

THE PERCY REPRINTS

Edited by H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH.

No. 1

THE
UNFORTUNATE
Traueller.

BY

THOMAS NASHE.



¶ "The strongest and best of his writing . . . merits this high praise—it is likest of all others to Shakespeare's prose writing. The same irrepressible inexhaustible wit, the same overpowering and often careless wealth of vocabulary, the same delight in humorous aberrations of logic distinguish both writers. And Shakespeare alone of his sixteenth-century contemporaries can surpass Nash in the double command of the springs of terror and of humour."

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THE
UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER

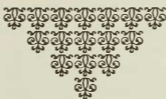
THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER

or

The Life of Jacke Wilton

By THOMAS NASHE

Edited by H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH



OXFORD
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INTRODUCTION

THOMAS NASHE, son of a Suffolk minister, was born at Lowestoft in 1567, and matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, on October 13, 1582, being first a sizar and later a scholar of that house. He claimed¹ that it was well known he might have been a fellow of St. John's at will, but however this may be, the larger life beckoned him, and he left Cambridge for London. There he made some figure in literary circles, wrote prefaces to Greene's *Menaphon* and Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, completed Marlowe's *Dido* and produced a couple of plays of his own, took a hand on the bishops' side in the Martin Marprelate controversy, engaged in a notable pamphlet war with Gabriel Harvey, and wrote a few satirical prose pieces, some lyrics, a realistic novel, and his *Lenten Stufte* in praise of Yarmouth and the Red Herring. This last was printed in 1599, and in 1601 there appeared in Charles Fitzgeffrey's *Affaniæ* a Latin epigram on Nashe's death. Where he died, or when, or how, we do not know.

His own age thought of Nashe chiefly as a satirist; his quarrel with Harvey made him famous, and the general character of his work was not pacific. Dekker imagined him in the other world 'still haunted with the sharpe and *Satyricall spirit* that followd him heere vpon earth,' and

¹ In *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596.

the author of *The Return from Parnassus* as 'a fellow . . . that carryed the deadly stockado in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gagtooth and his pen possest with *Hercules* furies.' He had indeed a zest in battle, and a curious knack in the coining of an abusive epithet, that marked him for the lists, and all his work exhibits that premature fitness for the higher journalism which in our own day would have saved many an Elizabethan writer from poverty and contempt.

The Unfortunate Traveller passed through two editions only, both in 1594, though a longer run might have been expected from its deliberate attempt to combine popular matter in a novel form. At that time there existed various current models for a prose tale. Lyly's *Euphues* had won a passing triumph by its sententious didacticism and outrageous elaboration of style; Nashe had met with the book long since in the first flush of its fame, and had succumbed like other undergraduates. '*Euphues* I readd when I was a little ape in Cambridge, and then I thought it was *Ipse ille*: it may be excellent good still, for ought I know, for I lookt not on it this ten year: but to imitate it I abhorre.'¹ Sidney's *Arcadia* had been printed in 1590, and Greene's prose romances during the previous decade; Nashe was familiar enough with the work of both men, but the unreality of pastoral or idyll was not for him. Sidney and Greene had found in unknown kingdoms an escape from the life they knew, but Nashe welcomed no illusions, and held fiercely to realism. The earlier matter of the Arthurian and Carolingian cycles he frankly scorned as 'fantasticall dreames' and 'feyned no where acts.'² Neither in mediaeval nor in Elizabethan

¹ *Strange Newes*, 1592.

² *The Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589.

romance could be found that moving reality of life for which he craved, but in the motley streets of London, and the pages of those Italian novelists whom his contemporaries translated and digested with never-ending zest.

The literature of clever roguery begins early and reaches far; there were various examples to be had, from the European popularity of a mythical Reynard the Fox or Tyll Eulenspiegel, down to the genuine professional rascals of the *Liber Vagatorum*¹ or Awdeley's *Fraternitee of Vagabondes*.² Parts of Awdeley's book had been embodied by Harman in his *Caueat for Commen Cursetors*,³ and the coney-catching pamphlet had been popularised further by the work of Greene. Nashe discarded them all; Reynard and Owlglass were out of date, and he passed by the text-books of knavery, preferring to depict the thing itself.

Two literary models, however, were nearer to his purpose, though his work resembles neither: the Italian *novelle*, and the history of Lazarillo de Tormes. The *novelle* could not but appeal to him, as to all Elizabethans; their lucid analysis of human motive and conduct, so clear, so detached, and yet so vital in portraiture of men and deeds, was a continual source of wonder and delight to our conscience-ridden northern race. The position of Lazarillo is somewhat different; it was first translated into English by David Rouland of Anglesey, and though the earliest surviving issue is dated 1586, Gabriel Harvey was given a copy by Spenser in 1578,⁴ and the version was entered on the Stationers' Register as early as 1568-9. Nashe could hardly have missed a book which brought such a reputation

¹ Circa 1510.

² 1561.

³ 1567.

⁴ The authority for this is Harvey's partly-effaced MS. note in his copy of *Howleglas* preserved in the Bodleian, 4° z.3. art. Seld.

with it, and was moreover a new thing, the first tale of its kind. But he went his own way, and too much has been made of the picaresque element in his work: the little Spaniard of Tejares, the first *picaro* of literature, would hardly recognise Jack Wilton as a nephew; they are not of the same blood.

Lazaro, son of a washerwoman, apprentice to a blind beggar, servant in turn to many masters and starved by them all, spends the earlier part of his life in a miserable conflict with hunger, and the latter in a replete and greasy satisfaction. He reaches the summit of his ambition as a petty government official, growing fat on the corrupt profits of an inspectorship of wine, and we leave him at the close a *mari complaisant* in the house of an Archpriest in Toledo, wedded to one of his master's servant girls, and enjoying to the full his favour, his dinners, and his cast shoes.

With such a rascal Jack Wilton has nothing in common but a varied and wandering existence, and whereas the Spaniard travelled only in Spain, and from necessity, the Englishman did it from a lively curiosity, and made the grand tour. His poverty in the opening scenes is not the gnawing hunger of the beggar, which drove Lazaro to steal loaves and small change, but the chronic impecuniosity of the undergraduate or the nobleman's page, a jest in itself, and finding its relief in jest. Lazaro stole bread for dear life, while Jack Wilton secured free drinks for an army by a practical joke on the canteen. Like Nashe himself he was often hard up, but never so hard up as to lose the zest of the amateur. In fine, Jack Wilton, unscrupulous rascal as he may be, was a hanger-on of aristocracy, capable on occasion of sustaining the dignity of an earl, and extorting from society only so much plunder as was reasonably his due.

Even in the matter of Diamante the difference is obvious ; she was no servant girl, but the widow of a Venetian magnifico, and Jack Wilton acts on a moral scruple of reparation, while Lazaro buys a comfort that he can appreciate at the cost of a self-respect he has never felt, and is naturally pleased with the bargain.

This point of morality marks another essential difference from the Italian or Spanish tales. Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza had related the adventures of his rascal in a strictly scientific spirit, and the *novelle* preserved the same temper in their pictures of a more coloured and varied world. Both were content with sheer description, as accurate and vivid as might be, and praise or rebuke was no part of their mission, whose only object was to hold a mirror up to the panorama of life. The fascination of such an attitude was strongly felt by the Elizabethans, as their drama shows, but they could not resist raising hands and eyebrows when they came to deal with Italian crime. In this Nashe was the child of his age and race, and he used the impulse as a journalist will ; Italy was as much a bugbear to him as to Roger Ascham or Lyly ; ' Italionate wit ' is but a phrase for such devilry as Venice could teach, and he roundly asserts that ' it is nowe a priuie note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular marke or brand on a notorious villaine, to say, he hath beene in *Italy*.'¹ But he used his material for the purpose of thrilling his readers even more than of edifying them, and worked up carefully to a culminating point. The terrible fate of Heraclide had already been told, and the execution of Zadoch described in every ghastly detail, but the story of Cutwolfe's revenge was to be his masterpiece : ' Prepare your eares and your teares, for neuer tyll this thrust I anie

¹ p. 97.

tragecall matter vpon you.'¹ The assassin's execution follows hard upon it with new horrors, and then, not to weaken the effect, the book is concluded in less than a score of lines. As an example of the horrible, the Cutwolfe episode may be crude and over-wrought, but it does not lack force, and the revenger's care in shooting his victim suddenly in the throat, to prevent the utterance of any word of repentance after blasphemy, may be commended to the notice of those critics who suspect Hamlet of over-nicety in refusing to murder Claudius at his prayers.

The Unfortunate Traveller is popular journalism in more than its gruesomeness, for there is hardly a commonplace of Elizabethan sentiment that does not appear in it. That love of pageantry which preserved so long the trappings of an outworn chivalry is shown in the tedious description of the panoply of Surrey and his opponents, and Surrey again stands for the whole spirit of the courtly love modelled on Petrarch and expressed by countless sonneteers. The delight in dress, and an eager curiosity in depicting it, are plain enough in the vivid portrait of the page's habit on his return from France, and the foolish captains whom he cozened were welcome to an age which was to acclaim Bessus and Parolles and Bobadill. The type was indeed well known, and could be studied any day in Paul's, but Nashe's description is masterly in its minutiae of gesture: 'Oh my Auditors, had you seene him how he stretcht out his lims, scratcht his scabd elbowes at this speach, how hee set his cap ouer his ey-browes like a polititian, and then folded his armes one in another, and nodded with the head, as who would say, let the French beware for they shall finde me a diuell: if (I say) you had seene but halfe the action that he vsed, of shrucking vp his shoulders,

¹ p. 115.

smiling scornfully, playing with his fingers on his buttons, and biting the lip ; you wold haue laugh't your face and your knees together.'¹

The vigorous hyperbolical descriptions of the sweating sickness, the battlefield of Marignano, and the magic of Cornelius Agrippa were all intended for popularity, and Nashe is equally capable of falling to his fit of preaching for half a dozen pages, and meeting the Anabaptists on their own ground. Pedantry at the Universities, and their ill success in entertaining royalty, were stock subjects of satire under Elizabeth and James, and made a basis for an attack on bad acting which anticipates Hamlet, and is but another proof of the educated dramatic taste of the day. Nashe was careful to lay his scene in Wittenberg, but this did not save him, and from the laboured defence he issued in the same year it is evident that his readers had applied the lesson nearer home.²

Finally, travellers' tales were then as eagerly read as travellers' follies were mocked, and Nashe makes his profit out of either taste. All the wonders of Rome, its ruins and modern luxury, its plagues, banditti, jealousies and murders are used to the full, and we are spared no detail of horror from rape to torture, no melodramatic motive from the wicked Jew's revenge, or the chance poisoning of a Pope's mistress, to vivisection, the vendetta, signing of souls to the devil, and breaking alive upon the wheel. If ever author made a deliberate attempt to hit the popular taste, it is here. Yet at the same time he panders to popular distrust of the travellers who brought home such entertainment ; Jack Wilton at his first coming to Rome, like Portia's young English baron, imitated four or five sundry

¹ p. 17.

² *Christ's Teares over Jerusalem*, ed. 1594, *To the Reader*.

nations in his attire at once, and Nashe spends a solid half-dozen pages¹ on the folly and danger of a voyage to the Sodom of Italy, out of which his repentant sinner hastened so fast.

But with all these bids for short-lived success, Nashe did one thing which even by itself would give him a permanent niche in the history of English literature, for whether or no he was our first true picaresque writer, he certainly founded our historical novel. To him belongs the credit of placing an imaginary hero among real personages of the past, and it is no such long way from the Earl of Surrey and Geraldine, Jack Wilton and Cornelius Agrippa, to the Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart, Sir Richard Varney and Alasco. Naturally, in attempting 'some reasonable conueyance of historie' in his 'phantasticall Treatise,' he takes plenty of liberties with fact,² but Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, Jan of Leyden and Luther and Pietro Aretino lend colour and interest to a tale that leads us from Tournay to Windsor, from Marignano and Wittenberg and Rome to the close at Bologna and Guisnes. The structure of the book, it is true, has been accused of incoherence, and is chaotic enough if we expect a formal scheme; but its inconsequence is that of life, which never proceeds according to plan, and Wilton's career is the quivering wire on which the medley of incident is strung. For mere consistency of detail Nashe cared no more than Shakespeare³; both were content if their public noticed nothing wrong, and the public wisely leaves such matters to editors, and reads for the tale alone.

¹ pp. 92-8.

² See Dr. McKerrow's notes *passim*, and Courthope's *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 77.

³ See note to p. III, ll. 25-6.

To Shakespeare Nashe has not infrequently been likened by historians of the English novel. Sir Walter Raleigh thinks that 'the strongest and best of his writing . . . merits this high praise—it is likest of all others to Shakespeare's prose writing,' and M. Jusserand has thrown out the ingenious suggestion that Falstaff is a compound of the wit of Jack Wilton and the body of the cider-merchant at T erouanne. There goes more than this to the making of Falstaff, but incalculable floating matter was impounded in that giant bulk, and it can at least be said in support of both critics that we get one sentence from his Sidership that is in the very burthen of Sir John. 'Oh (quoth he), 'I am bought and sold for dooing my Countrey such good service as I haue done. They are afraid of me, because my good deedes haue brought me into such estimation with the Comminaltie. I see, I see, it is not for the lambe to liue with the wolfe.' Who is there that, reading this outburst, does not instinctively await the Chief Justice's reply?

Nashe had, in fact, along with the baser parts of journalism, that one sovereign gift, the faculty of racy and coloured speech. True, it is an unquiet prose, restless and self-conscious, rhetorical often or turgid, and the very opposite of the lucid flow of the *novelle* or the calm sufficiency of Mendoza. But there is a virility in it that atones for much. 'In was Captaine gogs wounds brought,' says Nashe, and the blustering nameless prisoner stands before us at once. Casual phrases, such as 'a Lowce (that was anie Gentlemans companion)' give the whole sordidness of a campaign in a line, and all garrulous paper-spoiling pedants are spitted as 'scholasticall squitter bookes' with a single contemptuous thrust. His thumb-nail sketches are not less good, from that of the supposed halfe

crowne wench who 'sympered with her countenance like a porredge pot on the fire when it first begins to seethe,' down to the brief terrible picture of a fall, 'as in an earthquake the ground should open, and a blinde man come feeling pad pad ouer the open Gulph with his staffe, should tumble on a sodaine into hell.'

In all things Nashe was a literary Bohemian born out of due time. His choice of subjects, his delight in the compounding of word or phrase, his instinctive hatred of Puritans and adoration of poetry, all bear witness to the artistic temper; and for the journalistic there is proof enough in his dismissal of the scholarly arguments of Luther and Carolostadius: 'They vttered nothing to make a man laugh, therefore I will leaue them.' Here in a nutshell is the science of reporting on learned societies for the popular press. And Nashe had that other and greater quality, not less characteristic of Bohemia, the militant loyalty to a friend. He wrote, in prose and verse, much that will give scope to literary critics yet unborn, but never more manly sentences than those which rebuked the inhumanity of Gabriel Harvey 'to *Greene* that lies full low in his graue.'¹ It is the age-long protest of the free-lance of letters against the self-righteous; 'Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne worthines: his only care was to haue a spel in his purse to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times.' And hard by is the great apology for his own life and *Greene's*: 'Debt and deadly sinne, who is not subiect to? with any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted.' These, of all Nashe's words, are

¹ The words are not those of Nashe, but of an impartial witness, Francis Meres.

those that give the vividest picture of the man ; it was no saint who wrote *The Choice of Valentines*, but a very human sinner, and on those words the man himself may best be judged. He does not live in our daily life as Chaucer does or Fielding ; he is too quick to anger, and lacks their divine tolerance ; but he is a figure little less distinct than his own portrait of Greene, a minor man of letters, but an inquiring connoisseur of life.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER was entered in the Stationers' Register on September 17, 1593, and the first edition, hereafter called *A*, with a dedication to Lord Southampton, was printed at London by T. Scarlet for C. Burby in 1584. A further edition, hereafter called *B*, lacking the dedication, was printed by Scarlet for Burby in the same year, and described on the title as 'Newly corrected and augmented.'

The book has been thrice reprinted by modern editors. Dr. Grosart included it in his privately printed six-volume edition of Nashe in 1883-4, using the copy of *A* in the British Museum; in 1892 Mr. Gosse issued a reprint of the *A* text, limited to 500 copies, in a separate volume; and in 1904 a reprint of the text of *B* from the Bodleian copy, including many of the readings of *A* from the British Museum copy, formed part of the second volume of Dr. McKerrow's five-volume edition of Nashe.

The present text is a reprint of *B*, and follows the copy in the Bodleian Library, the only perfect copy of *B* known to exist. I have however, though less frequently than Dr. McKerrow, admitted readings from *A*, using the copy in the British Museum, in cases where the version of *A* was clearly the better, or where it had been abridged in *B*. In such cases the reading of *B* is relegated to the textual footnotes, which also contain such minor variant readings from the

A text as seem to me valuable or suggestive. The dedication to Lord Southampton is also reprinted from *A*.

It is impossible to refer to the previous reprints without acknowledging the debt of Elizabethan scholarship to Dr. McKerrow's exhaustive edition of Nashe's works. In his treatment of such points as the division of the sheets of *B* between two printers, the evidence that *B* was set up from corrected sheets of *A*, and the like, he has dealt with problems which do not come within the scope of the present reprint, whose justification for existence is the need, long felt both by students and by the literary amateur, of an accessible separate text of Nashe's novel. The present volume is designed to meet the wants of both classes of reader, the textual footnotes being reduced to a minimum by the banishment to an appendix of those misprints, turned letters, and errors in punctuation, the reproduction of which in the text or in footnotes would have been merely distracting.

In the present reprint the original punctuation of the *B* text is for the first time preserved. Up to the issue of Mr. Percy Simpson's *Shakespearian Punctuation* in 1911 it was the general custom of editors to modernise the pointing of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century texts. That epoch is now past, and no scholar can safely return to it. Those who are interested in the subject will naturally refer to the monograph, but the casual reader need only bear in mind that Elizabethan punctuation was rhythmical or even rhetorical, while that of to-day is based on logic or syntax. A page or two will accustom him to the earlier method, and it is odds but after further acquaintance he will come to prefer it.

The roman type, varied by italic, of the dedication and induction of *A* and *B* respectively is followed exactly in

the present text, but the black letter, with occasional roman, of the main body of the book is here replaced respectively by roman and italic type. The *Vanhotten . . . gelderslike* passage at 44. 19 has, however, also been printed in italic, having been set up in *B* in black letter of a fount larger than that used for the rest of the text. The long *f*, which is a mere source of annoyance to modern readers, has everywhere been replaced by *s*. It should be added that the type used in *B* was worn, and many letters are blurred in the printing; it is often, for instance, hardly possible to distinguish a blotted *h* from a *b*; and in cases of doubt the letter required by the sense has been presumed to have been used unless a misprint in *B* is unmistakably shown.

Although *B* is described as 'Newly corrected and augmented,' the additions are only two in number. The former of them (44. 17) consists of the words 'carousing a whole health to the Dukes armes,' which must have been overlooked in the printing of *A*. The latter (76. 24) is a longer passage, referring to Pontius Pilate's house: 'The name of the place I remember not, but it is as one goes to Saint Pauls Church not farre from the iemmes *Piazza*.' It is possible that this may also have been omitted by the printer of *A*, but it looks more like a deliberate later attempt to add local colour. Whether Nashe had ever been out of England is highly doubtful, but he must have talked with many who had, and talk or reading might well have suggested the addition, though what 'the iemmes *Piazza*' may be it is not easy to say. Of the other alterations from *A* the reader will be able to form his own opinion, though it must be noted that while many are apparently author's corrections, some of the omissions, such as that of the address to Puritans at 62. 34, are clearly accidental, and

a few are undoubtedly due to the compositor's lack of space.

To Dr. McKerrow, who has dealt fully with the latter point, my thanks are due for his very courteous permission to set up from a copy of his own text, altered by me to correspond with that of *B* in punctuation and in various readings which he discarded. This process has often involved a score of MS. corrections to the page, but those who know the labour of transcribing sixteenth-century black-letter in bulk will appreciate the value of the permission, and the added accuracy gained to the present text, the proofs of which I have collated throughout with the originals in the Bodleian or British Museum.

The reproduction of the title-page of *B* is a full-size facsimile of the probably unique original, shelf-mark Wood, 31. c. (3), in the Bodleian Library. The only other known copy of *B*—that formerly in the Rowfant collection—has lost its title.

H. F. B. B.-S.

T H E
V N F O R T V -
nate Traveller.

O R,
The life of Iacke Wilton.)

Newly corrected and aug-
mented.

Qui audiunt audita dicunt.

T H O. N A S H E.



L O N D O N,
Imprinted by Thomas Scarce
for Cuthbert Burby.

1594.

*To the right Honorable Lord Henrie Wriothsley,
Earle of South-hampton, and Baron
of Tichfeeld.*

INgenuous honorable Lord, I know not what blinde custome methodicall antiquity hath thrust vpon vs, to dedicate such books as we publish, to one great man or other; In which respect, least anie man should challenge these my papers as goods vncustomd, and so extend vpon them as forfeite to contempt, to the seale of your excellent censure loe here I present them to bee seene and allowed. Prize them as high or as low as you list: if you set anie price on them, I hold my labor well satisfide. Long haue I desired to approoue my wit vnto you. My reuerent duetifull thoughts (euen from their infancie) haue been retayners to your glorie. Now at last I haue enforst an opportunitie to plead my deuoted minde. All that in this phantasticall Treatise I can promise, is some reasonable conueyance of historie, & varietie of mirth. By diuers of my good frends haue I been dealt with to employ my dul pen in this kinde, it being a cleane different vaine from other my former courses of writing. How wel or ill I haue done in it, I am ignorant: (the eye that sees round about it selfe, sees not into it selfe): only your Honours applauding encouragement hath power to make mee arrogant. Incomprehensible is the heighth of your spirit both in heroical resolution and matters of conceit. Vnrepriueably perisheth that booke whatsoever to wast paper, which on the diamond rocke of your iudgement disasterly chanceth to be ship-

wrackt. A dere louer and cherisher you are, as well of the louers of Poets, as of Poets themselues. Amongst their sacred number I dare not ascribe my selfe, though now and then I speak English: that smal braine I haue, to no further vse I conuert, saue to be kinde to my frends, and fatall to my enemies. A new brain, a new wit, a new stile, a new soule will I get mee, to canonize your name to posteritie, if in this my first attempt I be not taxed of presumption. Of your gracious fauor I despaire not, for I am not altogether Fames out-cast. This handfull of leaues I offer to your view, to the leaues on trees I compare, which as they cannot grow of themselues except they haue some branches or boughes to cleaue too, & with whose iuice and sap they be euermore recreated & nourisht: so except these vnpolisht leaues of mine haue some braunch of Nobilitie whereon to depend and cleaue, and with the vigorous nutriment of whose authorized commendation they may be continually fosterd and refresht, neuer wil they grow to the worlds good liking, but forthwith fade and die on the first houre of their birth. Your Lordship is the large spreading branch of renown, from whence these my idle leaues seeke to deriue their whole nourishing: it resteth you either scornfully shake them off, as worm-eaten & worthles, or in pity preserue them and cherish them, for some litle summer frute you hope to finde amongst them.

Your Honors in all humble seruice:

Tho: Nashe.

*The Induction to the dapper Mounsier
Pages of the Court.*

GAllant Squires, haue amongst you: at Mum-
chance I meane not, for so I might chance come
to short commons, but at *nouus, noua, nouum*, which
is in English, newes of the maker. A proper fellow Page of
yours called *Iack Wilton*, by me commends him vnto you,
and hath bequeathed for wast paper here amongst you
certaine pages of his misfortunes. In anie case keepe them
preciously as a *priuie* token of his good will towardes you.
If there bee some better than other, he craues you would
honor them in theyr death so much, as to drie & kindle
Tobacco with them: for a need he permits you to wrap
veluet pantofles in them also; so they bee not woe begone
at the heeles, or weather-beaten lyke a blacke head with
graie hayres, or mangie at the toes, lyke an Ape about the
mouth. But as you loue good fellowship and ames ace,
rather turne them to stop mustard-pottes, than the Grocers
should haue one patch of them to wrap mace in: a strong
hot costly spice it is, which aboue all things he hates. To
anie vse about meat & drinke put them to and spare not,
for they cannot doe theyr cuntry better seruice. Printers
are made whoorsons, allowe them some of them for nap-
kins. Iost a little neerer to the matter & the purpose.
Memorandum, euerie one of you after the perusing of this
pamphlet, is to prouide him a case of ponyardes, that if
you come in companie with anie man which shall dispraise
it or speak against it, you may straight crie *Sic respondeo*,

and giue him the stackado. It standes not with your honours (I assure ye) to haue a gentleman and a page abusde in his absence. Secondly, whereas you were wont to swere men on a pantofle to be true to your puisant order, you shall sweare them on nothing but this Chronicle of the king of Pages hence forward. Thirdly, it shall be lawfull for anie whatsoeuer, to play with false dice in a corner on the couer of this foresayd Acts and Monuments. None of the fraternitie of the minorites shall refuse it for a pawne in the times of famine and necessitie. Euerie Stationers stall they passe by, whether by daie or by night, they shall put off theyr hats too and make a low legge, in regard their grand printed Capitano is there entombd. It shalbe flat treason for anie of this fore-mentioned catalogue of the point trussers, once to name him within fortie foote of an alehouse, mary the tauerne is honorable. Many speciall graue articles more had I to giue you in charge, which your wisdomes waiting together at the bottom of the great chamber staires, or sitting in a porch (your parliament house) may better consider off than I can deliuer: onely let this suffice for a tast to the text, and a bitte to pull on a good wit with, as a rasher on the coles is to pull on a cup of Wine.

Heigh passe, come alofte: euerie man of you take
 your places, and heare *Iacke Wil-*
ton tell his owne Tale.

The vnfortunate Traueller.

ABout that time that the terror of the world, and feauer quartane of the French, *Henrie* the eight (the onely true subiect of Chronicles), aduanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of *Turney* and *Turwin*, and had the Emperour and all the nobilitie of *Flanders*, *Holand*, & *Brabant* as mercenarie attendants on his ful-sayld fortune, I, *Iacke Wilton*, (a Gentleman at least) was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging or appertaining in or vnto the confines of the English court, where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cosned can testifie, *Cælum petimus stultitia*, which of vs al is not a sinner. Bee it knowen to as many as will paie mony inough to peruse my storie, that I folowed the court or the camp, or the campe and the court, when *Turwin* lost her maidenhead, and opened her gates to more than *Iane Trosse* did. There did I, (soft let me drinke before I go anie further) raigne sole king of the cans and blacke iackes, prince of the pigmeis, countie palatine of cleane straw and prouant, and, to conclude, Lord high regent of rashers of the coles and red herring cobs. *Paulô maiora canamus*. Well, to the purpose. What stratagemicall acts and monuments doo you thinke an ingenious infant of my yeeres might enact? you will say it were sufficient if he slur a die, pawn his master to the vtmost peny, and minister the oath of¹ the

¹ on A

pantoffe arteficially. These are signes of good education I must confesse, and arguments of In grace and vertue to proceed. Oh but *Aliquid latet quod non patet*, theres a further path I must trace: examples confirme, list lordings to my proceedings. Who so euer is acquainted with the state of a campe, vnderstandes that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on *London* bridge. In those quarters are many companies: Much companie, much knauery, as true as that olde adage, Much curtesie, much subtiltie. Those companies, lyke a greate deale of corne, do yeeld some chaffe, the corne are cormorants, the chaffe are good fellowes, which are quickly blowen to nothing, wyth bearing a light heart in a lyght purse. Amongest this chaffe was I winnowing my wittes to liue merrily, and by my troth so I did: the prince could but command men spend their bloud in his seruice, I could make them spend al the mony they had for my pleasure. But pouertie in the end partes friends, though I was prince of their purses, & exacted of my vnthriftie subiects as much liquid alleageance as any keisar in the world could doe, yet where it is not to bee had the king must loose his right, want cannot bee withstoode, men can doe no more than they can doe, what remained then, but the foxes case must help, when the lions skin is out at the elbows.

There was a Lord in the campe, let him be a Lord of misrule if you will, for he kept a plaine alehouse without welt or gard of anie iuybush, and sold syder and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at the verie name of sider I can but sigh, there is so much of it in renish wine now a daies.) Well, *Tendit ad sydera virtus*, thers great vertue belongs (I can tel you) to a cup of sider, and very good men haue sold it, and at sea it is *Aqua cælestis*, but thats neither here nor there, if it had no other patrone but this peere of quart pottes to authorize it, it were sufficient. This great Lord, this worthie Lord, this noble Lord, thought no scorne (Lord haue mercie vpon vs) to

haue his great veluet breeches larded with the droppings of this daintie liquor, & yet he was an old seruitor, a cauelier of an ancient house, as might appeare by the armes of his ancestors, drawn verie amiably in chalke on the in side of his tent dore.

He and no other was the man I chose out to damne with a lewd monillesse deuce, for comming to him on a day as he was counting his barels and setting the price in chalke on the head of them, I did my dutie very deuoutly, and tolde his *alie* honor I had matters of some secrecy to impart vnto him, if it pleased him to grant me priuate audience. With me yong *Wilton* qd. he, mary and shalt : bring vs a pint of syder of a fresh tap into the three cups here, wash the pot, so into a backe roome hee lead me, where after he had spitte on his finger, and pickt of two or three moats of his olde moth eaten veluet cap, and spunged and wrong all the rumatike driuell frõ his ill fauored goats beard, he bad me declare my minde, and thereupon hee dranke to mee on the same. I vp with a long circumstance, alias, a cunning shift of the seenteenes, and discourst vnto him what entire affection I had borne him time out of minde, partly for the high descent and linage from whence hee sprong, and partly for the tender care and proudient respect he had of pore souldiers, that whereas the vastitie of that place, (which afforded them no indifferent supply of drink or of victuals) might humble them to some extremitie, and so weaken their handes, he vouchsafed in his owne person to be a victualler to the campe (a rare example of magnifisence and honorable curtesy) and diligently provided that without farre trauell, euerie man might for his money haue syder and cheese his belly full, nor did hee sell his cheese by the way onely, or his syder by the great, but abast himself with his owne hands¹ to take a shoormakers knife, (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally lyke a true

¹ hands, A : stands B.

iusticiarie, in little pennyworths, that it would doo a man good for to looke vpon. So likewise of his syder, the pore man might haue his moderate draught of it, (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandi-prat, as the rich man for his half souse or his denier. Not so much quoth I, but this Tapsters linnen apron which you weare to protect your apparell from the imperfections of the spigot, most amply bewrais¹ your lowly minde, I speake it with teares, too few such noble men haue wee that will drawe drinke in linnen aprons. Why you are euerie childes fellow, anie man that comes vnder the name of a souldier and a good fellowe, you will sit and beare companie to the last pot, yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of mine host heeres to you, as if one saluted you by all the titles of your baronie. These considerations I saie, which the world suffers to slip by in the channell of forgetfulnes, haue moued me in ardent zeale of your welfare, to forewarne you of some dangers that haue beset you and your barrels. At the name of dangers hee start vp and bounst with his fist on the boord so hard, that his tapster ouer-hearing him, cried, anone anone sir, by and by, and came and made a low legge and askt him what he lackt. Hee was readie to haue striken his tapster, for interrupting him in attention of this his so much desired relation, but for feare of displeasing mee hee moderated his furie, & onely sending for the other fresh pint, wild him looke to the barre, & come when he is cald with a deuils name. Well, at his earnest importunitie, after I had moistned mylippes, to make my lie run glibbe to his iourneies end, forward I went as followeth. It chanced me the other night, amongst other pages, to attend where the King with his Lordes and many chiefe leaders sate in counsell, there amongst sundrie serious matters that were debated, and intelligences from the enemy giuen vp, it was priuily informed (no villains to these priuie informers)

¹ bewrais *A* : bewray *B*.

that you, euen you that I nowe speake to, had (O would I had no tong to tell the rest by this drinke it grieues me so I am not able to repeate it.) Nowe was my dronken Lord readie to hang himselfe for the ende of the full point, and ouer my necke he throwes himselfe verie lubberly, and intreated me as I was a proper young Gentleman, and euer lookt for pleasure at his handes, soone to rid him out of this hell of suspence, and resolue him of the rest, then fell hee on his knees, wrong his handes, and I thinke on my conscience, wepte out all the syder that he had dronke in a weeke before, to moue mee to haue pittie on him, he rose & put his rustie ring on my finger, gaue mee his greasie purse with that single mony that was in it, promised to make mee his heire, and a thousand more fauours, if I woulde expire the miserie of his vnspeakable tormenting vncertaintie. I beeing by nature inclined to *Mercie* (for in deede I knewe two or three good wenches of that name), bad him harden his eares, and not make his eies abortiue before theyr time, and he should haue the inside of my brest turned outward, heare such a tale as would tempt the vtmost strength of lyfe to attend it, and not die in the midst of it. Why (quoth I,) my selfe that am but a poore childish well-willer of yours, with the verie thought, that a man of your deserte and state, by a number of pesants and varlets shoulde be so iniuriously abused in hugger mugger, haue wepte all my vrine vpwarde. The wheele vnder our citie bridge, carries not so much water ouer the citie, as my braine hath welled forth gushing streames of sorrow, I haue wepte so immoderatly and lauishly, that I thought verily my palat had bin turned to pissing Conduit in *London*. My eyes haue bin dronke, outrageously dronke, wyth giuing but ordinarie entercourse through their sea-circled Ilands to my distilling dreriment. What shal I say? that which malice hath saide is the meere ouerthrow and murder of these¹ daies. Change not your colour, none can slander a

¹ these *B*: your *A*.

cleere conscience to it self, receiue al your fraught of misfortune in at once.

It is buzzed in the Kings head that you are a secret frend to the Enemy, and vnder pretence of getting a License to furnish the Campe with syder and such like prouant, you haue furnisht the Enemy, & in emptie barrels sent letters of discouerie, and corne innumerable.

I might wel haue left here, for by this time his white liuer had mixt it selfe with the white of his eye, and both were turned vpwards, as if they had offered themselues a faire white for death to shoote at. The troth was, I was verie loath mine hoste and I should part with drye lips : wherefore the best meanes that I could imagine to wake hym out of his traunce, was to crie loud in his eare, Hoe hoste, whats to pay ? will no man looke to the reckoning here ? And in plaine veritie it tooke expected effect, for with the noyse he started and bustled, lyke a man that had beene scarde with fire out of his sleepe, and ran hastely to his Tapster, and all to belaboured him about the eares, for letting Gentlemen call so long, and not looke in to them. Presently he remembred himselfe, and had like to fall into his memento againe, but that I met him halfe waies, and askt his Lordship what hee meant to slip his necke out of the collar so sodainly, and being reuiued stryke hys Tapster so hastely ?

Oh (quoth he), I am bought and sold for dooing my COUNTRY such good seruice as I haue done. They are afraid of me, because my good deedes haue brought me into such estimation with the Comminaltie. I see, I see, it is not for the lambe to liue with the wolfe.

The world is well amended (thought I) with your Sidership ; such another fortie yeares nap together as *Epeminedes* had, would make you a perfect wise man. Answere me (quoth he) my wise yong *Wilton*, is it true that I am thus vnderhand dead and buried by these bad tongues ?

Nay (quoth I) you shall pardon me, for I haue spoken

too much alreadie, no definitiue sentence of death shall march out of my well meaning lips: they haue but lately suckt milke, and shall they so sodainly change their food and seeke after bloud ?

Oh, but (quoth he) a mans friend is his friend, fill the other pint Tapster: what said the King, did he beleue it when he heard it? I pray thee say, I swear by my Nobilitie; none in the world shall euer be made priuie, that I receiued anie light of this matter by thee.

That firme affiance (quoth I) had I in you before, or else I wold neuer haue gone so farre ouer the shooes, to plucke you out of the myre. Not to make manie words (since you will needs knowe) the King saies flatly; you are a myser and a snudge, and he neuer hoped better of you. Nay, then (quoth he) questionles some Planet that loues not Syder hath conspired against me. Moreouer, which is worse, the King hath vowed to giue *Turwin* one hot breakfast, onely with the bungs that he will plucke out of your barrells. I cannot stay at thys time to report each circumstance that passed, but the onely counsell that my long cherished kinde inclination can possibly contriue, is now in your old daies to be liberall, such victualls or prouision as you haue, presently distribute it frankely amongst poore Souldiers, I would let them burst their bellies with Syder, and bathe in it, before I would run into my Princes ill opinion for a whole sea of it. The hunter pursuing the Beauer for his stones, hee bites them off, and leaues them behinde for him to gather vp, whereby he liues quiet. If greedy hunters and hungrie tale-tellers pursue you, it is for a litle pelfe that you haue, cast it behinde you, neglect it, let them haue it, least it breede a farther inconuenience. Credit my aduice, you shall finde it propheticall: and thus haue I discharged the part of a poore frend. With some few like phrases of ceremonie, your Honors poore suppliant, and so forth, and farewell my good youth, I thanke thee, and wil remember thee, we parted. But the next day I

thinke we had a doale of syder, syder in bowles, in scuppets, in helmets: and to conclude, if a man wold haue filld his boots full, ther he might haue had it: prouant thrust it selfe into poore souldiers pockets whether they would or no. Wee made fiue peales of shot into the towne together, of nothing but spiggots and faucets of discarded emptie barrels: euerie vnder-foot souldior had a distenanted tun, as *Diogenes* had his tub to sleepe in. I my selfe got as manie confiscated Tapsters aprons as made me a Tent, as big as anie ordinarie Commaunders in the field. But in conclusion, my welbeloued Baron of double beere got him humbly on hys mary-bones to the King, and complained he was old and stricken in yeres, and had neuer an heire to cast at a dogge, wherfore if it might please his Maiestie to take his lands into his hands, and allowe hym some reasonable pension to liue, he shuld be meruailously wel pleased: as for warres he was weary of them, yet as long as his highnes ventred his owne person, he would not flinch a foot, but make his wythered bodie a buckler to beare off any blow aduanced against him.

The King meruailing at this alteration of his syder-merchant (for so he often pleasantly tearmd him) with a litle farther talk bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pitifully whipt for my holiday lye, though they made themselues merrie with it manie a Winters euening after. For all this, his good asse-headed-honor, mine host, perseuered in his former request to the King to accept his lands, & allow him a beadsmanrie or out-brothershippe of brachet: which through his vehement instancie tooke effect, and the King iestingly said, since he would needs haue it so, he would distraine one¹ part of his land for impost of syder, which he was behinde with.

This was one of my famous atchieuements, insomuch as I neuer light vpon the like famous Foole, but I haue done a thousand better iests, if they had been boockt in order as

¹ on 4.

they were begotten. It is pittie posteritie should be deprived of such precious Records: & yet there is no remedie, and yet there is too, for when all failes, welfare a good memorie. Gentle Readers (looke you be gentle now since I haue cald you so), as freely as my knauerie was mine owne, it shall be yours to vse in the way of honestie.

Euen in this expedition of *Turwin* (for the King stood not long a thrumming of buttons there) it hapned me fall in (I would it had faln out otherwise for his sake) with an vgly mechanichall Captain. You must thinke in an Armie, where trunchions are in their state-house, it is a flat stab once to name a Captaine without cap in hand. Well, suppose he was a Captaine, and had neuer a good cap of his owne, but I was faine to lend him one of my Lords cast veluet caps, and a weather-beaten feather, wherewith he threatned his soldiers a far off, as *Iupiter* is said, with the shaking of his haire to make heauen & earth to quake. Suppose out of the parings of a paire of false dice, I apparelled both him and my selfe manie a time and oft: and surely, not to slander the diuell, if anie man euer deserued the golden dice the King of the *Parthians* sent to *Demetrius* it was I. I had the right vayne of sucking vp a die twixt the dints of my fingers, not a creuse in my hand but could swallow a quater tray for a neede: in the line of life manie a dead lift did there lurke, but it was nothing towards the maintenance of a familie. This Monsieur Capitano eate vp the creame of my earnings, and *Crede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare*, any man is a fine fellow as long as he hath any money in his purse. That money is like the Marigold, which opens and shuts with the Sunne: if fortune smileth or one bee in fauour, it floweth; if the euening of Age comes on, or he falls into disgrace, it fadeth and is not to be found. I was my crafts-master though I were¹ but yong, and could as soone decline *Nominatiuo*

¹ was *A*.

hic Asinus, as a greater Clearke, wherefore I thought it not conuenient my Soldado should haue my purs any longer for his drum to play vppon, but I would giue him Iacke Drums entertainment, and send him packing.

This was my plot: I knewe a peece of seruice of Intelligence, which was presently to be done, that required a man with all his fiue senses to effect it, and would ouerthrow anie foole that should vndertake it: to this seruice did I animate and egge my foresaid costs and charges, alias, Senior veluet-cap, whose head was not encombred with too much forcast; and comming to him in his cabbिन about dinner time, where I found him very deuoutly paring of his nayles for want of other repast, I entertaინd him with this solemne oration.

Captaine, you perceiue how nere both of vs are driuen, the dice of late are growen as melancholy as a dog, high men and low men both prosper alike, langrets, fullams, and all the whole fellowshippe of them, will not affoord a man his dinner, some other meanes must be inuented to preuent imminent extremitie. My state, you are not ignorant, depends on trencher seruice, your aduancement must be deriued from the valour of your arme. In the delaiies of Siege, desert hardly gets a day of hearing: tis gowns must direct and guns enact all the warres that is to be made against walls. Resteth no way for you to clime sodenly, but by doing some rare stratageme, the like not before heard of: and fitlie at this time occasion is offered.

There is a feate the King is desirous to haue wrought on some great Man of the Enemies side: marrie it requireth not so much resolution as discretion to bring it to passe; and yet resolution inough should be showne in it too, being so ful of hazardous ieopardie as it is, harke in your eare, thus it is: without more drumbling or pawsing, if you will vndertake it, and worke it through stitch (as you maye, ere the King hath determined which waie to goe about it) I warrant you are made while you liue, you need not care

which way your staffe falls, if it proue not so, then cut off my head.

Oh my Auditors, had you seene him how he stretcht out his lims, scratcht his scabd elbowes at this speach, how hee set his cap ouer his ey-browes like a polititian, and then folded his armes one in another, and nodded with the head, as who would say, let the French beware for they shall finde me a diuell: if (I say) you had seene but halfe the action that he vsed, of shrucking vp his shoulders, smiling scornfully, playing with his fingers on his buttons, and biting the lip; you wold haue laught your face and your knees together. The yron being hot, I thought to lay on load, for in anie case I would not haue his humor coole. As before I laid open vnto him the briefe summe of the seruice, so now I began to vrge the honorableness of it, and what a rare thing it was to be a right polititian, how much esteemd of Kings & princes, and how diuerse of meane Parentage haue come to bee Monarchs by it. Then I discourst of the quallities and properties of him in euery respect, how like the Woolfe he must drawe the breath from a man long before he bee seene, how like a Hare he must sleepe with his eyes open, how as the Eagle in his flying casts dust in the eyes of Crowes and other Fowles, for to blinde them, so hee must cast dust in the eyes of his enemies, delude their sight by one meanes or other that they diue not into his subtleties: howe hee must be familliar with all and trust none, drinke, carouse, and lecher with him out of whom he hopes to wring any matter, sweare and forswear, rather than be suspected, and in a word, haue the Art of dissembling at his fingers ends as perfect as any Courtier.

Perhaps (quoth I) you may haue some fewe greasie Cauailiers that will seeke to disswade you from it, and they will not sticke to stand on their three halfe penny honour, swearing and staring that a man were better be a hangman than an Intelligencer, and call him a sneaking Eauedropper, a scraping hedgecreeper, and a piperly pickethanke, but

you must not be discouraged by their talke, for the most part of these beggarly contemners of wit, are huge burly-bond Butchers like *Ayax*, good for nothing but to strike right downe blowes on a wedge with a cleauing beetle, or stand hammering all day vpon barres of yron. The whelpes of a Beare neuer growe but sleeping, and these Beare-wards hauing bigge lims shall be preferd though they doo nothing. You haue read stories, (Ile be sworne he neuer lookt in booke in his life) howe many of the Romaine worthies were there that haue gone as Spialls into their Enemies Campe? *Vlysses*, *Nestor*, *Diomed*, went as spies together in the night into the Tents of *Rhæsus*, and intercepted *Dolon* the spie of the Troians: neuer any discredited the trade of Intelligencers but *Iudas*, and he hanged himselfe. Danger will put wit into any man. *Architas* made a wooden Doue to flie; by which proportion I see no reason that the veryest blocke in the worlde shoulde dispayre of any thing. Though nature be contrary inclined, it may be altred, yet vsually those whom shee denies her ordinary gifts in one thing, shee doubles them in another. That which the Asse wants in wit, hee hath in honesty, who euer sawe him kicke or winch, or vse any iades tricks? though he liue an hundred yeares you shall neuer heare that he breaks pasture. Amongst men, he that hath not a good wit, lightly hath a good yron memory, and he that hath neither of both, hath some bones to carry burthens. Blinde men haue better noses than other men: the buls hornes serue him aswell as hands to fight withall, the Lyons pawes are as good to him as a pol-axe to knocke downe anye that resist him, the bores tushes serue him in better steed than a sword and buckler: what neede the snaile care for eyes, when hee feeles the way with his two hornes, as well as if he were as quicke sighted as a decypherer. There is a fish, that hauing no wings supports herselfe in the aire with her finnes. Admit that you had neither wit nor capacitie, as sure in my iudgement there is

none equall vnto you in idiotisme, yet if you haue simplicitie and secrecie, serpents themselues wil thinke you a serpent, for what serpent is there but hydes his sting: and yet whatsoeuer be wanting, a good plausible tongue in such a man of imployment, can hardly be sparde, which as the fore-named serpent, with his winding taile fetcheth in those that come nere him, so with a rauishing tale it gathers al mens harts vnto him: which if he haue not let him neuer looke to ingender by the mouth as rauens and doues do, that is, mount or be great by vndermining. Sir, I am ascertained that all these imperfections I speak of in you haue their naturall resiance. I see in your face, that you wer born with the swallow to feed flying, to get much tresure and honor by trauell. None so fit as you for so important an enterprise: our vulgar polititians are but flies swimming on the streame of subiltie superficially in comparison of your singularitie, their blinde narrow eyes cannot pierce into the profundity of hypocrisie, you alone with *Palamed*, cau pry into *Vlysses* mad counterfeting, you can discerne *Achilles* from a chamber maide, though he be deckt with his spindle and distaffe: as *Ioue* dining with *Licaon* could not bee beguiled with humane fleshe drest like meate, so no humane braine may goe beyond you, none beguile you, you gull all, all feare you, loue you, stoup to you. Therefore good sir be ruld by me, stoup your fortune so low, as to bequeath your selfe wholly to this busines.

This siluer-sounding tale made such sugred harmonie in his eares, that with the sweete meditation, what a more than myraculous polititian he should be, and what kingly promotion shuld come tumbling on him thereby, he could haue found in his hart to haue packt vp hys pipes, and to haue gone to heauen without a bait: yea, hee was more inflamed and rauishte with it, than a yong man called *Taurimontanus* was with the *Phrigian* melodie, who was so incensed and fired therewith, that he would needs run

presently vpon it, and set a Curtizans house on fire that had angered him.

No remedie there was, but I must help to furnish him with mony. I did so, as who will not make hisemie a bridge of gold to flie by. Verie earnestly he coniuerde me to make no man liuing priuie to hys departure, in regard of his place and charge, and on his honor assured me, his returne should be verie short and succesfull. I, I, shorter by the necke (thought I) in the meane time let this be thy posie, *I liue in hope to scape the rope.*

Gone he is, God send him good shipping to Wapping, and by this time if you will, let him be a pitiful poore fellow, and vndone for euer: for mine own part, if he had bin mine own brother, I could haue done no more for him than I did, for straight after his back was turnd I went in all loue and kindnes to the Marshall generall of the field, & certifide him that such a man was lately fled to the Enemy, & got his place begd for another immediately: what became of him after you shall heare. To the Enemy he went and offred his seruice, rayling egregiously against the King of *England*, he swore, as he was a Gentleman and a souldier, he would be reuenged on him: and let but the King of *France* follow his counsel, he would driue him from *Turwin* wals yet ere three daies to an end. All these were good humors, but the tragedie followeth. The French King hearing of such a prating fellow that was come, desired to see him, but yet he feared treson, willing one of his Minions to take vpon him his person, & he wold stand by as a priuate person while he was examined. Why should I vse anie idle delaies? In was Captaine gogs wounds brought, after hee was throughly searched, not a louse in his doublet was let passe, but was askt *Queuela*, and chargd to stand in the Kings name, the molds of his buttons they turnd out, to see if they were not bullets couered ouer with thred, the cod-peece in his diuels breeches (for they wer then in fashion) they said plainly was a case for a

pistol: if he had had euer a hob-naile in his shooes it had hangd him, and hee should neuer haue known who had harmd him, but as lucke was, he had no myte of any mettall about him, he tooke part with none of the foure Ages, neyther the golden Age, the siluer Age, the brazen nor the yron Age, onely his purse was aged in emptines, and I think verily a puritane, for it kept it selfe from any pollution of crosses. Standing before the supposed King, he was askt what he was, and wherefore he came? To which, in a glorious bragging humor he answered, that he was a gentleman a capten commander, a chiefe leader, that came from the King of *England* vpon discontentment. Questiond of the perticular cause, he had not a word to blesse himselfe with, yet faine he would haue patcht out a polt-foot tale, but (God knowes) it had not one true leg to stand on.

Then began he to smell on the villaine so rammishly, that none there but was ready to rent him in pieces, yet the Minion King kept in his cholar, and propounded vnto him further, what of the King of Englands secrets (so aduantageable) he was priuy to, as might remooue him from the siege of Turwin in three daies. He said diuerse, diuerse matters, which askt longer conference, but in good honesty they were lies, which he had not yet stampd. Hereat the true King stept forth, and commaunded to lay hande on the Lozell, and that he should be tortured to confesse the truth, for he was a spie and nothing else.

He no sooner sawe the wheele and the torments set before him, but he cryde out like a Rascall, and said he was a poore Captaine in the English Campe, suborned by one *Iacke Wilton* (a Noble mans Page) and no other, to come and kill the French King in a brauerie and returne, and that he had no other intention in the world.

This confession could not choose but mooue them all to laughter, in that he made it as light a matter to kill their

King and come backe, as to goe to Islington and eate a messe of Creame, and come home againe, nay, and besides he protested that he had no other intention, as if that were not inough to hang him.

Adam neuer fell till God made fooles, all this could not keepe his ioynts from ransacking on the Wheele, for they vowed either to make him a Confessor or a Martyr with a trice: when still he sung all one song, they told the King he was a foole, and that some shrowd head had knaushly wrought on him, wherefore it should stand with his honour to whip him out of the Campe and send him home. That perswasion tooke place, and soundly was he lasht out of their liberties, and sent home by a Herrald with this message, that so the King his Master hoped to whip home all the English fooles very shortly: answeere was returned, that that shortly, was a long-lie, and they were shrewd fooles that should driue the French-man out of his Kingdome, and make him glad with Corinthian *Dionisius* to play the Schoolemaster.

The Herrald being dismiss, our afflicted Intelligencer was calde *coram nobis*, how he sped iudge you, but something he was adiudged too. The sparrow for his lechery liueth but a yeare, he for his trechery was turnd on the toe, *Plura dolor prohibet*.

Here let me triumph a while, and ruminare a line or two on the excellence of my wit, but I will not breath neither till I haue disfraughted all my knauerie.

Another Switzer Captaine that was farre gone for want of the wench, I lead astray most notoriously, for he being a monstrous vnthrif of battle-axes (as one that cared not in his anger to bid flye out scuttels to fiue score of them) and a notable emboweler of quart pots, I came disguised vnto him in the forme of a halfe crowne wench, my gowne and attyre according to the custome then in request. Iwis I had my curtsies in cue or in quart pot rather, for they dyude into the verie entrailes of the dust, and I sympered

with my countenance like a porridge pot on the fire when it first begins to seethe. The sobriety of the circumstance is, that after hee had courted mee and all, and giuen me the earnest-penie of impietie, some sixe Crownes at the least for an antipast to iniquitie, I fained an impregnable excuse to be gone and neuer came at him after.

Yet left I not here, but committed a little more scutcherie. A companie of coystrell Clearkes (who were in band with Sathan, and not of anie Souldiers collar nor hat-band) pinchd a number of good mindes to God-ward of their prouant. They would not let a dram of dead-pay ouer-slip them, they would not lend a groat of the weeke to come, to him that had spent his money before this weeke was done. They out-faced the greatest and most magnanimious Seruitors in their sincere and finigraphicall cleane shirts and cuffles. A Lowce (that was anie Gentlemans companion) they thought scorne of, their nere bitten beards must in a deuills name bee dewed euerye day with Rose-water, Hogges could haue nere a haire on their backs for making them rubbing-brushes to rouse their Crab-lice. They would in no wise permit that the moates in the Sun-beames should be full mouthd beholders of their cleane phinifide apparel, their shooes shined as bright as a slike-stone, their hands troubled and foyled more water with washing, than the Cammell doth, that neuer drinks till the whole streame be troubled. Summarily, neuer anie were so fantastically the one halfe as they.

My masters, you may conceaue of me what you list, but I thinke confidently I was ordained Gods scourge from aboue for their daintie finicalitie. The houre of their punishment could no longer be proroged, but vengeance must haue at them, at all a ventures. So it was, that the most of these aboue-named goose-quill Braggadoches, were mere cowards and crauens, and durst not so much as throwe a pen-full of inke into the Enemies face, if prooffe were made:

wherefore on the experience of their pusillanimitie I thought to raise the foundation¹ of my roguerie.

What did I now but one day made a false alarum in the quarter where they lay, to try how they would stand to their tackling, and with a pittifull out-crie warned them to flie, for there was treason a foote, they were inuironed and beset. Vpon the first watch worde of treason that was giuen; I thinke they betooke them to their heeles verie stoutly, left their penne and inke-hornes and paper behinde them, for spoile resigned their deskes, with the money that was in them to the mercie of the vanquisher, and in fine, left me and my fellowes (their foole-catchers) Lordes of the field: How wee dealt with them, their disburdened deskes canne best tell, but this I am assured, we fared the better for it a fortnight of fasting dayes after.

I must not place a volume in the precincts of a pamphlet: sleepe an houre or two, and dreame that Turney and Turwin is wonne, that the King is shipt againe into England, and that I am close at harde meate at Windsore or at Hampton Court. What will you in your indifferent opinions allow me for my trauell, no more signiorie ouer the Pages that I had before? yes, whether you will part with so much probable friendly suppose or no, Ile haue it in spite of your hearts. For your instruction and godly consolation, bee informed, that at that time I was no common squire, no vndertrodden torch-bearer, I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the fore-top, my French dublet gelte in the bellie as though (like a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had bin pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung downe like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my longe stock that sate close to my docke, and smothered not a scab or a leacherous hairie sinew on the calfe of the legge, my rapier pendant like a round sticke fastned in the tacklings for skippers the better to climbe by, my cape cloake of blacke cloth, ouer-

¹ foundation *A*: fontaine *B*.

spreading my backe like a thorne-backe, or an Elephantes eare, that hanges on his shoulders like a countrie huswiues banskin, which she thirles hir spindle on, & in consummation of my curiositie, my hands without glooues, all a more French, and a blacke budge edging of a beard on the vpper lip, & the like sable auglet of excrements in the rising of the ankle of my chinne. I was the first that brought in the order of passing into the Court which I deriued from the common word *Qui passa*, and the Heralds phrase of armes *Passant*, thinking in sinceritie, he was not a Gentleman, nor his armes curraut, who was not first past by the Pages. If anie Prentise or other came into the Court that was not a Gentleman, I thought it was an indignitie to the preheminance of the Court to include such a one, and could not bee salude except wee gaue him Armes *Passant*, to make him a Gentleman.

Besides, in Spaine, none passe anie farre way but he must be examined what he is, and giue three pence for his passe.

In which regard it was considered of by the common table of the cupbearers, what a perilsome thing it was to let anie stranger or out dweller approch so neare the precincts of the Prince, as the greate Chamber, without examining what hee was, and giuing him his passe, whereupon we established the like order, but tooke no mony of them as they did, onely for a signe that he had not past our hands vnexamined, we set a red marke on their eares, and so let them walke as authentically.

I must not discouer what vngodlie dealing we had with the blacke iackes, or how oft I was crowned King of the drunkardes with a Court cuppe, let mee quietly descend to the waining of my youthfull daies, and tell a little of the sweating sicknes, that made me in a cold sweate take my heeles and runne out of England.

This sweating sicknes, was a disease that a man then might catch and neuer goe to a hot-house. Manie Masters desire to haue such seruants as would worke till they sweate

again, but in those dayes hee that sweate neuer wrought againe. That Scripture then was not thought so necessarie, which sayes, Earne thy liuing with the sweat of thy browes, for then they earnd their dying with the sweat of their browes. It was inough if a fat man did but trusse his points, to turne him ouer the perch: Mother *Cornelius* tub why it was like hell, he that came into it, neuer came out of it.

Cookes that stand continually basting their faces before the fire, were now all cashierd with this sweat into kitchin stuffe: their hall fell into the Kings hands for want of one of the trade to vphold it.

Felt makers and Furriers, what the one with the hot steame of their wooll new taken out of the pan, and the other with the contagious heat of their slaughter budge and connie-skinnes, died more thicke than of the pestelence: I haue seene an old woman at that season hauing three chins, wipe them all away one after another, as they melted to water, and left hir selfe nothing of a mouth but an vpper chap. Looke how in May or the heat of Summer we lay butter in water for feare it should melt away, so then were men faine to wet their clothes in water as Diers doo, and hide themselues in welles from the heat of the Sunne.

Then happie was he that was an asse for nothing will kill an asse but colde, and none dide but with extreame heate. The fishes called Sea-starres, that burne one another by excessiue heate, were not so contagious as one man that had the Sweate was to another. Masons paid nothing for haire to mixe their lyme, nor Glouers to stuffe their balls with, for then they had it for nothing, it dropped off mens heads and beards faster than anie Barber could shaue it. O, if haire breeches had then been in fashion, what a fine world had it beene for Tailers, and so it was a fine world for Tailers neuertheless, for he that could make a garment sleightest and thinnest carried it awaie: Cutters I can tell you then stood vpon it to haue their Trade one of the twelue Companies, for who was it then that

would not haue his dublet cut to the skin, and his shirt cut into it too, to make it more cold. It was as much as a mans life was worth ones to name a freeze ierkin, it was hye treason for a fat grosse man ¹ to come within fve miles of the Court. I heard where they dyde vp all in one Familie, and not a mothers childe escapde, insomuch as they had but an Irish rugge lockt vp in a presse, and not laid vpon anie bed neither, if those that were sicke of this maladie slept of ² it, they neuer wakde more. Phisitions with their simples, in this case wext simple fellowes, and kued not which way to bestirre them.

Galen might goe shooe the Gander for any good he could doo, his Secretaries had so long called him Diuine, that now he had lost al his vertue vpon earth. *Hippocrates* might well helpe Almanack-makers, but here he had not a word to say: a man might sooner catch the sweate with plodding ouer him to no end, than cure the sweate with anie of his impotent principles. *Paracelsus* with his Spirite of the Butterie and his spirites of Mineralls, could not so much as saye, God amend him to the matter. *Plus erat in artifice quam arte*, there was more infection in the Phisition himselfe than his arte could cure. This Mortalitie first began amongst old men, for they taking a pride to haue their breasts loose basted with tedious beards, kept their houses so hot with their hayry excrements, that not so much but their verie walls sweat out salt-peeter, with the smothering perplexitie: nay a number of them had meruailous hot breaths, which sticking in the briers of their bushie beards, could not choose, but (as close aire long imprisoned) in-gender corruption.

Wiser was our Brother *Bankes* of these latter daies, who made his iugling horse a Cut, for feare if at anie time hee should foyst, the stinke sticking in his thicke bushie taile might be noysome to his Auditors. Should I tell you how manie Purseuants with red noses, and Sergeants with

¹ grosse man A: goose B.

² of B: on A.

precious faces shrunke away in this Sweate, you would not beleue me. Euen as the Salamander with his very sight blasteth apples on the trees: so a Purseuant or a Sergeant at this present, with the verie reflexe of his fierie facies, was able to spoyle a man a farre of. In some places of the world there is no shaddowe of the Sunne, *Diebus illis* if it had been so in *England*, the generation of *Brute* had died all and some. To knit vp this description in a pursnet, so feruent & scorching was the burning aire which inclosed them, that the most blessed man then aliue, would haue thought that God had done fairly by him, if hee had turnd him to a Goate, for Goates take breath not at the mouth or nose onely, but at the cares also.

Take breath how they would, I vowd to tarrie no longer among them. As at *Turwin* I was a demy souldier in iest: so now I became a Martialist in earnest. Ouer Sea with my implements I got mee, where hearing the King of *France* and the *Switzers* were together by the eares, I made towards them as fast as I could, thinking to thrust my selfe into that Faction that was strongest. It was my good lucke or my ill (I know not which) to come iust to the fighting of the Battell: where I saw a wonderfull spectacle of blood-shed on both sides, here vnweeldie *Switzers* wallowing in their gore, like an Oxe in his dung, there the sprightly *French* sprawling and turning on the stained grasse, like a Roach new taken out of the streame: all the ground was strewed as thicke with Battle-axes, as the Carpenters yard with chips, the Plaine appeared like a quagmyre, ouerspred as it were¹ with trampled dead bodies. In one place might you behold a heape of dead murdered men ouerwhelmed with a falling Steede, in stead of a toombe stone: in another place, a bundell of bodies fettered together in their owne bowells: and as the tyrant Romane Emperours vsed to tye condemned lining caytiues face to face to dead corses, so were the halfe liuing here mixt with

¹ were *B*: was *A*.

squeazed carcases long putrified. Anie man might giue Armes that was an actor in that Battell, for there were more armes and legs scattered in the Field that day, than will be gathered vp till Doomes-day : the French King himselfe in this Conflict was much distressed, the braines of his owne men sprinkled in his face, thrice was his Courser slaine vnder him, and thrice was he strucke on the brest with a speare : but in the end, by the helpe of the *Venetians*, the *Heluetians* or *Switzers* were subdude, and he crowned a Victor, a peace concluded, and the Citie of *Millaine* surrendered vnto him, as a pledge of reconciliation.

That Warre thus blowen ouer, and the seuerall Bands dissolved, like a Crowe that still followes aloofe where there is carrion, I flew me ouer to *Munster* in *Germanie*, which an Anabaptisticall Brother named *John Leiden*, kept at that instant against the Emperour and the Duke of *Saxonie*. Heere I was in good hope to set vpp my staffe for some reasonable time, deeming that no Citie would driue it to a siege, except they were able to hold out : and pretely well had these *Munsterians* held out, for they kept the Emperour and the Duke of *Saxonie* play for the space of a yere, and longer would haue done, but that Dame Famine came amongst them : wherevppon they were forst by Messengers to agree vpon a day of Fight, when according to their Anabaptisticall errorr they might al be new christened in their owne blood.

That day come, flourishing entred *John Leiden* the Botcher into the field, with a scarffe made of lysts like a bow-case, a crosse on hys breast like a thred bottome, a round twilted Taylors cushion, buckled like a Tankard-bearers deuice to his shoulders for a target, the pyke whereof was a pack-needle, a tough prentises club for his spear, a great Bruers cow on his backe for a corslet, and on his head for a helmet a huge high shooe with the bottome turnd vppwards, embossed as full of hob-nayles as euer it might sticke : his men were all base handicrafts, as coblers, and

curriers and tinkers, whereof some had barres of yron, some hatchets, some coole-staues, some dung-forkes, some spades, some mattockes, some wood-kniues, some addises for their weapons: he that was best prouided, had but a peece of a rustie browne bill brauely fringed with cop-webs¹ to fight for him. Perchance here and there you might see a fellow that had a canker-eaten scull on his head, which serued him and his ancestors, for a chamber pot two hundred yeeres, and another that had bent a couple of yron dripping pans armour-wise, to fence his backe and his belly, another that had thrust a paire of drie olde bootes as a breast-plate before his belly of his dublet, because he would not be dangerously hurt: an other that had twilted all his trusse full of counters, thinking if the Enemie should take him, he would mistake them for gold, and so saue his life for his money. Verie deuout Asses they were, for all they were so dunstically set forth, and such as thought they knew as much of Gods minde as richer men: why inspiration was their ordinarie familiar, and buzd in their eares like a Bee in a boxe euerie hower what newes from heauen, hell, and the land of whipperginnie, displease them who durst, he should haue his mittimus to damnation *ex tempore*, they would vaunt there was not a pease difference betwixt them and the Apostles, they were as poore as they, of as base trades as they, and no more inspired than they, and with God there is no respect of persons, onely herein may seeme some little diuersitie to lurk, that *Peter* wore a sword, and they count it flat hel fire for anie man to weare a dagger: nay, so grounded and grauelled were they in this opinion, that now when they should come to Battell, theres neuer a one of them would bring a blade (no, not an onion blade) about hym to dye for it. It was not lawfull said they, for anie man to draw the sword but the Magistrate: and in fidelitie (which I had welnigh forgot) *Iacke Leiden* their Magistrate had the Image or likenes of a peece of a rustie

¹ cop-webs *B*: cobwebbes *A*.

sword like a lustie lad by his side : now I remember mee, it was but a foyle neither, and he wore it, to shewe that hee should haue the foyle of his Enemies, which might haue been an oracle for his two-hand Interpretation. *Quid plura ?* His Battell is pitcht : by pitcht, I doo not meane set in order, for that was farre from their order, onely as Sailers doo pitch their apparell to make it storm prooffe, so had most of them pitcht their patcht clothes to make them impearceable : a neerer way than to be at the charges of armour by halfe. And in another sort he might be said to haue pitcht the Field, for he had pitcht or rather set vp his rest whether to flie if they were discomfited.

Peace, peace there in the belfrie, seruice begins, vpon their knees before they ioine fals *Iohn Leiden* and his fraternitie verie deuoutly, they pray, they howle, they expostulate with God to grant them victorie, and vse such vnspeakable vehemence, a man wold thinke them the onely wel bent men vnder heauen. Wherin let me dilate a litle more grauely, than the nature of this historie requires, or wilbe expected of so yong a practitioner in diuinity : that not those that intermissiuely cry *Lord open vnto vs, Lord open vnto vs* enter first into the kingdom, that not the greatest professors haue the greatest portiõ in grace, that all is not gold that glisters. When Christ said, *the kingdome of heauen must suffer violence*, hee meant not the violence of long babling praiers, nor the violence of tedious inuectiue Sermons without wit, but the violence of faith, the violence of good works, the violence of patient suffering. The ignorant snatch the kingdome of heauen to themselues with greedines, when we with all our learning sinke into hell.

Where did *Peter* and *Iohn* in the third of the Acts, finde the lame cripple but in the gate of the temple called beautiful, in the beautifullest gates of our temple, in the forefront of professors, are many lame cripples, lame in life, lame in good workes, lame in euerie thing, yet will they alwaies sit at the gates of the temple, none be more for-

warde then they to enter into matters of reformation, yet none more behinde hand to enter into the true Temple of the Lord by the gates of good life.

You may object, that those which I speake against, are more diligent in reading the Scriptures, more carefull to resort vnto Sermons, more sober in their lookes, more modest in their attire, than anie else. But I pray you let me answer you, Doth not Christ say, that before the Latter day the Sunne shall be turned into darknesse, and the Moone into blood: whereof what may the meaning bee, but that the glorious Sunne of the Gospell shall be eclipsed with the dim clowd of dissimulation, that that which is the brightest Planet of saluation, shall be a meanes of error and darknes: and the Moone shall be turned into blood, those that shine fairest, make the simplest shewe, seeme most to fauour Religion, shal rent out the bowels of the church, be turned into blood, and all this shall come to passe before the notable day of the Lord, whereof this Age is the Eue.

Let me vse a more familiar example, since the heate of a great number outraged¹ so excessiue. Did not the Diuell lead Christ to the pinnacle or highest place of the Temple to tempt him? If he led Christ, he will lead a whole Armie of hypocrites to the top or highest part of the Temple, the highest step of Religion and Holines, to seduce them and subuert them. I say vnto you that which this our tempted Sauour with manie other words besought his Disciples, *Saue your selues from this froward generation. Verily, verily, the seruant is not greater than his master: Verily, verily, sinfull men are not holier than holy Iesus their maker. That holy Iesus again repeates this holy sentence, Remember the words I said vnto you, the seruaunt is not holier nor greater than his Master: as if he should say, Remember then, imprint in your memorie, your pride and singularitie wyll make you forget them, the effects of them manie yeeres hence will come to passe. Whosoever*

¹ hath outraged A.

will seeke to saue his soule shall loose it : whosoever seekes by headlong meanes to enter into Heauen, and disanull Gods ordinance, shall with the Gyaunts that thought to scale heauen in contempt of *Iupiter*, be ouerwhelmed with Mount *Ossa* and *Peleon*, and dwell with the diuell in eternall desolation.

Though the High Priests Office was expired, when *Paul* said vnto one of them, God rebuke thee thou painted sepulcher : yet when a stander by reprooued him, saying : Reuilest thou the High Priest ? he repented and askt forgiuenes.

That which I suppose I doe not grant, the lawfulness of the authoritie they oppose themselues against is sufficiently proued : farre be it my¹ vnder-age arguments should intrude themselues as a greene weake prop to support so high a Building : let it suffice, If you know Christ, you know his Father also : if you know Christianitie, you know the Fathers of the Church also. But a great number of you with *Philip* haue bene long with Christ, and haue not knowen him, haue long professed your selues Christians and haue not knowen his true Ministers : you follow the French and Scottish fashion and faction, and in all poynts are like the Switzers, *Qui quærunt, cum qua Gente cadunt*, that seeke with what Nation they may first miscarrie.

In the dayes of *Nero* there was an odde Fellowe that had found out an exquisite way to make glasse as hammer-proofe as golde : shall I say, that the like experiment he made vpon glasse, wee haue practised on the Gospell ? I, confidently will I :² Wee haue found out a sleight to hammer it to anie Heresie whatsoever. But those furnaces of Falshood, and hammer-heads of Heresie must bee dissolued and broken as his was, or els I feare mee the false glittering glasse of Innouation will bee better esteemed of, than the auncient golde of the Gospell.

¹ it my *A* : it from my *B*.

² I, confidently will I, *A* : I confidently will, I : *B*.

The fault of faults is this, that your dead borne faith is begotten by too-too infant Fathers. *Cato* one of the wisest men in Romane Histories canonised, was not borne till his father was foure score yeres olde: none can be a perfect father of faith and beget men aright vnto God, but those that are aged in experience, haue manie yeres imprinted in their milde conuersation, and haue with *Zacheus* solde all their possessions of vanities to enioy the sweet fellowship, not of the humane but spirituall *Messias*.

Ministers and Pastors, sell away your sects and schismes to the decrepite Churches in contention beyond sea, they haue been so long invred to warre, both about matters of Religion and Regiment, that now they haue no peace of minde, but in troubling all other mens peace. Because the pouertie of their Prouinces will allow them no proportionable maintenance for higher callings of ecclesiasticall Magistrates, they wold reduce vs to the president of their rebellious persecuted beggerie: much like the sect of Philosophers called Cynikes, who whẽ they saw they were born to no lands or possessions, nor had any possible meanes to support their estates, but they must liue despised and in misery doo what they could, they plotted and consulted with themselues how to make their pouertie better esteemed of than rich dominion and souereigntie. The vpsnot of their plotting and consultation was this, that they would liue to themselues, scorning the very breath or companie of all men, they profest (according to the rate of their lands) voluntarie pouertie, thin fare & lying hard, contemning and inueighing against all those as brute beasts whatsoever whome the world had giuen anie reputation for riches or prosperitie. *Diogenes* was one of the first and formost of the ring-leaders of this rustie morositie, and he for all his nice dogged disposition, and blunt deriding of worldly drosse, and the grosse felicitie of fooles, was taken notwithstanding a little after verie fairely a coyning monie in his cell: so fares it vpp and downe with our cinicall reformed

forraine Churches, they will disgest no grapes of great Bishoprikes forsooth, because they cannot tell how to come by them, they must shape their cotes good men according to their cloath and doe as they may, not as they wold, yet they must giue vs leaue here in England that are their honest neighbours, if wee haue more cloth than they, to make our garment some what larger.

What was the foundation or ground-worke of this dismall declining of Munster, but the banishing of their Bishop, their confiscating and casting lots for Church liuings, as the souldiers cast lottes for Christes garments, and in short tearmes, their making the house of God a den of theeues. The house of God a number of hungrie Church robbers in these dayes haue made a den of theeues. Theeues spend looselie what they haue gotten lightly, sacriledge is no sure inheritance, *Dionisius* was nere the richer for robbing of *Iupiter* of his golden coate, hee was driuen in the end to play the Schoolemaster at Corinth. The name of Religion, bee it good or bad that is ruinated, God neuer suffers vnreuenged, Ile say of it as *Ouid* said of Eunuchs :

*Qui primus pueris genitalia membra recidit,
Vulnera quæ fecit debuit ipse pati.*

Who first depriude yong boies of their best part,
With selfe same wounds he gaue he ought to smart,

So would he that first gelt religion or Church-liuings had bin first gelt himselfe or neuer liued ; *Cardinall Wolsey* is the man I aim at, *Qui in suas pœnas ingeniosus erat*, first gaue others a light to his own ouerthrow. How it prospered with him and his¹ instrumentes that after wrought for themselues, Chronicles largely report, though not applie, and some parcell of their punishment yet vnpaid, I doe not doubt but will be required of their posteritie.

To goe forward with my storie of the ouerthrow of that

¹ his *A* ; their *B*.

vsurper *John Leiden* he and all his armie: as I saide before, falling prostrate on their faces, and feruently giuen ouer to prairer, determined neuer to cease, or leaue solliciting of God, till he had shewed them from heauen some manifest miracle of successe.

Note that it was a generall receiued tradition both with *John Leiden* and all the crue of Cnipperdolings and Muncers, if God at any time at their vehement outcries and clamors did not condescend to their requests, to raile on him and curse him to his face, to dispute with him, and argue him of iniustice, for not beeing so good as his word with them, and to vrge his manie promises in the Scripture against him: so that they did not serue God simplie, but that he should serue their turnes, and after that tenure are many content to serue as bondmen to saue the danger of hanging: but hee that serues God aright, whose vpright conscience hath for his mot, *Amor est mihi causa sequendi*, I serue because I loue: he saies, *Ego te potius Domine quam tua dona sequar*, Ile rather follow thee O Lord, for thine own sake, than for anie couetous respect of that thou canst doe for mee.

Christ would haue no followers, but such as forsooke all and follow him, such as forsake all their owne desires, such as abandon all expectations of reward in this world, such as neglected and contemned their liues, their wiues and children in comparison of him, and were content to take vp their crosse and follow him.

These Anabaptists had not yet forsooke all and followed Christ, they had not forsooke their owne desires of reuenge and innouation, they had not abandoned their expectation of the spoile of their enimies, they regarded their liues, they lookt after their wiues and children, they tooke not vp their Crosses of humilitie and followed him, but would crosse him, vpbraid him, and set him at nought, if he assured not by some signe their prayers and supplications. *Deteriora sequuntur* they followed God as daring him. God heard their praiers, *Quod petitur pœna est*, It was their

speedie punishment that they prayde for. Lo according to the summe of their impudent supplications, a signe in the heauens appeard the glorious signe of the rainebowe, which agreed iust with the signe of their ensigne that was a rainbow likewise.

Wherevpon, assuring themselues of victorie (*Miseri quod volunt, facile credunt*) that which wretches would haue they easely belecue. With showtes and clamors they presently ranne headlong on theyr well deserued confusion.

Pittifull and lamentable was their vnppittied and well performed slaughter. To see euen a Beare, (which is the most cruellest of all beasts) too-too bloudily ouer-matcht, and deformedly rent in peeces by an vnconscionable number of cures, it would mooue compassion against kinde, and make those that (beholding him at the stake yet vncoapt with) wisht him a sutable death to his vgly shape, now to recall their hard-harted wishes, and moane him suffering as a milde beast, in comparison of the fowle mouthd Mastiues, his butchers: euen such compassion did those ouer-matcht vngracious *Munsterians* obtaine of manie indifferent eyes, who now thought them (suffering) to bee sheepe brought innocent to the shambles, when as before they deemed them as a number of wolues vp in armes against the shepheards.

The Emperialls themselues that were their Executioners (like a father that weepes when he beates his childe, yet still weepes and stil beates) not without much ruth and sorrow prosecuted that lamentable massacre, yet drums and trumpets sounding nothing but stearne reuenge in their eares, made them so eager, that their handes had no leasure to aske counsell of their effeminate eyes, their swordes, their pikes, their bills, their bowes, their caleeuers slew, empierced, knocht downe, shot through and ouerthrew as manie men euerie minute of the battell, as there falls eares of corne before the sythe at one blow: yet all their weapons so slaying, empiercing, knocking downe, shooting

through, ouer-throwing, dissoule-ioyned not halfe so manie, as the hailing thunder of the great Ordinance : so ordinarie at euerie foot-step was the inbrument of yron in bloud, that one could hardly discern heads from bullets, or clotted haire from mangled flesh hung with goare.

This tale must at one time or other giue vp the ghost, and as good now as stay longer, I would gladly rid my handes of it cleanly, if I could tell how, for what with talking of coblers, tinkers, roape-makers, botchers and durt-daubers, the mark is clean out of my Muses mouth, & I an as it were more than duncified twixt diuinity and poetrie. What is there more as touching this tragedie that you would be resolued of ? say quickly, for now is my pen on foote againe. How *John Leyden* dyed, is that it ? He dyde like a dogge, he was hangd & the halter paid for. For his companions, doe they trouble you ? I can tell you they troubled some men before, for they were all kild, & none escapt, no not so much as one to tell the tale of the rainebow. Heare what it is to be Anabaptists, to be Puritans, to be villaines, you may bee counted illuminate botchers for a while, but your end will bee Good people pray for vs.

With the tragicall catastrophe of this Munsterian conflict, did I cashier the new vocation of my caualliership. There was no more honorable wars in christendome then towards, wherefore after I had learned to be halfe an houre in bidding a man *boniure* in Germane sunonimas, I trauelled along the countrie towards England as fast as I could.

What with wagons and bare tentoes hauing attained to Middleborough (good Lord see the changing chances of vs knights arrant infants) I met with the right honorable Lord *Henrie Howard* Earle of Surrey my late master, Iesu I was perswaded I should not bee more glad to see heauen than I was to see him, O it was a right noble Lord, liberalitie it selfe, (if in this yron age there were any such creature as

liberalitie left on the earth) a Prince in content because a Poet without peere.

Destinie neuer defames hir selfe but when shee lets an excellent Poet die, if there bee anie sparke of Adams Paraded perfection yet emberd vp in the breastes of mortall men, certainelie God hath bestowed that his perfectest image on Poets. None come so neere to God in wit, none more contemne the world, *vatis auarus non temere est animus*, sayth *Horace, versus amat, hoc studet vnum*, Seldom haue you seene anie Poet possessed with auarice, only verses he loues, nothing else he delights in : and as they contemne the world, so contrarilie of the mechanicall world are none more contemned. Despised they are of the worlde, because they are not of the world : their thoughts are exalted aboue the worlde of ignorance and all earthly conceits.

As sweet Angelicall queristers they are continually conuersant in the heauen of Arts, heauen it selfe is but the highest height of knowledge, he that knowes himselfe & all things else, knowes the meanes to be happie : happie, thrice happie are they whom God hath doubled his spirite vpon, and giuen a double soule vnto to be Poets.

My Heroicall Master exceeded in this supernaturall kinde of wit, he entertained no grosse earthly spirite of auarice, nor weake womanly spirite of pusillanimitie and feare that are fained to bee of the water, but admirable, airie, and firie spirites, full of freedome, magnanimitie and bountihood. Let me not speake anie more of his accomplishments, for feare I spend all my spirits in praising him and leaue my selfe no vigor of wit, or effects of a soule to goe forward with my historie.

Hauing thus met him I so much adored, no interpleading was there of opposite occasions, but backe I must returne and beare halfe stakes with him in the lotterie of trauell. I was not altogether vnwilling to walke a long with such a good purse-bearer, yet musing what changeable humor

had so suddainely seduced him from his natiue soyle to seeke out needlesse perils in those parts beyond sea, one night verie boldly I demaunded of him the reason that moued him thereto.

Ah quoth he, my little Page, full little canst thou perceiue howe farre Metamorphozed I am from my selfe, since I last saw thee. There is a little God called Loue, that will not bee worshipt of anie leaden braines, one that proclaimes himselfe sole King and Emperour of pearcing eyes, and cheefe Soueraigne of soft hearts, hee it is that exercising his Empire in my eyes, hath exorsized and cleane coniured me from my content.

Thou knowst statelie *Geraldine*, too stately I feare for mee to doe homage to her statue or shrine, she it is that is come out of Italie to bewitch all the wise men of England, vppon Queene *Katherine Dowager* she waites, that hath a dowrie of beautie sufficient to make hir wood of the greatest Kinges in Christendome. Her high exalted sunne beames haue set the Phenix neast of my breast on fire, and I my selfe haue brought Arabian spiceries of sweet passions and praises, to furnish out the funerall flame of my follie. Those who were condemned to be smothered to death by sincking downe into the softe bottome of an high built bedde of Roses, neuer dide so sweet a death as I shoulde die, if hir Rose coloured disdaine were my deathes-man.

Oh thrice Emperiall Hampton Court, *Cupids* iuchaunted Castle, the place where I first sawe the perfecte omnipotence of the Almightye expressed in mortalitie, tis thou alone, that tithing all other men solace in thy pleasant scituation, affoordest mee nothinge but an excellent begotten sorrow out of the cheefe treasurie of all thy recreations.

Deare *Wilton* vnderstand that there it was where I first set eie on my more than celestiall *Geraldine*. Seeing her I admired her, all the whole receptacle of my sight was vnhabited with hir rare worth. Long sute and vncessant

protestations got me the grace to be entertained. Did neuer vnlouing seruant so prentiselike obey his neuer pleased Mistris, as I did her. My life, my wealth, my friendes, had all their destinie depending on hir command.

Vppon a time I was determined to trauell, the fame of Italy, and an especiall affection I had vnto Poetrie my second Mistris, for which Italy was so famous, had wholly rauisht me vnto it. There was no dehortment from it, but needs thether I would, wherefore comming to my Mistris as she was then walking with other Ladies of estate in paradice at Hampton Court, I most humbly besought her of fauour, that she would giue mee so much gracious leaue to absent my selfe from her seruice, as to trauell a yeare or two into Italy. She verie discreetly answered me that if my loue were so hot as I had often auouched, I did verie well to applie the plaister of absence vnto it, for absence as they say, causeth forgetfulnesse: yet neuerthesse since it is Italy my natiue cuntrye you are so desirous to see, I am the more willing to make my will yours. *I pete Italiam*, goe and seeke Italie with *Aenæas*, but bee more true than *Aenæas*, I hope that kinde wit-cherishing climate will worke no change in so wittie a breast. No Cuntrye of mine shall it be more, if it conspire with thee, in any new loue against mee. One charge I will giue thee and let it bee rather a request than a charge: When thou comest to Florence (the faire Cittie from whence I fetcht the pride of my birth) by an open challenge defende my beautie against all commers.

Thou hast that honourable carryage in Armes, that it shall bee no discredite for me to bequeath all the glorie of my beautie to thy well gouerned Arme. Faine would I bee knowne where I was borne, faine would I haue thee knowne where fame sits in her chiefest Theater. Farewell, forget me not, continued deserts wil eternize me vnto thee, thy wishes shall bee expired when thy trauell shall bee once ended.

Here did teares step out before words, and intercepted the course of my kinde conceiued speech, euen as winde is allayed with raine : with heart scalding sighes I confirmed her parting request, and vowed my selfe hers, while liuing heate allowed mee to bee mine owne, *Hinc illæ lachrimæ*, heere hence proceedeth the whole cause of my peregrination.

Not a little was I delighted with this vnexpected loue storie, especially from a mouth out of which was nought wont to march but sterne precepts of grauetie & modestie. I sweare vnto you I thought his companie the better by a thousand crownes, because hee had discarded those nice tearmes of chastitie and continencie. Now I beseech God loue me so well as I loue a plaine dealing man, earth is earth, flesh is flesh, earth wil to earth, and flesh vnto flesh, fraile earth, fraile flesh, who can keepe you from the worke of your creation.

Dismissing this fruitles annotation *pro et contra*, towards Venice we progest, and tooke Roterdam in our waie, that was cleane out of our waie, there we met with aged learnings chiefe ornament, that abundant and superingenious clarke *Erasmus*, as also with merrie Sir *Thomas Moore* our Countriman, who was come purposelie ouer a little before vs, to visite the said graue father *Erasmus* : what talke, what conference wee had then, it were here superfluos to rehearse, but this I can assure you, *Erasmus* in all his speeches seemed so much to mislike the indiscretion of Princes in preferring of parasites and fooles, that he decreed with himselfe to swim with the stream, and write a booke forthwith in commendation of follie. Quick witted Sir *Thomas Moore* traueled in a cleane contrarie prouince, for he seeing most common-wealths corrupted by ill custome, & that principalities were nothing but great piracies, which gotten by violence and murther, were maintained by priuate vndermining and bloudshed, that in the cheefest flourishing kingdomes there was no equall or well deuded weale one with an other, but a manifest conspiracie of rich men against

poore men, procuring their owne vnlawfull commodities vnder the name and interest of the common-wealth: hee concluded with himselfe to lay downe a perfect plot of a common-wealth or gouernment, which he would intitule his *Vtopia*.

So left we them to prosecute their discontented studies, and make our next iourney to Wittenberg.

At the verie pointe of our enterance into Wittenberg, we were spectators of a verie solemne scholasticall entertainment of the Duke of Saxonie thether. Whome because hee was the chiefe Patrone of their Vniuersitie, and had tooke *Luthers* parte in banishing the Masse and all like papal iurisdiction out of their towne, they croucht vnto extremely. The chiefe ceremonies of their intertainment were these: first, the heads of their vniuersitie (they were great heads of certaintie) met him in their hooded hypocrisie and doctorly accoustrements, *secundum formam statuti*, where by¹ the orator of the vniuersitie, whose pickerdeuant was verie plentifully besprinkled with rose water, a very learned or rather ruthfull oration was deliuered (for it rained all the while) signifieng thus much, that it was all by patch & by peecemeale stolne out of *Tully*, and he must pardon them, though in emptying their phrase bookes the world emptied his intrailles, for they dyd it not in any ostentation of wit (which God knowes they had not) but to shew the extraordinarie good will they bare the Duke, (to haue him stand in the raine till he was through wet) a thousand *quemadmodums* and *quapropters* he came ouer him with, euery sentence he concluded with *Esse posse videatur*; through all the nine worthies he ran with praising and comparing him, *Nestors* yeeres he assured him off vnder the broad seale of their supplications, and with that crowe troden verse in Virgil, *Dum iuga montis aper*, hee packt vp his pipes and cride *dixi*.

That pageant ouerpast, there rusht vpon him a miserable

¹ by *A*: *om. B.*

rablement of iunior graduats, that all cride vppon him mightily in their gibrige lyke a companie of beggers, God saue your grace, God saue your grace, Iesus preserue your Highnesse, though it be but for an houre. Some three halfe penyworth of Latine here also had he thrown at his face, but it was choise stufte I can tell you, as there is a choise euen amongst ragges gathered vp from the dunghill. At the townes end met him the burgers and dunsticall incorporationers of *Wittenberg* in their distinguished liueries, their distinguished liuerie faces I meane, for they were most of them hot liuered dronkards, and had all the coate colours of sanguine, purple, crimson, copper, carnation, that were to be had, in their countenances. Filthie knaues, no cost had they bestowed on the towne for his welcome, sauing new painted their houghs and bousing houses, which commonly are fairer than their churches, and ouer their gates set the towne armes carousing a whole health to the Dukes armes, which sounded gulping after this sorte, *Vanhotten, slotten, irk bloshen glotten gelderslike* : what euer the wordes were, the sense was this, Good drinke is a medicine for all diseases.

A bursten belly inkhorne orator called *Vanderhulke*, they pickt out to present him with an oration, one that had a sulpherous big swolne large face, like a Saracen, eyes lyke two kentish oysters, a mouth that opened as wide euery time he spake, as one of those old knit trap doores, a beard as though it had ben made of a birds neast pluckt in peeces, which consisteth of strawe, haire, and durt mixt together. He was apparelled in blacke leather new licourd, & a short gowne without anie gathering in the backe, faced before and behinde with a boistrous beare skin, and a red night-cap on his head. To this purport and effect was this broccing duble beere oration. Right noble Duke (*ideo nobilis quasi no bilis*) for you haue no bile or colar in you, know that our present incorporation of *Wittenberg*, by me the tongue man of their thankfulnes, a townesman by birth,

a free Germane by nature, an oratour by arte, and a scriuener by education, in all obedience & chastity, most bountifully bid you welcome to Witenberg: welcome, sayd I, O orificiall rethorike wipe thy euerlasting mouth, and afford me a more Indian metaphor than that for the braue princely bloud of a Saxon. Oratorie vncaske the bard hutch of thy complements, and with the triumphantest troupe in thy treasure doe trewage vnto him. What impotent speech with his eight partes may not specifie this vnestimable gift holding his peace, shall as it were (with teares I speak it) do wherby as it may seeme or appeare, to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it may be a diminitiuie oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimitie and indignitie. Why should I goe gadding and fisgigging after firking flantado amfibologies, wit is wit, and good will is good will. With all the wit I haue, I here according to the premises, offer vp vnto you the cities generall good will, which is a gilded Can, in manner and forme folowing, for you and the heirs of your bodie lawfully begotten, to drinke healths in. The scholasticall squitter bookes clout you vp cannopies and foot-clothes of verses. We that are good fellowes, and liue as merry as cup and can, will not verse vpon you as they doe, but must do as we can, and entertaine you if it bee but with a plaine emptie Canne. He hath learning inough, that hath learnde to drinke to his first man.

Gentle Duke, without paradox bee it spoken, thy horses at our owne proper costes and charges shall kneed vp to the knees all the while thou art heere in spruce beere and lubecke licour. Not a dogge thou bringest with thee but shall bee banketted with rhenish wine and sturgion. On our shoulders we weare no lambe skinne or miniuer like these academikes, yet wee can drinke to the confusion of thy enemies. Good lambs wooll haue we for their lambe skins, and for their miniuer, large minerals in our coffers. Mechanicall men they call vs, and not amisse, for most of

vs being *Mæchi*, that is cuckoldes and whooremasters, fetch our antiquitie from the temple of *Mæcha*, where Mahomet was hung vp. Three partes of the worlde America, Affrike and Asia, are of this our mechanike religion. *Nero* when he crid *O quantus artifex pereoo*, profest himselfe of our freedome. Insomuch as *Artifex* is a citizen or craftes man, as well as *Carnifex* a scholler or hangman. Passe on by leaue into the precincts of our abhomination. Bonie Duke frolike in our boure, and perswade thy selfe, that euen as garlike hath three properties, to make a man winke, drinke, and stinke, so we wil winke on thy imperfections, drinke to thy fauorites, and al thy foes shall stinke before vs. So be it. Farewell.

The Duke laught not a little at this ridiculous oration, but that verie night as great an ironickall occasion was ministred, for he was bidden to one of the chiefe schooles to a Comedie handled by scollers. *Acolastus* the prodigal child was the name of it, which was so filthily acted, so leathernly set forth, as would haue moued laughter in *Heraclitus*. One as if he had ben playning a clay floore stampingly trode the stage so harde with his feete, that I thought verily he had resolved to do the Carpenter that set it vp some vtter shame. Another flong his armes lyke cudgels at a peare tree, insomuch as it was mightily dreaded that he wold strike the candles that hung about their heades out of their sockettes, and leaue them all darke. Another did nothing but winke and make faces. There was a parasite, and he with clapping his handes and thripping his fingers seemed to dance an antike to and fro. The onely thing they did well, was the prodigall childs hunger, most of their schollers being hungerly kept, & surely you would haue sayd they had bin brought vp in hogs academie to learne to eate acornes, if you had seene how sedulously they fell to them. Not a ieast had they to keepe their auditors from sleeping but of swill and draffe, yes nowe and then the seruant put his hand into the dish

before his master, & almost chokt himselfe, eating slouely and rauenuously to cause sport.

The next daie they had solempne disputations, where *Luther* and *Carolostadius* scolded leuell coyle. A masse of wordes I wote well they heapte vp agaynst the masse and the Pope, but farther particulars of their disputations I remēber not. I thought verily they woulde haue worried one another with wordes, they were so earnest and vehement. *Luther* had the louder voyce, *Carolostadius* went beyond him in beating and bousing with his fists, *Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*. They vttered nothing to make a man laugh, therefore I will leaue them. Mary their outwarde iestures would now and then afford a man a morsel of mirth : of those two I meane not so much, as of all the other traine of opponents & respondents. One peckt with ¹ his fore-finger at euerie halfe sillable hee brought forth, and nodded with his nose like an olde singing man, teaching a yong querister to keepe time. Another woulde be sure to wipe his mouth with his handkercher at y^e ende of euerie ful point, and euer when he thought he had cast a figure so curiously, as he diued ouer head and eares into his auditors admiration, hee woulde take occasion to stroke vp his haire, and twine vp his mustachios twice or thrice ouer while they might haue leasure to applaud him. A third wauerd & wagled his head, like a proud horse playing with his bridle, or as I haue seene some fantastically swimmer, at euerie stroke train his chin side-long ouer his left shoulder. A fourth swet and foamed at the mouth, for verie anger his aduersarie had denied that part of the sillogisme which he was not prepared to answer. A fifth spread his armes, like an vsher that goes before to make rome, and thripte with his finger and his thumbe when he thought he had tickled it with a conclusion. A sixt hung downe his countenance like a sheepe, and stutted and slauered very pittifully when his inuention was stept aside out of the way.

¹ peckte like a crane with *A*.

A seuenth gaspt for winde, & groned in his pronounciation as if hee were hard bound with some bad argument. Grosse plodders they were all, that had some learning and reading, but no wit to make vse of it. They imagined the Duke tooke the greatest pleasure and contentment vnder heauen to heare them speake Latine, and as long as they talkt nothing but *Tully* he was bound to attend them. A most vaine thing it is in many vniuersities at this daie, that they count him excellent eloquent who stealeth not whole phrases but whole pages¹ out of *Tully*. If of a number of shreds of his sentences he can shape an oration from all the world he carries it awaie, although in truth it be no more than a fooles coat of many colours. No inuention or matter haue they of theyr owne, but tack vp a stile of his stale galymafries. The leaden headed Germanes first began this, and wee Englishmen haue surfetted of their absurd imitation. I pitie *Nizolius* that had nothing to do but picke thrids ends out of an olde ouerworne garment.

This is but by the waie, we must looke back to our disputants. One amongst the rest thinking to bee more conceited than his fellowes, seeing the Duke haue a dog he loued well, which sate by him on the tarras, conuerted al his oration to him, and not a haire of his tayle but he kembd out with comparisons: so to haue courted him if he were a bitch had bin verie suspitious. Another commented and descanted on the Dukes staffe, new tipping it with many queint epithites. Some cast his natiuitie, and promised him hee shoulde not die vntill the day of iudgement. Omitting further superfluities of this stampe, in this generall assembly we found intermixed that abundant scholler *Cornelius Agrippa*. At that time he bare the fame to be the greatest coniuer in christendome. *Scoto* that dyd the iugling tricks before the Queene, neuer came neere him one quarter in magicke reputation. The Doctors of *Wittenberg* doting on the rumor that went of him,

¹ phrases but whole pages A: pages, but whole phrases B.

desired him before the Duke and them to doe some thing extraordinarie memorable.

One requested to see pleasant *Plautus*, and that hee would shewe them in what habit he went, and with what countenance he lookt when he ground corne in the mil. Another had halfe a months mind to *Ouid* and his hooke nose. *Erasmus* who was not wanting in that honorable meeting, requested to see *Tully* in that same grace and maiestie he pleaded his oration *pro Roscio Amerino*. Affirming, that til in person he beheld his importunitie of pleading, hee woulde in no wise bee perswaded that anie man coulde carrie away a manifest case with rethorike so strangely. To *Erasmus* petition he easily condescended, & willing the doctors at such an houre to hold their conuocation, and euery one to keepe him in his place without mouing : at the time prefixed in entered *Tullie*, ascended his pleading place, and declaimed verbatim the forenamed oration, but with such astonishing amazement, with such feruent exaltation of spirit, with such soule-stirring iestures, that all his auditours were readie to install his guiltie client for a God.

Great was the concourse of glorie *Agrippa* drewe to him wyth this one feate. And in deede hee was so cloyed with men which came to beholde him, that he was fayne sooner than he would, to returne to the Emperours court from whence he came, and leaue *Wittenberg* before he woulde. With him we trauelled along, hauing purchast his acquaintance a litle before. By the waie as we went, my master and I agreed to change names. It was concluded betwixte vs, that I should be the Earle of Surrie, and he my man, onely because in his owne person, which hee woulde not haue reproched, hee meant to take more liberty of behauior : as for my cariage, he knew hee was to tune it at a key, either high or low, as he list.

To the Emperours court wee came, where our entertainment was euery way plentiful, carouses we had in whole galons in sted of quart pots. Not a health was giuen vs

but contained well neere a hoghead. The customes of the cuntry we were eager to bee instructed in, but nothing wee coule learne but this, that euer at the Emperours coronation there is an oxe roasted with a stag in the belly, and that stag in his belly hath a kid, and that kid is stufte full of birds. Some courtiers to wearie out time, would tell vs further tales of *Cornelius Agrippa*, and howe when sir *Thomas Moore* our countryman was there, he shewed him the whole destructiõ of Troy in a dreame. How the Lord *Cromwell* being the kings Embassador there, in like case in a perspectiue glasse hee set before his eyes king *Henrie* the eight, with all his Lordes on hunting in his forrest at Windsor, and when he came into his studie, and was verie vrgent to be partaker of some rare experiment, that he might reporte when he came into England, he wild him amongst two thousande great booke to take downe which hee list, and begin to reade one line in anie place, and without booke he woulde rehearse twentie leaues following. *Cromwel* did so, and in many booke tride him, when in euery thing he exceeded his promise and conquered his expectation. To *Charles* the fift then Emperour, they reported how he shewed the nine worthies, *Dauid*, *Salomon*, *Gedeon*, and the rest in that similitude and likenes that they liued vpon earth. My master and I hauing by the high waie side gotten some reasonable familiaritie with him, vpon this accesse of myracles imputed to him, resolued to request him somthing in our owne behalves. I because I was his suborned Lorde and master, desired him to see the liuely image of *Geraldine* his loue in the glasse, and what at that instant she did, and with whome she was talking. He shewed her vs with out anie more adoe, sicke weeping on her bed, and resolued all into deuout religion for the absence of her Lord. At the sight thereof he could in no wise refrain, though he had tooke vpon him the condition of a seruant, but he must forthwith frame this extemporal dity.

*ALL soule, no earthly flesh, why dost thou fade,
 All good, no worthlesse drosse, why lookst thou pale,
 Sicknesse how darst thou one so faire invade,
 Too base infirmitie to worke hir bale.*

*Heauen be distemperd since she griued pines,
 Neuer be drie these my sad plaintiue lines.*

*Pearch thou my spirit on hir siluer breasts,
 And with their paine redoubled musike beatings,
 Let them tosse thee to world where all toile rests,
 Where blisse is subiect to no feares defeatings,
 Her praise I tune whose tongue doth tune the sphears,
 And gets new muses in hir hearers eares.*

*Starres fall to fetch fresh light from hir rich eyes,
 Her bright brow driues the Sunne to cloudes beneath,
 Hir haire reflex with red strakes paints the skies,
 Sweet morne and euening dew flowes from her breath,
 Phoebe rules tides, she my teares tides forth drawes,
 In her sicke bed loue sits and maketh lawes.*

*Hir daintie lims tinsill hir silke soft sheets,
 Hir rose-crownd cheekes eclipse my dazeled sight,
 O glasse with too much ioy my thoughts thou greets,
 And yet thou shewest me day but by twy-light.
 Ile kisse thee for the kindnes I haue felt,
 Hir lips one kisse would vnto Nectar melt.*

Though the Emperours court, and the extraordinarie edyfing companie of *Cornelius Agrippa* might haue bin argumentes of waight to haue arested vs a little longer there, yet Italy still stuck as a great moate in my masters eie, he thought he had trauelled no farther than Wales, till he had tooke suruey of that cuntry which was such a curious molder of wits.

To cut off blind ambages by the high way side, we made a long stride and got to Venice in short time, where hauing

scarce lookt about vs, a precious supernaturall pandor apparelled in all points like a gentleman, & hauing halfe a dosen seuerall languages in his purse, entertained vs in our owne tongue very paraphrastically and eloquently, & maugre all other pretended acquaintance, would haue vs in a violent kinde of curtesie to be the gwestes of his appointment. His name was *Petro de campo Frego*, a notable practitioner in the pollicie of baudrie. The place whether he brought vs was a pernicious curtizãs house named *Tabitha* the Temptresses, a wench that could set as ciuill a face on it as chastities first martyr *Lucrecia*. What will you conceit to be in any saints house that was there to seeke? Bookes, pictures, beades, crucifixes, why there was a haberdashers shop of thẽ in euerie chãber. I warrant you should not see one set of ¹ her neckercher peruerted or turned awrie, not a piece of a haire displast. On her beds there was not a wrinkle of any wallowing to be found, her pillows bare out as smooth as a groning wiues belly, & yet she was a Turke and an infidel, & had more dooings then all her neighbours besides. Vs for our money they vsed like Emperours. I was master as you heard before, & my master the Earle was but as my chief man whome I made my companion. So it happened (as iniquitie will out at one time or other) that she perceiuing my expence had no more vents, then it should haue, fel in with my supposed seruant my man, and gaue him half a promise of mariage, if he would help to make me away, that shee and he might enjoy the iewels and wealth that I had.

The indifficultie of the condition thus she explained vnto him, her house stood vppon vaultes, which in two hundred yeeres together were neuer searcht, who came into her house none tooke notice of, his fellow seruants that knew of his masters abode there, shoulde be all dispatcht by him as from his master, into sundry parts of the citie about busines, and when they returned, aunswere should be made

¹ of A : off B.

that he lay not their anye more, but had remoued to Padua since their departure, & thither they must follow him. Now (quoth she) if you be disposed to make him away in their absence, you shall haue my house at commaund. Stab, poyson or shoote him through with a pistol all is one, into the vault he shalbe throwen when the deed is doone. On my bare honestie it was a craftie queane, for shee had enacted with her self if he had bin my legitimate seruant, as he was one that serued and supplied my necessities, when he had murthered me, to haue accused him of the murther, and made all that I had hirs (as I carried all my masters wealth, monie, iewels, rings, or bills of exchange, continually about me.) He verie subtilly consented to her stratageme at the first motion, kill me hee would, that heauens could not withstand, and a pistoll was the predestinate engine which must deliuer the parting blow. God wot I was a rawe yong squier, and my master dealt iudasly with me, for he tolde me but euerie thing that she and he agreed of. Wherefore I coulde not possibly preuent it, but as a man would saie auoide it. The execution day aspired to his vtmost deuolution, into my chamber came my honorable attendant with his pistoll charged by his side very suspitiouslie and sullenly, ladie *Tabitha* and *Petro de campo Frego* her pandor folowed him at the hard heeles.

At their enterance I saluted them all very familiarly and merily, & began to impart vnto thẽ what disquiet dreams had disturbed mee the last night. I dreamt, quoth I, that my man *Brunquell* here (for no better name got he of me) came into my chamber with a pistol charged vnder his arme to kill me, and that he was suborned by you mistres *Tabitha*, and my verie good friende *Petro de campo Frego*, God send it turne to good, for it hath affrighted mee aboue measure. As they were readie to enter into a coulourable common place of the deceitfull friuolousnes of dreames, my trustie seruant *Brunquel* stode quiuering and quaking

euerye ioynt of him, & as it was before compacted betweene vs, let his pistoll droppe from him on the sodaine, where-with I started out of my bed, and drew my rapier, and cryde murther, murther, which made good wife *Tabitha* redie to bepis her.

My seruaunt, or my master, which you will, I tooke roughlie by the coller, and threatned to run him through incontinent if he confest not the truth. He as it were striken with remorse of conscience, (God be with him, for he could counterfeit most daintily) downe on his knees, askt me forgiuenesse, and impeached *Tabitha* and *Petro de campo Frego* as guiltie of subornation. I very mildly and grauely, gaue him audience, raile on them I dyd not after his tale was ended, but sayde I would trie what the lawe could doe. Conspiracy by the custome of their countrie was a capitall offence, and what custome or iustice might affoorde, they should bee all sure to feele. I could, quoth I, acquite my selfe otherwise, but it is not for a straunger to be his owne caruer in reuenge. Not a word more with *Tabitha*, but die she would before God or the deuill would haue her, shee sounded and reuiued, and then sounded again, and after she reuiued againe, sighed heauily, spoke faintly and pittifully, yea, and so pittifully, as if a man had not knowen the pranks of harlots before, he would haue melted into commiseration. Tears, sighs, and dolefull tuned wordes could not make anie forcible claime to my stonie eares, it was the glittering crownes that I hungred and thirsted after, & with them for all her mocke holy daie iestures she was faine to come off, before I condescended to anie bargaine of silence. So it fortun'd (sie vppon that vnfortunateworde of Fortune) that this whoore, this queane, this curtizan, this common of ten thousand, so bribing me not to bewray her, had giuen me a great deal of counterfeit gold, which she had receiued of a coyner to make awaie a little before. Amongst the grosse summe of my briberie, I silly milkesop mistrusting no deceit, vnder an anuell of

light tooke what shee gaue me, nere turnd it ouer, for which (O falsehood in faire shewe) my master & I had lyke to haue bin turnd ouer. He that is a knight arrant, exercised in the affaires of Ladies and Gentlewomen, hath more places to send mony to thā the deuill hath to send his spirits to. There was a delicate wench named *Flauia Aemilia* lodging in saint Markes street at a goldsmiths, which I would faine haue had to the grand test, to trie whether she were cunning in Alcumie or no. Aie me, she was but a counterfet slip, for she not onely gaue me the slip, but had welnigh made me a slipstring. To her I sent my golde to beg an houre of grace, ah graceles fornicatres, my hostesse and shee were confederate, who hauing gotten but one peece of my ill golde in their handes, deuised the meanes to make me immortall. I could drinke for anger till my head akt, to thinke howe I was abused. Shall I shame the deuill and speak the truth? To prison was I sent as principal, and my master as accessarie, nor was it to a prison neither, but to the master of the mints house, who though partlie our iudge, and a most seuerer vpright iustice in his own nature, extremely seemed to condole our ignorant estate, and without all peradventure a present redresse he had ministred, if certaine of our countrymen hearing an English Earle was apprehended for coyning, had not come to visite vs. An ill planet brought them thether, for at the first glance they knew the seruant of my secrecies to be the Earle of Surrie, and I (not worthy to be named I) an outcast of his cuppe or pantofles. Thence, thence sprong the full period of our infelicity. The master of the mint our whilom refresher and consolation, now tooke part against vs, he thought we had a mint in our heads of mischiuous conspiracies against their state. Heauens bare witnes with vs it was not so (heauens will not alwayes come to witnes when they are cald). To a straiter ward were we committed: that which we haue imputatiuely transgressed must be answered. O

the heathen heigh passe, and the intrinsecall legerdemaine of our special approued good pandor *Petro de Campo Frego*. He although he dipt in the same dish with vs euerie daie, seeming to labour our cause verie importunately, & had interpreted for vs to the state from the beginning, yet was one of those trecherous brother *Trulies*, and abused vs most clarkly. He interpreted to vs with a pestilence, for whereas we stood obstinately vpon it, we were wrongfully detained, and that it was naught but a malicious practise of sinfull *Tabitha* our late hostes, he by a fine cunny-catching corrupt translation, made vs plainly to confesse, and crie *Miserere*, ere we had need of our necke-verse. Detestable, detestable, that the flesh and the deuill shoulde deale by their factors, Ile stand to it, there is not a pandor but hath vowed paganisme. The deuil himselfe is not such a deuil as he, so be he perform his function aright. He must haue the backe of an asse, the snout of an elephant, the wit of a foxe, and the teeth of a wolfe, he must faune like a spaniell, crouch like a Iew, liere like a sheepbiter. If he be halfe a puritan, and haue scripture continually in his mouth, hee speeds the better. I can tell you it is a trade of great promotion, & let none euer thinke to mount by seruice in forain courts, or creep neere to some magnifique Lords, if they be not seene in this science. O it is the art of arts, and ten thousand times goes beyond the intelligencer. None but a staid graue ciuill man is capable of it, he must haue exquisite courtship in him or else he is not old who, he wants the best point in his tables. God be mercifull to our pandor (and that were for God to worke a miracle) he was seene in all the seuen liberall deadly sciences, not a sinne but he was as absolute in as sathan himselfe. Sathan could neuer haue supplanted vs so as hee did. I may saie to you, he planted in vs the first Italionate wit that we had. During the time we lay close and tooke phisick in this castle of contemplation, there was a magnificos wife of good calling sent to beare vs companie. Her husbands name

was *Castaldo*, she hight *Diamante*, the cause of her committing, was an vngrounded ielous suspition which her doting husband had conceiued of her chastitie. One *Isaac Medicus* a bergomast was the man he chose to make him a monster, who being a courtier, and repairing to his house very often, neither for loue of him nor his wife, but only with a drift to borrow mony of a paune of wax and parchment, when he sawe his expectation deluded, & that *Castaldo* was too charie for him to close with, hee priuily with purpose of reuenge, gaue out amongst his copesmates, that he resorted to *Castaldos* house for no other end but to cuckold him, and doubtfully he talkt that he had and he had not obtained his sute. Rings which he borrowed of a light curtizan that hee vsed to, he would faine to be taken from her¹ fingers, and in summe, so handled the matter, that *Castaldo* exclaimd, Out, whore, strumpet, six penie hackster, away with her to prison.

As glad were we almost as if they had giuen vs libertie, that fortune lent vs such a sweete pue-fellow. A pretie rounde faced wench was it, with blacke eie browes, a high forehead, a little mouth, and a sharpe nose, as fat and plum euerie part of her as a plouer, a skin as slike and soft as the backe of a swan, it doth me good when I remember her. Like a bird she tript on the grounde, and bare out her belly as maiesticall as an Estrich. With a licorous rouling eie fixt piercing on the earth, and sometimes scornfully darted on the tone side, she figured forth a high discontented disdaine, much like a prince puffing and storming at the treason of some mightie subiect fled lately out of his power. Her very countenance repiningly wrathfull, and yet cleere and vnwrinkled, would haue confirmed the cleernes of her conscience to the austerest iudge in the worlde. If in anie thing shee were culpable, it was in beeing too melancholy chast, and shewing her selfe as couetous of her beautie as hir husband was of his bags. Many are honest, because

¹ her A : his B

they know not howe to bee dishonest : shee thought there was no pleasure in stolne bread, because there was no pleasure in an olde mans bed. It is almost impossible that any woman should be excellently wittie, and not make the vtmost pennie of her beautie. This age and this countrie of ours admits of some miraculous exceptions, but former times are my constant informers. Those that haue quicke motions of wit, haue quicke motions in euerie thing, yron onely needs many strokes, only yron wits are not wonne without a long siege of intreatie. Gold easily bends, the most ingenious mindes are easiest moued, *Ingenium nobis molle Thalia dedit*, sayth *Psapho* to *Phao*. Who hath no mercifull milde mistres, I will maintaine, hath no wittie, but a clownish dull flegmatike puppie to his mistres.

This magnificos wife was a good louing soule, that had mettall inough in her to make a good wit of, but being neuer remoued from vnder her mother¹ and her husbands wing, it was not molded and fashioned as it ought. Causeles distrust is able to driue deceit into a simple womans head. I durst pawne the credite of a page, which is worth ams ace at all times, that she was immaculate honest till she met with vs in prison. Mary what temptations she had then, when fire and flax were put together, conceit with your selues, but hold my master excusable. Alacke he was too vertuous to make her vicious, he stood vpon religion and conscience, what a hainous thing it was to subuert Gods ordinance. This was all the iniurie he would offer her, sometimes he would imagine her in a melancholy humor to bee his *Geraldine*, and court her in tearmes correspondent, nay he would swear she was his *Geraldine*, and take her white hand and wipe his eyes with it, as though the verie touch of her might staunch his anguish. Now would he kneele & kisse the ground as holy ground which she vouchsafed to blesse from barrennes by her steppes. Who would haue learned to write an excellent passion, might haue bin

¹ mothers *A.*

a perfect tragick poet, had he but attended halfe the extremitie of his lament. Passion vpon passion would throng one on anothers necke, he wold praise her beyond the moone and starres, and that so sweetly and rauishingly, as I perswade my self he was more in loue with his own curious forming fancie than her face, and truth it is, many become passionate louers, onely to winne praise to theyr wits.

He praised, he praied, he desired and besought her to pittie him that perisht for her. From this his intranced mistaking extasie could no man remoue him. Who loueth resolutely, wil include euery thing vnder the name of his loue. From prose hee would leape into verse, and with these or such like rimes assault her.

*If I must die, O let me choose my death,
 Sucke out my soule with kisses cruell maide,
 In thy breasts christall bals enbalme my breath,
 Dole it all out in sighs when I am laide.
 Thy lips on mine like cupping glasses claspe,
 Let our tongs meete and striue as they would sting,
 Crush out my winde with one strait girting graspe,
 Stabs on my heart keepe time whilst thou doest sing.
 Thy eyes lyke searing yrons burne out mine,
 In thy faire tresses stifte me outright,
 Like Circes change me to a loathsome swine,
 So I may liue for euer in thy sight.
 Into heauens ioyes none can profoundly see,
 Except that first they meditate on thee.*

Sadly and verily, if my master sayde true, I shoulde if I were a wench make many men quickly immortall. What ist, what ist for a maide fayre and fresh to spend a little lip-salue on a hungrie louer. My master beate the bush and kepte a coyle and a pratling, but I caught the birde, simplicitie and plainnesse shall carrie it away in another world.

God wot he was *Petro Desperato*, when I stepping to her with a dunstable tale made vp my market. A holy requiem to their soules that thinke to wooe a woman¹ with riddles. I hadde some cunning plot you must suppose, to bring this about. Hir husband had abused her, and it was verie necessarie she should be reuenged: seldome doe they prooue patient martyrs who are punisht vniustly, one waie or other they will crie quittance whatsoeuer it cost them. No other apt meanes had this poore shee captiued *Cicely*, to worke her hoddie peake husband a proportionable plague for his ielousie, but to giue his head his full loading of infamie. Shee thought shee would make him complaine for some thing, that now was so harde bound with an hereticall opinion. How I dealt with her, gesse gentle reader, *subaudi* that I was in prison, and she my silly Iaylor.

Meanes there was made after a moneths or two durance by M. *Iohn Russell*, a Gentleman of king *Henrie* the eights chamber, who then laie lieger at *Venice* for England, that our cause should be fauorably heard. At that time was Monsieur *Petro Aretino* searcher and chiefe Inquisiter to the colledge of curtizans. Diuerse and sundrie waies was this *Aretine* beholding to the king of England, especially for by this foresayd master *Iohn Russell*, a little before he had sent him a pension of foure hundred crownes yerely during his life. Verie forcibly was he dealt withall, to straine the vtmost of his credit for our deliuerie out of prison. Nothing at his hands we sought, but that the curtizan might bee more narrowly sifted and examined. Such and so extraordinarie was his care and industrie herein, that, within few dayes after mistres *Tabitha* and her pandor cride *Peccauit confiteor*, and we were presently discharged, they for example sake executed. Most honorably after our inlargement of the state were we vsed, & had sufficient recompence for all our troubles & wrongs.

Before I goe anie further, let me speake a word or two of

¹ wooe a women *B*: wooe women *A*

this *Aretine*. It was one of the wittiest knaues that euer God made. If out of so base a thing as inke, there may bee extracted a spirite, hee writ with nought but the spirite of inke, and his stile was the spiritualitie of artes, and nothing else, whereas all others of his age were but the lay temporaltie of inkchorne tearmes. For indeede they were meere temporizers and no better. His pen was sharp pointed lyke a poinyard, no leafe he wrote on, but was lyke a burning glasse to set on fire all his readers. With more than musket shot did he charge his quill, where hee meant to inueigh. No houre but hee sent a whole legion of deuils into some heard of swine or other. If *Martiall* had ten Muses (as he saith of himselfe) when he but tasted a cup of wine, he had ten score when he determined to tyrannize, nere a line of his but was able to make a man dronken with admiration. His sight pearst like ¹ lightning into the entrailes of all abuses. This I must needes saie, that most of his learning hee got by hearing the lectures at Florence. It is sufficient that learning he had, and a conceit exceeding all learning, to quintescence euerie thing which hee heard. He was no timerous seruile flatterer of the commonwealth wherein he liued, his tongue & his inuention were foreborne, what they thought they would confidently vtter. Princes hee spard not, that in the least point transgrest. His lyfe he contemned in comparison of the libertie of speech. Whereas some dull braine maligners of his, accuse him of that Treatise, *de tribus impostoribus Mundi*, which was neuer contriued without a generall counsell of deuils, I am verily perswaded it was none of his, and of my minde are a number of the most iudicial Italians. One reason is this, because it was published fortie yeres after his death, and hee neuer in his lyfe time wrote anie thing in Latine. Certainly I haue heard that one of *Machiuels* followers and disciples was the author of that booke, who to auoyde discredit, filcht it

¹ like *A* : om. *B*.

forth vnder *Aretines* name, a great while after he had sealed vp his eloquent spirit in the graue. Too much gall dyd that wormwood of Gibeline wittes put in his inke, who ingraued that rubarbe Epitaph on this excellent poets tombstone. Quite forsaken of all good Angels was he, and vtterly giuen ouer to artlesse enuie. Foure vniuersities honoured *Aretine* wyth these rich titles, *Il flagello de principi*, *Il veritiero*, *Il deuino*, & *L'vnico Aretino*. The French king *Frances* the first he kept in such awe, that to chaine his tongue he sent him a huge chaine of golde, in the forme of tongues fashioned. Singularly hath he commented of the humanitie of Christ. Besides, as Moses set forth his Genesis, so hath hee set forth his Genesis also, including the contents of the whole Bible. A notable Treatise hath he compiled called, *Il sette Psalmi pœnentiarii*. All the *Thomasos* haue cause to loue him, because hee hath dilated so magnificently of the lyfe of Saint *Thomas*. There is a good thing that hee hath sette foorth *La vita della virgine Maria*, though it somewhat smell of superstition, with a number more, which here for tediousnes I suppress. If lasciuious he were, he may answer with *Ouid*, *Vita verecunda est, musa iocosa mea est*, My lyfe is chast though wanton be my verse. Tell mee who is trauelled in histories, what good poet is, or euer was there, who hath not hadde a lyttle spice of wantonnesse in his dayes? Euen *Beza* himselfe by your leaue. *Aretine* as long as the world liues shalt thou liue. *Tully*, *Virgil*, *Ouid*, *Seneca* were neuer such ornamentes to Italy as thou hast bin. I neuer thought of Italy more religiously than England till I heard of thee. Peace to thy Ghost, and yet me thinkes so indefinite a spirit should haue no peace or intermission of paines, but be penning ditties to the archangels in another world. Puritans spue forth the venome of your dull inuentions.¹ A toade swels with thicke troubled poison, you swell with poisonous perturbations,

¹ Puritans . . . inuentions A : om. B.

your malice hath not a cleere dram of anie inspired disposition.

My principall subiect pluckes me by the elbowe, *Diamante Castaldos* ſ magnificos wife, after my enlargement proued to be with child, at which instant there grew an vnsatiabie famine in Venice, wherein, whether it were for meere niggardise, or that *Castaldo* stil eate out his heart with iealousie, saint *Anne* be our record, he turnd vp the heels verie deuoutly. To master *Aretine* after this, once more verie dutifully I appeald, requested him of fauour, acknowledged former gratuities, he made no more humming or halting, but in despite of her husbands kinsfolkes, gaue her her *Nunc dimittis*, and so establisht her free of my companie.

Being out, and fully possessd of her husbands goods, she inuested me in the state of a monarch. Because the time of child-birth drew nigh, and she could not remaine in Venice but discredited, shee decreed to trauell whether so euer I would conduct her. To see Italy throughout was my proposed scope, and that waie if she would trauell, haue with her, I had wherewithall to releuee her.

From my master by her ful-hand prouokement I parted without leaue, the state of an Earle he had thrust vpon me before, & now I would not bate him an ace of it. Through all the cities past I by no other name but the yong Earle of Surry, my pomp, my apparel, traine, and expence, was nothing inferior to his, my looks were as loftie, my wordes as magnificall. Memorandum, that Florence being the principall scope of my masters course, missing mee hee journeyed thether without interruption. By the waie as hee went, hee heard of another Earle of Surry besides himselfe, which caused him make more hast to fetch me in, whom hee little dreamed off had such arte in my budget, to separate the shadow from the bodie. Ouertake me at Florence he did, where sitting in my pontificalibus with my curtizan at supper, lyke *Anthonie* and *Cleopatra*, when they

quafte standing boules of Wine spiced with pearle together, he stole in ere we sent for him, and bad much good it vs, and askt vs whether wee wanted anie gests. If he had askt me whether I would haue hanged my selfe, his question had bin more acceptable. Hee that had then vngartered me, might haue pluckt out my heart at my heeles.

My soule which was made to soare vppward, now sought for passage downward, my bloud as the blushing Sabine maids surprised on the sodaine by the souldiers of *Romulus*, ranne to the noblest of bloud amongst them for succour, that were in no lesse (if not greater danger) so did it runne for refuge to the noblest of his bloude about my hart assembled, that stood in more need it selfe of comfort and refuge. A trembling earthquake or shaking feauer assailed either of vs, and I thinke vnfainedly, if he seeing our faint heart agonie, had not soone cheered and refreshed vs, the dogs had gone together by the eares vnder the table for our feare-dropped lims.

In sted of menacing or affrighting me with his swoorde or his frounes for my superlatiue presumption, he burst out into laughter aboue Ela, to thinke how brauely napping he had tooke vs, and how notably we were dampt and stroke dead in the neast, with the vnexpected view of his presence.

Ah, quoth he, my noble Lord (after his tongue had borrowed a little leaue of his laughter) is it my lucke to visite you thus vnlookt for, I am sure you will bidde mee welcome, if it bee but for the names sake. It is a wonder to see two English Earles of one house at one time together in Italy. I hearing him so pleasant, began to gather vp my spirites, and replid as boldly as I durst: Sir, you are welcome, your name which I borrowed I haue not abused, some large summes of monie this my sweet mistres *Diamante* hath made me master of, which I knew not how better to imploy for the honor of my country, than by spending it munificently vnder your name. No English-man

would I haue renowned for bountie, magnificence and curtesie but you, vnder your colours all my meritorious workes I was desirous to shroud. Deeme it no insolence to adde increase to your fame.¹ Had I basely and beggarly, wanting abilitie to support anie part of your roialtie, vndertooke the estimation of this high calling, your alleadgement of iniurie had bin the greater, and my defence lesse authorised. It will be thought but a policie of yours thus to send one before you, who being a follower of yours, shall keepe and vpholde the estate and port of an Earle. I haue knowen many Earles my selfe that in their owne persons would go verie plaine, but delighted to haue one that belonged to them (being loden with iewels, apparelled in cloth of golde, and al the rich imbroderie that might be) to stand bare headed vnto him, arguing thus much, that if the greatest men went not more sumptuous, how more great than the greatest was he that could cōmand one going so sumptuous. A noble mans glory appeareth in nothing so much as in the pompe of his attendants. What is the glory of the Sunne, but that the Moone and so many millions of starres borrow their lights from him? If you can reprehend me of anie one illiberall licentious action I haue disparaged your name with, heape shame on me prodigally, I beg no pardon or pittie.

Non veniunt in idem pudor & amor, he was loth to detract from one that he loued so. Beholding with his eyes that I clipte not the wings of his honour, but rather increast them with additions of expence, he intreated me as if I had bin an Embassadour, he gaue mee his hand and swore he had no more heartes but one, and I shoulde haue halfe of it, in that I so inhanced his obscured reputation. One thing, quoth he, my sweet *Iacke* I will intreate thee (it shall bee but one) that though I am well pleased thou shouldest bee the ape of my birthright, (as what noble man hath not his ape & his foole) yet that thou be an ape without a clog,

¹ Deeme . . . fame *A* : *om. B.*

not carrie thy curtizan with thee. I tolde him that a king could doe nothing without his treasurie, this curtizan was my purs-bearer, my countenance and supporter. My Earldome I would sooner resigne, than parte with such a specyall benefactor. Resigne it I will how euer, since I am thus challenged of stolne goods by the true owner: Lo, into my former state I return agayne; poore *Iacke Wilton* and your seruant am I, as I was at the beginning, and so wil I perseuer to my liues ending.

That theame was quickly cut off, & other talke entered in place, of what I haue forgot, but talke it was, and talke let it be, & talke it shall be, for I do not meane here to remember it. Wee supt, we got to bed, rose in the morning, on my master I waited, & the first thing he did after he was vp, he went and visited the house where his *Geraldine* was borne, at sight whereof hee was so impassioned that in the open street but for me, he would haue made an oration in prayse of it. Into it we were conducted, and shewed eache seuerall roome thereto appertaining. O but when hee came to the chamber where his *Geraldines* cleere Sunbeames first thrust themselues into this cloud of flesh, and acquainted mortalitie with the purity of Angels, then did his mouth ouerflow with magnificats, his tong thrust the starres out of heauen, and eclipsed the Sun and Moone with comparisons; *Geraldine* was the soule of heauen, sole daughter and heir to *primus motor*. The alcumie of his eloquence out of the incomprehensible drossie matter of cloudes and aire, distilled no more quintessence than would make his *Geraldine* compleat faire. In prayse of the chamber that was so illuminatiuely honored with her radiant conception, he penned this sonet.

*Faire roome the presence of sweet beauties pride,
The place the Sunne vpon the earth did hold,
When Phaeton his chariot did misguide,
The towre where Ioue rained downe himselte in golde,*

*Prostrate as holy ground Ile worship thee,
Our Ladies chappell henceforth be thou namd,
Here first loues Queene put on mortalitie,
And with her beautie all the world inflamd.*

*Heauens chambers harboring fierie cherubines,
Are not with thee in glorie to compare ;
Lightning it is not light which¹ in thee shines,
None enter thee but straight intranced are.*

*O, if Elizium be aboue the ground,
Then here it is, where nought but ioy is found.*

Many other poems and epigrams in that chambers patient alablaster inclosure (which her melting eies long sithence had softned) were curiously ingraued. Diamonds thought thēselues *Dii mundi*, if they might but carue her name on the naked glasse. With thē on it did he anatomize these body-wanting mots, *Dulce puella malum est.*² *Quod fugit ipse sequor. Amor est mihi causa sequēdi. O infælix ego. Cur vidi, cur perii. Non patienter amo. Tantū patiatur amari.* After the view of these veneriall³ monuments, he published a proud challenge in the Duke of Florence court against all commers (whether Christians, Turkes, Iewes, or Saracens, in defence of his *Geraldines* beautie. More mildly was it accepted, in that she whom he defended, was a towne borne child of that citie, or else the pride of the Italian would haue preuented him ere he should haue come to performe it. The Duke of Florence neuerthelesse sent for him, and demaunded him of his estate, and the reason that drew him thereto, which when hee was aduertised of to the full, hee graunted all COUNTRYES whatsoeuer, as well enemies and outlawes, as friends and confederates, free accesse and regresse into his dominions vnmolested, vntill that insolent triall were ended.

¹ *Lightning . . . which A : Lightning it is no lightning which B.*

² *malum est. A : malnest, B.*

³ *veneriall A : generall B.*

The right honorable and euer renowned Lord *Henrie Howard* earle of Surrie my singular good Lord and master, entered the lists after this order. His armour was all intermixed with lillyes and roses, and the bases thereof bordered with nettles and weeds, signifieng stings, crosses, and ouergrowing incumberances in his loue, his helmet round proportioned lyke a gardners water-pot, from which seemed to issue forth small thrids of water, like citterne strings, that not onely did moisten the lyllyes and roses, but did fructifie as well the nettles and weeds, and made them ouergrow theyr liege Lords. Whereby he did import thus much, that the teares that issued from his braines, as those arteficiall distillations issued from the well counterfeit water-pot on his head, watered and gaue lyfe as well to his mistres disdainne (resembled to nettles and weeds) as increase of glorie to her care-causing beauty (comprehended vnder the lillies and roses.) The simbole thereto annexed was this, *Ex lachrimis lachrimæ*. The trappings of his horse were pounced and bolstered out with rough plumed siluer plush, in full proportion and shape of an Estrich. On the breast of the horse were the fore-parts of this greedie bird aduanced, whence as his manner is, hee reacht out his long necke to the raines of the bridle, thinking they had bin yron, & styll seemed to gape after the golden bit, and euer as the courser did raise or coruet, to haue swallowed it halfe in. His wings, which he neuer vseth but running, beeing spread full saile, made his lustie stead as proud vnder him as he had bin some other *Pegasus*, & so quiueringly and tenderly were these his broad wings bounde to either side of him, that as he paced vp and downe the tilt-yard in his maiesty ere the knights were entered, they seemed wantonly to fan in his face, and make a flickering sound, such as Eagles doe, swiftly pursuing their praie in the ayre. On either of his wings, as the Estrich hath a sharpe goad or pricke where-with he spurreth himselfe forward in his saile-assisted race, so this arteficiall Estrich on the inbent knuckle of the

pinion of either wing had embossed christall eyes affixed, wherein wheelewise were circularly ingrafted sharpe pointed diamonds, as rayes from those eyes deriued, that like the rowell of a spur ran deep into his horse sides, and made him more eager in his course. Such a fine dim shine did these christall eies and these round enranked diamonds make through their bolne swelling bowres of feathers, as if it had bin a candle in a paper lanterne, or a gloworme in a bush by night glistening through the leaues & briers. The taile of the estrich being short and thicke, serued verie fitly for a plume to tricke vp his horse taile with, so that euery parte of him was as naturally coapted as might be. The worde to this deuce was *Aculeo alatus*, I spread my wings onely spurd with her eyes. The morall of the whole is this, that as the estrich, the most burning sighted bird of all others, insomuch as the female of them hatcheth not her eggs by couering them, but by the effectual rayes of her eyes, as he, I say, outstrippeth the nimblest trippers of his feathered condition in¹ footmanship, onely spurd on with the needle quickning goad vnder his side: so he no lesse burning sighted than the estrich, spurde on to the race of honor by the sweet rayes of his mistres eyes, perswaded himselfe he should outstrip all other in running to the goale of glorie, onely animated and incited by hir excellence. And as the estrich will eate yron, swallow anie hard mettall whatsoeuer, so woulde he refuse no iron² aduenture, no hard taske whatsoeuer, to sit in the grace of so fayre a commander. The order of his shielde was this, it was framed lyke a burning glasse beset rounde with flame coloured feathers, on the outside whereof was his mistres picture adorned as beautifull as arte could portrature, on the inside a naked sword tyed in a true loue knot, the mot, *Militat omnis amans*. Signifieng that in a true loue knot his sword was tried to defend and maintaine the features of his mistres.

¹ in *A* : and *B*.

² iron *A* : *om. B*.

Next him entered the blacke knight, whose beuer was pointed all torne & bloudie, as though he had new come from combatting with a Beare, his head piece seemed to bee a little ouen fraught full with smothering flames, for nothing but sulphur and smoake voided out at the clefts of his beuer. His bases were all imbrodred with snakes and adders, ingendered of the aboundance of innocent bloud that was shed. His horses trappings were throughout bespangled with hunnie spottes, which are no blemishes, but ornaments. On his shield hee bare the Sunne full shining on a diall at his going downe, the word *sufficit tandem*.

After him followed the knight of the Owle, whose armor was a stubd tree ouergrowne with iuie, his helmet fashioned lyke an owle sitting on the top of this iuie, on his bases were wrought all kinde of birdes as on the grounde wondering about him; the word, *Ideo mirum quia monstrum*, his horses furniture was framed like a carte, scattering whole sheaues of corne amongst hogs, the word, *Liberalitas liberalitate perit*. On his shield a Bee intangled in sheepes wool, the mot, *Frontis nulla fides*. The fourth that succeeded was a wel proportioned knight in an armor imitating rust, whose head peece was prefigured lyke flowers growing in a narrowe pot, where they had not anie space to spread their roots or disperse their flourishing. His bases embelisht with open armed hands scatrung gold¹ amongst trunchions, the word, *Cura futuri est*. His horse was harnessed with leaden chaines, hauing the out-side guilt, or at least saffrond in sted of gilt, to decypher a holy or golden pretence of a couetous purpose, the sentence, *Cani capilli mei compedes*, on his target he had a number of crawling wormes kept vnder by a blocke, the faburthen *Speramus lucent*. The fift was the forsaken knight, whose helmet was crowned with nothing but cipresse and willow garlandes, ouer his armour he had *Himens*² nuptiall robe

¹ scatrung like gold B : scattering golde A.

² had *Hiems* B : had on *Himens* A.

died in a duskie yelowe, and all to be defaced and discoloured with spots and staines. The enigma, *Nos quoque florimus*, as who should say, we haue bin in fashion, his sted was adorned with orange tawnie eies, such as those haue that haue the yellow iandies, that make all things yellow they looke vppon, with this briefe, *Qui inuidēt egent*, those that enuy are hungry. The sixt was the knight of the stormes, whose helmet was rounde molded lyke the moone, and all his armor like waues, whereon the shine of the moone slightly siluerd, perfectly represented moone-shine in the water, his bases were the bankes or shores that bounded in the streames. The spoke was this, *Frustra pius*,—as much to saye as fruitlesse seruice. On his shield hee set foorth a lion driuen from his praie by a dunghill cock. The word, *Non vi sed voce*, not by violence but by voyce. The seuenth had lyke the giants that sought to scale heauen in despight of *Iupiter*, a mount ouerwhelming his head and whole bodie. His bases out-laid with armes and legges, which the skirtes of that mountaine left vncovered, vnder this did he characterise a man desirous to climbe to the heauen of honour, kept vnder with the mountaine of his princes command, and yet had he armes and legs exempted from the suppression of that mountain. The word *Tu mihi criminis author* (alluding to his Princes command) thou art the occasion of my imputed cowardise. His horse was trapt in the earthie strings of tree rootes, which though theyr increase was stubbed downe to the ground, yet were they not vtterly deaded, but hoped for an after resurrection. The worde *Spe alor*, I hope for a spring. Vpon his shield he bare a ball striken downe with a mans hand that it might mount. The worde, *Ferior ut efferar*, I suffer my selfe to be contemned because I will climbe. The eight had all his armor throughout engrailed like a crabbed brierie hawthorne bush, out of which notwithstanding sprong (as a good child of an il father) fragrant blossomes of delightfull may flowers, that made

(according to the nature of may) a most odoriferous smell. In midst of this his snowie curled top, round wrapped together, on the ascending of his creast sate a solitarie nightingale close encaged, with a thorne at her breast, hauing this mot in her mouth, *Luctus monumenta manebunt*. At the foot of this bush represented on his bases, laye a number of blacke swolne Toads gasping for winde, and Summer liude gras-hoppers gaping after deaw, both which were choakt with excessiue drouth for want of shade. The worde, *Non sine vulnere viresco*, I spring not without impedimentes, alluding to the Toads and such lyke that earst lay sucking at his rootes, but nowe were turnd out, and neere choakt with drought. His horse was suted in blacke sandy earth (as adiacent to this bush) which was here and there patched with short burnt grasse, and as thicke inke dropped with toiling ants and emets as euer it might crall, who in the full of the summer moone, (ruddie garnished on his horses forehead) hoorded vp theyr prouision of graine against winter. The worde, *Victrix fortunæ sapientia*, prouidence preuents misfortune. On his shield he set fourth the picture of death doing almes deeds to a number of poore desolate children. The word, *Nemo alius explicat*. No other man takes pittie vpon vs. What his meaning was herein I cannot imagine, except death had done him and his brethren some great good turne in ridding thẽ of some vntoward parent or kinsman that would haue beene their confusion, for else I cannot see howe death shoulde haue bin sayd to doe almes deedes, except hee had depriued them sodainly of their liues, to deliuer them out of some further miserie, which could not in anie wise bee because¹ they were yet lyuing.

The ninth was the infant knight, who on his armour hadde ennameld a poore young infant put into a shippe without tackling, masts, furniture or anie thing. This weather-beaten or ill apparelled ship was shadowed on his

¹ bee because A : be cause B.

bases, and the slender compasse of his bodie set forth the right picture of an infant. The waues wherein the ship was tossed were fretted¹ on his steads trappings so mouingly, that euer as he offered to bound or stir, they seemed to bounse and tosse, and sparkle brine out of their hoarie siluer billowes, the mot, *Inopem me copia fecit*, as much to saye, as the rich pray makes the theefe.

On his shield he expressed an olde goate that made a yong tree to wither onely with biting it, the word thereto, *Primo extingvor in æuo*. I am frost-bitten ere I come out of the blade.

It were here too tedious to manifest all the discontented or amorous deuises that were vsed in this turnament, the shields onely of some fewe I wyl touch to make short worke. One bare for his impresse the eyes of young swallowes comming againe after they were pluckt out, with this mot, *Et addit et addimit*, your beautie both bereaues and restores my sight. Another a syren smiling when the sea rageth and ships are ouerwhelmed, including a cruell woman, that laughs, sings, and scornes at her louers teares, and the tempestes of his despayre, the word, *Cuncta pereunt*, all my labor is ill imploide. A third being troubled with a curst, a trecherous and wanton wife, vsed this similitude. On his shield he caused to be limmed *Pompeies* ordinance for paracides, as namely a man put into a sacke with a cocke, a serpent, and an ape, interpreting that his wife was a cocke for her crowing, a serpent for her stinging, and an ape for her vnconstant wantonnes, with which ill qualities he was so beset, that therby he was throwen into a sea of grieffe, the word *Extremum malorum mulier*, the vtmost of euils is a woman. A fourth, who being a person of suspected religion, was continually haunted with intellygencers and spies, that thought to praie vpon him for that he had, he could not deuise which waie

¹ fretted A : fettered B.

to shake them off, but by making away that he had. To obscure this, he vsed no other fansie but a number of blinde flyes, whose eyes the colde had inclosed, the word *Aurum reddit acutissimum*, Gold is the onely phisicke for the eie-sight. A fifth, whose mistres was fallen into a consumption, and yet woulde condescend to no treatie of loue, emblazoned for his complaint, grapes that withered for want of pressing. The dittie to the mot, *Quid regna sine vsu*. I wil rehearse no more, but I haue an hundred other, let this bee the vpsshot of those shewes, they were the admirablest that euer Florence yelded. To particularize their manner of encounter were to describe the whole art of tilting. Some had like to haue fallen ouer their horse neckes, and so breake theyr neckes in breaking theyr staues. Others ranne at a buckle in sted of a button, and peradventure whetted theyr speares pointes, idly gliding on theyr enemies sides, but did no other harme. Others ranne a crosse at their aduersaryes left elbow, yea, and by your leaue sometimes let not the lists scape scot-free they were so eager. Others because they woulde be sure not to be vnsaddled with the shocke, when they came to the speares vtmost profe, they threwe it ouer the right shoulder, and so tilted backward, for forward they durst not. Another had a monstrous spite at the pommel of his riuals saddle, and thought to haue thrust his speare twixt his legs without rasing anie skin, and carried him clean awaie on it as a coolestaffe. Another held his speare to his nose, or his nose to his speare, as though he had bin discharging his caliuier, and ranne at the right foote of his fellowes stead. Onely the Earle of Surrie my master obserued the true measures of honour, and made all his encounterers new scoure their armor in the dust: so great was his glory that day, as *Geraldine* was therby eternally glorifid. Neuer such a bountiful master came amongst the heralds (not that he did inrich them with anie plentifull purse largesse) but that by his sterne assaults he tithed them more rich offals

of bases, of helmets, of armor, than the rent of their offices came to in ten yeres before.

What would you haue more, the trumpets proclaimed him master of the field, the trumpets proclaimed *Geraldine* the exceptionlesse fayrest of women. Euerie one striued to magnifie him more than other.¹ The Duke of Florence, whose name (as my memorie serueth me) was *Paschal de Medicis*, offered him such large proffers to stay with him, as it were² incredible to report. He would not, his desire was as he had done in Florence, so to proceed throughout all the chiefe cities in Italy. If you aske why hee began not³ this at Venice first. It was because he would let Florence, his mistres natiue citie haue the maidenhead of his chiuallrie. As he came backe agayne he thought to haue enacted some thing there worthie the Annals of posteritie, but he was debarred both of that and all his other determinations, for continuing in feasting and banketting with the Duke of Florence and the Princes of Italy there assembled, post-hast letters came to him from the king his master, to returne as speedily as he could possible into *England*, whereby his fame was quit cut off by the shins, and there was no repriue but *Bazelus manus*, hee must into England, and I with my curtizan trauelled forward in Italy. What aduentures happened him after we parted, I am ignorant, but Florence we both forsooke, and I hauing a wonderfull ardent inclination to see Rome, the Queen of the world, & metropolitane mistres of all other cities, made thether with my bag and baggage as fast as I could.

Attained thether, I was lodged at the house of one *Iohannes de Imola* a Roman caualiero. Who being acquainted with my curtisans deceased doting husband, for his sake vsd vs with all the familiaritie that might be, he shewed vs all the monumentes that were to bee seene,

¹ Euerie one . . . other. *A* : *om.* *B*.

² were *A* : was *B*.

³ not *A* : *om.* *B*.