte vppe an hye and fo gaue to hem that came thedyr an opyn and a fre entryng. and afterward fche was lettyn done ageyne. and fo fparyd other oute that wuld haue commyn in But howe ioyful they were that wente in and how reuerently they taryde that ftode withoute abydyng the lyftyng vppe of the croffe ageyne y can not telle by no wordys Sothely here fent Nycholas and y ftode ftille to geder. and the lyftyngys vppe of the croffe and the lettynngys done ageyne. wherby fomme wente in and fome taryde withoute. y behilde long tyme with grete wonder And at the lafte fent Nycholas and y came thedyr to the fame gate hande in hande. And when we came thedyr the croffe was lyfte vp. And fo they



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were feyne on the vppur partys of the walle as they had walkyd hethyr and dedyr Trewly y knew for certen that thys place. were y faw owre lorde fytyng yn a trone. was not the hye heuyn of heuyns where the bleffid spiritis of angels and the holy fowlys of ryghtwys men ioyin yn the feyghte of god feyng hym yn hys mageste as he ys. where also innumerable thowfondis of holy spiritys and angels ferue hym and assiste hym But than fro thens wythowten any hardnes or taryng. they ascende vppe to the hey heuin the whyche ys bleffyd of the fyghte of the euerlastyng godhed where al only the holy angels and the fowlys of ryghtwes men that byn of angels perfeccion feyn the ynuifibly and inmortalle kyng of al worldys face to face. the whyche hathe only immortalite. and dwellyth yn lyghte. that ys inaccessible. for no man may cumme to hyt. the whyche no mortalle man feithe nethyr may see Sothely he ys feyne only of holy spiritys that byn pure and clene. the whyche be not greuyd by no corrupcion of body nethir of fowle And yn thys vision that y faw. so mekylle y conceuyd yn my fowle of ioy and gladnes that wat sum euer may be feyde of hyt by mannys mowthe. ful lytyl hyt ys. and on sufficient to expresse the ioy of myne herte. that y had there.

How the monke came owte ageyne throw the same gate of paradyse.

Therefore when y had feyn al these fyghtys aboue feyde and many othyr innumerable my lorde sent Nycholas that hylde me by the hande feyde schorly thys to me Loo sonne he feyde now a party aftyr they peticion and grete desir thow haste feyne and beholde. the state of the worlde yat ys to cumme as hyt myghte be to possible Also the perels of hem that offendyn and erryn the peynys of synners. the reste also of hem yat haue done her purgacion. the desyrys of hem that be goyng to heuynward. and the ioys of hem. that now byn cumme to the courte of heuyn and also the ioy of crystis reynyng And now thow muste go ageyne to they selfe and to thyne. and to the worldys feyghtyng Treuly thow schalt

haue and perceue the ioys that thow haste feyne and mekyl more. yesse thow contynew and perfeuer in the drede of god. And when he had feyde thys to me he browghte me forthe throwe the fame gate that we came yn. wherfor ful heny and fory was y and more than a man may fuppose. for wele y knew that y must turne ageyne. fro that heuynly blyffe to thys worldys wrechidnes. And gretely he exhortyd me. how y schulde dyspose me. to abyde the day of my callyng oute of my body yn clenness of herte and of body. and mekenes of spirite wyth dylygent kepyng of my religyon. Dylygently he feyde to me. kepe the commaundementys of god. and dyspose they leuyng aftyr the example of ryghtwes men. And truely so hyt schal be. that aftyr the terme of they bodely leuyng thow schal be admyttyd bleffydly. to her feleschippe euerlastyngly.

Of the swete pele and melodye of bellys that he herde in paradyse and also how he came to hym self ageyne.

And whyle the holy confessor sent nycholas thys wyfe spake yet with me sodenly y harde ther a solenne pele and a ryngg- yng of a meruelus swetenes. and as al the bellys yn the worlde or what fumeuer ys of fownyng had be rongyn to gedyr at onys Trewly yn thys pele and rynging brake owte also a meruelus swetenes. and a variant medelyng of melody fownyd wyth alle And y wote not whether the gretnes of melody. or the swetnes of fownnyng of bellys was more to be wondirde And to so grete a noyse y toke good hede and ful gretly my mynde was suspendyd to here hyt Sothly anone as that gret and meruelus fownnyng and noyse was cessyd sodenly y saw my selfe departyd fro the swete feleschippe of my duke and leder sent Nicholas Than was y returnyd to my selfe ageyne. and anone y hard the voycis of my brethyrne. that stode abowte our bedde also my bodely strenthe cam ageyn to me a lytyl and a litil and myn yes opinde to the vse of feying as ye sawe ryghte wele. Also my sekenes and febulnes by the whiche y was longe tyme ful fore diffesid was vtwardly excludyd and gonne fro me. and sate vppe before yow so stronge

and myghty as y was afore by hyt foroful and beuy And y wende that y had be then yn the chirche afore the auter. where y worfchipte fyrste the croffe And as tochyng the taryng that y made yn thys vyfyon y had wende hyt had be noone. but al only the space of on matens while. and now as y vnderstonde. y was terdye .ij. days and more And now as compendeusly as y kowde y haue here tolde yow of al tho thingys the whiche y sawe and were schewyd to me yn body or yn spirite at the instauns and commandement of youre holynes and deuoute charyte. And nowe y beseche you mekely and that with fore weping that ye will with faue [vouchsafe] to praye to god for me an vnhappy wrecche yat y may scape the grete and greuys peynys of fynners the whyche y sawe. and cum to the ioys of the holy fowlys that y knewe. and alsoo to see euerlastyngly the gloryous face of oure bleffyde lorde and sauyur ihesu criste and oure bleffyde lady sent marye.

A proffe that thys reuelacyon ys of god and moste nedys be trew for the grete myraclys that our lord shewyd on this same monke that same tyme.

Mony instruccyons and opyn examples byn here at the begynnyng of thys narracyon that euydentely prouyn thys vyfyon. not to be of mannys conceyte but vtwardely of the wylle of god the whiche wolde haue hyt schewed to crystyn pepul Neuerthelesse yese there be so grete infydelyte or infyrmyte of any persons that can not beleue to these thyngys aforseyde lete hem confyder the grete sekeneffe and febulnes of hym that sawe hyt. so sodenly and so sone helyd in to a very wytnes and trowthe of this vyfyon that he sawe. Also let hem meruelle the grete noyse that was abowte hym. and also howe that he was prycked in hys fete with nyldys by the whyche he kowde not in any wyse be mouyd. Forthermore let hem take hede to hys yes that were so ferre fallyn done in to hys hede and was not feyne onethe to brethespace of .ij. days. and also aftyr a ful longe space of howris onethe laste myghte be perfeuyd yn hym a ful smalle meuyng as a thynne drede yn hys vytalle veynys Also let hem confyder hys con-



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SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

BETHLEHEM

BETHLEHEM is a little city, long and narrow, and well walled, and on each side enclosed with good ditches. It was formerly called Ephrata, as Holy Writ says, "Lo, we heard it at Ephrata." And towards the east end of the city is a very fair and handsome church, with many towers, pinnacles, and corners strongly and curiously made; and within are forty-four great and fair pillars of marble. And between the city and the church is the Field Floridus, that is to say, the field flourished; for a fair maiden was blamed with wrong, and slander, that she had committed fornication, for which cause she was condemned to be burnt in that place; and as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to our Lord, that as truly as she was not guilty, he would by his merciful grace help her, and make it known to all men. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and immediately the fire was extinguished, and the faggots that were burning became red rosebushes, and those that were not kindled became white rosebushes, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw. And thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is that field called the field that God flourished, for it was full of roses.

JOHN BOURCHIER, LORD BERNERS

OF THE MANER OF THE SCOTTIS, AND HOW THEY CAN WARRE

THESE Scottyshe men are right hardy, and sore traveling in harnes and in warres; for whan they will entre into England, within a day and a nyght, they wyll dryve theyr

hole host xxiii myle, for they are all a horsbacke, without it be the traundals and lagers of the oost, who folow after, a foote. The Knyghtis and squiers are well horsed, and the comon people and other, on litell hakeneyis and geldyngis; and they carey with them no cartis nor chariettis, for the diversities of the mountaignes that they must passe through, in the country of Northumbreland. They take with them noo purveyance of brede nor wyne, for their usage and sobreness is suche in tyme of warre, that they wyll passe in the journey a great long tyme, with flesshe halfe soden, without brede, and drynke of the ryver water without wyne: and they nother care for pottis nor pannis, for they seeth beestis in their owne skynnes. They are ever sure to fynde plenty of beastis in the countrey that they wyll passe through. Therefore they cary with them none other purveyaunce, but on their horse: bitwene the saddyll and the pannell, they trusse a brode plate of metall, and behynde the saddyll, they wyll have a lytle sacke full of ootemele, to the extent than whan they have eaten of the sodden flesshe, than they ley this plate on the fyre, and tempre a lytle of the ootemele, and whan the plate is hote, they cast of the thyn paste thereon, and so make a lytle cake in maner of a crakenell, or bysket, and that they eate to comfort withall theyr stomakis.

THE TAKING OF EDINBURGH CASTLE (1340-1).

In this voyage they distroyed more than thre dayes journey into the realme of Englande, and thane retourned into Scotlande, and conquered agayne all the fortresses that were holden by the Englysshmen, except the cyte of Berwyke and thre other castals, the which dyd them great trouble. They were so stronge, that it woulde have ben harde to have founde any suche in any countrey; the one was Stirling, an other Roxburgh, and the third the chyefe of all Scotlande, Edenborowe; the whiche castell standeth on a hygh rocke, that a man must rest ones or twyse or he come to the byest of

the hyll; and captayne ther was sir Walter Lymosen, who before had so valiantly kept the castell of Thyne against the Frenchmen. So it was that sir Wylliam Douglas devysed a feate, and dyscoverd his intencyon to his companyons, to therle Patris, to Sir Robert Fresyell, and to Alysander Ramsay; and all they agreed togyder. Than they toke a ii. C of the wilde Scottes, and entred into the see, and made provisyon of otes, mele, coles and wood; and so pesably thei arryved at a port, nere to the castell of Edenborowe. And in the night they armed theym, and toke a x or xii of theyr company, suche as they did trust best, and dyde disgyse theym in poore torne cotes and hattes, lyke poore men of the contrey; and charged a xii small horses with sackes, some with otes, some with whete mele, and some with coles; and they did set all their company in a busshment, in an old destroyed abbey therby nere to the fote of the hyll. And whan the day began to apere, covertly armed as they were, they went up the hyll with their marchandyse. And whan they were in the mydde way, sir Wylliam Douglas and sir Symode Fresyell, disgyssed as they were, went a lytell before, and came to the porter, and sayd Sir, in gret fere we have brought hyther otes and whetemele; and if ye have any nede thereof, we woll sell it to you gode chepe. Mary, sayd the porter, and we have nede therof; but it is so erly, that I dare not awake the captayne nor his stuarde; but let them come in, and I shall opyn the utter gate: and so they all entred into the gate of the bayles; Sir Wylliam Douglas sawe well how the porter had the keys in his bandes of the great gate of the castell.

Than whan the firste gate was opynned, as ye have harde, their horses with caryages entred in; and the two that came last, laden with coles, they made them to fall downe on the grounsyll of the gate, to thentent that the gate shulde nat be closed agayne. And then they toke the porter, and slewe him so pesably that he neverr spake worde. Than they toke the great keys, and opyned the castell gate; than sir Wylliam Douglas blewe a horne, and dyd cast away their torne cotes,



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Kynge of alle beestis had assemblid all his court, there was none of them alle but that he had complayned sore of Reynart the Foxe . . .

.

Tho spack Grymbart the Dasse (badger), and was Reynart's suster sone, wyth an angrye moed. Sir Isegrym, that is evyl sayd. . . . Who shal blame Reynart? Myn eme (uncle) is a gentle and a trewe man: he doth nothing but by his prestes counseyl . . . he never thoughte to hurte ony man, for he eteth no more than ones a day. He lyveth as a recluse, he chastiseth his body, and wereth a shirte of heer, hit is more than a yeere that he hath eten no flesshe, as I yesterday herd saye of them that cam fro hym; he hath lefte and geven over his castel Maleperduys and hath bylded a cluse, theryn dwelleth he and hunteth nomore, ne desyreth no wynnynge, but he lyveth by almesse and taketh nothyng but suche as men gyve him for charitye, and doth grete penance for his synnes, and he is woxen moche pale and lene of prayeng and wakyng for he wolde be fayn wyth God. Thus as Grymbert his eme stode and preched these wordes, so saw they comen down the hylle to hem Chauntecler the Cock, and brought on a biere a deed henne of whom Reynart had byten the heed of, and that muste be shewed to the Kynge for to have knowleche thereof.

Chauntecler came forth and smote pyteously his bandes and his fetheris, and on eche side of the byer wenten tweyne sorouful hennes; that one was called Cantart, and that other goode henne Crayant, they were two the fairest hennes that were bitwene Holland and Arderne. These hennes bare eche of them a brennyng tapre whiche was longe and strayte, these two hennes were Coppens susters and they cryed so pitously. Alas and weleaway for the dethe of her dere suster Coppen. Two yonge hennes bare the byere, which Kakled so hevyly and wepte so loude for the dethe of Coppen theyr moder that it was farre herde. Thus cam they to gyder to fore the Kynge, and Chauntecler tho

seyde :—Merciful lord, my lord the Kyng, please it yow to here our complaynte and abhorren the grete scathe that Reynart hath don to me and my children that hiere stonden. It was so that in the begynnyng of Apprill when the weder is fayr, as that I was hardy and prowde, bycause of the grete lynage that I am comen of, and also hadde, for I had viii fayr sones, and sevyn fayr doughters whiche my wyf had hatched, and they were all stronge and fatte, and wente in a yerde which was walled round aboute, in which was a shadde wherein were six grete dogges which had to-tore and plucked many a beestis skyn in such wyse as my chyldren were not aferd. On whom Reynart the thief had grete envye by cause they were so sure that he cowde none gete of them, how wel ofttymes hath this fel thief goon rounde aboute this wal, and hath leyde for us in suche wyse that the dogges have be sette on hym and have hunted him away. And ones they leepe on hym upon the banke, and that cost hym somewhat for his theft. I saw that his skyn smoked; nevertheless he wente his waye, God amende it.

Thus were we quyte of Reynart a longe whyle. Atte last cam he in lykness of an heremyte, and brought to me a letter for to rede, sealed wyth the Kynges seal, in which stood wreton that the Kyng had made pees overal in his royame, and that alle maner beestis and fowlles shold doo none harme ner scathe to any other. Yet sayd he to me more that he was a cloysterer or a closyd recluse becomen, and that he wolde receyve grete penance for his synnes. He shewd me his slauyne and pylche, and an heren sherte ther under, and thenne sayd he Syr Chaunteclere, after thys tyme be no more aferd of me, ne take no hede, for I now will ete no more flessch; I am for thou so olde that I wolde fayn remembre my sowle. I wil now go forth, for I have yete to saye my sexte, none, and myn evensonge; to God I bytake yow. Tho wente Reynart thens, sayeng his Credo, and leyde him under an hawthorn. Thenne was I glad and mery, and also toke none hede, and wente to my chyldren, and clucked hem to gyder, and wente wythout the wal

for to walke, wherof is much harme comen to us; for Reynart laye under a busshe and cam krepynge bitwene us and the gate, so that he caght one of my chyldren and leyde hym in his male, whereof we have had grete harme, for syth he have tasted of hym ther myght never hunter ne hounde save ne kepe hym from us. He hath wayted by night and daye in suche wyse that he hath stolen so many of my chyldren that of xv. I have but foure, in suche wyse hath this thief forslongen them. And yet yesterday was Coppen my daughter, that hier lyeth upon the byer, with the houndes rescued. This complayne I to yow, gracious Kynge; have pyte on myn grete and unresonable damage and losse of my fayre chyldren.

A LABOUR OF HERCULES

The pastour fynysshing his wordes, ther cam leepynge out of a busshe the thre Lyons and marched ayenst Hercules, roryng and crying, and openyng her eyen by so grete felonnye that hit semed that they wolde have thurgh-percyd Hercules with her fell sight. The grete Lyon cam fyrst, his heer stondyng up; he was as hye as an Lyphant and grete after the avenant (in proportion), and his hede was twyes so grete as the hede of a boole. Hercules seeyng them come, tooke his glayve and his clobbe that Philotes bare. Philotes, notwithstanding his prowesse, was so sore aferde that he wente upon the tree unto the herdeman. Hercules sette his clobbe unto a tree, and toke his glayve faste betweene his fistes. The Lyons at her approchyng brayed in her throtes. Hercules smote oon of hem between the eyen and bare hym doun to the erthe that he satte upon hys buttokes. The grete Lyon wened than to have spronge upon Hercules and to have taken hym in his clawes, and maad a terryble leep. Whan Hercules sawe and knewe his entente, he torned fro hym and smote at the third Lyon which was lyght and peert, and conduysed his glayve so right and so fermely in to his throte that he roughte him to the herte, what somever resistance



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Than he toke hit, and the fyrst strooke that the lyon cam upon hym, he gaf hym a strook wyth his clubbe so grete on his mouthe that alle his teeth braak and fyll out to fore hym. The lyon felyng the stroke, maad a grete and mervayllous howlyng ; he haused his pawes and wende to have pullyed down Hercules, but he fledd the comyng of the lyon, and the lyon fill to ground of the grete fiersness and failyng that he maad. And whan Hercules sawe that he was fallen, he leep upon hym and bete hym and helde hym with his handes about the throte so dismeasurably that he broughte hys jawes out of her places, or out of joynte, and maad his eyen to flee out of his heed, and stranglid hym and so slewe hym. . . . He put hym to deth by excessive valiaunce, and whan he had so doon he wente to that other that lyved yet, and all to brake and tare hym as yf hit had ben a lityll lambe.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BEGAN TO SICKEN, AND AFTER DIED

AND thus upon a night, there came a vision to Sir Launcelot, and charged him, in remission of his sins, to haste him unto Almesbury: and by then thou come there, thou shalt find Queen Guenever dead. And therefore take thy fellows with thee, and purvey them of an horse-bier, and fetch thou the corpse of her, and bury her by her husband, the noble King Arthur. So this advision came to Sir Launcelot thrice in one night.

Then Sir Launcelot rose up or day, and told the hermit. It were well done, said the hermit, that ye made you ready, and that you disobey not the advision. Then Sir Launcelot took his seven fellows with him, and on foot they yede from Glastonbury to Almesbury, the which is little more than thirty mile. And thither they came within two days, for

they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury within the nunnery, Queen Guenever died but half an hour afore. And the ladies told Sir Launcelot that Queen Guenever told them all or she passed, that Sir Launcelot had been priest near a twelve month. And hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corpse ; and beside my lord, King Arthur, he shall bury me. Wherefore the queen said in hearing of them all: I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eye ; and thus, said all the ladies, was ever her prayer these two days, till she was dead. Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly. but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirge at night, and on the morn he sang mass. And there was ordained an horse bier ; and so with an hundred torches ever burning about the corpse of the Queen, and ever Sir Launcelot with his seven fellows went about the horse-bier, singing and reading many an holy orison, and frankincense upon the corpse incensed. Thus Sir Launcelot and his seven fellows went on foot from Almesbury unto Glastonbury. And when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a dirge, with great devotion. And on the morn the hermit that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury sang the Mass of REQUIEM with great devotion. And Sir Launcelot was the first that offered, and then also his seven fellows. And then she was wrapped in cered cloth of Raines, from the top to the toe, in thirty fold ; and after she was put in a web of lead, and then in a coffin of marble. And when she was put in the earth Sir Launcelot swooned, and lay long still, while the hermit came and awaked him, and said : Ye be to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow-making. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for he knoweth mine intent. For my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her King and with her, so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie

together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how by my default, mine orgule and my pride, that they were both laid full low, they were peerless, that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness, and mine unkindness, sank so to mine heart, that I might not sustain myself. So the French Book maketh mention.

Then Sir Launcelot never after ate; but little meat, ne drank, till he was dead. For then he sickened more and more, and dried, and dwined away. For the Bishop, nor none of his fellows might not make him eat, and little he drank, that he was waxen by a cubit shorter than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed but sometime he slumbered a broken sleep; ever he was lying grovelling on the tomb of King Arthur and Queen Guenever. And there was no comfort that the Bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows, could make him, it availed not. So within six weeks after, Sir Launcelot fell sick, and lay in his bed; and then he sent for the Bishop that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then Sir Launcelot said with dreary steven: Sir Bishop, I pray you give to me all my rites that longeth to a Christian man. It shall not need you, said the hermit and all his fellows, it is but heaviness of your blood, ye shall be well mended by the grace of God to-morn. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well my careful body will into the earth, I have warning more than now I will say; therefore give me my rites. So when he was houseled and eneled, and had all that a Christian man ought to have, he prayed the Bishop that his fellows might hear his body to Joyous Gard. Some men say it was Alnwick, and some men say it was Bamborough. Howbeit, said Sir Lancelot, me repenteth sore, but I made mine avow sometime, that in Joyous Gard I would be buried. And because of breaking of mine avow, I pray you all, lead me thither. Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows. So at a season of the night they all went to their beds for they all lay



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And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother, Sir Launcelot, dead; and then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him. And when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon. And when he waked it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights, and now I daresay, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knights hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest. Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure. Thus they kept Sir Launcelot's corpse aloft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion. And then at leisure they went all with the Bishop of Canterbury to his hermitage, and there they were together more than a month. Then Sir Constantine, that was Sir Cador's son of Cornwall, was chosen King of England. And he was a full noble knight, and worshipfully he ruled this realm. And then this King Constantine sent for the Bishop of Canterbury, for he heard say where he was. And so he was restored unto his Bishopric, and left that hermitage. And Sir Bedivere was there ever still hermit to his life's end. Then Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiars le Valiant, Sir Clarrus of Clermont, all these knights drew them to their countries. Howbeit King Constantine would have had them with him, but they would not abide in this realm. And there they all lived in their countries as holy men. And some English books make mention that they went never out of England

after the death of Sir Launcelot, but that was but favour of makers. For the French book maketh mention, and is authorised, that Sir Bors, Sir Ector, Sir Blamore, and Sir Bleoberis, went into the Holy Land thereas Jesu Christ was quick and dead, and anon as they had stablished their lands. For the book saith, so Sir Launcelot commanded them for to do, or even he passed out of this world. And these four knights did many battles upon the miscreants or Turks. And there they died upon a Good Friday for God's sake.

RAPHE ROBYNSON

FOOLISH PLEASURES

These so foolish pleasures they join dicers, whose madness they know by hearsay and not by use. Hunters also, and hawkers. For what pleasure is there (say they) in casting the dice upon a table. Which thou hast done so often, that if there were any pleasure in it, yet the oft use might make thee weary thereof! Or what delight can there be, and not rather displeasure in hearing the barking and howling of dogs? Or what greater pleasure is there to be felt, when a dog followeth an hare, than when a dog followeth a dog? for one thing is done in both, that is to say, running, if thou hast pleasure therein. But if the hope of slaughter and the expectation of tearing in pieces the beast doth please thee: thou shouldst rather be moved with pity to see a silly innocent hare murdered of a dog, the weak of the stronger, the fearful of the fierce, the innocent of the cruel and unmerciful. Therefore all this exercise of hunting, as a thing unworthy to be used of free men, the Utopians have rejected to their butchers, to the which craft, as we said before, they appoint their bondmen. For they count hunting the lowest, the vilest and most abject part of butchery, and

the other parts of it more profitable and more honest, as bringing much more commodity, in that they kill beasts only for necessity. Whereas the hunter seeketh nothing but pleasure of the silly and woeful beasts slaughter and murder. The which pleasure in beholding death, they think doth rise in the very beasts, either of a cruel affection of mind, or else to be changed in continuance of time into cruelty, by long use of so cruel a pleasure. These therefore, and all such like, which be innumerable, though the common sort of people doth take them for pleasures, yet they, seeing there is no natural pleasantness in them, do plainly determine them to have no affinity with true and right pleasure. For as touching that they do commonly move the sense with delectation (which seemeth to be a work of pleasure) this doth nothing diminish their opinion. For not the nature of the thing, but their perverse and lewd custom, is the cause hereof, which causeth them to accept bitter or sour things for sweet things.

SIR T. NORTH

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

WHEN this was told Cleopatra, she requested Cæsar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead, unto the soul of Antonius. This being granted her, she was carried to the place where his tomb was, and there falling down on her knees, embracing the tomb with her women, the tears running down her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: O my dear Lord Antonius, not long sithence I buried thee here, being a freewoman: and now I offer unto thee the funeral sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner, and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with blows, which they carefully guard and keep, only to triumph of thee: look therefore henceforth for no other



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For those whom Cæsar sent unto her run thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman called Charmion half-dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: Is that well done, Charmion? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here, then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Others say again, she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspic being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit few can tell the truth. For they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head: and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this poison in her tomb. But it was reported only, that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone, on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door side. Some say also, that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspic biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and

laid by Antonius: and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial. Cleopatra died being eight and thirty years old, after she had reigned two and twenty years, and governed above fourteen of them with Antonius. And for Antonius, some say that he lived three and fifty years: and others say, six and fifty.

WILLIAM ADLINGTON

STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

VENUS . . . would not yet be appeased, but menacing more and more, said . . . thou shalt do one thing more.

Take this boxe and goe to hell to Proserpina, and desire her to sende me a litle of her beautie, as muche as will serve me the space of one day, and say that suche as I had is consumed away since my sonne fell seike, but returne againe quickly, for I must dresse my self therewithall, and goe to the theatre of the gods. Then poore Psyches perceaved the ende of al her fortune, thinking verely that she shoulde never returne, and not without cause, when as she was compelled to goe to the Goulfe and furies of Hell. Wherefore without any further delay, she went up to a high tower to throwe her selfe downe headlong (thinkinge that it was the beste and rediest waye to Hell) but the tower (as inspired) spake unto her, saynge: O poore miser, why goest thou about to slay thy selfe? Why doest thou rashly yeelde unto thy laste perill and daunger? Know thou that if thy spirite be once separte from thy bodie, thou shalt surely goe to Hell, but never to returne againe, wherefore herken to me: Lacedemon a Citie of Grece is not farre hense. Goe thou thither and enquire for the hill Tenarus, whereas thou shalte finde a hole leadinge to Hell, even to the pallaice of Pluto, but take heede that thou goe not with emptie bandes to that place of darkenesse:

but carry twoo soppes sodden in the flower of barley and hony in thy handes, and twoo halfpense in thy mouth, and when thou haste passed a good parte of that way, thou shalt see a lame asse carryng of woodde, and a lame fellowe drivinge him, who will desire thee to give him up the stickes that fall downe, but passe thou on and doo nothings, by and by thou shalt come unto the river of Hell, whereas Charon is ferriman, who will first have his fare paide him, before he will carry the soules over the river in his boate, whereby you may see that avarice raigneth emongst the dead, neyther Charon nor Pluto will doo any thinge for nought: For if it be a poore man that woulde passe over, and lacketh money he shalbe compelled to die in his journey before they will showe him any reliefe, wherefore deliver to carraine Charon one of the halfepense (whiche thou bearest) for thy passage, and lette him receave it out of thy mouth. And it shall come to passe as thou sittest in the boate, thou shalte see an olde man swimminge on the toppe of the river holdinge up his deadly handes, and desiringe thee to receave him into the barke, but have no regarde to his piteous crie: when thou arte passed over the floudde thou shalt espie old women spinninge who will desire thee to helpe them, but beware thou doo not consent unto them in any case, for these and like baites and trappes wil Venus sette, to make thee lette fall one of thy soppes: and thinke not that the keepinge of thy soppes is a light matter, for if thou lose one of them thou shalt be assured never to retorne againe to this world. Then thou shalt see a great and mervelous dogge with three heades barking continually at the soules of such as enter in, by reason he can doo them no other harme, he lieth day and night before the gate of Proserpina, and keepeth the house of Pluto with great diligence, to whome if thou lost one of thy soppes, thou maist have accesse to Proserpina without all daunger: She will make thee good cheere, and entertaine thee with delicate meate and drinke, but sitte thou upon the ground and desire browne bread, and then declare thy message unto her, and when thou hast receaved such beautie



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who lay there, one was wounded with an axe, another was hurt with the shells of fishes, whereof on the shore there was great plenty, another was all to-crushed with a lever, many burnt with fire, and the rest by divers other means, but most of all were slain with arrows. To be brief, God shewed a wonderful sight in so short time, brewing blood with wine, joining battle with banqueting, mingling indifferently slaughters with drinkings, and killing with quaffings, providing such a sight for the thieves of Egypt to gaze at. For they, when they had given these things the looking on a good while from the hill, could not understand what that sight meant, for as much as they saw some slain there, but the conquerors could they see no-where: a manifest victory, but no spoils taken away, a ship without mariners only, but as concerning other things untouched, as if she had been kept with a guard of many men, and lay at road in a safe harbour. But for all that, they knew not what that thing meant, yet they had respect to their lucre and gain.

When therefore they had determined that themselves were the victors, they drew near unto the same: and not being now far from the ship and those that were slain, they saw a sight more perplexed than the rest a great deal. A maid endued with excellent beauty, which also might be supposed a goddess, sat upon a rock, who seemed not a little to be grieved with that present mischance, but for all that of excellent courage: she had a garland of laurel on her head, a quiver on her back, and in her left hand a bow, leaning upon her thigh with her other hand, and looking downward, without moving of her head, beholding a certain young man a good way off, the which was sore wounded, and seemed to lift up himself, as if he had been wakened out of a dead sleep almost of death itself: yet was he in this case, of singular beauty, and for all that his cheeks were sprinkled with blood, his whiteness did appear so much the more. He was constrained for grief to close his eyes, yet caused he the maid to look steadfastly upon him: and these things must they need see, because they saw her. But as soon as he came to him-

self a little he uttered these words very faintly: And art thou safe indeed, my sweet heart, quoth he, or else hast thou with thy death by any mischance augmented this slaughter? thou canst not, no, not by death be separated from me. But of the fruition of thy sight and thy life doth all mine estate depend. Yea, in you, answered the maid, doth my whole fortune consist whether I shall live or die, and for this cause you see (showing a knife in her hand) this was hitherto ready, but only for your recovery was restrained. And as soon as she had said thus she leaped from the stone: and they who were on the hill, as well for wonder as also for the fear they had, as if they had been stricken with lightning, ran every man to hide them in the bushes there beside. For she seemed to them a thing of greater price and more heavenly when she stood upright, and her arrows with the sudden moving of her body, gave a clash on her shoulders, her apparel wrought with gold, glistened against the sun, and her hair under her garland, blown about with the wind, covered a great part of her back. The thieves were greatly afraid of these things, the rather for that they understood not what that should mean which they saw. Some of them said indeed, that it was a goddess and Diana: others said it was Isis, which was honoured there: but some of them said it was some priest of the gods, that, replenished with divine fury, hath made the great slaughter which there appeared. And thus every man gave his verdict.

JOHN FLORIO

OF TORMENTS

EIPCHARIS, having glutted and wearied the moody cruelty of Nero's satellites or officers and stoutly endured their fire, their beatings and their engines a whole day long, without any one voice, or word of revealing her conspiracy,

and the next day after, being again brought to the torture, with her limbs bruized and broken, conveyed the lace or string of her gown over one of the pillars of the chair wherein she sat, with a sliding knot in it into which, suddenly thrusting her head, she strangled herself with the weight of her body: having the courage to die so, and steal from the first torments; seemeth she not purposely to have lent her life to the trial of her patience of the precedent day, only to mock that tyrant and encourage others to attempt the like enterprize against him? And he that shall enquire of our Argolettiars or Free-booters, what experiences they have had in these our late civil wars, shall no doubt find effects and examples of patience, of obstinacy and stiff-neckedness in these our miserable days, and amidst the effeminate and pulying worldlings far beyond the Egyptian, and well worthy to be compared to those already reported of Spartan virtue. I know there have been found seely boors, who have rather endured to have their feet broiled upon a gridiron, their fingers ends crushed and wrung with the lock of a pistol, their eyes all bloody to be thrust out of their heads with wringing and wresting of a cord about their foreheads, before they would so much as be ransomed, I have seen and spoken with one who had been left all naked in a ditch for dead, his neck all bruized and swollen, with a halter about it, wherewith he had been dragged a whole night at a horse's tail through thick and thin, with a hundred thrusts in his body, given him with daggers, not to kill him outright, but to grieve and terrify him, and who had patiently endured all that, and lost both speech and sense, fully resolved, (as himself told me) rather to die a thousand deaths (as verily, if you apprehend what he suffered, he past more than one full death) than promise any ransom; yet was he one of the wealthiest husbandmen in all his country. How many have been seen, who have patiently endured to be burnt and roasted for unknown and wilful opinions, which they had borrowed of others: myself have known a hundred and a hundred women (for, the saying is, Gascon heads have some prerogative in that)



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schoolmaster to teach the young King rhetoric, and Achilles, Egyptian, to consult among themselves what they should do with Pompey the Great. These were the chiefest counsellors of all his eunuchs, and of those that had brought him up. Now did Pompey ride at anchor upon the shoreside, expecting the resolution of this council: in the which the opinion of other were divers, for they would not have received him: the other also that he should be received. But the rhetorician Theodotus to shew his eloquence, persuaded them, that neither the one nor the other was to be accepted. For, said he, if we receive him, we shall have Cæsar our enemy, and Pompey our Lord: and if they do deny him on the other side, Pompey will blame them for refusing of him, and Cæsar for not keeping of him. Therefore, this should be the best resolution, to send to kill him: for thereby they should win the goodwill of the one, and not fear the displeasure of the other: and some say moreover, that he added this mock withal: A dead man bites not. They being determined of this among themselves gave Achilles commission to do it. He taking with him Septimius (who had charge aforetime under Pompey) and Salvius another centurion also, with three or four soldiers besides, they made towards Pompey's galley, about whom were at that time, the chiefest of his train, to see what would become of this matter. But when they saw the likelihood of their entertainment, and that it was not in princely shew and manner, nor nothing answerable to the hope which Theophanes had put them in, seeing so few men come to them in a fishing-boat: they began then to mistrust the small account that was made of them, and counselled Pompey to return back, and to launch again into the sea, being out of the danger of the hurling of a dart. In the meantime, the fisher boat drew near, and Septimius rose and saluted Pompey in the Roman tongue, by the name of Imperator, as much as sovereign captain, and Achilles also spake to him in the Greek tongue, and bade him come into his boat, because that by the shore side, there was a great deal of mud and

sandbanks, so that his galley should have no water to bring him in. At the very same time, they saw afar off divers of the King's galleys which were arming with all speed possible, and all the shore besides full of soldiers. Thus, though Pompey and his company would have altered their minds, they could not have told how to have escaped: and furthermore, shewing that they had mistrusted them, then they had given the murderer occasion to have executed his cruelty. So taking his leave of his wife Cornelia, who lamented his death before his end: he commanded two centurions to go down before him into the Egyptian's boat, and Philip one of his slaves enfranchised, with another slave called Scythes. When Achilles reached out his hand to receive him into his boat, he turned him to his wife and son, and said these verses of Sophocles unto them

The man that into court comes free,
Must there in state of bondage be.

These were the last words he spake unto his people, when he left his own galley, and went into the Egyptian's boat. The land being a great way off from his galley, when he saw never man in the boat speak friendly unto him, beholding Septimius, he said unto him: Methinks my friend I should know thee, for that thou hast served with me heretofore. The other nodded with his head that it was true, but gave him no answer, nor shewed him any courtesy. Pompey seeing that no man spake to him, took a little book he had in his hand, in the which he had written an oration that he meant to make unto King Ptolemy, and began to read it. When they came near the shore, Cornelia with her servants and friends about her, stood up in her ship in great fear, to see what should become of Pompey. So, she hoped well, when she saw many of the King's people on the shore, coming towards Pompey at his landing, as it were to receive and honour him. But even as Pompey took Philip his hand to arise more easily, Septimius came first behind him and

thrust him through with his sword. Next unto him also, Salvius, and Achilles drew out their swords in like manner. Pompey then did no more but took up his gown with his hands and hid his face, and manly abid the wounds they gave him, only sighing a little. Thus being nine and fifty year old, he ended his life the next day after the day of his birth. They that rode at anchor in their ships, when they saw him murdered, gave such a fearful cry, that it was heard to the shore: then weighing up their anchors with speed, they hoisted sail and departed their way, having wind at will that blew a lusty gale, as soon as they had gotten the main sea. The Egyptians which prepared to row after them, when they saw they were past their reach, and impossible to be overtaken: they let them go. Then having stricken off Pompey's head, they threw his body overboard, for a miserable spectacle to all those that were desirous to see him. Philip his enfranchised bondman remained ever by it, until such time as the Egyptians had seen it their bellies full. Then having washed his body with salt water, and wrapped it up in an old shirt of his, because he had no other shift to lay it in: he sought upon the sands, and found at the length a piece of an old fisher's boat, enough to serve to burn his naked body with, but not all fully out. As he was busy gathering the broken pieces of this boat together, thither came unto him an old Roman, who in his youth had served under Pompey, and said unto him: O friend, what art thou that preparest the funeral of Pompey the Great? Philip answered, That he was a bondman of his enfranchised. Well, said he, thou shalt not have all this honour alone, I pray thee yet let me accompany thee in so devout a deed, that I may not altogether repent me to have dwelt so long in a strange country, where I have abidden such misery and trouble, but that to recompense me withal, I may have this good hap, with mine own hands to touch Pompey's body, and to help to bury the only and most famous captain of the Romans. The next day after, Lucius Lentulus, not knowing what had passed, coming out of Cyprus, sailed by the shore side, and perceived a fire made for



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to work with his arms : even so the ears that be exercised in music, do much better and sooner discern it, and with much more pleasure judge of it, than other, how good and quick soever they be that have not been practised in the variety of pleasant music, because those musical tunes pierce not, but without leaving any taste of themselves pass by the ears not accustomed to hear them, although the very wild beasts feel some delight in melody.

OF MUSIC

I shall enter in a large sea of the praise of music, and call to rehearsal how much it hath always been renowned among them of old time, and counted a holy matter : and how it hath been the opinion of most wise philosophers, that the world is made of music, and the heavens in their moving, make a melody, and our soul framed after the very same sort, and therefore lifteth up itself, and (as it were) reviveth the virtues and force of itself with music : wherefore it is written that Alexander was sometimes so fervently stirred with it, that (in a manner) against his will, he was forced to arise from banquets and run to weapon ; afterward, the musician changing the stroke and his manner of tune, pacified himself again, and returned from weapon to banqueting. And I shall tell you that grave Socrates when he was well stricken in years learned to play upon the harp. And I remember I have understood that Plato and Aristotle will have a man that is well brought up to be also a musician : and declare with infinite reasons the force of music to be to very great purpose in us, and for many causes (that should be too long to rehearse), ought necessarily to be learned from a man's childhood, not only for the superficial melody that is heard, but to be sufficient to bring into us a new habit that is good, and a custom inclining to virtue, which maketh the mind more apt to the conceiving of felicity, even as bodily exercise maketh the body more lusty, and not only hurteth not civil matters and warlike affairs, but is a great stay to them. Also Lycurgus

in his sharp laws allowed music. And it is read that the Lacedemonians, which were valiant in arms (and the Cretenses) used harps and other soft instruments: and many most excellent captains of old time (as Epaminondas) gave themselves to music: and such as had not a sight in it (as Themistocles) were a great deal the less set by. Have you not read that among the first instructions which the good old man Chiron taught Achilles in his tender age, whom he had brought up from his nurse and cradle, music was one? And the wise master would have had those hands that should shed so much Trojan blood, to be oftentimes occupied in playing upon the harp. What soldier is there (therefore) that will think it a shame to follow Achilles, omitting many other famous captains that I could allege? Do you not, then, deprive our Courtier of music, which doth not only make sweet the minds of men, but also many times wild beasts tame: and whoso savoureth it not, a man may assuredly think him not to be well in his wits. Behold I pray you what force it hath that in times past allured a fish to suffer a man to ride upon him through the tempestuous sea. We may see it used in the holy temples, to render laud and thanks unto God; and it is a credible matter that it is acceptable unto him, and that he hath given it unto us for a most sweet lightening of our travels and vexations. So that many times the boisterous labourers in the fields, in the heat of the sun, beguile their pain with rude and carter like singing.

With this the unmannerly country woman that ariseth before day out of her sleep to spin and card, defendeth herself and maketh her labour pleasant. This is the most sweet pastime after rain, wind, and tempest unto the miserable mariners. With this do the very pilgrims comfort themselves in their troublesome and long voyages. And oftentimes prisoners in adversity, fetters, and in stocks in like manner. For a great proof, that the tuneableness of music (though it be but ruder is a very great refreshing of all worldly pains and griefs, a man would judge that nature hath taught it unto nurses for a special remedy to the continual wailings of sucking babes,

which at the sound of their voice fall into a quiet and sweet sleep, forgetting the tears that are so proper to them, and given us of nature in that age, for a guess of the rest of our life to come.

J. MABBE

OF RICAREDO ACCOUTRED

RICAREDO was tall of stature, a gentleman, and well proportioned, and for that he came armed, with his gorge, corselet and powderns all Milan work, richly gilded and engraven, it became him extremely well, and did please the eyes of the beholders. He had no casque on his head, but a broad-brimmed hat of a lion colour, with a great large feather, diversified with a few different colours, a broad short sword by his side, a very rich girdle and hangers, and his breeches somewhat large and full, like unto those of the Switzers.

Being thus accoutred, what with the goodliness of his presence and stateliness of his gait, some were so taken therewith that they compared him to Mars, the god of war; and others, taken with the beautifulness of his countenance, compared him to Venus, who for to put a jest upon Mars had put this disguise upon him.

A RARE BEAUTY

But let me first of all ask you if you know in our town of Trapana a damosel to whom fame hath given the name of the fairest woman in Sicily, in whose praise all curious tongues have spent themselves, and of whom the rarest judgments have ratified that she was the perfectest piece of beauty that the past age had, the present hath, and that which is to come can hope to have; one of whom the poets sang that her hairs



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likewise in this world that most mighty King, in unity simple, in nature indivisible, in purity most holy, exalted far above the fabric of the celestial spheres, joining this elementary world with the celestial and intelligible heavens; with a certain secure care preserveth from destruction this triple world, bound together with a most sweet and harmonical consent, unto the imitation of whom, every good prince which wisheth his kingdom and commonweal not in safety only, but even good and blessed also, is to frame and conform himself.

P. MOTTEUX AND T. URQUHART

HOW THE THELEMITES WERE GOVERNED, AND OF THEIR MANNER OF LIVING

ALL their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed.

DO WHAT THOU WILT

Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice; which is called Honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition, by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off that bond of servitude, wherein they are

so tyrannously enslaved ; for it is agreeable to the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied us. By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation, to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say Let us drink, they would all drink. If any of them said, Let us play, they all played. If one said Let us go a walking into the fields, they went all. If it were to go a hawking or a hunting, the ladies mounted upon dainty well-paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle, carried on their lovely fists (miniardly begloved every one of them) either a sparhawk, or a lanneret or a merlin. So nobly were they taught, that there was neither he nor she amongst them, but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen so valiant knights, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skilful, both on foot and horseback, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, less forward, or more ready with their hand, and with their needle, in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there. For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said Abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, namely, her, whom he had before that chosen for his mistress, and were married together. And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein, and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony ; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life in no less vigour and fervency than at the very day of their wedding.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

A FABLE

THERE was an old, hungry lion would fain have been dealing with a piece of good horse-flesh that he had in his eye; but the nag he thought would be too fleet for him, unless he could supply the want of heels by artifice and address. He puts himself into the garb and habit of a professor of physic, and according to the humour of the world, sets up for a doctor of the college.

Under this pretext, he lets fall a word or two by way of discourse upon the subject of his trade; but the horse smelt him out, and presently a crotchet came in his head how he might countermine him. "I got a thorn in my foot the other day," says the horse, "as I was crossing a thicket, and I am e'en quite lame on't."—"Oh," says the new physician, "do but hold up your leg a little, and I will cure you immediately." The lion presently puts himself in posture for the office; but the patient was too nimble for his doctor, and so soon as ever he had him fair for his purpose, gave him so terrible a rebuke upon the forehead with his heel, that he laid him at his length, and so got off with a whole skin, before the other could execute his design.

THE MORAL OF THE FABLE ABOVE

Harm watch, harm catch, is but according to the common rule of equity and retaliation, and a very warrantable way of deceiving the deceiver.

REFLECTION

There's no trusting to the fair words of those that have both an interest and an inclination to destroy us; Especially when the design is carried on under the mark of a friendly office. It is but reasonable to oppose art to art, and where



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When you thus enter into yourself, and search out your abominations and the husks of the Devil and of the world, which you have so long devoured, and consider of God and his mercy, then turn not again into the hogsty ; and say not I am ashamed to come before my good old Father ; I dare not come into his sight, for great shame and abomination : for I was a glorious Son, and now am a naked swineherd, but consider that your Father taketh more care about you who are his lost prodigal son, than you do about his favour and love, which you have wilfully trifled away.

Frame but a loving, humble, submissive, obedient, will and purpose, and come, come away from the swine, leave the husks to the world, let the swine devour them and feed themselves fat ; but enter you into yourself, and knock at your evil heart : break in through the doors and gates : and though all swine cry, and devils should howl for their keeper, yet come you to your father with any humble demeanour and words, you need not trouble yourself about the adorning them with accurate eloquence ; for though you have no more words than the poor publican, it is no matter, it lies not in them, but in an earnest constant purpose without ceasing : and though Hell should break in pieces, and body and soul part asunder, yet stand still, and go not forth again out of the doors of the Father.

For as soon as you will open the door in your soul, and will go out of the mire, towards the ancient Father, that he does but perceive that it is you his son, and that you are returned to him, then he saith ; this is my son which was lost, for whom my heart was troubled, and is entered into the Humanity, into this world, and hath sought him, and now I have found him.

HISTORICAL AND BIO- GRAPHICAL

JOHN FOX

THE MARTYRDOM OF RIDLEY AND LATIMER

THEN the wicked sermon being ended, Dr Ridley and Mr Latimer kneeled down on their knees to my Lord Williams of Tame, the Vice Chancellor of Oxford, and divers other Commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sat upon a form thereby. Unto whom Dr Ridley said, I beseech you my Lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words; and whilst my Lord bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, to know, (as it appeared) whether he might have leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr Marshall the vice-Chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said, *Mr Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject, that is, have your life.*

Not otherwise? said Dr Ridley. *No,* quoth Dr Marshall: *Therefore if you will not so do, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts.* *Well,* quoth Dr Ridley, *so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his known truth: God's will be done in me.* And with that he rose up, and said with a loud voice, *Well then, I commit our cause to Almighty God, who will indifferently judge all.*

To whose saying, Mr Latimer added his old posey, *Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened:* and he said, he

could answer Smith well enough, if he might be suffered. Incontinently they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekness obeyed. Dr Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law Mr Shipside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth, he gave away, the others the bailiffs took.

He gave away other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping; as to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat, and to divers of my Lord Williams's gentlemen, some napkins, some nutmegs, and races of ginger, his dial, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points off his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him.

Mr Latimer gave nothing, but very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to look unto was very simple: and being stripped unto his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were there present, as one could well see: and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silly old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might behold.

Then Dr Ridley standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother. It were best for me to go in my truss still. No, quoth his brother, it will put you to more pain: and the truss will do a poor man good. Whereunto Dr Ridley said: Be it so in the name of God, and so unlaced himself. Then being in his shirt he stood upon the aforesaid stone, and held up his hands and said; Oh heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death; I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies.

Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about both their middles: and as he was knocking in a staple,



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already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of God's glory, when he cometh with his saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare.

EDWARD WRIGHT

CERTAIN ERRORS IN NAVIGATION

THE VOYAGE OF THE EARL OF CUMBERLAND FROM THE AZORES IN 1589

NOW we went merrily before the wind, with all the sails we could bear : insomuch that in the space of twenty-four hours, we sailed near forty-seven leagues, that is, seven score English miles, betwixt Friday at noon and Saturday at noon ; notwithstanding the ship was very foul, and much grown, with long being at sea : which caused some of our company to make account they should see what running of the tilt there should be at Whitehall, upon the Queen's Day. Others were imagining what a Christmas they would keep in England, with their shares of the prizes we had taken. But it so befell, that we kept a cold Christmas with the "Bishop and his Clerks" ; rocks that lie to the westwards from Scilly, and the western parts of England. For, soon after, the wind scanting came about to the eastward ; the worst part of the heavens for us, from which the wind could blow ; in such sort, that we could not fetch any part of England. And hereupon, also, our allowance of drink, which was scant enough before, was yet more scantened, because of the scarcity thereof : so that, now, a man was allowed but half a pint at a meal ; and that, many times, cold water, and scarcely sweet. Notwithstanding this was a happy estate, in comparison to that which followed. For from half a pint, we came to a quarter, and that lasted not long either : so that (by reason of this great scarcity of drink, and the contrariety of the wind) we thought to put into Ireland, there to relieve our wants. But when we came near thither, lying

at hull (hove to) at night (tarrying for the daylight of the next morning, whereby we might the safelier bring our ship into some convenient harbour there), we were driven so far to leeward, that we could fetch no part of Ireland. So as, with heavy hearts and sad cheer, we were constrained to return back again ; and expect, till it should please God to send us a fair wind either for England or Ireland. In the meantime, we were allowed every man three or four spoonsful of vinegar to drink at a meal : for other drink we had none ; saving only at two or three meals, when we had, instead thereof, as much wine, which was wringed out of the wine lees that remained.

With this hard fare (for by reason of our great want of drink, we durst eat but very little), we continued for the space of a fortnight, or thereabouts : saving that, now and then, we feasted for it, in the meantime. And that was, when there fell any hail or rain. The hailstones we gathered up, and did eat them more pleasantly than if they had been the sweetest comfits in the world. The rain drops were so carefully saved, that, so near as we could, not one was lost in all our ship. Some hanged up sheets tied with cords by the four corners, and a weight in the midst that the water might run down thither ; and so be received into some vessel set or hung underneath. Some that wanted sheets, hung up napkins and clouts, and watched them till they were thoroughly wet ; then wringing and sucking out the water. And that water which fell down, and washed away the filth and soiling of the ship trod under foot, as bad as runneth down the kennel many times when it raineth, was not lost, I warrant you, but watched and attended carefully (yea, sometimes with strife and contention) at every scupper hole, or other place where it ran down, with dishes, pots, cans, jars. Some, like dogs, with their tongues, licked the boards underfoot ; the sides, rails, and masts of the ship.

Others, that were more ingenious, fastened girdles or ropes about the masts, daubing tallow betwixt them and the mast, that the rain might not run down between ; in such sort, that those ropes or girdles hanging lower on the one side than on

the other, a spout of leather was fastened to the lowest part of them, that all the raindrops that came running down the mast, might meet together at that place, and there be received. He that got a can of water by these means, was spoken of, sued to, and envied as a rich man.

Quam pulchrum digito monstrari et dicere hic est.

Some of the poor Spaniards that we had taken (who, notwithstanding, had the same allowance that our own men had) would come and crave of us, for the love of God, but so much water as they could hold in the hollow of their hand: and they had it, notwithstanding our great extremity: to teach them some humanity, instead of their accustomed barbarity, both to us and other nations heretofore. They also put bullets of lead in their mouths to slack their thirst. Now, in every corner of the ship, were heard the lamentable cries of sick and wounded men, sounding woefully in our ears; crying out and pitifully complaining for want of drink; being ready to die. Yea, many dying for lack thereof; so that by reason of this great extremity we lost many more men than we had done in all the voyage before: having, before this time, been so well and sufficiently provided for, that we lived, in a manner, as well and as healthfully, and as few died, as if we had been in England; whereas now, lightly, every day, some were cast overboard.

But on the 2nd of December, 1589, was a festival day with us. For then it rained a good pace, and we saved some pretty store of rain water (though we were all wet for it, and that at midnight) and fill our own skins full besides, notwithstanding it were muddy and bitter with the washing of the ship; yet with some sugar, which we had to sweeten it withal, it went merrily down. Yet remembered we, and wished for with all our hearts, many a conduit, pump, spring, and stream of clear sweet running water in England. For however miserable we had accounted some poor souls, whom we had seen driven for thirst to drink thereof: how happy would we now have thought ourselves, if we might have had our fills of the same.



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our new mainsail; had not Master William Anthony, the master of the ship, himself (when none else would, or durst) ventured upon the mainyard, which was let down close to the rails, to gather the sail up out of the sea, and to fasten it thereto; being in the meanwhile oftentimes ducked over head and ears in the sea. These storms were so terrible, that there were some in our company, who confessed they had gone to sea for the space of twenty years, and had never seen the like: and vowed that if ever they returned safe home, they would never come to sea again.

The 30th of November, at night, we met with an English ship, out of which, (because it was too late that night) it was agreed that we should have had the next morning, two or three tuns of wine, which, they said, was all the provision of drink they had, save only a butt or two, which they must needs reserve for their own use. But, after that, we heard no more of them, till they were set on ground upon the coast of Ireland: when it appeared that they might have spared us much more than they pretended they could; so that they might well have relieved our great necessities, and have had sufficient for themselves besides, to bring them to England. The 1st of December, at night, we spoke with another English ship, and had some beer out of her; but not sufficient to carry us to England, so that we were constrained to put into Ireland; the wind so serving. The next day we came to an anchor, not far from the Skelitee under the land and wind; where we had somewhat more quiet. But that being no safe harbour to ride in, the next morning, we went about to weigh anchor: but, having some of our men hurt at the capstan, we were fain to give over, and leave it behind; holding on our course to Ventry haven, where we safely arrived the same day: that place being a very safe and convenient harbour for us; that now might sing, as we had just cause, "They that go down to the sea," etc. So soon as we had anchored here, my Lord went forthwith to the shore; and brought in presently fresh water and fresh victuals, as muttons, pigs, hens, etc., to refresh his company withal. Notwithstanding,

he himself had lately been very weak, and tasted of the same extremity that his company did: for, in the time of our former want, having a little fresh water left him, remaining in a pot; in the night it was broken; and the water drunk and dried up.

Soon after, the sick and wounded men were carried to the next principal town, called Dingleacush, being about three miles to the eastward of the foresaid haven, where our ship rode: that there they might be the better refreshed: and have the surgeons daily to attend upon them. Here we well refreshed ourselves, whilst the Irish harp sounded sweetly in our ear: and here we, who, for the former extremities, were, in a manner, half dead, had our lives, as it were, restored to us again.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

THE WOUNDING OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THUS shall it suffice me to have trod out some steps of this Britain Scipio, thereby to give the learned a scantling for drawing out the rest of his dimensions by proportion. And to the end the abruptness of this treatise may suit more equally with his fortune, I will cut off his actions, as God did his life, in the midst; and so conclude with his death.

In which passage, though the pride of flesh, and glory of mankind be commonly so alleged as the beholders seldom see anything else in it, but objects of horror and pity; yet had the fall of this man such natural degrees, that the wound whereof he died, made rather an addition, than diminution of his spirits. So that he showed the world, in a short progress to a long home, passing fair and well-drawn lines; by the guide of which, all pilgrims of this life may conduct themselves humbly into the haven of everlasting rest.

When that unfortunate stand was to be made before Zutphen

to stop the issuing out of the Spanish army from a strait ; with what alacrity soever he went to actions of honour, yet remembering that upon just grounds the ancient sages describe the worthiest persons to be ever best armed, he had completely put on his ; but meeting the Marshal of the camp lightly armed—whose honour in that art would not suffer this unenvious Themistocles to sleep—the unspotted emulation of his heart, to venture without any inequality, made him cast off his cuisses ; and so, by the secret influence of destiny, to disarm that part, where God, it seems, had resolved to strike him. Thus they go on, every man in the head of his own troop ; and the weather being misty, fell unawares upon the enemy, who had made a strong stand to receive them ; near to the very walls of Zutphen ; by reason of which accident their troops fell, not only unexpectedly to be engaged within the level of the great shot, that played from the rampiers, but more fatally within shot of their muskets, which were laid in ambush within their own trenches.

Now whether this were a desperate cure in our leaders for a desperate disease ; or whether misprision, neglect, audacity, or what else induced it, it is no part of my office to determine, but only to make the narration clear, and deliver rumour, as it passed then, without any stain or enamel.

Howsoever, by this stand, an unfortunate hand out of those forespoken trenches, brake the bone of Sir Philip's thighs with a musket-shot. The horse he rode upon was rather furiously choleric than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him : but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took the bottle from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words *Thy necessity is yet*



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VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND 1596

Irenaeus. It is most true, that such Poets as in their writings do in their writings labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweet bait of their numbers, to steal into the young spirits a desire of honour and virtue, are worthy to be had in great respect. But these Irish bards are for the most part of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined, for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhythms, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow.

Eudoxus. I marvel what kind of speeches they can find, or what face they can put on, to praise such bad persons as live so lawlessly and licentiously upon stealths and spoils, as most of them do, or how can they think that any good mind will applaud or approve the same.

Irenaeus. There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall find some to favour his doings, but such licentious parts as these, tending for the most part to the hurt of the English, or maintenance of their own lewd liberty, they themselves being most desirous thereof, do most allow. Besides this, evil things being decked and attired with the gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceive, and carry away the affection of a young mind, that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bold adventures to make proof of himself, for being (as they all be brought up) idly, without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without fear of offence, not being directed, nor employed in any course of life which may carry them to virtue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them, for a young mind cannot rest if he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such

business as shall soon busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him encouragement, as those bards and rhythmers do for little reward, or a share of a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent and half mad with the love of himself, and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted shew thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his life-time off spoils and robberies, one of their bards in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle milksops that was brought up by the fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises, that he did never eat his meat, before he had won it with his sword, that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses, to lead him in the darkness : that the day was his night, and the night his day, that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but where he came, he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentation to their lovers ; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people and clashing of armour : and finally, that he died not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death. Do you not think (*Eudoxus*) that many of these praises might be applied to men of best deserts, yet are they all yielded to a most notable traitor and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the song, when it was first made and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought, (as their manner is) for forty crowns.

Eudoxus. And well worthy, sure. But tell me (I pray you) have they any art in their compositions? or be they anything witty or well favoured as poems should be?

Irenaeus. Yea, truly. I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but

skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry : yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is a great pity to see so abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue. This evil custom therefore needeth reformation.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

OF DEATH

BY this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first monarchies of the world ; whereof the founders and erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field ; having rooted up, or cut down, all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had ; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another ; her leaves shall fall off ; her limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field, and cut her down.

Now these great Kings and conquering nations have been the subject of those ancient histories which have been preserved, and yet remain among us ; and withal of so many tragical poets as in the persons of powerful princes, and other mighty men have complained against infidelity, time, destiny ; and most of all against the variable success of worldly things, and instability of fortune. To these undertakings, the greatest lords of the world have been stirred up, rather by the desire of Fame, which ploweth up the air, and soweth in the wind ; than by the affection of bearing rule, which draweth after it so much vexation and so many cares. And that this is true, the good advice of Cineas to Pyrrhus proves. And



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makes them cry, complain and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing, but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just and mighty death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done: and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

SIR J. SMITH

. THE ENGLISH LONG BOW

THE imperfections of the long bow do consist only in the breaking of the bow or bowstring, for the which, in times past (when there was great account made of archery) there was special care had, that all livery or war bows being of the wood of yew, were longer than now they use them, and so very well backed and nocked that they seldom or never brake. Besides that, the archers did use to temper with fire a convenient quantity of wax, rosin, and fine tallow together in such sort that rubbing their bows with a very little thereof laid upon a woollen cloth, it did conserve them in all perfection against all weather of heat, frost, and wet; and the strings being made of very good hemp, with a kind of water-glue to resist wet and moisture; and the same strings being by the archers themselves with fine thread well whipped, did also very seldom break; but if any such strings in time of service did happen to break, the soldiers' archers had always

in readiness a couple of strings more, ready whipped and fitted to their bows, to clap on in an instant.

R. HAKLUYT

THE VALIANT FIGHT PERFORMED IN THE STRAIGHT OF GIBRALTAR, BY THE CENTURION OF LONDON, AGAINST FIVE SPANISH GALLIES, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1591

IN the month of November, 1590, there were sundry ships appertaining to several merchants of London, which were rigged and fraught forth with merchandize for sundry places within the Straight of Gibraltar: who, together having wind and weather, which oft-time fell out very uncertain, arrived safely in short space, at such places as they desired. Among whom was the Centurion of London, a very tall ship of burden, yet but weakly manned, as appeareth by this discourse following.

This aforesaid ship called the Centurion safely arrived at Marseilles, where after they had delivered their goods, they stayed about the space of five weeks and better, and then took in lading, intending to return to England.

Now when the Centurion was ready to come away from Marseilles, there were sundry other ships of smaller burden which entreated the master thereof (whose name is Robert Bradshaw, dwelling at Limehouse) to stay a day or two for them, until they were in a readiness to depart with them, thereby persuading them, that it would be far better for them to stay and go together in respect of their assistance, than to depart of themselves without company, and so haply for want of aid fall into the hands of their enemies in the Spanish gallies. Upon which reasonable persuasion, notwithstanding that this ship was of such sufficiency as they might hazard her in the danger of the sea, yet they stayed for those little ships, according to their request, who together did put to sea from

Marseilles, and vowed in general not to fly one from another, if they should happen to meet with any Spanish gallies.

These small ships, accompanied with the Centurion, sailing along the coast of Spain, were upon Easter Day in the Strait of Gibraltar suddenly becalmed, where immediately they saw sundry gallies make towards them, in very valiant and courageous sort: the chief leaders and soldiers in those gallies bravely apparelled in silk coats, with their silver whistles about their necks, and great plumes of feathers in their hats, who with their calivers shot at the Centurion so fast as they might: so that by ten of the clock, and somewhat before, they had boarded the Centurion, who before their coming had prepared for them, and intended to give them so sour a welcome as they might. And thereupon having prepared their close-fights, and all things in a readiness, they called upon God, on whom only they trusted: and having made their prayers, and cheered up one another to fight so long as life endured, they began to discharge their great ordnance upon the gallies, but the little ships durst not come forward, but lay aloof, while five gallies had boarded them, yea and with their grappling-irons made their gallies fast to the said ship called the Centurion.

The gallies were grappled to the Centurion in this manner, two lay on one side, and two on another, and the Admiral lay full in the stern, which galled and battered the Centurion so sore, that her main mast was greatly weakened, her sails filled with many holes, and the mizen and stern made almost unserviceable.

During which time there was a sore and deadly fight on both sides, in which the Trumpet of the Centurion sounded forth the deadly points of war, and encouraged them to fight manfully against their adversaries: on the contrary part, there was no warlike music in the Spanish gallies, but only their whistles of silver, which they sounded forth to their own contentment, in which fight many a Spaniard was turned into the sea, and they in multitudes came crawling, and hung upon the side of the ship, intending to have entered into the same,



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when the Spaniards were gone, they never durst return to fight; yet the next day six other gallies came and looked at them, but durst not at any hand meddle with them.

Thus God delivered them from the hands of their enemies, and gave them the victory: for which they heartily praised him, and not long after, safely arrived in London.

R. KNOLLES

THE SIEGE OF MALTA

THE same time Monserratus was by the Great Master sent into the Castle of St Elmo, to command there as Governor instead of Brolia; for that he with watching and pains taken in defence thereof, was fallen sick. The same Brolia had many times before written to the Great Master, that the Castle was so well fortified and furnished of all things needful, as that he thought it impossible to be won by the enemy: and had with cheerful speech and brave behaviour, so encouraged the knights, and other the brave defendants, that they fought against their enemies with more than men's strength, and greater courage than is to be believed. Neither were the Turks for that discouraged, although they were with great loss still repulsed: but for certain days battered the castle with greater fury than before, and immediately gave an assault; for they had made a bridge over the ditch, of masts and sail yards, of such a breadth, that ten men might go thereon in rank; and had placed about the ditch 4000 arquebusiers, and brought all their fleet unto St George's shore, not far from the castle. And when they had by the space of eighteen days sore shaken it, and torn the walls with 13,000 great shot, and were now in hope presently to win the castle: see, Bergamus, a Biscayan, one of the knights, and Medranus, a Spanish captain, with certain other valiant men, ran to the bridge, and to the great admiration of the be-

holders, opposed themselves against the multitudes of the miscreants. The fight hand to hand was on both sides both fierce and terrible: and now one of the Turks had advanced a Turkish ensign upon the bulwark, which, whilst Medranus layeth hand upon, and the Turk on the other side struggleth to clear himself from him, in striving together, they fell down both dead, shot through with one bullet by one of the Turks. At which time the 400 which we said were but little before sent thither by the Grand Master, stood in good stead: for seeing all brought to so great a danger, some of them (whilst other some fought with the enemy) thrust barrels of gunpowder under the bridge, some cast down wildfire, stones, and whatsoever else came to hand, upon the enemy, and others farther off with their harquebusiers sore gauled the Turks; so in short time the bridge was burnt and blown up, which, in the fall thereof, overwhelmed eight hundred Turks: the rest, (as they might), retired, few whole, but most part wounded. In this conflict the Christians plucked down two ensigns; the one Mustapha's, the other Dragut's, which the Turks had set upon the very battlements of the walls. On the other part towards the south west, a band of the Turks had got to the top of the highest rampier, which as soon as they in the castle of St Angelo perceived, thinking to have beaten them off with a great shot, slew by mischance seven of the defendants upon the same rampier as they were going to and fro: but to recompense that error, at the next shot they rent in sunder four of the Turk's captains, with twelve other of their most forward soldiers. Whilst they were here fighting, other Turks in the meantime had cast up a trench on that side of the Castle towards St Angelo; out of which they were quickly driven with fire, stones, and other such like things thrown down upon them by the defendants. The Turks valiantly on every side repulsed, retired into the camp, when they had in this assault lost two thousand of their best soldiers, and of the Christians slain almost a hundred, and wounded as many more.

SAMUEL PURCHAS

THE RELATION OF THE JACOB, A SHIP OF BRISTOL

NEAR the latter end of October last, 1621, a ship belonging to the city of Bristol, being about the burden of one hundred and twenty tons, was met withal and set upon by Turks or pirates of Argier, where after a long and sharp fight (being in the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar) the English ship being oppressed with the multitude of their enemies, was taken, their ordnance, cables, anchors, sails, ship and men pillaged, ransacked, and at the mercy of the insulting barbarians, who, to make their work the surer, took all the Englishmen out of the ship, except four youths, whose names were John Cooke, William Ling, David Jones, and Robert Tuckey, into which ship the Turks did put thirteen of their own men to command the English, and to bring the ship as a prize to Argier; amongst which one of the pirates was appointed captain, being a strong, able, stern, and resolute fellow.

These four poor youths being thus fallen into the hands of merciless infidels, began to study and complot all the means they could for the obtaining of their freedoms: First, they considered the lamentable and miserable estates that they were like to be in, as to be debarred forever from seeing their friends and country, to be chained, beaten, made slaves, and to eat the bread of affliction in the galleys all the remainder of their unfortunate lives, to have their heads shaven, to feed on coarse diet, to have hard boards for beds, and, which was worse of all, never to be partakers of the Heavenly Word and Sacraments.

Thus being quite hopeless, hapless, and for any thing they knew, for ever helpless, they sailed five days and nights under the command of the pirates, when on the fifth night, God in his great mercy shewed them a means for their wished for escape, for in the dead of the night, the wind began to arise, and



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or short swords, one of which he delivered to William Ling, withal saying, courage, my fellows and countrymen, God strengthen and assist us ; with that, they laid about them so manfully, that they drove the Turks from place to place in the ship, and having coursed them from the poop to the fore-castle, there they valiantly killed two of them, and gave another a dangerous wound or two, who to escape the further fury of their swords, leaped suddenly overboard to go seek his captain. Thus four of the thirteen Turks being made sure for doing any harm, they chased and followed the other nine so close, that they (to save themselves) being also many of them, sore hurt and wounded, ran between the ship's decks ; whereupon the Englishmen fastened the decks to keep them under : the Turks not knowing how to be revenged, ran afterward toward the helm, and unshipped their whipstaff, or, as some call it, a whipstock (tiller) (which is the staff that a mariner holds in his hand when he guides or steers a ship) by which means the Englishmen were in some distress, by reason the ship lay tumbling and rolling in the raging and boisterous billows of the sea : at last, John Cooke and William Ling got each of them a musket, which they quickly charged, and went down where the nine Turks were, making offers to shoot at them, at which they were much terrified ; whereupon they quickly shipped their whipstock again, delivering the helm to Robert Tuckey, and then presently they stowed all the Turks under the hatches, where they kept them close till the next morning, and then, as they had occasion to use them, they would call up two or three of them at a time, to hale and pull sheets, tacks, braces, and bowlines, to hoist and strike sails, or any such necessary and laborious employments ; in all which the English made the Turks attend them, and directing their course for the port of St Lucas in Spain, they in short time (by God's aid) happily and safely arrived at the said port where they sold the nine Turks for galley-slaves, for a good sum of money, and as I think, a great deal more than they were worth.

IZAAK WALTON

THE MARRIAGE OF RICHARD HOOKER

I RETURN to Mr Hooker in his College, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into Sacred Orders, being then made Deacon and Priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St Paul's Cross. In order to which Sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamites House; (which is a House so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon). This house was then kept by John Churchman, some time a draper of good note in Watling Street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour, for he was a vertuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse; supposing the horse trotted, when he did not; and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, and rest and drink proper for a cold given him by this Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his sermon; which was, that in

God there were two wills, an antecedent and a consequent will: his first will, that all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, that those only should be saved, that did live answerable to that degree of grace which He had offered or afforded them. This seemed to cross a late opinion of the Calvins, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr Jackson, Dr Hammond, and others of great learning, who believed that a contrary opinion intrenches upon the honour and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare: but it was not excepted against (as Mr Hooker declares in his rational answer to Mr Travers) by John Elmes, then Bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors and at last one of his advocates, too, when Mr Hooker was accused for it. But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such an one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one as she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry. And he, not considering that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light; but, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with (you may read it in the Book of Genesis) when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac: for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion: and for her conditions, they



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which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them: for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition, and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr Cranmer said, "Good Tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me: but labour (as indeed I do daily) to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.

EARL CLARENDON

THE SETTING UP OF THE STANDARD

ACCORDING to the Proclamation, upon the twenty fifth day of August, the standard was erected about six of the clock in the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day. The King himself, with a small train, rode to the top of the Castle Hill, Verney, the Knight Marshal, who was

standard-bearer, carrying the standard; which was then erected in that place, with little other ceremony than the sound of drums and trumpets. Melancholy men observed many ill presages about that time. There was not one regiment of foot yet brought thither, so that the trained bands, which the Sheriff had drawn together, were all the strength the King had for his person and the guard of the standard. There appeared no conflux of men in obedience to the proclamation; the arms and ammunition were not yet come from York, and a general sadness covered the whole town. The standard was blown down, the same night it had been set up, by a very strong and unruly wind, and could not be fixed again in a day or two, till the tempest was allayed. This was the melancholy state of the King's affairs when the standard was set up.

EDWARD GIBBON

THE BATTLE OF CHÂLONS

THE battle of Chalons can only excite our curiosity by the magnitude of the object; since it was decided by the blind impetuosity of Barbarians, and has been related by partial writers, whose civil or ecclesiastical profession secluded them from the knowledge of military affairs. Cassiodorus, however, had familiarly conversed with many Gothic warriors, who served in that memorable engagement; "a conflict," as they informed him, "fierce, various, obstinate and bloody; such as could not be paralleled, either in the present or past ages." The number of the slain amounted to one hundred and sixty two thousand, or, according to another account, three hundred thousand persons; and these incredible exaggerations suppose a real and effective loss, sufficient to justify the historians remark, that whole generations may be swept away, by the madness of Kings, in the space of a single

hour. After the mutual and repeated discharge of missile weapons, in which the archers of Scythia might signalize their superior dexterity, the cavalry and infantry of the two armies were furiously mingled in closer combat. The Huns, who fought under the eyes of their King, pierced through the feeble and doubtful centre of the allies, separated their wings from each other, and wheeling, with a rapid effort, to the left, directed their whole force against the Visigoths. As Theodoric rode along the ranks to animate his troops, he received a mortal stroke from the javelin of Andages, a noble Ostrogoth, and immediately fell from his horse. The wounded King was oppressed in the general disorder, and trampled under the feet of his own cavalry ; and this important death served to explain the ambiguous prophecy of the Haruspices. Attila already exulted in the confidence of victory, when the valiant Torismond descended from the hills, and verified the remainder of the prediction. The Visigoths, who had been thrown into confusion by the flight, or defection of the Alani, gradually restored their order of battle ; and the Huns were undoubtedly vanquished, since Attila was compelled to retreat. He had exposed his person with the rashness of a private soldier ; but the intrepid troops of the centre had pushed forward beyond the rest of the line : their attack was faintly supported, their flanks were unguarded ; and the conquerors of Scythia and Germany were saved by the approach of the night from a total defeat. They retired within the circle of wagons that fortified their camp ; and the dismounted squadrons prepared themselves for a defence, to which neither their arms, nor their temper, were adapted. The event was doubtful : but Attila had secured a fast and honourable resource. The saddles and rich furniture of the cavalry were collected, by his order, into a funeral pile ; and the magnanimous Barbarian had resolved, if his entrenchments should be forced, to rush headlong into the flames, and to deprive his enemies of the glory which they might have acquired by the death or captivity of Attila.

But his enemies had passed the night in equal disorder and



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from every side of the entrenchments. It was determined in a general council of war, to besiege the king of the Huns in his camp, to intercept his provisions, and to reduce him to the alternative of a disgraceful treaty, or an unequal combat. But the impatience of the Barbarians soon disdained these cautious and dilatory measures ; and the mature policy of Ætius was apprehensive, that, after the extirpation of the Huns, the republic would be oppressed by the pride and power of the Gothic nation. The patrician exerted the superior ascendant of authority and reason, to calm the passions, which the son of Theodoric considered as a duty ; represented, with seeming affection and real truth, the danger of absence and delay ; and persuaded Torismond to disappoint by his speedy return, the ambitious designs of his brothers, who might occupy the throne and treasure of Toulouse. After the departure of the Goths, and the separation of the allied army, Attila was surprised at the vast silence that reigned over the plains of Châlons : the suspicion of some hostile stratagem detained him several days within the circle of his waggons ; and his retreat beyond the Rhine confessed the last victory which was achieved in the name of the Western Empire.

CRITICAL

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

AN APOLOGY FOR POETRY

AMONG the Romans a poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a diviner, fore-seer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words *Vaticinium* and *Vaticinari*, is manifest; so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge. And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting upon any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgilianae*, when by sudden opening Virgil's book, they lighted upon any verse of his making, whereof the histories of the Emperor's lives are full: as of Albinus the Governor of our island, who in his childhood met with this verse.

Arma amens capio nec sat rationis in armis.

And in his age performed it, which although it were a very vain and godless superstition, as also it was to think that spirits were commanded by such verses, whereupon this word *charms*, derived of *carmina*, cometh, so yet serveth it to shew the great reverence those wits were held in. And altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of Delphos and Sybilla's prophecies, were wholly delivered in verses. For that same exquisite observing of number and measure in words, and that high flying liberty of conceit, proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little further, to shew the reasonableness of this word *Vates*? And say that the holy David's

Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern : but even the name Psalms will speak for me, which being interpreted, is nothing but Songs. Then that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments? The often and free changing of persons? His notable *Prosopopeias*, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in His Majesty. His telling of the beast's joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly poesy : wherein almost he sheweth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind only cleared by faith. But truly now having named him, I fear me I seem to profane the holy name, applying it to poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation : but they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the Church of God.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM

AN ENGLISH POET'S DICTION

THIS part in our maker or poet must be heedfully looked into, that it be natural, pure, and the most usual of all his country ; and for the same purpose rather that which is spoken in the King's Court, or in the good towns and cities within the land, than in the marches or frontiers, or port towns, where strangers haunt for traffic's sake, or yet in the Universities where scholars use such peevish affectation of words out of the primitive languages, or finally in any uplandish village or corner of a realm ; neither shall he follow the speech of a craftsman or carter, or other of the inferior sort, though he be inhabitant or bred in the best



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wiser: all their poesy and all their philosophy is nothing, unless we bring the discerning light of conceit with us to apply it to use. It is not books, but only that great book of the world, and the all over-spreading grace of Heaven that makes men truly judicial. Nor can it but touch of arrogant ignorance to hold this or that nation barbarous, these or those times gross, considering how this manifold creature man, wheresoever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains the order of society, affects that which is most in use, and is eminent in some one thing or other that fits his humour or the times. The Grecians held all other nations barbarous but themselves; yet Pyrrhus, when he saw the well-ordered marching of the Romans, which made them see their presumptuous error, could say it was no barbarous manner of proceeding. The Goths, Vandals, and Longobards, whose coming down like an inundation, overwhelmed, as they say, all the glory of learning in Europe, have yet left us still their laws and customs, as the originals of most of the provincial constitutions of Christendom; which, well considered with their other courses of government, may serve to clear them from this imputation of ignorance. And though the vanquished never speak well of the conqueror, yet even through the unsound coverings of malediction appear those monuments of truth, as argues well their worth, and proves them not without judgment, though without Greek and Latin.

BEN JONSON

ON STYLE

FOR a man to write well, there are required three necessaries: to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner;

he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely, and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the froward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written: which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly; they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter shewed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing; yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it; as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stir his mettle. Again, whether a man's genius is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft-times get even, if not eminent. Besides

as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavour by their own faculties : so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own ; and such as accustom themselves, and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly : and though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

SIR J. HARINGTON

AN APOLOGY OF POETRY

I CANNOT deny but to us that are Christians in respect of the high end of all, which is the health of our souls, not only Poetry but all other studies of philosophy are in a manner vain and superfluous : yea, (as the wise man saith) whatsoever is under the sun is vanity of vanities and nothing but vanity. But since we live with men and not with saints, and because few men can embrace this strict and stoical divinity, or rather indeed, for that the holy scriptures in which those high mysteries of our salvation are contained, are a deep and profound study, and not subject to every weak capacity, no nor to the highest wits and judgments, except they be first illuminate by God's spirit, or instructed by his teachers and preachers : therefore we do first read some other authors, making them as it were a looking-glass to the eyes of our mind ; and then after we have gathered more strength,



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boys and women, but little of solid meat for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for the impressions which his works have had in so many successive years. Yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelve month: for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand.*

Chaucer followed Nature everywhere; but was never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: they who lived with him and sometime after him, thought it musical, and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense, (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroic, was either not known or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the

first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucullus, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. . . .

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some vertuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learn'd. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the reeve, the miller, and the cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty.

SIR W. TEMPLE

OF POETRY

I KNOW very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men: but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question: it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasures and requests of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

MILTON'S SHORTER POEMS

THAT in the early parts of his life he wrote with much care appears from his manuscripts, happily preserved at Cambridge, in which many of his smaller works are found as they were first written, with the subsequent corrections. Such relics show how excellence is acquired; what we hope ever to do with ease, we must learn first to do with diligence.



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heathen deities; Jove and Phœbus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, - such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another god what is become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves will excite no sympathy; he who thus praises will confer no honour.

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverent combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendent of a Christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety, of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conscious.

Such is the power of reputation justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination. Surely no man could have fancied that he read Lycidas with pleasure, had he not known the author.

Of the two pieces, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," I believe, opinion is uniform; every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The author's design is not, what Theobald has remarked, merely to show how objects derive their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

The *cheerful* man hears the lark in the morning; the *pensive* man hears the nightingale in the evening. The *cheerful* man sees the cock strut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood; then walks, *not unseen*, to observe the glory of the rising sun, or listen to the singing milkmaid,

and view the labours of the ploughman and the mower ; then casts his eyes about him over scenes of smiling plenty, and looks up to the distant tower, the residence of some fair inhabitant ; thus he pursues real gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himself at night with the fanciful narratives of superstitious ignorance.

The *pensive* man at one time walks *unseen* to muse at midnight, and at another hears the sullen curfew. If the weather drives him home, he sits in a room lighted only by “glowing embers ;” or by a lonely lamp outwatches the North Star, to discover the habitation of separate souls, and varies the shades of meditation by contemplating the magnificent or pathetic scenes of tragic and epic poetry. When the morning comes—a morning gloomy with rain and wind—he walks into the dark, trackless woods, falls asleep by some murmuring water, and with melancholy enthusiasm expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aërial performers.

Both mirth and melancholy are solitary, silent inhabitants of the breast, that neither receive nor transmit communication ; no mention is therefore made of a philosophical friend, or a pleasant companion. The seriousness does not arise from any participation of calamity, nor the gaiety from the pleasures of the bottle.

The man of *cheerfulness*, having exhausted the country, tries what “towered cities” will afford, and mingles with scenes of splendour, gay assemblies, and nuptial festivities ; but he mingles a mere spectator, as, when the learned comedies of Jonson, or the wild dramas of Shakespeare, are exhibited, he attends the theatre.

The *pensive* man never loses himself in crowds, but walks the cloister, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forsaken the Church.

Both his characters delight in music ; but he seems to think that cheerful notes would have obtained from Pluto a complete dismissal of Eurydice, of whom solemn sounds procured only a conditional release.

For the old age of Cheerfulness he makes no provision : but Melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the close of life. His Cheerfulness is without levity, and his Pensiveness without asperity.

Through these two poems the images are properly selected and nicely distinguished ; but the colours of the diction seem not sufficiently discriminated. I know not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. No mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy ; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of imagination.



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