GEORGE VILLIERS.
Second Duke of Buckingham.

THE REHEARSAL.
First acted 7 Dec. 1671. Published [? July] 1672.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PREVIOUS PLAYS, ETC.

VOL. 4

CAREFULLY EDITED BY
EDWARD ARBER,
Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LARGE PAPER EDITION.

LONDON:
5, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
- Ent. Stat. Hall. - 1 October, 1869. [All Rights reserved.]
CONTENTS.

LIFE and TIMES of GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham

(1) Brian Fairfax's Memorials of him 3 - 10
(2) Other characters of him, by Lord Peterborough, Bp. Burnet, Count Grammont, S. Butler, and J. Dryden 10 - 12

INTRODUCTION, 13

BIBLIOGRAPHY, 'The Rehearsal' 18

Keys to 'The Rehearsal' 19, 20, 26, 32, 36, 46, 48

THE REHEARSAL

(1) Prologue 23
(2) The Actors 24
(3) The Text, on odd numbered pages
(4) The ILLUSTRATIONS, on even numbered pages, principally taken from the following Plays:

Mrs. A. Behn, The Amorous Prince. 1671.
Sir W. D'Avenant, Love and Honour. 1649.
(Poet-laureate) Play House to be let.
Siege of Rhodes, Part I. 1656.
J. Dryden, Conquest of Granada, Parts I. and II. 1672.
(Poet-laureate) The Indian Emperor. 1667.
Marriage-à-la-mode. 1691.
Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen. 1668.
Tyrannic Love. 1670 and 1672.
The Wild Gallant. 1669.

Sir R. Fanshawe's translation (1654) of
Don A. H. de Mendoza's Querer pro solo querer. 1623.
(To love only for love's sake) 1671.
Col. H. Howard, United Kingdoms.
The Hon. J. Howard, English Monsieur. 1674.
Sir W. Killigrew, Ormisdas, or Love and Friendship. 1665.
Pandora, or The Converts. 1665.
T. Porter, The Villain. 1663.
F. Quarles, The Virgin Widow. 1649.

(5) Epilogue 136
The Life and Times of
GEORGE VILLIERS,
Second Duke of Buckingham.

Instead of the usual brief Chronicle, we shall on this occasion adduce a series of testimonies that have come down to us from contemporaries, all intimately acquainted with Villiers.

1. In the year 1758, was published in London, a 4to Catalogue of the Curious Collection of Pictures of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The Catalogue is prefaced by the following Advertisement.

We proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections; the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and was only such part of his Museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled, when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and Abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave £10,000 for what had been collected by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and Sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased many other capital ones for his grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been, by this list of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veronese, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought some of them, but the greater part were purchased by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the Ecce Homo by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the Fifth, and Solymans the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuscript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the first duke the value of £7,000 in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland house.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when sent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negotiate the restoration of the Palatinate, purchased a curious collection of Arabic manuscripts, collected by Erpinius, a famous linguist; which, according to the duke's designation of them, were after his death, bestowed on the university of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.

Embedded in this Catalogue, at pp. 24—30, is the following Life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the celebrated Poet. Written by Brian Fairfax Esq. and never before published. This Life is both able and graphic; and apparently authentic. As it will be new to most readers, we give it entire.

Brian Fairfax, Esq. was the second son of Rev. Henry Fairfax, rector of Bolton Percy, and cousin to Thomas, 4th Lord Fairfax (the Parliamentary general), brother to Henry, 5th Lord, and uncle of Thomas 6th Lord Fairfax. [See The Fairfax Correspondence. Ed. by G. W. Johnson, i. cx—cxxv. 1848.] In 1699, he edited Short Memorials of Thomas [4th] Lord Fairfax. Written by himself. The following gives the most favourable account of Villiers; and would seem to show that up to the Restoration, he was apparently no worse than his neighbours.

The original papers from whence this manuscript is at truly taken, were written by Mr. Brian Fairfax, and in the possession of the late bishop Atterbury.

Memoirs of the Life of George Villiers,
Duke of Buckingham.

George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, was the son of that noble favourite
to two kings; who, in the height of his fortune and flower of his age, engaged his estate and exposed his life, in the service of his king and country.

The name of Villiers is ancient and honourable in France and England. Philip de Villiers l'Isle Adam, was the last great master of Rhodes, and defended it six months against the Turkish emperor, Solyman.

The duke's mother was the Lady Katherine Manners, sole daughter and heir of Francis earl of Rutland.

He was born at Wellingford house in Westminster, Jan. 30, 1637. His elder brother, Charles, died an infant. His sister Mary was duchess of Richmond and Lennox. His brother Francis was born at Chelsea, after his father's death.

The duke inherited from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate of any subject in England; and from them both so graceful a body, as gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind, and made him the glory of the English court at home and abroad.

The first visit the king made to the duchess after her husband's death, he was pleased to say, He would be a husband to her, a father to her children; and he performed his promise.

The duchess was then great with child, and the king said, He would be godfather: Francis earl of Rutland, the child's grandfather, was the other. They complimented who should give the name. The king named him Francis, and the grandfather gave him his benediction, seven thousand pounds a year.

The duke and his brother, Francis, were bred up by king Charles, with his own children, the same tutors and governors.

They were sent to Trinity College in Cambridge, their names entered in the college-book the same year with prince Charles.

Here the duke became acquainted with two excellent men, Mr. Ab. Cowley, and Mr. Martin Clifford, whom he loved ever after, and they as faithfully and affectionately served him. [To these two a third was added afterwards, who had an equal share with them in his affection, his domestic chaplain; and it was a good argument of his own wit and judgment, and good nature, that he knew how to value a man who had all these and other good qualities to recommend him.]

From hence they went to the king at Oxford, laying their lives and fortunes at his feet, as a testimony of their loyalty and gratitude, worthy to be imprinted in the memory of the royal family. This they did, not in words and compliments; for they lost their estates, and one of them, soon after, his life.

At Oxford they chose two good tutors to enter them in the war, prince Rupert and my lord Gerard; and went with them into very sharp service: the storming of the close at Litchfield.

At their return to Oxford, the duchess, their mother, was very angry with my lord Gerard, for tempting her sons into such danger; but he told her, it was their own inclination, and the more danger the more honour.

For this the parliament seized on their estates, but by a rare example of their compassion, restored it again in consideration of their nonage; but the young men kept it no longer than till they came to be at age to forfeit it again.

About this time their mother married the marquis of Antrim, and thereby offended the king, and ruined herself.

They were now committed to the care of the earl of Northumberland, and were sent to travel in France and Italy, where they lived in as great state as some of those sovereign princes. Florence and Rome were the places of their residence, and they brought their religion home again, wherein they had been educated under the eye of the most devout and best of kings. The duke did not, as his predecessor, in the title of Lord Ross, had done before him, who changed his religion at Rome, and left his tutor, Mr. Mole, in the inquisition, for having translated king James's book, his admonition to princes, into Latin; and Du Plessis Moreny's book of the mass into English.

Their return into England was in so critical a time, as if they had now chosen the last opportunity, as they had done the first, of venturing all in the king's service.

In the year 1648 the king was a prisoner in the isle of Wight, and his friends in several parts of England designing to renew the war; duke Hamilton in
Scottand, the earl of Holland and others in Surry, Goring in Kent, many in London and Essex, and these were the last efforts of the dying cause.

The duke and brother, my lord Francis, in the heat of their courage, engaged with the earl of Holland: and were the first that took the field about Rygate in Surry.

The parliament, with their old army, knew all these designs, and despised them; till they grew so numerous in Kent, that the general himself was sent to suppress them, who found sharp service in storming of Maidstone, and taking of Colchester.

Some troops of horse were sent, under the command of colonel Gibbons, to suppress them in Surry; and they drove my lord of Holland before them to Kingston, but engaged his party before they got thither, near Nonsuch, and defeated them.

My lord Francis, at the head of his troop having his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the high way about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, defending himself, scorning to ask quarter, and they barbarously refusing to give it; till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the two first letters of his name F. V. cut in it to this day.

Thus died this noble, valiant, and beautiful youth, in the twentieth year of his age. A few days before his death, when he left London, he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and he so charged his estate with them, that the parliament, who seized on the estate, payed his debts.

His body was brought from Kingston by water to York house in the Strand, and was there embalmed and deposited in his father's vault in Henry VIIth's chapel, at the abbey of Westminster; with this inscription, which it is a pity should be buried with him:

Deposatum
Illustrissimi domini
Francisci Villiers
Ingentis speciei juvenis
Filii posthumi Georgii
Ducis Buckinghamii

Qui vicesimo aeatis anno
Pro rege Carolo
Et patria
Fortier pugnando
Novem honestis vulneribus acceptis
Obit vii° die Julii
Anno Domino 1648.

The body of the illustrious lord Francis Villiers, a most beautiful youth, the posthumous son of George duke of Buckingham, who, in the 30th year of his age, fighting valiantly for king Charles and his country, having nine honourable wounds, died the 7th of July, 1648.

The duke, after the loss of his brother, hardly escaped with his life to St. Neots, whither also came the earl of Holland, who was there taken, and soon after beheaded.

The duke, the next morning finding the house where he lay surrounded, and a troop of horse drawn up before the gate, had time with his servants to get to horse, and then causing the gate to be opened, he charged the enemy, and killed the officer at the head of them, and made his escape to the sea-side, and to prince Charles who was in the Downs with those ships that had deserted the earl of Warwick.

And now again the parliament gave him forty days time to return to England, but he refused, and chose rather to stay with the prince, who was soon after king Charles the Second, and to follow him in his exile.

The parliament seized on his estate, the greatest of any subject in England, having now his brother's estate fallen to him; the yearly value was above £25,000.

It happened that the manor of Helmesly, which was his brother's, was given to my lord Fairfax, with York-house in the Strand, for part of his arrears, and this fortunately came to him by his marrying my lord Fairfax's daughter.

All that he had to live on beyond sea was the money he got at Antwerp for his pictures, which were part of that costly and curious collection his father got together from Italy, by the help of Sir Henry Wotton and others, which adorned York-house, to the admiration of all men of judgment in pictures: A note of their names and dimensions is all that is now left of them. The Ecce Homo of Titian was valued at £5000 being the figure of all the
great persons in his time. The arch-duke bought it, and it is now in the castle of Prague. These pictures were secured and sent to him by his old trusty servant, Mr. John Trayleman, who lived in York-house.

The king resolving to go into Scotland, the duke attended him, and now again the parliament offered him to compound for his estate for £20,000, which was less than a year's value; but he chose to run the king's fortune in Scotland, worse than exile, came with him out of Scotland into England; and at Worcester his escape was almost as miraculous as the king's in the royal oak. He escaped again into France, and went a voluntier into the French army, and was much regarded by all the great officers, signallizing his courage at the siege of Arras and Valenciennes.

When he came to the English court, which was but seldom, the king was always glad to see him. He loved his person and his company; but the great men about him desired rather his room than his company.

There now happened a great turn in the course of his life. My lord Fairfax had part of his estate, about £5000 per annum. allotted him by the parliament towards the payment of his arrears due to him as general, and he remitted more than would have purchased a greater estate. They gave him the manor of Helmsley, the seat of the noble family of Rutland in Yorkshire, as a salve for the wound he received there, being shot through the body. They gave him also York-house in London, which was also the duke's.

The duke heard how kind and generous my lord Fairfax was to the countess of Derby, in paying all the rents of the Isle of Man, which the parliament had also assigned to him for his arrears, into her own hands, and she confessed it was more than all her servants before had done.

The duke had reason to hope my lord had the same inclinations as to this estate of his, which he never accounted his own, and the duke wanted it as much as the countess.

He was not deceived in his hopes, for my lord Fairfax wished only for an opportunity of doing it. He lived in York-house, where every chamber was adorned with the arms of Villiers and Manners, lions and peacocks. He was descended from the same ancestors, earls of Rutland. Sir Guy Fairfax his two sons having married two of the daughters of the earl of Rutland; which my lord took frequent occasion to remember.

The duke resolved to try his fortune, which had hitherto been adverse enough, and he had some revenge on her, by his translation of the ode in Horace—Fortuna sævis leta negotis. Over he came into England, to make love to his only daughter, a most virtuous and amiable lady. He found a friend to propose it, and I think it was Mr. Robert Harlow.

The parents consented, and the young lady could not resist his charms, being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw, &c. All his trouble in wooing was, He came, saw, and conquered.

When he came into England he was not sure either of life or liberty. He was an outlaw, and had not made his peace with Cromwell, who would have forbid the banns if he had known of his coming over. He had a greater share of his estate, had daughters to marry, and would not have liked such a conjunction of Mars and Mercury, as was in this alliance; knowing my lord's affections to the royal family, which did afterwards produce good effects towards its restoration.

They were married at Nun-Appleton, six miles from York, Sept. 7, 1657, a new and noble house built by my lord Fairfax, and where he kept as noble hospitality. His friend, Ab. Cowley, wrote an epithalamium, now printed.

When Cromwell heard of it, he rested not till he had him in the tower, and would have brought him to Tower-hill had he lived a fortnight longer.

He had liberty given him to be at York-house with his lady; but going to Cobhau to see his sister, he was taken, and sent to the tower.

This so angered my lord Fairfax that he went to Whitehall to the protector, and expostulated the case so as it put him into great passion, turning abruptly from him in the gallery at Whitehall, cocking his hat, and saying, So in the orig., throwing his cloak under his arm. Thus I saw him take his last leave of his old acquaintance, Cromwell, whose servants expected he would be sent to bear the duke company at the tower the next morning, but the protector was wiser in his passion.
I carried the duke the news of the protector's death, and he had then leave to be a prisoner at Windsor castle, where his friend Ab. Cowley was his constant companion. Richard Cromwell soon after abdicated, and then his liberty came of course.

This was the happiest time of all the duke's life, when he went to his father-in-law's house at Appleton, and there lived orderly and decently with his own wife, where he neither wanted, nor so abounded as to be tempted to any sort of extravagance, as he was after when he came to possess his whole estate. He now understood the meaning of that paradox, *Dumitum plus toto*, with which he used to pose young scholars; and found by experience, that the half or third part of his own estate which he now enjoyed, was more than the whole which he had at the king and his restoration.

Now he lived a most regular life, no courtshins but to his own wife, not so much as to his after-beloved and costly mistresses, the philosopher's stone.

My lord Fairfax was much pleased with his company, and to see him so conformable to the orders and good government of the family. If they had any plots together, they were to the best purposes, the restoration of the royal family.

My lord Fairfax's maxims in politics was, that the old veteran army which he had commanded, was not to be beaten by any new rais'd force in England; and that the king's friends shewed more affection than discretion in their plots, to restore them while they were united; and that this old army would never be beaten but by itself; as the event shewed, when Lambert and Monk divided them. But the most fatal influence of this opinion in my lord Fairfax was the night before the thirtieth of January, when some of his friends proposed to him to attempt the next day to rescue the king, telling him that twenty thousand men were ready to join with him; he said, he was ready to venture his own life, but not the lives of others against the army now united against them.

The same appeared in the insurrection of sir George Booth, which Lambert, with a brigade of this old army, did so easily suppress; the success whereof inspired him with the ambition of imitating Cromwell, in dissolving the parliament, and making himself protector.

The duke had given sufficient testimony of his loyalty, and my lord Fairfax of his affection and desire to see the royal family restored; and now was the time of doing it.

General Monk in Scotland declared against Lambert, who marched against him with a strong body of horse.

My lord Fairfax, and the duke with him, declared for Monk in Yorkshire; but the duke was obliged to withdraw, because his presence gave a jealousy, that the design was to bring in the king, which was too soon to be owned.

What the event was is well known. I shall only repeat the duke's words in an expostulatory letter to king Charles some years after.

"As to your majesty's return into England, I may justly pretend to some share; since without my lord Fairfax his engaging in Yorkshire, Lambert's army had never quitted him, nor the duke of Albemarle marched out of Scotland."

The king's restoration, *volvenda dies en attulit ultero*, restored the duke to his estate, but such a train of expence with it, as brought him acquainted with bankers and scrivenerers, that infested it with the gangrene of usury, which it never recovered.

At the king's coronation no subject appeared in greater splendor. None kept greater hospitality than he did at Wallingford-house, especially for the French nobility that came over. This engaged him in play, which had he continued, his estate had not lasted so long; but he resolved to give it over, and kept his resolution ever after. He was moderate in all his expenses, his table, stable, laboratory. All the king's favours to him were occasions of great expense. His lord lieutenanty in Yorkshire cost him more than it did all that succeeded him. The master of the horses cost him twenty thousand pounds to the duke of Albemarle.

His embassies into France and Holland cost him more than a diamond ring could recompense: that into Holland (setting aside the politick part of it, being a consequence of that into France.
We took barge at Whitehall, June 1673, and lay that night on board the English admiral at the buoy in the Nore, the king and duke being there. The next night we came to anchor in our yacht in the Dutch fleet on the coast of Holland. The next night we were entertained by the states in the Hague. The next night we supped with the prince of Orange at his camp at Bodegrave. Next night with the king of France at Utrecht, where we staid two or three days, and then marched back with him at the head of his army to Arnhem, where we visited the prince de Conde, who lay ill there of a wound in his arm, which he got passing the Rhine at Tolhun, and Marshal Turin. Thence we went with the king to Nimisuen, Grave, Boxtel, and there we parted. The king went to Paris, and we into the Spanish dominions, to Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Dunkirk, and Calais; where our yachts stayed for us, and we came to Dover, Canterbury, London; where we arrived the day month that we left it.

He was sent ambassador into France, where he was highly carressed by the king, and many of the nobility his old acquaintance. This was before the other into Holland. At his return he was chosen chancellor of the university of Cambridge, and entertained them nobly at York-house, where his father had done it on the same occasion forty years before.

He now seemed to be setting up for a favourite, but he wanted his father's diligence, which fitted him to stand before princes.

He fell into a new way of expence in building, in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls, Insumae substructiones; and himself, when his friends dissuaded him from it, called it his folly.

The world has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities.

For his person, he was the glory of the age and any court wherever he came. Of a most graceful and charming mien and behaviour; a strong, tall and active body, all which gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind; of an admirable wit and excellent judgment; and had all other qualities of a gentleman. He was courteous and affable to all; of a compassionate nature; ready to forgive and forget injuries. What was said of a great man in the court of queen Elizabeth, that he used to vent his discontent at court by writing from company, and writing sonnets, may be said of him; but when he was provoked by the malice of some and ingratitude of others, he might shew that a good natured man might have an ill natured muse.

He gave a good instance of his readiness to forgive injuries. When a considerable man at court did him an injury, which he was fearful he would resent, he desired a friend to mediate for him, and endeavour a reconciliation, which he undertook. The duke told him that he did not remember he had ever injured him, if he had he freely forgave him.

His charitable disposition he seemed to inherit from his grandfather, Francis earl of Rutland, who used every quarter day at London to send his steward with bags of money to several prisons to relieve prisoners and pay their debts, bidding them thank God, and pray for their benefactor, but not telling them who it was.

He was a man of great courage and presence of mind in danger. One instance of it was when a melancholy-mad servant assaulted him with a drawn sword in his hand when he was at supper, and he with a knife disarmed him. The man was afterwards hanged for saying he would do it to the king.

The character which Sir Henry Wotton gives of his father might be said of him, viz.

"Among all the favourites which mine eyes have beheld in divers courts and times, I never saw before a strong heart and eminent condition so clearly void of all pride and shocking arrogance either in his face or in his fashion."

"It is to be wished the rest of his father's character had been as true of him; his diligence and application to business, and that he had left his few honest servants in as good fortune as reputation, who never wronged him in his estate, nor flattered him in his faults, and thought they escaped well in not being oppressed under the ruins of his fortune."

[When he first began to settle his family he desired his old friends, A[braham] Cowley and M[artin] Cl[ifford] to recom- In the origin-

at this para-
mend to him a domestic chaplain. They knew how hard it was to please him; he must be a man of learning, wit, good nature, good manners, a graceful person and decent behaviour. They found one [T. Sprat, afterwards Bp. of Rochester. See W. Oldys MS. note to G. Langbaine] to their own mind, and to his; whom he valued as a friend, and loved as a companion; who lived to be an ornament to the church among those of the highest order. He brought the duke acquainted with another excellent person, whose friendship and conversation he much coveted, and wished he could have more of it, who attained afterwards to the highest dignity in the church, and with a lawyer as eminent in his profession: so that his father was not more happy in the choice of a few friends and servants than he was, if he had followed their advice. He saw and approved the best, but did too often detest or sequi.)

His father had two crimes objected against him which he was not guilty of; plurality of offices, and preferring his relations. The faults objected against him were, that he loved women, and spent his estate.

His estate was his own. He had often lost it for the king, and might now be allowed to enjoy it himself. If he was sui profusus, he never was alieni appetens. If he was extravagant in spending, he was just in paying his debts, and at his death charged his debts on his estate, leaving much more than enough to his children. "If he was a grievance, as he told the house of commons, he was the cheapest to the public that ever was complained of." He had no children by his dutchess, nor heirs capable of inheriting his estate or title.

His amours were too notorious to be concealed, and too scandalous to be justified, by saying he was bred in the latitude of foreign climates, and now lived in a vicious age and court; where his accusers of this crime were his guilty as himself. He lay under so ill a name for this, that whenever he was shut up in his chamber, as he loved to be, nesscui quid, or in his laboratory, meditans purgarum, over the fumes of charcoal, it was said to be with women. When a dirty chemist, a foxhunter, a pretender to poetry or politics, a rehearsal should entertain him, when a messenger to summon him to council could not be admitted.

This is true of him, that of all the noise made of his loving women, he never had so much as a bastard laid to his charge, that he or any body else believed to be his own. Some pretended to love his person, but it was his estate, which smarted for it. It is hard to tell by his ex pense which was his favourite pleasure, I think, his chemistry at home, and fox-hunting abroad.

I will conclude his character with saying, that if human frailty will not excuse these faults, let christian charity oblige us to hope, that as God gave him time, he gave him also the grace of true repentance.

We are now come to the last scene of the tragi-comedy of his life. At the death of king Charles he went into the country to his own manor of Helmesly, the seat of the earls of Rutland in Yorkshire. King Charles was his best friend, he loved him and excused his faults. He was not so well assured of his successor. In the country he passed his time in hunting, and entertaining his friends; which he did a fortnight before his death as pleasantly and hospitably as ever he did in his life. He took cold one day after fox-hunting, by sitting on the cold ground, which cast him into an ague and fever, of which he died, after three days sickness, at a tenant's house, Kirby more side, a lordship of his own, near Helmesly, Ap. 16, 1688: attat. 60.

The day before his death he sent to his old servant Mr. Brian Fairfax, to desire him to provide him a bed at his house at Bishop-hill at York, but the next morning the same man returned with the news that his life was despised of. Mr. Fairfax went post, but before he got to him he was speechless. The earl of Arran, son to duke Hamilton, was with him; who, hearing he was sick, visited him in his way to Scotland.

When Mr. Fairfax came, the duke knew him, look'd earnestly at him, and held him by the hand, but could not speak. Mr. Fairfax ask'd a gentleman there present, a justice of peace, and a worthy discreet man in the neighbourhood, what he had said or done before he became speechless. He told
me some questions had been asked him about his estate, to which he gave no answer. Then he was admonished of the danger he was in, which he seemed not to apprehend; he was ask'd, if he would have the minister of the parish sent for to pray with him, to which he gave no answer; which made another question be asked, If he would have a papish priest to which he answered with great vehemence, no, no! repeating the words, He would have nothing to do with them. Then the aforesaid gentleman, Mr. Gibson, ask'd him again if he would have the minister sent for, and he calmly answered, Yes, pray send for him. This was the morning and he died that night. The minister came, and did the office required by the church: the duke devoutly attending it, and received the sacrament, and an hour after became speechless; but appearing sensible, we had the prayers of the church repeated by his bed-side, recommending him to the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Thus he died quietly in his bed, the fate of few of his predecessors in the title of Buckingham. His body was embalmed and brought to Westminster-abbey, and there laid in the vault with his father and brothers, in Hen. the VIIth's chapel. Mary duchess of Buckingham was the only daughter of Thomas lord Fairfax, and Ann, the daughter of Horace Lord Vere. A most virtuous and pious lady, in her singleness and court. If she had a religion, it was to have certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy. She survived him many years, and died near St. James at Westminster, and was buried in the vault of the family of Villiers, in Hen. VIIth's chapel, anno 1705. stat. 66. 2. The following, in grisly contrast to Fairfax's account, comes from Lord Peterborough.

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing the death of her husband; and, after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt.—Spence's Anecdotes, Malone's Edition, 1820, p. 164.

3. Bp. G. Burnet, in his History of my own Times, gives this character:—

He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule with bold figures and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature: Only he was drawn into chemistry: And for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone; which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship. Pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing, for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct. He could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, tho' then the greatest in England. He was bred about the King: And for many years he had a great ascendent over him: But he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And through rumination, both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances: since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects, so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted. He found the King, when he came from his travels in the year 45, newly come to Paris, sent over by his father when his affairs declined: And finding the King enough inclined to receive ill impressions, he, who was then got into all the impieties and vices of the age, set himself to corrupt the King, in which he was too successful, being seconded in that wicked design by the Lord Percy. And to compleat the matter, Hobbs was brought to him, under the pretence of instructing him in mathematics: And he laid before him his schemes, both with relation to religion and politics, which made deep and lasting impressions on the King's mind. So that the main blame of the King's ill principles, and bad morals, was owing to the Duke of Buckingham. i. 100. Ed. 1724.

4. Count Grammont, in his Memoirs, thus sketches him about the year 1663.
GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart [afterwards privately married to the Duke of Richmond, which marriage was publicly declared in April, 1667] was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment; yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. pp. 141-2. Ed. 1846.

5. SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of Hudibras, in a collection of Characters chiefly written between 1667 and 1669; in Wales; but first printed by R. Tyer, in Genuine Remains, in 1759, has the following one, entitled A Duke of Bucks.

Is one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that Fabric that Nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all those Lights, that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-sickness, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleasure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nursery of Diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being sick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Music put false Values upon Things, which by Custom become habitual, and debauch his Understanding so, that he retains no right Notion nor Sense of Things. And as the same Dose of the same Physick has no Operation on those, that are much used to it; so his Pleasures require a larger Proportion of Excess and Variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to Bed by the Julian Account, long after all others that go by the new Stile; and keeps the same Hours with Owls and the Antipodes. He is a great Observer of the Tar-tars Customs, and never eats, till the great Charm having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his House, but haunt[s] it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses his Time, as Men do their Ways in the Dark: and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, so is he governed by some mean Servant or other, that relates to his Pleasures. He is as inconstant as the Moon, which he lives under; and altho' he does nothing but advise with his Pillow
12 Other Characters of G. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,

all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the World. His Mind entertains all Things very freely, that come and go; but, like Guests and Strangers they are not welcome, if they stay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Impostors, who apply to every particular Humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St. Paul, tho' in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noses. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddleston. He endures Pleasures with less Patience, than other Men do their Pains. *I. 72—5.

6. Dryden published anonymously, on 17th November, 1681, the first part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (which went through five editions in two years) in which he gives the following character of Buckingham:—

*Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more*  
*Remains, of sprouting heads too long, to score.*

Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:

In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:

A man so various, that he seem'd to be

Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome,

Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;

Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:

But, in the course of one revolving Moon,

Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon;

Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;

Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking,

Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ!

With something New to wish, or to enjoy!

Rayling and praising were his usual Theems;

And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreams:

So over Violent, or over Civil,

That every man, with him, was God or Devil.

In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:

Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.

Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:

He had his Jest, and they had his Estate,

He taught himself from Court, then sought Relief

by forming Parties, but cou'd ne're be Chief:

For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell

On *Absalom* and his wise *Achitophel*:

Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,

He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Dryden, writing—after Buckingham was dead and buried—his *Dedication* [the subject of which is the Origin and Progress of Satire] to the *Satires of Juvenal*, London, fol. 1692, gives his own opinion of this sketch:

How easy it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms? To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely. . . . This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tick'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. . . . I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had rain'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly; But I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagancies. To which, the witter a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laught at in his turn who began the Frolick *p. xliii.*
THE REHEARSAL.

INTRODUCTION.

In the year 1708, was published in London, Roscius Anglicanu, or an Historical Review of the Stage, by John Downes. In a preface Address To the Reader, he gives the following account of himself:—

The Editor of the ensuing Relation, being long Converfant with the Plays and Actors of the Original Company, under the Patent of Sir William Davenport, at his Theatre in Lincoln's Inn-Fields, Open'd there 1662. And as Book keeper and Prompter, continu'd fo, till October 1706. He Writing out all the Parts in each Play; and Attending every Morning the Actors Rehearsals, and their Performances in Afternoons; Emboldens him to affirm, he is not very Erronious in his Relation. But as to the Actors of Drury-Lane Company, under Mr. Thomas Killigrew, he having the Account from Mr. Charles Booth sometimes Book-keeper there; If he a little Deviates, as to the Successive Order, and exact time of their Plays Performances, He begs Pardon of the Reader, and Subscribes himself, His very Humble Servant, John Downes.

He then proceeds to give an account of the two companies, their members, plays, &c., of which the following are some of the more essential portions:—

In the Reign of King Charles the First, there were Six Play Houses allow'd in Town: The Black-Fryars Company, His Majesty's Servants; The Bull in St. John's-street; another in Salisbury Court; another call'd the Fortune; another at the Globe; and the Sixth at the Cock-Pit in Drury-Lane; all which continu'd Acting till the beginning of the said Civil Wars. The scattered Remnant of several of these Houses, upon King Charle's Restoration, Fram'd a Company who Acted again at the Bull, and Built them a new House in Gibbon's Tennis Court in Clare-Market; in which Two Places they continu'd Acting all 1660, 1661, 1662 and part of 1663. In this time they Built them a New Theatre in Drury Lane: Mr. Thomas Killigrew gaining a Patent from the King in order to Create them the King's Servants; and from that time, they call'd themselves his Majesty's Company of Comedians in Drury Lane. . . . The Company being thus Compleat, they open'd the New Theatre in Drury-Lane, on Thursday in Easter Week, being the 8th, Day of April 1663. With The Humorous Lieutenant.*

* pp 1-3.
Many others [i.e. Plays] were Acted by the Old Company at the Theatre Royal, from the time they begun, till the Patent descended to Mr. Charles Killigrew, which in 1682, he join'd it to Dr. Davenant's Patent, whose Company Acted then in Dorset Garden, which upon the Union, were Created the King's Company: After which, Mr. Harl Acted no more, having a Pension to the Day of his Death, from the United Company.

Next follows an Account of the Rise and Progression, of the Dukes Servants; under the Patent of Sir William Davenant who upon the laid Junction in 1682, remov'd to the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, and Created the King's Company.

In the Year 1659, General Monk, Marching then his Army out of Scotland to London, Mr. Rhodes a Bookseller being Wardrobe-Keeper formerly (as I am inform'd) to King Charles the First's, Company of Comedians in Black-Friars; getting a License from the then Governing State, fitted up a Houfe then for Aeting call'd the Cock Pit in Drury-Lane, and in a short time Compleated his Company.† . . . .

In this Interm, Sir William Davenant gain'd a Patent from the King, and Created Mr. Betterton and all the rest of Rhodes's Company, the King's Servants; who were Sworn by my Lord Manchefer then Lord Chamberlain, to Serve his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.‡ . . .

His Company being now Compleat, Sir William in order to prepare Plays to Open his Theatre, it being then a Building in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, His Company Rehears'd the Firstt and Second Part of 'The Siege of Rhodes'; and 'The Wits' at Pothearies-Hall: And in Spring 1662, Open'd his Houfe with the laid Plays, having new Scenes and Decorations, being the firstt that e're were Introduc'd in England.§ . . .

These being all the Principal, which we call'd Stock-Plays; that were Acted from the Time they Open'd the Theatre in 1662, to the beginning of May 1665, at which time the Plague began to Rage: The Company ceas'd Aeting; till the Christ-mas after the Fire in 1666.|| . . .

The new Theatre in Dorset-Garden being Finisht, and our Company after Sir William's [Davenant] Death, being under the Rule and Dominion of his Widow the Lady Davenant, Mr Betterton, and Mr Harris, (Mr Charles Davenant her Son Acting for her) they remov'd from Lincoln-Inn-Fields thither. And on the Ninth Day of November 1671, they open'd their new Theatre with Sir Martin Marval.¶ . . .

All the preceding Plays, being the cheife that were Acted in Dorset-Garden, from November 1671, to the Year 1682; at which time the Patentees of each Company United Patents, and by fo Incorporating the Duke's Company were made the King's Company, and immediately remov'd to the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane **

Introduction.

Such is the history, by an eye-witness, of the London stage soon after the Restoration.

The then general state of society and town life is described in the third chapter of Lord Macaulay's History of England. At present we have only to deal with one particular fashion of dramatic composition. —the new, grandiloquent, bombastic, pseudo-heroic plays, introduced by D'Avenant, and having for their master-writer Dryden. It is impossible here to measure the extravagance of these plays: somewhat, however, may be gathered from the Illustrations to the present work.

Associated with this was the inordinate use of rhyming verse. Dryden in early life fought the battle of rhyme against Sir Robert Howard; only afterwards publicly to abandon it, in his Lines to the Earl of Roscommon, in 1680.

To ridicule these rhyming mouthing plays and with not a little personality—after the common custom of that time—to attack their authors, were the chief objects of Villiers and his coadjutors in writing The Rehearsal. Its merit however is as much in its conception as in its execution: in seeing that the popular rant was rant, and in determining to expose it: as in writing the studied nonsense of which this play is so largely composed. Hence, the importance of The Rehearsal in our national literature, is not so much from its intrinsic merits, most laughable as are some of the parodies; but from its marking—despite a partial failure to influence at the time—a bend in the stream of dramatic composition.

Two scholars, who have well studied this portion of our literary history, give the following accounts of this play.

Edmond Malone, in his Life of Dryden, thus writes:

The great success which had attended Dryden's heroic plays, doubtless excited the jealousy of the rival candidates for fame. In this class, however, we cannot place Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was so far from exercising his pen in any performance of that kind, that he thought the loud applause which had been bestowed for some years on the rhyming tragedies produced
Introduction.

by D'Avenant, Dryden, Stapylton, Howard, Killigrew, and others, much misplaced, and resolved to correct the publick tafte by holding them up to ridicule. With this view, in conjunction, it is said, with Martin Clifford, Master of the Charter-Houfe, Butler, Sprat, and others, he wrote the celebrated farce entitled The Rehearsal. Some of the contemporary writers have stated, that it took up as much time as the Siege of Troy; and with justice express their surprife, that such a combination of wits, and a period of ten years, should have been requisite for a work, which apparently a less numerous band could have produced without such mighty throws. In the Key to this piece, published by a bookeller in 1704, we are told, that it was written, and ready for representation, before the middle of the year 1665, and that Sir Robert Howard, under the name of Bilboa, was then intended to have been the hero of the farce. That some interlude of this kind might have been thus early intended, is not improbable, but assuredly the original hero was not Howard, but D'Avenant; not only on account of the name of Bilboa, which alludes to his military character, (for he was Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance under the Duke of Newcastle, in the Civil Wars,) but from the circumstance of the patch that in the course of the drama he is obliged to wear on his nape; which can relate to none but D'Avenant. Besides, he was a much more distinguished character, not only as Poet Laureate, but as superintendant of the Duke of York's Company of Comedians, and the introducer of heroic plays on the English stage. The allusions to Sir Robert Howard's tragedies are too few and inconsiderable, that he never could have been the author's principal object.—As soon as it was resolved that Dryden should be the hero, an abundant use was made of his Indian Emperor and Conquest of Granada; yet the author was unwilling to lose any of the strokes which were peculiarly levelled at D'Avenant, and thus the piece became a kind of patchwork.

This lively farce was first performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and was published in the following year. . . . Much of the success, doubtles, was owing to the mimickry employed, Dryden's drefs, and manner, and usual expressions, were all minutely copied, and the Duke of Buckingham took incredible pains in teaching Lacy, the original performer of Bayes, to speak some passages of that part, in thefe he probably imitated Dryden's mode of recitation, which was by no means excellent.*

A more recent editor, Mr. ROBERT BELL in his Life of Dryden prefixed to his Poetical Works, gives this account of the present play.

Davenant enjoys the credit of having introduced what were called heroic plays. Dryden established them. They were

called heroic because they were written in a language elevated above nature, and exhibit passion in a state of maniacal ecstasy. These pieces had now held possession of the stage some nine or ten years, when the Duke of Buckingham undertook to expose their absurdities in The Rehearsal, produced in the winter of 1671. It is said that he was assailed in the design by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. This is probable enough, from the structure of the ridicule, which resembles a piece of mosaic work. Davenant was originally meant for the hero, but his recent death seems to have led to the substitution of Dryden, who was on other accounts a more conspicuous mark for this fort of satire. Not satisfied with parodying some of the most familiar passages in Dryden's plays, the Duke of Buckingham took considerable pains in teaching Lacy, who performed Bayer, to mimic his author in his manner of reciting them. Dryden was notoriously a bad reader, and had a hesitating and tedious delivery, which, skilfully imitated in lines of surpassing fury and extravagance, must have produced an irresistible effect upon the audience. The humour was enhanced by the drefs, gestures, and by-play of the actor, which presented a close imitation of his original. Dryden bore this unwarrantable attack in silence; being fully conscious, no doubt, that so far as it reflected upon his plays it was unanswerable. But he afterwards showed that he had a keen sense of the obligations the duke had laid him under on this occasion, and he discharged them in full, with compound interest, in his Absalom and Achitophel.

The town was highly amused, although its taste was not in the least degree corrected, by The Rehearsal. Heroic plays continued to flourish as long as Dryden continued to write them; a drudgery which his necessities imposed upon him for several years afterwards.

Milton died on the 8th of November, 1674. . . .†

Five editions of The Rehearsal appeared in the Author's life time. Of the second and third I cannot learn even the dates. There is a copy of the fourth, 1683, in the Bodleian. An examination of the fifth, 1687, would seem to show a general permanence of the text, but that, probably in each edition, there were here and there additions and alterations en bloc, inflected by the appearance of fresh heroic plays: some of these additions increase, with the multiplying corruption of the times, in personation and moral offensiveness. For our literary history, the first edition is sufficient. That, the reader now has.


B
BIBLIOGRAPHY.—'THE REHEARSAL.'

* Editions not seen. † Editions having the 'Key' either before or after the text. § having the 'Key' in footnotes.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.
1. 1672. London. 1 vol. 4to. Editio princeps: see title at p. 25.
2. † Second edition.
3. † Third edition.
4. 1683. London. 1 vol. 4to. Fourth edition. There is a copy in Bodleian Library.
5. 1687. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. 'The Fifth Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the Author.'

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.
8. 1710. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal'; a Comedy Written by his Grace, GEORGE late Duke of BUCKINGHAM to expose some Plays then in vogue, and their Authors. With a Key and Remarks, necessary to Illustrate the most material passages of this piece, and to point out the authors and Writings here exposed. Never Printed with it before. London Printed in the year 1710.
II. With other Works.
17. 1787. London. 1 vol. 8vo. Comedy as it is acted at the Theatres Royal in Drury Lane and Convent Garden.

*: This list is imperfect.
BIBLIOGRAPHY. KEYS TO 'THE REHEARSAL.'

There is no authoritative explanation of the allusions and parodies in the present play. All that can be done is to summarize the successive attempts at its exposition.

   Rehearsal; a Comedy acted at the Theatre-Royal; printed [4th Edit.] quarto Lond. 1683. This Play is ascribed to the Late Duke of Buckingham, and will ever be valued by Ingenious Men. There are some who pretend to furnish a Clavis to it; my Talent not lying to Politicks, I know no more of it, than that the Author lashes several Plays of Mr. Dryden; As Conquest of Granada, Tyrannick Love, Love in a Nunnery, and some passages of other Plays; as The Siege of Rhodes, Virgin Widow, Slighted Maid, Villain, English Monsieur, &c.

2. Dean LOCKIER in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 63. Ed. 1820, remarks, The Rehearsal (one of the best pieces of criticism that ever was) and Butler's inimitable poem of Hudibras, must be quite lost to the readers in a century more, if not soon well commended. Tonson has a good Key to the former, but refuses to print it, because he had been so much obliged to Dryden.

3. Only two Keys have ever been printed: 't may be well to consider their respective histories, before we take them in connection with the text.

(a) In 1704, in the first edition of Villiers' works in 8vo, of which I cannot learn of any copy anywhere, appeared —S. BRISCOE'S Key, which has been very often reprinted; at first separate from the text in 1710, next with it as footnotes: see opposite page.

(b) June 12, 1761. Bp. T. PERCY entered into an agreement with Mess. Tonson, to publish an edition of the Works of George Villiers, the 2d Duke of Buckingham, for which he received 52 guineas. J. Nichols Lit. Anec. 18th Cent. iii. 758. Ed. 1812.

On 15 Jan. 1764, Bp. Percy thus writes to Dr. Birch:

I ought to blush for having detained your books so long; but one work has been delayed through the expectation of enlarging the stock of materials. The 'Key to the Rehearsal' has long been printed off, all but the last sheet, which we still keep open to receive some additions that we take for granted will be picked up from a play of Edward Howard's, entitled 'Six Days Adventure, or the New Utopia,' 4to 1671,' if we can once be so lucky as to light upon it. This is the only play of that age which I have not seen. Mr. Garrick unluckily has not got it in his collection, and Mr. Tonson has advertised a small premium for it, hitherto without success. It is only scarce because it is worthless; and therefore, if chance should throw it in your way, may I treat the favour of you to procure me a sight of it?—J. B. Nichols. Ill. of Lit. Hist. vii. 572. Ed. 1848.

Twenty-eight years later; Bp. Percy, thus writes to Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, under date 14 Aug. 1792.

I have upwards been able to collect for your Lordship the sheets of Lord Surrey and the Duke of Buckingham. They have been printed off about 25 years. Since the death of Jacob Tonson, at whose instance they were undertaken, and who ought to have assigned them to other persons, they have been wholly discontinued. My fondness for these pursuits declining, I laid both those works aside, till I could offer them to some younger editor than myself, who could with more propriety resume them. I have now an ingenious nephew, of both my names, who is a fellow of St. John's College, in Oxford, and both able and desirous to complete them. To him I have given all the sheets so long since printed off, and whatever papers I had upon the subject.

Of the 'Duke of Buckingham' Tonson wished to have every thing collected which had ever been ascribed to him; but I believe I shall only recommend to my nephew to publish; what is numbered vol. 1. in the sheets now offered to your Lordship. Between the 'Rehearsal' and the 'Key' were once printed the 'Chances' and the 'Restoration'; but the intermediate sheets have been cancelled and consigned to the trunk-makers. And the same fate...
awaits the smaller pieces, collected into what is herewith numbered vol. ii. They are only submitted to your Lordship in confidence, and I believe you will think them scarcely deserving republication.—J. B. Nichols, Idem, viii. p. 289.

Mr. Nichols thus narrates the fate of this edition.

Dr. Percy had, soon after the year 1760, proceeded very far at the press with an admirable edition of 'Surrey's Poems,' and also with a good edition of the Works of Villiers Duke of Buckingham; both which, from a variety of causes, remained many years unfinished in the warehouse of Mr. Tonson in the Savoy, but were resumed in 1795, and nearly brought to a conclusion; when the whole impression of both works was unfortunately consumed by the fire in Red Lion Passage in 1808. Lit. Anec. 18th Cent. iii. 161. Ed. 1812.

Of this edition there is a copy in 2 Vols, complete so far as prepared but without a printed title page, in the British Museum. [Press Mark, C-29, p.] The MS. title-page thus runs, 'An edition prepared by Bp. Percy. But never published. Nearly unique.' There is however under Press Mark, 643; e 10. a fragment of the first Volume containing the Rehearsal and its Key.

4. Prefaced to both these 'Keys' is an introduction. I give first Bp. Percy's, because though a century later in date, it describes that of 1704.

b. ADVERTISEMENT.

The former Key hath long been complained of as inaccurate and defective: and yet has commonly past for the work of the Duke of Buckingham. That it is the former, and cannot be the latter, a slight perusal must convince every Reader. The Duke could not be ignorant of his own meaning, nor doubtful about the aim of his own satire; yet many passages in that work display both ignorance and doubt. That the Preface prefixed to it was written long after the death of our noble author, evidently appears from several passages: Thus the author quotes Collier's view of the stage, which was first published in 1698, whereas the Duke died in 1687. He also speaks of the Rehearsal as having flourished in print two and thirty years, which brings it down to the year 1704, when the first edition of the Key was printed.

We are not to wonder that an explanation so popular a satire should be wanted at that time by the public, or that the booksellers should be desirous of profiting by its impatience. Accordingly in the 7th Edition of the Rehearsal printed in 1701 4to, the title-page promises 'Some explanatory notes;' but these upon examination appear to be only four slight marginal references, two of which are false, and a third superfluous. At length in the second volume of the Duke's works 1790, the larger attempt appeared under the following title.

A KEY TO THE REHEARSAL OR A CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS AND Their Writings, that are expos'd in that celebrated Play:

Written by his Grace GEORGE late Duke of Buckingham

LONDON: Printed for S. Briscoe, 1704.

Here by a little bookseller's craft in making a break after the word play, the Key is represented as written by the Duke; when probably at first no more was meant than that the play was written by him. After all 'tis possible, that the key may have been supplied in part from some of the Duke's papers, and then the errors and defects are to be charged on those who put them together and made additions to them.

Erroneous and defective, as that attempt was, the public had little room to expect a better. It is near a century since the Rehearsal was first printed; and who at this distance of time could hope to recover any considerable matters of explanation, that had escaped former inquirers t. No such sanguine expectations had the present compiler. The deficiencies of the former key led him sometimes to look into the plays referred to, but without any intention of attempting a new one. He soon found however that some obvious improvements might still be made; and the success of his researches encouraged him to extend them; 'till at length he resolved by a professed pursuit, to compleat what he had begun by accidental snatches. To this he was encouraged by the free access, which Mr. Garrick in the politest manner gave him to his large collection of old plays; by far the compleatest ever made in these kingdoms. Here the editor found almost every dramatic piece in our

Continued at pages 26, 32, 36, 40, 43.
THE

REHEARSAL,

As it was Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

LONDON,

Printed for Thomas Dring, at the White-Lyon, next Chancery-lane end in Fleet-street. 1672.
Dryden, in his preatory Essay Of Heroique Plays to The Conquest of Granada, Ed. 1672, thus gives the origin of the new way of writing plays.

"For Heroick Plays, (in which onely I have us'd it [i. e., Rhyme] without the mixture of Profe) the first light we had of them on the English Theatre was from the late Sir William D'Avenant: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of Scandal to thofe good people, who could more easily difpoſeſſe their lawful Sovereign then endure a wanton jeaſt; he was for'd to turn his thoughts another way; and to introduce the examples of moral vertue, writ in verfe, and perform'd in Recitative Musique. The Original of this muſick and of the Scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the Italian Operas: but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majefties return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be acted as a juft Drama; but as few men have the happinefs to begin and finifh any new project, fo neither did he live to make his designd perfect."

2 (a) GERARD LANGBAINE gives this account of Lacy:—

A Comedian whose Abilities in Action were sufficienly known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and perform'd all Parts that he under-took to a miracle; infomuch that I am apt to believe, that as this Age never had, fo the next never will have his Equal, at leaſt not his Superior. He was so well approv'd of by King Charles the Second, an undeniable Judge in Dramatick Arts, that he caus'd his Picture to be drawn, in three feveral Figures in the fame Table, vis. That of Scruple in the Committee, Mr. Scruple in The Cheats, and M. Galliard, in The Variety: which piece is still in being in Windsor Castt. Nor did his Talent wholly lye in Acting, he knew both how to judge and write Plays: and if his Comedies are somewhat allied to French Farce, 'tis out of choice, rather than want of Ability to write true Comedy.


Lacy wrote four Comedies, printed in the following years:—

Dumb Lady, or The Farriar made Phylitian, 1672, 4to.
Old Troop, or Monſieur Ragou, 1672, 4to.
Sawny the Scot, or The Taming of a Shrew, 1677, 4to.
Sir Hercules Buffoon, or The Poetical Squire, 1684, 4to.

(b) Dean LOCKIER, in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 63, Ed. 1820, says:—

It is incredible what pains Buckingham took with one of the actors, to teach him to speak some passages in Bayes' part, in The Rehearsal right.

This actor was Lacy, see p. 16.
PROLOGUE.

E might well call this short Mock-play of ours
A Poësie made of Weeds instead of Flowers;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, brisk, insipid Blades, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull fence; but oft'ner, none at all:
There, fluttering Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyse's vain.
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of Reaason, Nature, Art, and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques, do your work, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate:
And justly too; for I will shew you more
Than ever they vouchsaf'd to shew before:
I will both represent the feats they do,
And give you all their reasons for 'em too.
Some honour to me will from this arise.
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what was once so prais'd you now despise;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poëtique rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy;² have reform'd your Stage.
The Actors Names.

Bayes.
Johnson.
Smith.
Two Kings of Brentford.
Prince Pretty-man.
Prince Volcius.
Gentleman Usher.
Physician.
Drawcanfir.
General
Lieutenant General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisheherman.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Soldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals.
Mayor.
Judges.
Serjeants at Arms.

Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

SCENE. Brentford.
THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCAENA I.

JOHNSON and SMITH.

JOHNS. Oye! Frank! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart: how long hast thou been in Town?

SMI. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the Country.

JOHNS. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

SMI. Dull and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. Pray, what are our men of busines doing?

JOHNS. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'st my humour lyes another way. I love to please my self as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reason, and insenfible of Wit and Pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Busines.
language, and had thereby an advantage, which perhaps no former compiler ever had, in having all his materials ready collected to his hands. He had nothing to do, but sit down and examine; he accordingly read over every play, which the Duke could be supposed to have in his eye; chiefly all such as were either published or revived from the time of the Restoration till the publication of the Rehearsal: for tho' the Duke's view was chiefly to satirize what was then called "the new way of writing," yet he often exposes absurdities of longer standing, chiefly when the plays, which contained them, had been revived afresh, or still continued to captivate the publick.

How far the research upon the whole has been successful the Reader will judge from the following pages. He will find many obscurities removed; and numerous references recovered: far more of both than could reasonably be expected, considering that no assistance could be had but what is fetched from books, and that all personal information has been long since swallowed up in the gulph of time. It must however be acknowledged that our inquiries have not always been successful: Some passages still remain, that evidently allude to absurdities then current upon the stage, yet of which we could find no traces in any play then published. But this is no more than might be expected: We have that one play, * which the Duke has professedly ridiculed, was damned in the representation and therefore never printed; and the same might also be the case with others. Again the authors might remove the offensive passages from such plays as they published, so that no appearance of them is now remaining. After all, we are not to suppose that so masterly a pencil, as the Duke's, when finishing such a character as that of Bayes, would be confined to a mere dead likeness: he would not fail to heighten the caricature with a thousand touches supplied from his own fancy, and bring in whatever served to render the piece compleat, whether it resembled the original or not.

Altho' the former key was faulty, it contained some particulars too valuable to be suppressed; we have therefore inserted the several articles everywhere in our own, taking care to correct the mistakes, and distinguishing every such article by an asterisk (*). We have also retained the former preface; as it preserved the memory of certain facts necessary to the illustration of the Rehearsal, and not found anywhere else.

We next give BRISCOE's address.

2. The Publisher to the Reader.

THOU canst not be ignorant, that the town has had an eager expectation of a Key to the Rehearsal ever since it first appeared in print; and none has more earnestly desired it than myself, tho' in vain: Till lately a gent'eman of my acquaintance recommended me to a person, who he believed could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical spark, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching after him.

It was my misfortune over a pot of beer to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors: and immediately he fell into a great passion, and swore, that there were very few persons now living, who deserved the name of a good dramatick poet, or a natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence: saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by out-doing them in their bombastick bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped ere long M. COLLIER and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent decorum and action of former years; and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Johnson, Shakespear, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my *

---

* The United Kingdoms, by Col. Henry Howard. See pp. 46 and 92.]

Continued at p. 32.
Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

JOHNS. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Afs.

SMI. Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

JOHNS. Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things (Frank) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid nonfence of your pretenders to Business, as the more ingenious pastime.

SMI. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays, and our Country-wits commend 'em.

JOHNS. I, so do some of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

SMI. New kind? what kind is that?

JOHNS. Why, your Blade, your frank Perfons, your Drolls: fellows that scorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprize.

SMI. Elevate, and surprize? pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

JOHNS. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sense.

*Mr. Bayes passes o'er the Stage.*

BAYES. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

JOHNS. Godfo, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

SMI. Nay, pr'ythee let him alone.

JOHNS. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [Goes after him.] Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?
In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I gad, with any Play in Europe.

The usual language of the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq.; at the Rehearsal of his Plays. Key, 1704.
ACT. I. THE REHEARSAL. 29

BAYES. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this.—Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smi. Your humble servant, Sir.

JOHNS. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

BAYES. I, Sir: What is't?

JOHNS. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

BAYES. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot.

JOHNS. I, I; any thing.

BAYES. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit; and, though I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in Europe. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you.—-I think it is o' this fide.

[Sets his hand in his pocket.]

JOHNS. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smi. I, Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

BAYES. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of Drama Common places; the Mother of many other Plays.

JOHNS. Drama Common places! pray what's that?

BAYES. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, help for Wit?

BAYES. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

I.

He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From French and English Theaters has brought
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Johnson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

J. Dryden, Prologue to Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen. Ed. 1668.

In Dryden's lifetime, Gerard Langbaine, in his Account of Eng. Dram. Poets, Ed. 1691, p. 169, noticing Dryden's Secret Love or The Maiden Queen, says:—I cannot pass by his making use of Bayes's Art of Transferring, as any one may observe by comparing the Fourth Stanza of his First Prologue, with the last Paragraph of the Preface of Ibrahim.

The title of this work, is as follows: "Ibrahim. Or the Illustrious Bassa. An excellent new Romance. The whole Work, in four Parts. Written in French by Monsieur de Scudery. And now Englished by Henry Cogan, gent. London 1652." The paragraph referred to, runs thus:—

Behold, Reader, that which I had to say to you, but what defence forever I have employed, I know that it is of works of this nature, as of a place of war, where notwithstanding all the care the Engineer hath brought to fortifie it, there is always some weak part found, which he hath not dream'd of, and whereby it is assaulted; but this shall not surprize me; for as

I have not forgot that I am a man, no more
have I forgot that I am subject to erre

This is thus verified in the fourth stanza of the same Prologue.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how e're fortify'd
By Engineers, have still some weaker side
By the o're-teen Defendant unesp'y'd.
averr, That no man yet the Sun e’er fhone upon, has
parts sufficient to furnifh out a Stage, except it be with
the help of thefe my Rules.¹

JOHNS. What are thefe Rules, I pray?
BAYES. Why, Sir, my firft Rule is the Rule of Tranf-
version,² or Regula Duplex: changing Verfe into Profe,
or Profe into verfe, alternative as you please.
SMI. How’s that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray?
BAYES. Why, thus, Sir; nothing more eafe when
underfand: I take a Book in my hand, either at
home, or elfewhere, for that’s all one, if there be any
Wit in’t, as there is no Book but has fome, I Tranf-
verfe it; that is, if it be Profe, put it into Verfe, (but
that takes up some time) if it be Verfe, put it into
Profe.

JOHNS. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting Verfe
into Profe fhould be call’d Tranfprofing.
BAYES. By my troth, a very good Notion, and here-
after it fhall be fo.
SMI. Well, Sir, and what d’ye do with it then?
BAYES. Make it my own. ’Tis fo alter’d that no
man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of
Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray obferve.
JOHNS. Well, we hear you: go on.
BAYES. As thus. I come into a Coffee-houfe, or
fome other place where wittie men refort, I make as if
I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any
one fpeaks, pop I flap it down, and make that, too,
my own.

JOHNS. But, Mr. Bayes, are not you fometimes in
danger of their making you reflore, by force, what you
have gotten thus by Art?
BAYES. No, Sir; the world’s unmindful: they never
take notice of thefe things.
SMI. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other
Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?
BAYES. Yes, Sir; that’s my third Rule that I have
here in my pocket.
SMI. What Rule can that be?
leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged; saying, that fit of railing would soon have been over, and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, said he, go to him again from me, take him to the Tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you, he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

I followed my friend's directions, and found the event answerable to his prediction. Not long after, I met him in Fleet Street, and carried him to the Old Devil; and ere we had emptied one bottle, I found him of a quite different humour from what I left him in the time before: he appeared in his discourse to be a very honest true Englishman, a hearty lover of his country, and the government thereof, both in church and state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an enemy to popery and tyranny, idolatry and superstition, antimonarchical government and confusion, irreligion and enthusiasm. In short, I found him a person of a competent knowledge in the affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English Stage very well; and tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observed he always took care to have truth on his side, before he affirmed or denied anything with more than ordinary heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immoveable.

When I had discovered thus much, and called for the second bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the cause of my addressing to him. He desired my patience till he stept to his lodgings, which were near the tavern; and after a short space he returned, and brought with him the papers, which contain the following notes:

When he had read them to me, I liked them so well, that I desired the printing of them, provided they were genuine. He assured me they were, and told me farther:

That while this farce was composing and altering, he had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers, and hearing him discourse of the several plays he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning, as he himself had.

If any other persons had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made publick before now: but nothing of this nature having appeared these two and thirty years; (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great Person's own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these Annotations, to have a Preface to them, under the Name of him, who was so well acquainted with the Author; but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his Consent, tho' we debated the point a pretty while.

He alluded for his excuse, that such an undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families, to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an historian, barely reciting the words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a preface of such absolute necessity, you may easily recollect matter enough from the discourse which hath passed between us, on this subject, to enable yourself, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two topicks to be insisted on.

Continued at page 36.
Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn o'er this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that Perseus, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives, and the rest, have ever thought, upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, Sirs, when you come to write yourselves, o' my word you'll find it so. But, Gentlemen, if you make the least scruple of the efficacie of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 Play. Have you your part perfect?
2 Play. Yes, I have it without book; but I do not understand how it is to be spoken.
3 Play. And mine is such a one, as I can't ghefs for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 [Play.] Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspense; for to ghefs presently at the plot, and the fence, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprizes you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 Play. Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.
The Part of *Amaryllis* was acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves*, who, at that Time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*. Key 1704.

The licentiousness of Dryden's plays admits of no palliation or defence. He wrote for a licentious stage in a profligate age, and supplied, much to his own disgrace, the kind of material the vicious taste of his audiences demanded. Nor will it serve his reputation to contrast his productions in this way with those of others. Shadwell alone transcended him in depravity. But there is some compensation for all his grossness in turning from his plays to his life, and marking the contrast. The morality of his life—the practical test of his heart and his understanding—was unimpeachable. The ingenuity of slander was exhausted in assailing his principles, and exposing his person to obloquy—but the morality of his life comes pure out of the furnace. The only hint of personal indiscretion ascribed to him is that of having eaten tarts with Mrs. Reeve the actress, in the Mulberry garden, which, if true, amounts to nothing, but which, trivial as it is, must be regarded as apocryphal. To eat tarts with an actress did not necessarily involve any grave delinquency in a poet who was writing for the theatre; yet upon this slight foundation, for I have not been able to discover that it rests upon any other, a suspicion has been raised, that Mrs. Reeve was his mistress. By way, however, of mitigating the odium of this unwarrantable imputation, it is added, that after his marriage Dryden renounced all such associations. But his relations with Mrs. Reeve, if he ever had any, must have been formed after his marriage, as a reference to dates will show, so that the suppositious scandal, as it has been transmitted to us, conveys its own refutation.


---

* Two Kings of *Brentford*, supposed to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke. [See note at p. 90.] Key 1704.
Enter Bayes, Johnson and Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in, Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.—a——Ha' you your Part ready?

1 Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it?

1 Play. I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And Amarillis, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 Play. O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why I'll make 'em call her Armarillis, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. I, it's a pretty little rogue; she is my Mistrefs. I knew her face would set off Armor extremely: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. Well, Gentlemen, I dare be bold to say, without vanity, I'll shew you something, here, that's very ridiculous, I gad. [Exeunt Players.

Johns. Sir, that we do not doubt of.

Bayes. Pray, Sir, let's sit down. Look you, Sir, the chief hindge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings to be of the same place: as, for example, at Brentford; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.)
BIBLIOGRAPHY.—KEYS TO THE REHEARSAL.

Continued from page 32.

1. To give the reader an account of the writer of this farce.
2. The motives which induced him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any further direction in this matter, meet me here to-morrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on those two heads, and then take my leave of you; wishing you good success with your preface, and that your key may prove a golden one.

Now, kind reader, having received all the instructions I could gain from my resolute spark at our several meetings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn Prefacer, tho' against my will. And thus I set out,

1. To tell thee what all persons, who are anything acquainted with the stage, know already: viz. That this farce was wrote by the most noble George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham, &c. a person of a great deal of natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent judgement, particularly in matters of this nature; his forward genius was improved by a liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improved by study and travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated Poets of the late age; viz. Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Johnson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died) as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Fryars, whom he always admired.

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time; as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, (a near relation to the Lord High Treasurer of England that now is, the glory of that ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a genteel Annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with opera an' farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English stage; We being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be never so vicious, fantastick, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (Now Bishop of Sarum) calls 'a correction,' and 'an unmerciful exposing;' and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadfastness of mind, equal to his other abilities both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time.

I shall proceed to shew,
2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The civil war silenced the stage for almost twenty years, tho' not near so long, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that war. The many changes of government, that succeeded the dissolution of the ancient constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free Parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of The Restoration, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries, to which the King and the cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals; and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

* This is a mistake. The Duke of Buckingham was born Jan. 30, 1627. Ben Johnson died Aug. 6, 1637. Ep. Percy.

Continued at page 46.
JOHNS. I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

BAYES. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarras'd by their equal eyes to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a——you understand me——upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that——in fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

Exit, to call the Players.

SMI. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any fence of this.

Enter Bayes.

BAYES. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

SMI. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

BAYES. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by infinuation, good language, and all that, to——a——in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesie of the Auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherwise, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, 'That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, why I gad,
There were printed Papers given the Audience before the Acting of the Indian Emperor, telling them, that it was the sequel of the Indian Queen, Part of which Play was written by Mr. Bayes, &c. . . . . Key 1704.

The text of these papers is prefixed to the Play. It runs thus.

The Conclusion of the Indian Queen, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (viz.) Montezuma and Orazia; thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new Persons from the old ones; and considering the late Indian Queen, before the lov'd Montezuma, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General Traxalla; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to Montezuma and Orazia, two Sons and a Daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to Mens and Women's Estates; and their Mother Orazia (for whom there was no further use in the Story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of Montezuma; who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time happened the Discovery and Invasion of Mexico by the Spaniards; under the conduct of Hernando Cortez, who, joying with the Taxallan-Indians, the inveterate Enemies of Montezuma, wholly Subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this Dramatique Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the Story nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the Indians, in relation to European Customs: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the Spaniards, being as new to them as their Habits, and their Language.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story itself; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts, touching the sufferings and constancy of Montezuma in his Opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

"Persons, egad, I vow to gad, and all that" is the constant style of Failer, in the Wild Gallant; for which take this short speech, instead of many. . . . . Key 1704.

Failer. Really Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth and all that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all persons in the World; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency, I would——

I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off.

Whereupon they all clapping——

SMI. But, suppose they do not.

BAYES. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir, nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot. Suppose quoth a!—— [Walks away.]

JOHNS. Phoo! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says: he's a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

BAYES. If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some perfons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

JOHNS. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

BAYES. I'm sure the design's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of papyr, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes; and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose? ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Nay, if the busines be so well laid, it cannot mis.

BAYES. I think so, Sir: and therefore would choose this for the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they fee the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better; because then they were engag'd: for, let a man write never so well, there are, now-a-days, a fort of perfons, they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in 'em than so many Hobby-horfes; but they'll laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and cenfure things that, A gad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A fort of envious perfons, that emulate the glories of perfons of parts, and think to build their
1 (a) He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year. . . . . . . . . . . . Key 1704.

(b) E. Malone, Life of Dryden, p. 72-74, Ed. 1800, adduces evidence to show that the number of plays was three a year, for which Dryden received 1½ share in the King's Company, equal to about £300 or £400 a year.
fame, by calumniating of persons that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as—

JOHNS. I, I, you have said enough of 'em in conscience: I'm sure more than they'll ever be able to answer.

BAYES. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and bona fide; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more set pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

JOHNS. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

BAYES. No, Sir; there are certain eyes upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

SMI. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

BAYES. I, but how do you like it? (for I see you can judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

JOHNS. Faith, Sir, it's so good, let it e'en serve for both.

BAYES. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

JOHNS. What other, Sir?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my other is Thunder and Lightning.

JOHNS. That's greater: I'd rather flck to that.

BAYES. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many Wittie Prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a non pareillo: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my firft, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, in
1 Almah. So, two kind Turtles, when a storm is nigh
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Skie.
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in murmures, their unfinish'd Loves.
Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone,
And Cooe, and hearken to each others moan.


2 Song in Dialogue.

Evening. I am an Evening dark as Night,
Evening. Hither, hither, hither.
Jack. Thou art some prattling Eccho, of my making.
Evening. Thou art a Foolish Fire, by thy mislaking.
       I am the Evening that creates thee.

Enter Jack in a black Suit border'd with Glow-worms, a
Coronet of Shaded Beams on his head, over it a
Paper Lantern with a Candle in't.
Terrorem, I chuse for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the concept?

JOHNS. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-fure. They'll be hang'd, before they'll dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

BAYES. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, daintie Simile's in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

SMI. Let's hear it, I pray you.

BAYES. 'Tis an allusion to love.

1 So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
   Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Skie:
   Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chefunht Groves,
   And there confummate their unfinish'd Loves.
   Penfive in mud they wallow all alone,
   And snort, and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

JOHNS. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to Thunder and Lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a Storm.

BAYES. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. Johnson, I thank you: and I'll put it in præfecto. Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

2 Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

BAYES. Mr. Cartwright, pr'ythee speak a little louder, and with a hoarfer voice. I am the bold Thunder! Phaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The brisk Lightning, I.

BAYES. Nay you muft be quick and nimble. The brisk Lightning, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest Hector of the Skie.

Light. And I, fair Helen, that made Hector die.
Jack. *My Lantern and my Candle waits thee.*

Evening. *Those Flajolets that we heard play,
Are Reapers who have lost their way;
They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-Round,
Lead them up, here's Faery-ground.*

Chorus.

*Let the Men ware the Ditches;
Maids, look to your Breeches,
we'll scratch them with Briars and Thistles:
when the Flajolets cry,
we are a-dry;
Pond-water shall wet their whistles.*

*[Exeunt Evening, Winds, & Jack.*

**SIR R. STAPYLTON.** *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii., pp. 48, 49.

Ed. 1663.

---

1 *Abraham Ivory* had formerly been a considerable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards stupify'd himself so far, with drinking strong Waters, that, before the first Acting of this *Farce*, he was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands; for which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Sallary.  *Key 1704.*
ACT. I. THE REHEARSAL.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to foot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will moot.

Thun. I'll give you dam for dam.

Light. I'll give you flam for flam.

Gallants, I'll finge your Feather.

Thun. I'll Thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: look
to't, we'll do't. [Twice or thrice repeated.] [Exeunt ambo.

Bayes. That's all. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue:

a Droll.

SMI. 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile is in, it will do to a
Miracle, I gad. Come, come; begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but he'll be
here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and
take a pipe of Tobacco. [Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.
1 (a) Drake Sen. Draw up our Men; and in low Whispers give our Orders out.
[SIR W. D'AVENANT.] Play-House to be Lett, p. 100.

(b) See the Amorous Prince, pag. 20, 22, 39, 60, where you will find all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whispers. . . . . . . . . Key 1704.

As I have been unable to see a Copy of the first of these Plays, I infrert GERARD LANGBAINE's description of it.

Play-House to be Let. I know not under what Species to place this Play, it consisting of several Pieces of different Kinds handsomely tacket together, several of which the Author wrat in the times of Oliver, and were acted separately by stealth; as the History of Sir Francis Drake express'd by Instrumental, and Vocal Musick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, &c. The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru. These two Pieces were first printed in quarto. They make the third and fourth Acts of this Play. The second Act consists of a French Farce, translated from Molière's Sganarelle, on Le Cocu Imaginaire, and purposely by our Author put into a sort of Jargon common to French-men newly come over. The fifth Act consists of Tragedie travestie, or the Actions of Cesar Antony and Cleopatra in Verfe Burlèque. This Farce I have seen acted at the Theatre in Dorset-garden some Years ago, at the end of that excellent Tragedy of Pompey, translated by the incomparable Pen of the much admired Orinda. pp. 109—110. Ed. 1691.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. KEYS TO 'THE REHEARSAL.'
Continued from page 36.

Then appear'd such plays as these; THE SIEGE OF RHODES, Part I. acted at the Cock-pit, before the Restoration; THE PLAY-HOUSE TO BE LETT; THE SLIGHTED MAID; THE UNITED KINGDOMS; THE ENGLISH MONSIEUR; THE VILLAIN; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except the UNITED KINGDOMS, (which was never printed) in the following notes; as you will out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearing on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode, and run down these plays, especially the United Kingdoms; which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the Cock-pit, during the acting it; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid in wait for him as he came out: but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house and the passages near it, he escaped; But he was threaten'd hard: however the business was composed in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been informed.

Concluded at page 48.
ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, JOHNSON and SMITH.

BAYES. Ow, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before—— [Spits. SM. A very notable design, for a Play, indeed.

BAYES. Instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this with a whisper.¹

SM. That's very new.

BAYES. Come, take your seats. Begin Sirs.

Enter Gentlemen-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ufhr. And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Ufhr. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's imbrace.

Ufhr. Come then.

Phys. Come.

JOHNS. Pray, Sir, who are those two so very civil persons?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physicians of the two Kings of Brentford.

JOHNS. But how comes it to pass, then, that they know one another no better?

BAYES. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Intrigue.

JOHNS. Very well.
BIBLIOGRAPHY.—KEYS TO THE REHEARSAL.

Concluded from page 46.

After this, our author endeavoured by writing to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the prologue: and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the editions of the plays reflected on in it, that it was before the end of 1663, and finished before the end of 1664: because it had been several times rehears'd, the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the great plague 1665; and that then prevented it.

But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted at the breaking out of that terrible sickness, was very different from what you have since seen in print. In that he called his poet BILBOA; by which name, the town generally understood Sir Robert Howard to be the Person pointed at.* Besides, there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before mentioned, at that time; and more, than were in being, could not be ridiculed.

The acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the public theatre, till the year 1671.

During this interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in heroick rhyme; and, on the death of Sir William D'Avenant, 1669, Mr. Dryden, a new laureat appeared on the stage; much admired, and highly applauded: which moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from BILBOA to BAYES, whose works you will find often mentioned in the following Key.

Thus far, kind reader, I have followed the direction of my new acquaintance, to the utmost extent of my memory, without transgressing the bounds he assigned me, and I am free from any fear of having displeased him: I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence: I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy; and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world; but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all submission, Your most obliged, humble Servant.

5. A real Key should confine itself to the identical plays and dramatists satirized, nothing more nor less. Bp. Percy searching through all the antecedent dramatic literature, may find, did find many parallel passages, but he could adduce nothing to prove these were in the minds of the authors in writing The Rehearsal. Indeed it is improbable that they had in view the 40 or 50 plays to which he refers. His references but illustrate the extent of the mock heroic drama.

In the Illustrations of the present work Langbaine and the first Key have been principally followed; it being noted that the Text is, as first acted on 7 Dec. 1671. Subsequent additions and their illustrations therefore, (such as ridicule Dryden's The Assignment, or Love in a Nunnery, produced in 1673) are, with two exceptions, not found in it. At the same time, the vacant spaces on the alternate pages will enable enquirers to note the results of further researches.

* Very small signs appear of this at present: But when the Duke altered the name, he might also suppress the more offensive passages. Before the Rehearsal was acted Sir Robert Howard was upon such good terms with our noble author, that he dedicated to him his Duel of the Stags, Lond. 1688, 8vo. Bp. Percy.

† Mr. Dryden became Poet-laureat upon the Death of Sir William Davenant; but he had appeared as a Dramatic Writer before. Bp. Percy.
Phys. Sir, to conclude,

SMI. What, before he begins?

BAYES. No, Sir; you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

SMI. Where? In the Tyring-room?

BAYES. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening storms which, like impregnant Clouds, do hover o'er our heads, (when they once are grasped but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

BAYES. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

JOHNS. Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false, (as none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find, that—[Whispers.

BAYES. Now they whisper.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble—[Whispers.

Ush. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of—[Whispers.

BAYES. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear These are the reasons that induc'd 'em to't: First, he—[Whispers.

BAYES. Now t'other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they—[Whispers.

BAYES. He's at it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they—[Whispers.
Mr. William Wintershull was a most Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the best Instruc\tor of others: He dy'd in July, 1679.  

Key 1704.
ACT. II. SC. I.  THE REHEARSAL.

Bayes. There they both whisper.

[Exeunt Whispering.

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why? because it’s new; and that’s it I aim at. I despise your Johnson, and Beaumont, that borrow’d all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you of Sir John Suckling, Sir?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir; but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are suppos’d to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg’d.

Smi. But then, Sir, why—

Bayes. Sir, if you’ll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you’ll find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc’d. [Goes to the door.

Johns. How doft thou like this, Frank? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never, before this, fee any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. Bayes says) so foolish, but I could give some ghefs at what mov’d the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. Why, ’tis all alike: Mr. Winterhull has inform’d me of this Play before. And I’ll tell thee, Frank, thou shalt not fee one Scene here, that either properly ought to come in, or is like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantatfical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smi. It does surprize me, I am sure, very much.

Johns. I, but it won’t do so long: by that time thou haft seen a Play or two, that I’ll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppersy.
Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. Here are the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their file: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, written all just so.

1 King. Did you observe their whisper, brother King?
2 King. I did; and heard besides a grave Bird fing That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This, now, is familiar, because they are both persons of the same Qualitie.

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1 King. If that design appears,
   I'll lug 'em by the ears
   Until I make 'em crack.
2 King. And so will I, ifack.
1 King. You must begin, Monf'oy.
2 King. Sweet Sir, Pardonnes moy.

Bayes. Mark that: I Makes 'em both speak French, to shew their breeding.


2 King. Then, spite of Fate, we'll thus combined stand;
   And, like true brothers, walk still hand in hand. [Exeunt Reges.

Johns. This is a very Majestick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a cruft, a lafting cruft for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain fee the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, writ the Play I told you of, in this very Stile: and shall I tell you a very good jest? I gad, the Players would not act it: ha, ha, ha.
1 The *Key* 1704 refers Prince Pretty-man's falling asleep in making love, to the play entitled *The Lost Lady* [by Sir W. Berkeley] London. fol. 1639. In the fifth edition of *The Rehearsal*, however there is the following addition to the text here.

So; now Prince *Prettyman* comes in, falls asleep, making Love to his Mistrefs, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honest Gentleman: a Knight.

Bp Percy states that this addition alludes to *Querer pro solo querer* (To Love only for Love Sake): a Dramatick romance, written in Spanish by Don Antonio Hurtado de Mendoza in 1623, and paraphrased in English, in 1654, by Sir R. Fanshawe, 'during his Confinement to Tankerly Park in Yorkshire, by Oliver, after the Battail of Worcester, in which he was taken Prisoner, serving His Majesty (whom God preferve) as Secretary of State.' Printed London 1671. 4to.

Bp. Percy thinks the passage had in view this, in Act i. p. 20.

Felisbravo, the young King of Persia, travelling in search of Zelidaura, Queen of Tartaria (whom, it seems, he had never seen) retires into a wood to shun the noon-tide heat, and taking out his mistress's picture, thus rants.

*Fel.* If *sleep* invade me strongly, That may fever
My life some minutes from me, my love never.
But 'tis impossible to *sleep* (we know)
Extended on the Rack: If that be so,

*Takes out the Picture.*

*Dumb Larum,* come thou forth: *Eloquent Mute,*
For whom high Heaven and Earth commence a Suit:
Of Angel-woman, fair Hermaphrodite!
The Moon's extinguisher! the Moon-days night!
How could so small a Sphair hold so much day?
*O sleep* I now, now, thou conquer'st me — But stay:
That part thou conquer'st, I'll not own for mine.
Tempest I seek, not calm: If the days thine,
Thou quell'st my body, my Love still is whole:
I give thee all of that which is not Soul.
And, since in Lodgings from the Street Love lies,
Do thou (and spare not) quarter in my Eyes
A while; I harbing 'ring fo unwelcome Guest
(As Men obey thy Brother Death's arreft)
Not as a Lover, but a MORTAL——

*He falls asleep with the Picture in his hand.*

*Rif.* He's fain a *sleep*; so *foon*? What frailty is?
More like a *Husband*, then a *Lover*, this.
If Lovers take such sleepes, what shall I take,
Whom pangs of Love, nor Honour's Trumpets, 'wake?

*Rifaloro falls asleep.*
ACT. II. SC. III. THE REHEARSAL.

SMI. That’s impossible.

BAYES. I gad, they would not, Sir: ha, ha, ha. They refus’d it, I gad, the silly Rogues: ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Fie, that was rude.

BAYES. Rude! I gad, they are the rudest, uncivil-est perfons, and all that, in the whole world: I gad, there’s no living with ’em. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these infolent Raskals have turn’d ’em all back upon my hands again.

JOHNS. Strange fellows indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? for, as I remember, they were not prefent at it.

BAYES. No, but that’s the Actors fault, and not mine; for the Kings should (a pox take ’em) have pop’d both their heads in at the door, juft as the other went off.

SMI. That, indeed, would ha’ done it.

BAYES. Done it! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I’ll tell you, Mr. Johnson, I vow to gad, I have been so highly dis-oblig’d, by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolv’d, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the service of the Nurfery, and mump your proud Players, I gad.

SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret. Oow strange a captive am I grown of late! Shall I accufe my Love, or blame my Fate? My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine: And against Fate what mortal dares repine?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.
Sure ’tis some blazng Comet, is it not? [Lyes down.
1 See note on p. 54.

2 This rule is most exactly observed in Dryden’s *Indian Emperor*, Act iv, Scene iv. Upon a sudden and unexpected misfortune, Almeria thus expresses her surprise and concern.

Alm. All hopes of safety and of love are gone:
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Skie,
 Strikes and Consumes e’er scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing wo;
It leaves no power to think, much less to do:


3 Boabdil to Almahide.
As some fair tulip, by a storm oppressed,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind sigh round its head:
So, thowed up your beauty disappears;
Unvail my Love; and lay aside your fears.

Ed. 1672.
BAYES. Blazing Comet! mark that. I gad, very fine.

Pret. But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot

[p. 57]

speak the rest. [sleeps.

BAYES. Does not that, now, surprize you, to fall asleep
just in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of
his passion, and all that, and sloop falls asleep, as you
see. Now, here, she must make a simile.

SMI. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

BAYES. Because she's surpris'd. That's a general
Rule: you must ever make a simile when you are sur-
pris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

3Cloris. As some tall Pine, which we, on ΑΕtna, find
Th'have flood the rage of many a boyful'trous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would confume his Root and Sap away;
He spreds his worrited Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, throwded up, your bright eye disappare.
Break forth, bright scorching Sun, and dry my tears.

[Exit.

BAYES. I am afraid, Gentlemen, this Scene has
made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I
wept my self.

SMI. No, truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd too,
and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince Pretty-man starts up, and says—

Pret. It is resolv'd. [Exit.

SMI. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you
a question, now, and you not be angry?

BAYES. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me what you please. I vow to gad, you do me a great
deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say
that, Sir.

SMI. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince
here has resolv'd in his sleep?

BAYES. Why, I must confess, that question is well
enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this
new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their Intrigo secret till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, do you mark me——a——

SMI. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

BAYES. I do so, that's the very plain truth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Debate I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Ome, Sir; let's flate the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i' faith.

BAYES. I do just so, I gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus: into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

JOHNS. Most admirably divided, I swear.

Ush. As to the when; you say just now: so that is answer'd. Then, for what; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, Vide cleric, whether they heard or no?

SMI. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. Bayes.
Such easy Turns of State are frequent in our Modern Plays; where we see Princes Dethron'd and Governments Chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on light Occasions: Particularly, in *Marriage-a-la-Mode*; a Play, writ since the first Publication of this Farce. Where (to pass by the Dullness of the State-part, the Obscurity of the Comic, the near Resemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Pretty-Man*, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd's; and not to question how *Almalthea* comes to be a Princefs, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd; and not to question how Almalthea comes to be a Princefs, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd) 'tis worth our While to observe, how easily the Fierce and Jealous Ufurper is Depos'd, and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne; as it is thus related by the said Imaginary Princefs.

*Enter Amalthea, running.*

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, shew it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the sudden from his Guards, and natching
A Sword from one, his back against the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud
He is our long lost King, found for this moment
But, if your Valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the sense of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they stand at Bay
Against a Host of Foes——

This shows Mr. Bayes to be a Man of Constancy, and firm to his Resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own Method: Agreeable to what he says in the next Act. *'As long as I know my Things are Good, what care I what they say?....'* [Key 1704.]

* p. 71.

2 (a) *Ormofides.* I know not what to say, nor what to think!
I know not when I sleep, or when I wake.

Sir W. Killigrew. *Ormofides*, or *Love and Friendship*.

(b) *Pandora.* My doubts and fears, my reason does dismay,
I know not what to do nor what to say;

Sir W. Killigrew. *Pandora*, or *The Converts*.
BAYES. Yes; you have it right: they are both Polititians. I writ this Scene for a pattern, to shew the world how men should talk of busines.

JOHNS. You have done it exceedingly well, indeed.

BAYES. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no bodie else will take us.

Ufft. No bodie else will take us.

SMI. Not for Polititians, I dare answor for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves invain bemoan: We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ufft. 'Tis right:
And, since occasion now seems debonair,
I'l feize on this, and you shall take that chair.

| They draw their Swords, and fit down in the two great chairs upon the Stage. |

BAYES. There's now an odd surpiñe; the whole State's turn'd quite topsi-turvy, without any puther or slir in the whole world, I gad.

JOHNS. A very silent change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

BAYES. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[The Usurpers march out flourishing their swords.

Enter Shirley.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.2

[Exit.

SMI. But pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily?

BAYES. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

SMI. O, very well: now I'm fully satisfi'd.

BAYES. And then, to shew you, Sir, it was not done
fo very easily neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

SMI. O, ho: so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done?

BAYES. Aye.

SMI. O, I conceive you: that is very natural.

SCÆNA V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 Soldier. 

Tand. Who goes there?

2 Sol. A friend.

1 Sol. What friend?

2 Sol. A friend to the House.

1 Sol. Fall on.

[They all kill one another. 

MUSICK strikes.

BAYES. Hold, hold. [To the Musick. It ceaseth.

Now here's an odd surprize: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in Effaut flat, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your Note in Effaut flat. Play on.

[To the Musick. 

Now, now, now. | The Musick play his Note, and the dead 

O Lord, O Lord! | men rise; but cannot get in order.

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? you dance worse than the Angels in Harry the Eight, or the fat Spirits in The Tempest, I gad.

1 Sol. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I fate up two whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe,
there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. [Lyes down flat on his face. Now mark my Note in Effaut flat. Strike up Musick. Now. As he rises up hastily, he tumbles and falls down again.

Ah, gadsookers, I have broke my Nose.

JOHNS. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in Effaut flat.

BAYES. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown papyr?

SMI. No indeed, Sir; I don't usuallly carry any about me.

2 Sol. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

BAYES. Go, go then; I'll follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like Horfemen. [Exit BAYES.

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 Sol. A Devil! let's try this no more: play my Dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with. [Dance, and Exeunt.

SMI. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

JOHNS. Prythee let's go see. [Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.
1 Failer and Bibber his Taylor in The Wild Gallant. Key, 1704.
ACTUS III. SCAENA I.

**Bayes with a papyr on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.**

**Bayes.**

Ow, Sir, this I do, because my fancie in this Play is to end every Act with a Dance.

**SMI.** Faith, that fancie is very good, but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, though.

**JOHNS.** That fancie, I supposfe, is new too.

**Bayes.** Sir, all my fancies are fo. I tread upon no mans heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I affure you. As, now, this next Scene some perhaps will say, It is not very neceffary to the Plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it fo. But then it's as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange fluck with Cloves, as for conceipt. Come, where are you? This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the world, I gad. **[Reads—**

Enter 'Prince Pretty-man, and Tom Thimble his Taylor.

This, Sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another fnip snap, hit for hit, as faft as can be. Firft one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him flap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceipt: and fo eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage. **[Goes to call the Players.**

**SMI.** What a plague, does this Fop mean by his fnip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

**JOHNS.** Mean? why, he never meant any thing in's life: what doft talk of meaning for?
Nay, if that be all, there’s no such haft: the Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.


2 *Failer.* Then say I:
Take a little *Bibber,*
And throw him in the River,
And if he will trust never,
Then there let him lie ever.

*Bibber.* Then say I:
Take a little *Failer,*
And throw him to the Jaylour;
And there let him lie
Till he has paid his Taylor.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man and Tom Thimble.

Pret. But pr'ythee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be satisfi'd with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow we?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't pleafe your Highnefs, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, though, Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife fits but crofs-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you for your Coronation-fuit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon truft; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at fuch a time as that, fure: A Taylor, you know, muft never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your cloath in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet. 1

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court.

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a fharp rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'ft me now, methinks.

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words. 2

Bayes. Admirable, before gad.

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars come on, I shall grow to be a man of mettal.
1 Ay, 'tis pretty well; but he does not Top his Part.
A great Word with Mr. Edward Howard. . . . Key 1704.

1 See p. 60.

2 M. Edward Howard's Words. . . Key 1704. See p. 28.
BAYES. O, you did not do that half enough.
JOHNS. Methinks he does it admirably.
BAYES. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.¹

Thin. That's the way to be stamp'd yourself, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [Exeunt.

BAYES. That's very good, 't faith: ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad. How do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?
SMI. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.
BAYES. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?
SMI. Yes, but the Plot stands still.
BAYES. Plot stands still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?
SMI. O, I did not know that before.
BAYES. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us fear never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand us, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellencie of these things.
JOHNS. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess: but you write on still?
BAYES. Write on? I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall flop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they say?² What, they are gone, and forgot the Song!
SMI. They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.
BAYES. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghosts and Idols, if you mean to——a——
JOHNS. Pit, Box and Gallery,³ Mr. Bayes.
BAYES. I gad, Sir, and you have nick'd it. Hark you,
1 Alberto. Curtius, I've something to deliver to your Ear.

Curtius. Any thing from Alberto is welcom.

Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

JOHNS. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

BAYES. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, Ifacks this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgement you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touch-stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am Clara voyant, a gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.

USH. Ut what's become of Volscius the great?

His presence has not grac'd our Court of late. 

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,

Has from us that Illustrious Hero wrung.

BAYES. Is not that Majestical?

SMI. Yes, but who a Devil is that Volscius?

BAYES. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with Parthenope.

SMI. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Leiges, news from Volscius the Prince.

USH. His news is welcome, whatfo' er it be.

SMI. How, Sir, do you mean that? whether it be good or bad?
ACT. III. SC. II.  THE REHEARSAL.    75

BAYES. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: God-fookers, you'll spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

SMI. Cry you mercie, Sir.

Cor. His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair perfon whom you both do know, Despairing of forgivenefs for her fault, In a deep forrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life; but, by the care Of flanders-by, prevented was.

SMI. 'Sheart, what stuff's here!

Cor. At laft, Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd: His servants he into the Country sent, And he himself to Piccadil' went. Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that she's dead! U/fi. Dead! is that possible? Dead!


BAYES. There's a smart expression of a passion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold strokes, a gad.

SMI. Yes; but who is the fair perfon that's dead?

BAYES. That you shall know anon.

SMI. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

BAYES. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

SMI. Marry, that's good news: I am glad of that with all my heart.

BAYES. Now, here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [A great fhout within.

Enter Amarillis with a Book in her hand and Attendants.

Ama. What fhout Triumphant's that?

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near Twick'nam Town, the affaffinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance.
1 Decio. Now you shall tell me, who play'd at Cards with you?
Pyramena. None but my Lord Iberio and I plai'd.
Dec. Who waited?
Py. No body.
Dec. No Page?
Py. No Page.
Dec. No Groom?
Py. No Groom; I tell you no body.
Dec. What, not your Woman?
Py. Not my Woman, lack
How your tongue runs!

Ed. 1663.
ACT. III. SC. ii.  THE REHEARSAL.  77

I hope its flow beginning will portend
A forward Exit to all future end.

BAYES. Pish, there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future end; you must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the concept.

JOHNS. Indeed the alteration of that accent does a great deal, Mr. Bayes.

BAYES. O, all in all, Sir: they are these little things that mar, or set you off a Play.

SMI. I see you are perfect in these matters.

BAYES. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it to know something.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

AMA. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T’attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

FISH. Prince Pretty-man.

AMA. To kill whom?

FISH. Prince Pretty-man.

AMA. What, did Prince Pretty-man hire you to kill Prince Pretty-man?

FISH. No; Prince Volcius.

AMA. To kill whom?

FISH. Prince Volcius.

AMA. What, did Prince Volcius hire you to kill Prince Volcius?

FISH. No; Prince Pretty-man.

AMA. So, drag him hence.

Till torture of the Rack produce his fence.]

BAYES. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for that’s the design of this Scene.

SMI. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

BAYES. I; that’s my way of writing: and so I can dispatch you, Sir, a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot. So, now enter
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.
Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I fay? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

*Enter Pretty-man.*

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir: now you may go out again, if you pleafe. I vow to gad Mr.——I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

*Pret.* What, Sir?

*Bayes.* What, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Muft a man be eternally telling you of these things?

*Johns.* Sure this muft be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

*Smi.* I am not of your opinion.

*Bayes.* Pifh! come, let's hear your Part, Sir.

*Pret.* Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?

Although a Fisherman, he is my Father,

Was ever Son, yet, brought to this diftrefs,

To be, for being a Son, made fatherlefs?

Oh, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father,

The being of a Son take from me rather. [Exit.

*Smi.* Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

*Johns.* A Devil, this is worst of all. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, what's the meaning of this Scene?

*Bayes.* O, cry you mercie, Sir: I purteft I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that, long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

*Smi.* How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

*Bayes.* Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask fuch a question? Taken Prisoner! Godfookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to fay?

*Johns.* Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

*Bayes.* Stay, let me fee; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to fay, his Highnefs here, the
Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

SMI. Indeed?

BAYES. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

SMI. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

JOHNS. But, Mr. Bayes, is not that some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

BAYES. No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see

Enter Pretty-man and Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'll set the world on fire
Rather than let 'em ravish hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave Pretty-man, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

BAYES. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

JOHNS. Admirably done i'faith.

BAYES. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darkness can evince?
Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince.
It is a secret, great as is the world;
In which, I, like the soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.
The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot.
And, when she writ my name, she made a blot.

BAYES. There's a blust'ring verse for you now.

SMI. Yes, Sir; but pray, why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fishermans Son?

BAYES. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobodies Son at all.

SMI. I, that would trouble a man, indeed.

BAYES. So, let me see. Enter Prince Volfecius, going out of Town.

SMI. I thought he had been gone to Piccadillé.
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

In ridicule of Act iv. Sc. i. of English Monsieur, by the Hon. J. Howard, of which this is a portion.

Enter Comely in a Riding Garb, with his servant.

Comely. Let my Horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll go out of Town this Evening. [Exit servant.

Enter Welbred.

Well. Why, how now Comely, booted and spur'd?

Comely. Marry am I.

Well. For how long?

Comely. Why, for this seven years for ought I know, I am weary of this Town, and all that's in it, as for women I am in love with none, nor never shall, I find I have a pretty strong defence about my heart against that folly. O here comes the Ladies very opportunely for me.

Enter Lady Wealthy and two other Ladies.

To take my leave of 'em.

L. Weal. Mr. Comely your Servant—what in a Riding Garb.


L. Weal. Why, can you ever leave this Town?

Comely. That I can truly madam, within this hour.

L. Weal. I can't believe it.

Comely. . . . . . So that for my future health I'll retire into the Country for Air, and there Hunt and Hawk, Eat and sleep to found, that I will never dream of a woman, or any part about her—- This resolution of mine has made me turn Poet, and therefore before I go, you shall hear a Song called my farewell to London and women, boy singing the Song.

Of which song the third and last stanza runs thus:—

Therefore this danger to prevent
And still to keep my hearts content:

Into the country I'll with speed,
With Hounds and Hawks my fancy feed
Both safer pleasures to pursue,
Than staying to converse with you.
ACT. III. SC. II. THE REHEARSAL.

Bayes. Yes, he gave out so; but that was onely to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in Knights-bridge.

Johns. I see here is a great deal of Plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more busines anon.

1 Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, and Harry with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.

2 Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town, And to retire to Country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your Company! prettily exprest! Held the honour of your company! God-fookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain, That you will here with poor us still remain. Before your Horses come pronounce our fate, For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Vols. Harry, my Boots; for I'll go rage among My Blades encamp'd, and quit this Urban throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in Knights-bridge.

Bayes. In Knights-bridge? stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, fo it might be very easily.
Comely sees Elsba, a Country lafs, and falls suddenly in love with her.

'Comely... set up my Horses. What sudden fate hath chang'd my mind! I feel my heart so restless now as if it n'ere knew rest, sure I'me in love;


^2And what's this maid's name?


^3Mustapha. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.


'Mr. Comely in love!


^5"Love and Honour, Written by W. Davenant Knight. Presented by His Majesties Servants at the Black Fryers." London, 1649, 4to.
Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Vols. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves! How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd! 1 Too soon I thought my self secure from Love. Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name. Who does so gently rob me of my fame? For I should meet the Army out of Town, And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls, And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Vols. Can vulgar Vestments high-born beauty shrowd? 3 Thou bring'ft the Morning picture'd in a Cloud?

Bayes. The Morning picture'd in a Cloud! A, Gad-gookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [Exit.

Vols. O inauspicious Stars! that I was born To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!


Smi. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. O, I did not observe: that, indeed, is a very good jest.

Bayes. Here, now, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't 5 ; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.
1 May this slip be accepted as evidence that this Act flood second in the original Play?

2 (a) Felisbravo. Love, and Honour, pull two ways; And I stand doubtful which to take: To Arabia, Honour says, Love says no; thy stay here make.


(b) Alphonso. But Honour says not so.


(c) Ent. Palladius softly reading 2. letters.

Pall. I stand betwixt two minds! what's best to doe? This bids me stay; This spurs me on to goe. Once more let our impartiall eyes peruse Both t'one and t'other: Both may not prevale.

My Lord,

Rize not your honour so much as to disprize her that honours you, in chooing rather to meet Death in the field, then Pulchrella in her defires. Give my affection leave once more to diswade you from trying Conquest with so unequal a Foe: Or if a Combate must be tryed, make a Bed of Roses the Field, and me your Enemie. The Intereft I claim in you is sufficient warrant to my defires, which according to the place they find in your Respects, confirme me either the happieft of all Ladies, or make me the moft unfortunate of all women. Pulchrella. A Charme too strong for Honour to reprefe.

Mus. A heart too poore for Honour to posfefs.

Pall. Honour muft floop to Vows. But what faies this? [Reads the other Letter.

My Lord,

The hand that guides this Pen, being guided by the ambition of your honour, and my owne affection, pretends you with the wishes of a faithfull servant, who defires not to buy you safety with the hazard of your Reputation. Goe on with courage, and know, Panthea shall partake with you in either fortune: If conquer'd, my heart shall be your Monument, to pre tarde and glorifie your honour'd ashes; If a Conqueror, my tongue shall be your Heraul to proclame you the Champion of our Sex, and the Phoenix of your own, honour'd by all, equall'd by few, beloved by none more dearly then Your owne Panthea.

I fayle betwixt two Rocks! What shall I doe? What Marble melts not if Pulchrella wooe?
ACT. III. SC. II.  THE REHEARSAL.

Vols.  How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff! This hafty Boot is on, the other off, And full en Iyes, with amorous design To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine. My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought, Shew to what fad distraction I am brought. Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this Boot. My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't: Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

JOHNS. What pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

SMI. I, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. Shall I to Honour or to Love give way? Go on, cryes Honour; tender Love says, nay: Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both boots on; But softer Love does whisper, put on none. What shall I do? what conduct shall I find To lead me through this twy-light of my mind? For as bright Day with black approach of Night Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light; So does my Honour and my Love together Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.

JOHNS. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not, I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I gad. But, Sirs, you cannot make any judgement of this Play, porque we are come but to the end of the second Act. Come, the Dance.

[Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.

Well Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not mistaken, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

Or what hard-hearted eare can be so dead,
As to be deafe, if faire Panthea plead?
Whom shall I pleafe? Or which shall I refufe?

Pulchrella fues, and fair Panthea fues:
Pulchrella melts me with her love-fick teares,
But brave Panthea batters downe my eares
With Love’s Pettarre: Pulchrellas breast enclofes
A foft Affection wrapt in Beds of Roses.
But in the rare Pantheas noble lines,
True Worth and Honour, with Affection joynes.
I ftrand even-balanc’d, doubtfully oppref,
Beneathe the burthen of a bivious breft.
When I perufe my sweet Pulchrellas teares,
My blood growes wanton, and I plunge in feares:
But when I read divine Panthea’s charmes,
I turne all fierie, and I grapf for armes.

Who ever faw, when a rude blast out-braves,
And thwarts the fwelling Tide, how the proud waves
Rock the drencht Pinace on the Sea-greene breft
Of frowning Amphitrite, who oppref
Betwixt two Lords, (not knowing which t' obey)
Remaines a Neuter in a doubtfull way.
So toft am I, bound to fuch ftrait confines,
Betwixt Pulchrellas and Panthea’s lines.
Both cannot fpeed: But one that muft prevale.
I ftrand even poys’d: an Atome turns the fcale.

Smi. I don't know 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains, and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, these Players are such dull persons, that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'll mis take you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then; I'll do it my self.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But, Mr. Johnfon, I gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em: now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be, in every circumstance, to every particular, I gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for my money? I gad, I write for Fame and Reputation.

[Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.
Colonel Henry Howard, Son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, made a Play, call'd the United Kingdoms, which began with a Funeral; and had also two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a just occasion to set up two Kings in Brentford, as 'tis generally believed; tho' others are of Opinion, that his grace had our two Brothers in his thoughts. It was Acted at the Cock-Pit in Drury-Lane, soon after the Restoration; but miscarrying on the stage, the Author had the Modesty not to Print it; and therefore, the Reader cannot reasonably expect any particular Passages of it. Others say, that they are Boabdil and Abdalla, the two contending Kings of Granada, and Mr. Dryden has in most of his serious Plays two contending Kings of the same Place.  

Key, 1704.
ACTUS IV. SCAENA I.

BAYES, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES. Gentlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

SMI. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

BAYES. No, Sir; I have a precedent for it too. A person of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belon'd to a Funeral, as any man in England, I gad.¹

JOHNS. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

BAYES. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for, in my Heroick Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

SMI. What is that, I pray?

BAYES. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week: and I'll speak a bold word, it shall Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battel, I gad, with any the most warlike Tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

JOHNS. I marry, Sir; there you say something.

SMI. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolick of yours?

BAYES. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know, what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please.

JOHNS. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own works, 'tis very hard.
1 Bp. Percy says:—

This is intended to ridicule the absurd custom of writing plays in several parts, as the Siege of Rhodes, Parts I. and II. Killigrew’s Bellamira I and II. Thomaso I. and II. Cicilia and Clorinda, I. and II. &c.; but is principally levelled at the Conquest of Granada in 2 Parts: which is properly but one play of ten acts, neither the plot nor characters being compleat or intelligible in either without the other.

BAYES. That is my fence. And therefore, Sir, whereas every one makes five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

JOHNS. Most admirably good, 'tis faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

BAYES. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon Saturday, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a Monday) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it."

JOHNS. That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

SMI. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

BAYES. The third week.

JOHNS. I vow, you'll get a world of money.

BAYES. Why, faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'll never do it, for this Age (take it o' my word) is something hard to please. There is one prettie odd passage, in the last of these Plays, which may be executed to severall ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

JOHNS. Well, what is't?

BAYES. Why, Sir, I make a Male person to be in Love with a Female.

SMI. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

BAYES. Yes, sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

JOHNS. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

BAYES. The hardest in the world, I gad; and has
The Ghost [of his mother] comes on, softly, after the Conjuration; and Almanzor retires to the middle of the Stage.

Ghost. I am the Ghost of her who gave thee birth:
The Airy shadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Sea’s I bore thee, and on Sea’s I dy’d.
I dy’d; and for my Winding-sheet, a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.


Almanzor, in Conquest of Granada.
puzzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr. Smith?

SMI. Why, truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your justice, I should now spare 'em both.

BAYES. I gad, and I think—ha—why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing herself. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

[Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.]

Lay it down there: no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

K. Ufth. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief Receive, from its embraces, some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath, And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?

The world discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

BAYES. Is not that good language now? is not that elevate? It's my non ultra, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

SMI. With her? with whom?

BAYES. Why, this is Lardella's Funeral.

SMI. Lardella! I, who is she?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Sifter of DrawcanSir. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.¹

K. Ufth. Lardella, O Lardella, from above,
Behold the Tragick issue of our Love.

Pitie us, finking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

BAYES. Look you now, you see I told you true.

SMI. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

BAYES. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr.—a—you will not have patience.

JOHNS. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that DrawcanSir?²

BAYES. Why, Sir, a fierce Hero, that frights his Mistri's,

snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will,

without regard to good manners, justice or numbers.

JOHNS. A very prettie Character.
I have form'd a Heroe [i.e. Almanzor], I confess; not absolutely perfect; but of an excessive and overboylng courage, both Homer and Iasso are my precedents. Both the Greek and the Italian Poet had well consider'd that a tame Heroe who never transgresstes the bounds of moral vertue, would shine but dimly in an Epick poem.

J. DRYDEN. Dedication to Conquest of Granada.
See also on this subject, the prefatory Essay to the same play, entitled Of Heroique Plays.
SMI. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your Heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

BAYES. Yes, they have been so; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral virtues put together, I gad. You shall see him come in prefently. Zookers, why don't you read the papyr?

K. Phys. O, cry you mercie. [Goes to take the papyr.

BAYES. Pith! nay you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it my self. [Takes a papyr from off the coffin. Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copie of Verfes, which I make Lardella compofe, just as she is dying, with deign to have it pin'd on her Coffin, and so read by one of the Ufurpers, who is her Cousin.

SMI. A very shrewd deign that, upon my word, Mr. Bayes.

BAYES. And what do you think I fancie her to make Love like, here, in the papyr?

SMI. Like a woman: what should she make Love like?

BAYES. O' my word you are out though, Sir; I gad you are.

SMI. What then? like a man?

BAYES. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

SMI. I confefs, that I should not have fancy'd.

BAYES. It may be so, Sir. But it is, though, in order to the opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the tranmigratation of the foul.

SMI. Very fine.

BAYES. I'll read the Title. To my dear Cous, King Phys.

SMI. That's a little too familiar with a King, though, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

BAYES. Mr. Smith, for other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to fay, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

SMI. Your fervant, Sir.

BAYES. Pray mark it. [Reads.
Berenice. My earthly part——
Which is my Tyrants right, death will remove,
I'le come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With silent steps I'le follow you all day;
Or else before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
I'le lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves.

At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And sweep along, before your cloasing eye.

All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future Love.
And when at last, in pity, you will dye,

I'le watch your Birth of Immortality:
Then, Turtle-like, I'le to my Mate repair;
And teach you your first flight in open Air.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;
For found, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

SMI. (After a pause). Admiraful!

BAYES. At night, into your bosom I will creep,
And Buz but sofly if you chance to sleep:
Yet, in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

JOHNS. By my troth, that's a very great promise.
SMI. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

BAYES. Your bed of Love, from dangers I will free;
But most, from love of any future Bee.
And when, with pitie, your heart-strings shall crack,
With emptie arms I'll bear you on my back.

SMI. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.
BAYES. Ay, I gad, but is not that tuant now, ha? is it not tuant? Here's the end.

Then, at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

JOHNS. O rare! it is the most natural, refin'd fancie
this, that ever I heard, I'll swear.

BAYES. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good
enough way of making love: for being divested of her
Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these
little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and
yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come sword, come sheath thy self within
this breast,
That only in Lardella's Tomb can rest.
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

1 See the Scene in the Villain: where the Host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his Cloaths; a Capon from his Helmet, a Tanfey out of the Lining of his Cap, Cream out of his Scabbard, &c. . . . . . . Key 1704.

The text of this Scene, which must have depended much more upon the acting than the speeches for its success, is as follows:

Host. 'Tis the Sign of the Pig, and I'm the Master of the Cabaret, which shall give you most Excellent content.

Colig. Say'lt thou so honest fellow? faith thou art a very merry honest fellow; Sifters, I'll treat you, and these Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of; Prethee honest Friend where is this Cabaret? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

Host. Why here Sir, fit down at this Table, And call for what you will.

Delpe. How's this, how's this? S'death are you one of Urganda's Squiers? pray friend whence shall the meat, and wine come?

Lamar. From Tripoli on a Broomstick.

Host. Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Custom of the young gallant; Entreat but theae Ladies to fit down, and break my head If you be not well treated, I'll desire no favour.

Colig. Nor no money neither, I hope Sir.

Host. Truly I won't; if you be not pleas'd above expectation, Ne'r Truft one again of my profession.

Delpe. Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curiosity; Come we will fit down.

Maria. What you pleae Sir.

Colig. That's my good Sister; Come, come, La Couvert, la Couvert.

Lamar. This begins to look like somthing, he's bravely stuft I'll warrant you, he is fo well hung.

Colig. Now Sir, a cold bref of your delicate white Veal.

Host. Here you have it Sir.

Colig. Nay, nay, and a fallet? good Sir, a fallet?

Host. Well Sir, I muft untrufs a poynet.

Colig. How Sir, to give us a fallet? why have you been at grafs?

Delpe. Why d'ye want a boy'd fallet Mounfieur?

Lamar. Before St. Lewis an Excellent Trimming, I'll ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with, trimm'd all with Safages.

Maria. 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

Colig. Well thought on ifaith Sir.

Come friend, a Difh of Safages, a difh of Safages.

Host. VVhy look you Sir, this Gentleman only mihtook the placing, thei'e do better in a belt.

Continued at pp. 104, 106.
K. Ufsh. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from Lardella's Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At Pallas's commands:
For the supposed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives: I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Celestial constancy
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from these Funeral obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.

Bayes. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of
the fair person which Volscius sent word was dead, and
Pallas, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more
than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: for the
chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and
then bring you off some extraordinary way.

K. Ufsh. Reflendent Pallas, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,
Let, in full Boles, her health go round.

[The two Usurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.

K. Ufsh. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest wine of France:
And, to appease your hunger, I
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheefe. [Vanish Pallas.
1 Enter Almahide with a Taper.

Almahide. My Light will sure discover those who talk; Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

Almanzor. He who dares love; and for that love must dye,
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.


2 I will not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay; But I will take my Almahide away.


3 Almanzor. Thou darst not marry her while I'm in fight; With a bent brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright, And in that Scene VVhich all thy hopes and wishes should content, The thought of me shall make thee impotent.

He is led off by Guards.


4 Almanzor. Spight of my self I'll Stay, Fight, Love, Despair, And I can do all this, because I dare.

Enter Drawcanfir.

1 K. Phys. What man is this that dares disturb our feast? Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die, And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

JOHNS. That is as much as to say, that though he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

BAYES. Right; that's the conceit on't.

JOHNS. 'Tis a marvellous good one; I swear.

K. Uffh. Sir, if you please we should be glad to know How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go.

BAYES. Is not that now like a well-bred person, I gad? So modest, so gent!

SMI. O, very like.

2 Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay; But you shall know I'll take my Boles away.

| Snatches the Boles out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off. |

SMI. But, Mr. Bayes, is that (too) modest and gent?

BAYES. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

K. Uffh. Though, Brother, this grum stranger be a Clown,

He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

3 Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think I'll flare away his very pow'r to drink.

| The two Kings sneak off the Stage, with their Attendants. |

I drink, I huff, I frut, look big and flare; And all this I can do, because I dare. [Exit.

SMI. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce Hero you spoke of.

BAYES. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last Act, win above a dozen battels, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possibly be represented.

JOHNS. That will be a fight worth seeing, indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so fercibly?
Franc. A strange fellow this.
Delpe. I, is it not? come Sir, wine we see you have:
Prethee let’s taft the best.
Hoft. That you fhall Sir;
If you’ll hear Mufick, and a Song with’t,
I’m ready: you fhall want nothing here.

Sings.
Yee may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,
Till yee baffe the Stars, and the Sun face about.
Delpe. Away with your Drunken fongs, have you nothing fitter to please the Ladies?
Hoft. Yes Sir.
Delpe. Come away with it then.

Hoft Sings.
Colig. Moft Excellent ifaith! Here’s to thee honeft fellow with all my heart; nay flay a little, this is very good VVine; here’s to thee again——heark you honeft fellow, let me speake with you afide. D’yef Count here by pieces or d’ye treat by the head?
Hoft. I’ll treat by the head Sir, if you please; a Crown a head, and you fhall have excellent cheer, VVine as much as you can drink.
Colig. That’s honeftly faid; you know my father friend, tis Mounfieur Cortaux.
Hoft. Yes Sir, the famous Scrivener here of Tours.
Colig. VVell, treat us very well, I’ll fee thee pay’d.
Hoft. Nay Sir, I’ll fee myfelf pay’d, I’ll warrant you, before you and I part.
Colig. I do mean it fo honeft friend, but prethee speake not a word to the Gentlemen, for then you quite difgrace, Sir, your moft humble Servant.
Hoft. Mum, a word to the wife is enough.
Colig. Come, come, Friend where’s the Capon of Bruges you laft spoke of?
Hoft. Here at hand Sir, Wife undo my Helmet, this, Sir, Is my Creft.
Delpe. A very improper one for a marri’d man.
Colig. Yes faith and troth, he fhould have had horns, ha, ha, ha,
Here’s to yee noble Captain; a very good jeft
As I am a Gentleman:
D’elp. I thank you Sir!
Colig. Methink’s you are melancholly, Sir!
Le’ma. Not I Sir, I can affure you: Lady’s how
Like ye the iport, an odd Collation, but well
Contriv’d.
Fran. The contrivance is all in all.

Concluded at p. 106.
BAYES. Phoo! that is to raise the character of Drawcanujr.

JOHNS. O' my word, that was well thought on.

BAYES. Now, Sir, I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

SMI. And pray, Sir, what is your design in this Scene?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my design is Roman Cloaths, guilded Truncheons, forc'd conceit, smooth Verfe, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

SMI. Why fill the Stage?

BAYES. O, Sir, because your Heroick Verfe never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Prince Volscius.

Ay, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the fame woman.

SMI. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

BAYES. No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new conceit for you. Now, speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince Volscius, has found out the way
For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story of thee learn;
But thou to love doft, Pretty-man, incline:
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

BAYES. Antithesis! thine and mine.
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

Concluded from p. 104.

Maria. What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Sifter.
Colig. Here's a health to our noble Colonel,
Gentlemen, ye see 'tis a good one!
D'elp. Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it
How shall we lead your Sifters home!
Come, come a Tansey Sirrah quickly.
D'elp. Has pos'd ye there mine Host.
Host. That's as time shall try, look ye here Sir.
The lining of my Cap is good for something.
Lamar. Faith this was unlook'd for.
D'elp. S'fish I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff; has he not Ginger-bread-shoes on.
Host. No truly Sir: 'tis seldom call'd for in a Tavern,

Colig. Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave
Fellow: Here's mine Host's health Gentlemen.
D'elp. Could you procure these Ladies a dish of Cream
Sir, this will shew your Master-piece!
Host. 'Tis the only weapon I fight at; look ye
Gentlemen the thunder has melted my sword
In the scabbard, But 'tis good, taste it.
D'elp. Th' aft my Verdict to be the wonder of Hosts,
Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any
Power at Court.

ACT. IV. SC. II.  THE REHEARSAL.  107

Pret. Since love it self's the fame, why should it be
Diff'er'ing in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reaoning; I gad, I love reaoning in verfe.

Vols. Love takes, Cameleon-like, a various dye
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the courtf of Nature fright:
Nature does moft in harmony delight.

Vols. How weak a Deity would Nature prove
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

Bayes. There's a great Verfe!

Vols. If Incenfe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Rosie-lips external sweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames elfe look pale.

Bayes. I gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incenfe may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes which her eyes controul:
The Body they confume as well as Soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amid'fl the flames they ne'er give up the Ghost,
But, with her looks, revive flill as they roafl.
In fpite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well as I can do.

Vols. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a Whale:
In whose vaft bulk, though store of Oyl doth lye,
We find more shape more beauty in a Fly.

Smi. That's uncivil, I gad.
Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancie, though,
I gad, as ever you faw.
1 Maximin. Thou ly’ft:—there’s not a God inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all Heav’n forswear.
Ev’n Jove would try more shapes her Love to win:  
And in new birds, and unknown beasts would sin;  
At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.


*(a) Maximin. Stay; if thou speake’st that word, thou speake’st thy last:  
Some God now, if he dares, relate what’s past:  
Say but he’s dead, that God shall mortal be.

(b) Maximin. Provoke my rage no farther, let I be
Reveng’d at once upon the Gods and thee.

Vols. Soft, Pretty-man, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.
Parthenope is sure as far above
All other loves, as above all is Love.

Bayes. Ah! I gad, that strikes me.
Pret. To blame my Cloris, Gods would not pretend.
Bayes. Now mark.

Vols. Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope
to mend.

My better choice: for fair Parthenope,
Gods would, themselves, ungod themselves to see.

Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret. Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
Bayes. Ah, Godlookers, that's well writ!
Vols. Could'lt thou that God from Heav'n to Earth
translate,
He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State.
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.
Pret. Cloris does Heav'n it self so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath,
I have lost my peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that
I never yet saw any one could write, but my self.
Here's true spirit and flame all through, I gad So,
So; pray clear the Stage. [He puts 'em off the Stage.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, pray why is this Scene all
in Verfe?

Bayes. O, Sir, the subject is too great for Profe.
Smi. Well said, i' faith; I'll give thee a pot of Ale
for that answer: 'tis well worth it.
Bayes. Come, with all my heart.
I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother
Poets ever writ. So, now let down the Curtain.

[Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.
ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYE. O, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I do not value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in Harry the Eight, and grander too, I gad; for, instead of two Bishops, I have brought in two other Cardinals.

_The Curtain is drawn up, and the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces._

SMI. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

BAYES. Why, Sir, because—By gad, I won't tell you.

SMI. I ask your pardon, Sir.

_K. Uffh._ Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

Vols. Dread Soveraign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince Pretty-man first do speak; whole high preeminence, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that priviledge.

_Pret._ Royal Father, upon my knees I beg
That the Illustrious Volscius first be heard.

BAYES. Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.
1 In Sept. 1656, Sir W. D'AVENANT published 'The Siege of Rhodes, made a Representation by the Art of Prospective in Scenes, And the story sung in Recitative Music. At the back of Rutland-House in the upper end of Alderfgate-Sreet, London.' Instead of Acts, there are five 'Entries.' This constituted Part I. The second part was published in 1663.

In 'The first Entry,' p. 4.

Enter Alphonso.

1 Alphon. What various Noifes do mine ears invade?
And have a Confort of confusion made?

2 Nakar and Damilcar descend in Clouds, and sing.

Nakar. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!
Damilcar. Let us go, let us go!
Go to relieve the care
Of longing Lovers in despair!
Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we fail from the East
Half tipped at a Rain-bow Feast.
Damilcar. In the bright Moon-shine while winds whistle
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly, [loud,
All racking along in a downy white Cloud:
And left our leap from the Skie should prove too far,
JOHNS. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Vols. That preference is only due to Amarillis, Sir.

BAYES. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns—— [Soft Musick.

K. Uffh. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far

A God-like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:

In which, our two right Kings fit one by one,

With Virgin Veils, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Uffh. Then, Brother Phys', 'tis time that we were gone. | The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.

BAYES. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easy a turn as the other?

SMI. Yes, faith, you did so; though I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing in white garments; and three Fidlers fitting before them, in green.

BAYES. Now, because the two Right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 King. Hastie, brother King, we are sent from above.

2 King. Let us move, let us move:

Move to remove the Fate

Of Brentfords long united State.

1 King. Tara, tara, tara, full East and by South,

2 King. We fail with Thunder in our mouth,

In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stayes,

Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle along.

Mounted upon warm Phoebus his Rayes,

Through the Heavenly throng,

Hastie to those
We slide on the back of a new-falling Star.
_Nakar._ And drop from above,
In a Gelly of Love!
_Dam._ But now the Sun's down, and the Element's
The Spirits of Fire against us make head! [red,
_Nakar._ They must, they must, like Gnats in the
Alas! I must leave thee, my Fair; [Air,
And to my light Horse-men repair.
_Dam._ O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to night;
The wind is for us, and blows full in their fight:
And o're the wide Ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;
And his in the Water——
_Both._ And his in the Water and drown!
_Nakar._ But their men lye securely intrench'd in a
Cloud:
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to battle sounds loud.

_Dam._ Now Mortals that spy
How we tilt in the skye
With wonder will gaze;
And fear such events as will ne're come to pass!
_Nakar._ Stay you to perform what the man will have
[done.

_Dam._ Then call me again when the Battle is won.
_Both._ So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air
To pity the Lover, and succour the fair,
That, silent and swift, the little soft God
Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

_[The Clouds part, Nakar flies up, and Damilcar down._

Who will feast us, at night, with a Pigs
Pretty-toes.

1 King. And we'll fall with our pate
In an Ollio of hate.

2 King. But now supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pye.

1 King. They gather, they gather hot Custard in
spoons,
Alas, I must leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

2 King. O say, for you need not as yet go astray;
The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ships in our
way,
And on their high ropes we will play.
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll firk in our shell,
And farewell.

1 King. But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are
all in green.

SMI. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great
deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto quoth a! that's a good one,
with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 King. Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carrier,
With wonder will fear
The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 King. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 King. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 King. So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford King
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[Bayes phillips his finger, and sings after 'em.]
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.
Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johns. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks, the Sense of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? why, did you ever hear any people in Clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancie, at its full range, without the least check, or controul upon it. When once you tye up spirits, and people in Clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smi. Blefs me, what a Monster's this!

The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and leap into the Throne.

1 King. Come, now to serious counfelf we'll advance.

2 King. I do agree; but firft, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. But firft, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always juft fo: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But firft, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no induring of him.

Johns. No, pr'ythee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

[Dance a grand Dance.

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; and since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.
1 Enter Abdelmelech.  
Boabdelen. What new misfortune do these Cries prefage?  

2 Enter a Second Messenger.  
Sec. Meff. Hast ye all you can their fury to affwage.  
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.  
Enter a Third Messenger.  
Third Meff. This Minute if you grant not their desire  
They'll seize your Person and your Palace Fire.  
ACT. V. THE REHEARSAL. 119

1 King. What fav'ry Groom molefts our privacies?
1 Her. The Army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties:
2 Her. Having, from Knights-bridge, hither march'd
by stealth.
2 King. Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.
SMI. How, Mr. Bayes, the Army in disguise?
Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Ufurpers might discover
them that went out but just now.
SMI. Why, what if they had discover'd them?
Bayes. Why then they had broke this design.
SMI. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.
1 King. Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men.
2 King. And here's five more; that makes the sum
just ten.
1 Her. We have not seen so much the Lord knows
when. [Exeunt Heralds.
1 King. Speak on, brave Amarillis.
Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty,
If at this grand conjuncture—
[Drum beats behind the Stage.
1 King. What dreadful noise is this that comes and
goes?
Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.
Sold. Hastle hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save.
For the event of war no mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.
[Exit.
2 King. O dangerous estate of Sovereign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.
1 King. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay:
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass
away. [Exeunt.
JOHNS. But, Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us,
just now, to make Amarillis speak very well?
Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that
they hinder'd her.
SMI. How, Sir? whether you would or no?

BAYES. Ay, Sir; the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

SMI. Marry, that was hard.

JOHNS. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

BAYES. Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door. And I'll tell you now a strange thing: though I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to ghefs how I'll represent this Battel.

SMI. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, Sir, I assure you.

BAYES. Why, there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew prefently where I should have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

JOHNS. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

BAYES. On the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

JOHNS. Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

BAYES. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole battel in the representation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

SMI. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear, though, for all that.

BAYES. By my troth, Sir, but you would, though, when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor, Cap-a-pea, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which, you know, represents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a Lute in his hand.

SMI. How, Sir, instead of a Buckler?

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em,
1 (a) Arm, Arm, Villerius, Arm!
Sir W. D'Avenant. Siege of Rhodes. 'The first Entry.' p. 3.
Ed. 1656.

(b) 'The Third Entry' thus begins.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Muslapha.

Solym. Pirrhus. Draw up our Army wide!

Then, from the Grofs two strong Referves divide;
And spread the wings;
As if we were to fight
In the loft Rhodians fight
With all the Western Kings!
Each Wing with Fanizaries line;
The Right and Left to Hally's Sons affine;
The Grofs to Zangiban.
The Main Artillery
With Muslapha shall be:
Bring thou the Rear, We lead the Van.

(c) At the beginning of 'The fifth Entry' is,

Muslapha. Point well the Cannon, and play fast!
Their fury is too hot to last.
That Rampire shakes! they fly into the Town!
Pirrh. March up with those Referves to that Redout,
Faint Slaves! the Fanizaries reel!
They bend, they bend! and seem to feel
The terrors of a Rout.

Muslapha. Old Zanger halts, and reinforcement lacks!
Pirrh. March on.
Muslapha. Advance those Pikes, and charge their Backs.
Idem, p. 30.
Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Just at the very fame infant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Mufick, and good Language, and your eye fatisfi'd with the garb, and accoutrements of war. Is not that well?

**JOHNS.** I, what would you have more? he were a Devil that would not be fatisfi'd with that.

**SMILIE.** I confefs, Sir, you flupifie me.

**BAYES.** You mail fee.

**JOHNS.** But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting for I love thofe Plays, where they cut and flaff one another, upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

**BAYES.** Why, then, to tell you true, I have con-triv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *Recitativo* firft.

*Enter, at severall doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pea, with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his fword drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at his wrift.*

**Lieut. Gen.** Villain, thou lyeft.

'**Gen.** Arm, arm, Gonfalvo, arm; what ho? The lye no flefh can brook, I trow.'

**Lieut. Gen.** Advance, from Aelon, with the Mufquetiers.

**Gen.** Draw down the Chelsey Curiafiers,

**Lieut. Gen.** The Band you boast of, ChelseyCuriafiers, Shall, in my Putney Pikes, now meet their Peers.

**Gen.** Chifwickians, aged, and renown'd in fight, Joyn with the Hammersmith Brigade.

**Lieut. Gen.** You'll find my Mortlake Boys will do them right,

Unlefs by Fulham numbers over-laid.

**Gen.** Let the left-wing of Twick'nam foot advance And line that Eastern hedge.
ACT. V. THE REHEARSAL. 125

Lieut. Gen. The Horse I rais'd in Petty-France Shall try their chance.
And fly o'er the Medows, over-grown with Sedge.
Gen. Stand: give the word.
Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.
Gen. That may be thine.
But 'tis not mine.
Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.
Gen. Pursue, pursue; they fly
That first did give the lye. [Exeunt.

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, because the Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of Brentford.
Johns. Most exceeding well design'd!
Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battel?
Smi. How?
Bayes. By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancie that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self, and one person more, that shall be nameless. Come, come in, Mr.—a—

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkness does invade the day,
And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?
Is the Sun weary of his bloody fight,
And winks upon us with his eye of light?
'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.
Foolish Eclipse! thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun.
But now behold Eclipses two in one. [Exit.

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.
Enter Aurora in a black Veil below.

Song in Dialogue.

Aur. Phoebus?

Phoeb. Who calls the World's great Light?

Aur. Aurora, that abhors the Night.

Phoeb. Why does Aurora from her Cloud
to drowse Phoebus cry so loud?

Aur. Put on thy Beams; rise, (no regard
To a young Goddes, that lies hard
In th' old Man's bosome?) rise for shame,
And shine my Cloud into a Flame.

Phoeb. Oblige me not beyond my pow'r,
I must not rise before my hour.

Aur. Before thy hour? look down, and see,
In vain the Persian kneels to thee,
And I (mock'd by the glim'ring Shade)
A sad mistake in Naples made;
Like Pliny, I had lost my life,
If I had been a Mortal Wife.

Phoeb. Thou cam'st too near the Burning Mount
Vesuvio?

Aur. Upon thy account,
For I took Clowds of Smoke and Fire,
(which here from Vulcan's Court expire)
For Morning-freaks, Blew, White, and Red,
That Roufe me from cold Tithon's Bed.

[Phoebus enters with his Beams on.]

Phoeb. Charge not upon me for a Crime,
That I staid th' utmost point of time,
Before I would put off my Bays,
And on Naples shed my Rays,
where such a mischief they have done,
As will make Venus hate the Sun,
Discovering to Vulcan's eye
Where she and Mars embracing lie.

Aur. I'm sorry Mars and Venus had
Such privacy; but I am glad
That Phoebus does at last appear
To shine away Aurora's Fear.

Phoeb. What frighted thee?

Aur. I know not what:
But thou know'st all; what noife is that?

[Within Vulcan roars out, No work, Rogues?]

Phoeb. 'Tis Vulcan, in a greater Heat
Than th' Irons by his Cyclops beat:
He makes the horror of that noife,
Teaching and Knocking his great Boys,
(From hammering out Jove's Thunder) set
BAYES. I, Sir. But how would you fancie now to represent an Eclipse?

SMI. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

BAYES. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your supposè: ha, ha, ha. Why, you may as well supposè the whole Play. No it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe, to the purpose.

JOHNS. How's that?

BAYES. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between Phæbus and Aurora, in the Slighted Maid: which, by my troth, was very pretty; though, I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

JOHNS. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes.

BAYES. But, Sir, you have heard, I supposè, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

SMI. I have heard so, indeed.

BAYES. Well, Sir; what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum? And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses. That is new, I gad, ha?

JOHNS. That must needs be very fine, truly.

BAYES. Yes, there is some fancie in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in it of a Joque, I make the Moon fell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the tune of Tom Tyler.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis,
Come to me thou little rogue Orbis.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. What calls Terra firma, pray?
To File and Polish Vulcan's Net,  
Which he'll catch Mars and Venus in.


Phæb. To laugh the Smiths begin:
At furious Vulcan (halting off
To measure his wife's Bed) they scoff.

Aur. I'll leave the place; I can no more
Endure the Laughter than the Roar.

[Exeunt Phæbus and Aurora.

The Cyclops Song (within).

Cry our Ware, (Sooty Fellows
Of the Forge and the Bellows)
Has Jove any Okes to rend?
Has Ceres Sickles to mend?
Wants Neptune a Water-Fork?
All these are the Cyclops work;
But to Wire-draw Iron-rods,
To File Nets to catch the Gods,
What can make our fingers so fine?
Drink, drink, Wine, Lippari-wine.

Luna. Luna that ne'er shines by day.
Orb. What means Luna in a veil?
Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Enter Sol.

Sol. Fie, Sister, fie; thou mak'st me muse,
     Dery, dery down,
     To see thee Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
     Since I did it out of love.
     Hey down, dery down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
     Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To morrow soon, ere it be noon,
     On Mount Vesuvio. [Bis.

Sol. Then I will shine.
Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And we will drink nothing but Lipary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

Bayes. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby-horses. At last, Drawcanuir comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the Battel is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with 'em.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
     But I, the bloud of thousand, daily spill.
     Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
     Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
     The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controls,
     And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls.
     If they had wings, and to the Gods could fly,
     I would pursue, and beat 'em, through the skie:
     And make proud Jove, with all his Thunder, see.
     This single Arm more dreadful is, than he. [Exit.

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I have read of your Hector, your Achilles, and a hundred
Valeria, Daughter to Maximin, having kill'd her self for the Love of Porphyrius, when she was to be carry'd off by the Bearers, strikes one of them a Box on the Ear, and speaks to him thus—

Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

Epilogue to the second edition of Tyrannick Love, 1672.

Key, 1704.
more; but I defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, I gad, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this Drawearn'sir.

JOHNS. I swear, I think you may.

SMI. But, Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

BAYES. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very silly, Mr. Johnson, I gad, he is. Come, Sir, I'll shew you go off. Rife, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. Ivory. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [Exit.

JOHNS. Will you fo? then we'll be gone.

SMI. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preferve our hearing. One Battel more would take mine quite away. [Exeunt.

Enter Bayes and Players.

BAYES. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 Play. They are gone, Sir.

BAYES. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [Exit.

3 Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's fee what 'tis.

[Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.

Cloris, at length, being sensible of Prince Pretty-man's passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince Pretty-man meeting, by chance, with old Joan the Chandlers widow, and remembering it was she that brought him acquainted with Cloris: out of a high point of honour, break off his match with Cloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which, Cloris, in despair, drowns her self: and Prince Pretty-man, discontentedly, walks by the River side.

1 Play. Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.
About the time of the Restoration and for some years after, the fashionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three. (Bp. Percy)

At the end of Sir W. D'AVENANT's "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru. Exprefst by Instrumentall and Vocall Mufick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, &c. Represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, At Three afternoone punctually" London 1658: is the following notice:

'Notwithstanding the great expence necessary to Scenes, and other ornaments in this Entertainment, there is a good provision made of places for a shilling. And it shall begin certainly at 3 after noon.'

The Rehearsal is therefore supposed to take place in the morning.
Enter Bayes

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of fenceless rascals, that had rather go to dinner, than see this Play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr.—a—— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter Players again.

Play. Sir, they are gone to dinner.
Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.
Play. Why, an't plea$e your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.
Bayes. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I gad, I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll fell this Play to the other House.
Play. Nay, good, Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the Town, that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.
Bayes. That's all one. I must referve this comfort to my self, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too: I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrift I am. And so farewell to this Stage for ever, I gad.

Exit.

Play. What shall we do now?
ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.
ACT. V.       THE REHEARSAL.  135

2 Play. Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play: We shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.
1 Play. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see Haynes, and Shirley practise the last Dance; for that may serve for another Play.
2 Play. I'll call 'em: I think they are in the Tyring-room.

The Dance done.
1 Play. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[Exeunt omnes.]
EPILOGUE.

He Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That circumstance our Poet Bayes forgot,
And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients Plotted, though, and strove to please
With fence that might be understand with ease;
They every Scene with so much wit did store
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of wit does so surprize,
Men lose their wits in wonder where it lies.
If it be true, that Monstrous births presage
The following mischiefs that afflicts the Age,
And sad disasters to the State proclaim;
Plays, without head or tail, may do the same.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
May this prodigious way of writing cease.
Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme:
We have these ten years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Prose and Sense.

FINIS.

English Reprints.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse. 1575.

2. The Steele Glas. [Commenced April 1575. Finished April 1576.] April 1576.


PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S
A Remembrance of the well employed Life, and godly end of George Gascoigne Esquire, &c. [Ent. Stat. Hall. 11 Nov. 1577.]

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,
Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LARGE PAPER EDITION.

LONDON:

5, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Ent. Stat. Hall.] 1 October, 1869. [All Rights reserved.
# CONTENTS

CHRONICLE of the Life, Works, and Times of G. Gaskoigne 3  
INTRODUCTION, 11  
BIBLIOGRAPHY, 14

George Whetstone.  
A REMEMBRANCE &c. OF G. GASKOIGNE, &c. 15  
(1) The wel employed life, and godly end of G. Gaskoigne, Eq. 17  
(2) Exhortatio 27  
(3) An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the death of M. G. Gaskoygne 29

George Gascoigne.  
CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH VERSE, &c. 31  
THE STEELE GLAS 41  
(1) The Epistle Dedicatorie [15 April. 1576] 42  
(2) N. R. in commendation of the Author, and his works 46  
(3) Walter [afterwards Sir Walter] Raleigh, of the Middle Temple, in commendation of The Steele Glas 47  
(4) Nicholas Bowyer in commendation of this work 47  
(5) The Author to the Reader 48  
(6) THE STEELE GLAS 49  
(7) Epilogus. 82  

THE COMPLAYNT OF PHILOMENE 85  
(8) The Epistle Dedicatorie [16 April. 1575] 86  
(9) PHILOMENE 87  
(10) The Fable of Philomela 91
CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone’s Remembrance, at pp. 15-30)

of

some of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,

Courtier, Soldier, Poet.

* Probable or approximate dates.

1509, Apr. 22. Henry VIII. begins to reign.

1535-37.

George Gascoigne was the son and heir of Sir J. Gascoigne, p. 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray’s Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 49 years when he died. Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [see 1576] that he had ‘Suche Englishes as I state in westemland.’ From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.


He goes to Cambridge. ‘Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,’ [see 1576]

Pray for the sources of our noble Realme.

I mean the worthy Universities,

(And Cantabridge, shal haue the dignitie,

Whereof I was vnworthy member once) p. 77.


Harl. M.S. 1512, is a nominal index of the Registers of all ‘Admittances,’ ‘Ancients,’ and ‘Barresters’ in the Society of Gray’s Inn, down to 1571; together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. John in 1556 admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; fol. 155, George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590; fol. 33. None of these occur in the list of ‘Barresters.’

1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn. 43 admitted in the same year. Harl. M.S. 1512, fol. 33.

1557. May 24. Among the names of ‘Ancients’ called on 24 May, 1557, is that of ‘Gascoigne,’ Idem, fol. 204.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

The lost time of my youth mispent,’ p. 42. ‘Disinherited,’ p. 17.

Gascoigne begins ‘to devise’ The Complaint of Philomena ‘riding by the high way betwene Chelmsford and London, and being overtaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke over into the Deprofundis which is placed amongst my other Poeties, leaving the complaint of Philomena unfinished.’ pp. 88, 113.

In The introduction to the Psalms of Deprofundis which
with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers,* are the following lines.

The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,  
When (as I rode alone by London waye,  
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say:

Why doe not I my wery muses frame  
(Although I bee well souse in this shouere,)  
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedental orders relating to 'Ancients,'  
at the end of *Harl. N.S.* 1722, is the following.  
1565 Mr. Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo. Gascoigne, Tho.  
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton being called  
Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respective  
fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-  
ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, *fol. 238.*  
Gascoigne pays the above fines. In his *Flowers,* are  
*Gascoignes Memories,* written upon this occasion. Hee  
had (in mynddest of his youth) determined to abandone  
all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there  
to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes.  
And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in  
verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he ent-  
tered into their fellowshipe, hee compiled these fiue  
suddrie sortes of metre ypnon fiue sundry theames,  
which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request  
of Frauncis Kinwelmarsh who deliuered him this theame.  
*Audaces fortuna inuat.* . . . .  
The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarsh, who deliuered him this theame,  
*Satis sufficit.* . . . .  
John Vaughan deliuered him this  
Alexander Neile deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito. et sat bene,*  
whereupon he compiled these seuen Sonets in se-  
quence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito;* and  
therwith his *Viz bene.* . . . .  
Richard Courtope (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame  
*Dvrum eneum et miserabre euum.* . . . .  
And thus an ende of these fiue  
Theames, adounting to the number of. ccli,viii. verses,  
devised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill  
he came at the ende of his Journey, the which was no  
longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarrying with  
his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne:  
and therefore called Gascoigne's memories. *Postes,* 1575.  
1565. Apr. 26. Date of his dedication of *The Glasse of Govern-  
ment.* A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576.  
'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose,  
although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme,  
besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier,  
Hist. Dram. Poet. iii.* 5  
Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year.  
(i) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ario-  
sto's *Gl Suppositi,* Venice, 1535—the earliest 'existing  
specimen of a play in English prose acted, either in public  
or private.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet. iii.* 6  
(ii) *Icacostra*—adapted from the *Phenisus* of Euripides—  
'the second dramatic performance in our language in  
blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a  
Greek play upon the English stage.' *Collier, Idem.* p. 8.  
Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts  
i. and iv.; and C., afterwards Sir C., Yelverton, the Epi-  
logue. Each Act was preceded by a dumb show.  
The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Guilford MS.*  
In this year also was published *The French Littleton.*
Newly set forth by C. Holiband [i.e. Desaillens], teaching in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first published verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke.
The pearle of price, whic englishmen haue sought
So farre abrode, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche; that pearle of pleasant speche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sickenesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now Hollyband (A friendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learne:
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankful harts, to whome his perles may please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth carne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

Marries.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delightfuling (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe cum Pertinencia et and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skil in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse. [This poem was published in 1572.]

Is published Gascoigne's first book, A Hundreth sundrie Flores bound up in one small Poeties: respecting which he afterwards says. "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Holland and in seruice with the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyved of Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. True it is that I was not vnwillinge the same should be imprinted: " for which he assigne four reasons. 1st Pref. to 'Posies,' 1575.

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled The fruites of Warre, 'begun at Deise in Holland'; Gascoigne says, "I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein just cause to to laugh at my follies forepast. This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author; not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes supposed.

O. G. G[ilchrist] in Cens. Lit. t. 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose
of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendid of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 12th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum, they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negotiation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 gilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprised soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military hard with his hand were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb.

He published 'The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire, Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author,' [1st Dedication dated 'last day of January' 1574; 2nd Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you
with three sundrie sorts of Posies: Flores, Herbes and Weedes. I term some Flores, by cause being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my judgement) some rare inuention and Method before not commonly vsed. And therefore (being more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Flores. The seconde (being indeeue moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes. The third (being Weedes, might seeme to some judgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meetes to bee cast awaye. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third. To the Reader: "I pray thee to smelle vnto these Posies, as Flores to comfort, Herbes to cure, and Weedes to be awed. So havel ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."

Gascoigne begins The Steele Glas: and continues a little further The Complaint of Philomene, pp. 86, 119.

The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting is published: The Translator (George Turberville) to the Reader is dated 10 June 1576. After which comes a poem of 53 lines, George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie. This work is generally attached to Turberville's The Booke of Faulconerie or Hawking.

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1576. July 9-27. Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c. for her entertainment. These were printed the next year under the title of The Princely pleasures, at the Courte at Kenelworth; and with R. Lancelaum or Langham's published Letter of date of 20 Aug. 1575: constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception.

Sept. 11. The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's The tale of Hemetes.

1576. Jan. 1. He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting, the manuscript of The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstoake. This is now in the British Museum. MS. Reg. 18. A. xxviii., p. 27. The frontispiece is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p; after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye; 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 pp; Latin, 15 pp; Italian 15 pp; French 15 pp; concluding the whole with Epilogimus, 1 p. In his address at fol. 6 of the book, he says, "But yet suche Itallyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stole in westemland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you," &c.

1576. Apr. 3. He finishes The Complaint of Philomene, p. 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes The Steele Glas, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.

1576. Apr. 12. In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial employment, the 12 of April, 1576 to A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, Quod non?" Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewith understand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he himselfe had
none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Author, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beeone commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the com-
mon capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolu-
tions, and to diuide him from the same: there-upon he
wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse
and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also
to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences,
as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may
appeare by the letter next following, the which I have
here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about
vii. yeares now past, sithence which time the original
copies of the same haue lien by the authorus as one rather
dreading to hazarde the Judgement of curious perusers
then greedie of glorie by hasty publication.

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst many)
beholding to the said S. Humfrey Gilbert for sund-
drie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed
at his house in Limehouse, and beeing verie bolde to
demande of him howe he spent his time in this long
vacation from martiall stratagemes, he curteously tooke
me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie pro-
fitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had
perfected painefullly with his owne penne: And amongst
the rest this present Discourse. The which as well
because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode
that M. Fourboiser (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to
trauaile in the same Discouerie, I craved at the said
S. Humfreyes handes for two or three dayes to reade and
to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request,
but stil seeming to doubt that therby the same might, con-
trarie to his former determination be Imprinted.

And to be plaine, when I had at good pleasure perused
it, and therewithall conferred his allegations by the Tables
of Ortelius, and by sundrie other Cosmographical
Maps and Charts, I seemed in my simple judgement
not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very
meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in
publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my
friends great trauaile, and mine owne greater presump-
tion to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers
five excuses.]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedfor[f[b.
1528—d. 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished
this trauayle in weake plight for health as your good L.
well knoweth, this second day of Maye 1576,' Gascoignes
writes,

(Not manye monethes since) tossing and retossing in my
small Lybarie, amongst some booke which had not
often felte my fyngers endes in xv yeares before, I
channced to light vpon a small volume skace comely
couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth
vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Ca-
racters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginning
perspicuous, nor the end perfect. So that I cannot certaynly
say who shuld be the Author of the same. And there-
upon haue translated and collected into some ordre these
sundry parcelles of the same. The which . . . I haue
thought meete to entyte The Drome of Doomes daye.
[The work is divided into three parts, The view of worldly Vanities, The shame of saine, The Needes eye.] Vnto
these three parts thus collected and ordred I haue thought
good to add an old letter which teacheth Remedies against the bitterness of Death."

[The unknown Latin work thus Englisht by Gascoigne, was De miseria humanae conditionis of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b. 1160—d. 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the preesse, it pleased God to visit the translatour thereof with sickness. So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofs, he apoynted a seruant of his to oversee the same."

Printer to the Reader.

1576. Aug. 22. He publishes A delicate Diet for daintie mouthed Drownkards.

1577. Jan. 1. He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum Reg. MS. 18 A. xxi. p. 275. 'The Grief of Joy. Certayne Elegies: wherein the doubtfull delights of mannes lyfe are displayed.' It is on 38 folios, 410: each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold. From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

"Towching the M ethode and Invention, even as Petrark in his workes De remediys vs inque fortuna, dothe recowmpt the vncontreine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these Élegies distributed the same into sundrie songs and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction. And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the worke, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill 1 haue (in suche songs) touched all the common places of mans peryous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your favorable acceptances (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also with the vnspakeable comfort which I haue conceivd in your Maiesties vndesired favours) may sufficienctlie witnes without further triall, that doubtful greues and greevous doubts, do often accompanie our greatest ioyes.

Howssoever it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Nise for a new yeares gyfte. Whome God preserve thes first of January, 1577, and euer. Amen."

After this come The Preface; then the l'envoi; then the four Songs. (1) The greues or incommodities of lustie youth; (2) The vanities of Beuolie; (3) The faults of force and Strengthe; (4) The vanities of Activityes; which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

77. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's Remembrance.

O. Gilchrist, in Cens. Lit. ii. 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walhamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr. Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success. The result is this: Geo. Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles
CHRONICLE.

distant from Stamford), which parishes to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains: and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I have endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found "—Ath. Oxon. ii. 437. Ed. 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author.


Master George Gaskyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly. *Ed. 1595, p. 34.*


3. Thomas Nash in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1599, writes,

Who ever my priuate opinion condeems as faultie, Master Gascoigne is not to bee abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully und *Græce cum Latinis*
NE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poetry: Gafcoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers; towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gafcoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gafcoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death: a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gafcoigne.
The earliest portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horseback from Chelmsford to London: wherein

as I rode by London waye,

Cloakleffe, vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine,' and well foued in this showre.

he changed the subject of his thought, and wrote the Psalm *De Profundis*, preferred in his *Flowers*.

The Notes of instruction &c., must have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he first published them in his *Poesies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having just seen through the press, the corrected edition of his *Poesies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes': and makes further progress in the Elegy.

Then comes absence from home during the summer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth devising *The Princely pleasures*: and afterwards at Woodstock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit*. Then in the following winter, he goes on a visit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his house in *Limehouse*', and is in consequence led into the study of the North-west passage and 'the *Tables of Ortelius* and fundrie other Cosmographicall Mappes and Charts.' So the two poems progress together at intervals, and at last are simultaneously finished in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April showers': Both the Satire and the Elegy may be said to be Spring songs. There refounds all through them the singing of birds. This discovers itself as much in the general imagery as in such passages as this.

In sweet April, the Messenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,
When euery byrde, records his louers lay,
And wefterne windes, do foster forth our floures, 
Late in an euen, I walked out alone, 
To heare the defcant of the Nightingale, 
And as I floode, I heard hir make great moane, 
Waymenting much

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gafcoigne has a serius purpose. As Whetftone reports.

(laboring flil, by paines, to purchase praife)

I wrought a Glaffe, wherein eche man may fee:

Within his minde; what canckred vices be. p. 19.

It was a firft experiment in English fatire; and though it does not fang like Dryden's *Abfalom and Achitophel*:

it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and justice.

Its central thought and fancy are thus expressed:

That age is deade, and vanifht long ago,
Which thought that fléele, both truflly was and true,
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But fhewde al things, even as they were in deede.
In fléade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The chriflal glas, which glimfeth braue and bright,
And fhewes the thing, much better than it is,
Begyld with foyles, of sundry subtil fghts,
So that they feeme, and couet not to be. p. 54

I haue prefumde, my Lord for to present
With this poore glaffe, which is of truflie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and testament
Of one that was, a Glaſsemaker in deede.

*Lucylius*, this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the chriflal glaffe,
To fuch as loue, to feme but not to be,
And vnto thofe, that loue to fee themfelues,
How foule or fayre, foever that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glaffe of truflie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycaufe it fhewes, all things in their degree.
And since myfelfe (now pride of youth is paft)
Do loue to be, and let al feeming paff,
Since I defire, to fee my felfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or shoulde,
Therfore I like this truflie glaffe of Steele. pp. 55, 56.
A REMEMBRANCE OF THE WELL IMployed LIFE &C.

(a) ISSUES IN THE AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1577. London. *Edition princeps:* see title on opposite page. Edmond Malone has inserted the following note in the only extant copy, formerly his but now in the Bodleian. 'This piece is of such rarity, that it was for near a century not supposed to exist. No other copy is known. Bishop Tanner had one; but it has been long lost.' W. C. Hazlitt, in *Handbook,* p. 650, Ed. 1867, states 'The history of this book, of which it seems that only one copy has ever been seen, is rather curious. It had been Bishop Tanner's, and was formerly with his books at Oxford, but had been missed for many years, when it occurred at the sale of Mr. Voigt's (of the Custom House) books in 1866, and was bought by Malone for £42 10s. 6d. With his library it returned to its old resting place.'

(b) ISSUES SINCE THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

II. With other works.


GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION &C.

(a) ISSUES IN THE AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.

II. With other works.

1. 1575. London. 'The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire,' The Notes form the fourth and last section of the book: the other three being *Flowers,* *Hearbes,* and *Weedes."

(b) ISSUES SINCE THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

II. With other works.

2. 1587. London. 'The whole worke of George Gascoigne Esquyer.' 1 Vol. 4to. The Notes are at the end, and have no pagination.


THE STEEL GLAS, AND THE COMPLAINT OF PHILOMNE.

(a) ISSUES IN THE AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.

I. As a separate publication.


(b) ISSUES SINCE THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

II. With other works.

2. 1587. London. 'The whole worke of George Gascoigne Esquyer.' 1 Vol. 4to. The two poems occupy nominally folios 287—354, but actually folios 289—292.


A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel employed life, and godly end, of
George Gascoigne Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmsford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7. of October.

1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetstones
Gent, an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formae nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be solde.
The wel employed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esq.

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

Thou feeft my death, and long my life didst knowe,
my life: nay death, to liue I now begin:
But some wil say. Durus est hic ferme,
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on fin.
Yet truft me frends (though flefh doth hardly bow)
I am resolu'd, I neuer liu'd til now.

And on what caufe, in order shall ensue,
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte:
Whose tale attend, for once the fame is true,
Yea Whetlon thou, haft knownen my hidden hart
And therfore I coniure thee to defend:
(when I am dead) my life and godly end.

Firft of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
I leue mine armes, my acts shall blafe the fame
Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,
no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
my father did, his forward sonne defeat.

He was
Sir John
G. sonne
and Heire
Disinheri-
ted.
The life and death

This froward deed, could scarce my hart dismay,
Vertue (quod I) vil see I shall not lacke:
And we I wot Domini est terra,
Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
Thus finding caufe, to softer hye desire:
I clapt on cofl (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man dect in my Pecocks plumes,
my wanton wil commanded strait my wit:
Yea, brainfick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
But, Nemo fine crimine viuit.
For he that findes, himself from vices free
I giue him leue, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praffe, that I my fault recite,
The lost sheep found, the feast was made for ioy:
Evil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.
The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
But (that in cheef, which writers should respect)
trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vnche&.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
But as a fish, feld bites with out a baignt,
So none vnforf, men needs will hear or see.
and begging futes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
the mounting minde, had rather flerue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thrifles wil to write,
wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
The sweet of war, fung by the carpet knight,
In pofle hafte then shipt me in Ventures Barge.
Thesef lufty lims, Saunce yfe (quod, I) will ruft:
That pitie were, for I to them muft truft.
Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch, (though rumours lewd, impayred my defert) I boldly vaunt, the blast of Fame is such, As prooues I had, a froward fowrs hart. My flender gaine a further witnes is: For woorthieft men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Cacht by fly hap, in prifon vile was popt: Yea hadnot woordes, fought formyliuesdefence; For all my hands, my breth had there been flopt But I in fine, did fo perfwade my foe: as (scot free) I, was homewards fet to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit, Yet awkward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope In peace (quod I) ile truft unto my wit, the windowes of my muse, then straight I ope And first I showe, the travaill of such time: as I in youth, imployd in louing rime.

Some straight way said (their tungs with enuy fret), those wanton layes, inductions were to vice: Such did me wrong, for (quod nocet, docet) our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wife. And fure these toyes, do showe for your behoof: The woes of loue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment, I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies: The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouerment, And (laboring flil, by paines, to purchase praife) I wrought a Glaffe, wherin eche man may fee: Within his minde, what canckred vices be.
The life and death

The druncken soule, transformed to a beast, my diet helps, a man, again to make:
But (that which should, be praifd aboue the rest)
My Doomes day Drum, from fin dooth you awake
For honest sport, which dooth refresh the wit:
I haue for you, a book of hunting writ.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes,
Perhaps of woorth, my fame alieue to keep:
Yet other woorks, (I think) of more emprife,
Coucht clofe as yet, within my cofers sleep.
yea til I dy, none fhall the fame reuele:
So men wil say, that Gaskoign wrote of Zeale.

O Enuy vile, foule fall thee wretched fot,
Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde:
I curfe thee wretch, the onely caufe godwot,
That my good wil, no more account did finde.
And not content, thy felf to doo me fcar:
Thou nipft my hart, with Spight, Sufpeft and Care.

And firft of Spight foule Enuies poyfoned pye,
To Midas cares, this As hath Lyntius, eyes: Spight.
With painted shewes, he heaues him felf on hie,
Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob:
with woorthy books, fo deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.
When (God he knowes) he knows not what he faies
And left the wife shoulde finde his wit but yung,
He woorks all means, their woorks for to difpraife.
To smooth his speech, ye beaft this patch doth crop
He showes the bad, the writers mouthes to flop.
Ye woorfe then this, he dealeth in offence,
(Ten good turns, he with silence striketh dead);
A flender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
This wretched Spight in euery place dooth spread.
And with his breth, the Viper dooth infect:
The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of Suspect: the propertie to showe,
He hides his dought, yet full mistrusteth more:
The man suspec't, is so debard to knowe,
The cause and cure of this his ranckling fore.
And so in vain, hee good account dooth seek,
Who by this Feende, is brought into millike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot:
My true intent, with forged faults did thwart:
so that I found, for me it was no boot.
to woorke as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain woords, by fooles misconstrued were
by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back
To quite my woorth, a cause to settle care:
within my brest, who wel defuer'd, did lack.
for who can brook, to see a painted crowe:
Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starue among his books,
and see pied Doultes, vpon a booty feed?
What honest minde, can liue by fauring looks,
and see the lewd, to rech a frendly deed?
What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile:
when carpet swads, deuour ye Soldiers spoile?
I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted foe,
Thefe men, were brib'd, ere I had breth to speake:
Muse then no whit, with this huge ouerthrowe,
though crufling care, my gilites hart doth break
But you wil fay, that in delight doo dwell:
my outward shewe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true; but hark vnto the reft,
The Swan in fongs, dooth knolle ner pafling bel:
The Nightingale, with thornes againft her brefl
when she might mourn, her sweeteft layes doth yel
The valiant man, fo playes a pleafant parte:
When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppon his hart.

For proofe, my felf, with care not fo a feard,
But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
When f stoutly they doo fland among yat heard.
So that I faw, but few hark to my mone.
made choife to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint:
in fight of men, who nothing feemd to faint.

But as oft vJe, dooth weare an iron cote,
as milflng drops, hard flints in time doth pearfe
By peece meales, care fo wrought me vnder foot
but more then ftraunge is that I now reheare,
Three months I liued, and did digeft no food:
when none by arte my ficknes vnderflood.

What helpeth then? to death I needs muft pine,
yet as the horfe, the vJe of warre which knowes:
If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
but til he dye, poftle with his Rider goes.
Euen fo my hart, whilft lungs may lend me breth:
Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.
But what auuiles, Achilles hart, to haue,
King Creffus welth, the sway of all the world:
The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched sway,
when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whorl.'
Yea oft the strikes ere one can flir his eye:
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threfhed ear of corne:
I holde a forme, within a wrimpled skin,
but from my bones, the fat and flefh is worne
See, fee the man, late plefures Minion:
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched monc

See gallants fee, a picture worth the fight,
(as you are now, my self was heertofore)
My body late, fluft ful of manly might,
As bare as Job, is brought to Death his doore.
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame:
Stif clung with colde, wants forfe to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flefh,
Vnable are, to flay my bones vpright:
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wifli,
In broken woords, can scarce my minde recite.
My head late fluft, with wit and learned skil:
may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What say you freends, this sudain chaunge to fee?
You rue my greef, you doo like flefh and blood:
But mone your finnes, and neuer morne for me,
And to be plain, I would you vnderlood.
My hart dooth swim, in feas of more delight:
Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.
What is this world? a net to snare the foule,
A mas of sinne, a defart of deceit:
A moment's joy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome bight.
Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care:
Vnhure, vniuft, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the shiftles wretch:
where bribing misfs, the iudges eyes doo blinde,
Where *Parajites*, the fatteft crummes doo catch.
Where good deferts (which chalenge like reward)
Are ouer blowen, with blafts of light regard.

And what is man? Duft, Slime, a puf of winde,
Conceiu'd in fin, plaflce in the woorld with greeef,
Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)
Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end:
To gather goods, for other men to fpend.

O foolish man, that art in office plaflce,
Think whence thou cam'ft, and whether ye shalt goe:
The huge hie Okes, small windes have ouer caft,
when flender reeds, in rougheil wethers growe.
Euen fo pale death, oft spares the wretched wight:
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lufty youths, that nurish hie desire,
Abafe your plumes, which makes you look fo big:
The Colliers cut, the Courtiers Steed wil tire,
Euen fo the Clark, the Parfones graue dooth dig.
Whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win:
Dooth heap (God wot) but forowe vnto finne.
And to be short, all fortes of men take heede,  
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare:  
The lightning flash, confumes the houfe of reed,  
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.  
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is:  
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.  

More would I say, if life would lend me space,  
but all in vain: death waites of no mans will:  
The tired Iade, dooth trip at every pace,  
when pampered horfe, will prunce against the hil.  
So helthfull men, at long discourfes fporate:  
When few woords, the fick, would fain reporte.  

The best is this, my will is quickly made,  
my welth is smale, the more my confidence ease:  
This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)  
my louing wife and fonne, will hardly please.  
But in this cafe, fo pleafe them as I may:  
These folowing woords, my teftament do wray.  

My foule I first, bequeath Almighty God,  
and though my finnes are greuous in his fight:  
I firmly trufl, to scape his fiery rod,  
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite.  
Whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)  
Is fole the caufe, that faues me from hel fire.  

My Body now which once I decked braue  
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue:  
I wifh no pomp, the fame for to ingraue,  
one Buried corn, dooth rote before it liue.  
And flefh and blood in this selfe forte is tryed:  
Thus buriall cost, is (with out proffit) pride.
I humbly giue, my gratious soueraign Queene
(by seruice bound) my true and loyall hart:
And trueth to say, a fight but rarely seene,
as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
Her highnes so, hath reaecht the Grace alone:
To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whose face I fain would fee,
my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue:
But fence my goods (God knoweth) but flender bee
moft gratious Queene, for Chrift his fake I craue
(not for any seruice that I haue doon)
you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my bleffmg take in parte.
and therwithall I giue thee this in charge:
Firt ferue thou God, then vfe bothe wit and arte,
thy Fathers det, of seruice to difcharge.
which (forfl by death) her Maieflie he owes:
beyond defarts, who flill rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all fortes of Men forgie
Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend:
And as good men, in charitie shoulde liue,
I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequeft:
And this is all, I of the world requeft.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
Farwell O world, the baight of all abufe:
Death where is thy fling? O Deuil where is thy hel?
I little forse, the forses you can vfe;
Yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye:
Vt efiem Chrifto, cupio diffolui.
In this good mood, an end woorthy the showe, 
Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heau'd: 
And sweetly thus, good Gaskoigne went a Dio, 
Yea with such eafe, as no man there perceiu'd, 
By strugling signe, or striving for his breth: 
That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death.

Exhortatio.

His Sean is playd, you folowe on the act, 
Life is but death, til fleshe, and blood be flain: Good men 
God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact 
As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain. 
The good for ther needs, Vtuntur mundo: 
And vfe good deeds, Vtfruantur Deo.

Contemne the chaunge, (vfe nay abufe) not God, 
Through holy showes, this worldly muck to scratch: 
To deale with men and Saints is very od. Hypocrifie, a man may ouer catch. 
But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth fee: 
Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou ieftling foole, which mak'fl at fin a face, 
Beware that God, in earneft plague thee not: 
For where as he, is coldeft in his grace, 
Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
Tempt not to far, the lotheft man to fight: 
When he is forfte, the luftieft blowes dooth smight.
The life and death

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
you by your losse, do match with them in blame: Courtiers.
The Lawyers life, you Merchants doe not flaine,
The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: Merchants.
wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Judges are, Lawyers.
you shalbe judg'd, and therfore judge aright:
you count Ignorantia Iuris no bar,
Then ignorance, your finnes wil not acquite.
Read, read God's law, with which yours shoule agree:
That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,
Make shewe in woorks, yat you your woords infue:
A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood, Prelats.
but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
Euen fo Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:
Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office fo thou haue,
to whose behoofe, this breef discours f is tolde: Readers
Prepare thy felf, eche houre for the graue,
the market eats afwel yong sheep as olde.
Euen fo, the Childe, who feares the fmarting rod:
The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life shall leave,
thus sure thou art, but know'ft not when to dye:
Then good thou liue, leaft death doo the deceit,
as through good life, thou maift his force defye.
For truft me man, no better match can make:
Then leaue vnfiure, for certain things to take.

Viuit posl funera Virtus.
An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the
death, of M. G. Gaskoygne.

For Gaskoygnes death, leaue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, alieue the man is stil:
Aliue? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
In that, that he, his fleshy lyfe did kil.

For by fuch death, tvvo lyues he gainses for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye
His vwoorthy vwoorks, fuch fame in earth haue sovyne,
As fack nor wvrack, his name can there deffroy.

But you vvill say, by death he only gainses.
And howv his life, vvould many fland in ftead:
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earneft meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vvvas passing great:
And vve deuourd the fvette of all his fvette.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.
Certayne notes of Instruction.

concerning the making of verse or ryme in English, written at the request of Master Edouardo Donati.

Signer Edouardo, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will aafaye to discharge the fame, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therwithall I pray you consider that Quot homines, tot Sententiae, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neuerthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request adventure to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I haue vfed, referring the fame hereafter to the correction of the Laureate. And you shall haue it in these few poyncts followyng.

The first and most necessarie poynct that euer I fould meete to be considered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleafant woordes, nor yet to thunder in Rym, Ram, Ruff, by letter (quoth my master Chaucer) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnleffe the Inuention haue in it also aliquid falsis. By this aliquid falsis, I meane some good and fine deuife, shewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I say some good and fine inuention, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are fo superfine, that they are Vix good. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame foeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but tanquam in oratione
perpetua, and neuer studie for some depth of deuise in ye Inuention, and some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almofte vnpossible, sithence the occasions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuerthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder meanyng in these few poyncts. If I shoule vndertake to wryte in prayfe of a gentlewoman, I would neither praife hir chriſtal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are trita et obuia. But I would either finde some supernaturall caufe wherby my penne might walke in the superlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunfwere for any imperfection that shee hath, and therevpon rayſe the prayfe of hir commendation. Likewife if I shoule discloſe my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a strange discouerſe of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discouer my diſquiet in shadowes per Allegoria, or vſe the couerſest meane that I could to anoyde the vncomely customes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardeſt to be preſcribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuerthelesſe to conclude therein, I would haue you ſtand mōſt vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and ſticke not to ſtudie deeply for ſome fine deuise. For that beyng founde, pleafant woordes will follow well inough and faſt inough.

2. Your Inuention being once deuifed, take heede that neither pleafure of rime, nor varietie of deuife, do carie you from it: for as to vſe obſcure and darke phraſes in a pleſant Sonet, is nothing delectable, fo to entermingle merie iſeſts in a ſerious matter is an Indecorum.

3. I will next aduife you that you hold the iuſt meaſure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may ſeeme a prepoſterous ordre: but
bycause I couet rather to satiifie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not fomuch fland vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I say then, remember to holde the fame meafure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verfe of fixe syllables, eight, ten, twelve, etc. and though this precept might seeme ridiculous vnto you, since euery yong scholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the fame meafure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I fee and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the meafure of xij. in the first line, and xiiiij. in the second (which is the common kinde of verfe) they wil yet (by that time they haue passed ouer a few verfes) fal into xiiiij. and fourtene, et fic de fimilibus, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelefnes.

4. And in your verfes remembre to place euery worde in his natural Emphafis or found, that is to say in fuch wife, and with fuch length or fhortneffe, elevation or depression of fillables, as it is commonly pronounced or vfed: to expresse the same we have three maner of accents, grauis, lenis, et circumflexa, the whiche I would englilh thus, the long accent, the short accent, and that whiche is indifferent: the graue accent is marked by this caracte, the light accent is noted thus, and the circumflexe or indifferent is thus signified: the graue accent is drawn out or eleuate, and maketh that fillable long wherevpon it is placed: the light accent is depreffed or snatched vp, and maketh that fillable fhort vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferent, sometimes fhort, sometimes long, sometimes depreffed and sometimes eleuate.

For example of th' emphafis or natural found of words, this word Treasure, hath the graue accent vpon the firt fillable, whereas if it shoulde be written in this forte, Treasure, nowe were the secon fillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vfe wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in englilh rimes (for I dare not cal them English c
verfes) we vfed none other order but a foote of two fillables, wherof the firſt is depressed or made short, and the second is eleuate or made long: and that found or scanning continueth throughout the verfe. We have vfed in times past other kindes of Meeters: as for example this following:

\[\textit{No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,}\]
\[\textit{Vnleffe he beleue, that all is but vayne.}\]

Alfo our father Chaucer hath vfed the fame libertie in ſeete and meafures that the Latinifts do vfe: and who fo euer do perufe and well consider his workes, he ſhall finde that although his lines are not always of one ſelde fame number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderſlanding, the longeſt verfe and that which hath moſt Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correſpondent vnſto that whiche hath feweſt fillables in it: and like wise that whiche hath in it feweſt ſyllables, ſhalbe founde yet to confift of woordes that haue ſuche naturall founde, as may feeme equall in length to a verfe which hath many moe fillables of lighter accentes. And ſurely I can lament that wee are fallen into ſuche a playne and ſimple manner of wryting, that there is none other foote vfed but one: whereby our Poemes may iuellly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verfe. But ſince it is ſo, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me fet downe vnſto ſuche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two ſyllables you wreſte no woorde from his natural and vſuall founde, I do not meane hereby that you may vfe none other wordes but of twoo fillables, for therein you may vfe discretion according to occasion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verfe be fo placed as the firſt fillable may found short or be depressed, the second long or eleuate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this
In these two verses there feemeth no difference at all, since the one hath the very full name woordes that nor pleasant, and the latter verse is neither true nor pleasant, and the former verse doth the mutter. The fault of the latter verse is that the word under-stand is therein fo placed as the grave accent fell upon it, and thereby maketh it, in this word under-

understand and not understand.

5. Hereby I thinke it not amisse to fore-

warn you that you thinke as few woordes of many

fillables into your verse as may be: and hereunto I

might allledge many reasons: first the most ancien

English woordes are of one syllable, and the lat-

er verse may make it unpleasent. Whereas woordes of one

syllable will more easily fall to be more or long as

occasion requirith; or where adapted to become cir-

cumflexe or of an indifferent foule.

6. I would exhorte you also to beware of rhyme

without reason: my meaning is hereby that your

rime leadeth you not from your true invention, for many

writers when they have laid the platforme of their

invention, are yet drawn sometimes (by rhyme) to for-

myle, and the latter verse may make it unpleasent.

The fault of the latter verse is that the word under-

stand is therein so placed as the grave accent fell

upon it, and thereby maketh it to be elevated, which is

contrarie to the naturall

or yd pronunciation: for we say

understand and not understand.

Your meaning I understand by your eye.

In thefe two verses there feemeth no difference at

all, since the one hath the very full name woordes that
their firft worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your firft determined Inuention, and do rather searche the bottome of your brayne for apte words, than chaunge good reafon for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers lesson) worke thus, when you haue fet downe your firft verfe, take the lafte worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the felfe fame founde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the lafte worde of your firfte line is care, to ryme therwith you haue bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and share, mare, fnare, rare, flare, and ware, &c. Of all these take that which best may ferue your purpose, carryng reafon with rime: and if none of them will ferue fo, then alter the lafte worde of your former verfe, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vfe the fame Figures or Tropes in verfe which are vfed in profe, and in my judgement they ferue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verfe than they haue in profe: but yet therein remembre this old adage, Ne quid nimis, as many wryters which do know the vfe of any other figure than that which is expressed in repeticion of sundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modefly vfed) lendeth good grace to a verfe: but they do fo hunte a letter to death, that they make it Crambe, and Crambe bis poxitum mors eft: threfore Ne quid nimis.

9 Alfo afmuche as may be, efchew ftraunge words, or obfoleta et inusitata, vnlesse the Theame do giue iuft occaion: marie in fome places a ftraunge worde doth drawe attentiue reading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vfe discretion.

10 And afmuch as you may, frame your stile to perspicuity and to be fenfible: for the haughty obscur verfe doth not much delight, and the verfe that is to easie is like a tale of a rosted horfe: but let your Poeme be fuch as may both delight and draw attentiue readyng, and therewithal may deliuer fuch matter as be worth the marking.
11. You shall do very well to write your verse after the English phrase, and not after the manner of other languages: The Latinists do commonly set the adjective after the Substantive: As for example *Femina pulchra, aedes alta, &c.*, but if we should say in English a woman fair, a house high, etc. it would have but small grace: for we say a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbid it you, for in some places, it may be borne, but not so hardly as some write it which write thus:

Now let us go to Temple ours,
I will go visit mother myne &c.

Surely I smile at the simplicity of such deuisers which might as well have sayd it in playne English phrase, and yet have better pleased all ears, than they satiſfie their owne fancies by suche superfineſſe. Therefore even as I have aduised you to place all wordes in their naturall or most common and usuall pronunciation, so would I wish you to frame all sentences in their mother phrase and proper Idioma, and yet sometimes (as I have sayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per licentiam Poetica, than it is otherwise lawfull or commendable.

12. This poetical licence is a shrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verse, it maketh wordes longer, shorter, of mo fillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falser, and to conclude it turkeneath all things at pleasure, for example, *ydone for done, adswne for downe, orcome for overcome, tane for taken, power for powre, heauen for heavn, thewes for good partes or good qualities, and a number of other which were but tedious and needelesse to rehearse, since your owne judgement and readyng will soone make you espie such aduantages.

13 There are also certayne pauses or refles in a verse which may be called *Ceſſures*, whereof I woule be lothe to stande long, since it is at discretion of the wryter, and they haue bene first deuised (as should
(eeme) by the Musicians: but yet thus much I will aduenture to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verfe of eight fillables, the paufe will stand beft in the middeft, in a verfe of tenne it will beft be placed at the ende of the firt foure fillables: in a verfe of twelue, in the midft, in verfes of twelue in the firfte and fouretene in the feconde, wee place the paufe commonly in the midft of the firft, and at the ende of the firft eight fillables in the fecond. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters dicretion, and forceth not where the paufe be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycaufe I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you alfo mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythe royall is a verfe of tenne fillables, and feuen fuch verfes make a flaffe, whereof the firft and thirde lines do aunfwer (across) in like terminations and rime, the fecond, fourth, and fifth, do likewife anfwere eche other in terminations, and the two laft do combine and shut vp the Sentence: this hath bene called Rithme royall, and furely it is a royall kinde of verfe, feruing beft for graue difcourfes. There is alfo another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are fundrie forties: for a man may write ballade in a flaffe of fixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or fixe fillables, whereof the firfte and third, second and fourth do rime across, and the fifth and fixth do rime togethier in conclusion. You may write alfo your ballad of tenne fillables rymynge as before is declared, but these two were wont to be moft commonly vfed in ballade, which propr. name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian Ballare, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed thofe kinds of rymes ferue beft for daunces or light matters. Then haue you alfo a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one felf fame foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my judgement) called a rondelet. This may confift of fuch meafure as beft liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, fome thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called
Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beffe allowe to call thofe Sonnets whiche are offoure tene ynelynes, euery line conteynynge tenne syllabables. The fyrste twelue do ryme in ftaues of foure lines by croffe meetre, and the laft two ryming togethre do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines whiche are of ten lines, and ot fixe lines, commonly vfed by the French, which some Engles, writers do alfo terme by the name of Sonetter-Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called *Vifh layes*, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would faie greene Songes: but I mufte tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verfe I faw by authoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discouerfe in verfes of tene fillables, whereof the foure fyrst did ryme acroffe, and the fifth did aunfwerre to the fyrste and thirde, breaking off there, and fo going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verfes written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *Wilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*, etc.* There are alfo certaine Poemes deuifed of tene ynelyles, whereof the fyrst aunfwereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde anfwere eche other: thefe are more vfed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tel readily what name to giue them. And the commonest fort of verfe which we vfe now adayes (*viz.* the long verfe of twelue and fourtene fillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should fay that it doth confift of Poulters meafure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this suflife (if it be not to much) for the sundrie fortres of verfes which we vfe now adayes.

15 In all thefe fortres of verfes when foeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tedioufnesse, and euer as neare as you can, do finifh the fentence and meaning at the end of euery ftaue where you

* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.
wright staves, and at the end of every two lines where you write by cooples or poulterers measure: for I see many writers which draw their sentences in length, and make an end at latter Lammas: for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he began. But do you (if you will follow my advice) eschew prolixity and knit vp your sentences as compendiously as you may, since breuitie (so that it be not drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is suche as our Mayster and Father Chaucer vfed in his Canterburie tales, and in divers other delectable and light enterprizes: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to fhewe my skil. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime ferueth mod aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fittet for a grauediscourse. Ballades are best of matters of loue, and rondlettes moche apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets ferue afwell in matters of loue as of discourse: Dizaymes and Sixames for shorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectual proposition, although by the name you might otherwise iudge of Verlayes, and the long verse of twelue and foureteene fillables, although it be now adayes vfed in all Theames, yet in my judgement it would ferue best for Psalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde stande longer in these traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before. I know that I write to my freende, and affying my selfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.
THE STEELE GLAS.
A Satyre compiled by George Gascoigne Esquire.

Together with
The Complainte of Phylomene.
An Elegie devised by the same Author.

Tam Marti, quæm Mercurio.

Printed for Richard Smith.
To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVilton Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, George Gascoigne Esquire witheth long life with encrease of honour, according to his great worthinesse.

Ight honorable, noble, and my singular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correspondent too the iuft desires of my hart, I should yet thinke al the fame vnable to deferue the leaft parte of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygned with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabylitie to heare me, with exceeding curtefy to vfe me, with grae aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with affured affittance to protec't me. All which when I do remember, yet it flirreth in me an exceeding zeale to deferue it: and that zeale begetteth bahefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reveuied the very same affection, whiche firfte moued in mee the desire to honour and esteme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthynesse, and therewithal do fet before mine eyes the loft time of my youth mispent, I feeme to fee afarre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called Mignanimitie, accompanied with industrrious diligence. The firfte doth encourage my faynting harte, and the seconde doth
beginne (already) to employ my understanding, for (ahlas my good Lorde) were not the cordial of these two pretious Spiceries, the corrosyue of care woulde quickly confounde me.

I haue misgoverned my youth, I confeffe it: what shall I do then? shall I yelde to myfery as a iuft plague appointed for my portion? Magnanimitie faith no, and Induftrye seemeth to be of the very same opinion.

I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned: yea more than that, I am rygorously reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispayre? shall I yelde vnto ielloffe? or drowne my dayes in idleneffe, bycause their beginning was bathed in wantonneffe? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not suffer me, and the delightfulness of dilygence doth utterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done in deede, when the fling of Emulation spared not to touche the worthy Scipio with most vntrue furyfyes? Yea Themistocles when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge hoft of Xerxes, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulfed from his owne, and constrained to seeke fauour in the fight of his late professed enemie. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was such, as neither could aduerfytie overcome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men could kindle in their brefles any leaft sparke of defire, to seeke any vnhonorable reuenge.

I haue loytred (my lorde) I confeffe, I haue lien ftrieking me (like a lubber) when the funne did shine, and now I ftrieue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I fland prinking me in the glasse, when the crowes foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

Aristotle spent his youth very ryotoufly, and Plato (by your leave) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no leffe addicted to delight in amorous verfe, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of
moral Phylosophy. What shoulde I speake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greatest Oratours of his time? These examples are sufficient to proue that by induf-

tries and diligence any perfeccion may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerfities are easie to be endured. And to that ende (my vere good lorde) I do here presume thus rudely to rehearse them. For as I can be content to confesse the lightnesse wherewith I haue bene (in times past) worthie to be burdened, fo would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwise bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced stil to carie on my shouldeurs the crosse of my carelefnesse, but therewithall I am also put to the plonge, too provide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe fufpects, and dangerous de-

tractions. And I finde my selfe so feeble, and so vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearsed) I shoulde either cast downe mine armoure and hide myselfe like a recreant, or else (of a malicious stubbornesie) shoulde buifie my braines with some Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerfaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie suffer me to become vnhonést, nor yet can Industrie see me finke in idle-

nesse.

For I haue learned in sacred scritptures to heape coles vpon the heade of mine enemie, by honest dealing: and our fauour himselfe hath encouraged me, saying that I shal lacke neither workes nor servise, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

These things I say (my singular good lorde) do re-

newe in my troubled minde the same affection which first moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your favorabe eyes will vouchsafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be so curious as to enquire what I haue bene.
And in ful hope therof, I haue presumed to pre-
fent your honour with this Satyre written without rime, 
but I truften without reason. And what soever it 
bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable 
name, befeeching the fame to accept it with as gra-
tious regarde, as you haue in times past bene accu-
tomed too beholde my trauaile. And (my good 
Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, 
yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe of 
roffe for their paynes. And when the vertuous shal 
perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then shal de-
traction be no lesse ashamed to haue falsely accused 
me, than light credence shal haue cause to repent his 
rafhe conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge shal not be 
abashed to cancel the sentence vniuflly pronounced in 
my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongst 
my bookes here at my poore houfe in VValkamftowe, 
where I praye daylie for speedy aduauncement, 
and continuall prosperitie of your good Lord-
ship. VWritten the fiftenth 
of April. 1576.

(· ·)

By your honours most bownden and well assured
George Gascoigne.
N. R. in commendation of the Author, and his workes.

In rowling verfes of Mauors bloudie raigne,
   The famous Greke, and Miro did excel.
Graue Seneec did, furnmounte for Tragike vaine,
Quicke Epigrams, Catullus wrote as wel.
Archilochnus, did for Iambickes paffie,
   For commicke verfe, fill Plautus peerellesse was.

In Elegies, and wanton loue writ laies,
Sance peere were Nafo, and Tibullus deemde:
In Satyres sharpe (as men of mickle praife)
Lucilius, and Horace were esteemde.
Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
But Gafcoigne doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
I lift not vaunte, his workes for me shal fay;
In praiing him Timantes trade I take,
VVho (when he should, the woful cheare displaie,
Duke Agamemnon had when he did waile,
   His daughters death with teares of smal availe:

Not skild to countershape his morneful grace,
That men might deeme, what art coulde not supplie)
Deuifde with painted vaile, to throwde his face.
Like forte my pen shal Gafcoignes praife discrie,
VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearfe,
   Doth throwde and cloude them thus in silent verfe.
Walter Rawely of the middle Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasse.

SVVete were the fauce, would please eeh kind of taft, The life likewise, were pure that never swerued, For spytful tongs, in cankred stomackes paffe, Deeme worft of things, which beft (percafe) deferred: But what for that? this medicne may fuffyle, To scorne the ref, and feke to please the wife.

Though fundry mindes, in fundry forte do deeme, Yet worthieft wights, yelde prayfe for euery payne, But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) efteme, Such flately fleppes, as they cannot atteine. For who fo reapes, renowne aboute the ref, VVith heapes of hate, shal surely be oppreff.

VVherefore to write, my censure of this booke, This Glasse of Steele, vnpartially doth shewe, Abufes all, to such as in it looke, From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe, As for the verfe, who lifs like trade to trye, I feare me much, shal hardly rearhe fo high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commendation of this worke.

From layes of Loue, to Satyres fadde and fage, Our Poet turnes, the travaile of his time, And as he pleasde, the vaine of youthful age, VVith pleafant penne, employde in louing ryme: So now he seekes, the graueft to delight, VVith workes of worth, much better than they showe.

1 Mr. J. P. Collier, in Arch. xxxiv. that the above heading shows him to 138, states that this is the earliest known verse of Sir W. Raleigh's, and Middle Temple in 1570.
This Glaffe of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
Discries the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iuft complaynte,
In fugred founde, doth fhrowde a folempe fence,
Gainft thofe whome luft, or murder doth attaynte.
Lo this we fee, is *Gascoignes* good pretence,
To pleafe al forts, with his praifeworthy skill.
Then yelde him thanks in signe of like good wil.

The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt, were vaine: and flattrie were a faulte.
But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
The which I seeke, by fciene to affault,
And fo to leaue, remembrance of my name.
The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme:

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
Then since I fee, that rimes can feldome reache,
Vnto the toppe, of fuch a flately Towre,
By reafons force, I meane to make fome breache,
VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
That fo at lafl, my Mufe might enter in,
And reafon rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
In rymelesse verfe, which thundreth mighty threates,
And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
Euen there (amaine) with sharpe rebukes it beats.
The worke (thinke I) deserues an honeft name,
If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*
He Nightingale, (whose happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whose cheareful voice, doth comfort faddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little caufe to fing.
Whom louers loue, bicaufe she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not diſdainde hir notes : (Only that king proud Tereus by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleafant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To fing a fong, in fpight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten caufe or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By laundrous fleppes, and stayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my felfe shoulde fitte.
O Phylomene, then helpe me now to chaunt :
And if dead beaftes, or liuing byrdes haue ghofts,
Which can conceiue the caufe of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodd}

D
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,  
In barrayne verfe, to tell a frutefull tale,  
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes  
Of learned men, and graue Philofophers.

And you my Lord, (whose happe hath heretofore  
Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,  
And yet haue deignde, with favor to forget  
The faults of youth, which past my hafty pen:  
And therwithall, haue graciously vouchfafe,  
To yeld the refi, much more than they defervde)  
Vouchfafe (lo now) to reade and to perufe,  
This rimles verfe, which flowes from troubled mind.  
Synce that the line, of that false caýtife king,  
(Which raufhed fayre Phylomene for luft,  
And then cut out, his truést tong for hate)  
Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weeppe to write.  
They liue, they liue, (alas the worfe my lucke)  
Whose greedy luft, vnbridled from their brest,  
Hath raunged long about the world fo wyde,  
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,  
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)  
Whose harmelesse hart, perceivde not their deceipt.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,  
The mysteries, of all that I do meane,  
I am not he whom flaunterous tongues haue tolde,  
(False tongues in dede, and craftie fubtile braines)  
To be the man, which ment a common spoyle  
Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words  
Or tru$t the tales deuised by my pen.  
In' am a man, as sorne do thinke I am,  
(Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,  
Or at the leaft, a right Hermaphrodite:  
And who defires, at large to knowe my name,  
My birth, my line, and euery circumfance,  
Lo reade it here, Playne dealyng was my Syre,  
And he begat me by Simplycitie,

Not ig-norant  
symplicity  
but a  
thought  
free from  
deceite.
A pair of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,  
My sister and I, into this world were sent,  
My Syfters name, was pleafant Poefys,  
And I my selfe had Satyra to name,  
Whofe happe was fuch, that in the prime of youth,  
A lufty ladde, a fately man to see,  
Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,  
(I dare not fay, in court for both myne eares)  
Beganne to woo my fifter, not for wealth,  
But for hir face was louely to beholde,  
And therewithall, hir speeche was pleafant fril.  
This Nobles name, was called vanue Delight,  
And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe  
Of guylefull wights: Falfe fembiant was the first,  
The second man was, Flearing flattery,  
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)  
Then followed them, Detraction and Deceite.  
Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,  
Falfe witneffe was the feconde ftemly page,  
And thus fefl armd, and in good equipage,  
This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,  
And woed my fifter, for the elder was,  
And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)  
Hir pleafant fpeech furpaffed mine fomuch,  
That vanue Delight, to hir adrest his fute.  
Short tale to make, she gaue a free content,  
And forth she goeth, to be his wedded make,  
Entyst percafe, with gloffe of gorgeous fhewe,  
(Or else perhappes, perfuaded by his peeres,)  
That conflant loue had herbord in his bref,  
Such errors growe where fuche falfe Prophets preach.  

How fo it were, my Sifter likte him wel,  
And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,  
Where when she had some yeeres yfoiorned,  
And faw the world, and marked eche mans minde,  
A deepe Desire hir louing hart enflamde,
THE STEEL GLAS.

To see me fit by hir in seemely wise,
That companye might comfort hir sometimes,
And found advice might eafe hir wearie thoughtes:
And forth with speede, (even at hir first request)
Doth vaine Delight, his hasty coursé direct,
To feeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
Whereas she lay, that moured dayes and nights
To see hir selfe, fo matche and fo deceivde,
And when the wretch, (I cannot terme him bet)
Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,
A sparke of luft, did kindle in his breft,
And bad him harke, to fongs of Satyra.
I sely soule (which thought no body harme)
Gan cleere my throte, and ftraue to fing my brest,
Which pleadsde him so, and so enflamde his hart,
That he forgot my sister Poefys,
And rauifht me, to pleafe his wanton minde.
Not so content, when this foule fact was done,
(Yfraught with feare, leaft that I shoule disclofe
His incefl : and his doting darke defire)
He caufde ftraight wayes, the formost of his crew
Vvith his compere, to trie me with their tongues:
And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
My simple mynde, from tracke of truflie truth,
Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
That I entift Delight, to loue and luste.
Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none ill.
And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
They clapt me faft, in cage of Myserie,
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
Vntil this theefe, this truytor vaine Delight,
Cut out my tong, with Rayfor of Restraynte,
Leaft I shoule wraye, this bloudy deede of his.
And thus (my Lord) I live a weary life, 
Not as I seem’d, a man sometimes of might, 
But womanlike, whose teares must venge his harms.

And yet, even as the mighty gods did daine
For Philomele, that though he his tong were cutte,
Yet should she sing a plesant note sometimes:
So have they deign’d, by their deuine decrees,
That with the rumps of my reproved tong,
I may sometimes, Reprouers deedes reproue,
And sing a verse, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this felly song by night,
Like Phylomene, since that the shining Sunne
Is how eclyps’d, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
Like Phylomene, since that the flately cowrts,
Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.

And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest,
Like Philomene, since that the priuy worme,
Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
May well suffice, to keepe me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasent spring begins,
Like Philomene, since every ianglyng byrd,
Which squeaketh loude, shall never triumph so,
As though my muze were mute and durft not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmelesse true intent,
Like Philomene, when as percafe (meane while)
The Cuckowe fuckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
And lickes the sweet, which might haue fed me first.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wife to sing,
A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
A truflie tune, from auncient clffes conveyed,
A playne song note, which cannot warble well.
For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, Wherein I see, howe euery kind of man Can flatter still, and yet deceuies himfelfe. I feeme to mufe, from whence fuch errour fprings, Such groffe conceits, fuch mistes of darke miitake, Such Sureclydry, fuch weening ouer well, And yet in dede, fuch dealings too too badde. And as I flretch my weary wittes, to weighe The caufe thereof, and whence it fhould proceeze, My battrd braynes, (which now be fhrewdly bruftde, With cannon fhot, of much misgouernment) Can fpye no caufe, but onely one conceite, Which makes me thinke, the world goeth ftill awry.

I fee and figh, (bycaufe it makes me fadde) That peuifhe pryde, doth al the world poifefse, And euery wight, will haue a looking glaffe To fee himfelfe, yet fo he feeth him not: Yea shal I fay? a glaffe of common glaffe, Which gliftreth bright, and fhewes a feemely fhew, Is not enough, the days are paft and gon, That Berral glaffe, with foyles of louely brown, Might ferue to fhew, a feemely fauord face. That age is deade, and vanifht long ago, Which thought that fleele, both trufty was and true, And needed not, a foyle of contraries, But fhewde al things, euен as they were in deede. In fleade whereof, our curious yeares can finde The chriftal glas, which glimfeth braue and bright, And fhewes the thing, much better than it is, Beguylde with foyles, of fundry subtil fghts, So that they feeme, and couet not to be.

This is the caufe (beleue me now my Lorde) That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity,
That kings decline, from princely government,
That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
That knights consume, their patrimonie still,
That gentlemens, do make the merchant rife,
That plowmen begge, and craftefmen cannot thrive,
That clergie quayles, and hath fmal reverence,
That laymen liue, by moving michiefe fil,
That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
That Souldiours ferve, or prech at Tiborne croffe,
That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
That merchants clyme, or fail againe as fafe,
That roysters brag, aboue their betters rone,
That ficophants, are counted jolly guests,
That Lais leades a Ladies life alofte,
And Lucrece lurkes, with fobre bafful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
That things are thought, which never yet were wrought,
And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
Which never yet, had good foundation.
And that the fame may feme no feined dreame,
But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
With this poore glaffe, which is of truftie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and teftament
Of one that was, a Glaffemaker in deede.

Lucylius, this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the chrifal glaffe,
To fuch as loue, to feme but not to be,
And vnto thofe, that loue to fee themfelues,
How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glaffe of truftie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde always to looke,
Bycaufe it shewes, all things in their degree.
And fince myfelfe (now pride of youth is paft)
Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or should,
Therfore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherein I see, a frolike favour frounst
With soule abuse, of lawlesse luft in youth:
Wherein I see, a Sampsons grim regarde
Disgraced yet with Alexanders beard:
Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape
(And such as might be seeme the courte full wel)
Is cast at heele, by courting al to foone:
Wherein I see, a quicke capacitye,
Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie:
An agefuspect, bycause of youthes misdeedes.
A poets brayne, poofft with layes of loue:
A Cæfars minde, and yet a Codrus might,
A Souldiours hart, suppreft with feareful doomes:
A Philosopher, foolishly fordone.
And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,
And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,
As were it not, that Reafon ruleth me,
I shold in rage, this face of mine deface,
And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,
Bycause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,
I see a world, of worthy gouernment,
A common welth, with policy to rule,
As neither lawes are fold, nor iustice bought,
Nor riches fought, vnlesse it be by right.
No crueitie, nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge, doth rayfe rebellion,
No spoyles are tane, although the sword preuaile,
No ryot spends, the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,
No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight:

The auctor himself.
Alexander magnus
He which vil rebuke mens faults, shal do vel not to for-get his imperfections.
Common welth
All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
And al men feare, the scouge of mighty Ioue.
Lo this (my lord) may wel deferue the name,
Of such a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
Set forth euен so, by Solon (worthy wight)
Who taught king Crafus, what it is to feme,
And what to be, by proofe of happie end.
The like Lycurgus, Lacedemon king,
Did fet to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
And left the fame, a mirour to behold,
To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing chrifal glaffe
Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
VWhere fauor sways, the fentence of the law,
VWhere al is fishe, that cometh to the net,
VWhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
VWhere injuries, do foter fecret grudge,
VWhere bloudy sword, maks euery booty prize,
VWhere banquetting, is compted comly cost,
VWhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
VWhere purchafe commes, by couyn and deceit,
And no man dreads, but he that cannot fhift,
Nor none ferue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I see, within my glaffe of Steele,
But fourre estates, to ferue eche country Soyle,
The King, the Knight, the Peafant, and the Priest.
The King fhoud care for al the subieftes still,
The Knight fhoud fight, for to defende the fame,
The Peafant he, fhoud labor for their eafe,
And Prietfs fhuld pray, for them and for themfelves.

But out alas, fuch mifts do bleare our eyes,
And chrifal glaffe, doth glifter fo therwith,
That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous Kings.
    great.
THE STEEL GLAS.

When as they beat, their bufie refles Braynes,
To maintaine pome, and high triumphant fights,
To feed their fil, of daintie delicates,
To glad their harts, with sight of pleafant sports,
To fill their eares, with found of instruments,
To breake with bit, the hot coragious horse,
To deck their haules, with fumpteous cloth of gold,
To cloth themfelves, with filkes of strange deuife,
To search the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones,
To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold:
And neuer care, to mayntaine peace and reft,
To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
To ftop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
To feme to fleepe, when Iuftice ftil doth wake,
To gard their lands, from fodaine sword and fier,
To feare the cries of giltyftuckling babes,
Whose ghofts may call, for vengeance on their bloud,
And ftrirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I fpeake not this, by any englifh king,
Nor by our Queene, whose high forfight prouids,
That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
(Who fawe themfelves, in glaffe of trufly Steele)
Contented were, with pomps of little pryce,
And fet their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did florifh moft,
That no man might triumph in flately wife,
But fuch as had, with blowes of bloudy blade
Fiue thoufand foes in foughten field foredone.
Now he that likes, to loke in Chrifal glaffe,
May fee proud pomps, in high triumphant wife,
Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

When Sergius, deuifed firft the meane
To pen vp fishe, within the swelling fload,
And to content his mouth with daintie fare,
Then followed fast, exceffe on Princes bordes,
And euery dish, was charge de with new conceits,
To please the taste, of vncontented minds.
But had he feene, the afreine of straunge deuife,
Which Epicures, do now adayes inuent,
To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde:
With secret caufe, of sickenesse (oft) vnseene,
Whiles luft desires, much more than nature craues,
Then would he say, that al the Romane cofl
Was common trash, compard to fundrie Sauce
Which princes vfe, to pamper Appetite.

O Cristal Glaffe, thou fetteft things to shew,
Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
Al eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire,
The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,
The bayted Bul, and Beare at stately flake,
These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,
And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man:
But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on luft.

A swete consent, of Musicks sacred found,
Doth rayfe our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
But sweeter foundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
Are out of tune, and iarre in euery floppe.

To toffe and turne, the fturdie trampling flede,
To bridle him, and make him meete to ferve,
Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
But such as haue, their flables ful yfraught,
With pampred Iades, ought therwithal to wey,
What great exceffe, vpon them may be spent,
How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)
Might therwith all, in godly wife be fedde,
And kings ought not, so many horse to have.

The sumptuous house, declares the princes state,
But vaine exceffe, bewrayes a princes faults.

And kings ought not, for many horse to have.

How liue the Mores, which spurne at glistring perle,
And scorne the cofts, which we do holde so deare?

How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerlesse truth, amongst them publishted,
(Which we enjoy, and never wey the worth.)

They would not then, the fame (like vs) despise,
Which (though they lacke) they liue in better wife
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle so deare.

But glittering gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til greedy mindes, gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out fundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and siluer, mettals of mischief)
Hath now enflamde, the nobleft Princes harts
With fouleft fire, of filthy Auarice,
And seldome seene, that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
What causeth this, but greedy golde to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very caufe of warres,
The naeft of strife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires
But is this strange? when Lords when Knightes and
(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)
Are not afrayd to couet like a King?)
O blinde desire: oh high aspiring harts.
The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, Knightes.
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content, with that which is his own.
Yet none of these, can fee in Christial glasse
(Which glistereth bright, and bleares their gasing eyes)
How euery life, beares with him his diseafe.
But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele,
I can perceiue, how kingdoms breede but care,
How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
(Though cappe and knee, do feeme a reuerence,
And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
Than common people finde in euery coaft.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
VVith pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
VVil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
A loytring life, and like an Epicure.

But who (meane while) defends the common welth?
VWho rules the flocke, when sheperds so are fled?
VWho slayes the staff, which shuld vphold the flatte?
Forfoth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leaps, both ouer hedge and ditch,
And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne, al onely for your selues:
Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.
There shoud you liue, and therein shoud you toyle,
To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To punifh vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
To fee God servde, and Belzebub suppreft.
You shoud not truft, lieftenaunts in your rome,
And let them fway, the scepter of your charge,
VVhiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
Nor yet can yeld, accomplt if you were callde.
The lately lord, which woonted was to kepe
A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
And leaues the country for a common prey,
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
(Al which his presence might haue pacified,
Or else haue made offenders fmel the fmoke.)
And now the youth which might haue ferued him,
In comely wife, with countrey clothes y clad,
And yet therby bin able to preferre
Vnto the prince, and there to seke advauce:
Is faine to fell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or else fits flill, and liueth like a loute,
(Yet of these two, the laft fault is the leffe :)
And so thoseimps which might in time haue fprong
Alofte (good lord) and fervde to fhielde the flate,
Are either nipt, with fuch vntimely frofts,
Or else growe crookt, bycaufe they be not proynd.

Thefe be the Knights, which fhold defend the land,
And thefe be they, which leauue the land at large.
Yet here percafe, it wilbe thought I roue
And runne aflray, benides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
(And fuch as fhew, moft perfect in my glaffe)
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
Whofe skil in armes, and long experience
Should flill yphold the pillers of the worlde.
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,
Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squire,

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
What fouldiours are, or what they ought to be
(And I my felfe, of that profeflion)
I fee a crew, which glister in my glaffe,
The brauefl bande, that euer yet was fene:
Behold behold, where Pompey commes before,
VWhere Manlius, and Marius infue,
Æmilius, and Curius I see,
Palamedes, and Fabius maximus,
And eke their mate, Epaminondas loe,
Protesilaus and Phocyan are not farre,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
Vnleffe the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these fouldiours can I spie
Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.

I see not one therein, which seekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes,
And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
When muffer day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius furnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chests,
That fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From gresous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought sacrilege, himselfe for to aduaunce,
And see his fouldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I see not one, within this glasse of mine,
Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
As though he were, all onely to be markt,
When simple snares, which go not halfe so gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe, with daftard dreadfulnesse.
And yet in towne, he jetted eyuer streeete,
As though the god of warres (euen Mars himself)
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward Constantine.
I see none such, (my Lorde) I see none such,
Since Phocion, *which was in deede a Mars*
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, *whose constant hart could bide*
The very vaines, of his forweared legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could never yet, contented be to spend,
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stands fromuch, vpon his paynted sheath
(Bycause he hath, perchaunce at Bolleyne bene
And loytered, since then in idleneffe)
That he accomplis, no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despifie the learned brayne,
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes, and Vliffes both,
VVhere much esteeemeed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamyndonadas, eke was much esteeemed
VVhofe Eloquence, was such in all reffelts,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, furnamed Maximus,
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,
As made his name, more famous than the rest.

These bloudye beasts, apeare not in my glasse,
VVhich cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
Nor haue respecte, to age nor yet to kinde :
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.
VVhofe greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
VVhich greeueth is, at cries of gilteffe bloud.
Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
VVherof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce
In demencie, than bloudy victorie.
Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
WHO whispered, and tolde his valiant facts
You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got.
For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
WAS neuer fene, a mourning garment wore.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
Beleue me (Lord) a fouldiour cannot haue
Too great regarde, whereon his knife shoulde cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
And shewe their scarres to euery commer by,
Dare once beene, within my glasse of Steele,
For fo the faults, of Thrafo and his trayne,
(Whom Terence told, to be but bragging brutes)
Might fone appeare, to euery skilful eye.
Bolde Manlius, could clofe and wel conuey
Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) upon his head,
Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.

What shoulde I speake, of drunken Soldiours?
Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy luft?
Of whom that one, can fit and bybbe his fil,
Confume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking flocke
Which might deferue, (by sobre life) great laude.
That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
In vaine delight, and foule concupisance,
When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
Yea therewithal, he puts his owne fondle heade
Vnder the belt, of such as shoulde him serue,
And fo becoms, example of much euil,
Which shoulde haue servde, as lanterne of good life
And is controlde, whereas he shoulde commaund.
Augustus Caesar, he which might haue made
Both feasts and banquets brauely as the beft,
Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
And feldome dranke his wine vnwatered.
Aristomenes, dayned to defende
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
And rather chose, to die in their defence,
Then filthy men, shoule foyle their chaftitie.
This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayfe.

O Captayns come, and Soultiours come apace,
Behold my glasse, and you shall fee therin,
Proud Craffus bagges, confumde by couetife,
Great Alexander, drounde in drunkennesse,
Cesar and Pompey, fplit with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightneffe of believe,
Cleomenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light fet by for his luft,
Whereby at laft, he dyed in prifon pent.

Hereto percafe, fome one man will alledge,
That Princes pence, are purfed vp fo clofe,
And faires do fall fo feldome in a yeare,
That when they come, prouifion muft be made
To fende the froft, in hardeft winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glaffe of mine,
Iuftinian, that proude vngrateful prince,
Which made to begge, bold Belifarius
His trustie man, which had fo floutly fought
In his defence, with evry enimy.
And Scypio, condemnes the Romaine rule,
Which suffered him (that had fo truely ferued)
To leade pore life, at his (Lynternum) ferme,
Vvhich did deferue, fuch worthy recompence.
Yea herewithal, moft Soultiours of our time,
Beleeue for truth, that proude Iuftinian
Did neuuer die, without good flore of heyres.
And Romanes race, cannot be rooted out,
Such yffewe fprings, of fuch vnplefant budds,

But shal I fay? this leffon learne of me,
When drums are dumb, and sound not dub a dub,
Then be thou eke, as newet as a mayde
(I preach this sermon but to fouldiours)
And learn to lieue, within thy bravies bounds.
Let not the Mercer, pull thee by the fleue
For futes of filke, when cloth may serue thy turne,
Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purse,
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? lieue with gentle friendes,
Which will be glad, thy companie to have,
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a fering man? then serue againe,
And flint to steale as common fouldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
And cast off flouth, which loytret in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
Then learn to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
Than learn to spoyle, as thou hast seen some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who luft, by warres to gather lawful welth,
And so to get, a right renoumed name,
Must cast aside, all common trades of warre,
And learn to lieue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
Bycausse he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
High time were then, to turne my wery pen,
Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
I do not meane, aloneely husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and fowe,
Which twinkle and sweate, whiles we do fleepe and
And ferch the guts of earth, for greedy gain,
But he that labors any kind of way.
To gather gainses, and to enrich himselfe,
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
And all the rest, that live in common welth,
(So that his gainses, by greedy guyles be got)
Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.
All officers, all aduocates at lawe,
Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
MUST be content, to take a Peasants rone.

A strange deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,
To see it so, defgested in degrees.
But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
And crauce of al, (although euens now a dayes,
Most officers, commaund that shuld be cravde)
He that can share, from every pention payde
A Peeter peney weying halfe a pounde,
He that can plucke, fir Bennet by the fleewe,
And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
He that can winke, at any foule abuse,
As long as gainses, come trouling in therwith,
Shal such come see themselfes in this my glaffe?
Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
With organe pipes, of old king Henries clampe,
How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worfe, than harmeles homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede, to serue our common vfe.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yet their one eye, sharpe as Lincaus fight,
That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and peekes in euer place.
Come naked neede? and chance to do amifle?
He shal be sure, to drinke ypon the whippe.
But priuie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)
Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch so low,
As officers, can neuer see him flyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his flealing steppes.
He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to shew,
Whereas long since, all officers were seene
To be men made, out of another mould.
*Epamynond,* of whome I spake before
(Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
Would neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
And thus he spake, to such as fought his helpe:
If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
Then wil I do, it for the vertues sake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
If so it be, for this my common weale,
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
To see it done, withouten furder words.
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
Vnto the state, which I pretend to stay,
Then all the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil tred Zelencus steeps?
Or who can byde, Cambyfes cruel dome?
Cruel? nay iufl, (yes softe and peace good fir)
For Iustice flepees, and Troth is iefted out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
Hold euermore, one finger freight stretcht out,
To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeues.

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
And *Marcus Crassus* had none issue male,
*Cicero* flipt, vnfine out of this world,
With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas,
And were content, to vse their eloquence,
In maintenance, of matters that were good.  
_Demosthenes_, in _Athens_ vsde his arte,  
(Not for to heape, himselfe great houres of gold,  
But) fil to slay, the towne from deepe deceite  
Of _Philips_ wyles, which had besieged it.  
Where thal we reade, that any of these foure  
Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?  
Or who can fay, they builded sumpteously?  
Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?  
They were (I trowe) of noble houfes borne,  
And yet content, to vfe their best deuoire,  
In furdering, eche honest harmelesse cause.  
They did not rowte (like rude unringed swine,)  
To rote nobilitie from heritage.  
They floode content, with gaine of glorious fame,  
(Bycause they had, respeck to equitie)  
To leade a life, like true Philofophers.  
Of all the brifte bearded Advocates  
That euer lovde their fees aboue the cause,  
I cannot fee, (scarce one) that is fo bolde  
To shewe his face, and fayned Phifnomie  
In this my glaffe: but if he do (my Lorde)  
He shewes himfelfe, to be by very kinde  
A man which meanes, at evry time and tide,  
To do fimal right, but fure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose travaile ought Merchants.  
Commodiously, to doe his countrie good,  
And by his toyle, the fame for to enriche,  
Can finde the meane, to make Monopolyes  
Of euery ware, that is accompted strange.  
And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine defires  
Vntil the court, haue courtiers caft at heele,  
Quia non habent vesles Nuptiales.  

O painted fooles, whose harebrainde heads muft haue  
More clothes attones, than might become a king:  
For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes muft fpin,  
For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes
For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
(I speake not this by english courtiers
Since english wool, was euuer thought most worth)
For whom al seas, are tosied to and fro,
For whom these purplees come from Persia,
The crimofme, and liuely red from Inde:
For whom soft silks, do sayle from Sericane,
And all queint costs, do come from fardeft coasts:
Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour,
Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and, his niepces euerychone,
To spyn and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
And neuer carde, for silks or fumpteous cost,
For cloth of gold, or tinfel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworkes, nor conceits.
He fet the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
With bringing home, oyle, graine, and favrle salf
And fuch like wares, as ferued common vfe.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
To lend their wares, at reaonable rate,
(To gaine no more, but Cento por cento)
To teach yong men, the trade to fel browne paper,
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometymes,
To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
To binde fuch babes, in father Derbies bands,
To flay their steps, by statute Staples flaffe,
To rule yong royffers, with Recognifance,
To read Arithmetick once euery day,
In VVoodstreat, Bredstrete, and in Pultery
(Where fuch schoolmaifters keepe their counting houfe)
To fede on bones, when fleff and fell is gon,
To kepe their byrds, ful clofe in caytiues cage,
(Who being brought, to libertie at large,
Might fing perchaunce, abreade, when funne doth shine
Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)
Vntill the canker may their corpfe confume.
These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
Bycaufe they shewe not in my glasse of steele.
But holla: here, I see a wondrous sight,
I see a swarne, of Saints within my glasse:
Beholde, behold, I see a swarne in deede
Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wife,
Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
And yet they seme, fo heauenly for to see,
As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacinfts,
Their comly beards, and heare, of siluer wiers.
And to be short, they seme Angelycall.
What shoulde they be, (my Lord) what shoulde they be?

O gratious God, I see now what they be.
These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
These be my priests, deuorced from the world,
And wedded yet, to heauen and holyneffe,
Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
Which go not gay, nor fede on dainty foode,
Vvvhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
Which never sawe, Sir Simonies deceits.
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
Which thunder threts, of gods most greuous wrath,
And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
Descended from, Melchysedec by line
Cofens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
These be my priests, the feasing of the earth
Vvvhich wil not leefe, their Savriness, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)
VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife, 
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy vfurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounde.

Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a wafpe,

Not one of these, can be content to fit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehoufes all day,
But spends his time, devoutly at his booke.

Not one of these, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of these, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallautant as he dare.

Not one of these, rebuketh avarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(While he himselfe, with hauke vpon his fift
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will sue for tythes.

Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be aphabet, to do euem as he teacheth.

My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they truft not in their lyplabour.

My priests can fast, and vfe al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refufe no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wife,
And loue alfo, to do good almes dedes,
Although they truft, not in their owne deserts.

My priests can place, all penaunce in the hart,
VVithout regard, of outward ceremonies.
My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,  
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?  
Although they were, the laft that shewed themfelles,  
I faide at firft, their office was to pray,  
And fince the time, is fuch euen now a dayes,  
As hath great neede, of prayers truely prayde,  
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades  
I wil presume, (although I be no priest)  
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himfelfe,  
That he vouchfafe, (euen for his Christes fake)  
To giue his word, free paffage here on earth,  
And that his church (which now is Militant)  
May foone be fene, triumphant ouer all,  
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,  
VVhich walloweth ftil, in Sinks of filthy finne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,  
Emperours, Monarks, Darks, and all eftates,  
VVhich fway the fword, of royal government,  
(Of whom our Queene, which lies without compare  
Muft be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,  
Elfe I deferue, to lefe both beades, and bones)  
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,  
To maintaine truth, and therwith ftil to wey  
That here they reigne, not onely for themfelles,  
And that they be but flaues to common welth,  
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps  
Shal fcant fuffize, to hold it ftil vpright.

Tell fome (in Spaine) how clofe they kepe their closets,  
How feld the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,  
While as (mene while) their funburnt futours ftere  
And pine before, their proccfe be preferrde.  
Then pray (my priests) that god wil giue his grace,  
To fuch a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel fome (in France) how much they loue to dance,
While futours daunce, attendance at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (in Portugale,) how colde they be,
In setting forth, of right religion:
Which more esteeme, the present pleasures here,
Then stabilishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) leave god such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (Italian) princes, how they winke
At stinking flewes, and say they are (forfoot)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste:
When as (in dede they be the sinkes of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,
When he himfelfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieutenants here,
A1 magistrates, al counsellours, and all
That fit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do fway their minds, from furdering of right,
That they be not, too faintifh nor too fowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That end they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is:
That euermore, they mark what mood doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpafte (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne a tras.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory fure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncefllors degree.
Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for yourselues, For the clergie.
For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Priests
And al that preach, or otherwise professse
Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
Pray pray that you, and every one of you,
Make walke vpright, in your vocation.
And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that some, (I see them I
VVheras they fling, in Flaunders all afarre,
For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
So libertie, may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them wel enough
And note their names, in Liegelande where they lurke)
Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
Would plucke adowne, al princely Dyademe.
Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
Esteeme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
And therefor pray (my priests) left pride preuaile.

Pray that the soules, of fundrie damned gofts,
Do not come in, and bring good euidence
Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
Of some whose wealth, made them neglect their charge
Til secret finnes (vntouched) infecte their flocks
And bredde a fcab, which brought the shrep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy woolfe,
And left the folde, vnfended from the fox
Which durft not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.
Then pray (my priests) that such no more do fo.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And Cantabridge, thal haue the dignitie,  
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)  
That they bring vp their babes in decent wife:  
That Philosophy, smel no secret smoke,  
Which Magike makes, in wicked mylneries:  
That Logike leape, not ouer euery file,  
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,  
With curious Quids, to maintain argument.  
That Sophistrie, do not deceiue it selfe,  
That Cosmography keepe his compaffe wel,  
And such as be, Historiographers,  
Truft not to much, in euery tatling tong,  
Nor blynded be, by partialitie.  
That Philosie, thrive not ouer fast by murder:  
That Numbring men, in all their euens and odds  
Do not forget, that only Vnitie  
Vnmeafurable, infinite, and one.  
That Geometric, measure not fo long,  
Til all their measures out of measure be:  
That Mufike with, his heauenly harmonie,  
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,  
Nor fet mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,  
Til heauenly Hierarchies be quite forgot:  
That Rhetorick, learne not to ouerreache:  
That Poetrie, prefume not for to preach,  
And bite mens faults, with Satyres corouies,  
Yet pamper vp hir owne with pultefies:  
Or that she dote not vpon Erato,  
Which should inuoke the good Caliope:  
That Astrologie, looke not ouer high,  
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit:  
That Grammer grudge not at our englifh tong,  
Bycaufe it stands by Monosyllaba,  
And cannot be declined as others are.  
Pray thus (my priefls lor vnuerfitie.  
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,  
Which hath bene taught, or exercized there,  
Pray you to god, the good be not abufde,  
With glorious fhewe, of ouerloding skill.
Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you pray
For common people, eche in his degree,
That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who shal first be put in common place?
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
I cannot fee who beft deferues the roome,
Stand forth good Peerce, thou plowman by thy name,
Yet fo the Sayler faith I do him wrong:
That one contends, his paines are without peare,
That other faith, that none be like to his,
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But since I fee no shipman that can liue
Without the plough, and yet I many fee
(Which liue by lande) that never fawe the seas:
Therefore I say, stand forth Peerce plowman first,
Thou winft the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he flink of sweat
Difdaine him not: for shal I tel you what?
Such clime to heauen, before the flauenc crownes.
But how? forfooth, with true humilite.
Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
Nor that they fet, debate betwene their lords,
By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:
Nor for becaufe, they can both crowche and creep
(The guilefulft men, that euer God yet made)
VWhen as they meane, moft mischiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can, crye out on landelordes lowde,
And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
VWhen they themfelves, do fel their landlords lambe
For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
I fee you Peerce, my glasse was lately fcowrde.
But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster pent:
Therefore I say, that sooner fome of them
Shal fcale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,
Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priefts) pray you to God for Peerce,
As Peerce can pinch, it out for him and you.
And if you haue a Paternoster spare
Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them send
More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
For towardes shipwracke, many men can pray)
That they once learner, to speake without a lye,
And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes:
That they forget, to fleale from euery fraught,
And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,
That manners make, them giue their betters place,
And vfe good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priefts begin to frowne,
And fay, that thus they shal be ouerchargde,
To pray for al, which feme to do amiffe:
And one I heare, more faucie than the rest,
Which asketh me, when shal our prayers end?
I tel thee (priest) when shoomakers make shoes,
That are wel fowed, with neuer a flich amiffe,
Aud vfe no crafte, in vtring of the fame:
VWhen Taylours fleale, no fluffe from gentlemen,
VWhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreeede,
And both fo dreffe their hydes, that we go dry.
when Cutlers leaue, to fel olde rustie blades,
And hide no crackes, with foder nor deceit:
when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
when colliers put, no duft into their facks,
when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
when Dauie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
when smithes shoo hores, as they would be shod,
when millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
when butchers blowe, not ouer al their flefhe,
when horfecorfers, beguile no friends with iades,
when weauers weight, is found in hufwiues web.
(But why dwel I, fo long among thefe lowts?)

VVhen mercers make, more bones to fwere and lye,
VVhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
VVhen printers paffe, none errours in their booke,
VVhen hatters vfe, to bye none olde caft robes,
VVhen goldsmithes get, no gains by foded crownes,
When vpholflters, fel fethers without duft,
When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tu fh these are toys, but yet my glafs fheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themfelves,
VVhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vfe no brags,
When cuftomers, conceale no covine vfde,
VVhen Seachers fee, al corners in a fhippe,
(And spie no pens by any fift they fee)
VVhen shruiues do ferue, al proceffe as they ought,
VVhen baylifes ftrain, none other thing but ftrays,
VVhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
VVhen proude furueyours, take no parting pens,
VVhen Siluer flicks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al these folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my priefls) a little by your leaue)
VVhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are efpied, for Ecchoes, as they are,
When royfters ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour craffe, by fwearinge precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
VVhen Lays lies, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al these things, are ordred as they ought,
Aud fee themfelves, within my glafs of fteele,
Euen then (my priefls) may you make holyday,
And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests) 
Pray til for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycaufe we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is fuch
To see men fo) I may perceiue myselfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.
EPILOGVS.

Las (my lord) my haft was al to hote,
I shut my glasse, before you gafde
your fill,
And at a glimfe, my feely selle haue
spied,
A stranger trowpe, than any yet
were fene:
Beholde (my lorde) what monsters
muster here,

With Angels face, and harmefull heliſh harts,
With fmyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and ſtony cruel mindes,
With flealing fleppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they newer flande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with fundry fubtill fletehefts,
But paint and flicke, til fayrefl face be foule,
But bumbaſt, bolfter, flife, and perfume:
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in dellicateſt dishes.
The yonger forte, come pyng on apace,
In whiffles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.
The elder forte. go ſlately flalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and Towres, revenewes and receits,
Lordſhips, and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What ſhould theſe be? (ſpeake you my louely lord)
They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare ſuch fide long gownſs.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant gloſfe.
They be no diuels, (I trow) which feme fo faintifh.
What be they? women? masking in mens weedes?
With dutchkin doublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?
With Spanifh spangs, and ruffes fet out of France,
With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
They be so sure euene \textit{VVo} to \textit{Men} in dede.
Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,
Which euer yet, this wretched world posseft,
Cannot describe, this Sex n colours dewe,
No no (my Lorde) we gased haue i.ough,
(And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
But if my Glaffe, do like my lovely lorde,
\textit{VVe} wil espie, some funny Sommers day,
To loke againe, and see some femely fights.
Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth befech,
That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verfe,
Vntil my braines, may better fluffe deuife.

\textbf{FINIS}:

\textit{Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.}
The complynt
of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
George Gascoigne
Esquire.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

IMPRINTED AT
London by Henrie Binne-
man for Richarde
Smith.
Anno Domini 1576.
To the right honorable, my
singuler good Lord, the L. Gray of
Wilton, Knight of the moft noble
order of the Garter.

Yght noble, when I had determined
with myself to write the Satyre be-
fore recited (called the Steele Glaffe)
and had in myne Exordium (by al-
legorie) compared my cafe to that
of fayre Phylomene, abufed by the
bloudy king hir brother by lawe: I
called to minde that twelue or thirt-
tene yeares past, I had begonne an Elegye or sorrowe-
full fong, called the Complainte of Phylomene, the
which I began too deuife riding by the high way be-
twene Chelmifford and London, and being ouertaken
with a fodaine dafh of Raine, I changed my copy,
and stroke ouer into the Deprofundis which is placed
amongft my other Poesies, leuing the complaint of
Phylomene vnfinifhed: and so it hath continued euer
fince vntil this prefent moneth of April. 1575. when
I begonne my Steele Glaffe. And bycaufe I haue in
mine Exordium to the Steele Glaffe, begonne with the
Nightingales notes: therfore I haue not thought
amiffe now to finifh and pece vp the faide Complaint
of Philomene, obferuing neuertheleffe the fame deter-
minate inuention which I had propounded and be-
gonne (as is faide) twelue yeares nowe past. The
which I presume with the reft to prefent vnto your
honor, nothing doubting but the fame wil accept my
good entente therin. And I furder befeche that
your lord{hip wil voutsafe in reading therof, to geffe
(by change of stye) where the renewing of the verfe
may bee moft apparently thought to begin. I wil no
furder trouble your honor with thefe rude lines, but
befech of the almighty long to preferue you to his
pleasure. From my pore houfe in VWalkamflowe the
fixteenth of April 1575.

Your L. bounden and moft afured
George Gafcoigne.
PHILOMENE.

In sweet April, the messenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,
When euery byrde, records hir louers lay,
And westerne windes, do softer forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the defcant of the Nightingale,
And as I floode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.

These thriftles birds (quoth she) which spend the day,
In needleffe notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are costly kept, and finelie fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when those birds take their rest,
Forpine my selfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my brefte.
I leade a life, to pleafe the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet feely foule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and seke for feedes at large.
The Throftle she, which makes the wood to ring
With shryching lowde, that lothfome is to heare,
Is costly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good foot (quoth she) sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tyttimoufe, so much fet by.
The Finche, which fingeth neuer a note but ppeepe,
Is fedde afwel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they finge alofte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet faith, for singeing sweete and softe,
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.
Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gold:
The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
And some like best, the byrde as Black as cole.
And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
For harmony, set al these babes to schole,
And sing such notes, as might in every kinde
Disgrace them quight, and make their corage coole.
But should I so? no no so wil I not.
Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as these.
(For like to like, the prouverbe faith I wot)
And should I then, my cunning skil disclofe?
For such vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
To sucke mine eggs, whiles I fit in the thicket?
And rather praise, the chattring of a pye,
Than hir that fings, with brest against a pricke?
Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
The jangling lay, for that becomes them wel.
And in the silent night then let them walke,
To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine
My pleafant voice, to founde, at their request.
But thrond my selfe, in darkefome night and raine,
And learne to cowche, ful close vpon my neaft.
Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percafe)
To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
It shalbe done, in some such secret place,
That fewe or none, may therunto reforte.
Theſe flatterers, (in loue) which falſhood meane,
Not once aproch, to heare my pleſant fong.
But ſuch as true, and ftedfast louers bene,
Let them come neare, for elfe they do me wrong.
And as I gefte, not many miles from hence,
There ſtands a ſquire, with pangs of forrow preſt,
For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night:
And with that word, the gan to cleare hir throate.
But ſuch a liuely fong (now by this light)
Yet neuer hearde I such another note.
It was (thought me) so pleafant and so plaine,
Orpheus harpe, was neuer halfe so sweeete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus she gan to plaine,
Moft piteoufly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir second note, was fy, fy, fy, fy, fy,
And that she did, in pleafant wife repeate,
With sweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
But yet it feemd, hir gripes of grieffe were greate.
For when she had, fo foong and taken breath,
Then shoulde you heare, hir heauy hart fo throbble,
As though it had bene, overcome with death,
And yet alwaies, in euery sigh and sobbe,

She shewed great skil, for tunes of vnifone,
Hir Iug, Iug, Iug, (in grieffe) had such a grace.
Then flinted she, as if hir fong were done.
And ere that paft, not ful a furlong space,
She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
And many a note, she warbled wondrous wel.
Yet can I not (although my hart shoulde swelt)
Remember al, which hir sweete tong did tel.

But one strange note, I noted with the rest
And that faide thus: Nêmesis, Nêmesis,
The which me thought, came boldly from hir breft,
As though she blamde, (therby) some thing amiffe.

Short tale to make, hir finging sounded fo,
And pleafde mine cares, with such varietie,
That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
Which I my selfe felt in my fantafie)
I stooode afoilnde, and yet therwith content,
Wishing in hart that (since I might aduant,
Of al hir speech to knowe the plaine entent,
Which grace hirselfe, or elfe the Gods did graunt)
I might therwith, one furder fawor craue,
To vnderfland, what hir sweete notes might meane.
And in that thought, (my whole desire to haue)
I fell on sleepe, as I on flaffe did leane.
And in my slumber, had I such a sight,
As yet to thinke theron doth glad my minde.
Me thought I fawe a derling of delight,
A flately Nymph, a dame of heavenly kinde.
Whose glittring gite, so glimfed in mine eyes,
As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuife,
To whom I might hir louely looks compare.
But trueth to tel, (for all hir smyling cheere)
She cail sometymes, a grieuous frowning glance.
As who would say: by this it may appeare,
That Injst reuenge, is Prett for every chance,
In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
And in hir left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
Beboft with gold, and many a glingling ring:
She came apace, and flately did she play,
And whiles I feamd, amazed very much,
The courteous dame, these words to me did say:
Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
To vnderstande, the notes of Phylomene,
(For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
And what the founde, of every note might mean,
Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,
Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
With fauour eke, they furder such affaires,
As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
And since thy words, were grounded on desire,
Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
They graunted haue, the thing thou diidt require,
And louingly, haue sent me here bylowe,
To paraphrafe, the piteous plesant notes,
Which Phylomene, doth darkely spend in spring,
For he that wel, Dan Nafoes verfes notes,
Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
Giue eare (fr Squire quoth she) and I wil, tel
Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.
The fable of Philomela.

In Athens reigne sometimes,
A king of worthy fame,
Who kept in courte a flately traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke
They fit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himselfe had none endurde,
The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewitcht,
This peereleffe Prince to thinke,
That poyson cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became so kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie such and so wel giuen,
As made their father gladde.

See: see: how higheft harmes,
Do lurke in ripest Ioyes,
How couerly doth forow shrowde,
In trymnesf worldly toyes.
THE COMPLAINT

These jewels of his ioy,
Became his cause of care,
And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
VWhich caught their liues in Snare.

For Tereus Lord of Thrace,
Bycaufe he came of kings,
(So weddings made for worldly welth
Do feme triumphant things)
VVas thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde:
VVhose eldest daughter chofen was,
To ferue this king in bedde.

That virgine Progne hight,
And she by whom I meane,
To tell this woful Tragedie,
VVas called Phylomene.

† The wedding rytes performde,
The feafting done and paft,
To Thrace with his new wedded spoufe
He turneth at the laft.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,
And iolytie they spent,
Both satiffied with deepe delight,
And cloyde with al content.

† At laft the dame desirde
Hir fifter for to fee,
Such coles of kindely loue did feme
VVithin hir brefl to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
He graunts to hir request,
And hoift vp faile, to feke the coafte,
VVhere Phylomene doth refi.
OF PHILOMENE.

He past the foming feas,
And findes the pleafant porte,
Of Athens towne, which guided him
To King Pandyons court.

There: (louingly receivde,
And) welcomde by the king,
He fhewde the caufe, which thither then
Did his ambaffade bring.

His father him embralft,
His fifter kift his cheeke,
In al the court his coming was
Reioyft of euerie Greek.

O jee the sweete deceit,
Which blindeth worldly wits,
How common peoples loue by lumpes,
And fancie comes by fits.

The foe in friendly wife,
Is many times embraste,
And he which meanes moft faith and troth
By grudging is disgraft.

¶ Faire Phylomene came forth
In comely garments cladde,
As one whom newes of fifters helth
Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
To get more grace by crummes of cofl,
And princke it out hir parte.

Vvhom he no fooner fawe
(I meane this Thracian prince)
But ftreight therwith his fancies fume
All reafon did conuince.
THE COMPLEINT

And as the blazing bronde,
Might kindle rotten reeds:
Euen fo hir looke a secret flame,
Within his boosome breedes.

He thinks al leyfure long
Til he (with hir) were gone,
And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
VWhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
And if he cravde too much,
He then excufde him felfe, and faide
That Prognes words were fuch.

His teares confirmed all
Teares: like to sifters teares,
As who fhuld fay by thefe fewe drops
Thy sifters griefe appeares.

So finely could he faine,
That wickedneffe feemde wit,
And by the lawde of his pretence,
His lewdneffe was acquit.

Yea Phylomene fet forth
The force of his request,
And cravde (with fighes) hir fathers leave
To be hir sifters gueft.

And hoong about his necke
And collingly him kift,
And for hir welth did feke the woe
VVherof the little wift.

Meane while floode Tereus,
Beholding their affeétes
And made thofe pricks (for his desire
A fpurre in al respeéts.
OF PHILOMENE.

And wiht himselfe hir fire,
When she hir fire embraft,
For neither kith nor kin could then
Haue made his meaning chaft.

9. The Grecian king had not
The powre for to deny,
His own deare child, and sonne in lawe
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
To thanke him on hir knee,
Supposing that for good successe,
Which hardest happe must be.

But (least my tale seeme long)
Their shipping is preparde:
And to the shore this aged Greeke,
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
He vide this parting speech:
Daughter (quoth he) you haue defire
Your sisters court to seech.

Your sister seemes likewise,
Your companie to craue,
That craue you both, and Tereus here
The selfe same thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withstande
So many deepe defires,
But this (quoth he) remember al
Your father you requires,

And thee (my sonne of Thrace)
I constantly coniure,
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
And all that seemeth sure,
That father like, thou fende
My daughter deare from scathe,
And (since I counte al leaveure long)
Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my Phylomene,
(Quoth he) come foone againe,
Thy sifter abfence puts thy fyre,
To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kifl hir cheeke,
And sent a second kiss.
For Prognes part, and (bathde with teares)
His daughter doth he bliffe.

And tooke the Thracyans hand
For token of his truth,
VVho rather laught his teares to scorn,
Than wept with him for ruth.

The fayles are fully spredde,
And winds did ferue at will,
And forth this traitour king conueies
His praine in prifon till.

Ne could the Barbrous bloud,
Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my shippes
Is fraught with my desire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
VVpon hir fearefull face,
And stil behelde hir gestures all,
And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a side,
But like the cruel catte
VVhich gloating cafteth many a glance
VVpon the felly ratte.
WHY hold I long discours?
They now are come on lande,
And forth of ship the feareful wenche
He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a sely shrowde,
A sheepcote clofely builde
Amid the wooddes, where many a lamb
Their guiltelesse bloud had spilte,

There (like a lambe,) she floude,
And askte with trimbling voice,
VVhere Progne was, whofe only fight
Might make hir to rejoysce.

VVherewith this caytife king
His luft in lewdneffe lapt,
And with his filthy fraude ful faft
This simple mayde entrapt,

And forth he floong the raines,
Vnbridling blinde defire,
And ment of hir chaft minde to make
A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
VVith force he hir suppreft,
And made hir yelde the wicked weede
VVhofe flowre he liked best.

What could the virgine doe?
She could not runne away,
VVhofe forward feete, his harmsfull hands
With furious force did flay.

Ahlas what shoule she fight?
Fewe women win by fight:
VVhores weapons were but weake (god knows)
And he was much of might.
THE COMPLAINT

It booted not to crie,
Since helpe was not at hande,
And stil before hir feareful face,
Hir cruel foe did stande.

And yet she (weeping cride)
Vppon hir sisters name,
Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)
Whose face did foyle hir fame.

And on the Gods she calde,
For helpe in hir distresse,
But al in vaine he wrought his wil
Whose lust was not the leffe.

¶ The filthie fact once done,
He gaue hir leaue to greete,
And there she sat much like a birde
New capte from falcons feete.

Whose blood embrues hir selfe,
And fits in forie plight,
Ne dare she proine hir plumes again,
But feares a second flight.

At last when hart came home,
Discheveld as she fate,
Vvith hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir woful state.

O Barbrous blood (quoth she)
By Barbrous deeds disgraft,
Coulde no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,
Within thy brest be plaiste ?

Could not my fathers hests,
Nor my mosl ruthful teares,
My maydenhood, nor thine own yoke,
Affright thy minde with feares ?
OF PHILOMENE.

Could not my sisters love
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou foilst us all, and eke thy selfe,
We grieued, and thou vniust.

By thee I haue defiled
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compt the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.

By thee (thou Bigamus)
Our fathers griefe must growe,
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)
Upon thee did beflowe.

But since my faulte, thy face,
My fathers iust offence,
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot so dispence.

If any Gods be good
If right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reveng,e,
Thou shalt be pai'd againe.

And (wicked) do thy wurfl,
Thou canst no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had overcome my will.

Then might my foule beneath,
Have triumpht yet and faide,
That though I died discontent,
I livde and dide a mayde.

† Herewith hir swelling fobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the Thracian tyrant (there)
To heare thefe words did walke.
And skornefully he cast
At hir a frowning glaunce,
VVhich made the mayde to struie for spech,
And stertling from hir traunce,

¶ F wil reuenge (quoth she)
For here I shake off shame,
And wil (my selfe) beuay this faile
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs
(¶f I haue leau to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor fo.

If I in deserts dwel,
The woods, my words shal heare,
The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witnesse with me beare.

I will so fil the ayre
With noyse of this thine afe,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie faile.

¶ These words amazde the king,
Conscience with choller straue,
But rage so rackte his refiiles thought,
That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife
Ful defpratly he drawes,
VVherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
The tong that tolde but truthe,
The tong that movde him to be mad,
And shoulde haue moued ruth.
And from his hand with spight
This truftie tongue he caft,
VWhofe roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpents tale
VWhen it is cut in twaine,
And fo it feemes that weakeft willes,
(By words) would eafe their paine.

I blufh to tell this tale,
But sure bet books fay this:
That yet the butcher did not blufh
Hir bloudy mouth to kiffe.

And ofte hir bulke embrast,
And ofter quencht the fire,
VWhich kindled had the furnace firft,
Within his foule defire.

Not herewithal content,
To Progne home he came,
VVho askt him freight of Philomene:
He (fayning griefe of game,)

Burft out in bitter teares,
And fayde the dame was dead,
And falfly tolde, what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The Thracian Queene caft off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
And dreft in dole, bewailde hir death
VVhom fhe thought dead in deede.

A fepulchre fhe builds
(But for a liuing corfe,)
And praiide the gods on fifters foule
To take a lyft remorfe:
THE COMPLAINT

And offred sacrifice,
To all the powers aboue.
Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus,*
This was true force of loue.

\[\text{The heauens had whirld aboute}\
\text{Twelue yeeres in order due}\
\text{And twelue times every flowre and plant,}\
\text{Their liueries did renew,}\
\]

\[\text{VVhiles *Philomene* full close}\
\text{In shepcote stil was clapt,}\
\text{Enforst to bide by stonic walles}\
\text{VVWhich fast (in hold) hir hapt.}\
\]

And as those walles forbaddde
Hir feete by flight to scape,
So was hir tong (by knife) restrainde,
For to reuеale this rape

No remedie remaynde
But onely womans witte,
VVWhich fodainly in queinteft chance,
Can beft it selfe acquit.

\[\text{And Miferie (amongst)}\
\text{Tenne thousand mischieues moe,}\
\text{Learnes pollicie in practifes,}\
\text{As proofe makes men to knowe.}\
\]

VVith curious needle worke,
A garment gan she make,
Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,
And al for bewties fake.

This garment gan she giue
To trustie Servants hande,
VVho freight conueid it to the queen
Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.
VVhen Progne red the writ,  
(A wondrous tale to tell)  
She kept it close: though malice made  
Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,  
Til time and place might ferue,  
But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,  
She fully did referue.

O silence feldome scene,  
That women counsell kepe,  
The cause was this, she wakt hir wits  
And lulide hir tong on sleepe.

I speake against my sex,  
So haue I done before,  
But truth is truth, and musle be tolde  
Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,  
VVhich Bacchus to belong,  
And in that night the queene prepares  
Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in Bacchus gite)  
VVith fworde hir felfe doth arme,  
VVith wreathes of vines about hir browes  
And many a needles charmee.

And forth in furie flings,  
Hir handmaides following faft,  
Vntil with hastie steppes she founde  
The shepecote at the laft.

There howling out aloude,  
As Bacchus priefts do crie,  
She brake the dores, and found the place  
VVhere Philomene did lye.
And toke hir out by force,
And dreft hir *Bacchus* like,
And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
(For being knowne by like.)

And brought hir to hir house,
But when the wretch it knewe,
That now againe she was fo neere
To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
And lookt like ashes pale.
But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
Set silence al to fale,

And tooke the garments off,
Discovering first hir face,
And fister like did louingly
Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There she (by shame abafht)
Held downe hir weeping eyes,
As who shoulde say: *Thy right (by me)*
*S is rest in wrongful wife."

And down on the ground she falles,
*V*Vhich ground she kift hir fill,
As witnesse that the filthie *facie*
*V*Vas done againft hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
In fleede of tong to tell,
*V*Vhat violence the lecher *vde,*
And how hee did hir quell.

*V*Vherewith the Queene brake off
Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
And *fware* with *fworde* (no teares) to venge
The crafte of this constrainte.
Or if (quoth she) there bee
Some other meane more sure,
More steare, more stoute, then naked sword
Some mischief to procure,

I sware by all the Gods,
I shall the same embrace,
To wreak this wrong with bloody hande
Upon the king of Thrace.

Ne will I spare to spende
My life in sister's cause,
In sister? ah what saide I wretch?
My wrong shall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
With all the princes pelf,
And in the midst of flaming fire,
Will caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,
That taught him first to lust,
Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
Oh that revenge were iust.

Or let me carve with knife,
The wicked Instrument,
Wherewith he, thee, and me abuse
(I am to mischief bent.)

Or sleeping let me seeke
To sende the foule to hel,
Whose barbarous bones for filthy force,
Did seeme to beare the bel.

† These words and more in rage
Pronounced by this dame,
Hir little sonne came leaping in
Which fitis had to name.
THE COMPLAINT

Whose presence, could not please
For (viewing well his face,)
Ah wretch (quoth she) how like he groweth
Unto his fathers grace.

And therewithal resolved
A rare revenge in deed
Wheron to think (withouten words)
My woful hart doth bleed.

But when the lad lokt vp,
And cheerfully did smile,
And hung about his mothers necke
With eafe weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vfe)
His angrie mothers cheeke,
Her minde was movde to much remorse
And mad became ful meke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
But wept against hir will,
Such tender reth of innocence,
Hir cruel moode did kill.

At laft (fo furie wrought)
Within hir bref shet felt,
That too much pitie made hir minde
Too womanlike to melt,

And faw hir fister fit,
With heavy harte and cheere,
And now on hir, and then on him,
Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she bruft
(Quoth shie) why flatters he?
And why againe (with tong cut out)
So sadly fitteth shie?
OF PHILOMENE.

He, mother, mother calles,
She sifter cannot say,
That one in earneft doth lament,
That other whines in plaie.

_Pandions_ line (quoth she)
Remember fill your race,
And neuer marke the subtil shewes
Of any Soule in _Thrace._

You should degenerate,
If right reuenge you flake,
More right reuenge can neuer bee,
Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
Al mischiefe vnder skies,
VVere pietie compard to that
VVhich _Tereus_ did deiife.

† She holds no longer hande,
But (_Tygrelike_ she toke
The little boy ful boiftroufly
VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)  
She (mother) toke a blade,
And in hir fonnes small tender hart  
An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatcht,
Betwene the sifters twaine
They tore in peces quarterly
The corps which they had slaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,  
The reft they laide to fire,
And on the table causd it,  
Be set before the fire.
And counterfaite a cause
(As Grecians order then)
That at such feafls; (but onely one)
They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
Sat downe alone to eate,
And hungerly his owne warme bloud
Deoure then for meate.

His ouerfight was such,
That he for Itis sent,
VVoefe murdered members in his mawe,
He priuily had pent.

No longer Progne then,
Hir ioy of griefe could hide,
The thing thou seekft (o wretch quoth she)
VVwithin thee doth abide.

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
And searching for his sonne)
Came forth at length, faire Philomene
By whom the griefe begonne,

And (clokt in Bacchus copes,
VVherwith the then was cladde,)
In fathers bosom cast the head
Of Itis fellie ladde:

Nor euer in hir life
Had more deside to speake,
Than now: wherby hir madding mood
Might al hir malice wreake.

The Thracian prince stert vp,
VVhofe hart did boyle in breft,
To feele the foode, and fee the fawce,
VVhich he could not disgeft.
And armed (as he was)
He followed both the *Greekes*,
On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)
A sharpe reuenge he fekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
These bloudie deedes did see,
And found that bloud sfl couits bloud
And so none ende could be.

They then by their forfight
Thought meete to flinte the strife,
And so restraine the murrining king,
From sister and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongest daughter fledde
Into the thickes, where couertly,
A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,
She worthily can sing,
And as thou hearest, can please the eares
Of many men in spring.

The eldeft dame and wife
A *Swallowe* was assignde,
And builds in smoky chimney toppes
And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,
A *Lapwing* for to bee,
Who for his yong ones cries alwaies,
Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheasaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaine,
Who the bloudie plumes declare the bloud
Who with his face was flaind.
But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
Theyongest dame toforrefts fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

And Nightingale now namde
VWhich (Philomela hight)
Delights for (feare of force againe)
To sing always by night.

But when the sunne to west,
Doth bende his weerie courfe,
Then Phylomene records the rewth,
VVhich craueth iuft remorfe.

And for hir foremoft note,
Tereu Tereu, doth sing,
Complaining ftil vppon the name
Of that false Thracian king.

Much like the childe at schole
VVith byrchen rodds fore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His maifter chaunce to threaten,

In euerie dreame he flarts,
And (o good maifter) cries,
Euen fo this byrde vppon that name,
Hir foremoft note replies.

Or as the red breaste byrds,
VVhome prettie Merlynes hold,
Ful faft in foote, by winters night
To fende themselues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke,
For pitie let them fcape,
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
And doubtte a fecond rape.
OF PHILOMENE.

And in the nexter night,  
Ful many times do crie,  
Remembring yet the ruthful plight  
VVherein they late did lye.

Euen so this felley byrde,  
Though now transformde in kinde,  
Yet euermore hir pangs forepaft,  
She beareth still in minde.

And in hir foremoft note,  
She notes that cruel name,  
By whom she lost hir pleafant speech  
And foiled was in fame.

2 f Hir second note is fye,  
In Greece and latine phy,  
In englifh fy, and euery tong  
That euuer yet read I.

Which word declares difdaine,  
Or lothsome leying by  
Of any thing we taft, heare, touche,  
Smel, or beholde with eye.

In taft, phy sheweth some fowre,  
In hearing, some discorde,  
In touch, some foule or filthy toye,  
In smel, some fent abhorde.

In fight, some lothsome loke,  
And euery kind of waie,  
This byword phy betokneth bad,  
And things to cast away.

So that it feemes hir well,  
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to finge,  
Since phy befytteth him fo well  
In euery kind of thing.
Phy filthy lecher lewde,
Phy false vnto thy wife,
Phy coward phy, (on womankind)
To vfe thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
Fye fierce, and foule forsworne,
Phy monster made of murdring mould
VWhose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
Phy mirrour of mischeuoufnesse,
Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
Phy forging fyne excuse,
Phy periury, fy blasphemy,
Phy bed of al abufe.

These phyes, and many moe,
Pore Philomene may meane,
And in hir selfe she findes percase,
Some phy that was vn cleane.

For though his fowle offence,
May not defended bee,
Hir filler yet, and she tran greft,
Though not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deferte,
Their dedes grewe by didaine,
But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,
VVhat wrong foeuer raigne.

Then Progne phy for thee,
VVWhich kildft thine only child,
Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
VVWhich was not movde with milde.
OF PHILOMENE.

Phy phy, thou close conveydest
A secret il vnfene,
Where (good to kepe in councele close)
Had putrifide thy fleene.

Phy on thy sitters fa×te,
And phy hir selfe doth s∫ng,
VWhose lack of tong nere toucht hir so
As when it could not s∫ng.

Phy on vs both faith s∫e,
The father onely faulted,
And we (the father free therewhile)
The felly sonne assalted.

3 † The next note to hir phy
Is I∫g, I∫g, I∫g, I gesse,
That might I leaue to latynisls,
By learning to exprefle.

Some commentaries make
About it much afoe:
If it shoule onely I∫gum meane
O∫ I∫gulator too.

Some thinke that I∫gum is
The I∫g, the iugleth fo,
But I∫gulator is the word
That doubleth al hir woe.

For when she thinkes thereon,
She beares them both in minde,
Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As fa∫t as furies force
Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
So fa∫t hir conscience choks hir vp,
And wo to wrong doth linke.
THE COMPLAINT

At last (by griefe constrainde)
It boldly breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
With Eccho round about.

4 Hir next most note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my selfe the partie am
On whom the then doth call.

She calles on Nêmesis
And Nêmesis am I,
The Goddesse of al iufl reuenge,
VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boyled with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in rashest rage,
Vntil the caufe be f Gand.

And such as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May fcape this fcourse in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And fcorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the rost ful deare,
It fmellet of the fmoke.

This is the caufe (sir Squire
Quoth she) that Phylomene
Doth cal fo much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane:

She feeles a iufl reuenge.
Of that which she hath done,
Constrainde to vfe the day for night,
And makes the moone hir funne.
OF PHILOMENE.

Ne can she now complaine,
(Although she loft hir tong)
For since that time, ne yet before,
No byrde so swetely soong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
To countervaile hir woe,
I fat on bench in heauen my selfe
When it was graunted so.

And though hir foe be fledde,
But whither knows not she,
And like hir selfe transforned eke
A felly byrde to bee:

On him this sharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats,
Nor is belovde of make.

As soone as coles of kinde
Haue warmed him to do
The felly shift of dewties dole
Which him belongeth to :

His hen straight way him hates,
And flieeth farre him fro,
And cloe conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As soone as she hath hatcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame should serue them estc,
As Progne had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies,
To seke his sone, and fylles the ayre
VVith loude lamenting cries.
This lothsome life he leads
By our almighty dome,
And thus sings she, where company
But very feldome come.

Now left my faithful tale
For fable should be taken,
And thereupon my curtesie,
By thee might be forfaken:

Remember al my words,
And beare them wel in minde,
And make thereof a metaphor,
So shalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and paftime,
In al that I thee tel:
I knowe thy skil wil servue therto,
And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (me thought) she long so fast
away,
That scarce I could, hir seemely shadowe see.
At last: my staffe (which was mine onely stay)
Did flippe, and I, muft needes awaked be,
Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
For willingly I could my selfe content,
Seuen dayes to sleepe for Philomel's fake,
So that my sleepe in fuch swete thoughts were spent.
But you my Lord which reade this ragged verfe,
Forgiue the faults of my so sleepy mufe,
Let me the heaste of Nemesis rehearse,
For sure I see, much sense therof ensues.
I see me to see (my Lord) that lechers lust,
Procures the plague, and vengeance of the higheft,
I may not say, but God is good and just,
Although he scourge the furthest for the nearest:
The fathers fault lights sometime on the sonne,
Yea four discent it beares the burden till,
Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
That dole steppes in and yields the world at will.
O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
The best is bad that lights on lechery
And (al wel weyd) he fits in Fortunes lappe,
Which feele no sharper scourge than beggery.
You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
Which vfe al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
Which bewtie force, to loofe what bountie bindes:
Thinke on the scourge that Nemesis doth beare,
Remember this, that God (although he winke)
Doth fee al finnes that euer secret were.
(Vo vobis) then which still in finne do finke.
Gods mercy lends you brydles for desire,
Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
The flesh may spurre to euerlafting fire,
But sure, that horfe which tyreth like a roile,
And lothes the griefe of his forgalded sides,
Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte
Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
But hunte for finne in euery hil and holte.
He which is single, let him spare to spil
The flowre of force, which makes a famous man:
Left when he comes to matrimonyes will,
His fynee graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
Be wel content with that which may suffye,
And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife
Might make him lothe the bed where lays lies:
For though Pandyonys daughter Progne she,
Were so transformde into a fethered foule,
THE COMPLAINT

Yet seemes the not withouten heires to be,
Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
And beare in brefl a right reuenging mode,
Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.
Yea surely some, the best of all the broode
(If they had might) with furious force would kil.
But force them not, whose force is not to force.
And way their words as blaffs of blustering winde,
VVWhich comes ful calme, when stormes are past by courfe:
Yet God aboue that can both lose and bynde,
VVil not so fonne appeased be therefore,
He makes the male, of female to be hated,
He makes the fire go sighing wondrous fore,
Because the fonne of such is seldome rated.
I meane the sonnes of such rash sinning fires,
Are seldome fene to runne a ruly race.
But plague (be like) by fathers foule defires
Do gadde a broade, and lacke the guide of grace.
Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
And howles and cries to see his children flray,
Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
Thus men (my Lord) be Metamorphosfet,
From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beastes:
Yea brauest dames, (if they amisse once tredde)
Finde bitter fauce, for al their pleafant feasts.
They must in fine condemned be to dwell
In thickes vnfeene, in mewes for minyons made,
Vntil at laft, (if they can bryde it wel)
They may chop chalke, and take some better trade.
Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
Fayre Phylomene forbad me fayre and flat
To like such loue, as is with luft begonne.
The lawful loue is best, and I like that.
Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
(I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
At bewties blafe: for such a wilful breache,
OF PHILOMENE

Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To say (George) thinke on Philomelæs song.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quæm Mercurio.

And thus my very good L. may see how coblerlike
I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole,
beginning this complainte of Philomene, in Aprill, 1562,
continuing it a little furder in Aprill. 1575 and now
thus finished this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.
Al which mine April showers are humbly sent vnto
your good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see
the May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more
than I can deferue. And yet reft

Your Lordships bounden
and assured.
English Reprints.

JOHN EARLE, M.A.
Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE.
Editio princeps, 1628.

WITH ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS FROM THE FIFTH EDITION OF 1629; AND THE SIXTH EDITION OF 1633.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,
Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LARGE PAPER EDITION.

LONDON:
5, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

[All Rights reserved.]
**CONTENTS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CHRONICLE of the Life, Works, and Times of J. Earle</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1) Introductory</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2) Title-pages [reduced] of the second and third editions of 1628</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(3) Issues during the Author's life time</td>
<td>12-15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(4) Issues since the Author's death</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE, &amp;c. 1628</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1) To the Reader Gentile or Gentle</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2) A Table of Contents</td>
<td>19-20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE OR, A PIECE OF THE WORLD CHARACTERIZ'D</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS, Twenty-three now first found in Fifth Edition, 1629, but which may have been included in the fourth Edition, of which no copy is at present known.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One first found in the Sixth Edition, 1633</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHRONICLE
of
some of the principal events
in the
LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES
of
JOHN EARLE, M.A. [created in 1642 D.D.],
Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Subsequently, in succession, Rector of Bishopston, Wilts; Chaplain to Charles, Prince of Wales; Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury; an exile on the Continent; Clerk of the Closet to King Charles II.; Dean of Westminster; Bishop of Worcester; and Bishop of Salisbury.

* Probable or approximate dates.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

1600. John Earle received his first being in this vain and transitory world within the city of York. Wood. Ath. Oxon. iii. 716. Ed. 1817. "John Earle, Son of Tho. Earles Gent, sometime Register of the Arch-bishop's Court at York," [see 1660] is born. The date is fixed by his age, Aetatis sua 65, at his death on 17 Nov. 1665, as inscribed on his monument in Merton College Chapel. These two quotations illustrate the uncertain spelling of his name; which was apparently written differently, with or without the 's.'


1616. Mar. F. Beaumont the poet dies. Earle writes an English poem of 90 lines, in his memory (which was not printed until 1647. It is in Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedies & Tragedies, &c., fol. and is headed On Mr. Beaumont, (written thirty yeares since, presently after his death.)

1616. Sir T. Overbury's Wife, now a Widdowe published.


1620. He "was admitted probationers' fellow of Merton Coll. in 1620, aged 19 years or thereabouts, and proceeded in arts four years after. His younger years were adorned with oratory, poetry, and witty fancies; and his elder with quaint preaching and subtle disputes." Wood. Ath. Oxon. idem.


1625. Mar. 27. Charles I. ascends the throne.

1627. Aug. Sir J. Burroughs killed by a bullet at the Isle of Re.

1628. Three first editions of Micro-cosmographie are published. Possibly also a fourth edition.

1632. Apr. 10. William Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University, dies. Earle writes lines On the death of the Earl of Pembroke, in the same Bodleian MS., Dr. Bliss, idem.
CHRONICLE.

A clerical disturbance occurs in the University. The King directs the two proctors to resign, and to be replaced by others of the same college. Earle succeeds J. Doughty of Merton. Wood, Hist. & Ant. of Oxford, ii. 372—380.


Lord Clarendon, in his Life, thus writes; DOCTOR Earles was at that Time Chaplain in the House to the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, and had a Lodging in the Court under that Relation: He was a Person very notable for his Elegance in the Greek and Latin Tongues; and being Fellow of Merton College in Oxford, and having been Proctor of the University, and some very witty, and sharp Discourses being published in Print without his Consent, though known to be his, He grew suddenly into a very general Esteem with all Men; being a Man of great Piety and Devotion; a most eloquent and powerful Preacher; and of a Conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent, and so very facetious, that no Man's Company was more desired, and more loved. No Man was more negligent in his Dress, and Habit, and Mien; no Man more wary, and cultivated, in his Behaviour, and Discourse; insomuch as He had the greater Advantage when He was known, by promising so little before He was known. He was an excellent Poet, both in Latin, Greek, and English, as appears by many Pieces yet abroad; though He suppressed many more himself, especially of English, incomparably good, out of an Austerity to those Sallies of his Youth. He was very dear to the Lord Falkland, with whom He spent as much Time as He could make his own; and as that Lord would impute the speedy Progress He made in the Greek Tongue, to the Information and Assistance He had from Mr. Earles, so Mr. Earles would frequently profess, that He had got more useful Learning by his Conversation at Tew (the Lord Falkland's House) than He had at Oxford. In the first setting of the Prince his Family, He was made one of his Chaplains; and attended on him when He was forced to leave the Kingdom. He was amongst the few excellent Men who never had, nor ever could have an Enemy, but such a one, who was an Enemy to all Learning, and Virtue, and therefore would never make himself known. i. 26. Ed. 1759.

'The famous Verses made upon Merton College Garden in Oxford, by Dr. John Earl, then a Fellow of that house,' were first printed in J. Aubrey, Nat. Hist. of Surrey, iv. 166—171. Ed. 1716. The poem is in Latin, is entitled Hortus Mertonensis, and consists of 126 lines. 1639 add. 38 Philip, Earl of Pembroke, presents him to the Rectory of Bishopston, in Wiltshire, and in the diocese of Salisbury. He was not finally released from the care of this parish until his elevation, in 1662, to the See of Worcester. [*1664 add. 53.] When, after this, he became bishop of his old diocese, he presented his former parish with its present existing communion plate. Sir R. C. Hoare, History of Wilt. ii. Ed. 1825.

1643. Feb. 10. He succeeds, on the death of the celebrated William
1647. Mar. 16. Lord Clarendon, then Sir E. Hyde, writing to Earle,
1649. "He suffered in exile with his son king Charles II.
1651. His papers, combats some expressions of his, in a previous letter, 'I
1660. Aug. 1. 1st of August 1660, to the Reverend Dr John Earles,

CHRONICLE.

1643. Feb. 10. He succeeds, on the death of the celebrated William

**Wood.**

Ath. Oxon. iii. 95, 717. Ed. 1817.

Elected one of the Assembly of Divines, but refuses to sit among them.

Afterwards he suffered, and was deprived of all he had, for adhering to his majesty King Charles I.

He was an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Morley, afterwards Bp. of Winchester, and lived with him one year at Antwerp, in Sir Charles Cotterell's house, who was master of the ceremonies. *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

[Dr. Smith writes to Hearne on 13 Sept. 1705. "Bp. Earle's Latin translation of Hooker's book of Ecclesiastical Polity, which was his entertainment, during part of his exile at Cologne, is utterly destroyed by prodigious heedlessness and carelessness: for it being written in loose papers, only pinned together, and put into a trunk unlocked, after his death, and being looked upon as refuse and waste paper, the servants lighted their fire with them, or else put them under their bread and their pies, as often as they had occasion; as the present earl of Clarendon has more than once told me, who was ordered by my lord his father, about a year after the bishop's death, to attend upon the widow, at her house near Salisbury, and to receive them from her hands, from whom he received this deplorable account of their loss; himself seeing several scattered pieces, not following in order, the number of pages being greatly interrupted, that had not undergone the same fate with the rest." *Orig. letter in Bodleian: see Ath. Oxon. iii. 718. note. Ed. 1817.*]

1645-51.

*An exile on the Continent.*

1647. Mar. 16. Lord Clarendon, then Sir E. Hyde, writing to Earle, combats some expressions of his, in a previous letter, 'I know not what you mean by the King's unnecessarily provoking them.' . . . 'Is it possible that you can think (in this horrid alteration) the mere living in England with your friends, could restore you to the old delight and comfort in those friends you have formerly enjoyed, let all unjustifiable circumstances be out of the way:' Towards the end he says 'I would desire you (at your leisure) to send me that discourse of your own which you read to me at Dartmouth in the end of your contemplations upon the Proverbs, in memory of my Lord Falkland.' *Stat. Papers ii. 348–350. Ed. 1773.*

**The Commonwealth.**

1649. Is published Earle's translation into Latin of *eixon βασιλείας.*

1651. 'He suffered in exile with his son king Charles II. whom, after his defeat at Worcester, he saluted at Rouen upon his arrival in Normandy, and thereupon was made his chaplain and clerk of the closet.' *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

1660. **The Restoration.**


"He beareth Ermine, on a Chief indented Sabl, three Eastern Crowns Or, by the name of Earles. This Coat was granted by Sir Edward Walker Garter, the 1660. Aug. 1. 1st of August 1660, to the Reverend Dr John Earles, Son of Tho. Earles Gent. Sometime Register of the Arch-bishop's Court at York. He was Dean of West-minster, and Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty King


28. (Good Friday.) As one of the Lenten preachers, preaches at Court. Idem p. 368.


1663. set. 62. Is translated to the see of Salisbury.

1665. The plague of London. The Court moves to Oxford and Bp. Earle goes with it. He ‘took up his quarters in Nov. 17. University college where dying on the 17 Novemb. 1665, set. 05. was buried near the high altar in Mert. coll. church, on Nov. 25. the 25th day of the said month, being then accompanied to his grave from the public schools by an herald at arms and the principal persons of the court and university. Ath. Oxon. idem.

Bp. Burnet tells us “Doctor Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, died at that time. But, before his death, he declared himself much against this [the Five Mile] Act. He was the man of all the Clergy for whom the King had the greatest esteem. He had been his sub-tutor, and had followed him in all his exile with so clear a Character, that the King could never see or hear of any one thing amiss in him. So he, who had a secret pleasure in finding out any thing that lessened a man esteemed eminent for piety, yet had a value for him beyond all the men of his order.” History of my own times, i. 225. Ed. 1724.

Dr. Calamy, a Nonconformist, adds similar testimony. “Dr. Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, was a Man that could do Good against Evil, forgive much out of a charitable Heart. He died to the no great Sorrow of them, who reckoned his death was just, for labouring all his Might against the Oxford five Mile Act.” Abridgement, i.
INTRODUCTION.

The Literature of Protestant England passed, about the time of James I., from the exuberant delicious fancifulness of youth into the sober deliberativeness of manhood. The age of romantic chivalry, of daring discovery, of surpassing danger, was passing away. A time of wonderful thoughtfulness, of strong research, of national quiet had come. Learning had become common to most educated persons. The most recondite subjects in theology and among the Schoolmen, the highest problems in nature, the subtlest inquiries into the human spirit, the first principles of human society, every theory of national government, daunted not, but fascinated thinkers. Selden owned, 'All Confess there never was a more Learned Clergy, no Man taxes them with Ignorance';* and the writings of Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Hales, Selden, Hobbes, Prynne and others, represent the attainments of many of the laity.

The thinkers influenced the people. The words Preciflan and Puritan, creations of this epoch, testify to the growing seriousness of the nation. In these earlier years of Puritanism especially; and generally throughout the Seventeenth Century, there was a strong passion for analysis of human character. Men delighted in introspection. Essays and Characters took the place of the Romances of the former century. Of them all, there is no complete lift. Dr. Bliss, to an edition of the present work, in 1811, added a lift of

* Table-Talk, p. 37, Ed. 1868.
Introduction.

fifty-seven characters and books of characters: all—with one exception, in 1567—published between 1605—1700. Forty-four years later, writing in 1855, to Notes and Queries,* he stated that this lift 'in his own interleaved copy had increased fourfold.'

Of all these Micro-cosmographie was one of the most popular. Five editions apparently were published in the first two years of publication, and five more during the author's lifetime.

The authorship of the present work was never authoritatively announced. Universal consent, in his own time, attributed it to John Earle, then a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. The first fifty-four Characters, at least, may therefore be looked upon as the composition 'especially for his private recreation, to pass away the time in the country' of an Oxford man, not twenty-nine years of age, when they appeared in print; and which we are informed had previously circulated in manuscript, 'passing from hand to hand in written Copies.'†

The writing of Characters was not a new thing when Earle penned the following ones. Not to mention minor works of this class, we may refer to Bishop Hall's Characters of Virtues and Vices of 1608; and the Characters of Sir Thomas Overbury and his friends, attached to A Wife, now a Widdowe, first published in 1614.

The title given to the present work, is not the least apt thing in it. Micro-cosmographie means 'a description of the little world' (i.e., man). Sir Walter Raleigh in his Historie of the World first published in 1614, had thus referred to the old idea of man being a world within himself;

"The body of man (faith Zanchius) is the image of the world, and called therefore Microcosmus; Bk 1, Chap 2. § 1. p 20. . . .

* No. 293, 21st July, 1855.
† p. 18.
...Therefore (faith Gregory Nazianzen,) Homo  off utriusque nature vinculum, Man is the bond and chaine which tyeth together both natures: and because in the little frame of mans body there is a representation of the Universal; and (by allusion) a kinde of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called Micro-cofmos, or the little World. Deus igitur hominem faciam, velut alterum quendam mundum, in brevi magnum, atque exiguototum, in terris flatuit; God therefore placed in the Earth the man he had made, as it were another World; the great and large World in the small and little World.” Bk. i, Chap 2, § 5, p. 26.

Another Oxford man, Rev., afterwards Dr., Peter Heylin,—whose Epitaph was long after written by Earle, when Dean of Westminster—had published at Oxford a geographical treatise, in 4to., entitled “Μικρόκόσμος A little description of the Great World,” of which three editions appeared in 1622, 1625, and 1627. Earle reveres this title in this work, and gives us a ‘description of the little world’ of man.

Essays deal rather with the permanent, internal, essential constituents; Characters with the passing, external, accidental aspects of men. Of both there are examples in the present work. Some of the papers are delineations of human nature, common to all time; others are incisive descriptions of ‘characters’ and scenes of the writer’s age, which have now passed away. Posterity is as equally indebted to John Earle for his keen observations of human kind, as for his literary photographs of manners and life in England between, say the years 1618 and 1628.
Confusion has arisen as to the actual number of essays in the several early editions of *Micro-Cosmographie*, through the somewhat careless editing Blount bestowed on their numbering and indexing. We have therefore constructed the following table of issues in the author's life time; from which it will be seen that the Characters first appeared in three several quantities, viz., fifty-four in 1628, twenty-three more in 1629, and one more in 1633. So that virtually the composition of these observations on English life and manners cannot be placed lower than 1629.

In the table, figures without the brackets ( ) are those printed at the head of the several Characters. The absence of any such figure is indicated by —; the omission of a Character altogether by *. These figures coincide with the actual order of the several essays, except when followed by others within ( ), which then represent the true order.

By the help of this table, the priority of the three editions of 1628 may be determined; the criterion being the carelessness of the editor.

Taking the *oftenfible* figures without the brackets ( ), as on the pages 12—15,

(1) a and b have no 8 or 29.

misprint 50 for 51 : 52, 53, 54, 55, which should have followed as 53, 54, 55, 56.

but a misprints 37 for 39, 47 for 49, which are corrected in b: shewing a partial correction.

**: a is anterior to b.**

* c assigns 8 and 29 to characters.

has no misprints in the *oftenfible* figures.

rearranges the numbers generally.

**: c is a correction of b.**

(2) *The Herald* is omitted the in index of a, but is inserted in those of b and c.

The title-page of a is reprinted at page 17, and those of b and c on the opposite page.

The text of the present edition is, for the first fifty-four essays, that of a of 1628, collated with b and c of that year; for next twenty-three, the fifth edition, 1629; and for the last one, that of 1633; in which editions they first appear.
Micro-cosmographie.

or,

A PEECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED;
IN ESSAYES AND CHARACTERS.

LONDON,
Printed by William Stanby for Robert Allot. 1628.

Micro-cosmographie.

or,

A PEECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED;
IN ESSAYES AND CHARACTERS.

Newly Composed for the Northerne parts of this Kingdome.

AT LONDON,
Printed by W. S. for Ed: Blount, 1628.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Characters</th>
<th>1628</th>
<th>1629</th>
<th>1630</th>
<th>1633</th>
<th>1638</th>
<th>1642</th>
<th>1650</th>
<th>1664</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A child</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A grave divine</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A merdull physician</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An alderman</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A discontented man</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An antiquary</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A younger brother</td>
<td>9(8)</td>
<td>9(8)</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A formal man</td>
<td>10(9)</td>
<td>10(9)</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A church-Papift.</td>
<td>11(10)</td>
<td>11(10)</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A self-conceited man</td>
<td>12(11)</td>
<td>12(11)</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A tavern.</td>
<td>13(12)</td>
<td>13(12)</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A referred man.</td>
<td>14(13)</td>
<td>14(13)</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A shark.</td>
<td>15(14)</td>
<td>15(14)</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A carrier.</td>
<td>16(15)</td>
<td>16(15)</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**BIBLIOGRAPHY**

- William Stansby for Edward Blount
- W. S. for R. Allot
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>An old College butler.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>An idle gallant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>A countable.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>A down-right scholar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>A detractor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>A young gentleman of the University.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>A poet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>A cook.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>A baker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>A plain country fellow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>The common flogging-men.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>A handbome hoffeed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>A critic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31.</td>
<td>A ferevant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>A weak man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>A planteable man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>The worldly wife man.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Characters

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1628 (The Fifth Edition)</th>
<th>1630 (The Sixth Edition)</th>
<th>1633 (Augmented)</th>
<th>1638 (Augmented)</th>
<th>1642 (For William Shears)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a</td>
<td>William Stansby for Edward Blount, [2nd Edition Princeps]</td>
<td>43(41)</td>
<td>44(42)</td>
<td>42(43)</td>
<td>49(49)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>William Stansby for R. Allot.</td>
<td>45(43)</td>
<td>46(44)</td>
<td>44(45)</td>
<td>51(51)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>c</td>
<td>W. S. for Ed. Blount.</td>
<td>46(44)</td>
<td>47(47)</td>
<td>53(53)</td>
<td>56(56)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 1628

- **41. A bowling-alley.** 43(41)
- **42. A surgeon.** 44(42)
- **43. A the-precise hypocrite.** 45(43)
- **44. A contemplative man.** 46(44)
- **45. An attorney.** 47(47)
- **46. A sceptic in religion.** 48(46)
- **47. A partial man.** 49(47)
- **48. A trumpeter.** 50(48)
- **49. A vulgar-spirited man.** 50(49)
- **50. A herald.** 52(50)
- **51. A plodding Student.** 52(51)
- **52. Paul’s walk.** 53(52)
- **53. An Universtiy dun.** 54(53)
- **54. A flaid man.** 55(54)

### Bibliography

- **BIBLIOGRAPHY.**
- **W. Bentley.**
- **The Eighth Edition.**
### Present Order. Additional Characters in Fifth Edition.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Copy Known</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>55.</td>
<td>A modest man.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56.</td>
<td>A mere empty wit.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57.</td>
<td>A drunkard.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58.</td>
<td>A prifon.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59.</td>
<td>A servingman.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60.</td>
<td>An infulent man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61.</td>
<td>Acquaintance.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62.</td>
<td>A mere complemental man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63.</td>
<td>A poor fidler.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64.</td>
<td>A medling man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65.</td>
<td>A good old man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66.</td>
<td>A flatterer.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.</td>
<td>A high spirited man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68.</td>
<td>A mere gull citizen.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69.</td>
<td>A lascivious man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70.</td>
<td>A rath man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71.</td>
<td>An affected man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72.</td>
<td>A profane man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73.</td>
<td>A coward.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74.</td>
<td>A fordid rich man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75.</td>
<td>A mere great man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76.</td>
<td>A poor man.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77.</td>
<td>An ordinary honest fellow.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Additional Character in Sixth Edition (1633).**

78. A fufpicious or jealous man.

---

**BIBLIOGRAPHY.**

Characters 24 and 25, printed separately in 4vo, under the title of *A true Tale of the Founder of all the Base and Libleus Pamphlets lately spread*.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>55.</td>
<td>57(56)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56.</td>
<td>56(57)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57.</td>
<td>58(58)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58.</td>
<td>60(59)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59.</td>
<td>61(60)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60.</td>
<td>62(61)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61.</td>
<td>63(62)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62.</td>
<td>64(63)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63.</td>
<td>65(64)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64.</td>
<td>66(65)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65.</td>
<td>67(66)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66.</td>
<td>68(67)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.</td>
<td>69(68)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68.</td>
<td>70(69)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69.</td>
<td>71(70)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70.</td>
<td>72(71)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71.</td>
<td>73(72)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72.</td>
<td>74(73)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73.</td>
<td>75(74)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Copy Known</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>*</td>
<td>78(78)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

15
BIBLIOGRAPHY.

† Editions not seen.

b. Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate work.


14 † 1676. Lond. 'The remaining copies of the ninth 1 vol. 12mo. (1669) edition, with a different title.' Dr. Bliss, in Notes and Queries, No. 299.

† 1677. London. 'Seventy eight characters of so many vertuous and vittious persons; written by one well acquainted with most of them.' W. C. Hazlitt's Handbook, p. 84. ed. 1867. [Can this be another edition.]

15. † 1732. Lond. Microcosmography, 'a reprint from the sixth edition of 1633.' Dr. Bliss, idem.

16. 1740. London. The World Display'd; or Several Essays; 1 vol. 8vo. confuting the various Characters and Passions of its principal Inhabitants. (78 Characters: the laft eight are wrongly numbered 72—79).

18. † 1786. Salis- Microcosmography. 'This profeffes to be bury. 1 vol. 8vo. taken from the edition of 1650, and is of course incomplete.' Dr. Bliss, idem. It was reprinted by William Benfon Earle, musician: see Hatcher's, Sarum ii. 651; in Sir R. C. Hoare's History of Modern Wilshire.


25 July 1855. Dr. Bliss writes to Notes and Queries, 'The book is too common [?] and unimportant [?] to induce any publisher to venture on such an undertaking [as republishing it].

22. 1 Dec. 1868. English Reprints: fee title at p. 1. A col.-Lond. 1 vol. 8vo.lation of the five earliest extant editions; see p. 10. II. With other works.

17. 1742. London. The World Display'd: or, Mankind painted 1 vol. 8vo. in their proper Colours [A numerous collection of characters, including many by Earle. Quite a different work from 15.]

21. 1865. Edin- A Book of Characters: selected from the burgh. 1 vol. 8vo. writings of Overbury, Earle, and Butler. (Includes 68 Characters by Earle.)

III. Adaptations, translations, &c.


20. 1813. Dublin. A Gallery of Portraits, painted by an old and 1 vol. 8vo. celebrated Master, and re-touched by an Irish artist.
Micro-cosmographie,

OR,

A PEECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED;

IN ESSAYES AND CHARACTERS.

LONDON,

Printed by William Stansby for Edward Blount, 1628.
Haue (for once) aduentur'd to playe the Mid-wifes part, helping to bring forth these Infants into the World, which the Father would haue smooother'd: who hauing left them lapt vp in loofe Sheets, as soon as his Fancy was deliuered of them; written especially for his priuate Recreation, to passe away the time in the Country, and by the forcible request of Friends drawne from him; Yet passing feuercially from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a pretie number in a little Volume: and among so many sundry dispersed Transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious had like to haue past the Prefle, if the Author had not vfed speedy meanes of prevention: When, perceiuing the hazard hee ran to be wrong'd, was vnwillingly willing to let them passe as now they appeare to the World. If any faults haue escap'd the Prefle, (as few Bookes can bee printed without) impose them not on the Author I intreat Thee; but rather impute them to mine and the Printers over-sight, who seriously promise on the re impression hereof by greater care and diligence, for this our former default, to make Thee ample satisfaction. In the meanwhile, I remaine

Thine.

ED. BLOVNT.
## A TABLE OF CONTENTS

[In first edition of 1628 only: which edition has no pagination. The figures are the numbers of the Characters, and have been corrected to the true figures, as explained at p. 10.]

A Childe. 1
A young raw Preacher. 2
A graue Diuine. 3
A meere dull Phyfitian. 4
An Alderman. 5
A discontented Man. 6
An Antiqury. 7
A younger Brother. 8
A formall Man. 9
A Church-Papift. 10
A selfe-conceited man. 11
A Tauerne. 12
A referu’d Man. 13
A Sharke. 14
A Carier. 15
An old Colledge Butler. 16
An Vpflart Knight. 17
An idle Gallant. 18
A Confable. 19
A downe-right Scholler. 20
A Player. 21
A Detractor. 22
A young Gentleman of the University. 23
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Pot-Poet.</td>
<td>24.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Cooke.</td>
<td>25.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Baker.</td>
<td>27.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A plaine Country Fellow.</td>
<td>28.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Young-Man.</td>
<td>29.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The common Singing-Men.</td>
<td>30.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Pretender to Learning.</td>
<td>31.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Shop keeper.</td>
<td>32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Handsome Hofleffe.</td>
<td>33.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A blunt Man.</td>
<td>34.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Criticke.</td>
<td>35.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sergeant.</td>
<td>36.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A weake Man.</td>
<td>37.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tobacco feller.</td>
<td>38.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A plausible Man.</td>
<td>39.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Worlds wife Man.</td>
<td>40.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Bowle-Alley.</td>
<td>41.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Surgeon.</td>
<td>42.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Shee-precife Hypocrite.</td>
<td>43.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Contemplatiue Man.</td>
<td>44.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Aturney.</td>
<td>45.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sceptick in religion.</td>
<td>46.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Partiall man.</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Trumpeter.</td>
<td>48.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A vulgar-spirited Man.</td>
<td>49.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[*A Herald</td>
<td>50.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A plodding Student.</td>
<td>51.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pauls Walke.</td>
<td>52.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Vniuerfity Dun.</td>
<td>53.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A flayed Man.</td>
<td>54.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FINIS.

* The omission of this character in the table has been the cause of much confusion.
Micro-cosmographie.

OR,

A piece of the World Characteriz'd.

I. A Childe

S a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copie of Adam before hee tafted of Eue, or the Apple; and hee is happy whose small practice in the World can only write this Character. Hee is natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyle, which time and much handling, dimmes and defaces. His Soule is yet a white paper vnscribled with obseruations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-booke. He is purely happy, becaufe he knowes no euill, nor hath made meanes by finne to bee acquainted with mistery. Hee arriues not at the mischiefe of being wife, nor endures euils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loues all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Worme wood. He playes yet, like a young Prentife the first day, and is not come to his taske of melancholly. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to vse so deceitfull an Organ; and hee
is best company with it when hee can but prattle. Wee laugh at his foolish spors, but his game is our earnest: and his drummes, rattles and hobby-horses, but the Emblems, and mocking of mans businesse. His father hath writ him as his owne little story, wherein hee reades those dayes of his life that hee cannot remember; and sighes to see what innocence he has out liu’d. The elder he growes, hee is a flayer lower from God; and like his first father much worse in his breeches. He is the Christians example, and the old mans relapse: The one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicitie. Could hee put off his body with his little Coate, he had got eternitie without a burthen, and exchang’d but one Heauen for another.

2. A young rawe Preacher

Is a Bird not yet fledg’d, that hath hopt out of his nest to bee Chirping on a hedge, and will bee stragling abroad at what perill foeuer. His backwardness in the Universitie hath set him thus forward; for had thee not ruanted there, he had not beene so hastie a Diuine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient onely in boldness, out of which and his Table booke he is furnish’d for a Preacher. His Collections of Studie are the notes of Sermons, which taken vp at St. Mariés, hee vters in the Country. And if he write brachigraphy, his flocke is so much the better. His writing is more then his reading; for hee reades onely what hee gets without booke. Thus accompliht he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his College more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a full careere, and he runnes wildly over hill and dale till the clocke stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the onely thing he ha’s made of it himselfe, is the faces. He takes on against the Pope
without mercy, and he’s a thief still in lauender for
Bellarmine. Yet he preaches heresie, if it comes in
his way, though with a mind I must needs say very
Orthodoxe. His action is all passion, and his speech
interjections: He ha’s an excellent faculty in bemoan-
ing the people, and spits with a very good grace. His
stile is compounded of some twenty feueral mens,
onely his body imitates some one extraordinary. He
wil not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor
blow his nose without discretion. His commendation
is, that he never looks vpon booke, and indeed, he
was never vs’d to it. Hee preaches but once a yeare,
though twice on Sund[ay]: for the stoffe is still the name,
onely the dressing a little alter’d. He has more tricks
with a sermon, then a Tailer with an old cloack, to
turne it, and piece it, and at last quite disguife it with
a new preface. If he haue waded further in his pro-
fection, and would shew reading of his own, his Authors
are Postils, and his Schoole-diuinitie a Catechisme.
His fashion and demure Habit gets him in with some
Town-precifian and makers him a Guesst on Fryday
nights. You shall know him by his narrow Veluet
cape, and Serge facing, and his ruffe, next his haire,
the shortest thing about him. The companion of his
walke is some zealous tradefman, whom he astonisfeth
with strange points, which they both vnderland alike.
His friends and much painefulnesse may preferre him
to thirtie pounds a yeare, and this means, to a chamber-
maide: with whom wee leave him now in the bonds
of Wedlocke. Next Sunday you shall haue him againe.

3. A Graue Divine

S one that knowes the burden of his call-
ing, and hath studied to make his shoulders
sufficient: for which hee hath not beene
hafty to launch forth of his port the Vni-
vuerfitie, but expected the ballast of learn-
ing, and the winde of opportunitie. Diuinitie is not
the beginning but the end of his studies, to which he counts it not profaneness to bee polisht with humane reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to Schoole-diunitie. He ha's founded both Religions and anchord in the beft, and is a Protestant out of judgement, not faction, not because his Country, but his Reafon is on this fide. The minifter is his choyce, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his itch, but feare. His discours there is substance, not all Rhetorique, and he utters more things then words. His speech is not help't with enforc'd action, but the matter acts it felfe. Hee shoots all his meditations at one Butt: and beats vpon his Text, not the Cufhion, making his hearers not the Pulpitgroane. In citing of Popish errors, he cuts them with Arguments, not cudgels them with barren inuectiues: and labours more to shew the truth of his caufe then the spleene. His Sermon is limited by the method, not the houre-glaffe; and his Deuotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not vp thrice a weeke becaufe he would not be idle, nor talkes three houres together, becaufe he would not talke nothing: but his tongue Preaches at fit times, and his converfation is the euery dayes exercife. In matters of ceremonie hee is not ceremonious, but thinkes hee owes that reuerence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and make more confiance of schifme, then a Surpleffe. Hee efteeemes the Churches Hirarchie, as the Churches glory, and how-euer wee iarre with Rome, would not haue our confusion distinguiith vs. In Symoniacall purchafes he thinks his Soule goes in the bargain, and is loath to come by promotion fo deare. Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his owne merit buyes him a Lining. He is no bafe Grater of his Tythes, and will not wrangle for the odde Egge. The Lawyer is the onely man he hinders, he is spited for taking vp quarrels. He is a maine pillar of our church, though not yet Deane nor Canon, and his life our Religions beft Apolo-
CHARACTERS.

25
gie: His death is his last Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed hee instructs men to dye by his example.

4. A meere dull Phisitian.

His practice is some businesse at bed-sides, and his speculation an Vrinall. Hee is distinguisht from an Empericke by a round velvet cap, and Doctors gowne, yet no man takes degrees more superfliously, for he is Doctor howsoever. He is sworne to Galen and Hypocrates, as Vniuersity men to their statues, though they neuer saw them, and his discouer is all Aphorismes, though his reading be onely Alexis of Piemont, or the Regiment of Health. The best Cure he ha's done is vpon his own purfe, which from a leane sicklineffe he hath made lufty, and in flesh.

His learning consists much in reckoning vp the hard names of diseases, and the supercriptions of Gally-pots in his Apothecaries Shoppe, which are rank't in his Shelues, and the Doctor's memory. He is indeed only languag'd in diseases, and speakes Greeke many times when he knows not. If he haue beene but a by-flander at some desperate recovery, he is flandered with it, though he be guiltlesse; and this breeds his reputation, and that his Practice; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of al odors he likes best the smel of Vrine, and holds Vespatians rule, that no gaine is vnfauyry. If you send this once to him, you must resolue to be fickle howsoever, for he will neuer leave examining your Water till hee haue shakt it into a disease. Then follows a writ to his druggar in a strange tongue, which hee vnderstands though he cannot confiter. If he fee you himselfe, his presence is the worst visitation: for if he cannot heale your sicknes, he will bee sure to helpe it. Hee translates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very Windowes and benches must take Phisicke. He tells you your Maladie in Greeke, though it be but a cold, or head ach: which c
by good endeavour and diligence he may bring to some moment indeed; his most vnfaithfull act is, that hee leaues a man gasping, and his pretence is, death and he haue a quarrell, and muft not meet; but his feare is, least the Carcaffe should bleed. Anatomies and other spectacles of Mortalitie haue hardened him, and hee's no more struck with a Funerall then a Graue-maker. Noble men vfe him for a director of their stomacks, and Ladies for wantonneffe, especially if hee bee a proper man. If he be single, he is in league with his Shee-Apothecary, and because it is the Phyfitian, the husband is Patient. If he haue leasure to be idle (that is to study) he ha's a smatch at Alcumy, and is ficke of the Philosophers stone, a disease vncurable, but by an abundant Phlebotomy of the purse. His two maine opposites are a Mountebanke and a good Woman, and hee neuer shewes his learning fo much as in an inuectue against them, and their boxes. In conclusion he is a fucking consumption, and a very brother to the wormes, for they are both ingendred out of mans corruption.

5. An Alderman.

He is Venerable in his Gowne, more in his Beard, wherewith hee sets not forth fo much his owne, as the face of a Citie. You muft looke on him as one of the Towne-gates, and consider him not as a Body, but a Corporation. His eminencie aboue others hath made him a man of Worship, for hee had neuer beene prefer'd, but that hee was worth thousands. Hee ouer-sees the Common-wealth, as his Shop, and it is an argument of his Policie, that he has thriuen by his craft. Hee is a rigorous Magistrate in his Ward: yet his scale of Iustice is suspeeted, least it bee like the Ballances in his Ware-houfe. A ponderous man he is, and substantiall: for his weight is commonly extraordinarie, and in his preferment nothing rifes so much
as his Bellie. His head is of no great depth, yet well
furnisht, when it is in conjunction with his Brethren,
may bring foorth a Citie Apothegme, or some such fage
matter. Hee is one that will not hastily runne into
error, for hee tredes with great deliberation, and his
judgment consists much in his pace. His discourse
is commonly the Annals of his Maioralty, and what
good gouernment there was in the dayes of his gold
Chaine: though his doore-pofts were the onely things
that suffered reformation: Hee feemes not sincerely
religious, especially on solemne daies; for hee comes
oft to Church to make a shew. Hee is the highest
stayre of his profession, and an example to his Trade,
what in time they may come to. Hee makes very
much of his authority; but more of his Satin Doublet;
which though of good yeares, bears its age very well,
and looks fresh every Sunday; But his Scarlet gowne
is a Monument, and lafts from generation to generation.

6. A discontented Man

S one that is falne out with the world, and
will bee revenged on himfelfe. Fortune
ha's deny'd him in something, and hee
now takes pet, and will bee miserable in
spite. The roote of his disease is a selfe-
humouring pride, and an accustom'd tenderneffe, not
to bee croft in his fancy: and the occasions commonly
one of these three, a hard Father, a peevish Wench, or
his ambition thwarted. Hee considered not the nature
of the world till he felt it, and all blowes fall on him
heavier, because they light not firft on his expectation.
Hee has now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain
glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His
composure of himself is a studied carelesnesse with his
armes a cross, and a neglected hanging of his head
and cloake, and he is as great an enemie to an hat-
band, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and vp-
starts, and fights at the neglect of men of Parts, that
is, such as himselfe. His life is a perpetuall Satyre, and hee is still girding the ages vanity; when this very anger shewes he too much esteemes it. Hee is much displeas'd to see men merry, and wonders what they can finde to laugh at. He neuer draws his own lips higher then a smile, and frownes wrinkle him before fortie. He at the laft falls into that deadly melancholy to bee a bitter hater of men, and is the moft apt Companion for any mischiefe. Hee is the sparke that kindles the Commonwealth, and the bellowes himselfe to blow it: and if he turne any thing, it is commonly one of these, either Friar, traitor, or mad-man.

7. An Antiquary.

Ee is a man strangely thrifty of Time past, and an enemy indeed to his Maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and flinking. Hee is one that hath that unnaturall diseafe to bee enamour'd of old age, and wrinckles, and loues all things (as Dutchmen doe Cheefe) the better for being mouldy and worme-eaten. He is of our Religion, because wee say it is most ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almoft make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the ruft of old Monuments, and reads onely those Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. Hee will goe you forty miles to see a Saints Well, or ruin'd Abbey: and if there be but a Croffe or flone foot-floole in the way, hee'll be considering it so long, till he forget hisjourney. His elate consists much in shekels, and Roman Coynes, and hee hath more Pictures of Cæsar, then James or Elisabeth. Beggers coozen him with mushy things which they haue rak't from dunghils, and he preferues their rags for precious Reliques. He loues no Library, but where there are more Spiders volums then Authors, and lookes with great admiration on the Antique worke of Cob-webs. Printed bookes he con-
CHARACTERS.

29

temnes, as a nouelty of this latter age; but a Manuscript he pores on everlaftingly, especially if the couer be all Moth-eaten, and the duft make a Parenthefis betweene euery Syllable. He would giue all the Bookes in his Study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Romane binding, or fixe lines of Tully in his owne hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange Beasts skins, and is a kind of Charnel-house of bones extraordinary and his discoure vpon them, if you will heare him hall laft longer. His very atyre is that which is the eldeft out of fashion, and you may picke a Criticifm out of his Breeches. He neuer lookes vpon himself till he is gray hair'd, and then he is pleafed with his owne Antiquity. His Grauedo's not fright him, for he ha's been vs'd to Sepulchers, and hee likes Death the better, becaufe it gathers him to his Fathers.

8. Younger Brother.

Is elder Brother was the Efau, that came out firft and left him like Iacob at his heeles. His father ha's done with him, as Pharaoh to the children of Israel, that would haue them make brick, and giue them no straw, fo he taskes him to bee a Gentleman, and leaues him nothing to maintaine it. The pride of his house has vndone him, which the elder Knight-hood muft fuftaine, and his beggery that Knighthood. His birth and bringing vp will not fuffer him to defcend to the meanes to get wealth: but hee stands at the mercy of the World, and which is worfe of his brother. He is something better then the Seruing-men; yet they more faucy with him, then hee bold with the mafter, who beholds him with a countenance of fterne awe, and checks him ofter then his Liueries. His brothers old suites and hee are much alike in re-quest, and caft off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furnifht him with a little more wit vpon
compassion; for it is like to be his best reuenew. If his Annuity stretch so farre he is sent to the Vniuersity, and with great heart burning takes vpon him the Miniftiry; as a profeffion hee is condemne'd, to buy his ill fortune. Other take a more crooked path, yet the Kings high way, where at length their vizzard is pluck't off, and they strike faire for Tiburne: but their Brothers pride, not loue, gets them a pardon. His laft refuge is the Low-counties, where rags and lice are no scandall, where he lives a poore Gentleman of a Company, and dies without a shirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art hee ha's to make a Gentlewoman, wherewith hee baits now and then some rich widow, that is hungry after his blood. Hee is commonly dis- contented, and desperate, and the forme of his exclama- tion is, that Churle my brother. Hee loues not his country for this vnnatural cuflome, and would haue long since revolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent onely which he holds in admiration.

9. A meere formall Man

S somewhat more then the shape of a man; for he has his length, breadth, and colour. When you haue scene his outside, you haue lookt through him, and need im- ploy your discovery no farther. His rea- son is meerly example, and his action is not guided by his vnderstanding, but he sees other men doe thus, and he follows them. He is a Negatiue, for we cannot call him a wife man, but not a foole; nor an honest man, but not a knaue; nor a Protestant, but not a Papift. The chiefe burden of his braine is the carri- age of his body and the setting of his face in a good frame: which hee performs the better, becaufe hee is not disioynted with other Meditations. His Re- ligion is a good quiet subiecl, and he prayes as he sweares, in the Phrase of the Land. He is a faire gueft, and a faire inuiter, and can excufe his good cheere in
CHARACTERS.

the accustomed Apologia. Hee ha's some faculty in mangling of a Rabbet, and the distribution of his morfell to a neighbour trencher. He apprehends a left by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himselfe, when it comes to his turne. His discourse is the newes that hee hath gathered in his walke, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, say nothing. His life is like one that runnes to the Minifter walke, to take a turne, or two, and so passes. He, hath flaid in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

10. A Church-Papift

IS one that parts his Religion betwixt his conscience and his purfe, and comes to Church not to serue God, but the King. The face of the Law makes him weare the maske of the Gospel, which he vses not as a means to faue his soule, but charges. He loues Popery well, but is loath to lofe by it, and though he be something scar'd with the Buls of Rome, yet they are farre off, and he is strucke with more terrour at the Apparitor. Once a moneth he presents himfelfe at the Church, to keepe off the Church-warden, and brings in his body to faue his bayle. Hee kneels with the Congregation, but prayes by himfelfe, and askes God forgiueneffe for comming thither. If he be forc'd to flay out a Sermon, he puts his hat over his eyes, and frowns out the houre, and when hee comes home, thinkes to make amends for this fault by abusing the Preacher. His maine policy is to shift off the Communion, for which he is neuer vnfurnifh't of a quarrell, and will bee sure to be out of Charity at Easter; and indeed lies not, for hee ha's a quarrell to the Sacrament. He would make a bad Martyr, and good trauellor, for his conscience is fo large, he could never wander out of it, and in Constantinople would bee
circumcis'd with a referuation. His wife is more zealous, and therefore more costly, and he bates her in tyres, what she stands him in Religion. But we leave him hatching plots against the State, and expecting Spinola.

II. A selfe-conceited Man

S one that knowes himselfe so well that he does not know himselfe. Two excellent well-dones haue vndone him; and hee is guilty, that first commended him to madness. He is now become to his owne booke, which he poares on continually, yet like a truant-reader skips ouer the harsh places and surueyes onely that which is pleafant. In the sppeculation of his owne good parts, his eyes like a drunkards fee all double, and his fancy like an old mans spectacles, make a great letter in a small print. He imagines every place where hee comes his Theater, and not a looke stirring, but his spectator; and conceiues mens thoughts to bee very idle, that is, busie about him. His walke is still in the fashion of a March, and like his opinion vnaccompanyed, with his eyes moft fixt vpon his owne perfon, or on others with reflection to himselfe. If hee haue done any thing that ha's past with applaufe, he is alwayes re-acting it alone, and conceits the ex-tasie his hearers were in at every period. His discourse is all positions, and definitue decrees, with thus it muft be, and thus it is, and he will not humble his authority to proue it. His tenent is alwayes singular, and aloofe from the vulgar as hee can, from which you muft not hope to wreft him. He ha's an excellent humor, for an Heretique, and in these days made the first Arminian. He prefers Ramus before Ariflotle, and Paracelsus before Galen, and whosoever with moft Paradox is commended and Lipsius his hopping file, before either Tully or Quintilian. He much pitties the World, that ha's no more insight in his Parts, when he is too well discouered, euen to this very tho[u]ght. A
flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what hee knowes before, and yet he loues him to, because he is like himselfe. Men are mercifull to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driuen from his humor, he is like two inward friends fallen out; His own bitter enemy, and discontent presently makes a murther. In summe, he is a bladder blown vp with wind, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

12. A Tauerne

S a degree, or (if you will) a paire of flayres aboue an Alehoufe, where men are drunke with more credit and Apologie. If the Vintners nose be at the doore, it is a signe sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the Iuie bufh. The rooms are il breath'd, like the drinkers that haue bin wash't well ouer night, and are finelt too fasting next morning; not furnish'd with beds apt to be defil'd, but more necessary implements, Stooles, Table, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more newes then hogs-heads, and more iefts then newes, which are fuckt vp heere by some spungy braine, and from thence squeeze'd into a Comedy. Men come heere to make merry, but indeed make a noife, and this Muficke aboue is anwered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the ciuillest people in it, men of good bringing vp, and howsoever wee esteeme of them, none can boaft more iuflly of their high calling. Tis the beft Theater of natures, where they are truely acted, not plaid, and the busines as in the reft of the world vp and downe, to wit, from the bottome of the Seller to the great Chamber. A melancholy Man would finde heere matter to worke vpon, to see Heads as brittle as Glaffes, and ofter broken. Men come hither to quarrell, and come hither to be made friends, and if Plutarch will lend me his S[i]mile, it is even Telephus his fword that makes wounds, and cures them. It is the common confump-
tion of the Afternoon, and the murderer, or maker away of a rainy day. It is the Torrid Zone that scorches the face, and Tobacco the gun-power that blowes it vp. Much harme would be done, if the charitable Vintener had not Water readie for these flames. A house of sinne you may call it, but not a house of darkenesse, for the Candles are neuer out, and it is like those Countries farre in the North, where it is as cleare at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shoure, where the spouts are flowing aboue, and the Conduits running below, while the Tordans like swelling rivers overflow their bankes. To give you the total reckoning of it. It is the busie mans recreation, the idle mans businesse, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the strangers welcome, the Innes a Court mans entertainment, the Scholers kindnesse, and the Citizens curtesie. It is the studie of sparkling wits, and a cup of Canary their booke, where we leaue them.

13. A too idly referu’d Man

S one that is a foole with discretion: or a strange piece of Politician, that manages the state of himselfe. His Actions are his Privie Counfell, wherein no man must partake befide. He speakes under rule and prescription, and dare not shew his teeth without Machiauell. He converses with his neighbours as hee would in Spaine, and feares an inquisitive man as much as the Inquisition. He suspects all questions for examinations, and thinks you would pick some thing out of him, and avoids you: His brest is like a gentlewomans clofet, which locks vp every toy and trifle, or some bragging Mounte-banke, that makes euerie flinking thing a secret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of silence, and whispers you in the eare Acts of Parliament. You may as foone wrest a tooth from him as a paper, and
whatsoever he reads is letters. Hee dares not talke of great men for feare of bad Comments, and hee knowes not how his words may bee misapplyed. Aske his opinion and he tels you his doubt: and hee neuer heares any thing more astonishtly then what hee knowes before. His words are like the Cards at Primuifte, where 6. is 18. and 7. 21. for they never signifie what they found; but if he tell you he wil do a thing, it is as much as if hee swore hee would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier then they are, and puts himfelfe to a great deale of affliction to hinder their plots, and designes where they meane freely. Hee ha's beene long a riddle himfelfe, but at laft finds Oedipusses: for his ouer-acted dissimulation discovers him, and men doe with him as they would with Hebrew letter, spell him backwards, and read him.


Is one whome all other meanes haue fayl'd, and hee now liues of himfelfe. He is some needy chaShir'd fellow, whom the World has oft flung off, yet still clafpes againe, and is like one a drowning, fastens vpon any thing that's next at hand, amongst other of his Shipwrackes hee has happily loft shame, and this want supplies him. No man puts his Braine to more vfe then hee, for his life is a dayly inuention, and each meale a new stratagem. Hee has an excellent memorie for his acquaintance, though there past but how doe you betwixt them feuen yeeres agoe, it shall suffice for an Imbrace, and that for money. He offers you a Pottle of Sacke out of his joy to see you, and in requitall of this courtesie, you can doe no lesse then pay for it. He is fumbling with his purfe-stringes, as a Schoole-boy with his points, when hee is going to bee Whipt, till the Mafter wearie with long Stay, forgives him. When the reckoning is payd, he fayes it must not bee so, it [yet] is strait pacified, and cryes what remedie.
His borrowings are like Subsidies, each man a shilling or two, as hee can well dispand, which they lend him, not with the hope to be repayed, but that he wil come no more. He holds a strange tyranny ouer men, for he is their debtor, and they feare him as a creditor. He is proud of any imployment, though it bee but to carry commendations, which he will be sure to deliuer at eleuen of the clocke. They in curtesie bid him slay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he find but a good looke to assure his welcom, he becomes their halfe boorder, and haunts the threghold so long, till he forces good natur to the necessity of a quarrell. Publique invitations hee will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witnesse of the Sherifffes Hospitality. Men shun him at length as they would doe an infection, and he is neuer croft in his way, if there be but a lane to escape him. He ha's done with the Age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as hee could, and at last drops off.

15. A Carryer

S his own Hackneyuan for hee lets himselfe out to trauell as well as his horfes. Hee is the ordinarie Embassadour betweene Friend and Friend, and brings rich Prefents to the one, but neuer returns any backe againe. He is no vnletter'd man, though in shew simple, for questionlefe, hee has much in his Budget, which hee can vtter too in fit time and place; Hee is the Vault in Glofler Church, that conveys Whispers at a distance; for hee takes the found out of your mouth at Yorke, and makes it bee heard as farre as London. Hee is the young Students ioy and expectation, and the most accepted guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burthen. His first greeting is, Your Friends are well; then in a piece of Gold deliuers their Blessing. You would thinke him a Churlish blunt fellow, but they
find in him many tokens of humanitie. He is a great afflicter of the High-way, and beates them out of measure, which injury is somtimes reveng'd by the Purfe taker; and then the Voyage miscaries. No man domineers more in his Inne, nor calls his Hoft vnreuerently with more presumption, and this arrogance proceeds out of the strength of his Horfes. He forgets not his load where he takes his eafe, for he is drunke commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the Prodigall Child, still packing away, and still returning againe. But let him passe.


S none of the worft Students in the house, for he keepes the fet houre at his booke more duly then any. His authority is great ouer mens good names, which hee charges many times with shrewd aperfions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His Boxe and Counters prove him to be a man of reckoning; yet hee is stricter in his accounts then a Vfuruer, and deliuerers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the paine of Gallobelgicus, for his bookes goe out once a quarter, and they are much in the fame nature, breife notes and summes of affaires, and are out of request as foone. His commings in are like a Taylors from the shreds of bread, the chippings, and remnants of the broken cruf: excepting his vailes from the barrell, which poore folkes buy for their hogs, but drinke themselues. He diuides a halfepeny loafe with more subtily then Kekerman, and sub-diuides the a primo ortum fo nicely, that a stomacke of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. Hee is a very fober man considering his manifold temptations of drinke and strangers, and if hee be ouer-seene, tis within his owne liberties, and no man ought to take exceptions. He is neuer fo well pleas'd with his place, as when a Gentleman is beholding to him for shewing him the
Buttery, whom hee greets with a cup of single beere and flyft manchet, and tells him tis the fashion of the Colledge. Hee domineers ouer Freshmen when they first come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of Cues, and Cees, and some broken Latine which he ha's learnt at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary, is the warming of a paire of Cards, and telling out a doozen of Counters for Post and Paire, and no man is more methodicall in these busineses. Thus hee spends his age, till the tappe of it is runne out, and then a fresh one is set abroach.

17. An Up-start Countrey Knight.

Is honour was somewhat preposterous, for hee bare the Kings sword before he had armes to wield it; yet being once laid ore the shouder with a Knighthood, he finds the Herald his friend. His father was a man of good stocke, though but a Tanner, or Vfuter; hee purchase the Land, and his son the Title. He ha's doft off the name of a Clowne, but the looke not so easie, and his face beares still a relish of Churne-milke. Hee is garded with more Gold lace then all the Gentlemen o' th Countrie, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His housekeeping is feene much in the distinct families of Dogges, and Servuing-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepeness of their throats is the depth of his discoure. A Hauke hee esteemes the true burthen of Nobilitie, and is exceeding ambitious to seeme delighted in the sport, and haue his sitt Glou'd with his Ieffes. A Juflice of peace hee is to domineere in his Parish, and doe his neighbour wrong with more right. And very scandalous hee is in his authoritie, for no sinne almost which hee will not commit. Hee will bee drunke with his hunters for companie, and flaine his Gentilitie with droppings of Ale. He is fearefull of being Sheriffe of the Shire by instinct, and dreads the Size-weke as
much as the Prisoner. In summe, he is but a clod of his owne earth; or his Land is the Dunghill, and he the Cocke that crowes ouer it. And commonly his race is quickly runne, and his Childrens Children, though they scape hanging, returne to the place from whence they came.


S one that was born and shapt for his Cloathes: and if Adam had not falne, had liu'd to no purpofe. Hee gratulates therefore the firft finne, and fig leaues that were an occasion of brauerie. His firft care is his dreffe, the next his bodie, and in the vniting of thef e two lies his foule and its faculties. Hee obferves London trulier then the Termers, and his bufinesse is the ftrete: the Stage the Court, and thofe places where a proper man is beft fhowne. If hee be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is fo much the more gentle and compleate, and hee learns the beaft [beft] oathes for the purpofe. Thofe are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newnesse as the fashion. His other talke is Ladies and fuch pretty things, or fome left at a Play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his discourse, fo does his body; the vpper parts whereof are as farcht as his linnen, and perchance the fame Laundreffe. Hee has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boote, and takes great delight in his walke to heare his Spurs gingle. Though his life passe somewhat flidingly, yet he feemes very carefull of the time, for hee is ftil drawing his Watch out of his Poket, and fpends part of his houres in numbring them. He is one neuer ferious but with his Taylor, when hee is in conspiracie for the next deuice. He is furnifht [with] his lefts, as fome wanderer with Sermons, fome three for all Congregations, one especially againft the Scholler, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knowes by no other definition, but a silly fellow in blacke. He is a kind of walking
Mercers Shop, and shewes you one Stuffe to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the roomes he comes in, as the faire bed and Hangings be; and is meerely ratable accordingly, fiftie or an hundred Pound as his suit is. His maine ambition is to get a Knight hood, and then an olde Ladie, which if he be happy in, he fils the Stage and a Coach so much longer. Otherwife, himselfe and his Cloathes grow ftaile together, and he is buried commonly ere hee dies in the Gaole, or the Country.

19. A Constable

S a Vice-roy in the street, and no man stands more vpon’t that he is the Kings Officer. His Jurisdiction extends to the next flocks, where hee ha’s Commision for the heeles only, and sets the rest of the body at libertie. Hee is a scar-crow to that Ale-house, where he drinks not his mornings draught, and apprehends a Drunkard for not standing in the Kings name. Beggers feare him more than the Iustice, and as much as the Whip flocke, whom hee deliuers ouer to his subordinate Magiftrates, the Bride-wel-man, and the Beadle. Hee is a great flickler in the tumults of double Jugges, and venters his head by his Place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is neuer so much in his Maiesty as in his Night-watch, where hee fits in his Chayre of State, a Shop-flail, and inuiron’d with a guard of Halberts, examines all passengers. Hee is a very carefull man in his Office, but if hee stay vp after Midnight, you shall take him napping.

20. A downe-right Scholler

S one that has much learning in the Ore, vnwrought and vntried, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good mettall in the inside, though rough and vnscour’d without, and therefore hated
CHARACTERS.

of the Courtier, that is quite contrarie. The time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no vnluckie absurdity, but is put vpon his profession, and done like a Scholler. But his fault is onely this, that his minde is somewhat much taken vp with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. Hee has not put on the quaint Garbe of the Age, which is now become a mans Totall. He has not humbled his Meditations to the industry of Complement, nor afflicted his braine in an elaborate legge. His body is not set vpon nice Pinnes, to bee turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely, and his nod worfe. He cannot kiffe his hand and cry Madame, nor talke idly enough to beare her company. His smacking of a Gentle-woman is somewhat too fauory, and he mistakes her nose for her lippe. A very Woodcocke would puzzle him in caruing, and hee wants the logicke of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding ouer a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the ieft. He names this word Colledge too often, and his discourse beats too much on the Vniuersity. The perplexity of mannerlinesse will not let him feed, and he is sharpe fet at an argument when hee should cut his meate. He is difcarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a Fiddle, but his fist is cluncht with the habite of disputing. Hee ascends a horse somwhat finiflerly, though not on the left side, and they both goe iogging in grieve together. He is exceedingly cenfur'd by the Innes a Court men, for that hainous Vice being out of fashion. Hee cannot speake to a Dogge in his owne Dialect, and vnderstands Greeke better then the language of a Falconer. Hee has beene vfed to a darke roome, and darke Clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin Doublet. The Hermitage of his Study, has made him som what vncoth
in the world, and men make him worfe by flaring on him. Thus is hee filly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a yeare, out of the Vniverfitie. But practife him a little in men, and brush him ore with good companie, and hee shall out balance thofe glifterers as much as a solid substance do's a feather, or Gold Gold-lace.


E knowes the right vfe of the World, wherein hee comes to play a part and so away, His life is not idle for it is all Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are vpon him. His profesfion ha's in it a kind of contra-faction, for none is more diflik'd, and yet none more applauded and hee ha's this misfortune of fome Scholler, too much witte makes him a foole. He is like our painting Gentle-women, feldome in his owne face, feldomer in his cloathes, and hee pleafes, the better hee counterfeits, except onely when hee is dif-guis'd with straw for gold lace. Hee do's not only perfonate on the Stage, but sometime in the Street, for hee is maskd still in the habite of a Gentleman. His Parts find him oathes and good words, which he keepes for his vfe and Difcourfe, and makes fnew with them of a fashionable Companion. He is tragicall on the Stage, but rampant in the Tyring-houfe, and fweares oathes there which he neuer con'd. The waiting women Spectators are ouer-eares in loue with him, and Ladies fend for him to act in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court men were vndone but for him, hee is their chiefe guest and imployment, and the sole busi-nessle that makes them After-noones men ; The Poet only is his Tyrant, and hee is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. Shroue-tuefday hee feares as much as the Baudes, and Lent is more damage to him then the Butcher. Hee was neuer fo
much discredited as in one Act, and that was of Parliament, which givs Hostlers Priuilege before him, for which hee abhors it more then a corrupt Judge. But to giue him his due, one wel-furnisht Actor has enough in him for five common Gentlemen, and if he haue a good body for xixe, and for resolution, hee shall Challenge any Cato, for it has beene his practife to die brauely.  

22. A Detractor

S one of a more cunning and actiue enuy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himselfe, but throwes it abroad and would haue it blister others. He is commonly some weake parted fellow, and worfe minded, yet is stranely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them downe with his Tongue to his owne pooreneffe. Hee is indeed like the red Dragon that pursuied the woman, for when hee cannot ouerreach another, hee opens his mouth and throwes a flood after to drowne him. You cannot anger him worfe then to doe well, and hee hates you more bitterly for this, then if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your owne discredit. He is always flighting the generall opinion, and wondering why such and such men should bee applauded. Commend a good Diuine, hee cryes Poffilling; a Philologer, Pedantry; a Poet, Ryming; a Schoole-man, dull wrangling; a sharpe conceit, Boy-iShnesse; an honest Man, plausibilitie. Hee comes to publique things not to learne, but to catch, and if there bee but one folocifme, that's all he carries away. Hee lookes on all things with a prepared fowrenesfe, and is still furnisht with a Pith before hand, or some mufty Prouerbe that dif-relishes all things whatsoeuer. If feare of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a Law-writ, alwaies with a clause and exception, or to smooth his way to some greater scandall. Hee will grant you
something, and bate more; and this bating shal in conclusion take away all hee granted. His speech concludes full with an Oh but, and I could with one thing amended; and this one thing shal be enough to deface all his former commendations. Hee will bee very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his flanders hereafter more authentick, when it is said a friend reported it. Hee will inveigle you to naughtinesse to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to shew you reeling. Hee passe the more plausible because all men haue a fmatch of his humour, and it is thought freenes which is malice. If hee can say nothing of a man, hee will seeme to speake riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if hee would: and when hee has rackt his inuention to the uttermost, hee ends: But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. Hee is always listening and enquiring after men, and suffers not a cloake to passe by him vnexamind. In briefe, hee is one that has loft all good himselfe, and is loth to finde it in another.

23. A meere young Gentleman of the Vniuersitie

Is one that comes there to weare a gowne, and to say hereafter, hee has beene at the Vniuersitie. His Father sent him thither, because hee heard there were the beft Fencing and Dancing Schooles, from thefe he has his Education, from his Tutor the over-fight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewne the Colledges, and initiated in a Tauerne by the way, which hereafter hee will learne of himselfe. The two markes of his Senioritie, is the bare Veluet of his gowne, and his proficiencie at Tennis, where when hee can once play a Set, he is a Fresh-man no more. His Studie has commonly handsome Shelues, his Bookes neate Silke strings, which hee shewes to his
Fathers man, and is loth to vntye or take downe for feare of misplacing. Vpon foule dayes for recreation hee retys thither, and looks ouer the prety booke his Tutor Reades to him, which is commonly some short Historie, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his Tutor giues him Money to spend next day. His maine loytering is at the Library, where hee studies Armes and bookes of Honour, and turns a Gentleman-Critick in Pedigrees. Of all things hee endures not to be miflaken for a Scholler, and hates a black fuit though it bee of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily some flate fellow, that ha's beene notorious for an Ingle to gold hatbands, whom hee admires at first, afterward fcornes. If hee haue'spirit or wit, hee may light of better company, and may learne some flashes of wit, which may doe him Knights seruice in the Country hereafter. But hee is now gone to the Inns of Court, where hee studies to forget what hee learn'd before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

24. A Pot-Poet

S the dreggs of wit; yet mingled with good drinke may haue some rellish. His Inspira-tions are more reall then others; for they doe but faine a God, but hee has his by him. His Verfes run like the Tap, and his inuention as the Barrell, ebs and flowes at the mercy of the spiggot. In thin drinke hee aspires not aboue a Ballad, but a cup of Sacke inflames him, and fets his Mufe and Nose a fire together. The Presse is his Mint, and flamps him now and then a fixe pence or two in reward of the bafer coyne his Pamphlet. His workes would scarce fell for three halfe pence, though they are giuen oft for three Shillings, but for the pretty Title that allures the Country Gentleman: and for which the Printer maintaines him in Ale a fort-night. His Verfes are like his clothes, miserable Cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether
fo hобling as an Almanacks. The death of a great man or the burning of a house furnish him with an Argument, and the nine Muses are out ftrait in mourning gowne, and Malpomine cryes Fire, Fire. His other Poems are but Briefs in Rime, and like the poore Greekes collections to redeeme from captivity. He is a man now much impoy'd in commendations of our Naue, and a bitter inueigher againft the Spaniard. His frequent'fl Workes goe out in fingle sheets, and are chanted from market to market, to a vile tune, and a worfe throat: whilst the poore Country wench melts like her butter to heare them. And these are the Stories of some men of Tiburne, or a strange Monster out of Germany: or sitting in a Baudy-houfe, hee writes Gods Iudgements. Hee ends at last in some obscure painted Cloth, to which himselfe made the Verfes, and his life like a Canne too full fpils vpon the bench. He leaues twenty flhillings on the fcore, which my Hofteffe looses.


The Kitchin is his Hell, and hee the Diuell in it, where his meate and he frye together. His Reuennues are show'd downe from the fat of the Land, and he enterlards his owne greafe among to helpe the drippings. Colericke hee is, not by nature fo much as his Art, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping knife is fo neare. His weapons ofter offeniue, are a meffe of hot broth and scalding water, and woe bee to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchin he will domineere, and rule the rofte, in fpight of his Master, and Curfes is the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meere blustering and furie, and his Speech like that of Sailors in a florme, a thousand busineses at once, yet in all this tumult hee do's not love combustion, but will bee the firft man that shall goe and quench it. Hee is neuer good Christian till a hizzing
Pot of Ale has flak't him, like Water cast on a firebrand, and for that time hee is tame and dispos'd. His cunning is not small in Architecture, for hee builds strange Fabricks in Paste, Towres and Castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and like Darius his Pallace, in one Banquet demolisht. Hee is a pittilefe murderer of Innocents, and hee mangles poor foules with vnheard of tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs perfections were deuised from hence, fure we are Saint Lawrence his Gridiron came out of his Kitchin. His best facultie is at the Dreffier, where hee seemes to have great skill in the Tractikes, ranging his Dishes in order, Militarie: and placing with great discretion in the fore-front meates more strong and hardy and the more cold and cowardly in the reare, as quaking Tarts, and quiuering Custards, and such milke fop Dishes which scape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second Courfe is gone vp, and hee downe into the Sellar, where hee drinkes and sleepeis till foure a clocke in the afternoone, and then returns againe to his Regiment.

26. A forward bold Man

S a lufty fellow in a crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow then his legges, for he do's not go, but thrusts well. Hee is a good shuffler in the world, wherein he is fo oft putting forth, that at length he puts on. He can doe something, but dare doe much more, and is like a desperate soldier, who will assualt any thing where hee is sure not to enter. He is not so well opinion'd of himselfe, as induftrious to make other; and thinke [thinks] no vice so prejudiciall as blushing. Hee is still citing for himselfe, that a candle should not be hid vnnder a bu失hell, and for his part, he will be sure not to hide his, though his candle bee but a snuffe or Rush-candle. These few good parts hee has, hee is no niggard in displaying, and is like fome needy
flanting Gold-smith, no thing in the inner roome, but all on the cup-boord: If he be a scholler, he ha's commonly flept into the Pulpit before a degree; yet into that too before he deseru'd it. Hee neuer defteres St. Maries beyond his regencie, and his next Sermon is at Pauls Croffe, and that printed. He loues publike things alife: and for any folemne entertainment he will find a mouth, find a speech who will. Hee is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinkes it no small aduancement to rife to bee knowne. His talke at the table is like Beniamins meffe, fiue times to his part, and no argument fluts him out for a quarrellour. Of all displaces heindures not to bee Non-bluf, and had rather flye for Sanctuary to Non fenfe, which few can defcry, then to nothing which all. His boldnesse is beholding to other mens modeftie, which rescues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and hee is daft out of any thing fooner then Countenance. Groffer conceites are puzzel'd in him for a rare man, and wifer men, though they know him, take him for their pleafure, or as they would doe a Sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at laft flumbles on him bicaufe, hee is flill in the way. His Companions that flouted him before, now enuie him, when they see him come readie for Scarlet, whilst themefelves lye Muftie in their old Clothes and Colledges.


O man verifies the Prouerbe more, that it is an Almef-deed to punifh him: for his penalty is a Dole, and do's the Beggers as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore workes of Charitie, and thinkes his Bread cafl away when it is giuen to the poore. He loues not Iuftice neither, for the weigh-scales fake, and hates the Clarke of the Market as his Executioner: yet hee findes mercy in his offences,
and his Basket onely is sent to Prison. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and he neuer heares well after.

28. A plaine Country Fellow

S one that manures, his ground well, but lets himselfe lie fallow and vntil'd. Hee has reaon enough to doe his businesse, and not enough to bee idle or melancholy. Hee feemes to haue the iudge-ment of Nabuchadnezar: for his converfation is among beafts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eates not graffe, becaufe hee loues not fallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-marke is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his Oxen very vnderstandingly, and speaks Gee and Ree better then English. His mind is not much diftracted with obiects: but if a good fat Cowe come in his way, he stands dumbe and aflonift, and though his haile bee neuer fo great, will fixe here halfe an houres contemplation. His habitation is some poore Thatcht roofe, differing from his Barn, by the loope-holes that let out fmoak, which the raine had long since waft thorow, but for the double feeling of Bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his Grandfires time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His Dinner is his other worke, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible faflner on a piece of Beefe, and you may hope to flawe the Guard off sooner. His Religion is a part of his Copy-hold, which hee takes from his Land-lord, and refers it wholly to his discretion. Yet if hee giue him leauie, he is a good Chriftian to his power (that is) comes to Church in his befT clothes, and fits there with his Neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Prayers, for raines and faire weather. Hee apprehends Gods bleffings onely in a Good Yeere, or a Fat pasture, and neuer
praiseth him but on good ground. Sunday he esteemes a day to make merry in, and thinkes a Bag-pipe as essentiaall to it, as Euening-Prayer, where hee walkes very solemnly after seruice with his hands coupled behind him, and cenfures the dauncing of his parish. His complement with his Neighbour, is a good thumpe on the backe; and his salutation, commonly some blunt Curfe. Hee thinks nothing to bee vices but Pride and ill husbandrie, for which hee wil grauely difswade youth and has some thriftie Hobnayle Proverbes to Clout his discoure. He is a niggard all the Weeke except onely Market-day, where if his Corne fell well, hee thinkes hee may be drunk with a good Conscience. His feete never flinke fo vnbecomingly, as when hee trots after a Lawyer in Westminifter-hall, and euens cleaves the ground with hard scraping, in befeeching his Worfhip to take his money. Hee is fenisible of no calamitie but the burning of a Stacke of Corne, or the ouer-flowing of a Medow, and thinkes Noah's Flood the greateft Plague that euer was, not because it Drowned the World, but spoil'd the graffe. For Death hee is neuer troubled, and if hee get in but his Harueft before, let it come when it wil he cares not.


He is now out of Natures protection, though not yet able to guide himselfe: But left loose to the World, and Fortune, from which the weaknesse of his Childhood preferu'd him: and now his strength expofes him. Hee is indeed iuft of age to be miserable, yet in his owne conceit first begins to be happy; and hee is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt is lesse. He sees yet but the outside of the World and Men, and conceiues them according to their appearing glister, and out of this ignorance beleuues them. He pursues all vanities for happinesse, and enjoyes them best in this fancy. His reafon ferves
not to curbe, but vnderfland his appetite, and profe-
cute the motions thereof with a more eager earneftnes. Himselfe is his owne temptation, and needs not Satan; and the World will come hereafter. Hee leaues re-
pentance for gray hayres, and performes it in being couetous. Hee is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and cuftome, with which he longs to bee acquainted; and Sinnes to better his vnderflan-
ding. He conceiues his Youth as the feason of his Luft, and the Houre wherein hee ought to bee bad: and because he would not lofe his time, fpends it. He diuerts Religion as a sad thing, and is fixe yeeres elder for a thought of Heauen. Hee scornes and feares, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. Hee loves and hates with the fame inflama-
tion: and when the heate is ouer, is coole alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is feldome fo ftedfaft, but that luft, drinke, or anger may overturne it. He offers you his blood to day in kindneffe, and is readie to take yours to morrow. He do's feldome any thing which hee wishes not to doe againe, and is onely wife after a misfortune. Hee suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deale of folly it is makes him a wife man. Hee is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more vertuous out of weaknesse. Everie action is his danger, and every man his ambush. Hee is a Shippe without Pilot or Tackling, and only good fortune may fleere him. If hee fcape this age, hee ha's fcap't a Tempeft, and may liue to be a Man.

30. The common finging-men in Cathedrall Churches

Re a bad Society, and yet a Company of good Fellowes, that roare deep in the Quire deeper in the Tauerne. They are the eighth part of Speech, which goe to the Syntaxis of Service, and are distinguish't by
their noyse much like Bells, for they make not a Confort but a Peale. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted that they serve God oftent when they are drunke. Their humanity is a legge to the Resi- dencer, their learning a Chapter, for they learne it commonly before they read it, yet the old Hebrew names are little beholding to them, for they mif-call them worse then one another. Though they never expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and pol- lute the Gospell with two things, their Conuerfation, and their thumbes. Vpon Worky-dayes they behaue themselfes at Prayers as at their Pots, for they swallow them downe in an instant. Their Gownes are lac’d commonly with streamings of Ale, the superfluities of cups or throat aboue meaure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their Anthemes abler to finge Catches. Long-liu’d for the most part they are not, especially the base, they ouer flow their banke so oft to drowne the Organs. Briefly, if they escape arrefling, they dye conftantly in Gods Service; and to eake [take] their death with more patience, they haue Wine and Cakes at their Funerall: and now they keepe the Church a great deale better, and helpe to fill it with their bones as before with their noile.

31. A Pretender to Learning

Tis one that would make others more fooles then himselfe; for though he know no- thing, he would not haue the world know so much. He conceits nothing in Learn- ing but the opinion, which he seekes to purchase without it, though hee might with leffe la- bour cure his ignorance, then hide it. He is indeed a kind of Scholler-Mountebank, and his Art, our delusion. He is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the firft encounter none passes
CHARACTERS.

better. Hee is oftner in his study, then at his Booke, and you cannot pleafure him better, then to depre-
hend him. Yet he heares you not till the third
knocke, and then comes out very angry, as inter-
rupted. You find him in his Slippers, and a Pen in
his eare, in which formality he was asleep. His Table
is spred wide with some Clafficke Folio, which is as
constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the
fame Page this half yeere. His Candle is always a
longer fitter vp then himselfe, and the boaf of his
Window at Midnight. He walkes much alone in the
Pofture of Meditation, and ha's a Booke ftil before
his face in the fields. His pocket is feldome without
a Greeke Testament, or Hebrew Bible, which hee
opens only in the Church, and that when fome flander
by lookes ouer. He has his sentences for Company,
some fcatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good
vpon all occafions. If he read any thing in the
morning, it comes vp all at dinner: and as long as
that lafls, the discourse is his. Hee is a great Plagiarie
of Tauerne-wit: and comes to Sermons onely that
hee may talke of Aujlin. His Parcels are the meere
fcrapings from Company, yet he complains at parting
what time he has loft. He is wondroufly capricious
to feeme a judgement, and lifens with a fowre at-
tention, to what hee vnderflands not. Hee talkes much
of Scaliger and Causabone, and the Iefuites, and pre-
fers fome vnheard-of Dutch name before them all.
He has verses to bring in vpon these and thefe hints,
and it fhall goe hard but he will wind in his oppor-
tunity. Hee is critica1l in a language hee cannot
confer, and speaks feldome vnder Arminius in
Diunity. His businesse and retirement and caller
away is his Study, and he protests no delight to it
comparable. Hee is a great Nomen-clator of Authors,
which hee has read in generall in the Catalogue, and
in particular in the Title, and goes feldome fo farre
as the Dedication. Hee neuer talkes of any thing but
learning, and learnes all from talking. Three in-
counters with the same men pumpe him, and then hee onely puts in, or grauely fayes nothing. He ha's taken paines to be an Affe, though not to be a Scholler, and is at length discoyered and laught at.

32. A Shop-keeper.

Is Shop is his well fluft Booke, and himselfe the Title-page of it, or Index. Hee vtters much to all men, though he fels but to a few, and intreats for his owne necessitie by asking others what they lacke. No man fpeakes more and no more, for his words are like his Wares, twentie of one fort, and he goes ouer them alike to all commers. Hee is an arrogan commoder of his owne things; for whatsoever hee fhewes you, is the beft in the Towne, though the worst in his Shop. His Conscience was a thing, that would haue layde vpon his hands, and he was forc't to put it off: and makes great vfe of honeftie to professe vpon. Hee tells you lyes by rote, and not minding, as the Phrase to fell in, and the Language hee fpent moft of his yeeres to learne. He neuer fpeakes fo truely, as when hee fayes hee would vfe you as his Brother, for hee would abufe his brother; and in his Shop, thinkes it lawfull. His Religion is much in the nature of his Cuftomers, and indeed the Pander to it: and by a misinterpreted fense of Scripture makes a gaine of his Godlineffe. Hee is your flauie while you pay him ready Money, but if hee once befriend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deferue his hate then his trust.

33. A handsome Hosteffe

S the fairer commendation of an Inne, aboue the faire Signe or faire Lodgings. She is the Loadtone that attractes men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleaue sometymes long, and are not easily got off.
CHARACTERS. 55

Her Lips are your wel-come, and your entertainement her companie, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the dearest parcell in it: No Citizens wife is demurer then shee at the first greeting, nor drawes in her mouth with a chafier simper, but you may be more familiar without distaste, and shee do's not startle at Baudry. She is the confusion of a Pottle of Sacke more then would haue beene spent elf-where, and her litle Lugs are accepted, to haue her Kiffe excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not beleue'd so in her Parish, and no man is a greater Infidel in it then her Husband.

34. A Blunt Man

S one whose wit is better pointed then his behaviour, and that course, and Impollisht not out of ignorance so much as humour. He is a great enemy to the fine Gentleman, and those things of Complement, and hates ceremonie in conversaition, as the Puritan in Religion. Hee distinguiuishes not betwixt faire and double-dealing, and suspects all smoothnesse for the dreffe of knauerie. Hee starts at the encounter of a Salutation, as an assault, and beseeches you in choller to forbeare your courteous. Hee loues not any thing in Discourse that comes before the purpofe, and is alwaies suspicious of a Preface. Himselfe falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except hee vfe an old Proverbe for an Introduction. Hee sweares olde out of date innocent othes, as by the Maffe, by our Ladie, and such like, and though there bee Lords present, he cryes, My Masters. Hee is exceedingly in loue with his Humour, which makes him alwayes professe and proclaime it, and you must take what he fayes patiently, because he is a plaine man. His nature is his excuse still, and other mens Tyrant: for hee must speake his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not
pardonning you. His lefts best become him, because they come from him rudely and vnaffected: and hee has the lucke commonly to haue them famous. Hee is one that will doe more then he will speake, and yet speake more then hee will heare: for though hee loue to touch others, hee is teachy himselfe, and feldome to his own abufes replyes but with his Fifts. Hee is as fqueazy of his commendations as his courtesie, and his good word is like an Elogie in a Satyre. Hee is generally better fauour'd then hee fauours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speakes treafon more securely. Hee chides great men with most boldnesse, and is counted for it an honest fellow. Hee is grumbling much in the behalfe of the Commonwealth, and is in Prifon oft for it with credit. Hee is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downe rightnesse credits him, as a man not wel bended and crookned to the times. In conclusion, hee is not easily bad, in whom this qualitie is Nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous since hee is disguis'd in a humour, that professtes not to disguife.

35. A Criticke

S one that has speld ouer a great many of Bookes, and his obseruation is the Ortho-graphic. Hee is the Surgeon of old Authors, and heales the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and Defunt multa's, and if he piece it vp with two Lines, he is more proud of that Booke then the Authour. Hee runnes ouer all Sciences to peruse their Syntaxis, and thinkes all Learning compris'd in writing Latine. Hee tastes Styles, as some discreeter Palats doe Wine; and tells you which is Genuine, which Sophisticate and bastard. His owne Phrafe is a Mifcellany of old words, deceas'd long before the Cæjars, and entoomb'd by Varro, and the modern’st
CHARACTERS.

man hee followes, is Plautus. Hee writes Omneis at length, and quiequid, and his Gerund is most inconformable. Hee is a trouble troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise vp to the Judgement of his castigations. He is one that makes all Bookes fell dearer, whilst he swells them into Folio's with his Comments.

36. A Sergeant or Catch-pole

S one of Gods Judgements; and which our Roarers doe onely conceiue terrible. Hee is the properest shape wherein they fonce Satan; for hee is at most but an Arrester, and Hell a Dungeon. Hee is the Creditors Hawke, wherewith they feaze vp on flying Birds, and fetch them againe in his Tallons. He is the Period of young Gentlemen, or their full stop, for when hee meets with them they can go no farther. His Ambush is a Shop Stall, or close Lane, and his Assault is cowardly at your backe. He respites you in no place but a Tauerne, where he fels his Minutes dearer then a Clocke-maker. The common way to runne from him, is through him, which is often attempted and atchieued, and no man is ofter beaten out of Charitie. He is one makes the streete more dangerous then the High-ways, and men goe better prouded in their walkes then their Iourney. Hee is the first handfell of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulfe, as an Hungarian of killing a Turke. He is a moueable Prifon, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off. Hee is an occasioner of disloyall thoughts in the Commonwealth, for he makes men hate the Kings Name worfe then the Deuils.
CHARACTERS.

37. A weake Man

So one whom Nature huddled vp in haste, and left his best part vndone. The rest of him is growne to bee a man, onely his braine stayes behind. Hee is a man that ha's not improou'd his first rudiments, nor attain'd any proficiencie by his lay in the world: but wee may speake of him yet, as when hee was in the budde, a goodemeffe nature, a well meaning mind, if hee could order his intentions. It is his misery that hee now most wants a Tutor, and is too old to haue one. Hee is two steps aboue a foole, and a great many mo below a wife-man: yet the foole is oft giuen him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are: Hee loues men better vpon relation then experience: for he is exceedingly ena-mour'd of Strangers, and none quicker a weary of his friends. Hee charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance growes more referu'd. Indeed hee is one that mistakes much his abufers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and hee apprehends your hate in nothing so much, as in good counfell. One that is flexible with any thing but reafon, and then only peruerfe; and you may better intice then perfwade him. A servuant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the laft man still works ouer. A great affeeter of wits and fuch pretinefles; and his company is coftly to him, for he seldom ha's it but inuited. His friendship commonly is begun in a fupper and loft in lending money. The Tauerne is a dangerous place to him, for to drinke and to be drunke, is with him all one, and his braine is sooner quench'd then his thirst. He is drawn into naughti-nes with company, but suffers alone, and the Baflard commonly laid to his charge. One that will bee patiently abus'd, and take exceptions a Moneth after when he vnderstands it, and then not [you cannot] endeare him more then by coozening him, and it is a temptation
CHARACTERS.

59
to those that would not. One discouerable in all fillineffes to all men but himfelfe, and you may take any mans knowledge of him better then his owne. Hee will promife the fame thing to twenty, and rather then denie one, breake with all. One that ha's no power o're himfelfe, o're his busineffe, o're his friends: but a prey and pitie to all: and if his fortunes once finke, men quickly crie, Alas, and forget him.

38. A Tobacco-feller

S the onely man that finds good in it which others brag of, but doe not; for it is meate, drinke, and clothes to him. No man opens his ware with greater ferioufneffe, or challenges your judgement more in the approbation. His Shop is the Randeuous of spitting, where men dialogue with their nofes, and their communication is fmoke. It is the place onely where Spaine is commended, and prefer'd before England it felfe. He should be wel experienc'd in the world: for he ha's daily tryall of mens noftrils, and none is better acquainted with humors. Hee is the piecing commonly of fome other trade, which is bawd to his Tobacco, and that to his wife, which is the flame that followes this fmoke.

39. A plausible Man

S one that would faine run an euen path in the world, and iutt againft no man. His endeuour is not to offend, and his ayme the generall opinion. His conuerfation is a kind of continued Complement, and his life practice of manners. The relation hee beares to others, a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship, but friendlines, which is equall to all and generall, and his kindneffes feldom exceed courtefies. Hee loues not deeper mutualities, becaufe he would not take fides, nor hazard himfelfe on displeaures, which he
principally avoids. At your first acquaintance with him hee is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly still. He has an excellent command over his patience and tongue, especially the laft, which hee accommodates always to the times and perfons, and speakes feldome what is fincere, but what is ciuill. He is one that vfes all companies, drinkes all healths, and is reaonable coole in all Religons. He can listen to a foolish discourse with an applauſfue attention, and conceale his Laughter at Non-fenfe. Silly men much honour and efteeeme him, because by his faire reafoning with them as with men of vnderfaanding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themſelves, and makes them forwarder heereafter to their owne difcouerie. Hee is one rather well thought on then belou'd, and that loue he ha's, is more of whole companies together then any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithstanding with a good report, and what-euer vices he ha's besides, yet hauing no enemies, he is fure to be an honeſſ fellow.

40. The Worlds wise Man

S an able and sufficient wicked man, it is a proofe of his sufficiency that hee is not called wicked, but wife. A man wholly determin'd in himſelfe and his owne ends, and his instrument: herein any thing that will doe it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they ferue this worke, vs'd or laid by. Indeed hee knowes not this thing of friend, but if hee giue you the name, it is a signe he ha's a plot on you. Neuer more actiuie in his businesſes, then when they are mixt with some harme to others: and tis his best play in this Game to strike off and lie in the place. Successfull commonly in theſe vndertakings, because he paffes smoothly thoſe rubs which others flumble at, as Confidence and the like: and gratulates himſelfe much in this aduantage: Oathes and falfhood he counts the
neereft way, and loues not by any meanes to goe about. Hee has many fine quips at this folly of plaine dealing, but his tufh is greatest at Religion, yet hee vves this too, and Vertue, and good Words, but is leffe dangerously a Diuel then a Saint. He ascribes all honestie to an vnpractis'dnesse in the World: and Confcience a thing meerely for Children. Hee scornes all that are fo filly to truft him, and onely not scornes his enemie; eespecially if as bad as himselfe: He feares him as a man well arm'd, and prouided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the moft vanquishable. One that serioufly admires those worst Princes, as Sforza, Borgia, and Richard the Third: and calls matters of deepe villany things of difficultie. To whom murders are but resolute Acts, and Treason a business of great conquence. One whom two or three Countries make vp to this compleatnesse, and he ha's traueld for the purpofe. His deepeft indearment is a communication of mischiefe, and then onely you haue him faft. His conclusion is commonly one of these two, either a Great Man, or hang'd.

41. A Bowle Alley

S the place where there are three things throwne away beside Bowls, to wit, time, money and curfes, and the laft ten for one. The beft Sport in it is the Gamefters, and he enjoyes it that lookes on and bets not. It is the Schoole of wrangling, and worfe then the Schooles, for men will cauill here for an haires breadth, and make a flirre where a flraw would end the controuersie. No Anticke, screwes mens bodies into fuch strange flexures, and you would think them fensleffe, to speake fenfe to their Bowle, and put their truft in intreaties for a good caft. The Betters are the factious noife of the Alley, or the gamefters beads-men that pray for them. They are somewhat like those that are cheated by great Men, for they lose their
mony and must say nothing. It is the best discovery of humors, especially in the losers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whilst some fret, some raile, some sweare, and others more ridiculously comfort themselves with Philosophy. To give you the Morall of it; It is the Emblem of the world, or the worlds ambition: where most are short, or ouer, or wide or wrong Byas't, and some fewiuftle in to the Miftris Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the nearest are most fpighted, and all blowes aym'd at the Toucher.

42. A Surgeon

As one that has some business about his Building or little house of man, whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and hee the Playfterer. It is ofter out of reparations, then an old Parfonage, and then he is set on worke to patch it againe. Hee deals most with broken Commodities, as a broken Head, or a mangled face, and his gainses are very ill got, for he liues by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Phyfitian as a fore do's from a diseafe, or the ficke from those that are not whole, the one distempers you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of the decay of Valour in these daies, and sighes for that flashing Age of Sword and Buckler; and thinkes the Law against Duels, was made meerly to wound his Vocation. Hee had beene long since vndone, if the charitie of the Stewes had not relieued him, from whom he ha's his Tribute as duely as the Pope, or a wind-fall sometimes from a Tauerne, if a quart Pot hit right. The rarenesse of his cuslome mak[e]s him pittileffe when it comes: and he holds a Patient longer then our Courts a Caufe. Hee tells you what danger you had beene in if he had flaid but a minute longer, and though it bee but a prickt finger, hee makes of it much matter. He is a reasonable cleanly man, considering the Scabs hee ha's to deale
with, and your finest Ladies now and then are beholding to him for their best dressings. Hee curses old Gentlewomen, and their charity that mak[es] his Trade their Almes: but his enui is neuer fir'd so much as when Gentlemen goe ouer to fight vpon Calice Sands, whome hee wishes drown'd ere they come there, rather then the French shal get his Custome.

43. A Shee precise Hypocrite

S one in whom good Women suffer, and haue their truth mis-interpreted by her folly. She is one, she knows not what her selfe if you ask her, but shee is indeed one that ha's taken a toy at the fashion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. Shee is a Nonconformift in a close Stomacher and Ruffle of Geneua Print, and her puritie consists much in her Linen. Shee ha's heard of the Rag of Rome, and thinkes it a very fluttish Religion, and rayles at the Whore of Babylon for a very naughty Woman. Shee ha's left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her devotion at the Church is much in the turning vp of her eye, and turning downe the leafe in her booke when shee heares nam'd Chapter and Verse. When she comes home, shee commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two hours. She loues Preaching better then Praying, and of Preachers Lecturers, and thinkes the Weekedayes Exercise farre more edifying then the Sundaies. Her ofteft Gossipings are Sabaothdayes journeys, where (though an enemy to Superstition) shee will goe in Pilgrimage five mile to a silenc'd Minister, when there is a better Sermon in her owne Parish. Shee doubts of the Virgin Marie's Saluation, and dare not Saint her, but knowes her owne place in heauen as perfectly, as the Pew shee ha's a key to. Shee is so taken vp with Faith, shee ha's no roome for Charity, and vnderlands no good
Workes, but what are wrought on the Sampler. She accounts nothing Vices but Superflution, and an Oath, and thinkes Adultery a leffe sinne, then to sweare by my Truely. Shee rayles at other Women by the names of Jesabel and Dalilah: and calls her owne daughters Rebecka and Abigail, and not Anne but Hannah. Shee sufferers them not to learne on the Virginal, because of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bells for the Chymes fake, since they were reform'd to the tune of a Pfalme. She ouer flowes fo with the Bible, that she spils it vpon every occasion, and wil not Cudgell her Maides without Scripture. It is a question, whether shee is more troubled with the Diuell or the Diuell with her: shee is always challenging and daring him, and her weapons are Spels no leffe potent then different, as being the same Sentences of some of her owne Sectaries. No thingangers her so much as that Woemen cannot Preach, and in this point onely thinkes the Brownif erroneous: but what shee cannot at the Church, shee do's at the Table, where she prattles more then any againft fenfe, and Antichrift, till a Capon wing silence her. She expounds the Priests of Baal Reading Minifters, and thinkes the Saluation of that Parish as desperate as the Turkes. Shee is a maine derider to her capacitie of those that are not her Preachers, and cenfures all Sermons but bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradfman, shee helps him to Cuflomers, how fouver to good cheere, and they are a most faithful couple at these meetings: for they neuer faile. Her Confcience is like others Luft neuer fatisfied, and you might better anfwere Scotus then her Scruples. Shee is one that thinkes shee performes all her duty to God in hearing, and shewes the fruities of it in talking. Shee is more fiery againft the May-pole then her Husband, and thinkes he might doe a Phinehas his act to break the pate of the Fiddler. She is an ever-lafting Argument; but I am weary of her.
44. A Contemplative Man

Is a Scholler in this great University the World; and the fame his Booke and Study. Hee cloysters not his Meditations in the narrow darknesse of a Roome, but sends them abroad with his Eyes, and his Braine travels with his Feete. He looks vpon Man from a high Tower, and sees him truely at this distance in his Infirmities and pooreness. He scornes to mixe himselfe in mens actions, as he would to act vpon a Stage; but fits aloft on the Scaffold a cenfuring Spectator. Nature admits him as a partaker of her Sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her owne Workes, and variety. Hee comes not in Company, because hee would not be solitary, but findes Discourse enough with himselfe, and his owne thoughts are his excellent play-fellowes. He lookes not vpon a thing as a yawning Stranger at nouelties: but his search is more mysterius and inward, and hee spels Heauen out of earth. He knits his obseruations togetheter, and makes a Ladder of them all to climbe to God. He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to imploy it, and is aboue those ends that make men wicked. He ha's learnt all can heere be taught him, and comes now to Heauen to see more.

45. An Atourney.

Is Ancient beginning was a blue coat, since a liuery, and his hatching vnder a Law[y]er; whence though but pen-feather'd, hee hath now nested for himselfe, and with his horded pence purchaft an Office. Two Deskes, and a quire of Paper set him vp, where he now fits in state for all commers. We can call him no great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his
CHARACTERS.

Hee ha's some smatch of a Scholler, and yet vses Latine very hardly, and left it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speake out. He is contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is his poore country Clients, that worship him more then their Landlord, and be there neuer such charles, he lookes for their curtesie. He first racks them soundly himselfe, and then deliurers them to the Lawier for execution. His looks are very soliciitous importing much hast and dispatch, he is neuer without his hanfull of businesse, that is, of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as parchment and his face as intricate as the most winding caufe. He talkes Statutes as fiercely, as if he had mooted seuen yeers in the Inns of Court; when all his skill is flucke in his girdle, or in his office window. Strife and wrangling haue made him rich, and he is thankfull to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he liue in a Country village, he makes all his neighbours good Subiects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His businesse giues him not leaue to thinke of his conscience, and when the time, or terme of his life is going out, for Doomef-day he is secure; for he hopes he has a tricke to reuerfe judgement.

46. A Scepticke in Religion

S one that hangs in the ballance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirres him and none fwayes him. A man guiltier of credulity then he is taken to bee; for it is out of his beleefe of every thing, that hee fully beleeves nothing. Each Religion scharres him from it's contrary: none perfwades him to it selle. Hee would be wholy a Chriftian, but that he is somthing of an Atheift, and wholy an Atheift, but that hee is partly a Chriftian; and a perfect Here-tick, but that there are fo many to diftraict him. He
finds reason in all opinions, truth in none: indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him. He is at most a confused and wild Christian, not specializ'd, by any forme, but capable of all. He vses the Land's Religion, because it is next him, yet hee sees not why hee may not take the other, but he chuses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and scruples better then resolves them, and is always too hard for himselfe. His Learning is too much for his brayne; and his judgment too little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both spoyle all. Pity it was his mischance of being a Scholler: for it do's only distract and irregulate him and the world by him. He hammers much in generall upon our opinions vncertainty, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalnesse of Religion to Countries, that Protestantisme should bee borne so in England and Popery abroad, and that fortune and the Starres should so much share in it. Hee likes not this connexion of the Common-weale, and Diuinity, and feares it may be an Arch-practice of State. In our differences with Rome he is strangely vnfix't, and a new man euery day, as his last discourse-books Meditations transport him. Hee could like the gray haires of Poperie, did not some dotages their flagger him; hee would come to vs sooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their Miracles but doubts an impudence; hee conceues of our Doctrine better but it seemes too empty and naked. He cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly perfwaded to thinke their old Legends true. He approues wel of our Faith, and more of their workes, and is sometimes much affected at the zeale of Amsterdam. His conscience interpofes, it selfe betwixt Duellers, and whilst it would part both, is by both wounded. He will somtimes propend much to vs vpon the reading a good Writer, and at Bellarmine recoyles as farre backe
again; and the Fathers iustle him from one side to another. Now Sosinaas and Vorflius afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse then himselfe. He puts his foot into Herefies tenderly, as a Cat in the water, and pulls it out againe, and still something unanswer'd delays him yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner picke all Religions out of him then one. He cannot thinke so many wise men should be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way and his wounder is doubled, when he sees these oppose one another. He hates authority as the Tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse then with a Fathers dixit, and yet that many are not persuaded with reason, shall authorize his doubt. In summe, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death onely concludes, and then he is resolu'd.

47. A Partiall Man

As the opposite extreame to a Defamer, for the one speakes ill falsely, and the other well, and both slander the Truth. He is one that is still weighing men in the Scale of Comparisons, and puts his affection in the one ballance and that sways. His friend alwayes shall doe best, and you shall rarely heare good of his enemy. Hee considers first the man, and then the thing, and restraines all merit to what they deferue of him. Commendations hee esteemes not the debt of Worth, but the requitall of kindnesse : and if you aske his reason, shewes his Intereft and tells you how much he is beholding to that Man. Hee is one that ties his judgment to the Wheele of Fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He prefers England before other Countries, because he was borne there, and Oxford before other Vniuersties, because hee was brought vp there, and the best Scholler there, is one of his owne Colledge, and the best Scholler there is
one of his friends. Hee is a great fauourer of great perfons, and his argument is full that which should bee Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore vertuous, he is prefer'd, therefore worthy. Neuer aske his opinion, for you shall heare but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conscience. Men esteeme him for this a zealous affectionate, but they mistake him many times, for hee does it but to bee esteemed so. Of all men hee is worth to write an Historie, for hee will praise a Seianus or Tiberius, and for some pettie reipect of his all posteritie shall bee cofen'd.

48. A Trumpeter

T

S the Elephant with the great Trunke, for hee eates nothing but what comes through this way. His Profeffion is not so worthy as to occasion insolence, and yet no man so much pufht vp. His face is as Brazen as his Trumpet, and (which his worfe) as a Fidlers, from whom hee differeth onely in this, that his impudence is dearer. The Sea of Drinke, and much wind make a Storme perpetually in his Cheeks, and his looke is like his noyfe, blustering and tempestuous. Hee wa's whilome the found of Warre, but now of Peace; yet as terrible as euer, for wherefoeuer hee comes they are sure to pay for't. He is the common attendant of glittering folkes, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is alwaies the Prologues Prologue. He is somewhat in the nature of a Hoghed shrillest when he is empty; when his belly is full hee is quiet enough. No man proues life more to bee a blast, or himfelfe a bubble, and he is like a counterfeit Bankrupt, thrives beft when he is blowne vp.
49. A vulgar-spirited Man

Is one of the heard of the World. One that followes meereely the common crye, and makes it louder by one. A man that loues none but who are publikely af­fected, and he will not be wiser then the rest of the Towne. That neuer ownes a friend after an ill name, or some generall imputation though he knowes it most vnworthy. That opposes to reafon, Thus men say, and thus moft doe, and thus the world goes, and thinkes this enough to poyfe the other. That worships men in place, and those onely, and thinkes all a great man speakes Oracles. Much taken with my Lords Ieft, and repeats you it all to a fillable. One that iustifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinkes certainly all Spaniards and Iefuites very villaines, and is still curfing the Pope and Spynola. One that thinkes the graueft Cassocke the beft Scholler: and the beft Clothes the finest man. That is taken onely with broad and obscene wit, and hiffes any thing too deepe for him. That cries Chaucer for his Money aboue all our English Poets, because the voice ha's gone fo, and hee ha's read none. That is much rauifht with fuch a Noble mans courtesie, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his Hat. One that is formoft flill to kiffe the Kings hand, and cryes God bleffe his Maiestie loudeft. That rayles on all men condemn'd and out of favour, and the first that fayes away with the Traytors: yet ftruck with much ruth at Executions, and for pittie to fee a man die, could kill the Hang­man. That comes to London to fee it, and the pretty things in it, and the chiefe caufe of his iourney the Beares: That measures the happineffe of the King­dome, by the cheapnesse of corne; and conceiues no
CHARACTERS.

harm of State, but in trading. Within this company too, come those that are too much wedged into the world, and have no lifting thoughts above those things that call to thrive, to do well, and Preferment only the grace of God. That ayme all Studies at this mark, and shew you poore Schollers as an example to take heed by. That thinke the Prison and want, a Judgement for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a Layle-bird. That know no other Content but wealth, brauery, and the Towne-Pleasures; that thinke all else but idle speculation, and the Philosophers, mad-men: In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shews, appearances, the streame, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scornes something.

50. A Herald

Is the fawn, or indeed but the reslantancy of Nobility, and to the making of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogie. His Trade is Honour, and hee sells it, and giues Armes himselfe, though hee be no Gentleman. His bribes are like those of a corrupt Judge; for they are the prices of blood. He seemes very rich in discourse, for he tells you of whole fields of gold and siluer, Or and Argent, worth much in French, but in English nothing. He is a great diuer in the streames or issues of Gentrie, and not a by-Channel or baillard escapes him, yet he dos with them like some shameleffe Queane, fathers more children on them, then euer they begot. His Trafficks is a kind of Pedlery ware, Scutchions, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lyons, such as Children esteeme and Gentlemen: but his peni-worths are rampant, for you may buy three whole Brawns cheaper, then three Boars heads of him painted. Hee was fomtimes the terrible Coat of Mars, but is now for more mercifull Battels in the Tilt-yard, where whosoever
is victorious, the spoiles are his. Hee is an Art in England, but in Wales Nature, where they are borne with Heraldry in their mouthes, and each Name is a Pedegree.

51. _A Plodding Student_

S a kind of Alchymift or Persecuter of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his Brain into finer mettle, with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own Oyl and Candles. He ha’s a strange forc’t appetite to Learning, and to achieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Studie is not great but continuall, and consists much in the fitting vp till after Midnight in a rug-gowne, and a Night cap to the vanquishing perhaps of some fixe lines: yet what hee ha’s, he ha’s perfect, for he reads it so long to vnderstand it till he gets it without Booke. Hee may with much industry make a breach into Logicke, and arrive at some ability in an Argument: but for politer Studies hee dare not skirmish with them, and for Poetry accounts it impregnable. His Inuention is no more then the finding out of his Papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as iust as the Book-binders, a setting or glewing of them together. Hee is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what trauell it ha’s cost him, and how often his braine turn’d at Philofophy, and makes others feare Studying as a caufe of Duncery. Hee is a man much giuen to Apothegms which ferve him for wit, and feldome breakes any Ieft, but which belong’d to some Lacedemonian or Romane in _Lycofthenes_. He is like a dull Cariers horse, that will go a whole weeke together but never out of a foot-pace: and hee that fets forth on the Saturday shall ouertake him.
CHARACTERS.

52. Pauls Walke

S the Lands Epitome, or you may call it the lefer Ile of Great Brittaine. It is more then this, the whole worlds Map, which you may here difcerne in it's perfect motion iuftling and turning. It is a heape of stones and men, with a vaft confusion of Languages and were the Steeple not sanctified nothing liker Babel. The noyfe in it is ike that of Bees, a strange humming or buzzemixt of walking, tongues and feet: It is a kind of still roare or loud whisper. It is the great Exchange of all discourse, and no busines whatfoeuer but is here flirring and afoot. It is the Synod of all pates politicke, ioynted and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not halfe fo busie at the Parliament. It is the Anticke of tailes to tailes, and backes to backes, and for vizards you need goe no further then faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the generall Mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legands Popery, firft coyn'd and stamp't in the Church. All inuentions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The beft signe of a Temple in it is, that it is the Theeus Sanctuary, which robbe more safely in the Croud, then a wilder neffe, whilst evry searcher is a bufh to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after Playes, Tauerne, and a Baudy-Houfe, and men haue still some Oathes left to sweare here. It is the eares Brothell, and satis- fies their luft, and ytch. The Visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall Inhabitants and poffeffors, are flale Knights, and Captaines out of Service, men of long Rapiers, and Breeches, which after all turne Merchants here, and trafficke for Newes. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner, and Trauell for a Stomacke: but thriftier men make it their Ordinariæ: and Boord here verie cheape. Of all such places it is leaft haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghost would walke more, hee could not.
53. *A Vniuersitie Dunne*

S a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money ha's hyred him. Hee is an inferiour Creditour of some ten shillings or downwards, contracted for Horse-hire, or perchance for drinke, to weake to bee put in Suite. and he arrests your modestie. Hee is now very expenfiue of his time, for hee will waite vpon your Stairies a whole Afternoone, and dance attendance with more patience then a Gentleman-Vifer. Hee is a fore beleaguerer of Chambers, and affaults them sometimes with furious knockes: yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. Hee is a great complayner of Schollers loytering, for hee is sure neuer to find them within, and yet hee is the chiefe caufe many times that makes them studie. He Grumbles at the ingratitude of men, that shunne him for his kindnesse, but indeed it is his owne fault, for hee is too great an vpbrayder. No man put[s] them more to their braine then hee: and by shifting him off they learne to shift in the world. Some choos[e] their rooms a purpose to auoide his furprizals, and thinke the beft commoditie in them his Prospeçt. Hee is like a reiected acquaintance, hunts those that care not for his company, and hee knowes it well enough; and yet will not keepe away. The sole place to supply him is the Butterie, where hee takes grieuous vfe vpon your Name, and hee is one much wrought with good Beere and Rhetoricke. He is a man of most vnfortunate voyages, and no Gallant walkes the street to leffe purpose.
54. A flayed Man

S a man. One that he's taken order with himselfe, and set a rule to those lawlesnesse within him. Whose life is distinct and in Method, and his Actions as it were cast vp before. Not loos'd into the Worlds vanities, but gathered vp and contracted in his station. Not scatter'd into many pieces of businesse, but that one course he takes, goes thorough with. A man firme and standing in his purposes, nor heau'd off with each wind and passion. That squares his expence to his Coffers, and makes the Totall firft, and then the Items. One that thinkes what hee does, and does what he layes, and foresees what he may doe, before he purposes. One whole (if I can) is more then another's assurance, and his doubtfull tale before some mens protestations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his coniectures oft true Prophecies. That makes a paufe full betwixt his eare and beleefe, and is not too hasty to Fay after others: One whole Tongue is strung vp like a Clocke till the time, and then strikes, and lays much when hee talkes little. That can fee the Truth betwixt two wranglers, and sees them agree euin in that they fall out vpon. That speakes no Rebellion in a brauery, or talkes bigge from the spirit of Sacke. A man coole and temperate in his passions, not easily betrayed by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat: but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairely off from Captaines companies, and neither drink nor quarrell. One whom no ill hunting sends home discontented, and makes him swears at his dogs and family. One not haftie to purfue the new Fashions, nor yet affectedly true to his old round Breeches. But grauely handsome, and to his place, which suites him better then his Tailor. Active in the world without disquiet, and carefull without miserie: yet neither
ingulfed in his pleasures, nor a seeker of business, but his's his hours for both. A man that feldome laughs violently, but his mirth is a cheerfull looke. Of a compos'd and setled countenance, not fet, nor much alterable with sadness or joy. He affects nothing so wholy, that hee must bee a miserable man when he loses it: but forethinks what will come hereafter, and ipares Fortune his thanks and curses. One that louse his Credit, not this word Reputation; yet can saue both without a Duell: whose entertainments to greater men are respectfull not complementary, and to his friends plaine not rude. A good Husband, Father, Master: that is without doting, pampring, familiarity. A man well poys'd in all humours in whom Nature shewed most Geometry, and hee ha's not spoil'd the worke. A man of more wisedome then wittynesse, and braine then fancy; and abler to any thing then to make Verses.

FINIS.
Micro-cosmographie.

Additional Characters.

Twenty-three first found in Fifth Edition, 1629.

One first found in Sixth Edition, 1633.
55. A modest man

S a far finer man then he knowes of, one that shewes better to all men then him selfe, and so much the better to al men, as leffe to himselfe: for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: And he can put vp any injury sooner then this, (as he tells it) your Ironic. You shall heare him confute his commenders, and giuing reaons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost, if they do not beleue him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudicall, then your vnder-opinion, because it is easier to make that false; then this true. He is one that sneaks from a good action, as one that had pilferd, and dare not iustifie it, and is more blushingly deprehended in this, then others in sin. That counts al publike declarings of himselfe, but so many penances before the people, and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him, and he recouers not his face a moneth after. One that is easie to like any thing, of another mans, and thinkes all hee knowes not of him better, then that he knowes. He excuses that to you, which another would impute, and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his owne, but suspects it rather, because it is his owne, and is confuted, and thankes you. Hee sees nothing more willingly then his errors; and it is his error sometimes to be too soone perfwaded. He is content to be Auditor, where he only can speake, and content to goe away, and thinke himselfe instructed. No man is so weake that he is ashamed to learne of, and is leffe ashamed to confesse it: and he
finds many times in the dust, what others ouerlooke, and lose. Euery mans prefence is a kinde of bridle to him, to frop the rouing of his tongue and passions: and euen impudent men looke for their reuereence from him, and diuafle that in him, which theyuffer in themselues, as one in whom vice is ill-fauoured, and theyewes more fcuruily then another. A bawdy lefz shall shame him more then a baftard another man, and he that got it, shall cenfure him among the reft. And hee is coward to nothing more then an ill tongue, and whosoeuer dare lye on him hath power ouer him, and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The maine ambition of his life is not to be discredited: and for other things, his desires are more limited then his fortunes, which he thinkes preferment though neuer fo meane, and that he is to doe something to deferue this: Hee is too tender to venter on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to helpe himselfe. If he doe, it was the violence of his friends conftraind him, and how hardly foeuer hee obtaine it, he was harder per fwaded to seeke it.

56. A meere emptie wit

S like one that spends on the stocke without any revenues comming in, and will shortly be no wit at al; for learning is the fuel of wit, which if it wants this feeding, eates out it selfe. A good conceit or two bates of such a man, and makes a fenfible weakening in him: and his braine recouers it not a yeere after. The rest of him are bubbles and flashes, darted out on the sudden, which if you take them while they are warme, may be laught at; if they coole, are nothing. He speakes beft on the present apprehenfion, for meditation flupifies him, and the more he is in trauell, the leffe he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a naufeating stomacke, where there is nothing to caft vp strains, and convullions,
and some astonishing bumbaft which men onely, till they understand, are scar'd with. A verfe or fome fuch worke he may fometimes get vp to, but feldome aboue the stature of an Epigram, and that with some reliefe out of Martial, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reades him as he were inspir'd. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merry the companie, and whom only men haue to doe withall, when they haue nothing to doe, and none are leffe their friends, then who are moft their companie. Here they vent themfelves o're a cup somewhat more laftingly, all their words goe for ieffs, and all their ieffs for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of fome ridiculuous thing, and reafonable good in the expreffion. Nothing ftops a ieff when it is comming, neither friends, nor danger, but it muft out howfoeuer, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically raile, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reafonable familar to this. Briefely they are fuch whose life is but to laugh, and be laught at: and onely wits in ieff, and fooles in earneft.

57. A Drunkard

S one that will be a man to morrow morning: but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better. One that hath let goe himfelfe from the hold and flay of reafon, and lyes open to the mercie of all temptations. No luft but findes him difarm'd and fenceleffe, and with the leaft afault enters: if any mischiefe escape him, it was not his fault, for he was laid as faire for it, as he could. Every man fees him, as Cham faw his father the firft of this finne, an uncover'd man, and though his garment bee on, uncover'd: the fecreteft parts of his foule lying in the nakedft manner visible: all his passions come out now, all his vanities, and
thofe shamefuller humors which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a myrie way, where the spirits are to be-clog'd and cannot passe: all his members are out of office, and his heelees doe but trip vp one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the vie he has of this vesell himselfe, is to hold thus much: for his drinking is but a scooping in of fo many quarts, which are filld out into his bodie, and that filld out again into the Roome, which is commonly as drunke as hee. Tobacco servues to aire him after a washing, and is his onely breath, and breathing while. Hee is the greatest enemy to himselfe, and the next to his friend, and then moft in the act of his kindnesse, for his kindnesse is but trying a mastery, who shall finke down first: And men come from him as from a battel, wounded, and bound vp. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and businesse, and makes him more retchlefully carelesse, what becomes of all. Indeed hee dares not enter on a ferious thought, or if hee doe, it is such melancholie, that it tindens him to be drunke againe.

58. A Prison

S the graue of the liuing, where they are shut vp from the world, and their friends: and the wormes that gnaw vpon them, their owne thoughts, and the Taylor. A house of meager lookes, and ill smells: for lice, drink, Tobacco are the compound; Pluto's Court was express't from this fancy. And the persons are much about the same parity that is there. You may aske as Menippus in Lucian, which is Nireus, which Therfites, which the begger, which the Knight: for they [are] all suited in the same forme of a kinde of naftie pouerty. Onely to be out at elbowes is in fashion here, and a great Indecorum, not to be thredbare. Every man showes here like fo many wracks vpon
CHARACTERS.

the Sea, here the ribs of a thousand pound, here the relicke of so many Mannours, a doublet without buttons. And tis a spectacle of more pitty then executions are. The company one with other, is but a vying of complaints, and the cauSES they haue, to rayle on fortune, and foole themselfes, and there is a great deale of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, moft bitter againft the Lawyers, as men that haue had a great stroke in assisting them hither. Mirth here is stupidity or hardhartednes, yet they faine it sometimes to slip Melancholy and keep off themselfes from themselfes, and the torment of thinking what they haue beene. Men huddle vp their life here as a thing of no vfe, and weare it out like an old fuite, the fatter the better; and hee that deceiues the time bet, bett spends it. It is the place where new commers are moft welcom'd, and next them ill newes, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaues fewer to inful: And they breathe their discontents more securely here, and haue their tongues at more liberty then abroad. Men fee here much fin, and much calamity: and where the laft does not mortifie, the other hardens, and thofe that are worfe here, are desperately worfe, as thofe from whom the horror of finne is taken off, and the punishment familiar. And commonly a hard thought passes on all, that come from this Schoole: which though it teach much wisedome, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better bee a foole, then come here to learne it.

59. A Servingman

S one of the makings vp of a Gentleman, as well as his clothes: and somewhat in the fame nature, for hee is caft behind his master as fashionably as his sword and cloake are, and he is but in querpo without him. His propernesse qualifies him, and of that a good legge; for his head hee ha's little vfe but to keep
CHARACTERS.

it bare. A good dull wit best suits with him, to comprehend common fence, and a trencher: for any greater store of braine it makes him but tumultuous, and feldome thrues with him. He followes his masters steps, as well in conditions as the street: if he wench or drink, he comes after in an vnderkind, and thinkes it a part of his dutie to be like him. He is indeed wholly his masters; of his faction, of his cut, of his pleafures; hee is handfome for his credit, and drunke for his credit; and if hee haue power in the feller, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best companie and is none of it; for he knowes all the Gentlemen his master knowes, and pick[es] from them fome Hawking, and horfe-race termes, which he swaggers with in the Ale-house, where he is onely called master. His mirth is baudie iEth with the wenches, and behind the doore, bawdie earnet. The best worke he does is his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follow in it his masters diſtrion, it is commonly the best feruice he does him.

60. An Insolent man

S a fellow newly great, and newly proud: one that ha's put himfelfe into another face vpon his preferment, for his owne was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath shot vp to fome Office or Authority, and he shoots vp his necke to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture befpeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, hee tels you, and concludes euery Period with his place, which you muft and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were very angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance, whom hee beats off with a furlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, becaufe they haue knowne him. And for this cause he knowes not you, till you haue told him your name, which he thinkes hee has heard, but forgot,
and with much ado feemes to recover. If you haue any thing to vfe him in, you are his vassal for that time, and muft giue him the patience of an injury, which hee does only to shew what he may doe. He snaps you vp bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you you are fawcy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with fuch arrogance and imputation, and he is the onely man you may hate after a good turne, and not bee vngratefull, and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholding vnto him. No vice drawes with it a more generall hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning: and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him, and beleeu’d. And commonly fuch men are of no merit at all: but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a flately kinde of behauour from that contempt would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does vs a great deale of wrong, and when they are downe, wee may laugh at them, without breach of good Nature.

61. Acquaintance

It is the first draught of a friend, whom we muſt lay downe oft thus, as the foule copyy, before we can write him perfite, and true; for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our Respect, till at laſt they wholly poſſeſſe vs. For acquaintance is the heard, and friendship the paire choſen out of it; by which at laſt we begin to impropriate, and enclose to our felues, what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it growes not vp to this, it falls as low as may be: and no poorer relation then old acquaintance, of whom we aske onely how they doe for fashion fake and care not. The ordinarie vfe of acquaintance is but fomewhat a more boldnesse
of society, a sharing of talk, news, drink, mirth together: but sorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing nearer our heart, and to be deliver'd with it. Nothing easier then to create Acquaintance: the mere being in company once, does it; whereas friendship like children is engendered by a more inward mixture, and coupling together: when we are acquainted not with their virtues only, but their faults to, their passions, their fears, their shame, and are bold on both sides to make their discovery. And as it is in the love of the body, which is then at the height and full, when it has power and admittance into the hidden and worst parts of it: So it is in friendship with the mind, when those verenda of the foule, and those things which we dare not shew the world, are bare and detected one to another. Some men are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none: for friendship is a fuller thing, as a contracter and taker vp of our affections to some few, and sufferers them not loofly to be scatter'd on all men. The poorest tye of acquaintance is that of place and coutrie; which are shifted as the place, and mist but while the fancy of that continues. These are onely then gladdest of other, when they meet in some forren region, where the encompassing of strangers vnites them closer, till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminencie as their acquaintance is more sought for, so they are generally more staunch of it, not out of pride onely, but feare to let too many in too neer them: for it is with men as with pictures, the best shew better a far off and at distance; and the closer you come to them, the courfer they are. The best judgement of a man, is taken from his Acquaintance; for friends and enemies are both partial; whereas these fee him truest, because calmelieft, and are no way so engag'd to lye for him. And men that grow strange after acquaintance, seldome peece together againe, as those that haue tafted meat and dislike it, out of a mutuall experience direllifhing one another.
62. A meere Complementall Man

One to be held off still at the same distance you are now; for you shal haue him but thus, and if you enter on him further, you lose him. Methinkes Virgil well expresses him in those well-beau'd ghosts that Æneas mette with, [that were] friends to talke with, and men to looke on, but if hee graspt them, but ayre. He is one that lyes kindly to you, and for good fashione sake, and tis discourtesie in you to beleue him. His words are but so many fine phraeses set together, which servue equally for all men, and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man, puts him to the same part againe, and he goes ouer to you; what hee said to him was laft with him. *Hee kijes your hands as hee kijt his before, and is your feruant to bee commanded, but you shall entreat of him nothing.* His proffers are vnuerfall and generall with exceptions against all particulars; hee will doe any thing for you: but if you urge him to this, hee cannot, or to that, he is engag'd: but hee will doe any thing. Promifes he accounts but a kinde of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners, not to exact them, if you doe, hee wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot distinguishe betwixt what is spoken and what is meant: No man giues better satisfaction at the firft, and comes off more with the Eloge of a kind Gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most raile at him, that haue before most commended him. The best is, hee coozens you in a faire manner, and abuses you with great respect.

63. A poore Fidler

One man and a fiddle out of caue: and he in worfe caue then his fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together, (as the Indians strike fire) and rubs a poore liuing out of it: Partly from this, and partly from your
CHARACTERS.

charity, which is more in the hearing, then giving him, for he sells nothing dearer then to be gone: He is iust so many strings aboue a begger, though he haue but two: and yet hee begs too, onely not in the downeright for Gods sake, but with a shrugging God bleffe you, and his face is more pyn'd than the blind mans. Hunger is the greatest paine he takes, except a broken head sometimtes, and the labouring John Dorry. Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him againe by the fent. His other Pilgrimages are Faires, and good Houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas: and no man loues good times better. Hee is in league with the Tapsters for the worshipfull of the Inne, whom he torments next morning with his art, and ha's their names more perfet then their men. A new song is better to him then a new Jacket: especially if bawdie, which hee calls merry, and hates naturally the Puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A countreys wedding, and Whitfon ale are the two maine places he dominiers in, where he goes for a Musician, and over-look[es] the Bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunke, and in the flockes.

64. A medling man

is one that has nothing to do with his businesse, and yet no man busier then hee, and his businesse is most in his face. He is one thrusts himselfe violently into all employments, vnsent for, vn-fee'd, and many times vn-thank't, and his part in it is onely an eager bustling, that rather keepes adoe, then do's any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affaire, and listen with both eares, and looke earnestly: and then it is nothing fo much yours as his. Hee snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cryes Give it me, and does it worfe, and layes an en-
gagement vpon you too, and you must thanke him for this paines. Hee lays you downe a hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and hee deliuers them with a serius and counselling forehead, and there is a great deale more wisedome in this forehead, then his head: Hee will woo for you, sollicite for you, and woo you to suffer him: and scarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himselfe is not seen: if he haue no taske in it else, he will raile yet on some side, and is often beaten when he neede not. Such men never thorowly weigh any businesse, but are forward onely to fhref their zeale, when many times this forwardneffe spoiles it, and then they cry they haue done what they can, that is as much hurt. Wife men still deprecate these mens kindneses, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone: as being one trouble more in all businesse, and which a man shall be hardeft rid of.

65. A good old Man

S the best Antiquitie, and which we may with least vanitie admire. One whom Time hath beene thus long a working, and like winterfruit ripen’d when others are shaken downe. He hath taken out as many lesions of the world, as dayes, and learn’t the best thing in it, the vanitie of it. Hee lookes o’re his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himselfe to begin againe. His lust was long broken before his bodie, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that hee is fortified from it by this weakenesse. The next doore of death fads him not, but hee expects it calmly as his turne in Nature: and fears more his recoyling backe to childifhnes then duft. All men looke on him as a common father, and on old age for his fake, as a reverent thing. His very presence, and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. Hee practiseth his ex-
perience on youth without the harshnesse of reproose, and in his counsell is good companie. He ha's some old stories still of his owne seeing to confirme what he fayes, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale againe, but remembers with them, how oft he ha's told them. His old sayings and moralls seeme proper to his beard: and the poete of Cato do's well out of his mouth, and hee speakes it as if he were the Author. Hee is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the soole on a boy, but can distinguiish grauity from a fowre looke, and the leffe teftle he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his owne times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisedome then: yet he makes vs of that opinion too, when we fee him, and coniecture those times by so good a Relicke. He is a man capable of a deareness with the yo[u]ngeft men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at leaft too soone whenever, with all mens sorrow but his owne, and his memory is freh, when it is twice as old.

66. A Flatterer

S the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter manie times, so hee oft fhowes fairer then the true substance: His looke, conversation, companie, and all the outwardnes of friendfhippe more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to bee sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deale more cowardly, and will not let the leaft hold goe, for feare of losinge you. Your meere fowre looke affrights him, and makes him doubt his casheering. And this is one sure marke of him, that he is never firft angry, but ready, though vpon his owne wrong, to make satisfaction. Therefore hee is never yok't with a poore man or any
that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pain[e]s to deceiue him. Him he learns first, and learns well, and growses perfitter in his humours, then himselfe, and by this doore enters vpon his Soule: of which hee is able at laft to take the very print and marke, and fashion his own by it like a falfe key to open all your secretes. All his affectiones iumpe euene with yours: hee is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggeft them vnto you. He will commend to you first, what hee knowes you like, and has alwayes some absurd flory or other of your enemie, and then wonders how your two opinions should iumpe in that man. Hee will aske your counsell sometimes as a man of deepe judgement, and has a secret of purpose to difclofe you, and whatfoeuer you say, is perfwaded. Hee lithens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests hee neuer heard fo much before. A piece of witte burfts him with an ouerflowing laughter, and hee remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs againe in the telling. He is one neuer chides you but for your vertues, as, You are too good, too honest, too religious; when his chiding may seeme but the earneftly commendation, and yet would faine chide you out of them too: for your vice is the thing he has vse of, and wherein you may beft vse him, and hee is neuer more ac(iue then in the worst diligences. Thus at laft he poffe(ies you from your felfe, and then expects but his hyre to betray you. And it is a happe(nesse not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shal not.

67. A high spirited man

S one that lookes like a proud man, but is not: you may forgie him his looks for his worth fake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the leaft piece of his
freedome, and makes him digest an unworthy thought an houre. Hee cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth, to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his owne bottome, then others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honour, of which Title is but the pompe. Hee does homage to no man for his Great styles sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect againe, and will not bate you a Complement. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scornes no man so much as his surly threatner. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid downe with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner then words. Onely to himselfe he is irreconcileable, whom hee never forgives a disgrace, but is still flabbing himselfe with the thought of it, and no disease that he dyes of sooner. Hee is one had rather pinch [perish], then bee beholding for his life, and strives more to bee quitte with his friend then his enemy. Fortune may kill him, but not deject him, nor make him fall into a[n] humbler key then before, but he is now loftier then euer in his owne defence, you shall heare him talke still after thousands; and he becomes it better, then those that have it. One that is aboue the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull downe his thoughts to the pelting businesses of it [life]. He would sooner accept the Gallowes then a meane trade, or any thing that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinkes no death comparably base to hanging neither. One that will doe nothing upon commaund, though hee would doe it otherwife: and if euer hee doe euill, it is when hee is dar'd to it. Hee is one that if fortune equal his worth, puts a luster in all preferment, but if otherwise hee be too much croft, turns desperately melancholy, and scornes mankind.
CHARACTERS.

68. A Meere Gull Citizen

Is one much about the fame modell, and pitch of braine that the Clowne is, onely of somewhat a more polite, and synicall Ignorance, and as fillily scornes him, as he is fillily admir'd by him. The quality of the Citty hath afforded him some better dresse of clothes and language, which he vses to the beft advantage, and is so much the more ridiculous. His chiefe education is the visitts of his Shop, where if Courtiers, and fine Ladies refort, hee is infected with so much more eloquence, and if hee catch one word extraordinary, weares it for ever. You shal heare him mince a complement sometimes that was never made for him: and no man payes dearer for good words, for he is oft payed with them. He is futed rather fine, then in the fashion, and has still something to distinguish him from a Gentleman, though his doublet cost more: especially on Sundaies, Bride-grome-like, where he carries the flate of a verie folemne man, and keepes his pew as his Shop: and it is a great part of his devotion, to feast the Minister. But his chiefeft guest is a customer, which is the greatest relation hee acknowledges; especially if you be an honest Gentleman, that is, trust him to coozen you enough. His friendships are a kinde of Goffiping friendships, and thofe commonly within the circle of his Trade, wherein he is carefull principally to avoid two things, that is, poore men, and furety-ships. [He is] A man that will fpend his fixe pence with a great deale of imputation, and no man makes more of a pinte of wine then he. He is one beares a pretty kind of foolifh love to Schollers, and to Cambridge especially for Sturbridges Faires fake: and of thefe all are trewants to him that are not preachers, and of thefe the lowdeft the beft: and he is much rauifhit with the noyfe of a rolling tongue. He loues to heare discourses
out of his Element, and the leffe he wnderstands, the better pleaf'd, which he expresses in a smile, and some fond Proteftation. One that do's nothing without his chuck, that is, his wife, with whom hee is billing ftill in conspiracy, and the wantoner she is, the more power she has ouer him: And shee neuer floopes fo low after him, but is the onely woman goes better of a widdow then a maid. In the education of his child no man fearefuller, and the danger he feares, is a harfh scholemafter, to whom he is alleaging ftill the weakenes of the boy, and payes a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The first whipping rids him to the Vniuerfity, and from thence rids him againe for feare offtaruing, and the beft he makes of him is some Gull in plufh. He is one loues to heare the famous acts of Citizens, whereof the guilding of the Croffe hee counts the glory of this age: and the foure Pretifies of London aboue all the Nine Worthies. Hee intitles himfelfe to all the merits of his Company, whether schooles, Hospitall or exhibitions, in which he is ioynt benefactor, though foure hundred yeere agoe, and vpbraides them farre more then thofe that gaue them; yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and in that a sufficienter man, then he that is wifer.

69. *A lasciuious man*

IS the fervant he fayes of many Miftreffes, but all are but his luft: to which onely hee is faithfull, and none besides, and spends his beft blood, and fpirits in the fervice. His foule is the Bawde to his body, and thofe that affift him in this nature, the neer-est to it. No man abufes more the name of loue, or thofe whom hee applies this name to: for his loue is like his flomack to feeede on what he loues, and the end of it to furfet and loath: till a fresh appetite rekindle him: and it kindles on any sooner, then who
deferue best of him. There is a great deale of malignity in this vice, for it loues still to spoile the best things, and a virgin sometimes rather then beauty, because the vndoing here is greater and consequently his glorie. No man laughs more at his sinne then he, or is so extremely tickled with the remembrance of it: and he is more violence to a modest eare, then to her he deflowerd. A bawdy lef enters deepe into him, and whatsoeuer you speake, he will draw to bawdry, and his witte is neuer so good as here. His vn-chaste part is his tongue, for that commits alwayes, what hee must act seldomer: and that commits with al, which he acts with few: for he is his own worl reporter, and men beleue as bad of him, and yet doe not beleue him. Nothing harder to his perswasion, then a chaste man, no Eunuch, and makes a scoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a maid. And from this mistrust it is that such men feare marriage, or at least marry such as are of bodies to be trusted, to whom onely they fell that luft which they buy of others, and make their wife a reuennew to their Mistris. They are men not easily reformed, because they are so little ill-perfwaded of their illneffe, and haue fuch pleas from Man and Nature. Befides it is a feering, and flouting vice, and apt to put ieffs on the reproouer. The pox onely converts them, and that onely when it kills them.

70. A rash man

S a man too quicke for himselfe: one whose actions put a leg still before his judgement and out-run it. Euery hot fancy or passion is the signall that sets him forward: and his reason comes still in the reare. One that has braine enough, but not patience to disgest a businesse, and slay the leaure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth, and freezing of action, and it shall burne him
rather then take cold. Hee is alwaies resolu'd at first [thinking], and the ground hee goes vpon is hap what may. Thus hee enters not, but throwes himselfe violently vpon all things, and for the most part is as violently throwne [vpon all] off againe: and as an obstinate I will was the preface to his vndertaking: so his conclusion is commonly I would I had not, for such men feldome do any thing, that they are not forc'd to take in pieces againe, and are so much furder off from doing it, as they haue done already. His friends are with him as his Physicians: sought to onely in his fickenesse, and extremity, and to helpe him out of that mire hee has plung'd himselfe into, for in the fuddenneffe of his passions hee would heare nothing, and now his ill fucceffe has allayd him, hee heares too late. He is a man still fwayed with the firt reports, and no man more in the power of a pickthank then he. He is one will fight first, and then expostulate; condemne first, and then examine. He lofes his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindnesse vndoes himselfe: and then curses the occasion drew this mischief vpon him, and cryes God mercy for it, and curfes againe. His repentance is meerly a rage against himselfe, and hee does something in it still to be repented againe. Hee is a man whom fortune muft goe against much to make him happy, for had hee beene sufferd his owne way, hee had beene vndone.

71. An affected man

S an extraordinary man, in ordinary things. One that would goe a straine beyond himselfe, and is taken in it. A man that ouer-does all things with great solemnity of circumstance; and whereas with more negligence he might passe better, makes himselfe, with a great deale of endeuour, ridiculous. The fancy of some odde quaintnesses haue put him cleane beside his Nature, hee cannot bee that hee would, and
hath lost what he was. He is one must be point blank in every trifle, as if his credit, and opinion hung upon it: the very space of his arms in an embrace studied before, and premeditated: and the figure of his countenance, of a fortnights continuing. He will not curse you without book, and extempore, but in some choice way, and perhaps as some Great man curseth. Every action of his, cryes, do ye marke mee? and men doe marke him, how absurd he is. For affectation is the most betraying humour: and nothing that puzzles a man lesse to find out then this. All the actions of his life are like so many things bodg’d in without any natural cadence, or connexion at all. You shall track him all thorow like a schoole-boyes Theame, one piece from one author, and this from another, and ioyne all in this generall, that they are none of his owne: You shall observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that simper: And it is his lucke that his finest things most mis-become him. If hee affect the Gentleman, as the humour most commonly lyes that way: not the least punctilio of a fine man, but hee is strict in to a haire, euen to their very negligences which he cons as rules: He will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation, and pay double a reckoning rather then ignobly question it. And he is full of this Ignobly and Nobly and Gentilly, and this meer[e] feare to trespasse against the Gentill way, puts him out most of all. It is a humour runs thorow many things besides, but is an il-fauourd ostentation in all, and thrives not. And the best vfe of such men is, that they are good parts in a play.

72. A prophane man

Such one that denies God as farre as the Law giues him leaue, that is, onely does not say so in downright Termes, for so farre he may goe. A man that does the greatest sinnes calmly, and as the ordinary
aetions of life, and as calmly discourses of it againe. Hee will tell you his businesse is to breake such a Commandement, and the breaking of the Commandement shall tempt him to it. His words are but so many vomitings cast vp to the lothfomeffe of the hearers, onely those of his company loath it not. Hee will take vpon him with oathes to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good spört at his conquest o're the Puritan foole. The Scripture supplies him for iestls, and hee reades it of purpose to be thus merry. He will prooue you his fin out of the Bible, and then aske if you will not take that Authority. He neuer sees the Church but of purpose to sleepe in it: or when some filly man preaches with whom he means to make spört, and is most iocund in the Church. One that nick-names Clergymen with all the termes of reproch, as Rat, Black-coate, and the like which he will be sure to keepe vp, and neuer calls them by other. That sing[es] Psalms when he is drunke, and cryes God mercy in mockerie; for hee must doe it. Hee is one seemes to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would else turne him desperate: for Atheifme is the refuge of such sinners, whose repentance would bee onely to hang themselues.

73. A Coward

S the man that is commonly most fierce against the Coward, and labouring to take off this suspiation from himselfe: for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter then he in ciuill company, and where he thinkes no danger may come on it, and is the readieft man to fall vpon a drawer, and those that must not strike againe. Wonderfull exceptious and cholerick where he sees men are loth to give him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better then by
CHARACTERS.

quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is hee, hee protefts hee alwaies honour'd you, and the more you raile vpon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at laft into a very honest quiet man. The fight of a fword wounds him more sensibly then the froke, for before that come hee is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beate him, and every man dares that knowes him. And he that dare doe this, is the onely man can doe much with him : for his friend hee cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this caufe onely is more potent with him of the two. And men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be brib'd againe to a reconcilement. A man in whom no secret can be bound vp, for the apprehension of each danger loofens him, and makes him bewray both the roome and it. Hee is a Christian meerely for feare of hell fire, and if any Religion could fright him more, would bee of that.

74. A fordid rich man

S a begger of a faire estate : of whose wealth wee may say as of other mens vnthriftineffe, that it has brought him to this : when hee had nothing, hee liu'd in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his owne behalfe, for vning himfelfe thus, and yet being vpon himfelfe, it is but iustice ; for he deferes it. Every accession of a frefh heape bates him fo much of his allowance, and brings him a degree neerer ftaruing. His body had beene long fince desperate, but for the reparation of other mens tables, where he hoords meate in his belly for a month, to maintaine him in hunger fo long. His clothes were neuer young in our memory : you might make long Epocha's from them, and put them into the Almanack with the deare yeere, and the great froft, and he is
knowne by them longer then his face. He is one neuer gaue almes in his life, and yet is as charitable to his Neighbour as himselfe. Hee will redeeme a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boote: and his reason, is he will not be vndone. He neuer payes anything, but with strictneffe of law, for feare of which onely hee steales not. Hee loues to pay short a shilling or two in a great sum, and is glad to gain that, when he can no more. Hee will redeeme a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boote: and his reason, is he will not be undone. Hee neuer payes anything, but with frightneffe of law, for feare of which onely hee fleales not. Hee loues to pay short a shilling or two in a great sum, and is glad to gain that, when he can no more. Hee is a fellow indeed of a kind of franticke thrift, and one of the strangest things that wealth can worke.

75. A meere great man

So much Heraldrie without honour: himselfe lesse real than his Title. His vertue is that hee was his Fathers son, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that liues meerely to preserve anothers memorie, and let vs know who died so many yeeres agoe. One of iust as much vie as his Images: onely he differs in this that hee can speake himselfe, and save the fellow of Westminister a labour: and hee remembers nothing better then what was out of his life: His Grandfather and their acts are his discourse, and he tells them with more glory then they did them, and it is well they did enough, or els he had wanted matter. His other studies are his sports, and those vices that are fit for Great men. Every vanity of his ha's his officer, and is a seriouse imployment for his seruants. Hee talkes loud and baudily, and scurvily, as a part of flat, and they heare him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning except some parcels of the Chronicle, and the writing of his name, which hee learnes to write, not to be read. Hee is meerely of his servants faction and
their instrument for their friends and enemies, and is alwaies leaft thankt for his owne courtesies. They that foole him moft, doe moft with him, and hee little thinkes how many laugh at him, barehead. No man is kept in ignorance more of himfelfe and men, for he heares nought but flatterie, and what is fit to bee fpoken: truth with fo much preface, that it loses it felfe. Thus hee lives till his Tombe bee made ready, and is then a graue Statue to posterity.

76. A poore man

Is the moft impotent man: though neither blind nor lame, as wanting the more necelfary limmes of life, without which limmes are a burden. A man vnfenc't and vn-feltered from the gufts of the world, which blow all in vpon him, like an vn-roof't house: and the bitterefl thing hee suffers, is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kind of churlifher fafhion, and euen more plaufible natures churlifh to him: who are as nothing aduantg'd by his opinion. Whom men fall out with beforehand to preuent friendship, and his friends too, to preuent ingagements, or if they owne him, 'tis in priuate, and a by-roome, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together, is not halfe fo scandalous, nor fets off our acquaintance further, and euen thofe that are not friends for ends, doe not loue any deareneffe with fuch men: The leaft courtesies are vpbraided to him, and himfelfe thank't for none: but his best ferusices fuspected, as handfome sharking, and tricks to get money. And wee fhall obferue it in knaues themfelves, that your beggerlieft knaues are the greateft, or thought fo at leaft, for thofe that haue witte to thrive by it, haue art not to feeme fo. Now a poore man has not vizard enough to maske his vices, nor ornament enough to fet forth his vertues: but both are naked and vn-handfome: and though no man is necelfitated to more
ill, yet no mans ill is lesse excus'd, but it is thought a
kind of impudence in him to be vitious, and a pre-
fumption aboue his fortune. His good parts lye dead
vpon his hands, for want of matter to employ them,
and at the beft are not commended, but pittied, as
virtues ill plac't: and we say of him, 'Tis an honest man,
but 'tis pity: and yet those that call him so, will trust
a knaue before him. Hee is a man that has the truest
speculation of the world, because all men shew to him,
in their plainest, and worst, as a man they haue no
plot on, by appearing good to: whereas rich men are
entertaind with a more holly-day behauiour, and fee onely
the beft we can difemble. Hee is the onely hee that tries the true
strength of wisedome, what it can doe of it selfe without the helpe of fortune:
that with a great deale of vertue Conquers extremities,
and with a great deale more his owne impatience,
and obtaines of himself not to hate men.

77 An ordinairie honest fellow

S one whom it concerns to be call'd honest,
for if he were not this, he were nothing;
and yet he is not this neither: But a
good dull vicious fellow, that complyes
well with the debofhments of the time, and
is fit for it: One that ha's no good part in him to
offend his company, or make him to bee suspected a
proud fellow: but is fociably a dunce, and fociably a
drinker. That do it's faire and aboue boord without
legerdemaine, and neither sharkes for a cup nor a reck-
oning. That is kinde o're his beere, and protest he
loues you, and beginnes to you againe, and loues you
againe. One that quarrells with no man, but for not
pledging him, but takes all abfurditites, and commits
as many, and is no tell-tale next morning though hee
remember it. One that will fight for his friend if hee
heare him abused, and his friend commonly is he that
is most likely, and hee lifts vp many a Jug in his
CHARACTERS.

103

defence. Hee railes againft none but cenfurers, against whom he thinkes he railes lawfully, and cen-
furers are all those that are better then himselfe. These good properties qualifie him for honestly enough, and raise him high in the Ale-houfe commendation, who, if he had any other good quality, would bee named by that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a jot: Onely those that commend him, thinke not so, and those that commend him, are honest fellowes.

[Character first found in Sixth Edition, 1633.]

78. A Suspicious, or Jealous Man

Some that watches himselfe a mischiefe, and keepes a leare eye still, for feare it should escape him. A man that sees a great deale more in every thing then is to be seene, and yet he thinkes he sees nothing: His owne eye stands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of some weaknesses, which he might conceale if hee were carelesse: Now his over-diligence to hide them, makes men pry the more. Howsoever hee imagines you have found him, and it shall goe hard but you must abuse him whether you wil or no. Not a word can bee spoke, but nips him somewher: not a jest throwne out, but he will make it hitt him; You shall have him goe fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and gall'd, and no man knowes lesse the occasion then they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing, but at him, and
to whisper in his company plaine conspiracy. *He bids you speake out, and hee will anfwere you,* when you thought not of him: Hee expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explaines to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason, at last, to laugh at him hereafter. He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himselves, when hee is not accused: and no man is undone more with Apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive, that none will believe him, and he is never thought worse of, then when he ha's given satisfaction: Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so farre: and this humour hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspitious: In conclusion, they are men always in offence and vexation with themselves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all, in thinking they deserve it.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PR</th>
<th>Buckingham, George</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3328</td>
<td>Villiers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B5R4</td>
<td>The rehearsal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1869</td>
<td>Large paper ed.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>