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An English Garner

Ingatherings from our History and Literature

Edward Arber

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AN

ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE

BY EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.

'*Yea, history hath triumphed over time: which besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.*' SIR W. RALEIGH, Hist. of the World.

'*Airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers.*' J. MILTON, Areopagitica.

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PREFACE.



EW OF US adequately realize the immense Literature which has descended to us from our ancestors. Generation after generation has passed away; each of which has produced (in the order of its own thought, and with the tuition of its inherited or acquired experience) many a wise, bright, or beautiful thing: which having served its own brief day, has straightway passed away into utter forgetfulness, there to remain till Doomsday; unless some effort like the present, shall restore it to the knowledge and enjoyment of English-reading peoples.

This Collection is to gather, for the gratification of this and future Ages, a vast amount of incomparable poesy and most stirring prose; which hardly any one would imagine to be in existence at all. Of many of the original impressions there survive but one or two copies, and these often are most difficult of access; so that it is not too much to say of the following contents as a whole, that they have never hitherto come within the ken of any single English scholar.

The reader must be prepared often to find most crude and imperfect theories *or* beliefs, *which later experience has exploded, mixed up with most important* facts *or* allusions *as to the times, manners, or customs of the period then under illustration: leaving to us the obligation to reject the one, and to receive the other.*

Many of the following books and tracts are the original materials out of which modern historians have culled the most graphic touches of their most brilliant pages. In fact, the Series is, in regard to much of its prose, a Study on a large scale of detached areas of English history; and stands in the same relation to the general national Story, as a selected Collection of Parish Maps would do to the Ordnance Survey of English land.

AN ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE

VOL. III.

JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.

Voyage, in a Portuguese carrack, to Goa, in 1583 A.D.

[*Discourse of Voyages &c.*, 1598.]

This celebrated Narrative of a journey to India and back (besides being an Eye Witness description of the economy of a Carrack) contains precise information respecting Portuguese affairs in India, at a time when the already enormous wealth of the Crown of Spain was being rendered almost omnipotent by the vast additional treasures brought to Lisbon in the yearly Fleet of Portuguese carracks: and also, at its close, gives us a large account of the splendid doings of the English fleets off the Azores, in 1589; including the last fight of the *Revenge*, and the dying speech of its Commander, Vice Admiral Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE.



EING young and living idly in my native country, sometimes applying myself to the reading of histories and strange adventures, wherein I took no small delight; I found my mind so much addicted to see and travel into strange countries thereby to seek some adventure, that in the end to satisfy myself, I determined and was fully resolved, for a time, to leave my native country and my friends (although it grieved me); yet the hope I had to accomplish my desire together with the resolution taken, in the end, overcame my affection, and put me in good comfort to take the matter upon me; trusting in GOD, that He would further my intent.

Which done, being resolved, thereupon I took leave of my parents, who then dwelt at Enkhuisen; and being ready to embark myself, I went to a fleet of ships that as then lay before the Texel, staying for the wind to sail for Spain and Portugal: where I embarked myself in a ship that was bound for San Lucar de Barameda, being determined to travel unto Seville, where as then I had two brethren that had continued there certain years before; so to help myself the better, and by their means to know the manner and custom of those countries, as also to learn the Spanish tongue.

And the 6th of December in the year of our Lord 1576, we put out of the Texel, being in all about eighty ships; and set our course for Spain: and the 9th of the same month we passed between Dover and Calais.

Within three days after, we had sight of Cape Finisterre, and the 15th of the same month, we saw the land of Cintra otherwise called Cape Roca; from whence the river Tagus runneth into the main sea, upon the which river lieth the famous city of Lisbon: where some of our fleet put in, and left us.

The 17th day, we saw Cape St. Vincent; and upon Christmas day after, we entered into the river of San Lucar de Barameda; where I stayed two or three days, and then travelled to Seville. On the first day of January

[1577] following, I entered into the city, where I found one of my brethren; but the other was newly ridden to Court, lying, as then, at Madrid.

Although I had a special desire presently [*at once*] to travel farther; yet for want of the Spanish tongue, without the which men can hardly pass through the country, I was constrained to stay there to learn some part of their language.

In the meantime, it chanced that Don HENRY, the last King of Portugal died: by which means a great contention and debate happened as then in Portugal; by reason that the said King by his will and testament, made PHILIP [II.] King of Spain, his sister's son, lawful heir unto the Crown of Portugal. Notwithstanding the Portuguese — always deadly enemies to the Spaniards—were wholly against it, and elected for their King, Don ANTONIO, Prior of Ocrato, brother's son to the King that died before Don HENRY: which the King of Spain hearing, presently prepared himself in person to go into Portugal to receive the crown; sending before him the Duke of ALVA with a troop of men to cease their strife, and pacify the matter. So that, in the end, partly by force and partly by money, he brought the country under his subjection.

Whereupon divers men went out of Seville and other places into Portugal; as it is commonly seen that men are often addicted to changes and new alterations: among the which my brother, by other men's counsels, was one. First travelling to the borders of Spain, to a city called Badajos, standing on the frontiers of Portugal; where they hoped to find some better means: and they were no sooner arrived there, but that they heard news that all was quiet in Portugal, and the Don ANTONIO was driven out of the country; and PHILIP, by the consent of the land, received for King.

Whereupon my brother presently changed his mind of travelling to Portugal, and entered into service with an Ambassador that on the King's behalf was to go into Italy; with whom he rode: and arriving in Salamanca, he fell sick of a disease called *tabardilla* [*the spotted fever*], which at that time reigned [*raged*] throughout the whole country of Spain, whereof many thousands died; and amongst the rest, my brother was one.

Not long before, the plague was so great in Portugal, that, in two years space, there died in Lisbon to the number of 80,000 people. After which plague; the aforesaid disease ensued, which wrought great destruction throughout the whole country of Spain.

The 5th day of August in the same year, having some understanding in the Spanish tongue, I placed myself with a Dutch gentleman who had determined to travel into Portugal to see the country, and stayed with him, to take a more convenient time for my pretended [*intended*] voyage.

Upon the 1st of September following, we departed from Seville: and passing through divers towns and villages, within eight days after, we arrived at Badajos, where I found my other brother following the Court.

At the same time, died ANNE of Austria, Queen of Spain—sister to the Emperor RODOLPH [II.] and daughter to the Emperor MAXIMILIAN [II.]—the King's fourth and last wife; for whom great sorrow was made through all Spain. Her body was conveyed from Badajos to the Cloister of Saint Laurence in the Escorial; where, with great solemnity, it was buried.

We having stayed certain days in Badajos, departed from thence; and passed through a town called Elvas, about two or three miles off, being the first town in the kingdom of Portugal; for that between it and Badajos the borders of Spain and Portugal are limited.

From thence, we travelled into divers other places of Portugal, and at the last arrived at Lisbon, about the 20th of September following; where, at that time, we found the Duke of ALVA, as Governor there for the King of Spain: the whole city making great preparation for the coronation of the King, according to the custom of their country.

We being in Lisbon, through the change of air and the corruption of the country, I fell sick: and during my sickness was seven times let blood [*bled*]; yet, by GOD's help, I escaped.

Being recovered, not having much preferment under the gentleman, I left his service; and placed myself with a merchant, until I might attain to better means.

About the same time, the plague, not long before newly begun, began again to cease; for the which cause the King till then had deferred his entrance into Lisbon: which being wholly ceased; upon the first day of May, *anno* 1581, he entered with great triumph and magnificence into the city. Where, above all others, the Dutchmen had the best and greatest commendation for the beautiful shows: which were a gate and a bridge that stood upon the river side where the King must first pass as he went out of his galley to enter into the city; being beautified and adorned with many costly and excellent things most pleasant to behold. Every street and place within the city was hung with rich cloths of tapestry and arras: where they made great triumphs, as the manner is at all Princes' coronations.

The same year, the 12th of December, the Duke of ALVA died in Lisbon, in the King's palace; being High Steward of Spain: who, during his sickness, for fourteen days, received no sustenance but only women's milk. His body, being seared and spicen [*embalmed*], was conveyed into his country of Alva.

The same month, the King being yet at Lisbon, died Don DIEGO, Prince of SPAIN and PORTUGAL, the King's eldest son. His body being embalmed, was conveyed to Madrid. After whose death, the King had but one son named Don PHILIP, and two daughters living.

About the same time, there arrived at Lisbon, the King's sister, widow to the deceased Emperor MAXIMILIAN; and with her, one of her daughters, who being lame, was placed in a Monastery of Nuns. They with great triumph were likewise received into the city.

After the death of Don DIEGO, the King's eldest son, all the Lords and Estates of Spain and Portugal, as well spiritual as temporal, assembled at Lisbon, and there, in the King's presence, according to the ancient custom and manner of the country, took their oaths of faith [*fealty*] and allegiance unto Don PHILIP, the young Prince of SPAIN, and next heir and lawful successor of the King his father, in his dominions of Spain, Portugal, and other lands and countries.

The next year, *anno* 1582, a great navy of ships was prepared in Lisbon, whose General [*Admiral*] was the Marquis of SANTA CRUZ. He was accompanied with the

principal gentlemen and captains, both of Spain and Portugal; who, at their own costs and charges therein, to show the great affection and desire they had to serve their Prince, sailed with the said Navy to the Flemish Isles [*the Azores*] to fight with Don ANTONIO; who lay about those isles with a fleet of Frenchmen, whose General [*Admiral*] was one PHILLIPO STROZZI.

These two fleets meeting together, fought most cruelly, to the great loss of both parts: yet in the end, Don ANTONIO with his Frenchmen were overthrown, and many of them taken prisoners. Among the which were divers gentlemen of great account in France: who, by the Marquis's commandment, were all beheaded on the island of St. Michael. The rest, being brought into Spain, were put into the galleys. Don ANTONIO escaped in a small ship; and the General STROZZI also, who being hurt in the battle, died of the same wound.

By this victory, the Spaniards were so proud, that great triumph was holden in Lisbon for the same; and the Marquis of SANTA CRUZ received therein with great joy.

Which done, and all things being pacified in Portugal, the King left his sister's son, Don ALBERTUS Cardinal of Austria, Governor of Lisbon and the whole country; and, with the Cardinal's mother, returned and kept Court at Madrid in Spain.

The beginning of my voyage into the East or Portuguese Indies.

STAYING at Lisbon, the trade of merchandise there not being great, by reason of the new and fresh disagreeing of the Spaniards and Portuguese; occasion was offered to accomplish my desire.

There was, at that time, in Lisbon, a monk of Saint Dominic's order, named Don Frey VINCENTE DE FONSECA, of a noble house: who, by reason of his great learning, had of long time been Chaplain unto SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, and being with him in the battle in Barbary where King SEBASTIAN was slain, was taken prisoner, and

from thence ransomed. Whose learning and good behaviour being known to the King of Spain, he made great account of him; placing him in his own chapel: and desiring to prefer him, the Archbishopric of all the Indies being void, with the confirmation of the Pope, he invested him therewith; although he refused to accept it, fearing the long and tedious travel he had to make thither. But in the end, through the King's persuasion, he took it upon him; with a promise, within four, or five years at the furthest, to recall him home again, and to give him a better place in Portugal: with the which promise he took the voyage upon him.

I, thinking upon my affairs, used all the means I could to get into his service, and with him to travel the voyage which I so much desired: which fell out as I would wish.

For my brother that followed the Court, had desired his master, who was one of His Majesty's Secretaries, to make him Purser in one of the ships that, the same year, should sail unto the East Indies: which pleased me well; forasmuch that his master was a great friend and acquaintance of the Archbishop's. By which means, with small intreaty, I was entertained in the Bishop's service; and, amongst the rest, my name was written down: we being in all forty persons.

And because my brother had his choice which ship he would be in, he chose the ship wherein the Archbishop sailed, the better for us to help each other: and, in this manner, we prepared ourselves to make our voyage.

There were in all five ships, of the burden of 1,400 or 1,500 tons each ship. Their names were, the admiral [*i.e., the flag ship*] *San Felipe*, the vice-admiral *San Jago*: these were two new ships, one bearing the name of the King, the other of his son. The other three were named the *San Lorenzo*, *San Francisco*, and our ship the *San Salvador*.

Upon the 8th of April, being Good Friday, in the year of our Lord 1583 (which commonly is the time when their ships set sail, within four or five days under or over), we, all together, issued out of the river of Lisbon and put to sea, setting our course for the island of Madeira: and so putting our trust in GOD (without whose favour and help we can do nothing, and all our actions are but vain) we sailed forwards.

The manner and order used in the ships in their Indian voyages.

THE ships are commonly charged with 400 or 500 men at the least; sometimes more, sometimes less, as there are soldiers and sailors to be found.

When they go out, they are but lightly laden with only certain pipes of wine and oil, and some small quantity of merchandise. Other things have they not, but ballast and victuals for the company. For the most and greatest ware that is commonly sent into India are Rials of Eight [=436 *reis* =5*s.* 9*d.* *then*=£1 14*s.* 6*d.* *now*. *The present Mexican dollar*]: because the principal Factors for Pepper do every year send a great quantity of money therewith to buy pepper; as also divers particular merchants, it being the least ware [*smallest in bulk*] that men can carry into India. So that in these Rials of Eight, they gain at least forty per cent.

When the ships are out of the river, and entered into the sea, all their men are mustered, as well sailors as soldiers; and such as are found absent and left on land, being registered in the books, are marked by the Purser, that at their return they may talk with their sureties (for that every man putteth in sureties): and the goods of such as are absent, being found in the ship, are presently brought forth and priced [*appraised*] and an inventory thereof being made, they are left to be disposed of at the Captain's pleasure. The like is done with the goods of those that die in the ship. But little cometh to the owner's hands, being embezzled and privily made away.

The Master and Pilot have for their whole voyage forth and home again, each man 120 Milreis[1] [=£80 *then*=£480

[1] The present Portuguese Milreis is a silver coin about 4*s.* 4½*d.* in value; and is roughly calculated at 4½ Milreis to the £1 sterling. But the Milreis referred to by LINSCHOTEN was a gold coin, and as such is quoted by JOHN MELLIS (at *p.* 155 of his edition of ROBERT RECORD's *Ground of Artes*, in 1586) among "the most usual gold coins throughout Christendom," as being worth 13*s.* 4*d.*

The Portuguese Ducat was Two-fifths of the Milreis, and would be, proportionately, 5*s.* 4*d.*; but LINSCHOTEN, at *p.* 459 of the original English edition of 1598, quotes it at 5*s.* 6*d.* We shall, however, for uniformity sake, herein take it (on MELLIS's equivalent of 13*s.* 4*d.* for Milreis) at 5*s.* 4*d.*: and in estimating for corresponding value in the present day, shall multiply by Six.

For Table of Portuguese coins at Goa, in 1583-87, see *p.* 184.

now] every Milreis [=13*s.* 4*d.*] being worth in Dutch money seven Guilders. And because the reckoning of Portuguese money is only in one sort of money called *Reis*—whereof 160 [=*roughly* 2*s. then*] are as much as a Keyser's Guilder or four [*Spanish*] Rials of Silver [*each*=*roughly* 40 *Reis*=6*d. then*]; so that two Reis are four Pence, and One Rei, is two Pence of Holland. I have thought it good to set it down the better to show and make you understand the accounts they use by Reis in the country of Portugal.

But returning to our matter, I say Master and the Pilot do receive beforehand each man 24,000 Reis [=24 *Milreis*=£16 *then*=£96 *now*]. Besides that, they have both chambers under in the ship and cabins above the hatches; as also "primage," and certain tons of freight. The like have all the other officers in the ship, according to their degrees; and although they receive money in hand, yet it costeth them more in gifts before they get their places; which are given by favour and goodwill of the *Proveador*, who is the Chief Officer of the Admiralty.

Yet there is no certain ordinance for their pay, for that it is daily altered: but let us reckon the pay which is commonly given, according to the ordinance and manner of our ship for that year.

The Chief Boatswain hath for his whole pay 50,000 Reis [=50 *Milreis*=£33 13*s.* 4*d. then*=£200 *now*], and receiveth 10,000 Reis [=10 *Milreis*=£6 13*s.* 4*d. then*=£40 *now*] in ready money.

The Guardian, that is the Quarter Master, hath 1,400 Reis [=18*s.* 8*d. then*=£5 12*s. now*] the month; and for freight, 2,800 [=£1 17*s.* 4*d. then*=£11 4*s. now*]; and receiveth 7,000 Reis [=7 *Milreis*=£4 13*s.* 4*d. then*=£28 *now*] in ready money.

The *Seto Piloto*, which is the Master's Mate, hath 1,200 Reis [=16*s. then*=£4 16*s. now*], which are three ducats [5*s.* 4*d. each*], the month; and as much freight as the Quarter Master.

Two Carpenters and two *Callafaren* [?] which help them, have, each man, four ducats [=£1 4*s. then*=£7 4*s. now*] a month and 3,900 Reis [=£2 12*s. then*=£15 12*s. now*] freight.

The Steward, that giveth out their meat and drink, and the *Merinho* [? *Master at Arms*] which is he that imprisoneth men

aboard, and hath charge of all the ammunition and powder, with the delivering forth of the same, have each man a 1,100 Reis [=14*s.* 8*d.* *then*=£4 8*s.* *now*] a month and 2,340 Reis [=£1 11*s.* 2*d.* *then*=£9 7*s.* *now*] of freight; besides their chambers, and freedom from customs: as also all other officers, sailors, pikemen, shot [*harquebusiers*] etc. have, every man after the rate, and every one that serveth in the ship.

The Cooper hath three ducats [=16*s.* 0*d.* *then*=£4 16*s.* *now*] a month, and 3,900 Reis [=£2 12*s.* *then*=£15 12*s.* *now*] of freight.

Two *Strinceros* [?], those are they which hoist up the mainyard by a wheel, and let it down again with a wheel, as need is, have each 1,000 Reis [=13*s.* 4*d.* *then*=£4 *now*] the month, and 2,800 Reis [=£1 17*s.* 4*d.* *then*=£11 4*s.* *now*] of freight.

Thirty-three Sailors have each man 1,000 Reis [=13*s.* 4*d.* *then*=£4 *now*] the month, and 2,800 Reis [=£1 17*s.* 4*d.* *then*=£11 4*s.* *now*] freight.

Thirty-seven Rowers have each man 660 Reis [=8*s.* 9*d.* *then*=£2 12*s.* 6*d.* *now*] the month, and 1,860 Reis [=£1 4*s.* 9*d.* *then*=£7 8*s.* 6*d.* *now*] freight.

Four *Pagiens* [*Cabin boys*], which are boys, have with their freight, 443 Reis [=5*s.* 11*d.* *then*=£1 15*s.* 6*d.* *now*] the month.

One Master Gunner and eight under him, have each man a different pay: some more, some less.

The Surgeon likewise hath no certain pay.

The Factor and the Purser have no pay but only their chambers, that is below under the hatches a chamber of twenty pipes (for each man ten pipes) whereof they make great profit; and above the hatches each man his cabin to sleep in.

These are all the officers and other persons which sail in the ship, which have for their portion every day in victuals, each man alike, as well the greatest as the least, 1¾ lbs. of biscuit, half a can of wine, a can of water; and an *arroba*, which is 32 [English] pounds of salt flesh the month, and some dried fish. Onions and garlic are eaten in the beginning of the voyage, as being of small value. Other provisions as sugar, honey, raisins, prunes, rice and such like, are kept for those which are sick: yet they have but little thereof; for the officers keep it for themselves and spend it at their

pleasure, not letting much go out of their fingers. As for the dressing of their meat, wood, pots, and pans; every man must make his own provision.

Besides all this, there is a Clerk and Steward for the King's soldiers that have their parts by themselves, as the sailors have.

This is the order and manner of their voyage when they sail into the Indies: but when they return again, they have no more but each man a portion of biscuit and water until they come to the Cape of Good Hope; and from thence home, they must find their own provisions.

The soldiers that are passengers, have nothing else but a free passage; that is room for a chest under the hatches, and a place for their bed in the orlop deck: and may not come away without the Viceroy's passport, and yet they must have been five years soldiers in the Indies before they can have licence. But the slaves must pay freight for their bodies and customs to the King; as in our voyage home again we will at large declare [*see p.* 410].

Madeira to Mozambique.

THE 15th of April 1583, we espied the island of Madeira and Porto Santo; where the ships use [*are accustomed*] to separate themselves, each ship keeping on his course; that they may get before each other into India for their most advantage, and to dispatch the sooner: whereby, in the night and by tides, they leave each other's company; each following his own way.

The 24th of April, we fell upon the coast of Guinea, which beginneth at 9° N., and stretcheth until we come under the Equinoctial: where we have much thunder, lightning, and many showers of rain; with storms of wind which pass swiftly over and yet fall with such force, that at every shower we are forced to strike sail, and let the mainyard fall to the middle of the mast, and many times clean down, sometimes ten or twelve times every day. There we find a most extreme heat, so that all the water in the ship stinketh, whereby men are forced to stop their noses when they drink; but when we are past the Equinoctial it is good again.

The nearer we are unto the land, the more it stormeth, raineth, thundereth, and calmeth: so that most commonly the ships are at the least two months before they can pass the line. Then they find a wind which they name the "General Wind," and it is a south-east wind: but it is a side wind, and we must always be sideways in the wind almost until we come to the Cape of Good Hope.

And because that upon the coast of Brazil, about 18° S., lieth great flakes or shallows which the Portuguese call *abrashos*, that reach seventy miles into the sea on the right side; to pass them the ships hold up most unto the Coast of Guinea, and so pass the said flats.

Otherwise, if they fall too low or keep inwards, they are constrained to turn again into Portugal, and are many times in danger of being lost. As it happened to our admiral [*flag-ship*] *San Felipe*: which, in the year 1582, fell by night upon the flats, and was in great danger of being lost; yet recovered again, and sailed back to Portugal. And now, this year, to shun the flats, she kept so near the Coast of Guinea that by means of the great calms and rains, she was forced to drive up and down two months together, before she could pass the line; and came two months after the other ships into India. Therefore men must take heed and keep themselves from coming too near the coast to shun the calms and storms; and also not to hold too far off, thereby to pass the flats and shallows: wherein consisteth the whole Indian voyage.

The 15th of May, being about fifty miles northward of the Equinoctial line, we espied a French ship; which put us all in great fear, by reason that most of our men were sick, as it commonly happeneth in those countries through the exceeding heat; and further they are for the most part such as never have been at sea before that time, so that they are not yet able to do much. Yet we discharged certain great shot at him, wherewith (after he had played with us for a small time) he left us: so that presently we lost sight of him, wherewith our men were in better comfort.

The same day, about evening, we descried a great ship, which we judged to be of our fleet, as we afterwards perceived: for it made towards us to speak with us, and it was the *San Francisco*, wherewith we were glad.

The 26th of May, we passed the Equinoctial line, which runneth through the middle of the island of St. Thomas, by the coast of Guinea : and then we began to see the South Star and to loose the North Star, and found the sun at twelve of the clock at noon to be in the north. After that we had a south-east wind called a "General Wind," which in those parts bloweth all the year through.

The 29th of May, being Whitsunday, the ships of an ancient custom, do use to choose an Emperor among themselves, and to change all the Officers in the ship, and to hold a great feast which continueth three or four days together. Which we observing, chose an Emperor; and being at our banquet by means of certain words that passed out of some of their mouths, there fell great strife and contention among us: which proceeded so far that the tables were thrown down and lay on the ground [*decks*] and at the least a hundred rapiers were drawn—without respecting the Captain or any other; for he lay under foot and they trod upon him :—and had killed each other, and thereby had cast the ship away; if the Archbishop had not come out of his chamber among them, willing them to cease, wherewith they stayed their hands. Who presently commanded every man on pain of death, that all their rapiers, poniards, and other weapons should be brought into his chamber; which was done: whereby all things were pacified, the first and principal beginners being punished and laid in irons. By which means they were quiet.

The 12th of June, we passed beyond the aforesaid flats and shallows of Brazil, whereof all our men were exceeding glad: for thereby we were assured that we should not, for that time, put back to Portugal again: as many do. Then the "General Wind" served us until we came to the Rio de la Plata: where we got before the wind to the Cape of Good Hope.

The 20th of the same month, the *San Francisco* that so long had kept us company, was again out of sight.

The 11th of July after, our Master judged us to be about fifty miles from the Cape of Good Hope: wherefore he was desired by the Archbishop to keep in with the land that we might see the Cape. It was then misty weather, so that as we had made with the land one hour or more, we perceived land right before us and were within two miles thereof, which by reason of the dark and misty weather we could no sooner

perceive: which put us in great fear, for our judgement was clean contrary; but the weather beginning to clear up, we knew the land. For it was a part or bank of the point called False Cape, which is about fifteen miles on the side of the Cape of Good Hope towards Mozambique.

The Cape of Good Hope lieth under 34° S. There we had a calm and fair weather, which continuing about half a day, we got with our lines great store of fish off the same land, in ten or twelve fathoms of water. It is an excellent fish, much like to haddocks. The Portuguese call them *pescados* [*i.e., fishes*].

The 20th of the same month, we met again with the *San Francisco*, and spake with her; and so kept company together till the 24th of July, when we lost her again. The same day we struck all our sails because we had a contrary wind, and lay to for two days still driving up and down; not to lose any way. We were then against the high land of Natal; which beginneth in 32° and endeth in 30° S.

In this place they commonly use to take counsel of all the Officers of the ship, whether it is best for them to sail within or without the Island of Saint Lawrence [*Madagascar*]. For that within that land, they sail to Mozambique, and from thence to Goa; and sailing without it, they cannot come at Goa, by reason they fall down [*drift*] by means of the stream [*current*], and so must sail unto Cochin, which lieth 100 miles lower than [*south of*] Goa. It is as the ships leave the Cape, that it is or is not good to make towards Mozambique: because they cannot come in time to Goa by reason of the great calms that are within the island [*i.e., of Madagascar*]. They that pass the Cape in the month of July may well go to Mozambique, because they have time enough to refresh themselves there, and to take in fresh water and other victuals; and so lie at anchor ten or twelve days together: but such as pass the Cape in the month of August, do come too late and must sail about towards Cochin, thereby to lose no time; yet it is dangerous and much more cumbersome, for that commonly they are sick of swollen legs, sore bellies, and other diseases.

The 30th of July, we were against the point of the cape called Cape Corrientes, which lieth under 24° S. There they begin to pass between the islands.

The 1st of August, we passed the flats called *Ox baixos dos India* that is "the flats of India" [now called *Bassa da India*], which are distant from Cape Corrientes, thirty miles; and lie between the island of Saint Lawrence and the firm land. There is great care to be taken lest men fall upon them; for they are very dangerous. Many ships have been lost there, and of late, *anno* 1585, a ship coming from Portugal, called the *San Jago* (being admiral [*flag-ship*] of the fleet; and was the same that, in its first voyage, went with us from Lisbon for vice admiral): as in another place we shall declare [*see p.* 311].

The 4th of August, we descried the land of Mozambique. The next day, we entered into the road, and as we entered, we espied the aforesaid ship, called the *San Jago*, which entered with us, not above one hour after we had descried it; being the first time we had seen it since it left us at the island of Madeira, where we separated ourselves.

There we likewise found two more of our ships, the *San Lorenzo* and the *San Francisco*, which, the day before, were come thither, with a small ship that was to sail to Malacca. Which ship commonly setteth out of Portugal a month before any of the ships do sail for India, only because they have a longer voyage to make: yet do they ordinarily sail to Mozambique to take in sweet water or fresh victuals, as their voyage falleth out or their victuals scanteth. If they go not thither, then they sail about the back [*i.e., the east*] side of the island of Saint Lawrence; not setting their course for the Mozambique.

There were now four of our fleet in company together, and only wanted the *San Felipe* which had held her course so near the coast of Guinea, the better to shun the flats of Brazil, that she was so much becalmed that she could not pass the Equinoctial line for a long time after us; neither yet the Cape of Good Hope without great storms and foul weather, as it ordinarily happeneth to those that come late thither: whereby she was compelled to compass about [*go outside Madagascar*] and came to Cochin about two months after we were all arrived at Goa; having passed through much foul weather and endured much misery, with sickness and diseases as swellings of the legs, the scorbutic, and pain in their bellies, etc.

Mozambique.

MOZAMBIQUE is a little island distant about half a mile from the firm land: for the firm land on the north stretcheth further into the sea than it doth. The ships harbour so near to the island and the fortress of Mozambique, that they may throw a stone out of their ships upon the land. They lie between the island and the firm land, which are distant about half a mile from each other; so that they lie there as safely as in a river or haven. The island is about half a mile in compass, and is flat land bordered about with a white sand. Therein grow many Indian palms or [cocoa]nut trees, and some orange, apple, lemon, citron, and Indian fig trees: but other kinds of fruit which are common in India, are very scarce there. Corn with other grain, with rice and such necessary merchandise are brought thither out of India: but of beasts and fowls, as oxen, sheep, goats, swine, hens, etc., there is great abundance; and they are very good and cheap.

In the same island are found sheep of five quarters, for that their tails are so broad and thick, that there is as much flesh upon them as upon a quarter of their body; and they are so fat that men can hardly brook them. There are certain hens that are so black, both of feathers, flesh, and bones, that being sodden they seem as black as ink; yet of a very sweet taste, and are accounted better than the others: whereof some are likewise found in India, but not so many as in Mozambique.

Pork is there a very costly dish, and excellent fair and sweet flesh: and as by experience it is found that it far surpasseth all other flesh, so the sick are forbidden to eat any kind of flesh but only pork, because of the excellency thereof.

They have no sweet water in the island to drink, but they fetch it from the firm land: and they use in their houses great pots which come out of India to keep water in.

The Portuguese have therein a very fair and strong castle, which now about ten or twelve years past [*i.e.*, *about* 1570] was fully finished: and it standeth right against the first of two uninhabited little islands, where the ships must come in, and is one of the best and strongest built of all the

castles throughout the whole Indies: yet have they but small store of ordnance and ammunition. There are also no more soldiers than the Captain and his men that dwell therein: but when occasion serveth, the married Portuguese that dwell in the island, which are about forty or fifty at the most, are all bound to help to keep the Castle, for that the island hath no other defence than only that castle. The rest lieth open, and is a flat sand. Round about within the castle are certain cisterns made, which are always full of water: so that they have water continually in the same for the space of one whole year or more, as necessity requireth.

The government of the Portuguese in the island is in this manner.

They have every three years, a new Captain and a Factor for the King, with other Officers: which are all offices given and bestowed by the King of Portugal upon such as have served him in the Indian wars, in recompence of their services, every man according to his calling and degree: where they receive their pay and ordinary fees out of that which they get by force, for during their abode in those places, they do what pleaseth them.

The Captain hath great profit, for there is another fortress, named Sofala, towards the Cape of Good Hope. By that fort is a certain mine named Monomotapa where is great store of gold: and withal a certain kind of gold called by the Portuguese *botongoen onroempo* or "sandy gold;" for that it is very small, like sand, but the finest gold that can be found.

In this fortress of Sofala, the Captain of Mozambique hath a Factor; and twice or thrice every year, he sendeth certain boats, called *pangaios*, which sail along the shore to fetch gold and bring it to Mozambique. These *pangaios* are made of light planks and sewed together with cords, without any nails.

The Captain maketh the commodity of his place within the three years' space that he remaineth there: which amounteth to the value of 300,000 ducats [=£80,000 *then*, *or*, *about* £480,000 *now*], that is, nine tons of gold; as, while we were there, the Captain, named NUNO VELIO PEREIRA, himself showed us; and it is mostly in gold that cometh from Sofala and Monomotapa.

From Mozambique, they carry into India, gold, ambergris, ebony wood, ivory, and many slaves, both men and women, who are carried thither because they are the strongest Moors in all the East countries, to do their filthiest and hardest labour, wherein they only use them. They sail from thence into India but once every year, in the month of August till the half of September; because throughout the whole countries of India, they must sail with the monsoons.

Once every year, there goeth and cometh one ship for the Captain to India, that carrieth and bringeth his merchandise. No man may traffic from thence into India, but only those that dwell and are married in Mozambique. Such as are unmarried may not stay there, by special privilege from the King of Portugal granted to those that inhabit there, to the end the island should be peopled, and thereby kept and maintained.

Mozambique to Goa.

WE STAYED at Mozambique for the space of fifteen days, to provide fresh water and victuals for the supplying our wants. In the which time, divers of our men fell sick, and died by reason of the unaccustomed air of the place, which of itself is an unwholesome land; and has an evil air, by means of the great and unmeasurable heat.

The 20th of August, we set sail with all our company, that is our four ships of one fleet that came for Portugal; and a ship for the Captain of Mozambique whose three years were then finished. His name was Don PEDRO DE CASTRO; in whose place the aforesaid NUNO VELIO PEREIRA was then come.

The said Captain Don PEDRO returned with his wife and family again into India. For the King's commandment and and ordinance is, that after the expiration of their three years' office, they must yet stay three years more in India at the commandment of the Viceroy of India, in the King's service, at their own charges, before they may return into Portugal; unless they bring a special patent from the King, that after

they have continued three years in their office they may return into Portugal again: which is very seldom seen, unless it be by special favour. Likewise no man may travel out of India, unless he has the Viceroy's passport; and without it, they are not suffered to pass, for it is very narrowly looked into.

The 24th August, in the morning, we descried the two Comoro Islands; which lie from Mozambique northwards. On the south side of the principal island is a very high land, so high that in a whole day's sail with a good wind we could not lose the sight thereof.

The same day, the ships separated themselves again, according to the ancient manner, for the occasions aforesaid.

The 3rd of September, we once again passed the Equinoctial line, and had sight of the North Star.

The 4th of September, we espied a ship of our own fleet, and spake with him. It was the *San Francisco*, which sailed with us till the 7th day, and then left us.

The 13th of September, we saw another ship, which was the *San Jago;* which sailed out of sight again and spake, not with us.

The 20th of September, we perceived many snakes swimming in the sea, being as great as eels: and other things like the scales of fish, which the Portuguese call *vintins* (which are Half Rials of silver, Portuguese money, because they are like unto it), which swim and drive upon the sea in great quantities; which is a certain sign and token of the Indian coast.

Not long after, with great joy we descried land, and found ground in forty-seven fathoms deep. It was the land of Bardes, which is the uttermost end and entry of the river of Goa; being about three miles from the city. It is a high land where the ships of India do anchor and unlade; and from thence their wares are carried by boats to the town. That day we anchored out in the sea, about three miles from the land; because it was calm and the flood tide was past: yet it is not without danger, and hath round about a fair and fast land to anchor in.

The 21st, being the next day, there came to us divers boats called *almadias* [*canoes*] which boarded us, bringing with them all manner of fresh victuals from the land, as fresh bread and

fruit: Some of the boatmen were Indians that had been christened.

There came likewise a galley to fetch the Archbishop, and brought him to a place called Pangiin, which is in the middle way between Goa and the road of Bardes, and lieth upon the same river. Here he was welcomed and visited by the Viceroy of India, Don FRANCISCO MASCARENHAS, and by all the lords and gentry of the country, as well spiritual as temporal. The magistrates of the town desired him to stay there ten or twelve days, while preparation might be made to receive him with triumph into the city, as their manner is: which he granted them.

The same day, we entered the river into the road[stead] under the land of Bardes, being the 21st of September 1583, and five months and thirteen days after our putting forth of the river of Lisbon (including our stay of fifteen days at Mozambique): which was one of the speediest and shortest voyages that, in many years before and since that time, was ever performed. There we found the ship named *San Lorenzo* which arrived there a day before us.

The 22nd day, the *San Jago* came thither; and the next day after, arrived the *San Francisco*.

There died in our ship, thirty persons: among which some were slaves, and one a High Dutchman, that had been one of the King of Spain's Guard. Every man had been sick once or twice, and had let blood. This is ordinarily the number of men that die in the ships; sometimes more, sometimes less.

About ten or twelve years before, it chanced that a Viceroy for the King, named RUY LORENZO DETAVORA sailed for India, and had in his ship 1,100 men. There happened a sickness among them; so that there died thereof to the number of 900, who were all thrown overboard into the sea, before they came to Mozambique; the Viceroy himself being one. Which was an extraordinary sickness, and it is to be thought that the great number of the men in the ship was the cause of breeding the same. Therefore in these days the ships no longer take so many men with them: for with the number they do carry, they have stinking air and filth enough to cleanse within the ship.

The 30th of September, the Archbishop my master, with

great triumph was brought into the town of Goa; and by the gentlemen and rulers of the country led into the Cathedral Church, singing *Te DEUM laudamus*; and after many ceremonies and ancient customs, they conveyed him to his palace, which is close by the Church.

The 20th of November, our admiral [*flag ship*] the *San Felipe* arrived at Cochin, without staying to land at any place; having endured much misery by the means before rehearsed, and having been seven months and twelve days under sail.

The last of the same month of November, the ships sailed from Goa to the coast of Malabar and Cochin, there to receive their lading of pepper and other spices. Some take in their lading on the coast of Malabar; and some at Cochin, which can always lade two ships with pepper. The ships unlade all their Portuguese commodities in Goa, where the merchants and factors are resident; and from thence sail along the coast to take in their lading. Each ship doth commonly lade 8,000 quintals of pepper, Portuguese weight. Every quintal is 128 [English] pounds. Then they come to Cochin, whither the Factors also do travel; and lade in cloves, cinnamon, and other Indian wares, as in my voyage homeward [*see p.* 407], I will particularly declare.

In the months of January and February, *anno* 1584, the ships with their lading returned from Cochin, towards Portugal; with whom my brother went, because of his office in the ship: and I stayed with my master in India certain years to see and learn the manners and customs of the said lands, people, fruits, wares, and merchandise; with other things, which, when time serveth, I will in truth set down, as I for the most part have seen it with mine eyes.

[For the rest of LINSCHOTEN's narrative, see *pp.* 188, 300, 304, 399.]

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

MUSICA TRANSALPINA.

Edited by NICHOLAS YONGE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GILBERT, Lord TALBOT,

Son and Heir to the right noble and puissant GEORGE, *Earl of* SHREWSBURY, WASHFORD *and* WATERFORD; *Earl Marshal of England, Lord* TALBOT, FURNIVAL, VERDUNE, LOVETOFT *and* STRANGE *of Blackmere; One of Her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council; Justice of the Forests and Chases by north [of] the river of Trent; and Knight of the most honourable Order of the Garter:*

NICHOLAS YONGE wisheth increase of honour, with all happiness.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

SINCE *I first began to keep house in this city, it hath been no small comfort unto me, that a great number of Gentlemen and merchants of good account, as well of this realm as of foreign nations, have taken in good part such entertainment of pleasure, as my poor ability was able to afford them: both by the exercise of music daily used in my house; and by*

furnishing them with books of that kind yearly sent me out of Italy and other places. Which, being for the most part Italian songs, are for sweetness of air very well liked of all: but most in account with them that understand that language; as for the rest, they do either not sing them at all, or at the least with little delight.

And albeit there be some English Songs laiely set forth by a great master of music [W. BYRD, see Vol. II. *p.* 71], *which for skill and sweetness may content the most curious; yet because they are not many in number, men (delighted with variety) have wished for more of the same sort. For whose cause* [sake] *chiefly, I endeavoured to get into my hands all such English Songs as were praiseworthy: and amongst others, I had the hap to find in the hands of some of my good friends, certain Italian Madrigals, translated, most of them five years ago* [i.e., in 1583], *by a Gentleman for his private delight (as not long before, certain Neapolitans had been Englished by a very honourable personage, and now a Councillor of Estate; whereof I have seen some, but never possessed any). Finding the same to be singularly well liked, not only of those for whose cause I gathered them; but of many skilful Gentlemen and other great musicians, who affirmed the accent of the words to be well maintained, the descant not hindered though in some few notes altered, and in every place the due decorum kept: I was so bold (being well acquainted with the Gentleman) as to intreat for the rest; who willingly gave me such as he had (for of some, he kept no copies), and also some others more lately done at the request of his particular friends.*

Now when the same were seen to arise to a just number sufficient to furnish a great set of books: divers of my friends aforesaid, required with great instance to have them printed; whereunto I was as willing as the rest, but could never obtain the Gentleman's consent, though I sought it by many great means. For his answer was ever, "That those trifles (being but an idle man's exercise, of an idle subject, written only for private recreation) would blush to be seen otherwise than by twilight, much more to be brought into the common view of all men." And seeing me still importunate; he took his pen, and with an obstinate resolution of his former speech, wrote in one of the books, these verses of the poet MARTIAL,

Seras tutior ibis ad lucernas,
Hæc hora est tua, dum furit Lyæus,
Dum regnat rosa, dum madent capilli,
Tum te vel rigidi legant Catones.

Wherefore I kept them, or most of them, for a long time by me, not presuming to put my sickle in another man's corn; till such time as I heard that the same, being dispersed into many men's hands, were, by some persons altogether unknown to the owner, likely to be published in print. Which made me adventure to set this work in hand (he being neither privy nor present; nor so near this place, as by any reasonable means I could give him notice): wherein though he may take a just offence that I have laid open his labours without his licence: yet since they were in hazard to come abroad by strangers, lame and imperfect by means of false copies, I hope that this which I have done to avoid a greater ill, shall deserve a more favourable excuse.

But seeking yet a stronger string to my bow; I thought good in all humble and dutiful sort to offer myself and my bold attempt to the defence and protection of your Lordship; to whose honourable hands I present the same: assuring myself, that so great is the love and affection which he beareth to your Lordship, as the view of your name in the front of the books, will take away all displeasure and unkindness from me. And although this may be thought a greater boldness than the first (I being not anyway able to do your Lordship such a service, as may deserve so great a favour) yet I hope these Songs, being hitherto well esteemed of all, shall be so regarded of your Lordship, as I for them, and they for themselves, shall not be thought unworthy of your honourable defence.

With which hope, I humbly commit your Lordship to the protection of the Almighty; wishing to the same, that increase of honour which your true virtue, derived from so noble and renowned ancestors, doth worthily deserve.

From London, the first of October, 1588.

Your Lordship's most humble at commandment.

N. YONGE.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

The whole of the poems from here to *p.* 50, are translations from the Italian into English by the unknown English gentleman, Lord TALBOT's friend, referred to at page 33. The names of the original composers (who were all famous musicians in the Low Countries and Italy, previous to this date), are given, as they stand above each of the tunes in the 1588 edition : but it is not clear whether they are authors of the Italian *words* here rendered into English, or of the *tunes* only ; or of both.

NOE FAIGNIENT.

THESE that be certain signs of my tormenting,
No sighs they be, nor any sigh so showeth ;
Those have their truce sometimes, these no relenting :
Not so exhales the heat that in me gloweth.
Fierce LOVE, that burns my heart, makes all this venting ;
While, with his wings, the raging fire he bloweth.
Say, LOVE ! With what device thou canst for ever
Keep it in flames, and yet consume it never?

JEAN DE MACQUE.

THE fair DIANA never more revived
Her lover's heart, that spied her in the fountain,
While she her naked limbs in water dived ;
Than me, the country wench, set by the mountain,
Washing a veil, to clothe the locks refined,
That on fair LAURA's head, the gold resemble :
Which made me quake, although the sun then shined;
And every joint, with loving frost to tremble.

G. P. A. PRENESTINO (*GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI, DA PALESTRINA*).

JOY so delights my heart, and so relieves me,
When I behold the face of my beloved;
That any hard mischance or pang that grieves me,
Is quite exiled, and presently removed.
And if I might, to perfect up my pleasure,
Without controlment, bestow mine eyes, where I repose my treasure:
For a crown and a kingdom sure possessed,
I would not change my state so sweet and blessed.

G. P. A. PRENESTINO.

FALSE LOVE! now shoot! and spare not!
Now do thy worst! I care not!
And to despatch me,
Use all thine art! and all thy craft to catch me!
For years amiss bestowed, and time consumed in vain pursuits, I languish;
That brought me nothing else, but grief and anguish:
And now, at length, have vowed at liberty to live; since to assail me,
Both thy bow and thy brand, nought doth avail thee!
For from thee! good nor ill, comfort nor sorrow,
I will not hope nor fear, now, nor to-morrow.

BALTHASAR DONATO.

O GRIEF! If yet my grief be not believed,
Cry with thy voice outstretched!
That her despiteful heart, and ears disdaining,
May hear my just complaining.
And when thou hast her told, my state most wretched;
Tell her, "that though my heart be thus tormented,
I could be well contented,
If she, that now doth grieve me,
Had but the least desire, once, to relieve me."

BALTHASAR DONATO.

AS IN the night we see the sparks revived,
And quite extinct so soon as day appeareth;
So, when I am, of my sweet sun deprived,
New fears approach, and joy, my heart forbeareth.
But not so soon, she is again arrived;
As fear retireth, and present hope me cheereth.
O sacred light! O turn again to bless me!
And drive away this fear, that doth oppress me!

G. P. A. PRENESTINO.

WHAT meaneth LOVE to nest him in the fair eyes admired,
With lovely grace and heavenly sp'rit inspired,
Of my mistress delightful?
Envious dames! Confess! and be not spiteful!
Oh, fools! do you not mind it!
That LOVE hath sought, (and never yet could find it)
From the sun rising, till where he goes to rest him,
A braver place than in her eyes to nest him?

G. P. A. PRENESTINO.

SWEET love when hope was flow'ring
With fruits of recompence for my deserving
Reft was the price of all my faithful serving.
O spiteful death, accursed! O life most cruel!
The first by wrong doth pain me,
And all my hope hath turned to lamenting:
The last against my will, here doth detain me.
Fain would I find my jewel!
But death, to spite me more, is not consenting:
Yet with a mild relenting,
Methinks, within my heart, her place she holdeth;
And what my torment is, plainly beholdeth.

MARC' ANTONIO PORDENONE.

LADY! that hand of plenty
That gave unto the needful,
Did steal my heart unheedful.
Sweet thief of love, so dainty!
What will you do by thieving,
That rob when you are giving?
But you do give so surely,
That you may rob and steal the more securely.
If sometime you be pleased
That my poor heart be eased:
You do it not to joy me!
But still by fresh assaults, quite to destroy me!

JACQUES DE WERT.

WHO WILL ascend to heaven, and there obtain me,
My wits forlorn, and silly sense decayed?
For since I took my wound, that sore doth pain me,
From your fair eyes! my sp'rits are all dismayed.
Nor of so great a loss do I complain me
If it increased not, but in some bounds be stayed:
But if I still grow worse, I shall be 'lotted
To wander through the world, fond and asotted.

CORNELIUS VERDOONCK.

LADY! your look so gentle, so to my heart deep sinketh
That of none other, nor of myself it thinketh!
Why then do you constrain me
To live in plaint, in pain and sadness?
When one sweet word may gain me
Peace to my thoughts, and everlasting gladness!

FILIPPO DE MONTE [*PHILIPPE, DE MONS*].

FROM what part of the heaven, from what example
Brought was the mould whence Nature hath derived
That sweet face, full of beauty! in which she strived
To prove in earth her power above was ample.
Was never nymph nor sylvan queen adored
That so dainty fine locks in air displayed?
Nor heart divine, with so great virtue stored?
Yet by her looks, my life is all betrayed!

The Second Part.

IN VAIN he seeks for beauty that excelleth,
That hath not seen her eyes where LOVE sojourneth;
How sweetly here and there the same she turneth.
He knows not how LOVE healeth, and how he quelleth:
That knows not how she sighs, and sweet beguileth;
And how she sweetly speaks, and sweetly smileth.

[? UNKNOWN].

IN EVERY place, I find my grief and anguish,
Save where I see those beams that have me burned;
And eke mine eyes to floods of tears have turned:
Thus in extremest pangs each hour I languish.
O me, my shining star! so sweet and sacred!
Cause of all comfort! of this world, the jewel!
For want of thee! my life, I have in hatred.
Never was grief so great, nor death so cruel!

LUCA MARENZIO.

THIRSIS to die desired
Marking her fair eyes that to his heart was nearest
And she, that with his flame no less was fired
Said to him, "O heart's love! Dearest!
Alas, forbear to die now!
By thee, I live! With thee, I wish to die too!"

The Second Part.

THIRSIS that heat refrained
Wherewith in haste to die he did betake him
Thinking it death that life would not forsake him.
And while his look full fixed he retained
On her eyes full of pleasure;
And lovely nectar sweet from them he tasted:
His dainty nymph, that now at hand espied
The harvest of love's treasure,
Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and wasted,
"I die now!"
The shepherd then replied, "And I, sweet life! do die too!"

The Third Part.

THUS those two lovers, fortunately died
Of death, so sweet, so happy, so desired,
That to die so again their life retired.

ORLANDO DI LASSO [*ROLAND DE LATTRE*].

SUSANNA fair, sometime of love requested
By two old men, whom her sweet looks allured,
Was in her heart full sad and sore molested
Seeing the force her chastity endured.
To whom she said, "If I, by craft procured,
Do yield to you my body to abuse it,
I kill my soul; and if I do refuse it,
You will me judge to death reproachfully!
But better it is, in innocence to choose it;
Than by my fault, t'offend my GOD on high!"

NOE FAIGNIENT.

WHEN shall I cease lamenting?
When shall my plaint and moaning,
To tunes of joy be turned?
Good LOVE! Leave thy tormenting!
Too long thy flames, within my heart have burned!
O grant, alas, with quickness
Some little comfort, for so long a sickness!

LUCA MARENZIO.

I MUST depart, all hapless:
But leave to you my careful heart oppressed!
So that, if I live heartless,
Love doth a work miraculous and blessed;
But so great pains assail me,
That sure, ere it be long, my life will fail me.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

I SAW my lady weeping, and Love did languish
And of their plaint, ensued so rare consenting;
That never yet was heard more sweet lamenting,
Made all of tender pity and mournful anguish.
The floods forsaking their delightful swelling,
Stayed to attend their plaint. The winds enraged,
Still and content, to quiet calm assuaged,
Their wonted storming and every blast rebelling.

The Second Part.

LIKE as from heaven the dew, full softly show'ring,
Doth fall, and so refresh both fields and closes;
Filling the parched flowers with sap and savour:
So while she bathed the violets and roses
Upon her lovely cheeks, so freshly flow'ring,
The Spring renewed his force with her sweet favour.

GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

SO GRACIOUS is thy self! so fair! so framed!
That whoso sees thee, without an heart enflamed,
Either he lives not;
Or love's delight, he knows not.

GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

CRUEL! unkind! my heart thou hast bereft me!
And wilt not leave, while any life is left me!
And yet, still, will I love thee!

LUCA MARENZIO.

WHAT doth my pretty darling?
What doth my song and chanting,
That they sing not of her, the praise and vaunting?
To her! I give my violets and garland sweetly smelling,
For to crown her sweet locks, pure gold excelling.

STEPHANO FELIS.

SLEEP! Sleep! mine only jewel;
Much more thou didst delight me!
Than my beloved, too cruel,
That hid her face to spite me.

The Second Part.

THOU bring'st her home full nigh me!
While she so fast did fly me.
By thy means! I behold those eyes so shining
Long time absented, that look so mild appeased.
Thus is my grief declining;
Thou, in thy dreams, dost make desire well pleased.
Sleep! if thou be like death, as thou art feigned;
A happy life, by such a death were gained.

GIANETTO DI PALESTINA.

SOUND out my voice! with pleasant tunes recording
The new delight, that love to me inspireth;
Pleased and content with that my mind desireth.
Thanked be love! so heavenly joys affording.
She that my plaints, with rigour long rejected,
Binding my heart with those her golden tresses,
In recompence of all my long distresses,
Said, with a sigh, "Thy grief hath me infected!"

LUCA MARENZIO.

LIQUID and wat'ry pearls, LOVE wept full kindly;
To quench my heart enflamed:
But he, alas, unfriendly,
So great a fire had framed;
As were enough to burn me,
Without recomfort; and into ashes turn me.

ORLANDO DI LASSO.

THE NIGHTINGALE, so pleasant and so gay,
In greenwood groves, delights to make his dwelling.
In fields to fly, chanting his roundelay;
At liberty, against the cage rebelling:
But my poor heart, with sorrows overswelling,
Through bondage vile, binding my freedom short;
No pleasure takes in these his sports excelling,
Nor of his song, receiveth no comfort.

GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

WITHIN a greenwood sweet of myrtle savour,
When as the earth was with fair flowers revested;
I saw a shepherd with his nymph that rested:
Thus spake the nymph, with sugared words of favour,
"Say, sweet love! to thy love! Tell me, my darling!
Where is thy heart bestowed? Where is thy liking?"

The shepherd answered then, with a deep sighing,
All full of sweetness, and of sorrow mixed.
"On thee! my dainty dear life! my love is fixed!"
With that, the gentle nymph, full sweetly smiling,
With kind words of delight and flat'ring gloses,
She kindly kist his cheek, with lips of roses.

RINALDO DEL MELLE.

SOMETIME when hope relieved me, I was contented
To see my star so sightly
That shines so clear and brightly.
O since she first consented
To leave the world, all earthly joy defying,
Clouds of care all about my heart are flying.
In vain, lament I; since a veil now hideth
The rarest beauty that on earth abideth.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

RUBIES, and pearls, and treasure;
Kingdoms, renown, and glory
Please the delightful mind, and cheer the sorry:
But much the greater measure
Of true delight he gaineth,
That for the fruits of love, sues and obtaineth.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.



SWEET kiss! full of comfort, O joy, to me envied!
So often sought, so oft to me denied!
For thee! my life is wasted;
Yet thee, I never tasted!
O lips so false and wily!
That me to kiss provoked, and shrank so slily!
O looks empoisoned! O face! Well may I fear thee!
That kill'st who thee behold'st, and comes not near thee.
I die a death most painful, killed with unkindness.
Farewell! Sweet lips disdainful!

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.



SOMETIME my hope full weakly, went on by line and leisure.
But now it grows, to do my heart some pleasure.
Yet that my hope decay not, by overmuch contenting,
Love will not give my joys their full augmenting:
But still, with some disaster
Allays my bliss, that hope may be the faster.

GERONIMO CONVERSI.



MY HEART! alas, why dost thou love thine enemy?
Laughing so merrily, she goes with gladness,
To see thy grief and sadness.
Cruel disdain
Lasting pain
No remedy
Save most singular beauty, and little pity.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

LADY, if you so spite me!
Wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight me?
Sure, that my heart, opprest and overjoyed,
May break, and be destroyed!
If you seek so to spill me!
Come kiss me, Sweet! and kill me!
So shall your heart be eased;
And I shall rest content, and die well pleased.

Cantio Rustica.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PINELLI DE GERARDIS.

WHEN I would thee embrace,
Thou dost but mock me!
And when I lament my case,
Thou criest "Ty, hy!"
And "No, No, No!" still saith my pigsny.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

THIRSIS enjoyed the graces,
Of CHLORIS' sweet embraces;
Yet both their joys were scanted,
For dark it was, and candle light they wanted:
Wherewith kind CYNTHIA, in the heaven that shined,
Her nightly veil resigned;
And that fair face disclosed,
Where Love and Joy were met, and both reposed.
Then each from other's looks, such joy derived;
That both, with mere delight, died and revived.

WILLIAM BYRD.

This is BYRD's celebrated *La Verginella.*

THE FAIR young virgin is like the rose untainted
In garden fair, while tender stalk doth bear it,
Sole, and untoucht, with no resort acquainted;
No shepherd nor his flock doth once come near it:
Th'air, full of sweetness, the morning fresh depainted;
The earth, the water, with all their favours cheer it;
Dainty young gallants, and ladies most desired,
Delight to have therewith their heads and breasts attired.

The Second Part.

BUT NOT so soon, from green stock where it growed,
The same is pluckt, and from the branch removed;
As lost is all from heaven and earth that flowed;
Both favour, grace and beauty best beloved.
The virgin fair, that hath the flower bestowed
(Which more than life to guard, it her behoved)
Loseth her praise, and is no more desired
Of those, that late unto her love aspired.

LUCA MARENZIO.

I WILL go die for pure love!
Except rage and disdain come to recure love;
Since in reward of all my faithful serving
My lady gives disgrace for well deserving:
And in my flames sans measure,
Takes her disport and pleasure.
Unless some frost assuage this heat, and cure love,
I will go die for pure love!

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

SO FAR from my delight, what cares torment me?
Fields do record it, and valleys, woods, and mountains,
And running rivers, and reposèd fountains;
Where I cry out, and to the heavens lament me;
None other sounds but tunes of my complaining,
Nymphs of the groves, or pleasant bird once heareth:
Still recount I my grief and her disdaining,
To every plant that groweth or blossom beareth.

The Second Part.

SHE ONLY doth not feel it, O fields! O mountains!
O woods! O valleys! O floods and fountains!
O stay no more to hear a wretch appealing!
O that some one, this life and soul would sever!
And these mine eyes oppressed, would close for ever!
For best were me to die; my love concealing.

[? UNKNOWN.]

LO HERE, my heart in keeping,
I leave with her that laughs to see me weeping.
O, what comfort or treasure
Is life, with her displeasure?
Break heart! and die then! that she that still doth pain me,
May live the more content, when grief hath slain me.

LUCA MARENZIO.

NOW MUST I part, my darling!
Of life and soul disseised,
And love therewith is pleased.
O, what a death is parting!
But if the fates ordain it,
Who can refrain it?
O, what grief is now lacking?
Yet needs I must be packing,
Farewell! Sweet heart unfeigned!
I die, to part constrained.

GERONIMO CONVERSI.

ZEPHIRUS brings the time that sweet scenteth
With flowers and herbs; and winter's frost exileth.
PROGNE now chirpeth, and PHILOMELE lamenteth.
FLORA, the garlands white and red compileth.
Fields do rejoice, and frowning sky relenteth.
JOVE, to behold his dearest daughter, smileth.
Th'air, the water, the earth to joy consenteth.
Each creature now to love, him reconcileth.

The Second Part.

BUT WITH me, wretch! the storms of woe persèver
And heavy sighs, which from my heart she straineth,
That took the key thereof to heaven for ever:
So that singing of birds, and springtime flow'ring,
And ladies' love that men's affection gaineth,
Are like a desert, and cruel beasts' devouring.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

I WAS full near my fall, and hardly 'scaped,
Through fond desire that headlong me transported:
And with the darts, and with the nets I sported;
That LOVE himself, for me devised and shaped.
And if my reason, but a while, had stayed
To rule my sense, misled and unadvised;
To my mishap, I had, no doubt, assayed
What a death is, to live by love surprised.

The Second Part.

BUT as the bird that, in due time, espying
The secret snares and deadly bush enlimed;
Quick to the heaven doth mount with song and pleasure:
Trains of false looks and faithless words defying,
Mounting the hill so hard for to be climbed,
I sing for joy of liberty the treasure.

LUCA MARENZIO.

I SANG sometime the freedom of my fancy
The fire extinct, the yoke and bonds subdued;
With heart congealed, I quencht the burning frensy
And with disdain the harmful bait eschewed.
But, now, I wail my bonds and my enchaining,
Naked, unarmed, in lovely nets engaged:
Nor by tears can I find, nor by complaining,
Mercy, nor comfort, nor my grief assuaged.

The Second Part.

BECAUSE my Love, too lofty and despiteful;
While I, with sighs, resound her name delightful,
Doth smile; when as the flame, my life depriveth.
If I seek to break off the strings that bind me,
The more I fly, the faster I do find me;
Like a bird in the snare, in vain, that striveth.

THE

Expedition into Scotland of the most worthily fortunate Prince Edward, Duke of Somerset, uncle unto our most noble sovereign Lord, the King's Majesty Edward the VI., Governor of His Highness's person, and Protector of His Grace's realms, dominions and subjects; made in the First year of His Majesty's most prosperous reign: and set out by way of Diary by

W. Patten, Londoner.

VIVAT VICTOR.

UNTO the Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM PAGET, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Comptroller of the King's Majesty's Household, one of His Highness's Privy Council, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and his most benign fautor and patron:

WILLIAM PATTEN most heartily wisheth felicity.

(?)

HAVING in these last wars against Scotland, that never were any with better success achieved, made notes of [the] acts there done, and disposed the same, since my coming home, into order of Diary, as followeth; as one that would show some argument of remembrance, Right Honourable Sir! of your most benign favour that, as well while I was with the Right Honourable my very good Lord and late master, the Earl of ARUNDEL, as also since, ye have vouchsafed to bear me: I have thought meetest to dedicate my travail unto your Honour.

How smally I either am or have been, by any means, able to merit the same your gentleness, by so much the less have I need here to show; as your humane generosity, your willing benignity and promptness to profit all men, is unto all men so commonly known: for the which, your name and honour is so familiar and well esteemed with foreign princes abroad, and so worthily well beloved of all estates at home. For who was he, of any degree or country, that had any just suit or other ado with our late sovereign Lord, the King's Majesty deceased, (when His Highness, in these his latter years, for your approved wisdom, fidelity, trust, and diligence, had committed the special ministry and despatch of his weighty affairs unto your hands) that felt not as much then, as I have found since? or who findeth not, still, a constant continuance thereof, where the equity of his suit may bear it? Right many, sure[ly], of the small knowledge I have, could I myself reckon both of then and since, which here all willingly I leave unattempted to do; both because my rehearsal should be very unnecessary and vain to you that know them better than I; and also that I should tell the tale to yourself. Whom, for the respect of your honour, as I have a reverence, with vanities from your grave occupations [not] to detain; so have I, for honesty's sake, a shame to be suspect[ed], by any means, to flatter.

That same, your singular humanity wherewith ye are wont also so gently to accept all things in so thankful a part, and wherewith ye have bound me so straightly to you, did first, to say the truth now, embolden me in this theme to set pen to the book; and now after, in this wise, to present my work unto you. The which if it shall please your Honour to take well in worth, and receive into your tuition, as the thing shall more indeed be dignified by having such a patron than your dignity gratified by receiving so unworthy a present; even so what fault shall be found therein I resume, as clearly coming of myself. But if ought shall be thought to be aptly said, pleasant, anything savouring of wit or learning, I would all men should know it as I acknowledge it myself, that it must wholly be referred to you, the encouraging of whose favour hath ministered such matter to my wit, that like as OVID *said to* CESAR *of his, so may I say to you of mine—*

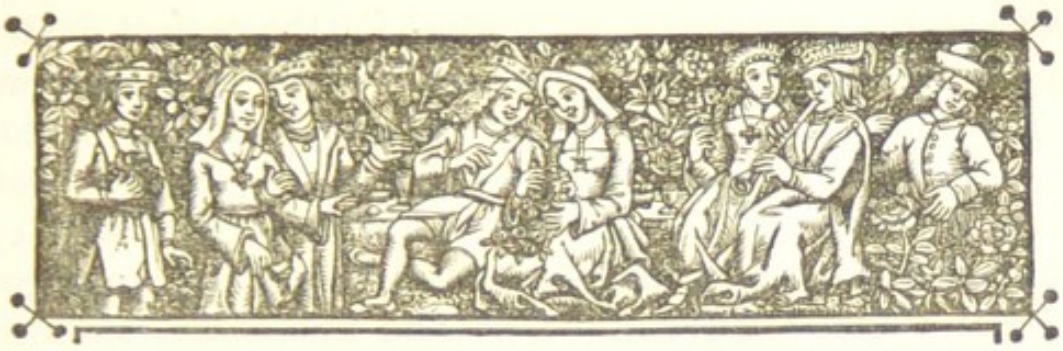
Fastor. I. Ingenium vultu statque caditque tuo.

But now no further, with my talk, to trouble you.

Thus, with increase of honour unto your Worthiness, most heartily, I wish the same continuance of health and wealth.

Your most bounden client and pupil,

W. PATTEN.



A PREFACE

serving, for much part, instead of Argument, for the matter of the Story, ensuing.

ALTHOUGH it be not always the truest means of meeting, to measure all men's appetites by one man's affection: yet hereof, at this time, dare I more than half assure me, that (even as I would be, in like case, myself) so is every man desirous to know of the manner and circumstances of this our most valiant victory over our enemies, and prosperous success of the rest of our journey. The bolder am I to make this general judgement, partly for that I am somewhat by learning, ARISTOTLE. *Metaph.* i. but more by nature instruct[ed] to understand the thirsty desire that all our kind hath to Know: and then, for that in every company, and at every table, where it hath been my hap to be, since my coming home, the whole communication was, in a manner, nought else but of this Expedition and wars in Scotland. Whereof, many to me then have ministered so many Interrogatories as would have well cumbered a right ripe tongued Deponent readily to answer; and I indeed thereto, so hastily, could not. Yet, nevertheless, I blame them no more for quickness of question, than I would myself for slowness of answer. For considering how much in every

narration, the circumstances do serve for the perfect instruction of them that do hear, I can easily think the same were as much desired of them to be heard, as necessary of me to be told. And specially of this, to say chiefly, of the battle, being such a matter as neither the like hath been seen with eyes by any of this age now, nor read of in story of any years past. So great a power, so well picked and appointed, so restful and fresh, so much encouraged by hope of foreign aid, at their own doors, nay, in the midst of their house, and at the worst, so nigh to their refuge; to be beaten, vanquished, put to flight, and slain, by so small a number, so greatly travailed and weary, so far within their enemies' land, and out of their own; without hope, either of refuge or rescue. The circumstances hereof, with the rest of our most Triumphant Journey, which otherwise aptly, for unaptness of time, I could not utter by word of mouth, here mind I, GOD willing! now to declare by letter of writing: not, as of arrogancy, taking upon me the thing which I myself must confess many can do better; but as, of good will, doing mine endeavour for that in me lieth, to make all men privy of that whereof it were meet no man were ignorant. As well because they may the rather universally be moved to pray, praise, and glorify the most merciful LORD, whose clemency hath so continually, of these late years, vouchsafed to show His most benign favour towards us: as also to worship, honour, and have in veneration the reverend worthiness of our most honourable Council, by whose general sage consultations and circumspect wisdoms, as friendship with foreign princes, and provision for the enemy, hath been continued and made abroad; we guarded from outward invasion or disturbance at home; no prince, with obedience and diligence more nobly served; nor no communalty with justice and mercy more sagely governed. Even so, by the special invincible virtue and valiant policy of my Lord Protector's Grace, we have first, and as it were in the entry of this most honourable and victorious Voyage, overturned many of our enemies' rebellious Holds;

and then overcome the double of our number and strength in open field, by plain dint of sword; slain so great a multitude of them, with so small a loss of our side; taken of their chiefest, prisoners; won and keep a great sort [*number*] of their strongest forts; built many new; taken and destroyed their whole navy; and brought the townships in the hither parts of their bounds, above twenty miles in compass, into an honest obedience unto the King's Majesty. By the martial courage of his undaunted hardiness was this Expedition so boldly taken in hand; by the presence and adventure of his own person was the same so warily and wisely conducted; by the virtuous policy of his circumspect prowess was this Victory, or rather Conquest so honourably achieved: unto whose valiance and wisdom, I can entirely attribute so much, as to the furtherance of Fortune, nothing at all; which, as CICERO proveth, is either a vain name, or not at all, or if there be, is ever subject, as the Platonics affirm, to wisdom and industry. The which indeed did so manifestly appear in the affairs of this Voyage, that like as in accounts, the several numbers of ten, twenty, thirty, forty, being cast together, must needs make up the just sum of an hundred: even so, such his Grace's providence, circumspection, courage, and order (do Fortune what she could) must needs have attained to such success of victory: that if the Romans were content to allow the honour of a Triumph to SCIPIO *Africanus* for overcoming HANNIBAL and SYPHAX; and to M. ATTILIUS REGULUS, for vanquishing the Salentines; and, thereto, to set up images, the highest honour they had, for a perpetual memory of M. CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS and MUTIUS SCEVOLA (the one but for killing VIRIDOMAX the French king in [the] field at the river of Padua, and for devising how HANNIBAL might be vanquished, and overcoming but of the only city of Sarragossa: and the other but for his attempt to slay King PORSENNA that besieged Rome): what thanks then, what estimation, what honour and reverence condign, for these his notable demerits [*merits*] ought

De divinat. ii.

TIT. LIVIUS.

VALERI. *lib.* i. *et* ii.

PLINI, *de vir. illust.*

our Protector to receive of his? Nay, what can we worthily give him?

Howbeit, if we call to mind, how first Allhallowentide was five year, [*November*] 1542, his Grace, lying as Lord Warden in our Marches against Scotland, by the drift of his device, both the great invasion of the late Scottish King JAMES V. was stoutly then withstood at Solmon Moss [*Solway Moss*], the King's death's wound given him, and the most part of all his nobility taken. How, the next year after, [1543] he, being accompanied by my Lord of WARWICK and with but a handful [of men], to speak of, did burn both Leith and Edinburgh [*see Vol.* I. *p.* 113] and returned thence triumphantly home; but with an easy march travelling forty-four long miles through their mainland. Whose approved valiance, wisdom, and dexterity in the handling of our Prince's affairs, how can we be but sure that it did not smally advance or cause [*bring*] about the conclusion of an honourable peace between France and us, although it did not then strait ensue? when his Grace in the same year, soon after his return out of Scotland, was deputed Ambassador to treat with the Bishop of BELLAY and others the French King's Commissioners, at Hardilow Castle.

In the year 1544, how his Grace, about August, so invaded the Scottish borders, wasted and burnt Teviotdale and their Marches, that even yet they forthink [*grieve over*] that inroad.

In February [1545] then next, how, being appointed by our late sovereign Lord to view the fortifications in the Marches of Calais, the which his Grace having soon done with diligence accordingly, he so devised with my Lord the Earl of WARWICK, then Lieutenant of Boulogne, and took such order with the garrisons there, that with the hardy approach of but seven thousand men he raised [the camp of] an army of twenty-one thousand Frenchmen that had encamped themselves over the river by Boulogne, and therewith then wan all their ordnance, carriage, treasure, and tents in

their camp, wholly as it stood; with the loss but of one man. And from thence, returning by land to Guisnes, wan in his way, within the gunshot and rescue of Ardes, the Castle of Outings, called otherwise, the Red Pile.

How hereto, by his force, 1545, was Picardy invaded and spoiled, the forts of Newhaven, Blaknestes, and Boulogne-berg begun, built, and so well plied in work; that in a few weeks, ere his departing thence, they were made and left defensible.

Calling to mind, I say, (I speak not of his unwearied diligence in the mean time) these his valiant incursions, his often overthrowings and notable victories over our enemies. And yet though this his last be far to be preferred above them all, having been so great, and achieving so much in so little time, the like not heard nor read of; and, but that there be so many witnesses, half incredible: yet is it none other sure but such as makes his Grace's virtue rather new again than strange, and rather famous than wonderful. We wonder not, ye wot! but at things strange and seldom seen or heard; but victory to his Grace seems no less common and appropried [*appropriate*] than heat to the fire, or shadow to the body. That, like as the well keeping of the Pallady in Troy was ever the conservation and defence of the city; even so in warfare the presence of his person is a certain safeguard of the host and present victory over the enemy; for the which I have heard many, of right honest behaviour, say that "for surety of themselves, they had rather, in [the] field, be a mean soldier under his Grace than a great captain under any other." And, sure[ly], but that by my profession I am bound, and do believe all things to be governed, not by fortune or hap (although we must be content, in common speech to use the terms, of our formers [*predecessors*] devised) but by the mighty power of Almighty GOD, without whose regard a sparrow Matt. x.

Palladium was an ancient wooden image in Troy, whereupon Apollo by oracle did prophesy that then should Troy be destroyed, when that was had out of the city. This not unknown to the Greeks; DIOMEDES and ULYSSES, in the time of the siege there, scaled the tower walls where the image was kept, killed the warders, and brought the image away with them. Whereupon, the city was soon after destroyed.

lighteth not upon the ground, I could count his Grace a prince that way most fortunate of any living.

But now remembering my religion, and what Fortune's force is, and hereto seeing his Grace's godly disposition and behaviour, in the fiercest time of war seeking nothing more than peace, neither cruel upon victory, nor insolent upon good success, but with most moderate magnanimity, upon the respect of occasion, using, as the poet saith,

VIRGIL. *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*

In peace again, wholly bent to the advancement of GOD's glory and truth, the King's honour, and the common's quiet and wealth. And herewith conferring the benefits and blessings that, by the prophet DAVID, the Lord assureth to all them that so stand in love and dread of Him: I am compelled to think his Grace, as least happy by Fortune, so most blessed by GOD; and sent to us, both King and commons, as a Minister by whom the merciful majesty of the LORD, for our entire comfort, of both soul and body, will work His divine will. That, if, without offence, I may openly utter that which I have secretly thought, I have been often at a great muse with myself whether the King's Majesty, of such an uncle and Governor; we, of such a Mediator and Protector, or his Grace again, of such a Prince and cousin, might most worthily think themselves happiest.

Psa. cxi. and cxxvii.

But since I am so certain the excellency of his acts, and the baseness of my brain to be so far at odds, as ought that I could utter in his praise, should rather obscure and darken them, and, as it were, wash ivory with ink; than give them their due light and life: let no man look that I will here enterprise to deal with the worthiness of his commendations, who, both have another matter in hand, and they again being such as might by themselves be an ample theme for a right good wit; wherein to say either little or insufficiently were better, in my mind, left unattempted and to say nothing at all.

Marry, an epigram made upon the citizens receiving of his Grace, and for gratulation of his great success and safe return, the which I had, or rather (to say truth and shame the devil, for out it will) I stole, perchance more familiarly than friendly, from a friend of mine; I thought it not much amiss (for the neatness of making and fineness of sense, and somewhat also to serve, if reason would bear it, in lieu of my lack) to place here.

Auspice nobilium (Dux inclyte) turba virorum.
Utque alacris latos plebs circumfusa per agros.
Te patriæ patrem communi voce salutent.
Scilicet et Romam victo sic hoste CAMILLUS,
Sic rediit victor domito POMPEIUS *Iarba*
Ergo tuus felix reditus, præsentia felix.
Utque Angli, fusique tua gens effera Scotti
Dextra, qua nunquam visa est victoria major
Det DEUS imperium per te coeamus in unum:
Simus et unanimes per secula cuncta Britanni.

Though I plainly told ye not that my friend's name was ARMIGIL WADE; yet, ye that know the man his good literature, his wit and dexterity in all his doings, and mark the well couching of his clue, might have a great guess, of whose spinning the thread were.

But why these wars by our late sovereign Lord, the King's Majesty deceased (a Prince most worthy of eterne fame, whose soul GOD have!), were, in his days. begun; and yet continued? Forasmuch as by sundry publications of divers writings, as well then as since, the just title of our King unto Scotland, and the Scots often deceits, untruths of promise, and perjury hath been among other [things] in the same writings so manifestly uttered; I intend not here now to make it any part of my matter, which is but only a Journal or Diary of this Expedition into Scotland: wherein I have digested out every day's deeds orderly, as they were

done, with their circumstances, so nigh as I could, from the time of my Lord Protector's Grace's coming to Newcastle until our breaking up of the camp from Roxburgh. And herein I doubt not but many things, both right necessary and worthy to be uttered, I shall leave untold; but, sure[ly], rather of ignorance than of purpose. Although indeed I know it were meetest for any writer in this kind to be ignorant of fewest and writing of most, yet trust I again it will be considered that it is neither possible for one man to know all, nor shame to be ignorant in that he cannot know. But as touching deeds well done, being within the compass of my knowledge; as, so GOD help me! I mind to express no man's for flattery, so will I suppress no man's for malice.

Thus battle and field now, which is the most principal part of my matter, the Scots and we are not yet agreed how it shall be named. We call it Musselburgh Field, because that is the best town, and yet bad enough, nigh the place of our meeting. Some of them call it Seaton Field, a town therenigh too, by means of a blind prophecy of theirs, which is this, or some such toy.

Between Seaton and the sea
Many a man shall die that day.

Some will have it Fauxside Bray Field, of the hill (for so they call a *Bray*) upon the side whereof our Foreward stood, ready to come down and join. Some others will have it Undereesk [*Inveresk*] Field; in the fallows whereof, they stood and we met. Some will have it Walliford Field: and some no "Field" at all, for that they say "there were so few [English] slain, and that we met not in a place by certain appointment, according to the order and manner of battle," with such like fond arguments. Marry, the hinderers of this meeting, I think for their meaning, have small sin to beshrew. They, of this haste, hoped to have had the whole advantage. For what they did appoint upon: without warning, then so early to dislodge, and so hastily to approach, who cannot judge? And whether

they meant to make a Field of their fight, or meant to fight at all or not, judge ye! by this that after ye hear.

Certain it is that against their assembly and our encounter (for they were not un[a]ware of our coming) in the former part of the year, they had sent letters of warning to the Estates of their realm; and then caused the Fire Cross in most places of their country to be carried: whereof the solemnity is never used but in an urgent need, or for a great power, either for defence of themselves or invasion of us. And this is a Cross, as I have heard some say, of two brands' ends carried across upon a spear's point, with Proclamation of the time and place when and whither they shall come, and with how much provision of victail. Some others say, it is a Cross painted all red, and set for certain days in the fields of that Barony, whereof they will have the people to come; whereby all, between sixty and sixteen, are peremptorily summoned, that if they come not, with their victail according, at the time and place then appointed, all the land there is forfeited straight to the King's use, and the tarriers taken for traitors and rebels.

By reason of which letters and Fire Cross, there were assembled in their camp, as I have heard some of themselves, not of the meanest sort, to confess, above twenty-six thousand fighting footmen, beside two thousand horsemen, "prickers" as they call them: and hereto four thousand Irish archers brought by the Earl of ARGYLE. All of which, saving certain we had slain the day before, came out of their camp to encounter with us. Now, where they will have it no Field, let them tell their cards, and count their winning! and they shall find it a Field. Howbeit, by mine assent, we shall not herein much stick with them: since both without them the truth shall have place; and also, by the courtesy of gaming, we ought somewhat to suffer, and ever let the losers have their liberty of words.

But whatsoever it were, Field or no Field, I dare be bold

to say, not one of us all is any whit prouder of it than would be the tooth that hath bit the tongue, otherwise than in respect that they were our mortal enemies, and would have done as much or more to us; nor are nothing so fain to have beaten them as enemies, as we would rejoice to receive them as friends; nor are so glad of the glory of this Field, as we would be joyful of a steadfast atonement [*at-one-ment* (*of one mind*)]: whereby like countrymen and countrymen, like friend and friend, nay, like brother and brother, we might, in one perpetual and brotherly life, join, love, and live together, according as thereto, both by the appointment of GOD at the first, and by continuance of Nature since, we seem to have been made and ordained; separate by seas, from all other nations; in customs and conditions, little differing; in shape and language, nothing at all. The which things other nations viewing in charts [*maps*] and reading in books; and therewith hearing of this tumult, this fighting, these incursions and intestine wars between us, do thereat no less marvel, and bless them, than they would, to hear Gascoigny fight with France; Arragon, with Spain; Flanders, with Brabant; or (to speak more near and naturally) friend with friend, brother with brother, or rather hand with hand.

To the Scots.

That no little, both wonder and woe it is to me, my countrymen! for I can vouchsafe ye well the name! to consider what thing might move ye? what tale might incense ye? what drift, force ye? what charm, enchant ye? or what fury, conjure ye? so fondly to fly from common sense, as ye should have need to be exhorted to that for the which it were your parts chiefly to sue; so untowardly to turn from human reason as ye will be the hinderers of your own weals; and so untruly to sever from the bonds both of promise and covenant as ye will needs provoke your friends to plain revengement of open war!

Your friends indeed, nay, never wink at the word! that have so long before these wars foreborn our quarrels so just, that were so loath to begin, and since, that suffered so many

injuries unrevenged, entreating [*treating*] your men taken, not as captives of our mortal enemies, but as ambassadors of our dearest friends!

O, how may it be thought to be possible that ye should ever forget, or else not ever remember the great munificence of our most magnificent Prince, our late King! that when, with most cruelty, by slaughter of subjects and burning of towns, your last king, JAMY, with all your nobility, had invaded his realm; and, soon after, the invincible policy of my Lord Protector's Grace, the lying at Alnwick, as Lord Warden of our Marches, by the sufferance of GOD's favour (which, thanks to His Majesty! hath not yet left us), at Solom Moss, made them captive and thrall to our Prince's own will. With whom, for their deeds, if His Highness had dealt then as they had deserved, what should have blamed him? or who could have controlled? since what he could do, they could not resist: and what he should do, they had set him a sample [*an example*]. At Allhallowentide 1542.

But his Majesty, among the huge heap of other his princely virtues (being ever of nature so inclined to clemency as never, of will, to use extremity), even straight forgetting who they were, and soon forgiving what they had done; did not only then receive them into His Highness's grace; place every of them with one of his nobility or council, not in prison like a captive; pardon them their raundsommes [*ransoms*], wherewith, if they be ought worth, some Prince might have thought himself rich; and hereto most friendly, for the time they were here, entertain them: but also, of his princely liberality, imparting treasure at their departing to each of them all, did set them frank and free at their own doors! Touching their silks, their chains, and their cheer beside; I mind not here, among matters of weight, to tarry on such trifles. Marry, there be among us that saw their habit [*dress*] and port [*state, or attendance*], both at their coming and at their departing! Take it not, that I hit you here in the teeth, with our good turns! (yet know I no cause, more than for humanity's sake,

why ye should be forborne!) but as a man may sometimes, without boast of himself, say simply the thing that is true of himself, so may the subject without obbraid [*upbraiding*] of benefits, recount the bounty of his Prince's largesse: although, perchance, it were not much against manners flatly to break courtesy with them, who, either of recklessness forget their friends' benignity, or else of ingratitude will not acknowledge it.

To my matter now! What would CYRUS, DARIUS, or HANNIBAL, (noble conquerors, and no tyrants) in this case, have done? But why so far off? What would your own King JAMY have done? Nay, what King else would have done as our King did? But somewhat to say more. As our Prince in cases of pity, was, of his own disposition, most merciful; so wanted there not then of Councillors very near about His Highness, that showed themselves their friends; and furthered his affects in that behalf to the uttermost: being thus persuaded, that as ye of the Nobility appeared men, neither rude of behaviour, nor base of birth; so ye would never show yourselves inhuman and ingrate towards him, to whom ye should be so deeply bound.

And though since that time, GOD hath wrought His will upon His Majesty (a loss to us, sure[ly], worthy never enough to have been lamented; but that His mercy hath again so bountifully recompensed us with an image so nigh representing his father's majesty and virtues, and of so great hope and towardness); yet be there left us most of the Councillors we had, who, upon occasion, will bend both power and will to show you further friendship. In part of proof thereof, how many means and ways hath my Lord Protector's Grace, within his time of governance, under the King's Majesty that now is, attempted and used to shun these wars, and show himself your friend? What policy hath he left unproved? What shift unsought? or what stone unstirred?

Touching your weals now! Ye mind not, I am sure, to live lawless and headless, without a Prince! but so to bestow

your Queen, as whose Make must be your King! And is it then possible ye can so far be seduced and brought to believe, that in all the world there should be any so worthy a Prince as our King? as well for the nobility of his birth, for his rare comeliness of shape, his great excellency of qualities, his singular towardness to all godliness and virtues! any likely to be so natural a Prince for you, as His Majesty born, bred and brought up under that hemisphere and compass of element, and upon that soil that both ye and we be all, any so meet for her, as your Princess's own countryman, a right Briton, both bred and born? a Prince also by birth, of so great a power, and of so meet an age? the joining of whom both the Kings, their fathers, did vow in their lives; and ye, since, agreed upon in parliament, and promised also after their deaths?

Than which thing, taking once effect, what can be more for your universal commodities, profits, and weals? whereby, even at once, of foreign foes, ye shall be accepted as familiar friends! of weak, ye shall be made strong! of poor, rich! and of bond, free! And whether this now be rather to be offered of us or sued for by you, I make yourselves the judges! What we are able alone to do, both in peace and war, as well without you as against you, I need not here to brag. Yet seek we not the Mastership of you, but the Fellowship! for if we did, we have, ye wot, a way of persuasion of the rigorous rhetoric, so vengeably vehement (as I think ye have felt by an Oration or two) that if we would use the extremity of argument, we were soon able so to beat reason into your heads or about your heads, that I doubt not ye would quickly find what fondness it were to stand in strife for the mastery with more than your match.

We covet not to keep you bound, that would so fain have you free, as well from the feigned friendship of France (if I may call it any friendship at all, that for a few crowns do but stay you still in store for their own purpose) whereunto now, both ye seem subject, and your Queen ward (which friendship,

nevertheless, whatsoever it be, we desire not ye should break with them, for the love of us; but only in case where ye should be compelled to lose either them or us, and, in that case, perchance, we may be content again to lose them for you); as well from the semblance or rather dissembling of this feigned friendship, I say, we covet to quit ye! as also from the most servile thraldom and bondage under that hideous monster, that venemous *aspis* and very ANTICHRIST, the Bishop of ROME, in the which, of so long time, ye have, and yet do most miserably abide! Whose importable pride and execrable arrogancy, as well most presumptuously against all the sacred Estates of Princes upon earth, as also most contumeliously against the High Majesty of GOD Himself; with fastidious and utter contempt, both of GOD and man, both the context and tenour of his own decrees, *decretals*, *canons*, and *Extravagants* (made and conspired at the Congregations, Councils, and Synods, at sundry times, for the maintenance and augmenting of his Antichristian authority, in his Holiness's name assembled) [demonstrate]. And hereto his wicked blasphemy against GOD, his devilish dispensations against His Divine laws, his obstinate rebellion against all powers, his outrageous usurpation in Prince's lands, his cruel tyranny for keeping of his kingdom, his covert hypocrisy at at home, his crafty conspiracies abroad, his insatiable avarice, his subtle superstition, his mischievous malice, his privy theft, his open rapine, his sacred simony, his profane whoredom, his ambition, sacrilege, extortion, idolatry, and poisonings; with many other his cardinal virtues besides. And also the undoubted witness of Holy Writ, in both the Testaments, doth most certainly show, and plainly make clear to the eyes of all, if ye will not wilfully wink at that ye should willingly see! Of him, hardily spake the prophet DANIEL. *He shall be lift up a high, and magnified against all that is GOD; and shall speak presumptuous words, and shall be set in a course until wrath be fulfilled against him.* In the same chapter. *He shall set at nought the GOD of their fathers; and*

Capi. xi.

shall be in the daliances and desires of women, and shall pass nought for GOD; but shall obstinately be stubborn, and rise against all. And the holy prophet EZEKIEL. *Thy heart was lift up very high, and saidest, "I am GOD, and sit in GOD's seat;" where thou art but man, and not GOD, and nevertheless hast framed thy heart like the heart of GOD!* The apostle Saint PAUL also, in whom the graces of GOD did so plentifully abound, seemed not utterly to forget this prelate, when, in his *Epistle to the Thessalonians*, he said, *The Lord JESU shall not come till first there be a failing, and that wicked man be discovered, the Child of Perdition; who is adversary and exalted against all that is called GOD, in such sort, as he sticks not to sit in the temple, vaunting himself that he is GOD.* And addeth, a little after, *Whom the Lord JESU shall quell with the spirit of His holy mouth.*

Cap. xxviii.

2 Thess. ii.

Of him and his abominable behaviour is there much in both the Holy Testaments; and a great deal more, I must confess, than I know my cunning can recite; so plain in sense, and easy to be understood, that if ye confer the words of the same with the acts of his life, ye shall have no more cause to doubt whether he be the only ANTICHRIST; than ye may have whether He were the only CHRIST, of whom Saint JOHN the Baptist said, *Behold the Lamb of GOD!* and the Centurion, *This was, sure[ly], the very Son of GOD!*

Jer. xxiii. Ezek. xxiii. Apo. xiv., xvii., xix.

John i. Matt. xv.

I speak neither of spite, nor of speciality of this precious prelate, PAUL IV., that now is alone; but of him and his whole ancestry, of these many years past. Of whom, sure[ly], who list to say aught, it were meet they said truth; and who list to say truth, can say no good. For their acts by their office, and their lives by their profession, are not less certainly known unto all the world to be thus, than is the lion, as they say, by the paw; or the day, by the sunshine. The trees of that stock never bear other fruit. And therefore was it that neither the Greeks, the Ruthens [*Russians*], nor many nations in the East parts besides (whom we cannot but count

Christians) could never be brought once so much as to taste of it: and would never abide the presumptuous usurpation of his insolent Impery; but utterly, at the first, did wisely refuse the unwieldy weight of so heavy a burden, and the painful wringing of so uneasy a yoke.

Contrary to CHRIST's; whose *burden is light, and yoke easy.* Matt. xi.

The Bohemians and Germans, of later years, have quite rejected, and cast him up.

And we, at last, not so much led by the example of others' well doing, as moved by the mere mercy and grace of Almighty GOD; who (as, by DAVID, He hath promised) *is ever at hand, and nigh to all them that call upon him in truth*, and always ready to do that He came for, that is, to *save that [which] was forelorn.* Through the aid and goodness of His mighty power and eterne wisdom strengthening his worthy Champion, our late sovereign Lord; and instructing his circumspect Council: have we, most happily, exterminated, and banished him our bounds. Whereby, as we have now the grace to know and serve but one GOD, so are we subject but to one King. He naturally knoweth his own people; and we obediently know him our only Sovereign. His Highness's Estate brought and reduced from perdition, and in a manner subjection unto the old princely entire and absolute power again: and ours, redeemed from the doubt as to whom we should obey. The great polling and intolerable taxes of our money, yearly, both from His Majesty and us, now saved clear[ly] within his realm. Not fain, now, to fetch justice so unjustly ministered, as he that bids most (like Calais market), whatsoever be the cause, shall be sure of the sentence; and that so far from home, and with so great cost of money and danger of life. Our consciences, now, quite unclogged from the fear of his vain terriculaments and rattle-bladders; and from the fondness of his trimtrams and gugaws [*gewgaws*], his interdictions, his cursings, his damning to the devil, his pardons, his [as]soilings, his plucking out of purgatory, his superstitious sorts of sects

Psa. cxlv.

Matt. xviii.

of religion, his canonization of saints, forbidding and licensing the eating of meat, singing and saying and wot not a word! roving a procession, gadding a pilgrimage, worshipping of idols. Oblations and offerings of meats, of otes, images of wax, bound pens and pins for deliverance of bad husbands, for a sick cow, to keep down the belly, and when "KIT had lost her key." Setting up candles to saints in every corner, and knakkynge [*knocking*] of bead-stones [*beads*] in every pew, tolling of bells against tempests, *Scala cæli* masses, pardon beads, "Saint Anthony's bells," Tauthrie laces, rosaries, collets, charms for every disease, and sovereign *suffrages* for every sore: with a thousand toys else, of his devilish devices, that lack of opportunity doth let [*hinder*] me here to tell.

Saint UNCUMBER. Saint MUDWIN. Saint AGNES. Saint SYTH.

We are, now, no more by them so wickedly seduced, to the great offence of GOD's dignity, and utter peril of our souls. Now, have we, by His divine power, wound ourselves out of the danger of His just indignation that we worthily were in for our former obstinacy and turning from His truth: and have received, with most humble thanksgiving, His Holy Word, whereof we have the free use in our own tongue.

These goodly benefits, or rather GOD's blessings, if ye will yourselves! shall we, with GOD's assistance, bring you to enjoy as well as ourselves! but if ye will not, but be still stubborn in your ungodliness, refuse His graces that He daily offereth, wilfully wry so far from His truth, and be utterly obstinate in upholding the ANTICHRIST! as, first, DANIEL the prophet doth declare what ye are, and show you the state ye stand in by these words, *They shall magnify Him! as many as have drunk of the wine of the wrath of GOD, and whose names are not written in the book of life!* Even so, think ye hardily that the just judgement, which the Head Priests and Seniors of the Jews (in answering CHRIST, unawares to themselves) did give of themselves, unto your confusion, shall be verified upon you! which is, *Without mercy, shall the LORD*

Matt. xxi. *undo* [destroy] *the evil, and set out his vineyard to other good husbands* [husbandmen], *that will yield him fruit in due times.* And that soon after himself said to them, Exod. c. *Therefore the kingdom of GOD shall be taken from you, and be given to the nation that will do profit!* And hereto the sharp sentence of Saint PAUL to be pronounced specially against you! *The Lord JESU, with the angels of his bliss,* 1 Thess. ii. *shall come from heaven in a flame of fire; taking vengeance upon all them that will not know GOD, and obey the gospel of him our Lord JESU CHRIST. They shall be punished by death for ever, from the glory of his virtue; when he shall come to be glorified among his holy, and be wonderful in the eyes of all that believe.*

As well, nevertheless, that ye may be delivered from the dreadful danger of this most terrible sentence, as also that the LORD, of His immeasurable mercy, will once vouchsafe to open your eyes, and waken you out of this drowsy ENDYMION's dream*, or rather this mortal Lethargy†, wherein by the biting of this most venemous *aspis* ‡, the Pope I say, ye do lamentably lie a slumber, being benumbed of all the limbs of your soul and lacking the use of all your spiritual senses. However, of grace, ye shall be moved to do, we shall of charity most heartily pray: for we do not so much remember our quarrel and forget our profession, but that we can wish rather your amendment than your destruction!

And hereto that once also, ye may see the miserable subjection whereunto ye are thrall! and have the grace, to pray for grace to the LORD that ye may be quitted of that captivity, and be made apt to receive the truth and His Holy Word, and then to know who be your friends, and whether we will you well! With whom by so many means, since GOD, of good will, hath so nigh joined you, seem not you, of frowardness, to sever asunder against the

* ENDYMION, beloved of the Moon, was laid by her into a continual sleep, in a den of Mount Latmus in Caria, where she kissed him. CIC. i. *Tusc. Quest.*

† A disease coming of burnt choler, compelling the patient to covet nought but drowsy sleep, to forget all things, and to be, as it were, in a trance. CELIUS, *lib.* xiii.

‡ Bitten with this serpent are cast in a deadly slumber, with a stiffling and benumbing of all parts; and with a yoxe, do soon die.

thing that should be a general wealth and common concord, the provision of Nature, and ordinance of GOD! And against His Holy Word, which not all unaptly, perchance, here may be cited.

Quos DEUS conjunxit, homo ne separet! Matt. xix.

The great mischiefs rising by this disunion and severing, and the manifold commodities coming by the contrary, being shortly by you had in considerance; this marriage, I doubt not, between our Princes shall be consummated, all causes of quarrel ceased, atonement made between us, and a firm alliance of friendship for ever concluded. The which thing, as most heartily, for my part, I daily wish for; so have I good hope shortly to see, and herewith betake you to GOD!

But now to return out of my digression, for though I have been long a talking to my countrymen abroad in the North: yet were I loath to seem to forget my friends at home in the South; and fare like the diligent servant that walks so earnestly on his master's errand, that, in the midst of his way, he forgets whither he goeth.

Howbeit I might well, perchance, think it, even here, high time to leave [off]; were it not that since I am in hand to utter, in this case, what I know, and nooseld [*nourished*] of my nurse never to be spare of speech: though I be but a bad evangelist, yet will I leave as few unwritten verities as I can.

As my Lord's Grace, my Lord of WARWICK, the other estates of the Council there, with the rest of the dignity of the army did, at our setting outward, tarry a few days at Berwick; the well-appointing of the noblemen for their bands, and of the knights and gentlemen for themselves and servants, I mean specially of the horsemen; which though, but at musters, was never showed of purpose, yet could it not, at that time, be hid, but be bright and apparent in every man's eye: and was, if I can ought judge, I assure you, for the goodly number of the likely men and ready horses; for their perfect appointment of sure armour, weapons, and

apparel; and their sumptuous suits of liverers [*serving-men*] beside (whereof I must of duty, if I must of duty say truth, most worthily prefer and give the chiefest price and praise to my Lord Protector Grace's train, and to my Lord of WARWICK's), was, I say, so generally such, and so well furnished: that both their duty toward their Prince, their love toward their country and to the rulers were there; and hereto the ancient English courage and prowess, might have easily in this assembly been viewed. Men going out, never better, at any time, in all points, appointed; never better beseen, with more courage and gladder will: whereof with speed (for no doubt our enemies had factors at this mart among us, though, as wisdom was, they did not openly occupy) the Scots had soon knowledge. And as they are merry men, and feat jesters hardily, they said, as we heard, "that we were very gay, and came belike a wooing." The which, though they spake dryly more to taunt the sumpt [*sumptuousness*] of our show than to seem to know the cause of our coming; yet said they therein more truly than they would kindly consider. For, indeed, even as they were ascertained by my Lord Grace's *Proclamation*, as well at and before our entry into their country, that the cause of our coming then, was nothing else but touching the performance of covenants, on both sides, about this marriage, that had been before time, on both sides, agreed upon; which should be greatly for the wealths of us both: and not to make war, sure[ly], nor once to be enemy, but only to such as should appear to be hinderers of so godly and honourable a purpose. Even so, according to the promise of the Proclamation, neither force nor fire was used wittingly against any other, during all our time of abode in the country. Howbeit, the truth was so, that having doubt of the worst, it was wisely consulted so to go to commune with them as friends, as nevertheless, if needs they would, we might be able to meet them as foes: the which thing proved, after, not the worst point of policy.

But what a marvellous unkind people were they, that where

we came, as wooers come, not otherwise, but for good love and quiet; they to receive us with hatred and war! It was too much ungentleness and inhumanity, sure[ly], in such a case to be showed. Yet since we so quit [*requited*] them their kindness; and departed so little in their debt; let us bear somewhat with them! Marry, I wot they were not all so well content with the payment. For the Earl HUNTLEY (a gentleman of a great sobriety and very good wit, as by his very presence is half uttered), being asked of a man of Estate with us, by way of communication, as I heard, how "he bare his affection towards the joining of the two Princess?" "In gude faith," quoth he, "I wade it sud gae furth, and haud weil with the marriage: but I like not this wooing."

But now lest I may worthily be doubted by the plot of my Prologue to have made the form of my book* like the proportion of Saint PETER's man; I will here leave off further process of Preface, and fall to the matter.

* [There is a tale, indeed beside [*outside*] the *Bible*, that Saint PETER having gotten leave of our Lord to make a man; made one first with a very great head, then with an exceeding little neck: and so forth, with such inequality of proportion.

FINIS.

CERTAIN

Noble men and others, being special

Officers in this Expedition.

THE DUKE of SOMERSET, my Lord Protector's Grace, General of the Army: and Captain of the Battle [*the main body*], having in it 4,000 footmen.

The Earl of WARWICK, Lord Lieutenant of the Army; and having the Foreward, of 3,000 footmen.

The Lord DACRES, the Rereward, of 3,000 footmen.

The Lord GREY of Wilton, Lord Lieutenant of Boulogne, High Marshal of the Army, and Captain General of all the Horsemen there.

Sir RALPH SADLER Knight, Treasurer of the Army.

Sir FRANCIS BRYAN Knight, Captain of the Light Horsemen, being in number, 2,000.

Sir RALPH VANE Knight, Lieutenant of all the Men of arms and Demi-lances, being in number, 4,000.

Sir THOMAS DARCY Knight, Captain of all the King's Majesty's Pensioners and Men of arms.

Sir RICHARD LEE Knight, Devisor [*i.e.*, *Engineer*] of the fortifications to be made.

Sir PETER MEWTYS Knight, Captain of all the Hackbutters a foot, being in number, 600.

Sir PETER GAMBOA Knight, a Spaniard, Captain of 200 Hackbutters on horseback.

Sir FRANCIS FLEMING Knight, Master of the Ordnance.

Sir JAMES WILFORD Knight, Provost Marshal.

Sir GEORGE BLAGUE and Sir THOMAS HOLCROFT, Commissioners of the Musters.

EDWARD SHELLEY, my Lord GREY; Lieutenant of the Men of arms of Boulogne.

JOHN BREN, Captain of the Pioneers, being 1,400. [*See Vol. II. p.* 215].

¶ Officers upon the Sea.

¶ The Lord CLINTON, Lord Admiral of the Fleet: which was of sixty vessels; whereof the Galley and thirty-four more good ships were perfectly appointed for war, and the residue for carriage of munition and victail.

Sir WILLIAM WOODHOUSE Knight, his Vice Admiral.

There in the Army, of great ordnance, drawn forth with us, by horses, Fifteen pieces.

And of carriages; 900 carts, besides many waggons.



THE STORY

and process of the Journey.

Saturday, the 27th of August [1547]. MY LORD Protector's Grace, (whom neither the length nor weariness of the way did any whit let [*hinder*], speedily to further that he had deliberately taken in hand) riding all the way from London, his own person, in post, accompanied by [Lord GREY] my Lord Marshal, and Sir FRANCIS BRYAN, was met a six mile on this side of Newcastle by my Lord Lieutenant [the Earl of WARWICK], and Master Treasurer [Sir RALPH SADLER] (who for the more speedy despatch of things were come to town there, three or four days before), and all the nobles, knights, and captains of the army, on horseback, attending upon them.

And coming thus to town, my Lord's Grace was honourably, for the dignity of the place, with gun shot and the presence of the Mayor, Aldermen, and commoners there, about three o'clock in the afternoon, received and welcomed: and lay at the house of one PETER RYDDELL.

Sunday, the 28th of August. THIS day morning, in the fields in the north-east side of the town, muster was made of such Demi-lances and Light Horsemen as were come; whereat my Lord's Grace was himself, with my Lord Lieutenant and other of the council of the army.

In the afternoon, came the Laird of Mangerton, with a forty Scottish gentlemen of the East borders, and presented themselves to my Lord, at his lodging: whom his Grace did gently accept.

It should not be forgotten, and it were but for example's sake, how a new pair of gallows were set up in the market place; and a soldier hanged for quarrelling and fighting.

Monday, the 29th of August. ALL Captains with their bands, that had been mustered, were commanded forward. My Lord's Grace himself did early also then depart the town; dined at Morpeth, twelve miles on the way; and lay that night at Alnwick Castle, with Sir ROBERT BOWES Knight Lord Warden of the Middle Marches; being twelve miles further. Where neither lacked any store of guests, nor of good cheer to welcome them with; in the provision whereof, a man might note great cost and diligence, and in the spending, a liberal heart.

Tuesday, the 30th of August. THIS day, his Grace, having journeyed in the morning a ten mile, dined at Bamborough Castle; whereof one Sir JOHN HORSLEY Knight is Captain. The plot of this castle standeth so naturally strong, that hardly can anywhere, in my opinion, be found the like. Inaccessible on all sides, as well for the great height of the crag whereon it standeth; as also for the outward form of the stone whereof the crag is, which, not much amiss perchance, I may liken to the shape of long bavens [*a brush faggot bound with only one withe*] standing on end with their sharper and smaller ends upward. Thus is it fenced round about: and hath hereto, on the east side, the sea, at flood, coming up to the hard walls. This castle is very ancient, and was called in ARTHUR's day, as I have heard, *Joyous Gard*.

Hither came my Lord CLINTON from shipboard to my Lord.

In the afternoon, his Grace rode to Berwick, fourteen miles further; and there received with the Captains, garrisons, and with the officers of the town, lay in the Castle, with Sir NICHOLAS STRELLEY Knight, the Captain there.

Wednesday, the last of August. MUCH part of this day, his Grace occupied in consultation about orders and matters touching this Voyage and army.

This day, to the intent we might save the store of the victail we carried with us in the army by cart, and to be sure rather, among us, to have somewhat too much than any whit too little; and also that we should not need to trouble our ships for victail till we came to the place, by my Lord's Grace appointed: every man of the army, upon general commandment, made private provision for himself, for four days' victail.

Thursday, the first of September. HIS Grace, with not many more than his own band of horsemen, rode to a town in the Scottish borders, standing upon the sea coast, a six mile from Berwick, and is called Eyemouth: where there runneth a river [*Eye Mill water*] into the sea, the which he caused to be sounded; and perceiving then the same to be well able to serve for a haven, hath since caused building to be made there, whereof both Master and Captain is THOMAS GOWER, Marshal of Berwick.

Friday, the 2nd of September. UPON commandment generally given, by sound of trumpet, all save the council, departed the town; and encamped a two flight-shots off, upon the sea-side, toward Scotland.

This day, my Lord CLINTON with his fleet took the seas from Berwick toward Scotland, and herefore the rather, that though they might not have always wind at will to keep their course still with us; yet, and it were but with the driving of tides, they might, upon any our need of munition or victail, not be long from us.

My Lord Lieutenant and Master Treasurer, who remained at Newcastle after my Lord's Grace, for the full despatch of the rest of the army, came this day to Berwick.

Saturday, the 3rd of September. MY LORD Lieutenant, from out of the town, did camp in the field with the army. To the intent, the excuse of ignorance either of the cause of my Lord Grace's coming, or of his goodness to such of the Scots as should show themselves to favour the same coming, might quite be taken from them; his Grace's *Proclamation*, whereof they could not but hear, was openly pronounced by Herald, after sound of trumpet, in three several places of our camp.

Besides the mere matter of the journey, I have here to touch a thing, which seem it ever so light to other, yet is it of more weight to me, than to be let pass unspoken of.

In the morning of this day, my Lord's Grace, walking upon the rampart of the town walls on the side towards Scotland, did tell, I remember, that, not many nights before he dreamt he was come back again to the Court, where the King's Majesty did heartily welcome him home, and every Estate else [*also*]: but yet him thought he had done nothing at all in this voyage: which when he considered the King's Highness's great costs, and the great travail of the great men and soldiers, and all to have been done in vain, the very care and shamefast abashment of the thing did waken him out of his dream. What opinion might we conceive of his waking thoughts? that even, dreaming, was moved with so pensive a regard of his charge towards his Prince, and with so humane a thought toward all men else!

Howbeit, my mind is rather to note the prognostication and former advertence of his future success in this his enterprise, the which, I take it, was hereby then most certainly showed him: although, of right few, or rather of none, the same be so taken. That if, for ensample like to this, I should rehearse
Gen. xli. to you out of the *Old Testament*, how the seven plentiful years, and the seven years of famine in Egypt were plainly signified afore to PHARAOH by his dreams of seven fat oxen, and seven full ears of corn; and by seven lean oxen that devoured the fat, and seven withered ears consuming the full ears.
JUSTINI *li.* 1. And hereto, out of profane authors, how ASTYAGES,

King of the Medians, was, many a day before, admonished that he should be overcome by a nephew* of his, as yet then ungotten and unborn, and lose his kingdom, and this by a dream also, wherein he thought there sprang out of the womb of his daughter MANDANE, a vine, by the spreading of whose branches all Asia was shadowed. And how ARCHELAUS, King of Cappadocia, was warned afore of his banishment out of his country and kingdom by his dream of ten wheat ears, full ripe, that were eaten of oxen. And hereto the multitude of ensamples besides touching this case in TULLY, VALERIUS MAXIMUS, PLINY the second, [L.] CŒLIUS [RICHERIUS] *Rodiginus*, SUETONIUS, and in infinite authors more; they should be too cumberous and irksome both for me to write and you to read.

*His name was CYRUS.

JOSEPHUS *de antiquit. lib.* xvii. *capit. ultimo.*

De Divin. i. VALER. *li.* i. *ca.* vii. PLINY. *De vir. illustr. cap.* xxvi. CŒLIUS *Antiq. lect. li.* xiv. *cap.* xlii. SUETONIUS *in DOMITIAN cap.* xxiii.

The natural cause of which kind of prophecying, as I may call it, whether it come, as astronomers hold opinion, by the influence of the air or by constellation; or else by sobriety of diet, and peculiar to the melancholic, as both PLATO and also physicians affirm; or by gift of GOD as divine judge: I trust I shall be borne with, although I do not here take upon me to discuss, but leave it for a doubt among them as I found it.

SOCRATES apud PLATO *De Rep.* ix.

Yet that there is such dignity and divinity in man's soul, as sometimes in dreams, we be warned of things to come; both the learning of ancient philosophers, PLOTINUS, IAMBLICUS, MERCURIUS, TRISMEGISTUS, with many other doth avow; Holy Scripture and profane stories do prove; and experience to them that do mark it, doth also show.

IAMBLICUS in *de Mister Ægypt.*

MERCURIUS in *Pymand.*

But to this now, that my Lord's Grace dreamt one thing, and the contrary came to pass; writers upon the exposition of dreams, and specially ARTEMIDOROUS do make two special kinds of dreams. The one, Speculative, whereby we see things, the next day after (for the most part), much like as we saw them in dream: the other Allegoric, which warneth us, as it were by riddle, of things more than a day, at the least, after to come. And in these Allegoric dreams, he saith, "the head betokeneth the father, the foot the servant, the right hand signifieth the mother, the left, the wife," and so

Lib. i. *cap.* ii.

Lib. ii. *cap.* lxv. forth. And sometimes one contrary is meant by the other, as to seem for some cause to weep or be sorry is a token of gladness to come; and again to joy much is a sign of care; to see foul water coming into the house is a sign to see the house burning. APOLLONIDES, a surgeon, thought he went out, and wounded many: and soon after he healed many.

Lib. iii. *cap.* xxvii.

Lib. iv. *cap.* iii.

Of which sort of dreams, this of my Lord's Grace was, that showed that he had done nothing, and signified, as we may now be held to conster, he should do so much as it were scant possible to do more. Howbeit, as I would have no man so much to note and esteem dreams, as to think there are none vain, but all significative; a thing indeed, both fondly superstitious, and against the mind of GOD uttered in the Old Law: so would I have no man so much to contemn them as to think, we can at no time, be warned by them; a thing also both of too much incredulity, and against the promise of GOD rehearsed in the New Law, by PETER out of the prophet JOEL.

Deut. xviii.

Acts ii.

Joel ii.

But least, with my dreams, I bring you a sleep [*asleep*]; I shall here leave them, and begin to march with the army.

Sunday, the 4th of September.

MY LORD's Grace came from out of the town, and the army raised from out of the camp.

And after this disposition of order. That Sir FRANCIS BRYAN, the Captain of Light Horsemen, with a four hundred of his band, should tend to the scout, a mile or two before; the carriage to keep along by the sea-coast; and the Men of arms and the Demi-lances (divided into three troops, answering the three Wards) so to ride, in array, directly against the carriages a two flight shot asunder from them.

Our three Battles kept order in pace between them both. The Foreward, foremost; the Battle, in the midst; and the Rereward, hindermost: each Ward, his troop of horsemen, and guard of ordnance; and each piece of ordnance, his aid of Pioneers, for amendment of ways, where need should be found.

We marched a six mile, and camped by a village called Roston [? *Ross*], in the barony of Bonkendale.

Monday, the 5th of September. WE MARCHED a seven mile, till we came to a place called The Peaths [*Pease Bridge*]. It is a valley running from a six mile west, straight eastward and toward the sea; a twenty score [400 *yards*] broad from bank to bank above, and a five score [100 *yards*] in the bottom, wherein runs a little river. So steep be these banks on either side, and deep to the bottom, that he who goeth straight down shall be in danger of tumbling; and the comer up so sure of puffing and pain. For remedy whereof, the travellers that way, have used to pass it, not by going directly, but by paths and footways leading slopewise: from the number of which paths they call it, somewhat nicely indeed, "The Peaths."

A bruit [*rumour*], a day or two before, was spread among us, that hereat the Scots were very busy a working; and how we should be stayed and met withal by them: whereunto, I heard my Lord's Grace vow that "he would put it in proof, for he would not step one foot out of his appointed course."

At our coming, we found all in good peace. Howbeit the sideways, on either side, most used for ease, were crossed and cut off in many places with the casting of traverse trenches, not very deep indeed, and rather somewhat hindering than utterly letting [*preventing*]. For whether it were more by policy or diligence, as I am sure neither of both did want, the ways, by the Pioneers, were soon so well plained, that our army, carriage, and ordnance were quite set over, soon after sunset, and there as then we pight [*pitched*] our camp.

But while our army was thus in passage, my Lord's Grace (willing to lose no time, and that the Scots, as well by deed as by bruit, should know he was come) sent a Herald to summon a castle of GEORGE DOUGLAS, called Dunglas, that stood at the end of the same valley, nearer the sea, and a mile from the place of our passage.

The Captain thereof, MATTHEW HOME, a brother's son of Lord HOME, upon this summons, required to speak with my Lord's Grace. It was granted, and he came. To whom, quoth his Grace, "Since it cannot be, but that ye must be witting, both of our coming into these parts, and of our Proclamation sent hither before and proclaimed also since; and ye have not yet come to us, but keep this Hold thus: we

have cause to take you as our mere enemy. And therefore, be ye at this choice (for we will take none advantage of your being here now)! whether ye and your company will render your Hold, and stand, body and goods, at the order of our will! or else to be set in it, as ye were: and we will assay, to win it as we can."

The Captain, being brought in great doubt, about this riddle, what answer well to make, and what best to do; at last, stricken with the fear of cruelty that by stubbornness he should well deserve, and moved, again, with the hope of mercy that by submission he might hap to have, was content to render [*surrender*] all at his Grace's pleasure: and thereupon commanded to fetch his company, returned to the castle.

In the time of tarrying for fetching his guard, we saw our ships, with a good gale and fair order, sailing into their Frith; which is a great arm of the sea, and runneth westward into their country above four mile. Upon this standeth Leith, Blackness, Stirling, and Saint John's road; and all the best towns else in the south part of Scotland.

This Captain came, and brought with him his band to my Lord's Grace, which was of twenty-one sober soldiers, all so apparelled and appointed, that, so GOD help me! I will say it for no praise, I never saw such a bunch of beggars come out of one house together in my life. The Captain, and six of the Worshipful of the Company were stayed, and commanded to the keeping of the Provost Marshal, more, (hardly), to take "Monday's handsell" than for hope of advantage. The residue were licensed to "gae their gate," with this lesson that if they were ever known to practice or do aught against the army, while it was in the country, and thereupon taken, they should be sure to be hanged.

After this surrender, my Lord JOHN GREY, being Captain of a number (as for his approved worthiness, right well he might be) was appointed to seize and take possession of the Manor "with all and singular the appurtenances in and to to the same belonging." With whom, as it hapt, it was my chance to go thither. The spoil was not rich, sure[ly], but of white bread, oaten cakes, and Scottish ale; whereof was indifferent good store, and soon bestowed among my Lord's soldiers accordingly. As for swords, bucklers, pikes, pots, pans, yarn, linen, hemp, and heaps of such baggage besides, they

were scant stopped for, and very liberally let alone: but yet, sure, it would have rued any good housewife's heart to have beholden the great unmerciful murder that our men made of the brood geese and good laying hens that were slain there that day; which the wives of the town had penned up in holes in the stables and cellars of the castle ere we came.

In this meantime, my Lord's Grace appointed that the house should be overthrown. Whereupon [JOHN BREN] the Captain of the Pioneers, with a three hundred of his labourers were sent down to it; whom he straight set a digging about the foundation.

In the town of Dunglas, which we left unspoiled and unburnt, we understood of their wives (for their husbands were not at home) that it was GEORGE DOUGLAS's device and cost to cast those cross trenches at The Peaths; and it stood him in four Scottish pounds, which are as much sterling as four good English crowns of five shillings a piece [=*almost £10 in all, now*]. A meet reward for such a work!

Tuesday, the 6th of September.

OUR Pioneers were early at their work again about the castle; whose walls were so thick and foundation so deep, and thereto set upon so craggy a plot, that it was not an easy matter soon to underdig them.

Our army dislodged, and marched on. In the way we should go, a mile and a half from Dunglas northwards, there were two Piles or Holds, Thornton and Anderwick, [*Innerwick*] both set on craggy foundation, and divided, a stone's cast asunder, by a deep gut, wherein ran a little river.

Thornton belonged to the Lord HOME, and was kept then by one TOM TROTTER. Whereunto, my Lord's Grace, over night, for summons, sent SOMERSET his Herald. Towards whom, four or five of this Captain's prickers [*Light horseman*], with their gads ready charged, did right hastily direct their course: but TROTTER both honestly defended the herald, and sharply rebuked his men; and said, for the summons, "he would come and speak with my Lord's Grace himself."

Notwithstanding, he came not; but straight locked up a sixteen poor soldiers, like the soldiers of Dunglas, fast within the house, took the keys with him, and commanding them they should defend the house and tarry within (as they could

not get out) till his return, which should be on the morrow with munition and relief; he, with his prickers, pricked quite his ways.

Anderwick [*Innerwick*] pertained to the Lord of HAMBLETON [*i.e. HAMILTON*], and was kept by his son and heir (whom, of custom, they call, the Master of Hambleton), and eight more with him; gentlemen, for the most part, we heard say.

To be known that the Scots call the son and heir of every Lord, the Master of the house whereof his father is called Lord.

My Lord's Grace, at his coming nigh, sent unto both these Piles; which, upon summons, refusing to render, were straight assailed. Thornton, by a battery of four of our great pieces of ordnance, and certain of Sir PETER MEWTYS's hackbutters to watch the loopholes and windows on all sides; and Anderwick, by a sort [*company*] of these hackbutters alone. Who so well bestirred them[selves], that where these keepers had rammed up their outer doors, cloyed and stopped up their stairs within, and kept themselves aloft for defence of their house about the battlements; the hackbutters got in, and fired the underneath, whereby being greatly troubled with smoke and smother, and brought in desperation of defence, they called pitifully, over their walls, to my Lord's Grace, for mercy: who, notwithstanding their great obstinacy and the ensample others of the enemy might have had by their punishment, of his noble generosity, and by these words, making half excuse for them, "Men may sometimes do that hastily in a gere [*business*], whereof, after, they may soon repent them," did take them to grace, and therefore sent one straight to them. But, ere the messenger came, the hackbutters had got up to them, and killed eight of them aloft. One leapt over the walls, and, running more than a furlong after, was slain without, in a water.

All this while, at Thornton, our assault and their defence was stoutly continued: but well perceiving how on the one side they were battered, mined at the other, kept in with hackbutters round about, and some of our men within also occupying all the house under them, for they had likewise shopped [*shut*] up themselves in the highest of their house, and so to do nothing, inward or outward, neither by shooting of base [*small cannon*], whereof they had but one or two, nor tumbling of stones, the things of their chief annoyance,

whereby they might be able any while to resist our power or save themselves; they plucked in a banner that afore they had set out in defiance, and put out over the walls, a white linen clout tied on a stick's end, crying all, with one tune, for "Mercy!" but having answer by the whole voice of the assailers, "They were traitors! It was too late!" they plucked in their stick, and sticked [*stuck*] up the banner of defiance again, shot off, hurled stones, and did what else they could, with great courage on their side, and little hurt of ours. Yet then, after, being assured by our earnesty that we had vowed the winning of their hold before our departure, and then that their obstinacy could deserve no less than their death, they plucked in their banner once again, and cried upon "Mercy!" And being generally answered, "Nay, nay! Look never for it! for ye are arrant traitors!" then, made they petition that "If they should needs die, yet that my Lord's Grace would be so good to them, as they might be hanged: whereby they might somewhat reconcile themselves to GOD, and not to die in malice, with so great danger of their souls!" A policy, sure[ly], in my mind, though but of gross heads, yet of a fine device, Sir MILES PARTRIDGE being nigh about this Pile, at the time, and spying one in a red doublet, did guess he should be an Englishman; and, therefore, the rather came and furthered this petition to my Lord's Grace. Which then took effect. They came and humbled themselves to his Grace: whereupon, without more hurt, they were but commanded to the Provost Marshal.

It is somewhat here to consider, I know not whether the destiny or hap of man's life. The more worthy men, the less offenders, and more in the Judge's grace, were slain; and the beggars, the obstinate rebels that deserved nought by cruelty, were saved.

To say on now. The house was soon after so blown with powder, that more than one half fell straight down to rubbish and dust, the rest stood, all to be shaken with rifts and chinks. Anderwick was burned, and all the houses of office [*servants' rooms*], and stacks of corn about them both.

While this was thus in hand, my Lord's Grace, in turning but about, saw the fall of Dunglas, which likewise was undermined and blown with powder.

This done, about noon, we marched on, passing soon after within gunshot of Dunbar, a town standing long-wise upon the seaside: whereat is a castle, which the Scots count very strong, that sent us divers shots as we passed; but all in vain.

Their horsemen showed themselves in their fields beside us; towards whom BARTEVILLE, with his eight men, all hackbutters on horseback (whom he had right well appointed), and JOHN DE RIBAUDE, with divers others, did make: but no hurt on either side, saving that a man of BARTEVILLE's slew one of them with his piece. The skirmish was soon ended.

We went a four mile further, and having travelled that day a ten mile, we camped nigh Tantallon; and hath, at night, a blind [*false*] alarm.

Here had we, first, certain advertisement that the Scots were assembled in camp at the place where we found them.

Wednesday, the 7th of September. MARCHING this morning a two mile, we came to a fair river called Lyn [*now called Tyne*], running all straight eastward towards the sea. Over this river there is a stone bridge, that they name Linton Bridge, of a town thereby on our right hand, and eastward as we went, that stands on the same river.

Our horsemen and carriages passed through the water, for it was not very deep: our footmen over the bridge. The passage was very straight for an army; and therefore the longer in setting over.

Beyond this bridge, about a mile westward, for so methought, as then we turned, upon this same river, on the south side, stands a proper house and of some strength belike. They call it Hailes Castle. It pertaineth to the Earl BOTHWELL; but was kept, as then, by the Governor's appointment, who held the Earl in prison.

Above the south side of this castle lieth a long hill east and west, whereupon did appear, in divers plumps, about three hundred of their prickers: some making towards the passage to be in wait there to take up stragglers and cut off the tail of our host. My Lord's Grace and my Lord Lieutenant did stay awhile [over] against the castle, upon a hill over which we should pass; as well for the army, that was not all come, as also to see a skirmish that some of these

prickers by coming over the river towards us, began to make, but did not maintain. Whereupon our Foreward marching softly afore, his Grace then took his way after: at whom, out of the Castle there were roundly shot off, but without hurt, six or seven pieces; which before that (though some of our men had been very nigh) yet kept they all covert.

In this meantime, did there arise a very thick mist, my Lord the Earl of WARWICK, then Lord Lieutenant, as I told you, of the Army, did so nobly quit himself upon an adventure that chanced then to fall, as that his accustomed valiance might well be acknowledged; whereby first, and first of all men (a little but not without purpose now to digress) being Lord Lieutenant of Boulogne next after it was won [in 1544]—beaten [*battered*] on all sides, weak without, ill harbour within, and (now to say truth, for the danger is past) scant tenable as it was—did so valiantly defend it against the Dauphin then, and all his power; that, as I remember, was reckoned at fifty-two thousand. Of whom, in a camisado [? *night attack*] then, as they had slain many of our men and won the base [*lower*] town; his Lordship killed above eight hundred, counted [*accounted*] of the best soldiers in all France; drave the rest away; and recovered the town from them again.

And the next year after [1545], occupying his Office of Lord Admiral upon the sea, in person himself, what time the great Fleet of France, with all their galleys, which was no small power, came to invade our coasts; he proferred battle unto the French Admiral and all his navy: which fight, I will not say how cowardly, he utterly refused. His Lordship repelled their force, and made them fain to fly back again home with their brags and cost in vain.

And, the same year, but with a seven thousand, whereof not five thousand landed, maugre all France, he burnt Treport and divers villages there beside; and returned to ship again, with the loss but of one DAVID GOOGAN, and no more.

And the year then next after, 1546, his diligence so well showed among the rest of the Commissioners, that an honourable and friendly peace was concluded between France and us; his Lordship was sent over, by our late sovereign Lord, to receive the oath of the late French King, for confirmation of the same peace. In which journey, how nobly,

he did advance his port [*state*] for the King's Majesty's honour and estimation of the realm, and yet not above his degree, all men that saw it will easily confess with me, that it was too much then to be showed in few words here.

Very few things else, to say truth, that have been anywhere in these wars, against the enemy either nobly attempted or valiantly achieved, wherein his Lordship hath not been, either the first there in office or one of the foremost in danger; that if it fell so fit for my purpose to speak of his Lordship's honour at home, as it hath done somewhat to touch [on] his prowess abroad; I could, sure[ly], for commendation thereof, move myself matter, wherein I were able to say rather liberally much, than scarcely enough.

But omitting that therefore, and to turn to my tale again, his Lordship regarding the danger our Rereward was in, by reason of the disorder, caused at this passage, by the thickness of this mist, and nighness of the enemy; himself, with scant a sixteen horse (whereof BARTEVILLE and JOHN DE RIBAUDE were two; seven or eight light horsemen more, and the rest of his own servants), returned towards the passage, to see to the array again.

The Scots perceiving our horsemen to have passed on before (and thinking, as the truth was, that some Captain of honour did stay for the looking to the order of his Rereward) keeping the south side of the river, did call over to some of our men to know, "Whether there were any nobleman nigh there?"

They were asked, "Why they asked?"

One of them answered that "he was" such a man (whose name our men knew to be honourable among them), "and would come in to my Lord's Grace; so that he might be sure to come in safety."

Our young soldiers, nothing suspecting their ancient falsehood, told him that "my Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of WARWICK was nigh there; by whose tuition, he should be safely brought to my Lord Grace's presence!"

They had conned their lesson, and fell to their practice; which was this.

Having come over the water, in the way that my Lord should pass, they had couched behind a hillock about a two hundred of their prickers, a forty had they sent beside, to

search where my Lord was: whom when they found, part of them pricked very nigh; and, these again, a ten or twelve of my Lord's small company, did boldly encounter, and drave them well nigh home to their ambush, flying, perchance, not so much for fear of their force, as for falsehood to trap [*entrap*] them.

But hereby informed that my Lord was so nigh, they sent out a bigger number, and kept the rest more secret: upon this purpose, that they might either, by a plain onset, have distressed him; or that not prevailing, by feigning of flight, to have trained him under their ambush. And thus instruct[ed], they came pricking towards his Lordship apace.

"Why," quoth he, "and will not these knaves be ruled? Give me my staff [*spear*]!" With the which, then, with so valiant a courage, he charged at one, (as it was thought, DANDY CAR, a Captain among them) that he did not only compel CAR to turn, but himself chased him above twelve score, [*i.e.*, 240 *yards*] together, all the way, at the spear point; so that if CAR's horse had not been exceeding good and wight [*swift*], his Lordship had surely run him through in this race. He also, with his little band, caused all the rest to flee amain.

After whom then, as HENRY VANE, a gentleman of my Lord's, and one of this company, did fiercely pursue; four or five Scots suddenly turned, and set upon him. And though they did not altogether 'scape his hands, free; yet by hewing and mangling his head, body, and many places else, they did so cruelly intreat [*treat*] him, as if rescue had not come the sooner, they had slain him outright. But saved as he was, I dare be bold to say, many a thousand in war or elsewhere, have died with less than half the less hurt.

Here was BARTEVILLE run at sideling [*sideways*] and hurt in the buttock: and one of our men slain. Of Scots again, none slain; but three taken: whereof one was RICHARD MAXWELL, hurt in the thigh. Who had been long in England, not long before, and had received right many benefits, as I heard himself confess, both of the late King's Majesty, and of my Lord Lieutenant, and of many other nobles and gentlemen in the Court beside; and therefore for his ingratitude and traiterous untruth threatened to be hanged. But as otherwise he had a great deal too much more than he deserved, so had he here somewhat too little:

for how my Lord's Grace bestowed him, I wot not; but hanged indeed he was not.

To make my tale perfect: it is certainly thought that if my Lord Lieutenant had not thus valiantly encountered them ere they could have warned their ambush how weakly as he was warded, he had been beset round about by them, ere ever he could have been [a]ware of them or rescued of us; where now hereby his Lordship showed his wonted worthiness, saved his company, and discomfited the enemy.

Soon after, he overtook my Lord Protector, being as then set at dinner; to whom he presented these prisoners, and recounted his adventures.

Whose Grace, in the meantime, had happed upon a fellow like a man, but I wot not of what sort; small of stature, red headed, curled round about and shedded [*parted*] afore, of a forty year old, and called himself KNOCKES. To say somewhat of his [be]haviour, his coat was of the colour of a well burnt brick (I mean not black), and well worth twenty pence a broad yard. It was prettily fresed, half with an ado; and hemmed round about very suitably with pasmain lace of green caddis [*worsted ribbon*]. Methought, he represented the state of a sumner in some city or of a pedler in some borough. How far soever he had travelled that day, he had not a whit filed [*defiled*] his boots; for he had none on. Harmless, belike, for he wore no weapon. He rode on a trotting tit [*horse*], well worth a couple of shillings; the loss whereof, at his taking, he took very heavily: yet did my Lord's Grace cause him to be set on a better.

I take his learning was but small, but his utterance was great, sure[ly], for he never leaved babbling, very moist mouthed, and somewhat of nature disposed to slaver; and therefore fain, without a napkin to wipe his lips, to supp at every word. Some said it was no fault in the man; but the manner of the country. Indeed they have many moist mists there. No lack of audacity or store of wit; for being taken, and brought in for a spy, and posed in that point, whither he went: neither by the honesty of his errand, nor goodness of his wit was he able to make any likely excuse. The tenour of his talk so tempered throughout, and the most of his matter so indifferently mingled, as, if they make him not both, it was hard for any there to judge whether they might

count him a foolish knave or a knavish fool. At whom, my Lord's Grace and others had right good sport.

As BARTEVILLE, that day, had right honestly served, so did the Lord's right honourably quite [*requite*] it. For straight upon the overtaking of my Lord's Grace, my Lord Lieutenant did get him a surgeon. Dressed he was, and straight after laid and conveyed in my Lord Grace's own chariot, that was both right sumptuous for cost, and easy for carriage. The rest that were hurt, Scots and others, were here also dressed.

We had marched that day a nine mile, and camped at night, by a town upon the Frith, called Lang Nuddrey [*Longniddry*].

Here we found a gentlewoman, some said a Lady, the wife of one HUGH DOUGLAS. She was great with child, and, in a house of hers, there abode her good time of deliverance; and had with her, an ancient gentlewoman her mother, a midwife, and a daughter: whose estate, the council understanding, my Lord's Grace and my Lord Lieutentant took order, that all night, without danger or damage, she was well preserved. But soon after our departure in the morning, I heard that some of our northern prickers had visited her; not much for her profit, nor all for their honesty; that had they then been caught with their kindness, they should have been sure of thanks accordingly. Good people be they; but given much, as they say, to the spoil.

Thursday, the 8th of September; being our Lady Day.

THIS morning, in the time of our dislodging, sign was made to some of our ships (whereof the most part and chiefest [*biggest*] lay a ten or twelve mile in the Frith beyond us, over against Leith and Edinburgh) that the Lord Admiral should come ashore to speak with my Lord's Grace.

In the meantime, somewhat early, as our Galley was coming towards us, about a mile or more beyond our Cape, the Scots were very busy a wafting her ashore towards them, with a banner of Saint George that they had. But my Lord Lieutenant soon disappointed that policy: for making towards that place where my Lord Admiral should land, our men

on the water, by the sight of his presence, did soon discern their friends from their foes.

By and by then, my Lord CLINTON, the Admiral, came to land: who, with my Lord Lieutenant rode back to my Lord's Grace; among whom order was taken, that our great ships should remove from before Leith, and lie before Musselburgh, and their camp: and our smaller vessels, that were victuallers, to lie nearer us. This thus appointed, my Lord Admiral rode back to take the water again.

And as our army had marched onward a mile or two, there appeared upon a hill that lay longwise east and west, and on the south side of us, a six hundred of their horsemen prickers, whereof some were within a two flight shot directly against us, upon the same hill: but the most further off. Towards these, over a small bridge, for there ran a little river also by us, very hardily did ride about a dozen of our hackbutters on horseback, and held them at bay so nigh to their noses, that whether it were by the goodness of our men or badness of theirs, the Scots did not only not come down to them, but also very courteously gave place, and fled to their fellows. And yet I know they lack no heart; but they cannot so well away with these cracks [*i.e., of their guns*].

Our army went on, but so much the slower, because our way was somewhat narrow, by means of the Frith on the one side, and certain marshes nigh on the other.

The Scots kept always pace with us, upon their hill; and showed themselves, upon sundry brunts, very crank and brag. At whom, as our captains did look to the ordering and arraying again of the Battles; my Lord Protector's Grace appointed two field pieces to be turned. Each piece shot off twice, whereof one GOLD, the Master Gunner there, discharged one, and did so well direct it, that, at his former shot, he struck off the leg of a black horse, right fair, and as it was thought the best in the company; and, at his next shot, he killed a man.

Hereby, rather somewhat calmed than fully content, they went their ways; and we saw no more of them, till the time of our camping.

Then showed they themselves very lordly aloft upon this hill again, over against us, as though they stood there to take a view of our camping and muster of our men. My

Lord Marshal [Lord GREY] minding to know their commission, did make towards them with a band of horsemen: but they went wisely their way, and would never abide the reasoning of the matter.

In the way, as we came, not far from this place, GEORGE FERRERS, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's, and one of the Commissioners of the Carriages in the army, happened upon a cave in the ground; the mouth whereof was so worn with the fresh print of steps, that he seemed to be certain there were some folk within: and having gone down to try, he was readily received with a hackbut or two. Yet he left them not till he had known, whether they would be content to yield and come out. Which they fondly [*foolishly*] refusing: he went to my Lord's Grace, and upon utterance of the thing, got licence to deal with them as he could; and so returned to them, with a score or two of pioneers.

Three vents had their cave, which we were [a]ware of. He first stopped up one. Another he filled full of straw and set it a fire; whereat they within did cast water apace: but it was so well maintained without, that the fire prevailed, and they within, fain to get them, belike, into another parlour.

Then devised we, for I happened to be with him, to stop the same up; whereby we should either smother them, or find their vents, if they had any more. As this was done, at another issue, about a twelve score [240 *yards*] off, we might see the fume of our smoke to come out. The which continued with so great a force and so long a while, that we could not but think they within, must needs get them out or smother. And forasmuch, as we found not that they did the one: we thought it for certain, they were sure of the other. So we had done that we came for, and so left them.

By this time, our ships (taking mannerly their leave of Leith with a score of shot or more; and, as they came by, saluting the Scots, in their camp, also with as many) came and lay, according to appointment.

We had gone this day about a five mile, and camped, towards night, nigh a town they call Salt Preston by the Frith [*Prestonpans*]. Here one CHARLETON, a man, before time, banished out of England, and continuing all the while in Scotland, came in, and submitted himself to my Lord's Grace; who took him to mercy.

Friday, the 9th of September. THIS day is marked in the Calendar with the name of Saint Gorgon; no famous saint, sure[ly]; but either so obscure that no man knows him, or else so ancient as every man forgets him. Yet were it both pity and blame that he should lose his estimation among us. And, methinks, out of that little that I have read, I could somewhat say to bring him to light again: but then I am in doubt what to make of him, a He-Saint, a She-Saint, or a Neuter; for we have all in our Calendar. Of the male and female saints, every leaf there showeth samples enough: and, as for the neuter, they are rather, I wot, unmarked than unknown, as Saint Christmas, Saint Candlemas, Saint Easter, Saint Whitsuntide; and sweet Saint Sunday comes once a week.

Touching my doubt, now. If the day bear name in the worship and memory of him whom the Preacher HORACE doth mention in his first book of Sermons, by these words

1 *Satiræ* ii. *Pastillos RUFILLUS olet, GORGONIUS hircum.*

then may we be bold to believe it was a He-Saint; but yet a very sloven saint, and, belike, a nesty.

If this name were calendared of MEDUSA *Gorgon* * that had the hair of her head turned into adders, whom PERSEUS overcame and killed, as Doctor OVID declares in his fourth book *Of changes*

[*Lib.* iv.] *GORGONIS anguicomæ PERSEUS superator,*

then may we be sure it was a She-Saint. But if it were in the honour of PALLAS's shield, wherein this MEDUSA *Gorgon's* head was graven, as TITUS STROZZA (a devout Doctor, but of later days) doth say

* PHORCUS, King of the isles Corsica and Sardinia, had four daughters, SCYLLA, MEDUSA, STENIO, and EURIALE, called *Gorgons*. Of whom, as NEPTUNE had ravished MEDUSA *Gorgon* in the temple of PALLAS: this goddess for displeasure of the fact, changed all the hair of her head into snakes and adders; and gave her a further gift of that whosoever saw her should be turned straight into stone.

PERSEUS coveting to kill this monster, borrowed of MERCURY his wings and falchion; and struck off her head as she slept, and brought it with him; which PALLAS did after set in her shield: and it had the same power still after, as it had while she lived.

GORGONIS anguicomæ cœlatos ægide vultus,
PALLAS habet. STROZ. *pr. Æolo* iv.

Then was it neither a He, nor a She, but a plain Neuter-Saint. And thus with the ancient authority of mere poetical Scriptures, my conscience is so confounded, as I wot not in the world what saint to make of him.

JAMES * of the Sink-hole, saving your reverence! a friar, forsooth, that wrote the Legendaury, telleth me a very preposterous order in good cookery, of one GORGON † and his fellow DOROTHEUS that were first sauced with vinegar and salt, and after that, then broiled on a girdiron [*grid-iron*]. But to be plain, as it is best for a man to be with his friends, he hath farced [*stuffed*] his book so full of lies, that it is quite out of credit in all honest company. And, for my part, I am half ashamed to say that I saw it: but since it is said, and somewhat to tell you what I saw, he makes me THOMAS the traitor, LUPUS the lecher, PETER the knave, if I may call a conjuror so, all to be his high and holy saints in heaven; and that with such prodigal impudency, and so shameless lying, as I may safely think he had either a *Bull* to make saints of devils, or else a *Placard* to play the knave as he list.

* JACOBUS DE VORAIGNE.

† *Legenda aurea cap.* CXXVIII.

THOMAS Cantuar ca. xi. *LUPUS* ca. CXXIII. PETER *Exorcist.* ca. lxxiiii.

But as for GORGON, be he as he may be, it makes no great matter: for he shall have my heart while he stands in the calendar; he hath been ever so lucky! But what saint so-ever he be, he is, sure[ly], no Scotsman's friend: but a very angry saint towards them.

For, upon his day, thirty-four years past, they had a great overthrow by us at Flodden Field, and their King JAMY the FOURTH slain: and therefore is this day not smally marked among them.

To tell our adventures that befell now upon it, I think it very meet that first I advertise how as we here lay.

Our camp and theirs were either [*each*] within the sight and view of others [*each other*]; and, in distance, as I guessed, a two mile and [a] little more asunder. We had the Frith on the north; and this hill, last remembered, as I said, on the south; the west end whereof is called Fauxside Bray [*now Falside Brae*], whereupon standeth a sorry castle and

half a score of houses of like worthiness by it. We had west ward, before us, them lying in camp.

Along this hill, being about a mile from us, were they very busy pranking up and down, all the morning: and fain would have been of counsel with the doings of our camp. We, again, because their army seemed to sit to receive us, did diligently prepare that we might soon go to them; and therefore kept our camp all that day: my Lord's Grace and the council sitting in consultation; and the captains and officers providing their bands with store of victail and furniture of weapons, for furtherance whereof, our vessels of munition and victuals were here already come to the shore.

The Scots continued their bravery on the hill; the which we not being so well able to bear, made out a band of Light Horsemen and a troop of Demi-lances to back them. Our men gat up on the hill, and thereby, of even ground with the enemy, rode straight towards them, with good speed and order; whom, at the first, the Scots did boldly countenance and abide; but, after, when they perceived that our men would needs come on, they began to prick [*ride away*], and would fain have begone ere they had told their errand. But our men hasted so speedily after, that, even straight, they were at their elbows, and did so stoutly then bestir them, that, what in the onset at the first, and after in the chase, which lasted a three mile, well-nigh to as far as the furthest of their camp on the south side, they had killed of the Scots, within a three hours, above the number of thirteen hundred, and taken the Master of Home, Lord HOME's son and heir, two priests and six gentlemen (whereof one, I remember, by Sir JACQUES GRANADO): and all, upon the highest, and well nighest towards them, of the hill; within the full sight of their whole camp.

Of our side, again, one Spanish hackbutter was hurt: and Sir RALPH BULLMER Knight, THOMAS GOWER, Marshal of Berwick, and ROBERT CROUCH (all Captains of several bands of our Light Horsemen, and men of right good courage and approved service) were taken at this time; distressed by their own forwardness, and not by the enemy's force.

After this skirmish, it was marvelled on their side, that we used so much cruelty; and doubted, on ours, that we had killed so many. Their marvel was answered, that they had

picked the quarrel first themselves, and showed us a precedent at Paniarhough [*Penial Heugh*]; where, of late years, without any mercy, they slew the Lord EVERS and a great company with him. Our doubt was cleared by the witness of their own selves, who confessed that there were two thousand that made out of their camp (fifteen hundred horsemen for skirmish and five hundred footmen to lie close in ambush, and be ready at need) and that of all these, for certain, not seven hundred returned home.

After this skirmish, we also heard that the Lord HOME himself, for haste in this flight, had a fall from his horse, and burst so the canell bone [*collar bone*] of his neck, that he was fain to be carried straight to Edinburgh, and his life was not a little despaired of.

Then, also, my Lord's Grace, my Lord Lieutenant, and other of the council, with but a small guard, did take, upon this Fauxside Bray (where the slaughter, as I said, was made), about half a mile south-east of them, full view of their camp: whereof the tents, as I noted them, were divided into four several orders and rewes [*rows*] lying east and west, and a prickshot asunder; and mustered not unlike, as methought, unto four great ridges of ripe barley.

The plot where they lay was so chosen for strength, as in all their country, some thought there was not a better. Safe on the south, by a great marsh; and on the north by the Frith; which side also they fenced with two field pieces and certain hackbuts a crock, lying under a turf wall. Edinburgh, on the west, at their backs: and eastward, between us and them, they were strongly defended by the course of a river, called the Esk, running north into the Frith; which, as [*though*] it was not very deep of water, so [*yet*] were the banks of it so high and steep (after the manner of the Peathes mentioned in our Monday's journey), as a small sort [*company*] of resistants might have been able to keep down a great number of comers-up.

About a twelve score [240 *yards*] off from the Frith, over the same river, is there a stone bridge, which they did keep also; well warded with ordnance.

From this hill of Fauxside Bray, my Lord's Grace, my Lord Lieutenant, and the others descended along before their camp; within less than two flight shots into a lane or street

of a thirty foot broad, fenced on either side with a wall of turf, an ell in height; which way did lead straight northward, and nigh to a church called Saint Michael's of Underesk [*Inveresk*], standing on a mean rising hill somewhat higher than the site of their camp.

Thus this viewed, they took their return directly homeward to our tents. At whom, in the way, the Scots did often shoot: but with all their shots, and of all our company, they killed but one horse in the midst of three, without any hurt of the rider.

And as my Lord's Grace was passed well nigh half the way homeward, a Scottish Herald, with a coat of his Prince's arms upon him as the manner is, and a trumpeter with him, did overtake his Grace, we thought, upon some errand; and therefore every man gave them place to come, and say their errands: which, as I might guess, partly by the answers as follow, were these or to this effect.

The Herald, first: "My Lord the Governor hath sent me to your Grace to inquire of prisoners taken, and therewith to say, that for the pity he hath of the effusion of Christian blood, which, by battle, must needs be shed; and because your Grace hath not done much hurt in the country; he is content ye shall return, as ye came, and will proffer your Grace honest conditions of peace."

And, then, the trumpeter: "My Lord and master, the Earl of HUNTLEY hath willed me to show your Grace that because [*in order that*] this matter may be the sooner ended, and with less hurt; he will fight with your Grace for the whole quarrel, twenty to twenty, ten to ten, or else himself alone with your Grace, man to man."

My Lord's Grace, having kept with him my Lord Lieutenant, had heard them both thoroughly, and then, in answering, spake somewhat with a louder voice than they had done their messages; whereupon we, that were the riders by, thinking his Grace would have it no secret, were somewhat the bolder to come the nigher. The words whereof, as it seemed to me, were uttered so expeditely with honour, and so honourably with expedition as I was, for my part, much moved then to doubt whether I might rather note in them the promptness of a singular prudence, or the animosity [*bravery*] of a noble courage. And they were thus:

"Your Governor may know that the special cause of our coming hither, was not to fight, but for the thing that should be the weal of both us and you: for, we take GOD to record! we mind no more hurt to the realm of Scotland, than we do to the realm of England; and therefore our quarrel being so good, we trust GOD will prosper us the better. But as for peace, he hath refused such conditions at our hands as we will never proffer again, and therefore let him look for none till, this way we make it!

"And thou, Trumpet! say to thy master! he seemeth to lack wit, to make this challenge to me, being, by the sufferance of GOD, of such estate, as to have so weighty a charge of so precious a jewel, the Governance of a King's person, and, then, the Protection of all his realms: whereby, in this case, I have no power of myself; which, if I had, as I am true gentleman! it should be the first bargain I would make. But there be a great sort [*number*] here among us, his equals, to whom he might have made this challenge without refusal."

Quoth my Lord Lieutenant to them both. "He showeth his small wit to make challenge to my Lord's Grace, and he so mean! but if his Grace will give me leave, I shall receive it; and, trumpeter! bring me word thy master will so do, and thou shalt have of me a hundred crowns" [= £30 *then* = *about* £300 *now*].

"Nay," quoth my Lord's Grace, "the Earl HUNTLEY is not meet in estate with you, my Lord! But, Herald! say to the Governor and him also that we have been a good season in this country; and are here now but with a sober company, and they a great number: and if they will meet us in field, they shall be satisfied with fighting enough. And, Herald! bring me word they will so do, and, by my honour! I will give thee a thousand crowns [= £300 *then* = *about* £3,000 *now*].

Sober is the proper term whereby the Scots do signify *small, little, easy*, or *slender*.

"Ye have a proud sort among you, but I trust to see their pride abated shortly, and of the Earl of HUNTLEY's too. I wis his courage is known well enough: but he is a glorious young gentleman."

This said, my Lord Lieutenant continued his requests that he might receive this challenge: but my Lord's Grace would, in no wise, grant to it.

These messengers had their answers, and therewith leave to depart.

It is an ancient order in war, inviolably observed, that the Heralds and trumpeters, at any time, upon necessary messages, may freely pass to and fro between the enemies, without hurt or stay of any, as privileged with a certain immunity and freedom of passage: likewise that, during the time of any such message, hostility on both sides should utterly cease.

The Scots, notwithstanding (what moved them, I know not, but somewhat besides the rules of *stans puer ad mensam*) shot three or four shot at us, in the midst of this message doing; but as hap was, wide enough.

On the morrow after, they had every one of their guns taken from them; and put into the hands of them that could use them with more good manners.

It becometh me not, I wot, apertly [*openly*] to tax their Governor, with the note [*slur*] of Dissimulation: for however he be our enemy, yet is he a man of honourable estate, and worthy, for aught I know, of the office he bears.

Howbeit, touching this message sent by the Herald, to say as I think, I am fully persuaded he never sent it either because he thought it would be received by my Lord's Grace, whose courage, of custom, he knew to be such that would never brook so much dishonour as to travel so far to return in vain; or else that he meant any sparing or pity of us, whom, in his heart, he had already devoured. But only to show a colour [*appearance*] of kindness, by the refusal whereof he might first, in his sight, the more justly, as he should list, use extremity against us; and then, upon victory, triumph with more glory. For he thought himself no less sure of victory than he was sure he was willing to fight. And that which makes me, in this case, now to be so quite out of doubt, were these causes; whereof I was after certainly informed.

And they were, first, his respect of our only strength, as he thought, our horsemen: which (not so much upon policy to make his men hardy against us, as for that he plainly so took it) he caused to be published in his host, that "they were wholly but of very young men, unskilful of the wars, and easy to be dealt withal."

And, then, his regard to the number and place of our power and his: the which, indeed, were far unequal.

And hereto, his assured hope of twelve galleys and fifty ships that he always looked to be sent out of France, to come in at our backs.

He, with his host, made themselves hereby so sure of the matter, that in the night of this day, they fell aforehand to playing at dice for certain of our noblemen and captains of fame. For as for all the rest, they thought quite to despatch us, and were of nothing so much afraid as lest we should have made away out of the country ere they and we had met; bruiting among them, that our ships, the day before, removed from before Leith only to take in our footmen and carriages, to the intent our horsemen then, with more haste and less cumber, might thence be able to hie them homeward. For the fear hereof also, they appointed, this night, to have given us a camisado [*night attack*] in our camp, as we lay: whereof, even then, we happened to have an inkling; and therefore late in the night, entrenched our carriages and waggon-borough, and had good scout without and sure watch within: so that if they had kept appointment (as what letted [*hindered*] them, I could not learn) they should not have been unwelcomed nor unlooked for.

Yea, the great fear they had of our hasty departure made them so hasty, as the next morrow, being the day of the battle, so early to come towards us, out of their camp: against whom, then, though they saw our horsemen readily to make; yet would they not think, but that it was for a policy to stay them, while our footmen and carriage might be stowed a shipboard.

Marvellous men! They would not believe there were any bees in the hive, till they came out and stang them by the nose. They fared herein (if I may compare great things to small, and earnesty to game) like as I have wist a good fellow, ere this, that hath come to a dicing board, very hastily thrusting, for fear lest all should be done ere he could begin; and hath soon been shred [*stripped*] of all that ever he brought: but, after, when he hath come from the board with his hands in his bosom, and remembered there was never a penny in his purse, he could quickly find that the fondness was not in tarrying too long, but in coming too soon.

We are warned, if we were wise, of these witless brunts, by the common proverb that saith, "It is better to sit still, than rise up and fall." But, belike, they know it not.

In the night of this day, my Lord's Grace appointed that early in the next morning, part of our ordnance should be planted in the lane I spake of, under the turf wall next to their camp; and some also to be set upon the hill, nigh to Underesk Church, afore remembered: and these to the intent we should, with our shot, cause them either wholly to remove their camp or else much to annoy them as they lay. It was not the least part of our meaning, also, hereby to win from them certain of their ordnance that lay nearest this Church.

It will be no great breach of order I trust; though here I rehearse the thing that not till after, I heard touching the trumpeter's message from the Earl HUNTLEY: which was, as I heard the Earl himself say, that he never sent the same to my Lord's Grace, but GEORGE DOUGLAS, in his name. And this was devised by him, not so specially for any challenge sake, as that the messenger should maintain, by mouth, his talk to my Lord's Grace, while his eyes were rolling to toote [*glance*] and pry upon the state of our camp, and whether we were packing or not: as, indeed, the fellow had a very good countenance to make a spy.

But my Lord's Grace (of custom, not using so readily to to admit any kind of enemy to come so nigh) had despatched them both, with their answers, as I said, ere ever they came within a mile of our camp.

As I happed, soon after, to rehearse the excuse of the Earl, and this drift of DOUGLAS, a gentleman Scot that was a prisoner and present, sware "By the mis [*mass*]! it was like enough: for he kenned GEORGE full well," and said "he was a meet man to pick quarrels for other men to fight for."

To the intent I would show my good will to make all things as easy to the sense of the reader as my knowledge could instruct: and forasmuch as the assault, especially of our horsemen at the first; their retire again: and our last onset, pursuit, and slaughter of the enemy cannot all be showed well in one plot: I have devised and drawn, according to my cunning, three several views of them [*see pp.* 112, 113, 116, 117], placed in their order, as follow in the battle. Wherein are also other towns and places remembered, such at that

time, I thought meet to mark; and in my memory could since call to mind. No fine portraiture indeed, nor yet any exquisite observance of geometrical dimension; but yet neither so gross nor far from the truth, I trust, but they may serve for some ease of understanding.

But since the scantness of room will not suffer me plainly and at length to write there every place's name, I am therefore fain instead of a name to set up a letter. The reader must be content to learn his A. B. C. again; such as I have there devised for the expounding of the same views.

They that list to learn; I trust, in this point will not much stick with me: considering also that

Ignoratis terminis, ignoratur et ars. ARISTOTLE.

If they know not my A. B. C., they cannot well know my matter: like as he that knows not RAYMOND'S Alphabet shall never come to the composition of his quintessence; what he shall do though, some practitioners do doubt. *In practica testi. suis ca.* vi.

And minding to interrupt the process of the battle that followeth, with as few mean matters as I may; I have thought good, to have written this here before.

*Saturday, the 10th of September. The day of the battle.**

THIS day morning, somewhat before eight o'clock, our camp dislodged: and our host march straight towards the Church of Underesk, as well for intent to have camped nigh the same, as for placing our ordnance, and other considerations afore remembered.

The Scots, I know not whether more for fear of our departing or hope of our spoiling, were out of their camp; coming towards us, passed the river, gathered in array, and well nigh at this Church ere we were half way to it.

They had quite disappointed our purpose; and this, at the first, was so strange in our eyes, that we could not devise what to make of their meaning: and so much the stranger, as it was quite beside our expectation or doubt, that they would ever forsake their strength [*strong position*], to meet us

* This day was long after known in Scotland as "Black Saturday": and the battle then fought, was the last conflict between the Scotch and the English, as separate *nations*. E. A.

in field. But we, after, understood that they did not only thus purpose to do: but also to have assailed us in our camp, as we lay, if he had not been stirring the timelier.

And to the intent, at this time, that as well none of their soldiers should lurk behind them in their camps, as also that none of their captains should be able to flee from their enterprise: they had first caused all their tents to be let flat down to the ground ere they came out; and they that had horses (as well nobles as others, a few expected), that were not horsemen, appointed to leave their horses behind them, and march on with their soldiers afoot.

We came on speedily a both sides; neither, as yet, one whit ware [*aware*] of [the] other's intent: but the Scots indeed at a rounder pace.

Between the two hillocks betwixt us and the Church, they mustered somewhat brim [*exposed*] in our eyes: at whom, as they stayed there awhile, our galley shot off, and slew the Master of Greym [*Graham*] with a five and twenty near by him: and therewith so scared the four thousand Irish archers brought by the Earl of ARGYLE; that where, as it was said, they should have been a wing to the Foreward, they could never after be made to come forward.

Hereupon, did their army hastily remove; and from thence, declining southward, took their direct way towards Fauxside Bray.

Of this, Sir RALPH VANE, Lieutenant of all our Horsemen, (as I think, he, first of all men, did note it) quickly advertised my Lord; whose Grace thereby did readily conceive much of their meaning: which was to win of us the hill, and thereby the wind, and sun (if it had shined, as it did not; for the weather was cloudy and lowering); the gain of which three things, whither [*whichever*] party, in fight of battle, can hap to obtain, hath his force doubled against his enemy.

In all this enterprise, they used, for haste, so little the help of horses, that they plucked forth their ordnance by draught of men; which at this time began freely to shoot off towards us: whereby we were furthered warned that they meant more than a skirmish.

Herewith began every man to be smitten with the care of his office and charge; and thereupon accordingly to apply him about it. Herewith began still riding to and fro. Herewith

a general rumour and buzzing among the soldiers; not unlike the noise of the sea, being heard afar off. And herewith, my Lord's Grace and the council, on horseback as they were, fell straight in consultation: the sharpness of whose circumspect wisdoms, as it quickly spied out the enemy's intents, so did it, among other things, promptly provide therein to prevent them; as needful it was, for the time asked no leisure.

Their device was thus. That my Lord GREY, with his band of Boulogners, with my Lord Protector's band, and my Lord Leiutenant's; all to the number of an eighteen hundred men, on the East half: and Sir RALPH VANE, with Sir THOMAS DARCY Captain of the Pensioners, and my Lord FITZWALTER with his band of Demi-lances; all to the number of a sixteen hundred, to be ready and even with my Lord Marshal, on the West half: and thus, all these together, afore [*before*], to encounter the enemy a front: whereby either to break their array, and that way weaken their power by disorder; or, at the least, to stop them of their gate [*march*], and force them to stay, while our Foreward might wholly have the hill's side, and our Battle and Rereward be placed in grounds next that in order, and best for advantage.

And after this, then that the same our horsemen should retire up the hill's side; to come down, in order, afresh, and infest them on both their sides; while our Battles should occupy them in fight a front.

The policy of this device, for the state of the case, as it was, to all that knew of it, generally allowed to be the best that could be: even so, also, taken to be of no small danger for my Lord Marshal, Sir RALPH VANE, and others the assailers; the which, nevertheless, I know not whether more nobly and wisely devised of the council, or more valiantly and willingly executed of them.

For even there, with good courage taking their leaves of the council, my Lord Marshal requiring only that if it went not well with him, my Lord's Grace would be good to his wife and children; he said, "he would meet these Scots!" And so, with their bands, these captains took their way towards the enemy.

By this, were our Foreward and theirs with a two flight shot asunder. The Scots hasted with so fast a pace, that it was thought of the most part of us, they were rather horse-

men than footmen. Our men, again, were led the more with speed.

The Master of the Ordnance, to our great advantage, then plucked up the hill certain pieces; and, soon after, planted two or three cannon of them well nigh upon the top there; whereby, having so much the help of the hill, he might shoot nighest, over our men's heads, at the enemy.

As my Lord's Grace had so circumspectly taken order for the array and station of the army, and for the execution of every man's office besides; even as it is meetest that the head should be the highest, that should well look about for the safeguard of all the other members and parts of the body; so did his Grace, first perfectly appointed in fair harness [*armour*], accompanied with no more, as I noted, than with Sir THOMAS CHALLONER Knight, one of the Clerks of the King's Majesty's Privy Council, take his way towards the height of the hill, to tarry by the ordnance, where he might both best survey us all, and succour with aid where he saw need; and also, by his presence, be a defence to the thing that stood weakest in place and most in danger. The which thereby, how much it did steed anon, shall I show.

As his Grace was half up the hill, my Lord Lieutenant, as it chanced, by him, he was ware [*aware*] the enemy were all at a sudden stay, and stood still a good while. The sight and cause hereof was marvellous to us all; but understandable of none.

My Lord's Grace thought, as indeed it most likely was, that the men had overshot themselves, and would fain have been home again; and herewith said to this effect, "These men will surely come no farther. It were best to cast where we should camp for, pain of my life! they will never fight!"

It had been hardly, I wot not how bad, but I am sure no good device, for our power to have forsaken their ground, to assail them where they stood, so far from the hill that we had wellnigh won so hardly and should keep to so much advantage. And in warfare, always, timely provision is counted great policy. Hereto his Grace was sure that we were able, better and longer to keep our hill, than they their plain.

As for fighting now, it might be more than likely to who-

ever considered it, that their courage was quite quailed, and therefore that they had no will to come any further; but would have been glad to have been whence they came. First, because, at that time, besides the full muster of our footmen (of whom they thought, we had none there; but all to have been either shipped or a shipping): then, they saw plain that we were sure to have the gain of the hill; and they, the ground of disadvantage, out of their Hold, and put from their hope.

And hereto, for that their Herald gave my Lord's Grace no warning, the which by him, if they had meant to fight it out, who would not have presumed that (for the estimation of their honour) they would little stuck to have sent by him; and he, again, and it had been but for his thousand crowns, would have been right glad to have brought?

These be the considerations that, both then and since, did persuade me, my Lord's Grace had good cause to say, "They would not fight!"

Howbeit hereunto if I wist and disclosed but half as much now, as, I am sure, of circumspection, his Grace knew then; I do not doubt but I were able sufficiently to prove he might well be no less certain of that he had said, than any man, might be of an undone deed. The which, nevertheless, how true it was, the proof of the matter soon after did declare; which was that the Scots ran quite their way [*away*] and would never tarry stroke with our footmen where the fight, on both sides, should have been showed.

Notwithstanding, by this time considering, belike, the state they stood in, that as they had left their strength too soon, so, now to be [*it was*] too late to repent: upon a change of countenance, they made hastily towards us again, I know not (to say truth) whether more stoutly of courage, or more strongly of order; methought then, I might note both in their march.

But what after I learned, specially touching their order, their armour, and their manner of fight, as well in going to offend, as in standing to defend: I have thought necessary here to utter.

Hackbutters have they few or none: and they appoint their fight most commonly always afoot.

They came to the field, all well furnish with jack [*light iron jackets covered with white leather*] and skull [*helmet*], dagger, buckler, and swords all notably broad and thin, of exceeding good temper and universally so made to slice, that as I never saw any so good, so think I it hard to devise the better. Hereto, every man his pike; and a great kercher wrapped twice or thrice about his neck; not for cold but for [*against*] cutting.

In their array, towards the joining with the enemy, they cling and thrust so near in the fore rank, shoulder to shoulder together, with their pikes in both hands straight afore them; and their followers in that order so hard at their backs, laying their pikes over their foregoers' shoulders; that if they do assail undissevered, no force can well withstand them.

Standing at defence, they thrust shoulders likewise so nigh together; the fore rank, well nigh to kneeling, stoop low before their fellows behind holding their pikes in both hands, and therewith on their left [arm] their bucklers; the one end of the pike against their right foot, the other against the enemy breast high; their followers crossing their pike points with them foreward; and thus, each with other, so nigh as place and space will suffer, through the whole Ward so thick, that as easily shall a bare finger pierce through the skin of an angry hedgehog, as any encounter the front of their pikes.

My Lord Marshal, notwithstanding, whom no danger detracted from doing his enterprise, with the company and order afore appointed, came full in their faces from the hill's side toward them.

The countenance of war.

Herewith waxed it very hot, on both sides, with pitiful cries, horrible roar, and terrible thundering of guns besides. The day darkened above head, with smoke of shot. The sight and appearance of the enemy, even at hand, before. The danger of death on every side else. The bullets, pellets, and arrows flying each [*every*] where so thick, and so uncertainly lighting, that nowhere was there any surety of safety. Every man stricken with a dreadful fear, not so much, perchance, of death as of hurt; which things, though they were but certain to some, were yet doubted of

all. Assured cruelty at the enemy's hands, without hope of mercy. Death to fly, and danger to fight.

The whole face of the field, on both sides, upon this point of joining, both to the eye and the ear, so heavy, so deadly, lamentable, outrageous, terribly confused, and so quite against the quiet nature of man: as if, to our nobility, the regard of their honour and fame; to the knights and captains, the estimation of their worship and honesty; and generally to us all, the natural motion of bounden duty, our own safety, hope of victory, and the favour of GOD that we trusted we had for the equity of our quarrel; had not been a more vehement cause of courage that the danger of death was cause of fear, the very horror of the thing had been able to make any man to forget both prowess and policy.

But my Lord Marshal and the others, with present mind and courage, warily and quickly continued their course towards them: and my Lord's Grace was then at this post, by the ordnance aloft.

The enemy were in a fallow field, whereof the furrows lay sideling towards our men.

By the side of the same furrows, next us, and a stone's cast from them, was there a cross ditch or slough, which our men must needs pass to come to them: wherein many, that could not leap over, stack fast, to no small danger of themselves, and some disorder of their fellows.

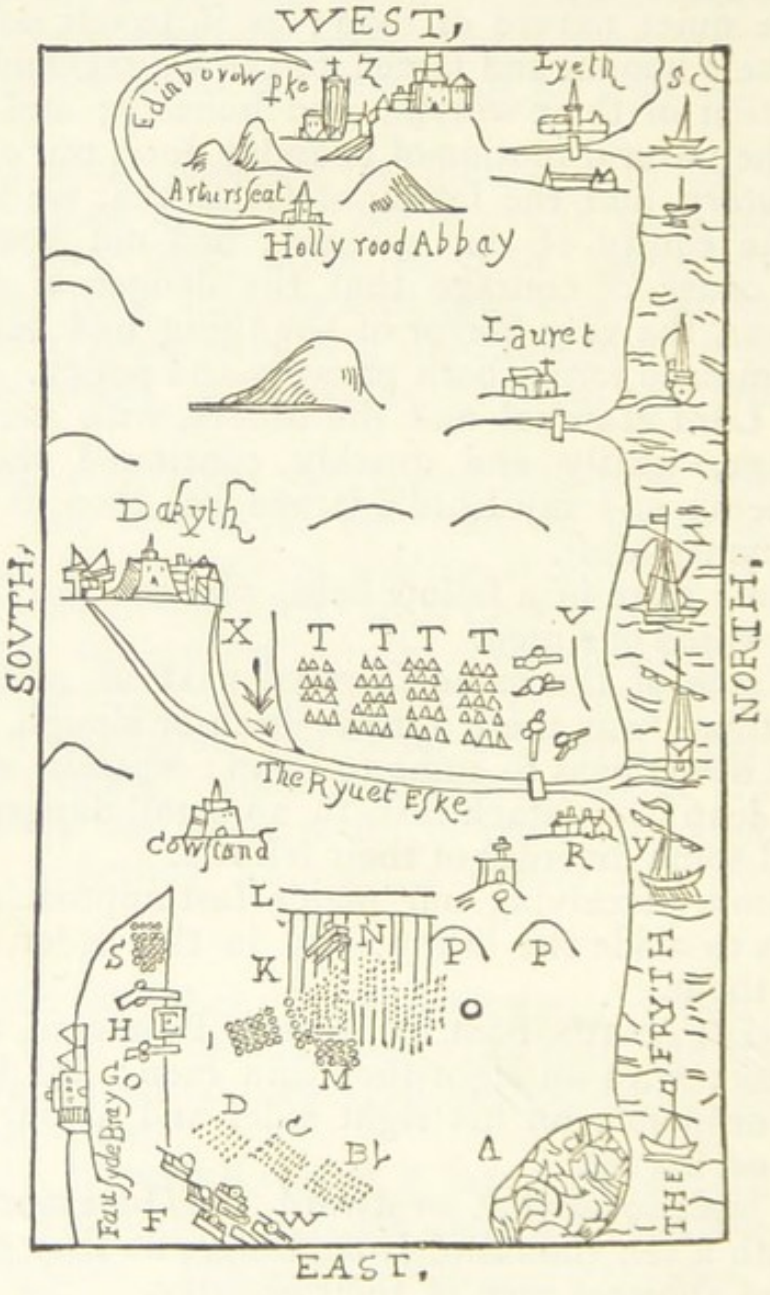
The enemy, perceiving our men's fast approach, disposed themselves to abide the brunt; and in this order, stood still to receive them.

The Earl of ANGUS, next us, in their Foreward, as Captain of the same: with an eight thousand men; and four or five pieces of ordnance on his right side, and a four thousand horsemen on his left.

Behind him, somewhat westward, the Governor [with the Battle] with a ten thousand Inland men, as they call them; counted the choicest men of their country.

And the Earl HUNTLEY in the Rereward, well nigh even with the Battle on the left side, with eight thousand men also. The four thousand Irish archers, as a wing to them both, last indeed in order, and first (as they said) that ran away.

The Battle and Rereward were warded also with their ordnance, according[ly].


WEST,
Edinburow Pke
Lyeth
Arthurs seat
Holly rood Abbay
Lauret
Dalyth
SOUTH,
NORTH,
X
T T T T
V
The Ryuet Eske
cowsland
R
L
K
N
P
P
O
H
I
M
D
B
A
F
W
Fawsyde Bray
THE FRYTH

The First Table.

¶ The exposition of the Letters of this Table.

A. Signifieth the place we camped in, before the battle.
B. Our Rereward.
C. Our Battle.
D. Our Foreward.
E. The square Close.
F. The foot of the hillside.
G. My Lord Protector's Grace.
H. The Master of the Ordnance.
I. Our Horsemen.
K. The Slough.
L. The lane and the two turf walls.
M. Their Foreward, and horsemen by the same.
N. Their Battle.
O. Their Rereward.
P. P. The two hillocks before the church.
Q. St. Michael's of Underesk [*Inveresk*].
R. Muskelborowe [*Musselburgh*].
S. Their horsemen at the end of Fauxside Bray.
T. T. T. T. Their rows of Tents.
V. The turf wall towards the Frith.
W. Our Carriages.
X. The Marsh.
Y. Our Galley.
Z. Edinburgh Castle.

The signification of certain other notes.

• Signifieth a Footman.
◦ a Horseman.
⊦ a Hackbutter a foot.
⊙ a Hackbutter on horseback.
△ an Archer.
ı a Footmen slain.
ᔕ a Horsemen slain.
⅏ The fallow field whereon their army stood.

EDWARD SHELLEY, Lieutenant under my Lord GREY, of his band of Boulogners, was the first on our side that was over this slough, my Lord GREY next; and so then after, two or three ranks of the former [*leading*] bands. But badly, yet, could they make their race; by reason, the furrows lay travers to their course. That notwithstanding, and though there were nothing likely well to be able thus a front to come within them to hurt them, as well because the Scottish men's pikes were as long or longer than their staves [*spears*], as also for that their horses were all naked without barbs [*breastplates*] whereof, though there were right many among us, yet not one put on: forasmuch as at our coming forth in the morning, we looked for nothing less than for battle that day: yet did my Lord, and SHELLEY, with the residue, so valiantly and strongly give the charge upon them, that, whether it were by their prowess or power, the left side of the enemy that his Lordship did set upon, though their order remained unbroken, was yet compelled to sway a good way back and give ground largely; and all the residue of them besides, to stand much amazed.

Before this, as our men were well nigh at them, they stood very brave and braggart, shake their pike-points, crying, "Come here, lounds [*rascals*]! Come here, tykes [*dogs*]! Come here, heretics!" as hardly they are fair mouthed men. Though they meant but small humanity; yet showed they hereby much civility: both of fair play, to warn ere they struck, and of formal order, to chide ere they fought.

Our captains that were behind (perceiving, at eye [*at a glance*], that both by the unevenness of the ground, by the sturdy order of the enemy, and for that their [own] fellows were so nigh and straight before them; they were not able, to any advantage, to maintain this onset), did therefore, accord-

ing to the device in that point appointed, turned themselves, and made a soft [*slow*] retire up towards the hill again.

Howbeit, to confess the truth, some of the number (that knew not the prepensed [*aforethought*] policy of the council, in this case) made, of a sober advised retire, a hasty temerarious flight.

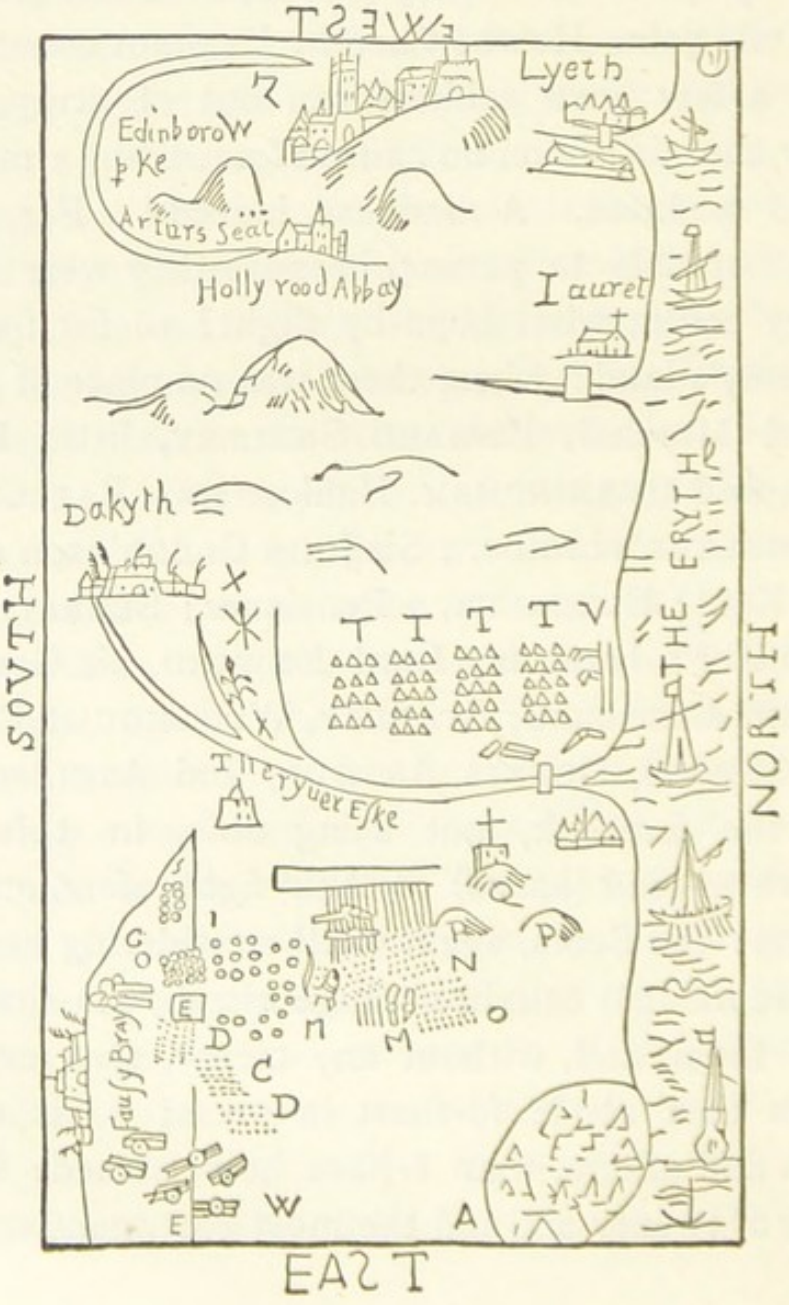
Sound to any man's ear as it may, I shall never admit, for any affection towards country or kin, to be so partial as will, wittingly, either bolster the falsehood or bury the truth: for honour, in my opinion, that way gotten, were unworthily won, and a very vile gain. Howbeit hereby I cannot count any lost, where but a few lewd soldiers ran out of array, without standard or captain; upon no cause of need, but a mere indiscretion and madness. A madness, indeed! For, first, the Scots were not able to pursue, because they were footmen: and, if they could, what hope by flight? so far from home in their enemy's land! where there was no place of refuge!

My Lord Marshal, EDWARD SHELLEY, little PRESTON, BRAMPTON, and GERNINGHAM, Boulogners; RATCLIFFE, the Lord FITZWALTER's brother; Sir JOHN CLERE's son and heir; DIGGES of Kent; ELLERKER, a Pensioner; SEGRAVE. Of my Lord Protector's band, my Lord EDWARD, his Grace's son, Captain of the same band; STANLEY, WOODHOUSE, COONISBY, HORGILL, MORRIS, DENNIS, ARTHUR, and ATKINSON; with others in the forerank, not being able, in this earnest assault, both to tend [*attend*] to their fight afore, and to the retire behind: the Scots, again (well considering hereby how weak they remained) caught courage afresh, ran sharply forward upon them, and, without any mercy, slew every man of our men that abode furthest in press; a six more, of Boulogners and others, than I have here named: in all, to the number of twenty-six, and the most part, gentlemen.

The Second Table

Showeth the placing of our footmen; the slaughter of Edward Shelley and the others; the retire of our band of horsemen up the hill, and the breach of array of the stragglers from them.

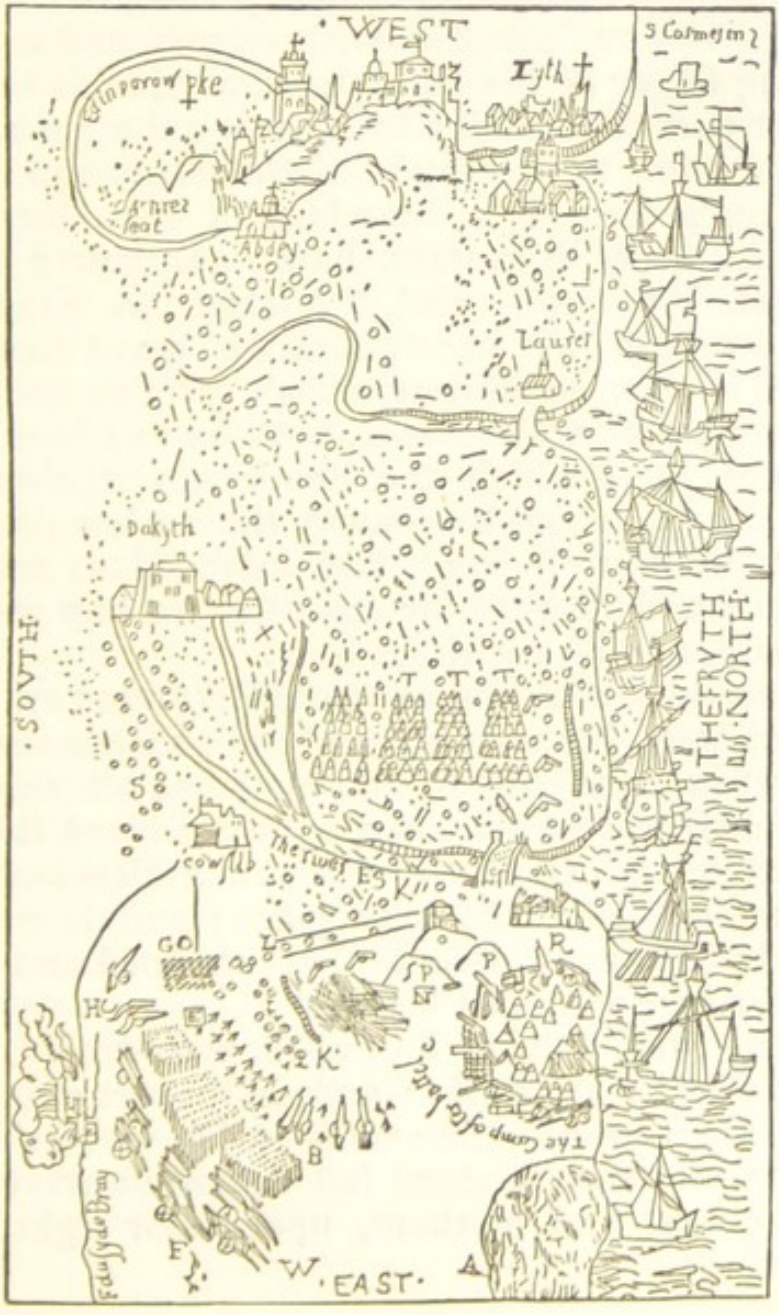
But touching the exposition of the notes and letters; I refer the reader to the Table before [*p.* 113].



This Third Table

Showing the coming into array of our horsemen upon the hill again; the placing of the Hackbutters against the enemy; the shooting of our archers: and then the coming down of our horsemen after, about the chase and slaughter of the enemy.

M. Signify the pikes and weapons let fall by the Scots, in
N. the place where they stood.
O. As for the other characters, I refer the Reader again to the first Table [*p.* 113].



Yet my Lord GREY and my Lord EDWARD (as some grace was) returned, but neither all in safety, nor without evident marks they had been there: for the one, with a pike through the mouth, was raced [*torn*] along from the tip of the tongue, and thrust that way very dangerously, more than two inches with the neck; and my Lord EDWARD had his horse under him, wounded sore with swords, and I think to death.

Like as also, a little before this onset, Sir THOMAS DARCY upon his approach to the enemy was struck glancing wise, on the right side, with a bullet of one of their field pieces; and thereby his body bruised with the bowing in of his harness, his sword hilts broken, and the forefinger of his right hand beaten flat: even so, upon the parting of this fray, was Sir ARTHUR DARCY flashed at with swords, and so hurt upon the wedding finger of his right hand also, as it was counted for the first part of medicine to have it quite cut away.

About the same time, certain of the Scots ran out hastily to the King's Majesty's Standard of the Horsemen, the which Sir ANDREW FLAMMACK bare; and laying fast hold of upon the staff thereof, cried, "A King! A King!" that if both his strength, his heart, and his horse had not been good; and hereto, somewhat aided, at this pinch, by Sir RALPH COPPINGER a Pensioner, both he had been slain, and the standard lost; which the Scots, nevertheless, held so fast that they brake and bare away the nether [*lower*] end of the staff to the burrell [*ring*] and intended so much to the gain of the standard, that Sir ANDREW, as hap was, 'scaped home all safe, and else without hurt.

At this business, also, was my Lord FITZWALTER, Captain of a number of Demi-lances, unhorsed; but soon mounted again, escaped, yet in great danger, and his horse all [that] he wan.

Hereat further, were CAVARLEY, the Standard Bearer of the Men of Arms, and CLEMENT PASTON a Pensioner, each of them thrust into the legs with pikes; and Don PHILIP, a Spaniard, in the knee: divers others maimed and hurt; and many horses sore wounded beside.

¶ By this time, had our Foreward, accordingly, gotten the full vantage of the hill's side; and, in respect of their march, stood sideling towards the enemy: who, nevertheless were not able, in all parts, to stand full square in array by reason that at the west end of them, upon their right hand and

towards the enemy, there was a square plot enclosed with turf, as their manner of fencing [*making with walls*] in those parts is; one corner whereof did let the square of the same array. Our Battle, in good order, next them, but so as in continuance of array: the former part thereof stood upon the hill's side, the tail upon the plain. And the Rereward wholly upon the plain.

So that by the placing and countenance of our army in this wise, we showed ourselves, in a manner, to compass them in, that they should, in no way 'scape us: the which, by our power and number, we were as well able to do, as a spinner's web to catch a swarm of bees. Howbeit, for heart and courage, we meant to meet with them, had they been as many more.

Those indiscreet gadlings that so fondly brake array from the horsemen in the retire, as I said, ran so hastily through the orders and ranks of our Foreward, as it stood, that it did both disorder many, feared many, and was a great encouragement to the enemy.

My Lord Lieutenant, who had the guiding of the Foreward, right valiantly had conducted them to their standing: and there did very nobly encourage and comfort them; bidding them, "Pluck up their hearts! and show themselves men! for there was no cause of fear. As for victory, it was in their own hands, if they did abide by it! and he himself, even there, would live and die among them!"

And surely, as his Worthiness always right well deserveth, so was his Honour, at that time, worthily furnished with worthy captains.

First, Sir JOHN LUTTERELL, who had the leading of a three hundred of his Lordship's men, that were the foremost of this Foreward; all with harness and weapon: and, in all points else, so well trimmed for war that, like as, at that time, I could well note my Lord's great cost and honour, for their choice and perfect appointment and furniture; so did I then also consider Sir JOHN LUTTRELL's prowess and wisdom for their valiant conduction, and exact observance of order. Whom (knowing, as I know) for his wit, manhood, good qualities, and aptness to all gentle feats besides; I have good cause to count both a good Captain a warfare in field, and a worthy Courtier in peace at home.

I mean such a one as Count BALDASSARE [CASTIGLIONE] the Italian, in his book of *The Courtier* doth frame.

Then in the same Foreward, Sir MORICE DENNIS, another Captain, who wisely first exhorting his men "to play the men, showing thereby the assurance of victory," and then to the intent they should be sure he would never shrink from them, he did with no less worship than valiance, in the hottest of this business, alighted among them, and put his horse from him.

But if I should (as cause, I confess, there was enough) make here any stay in his commendation therefore, or of the forward courage of Sir GEORGE HAWARD, who bear the King's Majesty's Standard in the Battle; or of the circumspect diligence of Sir WILLIAM PICKERING and Sir RICHARD WINGFIELD, Sergeants of the Band to the Foreward; or of the prompt forwardness of Sir CHARLES BRANDON, another captain there; or of the painful industry of Sir JAMES WILFORD, Provost Marshal, who placed himself with the foremost of this Foreward; or of the good order in march of Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY and WILLIAM DENNIS Esquire, both captains; or of the present heart of JOHN CHALLONER, a captain also in the battle; or of the honest respect of EDWARD CHAMBERLAIN, Gentleman Harbinger [*Quartermaster*] of the Army, who willingly as then, came in order with the same Foreward; or of right many others in both these Battles (for I was not nigh the Rereward) whose behaviour and worthiness were, at that time, notable in mine eye (although I neither knew then all of them I saw; nor could since remember of them I knew) I might well be in doubt it should be too much an intrication to the matter, too great a tediousness to the reader. And therefore to say on.

The Scots were somewhat disordered with their coming out about the slaughter of our men; the which they did so earnestly then intend, they took not one to mercy. But more they were amazed at this adventurous and hardy onset. My Lord's Grace having before this, for causes aforesaid, placed himself on this Fauxside Bray, and thereby quickly perceiving the great disorder of these straggling horsemen, hemmed them in from further straying; whom Sir RALPH VANE, with great dexterity, brought in good order and array again.

And therewith, the rest of our strengths, by the policy of

my Lord's Grace, and the diligence of every captain and officer beside, were so opportunely and aptly applied, in their feat, that where this repulse by the enemy and retire of us were doubted by many, to turn to the danger of our loss: the same was wrought and advanced, according as it was devised, to our certainty of gain and victory.

For, first, at this slough, where most of our horsemen had stood, Sir PETER MEWTYS, Captain of all the Hackbutters afoot, did very valiantly conduct, and place a good number of his men, in a manner, hard at the face of the enemy. Whereunto, Sir PETER GAMBOA, a Spaniard, Captain of a two hundred Hackbutters on horseback, did readily bring his men also: who, with the hot continuance of their shot, on both parties, did so stoutly stay the enemy, that they could not well come further forward.

Then our archers that marched in array, on the right hand of our footmen, and next to the enemy, pricked them sharply with arrows, as they stood.

Therewith, the Master of the Ordnance, to their great annoyance, did gall with hail shot and other [shot] out of the great ordnance directly from the hill top; and certain other gunners, a flank, from our Rereward. Most of our artillery and missive engines then wholly thus at once, with great puissance and vehemency, occupied about them.

Herewith, the full sight of our footmen, all shadowed from them before, by our horsemen and the dust raised; whom then they were ware [*aware*], in such order, to be so near upon them. And to this the perfect array of our horsemen again coming courageously to set on them afresh. Miserable men! perceiving themselves, then all too late, how much too much they were misinformed, began suddenly to shrink. Their Governor, that brought them first to the bargain, like a doughty Captain, took hastily his horse that he might run foremost away. Indeed, it stood somewhat with reason that he should make first homeward that first made outward; but, as some of them said, scant [*scarcely*] with honour, and with shame enough. The Earl of ANGUS and other chief captains did quickly follow, as their Governor led; and with the foremost, their Irishmen.

Therewith then turned all the whole rout, kest [*cast*] down their weapons, ran out of their Wards, off with their jacks

and with all that ever they might, betook them to the race that their Governor began.

Our men had found them at the first (as what could escape so many thousand eyes?), and sharply and quickly, with an universal outcry, "They fly! They fly!" pursued after in chase amain: and thereto so eagerly and with such fierceness, that they overtook many, and spared indeed but few; as it might then hardly have been both folly and peril to have showed any pity.

But when they were once turned; it was a wonder to see how soon, and in how sundry sorts they were scattered. The place they stood on like a wood of staves [*pikes*] strewed on the ground as rushes in a chamber; impassable they lay so thick, for either horse or man.

Here, at the first, they let fall all their pikes after that, everywhere, they scattered swords, bucklers, daggers, jacks, and all things else that either was of any weight, or might be any let to their course. Which course among them, they made specially three ways. Some along the sands by the Frith, towards Leith. Some straight towards Edinburgh, whereof part went through the park there: in the walls whereof, though they be round about of flint stone; yet were there many holes already made. And part of them by the highway that leads along by Holy Rood Abbey. And the residue, and, as we noted then, the most of them towards Dalkeith: which way, by means of the marsh, our horsemen were worst able to follow.

Sundry shifts, some shrewd, some sorry, made they in their running. Divers of them in their courses, as they were ware [*aware*] they were pursued but of one, would suddenly back, and lash at the legs of the horse or foin [*thrust*] him in the belly. And sometime did they reach at the rider also: whereby CLEMENT PASTON in the arm, and divers others otherwise, were hurt in this chase.

Some other lay flat in a furrow, as though they were dead, and thereby were passed by of our men untouched; as I heard say, the Earl of ANGUS confessed he couched till his horse happed to be brought him. Other some, to stay in the river, cowering down his body, his head under the root of a willow tree, with scant his nose above water for breath. A shift, but no succour, it was to many that had their skulls [*helmets*]

on, at the stroke of the follower, to shrink their heads into their shoulders, like a tortoise into its shell. Others, again, for their more lightness, cast away shoes and doublets; and ran in their shirts. And some were also seen in this race, to fall flat down all breathless, and to have run themselves to death.

Before this, at the time of our onset, came there eastward, a five hundred of their horsemen, up along this Fauxside Bray, straight upon our ordnance and carriage. My Lord's Grace, as I said, most specially for the doubt of the same, placing himself thereby, caused a piece or two to be turned towards them; with a few shots whereof, they were soon turned also, and fled to Dalkeith. But had they kept on, they were provided for accordingly. For one parson KEBLE, a Chaplain of his Grace's, and two or three others, by and by discoverd four or five of the carts of munition, and therewith bestowed pikes, bills, bows and arrows to as many as came. So that of carters and others there were soon weaponed, there, about a thousand men; whom parson KEBLE and the others did very handsomely dispose in array, and made a pretty muster.

To return now. Soon after this notable strewing of their footmen's weapons, began a pitiful sight of the dead corpses lying dispersed abroad. Some, with their legs off; some but hought [*ham-strung*] and left lying half dead: others, with the arms cut off; divers, their necks half asunder; many, their heads cloven; of sundry, the brains pasht [*smashed*] out; some others again, their heads quite off: with a thousand other kinds of killing.

After that, and further in the chase, all, for the most part, killed either in the head or in the neck; for our horsemen could not well reach them lower with their swords.

And thus, with blood and slaughter of the enemy, this chase was continued five miles in length westward, from the place of their standing, which was in the fallow fields of Underesk [*Inveresk*], unto Edinburgh Park, and well nigh to the gates of the town itself, and unto Leith; and in breadth, nigh three miles, from the Frith sands, towards Dalkeith southward. In all which space, the dead bodies lay as thick as a man may note cattle grazing in a full replenished pasture. The river ran all red with blood: so that in the same chase were counted, as well by some of our men that

somewhat diligently did mark it, as by some of them taken prisoners, that very much did lament it, to have been slain above thirteen thousand. In all this compass of ground, what with weapons, arms, hands, legs, heads, blood, and dead bodies, their flight might have easily been tracked to every [*each*] of their three refuges.

And for the smallness of our number, and the shortness of the time, which was scant five hours, from one till well nigh six, the mortality was so great, as it was thought the like aforetime had not been seen. Indeed, it was the better maintained with their own swords that lay each where [*everywhere*] scattered by the way; whereof our men, as they brake one, still took up another. There was store enough: and they laid it on so freely, that right many among them, at this business, brake three or four ere they returned homeward to the army.

I may well, perchance, confess that herein we used some sharpness, although not as much as we might have, and little courtesy: and yet I can safely avow, all was done by us as rather by sundry respects driven and compelled, than either of cruelty or of delight in slaughter. And like, some way, to the diligent master that sharply sometimes, when warning will not serve, doth beat his scholar: not hardly [*probably*] for hate of the child or his own delight in beating, but for love, he would have him amend his faults or negligence; and beats him once surely, because he would need to beat him no more.

One cause of the correction we used, I may well count to be, the tyrannous Vow that they made, which we certainly heard of, that whensoever they fought and overcame, they would slay so many and spare so few: a sure proof whereof they plainly had showed at our onset before, where they killed all, and saved not a man.

Another respect was to revenge their great and cruel tyranny at Panyar Hough [? *Penial Heugh*], as I have said before, where they slew the Lord EVERS, whom otherwise they might have taken prisoner and saved; and cruelly killed as many else of our men as came into their hands.

We were forced yet hereto, by a further and very earnest regard, which was the doubt of the assembling of their army again; whereof a cantel [*fraction*], for the number, had been

able to compare with our whole host, when it was at the greatest: and so, perchance, we should have been driven, with double labour, to beat them again, and make two works out of one; whereas we well remembered that "a thing once well done, is twice done."

To these, another, and not the meanest matter, was that their armour among them so little differed, and their apparel was so base and beggarly; wherein the Lurdein was, in a manner, all one with the Lord; and the Lound with the La[i]rde: all clad alike in jacks covered with white leather; doublets of the same or of fustian; and most commonly all white hosen. Not one! with either chain, brooch, ring, or garment of silk that I could see; unless chains of latten [*pewter*] drawn four or five times along the thighs of their hosen, and doublet sleeves for cutting: and of that sort I saw many. This vileness of port [*dress*] was the cause that so many of their great men and gentlemen were killed; and so few saved. The outward show, the semblance and sign whereby a stranger might discern a villain from a gentleman, was not to be seen among them. As for words and goodly proffer of great ransoms, they were as common and rife in the mouths of the one as the other: and therefore it came to pass that after, in the examination and counting of the prisoners, we found we had taken above twenty of their villains to one of their gentlemen: whom no man need to doubt we had rather have spared than the villains, if we could have known any difference between them in the taking.

The name of Lord the Scots take in like signification of speech as we do: but a La[i]rde with them, I take it, is as Squire [*Esquire*] with us. A Lound is a name of reproach, as a Villain or such like.

And yet, notwithstanding all these our just causes and quarrels to kill them, we showed more grace, and took more to mercy, than the case on our side, for the causes aforesaid, did well deserve or require.

For, beside the Earl HUNTLEY who was appointed in good harness (likest a gentleman of any of them that I could hear of or see) who could not then escape because he lacked his horse; and therefore happed to be taken by Sir RALPH VANE; and beside the Lord of YESTER: HOBBY HAMBLETON [*HAMILTON*], Captain of Dunbar; the Master of Sampoole [*Semple*]: the Laird of Wimmes, taken by JOHN BREN; a brother of the Earl of CASSIL[I]S; besides one MOUTRELL, taken by

CORNELIUS, Comptroller of the Ordnance of this army; and one of the CAMALS [? *CAMPBELLS*], an Irish gentleman, taken by EDWARD CHAMBERLAIN; and besides many other Scottish gentlemen more, whose names and takers I remember not well, the prisoners accounted by the Marshal's book, were numbered to above fifteen hundred.

A kinsman, belike, of the Earl of ARGYLE whose proper name is CAMALL [?*CAMPBELL*] like as the Earl of ANGUS's is DOUGLAS, and the Earl of HUNTLEY's is GORDON.

Touching the slaughter, sure[ly] we killed nothing so many as, if we had minded cruelty so much, for the time and opportunity right well we might. For my Lord's Grace, of his wonted mercy, much moved with the pity of this sight, and rather glad of victory than desirous of cruelty, soon after (by guess) five o'clock, stayed his Standard of his Horsemen, at the furthest part of their camp westward; and caused the trumpets to blow a retreat.

A Scottish herald was also taken: but here not placed: because my Lord's Grace caused him forthwith freely to be released home; without ransom or loss.

Whereat also, Sir RALPH SADLER, Treasurer (whose great diligence at that time, and ready forwardness in the chiefest of the fray before, did worthily merit no small commendation) caused all the Footmen to stay, and then, with much travail and great pains, made them to be brought into some order again. It was a thing not yet easily to be done, by reason they all, as then, somewhat busily applied their market, the spoil of this Scottish camp: wherein were found good provision of white bread, ale, oaten cakes, mutton, butter in pots, cheese; and, in divers tents, good wine also. Good store, to say truth, of good victail, for the manner of their country.

And in some tents among them, as I heard say, were also found a dish or two, two or three goblets, or three or four chalices of silver plate: which the finders (I know not with what reverence, but hardly with some devotion) plucked out of the cold clouts and thrust into their warm bosoms.

Here now, to say somewhat of the manner of their camp. As they had no pavilions or round houses of a commendable compass: so were there few other tents with posts, as the used manner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot in length, but most far under. For the most part, they were all sumptuously beset, after their fashion, with fleur de lys, for the love of France, some of blue buckram, some of black, and some of some other colours.

These white ridges, as I called them, that, as we stood on

Fauxside Bray, did make so great a muster towards us, which I did take then to be a number of tents: when we came, we found them to be a linen drapery, of the coarser camerick [*cambric*] indeed, for it was all of canvas sheets.

They were the tenticles or rather cabins and couches of their soldiers: which (much after the common building of their country besides) they had framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece: whereof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stuck in the ground an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bow of a sow's yoke. Over two such bows, one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet, they stretched a sheet down on both sides whereby their cabins became roofed like a ridge, but scant shut at both ends; and not very close beneath, on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery. Howbeit within they had lined them, and stuffed them so thick with straw, that as the weather was not very cold, when they were once couched, they were as warm as [if] they had been wrapped in horsedung.

The plot of their camp was called Edminston Edge, nigh Gilberton [? *Gilmerton*], a place of the Lord of BRUNSTON[E]S, half a mile beyond Musselburgh, and a three mile on this side Edinburgh; and occupied in largeness, with divers tents and tenticles in sundry parts out of square, about a mile's compass. Wherein, as our men, upon the sound of retreat, at their retire, were somewhat assembled; we all, with a loud and entire outcry and hallowing [*holloaing*], in sign of gladness and victory, made a universal noise and shout: whereof the shrillness, as we heard after, was heard unto Edinburgh.

It was a wonder to see, but that as they say "many hands make light work" how soon the dead bodies were stripped, even from as far as the chase went, unto the place of our onset, whereby the personages of the enemies might, by the way, easily be viewed and considered: which for their tallness of stature, cleanness of skin, bigness of bone, with due proportion in all parts, I, for my part advisedly noted, to be such as but that I well saw that it was so, I would not have believed, sure[ly], so many of that sort to have been in all their country.

Among them, lay there many priests and "Kirkmen," as they call them; of whom it was bruited among us, that

there was a whole band of a three or four thousand: but we were afterwards informed that it was not altogether so.

At the place of the charge given by us, at the first, we there found our horses slain all gored and hewn, and our men so ruefully gashed and mangled, in the head especially, as not one could, by the face, be known who he was.

Little PRESTON was found there with both his hands cut off by the wreasts [*wrists*]; and known to be him, for that it was known he had on each arm a bracelet of gold: for the which they so chopped him.

EDWARD SHELLEY, alas, that worthy gentleman and valiant Captain! lay all pitifully disfigured and mangled among them; and nothing discernable but by his beard. Of whom, besides the properties of his person, for his wit, his good qualities, his activities in feats of war, and his perfect honesty, for the which he was, by all men of all estates, so much esteemed and so well beloved: and hereto, for that he was my so near friend, I had cause enough here, without parsimony to praise his life and lament his death, were it not that the same should be too great a digression, and too much interruption of the matter.

But touching the manner of his death, I think his merit too much, to let pass in silence: who not inferior, in fortitude of mind, either unto the Roman CURTIUS* or the two DECII: he, being in this business, foremost of all our men against the enemy: considering with himself, that as his hardy charge upon them, was sure to be their terror, and very likely to turn to the breach of their order; and herewith also that the same should be great courage to his followers that came to give the charge with him; and pondering again that his turning back at this point, should cause the contrary,

* As there fell suddenly in Rome, a great dungeon, and swallowing of ground, CURTIUS, a Roman Gentleman, for the pleasing of the gods, and that the same might cease, mounted on his horse and leapt down into the same, which then after closed up again. VALERIUS MAXIMUS, *li.* vi. *ca.* vi.

DECIUS MUS and PUBLIUS DECIUS his son, Consuls of Rome, as they should fight, the father against the Latins, and the son after that against the Samnites; and were warned, by dream, that those armies should have the victory, whose Captains were first slain in field: they both ran willingly into the hosts of their enemies. They were slain, and their armies wan the field.

PLUTARCH, *De DECIO pre paral.* xxxvii. Et LIVIUS *de P. DECIO li.* x. *dec.* i.

and be great danger of our confusion, was content, in his King's and country's quarrel, in hopes the rather to leave victory unto his countrymen, thus honourably to take death to himself.

Whom, let no man think! no foolish hardness or weariness of life drave unto so hard an enterprise, whose sober valiance of courage hath often otherwise, in the late wars with France, been sufficiently approved before; and whose state of living, I myself knew to be such as lacked nothing that might pertain to perfect worldly wealth.

I trust it shall not be taken that I mean, hereby, to derogate fame from any of the rest that died there, GOD have their souls! who, I wot, bought the bargain as dear as he: but only to do that in me may lie, to make his name famous who, among these, in my opinion, towards his Prince and country, did best deserve.

Nigh this place of onset, where the Scots, at their running away, had let fall their weapons, as I said: there found we, besides their common manner of armour, certain nice instruments of war, as we thought. They were new boards' ends cut off, being about a foot in breadth and half a yard in length: having on the inside, handles made very cunningly of two cords' ends. These, a GOD's name! were their targets against the shot of our small artillery; for they were not able to hold out a cannon.

And with these, found we great rattles, swelling bigger than the belly of a pottle [*half gallon*] pot, covered with old parchment or double paper, small stones put in them to make a noise, and set upon the end of a staff of more than two ells long. And this was their fine device to fray [*frighten*] our horses, when our horsemen should come at them. Howbeit, because the riders were no babies, nor their horses any colts; they could neither duddle the one, nor affray the other. So that this policy was as witless, as their power forceless.

Among these weapons, and besides divers other banners, standards, and pennons, a banner of white sarsenet was found, under which, it was said these "Kirkmen" came, Whereon was painted a woman, with her hair about her shoulders, kneeling before a crucifix; and on her right hand, a church: after that, written along upon the banner, in great Roman letters,

AFFLICTÆ SPONSÆ, NE OBLIVISCARIS!

which words declared that they would have this woman to signify the Church, CHRIST's Spouse, thus, in humble wise, making her petition unto CHRIST her husband that He would not now forget her, His Spouse, being scourged and persecuted; meaning, at this time, by us.

It was said it was the Abbot of Dunfermline's banner: but whether it were his, or the Bishop of DUNKELD's, the Governor's brother (they, I understand, were both in the field); and what the number of these "kirkmen" was; I could not certainly learn. But, sure[ly], it was some devout Papist's device, that not only, belike, would not endeavour to do ought for atonement and peacemaking between us; but, all contrariwise, brought forth his standard stoutly to fight in field himself against us, pretexing [*pretending*] this his great ungodliness thus bent towards the maintenance of a naughty quarrel, with colour [*pretext*] of religion, to come in aid of CHRIST's Church.

Which Church, to say truth, coming thus to battle full appointed with weapon, and guarded with such a sort [*company*] of deacons to fight; however in painting he had set her out, a man might well think that, in condition, he had rather framed her after a curst quean that would pluck her husband by the pate, except she had her will; than like a meek spouse that went about humbly by submission and prayer to desire her husband's help for redress of things amiss.

Howbeit for saving upright the subtilty of this godly man's device, it is best we take what he meant the most likely, that is, the Church malignant and Congregation of the Wicked, whereunto that ANTICHRIST, the Bishop of Rome, is *John* ca. 2. husband, whom CHRIST said, as a thief, comes never but to steal, slay, and destroy; and whose good son, this holy Prelate, in his thus coming to the field, with his AFFLICTÆ, now showed himself to be.

There was upon this Fauxside Bray (as I have before said, *p.* 97) a little Castle or Pile, which was very busy all the time of the battle, as any of our men came nigh it, to shoot at them with such artillery as they had; which was none other than hand-guns and hackbuts, and of them not a dozen

either. Little hurt did they: but as they saw their fellows in the field thus driven and beaten away before their faces; they plucked in their pieces, like a dog, his tail; and couched themselves within all mute. But, by and by, the house was set on fire: and they, for their good will, burnt and smothered within.

Thus, through the favour of GOD's bounty, by the valiance and policy of my Lord Protector's Grace, by the forward endeavour of all the nobles and council there besides; and by the willing diligence of every captain, officer, and true subject else: we, most valiantly and honourably, wan the victory over our enemies.

Of whom, thirteen thousand were slain thus in field, of which number, as we were certainly informed by sundry and the best of the prisoners then taken, beside the Earl of LOGHEN [*LOUDEN*] were the Lord FLEMING, the Master of Greym [*Graham*], the Master of Arskyn [*Erskine*], the Master Ogleby [? *Oglevy*], the Master of Avondale, the Master of Rouen [? *Rowan*]; and many others of noble birth among them.

There were slain of Lairds, Laird's sons, and other gentlemen, above twenty-six hundred: five hundred were taken prisoners, whereof many were also gentlemen; among whom were there of name, as I have before named, the Earl HUNTLEY, Lord Chancellor of the Realm there, the Lord of YESTER, HOBBY HAMBLETON [*HAMILTON*], Captain of Dunbar; the Master of Sampoole [*Semple*], the Laird of Wemmis, and a brother of the Earl of CASSIL[I]S.

Two thousand, by lurking and lying as though they were dead, 'scaped away in the night, all maimed and hurt.

Herewith wan we of their weapons and armour more than we would vouchsafe to give carriage for: and yet were there conveyed thence, by ship, into these parts, of jacks specially, and swords, above thirty thousand.

This night, with great gladness, and thanksgiving to GOD (as good cause we had), we pitched our camp at Edgebuckling Bray [*Brae*], beside Pynkersclough [*Pinkie Cleugh*]; and a mile beyond the place we camped at before.

About an hour after that, in some token, as I took it, of GOD's assent and applause showed to us touching this victory; the heavens relented and poured down a great shower of rain that lasted well nigh an hour: not unlike and

according, as after our late sovereign Lord's conquest of Boulogne, plentiful showers did also then ensue.

And as we were then a settling, and the tents a-setting up, among all things else commendable in our whole journey, one thing seemed to me an intolerable disorder and abuse. That whereas always, both in all towns of war and in all camps of armies, quietness and stillness, without noise, is principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why): our Northern prickers, the Borderers, notwithstanding (with great enormity, as thought me, and not unlike, to be plain, a masterless hound howling in a highway, when he hath lost him he waited on) some "hoop"-ing, some whistling, and most with crying, "A Berwick! a Berwick!" "A FENWICK! A FENWICK!" "A BULMER! a BULMER!" or so otherwise as their Captains' name were, never ceased these troublous and dangerous noises all the night long.

They said they did it to find out their captains and fellows: but if the soldiers of other countries [*counties*] and shires had used the same manner, in that case, we should have ofttimes had the state of our camp more like the outrage of a dissolute hunting, than the quiet of a well ordered army. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse causes (but that I take it, they are better unspoken than uttered, unless the fault were sure to be amended) that might show they move always more peril to our army but in their one night's so doing, than they show good service, as some say, in a whole voyage.

And since it is my part to be plain in my process, I will be the bolder to show what further I noted and heard. Another manner have they among them, of wearing handkerchers rolled about their arms, and letters broidered upon their caps. They said themselves, the use thereof was that each of them might know his fellow, and thereby the sooner assemble or in need to aid one another, and such like respects. Howbeit there were of the army among us (some suspicious men, perchance) that thought they used them for collusion; and rather because they might be known to the enemy as the enemy are known to them, for they have their marks too: and so, in conflict, either each to spare the other, or gently each to take the other.

Indeed men have been moved the rather to think so, because some of their crosses [*i.e., the badge of the English army, a red cross on a white ground*] were so narrow, and so singly [*slightly*] set on, that a puff of wind might have blown them from their breasts: and that they were found, right often, talking with the Scottish prickers within less than their gad's [*spear's*] length asunder; and when they perceived they had been spied, they have begun to run at one another. But so apparently *perlassent* [*i.e., in a make believe manner*], as the lookers on resembled their chasing, like the running at base in an uplandish town, where the match is made for a quart of good ale: or like the play in ROBIN COOK's school; where because the punies may learn, they strike few strokes, but by assent and appointment.

I heard some men say, it did much augment their suspicion that way, because, at the battle, they saw these prickers so badly demean themselves, more intending the taking of prisoners than the surety of victory: for while other men fought, they fell to their prey; that as there were but few of them but brought home his prisoner, so were there many that had six or seven.

Many men, yet I must confess, are not disposed always to say all of the best; but are more ready, haply, to find other men's faults than to amend their own. Howbeit, I think, sure[ly], as for our prickers, if their faults had been fewer, their infamy had been less. Yet say I not this so much to dispraise them; as a means for amendment. Their captains and gentlemen again, are men, for the most part, all of right honest service and approved prowess: and such, sure[ly], as for their well-doing, would become famous, if their soldiers were as toward as they themselves be forward.

As things fell after in communication, one question among others arose, "Who killed the first man this day, in field?" The glory whereof one JERONIMO, an Italian, would fain have had: howbeit it was, after, well tried, that it was one CUTHBERT MUSGRAVE, a gentleman of my Lord of WARWICK's, who right hardily killed a gunner at his piece in the Scots' Forward, ere ever they began any whit to turn. The fact, for the forwardness, well deserving remembrance; I thought it not meet to let it slip in silence.

This night, the Scottish Governor, when he once thought

himself in some safety, with all speed, caused the Earl BOTHWELL to be let out of prison: which whether he did it for the doubt he had that we would have released him, "willed he, nilled he"; or whether he would show himself fain to do somewhat before the people, to make some amends of his former fault, I do not know: but this, sure[ly], rather for some cause of fear than for any good will; which was well apparent to all men, in that he kept the Earl so long before in hold, without any just cause.

Sunday, the 11th of September. IN THE morning, a great sort [*company*] of us rode to the place of onset, where our men lay slain: and, what by gentlemen for their friends, and servants for their masters, all of them that were known to be ours were buried.

In the meantime, the Master and Officers of the Ordnance, did very diligently get together all the Scottish ordnance: which, because it lay in sundry places, they could not in [*bring in*] all overnight. And these were in number, a thirty pieces: whereof one culverin, three sakers, and nine smaller pieces were of brass; and of iron, seventeen pieces more, mounted on carriages.

These things thus done. Somewhat afore noon, our camp raised. We marched along the Frith side, straight towards Leith; and approaching nigh the same about three o'clock in the afternoon, we pight [*pitched*] our field [*i.e., the camp*] a prick shot on this side the town, being on the south-east half, somewhat shadowed from Edinburgh by a hill [*Calton Hill*], but the most of it lying within the full sight and shot of the Castle there, and in distance somewhat above a quarter of a mile.

My Lord's Grace, guarded but with a small company, was come to Leith well-nigh half an hour before the army; which he found all desolate of resistance, or anybody else. There were in the haven that runneth unto the midst of the town, a thirteen vessels of divers sorts. Somewhat of oade, wines, wainscot, and salt were found in the town: but as but little of that, so nothing else of value. For how much of other things as could well be carried, the inhabitants, overnight, had packed away with them.

My Lord Marshal and most of our horsemen were bestowed and lodged in the town. My Lord's Grace, my Lord Lieutenant, and the rest of the army in the camp.

Monday, the 12th of September. THIS day, my Lord's Grace with the council and Sir RICHARD LEE, rode about the town, and to the plots and hillocks, on either side, nigh to it, to view and consider whether the same, by building, might be made tenable and defensible.

Tuesday, the 13th of September. CERTAIN of our small vessels burnt Kinghorn, and a town or two more standing on the north side of the Frith, againstLeith. In the afternoon, my Lord's Grace rowed up the Frith a six or seven miles westward, as it runneth into the land; and took in his way an island there, called Saint Colms Ins [*Inchcolm*] which standeth a four mile beyond Leith, and a good way nearer the north shore than the south: yet not within a mile, of the nearest. It is but half a mile about; and hath in it a pretty Abbey (but the monks were gone), fresh water enough, and also conies [*rabbits*]; and is is so naturally strong as but by one way it can be entered.

My Lord's Grace considering the plot whereof, did quickly cast to have it kept: whereby all traffic of merchandise, all commodities else coming by the Frith into their land; and utterly the whole use of the Frith itself, with all the havens upon it, should quite be taken from them.

Wednesday, the 14th of September THIS day; my Lord's Grace riding back again, eastward, to view divers things and places, took Dalkeith in his way; where a house of GEORGE DOUGLAS's doth stand: and coming somewhat near it, he sent SOMERSET his Herald with a trumpet before, to know "Who kept it; and whether the keepers would hold it, or yield it to his Grace?"

Answer was made, that "there were a sixty persons within, whom their master, lying there the Saturday at night, after the battle, did will that they, the house, and all that was in it, should be at my Lord Grace's commandment and pleasure."

Whereupon the chiefest came out; and, in the name of

all the rest, humbled himself unto my Lord's will; proferring his Grace, in his master's name, divers fair goshawks; the which my Lord's Grace (how nobly soever he listed to show mercy upon submission, yet uttering a more majesty of honour than to base [*abase*] his generosity to the reward of his enemy) did, but not contemptuously, refuse.

So, without coming in, passed by; and rode to the place where the battle was begun to be struck: the which having a pretty while overseen, he returned by Musselburgh, and so along by the Frith; diligently marking and noting things by the way.

Many were the houses, gentlemen, and others that, as well in his return as in his going out, upon submission, his Grace received into his protection.

This day, my Lord's Grace, as well for countenance [*the appearance*] of building as though he would tarry long; as also to keep our Pioneers somewhat in exercise (whom a little rest would soon make nought), caused along the east side of Leith, a great ditch and trench to be cast towards the Frith: the work whereof continued till the morning of our departing.

Thursday, the 15th of September. MY LORD CLINTON, High Admiral, as I said, of the Fleet, taking with him the Galley, whereof one BROKE is Captain, and four or five of our smaller vessels besides, all well appointed with munition and men, rowed up the Frith a ten mile westward, to an haven town standing on the south shore, called Blackness, whereat, towards the water side, is a castle of petty strength: as nigh whereunto as the depth of water there would suffer, the Scots, for safeguard, had laid the *Mary Willoughby* and the *Anthony* of Newcastle; two tall ships which, with extreme injury, they had stolen from us beforetime, when there was no war between us. With these, lay there also another large vessel, called by them the *Bosse*, and a seven more; whereof a part were laden with merchandise.

My Lord CLINTON and his company, with right hardy approach, after a great conflict betwixt the castle and our vessels, by fine [*sheer*] force, wan from them those three ships of name; and burnt all the residue, before their faces, as they lay.

Friday, the 16th of September. THE Laird of BRUNSTON[E], a Scottish gentleman who came to my Lord's Grace from their Council, for cause of communication belike, returned to them; having with him NORROY a Herald and King of Arms of ours: who found them with the old Queen [MARY of Lorraine], at Stirling, a town standing westward upon the Frith, a twenty [*or rather forty*] mile beyond Edinburgh.

Saturday, the 17th of September. THERE was a fellow taken in our camp, whom the Scots called "English WILLIAM." An Englishman indeed, that, before time, having done a robbery in Lincolnshire, did run away into Scotland; and, at this time, coming out of Edinburgh Castle as a spy for the Scots, was spied himself with the manner, and hanged for his meed in the best wise (because he well deserved) upon a new gibbet somewhat beside our camp, in the sight both of the town and castle. GOD have mercy on his soul!

There is no good logicioner [*logician*] but would think, I think, that a syllogism thus formed of such a thieving *major*, a runaway *minor*, and a traiterous *consequent* must needs prove, at the weakest, to such a hanging *argument*.

Sir JOHN LUTTREL Knight, having by my Lord's Grace and the council, been elected Abbot, by GOD's sufferance, of the monastery of Saint Colms In [*Inchcolm*] afore remembered; in the afternoon of this day, departed towards the island to be stalled [*installed*] in his see there accordingly: and had with him a Convent of a hundred hackbutters and fifty pioneers to keep his house and land there; and two row barks well furnished with munition, and seventy mariners for them, to keep his waters. Whereby it is thought, he shall soon become a Prelate of great power. The perfectness of his religion is not always to tarry at home; but sometimes to row out abroad on a Visitation: and when he goeth, I have heard say, he taketh always his Sumners in his bark with him; which are very open mouthed, and never talk but they are heard a mile off. So that either for love of his blessings, or fear of his cursings, he is likely to be sovereign over most of his neighbours.

My Lord's Grace, this day giving warning that our de-

parture should be on the morrow, and minding before (with recompence somewhat according), to reward one BARTON, that had played an untrue part; commanded, over night, that his house in Leith should be set afire. And as the same was done, the same night about five o'clock, many of our soldiers that were very forward in firing, fired, with all haste, all the town besides: but so far forth, as I may think, without commission or knowledge of my Lord's Grace as that right many horses, both of his Grace's and of divers others, were in great danger ere they could be then quitted from out [*got quit*] of the town.

Six great ships lying in the haven there, that for age and decay were not so apt for use, were then also set afire; which all the night did burn with a great flame very solemnly.

In the time of our camping here, many Lairds and gentlemen of the country nigh there, come to my Lord to require his protection: the which his Grace did grant to whom he thought good.

This day also, came the Earl of BOTHWELL to my Lord's Grace, a gentleman of a right comely port and stature; and hereto, of right honourable and just meaning and dealing towards the King's Majesty: whom my Lord's Grace did therefore, according to his degree and demerits, very friendly welcome and entertain. Having supped, this night, with his Grace; he, after, departed.

There stood south-westward, about a quarter of a mile from our camp, a monastery they call Holy Rood Abbey. Sir WALTER BONHAM and EDWARD CHAMBERLAIN got license to suppress it. Whereupon these Commissioners making their first Visitation there, found the monks all gone: but the church and much [*a great*] part of the house well covered with lead. Soon after, they plucked off the lead; and had down the bells, which were but two: and, according to the statute [*i.e., the English Act of Parliament for the suppression of the Monasteries*], did somewhat hereby disgrace the house. As touching the monks; because they were gone, they put them to their pensions at large.

Sunday, the 18th of September.

MY LORD's Grace, for considerations moving him to pity, having, all this while, spared Edinburgh from hurt; did so leave it: but, Leith and the ships still burning,

soon after seven o'clock in this morning, caused the camp to dislodge. And as we were parted from where we lay, the Castle shot off a peal (with chambers hardly and all) of a twenty-four pieces.

We marched south-eastward from the Frith, into the landward.

But part of us kept the way that the chief of the chase was continued in; whereby we found most part of the dead corpses lying very ruefully, with the colour of their skins changed greenish about the place they had been smitten in, and as there too above ground unburied. Many also, we perceived to have been buried in Underesk churchyard; the graves of whom, the Scots had, very slily for sight, covered again with green turf. By divers of these dead bodies were there set up a stick with a clout, with a rag, with an old shoe, or some other mark for knowledge: the which we understood to be marks made by the friends of the dead party, when they had found him; whom then, since they durst not for fear or lack of leisure, convey away to bury while we were in those parts; they had stickt [*stuck*] up a mark to find him the sooner when we were gone.

And passing that day, all quietly, a seven mile; we camped early, for that night, at Crainston [*Cranstoun*] by a place of the Lord of ORMISTON.

This morning, his Grace making Master ANDREW DUDLEY (brother unto the Earl of WARWICK) a knight, as his valiance, sundrywhere tried, had well before deserved it, despatched my Lord Admiral and him, with ships full fraught with men and munition, towards the winning of a Hold in the east side of Scotland, called Broughty Crak [*Broughty Castle*] which standeth in such sort at the mouth of the river Tay, that being gotten, both Dundee, Saint John's Town, and many towns else (the best of the country in those parts, set upon the Tay) shall either become subject unto this Hold or else be compelled to forego their whole use of the river from having anything thereby coming inward or outward.

Monday, the 19th of September. WE WENT a ten mile, and camped toward night, a little a this side a market town called Lauder: at the which, as we had indeed no friendly entertainment, so had we no envious resistance: for there was nobody at home.

Here as our tents were a pitching, a dozen or twenty of their hedge-creepers, horsemen that lay lurking thereby (like sheep-biter curs to snatch up, and it were but a sorry lamb for their prey) upon a hill, about half a mile south-east from us, ran at, and hurt one of our men.

For acquittal whereof, my Lord's Grace commanded that three or four houses, such as they were, standing also upon a hill two flight shot southward from our camp, should be burnt. THOMAS FISHER, his Grace's Secretary, rode straight thither, with a burning brand in his one hand and his gun in the other, accompanied with no more but one of his own men, and fired them all by and by [*at once*]. I noted it, for my part, an enterprise of a right good heart and courage: peradventure, so much the rather, because I would not gladly have taken in hand to have done it so myself; specially since part of these prickers stood then within a flight shot of him. Howbeit, as in all this journey, upon any likelihood of business, I ever saw him right well appointed, and as forward as the best; so at the skirmish which the Scots proffered at Hailes Castles on Wednesday the 7th of this month, afore written [*p.* 90], I saw none so near them as he. Whereby I may have good cause to be the less in doubt of his hardiness.

Here also as we were settled, our Herald NORROY returned from the Scots Council, with the Laird of BRUNSTON and Ross their Herald: who, upon their suit to my Lord's Grace, obtained that five of their Council should have his Grace's safe conduct that, at any time and place, within fifteen days, during our abode in their country or at Berwick, the same five might come and common [*commune*] with five of our Council touching the matters between us.

Tuesday, the 20th of September. ROss the Herald departed early with this safe conduct. Our camp raised, and we went that day a seven mile to as far as Home Castle: where we camped on the west side of a rocky hill that they call Harecra[i]g; which standeth about a mile westward from the castle [*now called Hirsil*].

The Lord HOME, as I said, lay diseased [*ill*] at Edinburgh,

of his hurt in his flight, at the Friday's skirmish before the battle. The Lady his wife came straight to my Lord's Grace, making her humble suit that like as his goodness had graciously been shown to right many others, in receiving them and their houses into his Grace's protection and assurance; even so that it would please him to receive and assure her and her house, the castle.

My Lord's Grace minding never otherwise but to assure her she should be sure so to forego it, turned straight her suit of assurance into communication of rendering. For my part, I doubt not but the terror of extremity by their obstinacy, and the profit of friendship by their submission was sufficiently showed her. The which, having well, belike, considered; she left off her suit, and desire respite for consultation till the next day at noon: which having been granted her, she returned to the castle.

They say, "a match well made, is half won." We were half put in assurance of a toward answer by the promise of a prophecy among the Frenchmen, which saith

Chateau qui parle, et femme qui ecout
L'un veut rendre, et l'autre,

and so forth.

There were certain hackbutters that, upon appointment before, had beset the castle: who then had further commandment given them, that taking diligent heed none should pass in or out without my Lord's Grace's licence, they should also not occupy [*use*] any shot or annoyance till upon further warning.

Wednesday, the 21st of September.

THIS lady, in this mean time, consulted with her son and heir, prisoner with us; and with other her friends, the keepers of the castle: and, at the time appointed, returned this day to my Lord's Grace, requiring first a longer respite till eight o'clock at night, and therewith safe conduct for ANDREW HOME her second son, and JOHN HOME, Lord of Coldam Knowes [? *Cowden Knowes*] a kinsman of her husband, Captains of this castle, to come and speak with his Grace in the meanwhile.

It was granted her, whereupon these Captains, about three

o'clock, came to his Lordship; and, after other covenants, with long debating, on both parts agreed upon; she and these Captains concluded to give their assent to render the castle, so far forth as the rest of the keepers would therewith be content. For two or three within, said they, were also in charge as well as they in keeping it. For knowledge of whose minds, my Lord's Grace then sent SOMERSET his Herald, with this Lady to the castle to them: who, as the Herald had made them privy of the Articles, would fain have had leisure for twenty-four hours longer to send to their Lord to Edinburgh to know his will: but being wisely and sharply called upon by the Herald, they agreed to the covenants concluded on before by their Lady and the Captains.

Whereof part were, as I saw by the sequel, that they should depart thence, the next day morning, by ten o'clock, with bag and as much baggage as they could carry; saving that all munition and victail were to be left behind them in the castle.

Howbeit forasmuch as before their nation had not been altogether so just of covenant, whereby we might have cause then firmly to credit their promise: my Lord's grace (providing each way to be ready for them) caused this night eight pieces of our ordnance fenced with baskets of earth, to be planted on the south side, towards the castle within power [*range*] of battery; and the hackbutters to continue their watch and ward.

Thursday, the 22nd of September.

THIS morning, my Lord's Grace having deputed my Lord GREY to receive the rendering of the castle, and Sir EDWARD DUDLEY, after, to be Captain of the same; they both departed to it: and, at the time set, ANDREW HOME and four others of the chiefest there with him, came out; and yielding the castle, delivered my Lord the keys.

His Lordship causing the residue (who were in all seventy-eight in number], to come out then, saving six or seven to keep their baggage within) entered the same, with Master DUDLEY and divers other gentlemen with him. He found there indifferent good store of victual and wine: and of ordnance, two bastard culverins, one saker, and three falconets of brass; besides eight pieces of iron. The castle standeth up on a rocky crag, at a proud height over all the country

about it; well nigh fenced in on every side by marshes; with thick walls, almost round in form; and which is a rare thing upon so high and stony a ground, a fair well within it.

The keeping of this castle, my Lord betaking to Master DUDLEY accordingly, returned to my Lord's Grace at the camp.

Friday, the 23rd of September. WE RAISED [the camp], and came this morning to Roxburgh, a three mile from Home. Our camp occupied a great fallow field between Roxburgh, and Kelsey [*Kelso*] which stood eastward a quarter of a mile off, a pretty market town, but they were all gone forth there.

My Lord's Grace, with divers of the council, and Sir RICHARD LEE (whose charge in this expedition specially was to appoint the pioneers each where in work as [*wherever*] he should think meet; and then, where my Lord's Grace assigned, to devise the form of building for fortification: whom surely the goodness of his wit and his great experience hath made right excellent in that science) went straight to Roxburgh, to cast [*plan*] what might be done there for strengthening.

The plot and site thereof hath been, in time past, a castle: and standeth [*about a mile from Kelso*] naturally very strong, upon a hill east and west, of an eight score [= 160 *yards*] in length and three score [=60 *yards*] in breadth, drawing to narrowness at the east end: the whole ground whereof, the old walls do yet environ. Besides the height and hardness to come to, it is strongly fenced, on either side, with the course of two great rivers, Tweed on the north, and Teviot on the south: both of which joining somewhat nigh together at the west end of it. The Teviot, by a large compass about the fields we lay in, at Kelsey doth fall into this Tweed: which, with great depth and swiftness, runneth from thence eastward into the sea at Berwick; and is notable and famous for two commodities [e]specially, salmon and whetstones.

Over this, betwixt Kelsey and Roxburgh, there hath been a great stone bridge with arches, the which the Scots, in time past, have all to broken; because [*in order that*] we should not come that way to them.

Soon after my Lord's Grace's survey of the plot and deter-

mination to do as much indeed for making it defensible as the shortness of the time and the season of the year could suffer: which was that one great trench of twenty feet broad, with depth accordingly, and a wall of like breadth and height, should be made across within the castle from the one sidewall to the other, and a forty foot from the west end; and that a like trench and wall should likewise be cast a travers, within about a quoit's cast from the east end. And hereto that the castle walls, on either side, where need was, should be mended with turf, and made with loopholes as well for shooting forward as for flanking at hand. The work of which device did make that besides the safeguard of these trenches and walls, the keepers [*garrison*] should also be much fenced by both the end walls of the castle.

The pioneers were set awork, and diligently applied in the same.

This day, the Laird of Cesforth [*Cessford*], and many other Lairds and gentlemen of Teviotdale and their Marches there, having come and communed with my Lord's Grace, made us an "assurance," which was a friendship and, as it were, a truce; for that day, till next day at night.

This day, in the mean while their assurance lasted, these Lairds and gentlemen aforesaid, being the chiefest of the whole Marches and Teviotdale, came in again: whom my Lord's Grace, with wisdom and policy, without any fighting or bloodshed, did win into the obedience of the King's Majesty; for the which they did willingly then also receive an oath. Whose names follow.

Lairds.

The Laird of Cesforth.
The Laird of Fernyhurst.
The Laird of Greenhead.
The Laird of Hunthill.
The Laird of Huntley.
The Laird of Markstone by Mereside.
The Laird of Browniedworth.
The Laird of Ormiston.
The Laird of Mallestaines. [*Mellerstane*].
The Laird of Walmesey.
The Laird of Linton.
The Laird of Edgerston.
The Laird of Marton [*Merton*].
The Laird of Mowe.
The Laird of Riddell.
The Laird of Beamerside.

Gentlemen.

GEORGE TROMBULL [TURNBULL].
JOHN HOLLYBURTON.
ROBERT CAR.
ROBERT CAR, of Greyden.
ADAM KIRTON.
ANDREW MEYTHER.
SAUNDERS SPURVOSE, of Erleston.
MARK CAR, of Litleden.
GEORGE CAR, of Faldenside.
ALEXANDER MACDOWELL.
CHARLES ROTHERFORD.
THOMAS CAR, of the Yare.
JOHN CAR, of Meinthorn.
WALTER HALYBURTON.
RICHARD HANGANSIDE.
ANDREW CAR.
JAMES DOUGLAS, of Cavers.
JAMES CAR, of Mersington.
GEORGE HOPPRINGLE.
WILLIAM ORMISTON, of Endmerden.
JOHN GRIMSLOW.

Many more there were, there, besides; whose names also for that they remain in register with these, I have thought the less necessary to write here.

My Lord's Grace did tender so much the furtherance of this work in the Castle [of Roxburgh], that, this day, as every day else during our camping there, his Grace did not stick to dig with a spade above two hours himself. Whereby, as his Estate, sure[ly] was no more embased [*lowered*] than the majesty of great Alexander, what time he set, CURTIUS *lib.* viii. with his own hands, the poor cold soldier in his own chair of Estate, to relieve him by his fire: so, by the example hereof, was every man so moved, that there were but few of the Lords, Knights, and gentlemen in the field, but with spade, shovel, or mattock, did their parts therein right willingly and uncompelled.

Sunday, the 25th of September. THIS day, began the Scots to bring victail to our camp; for the which they were so well entreated and paid, that, during the time we lay there, we wanted none of the commodities their country could minister.

Monday, the 26th of September. NO NOTABLE thing, but the continuance of our work at the Castle. For furtherance whereof, order was taken that the Captains of footmen, each after other, should send up his hundred soldiers thither to work an hour's space.

Tuesday, the 27th of September. THE Laird of Coldam Knowes [*Cowden Knowes*] not having so fully kept his appointment, made at Home Castle, touching his coming again to my Lord's Grace at Roxburgh; Sir RALPH VANE, with a two or three hundred horse, about three o'clock in this morning, was sent to his house for him: which was a seven mile from us. The which charge, Master VANE did so earnestly apply, as he was there, with his number, before six. But the Laird, whether he was warned thereof by privy scout or spy or not, he passed by another way; and, soon after seven, was with my Lord's Grace in the camp. Master VANE was welcomed: and having no resistence made, but all submission, and profer of good cheer (for so had the Laird charged his wife to do); soon after, returned to the camp.

This day, my Lord's Grace was certified by letter from my Lord's CLINTON and Sir ANDREW DUDLEY, that, on the Wednesday last, being the 21st of this month, after certain of their shot discharged against the Castle of Broughty Crak, the same was yielded unto them. The which, Sir ANDREW did then enter; and, after, keep as Captain.

Wednesday, the 28th of September. A SCOTTISH Herald, accompanied with certain Frenchmen (that were, perchance, more desirous to mark our army, than to wit [*know*] of our welfare) came, and declared from their Council, that, within a sevennight [*week*] after, their Commissioners, to whom my Lord's Grace had before granted his safe conduct, should come and commune with our Council at Berwick: Whose coming my Lord Lieutenant, Master Treasurer, and the other of our Commissioners did, so long while, there abide.

But these Scots (as men that are never so just, and in nothing so true as in breach of promise and using untruth) neither came, nor, belike, meant to come. And yet sure[ly], I take this for no fetch of a fine device: unless they mean thereby to win that they shall never need, after, to promise: using the feat of ARNUS: who with his always swearing, and his ever lying, at last, obtained that his bare word was as much in credit as his solemn oath: but his solemn oath no more than an impudent lie. However since

In Epigr. MORI.

I am certain that sundry of them have showed themselves right honest; I would be loath here to be counted so unadvised as to arret [*impute*] the faults of many to the infamy of all.

It was said among us, they had in the meantime received letters of consolation, and many gay offers from the French King: yet had that been no cause to have broken promise with the Council of a realm. Howbeit, as these letters were to them but an unprofitable plaster to heal their hurt then; so are they full likely, if they trust much therein to find them a corzey [*corasive*] that will fret them a new sore.

My Lord's Grace considering that of virtue and well doing, the proper need is honour (as well therefore for reward to them that had afore done well, as for cause of encourage[ment] to others, after, to do the like), did, this day after noon, adorn many Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, with dignities, as follow. The names and promotions of whom, I have here set in order, as they were placed in the Heralds' book.

Bannerets.

Sir RALPH SADLER, Treasurer.
Sir FRANCIS BYRAN, Captain of the Light Horsemen.
Sir RALPH VANE, Lieutenant of all the Horsemen.

These Knights were made Bannerets: a dignity above a Knight, and next to a Baron: whose acts I have partly touched in the story before.

Knights.

The Lord GREY, of Wilton; High Marshal.
The Lord EDWARD SEYMOUR, my Lord Grace's son.
Of these, the readers shall also find before.
The Lord THOMAS HOWARD.
The Lord WALLDIKE.
Sir THOMAS DACRES.
Sir EDWARD HASTINGS.
Sir EDMUND BRIDGES.
Sir JOHN THYNNE, my Lord Grace's Steward of his Household.
Sir MILES PARTRIDGE.
Sir JOHN CONWAY.
Sir GILES POOLE.
Sir RALPH BAGNOLLE.
Sir OLIVER LAWRENCE.
Sir HENRY GATES.
Sir THOMAS CHALONER, one of the Clerks of the King's Majesty's Privy Council, and in this army, as I might call him, Chief Secretary: who, with his great pains and expedite diligence in despatch of things passing from my Lord's Grace and the council there, did make that his merit was not with the meanest.
Sir FRANCIS FLEMMING, Master of the Ordnance there. A gentleman whom long exercise and good observance hath made in that feat right perfect: whereunto, in this Voyage, he joined so

much heed and diligence, as it was well found how much his service did stead.
Sir JOHN GRESHAM.
Sir WILLIAM SKIPWITH.
Sir JOHN BUTTES.
Sir GEORGE BLAGE.
Sir WILLIAM FRANCIS.
Sir FRANCIS KNOWLES.
Sir WILLIAM THORBOROW.
Sir GEORGE HAWARD.
Sir JAMES WILFORD.
Sir RALPH COPPINGER. But that I have written in the Story [*p.* 120], with what forward hardness Sir GEORGE HAWARD did bear the King's Majesty's Standard in the battle; and there also of the industrious pain of Sir JAMES WILFORD [*p.* 120]; and Sir RALPH COPPINGER did aid, not smally, in safeguard of the Standard of our Horsemen [*p.* 118]; I have been more diligent to have rehearsed it here.
Sir THOMAS WENTWORTH.
Sir JOHN MARVEN.
Sir NICHOLAS STRAUNGE.
Sir CHARLES STURTON.
Sir HUGH ASCUE.
Sir FRANCIS SALMIN.
Sir RICHARD TOWNLEY.
Sir MARMADUKE CONSTABLE.
Sir GEORGE AUDLEY.
Sir JOHN HOLCROFT.
Sir JOHN SOUTHWORTH.
Sir THOMAS DANBY.
Sir JOHN TALBOT.
Sir ROWLAND CLERK.
Sir JOHN HORSELY.
Sir JOHN FORSTER.
Sir CHRISTOPHER DIES. } *Three Spaniards.*
Sir PETER NEGROO. }
Sir ALONSO DE VILLE. }
Sir HENRY HUSSEY.
Sir JAMES GRANADO.
Sir WALTER BONHAM.
Sir ROBERT BRANDLING, Mayor of Newcastle, and made Knight there, at my Lord Grace's return.

As it is not to be doubted but right many more in the army, besides these, did also well and valiantly quit them (although their preferment was rather then deferred than their deserts yet to be forgotten); even so, among these were there right many, the knowledge of whose acts and demerits I could not come by: and yet would have no man any more to doubt of the worthiness of their advancement, than they are uncertain of his circumspection and wisdom, who preferred them to it. Whereupon, all men may safely thus far forth, without offence, presume; that his Grace unworthily bestowed this honour on no man.

By this day, as Roxburgh was sufficiently made tenable and defensible (the which my Lord's Grace seemed half to have vowed to see, before he would depart thence) his Grace and the council did first determine that my Lord GREY should remain upon the Borders there, as the King's Majesty's Lieutenant. And then took order for the forts, that Sir ANDREW DUDLEY, Captain of Broughty Crak, had left with him, two hundred soldiers of hackbutters and others, and a

sufficient number of pioneers for his works; Sir EDWARD DUDLEY, Captain of Home Castle, sixty hackbutters, forty horsemen, and a hundred pioneers; Sir RALPH BULMER, Captain of Roxburgh, three hundred soldiers, of hackbutters and others, and two hundred pioneers.

Thursday, the 29th of September, being Michaelmas Day.

AS THINGS were thus concluded: and warning given overnight that our camp should, this day, dissolve: every man fell to packing apace. My Lord's Grace, this morning, was passed over the Tweed here, soon after seven o'clock. The best place whereof for getting over (which was over against the west end of our camp, and not far from the broken arches of the broken bridge) was yet, with great stones in the bottom, so uneven of ground; and by reason of rain that lately fell before, the water was so deep and the stream so swift; that right many of our horsemen and footmen were greatly in peril at their passage, and one or two drowned. Many carriages also were overthrown, and in great danger of being lost.

My Lord's Grace took his way straight towards Newcastle; and thence homeward.

My Lord the Earl of WARWICK, my Lord GREY, and Sir RALPH SADLER, with divers others, rode towards Berwick, to abide the coming of the Scottish Commissioners.

In the mean time of tarrying there, my Lord of WARWICK did make five knights:

Sir THOMAS NEVIL, the Lord NEVIL's brother.
Sir ANTHONY STRELLEY.
Sir — VERNEY.
Sir JOHN BARTEVILE, a Frenchman.
And another.

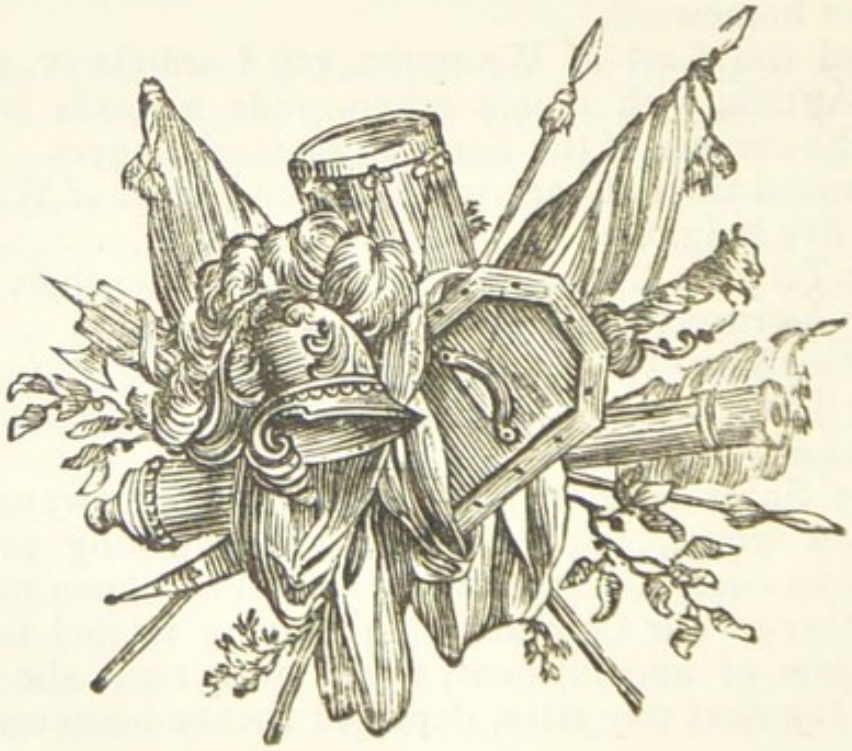
But the Scots (like men though slipper in covenant, yet constant in usage, and therefore less blushing to break promise than custom) came not at all. Whereupon my Lord and the other of our Commissioners having tarried for them the full time of appointment, which was until the 4th of October; the next day after, departed thence homeward.

In part of the meantime, while my Lord's Grace was thus

doing the exploits in Scotland, as I have before written; the Earl of LINNOS [*LENNOX*], with my Lord WHARTON, Lord Warden of our West Marches against Scotland, according as his Grace had before taken order, with a number of five thousand, entered Scotland by the West Marches; and, first passing a two mile, after a day's and night's defence, they won the Church of Annan: a strong place, and very noisome always unto our men, as they passed that way. There they took seventy-two prisoners, the keepers of the same; burnt the spoil, for cumber [*encumbrance*] of carriage; and caused the Church to be blown [up] with powder.

Passing thence, a sixteen mile within the land; soon after, they won a Hold called the "Castle of Milk": the which they left well furnished with munition and men, and so returned.

Divers other notable acts they did, here left unwritten of by me, because unknown to me: but as much as I certainly heard of, I have thought meet to add hereunto; because I may well count them as part of this Expedition and Voyage.





A PERORATION
unto the gentle Reader, with a short rehearsal of the action done.



HAVE thus absolved my book: but neither with such speed as, perchance, it had been the office of him that would take upon him to write of this matter; nor as the dignity of the argument required publication.

For it may well be thought a man that had been forth in no part of the voyage, with mean diligence might, in this space, have learned and written as much by inquiry at home. And since the power of time is, in each case, so great as things indifferently good, by choice of opportunity, are made much commendable; and again, by coming out of season may be much disgraced: right small then may I take my merit to be, that come now so intempestively [*out of time*] to tell that tale, whereof all men's ears are full of, a four months before.

Yet for excuse of my slackness (as who would not be blameless?), trusting that my plain confession may the rather move you to take things to the better, I have thought it best to render you the very cause thereof.

Which is, that after I had somewhat entered into this business, and thereby was compelled to consider the precise

observance of deeds, words, and, in a manner, gestures; the diligent marking of the situation of towns, castles, and churches; of the lying of the hills, plains, and fields; of the course of rivers, of respect of winds; and of infinite such other things that ought first to have been made there while they were a doing, and while a man had been at them (the which indeed, I had not so perfectly written in my notes; therefore was driven to stress my memory the more for calling the same to mind again): and, herewith, regarding the great heed that ought to be had in rehearsal of circumstances, and in placing of things in writing, accordingly as they were done, seen, or heard—I found the enterprise a great deal more weighty than the slenderness of my wit was able quickly to pass with.

Howbeit, when, upon deeper consideration, I pondered with myself what a thing it was to make any Monument in this so prosperous a commonalty; whereof the Governors are so absolutely wise, and wherein an infinite number of men are so finely witted and so profoundedly learned beside: I rather regarded the counsel of the wise poet HORACE, who wills a man to keep his writings in his hands nine years (meaning a good while for correction) than to have any haste of publication, whereby at once I should lose my liberty of amendment. Which liberty, though, after, I might have never so well, yet because it is nothing so commendable to mend a fault as to make no fault; I would gladly before have had the leisure to look that the thing might have passed as faultless from me, as my diligence could have made it.

In de Art. Poet.

And surely, had it not been more for answering the expectation of some men of honour (who knew I was in hand with the matter; and who else, peradventure, might have doubted my diligence) than it was for mine own desire to have my doings to come soon abroad: I would have taken a better breath, ere they had come out yet.

But since the chance is cast, and the word thus uttered cannot be called again; whereby I have jeoparded [*jeopardize*]

with your three hours' reading, to make you Censor of my three months' writing: judge ye, I pray you! as ye may with favour! and conster my meaning to the best!

I know my need is to pray much. For I am not so foolish as to think myself so wise, that with a text all faultless, I can drive forth so long a process. But as I, for the time, have endeavoured to say, rather as well as I can, than as well as can be; so shall there be, for me, liberty to all men to write what else they can utter, either further or better: which if they do, I shall, with all my heart, become then as benign a reader to them, as I would wish you now to be here to me.

To the intent now I would quite [*be quit*] from the cumber of inquiry or question, such as, haply, would wit, "What a do I had in the army? or how I had any knowledge of that I have written?" I have thought it courtesy, not to be dangerous to show, that it pleased my very good Lord, the Earl of WARWICK, Lieutenant of the Host (who thereby had power to make Officers), to make me one of the Judges of the Marshalsy [*i.e., in connection with the High Marshal of the Army, Lord GREY*], as Master WILLIAM CECIL, now Master of the Requests [*and afterwards Lord BURGHLEY*] was the other. Whereby, we both (not being bound so straightly, in days of travel, to the order of march; nor otherwhile, but when we sat in Court, to any great affairs) had liberty to ride to see the things that were done, and leisure to note occurrences that came. The which thing, as it chanced, we both did: but so far from appointment between us, as neither was witing of the other's doing till somewhat before our departure homeward. Marry, since my coming home, indeed, his gentleness being such as to communicate his notes to me, I have, I confess, been thereby, both much a certained [*confirmed*] in many things I doubted, and somewhat remembered [*put in mind*] of that which else I might hap to have forgotten.

But now, forasmuch, as it hath pleased the most benign

goodness of GOD, so favourably to aid us in these our affairs, and so much to tender the equity of our cause, as by His Minister, and our Head in this journey, My Lord Protector's Grace, we have turned our enemy's intents for destruction of us, unto their own confusion. And, first, overturned of their Holds, Dunglas, Thornton, Anderwick, and Annan Church; overcome them, with half of their number of thirty-two thousand men; slain fifteen thousand three hundred; maimed two thousand; taken fifteen hundred; burnt Leith and Kinghorn, as we might also more of their towns, if our Chieftain had been as willing as our captains were ready; won the best part of their navy, and burnt the residue; won from them, and keep in the midst of their land, Saint Coomes Inn and Broughty Crak, and thereby, but by our leave, keep them from their whole intercourse of merchants; won also and keep the Castle of Milk and Home Castle; won of ordnance, in their forts and at the field, above eighty pieces; built Roxburgh Castle and Eymouth; and gained unto the King's Majesty's obedience, all Teviotdale and their Marches: all this, in so short a time, as within twenty-five days, with so small a loss of our side, as of under the number of sixty persons in all the whole Voyage;

And that, in this, the first year of our King's Majesty's dominion and rule: whereby, according to his singular towardness, else evident, we may well conceive an assured hope that His Highness too, shall have a most happy, and, with GOD's grace, a long reign—

I would wish and exhort that ye which were not there (for though ye were far from any danger of the loss, yet can ye not be but full partners of the winning) should effectually, with us (according as we all have cause) give and wish, first, glory and praise unto GOD, obedience and victory to our Sovereign, honour and thanks unto our Protector and Councilors [*i.e.*, *the Privy Council*], worship to our Chivalry, commendation unto the rest that were out, and a better mind unto our enemies.

And I, trusting unto the benignity of your gentle acceptance, who[ever] shall hap to be reader of this work (with such indifferency of request touching the same, as HORACE made to his well beloved friend NUMITIUS) shall thus take my leave of you

Vive! Vale! si quid novisti rectius istis, *Epist.* 1.
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

Out of the Parsonage of Saint Mary's Hill, in London, this 28th of January, 1548.

IMPRINTED *in London, the last day of June, in the second year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, King* EDWARD *the* VI.; *by* RICHARD GRAFTON, *Printer to his most royal Majesty.*

M. D. XLVIII.

¶ Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

Andrew Marvell, M.P.

The Garden.

[*Miscellanies.* 1681

I.



Ow vainly, men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oak, or Bays!
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree;
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid:
While all flowers, and all trees do close
To weave the Garlands of Repose.

II.

Fair Quiet! Have I found thee here!
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow!
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

III.

No white, nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.

Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties, hers exceed.
Fair trees! wheresoe'er your barks I wound,
No name shall, but your own be found!

IV.

When we have run our passions' heat,
LOVE hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
APOLLO hunted DAPHNE so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And PAN did, after SYRINX speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

V.

What wondrous life is this, I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head!
The luscious clusters of the vine,
Upon my mouth do crush their wine!
The nectarine and curious peach,
Into my hands, themselves do reach!
Stumbling on melons, as I pass;
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass!

VI.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness.
The Mind, that Ocean! where each kind,
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas!
Annihilating all that's made,
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root;
Casting the Body's vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide.
There, like a bird, it sits and sings;
Then whets and combs its silver wings:
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes, the various light.

VIII.

Such was that happy garden state,
While Man there walked, without a Mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other Help could yet he meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there.
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

IX.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

The first Englishmen who reached India, overland.

1583–1589 A.D.

We have already given at Vol. I., *p.* 130, a letter dated Goa, the 10th of November, 1579, from the first Englishman, who is known to have reached India by the Cape of Good Hope: respecting whom, see further at *pp.* 165, 170, 179, 186, 190.

Hereafter follow the narratives and letters of the first Englishmen who (Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE always excepted) are known to have reached India, overland; *via* Aleppo, Bagdad, Bussorah, and Ormus.

They all relate to quite an organized expedition of English traders, who were sent by two of the merchant princes of London at that time, with the clear intention, that some of them at least should reach the far East, and open a direct trade between India and England.

These various accounts give us a perfect picture of life in the East, in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH.

JOHN ELDRED'S *narrative.*

[HAKLUYT'S *Voyages*, ii. 1599.]



DEPARTED out of London in the ship called the *Tiger*, in the company of Master JOHN NEWBERY, Master RALPH FITCH and six or seven other honest merchants, on Shrove Monday [12 *February*] 1583; and arrived at Tripolis of Syria, the 1st day of May next ensuing. At our landing, we went a Maying upon St. George's Island, a place where Christians dying on board the ships [at that place], are wont to be buried.

In this city, our English merchants have a Consul, and our nation abide together in one house with him, called *Fondeghi Ingles*, built of stone, square in manner like a cloister; and every man hath his several chamber: as is the use there of all other Christians, of several nations.

This town standeth under a part of the mountain of Lebanon, two English miles from the port: on the side of which port, trending in form of a half moon, stand five block-houses or small forts, wherein is some very good artillery; and the forts are kept with about a hundred Janissaries. Right before this town from the seaward is a bank of moving sand, which gathereth and increaseth with the western winds, in such sort, that, according to an old prophecy among them, this bank is likely to swallow up and overwhelm the town: for every year it increaseth, and eateth up many gardens; although they use all policy to diminish the same, and to make it firm ground.

The city is about the bigness of Bristol, and walled about; though the walls be of no great force. The chief strength of the place is in the Citadel, which standeth on the south side, within the walls, and overlooketh the whole town. It is strongly kept with two hundred Janissaries, and good artillery. A river passeth through the midst of the city, wherewith they water their gardens and mulberry trees, on which there grow abundance of silk worms; wherewith they make a very great quantity of very white silk, which is the chief natural commodity to be found in and about this place.

This road [*haven*] is more frequented with Christian merchants, to wit, Venetians, Genoese, Florentines, Marseillians, Sicilians, Raguseans, and lately with Englishmen, than any other port of the Turk's dominions.

From Tripolis, I departed, the 14th of May, with a caravan; passing, in three days, over the ridge of Mount Lebanon. At the end whereof, we arrived in a city called Hammah; which standeth on a goodly plain, replenished with corn and cotton wool [*i.e., cotton in the pod*]. On these mountains, grow a great quantity of gall trees, which are somewhat like our oaks, but lesser and more crooked. On the best tree, a man shall not find a pound's weight of galls. This town of Hammah is fallen, and falleth more and more to decay, and at this day [1583] there is scarce one half of the wall standing: which hath been very strong and fair. But because it cost many men's lives to win it, the Turk will not have it repaired; and hath written, in Arabic, over the Castle gate, which standeth in the midst of the town, these words

Cursed be the father and the son that shall lay their hands to the repairing hereof.

Refreshing ourselves one day here, we passed forward with camels, three days more, until we came to Aleppo: where we arrived the 21st of May. This is the greatest place of traffic, for a dry town [*i.e., an inland town, not on a great river*] that there is in all these parts. For hither resort Jews, Tartars, Persians, Armenians, Egyptians, Indians, and many other sorts of Christians; and enjoy freedom of their consciences, and bring thither many kinds of rich merchandise. In the midst of this town also, standeth a goodly Castle, raised on high, with a garrison of four or five hundred Janissaries. Within four miles round about, are goodly gardens and vineyards and trees, which bear goodly fruit near unto the side of the river, which is but small. The walls are about three English miles in compass; but the suburbs are almost as much more. The town is greatly peopled.

We departed from thence, with our camels, on the 31st of May, with Master JOHN NEWBERY and his company; and came to Bir in three days, being a small town situated upon the river Euphrates; where it beginneth first to take that name, being here gathered into one channel; whereas, before, it cometh down in manifold branches, and therefore is called by the people of the country by a name which signifieth "a thousand heads." Here are plenty of victuals, whereof we all furnished ourselves for a long journey down the aforesaid river. And according to the manner of those that travel by water, we prepared a small bark for the conveyance of ourselves and our goods. These boats are flat bottomed because the river is shallow in many places: and when men travel in the months of July, August, and September, the water being then at the lowest, they are constrained to carry with them a spare boat or two to lighten their own boats, if they chance to fall on the shoals.

We were eight and twenty days upon the water, between Bir, and Felugia [*Feluja*], where we disembarked ourselves and our goods. Every night, after the sun had set; we tied our bark to a stake, went on land to gather sticks, and set on our pot with rice or bruised wheat. Having supped, the merchants lay

aboard the bark; and the mariners upon the shore's side, as near as they can unto the same. In many places upon the river's side, we met with troops of Arabs, of whom we bought milk, butter, eggs, and lambs; and gave them in barter (for they care not for money), glasses, combs, coral, amber, to hang about their arms and necks; and for churned milk, we gave them bread, and pomegranate peels wherewith they use [*are accustomed*] to tan their goats' skins, with which they churn. Their hair, apparel, and colour are altogether like to those vagabond Egyptians [*Gipsies*] which heretofore have gone about in England. All their women, without exception, wear a great round ring in one of their nostrils, of gold, silver, or iron, according to their ability; and about their arms, and the smalls of their legs they have hoops of gold, silver, or iron. All of them, as well women and children as men, are very great swimmers; and oftentimes swimming, they brought us milk to our bark, in vessels upon their heads. Those people are very thievish, which I proved to my cost; for they stole a casket of mine, with things of good value in the same, from under my man's head as he was asleep: and therefore travellers keep good watch as they pass down the river. The Euphrates at Bir is about the breath of the Thames at Lambeth; and, in some places narrower, in some broader, it runneth very swiftly, almost as fast as the river Trent. It hath divers sorts of fish in it; but all are scaled, and some are as big as salmon, like barbel.

We landed at Felugia, the 28th of June, where we made our abode for seven days, for lack of camels to carry our goods to Babylon [*Bagdad*]. The heat, at that time of the year, is such in those parts, that men are loath to let their camels travel. This Felugia is a village of some hundred houses, and a place appointed for the discharging of such goods as come down the river. The inhabitants are Arabs. Not finding camels here: we were constrained to unlade our goods, and hired a hundred asses to carry our English merchandise only to New Babylon over a short desert; in crossing whereof we spent eighteen hours, travelling by night and part of the morning, to avoid the great heat.

In this place which we crossed over, stood the old mighty city of Babylon, many old ruins whereof are easily to be seen by daylight: which I, JOHN ELDRED, have often beheld at

my good leisure: having made three voyages between the new city of Babylon and Aleppo, over this desert.

Here also are yet standing the ruins of the old Tower of Babel, which, being upon a plain ground, seemeth afar off very great; but the nearer you come to it, the lesser and lesser it appeareth. Sundry times I have gone thither to see it, and found the remnants yet standing, above a quarter of a mile in compass, and almost as high as the stone work of [Saint] Paul's steeple in London; but it showeth much bigger. The bricks remaining of this most ancient monument be half a yard thick, and three quarters of a yard long; being dried in the sun only: and between every course of bricks, there lieth a course of mats, made of canes, which remain sound and not perished, as though they had been laid within one year.

The city of New Babylon joineth upon the aforesaid small desert where the old city was; and the river Tigris runneth close under the wall: so they may, if they will, open a sluice, and let the water of the same run round about the town. It is above two English miles in compass; and the inhabitants generally speak three languages, to wit, the Persian, Arabian, and Turkish tongues. The people are of the Spaniards' complexion: and the women generally wear in one of the gristles of their noses, a ring like a wedding ring, but somewhat greater, with a pearl and a Turkish stone set therein; and this they do, be they ever so poor.

This is a place of very great traffic, and a very great thoroughfare from the East Indies to Aleppo. The town is very well furnished with victuals which come down the river Tigris from Mosul, which was called Nineveh in old time. They bring these victuals and divers sorts of merchandise upon rafts borne upon goats' skins blown up full of wind, in the manner of bladders: and when they have discharged their goods, they sell the rafts for fire[wood]; let the wind out of their goat-skins, and carry them home again upon their asses by land, to make other voyages down the river. The building here is mostly of brick dried in the sun; and very little or no stone is to be found. Their houses are all flat-roofed and low. They have no rain for eight months together, nay, hardly any clouds in the sky, night nor day. Their winter is in November, December, January, and February;

which is as warm as our summer in England, in a manner. This I know by good experience, because my abode at several times, in the city of Babylon [*Bagdad*], hath been, at the least, the space of two years. As we come to the city, we pass over the river Tigris, on a great bridge, made with boats chained together with two mighty chains of iron.

From thence we departed in flat-bottomed barks, stronger and greater than those of Euphrates, and were twenty-eight days also in passing down this river to Balsora [*Bussorah*]: but we might have done it in eighteen or less, if the water had been higher.

Upon the water's side stand, by the way, divers towns much resembling the names of the old prophets. The first town they call Ozeah, and another Zecchiah.

Before we come to Balsora, by one day's journey, the two rivers Tigris and Euphrates meet; and there standeth a castle called Curna [*Kurnah*] kept by the Turks; where all merchants pay a small custom. Here the two rivers, joined together, began to be eight or nine miles broad. Here also it beginneth to ebb and flow; and the water overflowing, maketh the country all about very fertile of corn, rice, pulse, and dates.

The town of Balsora is a mile and a half in circuit. All the buildings, castles, and walls are made of brick, dried in the sun. The Turk hath here five hundred Janissaries, besides other soldiers, continually in garrison and pay: but his chief strength is of galleys; which are about twenty-five or thirty, very fair, and furnished with goodly ordnance.

To this port of Balsora, come, monthly, divers ships from Ormus, laden with all sorts of Indian merchandise, as spices, drugs, indico [*indigo*], and Calicut cloth. These ships are usually from forty to sixty tons, having their planks sown together with cord made of the bark of date trees, and instead of occam [*oakum*], they use the shiverings [*shreds*] of the bark of the said trees; and of the same also they make their tackling. They have no kind of iron work belonging to these vessels, save only their anchors.

From this place, six days' sailing down the Gulf, they go to a place called Bahrem [*Bahrein*], in the midway to Ormus.

There, they fish for pearls four months in the year, to wit, June, July, August, and September.

My abode in Balsora was just six months [*August* 1583–*February* 1584], during which time, I received divers letters from Master JOHN NEWBERY from Ormus: who, as he passed that way, with Her Majesty's letters to *Zelabdim* [*the glorious*] AKBAR, King of Cambaia, and unto the mighty Emperor of China, was there treacherously arrested, with all his company, by the Portuguese; and afterwards sent prisoner to Goa: where, after a long and cruel imprisonment, he and his companions were delivered, upon sureties not to depart the town without leave, at the suit of one Father THOMAS STEVENS [*See pp.* 170, 179, 186, 190; *and Vol. I. p.* 130], an English "religious" man, whom they found there.

But, shortly after, three of them escaped, whereof one, to wit, Master RALPH FITCH, is since come into England. The fourth, who was a painter, called JOHN STORY, became "religious" in the College of Saint Paul in Goa; as we understood by their letters.

I and my companion WILLIAM SHALES, having despatched our business at Balsora, embarked ourselves in a company of seventy barks, all laden with merchandise; every bark having fourteen men to draw them, like our Western bargemen on the Thames: and we were forty-four days coming up the stream to Babylon. Where arriving, and paying our custom, we, with all other sorts of merchants, bought us camels, hired us men to lade and drive them; furnished ourselves with rice, butter, biscuit, honey made of dates, onions, and dates: and every merchant brought a proportion of live muttons [*sheep*], and hired certain shepherds to drive them with us. We also brought us tents to lie in, and to put our goods under. In this our caravan were four thousand camels laden with spices and other rich merchandise. These camels will live very well two or three days without water. Their feeding is on thistles, wormwood, magdalene, and other strong weeds which they find upon the way. The government and deciding of all quarrels and duties to be paid, the whole caravan committeth to one special[ly] rich

merchant of the company; of whose honesty they conceive best.

In passing from Babylon to Aleppo, we spent forty days: travelling twenty or twenty-four miles a day, resting ourselves commonly from two o'clock in the afternoon until three in the morning, at which time we began to take our journey.

Eight days' journey from Babylon towards Aleppo, near unto a town called Heit [*Hit*], as we cross the river Euphrates by boats, about three miles from the town, there is a valley where are many springs [*i.e., of bitumen*] throwing out abundantly, at great mouths, a kind of black substance like unto tar, which serveth all the country to make staunch their barks and boats. Every one of these springs maketh a noise like unto a smith's forge in the blowing and puffing out of this matter, which never ceaseth, day or night; and the noise may be heard a mile off continually. The vale swalloweth up all heavy things that come upon it. The people of the country call it, in their language, *Babil Gehenham*, that is to say, "Hell Door."

As we passed through these deserts, we saw certain wild beasts, as, wild asses all white, roebucks, wolves, leopards, foxes, and many hares; whereof we chased and killed many. ABORISE, the King of the wandering Arabs in these deserts, hath a duty of 40*s.*[=£12 *now*] sterling, upon every camel's load; which he sendeth his officers to receive of the caravans: and, in consideration hereof, he taketh upon him to conduct the said caravans, if they need his help, and to defend them against certain prowling thieves.

I and my companion WILLIAM SHALES came to Aleppo with the caravan, the 11th of June, 1584; where we were joyfully received, twenty miles distant from the town, by Master WILLIAM BARRET, our Consul, accompanied with his people and Janissaries. Who fell sick immediately, and departed this life, within eight days after: and elected, before his death, Master ANTHONY BATE, Consul of our English nation, in his place; who laudably supplied the same room three years.

In which mean time, I made two more voyages to Babylon, and returned, by the way aforesaid, over the deserts of Arabia.

And afterwards, as one desirous to see other parts of the country, I went from Aleppo to Antioch, which is thence sixty English miles; and from thence, went down to Tripolis: where, going aboard a small vessel, I arrived at Joppa, and travelled to Rama, Lycia, Gaza, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, to the river Jordan, and the sea or lake of Sodom, and returned back to Joppa; and from thence, by sea, to Tripolis. Of which places, because many others have published large discourses, I surcease to write.

Within a few days after, embarking myself at Tripolis, the 22nd of December [1587], I arrived, GOD be thanked! in safety here, in the river Thames, with divers English merchants, the 26th of March 1588, in the *Hercules* of London; which was the richest ship of English merchants' goods, that ever was known to come into this realm.

RALPH FITCH'S *Voyage to the East Indies and back* 1583–1591, A.D.

WITH

JOHN NEWBERY'S *letters.*

At the expense of some little repetition, FITCH's Narrative is printed entire, until his departure from Goa: after which all descriptions of places, &c., are omitted, and simply an outline of his travels given. The several letters are inserted in this Narrative, under their respective dates.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LETTER TO THE EMPEROR AKBAR.

February, 1583.

ELIZABETH, *by the grace of GOD, &c., to the most invincible, and most mighty Prince, Lord Zelabdim* [the glorious] *AKBAR, King of Cambaia, invincible Emperor, &c.*

The great affection which our subjects have to visit the most distant places of the world (not without good will and

intention to introduce the trade of merchandise of all nations, whatsoever they can; by which means, the mutual and friendly traffic of merchandise, on both sides, may come) is the cause that the bearer of this letter, JOHN NEWBERY, jointly with those that be in his company, with a courteous and honest boldness, doth repair to the borders and countries of your Empire. We doubt not that your Imperial Majesty, through your royal grace, will favourably and friendly accept him. And that you would do it rather for our sake, to make us greatly beholding to your Majesty, we should more earnestly, and with more words require it, if we did think it needful: but, by the singular report that is of your Imperial Majesty's humanity in these uttermost parts of the world, we are greatly eased of that burden; and therefore we use the fewer and less words. Only we request that because they are our subjects, they may be honestly intreated [treated] *and received: and that, in respect of the hard journey, which they have undertaken to places so far distant; it would please your Majesty, with some liberty and security of voyage to gratify it with such privileges as to you shall seem good. Which courtesy if your Imperial Majesty shall, to our subjects, at our requests, perform; We, according to our royal honour, will recompense the same with as many deserts as we can.*

And herewith, We bid your Imperial Majesty farewell.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LETTER TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

ELIZABETH, by the grace of GOD, Queen of England, &c. Most Imperial and invincible Prince! Our honest subject, JOHN NEWBERY, the bringer hereof, who, with our favour, hath taken in hand the voyage which now he pursueth to the parts and countries of your Empire; not trusting upon any other ground than upon the favour of your Imperial clemency and humanity, is moved to undertake a thing of so much difficulty, being persuaded that he having entered on so many perils, your Majesty will not dislike the same: especially if it may appear that it be not damageable unto your Royal Majesty; and that to your

people it will bring some profit. Of both which things he, not doubting, with more willing mind, hath prepared himself for his destinated voyage, unto us well liked of.

For, by this means, we perceive that the profit, which, by the mutual trade, on both sides, all the princes, our neighbours in the West, do receive, your Imperial Majesty and those that be subject under your dominion, to their great joy and benefit, shall have the same: which consisteth in the transporting outward of such things, whereof we have plenty; and in bringing in such things as we stand in need of. It cannot otherwise be, but that, seeing we are born and made to have need one of another, and that we are bound to aid one another; but that your Imperial Majesty will well like of it, and by your subjects with like endeavour will be accepted.

For the increase whereof, if your Imperial Majesty shall add the security of passage, with other privileges most necessary to use the trade with your men, your Majesty shall do that which belongeth to a most honourable and liberal Prince; and deserve so much of Us, as by no continuance or length of time shall be forgotten.

Which request of ours, We do most instantly desire to be taken in good part of your Majesty; and so great a benefit towards Us and our men, We shall endeavour, by diligence, to requite, when time shall serve thereunto.

The God Almighty long preserve your Imperial Majesty!

IN THE year of our Lord 1583, I, RALPH FITCH, of London, merchant (being desirous to see the countries of the East India), in the company of Master JOHN NEWBERY, merchant, who had been at Ormus once before,* of WILLIAM LEEDES, jeweller, and JAMES STORY, painter—being chiefly set forth by the Right Worshipful Sir EDWARD OSBORNE, knight, and Master RICHARD STAPERS, citizens and merchants of London—did ship myself in a ship of London, called the *Tiger*, wherein we went for Tripolis in Syria.

And from thence, we took the way for Aleppo; which we went in seven days with the caravan.

* Evidently NEWBERY first went out in the Bark *Reynolds* in 1580 or 1581; see *p.* 172. E.A.

MASTER JOHN NEWBERY, FROM ALEPPO, 28TH MAY, 1583, TO MASTER RICHARD HAKLUYT OF OXFORD.

RIGHT WELL BELOVED, & MY ASSURED GOOD FRIEND,

I HEARTILY commend me unto you, hoping of your good health, &c. After we set sail from Gravesend, which was the 13th of February [1583] last, we remained on the coast till the 11th day of March, and that day we set sail from Falmouth, and never anchored till we arrived in the road of Tripolis in Syria, which was the last day of April last past; where we stayed fourteen days. And the 20th of this present, we came hither to Aleppo; and, with GOD's help, within five or six days, go from hence towards the Indies.

Since my coming to Tripolis, I have made very earnest inquiry, both there and here, for the book of *Cosmography* of ABULFIDA ISMAEL; but, by no means, can hear of it. Some say that possibly it may be had in Persia, but notwithstanding I will not fail to make inquiry for it, both in Babylon and in Balsora; and if I can find it in any of these places, I will send it you from thence.

The letter which you delivered me for to copy out, that came from Master THOMAS STEVENS in Goa [*Doubtless the identical one we have printed in Vol. I. p.* 130. *STEVENS arrived at Goa on the 4th November*, 1570, *idem p.* 136], as also the note you gave me of FRANCIS FERNANDEZ the Portuguese; I brought thence with me, among other writings, unawares. The which I have sent you here inclosed.

Here is great preparation for the wars in Persia; and from thence is gone the Pasha of a town named Rahemet, and, shortly after, goeth the Pasha of Tripolis and the Pasha of Damascus: but they have not with them all, above six thousand men from hence. They go to a town called Asmerome [? *Erzroum*], which is three days' journey from Trebizond; where they shall meet with divers captains and soldiers that come from Con-

stantinople and other places thereabout: and then go all together into Persia.

This year, many men go to the wars; and so hath there every year since the beginning thereof, which is eight years or thereabouts: but very few of them return again. Notwithstanding, they get of the Persians; and make castles and holds in their country.

I pray you! make my hearty commendations to Master PETER GUILLAME, Master PHILIP JONES, and to Master WALTER WARNER, and to all the rest of our friends. Master FITCH hath him heartily commended unto you. So I commit you to the tuition of the Almighty, who bless and keep you! and send us a joyful meeting!

From Aleppo, the 28th of May, 1583.

Your loving friend to command, in all that I may,

JOHN NEWBERY.

MASTER JOHN NEWBERY, FROM ALEPPO, 29TH MAY, 1583, TO MASTER LEONARD POORE OF LONDON.

RIGHT WELL BELOVED,

MY HEARTY commendations unto you, and the rest of my friends remembered.

My last, I sent you, was the 25th of February [1583] last, from Deal, out of the Downs. After which time, with contrary winds, we remained upon our own coast until the 11th day of March: and then we set sail from Falmouth, and the 13th day, the wind came contrary with a very great storm, which continued eight days; and in this great storm we had some of our goods wet, but, GOD be thanked! no great hurt done.

After which time, we sailed with a fair wind within the Straits [of Gibralter], and so remained at sea, and anchored at no place until our coming into the road of Tripolis in Syria; which was the last day of April [1583]. This was a very good passage. GOD make us thankful for it!

The 14th day of this present, we came from Tripolis, and the 20th day, arrived here at Aleppo; and, with the

help of GOD, to-morrow or next day, we begin our voyage towards Babylon and Balsora, and so into India.

Our friend Master BARRET hath him commended to you: who hath sent you, in the *Emanuel*, a ball of nutmegs for the small trifles you sent him; which I hope, long since, you have received.

Also he hath, by his letter, certified you in what order he sold those things: whereof I can say nothing, because I have not seen the account thereof, neither have demanded it: for ever since our coming here, he hath been still busy about the despatch of the ship [*i.e., the* Tiger *back to England*], and our voyage; and I, likewise, in buying of things here to carry to Balsora and the Indies.

We have bought in currall [? *coral*] for twelve hundred and odd ducats [*at* 6 *larines* (*p.* 184), *i.e.*, 6*s.* *each*=£360 *then*=*about* £2,160 *now*] and ambergreese for four hundred ducats [=£120 *then*=*about* £720 *now*], and some soap, and broken glass, with other small trifles: all which things I hope will serve very well for those places we shall go unto.

All the rest of the account of the bark *Reynolds* was sent home in the *Emanuel*; which was 3,600 ducats which is £200 more than it was rated [at]. For Master STAPER rated it but [at] £1,100, and it is £1,300: so that our part is £200; besides such profit, as it shall please GOD to send thereof. Wherefore you shall do well, to speak to Master STAPER for the account.

And if you would content yourself to travel for three or four years, I would wish you to come hither; or to go to Cairo, if any go thither. For we doubt not, if you remained there but three or four months, you will like so well of the place, that I think you would not desire to return again in three or four years. And, if it should be my chance to remain in any place out of England, I would choose this before all other that I know. My reason is, the place is healthful and pleasant, and the gains very good; and, no doubt, the profit will be hereafter better, things being used in good order: for there should come in every ship the fourth part of her cargason [*cargo*] in money; which would help to put away our commodities

at a very good price. Also, to have two very good ships to come together, would do very well: for, in so doing, the danger of the voyage might be accounted as little as from London to Antwerp.

Master GILES PORTER and Master EDMUND PORTER went from Tripolis in a small bark, to Jaffa, the same day that we came from thence; which was the 14th day of this present: so that, no doubt, but, long since, they are in Jerusalem. GOD send them and us safe return!

At this instant, I have received the account of Master BARRET, and the rest of the rings, with 22 ducats, 2 medins [*at* 40 *medins the ducat of* 6*s.*=£6 12*s.* 3*d. then*= *about* £40 *now*], in ready money. So there is nothing remaining in his hands but a few books. With THOMAS BOSTOCK, I left certain small trifles; which, I pray you, demand!

And so, once again, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the tuition of the Almighty, who always preserve us! From Aleppo, the 29th of May, 1583.

Yours assured,

JOHN NEWBERY.

Being in Aleppo, and finding good company: we went from thence to Bir, which is two days and a half travel with camels.

Bir is a little town, but very plentiful of victuals: and near to the wall of the town, runneth the river Euphrates. Here we bought a boat: and agreed with a master and bargemen to go to Babylon. These boats be but for one voyage: for the stream doth run so fast downwards that they cannot return. They carry you to a town which they call Felugia, and there you sell the boat for a little money. That which cost you fifty at Bir, you sell there for seven or eight.

From Bir to Felugia is sixteen days' journey. It is not good that one boat go alone: for if it should chance to break, you would have much ado to save your goods from the Arabs, which be always thereabouts robbing. In the night, when your boats be made fast, it is necessary that you keep good watch: for the Arabs that be thieves, will come swimming, and steal your goods, and flee away: against which a gun is very good, for they do fear it very much.

In the river Euphrates, from Bir to Felugia, there be certain places where you custom (so many medins for a *Some* or camel's lading; and certain raisins and soap) which are for the sons of ABORISE, who is Lord of the Arabs and all that great desert, and hath some villages upon the river. Felugia, where you unlade your goods which come from Bir, is a little village, from whence you go to Babylon in a day.

Babylon [*Bagdad*] is a town not very great, but very populous, and of great traffic of strangers; for it is the way to Persia, Turkia [*Turkestan*], and Arabia: and from thence, do go caravans for these and other places. Here is great store of victuals, which come from Armenia down the river of Tigris.

Babylon, in times past, did belong to the Kingdom of Persia: but now is subject to the Turk. Over against Babylon, there is a fair village; from whence you pass to Babylon, along a bridge made of boats, and tied to a great chain of iron: which is made fast on either side of the river. When any boats are to pass up or down the river, they take away certain of the boats until they be past.

When there is great store of water in the Tigris, you may go from Babylon to Balsora, in eight or nine days. If there be small store, it will cost you the more days.

MASTER NEWBERY, FROM BAGDAD, 20TH JULY, 1583, TO MASTER LEONARD POORE, OF LONDON.

MY LAST, I sent you, was the 29th of May [1583] last past, from Aleppo, by GEORGE GILL, the Purser of the *Tiger*.

The last day of the same month, we came from thence; and arrived at Felugia, the 19th of June, which Felugia is one day's journey from hence. Notwithstanding some of our own company came not hither till the last day of the month; which was for want of camels to carry our goods. For, at this time of the year, by reason of the great heat that is here, camels are very scant to be gotten.

And since our coming hither, we have found very small sales; but divers say, that in winter, our commodities will be very well sold. I pray GOD! their words may prove true. I think cloth, kerseys, and tin have never been here at so low prices as they are now. Notwithstanding, if I had here so much ready money as the commodities are worth, I would not doubt to make a very good profit of this voyage hither, and to Balsora. By GOD's help, there will be reasonable profit made of the voyage; but, with half money and half commodities, may be bought here the best sort of spices and other commodities that are brought from the Indies; and without money there is here, at this instant, small good to be done.

With GOD's help, two days' hence, I mind to go from hence to Balsora; and from thence, of force, I must go to Ormus, for want of a man that speaketh the Indian tongue.

At my being in Aleppo, I hired two Nazaranies [? *Nestorians*], and one of them hath been twice in the Indies, and hath the language very well: but he is a very lewd fellow, and therefore I will not take him with me. From Babylon [*Bagdad*] the 20th day of July, 1583.

Yours,

JOHN NEWBERY.

Balsora, in times past, was under the Arabs, but now is subject to the Turk. Some of them, the Turk cannot subdue: for they hold certain islands in the river Euphrates which the Turk cannot win of them. They be thieves, and have no settled dwelling: but remove from place to place, with their camels, goats, and horses; wives and children and all. They have large blue gowns; their wives' ears and noses are ringed very full of rings of copper and silver, and they wear rings of copper about their legs.

Balsora standeth near the Gulf of Persia, and is a town of great trade for spices and drugs, which come from Ormus. Also there is great store of wheat, rice, and dates growing thereabouts; wherewith they serve Babylon and all the country, Ormus, and all the parts of India.

I went from Balsora to Ormus, down the Gulf of Persia,

in a certain ship made of boards, and sown together with *cairo*, which is thread made of the husk of cocoa [nuts]; and certain canes or straw leaves sown upon the seams of the boards, which is the cause that they leak very much. And so having Persia always on the left hand, and the coast of Arabia on the right hand, we passed many islands: and among others, the famous island Baharem [*Bahrein*], whence come the best pearls; which be round and orient.

Ormus is an island about twenty-five or thirty miles in circuit, and is the driest island in the world: for there is nothing growing in it, but only salt. For their water, wood, or victuals, and all things necessary, come out of Persia; which is about twelve miles from thence. All the islands thereabout be very fruitful; from whence all kinds of victuals are sent into Ormus. The Portuguese have a Castle here which standeth near unto the sea: wherein there is a Captain for the King of Portugal, having, under him, a convenient number of soldiers; whereof some part remain in the Castle, and some in the town.

In this town, are merchants of all nations, and many Moors and Gentiles. Here is very great trade of all sorts of spices, drugs, silk, cloth of silk, fine tapestry of Persia; great store of pearls which come from the isle of Baharem and are the best pearls of all others; and many horses of Persia, which serve all India. They have a Moor to their King, who is chosen and governed by the Portuguese.

Here, very shortly after our arrival, we were put in prison, and had part of our goods taken from us by the Captain of the Castle, whose name was Don MATTHIAS DE ALBUQUERQUE. [*See pp.* 183, 189, 319, 331, 460.]

JOHN NEWBERY, FROM ORMUS, 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1583, TO J. ELDRED AND W. SHALES AT BUSSORAH.

RIGHT WELL BELOVED, & MY ASSURED GOOD FRIENDS,

I HEARTILY commend me unto you! hoping of your good health, *&c.* To certify of my voyage, after I departed from you, time will not permit: but the 4th of this present we arrived here, and the 10th,

I with the rest, were committed to prison; and about the middle of the next month, the Captain will send us all in his ship for Goa.

The cause why we are taken, as they say, is that I brought letters from Don ANTONIO [*who was living in England when the writer left*]: but the truth is, MICHAEL STROPENE was the only cause; upon letters that his brother wrote to him from Aleppo.

GOD knoweth how we shall be dealt withal in Goa! and therefore if you can procure our masters [*Sir EDWARD OSBORNE and Master STAPERS*] to send the King of Spain's letters for our releasement, you should do us great good: for they cannot with justice, put us to death. It may be that they will cut our throats, or keep us long in prison. GOD's will be done!

All those commodities that I brought hither, had been very well sold; if this trouble had not chance.

You shall do well to send with all speed a messenger, by land, from Balsora to Aleppo, to certify this mischance; although it cost thirty or forty crowns [=*£9 to £12 then=about £54 to £72 now*] that we may be the sooner released; and I shall be the better able to recover this again, which is now likely to be lost.

I pray you make my hearty commendations, *&c.*

From out of the Prison in Ormus, this 21st [day] of September, 1583.

JOHN NEWBERY, FROM ORMUS, 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1583, TO J. ELDRED AND W. SHALES AT BUSSORAH.

THE bark of the Jews is arrived here, two days past; by whom I know you did write: but your letters are not likely to come to my hands.

This bringer hath showed me here very great courtesy; wherefore, I pray you, show him what favour you may!

About the middle of next month, I think we shall depart from hence. GOD be our guide!

I think ANDREW will go by land to Aleppo; wherein,

I pray you, further him what you may! but if he should not go; then, I pray you, despatch away a messenger with as much speed as possibly you may.

I can say no more; but do for me, as you would I should do for you, in the like cause! And so with my very hearty commendations, *&c.*

From out of the prison in Ormus, this 24th day of September,

Yours,

JOHN NEWBERY.

From Ormus, the 11th of October, the Captain shipped us for Goa, unto the Viceroy; who, at that time, was Don FRANCESCO DE MASCHARENHAS. The ship wherein we were embarked for Goa, belonged to the Captain; and carried 124 horses in it. All merchandise carried to Goa in a ship wherein there are horses, pay no customs at Goa. The horses pay customs, the goods pay nothing: but if you come in a ship which bringeth no horses, you are then to pay eight in the hundred for your goods.

The first city of India that, after we had passed the coast of Sind, we arrived at, upon the 5th of November, is called Diu: which standeth on an island, in the kingdom of Cambaia, and is the strongest town that the Portuguese have in those parts. It is very little, but well stored with merchandise; for here, they lade many great ships with divers commodities for the Straits of Mecca [*the Red Sea*], for Ormus, and other places: and these be shipped of the Moors and Christians; but the Moors cannot pass, except they have a passport from the Portuguese.

Going from Diu, we came to Daman, the second town of the Portuguese in the country of Cambaia; which is distant from Diu, forty leagues. Here is no trade but of corn and rice. They have many villages under them, which they quietly possess in time of peace; but in time of war, the enemy is master of them.

From thence, we passed by Basaim, and from Basaim to Tana. At both of which places, there is a small trade, but only of corn and rice.

The 10th of November, we arrived at Chaul; which standeth in the firm land. There be two towns; the one belonging

to the Portuguese, and the other to the Moors. That of the Portuguese is nearest to the sea, and commandeth the bay. It is walled round about. Here is great traffic for all sorts of spices and drugs, silk and cloth of silk, sandals, elephants' teeth [*tusks*], much China work, and much sugar is made of the nut called *Gagara*. The tree is called the Palmer, which is the most profitable tree in the world. It doth always bear fruit, and doth yield wine, oil, sugar, vinegar, cords, coals. Of the leaves, are made thatch for the houses, sails for ships, mats to sit or lie upon. Of the branches, they make their houses, and brooms to sweep [with]. Of the tree, wood for ships. The wine doth issue out of the top of the tree. They cut a branch of a bough, and bind it hard; and hang an earthen pot upon it, which they empty every morning and evening, and still [*distill*] it and put in certain dried raisins, and it becometh very strong wine in a short time.

Hither, many ships come from all parts of India, Ormus, &c.; and many from Mecca.

Goa is the principal city which the Portuguese have in India; wherein the Viceroy remaineth with his Court. It standeth on an island, which may be twenty-five or thirty miles about. It is a fine city; and for an Indian town very fair. The island is very fair, full of orchards and gardens, and many palm trees; and hath some villages. Here be many merchants of all nations. And the Fleet which cometh every year from Portugal, which be four, five, or six great ships, cometh first hither. They come, for the most part, in September, and remain there forty or fifty days; and then go to Cochin, where they lade their pepper for Portugal. Oftentimes, they lade one in Goa; and the rest go to Cochin, which is an hundred leagues southward from Goa.

At our coming [30th of November], we were cast into the prison, and examined before the Justice, and demanded for letters. We were charged to be spies; but they could prove nothing against us. We continued in prison, until the 22nd of December: and then we were set at liberty; putting in sureties for 2,000 ducats [*or rather Pardaos Xeraphines, see p.* 187], not to depart the town, which sureties, Father STEVENS, an English Jesuit (whom we found there) and another "religious" man, a friend of his, procured for us.

JOHN NEWBERY, FROM GOA, 20TH JANUARY, 1584, TO MASTER LEONARD POORE, OF LONDON.

This and the following letter were warily written; so as not to compromise the writers with the Jesuit priests, if they had been detected and read.

MY LAST I sent you, was from Ormus, whereby I certified you, what was happened unto me and the rest of my company: which was that, four days after our arrival there, we were all committed to prison; except one Italian who came with me from Aleppo, whom the Captain never examined, but only demanded "What countryman he was?" But I make account, MICHAEL STROPENE, who accused us, had informed the Captain of him.

The first day we arrived there, this STROPENE accused us that "we were spies sent from Don ANTONIO," besides divers other lies: notwithstanding, if we had been of any other country than of England, we might freely have traded with them.

And although we be Englishmen, I know no reason to the contrary, but that we may trade hither and thither, as well as other nations. For all nations do and may come freely to Ormus; as Frenchmen, Flemings, Almains [*Germans*], Hungarians, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Nazaranies [*Nestorians*], Turks and Moors, Jews and Gentiles, Persians, and Moscovites; and there is no nation they seek to trouble, but ours: wherefore it were contrary to all justice and reason that they should suffer all nations to trade with them, and forbid us.

But now I have as great liberty as any other nation, except it be to go out of the country; which thing, as yet, I desire not: but I think, hereafter, and before it be long, if I shall be desirous to go from hence, that they will [*shall*] not deny me licence.

Before we might be suffered to come out of prison, I was forced to put in sureties for 2,000 pardaos not to depart from hence, without licence of the Viceroy. Other-

wise, except this, we have as much liberty as any other nation; for I have our goods again, and have taken a house in the chiefest street in the town, called the *Rue Drette*, where we sell our goods.

There were two causes which moved the Captain of Ormus to imprison us, and afterwards to send us hither. The first was because MICHAEL STROPENE had accused us of many matters, which were most false. And the second was that Master DRAKE, at his being at the Moluccas [*in* 1580], caused two pieces of the ordnance to be shot at a galleon of the Kings of Portugal, as they say. But of these things, I did not know at Ormus.

In the ship that we were sent in, came the Chief Justice in Ormus, who was called the *Aveador General* of that place. He had been there three years, so that his time was now expired. This *Aveador* is a great friend to the Captain of Ormus; and, certain days after our coming from thence, sent for me into his chamber [on board the ship], and there began to demand of me many things, to which I answered.

And, amongst the rest, he said that "Master DRAKE was sent out of England with many ships, and came to the Moluccas, and there laded cloves; and finding there a galleon of the Kings of Portugal, he caused two pieces of his greatest ordnance to be shot at the same."

So, perceiving that this did greatly grieve them, I asked, "If they would be revenged on me, for that which Master DRAKE had done?"

To which, he answered, "No!" although his meaning was to the contrary.

He said, moreover, that "The cause why the Captain of Ormus did send me to Goa was, that the Viceroy should understand of me, what news there was of Don ANTONIO; and whether he were in England, yea or no: and that it might be all for the best that I was sent thither." Which I trust in GOD will so fall out, although contrary to his expectation.

For had it not pleased GOD to put it into the minds of the Archbishop, and two *Padres*, Jesuits of Saint Paul's College, to stand our friends, we might have rotted in prison.

The Archbishop is a very good man: who hath two

young men his servants. One of them was born at Hamburg, and is called BERNARD BORGERS [*p.* 310]: and the other was born at Enkhuisen, whose name is JOHN LINSCOT [*i.e., our old friend JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN*]; who did us great pleasure. For by them, the Archbishop was, many times, put in mind of us.

And the two good Fathers of Saint Paul's, who travailed very much for us, one of them is called *Padre* MARK, who was born in Bruges, in Flanders: and the other was born in Wiltshire, in England, and is called *Padre* THOMAS STEVENS.*

* He was some time of New College, Oxford.

Also, I chanced to find here a young man, who was born in Antwerp; but the most part of his bringing up hath been in London. His name is FRANCIS DE REA: and with him it was my hap to be acquainted in Aleppo; who, also, hath done me great pleasure here.

In the prison at Ormus, we remained many days. Also, we lay a long time at sea coming hither. Forthwith, at our arrival here [on 30 November], we were carried to prison: and, the next day after, were sent for before the *Aveador*, who is the Chief Justice, to be examined. When we were examined, he presently sent us back again to prison.

And after our being there in prison thirteen days, JAMES STORY went [on 12 December] into the Monastery of Saint Paul; where he remaineth, and is made one of the Company: which life he liketh very well.

And upon St. Thomas's day [21 December], which was twenty-two days after our arrival here, I came out of prison; and the next day after, came out RALPH FITCH and WILLIAM LEEDES.

If these troubles had not chanced, I had been in possibility to have made as good a voyage as ever any man made with so much [*such an amount of*] money.

Many of our things I have sold very well, both here and in prison at Ormus: for, notwithstanding, the Captain willed me, if I would, to sell what I could, before we embarked. So, with officers, I went divers times out of the Castle in the morning, and sold things; and, at night, returned again to prison. All things that I sold, they did write: and at our embarking from

thence, the Captain gave order that I should deliver all my money, with the goods, into the hands of the *Scrivano*, or Purser, of the ship; which I did. The *Scrivano* made a remembrance, which he left there with the Captain, that myself with the rest, with money and goods, he should deliver into the hands of the *Aveador General* of India.

But at our arrival here, the *Aveador* would neither meddle with goods nor money, for he could not prove anything against us; wherefore the goods remained in the ship nine or ten days, after our arrival. And then, because the ship was to sail from thence, the *Scrivano* sent the goods on shore; and there they remained a day and a night, and nobody to receive them.

In the end, they suffered this bringer [*the carrier of this letter*] to receive them, who came with me from Ormus; and put them into an house which he had hired for me, where they remained four or five days.

But, afterwards, when they should deliver the money, it was concluded by the Justice that both money and goods should be delivered into the positor's [*security's*] hands, where they remained fourteen days [*i.e., to 4th January*, 1584] after my coming out of prison.

At my being in Aleppo, I bought a fountain of silver gilt, six knives, six spoons; and one fork trimmed with coral for 25 sequins [=£1 5*s. then*=£7 10*s. now*]: which the Captain of Ormus did take, and paid for the same 20 pardaos [*i.e., pardaos de larines*] = 100 larins = 100 sequins [=£5 *then*=£30 *now*] there or here.

Also, he had five emeralds set in gold, which were worth 500 or 600 crowns [=£150 *to* £180 *then* = *about* £900 *to* £1,080 *now*], and paid for the same 100 pardaos [=£25 *then*=£150 *now*].

Also he had 19½ pikes [*an Eastern measure of length*] which cost in London 20*s.* the pike, and was worth 9 or 10 crowns [£2 14*s. or* £3 *then* = £16 4*s. to* £18 *now*] the pike: and paid for the same 12 larins [= 12*s. then* = £3 12*s. now*] a pike.

Also he had two pieces of green kerseys, which were worth 24 pardaos[=£6 *then*=£36 *now*] the piece; and paid for them 16 pardaos [=£4 *then*=£24 *now*].

[It may be useful to give here the following Table of the English values in Elizabeth's reign, of the principal Coins referred to in these Eastern narratives, expressed in Portuguese *Reis*, on the basis of the gold *Milreis* = 13*s.* 4*d.*, see *p.* 18; with their equivalents in Spanish *Maravedies*, at 374 to the *Ducat* ordinarily passed for 5*s.* 6*d.* English money, but here proportionately taken at 5s. 4d.

Description of Coins:	Portuguese. *Reis.*	English. *Pence*	English.	Spanish *Ducats.* *Maravedies.*
The Portuguese *Milreis* ...	= 1000	= 160·0	= 13s. 4d.	= 2½ *or* 935
The *Venetiander* [? the gold *Ducat* of Venice], of Goa [=10 *Tangas*].	= 600	= 96·0	= 8s. 0d.	= 1⅝ *or* 561
The *Pagoda*, of Goa [=8 *Tangas*]	= 480	= 76·8		= 1⅜ *or* 448·8
The French *Crown*, in Europe	= 450	= 72·0	= 6s. 0d.	= 1⅛ *or* 420·75
The *current* or ordinary *Ducat*, in the Euphrates Valley	= 450	= 72·0	= 6s. 0d.	= 1⅛ *or* 420·75
The *Piece of Eight;* which had three other names, the *Royal of Eight*, the *Royal of Plate*, and, in Goa, *Pardao de Reale*..	= 436	= 69·76		= 1 1/11 *or* 404·6
The Spanish and Portuguese *Ducat*	= 400	= 64·0	= (ordinarily, as 5s. 6d.)	= 1 *or* 374
				Maravedies.
The *Pardao of Larines*, of Ormus...	= 375	= 60·0	= 5s. 0d.	= 318·75
The *Cruzado*, of Malacca [=6 *Tangas*]	= 360	= 57·6		= 306
The *Pardao Xeraphine*, of Goa [=5 *Tangas*] ...	= 300	= 48·0	= 4s. 0d.	= 255
The *Keyser's Guilder*, of Holland	= 160	= 25·6	= (ordinarily, 2s.)	= 136
The *Teston*, of Holland ...	= 100	= 16·0		= 85
The *Larine*, of Ormus [4=1 *Pardao Xeraphine*; 5=1 *Pardao de larines*] ...	= 75	= 12·0	= 1s. 0d.	= 63·75
The *Sequin*, at Ormus; there taken as = the *Larine* ...	= 75	= 12·0	= 1s. 0d.	= 63·75
The good [*i.e., of full weight*] *Tanga*, of Goa	= 60	= 9·6		= 51

[The Tanga was the monetary Unit at Goa: 5=1 *Pardao Xeraphine*; 8=1 *Pagoda*; 10=1 *Venetiander*.]

The Spanish *Rial of Silver* [11=1 *Ducat*]	= 40	= 6·4	(ordinarily, 6d.)	= 34
The *Stiver* of Holland [10=1 *Teston*]	= 10	= 1·6		= 8·5
The good *Vintin* of Goa [15=1 *Tanga*]	= 4	= ·64		= 3·4
A single Spanish *Maravedy* ...	= 1·176	= ·188		= 1
Two Pence of Holland = a single Portuguese *Rei*..	1	= ·16		= ·85
A single good *Bazarucho* [5=1 *Vintin*; 75=1 *Tanga*]	—	= ·128		= ·68]

Besides divers other trifles that the officers and others had, in the like order; and some, for nothing at all.

But the cause of all this, was MICHAEL STROPENE, who came to Ormus not worth a penny, and now hath 30,000 or 40,000 crowns [= £9,000 *to* £12,000 *then* = £54,000 *to* £72,000 *now*], and he grieveth that any other stranger should trade thither but himself. But that shall not skill! For, I trust in GOD! to go both thither and hither, and to buy and sell as freely as he or any other. Here is very great good, to be done in divers of our commodities; and in like manner, there is great profit to be made with commodities of this country, to be carried to Aleppo.

It were long for me to write, and tedious for you to read of all the things that have passed since my parting from you: but of all the troubles, since mine arrival in Ormus, this bringer is able to certify you.

I mind to stay here: wherefore if you will write unto me, you may send your letters to some friend at Lisbon; and from thence, by the ships [*carracks*], they may be conveyed hither. Let the direction of your letters be, either in Portuguese or Spanish, whereby they may come the better to my hands.

From Goa, this 20th day of January, 1584.

RALPH FITCH, FROM GOA, 25TH JANUARY, 1584, TO MASTER LEONARD POORE OF LONDON.

LOVING FRIEND,

SINCE my departure from Aleppo, I have not written any letters unto you, by reason that at Babylon [*Bagdad*] I was sick of the flux [? *diarrhœa*]: and, being sick, I went from thence to Balsora [*Bussorah*], which was twelve days' journey down the Tigris. Where we had extremely hot weather (which was good

for my disease); ill fare, and worse lodging by reason our boat was pestered [*crowded*] with people.

That which I did eat in eight days, was very small, so that if we had stayed two days longer upon the water, I think I had died. But coming to Balsora; presently I mended, I thank GOD!

There we stayed fourteen days, and then we embarked ourselves for Ormus, where we arrived the 5th of September, and were put in prison the 9th of the same month, where we continued until the 11th of October. And then, were shipped for this city of Goa, in the Captain's ship; with 114 horses and about 200 men.

Passing by Diu and Chaul where we went on land to water, the 20th of November; we arrived at Goa, the 30th of the same month: where, for our better entertainment! we were presently put into a fair strong prison; where we continued until the 22nd of December.

It was the will of GOD, that we found there two *Padres*, the one an Englishman, the other a Fleming. The Englishman's name, was *Padre* THOMAS STEVENS, the other's *Padre* MARCO; of the Order of St. Paul. These did sue for us unto the Viceroy and other Officers; and stood us in as much stead as our lives and goods were worth: for if they had not stuck to us, if we had escaped with our lives, yet we had had a long imprisonment.

After fourteen days' imprisonment, they offered us if we could put in sureties for 2,000 ducats [*i.e.*, *Pardaos Xeraphines*], we should go abroad in the town: which, when we could not do, the said *Padres* found a surety for us, that we should not depart the country, without the licence of the Viceroy.

It doth spite the Italians [*i.e.*, *the Venetians*] to see us abroad: and many marvel at our delivery. The painter is in the Cloister of St. Paul, and is of their Order; and liketh it very well.

While we were in prison, both at Ormus and here, there was a great deal of our goods pilfered and lost; and we have been at great charges, in gifts and otherwise: so that a great deal of our goods is consumed. There is much of our things that will sell very well, and some we shall get nothing for.

I hope in GOD, that, at the return of the Viceroy, who is gone to Chaul and to Diu, they say to win a castle of the Moors; whose return it is thought will be about Easter [March 1584], then we shall get our liberty, and our surety be discharged. Then I think, it will be our best way, either one or both to return: because our troubles have been so great, and so much of our goods spoiled and lost. [*Was this a blind? They evidently wanted to go forward, as they actually did.*]

But if it please GOD, that I come into England; by GOD's help! I will return hither again. It is a brave and pleasant country, and very fruitful.

For all our great troubles, yet are we fat and well liking [*looking well*]: for victuals are here in plenty, and good cheap.

And here I will pass over to certify you of strange things, until our meeting: for it would be too long to write thereof.

And thus, I commit you to GOD! who ever preserve you, and us all!

From Goa in the East Indies, the 25th of January, 1584.

Yours to command,

RALPH FITCH.

Our surety's name was ANDREAS TABORER, to whom we paid 2,150 ducats [*i.e., Pardaos Xeraphines=£430 then=£2,580 now. This is probably the exact amount paid to the Surety: being the Pledge-money, and something for his trouble*]: and still he demanded more. Whereupon [*in March* 1584] we made suit to the Viceroy and Justice "to have our money [*the* 2,000 *ducats*] again; considering they had had it in their hands nearly five months [*November* 1583, *to March* 1584] and could prove nothing against us."

The Viceroy made us a very sharp answer, and said "We should be better sifted, before it were long; and that they had further matter against us!"

Wherepon we presently [*instantly*] determined rather to seek our liberties, than to be in danger to be slaves for ever in the country. For it was told us, we should have the *strappado*.

Whereupon, presently [*at once*], the 5th day of April [*Old Style*], 1584, in the morning, we ran from the place: and,

being set over the river, we went two days' journey on foot, not without fear, not knowing the way, nor having any guide: for we durst trust none.

Continued in the Summary, at *p.* 194.

JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.
Account of the Four Englishmen at Goa.

As LINSCHOTEN says at *p.* 194, his information about Aleppo and Ormus was derived from JAMES STORY, the English house painter. But see *p.* 310.

[*Discourses of Voyages &c.*, 1598.]

IN THE month of December [*or rather on 4th September, see p.* 176], *anno* 1583, there arrived in the town and island of Ormus, four Englishmen; who came from Aleppo in the country of Syria, having sailed out of England, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar to Tripolis, a town and haven lying on the sea-coast of Syria, where all the ships discharge their wares and merchandise, which from thence are carried by land to Aleppo, which is a nine-days' journey.

In Aleppo, there are resident divers merchants and factors of all nations, as Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Armenians Turks, and Moors; every man having his religion apart, and paying tribute unto the Great Turk. In that town there is great traffic. For from thence, twice every year, there travelleth two *caffylen* [caravans], that is, companies of people and camels, which travel into India, Persia, Arabia, and all the countries bordering on the same, and deal in all sorts of merchandise both to and from those countries.

Three of the Englishmen aforesaid were sent by the company of Englishmen that are resident in Aleppo, to see if they might keep any factors in Ormus; and so traffic in that place, like as also the Italians, that is to say, the Venetians, do: who have their factors in Ormus, Goa, and Malacca, and traffic there, as well for stones and pearls as for other wares and spices of those countries; which from thence, are carried overland into Venice.

One of these Englishmen had been once before in the said town of Ormus, and there had taken good information of the trade; and upon his advice and advertisement, the other

three were then come thither with him, bringing great store of merchandise with them, as cloths, saffron, all kinds of drinking-glasses and haberdashers' wares, as looking-glasses, knives, and such like stuff; and, to conclude, brought with them all kinds of small wares that may be devised. And although those wares amounted unto great sums of money; notwithstanding it was but only a shadow or colour, thereby to give no occasion to be mistrusted or seen into. For their principal intent was to buy great quantities of precious stones, as diamonds, pearls, rubies, &c.: to the which end, they brought with them a great sum of money and gold; and that very secretly, not to be deceived or robbed thereof, or to run into any danger for the same.

They, being thus arrived in Ormus, hired a shop, and began to sell their wares; which the Italians perceiving (whose factors continue there, as I said before, and fearing that those Englishmen, finding good vent for their commodities in that place, would be resident therein, and so daily increase), did presently invent all the subtle means they could, to hinder them. And to that end, they went unto the Captain of Ormus, then called Don GONSALO DE MENESES [*or rather, Don M. DE ALBUQUERQUE, see pp.* 176, 183, 319, 331, 460], telling him that there were certain Englishmen come into Ormus that were sent only to spy the country: and said further that "they were heretics, and therefore," they said, "it was convenient they should not be suffered so to depart; without being examined and punished as enemies, to the example of others."

The Captain, being a friend unto the Englishmen, by reason that the one of them, who had been there before, had given him certain presents, would not be persuaded to trouble them: but shipped them, with all their wares, in a ship that was to sail for Goa; and sent them to the Viceroy, that he might examine and try them, as he thought good.

Where, when they were arrived, they were cast into prison: and first examined whether they were good Christians or not. And because they could speak but bad Portuguese; and that two of them spoke good Dutch, having been certain years in the Low Countries, and trafficed there: a Dutch Jesuit (born in the town of Bruges in Flanders, that had resident in the Indies for the space of thirty years) was sent unto them to undermine and examine them. Wherein they behaved them-

selves so well, that they were holden and esteemed for good and catholic Romish Christians; yet still suspected, because they were strangers, especially Englishmen.

The Jesuits still told them they should be sent prisoners unto Portugal, wishing them to leave off their trade of merchandise, and to become Jesuits: promising them thereby to defend them from all trouble. The cause why they said so, and persuaded them in that earnest manner was that the Dutch Jesuit had secretly been advertised of the great sums of money which they had about them, and sought to get the same into their fingers: for the first vow and promise they make, at their entrance into their Order, is, *to procure the welfare of the said Order, by what means soever it be.*

Although the Englishmen denied them, and refused the Order, saying that "they were unfit for such places"; nevertheless they proceeded so far that one of them, being a painter (that came with the other three, to see the countries and to seek his fortune; but was not sent thither by the English merchants), partly for fear, and partly for want of means to relieve himself, promised them to become a Jesuit: and although they knew and perceived well he was not any of those that had the treasure; yet because he was a painter (whereof there are but few in India), and that they had great need of him to paint their church, which otherwise it would cost them great charges to bring one from Portugal, they were very glad thereof; hoping, in time, to get the rest of them, with all their money, into their fellowship. So that, to conclude, they made this painter, a Jesuit, where he continued certain days; giving him good store of work to do, and entertaining him with all the favour and friendship they could devise; and all to win the rest. But the other three continued still in prison, being in great fear, because they understood no man that came to them, nor any man almost knew what they said; till, in the end, it was told them that certain Dutchmen dwelt in the Archbishop's house, and counsel given them to send unto them.

Whereat they much rejoiced, and sent to me and to another Dutchman, desiring us once to come, and speak with them; which we presently [*at once*] did. They, with tears in their eyes, made complaint unto us of their hard usage, showing us from point to point, as is said before, why they were come into the

country: withal desiring us, for GOD's sake, if we might, by any means, help them, that they might be set at liberty upon sureties, being ready to endure what justice should ordain for them; saying "that if it were found contrary, and that they were other than travelling merchants, and sought to find out further benefit by their wares, they would be content to be punished."

With that, we departed from them, promising them to do our best: and, in the end, we obtained so much of the Archbishop, that he went unto the Viceroy to deliver our petition; and persuaded him so well that he was content to set them at liberty, and that their goods should be delivered unto them again, upon condition that they should put in surety for 2,000 pardaos [=£400 *then*=£2,400 *now*] not to depart the country before other order should be taken with them.

Thereupon, they presently found a citizen of the town, that was their surety for 2,000 pardaos, and they paid him [*i.e., at first*] 1,300 pardaos [=£260 *then*=£1,560 *now*] in hand; and because they said they had no more ready money, he gave them credit, seeing what store of merchandise they had, whereby at all times, if need were, he might be satisfied [*but he was eventually paid* 2,150 *pardaos, see p.* 187]: and by that means they were delivered out of prison, and hired themselves a house, and began to set an open shop.

So that they uttered much ware, and were presently well known among all the merchants, because they always respected gentlemen, specially such as bought their wares; showing great courtesy and honour unto them: whereby they won much credit, and were beloved of all men, so that every man favoured them, and was willing to do them pleasure.

To us, they showed great friendship; for whose sake, the Archbishop favoured them much, and showed them very good countenance, which they knew well how to increase, by offering him many presents: although he would not receive them, neither would ever take gift or present at any man's hands. Likewise they behaved themselves very Catholic, and very devout, every day hearing mass with beads in their hands; so that they fell into so great favour that no man carried an evil eye, no, nor an evil thought towards them.

Which liked not the Jesuits, because it hindered them from that they hoped for, so that they ceased not still, by this

Dutch Jesuit, to put them in fear, that they should be sent into Portugal to the King, counselling them to yield themselves Jesuits into their cloister, "which if they did," he said, "they would defend them from all, in troubles." Saying further, "that he counselled them therein as a friend, and one that knew for certain, that it was so determined by the Viceroy's Privy Council, which to effect," he said, "they stayed but for shipping [*i.e.*, *the Carracks*] that should sail for Portugal": with divers other persuasions to put them in some fear, and so to effect their purpose.

The Englishmen, on the contrary, durst not say anything to them, but answered that "they, as yet, would stay awhile, and consider thereof," thereby putting the Jesuits in good comfort, as one among them, being the principal of them, called JOHN NEWBERY, complained to me oftentimes, saying, "he knew not what to say or think therein; or which way he might be rid of those troubles."

But, in the end, they determined with themselves, to depart from thence, and secretly by means of contrary friends, they employed their money in precious stones; which the better to effect, one of them [WILLIAM LEEDES] was a jeweller, and for the same purpose came with them. Which being concluded among them, they durst not make known to any man; neither did they credit [*trust*] us so much as to show us their minds therein, although they told us all whatsoever they knew. But on a Whitsunday [*FITCH says on 5th April, 1584, O.S.; see p. 187*], they went abroad to sport themselves about three miles from Goa, in the mouth of the river, in a country called Bardes, having with them a good store of meat and drink. And because they should not be suspected; they left their house and shop, with some wares therein unsold, in the custody of a Dutch boy by us provided for them, that looked unto it. This boy was in the house, not knowing their intent.

Being at Bardes, they had with them a *patamar*, which is one of the Indian posts, which, in winter times, carry letters from one place to another; whom they had hired to guide them. And because that between Bardes and the firm land there is but a little river, in a manner half dry, they passed over it on foot; and so travelled by land: being never heard of again. It is thought they arrived in Aleppo, as some say; but they knew not certainly. Their greatest hopes was that

JOHN NEWBERY could speak Arabic, which is used in all those countries, or, at the least, understood: for it is very common in all places thereabouts, as French, with us.

News being come to Goa, there was a great stir and murmuring among the people, and we much wondered at it: for many were of opinion that we had given them counsel so to do. And presently [*instantly*] their surety seized upon the goods remaining, which might amount unto above 200 pardaos [=£40 *then*=£240 *now*]; and with that, and the money he had received of the Englishmen, [*apparently only the* 1,300 *Pardaos, keeping the* 650 *to himself*], he went unto the Viceroy, and delivered it unto him: which the Viceroy having received, forgave him the rest.

This flight of the Englishmen grieved the Jesuits most; because they had lost such a prey, which they made sure account of. Whereupon, the Dutch Jesuit came to us, to ask us if we knew thereof; saying, "that if he had suspected so much, he would have dealt otherwise. For that," he said, "he once had in his hand a bag of theirs wherein was 40,000 Venesanders [or *Venetianders*]." Each Venesander being two Pardaos [*i.e.*=8*s*, *see p.* 184. *The amount was therefore* £16,000 *then*=£96,000 *now*]. Which was when they were in prison. "And that they had always put him in comfort to accomplish his desire. Upon the which promise, he gave them their money again: which otherwise they should not so lightly have come by, or paradventure never," as he openly said. And in the end, he called them heretics and spies; with a thousand other railing speeches which he uttered against them.

[JAMES STORY], the Englishman that was become a Jesuit, hearing that his companions were gone, and perceiving that the Jesuits showed him not so great favour, neither used him so well as they did at the first, repented himself. And seeing he had not, as then, made any solemn promise; and being counselled to leave the house, and told that he could not want a living in the town, as also that the Jesuits could not keep him there, without he were willing to stay, so that could not accuse him of anything, he told them flatly, that "He had no desire to stay within the Cloister": and although they used all the means they could, to keep him there, yet he would not stay; but hired a house without the Cloister, and opened a shop where he had good store of work. And, in the end,

married a *mestizo's* daughter, of the town. So that he made his account to stay there, while he lived.

By this Englishman, I was instructed in all the ways, trades, and voyages of the country between Aleppo and Ormus: and of all the ordinances and common customs which they usually hold during their voyage overland; as also of the places and towns where they passed.

Since those Englishmen's departure from Goa [*April* 1584] there never arrived [*until November* 1588, *when* LINSCHOTEN *left India*] any strangers, either English or others, by land in the said countries; but only Italians, which daily traffic overland, and use continual trade, going and coming, that way.

From the point of the three Englishmen's escape from Goa, we have only space to give the briefest outline of FITCH's travels, from HAKLUYT's *Voyages*. They met an Ambassador of the Emperor AKBAR, and went with him to his Court at Agra. Where

We stayed all three until the 28th of September, 1585.

Then Master JOHN NEWBERY went towards the city of Lahore: determining from thence, to go for Persia; and then for Aleppo or Constantinople, which he could get soonest passage unto. [*Apparently, he never reached England.*]

He directed me to go to Bengal and Pegu; and did promise me, if it pleased GOD, to meet in Bengal, within two years, with a ship out of England.

I left WILLIAM LEEDES, the jeweller, in the service of the Emperor AKBAR at Agra: who did entertain him very well; and gave him a house, and five slaves, a horse, and every day six S.S. in money.

I went from Agra to Satagam in Bengal, in the company of 180 boats laden with salt, opium, hinge, lead, carpets, and divers other commodities, down the river Jumna.

From Agra, I came to Prage [*now, Allahabad*], where the Jumna entereth the mighty river Ganges, and loseth his name.

From thence, we went to Benares; which is a great town.

From Benares, I went to Patna, down the river Ganges, where, in the way, we passed many fair towns and a very fruitful country.

From Patna, I went to Tanda, which standeth a league from the river Ganges.

I was five months coming to Bengal; but it may be sailed in a much shorter time.

I went into the country of Couche, which is twenty-five days' journey northwards from Tanda.

From thence I returned to Hooghly, which is the place which the Portuguese keepeth in the country of Bengal. It standeth 23° N., and a league from Satagam. They call it *Porto Piqueno*.

Not far from *Porto Piqueno* south-westward, standeth an haven, which is called *Porto Angeli*, in the country of Orissa.

From Satagam, I travelled by the country of Tippara to *Porto Grande* or Chatigan.

From Chatigan in Bengal, I came to Batticola.

From Batticola, I went to Serrepore [? *Serampore*], which standeth on the river Ganges.

I went from Serrepore, the 28th of November, 1586, for Pegu; in a small ship or foist of one ALBERT CARVALLOS.

From Bengal to Pegu is ninety leagues. We entered the bar of Negrais, which is a brave bar, and hath four fathoms of water where it hath least. Three days after, we came to Cosmin, which is a very pretty town.

From the bar of Negrais to the city of Pegu is ten days' journey by the rivers. We went from Cosmin to Pegu in praus or boats.

I went from Pegu to Iamabey. It is twenty-five days journey north-east from Pegu.

The 10th January [1588] I went from Pegu to Malacca: and so came to Malacca the 8th of February, where the Portuguese have a castle, which standeth near the sea. [*Then just relieved by the Portuguese, see p.* 328. *AFHUISEN p.* 429, *must have been there at the same time as* FITCH.]

The 29th of March, 1588, I returned from Malacca to Martavan, and so to Pegu; where I remained a second time until the 17th of September; and then I went to Cosmin, and there took shipping. And passing many dangers, by reason of contrary winds, it pleased GOD that we arrived in Bengal in November following. Where I stayed, for want of passage, until the 3rd of February, 1589; and then I shipped myself for Cochin.

We arrived in Ceylon the 6th of March: where we stayed five days to water, and to furnish ourselves with other necessary provision.

The 11th of March, we sailed from Ceylon; and so doubled Cape Cormorin. From thence, we passed by Coulan [*Quilon*], which is a fort of the Portuguese: whence cometh great store of pepper, which cometh for Portugal. Oftentimes, one of the carracks of Portugal ladeth there. Thus passing the coast, we arrived in Cochin, the 22nd of March.

I remained in Cochin until the 2nd of November, which was eight months; for there was no passage in all that time. If I had come two days sooner, I had found a passage presently [*at once*].

From Cochin, I went to Goa; where I remained three days. [*A rather risky visit!*]

From Goa, I went to Chaul, where I remained twenty-three days. And there making my provision of things necessary for the ship, I departed from thence to Ormus: where I stayed for a passage to Balsora, fifty days.

From Ormus, I went to Balsora or Basora; and from Basora to Babylon [*Bagdad*]: and we passed the most part of the way up the Tigris by the strength of men by hauling the boat up the river with a long cord.

From Babylon, I came by land to Mosul, which standeth near to Nineveh, which is all ruinated and destroyed. It standeth fast by the river Tigris.

From Mosul, I went to Merdin [*Mardin*], which is in the country of the Armenians: but now a people, which they call Kurds, dwell in that place.

From Merdin, I went to Orpha [*Urfah*], which is a very fair town; and it hath a goodly fountain full of fish; where the Moors hold many great ceremonies and opinions concerning ABRAHAM. For they say, he did once dwell there.

From thence, I went to Bir, and so passed the river Euphrates.

From Bir I went to Aleppo, where I stayed certain months for company, and then, I went to Tripolis; where finding English shipping, I came, with a prosperous voyage to London: where, by GOD's assistance, I safely arrived the 29th of April, 1591: having been eight years out of my native country.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

A Book of Airs.

BY

THOMAS CAMPION, M.D. & PHILIP ROSSETER, Lutenist.

Entered at Stationers' Hall on the 8th May, 1601.

TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS MONSON.

SIR,

THE general voice of your worthiness, and many particular favours which I have heard Master CAMPION, with dutiful respect, often acknowledge himself to have received from you, have emboldened me to present this *Book of Airs* to your favourable judgement and gracious protection! Especially, because the first rank of Songs are of his own composition, made at his vacant hours, and privately imparted to his friends: whereby they grew both public, and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupted; and some of them, both words and notes, unrespectively challenged [*claimed*] by others. In

regard of which wrongs, though he himself neglects these light fruits as superfluous blossoms of his deeper studies; yet hath it pleased him, upon my entreaty, to grant me the impression of a part of them: to which I have added an equal number of mine own. And this two-faced JANUS, thus in one body united, I humbly intreat you to entertain and defend! chiefly in respect of the affection which I suppose you bear him; who, I am assured, doth, above all others, love and honour you!

And, for my part, I shall think myself happy if, in any service, I may deserve this favour.

Your Worship's humbly devoted,

PHILIP ROSSETER.

TO THE READER.

[See a similar Epistle by Dr. CAMPION, at *p.* 270.]

WHAT Epigrams are in Poetry, the same are Airs in Music: then in their chief perfection, when they are short and well seasoned. But to clog a light Song with a long preludium, *is to corrupt the nature of it. Many rests in music were invented, either for necessity of the fugue, or granted as an harmonical licence in songs of many parts: but in Airs, I find no use they have, unless it be to make a vulgar and trivial modulation seem to the ignorant, strange; and to the judicial, tedious. A naked Air without guide, or prop, or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear; and requires so much the more invention to make it please. And as MARTIAL speaks in defence of his short Epigrams; so may I say in the apology of Airs: that where there is a full volume, there can be*

no imputation of shortness. The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins were the first inventors of Airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables: of which sort, you shall find here, only one song in Sapphic verse [p. 211]*; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes, without art. The subject of them is, for the most part, amorous: and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous attires? Or why not new airs, as well as new fashions?*

For the Note and Tableture, if they satisfy the most, we have our desire; let expert masters please themselves with better! And if any light error hath escaped us; the skilful may easily correct it, the unskilful will hardly perceive it. But there are some, who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgement, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, bated with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the note: like the old exploded action in Comedies, when if they did pronounce Memeni, *they would point to the hinder part of their heads; if* Video, *put their finger in their eye. But such childish observing of words is altogether ridiculous: and we ought to maintain, as well in notes, as in action, a manly carriage; gracing no word, but that which is eminent and emphatical. Nevertheless, as in Poesy we give the preeminence to the Heroical Poem; so in Music, we yield the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet; but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasy, where, in a multitude of points, the harmony is quite drowned.*

Airs have both their art and pleasure: and I will conclude of them, as the poet did in his censure of CATULLUS *the Lyric, and* VIRGIL *the Heroic writer:*

Tantum magna suo debet Verona CATULLO:
Quantum parva suo Mantua VIRGILIO.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

SONGS BY THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.

MY SWEETEST LESBIA! Let us live and love!
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them! Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive:
But soon, as once, is set our little light;
Then must we sleep one ever-during night!

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
No drum, nor trumpet, peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love:
But fools do live, and waste their little light;
And seek, with pain, their ever-during night.

When timely death, my life and fortunes ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends!
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come,
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb!
And LESBIA! Close up thou, my little light!
And crown with love, my ever-during night!

THOUGH you are young, and I am old,
Though your veins hot, and my blood cold,
Though youth is moist, and age is dry;
Yet embers live, when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy oak?
You are more fresh and fair than I;
Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth vainly boast!
Know, buds are soonest nipt with frost.
Think that thy fortune still doth cry!
"Thou fool! to-morrow thou must die!"

I CARE not for these ladies,
That must be wooed and prayed:
Give me kind AMARILLIS,
The wanton country maid!
Nature, art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own.
Her, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, "No!"

If I love AMARILLIS,
She gives me fruit and flowers:
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold, that sell love!
Give me the nut-brown lass!
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, "No!"

These ladies must have pillows
And beds, by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought!
And fresh AMARILLIS,
With milk and honey fed!
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, "No!"

FOLLOW thy fair sun! unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light;
Yet, follow thy fair sun! unhappy shadow!

Follow her! whose light, thy light depriveth;
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed:
Yet, follow her, whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams! whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorchèd thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams, thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her! while yet her glory shineth:
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light;
And this, the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still! since so thy fates ordained,
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade;
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

WHEN to her lute, CORINNA sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged Echo clear;
But when she doth, of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs, the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I!
For when of pleasure, she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she doth, of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart, the strings do break.

TURN back! you wanton flyer!
And answer my desire,
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer!
True beauty still shines clearer,
In closer meeting.
Hearts, with hearts delighted,
Should strive to be united;
Each other's arms, with arms enchaining:
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is,
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing? [See p. 293.]
And straight to be receiver
Of that, which thou art giver!
Rich in bestowing?
There's no strict observing,
Of times, or seasons changing;
There, is ever one fresh spring abiding.
Then what we sow with our lips,
Let us reap, love's gains dividing!

THE cypress curtain of the night is spread,
And over all, a silent dew is cast.
The weaker cares, by sleep are conquerèd:
But I alone, with hideous grief, aghast,
In spite of MORPHEUS' charms, a watch do keep
Over mine eyes, to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft, my trembling eyes, through faintness, close,
And then the Map of Hell before me stands;
Which ghosts do see, and I am one of those
Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands:
Since from my wretched soul, all hopes are reft;
And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul! for that will still endure,
When my crazed body is consumed and gone;
Bear it to thy black den! there, keep it sure!
Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon:
Yet all do not afford such food to thee!
As this poor one, the worser part of me.

FOLLOW your saint! Follow, with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes! Fall at her flying fleet!
There wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move!
And tell the ravisher of my soul, I perish for her love!
But if she scorns my never ceasing pain;
Then burst with sighing, in her sight; and ne'er return again!

All that I sang, still to her praise did tend;
Still she was first; still she my songs did end:
Yet she, my love and music, both doth fly,
The music that her Echo is, and beauty's sympathy.
Then, let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed; and died for her delight.

FAIR! if you expect admiring?
Sweet! if you provoke desiring?
Grace, dear! love, with kind requiting!
Fond! but if thy light be blindness?
False! if thou affect unkindness?
Fly both love and love's delighting!
Then, when hope is lost, and love is scorned;
I'll bury my desires, and quench the fires that ever yet in vain have burned.

Fates! if you rule lovers' fortune?
Stars! if men your powers impòrtune?
Yield relief by your relenting!
Time! if sorrow be not endless?
Hope, made vain? and pity, friendless?
Help to ease my long lamenting!
But if griefs remain still unredressed,
I'll fly to her again, and sue for pity, to renew my hopes distressed!

THOU art not fair! for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee;
Thou art not sweet! though made of mere delight:
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me!
I will not sooth thy fancies! Thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me! nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts, with beauty; were it more divine!
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those arms of thine!
Now show it, if thou be a woman right!
Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite!

SEE where she flies, enraged, from me!
View her, when she intends despite!
The wind is not more swift than she.
Her fury moved, such terror makes;
As to a fearful guilty sprite,
The voice of heaven's huge thunder cracks:
But when her appeasèd mind yields to delight,
All her thoughts are made of joys,
Millions of delights inventing;
Other pleasures are but toys,
To her beauty's sweet contenting.

My fortune hangs upon her brow:
For as she smiles or frowns on me,
So must my blown affections bow;
And her proud thoughts too well do find,
With what unequal tyranny,
Her beauties do command my mind.
Though, when her sad planet reigns,
Forward she be;
She, alone, can pleasure move,
And displeasing sorrow banish.
May I but still hold her love,
Let all other comforts vanish!

BLAME not my cheeks! though pale with love they be,
The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,
To cherish it, that is dismayed by thee!
Who art so cruel and unstedfast grown!
For Nature, called for by distressèd hearts,
Neglects, and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,
Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts;
And when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,
For their fat love lies in their outward parts:
But in their breasts, where LOVE his Court should hold,
Poor CUPID sits, and blows his nails for cold.

WHEN the god of merry love,
As yet in his cradle lay,
Thus his wither'd nurse did say:
"Thou a wanton boy wilt prove!
To deceive the powers above;
For by thy continual smiling,
I see thy power of beguiling!"

Therewith she, the babe did kiss;
When a sudden fire outcame,
From those burning lips of his,
That did her, with love inflame.
But none would regard the same;
So that, to her day of dying,
The old wretch lived ever crying.

MISTRESS! since you so much desire,
To know the place of Cupid's fire.
In your fair shrine that flame doth rest
Yet never harboured in your breast.
It 'bides not in your lips so sweet,
Nor where the rose and lilies meet;
But a little higher, a little higher;
There, there, O there lies CUPID's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,
There, CUPID's sacred fire lies!
Those eyes, I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy.
Nor woo I for a smile or kiss.
So meanly triumphs not my bliss;
But a little higher, a little higher;
I climb to crown my chaste desire.

YOUR fair looks inflame my desire!
Quench it again with love!
Stay, O strive not still to retire!
Do not inhuman prove!
If love may persuade,
Love's pleasures, Dear! deny not!
Here is a silent grovy shade,
O tarry then, and fly not!

Have I seized my heavenly delight
In this unhaunted grove?
Time shall now her fury requite,
With the revenge of love.
Then come! Sweetest! come!
My lips with kisses gracing,
Here let us harbour all alone,
Die, die in sweet embracing!

Will you now so timely depart,
And not return again?
Your sight lends such life to my heart,
That to depart is pain.
Fear yields no delay,
Secureness helpeth pleasure.
Then, till the time gives safer stay,
O farewell! my life's treasure!

THE MAN of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity:

The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent;
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence;
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He, only, can behold,
With unaffrighted eyes,
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares,
That fate or fortune brings;
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom, heavenly things.

Good thoughts, his only friends;
His wealth, a well-spent age:
The earth, his sober Inn,
And quiet Pilgrimage.

WHEN thou must home, to shades of underground!
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt the round!
White IOPE, blithe HELEN, and the rest.
To hear the stories of thy finisht love,
From that smooth tongue, whose music, hell can move.

Then, wilt thou speak of banquetting delights!
Of masks and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs, for thy beauty sake!
When thou hast told these honours done to thee!
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!

COME, let us sound with melody, the praises
Of the King's King, th'omnipotent Creator,
Author of number, that hath all the world
In harmony framed.

Heav'n is His throne perpetually shining,
His divine power and glory, thence He thunders,
One in All, and All still in One abiding,
Both Father and Son.

O sacred S P R I T E! invisible, eternal,
Ev'rywhere, yet unlimited, that all things
Can'st in one moment penetrate, revive me!
O Holy S P I R I T!

Rescue! O rescue me from earthly darkness!
Banish hence all these elemental objects!
Guide my soul, that thirsts! to the lively fountain
Of thy divineness!

Cleanse my soul, O GOD! thy bespotted image!
Altered with sin, so that heavenly pureness,
Cannot acknowledge me; but in thy mercies,
O Father of grace!

But when once Thy beams do remove my darkness;
O then, I'll shine forth, as an angel of light,
And record, with more than an earthly voice, Thy
Infinite honours.

FINIS.

SONGS BY PHILIP ROSSETER.



WEET! come again!
Your happy sight, so much desired,
Since you from hence are now retired,
I seek in vain:
Still I must mourn,
And pine in longing pain;
Till you, my life's delight, again
Vouchsafe your wisht return!

If true desire,
Or faithful vow of endless love,
Thy heart inflamed, may kindly move
With equal fire;
O then my joys,
So long distraught, shall rest,
Reposèd soft in thy chaste breast,
Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power
My wand'ring thoughts first to restrain!
You first did hear my love speak plain!
A child before;
Now it is grown
Confirmed, do you keep it!
And let it safe, in your bosom sleep,
There ever made your own!

And till we meet,
Teach absence inward art to find,
Both to disturb and please the mind!
Such thoughts are sweet:
And such remain
In hearts whose flames are true;
Then such will I retain, till you
To me return again!

AND would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flowery garden place,
Where knots of beauties have such grace,
That all is work, and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born;
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex:
It is th' Idea of her sex:
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles:
Where Death and Love in pretty wiles,
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
It is the feigned Elizium's truth:
The spring, that wintered hearts reneweth;
And this is that my soul pursueth.

NO GRAVE for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours,
Sighs want air; and burnt desires, kind pity's showers:
Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing.
The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heavens vow
my tormenting.

Yet still I live, and waste my weary days in groans,
And with woful tunes adorn despairing moans.
Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow,
My day is night, my life my death, and all but sense of
sorrow.

IF I URGE my kind desires,
She, unkind, doth them reject;
Women's hearts are painted fires,
To deceive them that affect.
I, alone, love's fires include;
She, alone, doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love;
But, alas! no fruit I find.
That her fires are false I prove,
Yet, in her, no fault I find.
I was thus unhappy born,
And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet if human care or pain,
May the heavenly order change;
She will hate her own disdain,
And repent she was so strange:
For a truer heart than I,
Never lived, nor loved to die.

WHAT heart's content can he find,
What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace,
That bears a guilty mind?
His taste, sweet wines will abhor,
No music's sound can appease the thoughts
That wicked deeds deplore.
The passion of a present fear,
Still makes his restless motion there;
And, all the day, he dreads the night,
And, all the night, as one aghast, he fears the morning light.

But he that loves to be loved,
And, in his deeds, doth adore heaven's power,
And is with pity moved;
The night gives rest to his heart,
The cheerful beams do awake his soul,
Revived in every part.
He lives a comfort to his friends,
And heaven to him, such blessing sends,
That fear of hell cannot dismay
His steadfast heart that is [?]

LET HIM that will be free, and keep his heart from care,
Retired alone, remaining where no discomforts are.
For when the eye doth view his grief, or hapless ear his sorrow bears,
Th' impression still in him abides, and ever in one shape appears.

Forget thy griefs, betimes! Long sorrow breeds long pain,
For joy far fled from men, will not return again;
O happy is the soul, which heaven ordained to live in endless peace!
His life is a pleasing dream, and every hour his joys increase.

You heavy sprites! that love in severed shades to dwell,
That nurse despair, and dream of unrelenting hell;
Come sing this happy song! and learn of me the Art of True Content!
Load not your guilty souls with wrong! and heaven, then, will soon relent.

REPROVE not love! though fondly thou hast lost
Greater hopes by loving.
Love calms ambitious spirits; from their breasts
Danger oft removing.
Let lofty humours mount up on high,
Down again like to the wind;
While private thoughts vowed to love,
More peace and pleasure find.

Love and sweet beauty make the stubborn mild,
And the coward fearless;
The wretched miser's care, to bounty turns,
Cheering all things cheerless.
Love chains the earth and heaven,
Turns the spheres, guides the years in endless peace.
The flowery earth, through his power,
Receives her due increase.

AND would you fain the reason know,
Why my sad eyes, so often flow?
My heart ebbs joy, when they do so,
And loves the moon by whom they go.

And will you ask, "Why pale I look?"
'Tis not with poring on my book:
My mistress' cheek, my blood hath took,
For her, mine own hath me forsook.

Do not demand, "Why I am mute?"
Love's silence doth all speech confute.
They set the note, then tune the lute;
Hearts frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit.

Do not admire, "Why I admire?"
My fever is no other's fire:
Each several heart hath his desire;
Else proof is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love, you should see cause!
Love should have form like other laws,
But Fancy pleads not by the claws,
'Tis as the sea, still vext with flaws.

No fault upon my love espy!
For you perceive not with my eye;
My palate, to your taste may lie,
Yet please itself deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine own!
Sufficeth it these reasons shown,
Reason and love are ever known
To fight, till both be overthrown.

WHEN LAURA smiles, her sight revives both night and day;
The earth and heaven views with delight, her wanton play:
And her speech, with ever-flowing music, doth repair
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untamed despair.

The sprites, that remain in fleeting air,
Affect, for pastime, to untwine her tressèd hair:
And the birds think sweet AURORA, Morning's Queen, doth shine,
From her bright sphere, when LAURA shows her looks divine.

DIANA's eyes are not adorned with greater power
Than LAURA's, when she lists awhile, for sport, to lower:
But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth appear
The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated there.

LOVE hath no fire, but what he steals from her bright eyes;
Time hath no power, but that which in her pleasure lies:
For she, with her divine beauties, all the world subdues,
And fills with heavenly spirits, my humble Muse.

LONG have mine eyes gazed with delight,
Conveying hopes unto my soul;
In nothing happy, but in sight
Of her, that doth my sight control:
But now, mine eyes must lose their light.

My object, now, must be the air;
To write in water, words of fire;
And teach sad thoughts how to despair:
Desert must quarrel with Desire.
All were appeased were she not fair.

For all my comfort, this I prove,
That VENUS on the sea was born:
If seas be calm, then doth she love;
If storms arise, I am forlorn.
My doubtful hopes, like wind do move.

 HOUGH far from joy, my sorrows are as far,
And I both between;
Not too low, nor yet too high
Above my reach, would I be seen.
Happy is he, that so is placed,
Not to be envied, nor to be disdained or disgraced.

The higher trees, the more storms they endure.
Shrubs be trodden down.
But the mean, the Golden Mean,
Doth only all our fortunes crown:
Like to a stream, that sweetly slideth
Through the flowery banks, and still in the midst his course guideth.

 HALL I come, if I swim? Wide are the waves, you see!
Shall I come, if I fly, my dear Love! to thee?
Streams, VENUS will appease; CUPID gives me wings.
All the powers assist my desire,
Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire!

You are fair, so was HERO, that in Sestos dwelt;
She a priest, yet the heat of love truly felt.
A greater stream than this, did her love divide;
But she was his guide, with a light:
So, through the streams, LEANDER did enjoy her sight.

AY ME! that love should Nature's work accuse,
Where cruel LAURA still her beauty views;
River, or cloudy jet, or crystal bright,
Are all but servants of herself, delight.

Yet her deformèd thoughts, she cannot see;
And that's the cause she is so stern to me.
Virtue and duty can no favour gain:
A grief, O death! to live and love in vain.

SHALL then a trait'rous kiss or a smile,
All my delights unhappily beguile?
Shall the vow of feigned love receive so rich regard;
When true service dies neglected, and wants his due reward?

Deeds meritorious soon be forgot,
But one offence no time can ever blot;
Every day it is renewed, and every night it bleeds,
And with bloody streams of sorrow drowns all our better deeds.

Beauty is not by Desert to be won;
Fortune hath all that is beneath the sun.
Fortune is the guide of Love; and both of them be blind:
All their ways are full of errors; which no true feet can find.

IF I HOPE, I pine; if I fear, I faint and die;
So between hope and fear, I desperate lie,
Looking for joy to heaven, whence it should come:
But hope is blind; joy, deaf; and I am dumb.

Yet, I speak and cry; but, alas, with words of woe:
And joy conceives not them that murmur so.
He that the ears of joy will ever pierce,
Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier verse.

UNLESS there were consent 'twixt hell and heaven
That grace and wickedness should be combined;
I cannot make thee and thy beauties even!
Thy face is heaven! and torture in thy mind!
For more than worldly bliss is in thy eye;
And hellish torture in thy mind doth lie.

A thousand Cherubim fly in her looks;
And hearts, in legions, melt upon their view:
But gorgeous covers wall up filthy books,
Be it sin to say, that so your eyes do you?
But, sure, your mind adheres not with your eye
For what they promise, that your heart denies!

But, O, lest I religion should misuse;
Inspire me thou, that ought'st thyself to know!
(Since skilless readers, reading do abuse)
What inward meaning, outward sense doth show?
For by thy eyes and heart, chosen and contemned!
I waver; whether savèd or condemned.

IF SHE forsake, I must die!
Shall I tell her so?
Alas, then strait she will reply,
"No! no! no! no! no!"
If I disclose my desperate state,
She will but make sport thereat,
And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can long, such pains abide?
Fie upon this love!
I would adventure far and wide,
If it would remove.
But LOVE will still my steps pursue,
I cannot, his ways eschew:
Thus, still helpless, hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,
But, alas, in vain;
The costly gifts, that I do send,
She returns again:
Thus still is my despair procured,
And her malice more assured.
Then come Death, and end my pain!

WHAT is a day, what is a year
Of vain delight and pleasure?
Like to a dream, it endless dies,
And from us like a vapour flies:
And this is all the fruit that we find,
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,
With virtue must be graced;
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,
Which ever will appear at last:
But if we still in virtue delight,
Our souls are in heaven placed.

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent?
And cease with faint love, true love to torment?
Still entertained; excluded still I stand.
Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.

In her fair hand, my hopes and comforts rest:
O might my fortunes, with that hand be blest!
No envious breaths then my deserts could shake;
For they are good, whom such, true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth,
That it should fruitless home return to earth!
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one!
Not your sweet self! for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you!
Whose wronged deserts, would you with pity view;
This strange distaste which your affection sways,
Would relish love: and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views!
Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews:
Let these poor lines solicit love for me!
And place my joys, where my desires would be!

WHAT then is love, but mourning?
What desire, but a self-burning,
Till she, that hates, doth love return?
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing;
Time hath a while, which none can stay:
Then come away, while thus I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Summer, in winter fadeth;
Gloomy night, heavenly light shadeth:
Like to the morn, are VENUS' flowers;
Such are her hours! Then will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing, in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest;
None are worst, and none are best;
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere.
Vain opinion all doth sway;
And the World is but a Play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit;
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glory imitate.
No ill can be felt, but pain;
And that, happy men disdain.

FINIS.

Of English Dogs,

the diversities, the names,

the natures, and the properties.

A Short

Treatise written in Latin

by JOHANNES CAIUS of late memory, Doctor of Physic in the University of Cambridge.

And newly drawn into English by ABRAHAM FLEMING Student.

Natura etiam in brutis vim ostendit suam.

Seen and allowed.

¶ Imprinted at London by Richard Johnes, and are to be sold over against S. Sepulchres Church without Newgate.

1576.

[Of this first *printed* English book on *Dogs*, the following are the principal parts omitted here.

ABRAHAM FLEMING's Latin *Epistola Dedicatoria* to Doctor PERNE.

The Alphabetical Index, declaring &c.—E. A.]

¶ A Prosopopoical Speech of the Book.



Some tell of stars th'influence strange,
Some tell of birds which fly in th'air,
Some tell of beasts on land which range,
Some tell of fish in rivers fair,
Some tell of serpents sundry sorts,
Some tell of plants the full effect:
Of English Dogs, I sound reports;
Their names and natures I detect.
My forehead is but bald and bare,
But yet my body 's beautiful:
For pleasant flowers in me there are,
And not so fine as plentiful.
And though my garden plot so green,
Of Dogs receive the trampling feet;
Yet is it swept and kept full clean,
So that it yields a savour sweet.

ABRAHAM FLEMING.

To the well disposed Reader.

AS EVERY manifest effect proceedeth from some certain cause, so the penning of this present Abridgment (gentle and courteous Reader) issued from a special occasion. For CONRADUS GENESRUS, a man, whiles he lived, of incomparable knowledge and manifold experience, being never satisfied with the sweet sap of understanding; requested JOHANNES CAIUS, a profound clerk and a ravenous devourer of learning (to his praise be it spoken, though the language be somewhat homely) to write a Breviary or Short Treatise of such dogs as were engendered within the borders of England. To the contentation of whose mind and the utter accomplishment of whose desire, CAIUS spared no study (for the acquaintance, which was between them, as it was confirmed by continuance, and established upon unfeignedness; so was it sealed with virtue and honesty) withdrew himself from no labour, repined at no pains, forsook no travail, refused no endeavour, finally, pretermitted no opportunity nor circumstance which seemed pertinent and requisite to the performance of this little libel [*tract*].

In the whole Discourse whereof, the book, to consider the substance, being but a pamphlet or scantling; the argument not so fine and affected, and yet the doctrine very profitable and necessary, he useth such a smooth and comely style and tieth his invention to such methodical and orderly proceed-

ings, as the elegantness and neatness of his Latin phrase (being pure, perfect, and unmingled) maketh the matter, which of itself is very base and clubbish, to appear, shall I say, tolerable; nay, rather commendable and effectual.

The sundry sorts of English dogs he discovereth so evidently, their natures he rippeth up so apparently, their manners he openeth so manifestly, their qualities he declareth so skilfully, their proportions he painteth out so perfectly, their colours he describeth so artificially; and knitteth all these in such shortness and brevity, that the mouth of the adversary must needs confess and give sentence that commendation ought to be his reward, and praise his deserved pension.

An ignorant man would never have been drawn into this opinion, to think that there had been in England such variety and choice of dogs; in all respects (not only for name, but also for quality) so diverse and unlike. But what cannot learning attain? what cannot the key of knowledge open? what cannot the lamp of understanding lighten? what secrets cannot discretion detect? finally, what cannot experience comprehend? what huge heaps of histories hath GESNERUS hoarded up in volumes of large size? Fishes in floods, cattle on land, birds in the air; how hath he sifted them, by their natural difference? how closely, and in how narrow a compass, hath he couched mighty and monstrous beasts, in bigness like mountains; the books themselves being lesser than mole hills, [shew.] The life of this man was not so great a restority of comfort, as his death was an ulcer or wound of sorrow. The loss of whom, CAIUS lamented, not so much as he was his faithful friend, as for that he was a famous Philosopher; and yet the former reason (being, in very deed, vehement and forcible) did sting him with more grief, than he, peradventure, was willing to disclose. And though death be counted terrible for the time, and consequently unhappy: yet CAIUS avoucheth the death of GESNER most blessed, lucky, and fortunate, as in this book, intituled *De libris propriis*, appeareth.

But of these two Eagles sufficient is spoken, as I suppose; and yet little enough in consideration of their dignity and worthiness. Nevertheless little or mickle, something or nothing, substance or shadow, take all in good part! my meaning is, by a few words to win credit to this work; not so much for mine own English translation as for the singular commendation of them, challenged of duty and desert.

Wherefore, gentle Reader! I commit them to thy memory! and their books, to thy courteous censure! They were both learned men, and painful practitioners in their professions; so much the more therefore are their works worthy estimation. I would it were in me to advance them as I wish; the worst (and yet both, no doubt, excellent) hath deserved a monument of immortality.

Well, there is no more to be added but this, that as the translation of this book was attempted, finished, and published of good will (not only to minister pleasure, as to afford profit); so it is my desire and request that my labour therein employed may be acceptable; as I hope it shall be to men of indifferent judgement. As for such as shall snar and snatch at the English Abridgment, and tear the Translator, being absent, with the teeth of spiteful envy; I conclude, in brevity, their eloquence is but currish, if I serve in their meat with wrong sauce, ascribe it not to unskilfulness in cookery, but to ignorance in their diet, for as the poet saith—

Non satis est ars sola coquo, servire palato:
Namque coquus domini debet habere gulam:

It is not enough that a cook understand;
Except his Lord's stomach, he hold in his hand.

To wind up all in a watchword, I say no more, but "Do well! and fare well!"

His and his friends!

ABRAHAM FLEMING.

The first Section of this Discourse.

¶ *The Preamble or Entrance into this Treatise.*

I WROTE unto you, well beloved friend GESNER! not many years past, a manifold history: containing the divers forms and figures of beasts, birds, and fishes; the sundry shapes of plants, and the fashions of herbs.

I wrote moreover, unto you severally, a certain Abridgment of Dogs, which, in your Discourse upon "the forms of beasts in the second Order of mild and tameable beasts," where you make mention of Scottish dogs, and in the winding up of your letter written and directed to Doctor TURNER, comprehending a catalogue or rehearsal of your books not yet extant, you promised to set forth in print, and openly to publish in the face of the world; among such your works as are not yet come abroad to light and sight. But because certain circumstances were wanting in my Breviary of English Dogs, as seemed unto me, I stayed the publication of the same; making promise to send another abroad, which might be committed to the hands, the eyes, the ears, the minds, and the judgements of the readers.

Wherefore, that I might perform that precisely, which I

promised solemnly, accomplish my determination, and satisfy your expectation; which art a man desirous and capable of all kinds of knowledge, and very earnest to be acquainted with all experiments: I will express and declare, in due order, the grand and general kind of English Dogs, the difference of them, the use, the properties, and the divers natures of the same; making a tripartite division in this sort and manner.

All English Dogs be either of
- A gentle kind, serving the game [*pp.* 233–249, 263–267].
- A homely kind, apt for sundry necessary uses [*pp.* 250–259, 267].
- A currish kind, meet for many toys [*pp.* 260–262, 268–9].

Of these three sorts or kinds so mean I to intreat, that the first in the first place, the last in the last room, and the middle sort in the middle seat be handled.



I CALL them, universally, all by the name of English Dogs, as well because England only, as it hath in it English dogs, so it is not without Scottish; as also for that we are more inclined and delighted with the noble game of hunting; for we Englishmen are addicted and given to that exercise, and painful pastime of pleasure; as well for the plenty of flesh which our parks and forests do foster, as also for the opportunity and convenient leisure which we obtain. Both [of] which, the Scots want. Wherefore seeing that the whole estate of kindly hunting consisteth principally

In these two points { In chasing the beast / In taking the bird } that is in { hunting / fowling }

It is necessary and requisite to understand, that there are two sorts of dogs; by whose means, the feats within specified are wrought, and these practices of activity cunningly and curiously compassed.

Two kinds of dogs:
- One which rouseth the beast, and continueth the chase.
- Another which springeth the bird, and bewrayeth the flight by pursuit.

Both which kinds are termed of the Latins, by one common name, that is, *Canes Venatici*, "hunting dogs." But because we English men make a difference between hunting and fowling: for that they are called by these several words, *Venatio et Aucupium*, so they term the dogs whom they use in these sundry games by divers names; as those which serve for the beast, are called *Venatici*, the others which are used for the fowl, are called *Aucupatorii* [*see pp.* 242–246].

The first kind, called *Venatici*, I divide into five sorts. (excelleth.)
- The first in perfect smelling
- The second in quick spying
- The third in swiftness and quickness
- The fourth in smelling and nimbleness
- The fifth in subtilty and deceitfulness

Of the dog, called an Harrier; in Latin, Leverarius.

THAT kind of dog whom Nature hath endued with the virtue of smelling, whose property it is to use a lustiness, a readiness, and a courageousness in hunting; and draweth into his nostrils the air of scent of the beast pursued and followed: we call by the word *Sagax* [*i.e., keen scented*], the Grecians by this word ἰχνευτής, of tracing or chasing by the foot, or ῥινήλατος, of the nostrils, which be the instruments of smelling.

We may know this kind of dogs by their long, large, and bagging lips; by their hanging ears, reaching down both sides of their chaps; and by the indifferent and measurable proportion of their making. This sort of dogs, we call *Leverarius*, Harriers.

That I may comprise the whole number of them in certain specialities, and apply to them their proper and peculiar names; for so much as they cannot all be reduced and brought under one sort, considering both the sundry uses of them, and the difference of their service whereto they be appointed.

Some for { The hare. / The fox. / The wolf. / The hart. / The buck. / The badger. / The otter. / The polecat. / The lobster. / The weasel. / The cony, &c. } Some for one thing, and some for another.

As for the cony [*rabbit*], whom we have lastly set down; we use not to hunt, but rather to take it, sometimes with the net, sometimes with a ferret: and thus every several sort is notable and excellent in his natural quality and appointed practice.

Among these sundry sorts, there be some which are apt to hunt two divers beasts, as the foxe other-whiles, and other-whiles the hare; but they hunt not with such towardness, and good luck after them, as they do that whereunto Nature hath framed them, not only in external composition and making, but also in inward faculties and conditions: for they swerve oftentimes, and do otherwise then they should.

Of a dog, called a Terrier; in Latin, Terrarius.

ANOTHER sort there is, which hunteth the Fox and the Badger or Grey only, whom we call Terriers; because they (after the manner and custom of ferrets, in searching for Conies) creep into the ground, and by that means make afraid, nip, and bite the fox and the badger in such sort, that either they tear them in pieces with their teeth being in the bosom of the earth, or else haul and pull them, perforce, out of their lurking angles, dark dungeons, and close caves, or at least through conceived fear, drive them out of their hollow harbours: in so much that they are compelled to prepare speedy flight, and being desirous of the next, albeit not the safest refuge, are otherwise taken and entrapped with snares and nets laid over their holes to the same purpose. But these be the least in that kind, called *Sagax*.

Of the dog, called a Bloodhound; in Latin, Sanguinarius.

THE greater sort which serve to hunt, having lips of a large size, and ears of no small length, do not only chase the beast whiles it liveth, as the others do of whom mention is above made; but, being dead also by any manner of casualty, make recourse to the place where it lieth: having in this point an assured and infallible guide, namely, the scent and favour of the blood sprinkled here and there upon the ground. For whether the beast being wounded, doth notwithstanding enjoy life, and escapeth the hands of the huntsman; or whether the said beast being slain is conveyed cleanly out of the park (so that there be some signification of bloodshed) these dogs, with no less facility and easiness than avidity and greediness, can disclose and betray the same by smelling: applying to their pursuit, agility and nimbleness, without tediousness. For which consideration, of a singular specialty they deserve to be called *Sanguinarii*, Blood-hounds.

And albeit peradventure it may chance (as whether it chanceth seldom or sometimes, I am ignorant) that a piece of flesh be subtilly stolen and cunningly conveyed away, with such provisoes and pre-caveats as thereby all appearance of blood is either prevented, excluded or concealed; yet this kind of dogs, by a certain direction of an inward assured notice and privy mark, pursue the deed doers, through long lanes, crooked reaches, and weary ways, without wandering away out of the limits of the land whereon these desperate purloiners prepared their speedy passage.

Yea, the natures of these dogs is such, and so effectual is their foresight, that they can bewray, separate, and pick them out from among an infinite multitude and an innumerable company, creep they never as far into the thickest throng: they will find him out, notwithstanding he lie hidden in wild woods, in close and overgrown groves, and lurk in hollow holes apt to harbour such ungracious guests. Moreover, although they should pass over the water, thinking thereby to avoid the pursuit of the hounds; yet will not these dogs give over their attempt, but presuming to swim through the stream, persevere in their pursuit: and when they be arrived and gotten [on] the further bank, they hunt up and

down; to and fro run they; from place to place, shift they; until they have attained to that plot of ground, where they passed over. And this is their practice, if, perdie, they cannot at first time, smelling, find out the way which the deed doers took to escape. So, at length, get they that by art, cunning, and diligent endeavour; which by fortune and luck, they cannot otherwise overcome. Insomuch as it seemeth worthily and wisely written by ÆLIANUS in his First Book, and thirty-ninth Chapter, *Τὸ ἐνθῦματικον καὶ διαλεκτικόν*, to be as it were naturally instilled and poured into this kind of dogs. For they will not pause or breathe from their pursuit until such time as they be apprehended and taken, which committed the fact.

The owners of such hounds use [*are accustomed*] to keep them in close and dark channels in the daytime, and let them loose at liberty in the night season: to the intent that they might, with more courage and boldness, practise to follow the felon in the evening and solitary hours of darkness, when such ill-disposed varlets are principally purposed to play their impudent pageants and imprudent pranks. These hounds, upon whom this present portion of our treatise runneth, when they are to follow such fellows as we have before rehearsed, use not that liberty to range at will, which they have otherwise when they are in game, (except upon necessary occasion, whereon dependeth an urgent and effectual persuaison) when such purloiners make speedy way in flight; but being restrained and drawn back from running at random with the leasse [*leash*], the end whereof the owner holding in his hand, is led, guided and directed with such swiftness and slowness (whether he go on foot, or whether he ride on horseback) as he himself in heart would wish, for the more easy apprehension of these venturous varlets.

In the borders of England and Scotland (the often and accustomed stealing of cattle so procuring) this kind of dogs is very much used; and they are taught and trained up, first of all to hunt cattle, as well of the smaller as of the greater growth; and afterwards (that quality relinquished and left) they are learned to pursue such pestilent persons as plant their pleasure in such practices of purloining, as we have already declared.

Of this kind there is none that taketh the water naturally:

except it please you so to suppose of them which follow the Otter; which sometimes haunt the land, and sometime useth the water. And yet, nevertheless, all the kind of them boiling and broiling with greedy desire of the prey, which by swimming passeth through river and flood; plunge amidst the water, and pass the stream with their paws: But this property proceedeth from an earnest desire wherewith they be inflamed; rather than from any inclination issuing from the ordinance and appointment of Nature. And albeit some of this sort in English be called *Brache*, in Scottish *Rache:* the cause hereof resteth in the she sex, and not in the general kind. For we Englishmen call bitches, belonging to the hunting kind of dogs, by the term above mentioned.

To be short, it is proper to the nature of hounds, some to keep silence in hunting until such time as there is game offered. Other some, so soon as they smell out the place where the beast lurketh, to bewray it immediately by their importunate barking; notwithstanding it be far off many furlongs, couching close in its cabin. And these dogs, the younger they be, the more wantonly bark they; and the more liberally, yet ofttimes without necessity: so that in them, by reason of their young years and want of practice, small certainty is to be reposed. For continuance of time, and experience in game, ministreth to these hounds not only cunning in running, but also, as in the rest, an assured foresight what is to be done; principally, being acquainted with their master's watchwords, either in revoking or emboldening them to serve the game.

Of the dog, called Gazehound; in Latin, Agaseus.

THIS kind of dog, which pursueth by the eye, prevaileth little, or never a whit, by any benefit of the nose, that is by smelling; but excelleth in perspicuity and sharpness of sight altogether: by the virtue whereof, being singular and notable, it hunteth the fox and the hare. This dog will choose and separate any beast from among a great flock or herd, and such a one will it take by election as is not lank, lean, and hollow, but well spread, smooth, full, fat, and round. It follows by the direction of the eyesight which

indeed is clear, constant, and not uncertain. If a beast be wounded and gone astray; this dog seeketh after it by the steadfastness of the eye. If it chance peradventure to return bemingled with the residue of the flock; this dog spyeth it out by the virtue of his eye, leaving the rest of the cattle untouched, and after he hath set sure sight upon it he separateth it from the company and having so done never ceaseth until he hath wearied the beast to death. Our countrymen call this dog *Agasæum*, a Gaze Hound: because the beams of his sight are so steadfastly settled and unmovably fastened.

These dogs are much and usually occupied in the Northern parts of England more than in the Southern parts; and in fieldy lands rather than in bushy and woody places. Horsemen use them more than footmen, in the intent that they might provoke their horses to a swift gallop (wherewith they are more delighted than with the prey itself) and that they might accustom their horse to leap over hedges and ditches, without stop or stumble, without harm or hazard, without doubt or danger, and so escape with safeguard of life.

And to the end that the riders themselves (when necessity so constrained, and the fear of further mischief enforced) might save themselves undamnified [*unharmed*] and prevent each perilous tempest by preparing speedy flight, or else by swift pursuit made upon their enemies, might both overtake them, encounter with them, and make a slaughter of them accordingly. But if it fortune so at any time that this dog take wrong way, the master making some usual sign and familiar token, he returneth forthwith, and taketh the right and ready trace; beginning his chase afresh, and with a clear voice and a swift foot followeth the game, with as much courage and nimbleness as he did at the first.

Of the dog, called the Greyhound; in Latin, Leporarius.

THERE is another kind of dog which, for his incredible swiftness, is called *Leporarius*, a Greyhound; because the principal service of them dependeth and consisteth in starting and hunting the hare: which dogs likewise are endued with no less strength than lightness in maintenance of the game, in serving the chase, in taking the

buck, the hart, the doe, the fox, and other beasts of semblable kind ordained for the game of hunting. But more or less, each one according to the measure and proportion of their desire; and as might and hability of their bodies will permit and suffer. For it is a spare and bare kind of dog (of flesh, but not of bone): some are of a greater sort and some lesser; some are smooth skinned, and some are curled. The bigger therefore are appointed to hunt the bigger beasts, and the smaller serve to hunt the smaller accordingly.

The nature of these dogs I find to be wonderful by the testimonial of histories. For as JEAN FROISSART the Historiographer in his 4. *lib.* reporteth. A Greyhound of King RICHARD the SECOND, that wore the crown, and bare the sceptre of the Realm of England; never knowing any man, beside the King's person; when HENRY, Duke of LANCASTER came to the castle of Flint to take King RICHARD: the dog forsaking his former lord and master, came to Duke HENRY, fawned upon him with such resemblances of goodwill and conceived affection, as he favoured King RICHARD before: he followed the Duke, and utterly left the King. So that by these manifest circumstances a man might judge this dog to have been lightened with the lamp of foreknowledge and understanding, touching his old master's miseries to come, and unhappiness nigh at hand: which King RICHARD himself evidently perceived; accounting this deed of his dog, a prophecy of his overthrow.

Of the dog, called Leviner or Lyemmer; in Latin, Lorarius.

ANOTHER sort of dogs be there, in smelling singular, and in swiftness incomparable. This is, as it were, a middle kind betwixt the Harrier and the Greyhound; as well for his kind, as for the frame of his body. And it is called in Latin, *Lovinarius*, "a Levitate," of lightness; and therefore may well be called a Lighthound. It is also called by this word *Lorarius, a Loro* [*a thong*], wherewith it is led. This dog for the excellency of his conditions; namely smelling and swift running, doth follow the game with more eagerness, and taketh the prey with a jolly quickness.

Of the dog, called a Tumbler; in Latin, Vertagus.

THIS sort of dogs, which compasseth all by crafts, frauds, subtilties 'and deceits, we Englishmen call "Tumblers;" because, in hunting, they turn and tumble, winding their bodies about in circle wise, and then fiercely and violently venturing upon the beast, doth suddenly gripe it, at the very entrance and mouth of their receptacles or closets, before they can recover means to save and succour themselves.

This dog useth another craft and subtilty, namely, when he runneth into a warren, or fetteth a course about a cony [*rabbit*]burrow, he hunts not after them, he [af]frays them not by barking, he makes no countenance or shadow of hatred against them: but dissembling friendship and pretending favour, passeth by, with silence and quietness, marking and noting their holes diligently; wherein, I warrant you! he will not be overshot nor deceived.

When he cometh to the place where conies be of a certainty, he coucheth down close with his belly to the ground; providing always by his skill and policy, that the wind be never with him but against him in such an enterprise; and that the conies spy him not, where he lurketh. By which means he obtaineth the scent and savour of the conies, carried towards him with the wind and the air, either going to their holes, or coming out, either passing this way, or running that way: and so provideth by his circumspection, that the silly simple cony is debarred quite from his hole (which is the haven of their hope and the harbour of their health); and fraudulently circumvented and taken, before they can get the advantage of their hole. Thus having caught his prey he carrieth it speedily to his master, waiting his dog's return in some convenient lurking corner.

These dogs are somewhat lesser than the hounds, and they be lanker and leaner; besides that, they be somewhat prick eared. A man that shall mark the form and fashion of their bodies, may well call them mongrel Greyhounds, if they were somewhat bigger. But notwithstanding they countervail not the Greyhound in greatness; yet will he take

in one day's space as many conies as shall arise to as big a burden and as heavy a load as a horse can carry: for deceit up and guile is the instrument whereby he maketh this spoil; which pernicious properties supply the place of more commendable qualities.

Of the dog, called the Thievish dog; in Latin, Canis furax.

THE like to that whom we have rehearsed, is the Thievish Dog, which at the mandate and bidding of his master fleereth and leereth about in the night: hunting conies by the air, which is leavened with their savour; and conveyed to the sense of smelling by the means of the wind blowing towards him. During all which space of his hunting he will not bark, lest he should be prejudicial to his own advantage. And thus watching and snatching up in course as many conies as his master will suffer him; and beareth them to his master's standing. The farmers of the country, and uplandish dwellers, call this kind of dog a Night Cur; because he hunteth in the dark.

But let thus much seem sufficient for dogs which serve the game and sport of hunting.

¶ A DIAL PERTAINING TO THE FIRST SECTION.

Dogs serving as pastime of hunting beasts.	are divided into	Harriers. Terriers. Bloodhounds. Gazehounds. Leviners or Lyemmers. Tumblers. Stealers.	In Latin, called *Venatici.*

The Second Section of this Discourse.

Of gentle dogs serving the Hawk: and first of the Spaniel; called in Latin, Hispaniolus.

SUCH dogs as serve for Fowling, I think convenient and requisite to place in this Second Section of this Treatise. These are also to be reckoned and accounted in the number of the dogs which come of a gentle kind; and of those which serve for fowling.

There be two sorts { The first findeth game on the land. / The other findeth game on the water.

Such as delight on the land, play their parts, either by swiftness of foot, or by often questing, to search out and to spring the bird for further hope of advantage; or else by some secret sign and privy token bewray the place where they fall.

The first kind of such serve	The Hawk.
The second	The net, or train.

The first kind have no peculiar names assigned unto them, save only that they be denominated after the bird which, by natural appointment, he is allotted to take, for the which consideration.

Some be called Dogs { For the Falcon / The Pheasant / The Partridge } and such like.

The common sort of people call them by one general word, namely, Spaniels. As though this kind of dogs came

originally, and first of all, out of Spain. The most part of their skins is white, and if they be marked with any spots, they are commonly red, and somewhat great therewithal, the hairs not growing in such thickness but that the mixture of them may easily be perceived. Other some of them be reddish and blackish; but of that sort there be but a very few.

There is also, at this day among us, a new kind of dog brought out of France (for we Englishmen are marvellously greedy gaping gluttons after novelties, and covetous cormorants of things that be seldom, rare, strange, and hard to get), and they be speckled all over with white and black, which mingled colours incline to a marble blue; which beautifieth their skins, and affordeth a seemly show of comeliness. These are called French dogs, as is above declared already.

The dog, called the Setter; in Latin, Index.

ANOTHER sort of dogs be there, serviceable for Fowling, making no noise either with foot or with tongue whiles they follow the game. They attend diligently upon their master, and frame their conditions to such becks, motions, and gestures, as it shall please him to exhibit and make; either going forward, drawing backward, inclining to the right hand, or yielding toward the left. In making mention of fowls; my meaning is, of the partridge and the quail. When he hath found the bird, he keepeth sure and fast silence, he stayeth his steps and will proceed no further; and with a close, covert, watching eye, layeth his belly to the ground, and so creepeth forward like a worm. When he approacheth near to the place where the bird is, he lays him down, and with a mark of his paws betrayeth the place of the bird's last abode; whereby it is supposed that this kind of dog is called *Index*, "Setter," being indeed a name most consonant and agreeable to his quality.

The place being known by the means of the dog, the fowler immediately openeth and spreadeth his net, intending to take them; which being done, the dog at the accustomed beck or usual sign of his master riseth up by and by, and draweth nearer to the fowl that by his presence they might be the authors of their own ensnaring, and be ready entangled in

the prepared net. Which cunning and artificial endeavour in a dog (being a creature domestical, or household servant; brought up at home with offals of the trencher and fragments of victuals) is not much to be marvelled at, seeing that a hare—being a wild and skippish beast—was seen in England to the astonishment of the beholders, in the year of our Lord GOD 1564, not only dancing in measure, but playing with his former feet upon a tabaret, and observing a just number of strokes, as a practitioner in that art; beside that, nipping and pinching a dog with his teeth and claws, and cruelly thumping him with the force of his feet.

This is no trumpery tale nor trifling toy as I imagine and therefore not unworthy to be reported, for I reckon it a requital of my travail, not to drown in the seas of silence any special thing, wherein the providence and effectual working of Nature is to be pondered.

Of the dog, called the Water Spaniel, or Finder; in Latin, Aquaticus, seu Inquisitor.

THAT kind of dog whose service is required in fowling upon the water, partly through a natural towardness, and partly by diligent teaching, is endued with that property. This sort is somewhat big, and of a measurable greatness; having long, rough, and curled hair, not obtained by extraordinary trades, but given by Nature's appointment: yet nevertheless, friend GESNER! I have described and set him out in this manner, namely, pulled and knotted from the shoulders to the hindermost legs, and to the end of his tail, which I did for use and custom's cause; that being as it were made somewhat bare and naked, by shearing of such superfluity of hair, they might achieve more lightness and swiftness, and be less hindered in swimming, so troublesome and needless a burden being shaken off.

This kind of dog is properly called *Aquaticus*, a "Water Spaniel" because he frequenteth and hath usual recourse to the water, where all his game and exercise lieth; namely, waterfowls, which are taken by the help and service of them, in their kind. And principally ducks and drakes, whereupon he is likewise named "a Dog for the Duck," because in that quality he is excellent. With these dogs also, we fetch out of the

water such fowl as be stung to death by any venomous worm. We use them also to bring us our bolts and arrows out of the water, missing our mark whereat we directed our level; which otherwise we should hardly recover: and oftentimes they restore to us our shafts, which we thought never to see, touch or handle again, after they were lost; for which circumstances they are called *Inquisitores*, "Searchers," and "Finders."

Although the duck other whiles notably deceiveth both the dog and the master, by diving under the water: and also by natural subtilty; for if any man shall approach to the place where they build, breed, and sit, the hens go out of their nest, offering themselves voluntarily to the hands, as it were, of such as draw nigh their nests. And a certain weakness of their wings pretended, and infirmity of their feet dissembled, they go so slowly and so leisurely, that to a man's thinking it were no masteries to take them. By which deceitful trick, they do, as it were, entice and allure men to follow them, till they be drawn a long distance from their nests: which being compassed by their provident cunning, or cunning providence, they cut off all inconveniences which might grow of their return, by using many careful and curious caveats; lest their often haunting bewray the place, where the young ducklings be hatched. Great therefore is their desire, and earnest is their study to take heed, not only to their brood, but also to themselves. For when they have an inkling that they are espied, they hide themselves under turfs and sedges, wherewith they cover and shrowd themselves so closely and so craftily, that (notwithstanding the place where they lurk be found and perfectly perceived) there they will harbour without harm; except the Water Spaniel, by quick smelling, discover their deceits.

Of the dog, called the Fisher; in Latin, Canis Piscator.

THE Dog called the Fisher, whereof HECTOR BOETHEUS writeth, which seeketh for fish by smelling among rock and stone; assuredly, I know none of that kind in England, neither have I received by report that there is any such: albeit I have been diligent and busy in demanding the question, as well of fishermen, as also of huntsmen in that

behalf, being careful and earnest to learn and understand of them if any such were: except that you hold opinion that the Beaver or Otter is a fish, as many have believed, and according to their belief affirmed; and as the bird Pupine [? *Puffin*] is thought to be a fish, and so accounted.

But that kind of dog which followeth the fish, to apprehend and take it; if there be any of that disposition and property, whether they do this for the game of hunting, or for the heat of hunger, as other dogs do (which rather than they will be famished for want of food, covet the carcases of carrion and putrifying flesh): when I am fully resolved and disburdened of this doubt, I will send you certificate in writing.

In the mean season, I am not ignorant of that both ÆLIANUS and ÆLIUS, call the Beaver, *Κύναποτάμιον*, a Water Dog, or a Dog Fish. I know likewise thus much more, that the Beaver [*Otter*] both participate this property with the dog, namely, that when fish be scarce they leave the water and range up and down the land; making an insatiable slaughter of young lambs until their paunches be replenished: and when they have fed themselves full of flesh; then return they to the water, from whence they came. But albeit so much be granted that this Beaver is a dog; yet it is to be noted that we reckon it not in the beadrow of English Dogs, as we have done the rest.

The Sea Calf, in like manner, which our countrymen, for brevity sake, called a Seal, others, more largely, name a Sea Veal, maketh a spoil of fish between rocks and banks: but it is not accounted in the catalogue or number of our English Dogs; notwithstanding we call it by the name of Sea Dog, or a Sea Calf.

And thus much for our dogs of the Second Sort, called in Latin *Aucupatorii*, serving to take Fowl, either by land or water.

¶ A DIAL PERTAINING TO THE SECOND SECTION.

Dogs serving the disport of Fowling { are divided into } Land Spaniels. Setters. Water Spaniels or Finders. { called in Latin *Canes Aucupatorii*. } The Fisher is not of their number; but several.

The Third Section of this Abridgment.

NOw followeth, in due order and convenient place, our English dogs of the third Gentle Kind, what they are called, to what use they serve, and what sort of people plant their pleasure in them: which because they need no curious canvassing and nigh sifting, we mean to be much the briefer.

Of the delicate, neat, and pretty kind of dogs, called the Spaniel gentle, or the Comforter; in Latin, Melitæus *or* Fotor.

THERE is, besides those which we have already delivered, another sort of Gentle Dogs in this our English soil, but exempted from the order of the residue. The dogs of this kind, doth CALLIMACHUS call *Melitæos*, of the island *Melita*, in the sea of Sicily (which at this day is named Malta; an island, indeed, famous and renowned, with courageous and puissant soldiers valiantly fighting under the banner of CHRIST, their unconquerable Captain), where this kind of dog had their principal beginning.

These dogs are little, pretty proper, and fine; and sought for to satisfy the delicateness of dainty dames, and wanton women's wills, instruments of folly for them to play and dally withal, to trifle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their minds from more commendable exercises, and to content their corrupted concupiscences with vain desport. A silly shift, to shirk irksome idleness! These puppies the smaller they be, the more pleasure they provoke, as more meet playfellows

for mincing mistresses to bear in their bosoms, to keep company withal in their chambers, to succour with sleep in bed, and nourish with meat at board, to lay in their laps, and lick their lips as they ride in their waggons: and good reason it should be so, for coarseness with fineness hath no friendship; but featness with neatness hath neighbourhood enough. That plausible proverb verified upon a tyrant, namely "that he loved his sow, better than his son," may well be applied to this kind of people; who delight more in dogs, that are deprived of all possibility of reason, than they do in children that be capable of wisdom and judgement. But this abuse, peradventure, reigneth where there hath been long lack of issue; or else, where barrenness is the best blossom of beauty.

The virtue which remaineth in the Spaniel gentle, otherwise called the Comforter.

NOTWITHSTANDING, many make much of those pretty puppies called "Spaniels gentle"; yet if the question were demanded what property in them they spy, which should make them so acceptable and precious in their sight? I doubt their answer would be long a coining. But seeing it was our intent to travail in this Treatise, so that the reader might reap some benefit by his reading, we will communicate unto you such conjectures as are grounded upon reason. And though some suppose that such dogs are fit for no service, I dare say, by their leaves! they be in a wrong box.

Among all other qualities, therefore, of Nature, which be known (for some conditions are covered with continual and thick clouds, that the eye of our capacities cannot pierce through them) we find that these little dogs are good to assuage the sickness of the stomach, being often times thereunto applied as a plaster preservative [!] or borne in the bosom of the diseased and weak person [!] which effect is performed by their moderate heat. Moreover, the disease and sickness changeth his place and entereth—though it be not precisely marked—into the dog [!] which to be no untruth, Experience can testify. For this kind of dogs sometimes fall sick, and sometimes die, without any harm outwardly enforced; which

is an argument that the disease of the gentleman or gentlewoman or owner whatsoever, entereth into the dog by the operation of heat intermingled and infected.

And thus have I hitherto handled dogs of a Gentle Kind, whom I have comprehended in a triple division. Now it remaineth that I annex, in due order, such dogs as be of a more homely kind.

A DIAL PERTAINING TO THE THIRD SECTION.

In the Third Section is contained one kind of dog, which is called the	Spaniel gentle or the "Comforter."	It is also called	A chamber companion, A pleasant playfellow, A pretty worm,	generally called *Canis delicatus*.



The Fourth Section of this Discourse.

Dogs of a coarse kind, serving for many necessary uses called in Latin Canes rustici *: and first of the Shepherd's Dog; called in Latin,* Canis Pastoralis.

Dogs of the coarser sort are { The Shepherd's Dog, The Mastiff or Bandog } These two are the principal.



THE first kind, namely, the Shepherd's Hound, is very necessary and profitable for the avoiding of harms and inconveniences which may come to men, by the means of beasts. The second sort serve to succour against the snares and attempts of mischievous men.

Our Shepherd's Dog is not huge, vast, and big; but of an indifferent stature and growth, because it hath not to deal with the bloodthirsty wolf; sithence [*since*] there be none in England; which happy and fortunate benefit is to be ascribed to the puissant Prince EDGAR; who (to the intent that the whole country might be evacuated and quite cleared from wolves) charged and commanded the Welshmen, who were pestered with these butcherly beasts above measure, to pay him yearly tribute: which was (note the wisdom of the King!) three hundred wolves. Some there be, which write

that LUDWALL Prince of Wales paid yearly to King EDGAR three hundred wolves in the name of an exaction, as we have said before: And that by the means hereof, within the compass and term of four years, none of those noisome and pestilent beasts were left in the coasts of England and Wales. This EDGAR wore the royal crown, and bare the imperial sceptre of this kingdom, about the year of our Lord, nine hundred and fifty nine. Since which time, we read that no wolf hath been seen in England, bred within the bounds bounds and borders of this country.

Marry, there have been divers brought over from beyond the seas, for greediness of gain and to make money, for gazing and gaping, staring and standing to see them; being a strange beast, rare, and seldom seen in England.

But to return to our Shepherd's Dog. This dog either at the hearing of his master's voice, or at the wagging and whistling in his fist, or at his shrill and hoarse hissing, bringeth the wandering wethers and straying sheep into the selfsame place where his master's will and wish is to have them: whereby the shepherd reapeth this benefit, namely, that with little labour and no toil or moving of his feet, he may rule and guide his flock, according to his own desire; either to have them go forward, or stand still, or to draw backward, or to turn this way, or to take that way. For it is not in England, as it is in France, as it is in Flanders, as it is in Syria, as it is in Tartaria, where the sheep follow the shepherd: for here, in our country, the shepherd follows the sheep. And sometimes the straying sheep, when no dog runneth before them, nor goeth about or beside them, gather themselves together in a flock, when they hear the shepherd whistle in his fist, for fear of the dog (as I imagine): remembering this (if unreasonable creatures may be reported to have memory) that the dog commonly runneth out at his master's warrant, which is his whistle. This have we oftentimes diligently marked, in taking our journey from town to town. When we have heard a shepherd whistle, we have reined in our horse and stood still a space, to see the proof and trial of this matter. Furthermore with this dog doth the shepherd take sheep for the slaughter, and to be healed if they be sick; no hurt nor harm in the world, done to the simple creature.

Of the Mastiff or Bandog; called, in Latin, Villaticus *or* Cathenarius.

THIS kind of dog, called a Mastiff or Bandog, is vast, huge, stubborn, ugly, and eager; of a heavy and burdenous body, and therefore but of little swiftness; terrible, and frightful to behold; and more fierce and fell than any Arcadian cur, notwithstanding, they are said to have their generation of the violent lion.

They are called *Villatici*, because they are appointed to watch and keep farm places and country cottages sequestered from common recourse, and not abutting upon other houses by reason of distance; when there is any fear conceived of thieves, robbers, spoilers, and nightwanderers. They are serviceable against the fox, and the badger; to drive wild and tame swine out of meadows, pastures, glebelands, and places planted with fruit; to bait and take the bull by the ear, when occasion so requireth. One dog, or two at the uttermost, are sufficient for that purpose, be bull never so monstrous, never so fierce, never so furious, never so stern, never so untameable. For it is a kind of dog capable of courage, violent and valiant, striking cold fear into the hearts of men: but standing in fear of no man; in so much that no weapons will make him shrink, or abridge his boldness.

Our Englishmen (to the intent that their dogs might be the more fell and fierce) assist nature with art, use, and custom. For, they teach their dogs to bait the bear; to bait the bull, and other such like cruel and bloody beasts (appointing an overseer of the game) without any collar to defend their throats: and oftentimes they train them up in fighting and wrestling with a man, having (for the safeguard of his life) either a pikestaff, a club, or a sword. And by using [*accustoming*] them to exercise as these, their dogs become more sturdy and strong.

The force which is in them surmounteth all belief; the fast hold which they take with their teeth exceedeth all credit. Three of them against a bear, four against a lion are sufficient, both to try masteries with them, and utterly to overmatch them.

Which thing, HENRY the SEVENTH of that name, King of England (a Prince both politic and warlike) perceiving on a certain time, as the report runneth; commanded all such

dogs (how many soever they were in number) should be hanged; being deeply displeased, and conceiving great disdain, than an ill favoured rascal cur should, with such violent villainy, assault the valiant lion king of beasts. An example for all subjects worthy remembrance, to admonish them that it is no advantage to them to rebel against the regiment of their ruler; but to keep them within the limits of loyalty.

I read an history answerable to this, of the selfsame HENRY, who having a notable and an excellent fair falcon, it fortuned that the King's Falconers, in the presence and hearing of His Grace, highly commended his Majesty's Falcon, saying, "that it feared not to intermeddle with an eagle, it was so venturous and so mighty a bird"; which when the King heard, he charged that the falcon should be killed without delay: for the selfsame reason, as it may seem, which was rehearsed in the conclusion of the former history concerning the same King.

This dog is called, in like manner, *Cathenarius, à Cathena*, of the chain wherewith he is tied at the gates, in the day time; lest being loose, he should do much mischief: and yet might give occasion of fear and terror, by his big barking. And albeit CICERO, in his oration *Pro S. Ross* had been of this opinion, that such dogs as bark in the broad daylight should have their legs broken; yet our countrymen on this side of the seas, for their carelessness of life, "setting all at cinque and sice," are of a contrary judgement. For the thieves rogue up and down in every corner, no place is free from them; no, not the Prince's Palace, nor the countryman's cottage. In the day time, they practise pilfering, picking, open robbing, and privy stealing; and what legerdemain lack they? not fearing the shameful and horrible death of hanging. The cause of which inconvenience doth not only issue from nipping need and wringing want; for all that steal are not pinched with poverty: but some steal to maintain their excessive and prodigal expenses in apparel; their lewdness of life, their haughtiness of heart, their wantonness of manner, their wilful idleness, their ambitious bravery, and the pride of the saucy *Salacones μεγαλορρήντων* vain glorious and arrogant in behaviour, whose delight dependeth wholly to mount nimbly on horseback, to make them leap lustily, spring and prance, gallop and amble, to run a race, to wind

in compass, and so forth; living altogether upon the fatness of the spoil. Othersome there be which steal, being thereto provoked by penury and need, like masterless men applying themselves to no honest trade, but ranging up and down, impudently begging; and complaining of bodily weakness, where is no want of ability.

But valiant VALENTINE the Emperor, by wholesome laws provided, that such as having no corporal sickness, sold themselves to begging, pleaded poverty with pretended infirmity, cloaked their idle and slothful life with colourable shifts and cloudy cossening, [*cozening*] should be a perpetual slave and drudge to him, by whom their impudent idleness was bewrayed and laid against them in public place; lest the insufferable slothfulness of such vagabonds, should be burdenous to the people; or, being so hateful and odious, should grow into an example.

ALFRED, likewise, in the government of his commonwealth, procured such increase of credit to justice and upright dealing by his prudent acts and statutes, that if a man travelling by the highway of the country under his dominion, chanced to lose a budget full of gold, or his capcase farced [*stuffed*] with things of great value, late in the evening; he should find it where he lost it, safe, sound, and untouched the next morning; yea, which is a wonder, at any time for a whole month's space if he sought for it, as INGULPHUS *Croyladensis*, in his History, recordeth. But in this our unhappy age; in these I say, our devilish days, nothing can escape the claws of the spoilers; though it be kept never so sure within the house; albeit the doors be locked and bolted round about.

This dog, in like manner, of Grecians is called *οἰκουρος*.

Of the latinists, Canis Cultos; *in English, the Dog Keeper.*

BORROWING his name of his service: for he doth not only keep farmers' houses; but also merchants' mansions, wherein great wealth, riches, substance, and costly stuff is reposed. And therefore were certain dogs found and maintained at the common costs and charges of the citizens of Rome in the place called *Capitolium*, to give warning of thieves' coming.

This kind of dog is also called, in Latin, Canis Laniarius; *in English, the Butcher Dog.*

SO CALLED for the necessity of his use, for his service affordeth great benefit to the Butcher; as well in following as in taking his cattle, when need constraineth, urgeth, and requireth.

This kind of dog is likewise called, in Latin, Molossicus *or* Molossus.

AFTER the name of a country in Epirus, called Molossia, which harboureth many stout, strong, and sturdy dogs of this sort: for the dogs of that country are good indeed, or else there is no trust to be had in the testimonies of writers.

This dog is also called, in Latin, Canis Mandatarius; *a Dog Messenger or Carrier.*

UPON substantial consideration, because, at his master's voice and commandment, he carrieth letters from place to place; wrapped up cunningly in his leather collar, fastened thereto, or sewed close therein: who, lest he should be hindered in his passage, useth these helps very skilfully; namely, resistance in fighting if he be not overmatched, or else swiftness and readiness in running away, if he be unable to buckle with the dog that would fain have a snatch at his skin.

This kind of dog likewise called, in Latin, Canis Lunarius; *in English, the Mooner.*

BECAUSE he doth nothing else but watch and ward at an ynche, wasting the wearisome night season without slumbering or sleeping; bawing and wawing at the moon (that I may use the word of NONIUS); a quality in mine opinion strange to consider.

This kind of dog is also called, in Latin, Aquarius; *in English, a Water Drawer.*

AND these be of the greater and the weightier sort, drawing water out of wells and deep pits, by a wheel which they turn round about, by the moving of their burthenous bodies.

This kind of dog is called, in like manner, Canis Sarcinarius; *in Latin, and may aptly be Englished, a* Tinker's Cur.

BECAUSE, with marvellous patience, they bear big budgets fraught with tinker's tools and metal meet to mend kettles, porridge-pots, skillets, and chafers, and other such like trumpery; requisite for their occupation and loitering trade: easing him of great burden, which otherwise he himself should carry upon his shoulders; which condition hath challenged unto them the foresaid name.

Besides the qualities which we have already recounted, this kind of dogs hath this principal property ingrafted in them, that they love their masters liberally and hate strangers despitefully; whereupon it followeth that they are to their masters, in travelling, a singular safeguard: defending them forcibly from the invasion of villains and thieves, preserving their lives from loss, and their health from hazard, their flesh from hacking and hewing, with such like desperate dangers. For which consideration they are meritoriously termed

In Latin, Canes defensores; *Defending Dogs, in our mother tongue.*

IF IT chance that the master be oppressed, either by a multitude, or by the greater violence and so be beaten down that he lie grovelling on the ground: it is proved true by experience, that this dog forsaketh not his master; no, not when he is stark dead. But, enduring the force of famishment and the outrageous tempests of the weather, most vigilantly watcheth and carefully keepeth the

dead carcase many days; endeavouring, furthermore, to kill the murderers of his master, if he may get any advantage. Or else by barking, by howling, by furious jarring, snarring, and such like means betrayeth the malefactor; as desirous to have the death of his aforesaid master vigorously revenged.

An example hereof, fortuned within the compass of my memory. The dog of a certain wayfaring man travelling from the city of London directly to the town of Kingston (most famous and renowned by reason of the triumphant coronation of eight several Kings), passing over a good portion of his journey, was assaulted and set upon by certain confederate thieves laying in wait for the spoil in Come Park; a perilous bottom, compassed about with woods too well known for the manifold murders and mischievous robberies there committed. Into whose hands, this passenger chanced to fall; so that his ill luck cost him the price of his life.

And that dog, whose sire was English (which BLONDUS registereth to have been within the banks of his remembrance) manifestly perceiving that his master was murdered (this chanced not far from Paris) by the hands of one which was a suitor to the same woman, whom he was a wooer unto; did both bewray the bloody butcher, and attempted to tear out the villain's throat, if he had not sought means to avoid the revenging rage of the dog.

In fires also, which fortune in the silence and dead time of the night, or in stormy weather of the said season, the older dogs, bark, bawl, howl, and yell, yea, notwithstanding they be roughly rated: neither will they stay their tongues till the household servants awake, rise, search, and see the burning of the fire; which being perceived they use voluntary silence, and cease from yolping. This hath been, and is found true by trial, in sundry parts of England.

There was no fainting faith in that dog, which when his master, by a mischance in hunting stumbled and fell, toppling down a deep ditch, being unable to recover of himself; the dog signifying his master's mishap, rescue came, and he was hauled up by a rope: whom the dog seeing, almost drawn up to the edge of the ditch, cheerfully saluted, leaping and skipping upon his master, as though he would have embraced him; being glad of his presence, whose longer absence he was loath to lack.

Some dogs there be, which will not suffer fiery coals to lie scattered about the hearth, but with their paws will rake up the burning coals; musing and studying first with themselves how it might conveniently be done. And if so be, that the coals cast too great a heat, then will they bury them in ashes; and so remove them forward to a fit place with their noses.

Other dogs be there, which execute the office of a farmer in the night time. For when his master goeth to bed to take a natural sleep, And when

A hundred bars of brass and iron bolts
Make all things safe from starts and from revolts.
When JANUS *keeps the gate with* ARGUS *eye,*
That dangers none approach, ne mischiefs nigh,

As VIRGIL vaunteth in his verses. Then if his master biddeth him go abroad, he lingereth not, but rangeth over all his lands himself, lying there about, more diligently, I wis [*think*], than any farmer himself. And if he find anything there, that is strange and pertaineth to other persons besides his master; whether it be man, woman, or beast, he driveth them out of the ground: not meddling with anything, which doth belong to the use and possession and use of his master. But how much faithfulness, so much diversity there is in their natures.

For there be some
- Which bark only with free and open throat, but will not bite.
- Which do both bark and bite.
- Which bite bitterly before they bark.

The first are not greatly to be feared, Because they themselves are fearful; and fearful dogs (as the proverb importeth) bark most vehemently.

The second are dangerous. It is wisdom to take heed of them, because they sound, as it were, an Alarum of an Afterclap; and these dogs must not be over much moved or provoked, for then they take on outrageously as if they were mad, watching to set the print of their teeth in the flesh. And these kind of dogs are fierce and eager by nature.

The third are deadly. For they fly upon a man, without

utterance of voice, snatch at him, and catch him by the throat, and most cruelly bite out collops of flesh. Fear these kind of curs! if thou be wise and circumspect about thine own safety! for they be stout and stubborn dogs, and set upon a man, at a sudden, unawares.

By these signs and tokens, by these notes and arguments, our men discern the cowardly cur from the courageous dog; the bold from the fearful, the butcherly from the gentle and tractable. Moreover they conjecture that a whelp of an ill kind is not worth the keeping; and that no dog can serve the sundry uses of men so aptly and so conveniently as this sort of whom we have so largely written already.

For if any be disposed to draw the above-named services into a table, what man more clearly and with more vehemency of voice giveth warning, either of a wasteful beast or of a spoiling thief, than this? who by his barking, as good as a burning beacon, foreshoweth hazards at hand. What manner of beast, stronger? what servant to his master, more loving? what companion, more trusty? what Watchman, more vigilant? what Revenger, more constant? what Messenger, more speedy? what Water Bearer, more painful? finally what Pack Horse, more patient?

And thus much concerning English dogs, first of the Gentle Kind, secondly to the Coarser Kind. Now it remaineth that we deliver unto you the dogs of a mongrel or currish kind, and then will we have performed our task.

¶A DIAL PERTAINING TO THE FOURTH SECTION.

Dogs comprehended in the Fourth Section are these	The Shepherd's dog	which hath sundry names, derived	The Keeper or Watchman.	Called in Latin *Canes Rustici.*
			The Butcher dog.	
			The Messenger or Carrier.	
	The Mastiff or Bandog	from sundry circumstances, as	The Mooner.	
			The Water Drawer.	
			The Tinker's Cur.	
			The Fencer.	

The Fifth Section of this Treatise.

Containing curs of the mongrel and rascal sort; and first of the dog, called, in Latin, Admonitor; *and of us in English, Wap or Warner.*

OF SUCH dogs, as keep not their kind; of such as are mingled out of sundry sorts not imitating the conditions of some one certain species, because they resemble no notable shape, nor exercise any worthy property of the true perfect and gentle kind; it is not necessary that I write any more of them: but to banish them as unprofitable implements, out of the bounds of my book: unprofitable I say for any use that is commendable, except in entertaining strangers with their barking in the daytime, giving warning to them of the house, that such and such be newly come. Whereupon, we call them Admonishing Dogs; because, in that point, they perform their office.

Of the dog, called Turnspit; in Latin, Veruversator.

THERE is comprehended under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog excellent in kitchen service. For when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel; which they turning round with the weight of their bodies; and so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly. Whom the popular sort hereupon call, Turnspits; being the last of all those which we have first mentioned.

Of the dog, called the Dancer; in Latin, Saltator *or* Tympanista.

THERE be also dogs among us, of a mongrel kind, which are taught and exercised to dance in measure at the musical sound of an instrument; as, at the just stroke of the drum, at the sweet accent of the cithern, and tuned strings of the harmonious harp: showing many pretty tricks by the gesture of their bodies. As, to stand bolt upright, to lie flat upon the ground, to turn round as a ring holding their tails in their teeth, to beg for their meat; and sundry such properties, which they learn of their vagabondical masters, whose instruments they are to gather gain withal in city, country, town, and village. As some which carry old apes on their shoulders in coloured jackets, to move men to laughter; for a little lucre.

A start to outlandish dogs; in this conclusion not impertinent to the Author's purpose.

USE and custom hath entertained other dogs of an outlandish kind, but a few and the same being of a pretty bigness, I mean Iceland dogs, curled and rough all over; which by reason of the length of their hair make show, neither of face nor of body. And yet these curs, forsooth, because they are so strange are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times in the room of the Spaniel Gentle or "Comforter."

The natures of men are so moved, nay rather married to novelties; without all reason, wit, judgement or perseverance,

Ερῶμεν ἀλλοτριῶν, παρορῶμεν συγγενεῖς.

Outlandish toys we take with delight;
Things of our own nature we have in despite:

Which fault remaineth not in us concerning dogs only, but for artificers also. And why? It is too manifest that we disdain and contemn our own workmen, be they never so skilful, be they never so cunning, be they never so excellent. A beggarly beast brought out of barbarous borders, from the uttermost countries northward, &c.; we stare at, we

gaze at, we muse, we marvel at; like an Ass of Cumanum, like THALES with the brazen shanks, like the Man in the Moon. The which default, HIPPOCRATES, marked when he was alive, as evidently appeareth in the beginning of his book *Περὶ ἀγμῶν*, so intituled and named. And we, in our work, entitled *De Ephemera Britannica*; to the people of England, have more plentifully expressed.

In this kind, look which is most blockish, and yet most waspish, the same is most esteemed; and not among citizens only, and jolly gentlemen; but among lusty lords also, and noblemen, and dainty courtiers ruffling in their riotous rags.

Further, I am not to wade in the ford of this Discourse; because it was my purpose to satisfy your expectations with a short Treatise, most learned CONRAD! not wearisome for me to write, nor tedious for you to peruse.

Among other things, which you have received at my hands heretofore, I remember that I wrote a several description of the Getulian dog; because there are but a few of them, and therefore very seldom seen. As touching dogs of other kinds, you yourself have taken earnest pain, in writing of them both lively, learnedly, and largely. But because we have drawn this Libel more at length, than the former which I sent you; and yet briefer than the nature of the thing might well bear, regarding your more earnest and necessary studies; I will conclude; making a rehearsal notwithstanding (for memory's sake) of certain specialities contained in the whole body of this my Breviary.

And because you participate principal pleasure in the knowledge of the common and usual Names of Dogs, as I gather by the course of your letters: I suppose it not amiss to deliver unto you a short table containing, as well the Latin as the English names; and to render a reason of every particular appellation, to the intent that no scruple may remain in this point, but that everything may be sifted to the bare bottom.

A DIAL PERTAINING TO THE FIFTH SECTION.

Dogs contained in this last Dial or Table are	The Wap or Warner The Turnspit The Dancer	called in Latin *Canes Rustici.*

A Supplement or Addition, containing a demonstration of Dogs' Names, how they had their original.

THE names contained in the General Table, forsomuch as they signify nothing to you, being a stranger, and ignorant of the English tongue, except they be interpreted: as we have given a reason before of it in Latin words, so mean we to do no less of the English; that everything may be manifest unto your understanding. Wherein I intend to observe the same order, which I have followed before.

The Names of such Dogs as be contained in the First Section.

SAGAX, in English, *Hound*, is derived of our English word "hunt." One letter changed into another, namely, T into D, as "hunt," "hund": whom, if you conjecture to be so named of your country word *Hunde* which signifieth the general name "Dog," because of the similitude and likeness of the words; I will not stand in contradiction, friend GESNER! for so much

as we retain among us at this day many Dutch [*German*] words which the Saxons left at such time as they occupied this country of Britain. Thus much also understand! that as in your language *hunde* is the common word, so in our natural tongue *dog* is the universal; but *hound* is particular and a special; for it signifieth such a dog only as serveth to hunt, and therefore it is called a *hound*.

Of the Gaze Hound.

THE Gaze Hound, called, in Latin, *Agasæus*, hath his name of the sharpness and stedfastness of his eye-sight. By which virtue, he compasseth that which otherwise he cannot by smelling attain. As we have made former relation, for to *gaze* is *earnestly to view* and *behold*, from whence floweth the derivation of this dog's name.

Of the Grey Hound.

THE Greyhound, called *Leporarius*, hath his name of this word *Gre*, which word soundeth, *Gradus* in Latin, in English *degree*. Because among all dogs they are the most principal occupying the chiefest place; and being simply and absolutely, the best of the gentle kind of hounds.

Of the Levyner *or the* Lyemmer.

THIS dog is called a *Levyner*, for his *lightness*, which in Latin, soundeth *Levitas*. Or a *Lyemmer*, which word is borrowed of *Lyemme*, which the Latinists name *Lorum*: and wherefore we call him a *Levyner* of this word *Levitas*; as we do many things besides. Why, we derive draw a thousand of our terms out of the Greek, the Latin, and the Italian, the Dutch, the French, and the Spanish tongue? Out of which fountains indeed, they had their original issue. How many words are buried in the grave of forgetfulness, grown out of use, wrested awry, and perversely corrupted, by divers defaults; we will declare at large, in our book intituled, *Symphonia vocum Britannicarum*.

Of the Tumbler.

AMONG hounds, the Tumbler, called, in Latin, *Vertagus*, is the last, which cometh of this word "Tumbler"; flowing first of all out of the French fountain. For as we say *Tumble*, so they, *Tumbier*; reserving one sense and signification: which the Latinist comprehend under this word *Vertere*. So that we see thus much, that *Tumbler* cometh of *Tumbier*, the vowel, I, changed into the liquid L, after the manner of our speech; contrary to the French and Italian tongue. In which two languages, a *liquid* before a vowel, for the most part is turned into another *vowel*; as, may be perceived in the example of these two words *implere* and *plano*, for *impiere* and *piano*. L before E, changed into I; and L before A, turned into I, also. This I thought convenient, for a taste!

The Names of such Dogs as be contained in the Second Section.

AFTER such as serve for hunting, orderly, do follow such as serve for hawking and fowling. Among which the principal and chiefest is the Spaniel, called in Latin *Hispaniolus*, borrowing his name of *Hispania*, Spain; wherein we Englishmen not pronouncing the aspiration H, nor the vowel I, for quickness and readiness of speech say, roundly, A Spaniel.

Of the Setter.

THE second sort of this Second Division and second section: is called a Setter, in Latin *Index*. Of the word *Set*, which signifieth in English that which the Latinists mean by this word *Locum designare*, the reason is rehearsed before more largely [*p.* 243]; it shall not need to make a new repetition.

Of the Water Spaniel *or* Finder.

THE Water Spaniel consequently followeth, called in Latin *Aquaticus*, in English a Water Spaniel; which name is compound of two simple words, namely, Water, which in Latin soundeth *Aqua*, wherein he swimmeth; And Spain, *Hispania*, the country from whence they came. Not that England wanteth such kind of dogs; for they are naturally bred and ingendered in this country: but because they bear the general and common name of these dogs, since the time they were first brought over out of Spain. And we make a certain difference in this sort of dogs, either for something which in their voice is to be marked, or for something which in their qualities is to be considered. As for an example, in this kind called the Spaniel, by the apposition and putting to of this word Water; which two coupled together sound Water Spaniel.

He is also called a Finder, in Latin *Inquisitor*, because that by serious and secure seeking, he findeth such things as be lost; which, word *Find*, in English, is that, which the Latin mean by the verb *Invenire*. This dog hath this name of his property, because the principal point of his service consisteth in the premises.

The Names of such Dogs as be contained in the Third Section.

NOw leaving the surview of hunting and hawking dogs; it remaineth that we run over the residue, whereof some be called, fine dogs, some coarse, other some mongrels or rascals. The first is the Spaniel gentle called *Canis Melitæus*, because it is a kind of dog accepted among gentles, nobles, lords, ladies, &c., who make much of them vouchsafing to admit them so far into their company, that they will not only lull them in their laps, but kiss them with their lips, and make them their pretty playfellows.

Such a one was GORGON'S little puppy, mentioned by THEOCRITUS in *Siracusis*, who taking his journey, straightly charged

and commanded his maid to see to his dog as charily and warily as to his child; to call him in always, that he wandered not abroad, as well as to rock the babe asleep, crying in the cradle. This puppitly and peasantly cur (which some, frumpingly, term Fisting Hounds) serve in a manner to no good use; except, as we have made former relation, to succour and strengthen quailing and qualming stomachs, to bewray baudery and filthy abominable lewdness. Which a little dog of this kind did in Sicilia, as ÆLIANUS in his 7th book Of beasts, and 27th chapter recordeth.

The Names of such Dogs as be contained in the Fourth Section.

OF DOGS, under the coarser kind, we will deal first with the Shepherd's Dog, whom we call the Bandog, the Tydog, or the Mastiff. The first name is imputed to him for service *quoniam pastori famulatur*; because he is at the Shepherd his master's commandment. The second, *à Ligamento*, of the Band or chain wherewith he is tied. The third, *a Sagina*, of the fatness of his body. For this kind of dog which is usually tied, is mighty gross, and fat fed. I know this, that AUGUSTINUS NIPHUS, calleth this *Mastinus*, which we call *Mastivus*. And that ALBERTUS writeth how the *Lyciscus* is engendered by a bear and a wolf. Notwithstanding that, the selfsame author taketh it, for the most part, *pro Molosso*. A dog of such a [*that*] country.

The Names of such Dogs as be contained in the Fifth Section.

OF MONGRELS and rascals somewhat is to be spoken. And among these of the Wapp or Turnspit: which name is made of two simple words, that is, of *Turn*, which in Latin soundeth *Vertere*; and of *spit* which is *veru*, or *spede*. For the English word inclineth

closer to the Italian imitation: *Veruversator*, Turnspit. He is called also Waupe, of the natural noise of his voice, *Wau*, which he maketh in barking.

But for the better and the readier sound, the vowel *u*, is changed into the consonant, *p*; so that for *Waup* we say *Wapp*. And yet I wot well that NONIUS borroweth his *Baubari* of the natural voice *Bau*, as the Grecians do their *Βαΰζειν* of *Wau*.

Now when you understand this, that *Saltare* in Latin signifieth *Dansare*, in English; and that our dog thereupon is called a Dancer, and in the Latin *Saltator*: you are as far taught, as you were desirous to learn.

And now suppose I, there remaineth nothing, but that your request is fully accomplished.

The winding up of this work called the

Supplement, &c.

THUS, friend GESNER! you have, not only the kinds of our country dogs, but their names also; as well in Latin as in English; their offices, services, diversities, natures, and properties: that you can demand no more of me in this matter. And albeit I have not satisfied your mind peradventure (who suspectest all speed in the performance of your request employed, to be mere delays), because I stayed the setting forth of that imperfect pamphlet which, five years ago [1531], I sent to you as to a private friend for your own reading, and not to be printed, and so made common: yet I hope, having, like the bear, licked over my young, I have waded in this work to your contentation; which delay hath made somewhat better and *δεύτεραί φροντίδες* "after wit" more meet to be perused.

The End of this Treatise.

FINIS.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c., from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

TWO BOOKS OF AIRS.

I. DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.

II. LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS.

BY

THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.

Apparently printed about 1613, after the death of Prince HENRY. See the allusion to Prince CHARLES, afterwards CHARLES I., *p.* 275.

To the Right Honourable, both in birth and virtue, FRANCIS, Earl of CUMBERLAND.

WHAT patron could I choose, great Lord! but you?
Grave words, your years may challenge as their own:
And every note of music is your due,
Whose house, the Muses' Palace I have known.

To love and cherish them, though it descends,
With many honours more, on you in vain:
Preceding fame herein with you contends,
Who hath both fed the Muses, and their train.

These leaves I offer you, Devotion might,
Herself, lay open. Read them! or else hear
How gravely, with their tunes, they yield delight
To any virtuous, and not curious ear!
Such as they are, accept them! noble Lord!
If better, better could my zeal afford.

Your Honour's,

THOMAS CAMPION.

To the Reader.

OUT of many Songs which, partly at the request of friends, partly for my own recreation, were by me, long since, composed: I have now enfranchised a few; sending them forth, divided according to their different subjects, into several books. The first are grave and pious: the second, amorous and light. For he that, in publishing any work, hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.

Non omnibus unum est
Quod placet, hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

These Airs were, for the most part, framed, at first, for one voice with the lute or viol: but, upon occasion, they have since been filled with more parts, which whoso please, may use; who like not, may leave. Yet do we daily observe, that when any shall sing Treble to an instrument: the standers by will be offering at

an inward part out of their own nature; and, true or false, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmony. Also, if we consider well, the Treble tunes (which are with us, commonly called Airs) are but Tenors mounted eight notes higher; and therefore an inward part must needs well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the diapason, and fill up the gaping between the two extreme parts: whereby though they are not three parts in perfection, yet they yield a sweetness and content, both to the ear and the mind; which is the aim and perfection of Music.

Short Airs, if they be skilfully framed, and naturally expressed, are like quick and good Epigrams in Poesy: many of them showing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficulty as a larger poem.

Non omina possumus omnes

said the Roman Epic Poet; but some there are, who admit only French or Italian Airs; as if every country had not his proper Air, which the people thereof naturally usurp in their music. Others taste nothing that comes forth in print; as if CATULLUS *or* MARTIAL'S Epigrams *were the worse for being published.*

In these English Airs, I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together; which will be much for him to do, that hath not power over both. The light of this, will best appear to him who hath paysed [weighed] *our Monosyllables and Syllables combined: both of which, are so loaded with consonants, as that they will hardly keep company with swift notes, or give the vowel convenient liberty.*

To conclude; my own opinion of these Songs, I deliver thus.

Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris;
Si placet hac cantes, hac quoque lege legas.

Farewell.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

THE FIRST BOOK.

DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.

AUTHOR of Light! revive my dying sprite!
Redeem it from the snares of all confounding night!
LORD! light me to Thy blessed way!
For blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a stray.
Sun and moon, stars and under lights I see;
But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness, being compared to Thee!

Fountain of health! my soul's deep wounds recure!
Sweet showers of pity, rain! wash my uncleanness, pure!
One drop of Thy desired grace,
The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's bosom place.
Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage:
But GOD, His own will guard; and their sharp pains and grief, in time, assuage.

WHERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining?
Whither are thy flatterers gone, with all their feigning?
All fled! and thou, alone, still here remaining!

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turnèd!
Cold, as thou art, are thy loves; that so much burnèd!
Who die in flatterers' arms, are seldom mournèd.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimed,
That none worthier than thyself, thy worth hath blamed;
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed!

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perusèd;
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excusèd,
"None ever lived more just, none more abusèd."

OUT OF my soul's depth, to Thee! my cries have sounded.
Let Thine ears, my plaints receive! on just fear grounded.
LORD! shouldst Thou weigh our faults, who's not confounded?

But, with grace, Thou censurest thine! when they have errèd,
Therefore shall Thy blessed Name be loved and fearèd.
Even to Thy throne! my thoughts and eyes are rearèd.

Thee, alone! my hopes attend; on Thee! relying.
In Thy sacred word! I'll trust: to Thee! fast flying,
Long ere the watch shall break, the morn descrying.

In the mercies of our GOD, who live securèd,
May of full redemption rest in Him assurèd;
Their sin-sick souls, by Him shall be recurèd.

VIEW me, LORD! a work of Thine.
Shall I then lie drowned in night?
Might Thy grace in me but shine!
I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so,
On the poisoned baits of sin;
That I strange and ugly grow.
All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, LORD! that I may kneel
At thine altar, pure and white.
They that, once, Thy mercies feel;
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade,
When the heavenly light appears:
But the covenants Thou hast made
Endless; know nor days, nor years.

In Thy Word, LORD! is my trust.
To Thy mercies, fast I fly!
Though I am but clay and dust;
Yet Thy grace can lift me high!

BRAVELY decked; come forth, bright Day!
Thine Hours, with roses, strew thy way;
As they well remember.
Thou received shalt be, with feasts!
Come, chiefest of the British guests,
Thou Fifth of November!
Thou, with triumph, shalt exceed,
In the strictest Ember;
For, by thy return, the LORD records His blessed deed.

Britons! frolic at your board!
But, first, sing praises to the LORD,
In your congregations!
He preserved your State alone!
His loving grace hath made you one
Of his chosen nations!
But this light must hallowed be
With your blest oblations!
Praise the LORD! for only great and merciful is He.

Death had entered in the gate,
And Ruin was crept near the State;
But Heaven all revealed.
Fiery powder, hell did make,
Which ready long the flame to take,
Lay, in shade concealed.
GOD us helped, of His free grace:
None to Him appealed;
For none was so bad, to fear the treason, or the place.

GOD, His peaceful monarch chose.
To Him, the mist He did disclose;
To Him, and none other:
This He did, O King! for thee,
That thou, thine own renown mightest see!
Which no time can smother.
May blest CHARLES, thy comfort be!
Firmer than his brother. [thee!
May his heart, the love of peace and wisdom learn of

TO MUSIC bent, is my retired mind,
And fain would I, some Song of Pleasure sing
But in vain joys, no comfort now I find:
From heavenly thoughts, all true delight doth spring.
Thy power, O GOD! Thy mercies, to record;
Will sweeten every note, and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express,
Is but to carve in snow; on waves to write.
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light.
Such beams they yield, as know no means to die;
Such heat they cast, as lifts the spirit high.

TUNE thy music to thy heart!
Sing joy with thanks, and so thy sorrow!
Though Devotion needs not Art;
Sometimes of the poor, the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways!
Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strainèd;
Zeal affects not outward praise,
Only strives to show a love unfeignèd.

Love can wondrous things effect;
Sweetest sacrifice, all wrath appeasing!
Love, the Highest doth respect,
Love alone, to Him is ever pleasing.

MOST sweet and pleasing are thy ways, O GOD!
Like meadows decked with crystal streams, and flowers.
Thy paths, no foot profane hath ever trod!
Nor hath the proud man restèd in Thy bowers!
There, lives no vulture, no devouring bear;
But only doves and lambs are harboured there.

The wolf his young ones, to their prey doth guide;
The fox his cubs, with false deceit endues;
The lion's whelp sucks from his dam, his pride;
In hers, the serpent, malice doth infuse:
The darksome desert all such beasts contains;
Not one of them in Paradise remains.

WISE men, patience never want;
Good men, pity cannot hide:
Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride.
He alone, forgive that can,
Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are, debate that seek;
Making trouble their content:
Happy if they wrong the meek,
Vex them that, to peace are bent:
Such undo the common tie
Of mankind, Society.

Kindness grown is, lately, cold;
Conscience hath forgot her part:
Blessed times were known of old,
Long ere Law became an Art.
Shame deterred, not Statutes then;
Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love, and words that flow,
Foster like kind April showers:
In the warm sun, all things grow,
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers.
All, so thrives his gentle rays,
Whereon human love displays.

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more;
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest LORD! and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there, the sun outshines; whose beams the Blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious LORD! and raise my sprite tc Thee!

LIFT up to heaven, sad wretch! thy heavy sprite!
What though thy sins, thy due destruction threat?
The LORD exceeds in mercy, as in might.
His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great.
Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just rod,
It stays, even thunder, in the hand of GOD.

With cheerful voice to Him, then cry for grace!
Thy Faith, thy fainting Hope, with Prayer revive;
Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place;
Not GOD, but men, of Him themselves deprive:
Strive then! and He will help: call Him! He'll hear.
The son needs not the father's fury fear.

LO, when back mine eye,
Pilgrim-like, I cast:
What fearful ways I spy,
Which, blinded, I securely past!

But now heaven hath drawn
From my brows, that night;
As when the day doth dawn,
So clears my long imprisoned sight.

Straight the Caves of Hell,
Dressed with flowers I see:
Wherein False Pleasures dwell,
That, winning most, most deadly be.

Throngs of masked fiends,
Winged like angels, fly.
Even in the gates of friends.
In fair disguise, black dangers lie.

Straight to heaven I raised,
My restored sight:
And, with loud voice, I praised
The LORD of ever-during light.

And since I had strayed
From His ways, so wide:
His grace I humbly prayed,
Henceforth to be my guard and guide.

AS BY the streams of Babylon,
Far from our native soil we sat;
Sweet Sion! thee we thought upon,
And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees, that spring up there,
Our silent harps we pensive hung.
Said they that captived us, "Let's hear
Some song, which you in Sion sung!"

Is then the song of our GOD fit
To be profaned in foreign land?
O Salem! thee when I forget,
Forget his skill may my right hand!

Fast to the roof, cleave may my tongue,
If mindless I, of thee be found!
Or if, when all my joys are sung,
Jerusalem be not the "ground."

Remember, LORD! how EDOM's race
Cried, in Jerusalem's sad day;
Hurled down her walls, her towers deface.
And, stone by stone, all level lay.

Curst Babel's seed! For Salem's sake,
Just ruin, yet, for thee remains!
Blest shall they be, thy babes that take;
And 'gainst the stones, dash out their brains!

SING a song of joy!
Praise our GOD with mirth!
His flock, who can destroy?
Is He not LORD of heaven and earth?

Sing we then secure!
Tuning well our strings;
With voice, as echo pure,
Let us renown the King of Kings!

First, Who taught the day
From the East to rise;
Whom doth the sun obey,
When, in the seas, his glories dies?

He the stars directs
That, in order, stand:
Who, heaven and earth protects;
But He that framed them with His hand?

Angels round attend,
Waiting on His will.
Armed millions, He doth send
To aid the good, or plague the ill.

All that dread His name,
And His 'hests observe;
His arm will shield from shame:
Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice!
Sounding loud His praise:
So will He hear our voice;
And bless, on earth, our peaceful days.

AWAKE! awake! thou heavy sprite,
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin!
Rise now! and walk the ways of light!
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seek heaven, early! seek it, late!
True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up! get up! thou leaden man!
Thy track to endless joy or pain,
Yields but the model of a span;
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain!
One minute bounds thy bane, or bliss:
Then watch and labour, while time is!

COME cheerful day! part of my life, to me:
For while thou view'st me, with thy fading light;
Part of my life doth still depart with thee!
And I still onward haste to my last night.
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly:
So, every day we live, a day we die.

But O ye nights! ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you!
When heavy sleep, my soul hath dispossest,
By feignèd death, life sweetly to renew.
Part of my life in that, you life deny!
So, every day we live, a day we die.

SEEK the LORD! and in His ways persèver!
O faint not! but, as eagles, fly!
For His steep hill is high:
Then striving, gain the top, and triumph ever!

When, with glory, there, thy brows are crowned;
New joys so shall abound in thee!
Such sights, thy soul shall see;
That worldly thoughts shall, by their beams be drowned.

Farewell, World! thou mass of mere confusion!
False Light, with many shadows dimmed!
Old Witch, with new foils trimmed!
Thou deadly Sleep of Soul, and charmed Illusion!

I, the King will seek! Of Kings adored.
Spring of light! Tree of grace and bliss!
Whose fruit so sovereign is;
That all who taste it, are from death restored.

LIGHTEN, heavy heart! thy sprite!
The joys recall, that thence are fled!
Yield thy breast some living light!
The man that nothing doth, is dead.
Tune thy temper to these sounds;
And quicken so, thy joyless mind!
Sloth, the worst and best confounds:
It is the ruin of mankind.

From her cave, rise all distastes,
Which unresolved Despair pursues;
Whom, soon after, Violence hastes
Herself, ungrateful, to abuse.
Skies are cleared with stirring winds.
Th'unmoved water moorish grows.
Every eye much pleasure finds,
To view a stream that brightly flows.

JACK and JOAN, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day:
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out, at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell, at large, a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
TIB is all the father's joy,
And little TOM, the mother's boy.
All their pleasure, is Content;
And Care, to pay their yearly rent.

JOAN can call, by name, her cows,
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can, wreathes and tuttyes make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
JACK knows what brings gain or loss;
And his long flail can stoutly toss:
Makes the hedge, which others break;
And ever thinks, what he doth speak.

Now, you Courtly Dames and Knights!
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array:
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

ALL looks be pale, hearts cold as stone,
For HALLY now is dead, and gone!
HALLY, in whose sight,
Most sweet sight!
All the earth late took delight.
Every eye, weep with me!
Joys drowned in tears must be.

His ivory skin, his comely hair,
His rosy cheeks, so clear and fair:
Eyes that once did grace
His bright face,
Now in him, all want their place.
Eyes and hearts weep with me!
For who so kind as he?

His youth was like an April flower,
Adorned with beauty, love, and power.
Glory strewed his way;
Whose wreathes gay,
Now are all turned to decay.
Then, again, weep with me!
None feel more cause than we.

No more may his wished sight return,
His golden lamp no more can burn.
Quenched is all his flame.
His hoped fame,
Now, hath left him nought but name.
For him, all weep with me!
Since more, him none shall see.

To the Right Noble and Virtuous HENRY, *Lord* CLIFFORD, *son and heir to the Right Honourable* FRANCIS, *Earl of* CUMBERLAND.

SUCH days as wear the badge of holy red,
Are for Devotion marked and Sage Delight;
The vulgar Low-days undistinguished,
Are left for Labour, Games, and Sportful Sights.

This several and so differing use of time,
Within th'enclosure of one week we find;
Which I resemble in my Notes and Rhyme,
Expressing both in their peculiar kind.

Pure Hymns, such as the Seventh Day loves, do lead;
Grave age did justly challenge those of me:
These Weekday Works, in order that succeed,
Your youth best fits! and yours, young Lord! they be!
As he is, who to them, their being gave;
If th'one, the other you, of force, must have.

Your Honour's

THOMAS CAMPION.

To the Reader.

THAT holy Hymns, with lovers' Cares are knit,
Both in one quire here; Thou mayest think't unfit!
Why dost not blame the Stationer as well,
Who, in the same shop, sets all sorts to sell?
Divine with styles Profane, Grave shelved with Vain,
And some matched worse. Yet, none of him complain!

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

THE SECOND BOOK.

LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS.



AIN MEN! whose follies make a god of love;
Whose blindness, beauty doth immortal deem.
Praise not what you desire, but what you prove!
Count those things good, that are; not those that seem!
I cannot call her true, that's false to me;
Nor make of women, more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love!
How rich of golden hope, and gay delight!
What heart? cannot a modest beauty move!
Who seeing clear day, once, will dream of night?
She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with me;
But proved a women, as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet, that True Content,
Unhappy men, *in* them may never find:
Ah! but *without* them, none. Both must consent,
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill!
Men must be men; and women, women still.

HOW EAS'LY wert thou chained,
Fond heart! by favours feigned?
Why lived thy hopes in grace,
Straight to die disdained?
But since th'art, now, beguiled
By love, that falsely smiled:
In some less happy place,
Mourn alone exiled!
My love still here increaseth,
And with my love, my grief;
While her sweet bounty ceaseth,
That gave my woes relief.
Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,
For such may prove unjust;
A goddess thus deceives me!
Whose faith, who could mistrust?

A goddess so much graced,
That Paradise is placed
In her most heav'nly breast,
Once by LOVE embraced.
But LOVE, that so kind proved,
Is now from her removed:
Nor will he longer rest,
Where no faith is loved.
If powers celestial wound us,
And will not yield relief;
Woe then must needs confound us,
For none can cure our grief.
No wonder if I languish,
Through burden of my smart.
It is no common anguish,
From Paradise to part!

HARDEN, now, thy tired heart, with more than flinty rage!
Ne'er let her false tears, henceforth, thy constant grief assuage!
Once, true happy days thou saw'st, when she stood firm and kind,
Both as one, then, lived; and held one ear, one tongue, one mind.
But, now, those bright hours be fled, and never may return;
What then remains, but her untruths to mourn!

Silly Trait'ress! Who shall, now, thy careless tresses place?
Who, thy pretty talk supply? Whose ear, thy music grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? What lips, triumph with thine?
Day by day, who'll visit thee, and say "Th'art only mine!"
Such a time there was, GOD wot! but such shall never be.
Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me!

O WHAT unhoped for sweet supply!
O what joys exceeding!
What an affecting charm, feel I,
From delight proceeding!
That which I long despaired to be;
To her I am, and she to me.

She that, alone in cloudy grief,
Long to me appearèd:
She now alone, with bright relief,
All those clouds hath clearèd.
Both are immortal and divine:
Since I am hers, and she is mine.

WHERE she, her sacred bower adorns,
The rivers clearly flow;
The groves and meadows swell with flowers,
The winds all gently blow.
Her sun-like beauty shines so fair;
Her spring can never fade.
Who then can blame the life that strives
To harbour in her shade?

Her grace I sought, her love I wooed,
Her love though I obtain;
No time, no toil, no vow, no faith,
Her wishèd grace can gain.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers;
And her, will I adore!
And from that love when I depart,
Let heaven view me no more!

Her roses, with my prayers shall spring,
And when her trees I praise:
Their bows shall blossom, mellow fruit,
Shall straw her pleasant ways.
The words of hearty zeal have power
High wonders to effect;
O why should then her princely ear
My words or zeal neglect?

If she my faith misdeems, or worth;
Woe worth my hapless fate!
For though time can my truth reveal,
That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
That cannot yield him grace?
Content, in every thing is not;
Nor joy in every place.

But from her bower of joy, since I
Must now excluded be;
And she will not relieve my cares,
Which none can help, but she:
My comfort, in her love shall dwell,
Her love lodge in my breast;
And though not in her bower, yet I
Shall in her temple rest.

FAIN would I, my love disclose,
Ask what honour might deny;
But both love and her I lose,
From my motion, if she fly.
Worse than pain is fear to me,
Then hold in fancy, though it burn!
If not happy, safe I'll be;
And to my cloistered cares return.

Yet, O yet, in vain I strive,
To repress my schooled desire;
More and more the flames revive.
I consume in mine own fire.
She would pity, might she know
The harms that I for her endure.
Speak then! and get comfort so,
A wound long hid, grows most recure.

Wise she is, and needs must know
All th'attempts that beauty moves:
Fair she is, and honoured so,
That she, sure, hath tried some loves.
If with love I tempt her then,
'Tis but her due to be desired.
What would women think of men,
If their deserts were not admired?

Women courted, have the hand
To discard what they distaste:
But those dames, whom none demand,
Want oft what their wills embrace.
Could their firmness iron excel,
As they are fair, they should be sought:
When true thieves use falsehood well;
As they are wise, they will be caught.

GIVE beauty all her right!
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections 'bide.
HELEN, I grant, might pleasing be;
And ROS'MOND was as sweet as she.

Some, the quick eye commends;
Some, smelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers, that pleasure move;
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmovèd clime:
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves, with mine compare;
My Sovereign is as sweet and fair!

O DEAR! that I with thee might live,
From human trace removed!
Where jealous care might neither grieve,
Yet each dote on their loved.
While fond fear may colour find, love's seldom pleased:
But, much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

Why should our minds not mingle so,
When love and faith are plighted:
That either might the others know,
Alike in all delighted?
Why should frailty breed suspect, when hearts are fixed?
Must all human joys, of force, with grief be mixed?

How oft have we, ev'n, smiled in tears,
Our fond mistrust repenting?
As snow, when heavenly fire appears,
So melt love's hate, relenting.
Vexed kindness soon falls off, and soon returneth:
Such a flame, the more you quench the more it burneth.

GOOD men, show! if you can tell,
Where doth Human Pity dwell?
Far and near, her I would seek,
So vext with sorrow is my breast.
"She," they say, "to all, is meek;
And only makes th'unhappy blest."

Oh! if such a saint there be,
Some hope yet remains for me:
Prayer or sacrifice may gain
From her implorèd grace, relief;
To release me of my pain,
Or, at the least, to ease my grief.

Young am I, and far from guile,
The more is my woe the while:
Falsehood, with a smooth disguise,
My simple meaning hath abused:
Casting mists before mine eyes,
By which my senses are confused.

Fair he is, who vowed to me,
That he only mine would be;
But, alas, his mind is caught
With every gaudy bait he sees:
And, too late, my flame is taught,
That too much kindness makes men freeze.

From me, all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone;
And not one will rue my case,
But rather my distress deride:
That I think, there is no place,
Where Pity ever yet did bide.

WHAT harvest half so sweet is,
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing? [See p. 204.]
And straight to be receiver
Of that, which thou art giver!
Rich in bestowing?
Kiss then, my Harvest Queen!
Full garners heaping,
Kisses, ripest when th'are green,
Want only reaping.

The dove alone expresses,
Her fervency in kisses;
Of all, most loving.
A creature as offenceless,
As those things that are senseless
And void of moving.
Let us so love and kiss!
Though all envy us:
That which kind, and harmless is;
None can deny us!

THE peaceful western wind,
The winter storms hath tamed;
And Nature, in each kind,
The kind heat hath inflamed.
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthly bowers:
That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,
Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the Morning smiles,
On her bright eastern hill!
And, with soft steps, beguiles
Them that lie slumbering still.
The music-loving birds are come
From cliffs and rocks unknown;
To see the trees and briars bloom,
That, late, were overflown.

What SATURN did destroy,
Love's Queen revives again;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remain:
Where he such pleasing change doth view
In every living thing;
As if the world were born anew,
To gratify the Spring.

If all things, life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O Beauty! be not thou accused
Too justly in this case!
Unkindly, if true love be used;
'Twill yield thee little grace!

THERE is none, O none, but you,
That from me, estrange your sight!
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
Or chainèd ears hear with delight.

Other beauties, others move;
In you! I all graces find.
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy, that are kind.

Women, in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me!
Yet prove truly kind and just!
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet! afford me then your sight!
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write;
And fill the world with envied books:

Which, when after ages view,
All shall wonder and despair;
Woman to find man so true,
Or man, a woman half so fair.

SO MANY loves have I neglected,
Whose good parts might move me:
That now I live, of all rejected;
There is none will love me.
Why is my maiden heat so coy?
It freezeth, when it burneth.
Loseth what it might enjoy;
And having lost it, mourneth.

Should I then woo, that have been wooed;
Seeking them, that fly me?
When I my faith with tears have vowed,
And when all deny me;
Who will pity my disgrace,
Which love might have prevented?
There is no submission base,
Where error is repented.

O happy men! whose hopes are licensed
To discourse their passion:
While women, are confined to silence,
Losing wished occasion.
Yet our tongues than theirs, men say,
Are apter to be moving.
Women are more dumb than they,
But in their thoughts more moving.

When I compare my former strangeness
With my present doting;
I pity men, that speak in plainness,
Their true heart's devoting:
While we (with repentance) jest
At their submissive passion.
Maids, I see, are never blest
That strange be, but for fashion.

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,
Yet may not I complain:
You persuade me, "'Tis but art!
That secret love must fain!"
If another, you affect,
"'Tis but a show, t'avoid suspect!"
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Your wished sight, if I desire,
Suspitious you pretend:
Causeless, you yourself retire;
While I, in vain, attend.
"This, a lover whets," you say,
"Still made more eager by delay!"
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

When another holds your hand,
You swear, "I hold your heart!"
When my rivals close do stand,
And I sit far apart;
"I am nearer yet, than they!
Hid in your bosom!" as you say.
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Would my rival, then I were,
Some else your secret friend:
So much lesser should I fear,
And not so much attend.
They enjoy you! every one:
Yet I must seem your friend alone,
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

COME away! armed with love's delights!
Thy spriteful graces, bring with thee!
When love and longing fights,
They must the sticklers be.
Come quickly, come! The promised hour is well-nigh spent;
And pleasure being too much deferred, loseth her best content.

Is she come? O, how near is she!
How far yet from this friendly place!
How many steps from me!
When shall I her embrace?
These arms I'll spread, which only at her sight shall close;
Attending, as the starry flower, that the sun's noontide knows.

COME, you pretty false-eyed wanton!
Leave your crafty smiling!
Think you to escape me now,
With slipp'ry words beguiling!
No, you mocked me th'other day!
When you got loose, you fled away!
But since I have caught you now,
I'll clip your wings, for flying!
Smoth'ring kisses fast I'll heap,
And keep you so from crying!

Sooner may you count the stars,
And number hail, down pouring:
Tell the osiers of the Thames,
Or Goodwin sands devouring:
Than the thick-showered kisses here,
Which now thy tired lips must bear!
Such a harvest never was,
So rich and full of pleasure:
But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,
So trustless is love's treasure!

HER rosy cheeks, her ever-smiling eyes,
Are spheres and beds, where LOVE in triumph lies:
Her rubine lips, when they, their pearl unlock,
Make them seem, as they did rise
All out of one smooth coral rock.
O that, of other creatures' store I knew,
More worthy, and more rare;
For these are old, and she so new!
That her to them, none should compare.

O could she love! Would she but hear a friend!
Or that she only knew what sighs pretend!
Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she.
Do or speak, all's to one end,
For what she is, that will she be.
Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,
Though she gives no regard.
For they that grace a worthless thing,
Are only greedy of reward.

WHERE shall I refuge seek, if you refuse me?
In you, my hope; in you, my fortune lies!
In you, my life! though you unjust accuse me!
My service scorn! and merit underprize!
O bitter grief! that exile is become
Reward for faith; and pity, deaf and dumb.

Why should my firmness find a seat so wav'ring?
My simple vows, my love you entertained!
Without desert, the same again disfav'ring;
Yet I, my word and passion hold unstained.
O wretched me! that my chief joy should breed
My only grief; and kindness, pity need.

FINIS.

JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSHCOTEN.

Of the Viceroy of Portugal [at Goa], and his Government in India.

[*Discourse of Voyages &c.* 1598.]

EVERY three years, there is a new Viceroy sent into India, and sometimes they stay longer, as it pleaseth the King; but very few of them do so.

He stayeth in Goa, which is the chief city of [Portuguese] India, where he hath his house and continual residence; and from thence, all other [Portuguese] towns in India, have their direction and government.

From Goa, every year, the Portuguese army is prepared and sent out.

He hath his Council, nobles, Chancery, and Justices, as they use in Portugal; and all laws and justice are executed and fulfilled by him, in the King's name. Yet if there be any matter of importance which concerneth the civil laws, they may appeal to Portugal; but in criminal cases, no man may appeal, but such as have the degree of a gentleman. Such, the Viceroy may not judge, unless it be by the King's commandment; but, making them prisoners, send them to Portugal.

He is very magnificent in his Estate, and goeth out little; but sometimes, on Sundays or Holy Days, when he goeth to Church.

When he goeth out of his house, the trumpets and shalms, standing in the gallery of his house, do sound. He is accompanied by all the gentlemen and townsmen of Goa that have, or keep horses: with a guard of halberdiers on foot, on each side, and behind him.

Being in the Church, he hath his seat in the Choir, lined

with velvet and nailed with gilt nails: and a cloth with two velvet cushions under his feet and knees; and before him a bench, with a velvet cushion, to lean his arms upon.

His gentlemen sit by him, but without the Choir; and by him standeth his Chaplain, that prayeth for him. The Archbishop, when he is at the Church, sitteth on his left hand, in the same manner, upon carpets, cushions, and bench of velvet: where they are served, in all ceremonial order, as the Kings of Portugal use to be. When he cometh home again; the trumpets and shalms do sound, as when he went out.

In the Hall of his Palace stand the Guard; and in the Great Hall, where his Council sit, are painted all the Viceroys that have governed in India since the first discovery and conquest thereof; and, as they newly come, their pictures are likewise placed there.

Also, in the Entry of the Palace, are painted all the ships that, since the first discovery of India, ever came out of Portugal into those countries; every year by itself, and the names and surnames of their Captains, with a note over every ship that was cast away or had any mischance: all lively set forth, for a perpetual memory; and every year, as any ship cometh thither, they are set by the rest.

The Viceroys, in the last year of their government, do use to visit the forts lying round about the country, fifty, sixty, or eighty miles, on the north and south side of Goa, to see how they are governed. They look well unto them; but commonly [in this], another supplieth their place: and if they do it themselves, it is more to fill their purses and to get presents, than to further the commonwealth.

These Viceroys have great revenues. They may spend, give, and keep the King's treasure, which is very great; and do with it what pleaseth them; for it is in their choice, having full and absolute power from the King: in such sort that they gather and hoard up a mighty quantity of treasure; for, besides their great allowance from the King, they have great presents and gifts bestowed upon them.

For it is the custom in those countries, when any Viceroy cometh newly over, that all the Kings bordering about Goa, and that have peace and friendship with the Portuguese, do then send their Ambassadors unto him, to confirm their

leagues with great and rich presents; therewith likewise to bid the Viceroy welcome: which amounteth to a great mass of treasure.

These presents, in this sort, given, the Jesuits, by their practices, had obtained of the King; and for a time enjoyed them at their pleasure, looking very narrowly unto them, that they might not be deceived: until, a long time since, a Viceroy named Don LOIS DE TAIDE, Earl of ATOUGIA came thither, and refused to let them have them, saying that "The King, being in Portugal, knew not what was given him in India: and that those presents were given to the Viceroy, and not to the King;" and said, "The King had no power to give them to the Jesuits." So that he kept them for himself; which the Jesuits took in evil part, and said: "The Viceroy was an heretic!"

Yet from his time, ever since, the Viceroys have used to keep them for themselves.

When the Viceroys have continued out their time, which is as soon as another Viceroy arriveth at Bardes or any other haven in the country; the new Viceroy does presently despatch his Lieutenant, with full power and authority in the name of his master, to receive possession of the Government of [Portuguese] India; and to prepare the Palace for him. For that there stayeth not a stool or bench within the house, nor penny in the treasury; but they leave the house as bare and naked, as possibly may be: so that the new Viceroy must make provision to furnish it, and to gather a new treasure.

In the same ship, wherein the new Viceroy cometh thither; the old one returneth home.

Because their time of government is so short; and that the place is given them in recompence of their service, and that they are not after to serve any more: there is not one of them, that esteemeth the profit of the commonwealth, or the furtherance of the King's service; but rather their own particular commodities, as you may very well think. So that the common speech of [Portuguese] India is, that they never look for any profit or furtherance of the commonwealth by any Viceroy, as long as the Government of Three Years is not altered. For they say, and it is found most true, that, "The

first year of the Viceroy's time, he hath enough to do to repair and furnish his house; and to know the manners and customs of the countries: with any further troubling of himself. The second year, to gather treasure; and to look unto his particular profits: for the which cause, he came into India. The third and last year, to prepare himself, and set all things in order, that he be not overtaken and surprised by the new Viceroy, when he cometh: but that he may return to Portugal, with the goods which he hath scraped together."

The same is to be understood of all Captains of forts, and of all other Officers in India.

Wherefore it is to be considered how they use themselves in their places, and the King's service; whereof the inhabitants and married Portuguese do continually speak: but they are far from the King's hearing; who knoweth not but that his Officers do him good service. Whereby there is small remedy or amendment to be hoped for.



JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.

Diary of occurrences in the Portuguese settlements in India, 1583–1588 A.D.

[*Discourse of Voyages &c.* 1598.]

Notice the marvellous security of the Portuguese in India at this time, under their triple protection: the Papal bull of 1494; the power of Spain; and England and Holland, as yet, quiescent and at home.

The exhaustive information which LINSCHOTEN gave of the East, led the way to the formation of the Dutch, and English East India Companies.

1583.

ABOUT the same time [*i.e.*, *December* 1583], there came certain Jesuits to Goa, from the island of Japan; and with them, three Princes (being the children of Kings of that country) wholly apparelled like Jesuits: not one of them was above sixteen years of age. They were minded, by the persuasions of the Jesuits, to travel to Portugal; and from thence to Rome, to see the Pope: thereby to procure great profit, privileges, and liberties from him for the Jesuits; which was their only intent.

They continued in Goa till the year 1584, and then set sail for Portugal. From thence, they travelled into Spain: where, by the King and all the Spanish nobility, they were received with great honour: and presented with many gifts, which the Jesuits kept for themselves. Out of Spain, they went to see the Pope: from whom they obtained great privileges and liberties. That done, they travelled throughout Italy, as to Venice, Mantua, Florence; and all places and dominions in Italy: where they were presented with many rich presents, and much honoured; by means of the great report, the Jesuits made of them

To conclude. They returned again unto Madrid: where, with great honour, they took their leave of the King; with letters of commendation, in their behalf, unto the Viceroy and all the

Captains and Governors of India. So they went to Lisbon, and there took shipping, *anno* 1586, and came in the ship called *San Felipe* (which, on her return, was taken by Captain DRAKE); and after a long and troublesome voyage, arrived at Mozambique. [*See p.* 325.]

Where, the ship received her lading [homeward] out of another ship, called the *San Lorenzo* (ladened in India, and bound for Portugal), that, having lost her masts, had to put in there.

And, because the time was far spent to get into India, the said *San Felipe* took in the lading of the *San Lorenzo*; and was taken, in her way returning home, by the Englishmen: and was the first ship that was taken coming out of the East Indies; which the Portuguese took for an evil sign, because the ship bore the King's own name.

But returning to our matter. The Princes and the Jesuits of Japan, the next year after [*i.e.*, 1587], arrived at Goa, amidst great rejoicings and gladness; for that it was verily thought they had all been dead. When they came thither, they were all three apparelled in Cloth of Gold, and of Silver, after the Italian manner; which was the apparel that the Italian Princes and Noblemen had given them. They came thither very lively; and the Jesuits very proudly, for, by them, their voyage had been performed.

In Goa, they stayed till the monsoon or time of the winds came to sail for China; at which time, they went from thence, and so to China, and from thence to Japan; where, with great triumph and wondering of all the people, they were received and welcomed home, to the furtherance and credit of the Jesuits: as the book declareth, which they have written and set forth in the Spanish tongue, concerning their voyage, as well by water as by land, as also of the entertainment that they had in every place.

1584.

In the year 1584, in the month of June, there arrived in Goa many ambassadors, as from Persia, Cambaia, and from the *Samorin*, which is called, the Emperor of the Malabars, and also from the King of Cochin.

Among other things, there was a peace concluded by the Samorin and the Malabars with the Portuguese, upon con-

dition that the Portuguese should have a fort upon a certain haven lying on the coast of Malabar, called Panane, ten miles from Calicut; which was presently begun to be built.

There, with great cost and charges, they raised and erected a fort; but because the ground is all sandy, they could make no sure foundation. For it sank continually, whereby they found it best to leave it; after they had spent in making and keeping thereof, at the least, four tons of gold, and reaped no profit thereof: intending thereby, if the Samorin should break his word, and come forth (as oftentimes he had done), that, by means of that haven, they would keep him in; where he should have no place to come abroad, to do them any more mischief. But seeing that the Malabars had many other havens and places, from whence they might put forth to work them mischief; and as much as ever they did (although the Samorin protested not to know of them; as also that he could not let [*hinder*] it, saying, "They were sea rovers, and were neither subject unto him, nor any man else"): they left their fort, and put no great trust in the Malabars, as being one of the most rebellious and traitorous nations in all the Indies; who make many a travelling merchant poor, by reason the sea coast is made by them, so dangerous and perilous to sail by.

For the which cause, the Portuguese army by sea [*i.e., their navy*] is yearly sent forth out of Goa, only to clear the coast of them: yet are there many Malabars, in divers places, who, by roving and stealing, do much mischief in the country, both by water and by land. They keep themselves on the seaside, where they have their creeks to come forth; and to carry their prizes in, to hide them in the country.

They dwell in straw houses upon stony hills, and rocks not inhabited, so that they cannot be overcome; neither do they care for the Samorin, nor any other man else.

There is a haven belonging to these rovers, about twelve miles distant from Goa, called Sanguisceu; where many of them dwell, and do so much mischief: that no man can pass by, but that they receive some wrong by them. So that there came, daily, complaints unto the Viceroy, who then was named Don FRANCISCO DE MASCHARENHAS, Earl of VILLA DORTA; who, to remedy the same, sent unto the Samorin, to will him to punish them: who returned the messenger again,

with answer that "He had no power over them, neither yet could command them, as being subject to no man;" and gave the Viceroy free liberty to punish them at his pleasure, promising that he should have his aid therein.

Which the Viceroy understanding, prepared an army [*i.e.*, *squadron*] of fifteen foists, over which he made chief Captain, his nephew, a gentleman called Don JULIANES MASCHARENHAS; giving him express commandment first to go unto the haven of Sanguisceu, and utterly to raze the same down to the ground.

This fleet being at sea, and coming to the said haven, the Admiral of the fleet asked counsel what was best to be done: because Sanguisceu is an island, lying with the coast, a river running about it, and many cliffs [*rocks*] and shallows in the entrance; so that, at low water, men can hardly enter in.

At the last, they appointed that the Admiral with half the fleet, should put in on the one side; and the Vice-Admiral, called JOAN BARRIGA, with the other half, should enter on the other side. Which being concluded, the Admiral, commanding the rest to follow, entered first, and rowed even to the firm land; thinking they were coming after: but the other Captains, who were all young and inexperienced gentlemen, began to quarrel among themselves, who should be first or last? whereby the fleet was separated. Some lay in one place, some in another, upon the banks and shallows, and could not stir; so that they could not come to help the Admiral, nor yet stir backwards or forwards. And when the Vice-Admiral should have put in on the other side; the Captains that were with him would not obey him, saying "He was no gentleman, and that they were his betters." Upon these, and such like points, most of the Portuguese enterprises do stand, and are taken in hand; whereby, most commonly, they receive the overthrow. By the same means, this fleet was likewise spoiled, and could not help themselves.

Which those of Sanguisceu, having forsaken their houses and being on the tops of the hills, seeing that the foists lay about, one separated from the other, upon the rocks and shallows, not able to put off; and that the Admiral lay alone upon the strand, and could not stir: they took courage, and, in great number, set upon the Admiral's foist; and put all to

the sword, except such as saved themselves by swimming. And although the Admiral might well have saved himself, for a slave offered to bear him on his back; yet he would not, saying that "He had rather die honourably fighting against the enemy, than to save his life with dishonour." So that he defended himself most valiantly, but when so many came upon him that he could no longer resist them, they slew him; and cut off his head in presence of all the other foists. Which done, they stuck the head upon a pike, crying, in mocking, unto the other Portuguese, "Come and fetch your Captain again!" to their no little shame and dishonour, that in the meantime, looked one upon another, like owls.

In the end, they departed from thence with the fleet, every man severally by himself, like sheep without a shepherd; and so returned again to Goa with that great victory. The Captains were presently [*at once*] committed to prison, but, each man excusing himself, were all discharged again: great sorrow being made for the Admiral, especially by the Viceroy, because he was his brother's son; who was also much lamented by every man, as a man very well beloved for his courteous and gentle behaviour. The other Captains, on the contrary, were much blamed; as they well deserved.

Presently thereupon, they made ready another army, with other Captains, whereof Don JERONIMO MASCHARENHAS, who was cousin to the aforesaid one deceased, was Admiral, to revenge his death. This fleet set foot on land, and, with all their power, entered among the houses; but the Sangueseans that purposely watched for them, perceiving them to come, fled into the mountains, leaving their straw houses empty, whither they could not be followed by reason of the wildness of the place: whereupon the Portuguese burnt down their houses and cut down their trees, razing all things to the ground. With which destruction, they departed thence; no man resisting them.

At the same time, the [Portuguese] Rulers of Cochin began, by the commandment of the Viceroy, to set up a Custom House in the town; which till that time, had never been there. For which, the inhabitants rose up, and would have slain them that went about it. Whereupon they left off till

such time as the new Viceroy, called Don DUARTE DE MENESES came out of Portugal; who, with the old Viceroy, assembled a Council at Cochin, where the Government was delivered unto him: where he used such means, that by fair words and entreaty, they erected their Custom House; and got the townsmen's goodwill, but more by compulsion than otherwise. Which custom is a great profit to the King, by means of the traffic therein used: for there the Portuguese ships do make themselves ready with their full lading, to sail from thence to Portugal.

The same year [1584], in the month of September, there arrived in Goa, a Portuguese ship, called the *Dom Jesus de Carania*, that brought news of four ships more that were on the way, with a new Viceroy called Don DUARTE DE MENESES: which caused great joy throughout the city, all the bells being rung, as the manner is, when the first ship of every Fleet arriveth in Goa, out of Portugal. In that ship came certain canoniers [*gunners*], Netherlanders; that brought me letters out of Holland, which was no small comfort to me.

Not long after, in the same month, there arrived another ship, called *Boa Viagen* [*p.* 320], wherein were many gentlemen, and Knights of the Cross that came to serve the King in India: among whom, was one of my Lord Archbishop's brethren, called ROQUE DA FONSECA [*p.* 319]. The other lords were Don JORGIE TUBAL DE MENESES, Chief Standard Bearer to the King of Portugal, newly chosen Captain of Soffala and Mozambique, in regard of certain service that he had, in times past, done for the King in India; JOAN GOMES DA SILVA, the new Captain of Ormus: and Don FRANCISCO MASCHARENHAS, brother of Don JULIANES MASCHARENHAS that was slain in Sanguisceu, as I said before, who was to have had the Captain's place of Ormus; but, by means of his death, it was given unto his brother Don FRANCISCO, for the term of three years, after he that is in it, had served his full time.

In November after, the other three ships arrived in Cochin. They had sailed outside of Saint Lawrence's Island [*Madagascar*], not putting into Mozambique. The ships' names were *Santa Maria*, *Arreliquias*; and the admiral [*flag ship*] *Las cinque chagas* or "The Five Wounds" [*i.e., of our Saviour, usually called, the Stigmata*]. In her, came the Viceroy Don DUARTE DE MENESES, that had been Captain of

Tangier in Barbary: and there were in this ship, nine hundred soldiers and gentlemen that came to safe conduct the Viceroy, besides above a hundred sailors. They had been above seven months upon the way, without taking [*touching*] land, before they arrived at Cochin: where the Viceroy was received with great solemnity.

Being landed, he presently sent to the old Viceroy, to certify him of his arrival; and that he should commit the Government of the country unto the Archbishop, to govern it in his absence (especially because the Archbishop and he were very good friends and old acquaintance; having been prisoners together in Barbary, when Don SEBASTIAN King of Portugal was slain): which the old Viceroy presently did, and went by sea to Cochin; that he might return to Portugal with the same ship, as the Viceroys use to do. For after their time of Government is out, they may not stay any longer in India.

The 10th of November, *anno* 1584, the ship called *Carania* went from Goa to Cochin; there to take in pepper and other wares. Then do all the Factors go to Cochin to lade their wares; and when the ships are laden and ready to depart, they return again to Goa: where they still remain. In that ship, the old Viceroy, with many gentlemen, sailed to Cochin.

1585.

The 5th of February 1585, the Viceroy, Don DUARTE DE MENESES, arrived in Goa; where he was received with great triumph and feasting.

In the month of April, the same year, my fellow, and servant to the Archbishop (called BARNARD BURCHERTS, and born in Hamburg [*p.* 182]), travelled from Goa unto Ormus, and from thence, to Balsora; and from thence, by land, through Babylon, Jerusalem, Damascus, to Aleppo, from whence he sent me two letters, by an Armenian: wherein he certified me of all his voyage; which he performed with small charges and less danger, in good fellowship, and very merry in the company of the *Caffilas*. From Aleppo he went to Tripolis; and there he found certain ships for England, wherein he sailed to London; and from thence to Hamburg: which I understood by letters from him, written from thence.

In the month of August, there came letters from Venice

by land, that brought news of the murder of the Prince of ORANGE, a man of honourable memory; as also the death of the Duke of ALENÇON or ANJOU; with the marriage of the Duke of SAVOY to the King of Spain's daughter.

The 20th of October, there arrived in Goa, the ship called the *San Francisco*, that came out of Portugal. In it, came some Dutch cannoneers, that brought me letters out of my country; with the news of the death of my father, HUYGHEN JOOSTEN of Harlem.

The 1st of November after [1585], arrived at Cochin, the *Sant Alberto* that came from Portugal. And the 1st of December, that year, there arrived at Cananor, upon the Malabar coast, the ship called the *San Lorenzo*; and from thence, came to Goa: most of her men being sick, and about ninety of them dead; they having endured great misery, and not having once put to land. At that time, there wanted [but] two of the Fleet that came from Lisbon in company with her: and they were the *San Salvador*, and the admiral [*flag ship*], *San Jago*; whereof they could hear no news.

At the same time, there arrived certain Italians, overland, in Goa, and brought news of the death of Pope GREGORY XIII., and of the election of the new Pope, called SIXTUS VI.

At that time, also, the ships that came from Portugal, sailed to Cochin, to take in their lading; which done, in the month of January 1586, they sailed for Portugal.

In the month of May 1586, letters were brought to the Viceroy and Archbishop at Goa, from the Captain of Soffala and Mozambique, to certify them of the casting away [*in the previous August*] of the admiral *San Jago*, that set out of Portugal, the year before, *anno* 1585.

She was cast away in this manner. The ship having come, with a good speedy wind and weather, from the Cape of Good Hope to Mozambique: they had passed, as they thought, all dangers; so that they needed not to fear anything. Yet it is good for the Master and others to be careful and keep good watch, and not to stand too much upon their own cunning and conceits, as these did; which was the principal cause of their casting away.

Between the Island of St. Lawrence and the firm land, in 22½° S., there are certain shallows [*shoals*] called the "India," ninety miles from the Mozambique. Those shallows

are mostly of clear coral of black, white, and green colours, which is very dangerous. Therefore it is good reason they should shun them; and surely the Pilots ought to have great care, especially such as are in the Indian ships, because the whole ship and safety thereof lieth in their hands and is only ruled by them; and that, by express commandment from the King, so that no man may contrary them.

They being thus between the lands, and by all the sailors' judgements hard by the "Shoals of India" [*p.* 25], the Pilot took the height of the sun, and made his account that they were past the Shallows; commanding the Master to make all the sail he could, and freely to sail to Mozambique, without any let or stay. And although there were divers sailors in the ship, that likewise had their "cards," some to learn, others for their pleasure; as divers officers, the Master, and the Chief Boatswain, that said it was better to keep aloof, specially by night, and that it would be good to hold good watch because they found that they had not, as then, passed the Shallows: yet the Pilot said the contrary, and would needs show that he only had skill and power to command; as commonly the Portuguese, by pride, do cast themselves away; because they will follow no man's counsel, and be under no man's subjection, specially when they have authority. As it happened to this Pilot, that would hear no man speak, nor take any counsel but his own; and therefore commanded that they should do, as he appointed them.

Whereupon, they hoisted all their sails, and sailed in that sort till it was midnight, both with a good wind and fair weather; but the moon not shining, they fell full upon the Shallows, being of clear white coral, and so sharp that, with the force of wind and water that drave the ship upon them, it cut the ship in two pieces as if it had been sawn in sunder: so that the keel and two orlops [*i.e.*, *decks*] lay still upon the ground, and the upper part, being driven somewhat further, at the last, stuck fast; the mast being also broken.

Wherewith, you might have heard so great a cry that all the air did sound therewith: for that in the ship, being admiral [*flag ship*], there were at the least five hundred persons: among the which were thirty women, with many Jesuits and friars. So that, as then, there was nothing else to be done, but every man to shrift, bidding each other fare-

well, and asking of all men forgiveness; with weeping and crying, as it may well be thought.

The Admiral, called FERNANDO DE MENDOZA, the Master, the Pilot, and ten or twelve more, presently entered into the small boat, keeping it with naked rapiers, that no more should enter, saying they "would go and see if there were any dry place in the Shallows; whereon they might work to make a boat of the pieces of the broken ship, therein to sail unto the shore, and so to save their lives." Wherewith, they put them that were behind in some small comfort; but not much. But when they had rowed about, and finding no dry place, they durst not return again unto the ship: lest the boat should have been overladen and so drowned; and in the ship, they looked for no help. Wherefore, in fine, they concluded to row to land; having about twelve boxes of marmalade, with a pipe of wine and some biscuit, which, in haste, they had thrown into the boat; which they dealt among them, as need required. So commending themselves to GOD, they rowed forwards towards the coast; and after they had been seventeen days upon the sea, with great hunger, thirst, and labour, they fell on the land: where they saved themselves.

The rest that stayed in the ship, seeing the boat came not again; it may well be thought what case they were in. At the last, one side of the upper part of the ship, between both the upper orlops, where the great boat lay, burst out; and the boat being half burst, began to come forth: but, because there was small hope to be had, and few of them had little will to prove masteries, no man laid hand thereon, but every man sate looking one upon another. At the last, an Italian, called CYPRIAN GRIMOALDO, rose up, and taking courage unto him, said, "Why are we thus abashed? Let us seek to help ourselves, and see if there be any remedy to save our lives!" Wherewith presently, he leaped into the boat, with an instrument in his hand, and began to make it clean; whereat some others began to take courage, and to help him as well as they could, with such things as first came to their hands. So that in the end, there leaped, at the least, fourscore and ten persons into it, and many hung by the hands upon the boat swimming after it, among the which were some women: but because they would not sink the boat, they were forced to cut off the fingers, hands, and arms of such as held thereon, and

let them fall into the sea; and they threw many overboard, being such as had not wherewith to defend themselves.

Which done, they set forward, committing themselves to GOD; with the greatest cry and pitifullest noise that ever was heard, as though heaven and earth had gone together: when they took their leave of such as stayed in the ship. In which manner, having rowed certain days, and having but small store of victuals; for that they were so many in the boat that it was ready to sink, it being likewise very leaky and not able to hold out. In the end, they agreed among themselves to chose a captain, to whom they would obey and do as he commanded: and among the rest, they chose a gentleman, a *Mestizo* [*half-caste*] of India; and swore to obey him. He presently commanded to throw some of them overboard, such as, at that time, had least means or strength to help themselves. Among the which, there was a carpenter that had, not long before, helped to dress the boat: who seeing that the lot fell upon him, desired them to give him a piece of marmalade and a cup of wine; which when they had done, he willingly suffered himself to be thrown overboard in the sea, and so was drowned.

There was another of those, that in Portugal are called New Christians. He being allotted to be cast overboard in the sea, had a younger brother in the same boat, that suddenly rose up and desired the Captain that he would pardon and make free his brother, and let him supply his place, saying, "My brother is older, and of better knowledge in the world than I, and therefore more fit to live in the world, and to help my sisters and friends in their need: so that I had rather die for him, then to live without him." At which request, they let the elder brother loose, and threw the younger at his own request into the sea; who swam at the least six hours after the boat. And although they held up their hands with naked rapiers willing him that he should not once come to touch the boat: yet laying hold thereon, and having his hand half cut in two, he would not let go; so that in the end, they were constrained to take him in again. Both the which brethren, I knew, and have been in company with them.

In this misery and pain, they were twenty days at sea; and in the end got to land: where they found the Admiral and those that were in the other boat.

Such as stayed in the ship, some took boards, deals, and other pieces of wood; and bound them together, which the Portuguese call *Jangadas* [*rafts*]; every man what they could catch, all hoping to save their lives: but of all those, there came but two men safe to shore.

They that had before landed out of the boats, having escaped that danger, fell into another; for they had no sooner set foot on shore, but they were spoiled by the inhabitants of that country, called Kaffirs, of all their clothes: whereby they endured great hunger and misery, with many other mischiefs, which it would be over tedious to rehearse. In the end, they came unto a place where they found a Factor of the Captains of Soffala and Mozambique, and he helped them as he might; and made means to send them unto Mozambique: and from thence, they went into India; where I knew many of them, and have often spoken with them.

Of those that were come safe to shore, some of them died before they got to Mozambique. So that in all, there were about sixty persons that saved themselves. All the rest were drowned or smothered in the ship; and there was never other news of the ship than as you have heard.

Hereby, you may consider the pride of this Pilot; who, because he would be counselled by no man, cast away that ship with so many men: wherefore a Pilot ought not to have so great authority, that, in time of need, he should reject and not hear the counsel of such as are most skilful.

This Pilot, when he came into Portugal, was committed to prison; but, by gifts and presents, he was let loose: and another ship [*San Thomas*], being the best of the Fleet that went for India, *anno* 1588, was committed unto him; not without great curses and evil words of the mothers, sisters, wives, and children of those that perished in the ship, which all cried "Vengeance on him!"

And coming with the ship, called the *San Thomas*, wherein he then was placed, he had almost laid her on the same place, where the other was cast away; but day coming on, they room themselves off [*gave it a wide berth*], and so escaped.

Yet in their voyage homeward to Portugal, the same ship was cast away by the Cape of Good Hope [*pp.* 414, 416, 419],

with the Pilot and all her men: whereby much speech arose, saying "It was a just judgement of GOD against him, for making so many widows and fatherless children."

This I thought good to set down at large, because men might see that many a ship is cast away by the headiness of the Governors, and the unskilfulness of the Pilots: wherefore it were good to examine the persons before a ship be committed unto them; especially a ship of such a charge, and wherein consisteth the welfare or undoing of so many men, together with their lives; and impoverishing of so many a poor wife and child.

This loss happened in the month of August, *anno* 1585.

1586.

In May, *anno* 1586, two ships, laden with ware, set sail out of the haven of Chaul in India, that belonged unto certain Portuguese inhabitants of Chaul; the owners being in them. Those ships should have sailed to the Straits of Mecca or the Red Sea, where the said merchants used to traffic; but they were taken by two Turkish galleys that had been made in the innermost parts of the Red Sea, in a town called Suez. The said galleys began to do great mischief; and put all the Indian merchants in great fear.

The same month, there was a great army prepared in Goa, both of foists and galleys, such as had not been seen in many years; and was appointed to sail to the Red Sea, to drive the Turkish galleys away, or else fight with them if they could. They were also commanded by the Viceroy to winter their ships in Ormus: and then to enter into the Straits of Persia [*Persian Gulf*], lying behind Ormus; and to offer their services to XATAMAS [*ABBAS I.*], King [*Shah*] of Persia, against the Turk, their common enemy. Thereby to trouble him on all sides, if they had brought their purpose to effect; but it fell out otherwise, as you shall hear.

For Chief of this army, there was appointed a gentleman named RUY GONSALVES DA CAMARA, who had once been Captain of Ormus; being a very fat and gross man, which was one of the chief occasions of their evil fortune. With him, went the principal soldiers and gentlemen of all India; thinking to win great honour thereby.

This army being ready, and minding to sail to the Red

Sea; they found many calms upon the way, so that they endured much misery, and began to die like dogs, as well for want of drink as other necessaries. For they had not made their account to stay so long upon the way; which is always their excuse, if anything falleth out contrary to their minds. This was their good beginning, and as it is thought a preparative to further mischief. For coming to the Red Sea, at the mouth thereof, they met the Turkish galleys; where they had a long fight: but, in the end, the Portuguese had the overthrow; and escaped, as well as they might, with great dishonour and no little loss.

The Turks being victorious, sailed to the coast of Melinde, where they took certain towns, as Pate and Brava, that, then, were in league with the Portuguese: there to strengthen themselves, and thereby to reap a greater benefit, by damaging the Portuguese, and lying under their noses.

The Portuguese army having sped in this manner, went to Ormus, to winter themselves there; and, in the meantime, to repair their army, and to heal their sick soldiers, whereof they had many.

When the time served to fulfil the Viceroy's commandment, in helping XATAMAS, having repaired their foists; the General, by reason of his fatness and corpulent body, stayed in Ormus: and appointed as Lieutenant in his place, one called PEDRO HOMEN PEREIRA (who, although he was but a mean gentleman, yet was he a very good soldier, and of great experience): commanding them to obey him in all things, as if he were there in person himself.

He gave them also in charge to land, as they sailed along the coast of Arabia, to punish certain pirates that held a place called Nicolu [? *Nackiloo*]; and spoiled such as passed to and fro upon the seas; doing great hurt to the ships and merchants of Bussorah that trafficed to Ormus: whereby the traffic to the said town of Ormus was much hindered, to the great loss and undoing of many a merchant.

With this commission, they set forward with their Lieutenant; and being come to Nicolu; they ran their foists on shore, so that they lay half dry upon the sand. Every man in general leaped on land, without any order of battle; as in all their actions they use to do: which the Lieutenant perceiving, would have used his authority, and have

placed them in order as is requisite to be done in warlike affairs. But they, on the contrary, would not obey him, saying, "He was but a boor! and that they were better gentleman and soldiers than he!" With these, and such like presumptuous speeches, they went on their course; scattering here and there in all disorder, like sheep without a shepherd: thinking all the world not sufficient to contain them, and every Portuguese to be a HERCULES, and so strong that they could bear the whole world upon their shoulders.

Which the Arabs, being within the land and mostly on horseback, perceiving (and seeing their great disorder; and knowing most of the foists to lie dry on the strand, and that, without great pain and much labour, they could not hastily set them afloat), presently compassed them about, and being ringed in manner of a half moon, they fell upon them; and, in that sort, drave them away, killing them as they listed, till they came unto their foists: and because they could not presently [*at once*] get their foists into the water, they were compelled, through fear and shame, to fight; where likewise many of them were slain, and not above fifty of them escaped that had set foot on land. So having got into their foists, they rowed away.

In this overthrow, there were slain about eight hundred Portuguese, of the oldest and best soldiers in all India. Among them was a trumpeter, being a Netherlander; who, being in the thickest of the fight, not far from the Portuguese Ensign, and seeing the Ensign-bearer throw down his Ensign (the easier to escape and save his life), and that one of the Arabs had taken it up: casting his trumpet at his back, he ran with great fury, and with his rapier killed the Arab that held it, and brought it again among the Portuguese, saying, "It was a great shame for them to suffer it to be carried away." In that manner, he held it, at the least, a whole hour, and spoiled many of the Arabs that sought to take it from him, in such manner, that he stood compassed about with dead men: and although he might have saved himself if he would have left the Ensign, yet he would not do it; till, in the end, there came so many upon him that they killed him, where he yielded up the ghost with the Ensign in his arms. And so ended his days with honour; which the Portuguese themselves did confess, and often acknowledged it; commending

his valour: which I thought good to set down in this place, for a perpetual memory of his valiant mind.

The Lieutenant, perceiving their disorder and how it would fall out, wisely saved himself, and got into the foists, where he beheld the overthrow; and in the end, with empty vessels, he turned again to Ormus, without doing anything else: to the great grief and shame of all the Indian soldiers; being the greatest overthrow that ever the Portuguese had in those countries, or wherein they lost so many Portuguese together. Among the which, was the Archbishop's brother [*p.* 309], and many other young and lusty gentlemen, of the principal [families] in all Portugal.

At the same time [*i.e., in the spring of* 1587], the Queen of Ormus came to Goa, being of MAHOMET's religion, as all her ancestors had been before her; and as then, contributory [*subject*] to the Portuguese. She caused herself to be christened, and was brought, with great solemnity, unto the town; where the Viceroy was her godfather, and named her Donna PHILLIPPA, after the King of Spain's name: being a fair white woman, very tall and comely. With her, likewise, a brother of hers, being very young: and, then, with one MATTHIAS D'ALBUQUERQUE, that had been Captain of Ormus, she sailed to Portugal [*in the* Nostra Señora da Sancao; *see pp.* 322, 332; *which arrived in Portugal on 12th of August* 1587, *see p.* 333] to present herself to the King.

She had [*or rather*, afterwards] married with a Portuguese gentleman, called ANTONIO DAZEVEDO COUTINHO; to whom, the King, in regard of his marriage, gave the Captainship of Ormus, which is worth [*in the three years*] about 200,000 ducats [= *about* £50,000 *then* = £300,000 *now*].

[The following occurrence must have been after LINSCHOTEN's departure from India, in November 1588.]

This gentleman, after he had been married to the Queen about half a year, living very friendly and lovingly with her, he caused a ship to be made, therewith to sail to Ormus; to take order there for the rents and revenues belonging to the Queen, his wife. But his departure was so grievous unto her, that she desired him to take her with him; saying that "she could not live without him!" but, because he thought it not then convenient, he desired her to be content; promis-

ing to return again with all the speed he might. Whereupon, he went to Bardes, which is the uttermost part of the river entering into Goa, about three miles off. While he continued there, staying for wind and weather; the Queen, as it is said, took so great grief for his departure, that she died the same day that her husband set sail and put to sea: to the great admiration [*wonder*] of all the country; and no less sorrow, because she was the first Queen, in those countries, that had been christened, forsaking her kingdom and high Estate, rather to die a Christian, and be married to a mean [*private*] gentleman than to live like a Queen under law of MAHOMET. And so was buried with great honour, according to her estate.

In the month of August 1586, there arrived a man of Mozambique in Goa, that came from Portugal in the ship that should sail to Malacca [*usually leaving Lisbon about February: in this instance, about February* 1585] that brought news unto the Viceroy, how the ship, called the *Boa Viagen*, that, in the year before [*i.e., January* 1585 *see p.* 309], sailed from India towards Portugal, was cast away by the Cape of Good Hope: where it burst in pieces, being overladen (for they do commonly overlade most of their ships), and affirmed that the ship had, at the least, nine handsful height of water within it, before it departed from Cochin; although, before their ships set sail, they put the Master and other Officers to their oaths, thereby to make them confess "If the ship be strong and sufficient to perform the voyage, or to let them know the faults!" Which, upon their said oaths, is certified by a *Protestation*, whereunto the Officers set their hands. Yet, though the ship have so many faults, they will never confess them, because they will not lose their places and the profit of the voyage; yea, although they do assuredly know the ship is not able to continue the voyage: for covetousness, overthrowing wisdom and policy, maketh them reject all fear; but when they fall into danger, then they can speak fair, and promise many things.

In that sort, most of the ships depart from Cochin, so that if any of them come safely to Portugal, it is only by the will of GOD; for, otherwise, it were impossible to escape, because they overlade them, and the ships are, otherwise, so badly

provided, and with little order among their men: so that not one ship cometh home but can show of their great dangers by overlading, want of necessaries, and reparations of the ship, together with unskilful sailors; yet for all these daily and continual dangers, there is no amendment, but they daily grow worse and worse.

In this ship, called the *Boa Viagen*, were many gentlemen of the best and principal, that had served a long time in India; travelling then into Portugal, with their certificates, to get some reward for their service, as the manner is. Because it was one of the best and greatest ships of that fleet, the Ambassador of XATAMAS [*ABBAS I.*], King [*Shah*] of Persia, went therein, to procure a league with the King of Spain, to join with him against the Turk, their common enemy: but he being drowned, the Persian would send no more Ambassadors; and yet he is still in league and good friendship with the Portuguese.

The worst ship that saileth from Cochin to Portugal, is worth, at the least, a million of gold [*i.e., of ducats = about £300,000 then=about £1,800,000 now*], and this was one of the best ships; whereby it may be considered what great loss cometh by the casting away of one of their ships, besides the men. For there never passeth a year; but one or two of they are cast away, either in going or coming.

In the month of September, the same year, 1586; there arrived four ships out of Portugal, in Goa, called the *San Thomas, San Salvador* [*p.* 326], the *Arreliquias*, the *Dom Jesus de Carania*: but of their admiral, the *San Felipe*, they had no news since their departure from Lisbon.

On the last of November, the same ships departed from Goa: some along the coast of Malabar, to take in their lading of pepper, and from thence to Cochin; others direct to Cochin, where commonly one or two of them are laden with pepper, and where, alone, all other kind of wares are laden.

At the same time, there was a ship called the *Ascention*, that lay in Goa, and had made certain voyages to China and Japan: which ship was bought by the Factors for Pepper, because the ship *Carania*, by reason of her oldness, was broken in Cochin, and set upon the stocks there, to be new made; but was not finished, by reason of a certain controversy that fell among the Factors.

In this ship, [newly] called *Nostra Señora da Sancao*, my Lord the Archbishop sailed to Portugal, by reason of certain quarrels newly begun between the Viceroy with other Councillors, and the Archbishop. And although he was entreated by the Viceroy, all the Council, gentlemen and communalty of Goa, not to leave them; yet he would not be dissuaded from his purpose, but went to ride unto the King, of whom he was well beloved: which the Viceroy and others liked not very well, fearing he should give some information to the King, which would be smally to their profit.

In that mind, he undertook his voyage, discharging all his servants; saving some that he kept about him for his service: and leaving no man in his house, but only his Steward and myself, to receive his rents, and keep his house. And because, as then, the Golden Jubilee or Pardon of Rome, called *La Santa Crusada*, was newly brought into the Indies (being granted to the end that, with the money that should be gathered by virtue thereof, the Captains and prisoners in Africa or Barbary, that had been taken prisoners in the battle wherein Don SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, was slain, should be redeemed); the Golden Jubilee was sent unto the Archbishop: who, being appointed the Roman Apostolic Commissary, &c., for the same, made me the General Clerk throughout all India, to keep account of the said receipts; and gave me one of the keys of the chest wherein the money lay, with a good stipend, and other profits belonging to the same, during the time of his absence. Thereby the rather to bind me, that I should remain in his house, and keep the same till his return again; as I had promised unto him.

1587.

So he set sail from Cochin, in the month of January, *anno* 1587; his Pilot being the same man that cast the *San Jago* away upon the "Flats of India," as it is said before [*pp.* 311–316].

The ships, at that time, being ready to set sail, one some four or five days after the other, as they were laden (for they observe a certain order therein, the better to register all their wares and merchandise), it so fell out that all the other ships being despatched; the *Arreliquias* only was the last that laded. Which ship having taken in her whole lading, the

Officers, and some of the Factors, being bribed, suffered some of the ballast to be taken out, and in place thereof laded cinnamon: for, at that time, cinnamon was risen, and at a very high price in Portugal; and therefore the Officers and Factors, by gifts aforesaid, suffered it to be laden in that manner, having no other place to lade it in.

You must understand that when the time cometh to set sail, the ships lying at anchor about a mile within the sea, where they received their lading (the reason why they lie so far is because it is summer time; and there the sea is as calm and still, as if it were within the land), a trumpet is sounded throughout all the town of Cochin to call them all on board: wherewith, all that will sail, do presently come down, accompanied with their friends, which, in small boats called *Tones* and *Pallenges*, bring them aboard; with great store of bread, and such like victuals. So that you shall, many times, see the ships hung round about with boats, at the least three or four hundred; with such a noise and rejoicing, as it is wonderful to hear.

Sometimes the ships are so ladened that the cables touch the water, and besides that, the hatches are covered with divers chests, seven or eight one above another; they having no other place to set them in: for that under the hatches they are so stuffed, that there is not any empty room. So that when they set sail, they know not where to begin, nor how to rule the ship; neither can they well, for a month after, tell how to place all things in order.

So it was with this ship, which being thus prepared, the *Viador da Fazenda*, or the King's Officers, came aboard, asking "If the ship were ready to set sail, and depart?" They say, "It was ready." And he having made a *Protestation* or Certificate thereof, the Officers set to their hands, as some say; but others deny it. Presently he commanded them to wind up their cables and hoisted anchor, as the manner is. So they let their sails fall, with a great cry of *Boa Viagen!* "GOD send them good fortune, and a merry voyage!" all the boats being still aboard [*attached*]; which commonly do hang at her at least a mile or half a mile within the sea; because it is calm.

This ship, called the *Arreliquias*, beginning in this manner to sail, among other romage [*lumber*] that stood on the

hatches, there were certain hens' cages; from whence, certain hens flew out: whereupon every man claimed them for his own, and, upon a Sunday, as in such cases it is commonly seen, they ran all on a heap upon one side; whereby the ship (being light of ballast, and laden with many chests above the hatches, as I said before) swayed so much on the one side that, by little and little, it sank clean under the water, so that not above a handful of the mast could be seen above the water.

The people leaped into the boats that, as yet, were hanging above the ship, which was good fortune for them; otherwise, there had not one escaped alive: but, by that means, they were all saved; excepting only the slaves, that were bound with iron chains and could not stir, and so were drowned.

GOD knoweth what riches were lost in her! For nothing was saved, but some few chests that stood above the hatches; which the duckers [*divers*] got up, and yet the goods in them were, in a manner, spoiled: the rest was utterly lost.

By this, it may be considered what manner the Portuguese use in lading of their ships; and that it is to be thought that the many ships that are cast away, whereof there hath been heard no news or tidings, are only lost by means of evil order and government.

This being so unluckily fallen out, the Merchants used all the speed and means they could, by witnesses, to make Protestation against the Officers and Factors of the pepper, that they might be punished for taking out the ballast: but they kept themselves out of the way; and, by prolonging of time, it was forgotten, and nothing done therein. So the Merchants, that had received all the loss, were glad to put it up.

In the same month [*January* 1587], came news out of Malacca, that it was in great danger, and that many died there f r hunger; as also that the ship that went from Portugal thither, was forced to stay there, because they had no victuals to despatch it away [*p.* 429]: and likewise, that the Strait of Sumatra was kept by the enemy, so that there no ships could pass that way to China or Japan. This was done by the kings [*chiefs*] of Sumatra, that is to say, the kings of Achen [*Achin*] and Jor, lying by Malacca upon the firm land; who

rebelled against the Portuguese in Malacca, upon a certain injury done unto them by the Captain there.

This news put Goa in a great alteration, for their principal traffic is to Malacca, China, and Japan, and the islands bordering on the same: which, by reason of these wars, was wholly hindered. Whereupon a great number of foists, galleys, and ships were prepared in Goa to relieve Malacca, and all the townsmen tasked [*taxed*], every one at a certain sum of money, besides the money that was brought from other places; and men taken up to serve in ships, for by means of their late overthrows, [the Portuguese] India was, at that time, very weak of men.

In the month of May, *anno* 1587, there came a ship or galley of Mozambique unto Goa, brings news that the ship, the *San Felipe*, had been there, and taken in the lading of pepper that was in the ship called the *San Lorenzo* [*p.* 311] that had arrived there in her voyage towards Portugal, and was all open above the hatches and without masts, most of her goods being thrown into the sea: whereby, miraculously, they saved their lives, and, by fortune, put into Mozambique. In this ship, called the *San Felipe*, were the young princes, the Kings' children of Japan, as is before declared [*at p.* 305].

The same galley which brought this news from Mozambique to Goa, likewise brought news of the army that sailed out of Goa, in December 1586, being the year before, unto the coast of Melinde, to revenge the injury which they had received in the fleet whereof RUY GONSALVES DA CAMARA was Captain, as I said before; as also to punish the towns that, at the same time, had united themselves with the Turk, and broken league with the Portuguese [*p.* 317]. Of this army was General, a gentleman called MARTIN ALONZO DE MELLO.

Wherewith, coming upon the coast of Abex or Melinde, which lyeth between Mozambique and the Red Sea, they went on land; and, because the Turks whom they sought for, were gone home through the Red Sea, they determined to punish and plague the towns that favoured the Turks, and broken their alliance with them. To this end, they entered into the country as far as the towns of Pate and Brava, that little thought of them, and easily overran them; for the most part of the people fled to save themselves, and left their towns. Whereby the Portuguese did what pleased them, burning the

towns with others that lay about them, and razing them to the ground: and among those that fled, they took the King [*chief*] of Pate, whose head, in great fury, they caused to be stricken off, and brought it to Goa; where, for certain days, it stood on a mast in the middle of the town, for an example to all others, as also in sign of victory.

Wherewith, the Portuguese began to be somewhat encouraged. So they went from thence to Ormus; and from Ormus they were to go to help the King of Persia, as the Viceroy had commanded them. But being at Ormus, many of their men fell sick and died: among the which the General, Martin Alfonso de Mello was one. Whereupon they returned unto Goa; without doing any other thing.

The same army sailing to the coast of Abex, and falling on the island of Zanzibar (which lieth 6° S. about seventy miles from Pate towards Mozambique, about eighteen miles from the firm land), they found there the *San Salvador* [*p.* 321] that came from Cochin, sailing towards Portugal: which was all open, having thrown all her goods overboard, saving only some pepper which they could not come at; and was in great danger, holding themselves, by force of pumping, above the water. They were upon the point to leave, being all weary and ready to sink: which they certainly had done, if, by great good fortune, they had not met with the army; which they little thought to find in those parts.

The army took the ship with them to Ormus, where the rest of the pepper and goods remaining in her were unladen, and the ship broken in pieces: and of the boards, they made a lesser ship, wherein the men that were in the great ship, with the rest of the goods that were saved in her, sailed to Portugal: and, after a long and wearisome voyage [*p.* 428], arrived there in safety.

The 17th of September, 1587, a galliot of Mozambique arrived at Goa, bringing news of the arrival of four ships in Mozambique, that came out of Portugal. Their names were the *Sant Antonio*, *Sant Francisco*, *Nostra Señora da Nazareth*, and the *Sant Alberto*: but of the *Santa Maria* that came in company with them from Portugal, they had no news. Afterwards they heard, that she put back again to Portugal, by reason of some defaults in her, and of the foul weather.

Eight days after [*25th of September*], the said four ships arrived in Goa, where they were received with great joy.

At the same time, the fort called Colombo, which the Portuguese hold in the island of Ceylon, was besieged by the King of Ceylon, called Raju [? *Rajah*] and in great danger of being lost: to deliver which, there was an army of foists and galleys sent from Goa; whereof BERNARDINE DE CARVALHO was General.

And at the same time, departed another army of many ships, foists, and galleys, with a great number of soldiers, munition, victuals, and other warlike provisions; wherewith to deliver Malacca: which as then was besieged and in great misery, as I said before. The General thereof was Don PAULO DE LIMA PEREIRA, a valiant gentleman, who, not long before, had been Captain of Chaul; and being very fortunate in all his enterprises, was therefore chosen to be General of that fleet.

The last of November, the four ships aforesaid, departed from Goa; to lade at Cochin, and from thence to sail to Portugal.

The December after, while the fort of Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, was still besieged; the town of Goa made out another great fleet of ships and galleys: for the which they took up many men within the city, and compelled them to go in the ships, because they wanted men; with a great contribution of money raised upon the merchants and other inhabitants, to furnish the same. Of which army was appointed General, MANUEL DE SOUSA COUTINHO, a brave gentleman and soldier, who, in times past, had been Captain of the said fort of Colombo, and had withstood a former besieging: whereupon the King put him in great credit, and advanced him much; and, after the Viceroy's death, he was Viceroy of [Portuguese] India, as in time and place we shall declare [*p.* 332].

He arrived, with his army, in the isle of Ceylon, where he joined with the other army that went before; and placed themselves in order to give battle to RAGIU: who, perceiving the great number of his enemies, brake up his siege, and forsook the fort, to the great rejoicing of the Portuguese. Having strengthened the fort with men and victuals, they returned again to Goa; where, in the month of March, *anno* 1588, they were received with great joy.

In the month of April, the same year [1588], the army of

Don PAULO DE LIMA PEREIRA that went to Malacca, arrived in Goa with victory: having freed Malacca, and opened the passage again to China and other places.

The manner whereof was thus. In their way, as they passed the Straits of Malacca, they met with a ship belonging to the King of Achen [*Achin*] in Sumatra; who was a deadly enemy to the Portuguese, and the principal cause of the besieging of Malacca.

In the same ship was the daughter of the said King of Achen; which he sent to be married to the King of Jor, thereby to make a new alliance with him against the Portuguese: and, for a present, he also sent him a goodly piece of ordnance, whereof the like was not to be found in all India. Therefore it was, afterwards, sent to Portugal as a present to the King of Spain, in a ship of Malacca; which, after, was cast away in the island of Terceira, one of the Flemish Isles [*Azores, see pp.* 429, 440]: where the same piece, with much labour, was weighed up, and laid within the fortress of the same isle; because it is so heavy that it can hardly be carried into Portugal.

But to the matter. They took the ship with the King's daughter, and made it all good prize. By it, they were advertised what had passed between the Kings of Achen and Jor: so that presently [*at once*] they sent certain soldiers on land, and marching in order of battle, they set upon the town of Jor, that was sconced [*pallisadoed*] and compassed about with wooden stakes, most of the houses being of straw. Which, when the people of the town perceived, and saw the great number of men, and also their resolution, they were in great fear; and, as many as could, fled, and saved themselves in the country.

To conclude. The Portuguese entered the town and set it on fire, utterly spoiling and destroying it, razing it even with the ground, slaying all they found; but taking some prisoners, whom they led away captives. They found within the town, at the least, 2,500 brass pieces, great and small, which were all brought into India [*i.e., Goa*]. You must understand that some of them were no greater than muskets; some greater; and some very great, being very cunningly wrought with figures and flowers, which the Italians and Portuguese that have denied [*renounced*] their faith, and

become Mahometists have taught them: whereof there are many in India, and are those indeed that do most hurt. When they have done any murder or other villany; fearing to be punished for the same, to save their lives, they run over by the firm land among the heathens and Moors: and there they have great stipends and wages of the Indian kings and captains of the land.

Seven or eight years before my coming into India [*i.e.*, 1575 *or* 1576], there were in Goa, certain Trumpeters and Cannoneers, being Dutchmen and Netherlanders; and because they were rejected and scorned by the Portuguese in India (as they scorn all other nations in the world); as also because they could get no pay; and when they asked for it, they were presently abused and cast into the galleys, and there compelled to serve: in the end, they took counsel together, and seeing they could not get out of the country, they secretly got unto the firm [*main*] land of Balagate and went unto Hildalcan [? *the Deccan*]; where they were gladly received, and very well entertained with great pay, living like Lords. And there, being in despair, denied [*renounced*] their faith; although it is thought by some, that they remain still in their own religion: but it is most sure that they are married there, in those countries, with heathen women; and were living when I came from thence.

By this means are the Portuguese the cause of their own mischief, only through their pride and hardiness; and make rods to scourge themselves withal: which I have only showed in respect to those cast pieces and other martial weapons, which the Indians have learnt of the Portuguese and Christians; whereof in times past, they had no understanding. And although they [of Jor] had placed all those pieces in very good order; yet it should seem they knew not how to shoot them off or to use them as they should: as it appeared hereby, for that they presently forsook them, and left them for the Portuguese.

With this victory, the Portuguese were very proud; and, with great glory, entered into Malacca: wherein they were received with great triumph; as it may well be thought, being delivered by them from great misery wherein they had long continued. Which the King of Achen hearing, and that his daughter was taken prisoner, he sent his Ambassador to

Don PAULO DE LIMA PEREIRA, with great presents, desiring to make peace with him: which was presently granted, and all the ways to Malacca were opened, and all kinds of merchandise and victuals brought thither, which before had been kept from them; whereat was much rejoicing.

This done, and order being taken for all things in Malacca; they returned again to Goa: where they arrived in safety (as I said before) in the month of April [1588]; and there, were received with great triumph; the people singing *Te DEUM laudamus*; and many of the soldiers bringing good prizes with them.

In the month of May [1588] following, upon the 15th of the same month, the Viceroy Don DUARTE DE MENESES died in Goa; having been sick but four days, of a burning fever, which is the common sickness of India, and is very dangerous: but it is thought it was for grief, because he had received letters from the Captain of Ormus, wherein he was advertised that they had received news, over land, from Venice, that the Archbishop was safely arrived at Lisbon, and well received by the King; and because they were not friends at his departure (as I said before), they said, "He was so much grieved thereat, that fearing to fall into the displeasure of the King, by information from the Bishop, he died of grief."

But that was contrary [to the facts] as, hereafter, by the ships, we understood; for the Bishop died in the ship [*on the 4th August* 1587], eight days before it arrived in Portugal. So they kept company together; for they lived not long one after the other, whereby their quarrel was ended with their lives.

The Viceroy's funerals were observed, with great solemnity, in this manner.

The place appointed for the Viceroys' burial is a Cloister called *Reis Magos* or "The Three Kings of Cologne," being of the Order of Saint Francis, which standeth in the land of Bardes, at the mouth of the river of Goa.

Thither was his body conveyed, being sent in the Royal Galley, all hanged over with black pennons, and covered with black cloth; and accompanied with all the nobility and gentlemen of the country.

Approaching near the Cloister of *Reis Magos*, being three

miles from Goa down the river towards the sea; the friars came out to receive him, and brought his body into the church, where they placed it upon a hearse; and so, with great solemnity, sang *Mass*.

Which done, there were certain letters, called *Vias*, brought forth; which are always sealed, and, by the King's appointment, kept by the Jesuits: and are never opened, but in the absence or at the death of the Viceroy.

These *Vias* are sent yearly by the King, and are marked with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so forth. When there wanteth a Viceroy, then the first number or *Via* is opened; wherein is written, that in the absence or after the death of the Viceroy, such a man shall be Viceroy. If the man that is named in the first *Via* be not there; then they open the second *Via*, and look whose name is therein; being in place, he is presently [*immediately*] received and obeyed as Governor. If he be likewise absent; they open the rest, orderly, as they are numbered, until the Governor be found: which, being known, they need open no more. The rest of the *Vias* that are remaining are presently shut up, and kept in the cloister of the Jesuits: but before the *Vias* are opened, there is no man that knoweth who it shall be, or whose name is written therein.

These *Vias* are opened, with great solemnity, by the Jesuits, and read in open audience, before all the nobles, Captains, Governors, and others that are present. If the man that is named in the *Vias*, be in any place of India or the East countries, as Soffala, Mozambique, Ormus, Malacca, or any other place of those countries, as sometimes it happeneth; he is presently sent for: and must leave all other offices, to receive that place, until the King sendeth another out of Portugal. But if the man named in the *Vias* be in Portugal, China, or Japan, or the Cape of Good Hope; then, they open other *Vias*, as I said before.

The *Mass* being finished, the Jesuits came with the King's packets of *Vias*, which are sealed with the King's own signet, and are always opened before the other Viceroy's body is laid in the earth. And there, they opened the first *Via*, and, with great devotion, staying to know who it should be; at the last, was named for Viceroy, one MATTHIAS D'ALBUQUERQUE, that had been Captain of Ormus, and, the year before [*i.e.*,

January 1587, *see pp.* 319, 322], had gone, in company with the Archbishop, to Portugal, because he had broken one of his legs, thinking to heal it: but if he had known as much, he would have stayed in India. [*He was appointed Viceroy in* 1590, *see p.* 460.]

He, being absent, the second *Via* was opened, with the like solemnity, and herein they found named for Viceroy, MANUEL DE SOUSA COUTINHO (of whom I made made mention before, [*p.* 327] and who was the man that raised the siege in the island of Ceylon), to the great admiration [*wonderment*] of every man: because he was but a mean [*poor*] gentleman; yet very well esteemed, as he had well deserved by his long service.

Although there were many rich gentlemen in that place, whom they thought rather should have been preferred thereto: yet they must content themselves, and show no dislike. Thereupon they presently saluted him kissing his hand, and honoured him as Viceroy.

Presently, they left the dead body of the old Viceroy, and departed in the galley, with the new Viceroy; taking away all the mourning cloths and standards, and covering it with others of divers colours and silks.

And so entered into Goa, sounding both shalms and trumpets; wherein he was received with great triumph, and led to the great Church, where they sang *Te DEUM laudamus*, &c., and there gave him his oath to hold and observe all privileges and customs, according to the order in that case provided.

From thence, they led him to the Viceroy's Palace, which was presently all unfurnished by the dead Viceroy's servants; and furnished again by the new Viceroy, as the manner is, in all such changes and alterations. [*See p.* 302.]

The body of the dead Viceroy being left in the Church, was buried by his servants, without any more memory of him; saving only touching his own particular affairs.

In the months of June, July, and August of the same year, *anno* 1588, there happened the greatest winter that had, of long time, been seen in those countries. Although it raineth every winter, never holding up, all the winter long; but not in such quantity and abundance as it did in those three months, for it rained continually and in so great abundance,

from the 10th of June till the 1st of September, that it could not be judged that it ever held up from raining, one half hour together, either night or day; whereby many houses, by reason of the great moisture, fell down to the ground; as also because the stone wherewith they are built is very soft, and the greater part of their mortar is more than half earth.

The 16th of September 1588, there arrived in Goa, a ship of Portugal, called the *San Thomas*, bringing news of four ships that were in Mozambique, all come from Portugal: which, not long after, came likewise to Goa. Their names were *San Christopher*, being admiral; *Santa Maria*, *Sant Antonio*, and *Nostra Señora de Consepcao*.

By these ships, we received news of the death of my Lord the Archbishop, Don Frey VINCENTE DA FONSECA, who died in his voyage to Portugal, upon the 4th day of August, *anno* 1587, between the Flemish Isles [*Azores*] and Portugal; eight days before the ship came to land.

It was thought that he died of some poison that he brought [in himself] out of India, or else of some impostume that suddenly brake within him. For an hour before his death, he seemed to be as well as ever he was in all his life: and suddenly he was taken so sick that he had not the leisure to make his will, but died presently: and voided at the least a quart of poison out of his body.

To be short. He was clothed in his Bishop's apparel, with his mitre on his head, and rings upon his fingers, and put into a coffin: and so thrown into the sea.

[LINSCHOTEN's Narrative is concluded at *p.* 399.]

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKS OF AIRS.

By THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.

Apparently published about 1613.

To my honourable friend, Sir THOMAS MONSON, Knight and Baronet.

SINCE now those clouds, that lately over-cast
Your fame and fortune, are disperst at last:
And now, since all, to you fair greetings make;
Some out of love, and some for pity's sake:
Shall I, but with a common style, salute
Your new enlargement! or stand only mute?
I, to whose trust and care you durst commit
Your pinèd health, when art despaired of it?
I, that, in your affliction, often viewed
In you, the fruits of manly fortitude,
Patience, and even constancy of mind
That rock-like stood, and scorned both wave and wind!

Should I, for all your ancient love to me,
Endowed with weighty favours, silent be?
Your merits, and my gratitude forbid
That either, should in Lethean gulf lie hid;
But how shall I this work of fame express?
How can I better, after pensiveness,
Than with light strains of Music, made to move
Sweetly, with the wide spreading plumes of Love?
These youth-born Airs, then, prisoned in this book,
Which in your bowers much of their being took;
Accept as a kind offering from that hand,
Which, joined with heart, your virtue may command!
Who loves a sure friend, as all good men do;
Since such you are, let those affect to you!
And may the joys of that Crown never end,
That innocence doth pity, and defend!

Yours devoted,

THOMAS CAMPION.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

THE THIRD BOOK.

OFT HAVE I sighed, for him that hears me not;
Who, absent, hath both love and me forgot.
O yet I languish still, through his delay:
Days seem as years, when wished friends
break their day.

Had he but loved, as common lovers use;
His faithless stay, some kindness would excuse:
O yet I languish still, still constant mourn
For him, that can break vows, but not return.

NOw let her change! and spare not!
Since she proves strange, I care not!
Feigned love charmed so my delight,
That still I doted on her sight.
But she is gone! new joys embracing,
And my desires disgracing.

When I did err in blindness?
Or vex her with unkindness?
If my cares served her alone,
Why is she thus untimely gone?
True love abides to th'hour of dying:
False love is ever flying!

False! then, farewell for ever!
Once false, proves faithful never!
He that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soon my present fortunes prove.
Were he as fair as bright ADONIS;
Faith is not had, where none is!

WERE my heart, as some men's are; thy errors would not move me!
But thy faults I curious find and speak, because I love thee!
Patience is a thing divine; and far, I grant! above me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more; our blacker deeds objecting,
Than th'obsequious bosom guest, with false respect affecting.
Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden stains detecting.

While I, use of eyes enjoy, and inward light of reason;
Thy observer will I be, and censor; but in season:
Hidden mischief to conceal, in State and Love, is treason.

"MAIDS are simple," some men say,
"They, forsooth, will trust no men."
But should they men's wills obey;
Maids were very simple then!

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,
Few men wear it in their hearts;
Lovers are more easily known,
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
To a faithless wandering Jew:
Than a young man's vows believe,
When he swears, "His love is true!"

LOVE, they make a poor blind child,
But let none trust such as he!
Rather than to be beguiled;
Ever let me simple be.

SO TIRED are all my thoughts, that sense and spirits fail.
Mourning, I pine, and know not what I ail.
O what can yield ease to a mind,
Joy in nothing, that can find?

How are my powers fore-spoke? What strange distaste is this?
Hence! cruel hate of that which sweetest is!
Come, come delight! make my dull brain
Feel once heat of joy again.

The lover's tears are sweet, their mover makes them so;
Proud of a wound, the bleeding soldiers grow.
Poor I, alone, dreaming, endure
Grief that knows nor cause, nor cure.

And whence can all this grow? Even from an idle mind,
That no delight in any good can find.
Action, alone, makes the soul blest!
Virtue dies, with too much rest!

WHY PRESUMES thy pride on that, that must so private be?
Scarce that it can good be called, though it seems best to thee!
Best of all, that Nature framed or curious eye can see.

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid! that, like a blossom, grows;
Which, who views, no more enjoys; than on a bush a rose,
That, by many's handling, fades: and thou art one of these!

If to one thou shalt prove true, and all beside reject!
Then art thou but one man's good; which yields a poor effect:
For the commonest good, by far, deserves the best respect.

But if for this goodness, thou thyself wilt common make;
Thou art then, not good at all! So thou canst no way take,
But to prove the meanest good, or else all good forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud! but so her colours bear,
That they prove not stains to her, that them for grace should wear:
So shalt thou, to all, more fair than thou wert born appear!

KIND are her answers:
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers,
From their own music, when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words,
Wing my hopes in vain.
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom,
When we submit to women so:
Why do we need them,
When, in their best, they work our woe?
There is no wisdom
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixt.
O why is the good of man with evil mixt?
Never were days yet callèd two,
But one night went betwixt.

O GRIEF! O spite! to see poor Virtue scorned,
Truth far exiled, False Art loved, Vice adored,
Free Justice sold, worst causes best adorned,
Right cast by Power, Pity in vain implored.
O who in such an age, could wish to live;
When none can have or hold, but such as give?

O times! O men! to Nature, rebels grown.
Poor in desert; in name, Rich; Proud of shame;
Wise but in ill. Your styles are not your own!
Though dearly bought, Honour is honest fame.
Old stories, only, goodness now contain;
And the true wisdom, that is just and plain.

O NEVER to be moved!
O beauty unrelenting!
Hard heart! too dearly loved!
Fond love, too late repenting!
Why did I dream of too much bliss?
Deceitful hope was cause of this.
O hear me speak this, and no more,
"Live you in joy, while I my woes deplore!"

All comforts despaired,
Distaste your bitter scorning.
Great sorrows unrepaired
Admit no mean in mourning:
Die, wretch! since hope from thee is fled.
He that must die, is better dead.
O dear delight! yet, ere I die,
Some pity show, though you relief deny!

BREAK now, my heart, and die! O no, she may relent
Let my despair prevail! O stay, hope is not spent.
Should she now fix one smile on thee, where were
despair?
The loss is but easy, which smiles can repair.
A stranger would please thee, if she were as fair.

Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes but she,
The more is my despair, alas, she loves not me;
But cannot time make way for love, through ribs of steel?
The Grecian, enchanted all parts but the heel,
At last a shaft daunted, which his heart did feel.

IF LOVE loves truth, then women do not love,
Their passions all are but dissembled shows.
Now kind and free of favour, if they prove;
Their kindness, straight, a tempest, overthrows.
Then as a seaman, the poor lover fares,
The storm drowns him, ere he can drown his
cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive?
Blame then, the foxes for their subtle wile!
They first, from Nature, did their craft receive:
It is a woman's nature to beguile.
Yet some, I grant, in loving steadfast grow;
But such by use are made, not Nature so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame
Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love?
O would Deceit had died! when Beauty came,
With her divineness, every heart to move.
Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall;
To have fair women false, than none at all.

NOW WINTER nights enlarge
The number of their hours;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze!
And cups o'erflow with wine!
Let well-tuned words amaze,
With harmony divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love;
While youthful revels, masques, and Courtly sights,
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense,
With lovers long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.

The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

AWAKE! thou spring of speaking grace! Mute rest becomes not thee!
The fairest women while they sleep, and pictures, equal be.
O come and dwell in love's discourses!
Old renewing, new creating.
The words which thy rich tongue discourses,
Are not of the common rating!

Thy voice is as an Echo clear, which Music doth beget,
Thy speech is as an Oracle, which none can counterfeit:
For thou alone, without offending,
Hast obtained power of enchanting!
And I could hear thee, without ending!
Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason, brutish lives with human glory share:
But language is our proper grace, from which they severed are.
As brutes in reason, man surpasses,
Men in speech excel each other:
If speech be then, the best of graces,
Do it not, in slumber smother!

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves conversing?
Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy the rehearsing.
Women, only, are men's good! with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest! If sick, their hand attends us!
When with grief our hearts are prest, their comfort best befriends us!
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share, what fortune sends us!

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and form presenting!
What we get, how wise they keep! by sparing, wants preventing;
Sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting!

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is expressed;
GOOD WIFE is the good I praise, if by good men possessed;
Bad with bad in ill, suit well; but good with good live blessed.

FIRE that must flame, is with apt fuel fed,
Flowers that will thrive, in sunny soil are bred.
How can a heart feel heat, that no hope finds?
Or can he love, on whom no comfort shines?

Fair! I confess there's pleasure in your sight!
Sweet! you have power, I grant, of all delight!
But what is all to me, if I have none?
Churl, that you are! t'enjoy such wealth alone!

Prayers move the heavens, but find no grace with you!
Yet in your looks, a heavenly form I view!
Then will I pray again, hoping to find,
As well as in your looks, heaven in your mind!

Saint of my heart! Queen of my life and love!
O let my vows, thy loving spirit move!
Let me no longer mourn, through thy disdain!
But with one touch of grace, cure all my pain!

IF THOU longest so much to learn, sweet boy! what 'tis to love:
Do but fix thy thought on me, and thou shalt quickly prove!
Little suit, at first, shall win
Way to thy abashed desire!
But then, will I hedge thee in,
Salamander-like, with fire!

With thee, dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dalliance bear!
We, the grovy hills will climb, and play the wantons there!
Other whiles we'll gather flowers,
Lying dallying on the grass!
And thus, our delightful hours,
Full of waking dreams, shall pass!

When thy joys were thus at height, my love should turn from thee!
Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange might be!
Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,
Breaking all their hearts for me!
While to all, I'll prove more kind
And more forward, than to thee!

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon my love defy!
But, alas, poor soul! too late! Clipt wings can never fly!
Those sweet hours which we had past;
Called to mind, thy heart would burn!
And couldst thou fly, ne'er so fast,
They would make thee straight return!

SHALL I come, sweet love! to thee,
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feigned let?
Let me not, for pity, more,
Tell the long hours at your door!

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey, will work my woe;
Or through wicked foul despite.
So may I die unredrest,
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain:
'Tis enough in such a place,
To attend love's joys in vain.
Do not mock me in thy bed!
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

THRICE, toss these oaken ashes in the air!
Thrice, sit thou mute in this enchanted chair!
Then thrice three times, tie up this true love's knot!
And murmur, soft, "She will, or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire!
These screech-owl's feathers! and this prickling briar!
This cypress, gathered at a dead man's grave!
That all thy fears and cares, an end may have!

Then come, you Fairies! dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain! are all the charms I can devise.
She hath an Art to break them with her eyes.

BE THOU then, my Beauty named,
Since thy will is to be mine!
For by that I am enflamed,
Which on all alike doth shine.
Others may the light admire,
I only truly feel the fire.

But if lofty titles move thee,
Challenge then a Sovereign's place!
Say I honour, when I love thee;
Let me call thy kindness, Grace!
State and Love, things diverse be,
Yet will we teach them to agree!

Or if this be not sufficing;
Be thou styled my Goddess, then:
I will love thee, sacrificing!
In thine honour, hymns I'll pen!
To be thine, what canst thou more?
I'll love thee! serve thee! and adore!

FIRE! fire! fire! fire!
Lo here, I burn in such desire
That all the tears that I can strain,
Out of mine idle empty brain,
Cannot allay my scorching pain.
Come Trent, and Humber, and fair Thames!
Dread Ocean! haste with all thy streams!
And if you cannot quench my fire;
O drown both me, and my desire!

Fire! fire! fire! fire!
There is no hell to my desire.
See! all the rivers, backward fly!
And th' Ocean doth his waves deny!
For fear my heat should drink them dry.

Come heavenly showers then, pouring down!
Come you, that once the world did drown!
Some then you spared; but now save all!
That else must burn, and with me fall!

O SWEET delight! O more than human bliss!
With her to live that ever loving is;
To hear her speak, whose words are so well placed,
That she by them, as they by her are graced;
Those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye:
How blest is he, that may so live and die!

Such love as this, the Golden times did know,
When all did reap, and none took care to sow;
Such love as this, an endless summer makes,
And all distaste from frail affection takes.
So loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I;
Which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy!

THUS I resolve, and time hath taught me so;
Since she is fair and ever kind to me,
Though she be wild and wanton-like in show;
Those little stains in youth, I will not see.
That she be constant, heaven I oft implore,
If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm tree the more you press, the more it grows,
Leave it alone, it will not much exceed.
Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose:
And for affection, strange distaste you breed.
What Nature hath not taught, no Art can frame,
Wild born be wild still! though by force you tame!

COME! O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine!
O come, and take from me
The pain, of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose!
Like a little world of bliss:
Beauty guards thy looks! The rose
In them, pure and eternal is.
Come, then! and make thy flight
As swift to me, as heavenly light!

COULD my heart, more tongues employ,
Than it harbours thoughts of grief;
It is now so far from joy,
That it scarce could ask relief.
Truest hearts, by deeds unkind,
To despair are most inclined.

Happy minds! that can redeem
Their engagements how they please:
That no joys or hopes esteem,
Half so precious as their ease.
Wisdom should prepare men so,
As if they did all foreknow.

Yet no art or caution can
Grown affections easily change;
Use is such a Lord of man,
That he brooks worst what is strange.
Better never to be blest,
Than to lose all, at the best.

SLEEP, angry beauty! Sleep, and fear not me!
For who a sleeping lion dares provoke?
It shall suffice me, here to sit and see,
Those lips shut up, that never kindly spoke.
What sight can more content a lover's mind,
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps;
Though guilty much, of wrong done to my love;
And, in her slumber, see! she, close-eyed, weeps!
Dreams often, more than waking passions move.
Plead, Sleep, my cause! and make her soft, like Thee!
That she, in peace, may wake, and pity me.

SILLY boy! 'tis full moon yet; thy night as day shines clearly,
Had thy youth but wit to fear; thou couldst not love so dearly!
Shortly, wilt thou mourn! when all thy pleasures be bereaved:
Little knows he how to love, that never was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet unstained!
All is artless now you speak; not one word, yet, is feigned!
All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts are blessed!
But no Spring can want his Fall! Each TROILUS hath his CRESSID!

Thy well-ordered locks, ere long, shall rudely hang neglected!
And thy lively pleasant cheer, read grief on earth dejected!
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy heart so holy!
And, with sighs, confess, "In love, that too much faith is folly!"

Yet be just and constant still! Love may beget a wonder;
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal thunder.
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto his day of dying,
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the envying.

NEVER love! unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man!
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see;
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak, what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more.
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one.
For what is Courtship, but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes!

Men when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire:
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these, and such like you can bear;
Then like! and love! and never fear!

SO QUICK! so hot! so mad is thy fond suit!
So rude, so tedious grown, in urging me!
That fain I would, with loss, make thy tongue mute!
And yield some little grace, to quiet thee!
An hour with thee, I care not to converse;
For I would not be countèd too perverse!

But roofs, too hot would prove for men all fire;
And hills, too high for my unusèd pace;
The grove is charged with thorns and the bold briar;
Grey snakes, the meadows shroud in every place:
A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,
As I should start, and tremble as I go!

Since then I can, on earth, no fit room find;
In heaven, I am resolved, with you to meet!
Till then, for hope's sweet sake! rest your tired mind;
And not so much as see me in the street!
A heavenly meeting, one day, we shall have!
But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave!

SHALL I then hope, when faith is fled?
Can I seek love, when hope is gone?
Or can I live, when love is dead?
Poorly he lives, that can love none.
Her vows are broke, and I am free;
She lost her faith, in losing me.

When I compare mine own events,
When I weigh others' like annoy:
All do but heap up discontents,
That, on a beauty build their joy.
Thus I, of all complain; since she
All faith hath lost, in losing me.

So my dear freedom have I gained,
Through her unkindness and disgrace:
Yet could I ever live enchained,
As she my service did embrace.
But she is changed, and I am free.
Faith failing her, love died in me.

To my worthy friend Master JOHN MONSON, Son and Heir to Sir THOMAS MONSON, Knight and Baronet.

ON YOU! th'affections of your father's friends,
With his inheritance, by right, descends!
But you, your graceful youth so wisely guide,
That his, you hold; and purchase much beside!
Love is the fruit of Virtue; for whose sake,
Men only liking, each to other take.
If sparks of virtue shined not in you then
So well, how could you win the hearts of men?
And since that Honour and well-suited Praise
Is Virtue's Golden Spur: let me now raise
Unto an act mature, your tender age!
This Half commending to your patronage,
Which from your noble father's, but one side
Ordained to do you honour! doth divide.
And so my love, betwixt you both I part;
On each side placing you, as near my heart!

Yours ever,

THOMAS CAMPION.

To the Reader.

THE Apothecaries have Books of Gold, whose leaves, being opened, are so light as that they are subject to be shaken with the least breath; yet rightly handled, they serve both for ornament and use. Such are light Airs.

Some words are in these Books, which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn: yet give me leave to make use of mine own! Likewise, you may find here some three or four Songs that have been published before: but for them, I refer you to the Player's bill, that is styled, Newly revived, with Additions*; for you shall find all of them reformed, either in words or notes.*

To be brief. All these Songs are mine, if you express them well! Otherwise, they are your own! Farewell.

Yours, as you are his,

THOMAS CAMPION.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

LEAVE prolonging thy distress!
All delays afflict the dying,
Many lost sighs long I spent, to her for mercy crying.
But, now, vain mourning, cease!
I'll die, and mine own griefs release.

Thus departing from this light
To those shades that end in sorrow.
Yet a small time of complaint, a little breath I'll borrow,
To tell my once Delight,
"I die, alone, through her despite."

RESPECT my faith! Regard my service past!
The hope you winged; call home to you, at last!
Great price it is, that I in you shall gain!
So, great for you hath been my loss and pain!
My wits I spent and time, for you alone!
Observing you! and losing all for one!

Some raised to rich estates, in this time, are;
That held their hopes to mine, inferior far:
Such, scoffing me, or pitying me, say thus,
"Had he not loved, he might have lived like us!"
O then; dear Sweet! For love and pity's sake,
My faith reward! and from me, scandal take!

THOU joyest, fond boy! to be by many loved!
To have thy beauty, of most dames approved!
For this, dost thou thy native worth disguise:
And playest the sycophant, t'observe their eyes!
Thy glass thou counsellest, more to adorn thy skin;
That first should school thee, to be fair within!

'Tis childish, to be caught with pearl or amber!
And, woman-like, too much to cloy the chamber!
Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,
Their hardened nerves to fit for better deeds.
Is it not more joy, strongholds to force with swords;
Than women's weakness take, with looks or words!

Men that do noble things, all purchase glory.
One man, for one brave act, hath proved a Story:
But if that one, ten thousand dames o'ercame;
Who would record it, if not to his shame?
'Tis far more conquest, with one to live true;
Than, every hour, to triumph, Lord of new.

VEIL, LOVE, mine eyes! O hide from me
The plagues that charge the curious mind!
If beauty private will not be,
Suffice it yet, that she proves kind.
Who can usurp heaven's light alone?
Stars were not made to shine on one!

Griefs past recure, fools try to heal,
That greater harms on less inflict:
The pure offend by too much zeal.
Affection should not be too strict!
He that a true embrace will find,
To beauty's faults must still be blind!

EVERY dame affects good fame, wh ate'er her doings be,
But true praise is Virtue's bays, which none may wear but she.
Borrowed guise fits not the wise. A simple look is best.
Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so rudely drest.
Now such new found toys are sold, these women to disguise;
That, before the year grows old, the newest fashion dies.

Dames, of yore, contended more, in goodness to exceed;
Than in pride, to be envied, for that which least they need.
Little lawn then serve the pawn, if pawn at all there were.
Homespun thread, and household bread, then held out all the year.
But th'attires of women, now, wear out both house and land.
That the wives in silks may flow; at ebb, the good men stand.

Once again, ASTREA! then, from heaven to earth descend!
And vouchsafe, in their behalf, these errors to amend!
Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so out of frame,
For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his dame.
Happy man! content that gives; and what he gives, enjoys!
Happy dame! content that lives; and breaks no sleep for toys!

SO SWEET is thy discourse to me,
And so delightful is thy sight,
As I taste nothing right, but thee!
O why invented Nature, light?
Was it alone for beauty's sake,
That her graced words might better take?

No more can I, old joys recall.
They now to me become unknown;
Not seeming to have been at all.
Alas! how soon is this love grown
To such a spreading height in me;
As with it, all must shadowed be!

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits doth flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy:
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when, her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them, nor peer nor prince can buy:
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still.
Her brows, like bended bows, do stand;
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh:
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

TO HIS sweet lute; APOLLO sang the motions of the spheres,
The wondrous orders of the stars, whose course divides the years;
And all the mysteries above:
But none of this, could MIDAS move;
Which purchased him, his ass's ears.

Then PAN, with his rude pipe, began, the country wealth t'advance,
To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, on hills, that dance;
With much more of this churlish kind:
That quite transported MIDAS' mind,
And held him wrapt in trance.

This wrong, the God of Music scorned, from such a sottish judge,
And bent his angry bow at PAN, which made the piper trudge:
Then MIDAS' head he so did trim;
That every age yet talks of him
And PHŒBUS' right revengèd grudge.

YOUNG and simple, though I am,
I have heard of CUPID's name:
Guess I can what thing it is,
Men desire when they do kiss.
Smoke can never burn, they say,
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair,
To be proud, nor to despair;
Guess I can, what thing it is
Men desire when they do kiss.
Smoke can never burn, they say,
But the flames that follow may.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind,
Yet, methinks, a heat I find:
Like thirst longing, that doth bide
Ever on my weaker side;
Where, they say my heart doth move.
VENUS! Grant it be not love!

If it be, alas, what then!
Were not women made for men?
As good 'twere a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are overblown,
Grow less sweet; then fall alone.

Yet not churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my maiden blossom pull;
Who shall not, I soon can tell,
Who shall, would I could as well!
This I know, Whoe'er he be,
Love he must, or flatter me.

LOVE me or not; love her I must, or die!
Leave me or not; follow her, needs must I!
O that her grace would my wished comforts give!
How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me:
Envy should cease, her would I love alone.
Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly, that none should hear.
But love enforced, rarely yields firm content;
So would I love, that neither should repent!

WHAT means this folly? Now to brave it so,
And then to use submission!
Is that a friend, that straight can play the foe!
Who loves on such condition?

Though briars breed roses, none the briar affect;
But with the flower are pleased.
Love only loves delight and soft respect:
He must not be diseased!

These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,
Or such as need much weeding.
Love only loves delight and soft respect;
But sends them not, home bleeding!

Command thy humour! Strive to give content!
And shame not love's profession!
Of kindness, never, any could repent,
That made choice with discretion!

DEAR! if I with guile, would gild a true intent;
Heaping flatt'ries that in heart were never meant:
Easily could I then obtain,
What now, in vain, I force!
Falsehood much doth gain:
Truth yet holds the better course!

Love forbid that, through dissembling, I should thrive!
Or, in praising you, myself of truth deprive!
Let not your high thoughts debase
A simple truth in me!
Great is Beauty's grace:
Truth is yet as fair as she!

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it exceeds,
Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value needs.
Fair you are! and passing fair!
You know it! and 'tis true.
Yet let none despair,
But to find as fair as you!

O LOVE! where are thy shafts? thy quiver, and thy bow?
Shall my wounds only weep, and he ungagèd go?
Be just, and strike him too! that dares contemn thee so?

No eyes are like to thine! though men suppose thee blind!
So fair they level! when the mark they list to find:
Then, strike! O strike the heart that bears the cruel mind!

Is my fond sight deceived? or do I CUPID spy,
Close aiming at his breast; by whom, despised, I die!
Shoot home, sweet LOVE! and wound him, that he may not fly!

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade,
And heal each other's wound, which LOVE hath justly made:
O hope! O thought too vain! how quickly dost thou fade?

At large, he wanders still. His heart is free from pain;
While secret sighs I spend, and tears: but all in vain.
Yet LOVE! thou knowest, by right, I should not thus complain!

BEAUTY is but a painted hell.
Ay me! ay me!
She wounds them that admire it,
She kills them that desire it.
Give her pride but fuel,
No fire is more cruel!

Pity from every heart is fled.
Ay me! Ay me!
Since false desire could borrow,
Tears of dissembled sorrow;
Constant vows turn truthless,
Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing.
Ay me! ay me!
My raving griefs discover,
I lived too true a lover.
The first step to madness,
Is excess of sadness.

ARE YOU, what your fair looks express?
O then be kind!
From law of Nature, they digress,
Whose form suits not their mind.
Fairness seen in th'outward shape,
Is but the Inward Beauty's ape.

Eyes that of earth are mortal made,
What can they view?
All's but a Colour or a Shade!
And neither always true!
Reason's sight, that is etern,
E'en the Substance can discern.

Soul is the Man; for who will so
The Body name?
And to that power, all grace we owe
That decks our living frame.
What, or how had housen been,
But for them that dwell therein?

Love in the bosom is begot;
Not in the eyes.
No beauty makes the eye more hot;
Her flames, the sprite surprise.
Let our loving minds then meet!
For pure meetings are most sweet.

SINCE she, even she, for whom I lived,
Sweet she, by fate from me is torn;
Why am I not of sense deprived?
Forgetting I was ever born.
Why should I languish, hating light?
Better to sleep an endless night!

Be it either true or aptly feigned,
That some, of Lethe's water write:
'Tis their best medicine, that are pained,
All thought to lose of past delight.
O would my anguish vanish so!
Happy are they, that neither know.

I MUST complain, yet do enjoy my love
She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts!
Thence is my grief: for Nature while she strove,
With all her graces and divinest arts,
To form her too too beautiful of hue;
She had no leisure left, to make her true.

Should I, agrieved, then wish she were less fair?
That were repugnant to my own desires.
She is admired, new lovers still repair:
That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.
Rest, jealous thoughts! and thus resolve at last,
"She hath more beauty, than becomes the chaste."

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then, with words that have no meaning!
Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by pieces gleaning.
Nurses teach their children so, about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first! then to woo! To wooing, much pertaineth;
He that courts us, wanting art; soon falters, when he feigneth.
Looks asquint on his discourse; and smiles, when he complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks; fit baits for every season:
But with crooked pins, fish thou! as babes do, that want reason.
Gudgeons, only, can be caught, with such poor tricks of treason!

Ruth forgive me! if I erred, from human heart's compassion,
When I laughed sometimes too much, to see thy foolish fashion!
But, alas, who less could do, that found so good occasion?

HER FAIR inflaming Eyes,
Chief authors of my cares.
I prayed in humble wise,
With grace to view my tears.
They beheld me, broad awake,
But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her Lips with kisses rich,
And words of fair delight;
I fairly did beseech,
To pity my sad plight:
But a voice from them brake forth,
As a whirlwind from the North.

Then to her Hands I fled,
That can give heart and all;
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pity call:
But, alas, they put me off,
With a touch worse than a scoff.

So back I straight returned,
And at her Breast I knocked;
Where long in vain I mourned,
Her heart, so fast was locked:
Not a word could passage find,
For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her fly or stay,
As they affect deserts:
But her angry Feet, thus moved,
Fled with all the parts I loved.

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind:
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind;
Till I found 'twas to no end,
With a Spirit to contend.

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes!
Turn all thy hairs to ears!
Change all thy friends to spies!
And all thy joys to fears!
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy!

Turn darkness into day!
Conjectures into truth!
Believe what th'envious say!
Let age interpret youth!
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy!

Wrest every word and look
Rack every hidden thought!
Or fish with golden hook!
True love cannot be caught.
For that will still be free,
In spite of jealousy!

FINIS.

EDWARD WRIGHT, Mathematician.

The Voyage of the Earl of CUMBERLAND *to the Azores &c., in* 1589.

Although this cruize seems, from PURCHAS's *Pilgrims* iv. *p.* 1141, *Ed.* 1625, to have gained 100 *per cent.* profit; yet it was a singularly unlucky one. They missed the Fleet of Portuguese Carracks, in which LINSCHOTEN came back from Goa, *see pp.* 370–442; they missed enormous treasure at Fayal, *see p.* 449; and though they actually saw the Spanish West Indian Squadron going into Angra, *see p.* 379, the wind being contrary, robbed them of their prey; and, finally, their best prize was wrecked off Cornwall.

[*Certain Errors in Navigation, &c.* 1599.]

THE Right Honourable the Earl of CUMBERLAND, having, at his own charges, prepared his small fleet, of four vessels only (*viz.*, the *Victory*, one of the Queen's royal ships; the *Meg*, and *Margaret*, small ships, one of which also he was forced soon after to send home again, finding her not able to endure the sea; and a small Caravel), and having assembled together about four hundred men, or fewer (of gentlemen, soldiers, and sailors), embarked himself and them, and set sail from the Sound of Plymouth, in Devonshire, the 18th of June 1589: being accompanied with these Captains and gentlemen, which hereafter follow:

Captain CHRISTOPHER LISTER, a man of great diligence, courage, and resolution; Captain EDWARD CARELESS, *alias* WRIGHT, who, in Sir FRANCIS DRAKE's West Indian Voyage [1586], was Captain of the *Hope*; Captain BOSWELL, Captain MERVIN, Master Henry LONGE, Master PARTRIDGE, Master NORTON, Master, now [*i.e.*, *in* 1599] Sir WILLIAM MONSON, Captain of the *Meg*; Master PIGEON, Captain of the Caravel.

About three days after our departure from Plymouth, we met with three French ships; whereof, one was of Newhaven [*Hâvre*] and another of Saint Malo; so, finding them to be Leaguers and lawful prize, we took them: and sent two of them for England with all their lading (which, for the most

part, was fish from Newfoundland); saving that there was a part thereof distributed among our small fleet, as we could find stowage for the same. In the third, all their men were sent home into France.

The same day, and the following day, we met with some other ships; which (when, after some conference had with them, we perceived plainly to be of Rotterdam and Embden, bound for Rochelle) we dismissed.

The 28th and 29th, we met divers of our English ships returning from the Portugal Voyage [*i.e., the Expedition with Don* ANTONIO *to the gates of Lisbon, referred to at p.* 438].

The 13th of July, being Sunday, in the morning, we espied eleven ships, out of sight of the coast of Spain, in 39° N.: which we presently prepared for, and provided to meet; having first set forth the *Meg* before us, to descry whence they were. The *Meg* approaching near, there passed some shot between them; whereby, as also by their admiral [*i.e., flag ship*] and vice-admiral putting forth their flags, we perceived some fight was likely to follow.

Having therefore fitted ourselves for them, we made what haste we could towards them; with regard always, to get the wind of them: and about ten or eleven o'clock, we came up to them, with the *Victory*. But after some few shot, and some little fight had passed betwixt us; they yielded themselves: and the Masters of them all came aboard us, showing their several passports from the cities of Hamburg and Lubeck, from Bremen, Pomerania, and Calice.

They had in them certain bags of pepper and cinamon, which they confessed to be the goods of a Jew in Lisbon; which should have been carried by them into their own country, to his Factor there: so finding it, by their own confession, to be lawful prize, the same was, soon after, taken, and divided among our whole company. The value whereof, was esteemed to be, about 4,500 lbs., at 2*s.* [=12*s. now*] the pound.

The 17th day, the foresaid ships were dismissed; but seven of their sailors, that were willing to go along with us as sailors, we took to help us: and so held on our course for the Azores.

Two days after, some of their sailors remaining with us, reported that the said Easterlings' ships had also in them £20,000 [=*about* £120,000 *now*] worth of Spaniard's goods; but then, it was too late to search them.

The 1st of August [*O. S.*], being Friday, in the morning, we had sight o fthe island of St. Michael's, being one of the eastermost of the Azores; towards which, we sailed all that day. And at night, having put forth a Spanish flag in our maintop, that so they might the less suspect us; we approached near to the chief town and road of that island: where we espied three ships riding at anchor, and some smaller vessels. All which, we determined to take in the dark of the night, and accordingly attempted, about ten or eleven o'clock; sending our boats well manned, to cut their cables and hawsers, and let them drive into the sea. Our men coming to them, found that one of those greatest ships, was the *Falcon*, of London; being there under a Scottish pilot, who bare the name of her as his own. But three other smaller ships, that lay near under the Castle there, our men let loose, and towed them away unto us: most of the Spaniards, that were in them, leapt overboard, swimming to the shore, with loud and lamentable outcries; which they of the town hearing, were in an uproar, and answered with like crying. The Castle discharged some great shot at our boats; but shooting without mark, by reason of the darkness, they did us no hurt.

The Scots likewise discharged three great geeces [*guns*] into the air, to make the Spaniards think they were their friends and our enemies: and shortly after, the Scottish Master, and some others with him, came aboard to my Lord, doing their duty, and offering their service, &c. These three ships were freighted with wine and salad oil, from Seville.

The same day, our Caravel chased a Spanish caravel to shore at St. Michael's, which carried letters thither; by which we learned, that the Carracks were departed from Terceira eight days before [*LINSCHOTEN states, p. 442, they first left on 8th August, N.S., which would be 30th July, O.S., or the Wednesday before this Friday; and returned on 13th, N.S., i.e., 3rd August O.S.: and that Lord CUMBERLAND passed Angra on the previous day, the 2nd, O.S. What a piece of bad luck for the English!*]

The 7th of August, we had sight of a little ship, which we chased towards Terceira, with our pinnace; the weather being calm: and, towards evening, we overtook her. There was in her 30 tuns of good Madeira wine, certain woollen cloth, silk, taffata, &c.

The 14th of August, we came to the island of Flores: where

we determined to take in some fresh water and fresh victuals; such as the island did afford. So we manned our boats with some 120 men, and rowed towards the shore. Whereto, when we approached, the inhabitants that were assembled at the landing place, put forth a flag of truce: whereupon we also did the like.

When we came to them, my Lord gave them to understand by his Portuguese interpreter, that "He was a friend to their King Don ANTONIO, and came not in any way to injure them; but that he meant only to have some fresh water and fresh victuals of them, by way of exchange for some provisions that he had as oil, wine, or pepper." To which they presently agreed willingly; and sent some of their company for beefs [*oxen*] and sheep.

We, in the mean season, marched southward about a mile, to Santa Cruz; from whence all the inhabitants, young and old, were departed, and not anything of value left. We demanding of them, "What was the cause thereof?" they answered, "Fear! as their usual manner was, when any ships came near their coast."

We found that part of the island to be full of great rocky barren hills and mountains, little inhabited by reason that it is molested with Ships of war; which might partly appear by this town of Santa Cruz, being one of their chief towns; which was all ruinous, and as it were, but the relics of the ancient town: which had been burnt, about two years before [*August* 1587], by certain English Ships of war [*under Sir* RICHARD GRENVILLE], as the inhabitants there reported.

At evening, as we were rowing towards the *Victory*, a huge fish [? *shark*] pursued us, for the space of well nigh two miles together: distant for the most part, from the boat's stern not a spear's length; and sometimes so near, that the boat struck upon him. The tips of whose fins about the gills, appearing oftimes above the water, were, by estimation, four or five yards asunder; and his jaws gaping a yard and a half wide. Which put us in fear of the overturning of the pinnace: but, GOD be thanked! rowing as hard as we could, we escaped.

When we were about Flores, a little ship called the *Drake*, brought us word that the Carracks were at Terceira. [*They had returned for water, see p.* 442.] Of which news, we were very glad; and sped us thitherward, with all the speed we could.

By the way, we came to Fayal road [*harbour*], the 27th of August, after sunset; where we espied certain ships riding at anchor: to whom we sent the *Saucy Jack* (a small ship lately consorted with us) and our skiff, well manned. With which ships, our men had a fight about an hour in the night: the town also discharging their great ordnance from the platform [*battery*] there, in defence of those ships; wherewith the Master of our Caravel was hurt. But, in the end, our men brought them all out of the harbour, being six in number; whereof one was of 250 tons, laden with sugar, ginger, hides, &c., lately come from the West Indies. Two of the worst, we let float on the sea; having first taken out of them such things as we liked. The other four were sent for England, the 30th day of August.

At the taking of these prizes, were consorted with us some other small Men of war, as [*the celebrated*] Master JOHN DAVIS with his ship, pinnace and boat; Captain MARKSBURY with his ship, whose owner was Sir WALTER RALEIGH; the Bark of Lyme, which was also consorted with us before.

The 31st of August, in the morning, we came in sight of Terceira, being about nine or ten leagues from the shore: where we espied coming towards us, a small boat under sail; which seemed somewhat strange to us, being so far from land, and no ship in sight to which they might belong. But coming near, they put us out of doubt; showing they were Englishmen, eight in number, that had lately been prisoners in Terceira, and finding opportunity to escape at that time, with that small boat, committed themselves to the sea, under GOD's providence: having no other yard for their mainsail but two pipe staves tied together by the ends; and no more provision of victuals than they could bring in their pockets and bosoms. [*See* LINSCHOTEN's *account of this escape, at p.* 451.]

Having taken them all into the *Victory*; they gave us certain intelligence that the Carracks were departed from thence, about a week before [*or rather, as* LINSCHOTEN *says, on 3rd August, O.S. p.* 442].

Thus being without any further hope of those Carracks; we resolved to return to Fayal, with intent to surprise the town. But, until the 9th of September, we had either the wind so contrary or the weather so calm, that, in all that time, we

made scarce nine or ten leagues' way, lingering up and down, not far from Pico.

The 10th September, being Wednesday, in the afternoon, we came again to Fayal road: whereupon, immediately, my Lord sent Captain LISTER, with one of the island of Graciosa, whom Captain MONSON had taken before, and some others towards Fayal. Whom, certain of the inhabitants met in a boat, and came with Captain LISTER, to my Lord. To whom, he gave this choice, "Either to suffer him quietly to enter into the platform [*battery*] there, without resistance; where he and his company would remain a space, without offering any injury to them, that they," the inhabitants, "might come unto him, and compound for the ransom of the town: or else, to stand to the hazard of war."

With these words, they returned to the town; but the keepers of the platform answered that "it was against their oath, and allegiance to King PHILIP, to give over without fight." [*These were the Portuguese inhabitants, not Spanish soldiers, see p.* 447.]

Whereupon, my Lord commanded the boats of every ship to be presently [*at once*] manned; and, soon after, landed his men on the sandy shore, under the side of a hill, about half a league to the northwards, from the platform. Upon the top of which hill, certain horsemen and footmen showed themselves. Two other companies also appeared, with ancients [*flags or ensigns*] displayed; the one before the town, upon the shore by the seaside, which marched towards our landing-place, as though they would encounter us; the other in a valley to the southwards of the platform, as if they would have come to help the townsmen. During which time, they in the platform, also played upon us with great ordnance.

Notwithstanding, my Lord, having set his men in order, marched along upon the sands, betwixt the sea and the town, towards the platform, for the space of a mile or more: and then (the shore growing rocky, and permitting no further progress without much difficulty) he entered into the town, and passed through the street without resistance, unto the platform. For those companies before mentioned, at my Lord's approach, were soon dispersed; and suddenly vanished.

Likewise they of the platform, being all fled, at my Lord's

coming thither, left him and his company to scale the walls, to enter and take possession without resistance.

In the meantime, our ships ceased not to batter the foresaid town and platform with great shot, till such time as we saw the Red Cross of England flourishing upon the forefront thereof.

This Fayal is the principal town in all that land, and is situated directly over against the high and mighty mountain Pico, lying towards the west-north-west, from that mountain: being divided therefrom by a narrow sea, which, at that place, is, by estimation, about some two or three leagues in breadth.

The town contained some three hundred households. Their houses were fair, strongly built of lime and stone, and double covered with hollow tiles, much like our roof tiles; but that they are less at one end than the other, in the manner of a concave semi-conical figure. The first course lieth with the hollow sides and great ends upward; the lesser end of one tile lying always within the greater end of the other, in such sort, as, all along the house from the roof to the eves, they make so many gutters as there are courses of tiles laid.

The second courses are laid with round sides, and lesser ends upwards, covering under their hollowness the edges of the former courses, in such sort that all the rain that falleth, slideth off from the backs of the tiles that are laid in the second courses, and runneth down the foresaid gutters, without taint or infection of mortar or mire; and so, being received into cisterns, supplieth very well their necessary uses of fresh water: whereof, otherwise, there is great want in that place.

Every house almost had, for this purpose, a cistern or well in a garden on the back side; in which gardens grew vines, with ripe clusters of grapes, making pleasant shadows; tobacco (now [*i.e.*, 1599] commonly known and used in England) wherewith their women there dye their faces reddish to make them seem fresh and young; Indian and common pepper, fig trees bearing both white and red figs, peach trees not growing very tall, oranges, lemons, quinces, potato roots [*i.e.*, *our potatoes*], &c. Sweet wood (cedar, I think) is very common there, even for building and firing.

My Lord having possessed himself of the town and platform, and being careful of the preservation of the town, gave commandment that "no mariner or soldier should enter into

any house to make spoil thereof." Especially, was he careful that the Churches, and Houses of Religion there, should be kept inviolate : which was accordingly performed through his appointment of guarders and keepers for those places. But the rest of the town (either for want of knowledge of the former inhibition, or for desire of spoil and prey) was rifled and ransacked by the soldiers and mariners ; who scarcely left any house unsearched : out of which they took such things as liked them, as chests of sweet wood, chairs, cloth, coverlets, hangings, bedding and apparel. And further, they ranged into the country ; where some of them also were hurt by the inhabitants.

The Friary there, containing and maintaining thirty Franciscan friars (amongst whom, we could not find any one able to speak true Latin), was built by a friar of Angra, in Terceira, of the same order, about the year of our Lord, 1506. The tables in the hall had seats for one side only, and were always covered, as ready at all times, for dinner or supper.

From Wednesday [10*th*] in the afternoon, at which time we entered the town, until Saturday night, we continued there; until the inhabitants had agreed and paid for the ransom of the town 2,000 ducats [= £533 6*s*. *then* = *about* £3,000 *now*] ; most part of which was church plate.

We found in the platform, fifty-eight iron pieces of ordnance; whereof three-and-twenty, as I remember, or more were mounted upon their carriages, between barricades, upon a platform [*battery*] towards the seaside. All which ordnance we took, and set the platform on fire ; and so departed.

My Lord having invited to dinner in the *Victory*, on the Sunday [14*th*] following, so many of the inhabitants as would willingly come, save only DIEGO GOMEZ the Governor (who came but once only to parlee about the ransom) : only four came, and were well entertained ; and solemnly dismissed with sound of drum and trumpets, and a peal of ordnance. To whom, my Lord delivered his letter, subscribed with his own hand, importing a request to all other Englishmen, to abstain from any further molesting of them; save only for fresh water, and victuals necessary for their intended voyage.

During our abode here, *viz*., 11th of September, two men came out of Pico, who had been prisoners there. Also, at Fayal, we set at liberty a prisoner translated from St. Jago;

who was cousin to a servant of Don ANTONIO, King of Portugal in England. These prisoners we detained with us.

On Monday [15*th*], we sent our boats ashore for fresh water, which, by reason of the rain that fell in the former night, came plentifully running down the hills; and would otherwise have been hard to get there.

On Tuesday [16*th*] likewise, not having yet sufficiently serve our turns, we sent again for fresh water: which was then not so easy to be got as the day before, by reason of a great wind; which, in the afternoon, increased also in such sort that we thought it not safe to ride so near the land. Whereupon we weighed anchor, and so departed north-west-by-west, along the coast of Fayal island.

Some of the inhabitants coming aboard to us, this day, told us that, always, about that time of the year, such west-south-west winds blew on that coast.

This day, as we sailed near Saint George's Island, a huge fish, lying still, a little under water or rather even therewith, appeared hard by, ahead of us; the sea break upon his back, which was black coloured, in such sort, as deeming, at the first, it had been a rock, and the ship stemning directly with him, we were put in a sudden fear for the time; till, soon after, we saw him move out of the way.

In the night of September 16th, it lightned much; whereupon, there followed great winds and rain, which continued September 17th–21st.

The 23rd of September, we came again into Fayal road, to weigh an anchor, which, for haste and fear of foul weather, we had left there before. Where we went ashore to see the town; the people, as we thought, having now settled themselves there again. But, notwithstanding, many of them, through too much distrustfulness, departed, or prepared to depart with their packets, at the first sight of us: until such time as they were assured by my Lord that our coming was not in any way to injure them; but especially [*principally*] to have fresh water and some other things needful for us, contenting them for the same.

So then we viewed the town quietly, and bought such things as we desired for our money, as if we had been in England: and they helped to fill us with fresh water; receiving for their pains, such satisfaction as contented them.

The 25th day, we were forced again to depart from thence, before we had sufficiently watered, by reason of a great tempest that suddenly arose in the night; insomuch that my Lord himself, soon after midnight, raised our men out of their cabins to weigh anchor: himself also together with them hauling at the capstan; and, after, cheering them up with wine.

The next day, we sent our caravel and *Saucy Jack* to the road of Saint Michael, to see what they could espy. We following after them, upon the 27th day, plying to and fro, came within sight of Saint Michael's; but, by contrary winds, the 28th–30th days, we were driven to leeward, and could not get near the island.

The 31st day, we sailed along Terceira; and even against Bresil (a promontory near to Angra, the strongest town in that island), we espied some boats coming to the town, and made towards them: but they being near to land, they ran to shore and escaped us.

In the afternoon, we came near to Graciosa, whereupon my Lord forthwith sent Captain LISTER to the islanders, to let them understand that his desire was only to have water and wine of them and some fresh victuals; and not any further to trouble them. They answered "They could give no resolute answer to this demand until the Governor of the island had consulted thereupon; and therefore desired him to send again the next day."

Upon the 1st of October, early in the morning, we sent forth our long boat and pinnace with empty caske, and about some fifty or sixty men; together with the *Margaret* and Captain DAVIS his ship: for we now wanted [*were without*] all the rest of our consorts.

But when our men would have landed, the islanders shot at them, and would not suffer them: and troops of men appeared upon land, with ancients [*flags*] displayed to resist us. So our boats rowed along the shore to find some place where they might land without too much disadvantage; our ships and they still shooting at the islanders: but no place could be found where they might land without great peril of losing many of their lives. So they were constrained to retire, without receiving any answer, as was promised the day before.

We had three men hurt in this conflict. Whilst our boats

were together in consulting what was best to be done, two of them were struck with a great shot [*of a gun*] which the islanders drew from place to place with oxen; wherewith the one lost his hand, and the other his life within two or three days after. The third was shot in his neck with a small shot, without any great hurt.

With this news, our company returned back again at night; whereupon preparation was made to go to them again the next day. But the day was far spent before we could come near them with our ship; neither could we find any good ground to anchor in, where we might lie to to batter the town: and further, we could find no landing-place, without great danger to lose many men; which might turn not only to the overthrow of our voyage, but also put the Queen's ship in great peril, for want of men to bring her home.

Therefore my Lord thought it best to write to them to this effect, that "He could not a little marvel at their inhumanity and cruelty, which they had showed towards his men; seeing they were sent by him unto them in peaceable manner, to receive their answer which they had promised to give, the day before: and that were it not for Don ANTONIO, their lawful King his sake, he could not put up so great injury at their hands, without just revengement upon them. Notwithstanding, for Don ANTONIO his sake, whose friend he was, he was yet content to send to them, once again, for their answer."

At night, Captain LISTER returned with this answer from them, that "The gunner shot off one of their pieces which was charged with powder only, and was stopped; which our men thinking it had been shot at them, shot again, and so began the fight: and that the next morning, they would send my Lord a resolute answer to his demand; for, as yet, they could not know their Governor's mind herein."

The next morning, there came unto us a boat from the shore, with a flag of truce; wherein were three of the chief men of the island: who agreed with my Lord that he should have of them, sixty butts of wine and fresh victuals, to refresh himself and his company withal: but, as for fresh water, they could not satisfy our need therein, having themselves little or none, saving such as they saved in vessels or cisterns, when it rained; and they had rather give us two tuns of wine than one of water. But they requested that our

soldiers might not come on shore, for they themselves would bring all they had promised to the water side. Which request was granted, we keeping one of them aboard with us until this promise was performed, and the others we sent to shore, with our empty caske, and some of our men to help to fill and bring them away, with such other provision as was promised. So the *Margaret*, Captain DAVIS his ship, and another of Weymouth stayed, riding at anchor before the town, to take in our provision: but we, with the *Victory*, put off to sea. [*See p.* 446.] This ship of Weymouth came to us the day before, and had taken a rich prize worth, as it was reported, £16,000 [=£96,000 *now*]: which brought us news that the West Indian Fleet was not yet come, but would come very shortly. But we, with the *Victory*, put off to sea.

And upon Saturday, the 4th of October, we took a French ship of St. Malo (a city of the unholy League) laden with fish from Newfoundland; which had been in so great a tempest that she was constrained to cut her mainmast overboard for her safety, and was now coming to Graciosa to repair herself. But so hardly it befell her, that she did not only not repair her former losses; but lost all that remained, to us. The chief of her men we took into our ship; and sent some of our men, mariners and soldiers into her, to bring her to England.

Upon the Sunday following, at night, all our promised provisions were brought unto us from Graciosa; and we friendly dismissed the islanders with a peal of ordnance.

Upon Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday we plied to and fro, about those islands; being very rough weather.

Upon Thursday [*9th of October*], at night, being driven some three or four leagues from Terceira; we saw fifteen sail of the West Indian Fleet coming into the haven of Angra in Terceira. But the wind was such, that, for the space of four days after, though we lay as close by the wind as was possible, yet we could not come near them. In this time, we lost our French prize, not being able to lie so near the wind as we: and heard no more of her till we came to England, where she safely arrived.

Upon Monday [*13th of October*], we came very near the haven's mouth; being minded to have run in amongst them, and to have fetched out some of them, if it had been possible. But in the end, the enterprise was deemed too dangerous,

considering the strength of the place where they rode; being hauled and towed in nearer the town, at the first sight of our approaching, and lying under the protection of the Castle of Bresil on the one side, having in it twenty-five pieces of ordnance; and a Fort on the other side, wherein were thirteen or fourteen great brass pieces.

Besides, when we came near land, the wind proved too scant for us to attempt any such enterprise.

Upon Tuesday, the 14th of October, we sent our boat to the road, to sound the depth, to see if there were any anchoring-place for us, where we might be without the shot of the Castle and the Fort, and within shot of some of those ships, that we might either make them come out to us, or sink them where they lay. Our boat returned, having found out such a place as we desired; but the wind would not suffer us to come near it: and again, if we could have anchored there, it was thought likely that they would rather run themselves aground to save their lives and liberty and some of their goods, than come forth to lose their liberties and goods to us, their enemies. So we shot at them, to see if we could reach them; but it fell far short.

And thus we departed; thinking it not probable that they would come forth so long as we watched for them, before the haven mouth or within sight of them. For the space of five days after, we put off to sea, and lay out of sight of them; and sent a pinnace to lie out of sight, close by the shore, to bring us word if they should come forth. After a while, the pinnace returned, and told us that those ships in the haven had taken down their sails and let down their topmasts: so that we supposed they would never come forth, till they perceived us to be quite gone. [*They left on 27th of October, see p.* 449*; and were nearly all taken by the English.*]

Wherefore, on the 20th of October, hearing that there were certain Scottish ships at St. Michael's, we sailed thither, and found there one Scottish roader [*i.e., ship in the road*]; and two or three more at Villa Franca, the next road, a league or two from the town of St. Michael's to the eastward: of whom, we had, for our relief, some small quantity of wine, *viz.*, some five or six butts of them all; and some fresh water: but nothing sufficient to serve our turn.

Upon Tuesday, the 21st of October, we sent our long boat

to shore for fresh water, at a brook a little to the westward of Villa Franca: but the inhabitants espying us, came down with two ancients [*ensigns*] displayed, and about some 150 armed men, to withstand our landing. So our men having spent all their powder upon them, in attempting to land, and not being able to prevail at so great odds; returned frustrate.

From thence, we departed towards St. Mary's Island, minding to water there, and then to go for the coast of Spain. For we had intelligence that it was a place of no great force, and that we might water there very well.

Therefore, upon Friday following [*25th of October*], my Lord sent Captain LISTER, and Captain, now Sir AMIAS, PRESTON (who, not long before, came to us out of his own ship; and she losing us in the night, he was forced to tarry still with us) with our long boat and pinnace, and some sixty or seventy shot in them; both, with a friendly letter to the islanders that they would grant us leave to water, and we would no further trouble them. So we departed from the *Victory*, for the island, about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and rowed freshly until about three o'clock in the afternoon. At which time, our men being something weary with rowing, and being within a league or two of the shore and four or five leagues from the *Victory*, they espied, to their refreshing, two ships riding at anchor hard under the town: whereupon, having shifted some six or seven of our men into Captain DAVIS's boat, being too much pestered [*crowded*] in our own; and retaining with us some twenty shot in the pinnace, we made way towards them, with all the speed we could.

By the way, as we rowed, we saw boats passing betwixt the roaders and the shore, and men, in their shirts, swimming and wading to the shore; who, as we perceived afterwards were labouring to set those ships fast on ground: and the inhabitants also, as busily preparing themselves for the defence of these roaders, their island, and themselves.

When we came near them, Captain LISTER commanded the trumpets to be sounded; but prohibited any shot to be discharged at them until they had direction from him: but some of the company, either not well perceiving or regarding what he said, immediately, upon the sound of the trumpets, discharged their pieces at the islanders, who, for the most part, lay in trenches and fenced places unseen, to their own

best advantage: who immediately shot likewise at us, both with small and great shot, without danger to themselves.

Notwithstanding, Captain LISTER earnestly hastened forward the sailors that rowed, who began to shrink at the shot flying so fast about their ears; and he first entering one of the ships, that lay a little further from the shore, we speedily followed after him into her; still plying them with our shot. And having cut in sunder her cables and hawsers, we towed her away with our pinnace.

In the meantime, Captain DAVIS his boat overtook us, and entered into the other ship; which also, as the former, was forsaken by all her men. But they were constrained to leave her, and to come again into their boat, whilst shot and stones from the shore flew fast amongst them, finding her to stick so fast aground that they could not stir her: which the townsmen also perceiving, and seeing that they were but few in number, and that we, busied about the other ship, not coming to aid them, were preparing to have come and taken them. But they returned to us: and so together we came away towards the *Victory*, towing after us the prize we had now taken; which was lately come from Brazil, laden with sugar.

In this fight, we had two men slain, and sixteen wounded. And as for them, it is likely they had little hurt, lying, for the most part, behind stone walls, which were built, one above another, hard by the seaside, upon the end of the hill whereupon the town stood, betwixt two valleys. Upon the top of the hill lay their great ordnance, such as they had: wherewith they shot leaden bullets, whereof one pierced through the prize's side, and lay still in the ship, without doing any more harm.

The next day, we went again for water to the same island; but, not knowing before the inconvenience and disadvantage of the place, where we attempted to land; we returned frustrate. [*See p.* 446.]

The same night, 25th of October, we departed for St. George's Island for fresh water; whither we came on Monday following 27th of October: and having espied where a spout of water came running down, the pinnace and long boat were presently manned and sent under the conduct of Captain PRESTON and Captain MONSON; by whom, my Lord sent a letter to the

islanders as before, to grant us leave only to water, and we would no further trouble them. Notwithstanding, our men coming on shore, found some of the poor islanders; who, for fear of us, hid themselves amongst the rocks.

And on the Wednesday following [29th], our boats returned with fresh water; whereof they brought only six tuns for the *Victory*, alleging they could get no more, thinking, as it was supposed, that my Lord having no more provision of water and wine, but only twelve tuns, would not go for the coast of Spain, but straight for the coast of England; as many of our men greatly desired. Notwithstanding, my Lord was unwilling so to do, and was minded, the next day, to have taken in more water; but, through the roughness of the seas and wind, and the unwillingness of his men, it was not done.

Yet my Lord purposed not to return with so much provision unspent; and his voyage, as he thought, not yet performed, in such sort as might give some reasonable contentment or satisfaction to himself and others.

Therefore, because no more water could now conveniently be gotten, and being uncertain when it could be gotten, and the time of our staying abroad also uncertain, the matter being referred to the choice of the whole company, "Whether they would tarry longer till we might be more sufficiently provided of fresh water; or go, by the coast of Spain, for England, with half so much allowance of drink as before?" They willingly agreed that every mease [*mess*] should be allowed at one meal but half so much drink as they were accustomed, except those that were sick or wounded; and so to go for England, taking the coast of Spain in our way, to see if we could, that way, make up our voyage.

Upon Saturday, 31st of October [*O.S.*], we sent the *Margaret*, because she leaked much, direct for England; together with the prize of Brazil, which we took at St. Mary's: and in them, some of our hurt and wounded men, or men otherwise sick, were sent home, as they desired, for England.

But we held on our course for the coast of Spain, with a fair and a large wind; which before we seldom had. And, upon Tuesday following, 4th of November, we espied a sail right before us, which we chased till about three o'clock in

the afternoon: at which time, we on overtaking her, she struck sail; and being demanded, "Who was her owner, and from whence was she?" They answered, "A Portuguese, and from Pernambuco in Brazil."

She was a ship of some 110 tons burden, freighted with 410 chests of sugar, and 50 quintals [*about three tons*] of Brazil wood. We took her in 29° N., about 200 leagues from Lisbon westward. Captain PRESTON was presently sent unto her; who brought the principal of her men aboard the *Victory*: and certain of our men (mariners and soldiers) were sent aboard her. The Portuguese of this prize told us that "They saw another ship before them, that day about noon."

Having therefore despatched all things about the prize aforesaid, and left our long boat with Captain DAVIS, taking his lesser boat with us; we made way after this other ship, with all the sails we could bear; holding our course due east: and giving order to Captain DAVIS his ship and the prize that they should follow us, due east; and that if they had sight of us, the following morning, they should follow us still, if not, they should go for England.

The next morning, we espied not the sail which we chased; and Captain DAVIS his ship and the prize were behind us, out of sight.

But the next, Thursday, 6th of November, being in 38° 30′ N. Lat. and about some sixty leagues from Lisbon westward, early in the morning, Captain PRESTON descried a sail some two or three leagues ahead of us. After which, we presently hastened our chase; and overtook her about eight or nine o'clock before noon. She came lately from St. Michael's road; having been before at Brazil, and was ladened with sugar and Brazil [wood].

Having sent our boat to them, to bring some of the chief of their men aboard the *Victory*; in the meantime, whilst they were in coming to us, one out of the maintop espied another sail ahead, some three or four leagues from us.

So immediately, upon the return of our boat, having sent her back with some of our men aboard the prize; we pursued speedily this new chase, with all the sails we could pack on, and about two o'clock in the afternoon overtook her. She had made provision to fight with us, having hung the sides of the ship so thick with hides, wherewith especially she was

ladened, that musket shot could not have pierced them: but, ere we had discharged two great pieces of our ordnance at her, she struck sail; and approaching nearer, we asking "Whence they were?" They answered, "From the West Indies, and from Mexico. From St. John de Lowe [*St. Juan d'Ulloa, near Vera Cruz*]."

This ship was of some 300 or 400 tons, and had in her 700 hides, worth 10*s.* [= £3 *now*] a piece; six chests of cochineal, every chest holding 100 lbs. weight, and every pound worth 26*s.* 8*d.* [*the* 600 *lbs.* = £800 *then* = £4,800 *now*], and certain chests of sugar and china dishes; with some plate and silver. The captain of her was an Italian; and, by his behaviour, seemed to be a grave, wise, and civil man. He had put in adventure in this ship, 25,000 ducats [= £6,700 *then* = *about* £40,000 *now*].

We took him, with certain other of her chiefest men, which were Spaniards, into the *Victory*: and Captain LISTER, with so many other of the chiefest of our mariners, to the number of twenty or thereabouts, were sent into her. In the meantime, we staying; our other prizes which followed after, came up to us.

And now we had our hands full, and with joy shaped our course for England: for so it was thought meetest (having now so many Portuguese, Spaniards, and Frenchmen amongst us) that if we should have taken any more prizes afterwards, we had not been well able to have manned them; without endangering ourselves.

So, about six o'clock in the afternoon, when our other prize had overtaken us, we set sail for England. But our prizes not being able to bear us company without [our] sparing them many of our sails: which would cause our ship to roll and wallow, in such sort as it was not only very troublesome to us; but, as it was thought, would have put the mainmast in danger of falling overboard. Having acquainted them with these inconveniences; we gave them direction to keep their course together, following us, and so to come to Portsmouth.

We took this last prize in 39° N. Lat.; and about 46 leagues westwards from the Rock [of Lisbon]. She was one of those sixteen ships, which we saw going into the haven at Angra in Terceira, on the 8th of October. Some of

the men that we took out of her, told us that "Whilst we were plying up and down before that haven," as before was showed, "expecting the coming forth of those ships; three of the greatest and best of them, at the appointment of the Governor of Terceira, were unladened of their treasure and merchandise; and in every [*each*] of them, were put three hundred soldiers, which were appointed to have come and lay the *Victory* aboard in the night, and take her; but when this should have been done; the *Victory* had gone out of their sight." [*See p.* 449.]

Now we went merrily before the wind, with all the sails we could bear; insomuch that in the space of twenty-four hours, we sailed nearly forty-seven leagues, that is, seven score English miles, betwixt Friday at noon and Saturday at noon; notwithstanding the ship was very foul, and much grown, with long being at sea: which caused some of our company to make account they should see what running of the tilt there should be at Whitehall, upon the Queen's Day [*17th November*]. Others were imagining what a Christmas they would keep in England, with their shares of the prizes we had taken. But it so befell, that we kept a cold Christmas with the "Bishop and his Clerks;" rocks that lie to the westwards from Scilly [Islands], and the western parts of England.

For, soon after, the wind scanting, came about to the Eastward; the worst part of the heavens for us, from which the wind could blow; in such sort, that we could not fetch any part of England. And hereupon, also, our allowance of drink, which was scant enough before, was yet more scantened, because of the scarcity thereof: so that, now, a man was allowed but half a pint at a meal; and that, many times, cold water, and scarcely sweet. Notwithstanding this was a happy estate, in comparison to that which followed.

For from half a pint, we came to a quarter, and that lasted not long either: so that (by reason of this great scarcity of drink, and the contrariety of the wind) we thought to put into Ireland, there to relieve our wants. But when we came near thither, lying "at hull" at night (tarrying for the daylight of the next morning, whereby we might the safelier bring our ship into some convenient harbour there), we were driven so far to leeward, that we could fetch no part of Ireland.

So as, with heavy hearts and sad cheer, we were constrained to return back again; and expect, till it should please GOD to send us a fair wind either for England or Ireland. In the meantime, we were allowed every man three or four spoonsful of vinegar, to drink at a meal: for other drink we had none; saving only at two or three meals, when we had, instead thereof, as much wine, which was wringed out of the wine lees that remained.

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

Others, that were more ingenious, fastened girdles or ropes about the masts, daubing tallow betwixt them and the mast, that the rain might not run down between; in such sort, that those ropes or girdles hanging lower on the one side than on the other, a spout of leather was fastened to the lowest part of them, that all the raindrops that came running down the mast, might meet together at that place, and there be received.

He that got a can of water by these means, was spoken of, sued to, and envied as a rich man.

Quam pulchrum digito monstrari et dicere hic est.

Some of the poor Spaniards that we had taken (who, notwithstanding, had the same allowance that our own men had) would come and crave of us, for the love of GOD! but so much water as they could hold in the hollow of their hand: and they had it, notwithstanding our great extremity; to teach them some humanity, instead of their accustomed barbarity, both to us and other nations heretofore. They also put bullets of lead in their mouths, to slack their thirst.

Now, in every corner of the ship, were heard the lamentable cries of sick and wounded men, sounding woefully in our ears; crying out and pitifully complaining for want of drink; being ready to die. Yea, many dying for lack thereof; so that, by reason of this great extremity we lost many more men than we had done in all the voyage before: having, before this time, been so well and sufficiently provided for, that we lived, in a manner, as well and as healthfully, and as few died, as if we had been in England; whereas now, lightly, every day, some were cast overboard.

[The crew, must, ere this, have bitterly repented the folly of their passive resistance to getting a full supply of water at St. George's Island on the 25th of October, *see p.* 383.]

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

Yet should we have fared the better with this our poor feasting, if we might have had our meat and drink (such, and so much as it was) stand quietly before us: but, besides all former extremities, we were so tossed and turmoiled with such horrible stormy and tempestuous weather, that every man had best hold fast his can, cup, or dish in his hands; yea, and himself too, many times, by the ropes, rails, or sides of the ship, or else he should soon find all under foot.

Herewith, our mainsail was torn from the yard, and blown overboard quite away into the sea without recovery: and our other sails so rent and torn, from side to side some of them, that hardly any of them escaped whole. The raging waves and foaming surges of the sea came rolling, like mountains, one after another; and over-raked the waist of the ship, like a mighty river running over it; whereas, in fair weather, it was nearly twenty feet above the water: and now, we might well cry out with the poet:

Heu misero quanti montes voluntur aquarum,
Jam, jam tacturos sidera summa putes.
Heu misero quanto subsidunt æquore valles,
Jam, jam tactura tartara nigra putes.

Yea, rather with the princely Prophet, *Psalm* cvii. 26: "They mount up to heaven, and descend to the deep; so that their souls melteth away for trouble: they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and all their cunning is gone."

With this extremity of foul weather, the ship was so tossed and shaken, that (by the cracking noise it made, and by the leaking, which was much more than ordinary) we were in great fear, it would have shaken in sunder. So that now also, we had just cause to pray a little otherwise than the poet; though marring his verse, yet mending by the meaning.

DEUS maris et cœli, quid enim nisi vota supersunt,
Solvere quassatæ parcite membra ratis.

Notwithstanding, it please GOD, of His great goodness, to deliver us out of this danger.

Then forthwith, a new mainsail was made and fastened to the yard; and the rest repaired, as time and place would suffer: which we had no sooner done, but yet, again, we were troubled with as great extremity as before. So that again, we were like to have lost our new mainsail; had not Master WILLIAM ANTONY, the Master of the ship, himself (when none else would, or durst) ventured upon the mainyard, which was let down close to the rails, to gather the sail up out of the sea, and to fasten it thereto; being in the meanwhile, ofttimes ducked, over head and ears, in the sea.

These storms were so terrible, that there were some in our company, who confessed they had gone to sea for the space of twenty years, and had never seen the like: and vowed that if ever they returned safe home, they would never come to sea again.

The 30th of November, at night, we met with an English ship, out of which (because it was too late that night) it was agreed that we should have had the next morning, two or three tuns of wine, which, they said, "was all the provision of drink they had, save only a butt or two, which they must needs reserve for their own use." But, after that, we heard no more of them, till they were set on ground [*landed*] upon the coast of Ireland: when it appeared that they might have spared us much more than they pretended they could; so that they might well have relieved our great necessities, and have had sufficient for themselves besides, to bring them to England.

The 1st of December, at night, we spoke with another English ship, and had some beer out of her; but not sufficient to carry us to England, so, that we were constrained to put into Ireland; the wind so serving.

The next day, we came to an anchor, not far from the Skelitee under the land and wind; where we had somewhat more quiet.

But that being no safe harbour to ride in, the next morning, we went about to weigh anchor; but, having some of our men hurt at the capstan, we were fain to give over, and leave it behind; holding on our course to Ventre [*Ventrey*] haven, where we safely arrived the same day: that place being a very safe and convenient harbour for us; that now might sing, as we had just cause, "They that go down to the sea, &c."

So soon as we had anchored here, my Lord went forthwith to the shore; and brought in presently fresh water and fresh victuals, as muttons [*sheep*], pigs, hens, &c., to refresh his company withal.

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

Soon after, the sick and wounded men were carried to the

next principal town, called Dingleacush, being about three miles to the Eastward of the foresaid haven, where our ship rode; that there, they might be the better refreshed: and had the surgeons, daily to attend upon them.

Here, we well refreshed ourselves, whilst the Irish harp sounded sweetly in our ear: and here, we, who (for the former extremities) were, in a manner, half dead, had our lives, as it were, restored to us again.

This Dingleacush is the chief town in all that part of Ireland. It consisteth but of one main street, from whence some smaller do proceed. On either side, it hath had gates, as it seemeth, in times past; at either end, to open and shut as a town of war: and a Castle too. The houses are very strongly built with thick stone walls, and narrow windows like unto castles: for, as they confessed, in time of trouble, by reason of the wild Irish or otherwise, they use their houses for their defence as castles.

The Castle and all the houses in the town, save four, were won, burnt, and ruinated by the Earl of DESMOND. These four houses fortified themselves against him; and withstood him and all his power, so that he could not win then. There yet remaineth a thick stone wall, that passeth overthwart the midst of the street; which was a part of their fortification. Notwithstanding whilst they thus defended themselves, they were driven, as some of them, yet alive, confessed, to as great extremities as the Jews were, when besieged by Titus, the Roman Emperor: insomuch that they were constrained to eat dead men's carcases for hunger. The town is again somewhat repaired; but, in effect, there remain but the ruins of the former town.

Commonly, they have no chimneys in their houses, excepting those of the better sort; so that the smoke was very troublesome to us, while we continued there. Their fuel is turf, which they have very good; and whinnes or furs. There groweth little wood thereabouts; which maketh building chargeable there: as also the want of lime, as they reported; which they are fain to fetch from far, when they have need thereof. But of stones, there is store enough: so that, they commonly make their hedges, to part each man's ground from another's, with them: and the ground seemeth to be nothing

else within, but rocks and stones. Yet it is very fruitful and plentiful of grass and grain, as may appear by the abundance of kine and cattle there; insomuch that we had good muttons [*sheep*], though somewhat less than ours in England, for 2*s*. [=12*s*. *now*] or five groats [1*s*. 8*d*. *then*=10*s*. *now*] a piece; good pigs, and hens, for 3*d*. [=1*s*. 6*d*. *now*] a piece.

Their great want is industrious, powerful, and husbandly inhabitants to till and trim the ground; for the common sort, if they can provide sufficient to serve from hand to mouth, take no further care.

Of money, as it seemeth, there is very small store amongst them: which, perhaps, was the cause that made them double and triple [*treble*] the prices of many things we bought of them; more than they were before our coming thither.

Good land was here to be had for four pence [=2s. *now*] the acre, yearly rent. There are mines of alum, tin, brass, and iron. We saw stones there as clear as crystal, naturally squared like diamonds.

That part of the country is all full of great mountains and hills; from whence, came running down the pleasant streams of sweet fresh running water.

[This luscious description of Spring Water was, doubtless, excited by the Writer's recollections of his former thirst.]

The natural hardness of that nation appeareth in this, that their small children run usually, in the midst of winter, up and down the streets, barefooted and bare-legged; with no other apparel, many times, save only a mantle to cover their nakedness.

The chief officer of their town, they call their "Sovereign"; who hath the same office and authority among them, that our Mayors have with us in England: and hath his Sergeants to attend upon him and bear the mace before him, as our Mayors.

We were first entertained at the "Sovereign's" house; which was one of the four that withstood the Earl of DESMOND, in his rebellion.

They have the same form of *Common Prayer*, word for word in Latin, as we have here in England. Upon the Sunday, the "Sovereign" cometh into the Church, with his Sergeant

before him; and the Sheriffs and others of the town accompany him: and there, they kneel down, every man by himself, privately to make his own prayers. After this, they rise and go out of the Church again to drink: which being done, they returned again into the Church; and then the Minister beginneth Prayers.

Their manner of baptizing differeth something from ours. Part of the service belonging thereto, is repeated in Latin; and part in Irish [*Erse*]. The Minister taketh the child in his hands; and first dippeth it backwards, and then forwards, over head and ears into the cold water, in the midst of winter: whereby also may appear their natural hardness, as before was specified.

They had neither bell, drum, nor trumpet, to call the parishioners together: but they expect [*wait*] till their "Sovereign" comes; and then, they that have any devotion, follow him.

They make their bread all in cakes; and, for the tenth part, the bakers bake for all the town.

We had of them some ten or eleven tuns of beer, for the *Victory*; but it proved like a present [*instant*] purgation to them that took it; so that we chose rather to drink water than it.

The 20th of December, we loosed from hence, having provided ourselves with fresh water, and other necessary things; being accompanied by Sir EDWARD DENNY, his lady, and two young sons.

This day, in the morning, my Lord going ashore, to despatch away speedily some fresh water that remained for the *Victory*, the wind being very fair for us; brought us news that there were Sixty Spanish prizes taken, and brought to England.

For two or three days, we had a fair wind; but, after, it scanted so, that, as I said before, we were fain to keep a cold Christmas, with the "Bishop and his Clerks."

After this, we met with an English ship that brought us the joyful news of Ninety-one Spanish prizes that were come to England: and also sorrowful news withal, that the last and best prize we took [*that came from the West Indies, see p.* 385], had suffered shipwreck at a place upon the coast of

Cornwall, which the Cornish men call Als Efferne, that is, "Hell Gate;" and that Captain LISTER and all the men in the ship were drowned, save five or six (the one half English; the other, Spanish) that saved themselves with swimming. Notwithstanding, much of the goods were saved and reserved for us, by Sir FRANCIS GODOLPHIN and the worshipful gentlemen of the country there.

My Lord was very sorry for Captain LISTER's death; wishing that he had "lost" his voyage [*i.e., come home empty handed*] to have saved his life.

The 29th of December, we met with another ship that told us the same news; and that Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, and Captain REYMOND had taken the admiral and vice-admiral of the fleet that we espied going into Terceira haven. But the admiral was sunk, with much leaking, near the Iddy Stone [*Eddystone*], a rock that lieth over against Plymouth Sound; but the men were saved. This ship also certified us, that Captain [, afterward Sir AMIAS] PRESTON's ship had taken a prize ladened with silver.

My Lord entered presently into this ship, and went to Falmouth; and we held on our course for Plymouth.

At night, we came near the Ram Head, the next Cape westward from Plymouth Sound; but we were afraid to double it in the night: misdoubting the scantness of the wind. So we stood off to sea, half the night; and towards morning, had the wind more large, and made too little spare thereof; that partly for this cause, and partly through mistaking the land, we were driven so much to leeward that we could not double that Cape.

Therefore we returned back again, and came into Falmouth haven; where we struck on ground, in seventeen feet of water: but it was a low ebb, and ready again to flow, and the ground soft; so that no hurt was done.

Here, with gladness, we set foot again upon the long desired English ground; and refreshed ourselves, with keeping part of Christmas upon our native soil.

Anonymous.

Early Seventeenth Century Poems.

[*Egerton* MS., 2,013.]

Where the names of the composers of the Music with which these poems are associated are given in this Manuscript, they are inserted above the poems, as at *pp.* 35–50.

STAY, stay, old TIME! Repose thy restless wings!
Pity thyself! though thou obdurate be,
And wilfully wear'st out all other things.
Stay! and behold a face, which, but to see,
Will make thee shake off half a world of days!
And wearied pinions, feather with new plumes!

Lay down thy sandy glass, that never stays!
And cruel crooked scythe, that all consumes!
To gaze on her, more lovely than APOLLO.
Renew thyself! Continue still her youth,
O, stay with her! (and him no longer follow)
That is as beauteous as thy darling TRUTH!

Dr. JOHN WILSON.

GO! TURN away those cruel eyes!
For they have quite undone me;
They used not so to tyrannize,
When first those glances won me.

But 'tis the custom of you men!
False men! thus to deceive us;
To love but till we love again,
And then again you leave us.

Go! Let alone my heart and me!
Which thou hast thus affrighted;
I did not think I could, by thee!
Have been so ill requited;
But now I find, 'tis I must prove
That men have no compassion;
When we are won, you never love
Poor women, but for fashion.

Do recompense my love with hate!
And kill my heart! I'm sure
Thou'lt one day say, when 'tis too late,
"Thou never hadst a truer!"

WE MUST not part, as others do,
With sighs and tears, as we were two.
Though with these outward forms, we part;
We keep each other in our heart.
What search hath found a being, where
I am not, if that thou be there?

True love hath wings, and can as soon
Survey the world, as sun and moon;
And everywhere our triumphs keep
Over absence, which makes others weep:
By which alone a power is given
To live on earth, as they in heaven.

IN love with you, I all things else do hate;
I hate the Sun, that shows me not your face!
I hate my Stars, that make my fault my fate.
Not having you! I hate both Time and Place.
I hate Opinion, for her nice respects,
The chiefest hinderer of my dear delight;
I hate Occasion, for his lame defects;
I hate that Day worse than the blackest night,
Whose progress ends, and brings me not to you!
I hate the Night, because her sable wings
Aids not love, but hides you from my view.
I hate my Life, and hate all other things;
And Death I hate, and yet I know not why,
But that, because you live, I would not die.

O that this last "Farewell!"
Could from my lips more gently part!
And were not such a deadly spell,
As spoken, it must break my heart.

Or that the Clue of Love
By her unkindness were so worn,
As heart from heart might, hurtless, move,
And neither, in themselves, be torn.

But never fear her heart!
In that it has not wrought so deep:
For though, to me, the word "Depart"
Be death; to her, it is but sleep.

The loss thus only mine,
Let me at once be rather rent;
Than languishing away, to pine,
And with her hectic scorn, be spent.

Then, take this last "Farewell!"
First unto you! and then to love!
He need not fear another hell,
Who both their heats at once doth prove.

BLow there! sweet ZEPHYRUS! where thou shalt find
A breath more aromatic than thy wind,
When through the Arabian coast perfumed it flies
By spicy flames in which the Phœnix dies.
Blow there! and add unto thy sweetness store;
Such as when she is not, shall be no more.

Cavern it up! and keep that sovereign breath
To purify the air in time of death.
Blow there! and in soft language, spoken low,
Thou gentle Air! in secret, make her know;
How, like the Phœnix, I do sacrifice
My heart to her, inflamèd by her eyes.

JOHN HILTON.

NO SAD thought, his soul affright!
Sleep it is, that maketh night.
Let no murmur, nor rude wind,
To his slumbers prove unkind!
But a choir of angels make
His dream of heaven! and let him wake
To as many joys as can,
In this world, befall a man!

JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.

Return Voyage from Goa to Enkhuisen.

1588-1592 A.D.

Notice, in the end of this Narrative, the antithesis between the Queen's ships and the King's ships, *i.e.*, ELIZABETH's and PHILIP II.'s: the one fighting for the liberty of the whole world, the other yet further for its enslavement.

THIS news [*i.e., of the death of his master, the Archbishop of the Indies, on the 4th of August* 1587, *which reached Goa in September* 1588, *see p.* 333] made many sorrowful hearts in India of such as were his well-willers and friends: and, to the contrary, such as hated him were glad and rejoiced; because he had been earnest to reprehend and correct them for their faults. But none lost more by it than we, that were his servants, who looked for great preferment by him; as without doubt he meant to have obtained it of the King, as being one of the principal occasions of his going into Portugal: but death altered all.

And although, at that time, my meaning and intent was to stay the coming [back] of my Lord Archbishop; and to continue longer there, yea, possibly, while I lived: yet, upon this news, I was wholly altered in my purpose; and a horrible fear came upon me, when I called to mind what I had passed, touching the things I was desirous to bring to pass. And although I had means enough there, to get my living in good sort; being, as it were, one of those countrymen, and so, in all places well esteemed and accounted of: yet those persuasions were not of force enough, once to dissuade me from the pretence and desire I had to see my native country. So that it seemed, my GOD had opened mine eyes; and, by my Lord's

death, made me more clear of sight, and to call my native soil unto remembrance: which, before, was so darkened that I had almost forgotten it; and stood in hazard never to see it any more, if my Lord had lived, and returned home again [to Goa].

But to avoid all occasions and inconveniences that might happen, and daily offered themselves to me, I resolutely determined to depart: whereunto I sought all the means and necessary occasions I could find, to bring it to pass. And that which persuaded me most thereunto, was the loss of my brother, WILLIAM TIN, that had been with me in India [*pp.* 17, 31]: who, sailing from Setubal, in Portugal, towards Hamburg, taking his course on the back side of England [*i.e., round Ireland and Scotland*], was cast away; and neither ship nor men could ever be heard of.

Being in this resolution, it chanced that a ship, by authority of the Viceroy, and at the request of the Farmers of Pepper, was appointed to sail for Portugal; because there was so great a quantity of pepper to be laden, that the Portuguese ships [*i.e., the Fleet of Carracks*], at that time, could not take it in. Although the ships are purposely sent to lade pepper, with licence from the King, that there may no more but five ships lade every year; whereunto, the Factors do bind themselves: yet if there be any goods in India, as pepper and other wares, which these ships cannot take in; then the Farmers of Pepper and the King's Officers may buy one or two ships, and make them ready for the purpose to take it in, so that the ships be found that be sufficient. Which if the Factors refuse, then the Viceroy and the King's Officers may freight as many ships as they think good, and as they find fit to take it in; and lade them with the Farmers' pepper or any other goods that are there to be laden: so it be after the five ships are laden by the Farmers. And all this, for the profit of the King, without let or hindrance of the said Farmers.

In this sort, as I said before, there was a ship, called the *Santa Cruz*, that was built in Cochin by the King of the Malabars (and called after the name of the town of *Cochin*, that was likewise, by the Portuguese, called *Santa Cruz*), which the King of the Malabars made in honour of the Portuguese, because he hath brotherly alliance with them,

and is called "Our Brother in arms" by the King of Portugal.

The same ship, being of 1,600 tons, he had sold to a Portuguese, that therewith had made a voyage into China and Japan; and because it was strong and good, and so, fit to make a voyage to Portugal; and because (as I said before) there was more pepper than the Portuguese ships could take in: the Farmers of Pepper were desirous to buy it, and besought the Viceroy to let them have it; according to the contents of their composition [*contract*] and the King's Ordinance.

Whereupon, the Viceroy caused the Farmers of the Ships to be called together, and signified unto them what the request of the Farmers of Pepper was, that is to say, that the ship should be bought, according to the King's Ordinance, forasmuch as necessity did so require it, and they had refused to use it, saying that "it was not fit for them": and so desired, in respect of the King's interest in the pepper, the ship might be bought accordingly; always provided, that the King's Ordinance, who granted them their Privilege, might be kept and observed, viz., that their ships might first have their lading, and be first despatched.

And although they that had bought it of the owners, for 10,000 ducats [=£2,660 13*s*. 4*d*. *then* = *about* £16,000 *now*] ready money, were in doubt that they should find wares enough to lade it withal: yet, in the end, it was, in a manner, laden as well as the other ships were.

Now it was agreed by the owners that sold it, that the Master Gunner and Chief Boatswain should keep their places still within the ship; as they had, when it sailed to China and Japan. The Gunner's name was DERICK GARRITSON, of Enkhuisen; who, after he had been twenty years in India, was minded, as then, to sail in that ship for Portugal: with whom, because of old acquaintance and for his company, I minded to see if I could get any place within the ship.

And because the Farmers of Pepper had their Factors in India, that were Dutchmen; which lay there in the behalf of the Foukers and Velsares of Augsburg; who, at that time, had a part of the pepper laden in that ship, and use to send in each ship a Factor, to whom the King alloweth a cabin and victuals for the voyage: this place of Factor in the said ship

called the *Santa Cruz*, I did obtain of the Farmers; because they were of my acquaintance.

Whereupon I prepared myself to depart, and got a passport of the Viceroy (without which no man may pass out of India); and also a certificate out of the King's Chamber of Accounts, and out of the *Matricola General*; wherein all such as come into India are registered, with a note of my pay, which, by the King's commandment, is appointed to be paid upon certificate from thence; and withal the time of my residence in India and what place I was employed in there: that when I came to Portugal, I might have recompense if I would ask it, or [could go back, if I] minded to return again into India.

But, although I had no such intent; yet must I, of force, observe this order, to make them think that I would return again, and the easier to obtain my passport: which was easily granted me by the Governor, as also the other certificates.

Having obtained them, I took my leave of all my friends and acquaintance, not without great grief: as he that was to depart out of his second natural dwelling-place, by reason of the great and long continuance I had made in those countries; so that I was, in a manner, half dissuaded from my pretended voyage. But, in the end, the remembrance and affection of my true natural country got the upper hand, and overruled me; making me wholly to forget my conceit unto the contrary: and so, committing myself and my affairs unto GOD (who only can direct and help us, and give good success to all endeavours), I entered into my new pretended course.

In the month of November, 1588, the ships sailed again from Goa, to the coast of Malabar and Cochin to take in their lading.

And the 23rd of the same month, the *Santa Cruz* set sail; to begin our voyage.

The 28th day, we arrived at Honor [*Honawur*], a fort belonging to the Portuguese, and the first they have upon the coast of Malabar. It lieth southward from Goa, eighteen miles. In which place, we were assigned to take in our lading of pepper.

They used not, before, to lade any pepper in that place; so that we were the first that ever laded there; but from hence-

forward they minded, yearly, to lade one ship there. For the Queen of Batticola, that lays not far from thence, and Honor, which is within her jurisdiction or kingdom, had bound herself to deliver, yearly, 7,000 or 8,000 Quintals [= *about* 1,000,000 *English lbs.*] of pepper; so that the Farmers paid her half the money for the same, six months before she delivered it; and then she would deliver it at times [*by instalments*]. For the which cause, the owners have their Factor at Honor, to receive it of her, by weight; and to lay it up till the time of lading cometh.

The like have they in all the other forts upon the coast of Malabar, as at Mangalore, Barselor, Cananor, Cochin, Coulan [*Quilon*], &c.

The Farming of the Pepper; and, also, of the Carracks that bring it to Portugal.

NOw to know the right manner of Farming of the Pepper, you must understand,

That the Farmers take the same to farm for five years, and bind themselves to send every year their stock of ready money [*i.e., about* 260,000 *Pieces of Eight, at* 436 *Reis* (= 69·76*d.*) *each* = *about* £75,000 *then* = *about* £450,000 *now*], for 30,000 Quintals of pepper; so that the King will send ships to lade it in. The King, on the other side, bindeth himself to perform, and to send, every year, five ships, the Farmers bearing the adventure [*risk*] of the sea, both of their money sending thither, and of the pepper brought from thence; and must lade it, in India, into the ships, at their own costs and charges. Which being brought to Portugal, they deliver up the pepper to the King, at the price of 12 ducats the Quintal [*i.e.*, £3 4*s. the Quintal of* 128 *lbs.*; *or Sixpence the lb. then=Three Shillings now*]: and if any be cast away or taken upon the sea, it is at the Farmers' charge; for the King dealeth only but with that which is delivered to him in Portugal, being dry and fair, lade up in the King's Storehouse in Lisbon. For the which, he payeth

not any money unto the Farmers until the said pepper be sold; with the money whereof he payeth them.

So that the King, without any hazard or disbursing anything of his own, hath always his money for his pepper; without the loss of any one penny.

And in respect of that, the Farmers have great and strong privileges. First, that no man, of what estate or condition soever he be, either Portuguese or of any place in India, may deal or trade in pepper but they, upon pain of death: which is very sharply looked unto. Likewise, they may not, for any occasion or necessity whatsoever, diminish or lessen the ordinary stock of money [*i.e.*, *the* 260,000 *Reals of Eight*], neither hinder nor let them, in any sort, concerning the lading thereof: which is also very strictly observed. For, although the pepper were for the King's own person, yet must the Farmers' pepper be first laden: to whom, the Viceroy and other Officers and Captains of India must give all assistance, help, and favour, with watching the same, and all other things; whatsoever shall be required by the said Farmers, for the safety and benefit of the said pepper.

For the lading and providing whereof, the said Farmers are to send their Factors, servants, and assistants, of what nation soever they be (except Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards), unto every place, to see it ladened and despatched away. For other strangers may not go to India; without the special licence of the King or of his Council for India.

The pepper commonly costeth in India 28 Pagodas the Bhar. Every Bhar is $3\frac{1}{2}$ Portuguese Quintals. So that every Quintal standeth them in 12 Pardaos Xeraphines and 4 Tangas [*see p.* 184]:

(Every Quintal is 128 [English] pounds; and every Pardao is 3 Testons or 30 Stivers, heavy money: and every Tanga is 60 Reis or 6 Stivers),

Which is 12 Dollars (of 60 Pence Flemish the piece) after the rate of the Portuguese money, and 24 Stivers of the like money: besides all charges, and adventure of the sea. But the great quantity making them gain the more, especially if it come safe home.

[By equivalent values of the coins, at *p.* 184, the *Pagoda* was then equal to 76·8*d.* We may therefore represent the statement in the text thus.

English lbs.		*Quintal.*	*Bhar.*			£	*s.*	*d.*	
128	=	1		} @ {	8 Pagodas, the *Quintal* =	2	11	2	} 4¾*d.* the English lb. then = *about* 2*s.* 4½*d. now.*
448	=	3½	= 1		*or its equivalent, viz.*,				
					28 Pagodas, the *Bhar* =	8	19	1	

As the Pepper was sold to the King at Sixpence the English lb. for which the Farmers paid 4¾*d.*, their outside profit would be about 30 per cent. on an invested capital in pepper alone of about £75,000 then [=£450,000 *now*]. From which, vast deductions should be made, for peculations, losses, &c.: which were, no doubt, partially compensated for, by the Farmers robbing the King as well as they could. So that it was thievery from beginning to end.

The Farmers also brought home many other things than pepper, such as cinnamon, spices, fancy ware; on which, no doubt, there was a vast profit.

It is clear from this arrangement, that when the English took Portuguese Carracks, it was not King PHILIP II. who was the first sufferer; but the Speculators, both of the Ships, and their Cargoes; who might be of many countries, as of Augsburg, *p.* 401.

It is interesting to trace the rise in the price of these Eastern commodities, in their progress to the consumer. The wholesale English price of the pepper captured by the Earl of CUMBERLAND's fleet on the 13th July 1589, was estimated at Two Shillings [=12*s. now*] the English lb.: see *p.* 369. The King's profits thereon must therefore have been enormous.]

The ships and their freighting, with conditions to build them and the provision of all necessaries for them, are also farmed by themselves: and all, at the adventure of the Farmers [of the Carracks]. If the ship come safe home, they give the King a certain sum of money for every ship; and every year furnish five ships, likewise at their own charges: but such soldiers as are appointed to go in them, are bound to sail for the King; and have only meat and drink at the Farmers' charges. The officers and sailors are placed therein, by the King's Admiralty: which the Farmers may not once deny or refuse.

So that the King adventureth nothing, neither in pepper nor in ships: but only if the ships be cast away he loseth the money that he should have had for the Farm of every ship, if it had returned safe; and the Gain of the pepper, that should have been delivered him at a certain price.

Whereupon the Admiralty of Portugal are now waxen very careless to see them well conveyed, as they used to be during the times of the Kings of Portugal; when all the pepper came for the King's own account.

And although the King hath promised continually to send his Navy by sea as far as the Flemish Islands [*Azores*]; there to stay for the coming of the Indian ships, and from thence

to convey them to Lisbon: yet since they were farmed out, there are few fleets sent forth; so that they are but little thought upon. But howsoever it is; in the payment of the Fee Farm for pepper, the King will not lose a penny of his due, nor once abate them anything.

Shipping the pepper in the Carracks.

THE 6th of December, we had taken in our lading of pepper, which was 6,700 Quintals [=*about* 380 *English tons*] of the best that is in all Malabar; and were very full.

The same day, we set sail from thence, keeping close under the coast: because that ordinarily in that country, every day, from twelve o'clock of the night till twelve at noon, there bloweth an Easterly wind, which cometh out of the land; and then cometh a West wind out of the sea, to the landward. With these two winds, we [here] perform our voyage. But the East wind is always mightier and stronger than the West, and therefore the ships keep themselves close under the shore: for when they put further in the sea, they can hardly get at the coast again; because the West wind is not of so great force. As it chanced unto us, for having put somewhat from the coast; we had much to do before we could get to the coast again: by which means, oftentimes, they lose their voyage to Portugal, as by experience it hath been found.

All the coast of Malabar is very pleasant to behold, for they sail so close to it, that a man may tell every hill, valley, and tree that is therein; being a very green and fair land.

The 11th of December, we came to Cananor, another fortress of the Portuguese. There we lay a day and a half, to take in certain masts, with other provisions that we were to use; which are there in great abundance.

So we set sail again, keeping along the coast, and passed by Calicut, Panane, and certain other places, until the 24th of December, when we arrived at Cochin: where we lay till the 20th of January, *anno* 1589.

In the meantime, our ship was provided of all things necessary; and then we stayed, till our turn came to set sail:

because the other ships, according to the contract, were to set sail before us, one after another. Which custom, I will here partly set down in brief.

You shall understand that as soon as the ship hath taken in her lading of pepper; which is done with great care and diligent watch, as well in the King's behalf as of the Farmers'; and is laden on the two nether orlops, that is, upon the ballast, and in the orlop next over it: laying deal boards upon the ballast, and making certain places and divisions for the purpose, with a hole over each place to shut in the pepper; and leaving room by the mainmast to pass by it. So that there are, at the least, thirty several places, which they call *payoos*; and all in the two lower orlops, as I said before: which, being all filled with pepper, they shut the holes of those places very close with oakum and pitch; and so they are marked with numbers, how many they are, and upon each place its weight of pepper.

These two orlops, being thus laden, there is left a place about the mainmast to bestow water, wine, wood; and other necessaries for the ship, which are daily used.

In the third orlop, and, on both sides thereof, there are divers places severally made, that belong to the Officers of the ship, as the Captain, Master, Pilot, Factor, Purser, &c.; and of all the rest of the sailors that are allowed places: which they sell or let out unto the Merchants to lade goods therein; whereof they make good profit. Upon the same orlop, from the mast to the stern, are the places where they put their powder, biscuit, sails, cloths, and other provisions for the ship.

The other orlops above these, are laden by the merchants with all sorts of wares; which are in chests, fats, balls, and packs; and are placed in this sort, that is to say,

As soon as the pepper is laden, there are presently sent into the ship two Waiters, and one that stoweth the goods, as a Porter; on the King's behalf. He hath ten or twelve porters under him that only must lade and stow the goods in the ship: the Master, nor any other, not once, having anything to do with it; saving only the Chief Boatswain, who is to look unto it, and yet commandeth nothing.

No goods may be laden whatsoever or how small soever they be, but they must be registered in the King's books; and they must bring a billet [*invoice*] from the *Veador da*

Fasenda, that is to say, the "Surveyor of the business," being Chief Officer for the King: wherein must be certified every kind of ware, by piecemeal, which they lade; together with the name of the ship wherein it is to be laden. For without that certificate, the Stowers and Porters will not take it in; and, although you have your billet, yet must you bribe the Waiters, before you can get it aboard the ship: and something must be given likewise to the Porters, besides their duties, if you desire to stow your goods well, otherwise they will let it stand. And he that giveth most hath the best place in the ship. Yea, and they stow the ship so miserably full, that there is not a hole or an empty place to be found, but it is full stuffed: and all for their profit. It is oftentimes seen, that the Chief Porter, that doth only command and look over the rest, getteth for his part, in bribes, for stowage of a ship, sometimes 700 or 800 ducats [=£190 *to* £215 *then*=*about* £1,100 *to* £1,300 *now*], and the Waiters as much; and this only by gifts.

These offices are given by favour of the Viceroy, and the *Veador de Fasenda*: which is the cause that the ships are oftentimes laden so full that they are in a manner ready to sink; so that a man would think it were impossible for them, either to row or stir. Because the Officers and sailors of the ships have nothing to do therewith, until the last hour that it setteth sail, and then it is delivered into their hands; and the Waiters and Porters go their ways, leaving the ships full in every place, even to the uppermost orlop: where there standeth commonly seven or eight chests, one above the other, both in the stern and foreship, upon the cables, in the fore-castle, in the stirrige [*steerage*] and in every place, which are all full of great pots, fats, chests, hens' cages, and such like; so that it seemeth rather a Labyrinth or a Maze than a ship.

So they commit themselves to the grace of GOD, and set sail: and oftentimes it falleth out, as it did in our ship, that of fifty sailors which are above the ship, not above ten of them could tell how to steer, or to handle the rudder: and besides that, most of them were never at sea before, but get their places by favour as all the rest do; so that, being at sea, when occasion serveth, they stand looking one upon another, doing nothing, but cry, *Misericordia!* and, "Our Lady! help us!"

In Cochin, there are a great number of boats called *Tones*

that are cut out of one piece of wood; and yet, some of them are so great that a man may lade twenty pipes of water in them. These they carry aboard the ships, that lie at least a mile within the sea, and there they make price with them for a small sum of money; and then they go and fill the pipes themselves, with pots which they have for the purpose: and it is a great commodity to them. This water is brought out of the river of Cochin, called Mangate, and it is very good.

Cochin to Saint Helena.

AND now I will show unto you the manner that is used in the ships, when they sail home again: which, in part, I have already touched; as also of our departure and voyage from India to Lisbon.

1589.

The 1st January 1589 [*N.S.*], the *Santa Maria* set sail; and because it was one of the oldest ships, it was first despatched away; by reason that the sooner they depart from Cochin, they come in better time to the Cape of Good Hope: and the later they come thither, the more storms and foul weather they have, because as then the sun goeth further into the north and leaveth the south parts. Therefore commonly they let the best and strongest ships go last; because they are best able to hold out: and they stay the one for the other in the island of Saint Helena, until the 25th day of May, and no longer, which is the time appointed by the King; and so go, in company together, to Portugal. For from India unto the island of Saint Helena they need not keep company; because all that way they fear no rovers: and to that island, they have all their cannon shot pulled in [? *guns run in*], the better to pass the foul weather at the Cape of Good Hope.

The 6th of January, the ship, called *Nostra Señora de Consepcao* set sail.

The 10th of the same, the admiral [*flag ship*], called *San Christopher.*

The 12th, the *Sant Antonio.*

The 15th, the *San Thomas,* which was the greatest and best ship in all the fleet; and the richest of lading.

And the 20th of the same month, we set sail in our ship, called the *Santa Cruz*, being the last: wherein were about 200 men of all sorts; as sailors, soldiers, and slaves.

For from India there go but few soldiers, without the Viceroy's passport; by virtue thereof they go to present their services, and to fetch their pays and duties for the same. And this they do, after they have served in India some years; and also when they have ability to pass over: for when they are poor, and have no help, they must stay in India; even for necessity's sake, because they have no means to procure their passage. So that many of them are constrained to tarry there, and to marry Moors and Indian women, the better to maintain themselves; although it be with misery enough. For the charges of a man's voyage out of India is, at the least, 200 or 300 Pardaos (=£40 *to* £60 *then*=£240 *to* £360 *now*), and that only for meat and drink; which a poor soldier can hardly compass, unless he can procure some gentleman, Captain, or wealthy man in office to be favourable unto him, in helping him to perform his journey.

For in the voyages homeward, the King giveth nothing to each of the soldiers and passengers, but a free passage for himself and a chest of four spans high and broad, and seven spans in length; and that, after they have been three years in India. For that chest, they pay neither freight nor custom. They have likewise a chest in the roomage [*hold*] free of freight, for which they pay custom; and this they may sell to any merchant, as they commonly do, and is worth unto them, at the least, 40 or 50 Pardaos [=£10 *to* £12 10s. *then* =£60 *or* £75 *now*]. These places they call "Liberties," and he that buyeth them registereth them in the name of him that he buyeth them of; to the end, that in Portugal, they may enjoy the same liberty and privilege.

All the sailors and Officers of the ships, that sail in them from Portugal, have likewise, besides their places in the ships, the forage of such a chest allowed them, free of custom and freight.

All these things are very sharply looked into. For although the ships and goods are farmed; yet when they arrive at Lisbon, all the chests are brought into the Indian House, and there visited [*searched*], to see if any goods be in them that

are forbidden to be brought out of India, as pepper, anill [*cochineal*], or indigo, and other such wares as are farmed of the King, and, if any be found, it is presently forfeited: and all the wares that are in such chests are likewise valued; so that if they amount to more than the value of 1,000 Milreis [=£666 13*s*. 4*d*. *then*=£4,000 *now*], they must pay custom for the over plus: which, in the time of the Kings of Portugal, was not used. For then, they were accustomed to carry their chests home, and to show them only to the Waiters: and although the poor sailors and Officers do much complain for the loss and breaking of their "liberties"; yet can they not be heard.

Thus there come but few soldiers out of India, for the causes aforesaid. For I certainly believe that of the 1,500 soldiers and more, that, yearly, are sent thither out of Portugal; there returneth not a 100 again. Some dying there in the country, others being cast away, and slain by divers occasions: and the rest, by poverty, not able to return again, and so, against their wills, are forced to stay in the country. If any of them do chance to come [back], it is with some Viceroy, Captain, or other gentleman, or person that hath borne office or authority. And when such men come over [to Portugal], they always bring some soldiers with them, to whom they give meat and drink; and yet, are such as are of their acquaintance, and that had been long before at their commandment: which they do, for the most part, upon a certain pride and vain glory.

And, in this sort, there may, yearly, come 20 or 30 soldiers over, in each ship, which have their slaves and Blacke Mores with them; so that they come clean and sweet home, both for linen and other things. Because linen is very good cheap in India: and the ships, when they return home, are cleaner than when they set out of Portugal; as they have fewer men in them, and such as come out of India bring all their necessaries with them. Besides, the ship is very sweet, by reason of the spice with that is laden in it.

The partition of the ship is in this manner.

The Pilot hath his cabin above in the hinder part of the ship, on the right side, where he hath two or three rooms;

and never cometh under [the] hatches, nor down into the foreship: but standeth only, and commandeth the Master of the ship to hoist or let fall the sails; and to look unto his course, how they shall steer; to take the height of the sun; and every day, to write and mark what passeth, how they sail, and with what tokens, wind, and weather.

The Master hath his cabins in the same place, behind the Pilot's cabins, on the left hand; with as many places and rooms as the Pilot hath: where he standeth, and commandeth with a silver whistle, and looketh only to the main mast and her sails; and so backwards [*i.e., all masts and rigging astern of it*]: yet he hath the care of all the ship and whatsoever belongeth to it; and commandeth all things, as to make and mend the sails, which he cutteth out and the sailors sew them. He looketh also if there be any fault in the ship, and causeth it to be mended: and, as need requireth, to draw their cannon in, and again to put it out.

If he wanteth anything, as cloth for sails, nails, ropes, or any such like things, as are needful; he must have them of the Factor and Purser of the ship; which presently are delivered unto him, with a note, of his hand[writing] in the book, to be accountable for it.

The Chief Boatswain hath his cabin in the Forecastle [*i.e., the Castle in the front part of the Carrack, rising in three short decks above the main deck in the centre of the ship*]; and hath commandment and government over the Fouke mast [*Foremast*] and the fore sails. He hath also a silver whistle, like the Master; and taketh care for all things belonging to the Fouke mast, and for the fast binding of the anchors.

The Guardian or Quartermaster hath his cabin close by the great mast outward on the left hand; for on the right hand, standeth the scullery and kitchen, where they dress their meat. He weareth a silver whistle, and hath charge to see the swabers pump, to make the ship clean; to look to the ropes, and cause them to be mended; and to the boat, which he commonly ruleth.

The Gunner hath his cabin inward from the mast, hard by the rudder, under the first orlop: and must always sit by the main mast, looking upon the Master, both night and day; that, as the Master whistleth to will the gunners to draw in their pieces or to thrust them out, he may be ready so to do.

He likewise taketh care for the pieces, and the things belonging to them; when they have cause to use them.

The Under Pilot doth nothing, but help the Chief Pilot, and watch his quarter. They have likewise two or three of the best sailors, that do nothing else but command in the Pilot's room, when he sleepeth.

The sailors have most of their cabins in the forecastle and thereabouts: and the gunners behind, by the Master Gunner, under the upper deck; and do nothing else but, with their instruments [*implements*], put the great pieces forth or draw them in, as they are commanded.

The Swabers must do all whatsoever they are bidden to do by the Officers, but never touch the rudder. For the sailors do only steer and rule the ship when need requireth, but not the pump. Neither do they hoist up the main sail: for the soldiers and slaves use to do that. The swabers pump.

The Carpenter doth such work as is to be done. The Cooper, in like sort: and also the Caulker. So that if the ship were sinking, not any of them will do more than belongeth to his charge: and what is further to be done, they will stand still, and look upon it.

The Captain hath the Gallery, and the cabin behind. He commandeth only over the soldiers, and such as watch by night.

The Pilot, Master, and the Chief Boatswain, are served in very good sort, with their silver lamps, beakers [*goblets*], cups, and bowls; every [*each*] man by himself: and are waited on by their slaves and servants, and have enough of everything. But the other sailors and swabers have not such store, but endure more hardness: for every man must provide for himself, as we told you before.

Now you must understand that in their ships, there is no Average. For when there happeneth any loss, or that any goods are thrown overboard; he standeth to the loss that oweth [*owneth*] the goods, without any more accounts: and that commonly falleth out upon the poor swabers, for they usually have their chests standing upon the hatches; because they have nothing to give unto the Porters that they might have a good place for them, as others, of greater ability use to do. And when any storm or hurt chanceth; then they throw the things overboard that first come to hand: without respect of persons, or any average to be made.

In this sort, setting sail; we held our course south-south-east for the space of 150 miles till we came to 7° S. of the Equinoctial line [*Equator*]; and from thence south-west-by-west unto the Cape of Good Hope: which way was never used before that time.

For they used to sail from Cochin south-west; and south-west-by-south between the Maldive islands, and a thousand other islands and sands [*shoals*] unto the island of St. Lawrence [*Madagascar*]; and so to the Cape. But after that the Pilot had lost the *San Jago* [in 1586] upon the "Shallows of India" [*p.* 312], and escaped alive (he was now Pilot of the *San Thomas*, the best ship in all our fleet); he had, the fore voyage [*the preceding one to this, in* 1587] kept aloof 200 or 300 miles out into the sea, clean from all islands, sands, or cliffs: saying that "the casting away of so many ships, whereof no news or tidings could ever be heard, was that they were cast away upon the sands [*shoals*]; even as it chanced unto him," and to avoid the dangers thereof, as also to win the favour of the King and the Officers of the Admiralty, he was the first that took upon him to discover that way, with the ship wherein my Lord the Archbishop sailed [*p.* 322]. It is almost the same way, that the ships that came from Malacca do hold, when they sail to Portugal; wherein they see neither islands nor sands, nor any other thing, but only the plain sea.

So he came unto Portugal, certifying the Admiralty of that new way; and although he was cast into prison for the same cause, yet, by favour, he was presently released: and the Admiralty (perceiving it to be so great a danger for the ships to sail among the islands and sands, which they thought to be the chief cause of the loss of so many ships) have expressly commanded that the Pilots should use that new discovered way, according to the said Pilot's information, thereby to avoid all danger.

But that is not the cause of their casting away; although many times, they are the means of much mischief: but the chief reasons are, the unreasonable lading and charging of the ships, the unskilful seamen, and the slack visiting or searching of the ships, to see if they be fit to sail and have all things that they want. By these, and such like means, the ships are daily lost, as in other places [*pp.* 312, 320, 323, 326,] by examples, and true witnesses, I have already declared; and as the same

Pilot, that first found the New Way, did well approve and verify to be true in the *San Thomas*, that the sands or islands did him no hurt, but only the overlading of her: wherewith, the ship was burst in pieces, by the Cape; as hereafter I will show [*pp.* 416, 419, 428]. Notwithstanding, this way is not therefore to be disliked, although it be somewhat further about; but it is a very good way, and wholly out of all danger of sands and islands.

The 30th of January, in the night, we passed the Equinoctial line; and the next day, after, we descried a ship, which we thought to be the *San Thomas*.

The same day, one of our boys fell overboard; to save whom, we made all the haste we could to get out our small boat: but because it stood full of things, we could not so soon get it forth, but that in the meantime, the boy was cast at the least two miles behind us; and so was drowned.

The 3rd of February, the ship we saw, came close by us, and then we knew it to be the *San Thomas*. We made towards it to speak with them; but when they began to know our ship by the ropes, which were all white, being made of Indian *cairo* [*p.* 176], and knowing that we were left behind them at Cochin (for they had thought when they had descried us, we had been one of the ships that first set sail) as also that their ship was accounted one of the best for sailing in all the fleet: for very pride and high stomach, they would not stay to speak with us; but made from us again. Which our Officers perceiving, did likewise wind from them; every [*each*] one doing his best to get before the other.

By this, and such like signs of pride, the Portuguese do often cast themselves away; and, as it may be conjectured, it was one of the chief causes of the loss of the *San Thomas*: for that they used all the means they could, to sail well, and that they might pass the Cape before us; whereof they use [*are accustomed*] to brag, when they meet at the island of Saint Helena; as if it were done by their wisdom.

So it fell out with the *San Thomas*, that coming to the Cape of Good Hope, it had a contrary wind, whereby they struck all their sails, and so lay driving against the waves of the sea, which do fall against a ship as if it struck against a hill: so that if the ship were of hard stones, yet, in the end, they would break in pieces; much more such ships as are

made of wood. And this is commonly their manner, thereby the sooner to pass the Cape: which our ship could not bear; so that we put back again with the wind, yet as little as we might, thereby to avoid the force of the sea, as much as we could.

But because the Pilot of the *San Thomas* trusted overmuch in her strength, and did purposely mean to be before us all, thereby, as he thought, to win the praise; the ship did, as it well appeared, lie still, and drive without any sails, which they call *payrar* [*drifting*]: and so, by the great force and strength of the seas, together with the overlading, was stricken in pieces and swallowed in the sea; both men, and all that was within her. As we might well perceive, coming to the Cape, by the swimming of whole chests, fats, balls, pieces of masts, dead men tied unto boards; and such like fearful tokens.

The other ships also that arrived in the island of Saint Helena, told us likewise that they had seen the like most pitiful sights; which was no small loss of so great treasure, and only many men. So that we, which beheld it, thought ourselves not free from the like danger. It was one of the richest ships that, in many years, had sailed out of India; and only by reason of the good report it had to be so good of sailing, being but new (for then it was but her second voyage), every man desired to go and lade their wares in her.

In the same ship, went Don PAULO DE LIMA PEREIRA, that raised the siege of Malacca, and had served the King thirty years in India, and had obtained many brave victories; thinking then to be in the top of his honour, and to be much advanced by the King. He also carried with him great treasure in jewels and other riches; also his wife, children, and one of his brethren: with many other gentlemen and soldiers that bare him company, thinking to have good fortune in their voyage.

There were likewise ten or twelve gentlewomen, some of them having their husbands in the ship; others, whose husbands were in Portugal. So that, to conclude, it was full of people, and most of the gentility of India: and in all our ships there were many, that seeing us in danger, would say that "they might have gone safely in the *San Thomas*," thinking it impossible that it should be cast away.

Therefore, it is manifestly seen that all the works and imaginations of men are but mere vanities; and that we must only put our trust in GOD: for that if GOD be not with us in our actions, all our labour is in vain.

But to return to our matter. Each ship did her best to be first, until the 17th of February; when we got before the *San Thomas*, being in 7° S.: and from that time forwards, we saw her no more; but only the tokens of her casting away about the Cape of Good Hope, which, after, when at the island of St. Helena, was told us more at large.

The same day, we had a great storm of wind and rain, so that the ruther of our great mast was broken by the force of the sea. From the line, we had a north and north-west wind, with continual rain, storms, and foul weather, never ceasing till we came to 20° S., which was upon the 25th of February. Then we had a south-east wind, called by the Portuguese the "General Wind" [*the Trade Wind*] with fairer weather: which they commonly find in 12° S., but we had it not before we were under 20° S. The cause whereof, we thought to be, that we had put so far into the sea, out of the common way. This wind commonly holdeth to 27° or 28° S., a little more or less: and then they must look for all kinds of winds and weathers, till they come to the Cape of Good Hope.

The 5th of March, being in 25° S., we had an East wind, with an exceeding great storm and rain; so that our rudder-staff [? *handle*] brake, and two more that we had in the ship, brake likewise, one after the other, on being put unto it; with the pin and joint wherein the end of the rudder hung: so we were forced to lie and drive, without steering, having struck all our sails; and the ship was so tossed by the waves on all sides, that we had not one dry place in all the ship. In this sort, we lay driving, for the space of two days and two nights together, with a continual storm and foul weather with rain.

The same night, we saw upon the mainyard and in many other places, a certain sign [*electrical sparks*] which the Portuguese call *Corpo Santo* or "the holy body of Brother PETER GONSALVES"; but the Spaniards call it *San Elmo*, and the Greeks (as ancient writers rehearse, and OVID among the rest) *Helle and Phryxus*. Whensoever that sign showeth upon the mast or mainyard or in any other place; it is

commonly thought, that it is a sign of better weather. When they first perceive it, the Master or Chief Boatswain whistleth, and commandeth every man to salute it with *Salve, corpo santo!* and a, *Misericordia!* with a very great cry and exclamation.

This constellation, as astronomers do write, is engendered of great moisture and vapours; and showeth like a candle that burneth dimly, and skippeth from one place to another, never lying still. We saw five of them together, all like the light of a candle, which made me wonder; and I should have hardly believed it but that I saw it, and looked very earnestly upon it. And although it was foul weather, whereby I had no great leisure to think upon such curious things, yet I purposely came from under the hatches, to note it. Those five lights the Portuguese call *Coroa de nossa Senhora*, that is, "Our Lady's crown;" and have great hope therein, when they see it. And therewithal our men, being all in great fear and heaviness, began to revive again and to be glad; as if, thereby, they had been fully assured of better comfort.

The 7th of March, we had better weather; and then we took counsel how to mend our rudder. Some were of opinion, we should sail to Mozambique, and rule the rudder with a rope: others were of contrary opinion, and said we might mend it aboard, and so perform our voyage. So that, at the last, we pulled certain pieces out of the ship's side; for we had not brought one with us, as need required: but being pulled forth, they were all too little, and would not serve.

In the end, we found it convenient to take one of the bosses in our ship, and thereof, to make an anvil; and of two oxhides, a pair of bellows; wherewith we went to work: and of a piece of an old hook or drag, we took two or three ends whereof but one would serve, and that half broken; and the splinters, we bound with an iron hoop. So, it being fitted to the rudder; we set forwards, in the name of GOD.

This asked us two days' work, before we could despatch it; and we hoisted sail again, with great joy: and gave divers alms to Our Lady and the saints, with many promises of better life; as men, being in misery, commonly do.

The day after, we took the height of the sun, and found

ourselves to be in 28° 45°, and four hundred miles from the land of Natal. There, we had good weather, with a south-east wind.

Here is the hardest passage that is in all the voyage, and oftentimes they fear the land of Natal more than the Cape: for there, is commonly stormy and foul weather; and many ships have been spoiled and cast away there, as the Portuguese records can very well show. In the same part also, we found the signs of the casting away of the *San Thomas*. So that, to conclude, commonly the ships do there pay tribute, by casting some lading overboard, or else leave body and all behind.

For this cause, they never pass Natal without great fear; having a good watch and great foresight. All their ropes being stiff, and well looked unto. The pieces drawn in; all chests, pots, fats, and other roomage, that are not stowed under hatches, being thrown overboard into the sea: and everything settled, and made ready in his place. For in this coast they have one hour, fair weather: and another hour, stormy weather; in such manner, as if heaven and earth should waste and be consumed.

In that place likewise, with a clear and fair weather, there cometh a certain cloud, which, in show, seemeth no bigger than a man's fist, and therefore, by the Portuguese, is called *olho de boy* or "ox eye"; and although then it is clear and calm weather, and that the sails, for want of wind, do beat against the masts: yet as soon as they perceive that cloud, they must presently strike all their sails. For that, commonly, it is upon the ships, before they perceive it: and with such a storm and noise, that, without all doubt, it would strike a ship into the water, if there be not great care had to look unto it.

And it chanced to the Second Fleet, after the Portuguese had discovered the [East] Indies: there being ten or twelve ships in company, which, in such a calm and fair weather, let all their sails hang, and regarded them not. And this custom [*fact*], they observed in this their navigation. For suddenly the cloud came, with a most horrible storm, and fell upon them, before they could prevent [*prepare for*] it: whereby seven or eight were sunk in the seas, and never heard of again; and the rest, with great hurt and much danger,

escaped. But, from that time forwards, they looked better to themselves; and have learned to know it: so that, at this present, they watch for it; and yet, it giveth them work enough to do.

The 12th of March, being in 31° S., we were right in the wind [*i.e., the wind was dead ahead*], and had a calm; whereupon we struck all our sails; and so lay driving four days together, which the Portuguese call *Payraes*: having a very high sea which tossed our ships in such sort, that the sailors esteem it to be worse than a storm. For there, the waves of the sea met in such sort on all sides, and clasped the ship in such a manner betwixt them; that they made all her ribs to crack and in a manner to open: so that it is very dangerous for the ship.

We were in very great care [*fear*] for our Fouke mast; and therefore we bound our masts and all the ship about cables, as hard as we possibly might.

This continued to the 17th of March, and then we had a little wind; so that we hoisted sail again: but it continued no longer than to the next day.

Then we fell again into the wind, and had a storm; wherewith our mainyard broke: and then again we struck all our sails; and so lay driving or *payraer*-ing, as the Portuguese call it.

In the meantime, we mended our mainyard; and so we continued driving without our sails till the 20th of March: with great risings of the waves of the sea, which tormented us; as in that place they commonly do. All which time we were in 31° S., and could not pass forward.

In that time, we saw many birds, which the Portuguese call *Antenalen*, and are as big as ducks.

The 20th of March, we had a little wind, but very sharp; yet we hoisted our sails, and sailed by the wind.

The next night after, we had a calm; which continued till the 22nd: and then we fell again into the wind, with so great a storm that we were compelled to strike all our sails, which we could hardly pull in; and could not stay the ship in any sort, it drave so fast. Whereby we were in great danger, so that we were compelled to bind the bonnet about the Forecastle, which was our sail (for other sail we might not bear); and so sailed backwards whither the wind would

drive us, thereby to have some ease. Yet we had enough to do, for we were compelled to throw our great boat overboard; with all chests, pots, and vessels that stood upon the hatches, with other wares, such as came first to hand.

This storm continued for the space of two days and three nights, without ceasing.

The 25th of March, being the day before Palm Sunday [*N.S.*], we had better wind and weather, after we had given great alms to our blessed Lady of the Annunciation, whose feast was upon that day; and again hoisted up our sails, keeping our course towards the Cape.

At the same time, we had a disease [? *scurvy*] in our ship, that took us in the mouth, lips, throat, and tongue; which took off the skin and made them swell: whereby they could not eat but with great pain; and not one in the ship but had it.

The 8th of April, in the morning, after we had sailed fifteen days before the wind, towards the Cape, we perceived a sign of the land, which was green water: but we found no ground; yet was it not above forty miles from the land, according to the Pilot's judgement.

We saw there also divers of the birds, called *Mangas de velludo*, that is, "Velvet sleeves"; for they have upon the ends of their wings, black points like velvet; all the rest being white and somewhat grey: which they hold for a certain sign of land, that lieth within the Cape of Good Hope, called *Baya de la Goa*, or "the Bay of the Lake" in $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S.

The 9th of April, at night, we were again right in the wind, in 35° 30′ S., with a great storm and foul weather, that continued till the 14th of the same month: so that we were compelled (not being able to endure the force of the sea, with the continual storm and foul weather) to sail back again before the wind, with the half of our Fouke sail up. For we found ourselves not strong enough to drive without sails, as the ship commonly used to do, which oftentimes is the cause of their casting away: as it may well be judged by reason of the great force and strength of the waves that run there, so that it seemeth almost impossible for a ship to bear out so great a force, though it were of iron.

And though we sailed [backward] before the wind, yet we

had danger enough; for the sea came behind and over our ship, and filled all the hatches: whereby we were compelled to bind our masts, cables, and all the ship round about with ropes; that, with the great force of the sea, it might not stir, and fly to pieces. And we were forced to pump, night and day.

We had at each end of the Fouke-yard, a rope that reached to the Pilot: and at each rope, there stood fifteen or sixteen men: the Pilot sitting in his seat; and the under Pilot behind, upon the stern of the ship [*which was now going backwards, stern first*] to mark the course of the sea, and so to advertise the other Pilot. At the rudder, there stood ten or twelve men; and the other sailors upon the hatches, to rule the sails.

As the waves came and covered the ship, the Under Pilot called, and then the Chief Pilot spake to them at the rudder "to hold stiff!" and commanded the ropes that were at the Fouke-yard to be pulled stiff. The sailors and the Chief Boatswain likewise standing on the hatches, to keep the ship right in the waves: for if the waves had once gotten us about that they had entered on the sides of the ship, it had been certainly said of us, *requiescant in pace*. And it was there, almost as cold as it is here with us [*in Holland*] in winter, when it freezeth not. Whereby we were all sore toiled, and in a manner out of heart: so that we esteemed ourselves clean cast away.

For we were forced, by turns, not one excepted, to go to the rudder, and from thence to the pump; so that we had no time to sleep, eat, rest, nor clothe ourselves. And to help us the better, the staff [? *handle*] of our rudder brake in pieces, and had almost slain two or three of our men: but GOD had pity on us; so that there happened no other hurt, but that some of them were a little amazed [*stunned*].

This continued till the 14th of April, without any change; whereupon all the Officers of the ship assembled, together with others of the company, taking counsel what was best to be done: and perceiving the ship not to be strong enough to pass the Cape, they concluded, by *Protestation* whereunto they subscribed their hands, to sail with the ship to Mozambique, and there to winter and to repair the ship, and provide all necessaries for it.

Which greatly grieved the common sort, because they did find as great danger in turning back again to Mozambique, as to

pass the Cape; for they were to sail again by the land of Natal, which they feared as much as the Cape. And also, though they did arrive at Mozambique, yet they accounted it as much as a lost voyage. For they must stay there till next year, and spend there all they have; for all things that come thither, are brought out of India, so that everything there is as dear as gold: which would be hard for the poor sailors and swabers, having but little means to relieve themselves; and thereby they should be constrained to sell that little they had brought with them for half the value. Besides that, they were then about 500 miles from Mozambique.

Wherefore, there grew a great noise and murmuring in the ship, that cursed the Captain and Officers, because the ship was badly provided: for it had not one rope more than hung about the ship; nor anything whereof to make them, if those that we had, should have chanced to break.

The Captain laid the fault on the Master, because he asked not for them, when he was at land. The Master said that he had spoken for them, and that the *cairo* or hemp, whereof ropes are made in India, was delivered to the Captain; and that he had sold the best part thereof, to put the money in his purse: and that was the cause why we wanted.

With this disorder, they bring their matters to pass, not once remembering what may fall out: but when they are in danger; then, there is nothing else but crying *Misericordia!* and calling to "Our Lady" for help.

The Captain could not tell what to answer, seeing us in that trouble; but said that "He marvelled at nothing so much, as why our LORD GOD suffered them (being so good Christians and Catholics as they were) to pass the Cape with so great torments and dangerous weather, having so great and strong ships: and that the Englishmen (being heretics, and blasphemers of GOD) passed the Cape so easily, with such small and weak vessels." For they had received news in India, that an English ship [? *DRAKE's* Pelican, *on* 18*th June* 1580; *or* CAVENDISH's *ship, the* Desire, *eleven months before, viz., on the* 19*th of May* 1588, *see Vol. II. p.* 125] had passed the Cape, with very great ease.

So we made back again towards Mozambique, being in great despair; for no man cared to lay his hand to work, and hardly any man would obey the Officers of the ship. Sailing

in this manner, we perceived divers vessels [*casks, &c.*], and boards with dead men bound upon them, driving in the sea: which comforted us a little, we thinking that some of the other ships were in the same taking; and had thrown some of their goods overboard, and so made towards Mozambique before us: whereby we thought to have company, and that we were not alone unfortunate; for it is commonly said that "companions in misery are a comfort to one another," and so it was to us. But, I would to GOD! it had been so, as we imagined; but it was far worse than turning back again: for those were the signs of the casting away of the *San Thomas*; as we were afterwards advertised in the island of Saint Helena.

The 15th of April we had another great calm; which continued till the 17th: and taking the height of the sun, we found ourselves to be 37° S., to the great admiration [*astonishment*] of all the company. For being, as I said, in 35° S., and having sailed for the space of five days, with so great a wind and stormy weather, we should rather, by all men's reason, have lessened our degrees; and by estimation, we made account to have been in 30° S., or 32° S. at the highest. The cause why our ship went backward, in that sort, against wind and weather, towards the Cape, thinking we made towards Mozambique, was by the water, which in those countries carrieth with a very strong stream [*current*] towards the Cape: as the Pilot told us he had proved at other times; yet he thought not that the water had run with so great a stream as now, by experience, he found it did.

So as it seemed that GOD, miraculously (against man's reason and judgement, and all the force of wind and storms), would have us pass the Cape, when we were least in hope thereof: whereby we may plainly perceive that all men's actions, without the hand of GOD, are of no moment.

The same day, we again saw green water, and the birds called *Mangas de velludo* or "Velvet sleeves;" which are certain signs of the Cape of Good Hope: and, about evening, a swallow flew into our ship, whereat they much rejoiced, saying that "It was a sign and foreshowing that Our Lady had sent the swallow on board to comfort us; and that we should pass the Cape." Wherewith they once again agreed to prove if we could pass it; seeing we had had such signs and tokens to put us in good comfort that GOD would help

us. This being concluded [*settled*], we sang the *Litany* with *Ora pro nobis!* and gave many alms; with promises of pilgrimages and visitations and such like things, which was our daily work.

With that, the sailors and others began to take courage and to be lusty, every one willingly doing his office: offering rather to lose life and welfare in adventuring to pass the Cape; than, with full assurance of their safety, to return to Mozambique. We had then great waves, and very big water in the sea: which left us not, till we came to the other side of the Cape.

The 18th of April, we fell again into the wind, with as great storms and foul weather as ever we had before; so that we verily thought we should have been cast away: for at every minute, the sea covered our ship with water. To lighten her, we cast overboard divers chests, and much cinnamon, with other things that first came to hand. Wherewith every man made account to die; and began to confess themselves, and to ask each other's forgiveness: thinking, without more hope, that our last day was come. This storm continued in this sort, at the least, for the space of twenty-four hours. In the meantime great alms were given in our ship to many Virgin *Maries* and other saints; with great devotion and promises of other wonderful things, when they came to land. At the last, GOD comforted us, and sent us better weather. For, on the 19th of April, the weather began to clear up; and therewith, we were in better comfort.

The 20th of April, we took the height of the sun, and found it to be 36° S.: and again we saw green water, some birds which they call *Alcatraces* [*i.e.*, *albatrosses*], and many sea-wolves; which they hold for certain signs of the Cape of Good Hope. We were, as we thought, hard by the land; but yet saw none. The same day, we had the wind somewhat fuller, and were in great hope to pass the Cape: so that the men began to be in better comfort, by reason of the signs we had seen.

All that day, we saw green water, till the 22nd of April, upon which day, twice, and in the night following, we cast out the lead, and found no ground: which is a good sign that we had passed the Cape *das Aquilhas*, or "the Cape of Needles," which lieth in 35° S., about twenty miles from the

Cape of Good Hope in 34° 30′ S. As about this Cape *das Aquilhas*, ground is found, at the least, thirty or forty miles from the land, we knew we were past it: and also by the colour of the water, and the birds which are always found there. And the better to assure us, the great and high sea that had so long tormented us, left us; and then we found a smoother water, much differing from the former: so that we then seemed to have come out of hell into paradise, with as great joy as if we thought we were within the sight of some haven. And had withal, a good wind; though somewhat cold.

The 23rd of April, we passed the Cape of Good Hope, with a great and general gladness; it being then three months and three days after we had set sail from Cochin: not once seeing any land or sands [*shoals*] at all, but only the assured tokens of the said Cape; which happeneth very seldom, for the Pilots do always use what means they can to see the Cape and to know the land, to certainly know thereby that they are past it. For then, their degrees must lessen; and then they may as soon [*hap to*] make towards Mozambique as to the island of St. Helena. For although they can well perceive it by the water, yet is it necessary for them to see the land, the better to set their course unto St. Helena: wherein they must always keep on the left hand; otherwise it were impossible for them to come at it, if they leave that course. For if they once pass it, they cannot come to it again: because there bloweth continually but one kind of wind, which is south-east [*Trade Wind*]. Thus having passed the Cape, we got before the wind.

The 24th of April, the Pilot willed us to give *bona viagen* unto the Cape of Good Hope, according to the custom: which was done with great joy and gladness, by all that were in the ship. For then, they assure themselves that they sail to Portugal, and shall not turn again into India: for so long as they are not past the Cape, they are always in doubt. We were then about 50 miles beyond the Cape.

The signs and tokens whereby they know themselves to have certainly passed the Cape, are great heaps and pieces of thick reeds that always thereabouts drive upon the water, at least 15 or 20 miles from the land; also certain birds called by the Portuguese, *Feisoins*, somewhat greater

than seamews, being white and full of black spots all over their bodies; and are very easy to be known from all other birds.

Having passed the Cape, the Pilots set their course for St. Helena, north-west, and north-west-by-west.

The 27th of April, we were right in the wind, and so continued till the next day; and then we had a calm, being in 30° S. on the Portugal side.

The 29th of April, we got before the General Wind [*the Trade Wind*] that always bloweth in those countries, all the whole year, until you come to the Equinoctial line: so that they may well let their sails stand, and lay them down to sleep; for, in the greatest wind that bloweth there, they need not strike their mainyard, above half the mast.

The 12th of May, in the morning, betimes, we discovered the island of St. Helena: whereat there was as great joy in the ship, as if we had been in heaven. We were then about two miles from the land, the island lying from us west-south-west; whereunto we sailed so close that, with a caliver shot, we might reach unto the shore. Being hard by it, we sailed about a corner of land that lay north-west from us, which having compassed, we sailed close by the land, west-north-west: the land on that side being so high and steep that it seemed to be a wall that reached to the skies.

In that sort, we sailed [on the north side of the island] about a mile and a half, and compassed about the other corner that lay westward from us: which corner being compassed, we presently perceived the ships that lay in the road; which were those ships that set sail before us out of India. They were lying about a small half mile from the foresaid corner, close under the land; so that as the land there lieth south-east from them, by reason of the high land, the ships lie there as safe as if they were in a haven. For they may well hear the wind whistle on the tops of their mainyards; but lower it cannot come: and they lie so close under the land, that they may almost cast a stone upon the shore.

There is good ground there at 25 and 30 fathoms deep; but if they chance to put further out or to pass beyond it; they must go forward, for they can get no more unto the land. For this cause we kept so close to the shore, that the height of the land took the wind from us; and as the ship would

not steer without wind, so it drave upon the land: whereby our boresprit [*bowsprit*] touched the shore; and therewith, we thought that ship and goods had all been cast away. But, by reason of the great depth, being ten fathoms, of water; and, with the help of the boats and men of the other ships that came unto us, we put off from the land, without any hurt: and by those boats, we were brought to a place where the other ships lay at anchor; which is right against a valley, that lieth between two high hills, wherein there standeth a little church, called Saint Helena.

There we found five ships, which were, the ship that came from Malacca; and the *Santa Maria*, which had been there about fifteen days [*i.e., had arrived 27th of April*]: both of which came together to the Cape of Good Hope. The *Sant Antonio*, and the *San Christopher*, the admiral, that had arrived there ten days before [*i.e., on 2nd of May*]: and the *Nostra Señora de Concepcao*, which came thither but the day before us [*i.e., 11th of May*]. So that there wanted none of the fleet, but the *San Thomas*; and, by the signs and tokens that we and the other ships had seen at sea (as masts, deals, fats, chests, and many dead men that had bound themselves upon boards; with a thousand other such like signs), we presumed to be lost: as we after understood, for it was never seen after[wards].

Our admiral [*flag ship*] likewise, had been in great danger of casting away. For, although it was a new ship, and this the first voyage it had made; yet it was so eaten with worms, that it had, at the least, 20 handsful deep of water within it. At the Cape, they were forced to throw half of the goods overboard into the sea; and were constrained continually to pump with two pumps, both night and day, and never hold still. And being at the island of St. Helena, she had there also sunk to the ground, if the other ships had not helped her.

The rest of the ships could likewise tell what dangers and miseries they had endured.

About three months before our arrival at St. Helena [*i.e., in February* 1589] there had been a ship, which, the year before, set out of Ormus, with the goods and men that remained of the *San Salvador* at Zanzibar, that had been saved by the Portuguese army, and brought to Ormus, as in

another place I have declared [*see p.* 326]. That ship had wintered in Mozambique, and had passed by the Cape very soon; and so sailed, without any company, to Portugal. She left some of her sick men on the island, as the manner is; which the next ships that come thither, must take into them.

These gave us intelligence that four [*or rather eleven*] months before our arrival, there had been an English ship [*CAVENDISH's ship the* Desire, *see Vol. II. p.* 126] at the island of St. Helena, which had sailed through the Straits of Magellan, and through the South Seas, and from thence, to the Philippine Islands; and had passed through the Straits of Sunda, that lie beyond Malacca, between the islands of Sumatra and Java: in the which way, she had taken a ship of China, such as they call *Junks*, ladened with silver and gold, and all kinds of silks. And that, she sent a letter, with a small present, to the Bishop of MALACCA, telling him, "That she sent him that of friendship, meaning to come herself and visit him."

Out of that ship of China, they took a Portuguese Pilot; and so passed the Cape of Good Hope, and came to the island of St. Helena: where they took in fresh water and other necessaries, and beat down the altar and cross that stood in the church.

They left behind them a kettle and a sword, which the Portuguese, at our arrival, found there: yet could they not conceive or think what that might mean? Some thought it was left there for a sign to some other ships of his company; but every man may think, what he will thereof.

In the ship of Malacca came for Factor of the Pepper one GERRARD VAN AFHUISEN, born in Antwerp, and dwelling in Lisbon: who had sailed from Lisbon, in the same ship, about two years before. For they had stayed in Malacca, at the least, fourteen months; by reason of the wars and troubles that were in that country, until Malacca was relieved as I said before [*pp.* 324, 329]: whereby they had passed great misery, and been at great charges. And because it is a very unwholesome country, together with the constant lying there so long; of 200 men that at the first sailed from Lisbon in the ship, there were but 18 or 20 left alive: so that

they were enforced to take in other unskilful men, in Malacca, to bring the ship home.

This GERRARD VAN AFHUISEN, being of mine acquaintance, and my good friend before my departure out of Portugal for India, marvelled and joyed much to find me there, little thinking that we should meet in so strange a place: and there, we discoursed of our past travels.

And of him, among divers other things, I learned many true instructions, as well of Malacca as of the countries and islands lying about it; both as to their manner of dealing in trade or merchandise, as in other memorable things.

St. Helena to Lisbon.

THE Island of St. Helena is six miles in compass, and lieth in 16° 15′ S.

It is a very high and hilly country, so that it commonly reacheth unto the clouds. The country itself is very ashy and dry. Also all the trees (whereof there is a great store, and grow of themselves in the woods) that are therein, are little worth, but only to burn.

When the Portuguese first discovered it [*on 21st May* 1502], there were not any beasts or fruits at all within the island; but only a great store of freshwater. This is excellently good, and falleth down from the mountains, and so runneth, in great abundance, into the valley where the Church standeth; and from thence, by small channels in the sea, where the Portuguese fill their vessels full of water, and wash their clothes. So that it is a great benefit for them; and a pleasant sight it is to behold, how clear, and in how many streams, the water runneth down the valley: which may be thought a miracle considering the dryness of the country, together with the stony rocks and hills therein.

The Portuguese have, by little and little, brought many beasts into it; and planted all sorts of fruits in the valleys: which have grown there in so great abundance, that it is almost incredible. For it is so full of goats, bucks, wild hogs, hens, partridges, and doves, by thousands, that any man that that will, may hunt and take them. There would be always

plenty and sufficient, although there came as many ships more to the island as there do: and they may kill them with stones and staves, by reason of the great numbers of them.

Now for fruits, as Portuguese figs, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, citrons, and such like fruits; there are so many that grow without planting or setting, that all the valleys are full of them: which is a great pleasure to behold, so that it seemeth to be an earthly Paradise. It hath fruit all the year long, because it raineth there, by showers, at the least five or six times every day; and then again, the sun so shineth that whatsoever is planted there, it groweth very well. But, because the Portuguese are not over curious of new things, there groweth not of all sorts of fruits of Portugal and India in that island. For assuredly, without any doubt, they would grow well in that land, because of the good temperature of the air.

Besides this, they have so great abundance of fish round about the island, that it seemeth a wonder wrought of GOD; for, with crooked nails, they may take as much fish as they will: so that all the ships do provide themselves with fish of all sorts in that place, which is hung up and dried; and is of as good a taste and savour as any fish that I ever ate, and this every man, that hath been there, affirmeth to be true.

And the better to serve their turns; upon the rocks, they find salt, which serveth them for their necessary provisions.

So that, to conclude, it is an earthly Paradise for the Portuguese ships; and seemeth to have been miraculously discovered for the refreshing and service of the same: considering the smallness and highness of the land, lying in the middle of the Ocean seas, and so far from the firm land or any other islands, that it seemeth to be a Buoy placed in the middle of the Spanish seas. For if this island were not, it were impossible for the ships to make any good or prosperous voyage. For it hath often fallen out, that some ships which have missed thereof, have endured the greatest misery in the world; and were forced to put into the coast of Guinea, there to stay the falling of the rain, and so to get fresh water; and afterwards came, half dead and spoiled, to Portugal.

It is the fashion, that all the sick persons that are in the ships, and cannot well sail in them, are left there in the

island; with some provision of rice, biscuit, oil, and spices: for fish and flesh, they may have enough. For when the ships are gone, then all the beasts (which, by reason of the great number of people, fly into the mountains) come down again into the valleys; where they may take them with their hands, and kill them as they list.

These sick men stay there till the next year, till other ships come hither, which take them with them. They are commonly soon healed in that island, it being a very sound and pleasant country: and it is very seldom seen that any of them die there, because they have always a temperate air and cool wind, and always fruit throughout the whole year.

The King will not suffer any man to dwell in it, because they should not destroy and spoil the country, and hold it as their own: but will have it common for every man to take what he hath need of.

In time past, there dwelt an hermit in the isle, under pretence of doing penance, and to uphold the Church. He killed many of the goats and bucks: so that, every year, he sold at the least 500 or 600 skins, and made great profit thereon; which the King hearing, caused him presently to be brought from thence to Portugal.

Likewise, upon a time, two Kaffirs or black people of Mozambique, and a Javanese, with two women slaves, stole out of the ships; and hid themselves in the rocks of this island, which are very high and wild, whereby men can hardly pass them. They lived there together, and begat children, so that, in the end, there were, at the least, twenty persons: who, when the ships were gone, ran throughout the island, and did much hurt; making their houses and dwelling-places between some of the hills where not any of the Portuguese had been, nor yet could easily come at them, and therein they hid themselves till the ships were gone. But, in the end, they were perceived, and the Portuguese used all the means they could to take them: but they knew so well how to hide and defend themselves that, in many years, they could not be taken. In the end, fearing that in time they might be hurtful unto them and hinder them much; by express commandment of the King, after long and great labour, they took them all, and brought them prisoners to Portugal.

So that, at this present, no man dwelleth therein; but only the sick men, as I told you before.

When the ships come thither, every man maketh his lodging under a tree, setting a tent about it; and the trees are there so thick, that it presently seemeth a little town or an army in the field. Every man provideth for himself, flesh, fish, fruit, and wood; for there is enough for them all: and every one washeth linen.

There, they hold a General Fasting and Prayer, with *Mass* every day: which is done with great devotion, with procession, and thanksgiving, and other hymns; thanking GOD, that He hath preserved them from the danger of the Cape of Good Hope, and brought them to that island in safety.

They use oftentimes to carve their names and marks in trees and plants, for a perpetual memory: whereof many hundreds are there to be found; which letters, with the growing of the trees, do also grow bigger and bigger.

We found names that had been there since the years 1510 and 1515, and every year following, orderly; which names stood upon fig trees, every letter being of the bigness of a span, by reason of the age and growing of the trees.

This shall suffice for the description of the island of St. Helena.

The 21st of May [*N.S.*], being Saint Helena's Day and Whitsunday, after we had taken in all our fresh water and other necessaries, we set sail altogether in company, and directed our course towards Portugal: leaving about fifteen sick men in the island, and some slaves that ran out of the ships.

The 26th of May, in the evening, we spoke with the *Santa Maria*, and the next day [*27th of May*] with the Galleon of Malacca. The same morning, and in the afternoon, with the Admiral; who willed us to follow him unto the Island of Ascension.

The same day, [*27th*] one of our slaves fell overboard, and although we used all the means we could to save him; yet we could not do it, by reason we sailed before the wind.

The same day, at night, we saw the island of Ascension; and lavered [*tacked*] all that night, because we would not pass the island.

In the morning of the 28th of May, we sailed about the island, to see if there were any ground to anchor on: because the Admiral was so leaky, that she could no longer hold out. Her men had desired the Officers of the ship that they would lay the goods on land in the island of Ascension, and there leave it with good watch and necessaries for them that kept it; and so sail with the empty ship to Portugal and there procure some other ship to fetch the goods: thinking it was sufficient to have it well watched and kept there; for that there cometh not a ship in twenty years into that island, because there is nothing to be had in it.

We went close unto it, by a very white and fair sand, where the Admiral and all the ships cast out the lead, and found from 80 to 50 and 40 fathoms of water. And although they might have gone closer to the land, yet the Officers excused themselves, saying, "That they could not go nearer, and that it was too deep, and very dangerous for them to anchor there," which they said to pacify the men; desiring that they might borrow two pumps more of the other ships, and so, without doubt, they could bring the ship safe to Portugal. And although it would be great pain and labour for them to do it, yet they must, of force, content themselves: for the Admiral and all the gentlemen that were in the ship, pumped both day and night, as their turns came about, as well as the meanest; only to encourage the people.

They borrowed one pump of the *Santa Maria*; and sent to desire us to lend them another. Although our ship was none of the best among the fleet, and we were of opinion not to lend them any (not knowing what need we should have ourselves, having so long a way to sail): yet, in the end, seeing the great necessity they were in; we lent them one: the rather because they said that "The admiral's meaning was, if it were calm weather, to discharge some of their wares into other ships; thereby to lighten themselves": but it fell not out as they thought; so that, with great misery and labour, they overcame their voyage.

This island lieth in 8° 30′ S. There is not any fresh water in it, nor one green leaf or branch. It hath certain fair and white sands about it; and a great store of fish, wherein it surpasseth St. Helena.

From that island, the ships hold their course north-west-

by-west, to 1° N., where there lieth a cliff [*rock*] called *Penedo de Sam Pedro* [*or St. Paul rocks*]; which many times they see. It is 300 miles from the island of Ascension.

The 5th of June, we again passed the Equinoctial line, and then again began to see the North Star.

The 8th of June, being 4° N., we lost our General South-east Wind, that had served us from the Cape of Good Hope hither.

Then began the rains and calms, for then we began to come near the coast of Guinea; which continueth to 9° N. These calms and rains held us till 11° N., being the 20th of June.

The ships separated themselves, by reason of the calms, which made them not able to stir: and in 11° N., they met again.

There we had a north-east wind, which is called a General Wind, because it floweth continually in those countries; and holdeth to 30° N., and 32° N.; beginning many times at 6° N., and 7° N., be it we had it not, till we were in 11° N. This wind is somewhat scant; for we must, of force, sail in the wind, because our chief course is north-west-by-north.

The 23rd of June, we passed Cape de Verde, in 15° N.

The 26th of the same month, we passed the Islands of Cape de Verde, which are ten in number.

Then we entered into the *Sargasso* Sea, which is all covered with herbs, so that it seemeth to be like a green field; and so thick that a man cannot see the water, neither can the ships passed through it, but with great labour, unless they have a strong wind. The herb is like samphire, of a yellow colour; and hath berries like gooseberries, but nothing in them. The Portuguese call it *Sargasso*, because it is like the herb *Sargasso*, that groweth in their wells in Portugal. It is not known whence it cometh: for there is no land nor island known to be near that sea, but the coast of Africa, which is 400 miles from thence. It is thought that it cometh from the ground; and yet there is no ground in that place to be found.

In sailing to India, the ships come not into that sea; for then they keep closer to the shore, so that it is not once seen: and it is not found in any place but there, from 20° N. to 34° N., so thick and so full, as if they were whole islands, most strange to behold. In that country, it is as cold in winter as it is here with us [*in Holland*], when it freezes not:

which the Portuguese esteem a great cold; and clothe themselves against it, as we do in a mighty great frost.

The 2nd of July, we were in the height [*latitude*] of the Canary Islands, in 28° N. and 29° N.; which lay on our right hand.

The 6th of July, we were under 32° N., where we lost the General North-east Wind, and had a calm, and saw much of the *Sargasso*, which covered all the sea.

The 10th of the same month, we got again before the wind, being in 34° N.; and then, we saw no more of the *Sargasso* herb, but a fair clear sea.

The 18th of July, we were in 39° N., under which height lieth the islands of Corvo and Terceira; and the river of Lisbon: all these days we had many calms.

The next day, we had a west wind, being a right fore wind; and saw many flying fishes, almost as great as haddocks; that flew four or five fathoms high above the water.

The 22nd of July [*N.S.*], the wind continuing, about noon, we saw the islands of Flores and Corvo, which lie close to one another. From thence, it is 70 miles Eastward, to the island of Terceira.

At that time, we began to have many sick men, that is to say, some sick in their eyes, and some in their breasts and bellies, by reason of the long voyage, and because their victuals began to loose their taste and savour. Many wanted meat [*i.e., had no animal food*]: whereby divers of them, through want, were compelled to seethe rice with salt water. So that some of them died; which, many times, were found under the fore deck, that had lain dead two or three days, no man knowing it: which was a pitiful sight to behold, considering the misery they endured aboard those ships.

There died in our ship, from India unto that place, of slaves and others, to the number of twenty-four persons.

The same day, about evening, being by the islands of Flores and Corvo, we perceived three ships that made towards us, which came from under the land: which put us in great fear, for they came close by our admiral, and shot divers times at him, and at another ship of our company; whereby we perceived them to be Englishmen (for they bare an English flag upon their maintop), but none of them

showed to be about 60 tons in greatness [*while the size of each Carrack was about* 1,600 *tons*]. About evening, they followed after us: and all night, bore lanterns with candles burning in them at their sterns, although the moon shined.

The same night, we passed hard by the island of Fayal. The next day [23*rd*], being betwixt the island of St. George that lay on our right hand, and the small island of Gracioso on our left hand; we espied the three English ships, still following us, take counsel together: whereof one sailed backwards (thinking that some other ship had come after us without company), and, for a small time, was out of sight; but it was not long before it came again to the other two.

Wherewith they took counsel, and all three came together against our ship, because we lay in the lee of all the ships, and had the island of St. George on the one side instead of a sconce [*bulwark*], thinking so to deal with us that, in the end, we should be constrained to run upon the shore; whereof we wanted not much.

In that manner, with their flags openly displayed, they came lustily towards us, sounding their trumpets; and sailed at least three times about us, beating [*firing at*] us with musket and caliver, and some great pieces; which did not hurt us in the body of our ship, but spoiled all our sails and ropes. And to conclude, we were so plagued by them that no man durst put forth his head; and when we shot off a piece, we had at the least an hour's work to lade it again; whereby we had as great a noise and cry in the ship as if we had been cast away: whereat the Englishmen themselves began to mock us; and with a thousand jesting words called unto us.

In the meantime, the other ships hoisted all their sails, and did the best they could to sail to the island of Terceira; not looking once behind them to help us, and doubting [*fearing*] they should come too late thither: not caring for us, but thinking themselves to have done sufficiently, so they saved their own stakes; whereby it may easily be seen, what company they keep one with the other, and what order is among them.

In the end, the Englishmen, perceiving small advantage against us (little knowing in what case and fear we were), and also because we were not far from Terceira, left us; which made us not a little to rejoice, as thinking ourselves

to be risen from death to life: although we were not well assured, neither yet void of fear, till we lay in the road before Terceira, and under the safety of the Portuguese fort; and we made all the sails we could, that we might get thither in good time.

On the other side, we were in great doubt, because we knew not what they did in the island, nor whether they were our friends or enemies; and we doubted so much the more, because we found no Men of war, nor any Caravels of Advices from Portugal, as we made our accounts to do, than they might convoy us from thence, or give us advice as they, ordinarily, in that country, use to do: and because the Englishmen had been so victorious in those parts, it made us suspect that it went not well with Spain.

They of the island of Terceira were in no less fear than we were: for seeing our fleet, they thought us to be English, and that we came to overrun the island; because the three Englishmen had bound up their flags, and came in company with us. For which cause, the island sent out two Caravels that lay there with Advices from the King, for the Indian ships that should come thither. Those caravels came to view us, and perceiving what we were, made after us; whereupon the English ships left us, and made towards them, as the caravels thought them to be friends and shunned them not, as supposing them to be of our company: but we shot four or five times, and made signs unto them, that they should make towards the island; which they presently did.

The Englishmen perceiving that, did put forwards into the sea. So the caravels boarded us, telling us, "That the men of the island were all in arms, having received advice from Portugal, that Sir FRANCIS DRAKE was in readiness, and would come unto those islands."

They likewise brought us news of the overthrow of the Spanish fleet [*the Armada in* 1588] before England; and that the Englishmen had been before the gates of Lisbon [*with Don* ANTONIO, *and under Sir F.* DRAKE *and Sir* JOHN NORRIS, *in May* 1589]: whereupon the King gave us commandment that we should put into the island of Terceira; and there lie under the safety of the Castle until we received further advices what we should do, or whither we should sail. For they thought it too dangerous for us to go to Lisbon.

This news put our fleet in great fear, and made us look upon each other, not knowing what to say. It being dangerous for the ships to put into the road, because it lieth open to the sea: so that the Indian ships, although they had express commandment from the King, yet durst not anchor there: but used only to lavere [*tack*] to and fro; sending their boats on land to fetch such necessaries as they wanted, without anchoring.

But being by necessity compelled thereunto, as also by the King's commandment; and because we understood the Earl of CUMBERLAND not to be far from those islands with certain ships of war [*the Earl did not arrive at the Azores, till the 11th August, N.S. see p. 370*]: we made necessity a virtue, and entering the road, anchored close under the Castle, staying for advices and order from the King to perform our voyage; it being then the 24th [*N.S., i.e., O.S. 14th*] of July and St. James's Day.

We were in all six ships, that is, five from the East Indies and one from Malacca; and lay in the road, before the town of Angra: from whence we presently sent three or four caravels to Portugal, with advices unto the King of our arrival.

There we lay in great danger and much fear; for when the month of August cometh, it is very dangerous lying before that island: for then it beginneth to storm. The ships are there safe from all winds, saving the south and south-east winds; but when they blow, they lie in a thousand dangers: especially the East India ships, which are very heavily ladened and so full that they are almost ready to sink; so that they can hardly be steered.

The 4th of August, in the night, we had a south wind out of the sea, wherewith it began so to storm, that all the ships were in great danger to be cast away, and to run upon the shore: so that they were in great fear; and shot off their pieces to call for help. The officers and most of the sailors were on land; and none but pugs [? *boys*] and slaves in the ships: for it is a common custom with the Portuguese, that wheresoever they anchor, presently they go all on land, and let the ship lie with a boy or two in it.

All the bells of the town were hereupon rung, and there

was such a noise and cry in every place, that one could not hear the other speak. Those that were on land, by reason of the foul weather, could not get aboard; and they in the ship could not come to land. Our ship, the *Santa Cruz*, was in great danger, thinking verily it should have run on the sands: but GOD helped them.

The ship that came from Malacca brake her cables; and had not men enough aboard the ship, nor any that could tell how to cast forth another anchor; so that, in the end, they cut their masts, and drave upon the cliffs, where it stayed and brake in pieces, and presently sank under the water to the upper orlop. With that, the wind came north-west, wherewith the storm ceased; and the water became calm. If that had not been, all the ships had followed the same course; for some of them were at the point to cut their masts and cables to save their lives: but GOD would not have it so.

In that ship of Malacca, was lost much rich and costly merchandise; for these ships are ordinarily as rich as any ships that come from India, being full of all the rich wares of China, Moluccas, Japan, and all those countries: so that it was a great pity to see what costly things (as silks, damasks, cloths of gold and silver, and such like wares) fleeted upon the sea, and were torn in pieces.

There were much goods saved, that lay in the upper part of the ship, and also by duckers [*divers*], as pepper, nutmegs, and cloves; but most of it was lost: and that which was saved, was, in a manner, spoiled, and little worth; which was presently, by the King's Officers in the island, was seized upon and to the Farmers' uses, shut up in the *Alsandega* or Custom House, for the King's custom. Not once regarding the poor men, nor their long and dangerous voyage that had continued the space of three years, with so great misery and trouble endured by them at Malacca, as in another place [*p.* 429] I have already showed; so that they could not obtain so much favour of the King nor of his Officers, that they might have some part of the goods that were saved and brought to land, although they offered to put in sureties for so much as the custom might amount to, or else to leave as much goods in the Officer's hands as would satisfy them.

And although they made daily and pitiful complaints that

they had not wherewith to live; and that they desired, upon their own adventure, to freight certain ships or caravels at their own charge, and to put in good sureties to deliver the goods in the Custom House of Lisbon; yet could they not obtain their requests, but were answered, that "The King, for the assurance of his custom and of all the goods; would send an *armado* by sea to fetch the goods": which "fetching" continued for the space of two years and a half; and yet nothing was done, for there came no *armado*.

In the meantime, the poor sailors consumed all they had; and desperately cursed themselves, the King, and all his Officers. Yet, in the end, by the great and unfortunate suit of the Farmers of the Pepper, every man had license to lade his goods in what ship he would, after it had lain there for the space of two years and a half; putting in sureties to deliver the goods into the Custom House of Lisbon, where they must pay the half or more of the same goods for custom to the King: without any respect of their hard fortune and great misery, during their long and dangerous voyage.

And he that will be despatched in the Custom House there, must fee the Officers; otherwise it is most commonly three or four months before the goods are delivered unto the owners: and the best things, or any fine device that the Merchants, for their own uses, bring out of India, if the Officers like them, they must have them; yet they will promise to pay for them, but they set no day when. So the poor Merchants are forced to give them the rest; and are well contented that the Officers are so pleased, and use no more delays.

The 8th of August [*N.S.*], the Officers of the ships took counsel together, with the Governor of the island, what they were best to do; thinking it not good to follow the King's advice; considering their long staying, and fearing some other hard fortune, if they should stay.

And because a great Galleon, being a Man of war and very strong, lay then before the island, wherein was the Governor of Brazil; which through foul weather, had put in there; they concluded that this Galleon, being well appointed, should sail with them to Lisbon. And although they did it, without the advice and commandment of the King; yet they had rather so adventure their lives upon the seas, than again to

stay the danger of the haven. For that the winter did daily more and more increase; so that they were not to look for any better weather.

And, in that sort, appointing themselves as well as they could, and taking in all necessary provisions, the same day [*30th July, O.S.*], they all set sail, with no small fear of falling into some misfortune by the way.

But, because many that were of the ship of Malacca, stayed at Terceira to save such goods as, by any means, might be saved; and by that means to help themselves: among the which was the Factor of the Pepper, being one of my acquaintance. At whose request, as also because the pepper of that ship, and of all the other ships belonged all to one Farmer, by whom I was appointed Factor; seeing the necessity he had, and that he alone could hardly despatch so great a matter: I took order for mine own affairs [*charge*], and, having despatched it by other ships; I stayed there to help him, till we had further advice and orders from the Farmers of the pepper and other spices and wares. Of the which goods, we saved a great quantity by means of duckers [*divers*] and instruments that we used: having advices from the Farmers and the King, that it should not be long before they sent for us, willing us to stay there and to look unto the goods.

This staying and fetching us away, continued, as I said before, for the space of two years and a half; whereby you may consider the good order and policy of the Admiralty of Portugal, and with what diligence and care they seek for the common profit of the land, and the poor Merchants of the country: whom they ought to favour and help as much as they possibly may; but they do clean contrary, as those which deal in Portugal do well find.

The [*3rd O. S.*] 13th [*N. S.*] of August, the ships came back again to the island of Terceira, because they had a contrary wind, as also for want of fresh water: but they anchored not.

The day before [*i.e., 2nd of August, O. S., see p. 370*], the Earl of CUMBERLAND, with six or seven ships of war, sailed by the island of Terceira; and to their good fortune, passed out of sight: so that they despatched themselves in all haste;

and, for the more security, took with them 400 Spaniards of those that lay in the garrison in the island.

With them, they sailed towards Lisbon, having a good wind; so that within an eleven days after, they arrived in the river of Lisbon, with great gladness and triumph. For if they had stayed but one day longer before they had entered the river, they had all been taken by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE; who, with forty ships came before Cascaes, at the same time that the Indian ships cast anchor in the river of Lisbon; being guarded thither by divers galleys.

Now, by the discourse of this long and perilous voyage [*which as regards the* Santa Cruz, *the quickest of the five Carracks, lasted from 20th January to the 24th August* 1589 *N.S., 217 days; against the smoother voyage outward, in* 1583, *of the* San Salvador, *in* 166 *days, see p.* 30], you may sufficiently perceive how that only, by the grace and special favour of GOD, the Indian ships do perform their voyages; yet with great misery, pain, labour, loss, and hindrance; whereby man may likewise consider the manner of their navigation, ordinances, customs, and governments of their ships. So that in comparison of many other voyages, this present voyage may be esteemed a happy and prosperous one. For oftentimes it chanceth that but one or two, of the five that yearly sail to India come safe home; as of late it hath been seen: some being taken, and some lost altogether by their own follies and bad order.

The Azores.

THEY are called *Azores*, that is to say, "Spar-hawks," or "Hawks," because that, in their first discovery, they found many Sparhawks in them, whereof they hold the name: although at this day, there are not any to be found. They are also called the Flemish Islands, *i.e.*, of the Netherlanders: because the first that inhabited the same were Netherlanders; whereof, till this time, there is a great number of their offspring remaining, that, in manner and behaviour, are altogether like Netherlanders.

The principal island of them all, is that of Terceira, called *Insula de Jesus Christ de Terceira.* It is between fifteen or

sixteen miles in compass; and is altogether a great cliff of land, whereby there is little room in it. For it is, as it were, walled round about with cliffs; but where any strand or sand is, there standeth a fort. It hath no havens, nor entrance of waters, for the security and safety of the ships; except that before the chief town, called Angra: where it hath an open haven which, in form, is like a Half Moon, by the Portuguese called *Angra*; whereof the town hath its name. It hath on the one side, in the manner of an elbow sticking forth, two high hills, called Bresil, which stretch into the sea; so that, afar off, they seem to be divided from the island. These hills are very high; so that a man, being upon them, in clear weather, may see at the least ten, twelve, and sometimes fifteen miles into the sea.

Upon these hills, there stand two small stone pillars, where there is a sentinel placed, that continually watcheth to see what ships are at sea; and so to advertise those of the island.

For as many ships as he seeth coming out of the West, that is, from the Spanish Indies [*Central America and the West Indies*] or Brazil, Cape de Verde, Guinea, and the Portuguese Indies, and all other ways lying south or west; for every ship, he setteth a flag upon the pillar in the west. And when the ships, which he descrieth, are more than five, then he setteth up a great Ancient [*ensign*]; betokening a great fleet of ships.

The like he doth upon the other pillar, which standeth in the East, for such ships as come from Portugal or other places out of the east or north parts.

These pillars may be easily seen in all places of the town, by reason of the highness of the hills; so that there is not one ship or sail that is at sea that maketh towards the island, but it is presently [*at once*] known throughout all the town, and over all the island. For the watch is not holden only upon those two hills jutting into the sea, but also upon all corners, hills, and cliffs throughout the island; and as soon as they perceive any ships, the Governer and rulers are presently advertised thereof, that they may take such order therein, as need requireth.

Upon the furthest corner in the sea stands a fort, right against another fort that answereth it; so that those two

forts do shut and defend the mouth or open haven of the town; and no ship can neither go in or come forth without the licence of two forts [*see p.* 380].

This town of Angra is not only the chief town of Terceira, but also of all towns within the islands thereabouts. Therein are resident, the Bishop, the Governor for the King, and the chief place of judgement or tribunal seat of all the islands of the Azores.

All the islands of the Azores are inhabited by the Portuguese; but since the troubles in Portugal [*i.e., since* 1577, *when* PHILIP *II. acceded to the Portuguese throne*], there have been divers Spanish soldiers sent thither, and a Spanish Governor, that keep all the forts and castles in their possession: although the Portuguese are put to no charges, nor yet hardly used by them. For the soldiers are rather kept short, so that no one dareth to go out of the town without a licence: and therefore men may quietly travel throughout the island, both day and night, without any trouble.

Likewise, the islanders will not suffer any stranger to travel to see the country: and this order was not brought up by the Spaniards, but by the Portuguese themselves before their troubles. For they would not permit it. And what is more, all strangers that came thither, were usually appointed a certain street, wherein they should sell their wares; and they might not go out of that street. Now, it is not so straitly looked unto, but they may go in all places of the town, and within the island: but not about it, to view the coast. Which, notwithstanding, was granted to us by the Governor himself, who lent us his horses to ride about; and gave us leave to see all the forts: which, at this time, is not permitted to the natural born islanders; neither are they so much credited.

We rode about the island twice, which he granted us leave to do, by means of a certain particular friendship we had with him: neither could the Portuguese hinder us therein, because we were in the King's service, as "Factors for the King's Pepper," and because they held and accounted us as natural born Portuguese. For the Governor would willingly have had me to have drawn a plot [*map*] of the whole island, that he might have sent it to the King: wherein I excused myself; yet I made him one of the town, with the haven,

coming in, and forts of Angra, which he sent to the King: for which the Governor was greatly affected unto me, and showed me much friendship. We had, in our lodging, a French merchant, and a Scot, who willingly would have gone with us, to see the island; but could not be suffered: for the Portuguese think they would take the proportion thereof, and so seek to defeat [*wrest*] them of their right.

Such as are not merchants or workmen in the wood of the islands, wait for the fleets that come and go, to and from the Spanish and Portuguese Indies, Brazil, Cape de Verde, and Guinea, which do commonly come to Terceira to refresh themselves, as situated very fitly for that purpose. So that all the inhabitants do thereby richly maintain themselves, and sell all their wares, as well handiworks as victuals, to those ships: and all the islands roundabout do come to Terceira with their wares to sell them there. For the which cause, the Englishmen and other strangers keep continually about those islands; being assured that all ships, for want of refreshing, must of force, put into those islands: although, at this time [*i.e.*, 1594], many ships do avoid those islands, to the great discommodity both of the islands and the ships.

While I remained in Terceira, the Earl of CUMBERLAND came to Santa Maria (where there are no Spaniards, because it is a stout country like Terceira, and hard to board [*land on*]; whereby the inhabitants themselves are sufficient and able to defend it), to take in fresh water and some other victuals [*see p.* 382]; but the inhabitants would not suffer him to have it, and wounded divers of his men: whereby they were forced to depart, without having anything there.

About seven or eight miles north-north-west from Terceira, lieth the little island called Graciosa, which is but five and six miles in compass. A very pleasant, fine island, full of fruits and all other victuals; so that it not only feedeth itself, but also Terceira and the other islands about it; and hath no other kind of merchandise. It is well built, and inhabited by Portuguese; and hath no soldiers in it because it is not able to bear the charge.

The Earl of CUMBERLAND, while I lay in Terceira, came unto that island [*see p.* 378]; where he in person, with seven or eight in his company, went on land; asking for certain beasts, hens, and other victuals, with wine and fresh water;

which they willingly gave him: and therewith he departed from thence, without doing them any hurt. For the which the inhabitants thanked him; and commended him for his courtesy, and keeping of his promise.

Fayal aboundeth in all sorts of victuals and fish; so that from this island, the most part of the victuals and necessaries come, by whole caravels, to Terceira. It hath likewise much woad, so that many English ships do traffic thither. The principal road and place, is the town of Villa Dorta. There the ships do likewise lie on the open sea under the land, as they do before all the other islands. By this town, there lieth a fortress, but it is of small importance.

And because the inhabitants, of themselves, did offer to defend the island against all enemies; the soldiers, which before that time lay in the fort, were discharged from thence: the islanders complaining that they were not able to maintain, nor lodge them.

The same time that the Earl of CUMBERLAND was in the island of Graciosa, he came likewise to Fayal [*see p.* 373], where, at the first time, that he came, they began to resist him; but, by reason of some controversy between them, they let him land: where he razed the castle to the ground, and sank all their ordnance in the sea; taking with him, certain caravels and ships that lay in the road, with provisions of all things that he wanted, and therewith departed again to sea.

Whereupon, the King caused the principal actors therein to be punished; and sent out a company of [Spanish] soldiers; which went out of Terceira, with all kind of warlike munition and great shot: who made up the fortress again, the better to defend the island, trusting no more to the Portuguese.

In that island, are the most part of the Netherlanders' offspring; yet they use the Portuguese language, by reason they have been so long conversant among them; and those that used the Dutch tongue are all dead. They are great affected [*very kind*] to the Netherlanders and strangers.

Between Corvo and Flores [70 *miles west of Terceira*], and round about them, the Englishmen do commonly stay, to watch the ships that come out of the West: for those are the first islands that the ships look out for and descry, when they sail into Terceira.

Of certain notable and memorable incidents that happened during LINSCHOTEN's *continuance in Terceira, from October* 1589, *to July* 1592.

1589.

THE 2nd of October, *anno* 1589 [*N.S.*], at the town of Villa da Praya in the island of Terceira, two men being in a field hard without the town, were killed with lightning.

The 9th of the same month, there arrived in Terceira [*O.S.*, *see p.* 379] fourteen ships that came from the Spanish Indies, laden with cochineal, hides, gold, silver, pearls, and other rich wares. There were fifty in company when they departed out of Havanna: whereof, in their coming out of the Channel, eleven sank in the Channel by foul weather; and the rest, by a storm, were scattered and separated one from the other.

The next day [10*th*], there came another ship of the same company, that sailed close under the island so to get into the road: where she met with an English ship that had not above three cast pieces; and the Spaniard had twelve. They fought a long time together; which we, being in the island, might stand and behold. Whereupon the Governor of Terceira sent two boats of musketeers to help the ship: but before they could come to her, the English ship had shot her under water; and we saw her sink into the sea, with all her sails up, so that not anything was seen of her above the water.

The Englishmen, with their boat, saved the Captain and about thirty others with him; but not one pennyworth of the goods: and yet in the ship, there was, at the least, to the value of 200,000 ducats [=*about* £55,000 *then* = *about* £330,000 *now*] in gold, silver, and pearls. The rest of the men were drowned, which might be about fifty persons;

among the which were some friars and women, which the English would not save. Those that they did save, they set on land; and then they sailed away.

The [*17th O.S.*] 27th [*N.S.*] of the same month, the said fourteen ships, having refreshed themselves in the island, departed from Terceira towards Seville; and coming upon the coast of Spain, they were taken by the English ships that lay there to watch for them, two only excepted, which escaped away. The rest were wholly carried into England.

About the same time, the Earl of CUMBERLAND, with one of the Queen's ships, and five or six more, kept about those islands: and oftentimes came so close under the island and to the road of Angra, that the people on land might easily tell all his men that he had aboard, and knew such as walked on the hatches; they of the island not once shooting at them, although they might easily have done it, for they were within musket shot both of the town and fort.

In these places, he continued for the space of two months [*or rather, from 11th August to 10th November N.S.*], sailed round about the islands, and landed in Graciosa and Fayal, as in the descriptions of those islands [*pp.* 446, 447] I have already declared. Here he took divers ships and caravels, which he sent into England: so that those of the island durst not once put forth their heads.

At the same time, about three or four days after the Earl of CUMBERLAND had been in the island of Fayal, and was departed thence [*which was on the 16th O.S., or 26th, N.S., September, 1589, p.* 376], there arrived there six [West] Indian ships, whose General was one JUAN DORIVES, and there they discharged on that island 40,000,000 [*ducats = about £10,000,000 (ten millions sterling) then = about £60,000,000 (sixty millions sterling) now*] of gold and silver.

Having, with all speed, refreshed their ships; fearing the coming of the Englishmen, they set sail, and arrived safely in San Lucar de Barrameda, not meeting with the enemy; to the great good luck of the Spaniards, and hard fortune of the Englishmen. For that, within less than two days after the gold and silver were laden again into the Spanish ships, the Earl of CUMBERLAND sailed again by that island [*viz., on 23rd September, O.S., or 3rd October, N.S., 1589, p.* 376]. So that it appeared that GOD would not let them have it: for

if they had once had sight thereof, without doubt it had been theirs; as the Spaniards themselves confessed.

In the month of November, there arrived in Terceira, two ships, which were the admiral and vice-admiral of the fleet, ladened with silver; who, with stormy weather, were separated from the fleet, and had been in great torment and distress, and ready to sink. For they were forced to use all their pumps, so that they wished, a thousand times, to have met with the Englishmen: to whom they would willingly have given their silver and all that ever they brought with them; only to save their lives. Although the Earl of CUMBERLAND lay still about those islands: yet they met not with him: so that, after much pain and labour, they got into the road before Angra: where, with all speed, they unladed and discharged above 5,000,000 of silver [*i.e., to the value of* 5,000,000 (*five millions*) *of ducats* = *about* £1,500,000 (*a million and a half sterling*) *then* = *about* £9,000,000 (*nine millions sterling*) *now*]; all in pieces of 8 lbs. to 10 lbs. weight. So that the whole quay lay covered with plates, and chests of silver full of Rials of Eight, most wonderful to behold. Each million being ten hundred thousand ducats; besides gold, pearls, and other precious stones, which were not registered.

The Admiral and Chief Commander of those ships and that fleet, called ALVARO FLORES DE QUINIONES, was sick of a disease (whereof, not long, after he died in Seville) was brought to land.

He brought with him the King's broad seal, and full authority to be General and Chief Commander upon the seas, and of all fleets and ships, and of all places, islands, or land wheresoever he came to. Whereupon, the Governor of Terceira did him great honour.

Between them, it was concluded that, perceiving the weakness of their ships, and the danger through the Englishmen, they would send the ships empty, with soldiers to convey them, either to Seville or Lisbon, whichever they could first arrive at, with advice to His Majesty of all that had passed; and that he would give order to fetch the silver with a good and safe convoy. Whereupon, the said ALVARO FLORES stayed there, under colour of keeping the silver; but specially because of his disease, and that they were afraid of the Englishmen. This ALVARO FLORES had alone, for his own

part, above 50,000 ducats [= *about* £13,000 *then* = *about* £100,000 *now*] in pearls: which he shewed unto us, and sought to sell them; or barter them with us, for spices or bills of exchange.

The said two ships set sail, with 300 or 400 men, as well soldiers as others, that came with them out of [the West] India: and being at sea, had a storm, wherewith the admiral burst asunder, and sank in the sea; not one man saved. The vice-admiral cut down her mast, and ran the ship on ground hard by Setubal, where it burst in pieces: and some of the men, saving themselves by swimming, brought the news; the rest were drowned.

In the same month [*November* 1589], there came two great ships out of the Spanish Indies, that, within half a mile of the road of Terceira, met with an English ship; which, after they had fought long together, took them both.

[The following history of the English ship and her crew is very extraordinary.]

About seven or eight months before [*i.e.*, *about April* 1589], there had been an English ship in Terceira, that, under the name of a Frenchman, came to traffic in the island, there to lade wood: and being discovered, both ship [*p.* 454] and goods were confiscated to the King's use; and all the men kept prisoners. Yet went they up and down the streets to get their living, by labouring like slaves; being indeed as safe in that island, as if they had been in prison.

But, in the end, upon a Sunday [31*st of August*, *O.S.*, *see p.* 372; 10*th September*, *N.S.*], all the sailors went down behind the hills, called Bresil, where they found a fisher-boat; whereinto they got, and rowed into [*out to*] the sea, to the Earl of CUMBERLAND'S ship, which, to their great fortune, chanced, at that time, to come by the island [*see p.* 372]; and who had anchored, with his ships, about half a mile from the road of Angra, hard by two small islands, which lie about a base's shot from the island, and are full of goats, bucks, and sheep, belonging to the inhabitants of Terceira. Those sailors knew it well, and thereupon they rowed unto them with their boats; and lying at anchor, that day, they fetched as many goats and sheep as they had need of: which those of the town and island saw well, yet durst not once go forth.

So there remained no more on land, but the Master, and

the Merchant [*Supercargo*] of the said English ship. This Master had a brother-in-law dwelling in England; who, having news of his brother's imprisonment in Terceira, got licence of the Queen of England to set forth a ship: therewith to see if he could recover his losses of the Spaniards, by taking some of them; and so to redeem his brother, that lay prisoner in Terceira. And he it was, that took the [above] two Spanish ships before the town [*in November* 1589]; the Master of the aforesaid ship, standing on the shore by me, and looking upon them; for he was my great acquaintance.

The ships being taken, that were worth 300,000 ducats [=£80,000 *then*=£480,000 *now*]; he sent all the men on land, saving only two of the principal gentlemen whom he kept aboard, thereby to ransom his brother: and sent the [Spanish] Pilot of one of the [two West] Indian ships that were taken, with a letter to the Governor of Terceira, wherein he wrote that "He should deliver him his brother, and he would send the two gentlemen on land. If not, he would sail with them into England." As indeed he did: because the Governor would not do it; saying that "The gentlemen might make that suit to the King of Spain himself."

This Spanish Pilot, and the English Master likewise, we bade to supper with us: where the Pilot shewed us all the manner of their fight; much commending the order and manner of the Englishmen's fighting, as also for their courteous using of him.

But, in the end, the English Master likewise stole away in a French ship, without paying any ransom as yet [*i.e., up to July* 1592].

1590.

In the month of January 1590, there arrived one ship alone [*by itself*] in Terceira, that came from the Spanish Indies; and brought the news that there was a fleet of a hundred ships, which put out from the Firm Land [*the Spanish Main, or Central America*] of the Spanish Indies: and by a storm, were driven upon the coast, called Florida; where they were all cast away, she having only escaped. Wherein there were great riches, and many men lost; as may well be thought.

So that they made their account, that of 220 ships that, for certain, were known to have put out of New Spain [*Mexico*]

Santo Domingo, Havana, Cape de Verde, Brazil, Guinea, &c., in the year 1589, to sail for Spain and Portugal: there were not above 14 or 15 of them, that arrived there in safety. All the rest, were either drowned, burst [*foundered*], or taken.

In the same month of January, there arrived in Terceira, 15 or 16 ships that came from Seville; which were mostly Fly-boats of the Low Countries, and some Breton ships, that were arrested in Spain. These came full of soldiers and well appointed with munition, by the King's commandment, to lade the silver that lay in Terceira; and to fetch ALVARO DE FLORES to Spain.

And because, at that time of the year, there are always storms about those islands, therefore they durst not enter into the road of Terceira. For as then it blew so great a storm, that some of their ships that had anchored, were forced to cut down their masts, and were in danger of being lost: and among the rest, a ship of Biscay ran against the land, and was stricken in pieces; but all the men saved themselves.

The other ships were forced to keep the sea, and separated themselves the one from the other, where wind and weather would drive them, until the 15th of March [1590]. For that, in all that time, they could not have one day of fair weather to anchor in: whereby they endured much misery; cursing both the silver and the island.

This storm being passed; they chanced to meet with a small English ship, of about 40 tons in bigness, which, by reason of the great wind, could not bear all her sails; so they set upon her and took her: and with the English flag in their admiral's [*flag ship's*] stern, they came as proudly into the haven, as if they had conquered all the realm of England. But as the admiral, that bare the English flag upon her stern, was entering into the road; there came, by chance, two English ships by the island that paid her so well for her pains, that they were forced to cry *Misericordia!* and without all doubt, had taken her, if she had been a mile further in the [*out at*] sea. But because she got under the fortress, which also began to shoot at the Englishmen, they were forced to leave her, and to put further into the sea; having slain five or six of the Spaniards.

The Englishmen that were taken in the small ship, were put under hatches, and coupled in bolts. After they had

been prisoners three or four days [*i.e., about 18th of March* 1590 *N.S.*], there was a Spanish Ensign-bearer in the ship, that had a brother slain in the fleet that came for England [*the Armada of* 1588], who (then minding to revenge his death, and withal to shew his manhood to the English captives that were in the English ship, which they had taken as is aforesaid) took a poinard in his hand, and went down under the hatches; where, finding the poor Englishmen sitting in bolts; with the same poinard he stabbed six of them to the heart: which two others of them perceiving, clasped each other about the middle because they would not be murdered by him, and threw themselves into the sea, and there were drowned.

This act was much disliked and very ill taken of all the Spaniards; so they carried the Spaniard a prisoner unto Lisbon: where, being arrived, the King of Spain willed that he should be sent to England, that the Queen of England might use him as she thought good; which sentence, his friends got reversed. Notwithstanding he commanded that he should, without all favour, be beheaded: but upon a Good Friday [? *in* 1590 *or* 1591], the Cardinal going to *Mass*; all the Captains and Commanders made so great entreaty for him, that, in the end, they got his pardon.

This I thought good to note, that men may understand the bloody and dishonest minds of the Spaniards, when they have men under their subjection.

The same two English ships which followed the Spanish Admiral till he had got under the fort of Terceira, as I said before, put into the [*out to*] sea; where they met with another Spanish ship, being of the same fleet, that had likewise been scattered by the storm, and was [the] only [one] missing, for the rest lay in the road.

This small ship the Englishmen took, and sent all the men on shore, not hurting any of them; but if they had known what had been done unto the aforesaid English captives, I believe they would soon have revenged themselves: as, afterwards, many innocent soul paid for it.

This ship, thus taken by the Englishmen, was the same that was kept and confiscated in the island of Terceira; the Englishmen of which got out of the island in a fisher-boat, as I said before [*p.* 451]; and was sold to the Spaniards that then came from the [West] Indies [*p.* 449]; wherewith they

sailed to San Lucar de Barrameda: where it was also arrested by the Duke, and appointed to go in the company to fetch the silver in Terceira, because it was the ship that sailed well; but among the Spaniards' fleet, it was the meanest of the company. By this means, it was taken from the Spaniards and carried into England; and the owners had it again, when they least thought of it.

The 19th of March, the aforesaid ships, being nineteen in number, having laden the King's silver, and received ALVARO FLORES DE QUINIONES with his company, and a good provision of necessaries and munition; and of soldiers that were fully resolved, as they made shew, to fight valiantly to the last man, before they would yield or lose their riches.

Although they set their course for San Lucar, the wind drave them to Lisbon. Which, as it seemed, was willing by his force to help them, and to bring them thither in safety: although ALVARO DE FLORES, both against the wind and weather, would, perforce, have sailed to San Lucar; but being constrained by the wind, and the importunity of the sailors (who *protested* they would require their losses and damages of him), he was content to sail to Lisbon. From whence, the silver was carried by land to Seville.

At Cape St. Vincent, there lay a fleet of twenty English ships, to watch for this *armada*; so that if they had put into San Lucar, they had fallen right into their hands: which if the wind had served, they had done. And, therefore, they may say that the wind had lent them a happy voyage.

For if the Englishmen had met with them, they had surely been in great danger; and possibly but few of them had escaped, by reason of the fear wherewith they were possessed that "Fortune, or rather, GOD was wholly against them." Which is a sufficient cause, to make the Spaniards out of heart; and, on the contrary, to give the Englishmen more courage, and to make them bolder. For they are victorious, stout, and valiant; and all their enterprises do take so good effect, that they are, thereby, become Lords and Masters of the Sea, and need care for no man: as it well appeareth, by this brief Discourse.

In the month of March 1590, there was a blazing star [*a Comet*] with a tail, seen in Terceira, that continued four nights together, stretching the tail towards the south.

In the month of May, a caravel of Fayal arrived in the haven or road of Angra, at Terceira, ladened with oxen, sheep, hens, and other kinds of victuals; and full of people. She had, by a storm, broken her rudder; whereby the sea cast her about, and there she sank. In her, were drowned three children and a Franciscan friar. The rest of the men saved themselves by swimming, and by help from the shore; but the cattle and hens came drowned to land.

The friar was buried with a great procession and solemnity; being esteemed a saint, because he was taken up dead with his book between his arms: for the which cause, every man came to look on him as a miracle, giving great offerings, to say *masses* for his soul.

[What now follows is an enormous falsehood, being apparently only an exaggerated rumour of CAVENDISH's Expedition to the South Seas, 21st July, 1586—10 September 1588, see Vol. ii. *pp.* 117–127.]

The 1st of August [1590] the Governor of Terceira received advices out of Portugal and Spain, that two years before the date of his letters [*i.e.*, *in* 1588], there sailed out of England twelve great well-appointed ships; with full resolution to take their journey, seven of them to the Portuguese Indies, and the other five to Malacca. Of which, five were cast away in the Straits of Magellan, and three sailed to Malacca: but what they had done there, was as then not known.

[LINSCHOTEN's friend AFHUISEN, who left Malacca, at a much later date, *viz.*, about December 1588, *p.* 429, was then at Angra; and would, of course, be able to contradict this part of this immense offspring of fear.]

The other seven passed the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived in India, whither they put in at the coast of Malabar, and there took six foists of the Malabars, but let them go again; and [? *where*], two Turkish galleys that came out of the Straits of Mecca or Red Sea, to whom likewise they did no hurt. And there [? *where*], they laded their ships with spices, and returned back again on their way: but where, or in what place they had ladened, it was not certainly known[!]. Saving only, that this much was written by the Governor of India; and sent over land to Venice, and from thence to Madrid.

[In this remarkably developed specimen of a baseless rumour, we trace the fear of the English, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, spreading through the Portuguese settlements in India.]

The 7th of August, a navy of English ships was seen before Terceira, being twenty in number, and five of them Queen's ships. Their General was one Sir MARTIN FROBISHER; as we, after, had intelligence. They came purposely to watch for the Fleet of the Spanish Indies, for the [Portuguese] Indian ships, and for the ships of the countries in the West.

Which put the islanders in great fear, specially those of Fayal. For the Englishmen had sent a Trumpeter to the Governer there, to ask for certain wine, flesh, and other victuals, for their money and good friendship. They of Fayal, did not only refuse to give ear to them; but with a shot, killed their messenger or trumpeter: which the English took in evil part, sending them word that "They were best to look to themselves, and stand upon their guard; for they meant to come and visit them, whether they would or not." The Governor there made them answer, that "He was there on the behalf of His Majesty of Spain; and that he would do his best to keep them out." But nothing was done: although they of Fayal were in no little fear; sending to Terceira for aid: from whence, they had certain barks with powder and munition for war, together with some biscuit and other necessary provision.

The 30th of August, we received very certain news out of Portugal, that there were eighty ships put out of the Corunna [*called by the English, the Groine*], laden with victuals, munition, money, and soldiers, to go for Brittany; to aid the Catholics and Leaguers of France against the King of Navarre.

At the same time, two Netherland Hulks coming out of Portugal to Terceira, being half over the seas, met with four of the Queen's ships, their General being Sir JOHN HAWKINS, that stayed them; but let them go again, without doing them any harm.

The Netherlanders reported that "Each of the Queen's ships had eighty [!] pieces of ordnance; that Sir FRANCIS DRAKE lay with forty ships in the English Channel watching for the *armada* from the Corunna; and that likewise, there lay at Cape St. Vincent ten other English ship, that if any of the ships escaped from the Islands [*i.e., the Azores*] they might take them."

This tidings put the islanders in great fear; lest if they

failed of the Spanish fleet, and got nothing by them, they would then fall upon the Islands, as they would not return empty: whereupon they held straight watch, sending advices to the King, of the news they had heard.

The 1st of September, there came to the island of St. Michael, a Portuguese ship out of the haven of Pernambuco in Brazil, which brought news that the Admiral of the Portuguese fleet that came from India, having missed the island of St. Helena, was, of necessity, constrained to put into Pernambuco: although the King had expressly, under a great penalty, forbidden him so to do; because of the worms, that do there spoil the ships.

The same ship, wherein BERNADINE RIBERO was Admiral, the year before [1589], sailed out of Lisbon to the Indies, with five ships in her company; whereof but four got to India; the fifth was never heard of, so that it was thought to be cast away. The other four returned safe again to Portugal [this year 1590]: though the admiral was much spoiled, because he met with two English ships that fought long with him, and slew many of his men; but yet he escaped from them.

The 5th of the same month, there arrived at Terceira, a caravel of the island of Corvo, and brought with her 50 men that had been spoiled by the Englishmen, who had set them on shore in the island of Corvo; having taken them out of a ship that came from the Spanish Indies.

They brought tidings that "The Englishmen had taken four more of the [West] Indian ships, and a Caravel of Advices with the King of Spain's Letters of Advices for the ships [*Carracks*] coming out of the Portugal Indies. And that, with those which they had taken, there were at the least forty English ships together; so that not one bark escaped them, but fell into their hands."

Therefore the Portuguese ships coming out of India durst not put into the Islands; but took their course under 40° N., and 42° N., and from thence sailed to Lisbon; shunning likewise the Cape St. Vincent: otherwise they could not have had a prosperous journey of it; for that then, the sea was full of English ships.

Whereupon, the King advised the fleet lying at Havanna in the Spanish Indies, ready to come for Spain, that they

should stay there all that year, till the next year; because of the great danger they might fall into by the Englishmen.

Which was no small charge and hindrance to the fleet, for the ships that lie there, do consume themselves, and in a manner eat up one another; by reason of the great number of people, together with the scarcity of all things. So that many ships chose rather, one by one, to adventure themselves alone, to get home than to stay there. All which fell into the Englishmen's hands; the men of divers of which, were brought to Terceira. For, for a whole day, we could see nothing else but spoiled men set on shore, some out of one ship, some out of another, that it was a pity to see all of them cursing the English and their own fortunes; with those that had been the causes to provoke the Englishmen to fight: and complaining of the small remedy and order taken therein by the King of Spain's Officers.

The 19th of the same month, there came a caravel of Lisbon to Terceira, with one of the King's Officers, to cause the goods that were saved out of the ship that came from Malacca (for the which, we stayed there) to be ladened and sent to Lisbon.

At the same time, there put out of the Corùnna, one Don ALONSO DE BASSAN, with 40 great Ships of war, to come to the islands [of the Azores], there to watch for the fleets of the Spanish and Portuguese Indies: and the goods of the Malacca ship being ladened, they were to convoy them all together to the river of Lisbon. But being certain days at sea, always with a contrary wind, they could not get unto the Islands. Only two of them, scattered from the fleet, arrived at Terceira; and, not finding the fleet, they presently returned back to seek them.

In the meantime, the King changed his mind, and caused the fleet to stay in [West] India, as I said before; and therefore he sent word unto Don ALONSO DE BASSAN that he should return again to Corunna, which he presently did: without doing anything, or once approaching near the islands, saving only the two foresaid ships. For he well knew that the Englishmen lay by the island of Corvo; but he would not visit them. So he returned to the haven of Corunna; whereby our goods that come from Malacca were yet to ship; and being trussed up again, we were forced to stay a more fortunate time, with patience.

The 23rd of October, there arrived at Terceira, a caravel with advices out of Portugal, that of the five ships which [about April] in the year 1590, were laden in Lisbon, for the the [East] Indies, four of them were turned back again to Portugal, after they had been four months abroad: and that the admiral, wherein the Viceroy, called MATTHIAS D'ALBUQUERQUE, sailed, had only got to India: as afterward news thereof was brought overland; having been, at the least, eleven months at sea and never saw land, and came in great misery to Malacca.

In this ship there died by the way, 280 men, according to a note, made by himself and sent to the Cardinal of Lisbon, with the name and surname of every man; together with a description of his voyage and the misery they had endured: which was only done because he would not lose the Government of India; and for that cause, he had sworn either to lose his life, or to arrive in India. As, indeed, he did afterwards: but to the great danger, loss, and hinderance of his company, that were forced to buy it with their lives; and only for want of provisions, as it may well be thought. For he knew full well, that if he had returned back again to Portugal, as the other ships did, he should have been cashiered from his Indian Regiment; because the people began already to murmur at him for his proud and lofty mind.

And among other things, that which shewed his pride the more, he caused to be painted above the gallery of his ship, Fortune, and his own picture with a staff standing by her, as it were, threatening her, with this posy, *Queroque vencas!* that is, "I will have thee to overcome!" which being read by the Cardinal and other gentlemen, that, to honour him, brought him aboard his ship; it was thought to be a point of exceeding folly.

But it is no strange matter among the Portuguese: for they, above all others, must, of force, let the fool peep out of their sleeves; specially when they are in authority. For I knew the said MATTHIAS D'ALBUQUERQUE in India, being a soldier and a Captain; where he was esteemed and accounted for one of the best of them: and much honoured and beloved of all men, as behaving himself courteously to every man; whereby they all desired that he might be Viceroy. But when he had once received his *Patent*, with full power and authority from the

King to be Viceroy; he changed so much from his former behaviour, that by reason of his pride, they all began to fear and curse him; and that, before he departed out of Lisbon: as is often seen in many men, that are advanced into State and dignity.

1591.

The 20th of January, *anno* 1591, there was news brought out of Portugal to Terceira, that the Englishmen had taken a ship that the King had sent to the Portuguese Indies, with advices to the Viceroy, of the returning again of the four ships that should have gone to India. And because those ships were come back again, that ship was stuffed and ladened, as full of goods as it possibly might be; having likewise, in ready money, 500,000 ducats [=*about* £137,500 *then*=£825,000 *now*] in Rials of Eight; besides other wares.

It departed from Lisbon in the month of November 1590, and met with the Englishmen; with whom, for a time, it fought: but, in the end, it was taken and carried into England, with men and all. Yet when they came there, the men were set at liberty; and returned to Lisbon, where the Captain was committed a prisoner; but he excused himself, and was released. With whom, I spake myself; and he made this report to me.

At the same time also, they took a ship that came from the Mine [? *at Soffala, see p.* 27]: and two ships, ladened with pepper and spices, that were to sail into Italy; the pepper alone that was in them being worth 170,000 ducats [= *about* £46,750 *then* = £280,000 *now*]. All these ships were carried into England, and made good prize.

In the month of July, *anno* 1591, there happened an earthquake in the island of St. Michael; which continued [*i.e.*, *at intervals*] from the 26th of July to the 12th of August. In which time, no man durst stay within his house: but fled into the fields, fasting and praying; with great sorrow, because many of their houses fell down. A town, called Villa Franca, was almost clean razed to the ground; all the cloisters and houses shaken to the earth, and some people therein slain. In some places, the land rose up, and the cliffs removed from one place to another; and some hills were defaced, and made even with the ground. The earth-

quake was so strong, that the ships which lay in the road and on the sea, shaked as if the world would have turned round. There also sprang a fountain out of the earth; from whence, for the space of four days, there flowed a most clear water; and, after that, it ceased. At the same time, they heard such thunder and noise under the earth, as if all the devils in hell had been assembled in that place; wherewith many died for fear.

The island of Terceira shook four times together, so that it seemed to turn about: but there happened no misfortune unto it.

Earthquakes are common in these islands. For, about twenty years past, there happened another earthquake: wherein the half of a high hill, that lieth by the same town of Villa Franca, fell down, and covered all the town with earth; and killed many men.

The 25th of August, the King's *Armada*, coming out of Ferrol, arrived at Terceira, being in all thirty ships, Biscayens, Portuguese, and Spaniards; and ten Dutch Fly-boats that were arrested in Lisbon to serve the King: besides other small vessels, *pataxos* that came to serve as messengers from place to place, and to discover [*scout on*] the seas.

The Navy came to stay for, and convoy the ships that should come from the Spanish Indies; and the Fly-boats were appointed, in their turn, to take in the goods that were saved in the lost ship that came from Malacca, and to convey it to Lisbon.

The 13th of September, the said *Armada* arrived at the island of Corvo, where the Englishmen, with about sixteen ships, then lay, staying for the Spanish [West Indian] fleet; whereof some, or the most part were come, and there the English were in good hopes to have taken them.

But when they perceived the King's Army to be strong: the Admiral, being the Lord THOMAS HOWARD, commanded his fleet not to fall upon them; nor any of them once to separate their ships from him, unless he gave commission so to do.

Notwithstanding, the Vice-Admiral, Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, being in the ship called the *Revenge* [*of 700 tons*], went into the Spanish fleet and shot among them, doing them great hurt; and thinking the rest of the company would have

followed: which they did not, but left him there and sailed away. The cause why, could not be known. Which the Spaniards perceiving, with seven or eight ships they boarded her: but she withstood them all, fighting with them, at the least, twelve hours together: and sank two of them, one being a new Double Fly-boat, of 1,200 tons; the other, a Biscayen. But, in the end, by reason of the number that came upon her, she was taken; but their great loss: for they had lost in fighting and by drowning, above four hundred men. Of the Englishmen, there were slain about a hundred; Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE himself being wounded in the brain, whereof he died.

He was borne into the ship called the *San Paulo*, wherein was the Admiral of the fleet, Don ALONSO DE BASSAN. There, his wounds were dressed by the Spanish surgeons; but Don ALONSO himself would neither see him, nor speak with him. All the rest of the Captains and gentlemen went to visit him, and to comfort him in his hard fortune; wondering at his courage and stout heart, for he showed not any sign of faintness, nor changing of colour: but feeling the hour of death to approach, he spake these words in Spanish, and said, *Here die I, RICHARD GRENVILLE, with a joyful and quiet mind, for I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, religion, and honour: whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body; and shall leave behind it, an everlasting fame of* a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty, *as he was bound to do.*

When he had finished these, or such like words, he gave up the ghost, with great and stout courage; and no man could perceive any true sign of heaviness in him.

This Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE was a great and rich gentleman in England, and had great yearly revenues, of his own inheritance: but he was a man very unquiet in his mind, and greatly affected to war, inasmuch, as of his own private motion, he offered his services to the Queen. He had performed many valiant acts, and was greatly feared in these islands [*see p.* 371], and known of every man: but of nature very severe, so that his own people hated him for his fierceness, and spake very hardly of him.

For when they first entered into the Fleet or *Armada*, they

had their great sail in a readiness, and might, possibly enough, have sailed away; for it was one of the best ships for sailing in England. The Master perceiving that the other ships had left them, and followed not after; commanded the great sail to be cut, that they might make away: but Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE threatened both him and all the rest that were in the ship, that if any man laid hand upon it, he would cause him to be hanged. So by that occasion, they were compelled to fight; and, in the end, were taken.

He was of so hard a complexion that, as he continued among the Spanish Captains, while they were at dinner or supper with him, he was carouse three or four glasses of wine; and, in a bravery, take [successively] the glasses between his teeth, and crush them in pieces, and swallow them down, so that oftentimes the blood ran out of his mouth, without any harm at all to him: and this was told me, by divers credible persons that, many times, stood and beheld him.

The Englishmen that were left in the ship, as the Captain of the Soldiers, the Master, and others, were dispersed into divers of the Spanish ships that had taken them: where there had almost arisen a new fight between the Biscayens and the Portuguese: which each of them would have the honour to have first boarded her. So there grew a great noise and quarrel among them, one taking the chief ancient [*ensign*], and the other the flag: and the Captain and every one held his own.

The ships that had boarded her, were altogether out of order and broken; and many of their men hurt: whereby they were compelled to come to the island of Terceira, there to repair themselves. Where, being arrived, I and my chamber-fellow [*i.e.*, *AFHUISEN*], to hear some news, went on board one of the ships, being a great Biscayen, and one of the *twelve Apostles*, whose Captain was called BARTANDONO, that had been General of the Biscayens in the Fleet that went for England [*i.e.*, *the Spanish Armada of* 1588]. He, seeing us, called us up into the gallery; where with great courtesy, he received us: being then set at dinner with the English Captain [*i.e.*, of the Soldiers of the *Revenge*], that sate by him, and had on a suit of black velvet; but he could not tell us anything, for he could speak no other language but English, and Latin, which BARTANDONO could also speak a little.

The English Captain got licence of the Governor, that he might come on land, with his weapon by his side; and was in our lodging, with the Englishmen [*i.e., the Merchant or Supercargo, mentioned on p.* 452] that was kept prisoner in the island (being of that ship whereof the sailors got away, as I said before). The Governor of Terceira bade him to dinner; and shewed him great courtesy.

The Master likewise, with licence of BARTANDONO, came on shore, and was in our lodging. He had, at the least, ten or twelve wounds, as well in his head as on his body: whereof, after, being at sea between the Islands and Lisbon, he died.

The Captain wrote a letter, wherein he declared all the manner of the fight; and left it with the English Merchant [*or Supercargo*] that lay in our lodging, to send it to the Lord Admiral of England.

This English Captain coming to Lisbon, was there well received, and not any hurt done unto him: but, with good convoy, sent to Setubal: and, from thence, with all the rest of the Englishmen that were taken prisoners, sailed into England.

The Spanish *Armada* stayed at the island of Corvo till the last of September, to assemble the rest of the fleet together; which, in the end, were to the number of 140 sail of ships, partly coming from [the West] India, and partly of the *Armada*. And being all together, ready to sail to Terceira, in good company; there suddenly rose so hard and cruel a storm that those of the island do affirm that, in man's memory, there was not any such seen or heard of before: for it seemed [as if] the sea would have swallowed up the Islands. The water mounted higher than the cliffs, which are so high that it amazeth a man to behold them; but the sea reached above them, and living fishes were thrown upon the land.

This storm continued not a day or two only, with one wind; but seven or eight days continually, the wind turning round about in all places of the compass, at the least, twice or thrice during that time: and all alike with a continual storm and tempest; most terrible to behold, even to us that were on shore, much more then to such as were at sea. So that on the coasts and cliffs of the island of Terceira alone, there were about twelve ships cast away; and that, not upon one side only, but round about it in every corner: whereby,

nothing else was heard but complaining, crying, lamenting, and telling, "Here is a ship broken in pieces against the cliffs!" and "There, another! and the men drowned." So that, for the space of twenty days after the storm, they did nothing else but fish for dead men, that continually came driving on the shore.

Among the rest, was the English ship called the *Revenge*, that was cast away upon a cliff, near to the island of Terceira; where it break into a hundred pieces, and sank to the ground: having in her, seventy men, Gallicians, Biscayens, and others, with some of the captive Englishmen; whereof but one was saved, that got up upon the cliffs alive, and had his body and head all wounded. He, being on shore, brought us the news, desiring to be shriven; and thereupon presently died. The *Revenge* had in her, divers fair brass pieces, that were all sunk in the sea; which they of the island were in good hope to weigh up again.

The next summer after [*i.e.*, 1592], among these ships, that were cast away about Terceira, was likewise a Fly-boat called the *White Dove* (being one of those that had been arrested in Portugal to serve the King), lost there. The Master of her, was one CORNELIUS MARTENSON, of Schiedam in Holland; and there were in her, as in every one of the rest, one hundred soldiers. He, being overruled by their Captain, that he could not be master of his own, sailing here and there at the mercy of GOD, as the storm drove him; in the end, came within sight of the island of Terceira. Which the Spaniards perceiving, thought all their safety only to consist in putting into the road; compelling the Master and Pilot to make towards the island. The Master refused to do it, saying, that "They were most sure there to be cast away, and utterly spoiled": but the Captain called him, "Drunkard! and Heretic!" and striking him with a staff, commanded him to do as he would have him.

The Master seeing this, and being compelled to do it, said, "Well, my masters! seeing it is the desire of you all to be cast away! I can but lose one life!" and therewith desperately, he sailed towards the shore; and was on that side of the island where there was nothing else but hard stones, and rocks as high as mountains, most terrible to behold: where some

of the inhabitants stood, with long ropes and corks bound at the end thereof, to throw them down to the men that they might lay hold upon them and save their lives; but few of them got so near, most of them been cast away, and smitten in pieces, before they could get to the wall.

The ship sailing in this manner towards the island, and approaching to the shore; the Master (being an old man and full of years) called his son, that was in the ship with him, and having embraced one another, and taken their last farewell, the good old father willed his son not to take care for him, but to seek to save himself: "For" said he, "son! thou art young: and may have some hope to save thy life; but as for me, I am old, it is no great matter what becomes of me." Therewith, each of these, shedding many tears (as every loving father and kind child may well consider) the ship fell upon the cliffs, and brake in pieces: the father falling into the sea, on the one side, and the son on the other; each laying hold on that which came next to hand, but to no purpose. For the sea was so high and furious, that they were all drowned, but fourteen or fifteen who saved themselves by swimming, but yet with their legs and arms half broken and out of joint; among the which, were the Master's son, and four other Dutch boys. The rest of the Spaniards and sailors, with the Captain and Master, were drowned.

Whose heart would not melt with, to behold so grievous a sight? especially considering with himself, that the greatest cause thereof was the beastliness and insolency of the Spaniards; as is this only [*single*] example may well be seen.

Whereby may be considered how the other ships sped [*in the previous storm of October* 1591]: as we ourselves did in part behold, and by the men that were saved, did hear more at large; as also some others of our countrymen [*i.e., Dutchmen*] that, then, were in the like danger can well witness.

At the other islands, the loss [*in October* 1591] was no less than in Terceira. For on the island of St. George, there were two ships cast away; on the island of Pico, two ships; on the island of Graciosa, three ships: and besides those, there came everywhere round about, divers pieces of broken ships and other things, fleeting towards the islands; wherewith the sea was all covered, most pitiful to behold.

On the island of St. Michael, there were four ships cast away; and between Terceira and St. Michael, three more were sunk, which were seen, and heard to cry out: whereof not one man was saved. The rest put into the [*out to*] sea, without masts, all torn and rent.

So that of the whole fleet and *armada*, being 140 ships in all, there were but 32 or 33 arrived in Spain and Portugal: yea, and those few with so great misery, pain, and labour that no two of them arrived together; but this day one, and to-morrow another, the next day a third, and so on, one after the other, to the number aforesaid.

All the rest were cast away upon the Islands [*Azores*] and overwhelmed in the sea: whereby may be considered what great loss and hindrance they received at that time. For, by many men's judgements, it was esteemed to be much more than was left by the Army that came for England [*in* 1588]; and it may be well thought and presumed that it was no other but a just plague, purposely sent by GOD upon the Spaniards: and that it might truly be said, the taking of the *Revenge* was justly revenged upon them; and that, not by the might or force of man, but by the power of GOD.

As some of them openly said, in the isle of Terceira, that "They believed, verily, GOD would consume them; and that He took part with Lutherans and heretics." Saying further that "So soon as they had thrown the dead body of the Vice-admiral Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE overboard; they verily thought that, as he had a devilish faith and religion, and therefore that the devils loved him: so he presently sank down into the bottom of the sea, and down into hell, where he raised up all the devils to revenge his death; and that they brought so great storms and torments upon the Spaniards, only [*simply*] because they maintained the Catholic and Romish religion." Such, and such like blasphemies against GOD, they ceased not openly to utter; without any man reproving them nor their false opinions thereon: but the most part of them the rather said, and affirmed that "of truth, it must needs be so."

As one of these Indian fleets put out of New Spain, there were 35 of them, by storm and tempest, cast away and drowned in the sea: so that, out of 50 in all, but 15 escaped.

Of the fleet that came from Santo Domingo, there were 14

cast away, coming out of the Channel of Havanna; whereof the Admiral and Vice-admiral were two. From *Terra firma* in India [*i.e., Central America*], there came two ships ladened with gold and silver; that were taken by the Englishmen. And before the Spanish *Armada* came to Corvo, the Englishmen, at different times, had taken, at the least, 20 ships, that came from Santo Domingo, [West] India, Brazil, &c.; and sent them all to England.

Whereby it plainly appeareth, that, in the end, GOD will assuredly plague the Spaniards: having already blinded them, so that they have not the sense to perceive it, but still to remain in their obstinate opinions. But it is lost labour to strive against GOD, and to trust in man; as being foundations erected upon the sands, which, with the wind, are blown down and overthrown: as we daily see before our eyes, and, not long since, have evidently observed in many places.

Therefore, let every man but look to his own actions! and take our Low Countries for an example: wherein, we can but blame our own sins and wickedness; which doth so blind us, that we wholly forget and reject the benefits of GOD, continuing the servants and yoke slaves of Satan. GOD, of His mercy! open our eyes and hearts! that we may know our only Health and Saviour, JESUS CHRIST; who only can help, govern, and preserve us; and give us a happy end in all our affairs.

LINSCHOTEN'S return home to Enkhuisen.

BY THE destruction of the Spaniards, and their evil success, the lading and shipping of the goods that were saved out of the ship that came from Malacca to Terceira, was again put off: and therefore we must have patience till it please GOD to send a fitter time; and that we received further advices and order from His Majesty of Spain.

All this being thus past, the Farmers and other merchants (seeing that the hope of any *armada* or ships in the King's behalf to be sent to fetch the goods, was all in vain) made request unto His Majesty that he would grant them licence, for every man particularly [*individually*] to ship his goods in

what ship he would, at his own adventure; which, after long suit, was granted in the end: upon condition that every man should put in sureties to deliver the goods into the Custom House at Lisbon, to the end that the King might be paid his custom; as also that the goods, delivered to them in Terceira, should all be registered.

Whereupon, the Farmers of Pepper, with other merchants, agreed with a Flushinger, to fetch all the cloves, nutmegs, mace, and other spices, and goods that belonged to them; excepting only the pepper, which the King as then would not grant to lade.

The same ship arrived at Terceira, about the last of November; and, because it was somewhat dangerous, being the latter end of the year, we laded her with all the speed we could: for then the coast was clear of Englishmen.

To be short. This Flushinger, being ladened with the most part of the goods, saving the pepper; set sail for Lisbon, passing some small storms, not once meeting with any ship; but only on the [Portuguese] coast, where we saw ten Hollanders that sailed with corn towards Leghorn and other places in Italy: and so, by GOD's help! upon the 2nd of January 1592, we arrived in the river of Lisbon; being nine years after my departure from thence.

1592.

There I stayed till the month of July to despatch such things as I had to do: and upon the 17th of the same month, I went to Setubal; where certain Hollanders lay, with whom I went to Holland.

The 22nd of July, we set sail, being in all 12 ships; and because we had a contrary wind, we put out higher into the [*further out to*] sea.

The 27th of the same month, we had a lasting storm, whereby we ran against another ship; both being in a hundred dangers to be sunk, for we were within a span of touching one another: but GOD helped us, and we parted from each other; which almost seemed impossible. For the bore-sprite [*bow-sprit*] of the ship that came against us, strake upon our Fouke-yard; and therewith brake in pieces: and thereupon his Fouke-mast fell overboard; whereby he was forced to leave the fleet. Another also of our company had a leak, so that

he made towards the [Portuguese] coast: where, to save the men, he ran the ship on shore; as, afterwards, we understood. So we remained but ten in company.

The 1st of August, being ninety miles in the [*out at*] sea, because the wind held contrary, so that we could not keep our right course; we espied three strange ships: but it was not long, before we lost the sight of them again.

The 4th of August, there came three other ships among our fleet, which we perceived to be Biscayens: whereupon we made towards them, and shot certain pieces at them; and so they left us.

The 16th of August, the wind being yet contrary, and because there were about fifteen passengers aboard our ship, our victuals, specially our drink, began to fail: so that we were constrained to keep an order, and to stint every man to his portion; being then 120 miles from Heissant [*Ushant*] inwards in the [*out at*] sea, which is called, the Half Sea.

The 18th, we had a storm, whereby three of our fleet were left behind; because they could not follow us.

The 24th of August we cast out the lead, and found ground; wherewith we were all glad, for it was the entrance into the Channel between England and France.

The 27th of August, being in the Channel, there came two small English ships to view our fleet, but presently put in again to the coast of England.

The 28th, we descried land, being loofward from us; which was Goutster and Dartmouth.

The next day, we passed by the Isle of Wight, sailing along the coast.

The 30th of August, we put into the head [Straits] of Dover and Calais; where there lay one of the Queen's ships; but she hoisted anchor, and sailed to the coast of England, without looking after us. So we set four men on shore [*i.e., in England*].

Then we had a scant wind, wherewith we entered into the North Sea; not seeing anybody.

The 1st of September, being cloudy, we had a storm out of the north-west, whereby we could not discern the land: but in the evening, we met with two ships that came out of the East Countries [*Baltic Provinces*], who told us they had seen land saying, "It was the Texel"; willing us to follow them. And

so we discovered land, it being the Vlie: but we, thinking it to be the Texel, would not longer follow the other ships; but put so near unto it, that we were in great danger. Then we perceived that we had deceived ourselves, and saw the other ships take another course towards the Texel: but we had the wind so scant, and were fallen so low, that we could hardly get from the shore. And withal, we had a sudden storm, wherewith our Fouke-mast brake; our mainmast being already cracked: whereupon, we were fully determined to anchor there, and stand upon good comfort and hope in GOD. Suddenly the wind came better, so that with great pain and labour, about sun setting, we entered the mouth of the Texel, without any pilot: for, by reason of the great wind, they durst not come out. So, to conclude, we got in; and there, with thanksgiving to GOD, we anchored.

In the morning, being the 2nd of September, our Gunner thinking to charge the pieces, and, for joy, to shoot them off before the town: by fortune, a ladle full of powder took fire and, and with the fire thereof, strake off all his right hand, and burnt him in many places of his body; wherewith our joy was wholly quailed and abated.

The 3rd of September [*N.S.*], we arrived at Enkhuisen; where I found my mother, brother, and sister, all living and in good health: it being twelve years, nine months and a half, after my departure thence.

For which GOD Almighty, with His Son JESUS CHRIST our Saviour, be praised and blessed! To Whom belongeth all power, honour and glory, now and for evermore.

Amen.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

Relations with JOHN MILTON.

[*The History of the Life &c.* 1714]

Our two Poets, MILTON and DRYDEN, were driven out of London by the Great Plague of 1665. MILTON, as ELLWOOD here tells us, to Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire; and DRYDEN to Charlton, in Berkshire. MILTON had, by then, finished his great Epic Poem, in Blank Verse; which Sir ROBERT HOWARD, in his *Preface* [*p.* 498], and DRYDEN, in his *Dramatic Essay*, declares to be a form of poetical expression too base for even a Sonnet, or a paper of Verses [*pp.* 498, 559, 567]. *Paradise Lost* was an absolute and final confutation of the opinions of these two Critics, upon this particular subject: and this Narrative by ELLWOOD, may be taken as Preface to their celebrated Controversy, which here occupies *pp.* 487–598.

I MENTIONED, before, that, when I was a boy, I made some good progress in learning; and lost it all again before I came to be a man: nor was I rightly sensible of my loss therein, until I came amongst the Quakers. But then, I both saw my loss, and lamented it; and applied myself with the utmost diligence, at all leisure times, to recover it: so false I found that charge to be, which, in those times, was cast as a reproach upon the Quakers, that "they despised and decried all human learning" because they denied it to be *essentially necessary* to a Gospel Ministry; which was one of the controversies of those times.

But though I toiled hard, and spared no pains, to regain what once I had been master of; yet I found it a matter of so great difficulty, that I was ready to say as the noble eunuch to PHILIP, in another case, "How can I! unless I had some man to guide me?"

This, I had formerly complained of to my especial friend ISAAC PENINGTON, but now more earnestly; which put him upon considering and contriving a means for my assistance.

He had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. PAGET, a physician of note in London; and he, with JOHN MILTON, a gentleman of great note in learning, throughout the learned

world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London: and, having wholly lost his sight, kept a man to read to him; which, usually, was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

Thus, by the mediation of my friend ISAAC PENINGTON, with Dr. PAGET; and of Dr. PAGET with JOHN MILTON, was I admitted to come to him: not as a servant to him (which, at that time, he needed not), nor to be in the house with him; but only to have the liberty of coming to his house, at certain hours, when I would, and to read to him, what books he should appoint me, which was all the favour I desired.

But this being a matter which would require some time to bring it about, I, in the meanwhile, returned to my father's house [at Crowell] in Oxfordshire.

I had, before, received direction by letters from my eldest sister, written by my father's command, to put off [*dispose of*] what cattle he had left about his house, and to discharge his servants; which I had done at the time called Michaelmas [1661] before.

So that, all that winter when I was at home, I lived like a hermit, all alone; having a pretty large house, and nobody in it but myself, at nights especially. But an elderly woman, whose father had been an old servant to the family, came every morning, and made my bed; and did what else I had occasion for her to do: till I fell ill of the small-pox, and then I had her with me, and the nurse.

But now, understanding by letter from my sister, that my father did not intend to return and settle there; I made off [*sold*] those provisions which were in the house, that they might not be spoiled when I was gone: and because they were what I should have spent, if I had tarried there, I took the money made of them, to myself, for my support at London; if the project succeeded for my going thither. This done, I committed the care of the house to a tenant of my father's, who lived in the town; and taking my leave of Crowell, went up to my sure friend ISAAC PENINGTON again. Where, understanding that the mediation used for my admittance to

JOHN MILTON had succeeded so well, that I might come when I would: I hastened to London [*in the Spring of* 1662], and, in the first place, went to wait upon him.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. PAGET, who introduced me; as of ISAAC PENINGTON, who recommended me: to both of whom, he bore a good respect. And having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodation as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house, which was then in Jewin Street, as conveniently as I could; and from thenceforward, went every day in the afternoon, except on the First Days of the week; and, sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him, in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronounciation; he told me, "If I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home; I must learn the foreign pronounciation."

To this, I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels so different[ly] from the common pronounciation used by the English, who speak *Anglice* their Latin, that (with some few other variations, in sounding some consonants: in particular case[s], as *c* before *e* or *i*, like *ch*; *sc* before *i*, like *sh*, &c.) the Latin, thus spoken, seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it were another language.

I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the Rules of Grammar (in which, I had, once, been very ready) that I could both read a Latin author; and, after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronounciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder for me to read; than it was, before, to understand, when read. But

Labor omnia vincit
Improbus.

Incessant pains,
The end obtains.

And so, did I: which made my reading the more acceptable to my Master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire, I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and, accordingly, would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages.

Thus I went on, for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons; and exercising myself with my own books, in my chamber, in the forenoons. I was sensible of an improvement.

But, alas, I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree, for health. My lungs, as I suppose, were too tender, to bear the sulphurous air of that city: so that, I soon began to droop, and in less than two months' time, I was fain to leave both my studies and the city; and return into the country to preserve life, and much ado I had to get thither.

I chose to go down to Wiccombe, and to JOHN RANCE's house there: both as he was a physician, and his wife a honest, hearty, discreet, and grave matron, whom I had a very good esteem of; and who, I knew, had a good regard for me.

There, I lay ill a considerable time; and to that degree of weakness, that scarcely any who saw me, expected my life [*that I should live*]: but the LORD was both gracious to me, in my illness; and was pleased to raise me up again, that I might serve Him in my generation.

As soon as I had recovered so much strength, as to be fit to travel; I obtained of my father (who was then at his house in Crowell, to dispose of some things he had there; and who, in my illness, had come to see me) so much money as would clear all charges in the house, for physic, food, and attendance: and having fully discharged all, I took leave of my friends in that family, and town; and returned [*? in October* 1662] to my studies at London.

I was very kindly received by my Master, who had conceived so good an opinion of me, that my conversation, I found, was acceptable to him; and he seemed heartily glad of my recovery and return: and into our old method of study, we fell again; I reading to him, and he explaining to me as occasion required.

But as if learning had been a forbidden fruit to me; scarce was I well settled in my work; before I met with another diversion [*hindrance*], which turned me quite out of my work.

For a sudden storm arising (from, I know not what surmise of a plot; and thereby danger to the Government); the meetings of Dissenters, such, I mean, as could be found (which, perhaps, were not many besides the Quakers) were broken up throughout the City: and the prisons mostly filled with our Friends.

I was, that morning, which was the 26th day of the 8th month [*which, according to the reckoning of the Society of Friends, was October. Their First month down to* 1752, *was March*], 1662, at the Meeting, at the *Bull and Mouth*, by Alders Gate: when, on a sudden, a party of soldiers, of the Trained Bands of the City, rushed in with noise and clamour: being led by one, who was called Major ROSEWELL: an apothecary if I misremember not; and, at that time, under the ill name of a Papist.

[So the Friends there, with ELLWOOD, are taken; and sent to Bridewell till the 19th December following: when they were taken to Newgate, expecting to be called at the Old Bailey sessions: but, not being called, were sent back to Bridewell again. On the 29th December, they were brought up at the Sessions, and, refusing to swear, were all committed to the "Common Side" of Newgate; but that prison being so full, they were sent back to Bridewell again. Then we have the following extraordinary circumstance.]

Having made up our packs, and taken our leave of our Friends, whom we were to leave behind; we took our bundles on our shoulders, and walked, two and two a breast, through the Old Bailey into Fleet Street, and so to Old Bridewell. And it being about the middle of the afternoon, and the streets pretty full of people; both the shopkeepers at their doors, and passengers in the way would stop us, and ask us, "What we were? and whither we were going?"

And when we had told them, "We were prisoners, going from one prison to another (from Newgate to Bridewell)."

"What," said they, "without a keeper?"

"No," said we, "for our Word, which we have given, is our keeper."

Some thereupon would advise us, not to go to prison; but to go home. But we told them, "We could not do so. We could suffer for our testimony; but could not fly from it."

I do not remember we had any abuse offered us; but were generally pitied by the people.

When we were come to Bridewell, we were not put up into the great room in which we had been before: but into a low room, in another fair court, which had a pump in the middle of it. And, here, we were not shut up as before: but had the liberty of the court, to walk in; and of the pump, to wash and drink at. And, indeed, we might easily have gone quite away, if we would; there was a passage through the court into the street: but we were true and steady prisoners, and looked upon this liberty arising from their confidence in us, to be a kind of *parole* upon us; so that both Conscience and Honour stood now engaged for our true imprisonment.

* * * * *

And this privilege we enjoyed by the indulgence of our Keeper, whose heart GOD disposed to favour us: so that both the Master and his porter were very civil and kind to us, and had been so, indeed, all along. For when we were shut up before; the porter would readily let some of us go home in an evening, and stay at home till next morning, which was a great conveniency to men of trade and business: which I, being free from, forbore asking for myself, that I might not hinder others.

* * * * *

Under this easy restraint, we lay till the Court sate at the Old Bailey again; and, then (whether it was that the heat of the storm was somewhat abated, or by what other means Providence wrought it, I know not), we were called to the bar; and without further question, discharged.

Whereupon we returned to Bridewell again; and having raised some monies among us, and therewith gratified both the Master and his porter, for their kindness to us: we spent some time in a solemn meeting, to return our thankful acknowledgment to the LORD; both for His preservation of us in prison, and deliverance of us out of it. And then, taking a solemn farewell of each other; we departed with bag and baggage [*at the end of January* 1663].

[Thus, by such magnificent patience under arbitrary injustice, these invincible Quakers shamed the reckless Crime which, in those days, went by the name of The Law: and such stories as ELLWOOD's *Life* and GEORGE FOX's *Journal* abound with like splendid victories of patience,

by men who were incapable of telling a lie or of intentionally breaking their word.

John Bunyan's imprisonment at this time was much of the same kind as Ellwood's, as soon as the Keeper of Bedford gaol found he could trust him.]

Being now at liberty, I visited more generally my friends, that were still in prison: and, more particularly, my friend and benefactor, William Penington, at his house; and then, went to wait upon my Master, Milton. With whom, yet, I could not propose to enter upon my intermitted studies, until I had been in Buckinghamshire, to visit my worthy friends, Isaac Penington and his virtuous wife, with other friends in that country [*district or county*].

Thither, therefore, I betook myself; and the weather being frosty, and the ways by that means clean and good; I walked it through in a day: and was received by my friends there, with such demonstration of hearty kindness, as made my journey very easy to me.

I intended only a visit hither, not a continuance; and therefore purposed, after I had stayed a few days, to return to my lodging and former course [*i.e., of reading to Milton*] in London. But Providence ordered otherwise.

Isaac Penington had, at that time, two sons and one daughter, all then very young: of whom, the eldest son, John Penington, and the daughter, Mary (the wife of Daniel Wharley), are yet living at the writing of this [? 1713]. And being himself both skilful and curious in pronounciation; he was very desirous to have them well grounded in the rudiments of the English tongue. To which end, he had sent for a man, out of Lancashire, whom, upon inquiry, he had heard of; who was, undoubtedly, the most accurate English teacher, that ever I met with or have heard of. His name was Richard Bradley. But as he pretended no higher than the English tongue, and had led them, by grammar rules, to the highest improvement they were capable of, in that; he had then taken his leave, and was gone up to London, to teach an English school of Friends' children there.

This put my friend to a fresh strait. He had sought for a new teacher to instruct his children in the Latin tongue, as the old had done in the English: but had not yet found one. Wherefore, one evening, as we sate together by the fire, in his bedchamber, which, for want of health, he kept: he

asked me, his wife being by, "If I would be so kind to him, as to stay a while with him; till he could hear of such a man as he aimed at: and, in the meantime, enter his children in the rudiments of the Latin tongue?"

This question was not more unexpected, than surprising to me; and the more, because it seemed directly to thwart my former purpose and undertaking, of endeavouring to improve myself, by following my studies with my Master, MILTON: which this would give, at least, a present diversion from; and, for how long, I could not foresee.

But the sense I had, of the manifold obligations I lay under to these worthy friends of mine, shut out all reasonings; and disposed my mind to an absolute resignation to their desire, that I might testify my gratitude by a willingness to do them any friendly service, that I could be capable of.

And though I questioned my ability to carry on that work to its due height and proportion; yet, as that was not proposed, but an initiation only by Accidence into Grammar, I consented to the proposal, as a present expedient, till a more qualified person should be found: without further treaty or mention of terms between us, than that of mutual friendship.

And to render this digression from my own studies, the less uneasy to my mind; I recollected, and often thought of, that Rule of LILLY—

Qui docet indoctos, licet indoctissimus esset,
Ipse brevi reliquis, doctior esse queat.

He that th'unlearned doth teach, may quickly be
More learned than they, though most unlearned he.

With this consideration, I undertook this province; and left it not until I married: which was not till [*the 28th October in*] the year 1669, near[ly] seven years from the time I came thither.

In which time, having the use of my friend's books, as well as of my own, I spent my leisure hours much in reading; not without some improvement to myself in my private studies: which (with the good success of my labours bestowed on the children, and the agreeableness of con-

versation which I found in the family) rendered my undertaking more satisfactory; and my stay there more easy to me.

* * * * *

Although the storm raised by the *Act for Banishment* [16 *Car. II. c.* 4. 1664], fell with the greatest weight and force upon some other parts, as at London, Hertford, &c.: yet were we, in Buckinghamshire, not wholly exempted therefrom. For a part of that shower reached us also.

For a Friend, of Amersham, whose name was EDWARD PEROT or PARRET, departing this life; and notice being given, that his body would be buried there on such a day (which was the First Day of the Fifth Month [*July*], 1665): the Friends of the adjacent parts of the country, resorted pretty generally to the burial. So that there was a fair appearance of Friends and neighbours; the deceased having been well beloved by both.

After we had spent some time together, in the house (MORGAN WATKINS, who, at that time, happened to be at ISAAC PENINGTON's, being with us); the body was taken up, and borne on Friends' shoulders, along the street, in order to be carried to the burying-ground: which was at the town's end; being part of an orchard belonging to the deceased, which he, in his lifetime, had appointed for that service.

It so happened, that one AMBROSE BENNET, a Barrister at Law, and a Justice of the Peace for that county, was riding through the town [of Amersham] that morning, in his way to Aylesbury: and was, by some ill-disposed person or other, informed that there was a Quaker to be buried there that day; and that most of the Quakers in the country [*county*] were come thither to the burial.

Upon this, he set up his horses, and stayed. And when we, not knowing anything of his design against us, went innocently forward to perform our Christian duty, for the interment of our Friend; he rushed out of his Inn upon us, with the Constables and a rabble of rude fellows whom he had gathered together: and, having his drawn sword in his hand, struck one of the foremost of the bearers, with it; commanding them "To set down the coffin!" But the Friend, who was so stricken, whose name was THOMAS DELL (being

more concerned for the safety of the dead body than his own, lest it should fall from his shoulder, and any indecency thereupon follow) held the coffin fast. Which the Justice observing, and being enraged that his word (how unjust soever) was not forthwith obeyed, set his hand to the coffin; and, with a forcible thrust, threw it off the bearers' shoulders, so that it fell to the ground, in the midst of the street: and there, we were forced to leave it.

For, immediately thereupon, the Justice giving command for the apprehending us; the Constables with the rabble fell on us, and drew some, and drove others in the Inn: giving thereby an opportunity to the rest, to walk away.

Of those that were thus taken, I was one. And being, with many more, put into a room, under a guard; we were kept there, till another Justice, called Sir THOMAS CLAYTON, whom Justice BENNET had sent for, to join with him in committing us, was come.

And then, being called forth severally before them, they picked out ten of us; and committed us to Aylesbury gaol: for what, neither we, nor *they* knew. For we were not convicted of having either done or said anything, which the law could take hold of.

For they took us up in the open street, the King's highway, not doing any unlawful act; but peaceably carrying and accompanying the corpse of our deceased Friend, to bury it. Which they would not suffer us to do; but caused the body to lie in the open street, and in the cartway: so that all the travellers that passed by (whether horsemen, coaches, carts, or waggons) were fain to break out of the way, to go by it, that they might not drive over it; until it was almost night. And then, having caused a grave to be made in the unconsecrated part, as it is accounted, of that which is called the Church Yard: they forcibly took the body from the widow (whose right and property it was), and buried it there.

When the Justices had delivered us prisoners to the Constable, it being then late in the day, which was the seventh day of the week: he (not willing to go so far as Aylesbury, nine long miles, with us, that night; nor to put the town [of Amersham] to the charge of keeping us, there, that night and

the First day and night following) dismissed us, upon our *parole*, to come to him again at a set hour, on the Second day morning.

Whereupon, we all went home to our respective habitations; and coming to him punctually [*on Monday, 3rd July*, 1665] according to promise, were by him, without guard, conducted to the Prison.

The Gaoler, whose name was NATHANIEL BIRCH, had, not long before, behaved himself very wickedly, with great rudeness and cruelty, to some of our Friends of the lower side of the country [*i.e., Buckinghamshire*]; whom he, combining with the Clerk of the Peace, whose name was HENRY WELLS, had contrived to get into his gaol: and after they were legally discharged in Court, detained them in prison, using great violence, and shutting them up close in the Common Gaol among the felons; because they would not give him his unrighteous demand of Fees, which they were the more straitened in, from his treacherous dealing with them. And they having, through suffering, maintained their freedom, and obtained their liberty: we were the more concerned to keep what they had so hardly gained; and therefore resolved not to make any contract or terms for either Chamber Rent or Fees, but to demand a Free Prison. Which we did.

When we came in, the gaoler was ridden out to wait on the Judges, who came in, that day [*3rd July*, 1665], to begin the Assize; and his wife was somewhat at a loss, how to deal with us. But being a cunning woman, she treated us with a great appearance of courtesy, offering us the choice of all her rooms; and when we asked, "Upon what terms?" she still referred us to her husband; telling us, she "did not doubt, but that he would be very reasonable and civil to us." Thus, she endeavoured to have drawn us to take possession of some of her chambers, at a venture; and trust to her husband's kind usage: but, we, who, at the cost of our Friends, had a proof of his kindness, were too wary to be drawn in by the fair words of a woman: and therefore told her, "We would not settle anywhere till her husband came home; and then would have a Free Prison, wheresoever he put us."

Accordingly, walking all together into the court of the

prison, in which was a well of very good water; and having, beforehand, sent to a Friend in the town, a widow woman, whose name was SARAH LAMBARN, to bring us some bread and cheese: we sate down upon the ground round about the well; and when we had eaten, we drank of the water out of the well.

Our great concern was for our Friend, ISAAC PENINGTON, because of the tenderness of his constitution: but he was so lively in his spirit, and so cheerfully given up to suffer; that he rather encouraged us, than needed any encouragement from us.

In this posture, the gaoler, when he came home, found us. And having, before he came to us, consulted his wife; and by her, understood on what terms we stood: when he came to us, he hid his teeth, and putting on a shew of kindness, seemed much troubled that we should sit there abroad [*in the open air*], especially his old friend, Mr. PENINGTON; and thereupon, invited us to come in, and take what rooms in his house we pleased. We asked, "Upon what terms?" letting him know, withal, that we were determined to have a Free Prison.

He (like the Sun and the Wind, in the fable, that strove which of them should take from the traveller, his cloak) having, like the wind, tried rough, boisterous, violent means to our Friends before, but in vain; resolved now to imitate the Sun, and shine as pleasantly as he could upon us. Wherefore, he told us, "We should make the terms ourselves; and be as free as we desired. If we thought fit, when we were released, to give him anything; he would thank us for it: and if not, he would demand nothing."

Upon these terms, we went in: and dispose ourselves, some in the dwelling-house, others in the malt-house: where they chose to be.

During the Assize, we were brought before Judge MORTON [*Sir WILLIAM MORTON, Recorder of Gloucester*], a sour angry man, who [*being an old Cavalier Officer, naturally,*] very rudely reviled us, but would not hear either us or the cause; referring the matter to the two Justices, who had committed us.

They, when the Assize was ended, sent for us, to be

brought before them, at their Inn [at Aylesbury]; and fined us, as I remember, 6s. 8d. a piece: which we not consenting to pay, they committed us to prison again, for one month from that time; on the *Act for Banishment*.

When we had lain there that month [*i.e., not later than the middle of August*, 1665], I, with another, went to the gaoler, to demand our liberty: which he readily granted, telling us, "The door should be opened, when we pleased to go."

This answer of his, I reported to the rest of my Friends there; and, thereupon, we raised among us a small sum of money, which they put into my hand, for the gaoler. Whereupon, I, taking another with me, went to the gaoler, with the money in my hand; and reminding him of the terms, upon which we accepted the use of his rooms, I told him, "That though we could not pay Chamber Rent nor Fees, yet inasmuch as he had now been civil to us, we were willing to acknowledge it by a small token": and thereupon, gave him the money. He, putting it into his pocket, said, "I thank you, and your Friends for it! and to let you see that I take it as a gift, not a debt; I will not look on it, to see how much it is."

The prison door being then set open for us; we went out, and departed to our respective homes.

* * * * *

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison [*on 3rd July*, 1665], I was desired by my quondam Master, MILTON, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt; that he might get out of the City, for the safety of himself and his family: the Pestilence then growing hot in London.

I took a pretty box for him [*i.e., in June*, 1665] in Giles-Chalfont [*Chalfont St. Giles*], a mile from me [*ELLWOOD was then living in ISAAC PENINGTON's house, called The Grange, at Chalfont St. Peter; or Peter's Chalfont, as he calls it*], of which, I gave him notice: and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it; but was prevented by that imprisonment. [*Therefore MILTON did not come into Buckinghamshire at this time, till after the 3rd July*, 1665.]

But, now [*i.e., not later than the middle of August*, 1665], being released, and returned home; I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country [*county*].

After some common discourses had passed between us [*evidently at ELLWOOD's first visit*], he called for a manuscript of his: which being brought, he delivered to me; bidding me, "Take it home with me, and read it at my leisure; and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgement thereupon!"

When I came home [*i.e., The Grange; from which ISAAC PENINGTON, with his family (including THOMAS ELLWOOD) was*, by military force, *expelled about a month after their first return from Aylesbury gaol (i.e., about the middle of September); and he again sent to the same prison*], and had set myself to read it; I found it was that excellent poem, which he entitled, *Paradise Lost.*

After I had, with the best attention, read it through: I made him another visit, and returned him his book; with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me.

He asked me, "How I liked it? And what I thought of it?" Which I, modestly but freely, told him.

And, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, "Thou hast said much, here, of *Paradise lost:* but what hast thou to say of *Paradise found?*

He made me no answer; but sate some time in a muse: then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness [*Plague*] was over; and the City well cleansed, and become safely habitable again: he returned thither.

And when, afterwards [*probably in* 1668 *or* 1669], I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*: and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, "This is owing to you! For you put it into my head, by the question you put to me at Chalfont! which, before, I had not thought of."

[*Paradise Regained* was licensed for publication on 2nd July, 1670.]

JOHN DRYDEN.

Dedicatory Epistle to *The Rival Ladies.*

[Printed in 1664.]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROGER, EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD,

THIS worthless present was designed you, long before it was a Play; when it was only a confused mass of thoughts tumbling over one another in the dark: when the Fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping Images of Things towards the light, there to be distinguished; and then, either chosen or rejected by the Judgement. It was yours, my Lord! before I could call it mine.

And I confess, in that first tumult of my thoughts, there appeared a disorderly kind of beauty in some of them; which gave me hope, something worthy of my Lord of ORRERY might be drawn from them: but I was then, in that eagerness of Imagination, which, by over pleasing Fanciful Men, flatters them into the danger of writing; so that, when I had moulded it to that shape it now bears, I looked with such disgust upon it, that the censures of our severest critics are charitable to what I thought, and still think of it myself.

'Tis so far from me, to believe this perfect; that I am apt to conclude our best plays are scarcely so. For the Stage being the Representation of the World and the actions in it; how can it be imagined that the Picture of Human Life can be more exact than Life itself is?

He may be allowed sometimes to err, who undertakes to move so many Characters and Humours (as are requisite in a Play) in those narrow channels, which are proper to each of them; to conduct his Imaginary Persons through so many various intrigues and chances, as the labouring Audience shall think them lost under every billow: and then, at length, to work them so naturally out of their distresses, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may rest satisfied that every Cause was powerful enough to produce the Effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was, with such

due order, linked together, that the first Accident [*Incident*] would, naturally, beget the second, till they All rendered the Conclusion necessary.

These difficulties, my Lord! may reasonably excuse the errors of my Undertaking: but for this confidence of my Dedication, I have an argument, which is too advantageous for me not to publish it to the World. 'Tis the kindness your Lordship has continually shown to all my writings. You have been pleased, my Lord! they should sometimes cross the Irish seas, to kiss your hands; which passage, contrary to the experience of others, I have found the least dangerous in the world. Your favour has shone upon me, at a remote distance, without the least knowledge of my person: and, like the influence of the heavenly bodies, you have done good, without knowing to whom you did it. 'Tis this virtue in your Lordship, which emboldens me to this attempt. For did I not consider you as my Patron, I have little reason to desire you for my Judge: and should appear, with as much awe before you, in the Reading; as I had, when the full theatre sate upon the Action.

For who so severely judge of faults, as he who has given testimony he commits none? Your excellent *Poems* having afforded that knowledge of it to the World, that your enemies are ready to upbraid you with it as a crime, for a Man of Business to write so well. Neither durst I have justified your Lordship in it, if examples of it had not been in the world before you: if XENOPHON had not written a Romance; and a certain Roman, called AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, a Tragedy and Epigrams. But their writing was the entertainment of their pleasure; yours is only a diversion of your pain. The Muses have seldom employed your thoughts, but when some violent fit of the gout has snatched you from Affairs of State: and, like the priestess of APOLLO, you never come to deliver his oracles, but unwillingly, and in torment. So that we are obliged to your Lordship's misery, for our delight. You treat us with the cruel pleasure of a Turkish triumph, where those who cut and wound their bodies, sing songs of victory as they pass; and divert others with their own sufferings. Other men endure their diseases, your Lordship only can enjoy them!

Plotting and Writing in this kind, are, certainly, more troublesome employments than many which signify more,

and are of greater moment in the world. The Fancy, Memory, and Judgement are then extended, like so many limbs, upon the rack; all of them reaching, with their utmost stress, at Nature: a thing so almost infinite and boundless, as can never fully be comprehended but where the Images of all things are always present [*p.* 549].

Yet I wonder not your Lordship succeeds so well in this attempt. The knowledge of men is your daily practice in the world. To work and bend their stubborn minds; which go not all after the same grain, but, each of them so particular a way, that the same common humours, in several persons, must be wrought upon by several means.

Thus, my Lord! your sickness is but the imitation of your health; the Poet but subordinate to the Statesman in you. You still govern men with the same address, and manage business with the same prudence: allowing it here, as in the world, the due increase and growth till it comes to the just height; and then turning it, when it is fully ripe, and Nature calls out (as it were) to be delivered. With this only advantage of ease to you, in your Poetry: that you have Fortune, here, at your command: with which, Wisdom does often unsuccessfully struggle in the world. Here is no Chance, which you have not foreseen. All your heroes are more than your subjects, they are your creatures: and, though they seem to move freely, in all the sallies of their passions; yet, you make destinies for them, which they cannot shun. They are moved, if I may dare to say so, like the rational creatures of the Almighty Poet; who walk at liberty, in their own opinion, because their fetters are invincible: when, indeed, the Prison of their Will is the more sure, for being large; and instead of an Absolute Power over their actions, they have only a Wretched Desire of doing that, which they cannot choose but do.

I have dwelt, my Lord! thus long, upon your Writing; not because you deserve not greater and more noble commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other subjects. Like an ill swimmer, I have willingly stayed long in my own depth; and though I am eager of performing more, yet I am loath to venture out beyond my knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, my Lord! all is Ocean to me.

To speak of you as a Soldier, or a Statesman, were only

to betray my own ignorance: and I could hope no better success from it, than that miserable Rhetorician had, who solemnly declaimed before HANNIBAL "of the Conduct of Armies, and the Art of War." I can only say, in general, that the Souls of other men shine out at little cranies; they understand some one thing, perhaps, to admiration, while they are darkened on all the other parts: but your Lordship's Soul is an entire Globe of Light, breaking out on every side; and if I have only discovered one beam of it, 'tis not that the light falls unequally, but because the body which receives it, is of unequal parts.

The acknowledgement of which, is a fair occasion offered me, to retire from the consideration of your Lordship to that of myself. I here present you, my Lord! with that in Print, which you had the goodness not to dislike upon the Stage; and account it happy to have met you here in England: it being, at best, like small wines, to be drunk out upon the place [*i.e., of vintage, where produced*]; and has not body enough to endure the sea.

I know not, whether I have been so careful of the Plot and Language, as I ought: but for the latter, I have endeavoured to write English, as near as I could distinguish it from the tongue of pedants, and that of affected travellers. Only, I am sorry that, speaking so noble a language as we do, we have not a more certain Measure of it, as they have in France: where they have an "Academy" erected for that purpose, and endowed with large privileges by the present King [*LOUIS XIV.*]. I wish, we might, at length, leave to borrow words from other nations; which is now a wantonness in us, not a necessity: but so long as some affect to speak them, there will not want others who will have the boldness to write them.

But I fear, lest defending the received words; I shall be accused for following the New Way: I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse; though, to speak properly, 'tis no so much a New Way amongst us, as an Old Way new revived. For, many years [*i.e.*, 1561] before SHAKESPEARE's Plays, was the Tragedy of *Queen* [or rather *King*] *GORBODUC* [*of which, however, the authentic title is "FERREX and PORREX"*] in English Verse; written by that famous Lord BUCKHURST, afterwards Earl of DORSET, and progenitor to that excellent Person,

[*Lord* BUCKHURST, *see p.* 503] who, as he inherits his Soul and Title, I wish may inherit his good fortune!

But supposing our countrymen had not received this Writing, till of late! Shall we oppose ourselves to the most polished and civilised nations of Europe? Shall we, with the same singularity, oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing Latin? Or do we desire, that the brand which BARCLAY has, I hope unjustly, laid upon the English, should still continue? *Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent.* All the Spanish and Italian Tragedies I have yet seen, are writ in Rhyme. For the French, I do not name them: because it is the fate of our countrymen, to admit little of theirs among us, but the basest of their men, the extravagancies of their fashions, and the frippery of their merchandise.

SHAKESPEARE, who (with some errors, not to be avoided in that Age) had, undoubtedly, a larger Soul of Poesy than ever any of our nation, was the First, who (to shun the pains of continual rhyming) invented that kind of writing which we call Blank Verse [*DRYDEN is here wrong as to fact, Lord* SURREY *wrote the earliest* printed *English Blank Verse in his Fourth Book of the* Æneid, *printed in* 1548]; but the French, more properly *Prose Mesurée*: into which, the English Tongue so naturally slides, that in writing Prose, 'tis hardly to be avoided. And, therefore, I admire [*marvel that*] some men should perpetually stumble in a way so easy: and, inverting the order of their words, constantly close their lines with verbs. Which, though commended, sometimes, in writing Latin; yet, we were whipt at Westminster, if we used it twice together.

I know some, who, if they were to write in Blank Verse *Sir, I ask your pardon!* would think it sounded more heroically to write

Sir, I, your pardon ask!

I should judge him to have little command of English, whom the necessity of a *rhyme* should force upon this rock; though, sometimes, it cannot be easily avoided.

And, indeed, this is the only inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged. This is that, which makes them say, "Rhyme is not natural. It being only so, when the Poet either makes a vicious choice of words; or places them, for Rhyme's sake, so unnaturally, as no man would, in ordi-

nary speaking." But when 'tis so judiciously ordered, that the first word in the verse seems to beget the second; and that, the next; till that becomes the last word in the line, which, in the negligence of Prose, would be so: it must, then, be granted, Rhyme has all advantages of Prose, besides its own.

But the excellence and dignity of it, were never fully known, till Mr. WALLER taught it. He, first, made writing easily, an Art: first, showed us to conclude the Sense, most commonly in distiches; which in the Verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together, that the reader is out of breath, to overtake it.

This sweetness of Mr. WALLER's Lyric Poesy was, afterwards, followed in the Epic, by Sir JOHN DENHAM, in his *Cooper's Hill*; a Poem which, your Lordship knows! for the majesty of the style, is, and ever will be the Exact Standard of Good Writing.

But if we owe the invention of it to Mr. WALLER; we are acknowledging for the noblest use of it, to Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT; who, at once, brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect in *The Siege of Rhodes*.

The advantages which Rhyme has over Blank Verse, are so many that it were lost time to name them.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, in his *Defence of Poesy*, gives us one, which, in my opinion, is not the least considerable: I mean, *the Help it brings to Memory*; which Rhyme so knits up by the Affinity of Sounds, that by remembering the last word in one line, we often call to mind both the verses.

Then, in the Quickness of Repartees, which in Discoursive Scenes fall very often: it has so particular a grace, and is so aptly suited to them, that *the Sudden Smartness of the Answer, and the Sweetness of the Rhyme set off the beauty of each other.*

But that benefit, which I consider most in it, because I have not seldom found it, is that *it Bounds and Circumscribes the Fancy.* For Imagination in a Poet, is a faculty so wild and lawless, that, like a high ranging spaniel, it must have clogs tied to it, lest it outrun the Judgement. The great easiness of Blank Verse renders the Poet too luxuriant. He is tempted to say many things, which might better be omitted, or, at least, shut up in fewer words.

But when the difficulty of artful Rhyming is interposed,

where the Poet commonly confines his Sense to his Couplet; and must contrive that Sense into such words that the Rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme [*pp.* 571 581]: the Fancy then gives leisure to the Judgement to come in; which, seeing so heavy a tax imposed, is ready to cut off all unnecessary expenses.

This last consideration has already answered an objection, which some have made, that "Rhyme is only an Embroidery of Sense; to make that which is ordinary in itself, pass for excellent with less examination." But, certainly, that which most regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgement its busiest employment, is like[ly] to bring forth the richest and clearest thoughts. The Poet examines that most which he produceth with the greatest leisure, and which, he knows, must pass the severest test of the audience, because they are aptest to have it ever in their memory: as the stomach makes the best concoction when it strictly embraces the nourishment, and takes account of every little particle as it passes through.

But, as the best medicines may lose their virtue, by being ill applied; so is it withVerse, if a fit Subject be not chosen for it. Neither must the Argument alone, but the Characters and Persons be great and noble: otherwise, as SCALIGER says of CLAUDIAN, the Poet will be *Ignobiliore materia depressus*. The Scenes which (in my opinion) most commend it, are those of Argumentation and Discourse, on the result of which, the doing or not doing [of] some considerable Action should depend.

But, my Lord! though I have more to say upon this subject; yet, I must remember, 'tis your Lordship, to whom I speak: who have much better commended this Way by your writing *in* it; than I can do, by writing *for* it. Where my Reasons cannot prevail, I am sure your Lordship's Example must. Your Rhetoric has gained my cause; as least, the greatest part of my design has already succeeded to my wish: which was, to interest so noble a Person in the Quarrel; and withal, to testify to the World, how happy I esteem myself in the honour of being, My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

The Honourable Sir ROBERT HOWARD, Auditor of the Exchequer.

Preface to *Four new Plays.*

[Licensed 7 March 1665, Printed the same year.]

TO THE READER.

THERE is none more sensible than I am, how great a charity the most Ingenious may need, that expose their private wit to a public judgement: since the same Phancy from whence the thoughts proceed, must probably be kind to its own issue. This renders men no perfecter judges of their own writings, than fathers are of their own children: who find out that wit in them, which another discerns not; and see not those errors, which are evident to the unconcerned. Nor is this Self Kindness more fatal to men in their writings, than in their actions; every man being a greater flatterer to himself, than he knows how to be to another: otherwise, it were impossible that things of such distant natures, should find their own authors so equally kind in their affections to them; and men so different in parts and virtues, should rest equally contented in their own opinions.

This apprehension, added to that greater [one] which I have of my own weakness, may, I hope, incline the Reader to believe me, when I assure him that these follies were made public, as much against my inclination as judgement. But, being pursued with so many solicitations of Mr. HERRINGMAN'S [*the Publisher*], and having received civilities from him, if it were possible, exceeding his importunities: I, at last, yielded to prefer that which he believed his interest; before that, which I apprehended my own disadvantage. Considering withal, that he might pretend, It would be a real loss to him: and could be but an imaginary prejudice to me: since things of this nature, though never so excellent, or never so mean, have seldom proved the foundation of men's

new built fortunes, or the ruin of their old. It being the fate of Poetry, though of no other good parts, to be wholly separated from Interest: and there are few that know me but will easily believe, I am not much concerned in an unprofitable Reputation.

This clear account I have given the Reader, of this seeming contradiction, to offer that to the World which I dislike myself: and, in all things, I have no greater an ambition than to be believed [to be] a Person, that would rather be unkind to myself, than ungrateful to others.

I have made this excuse for myself. I offer none for my writings; but freely leave the Reader to condemn that which has received my sentence already.

Yet, I shall presume to say something in the justification of our nation's Plays, though not of my own: since, in my judgement, without being partial to my country, I do really prefer our Plays as much before any other nation's; as I do the best of ours before my own.

The manner of the Stage Entertainments has differed in all Ages; and, as it has increased in use, it has enlarged itself in business. The general manner of Plays among the Ancients we find in SENECA's Tragedies, for serious subjects; and in TERENCE and PLAUTUS, for the comical. In which latter, we see some pretences to Plots; though certainly short of what we have seen in some of Mr. [BEN.] JOHNSON's Plays. And for their Wit, especially PLAUTUS, I suppose it suited much better in those days, than it would do in ours. For were their Plays strictly translated, and presented on our Stage; they would hardly bring as many audiences as they have now admirers.

The serious Plays were anciently composed of Speeches and Choruses; where all things are Related, but no matter of *fact* Presented on the Stage. This pattern, the French do, at this time, nearly follow: only leaving out the Chorus, making up their Plays with almost Entire and Discoursive Scenes; presenting the business in Relations [*p.* 535]. This way has very much affected some of our nation, who possibly believe well of it, more upon the account that what the French do ought to be a fashion, than upon the reason of the thing.

It is first necessary to consider, Why, probably, the compositions of the Ancients, especially in their serious Plays were after this manner? And it will be found, that the subjects they commonly chose, drave them upon the necessity; which were usually the most known stories and Fables [*p.* 522]. Accordingly, SENECA, making choice of MEDEA, HYPPOLITUS, and HERCULES *Œtæus*, it was impossible to *show* MEDEA throwing old mangled ÆSON into her age-renewing caldron, or to *present* the scattered limbs of HYPPOLITUS upon the Stage, and *show* HERCULES burning upon his own funeral pile.

And this, the judicious HORACE clearly speaks of, in his *Arte Poetica*; where he says

Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo MEDEA trucidet [*p.* 537.]
Aut humana palam coquat extra nefarius ATREUS,
Aut in avem PROGNE vertatur, CADMUS in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendit mihi sic, incredulus odi.

So that it appears a fault to chose such Subjects for the Stage; but much greater, to affect that Method which those subjects enforce: and therefore the French seem much mistaken, who, without the necessity, sometimes commit the error. And this is as plainly decided by the same author, in his preceding words

Aut agitur res in Scenis aut acta refertur:
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem;
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

By which, he directly declares his judgement, "That every thing makes more impression Presented, than Related." Nor, indeed, can any one rationally assert the contrary. For, if they affirm otherwise, they do, by consequence, maintain, That a whole Play might as well be Related, as Acted [*p.* 538].

Therefore whoever chooses a subject, that enforces him to RELATIONS, is to blame; and he that does it without the necessity of the subject, is much more.

If these premisses be granted, 'tis no partiality to conclude, That our English Plays justly challenge the preeminence.

Yet, I shall as candidly acknowledge, that our best Poets have differed from other nations, though not so happily [*felicitiously*], in usually mingling and interweaving Mirth and Sadness, through the whole course of their Plays. BEN. JOHNSON only excepted; who keeps himself entire to one Argument. And I confess I am now convinced in my own judgement, that it is most proper to keep the audience in one entire disposition both of Concern and Attention: for when Scenes of so different natures, immediately succeed one another; 'tis probable, the audience may not so suddenly recollect themselves, as to start into an enjoyment of Mirth, or into the concern for the Sadness. Yet I dispute not but the variety of this world may afford pursuing accidents of such different natures; but yet, though possible in themselves to be, they may not be so proper to be Presented. An Entire Connection being the natural beauty of all Plays: and Language, the Ornament to dress them in; which, in serious Subjects, ought to be great and easy, like a high born Person that expresses greatness without pride or affection.

The easier dictates of Nature ought to flow in Comedy; yet separated from obsceneness. There being nothing more impudent than the immodesty of words. Wit should be chaste; and those that have it, can only write well

Si modo
Scimus in urbanum Lepido se ponere dicto.

Another way of the Ancients, which the French follow, and our Stage has, now lately, practised; is to write in Rhyme. And this is the dispute betwixt many ingenious persons. *Whether Verse in Rhyme; or Verse without the Sound, which way be called Blank Verse* (though a hard expression) *is to be preferred?*

But take the question, largely, and it is never to be decided

[*p.* 512]; but, by right application, I suppose it may. For, in the general, they are both proper: that is, one for a Play; the other for a Poem or Copy of Verses: as Blank Verse being as much too low for one [*i.e., a Poem or Verses*]; as Rhyme is unnatural for the other [*i.e., a Play*]. [*See pp.* 473, 559, 567.]

A Poem, being a premeditated Form of thoughts, upon designed occasions: ought not to be unfurnished of any Harmony in Words or Sound. The other [*a Play*] is presented as the *present effect* of accidents not thought of. So that, 'tis impossible, it should be equally proper to both these; unless it were possible that all persons were born so much more than Poets, that verses were not to be composed by them, but already made in them.

Some may object "That this argument is trivial; because, whatever is showed, 'tis known still to be but a Play." But such may as well excuse an ill scene, that is not naturally painted; because they know 'tis only a scene, and not really a city or country.

But there is yet another thing which makes Verse upon the Stage appear more unnatural, that is, when a piece of a verse is made up by one that knew not what the other meant to say; and the former verse answered as perfectly in Sound as the last is supplied in Measure. So that the smartness of a Reply, which has its beauty by coming from sudden thoughts, seems lost by that which rather looks like a Design of two, than the Answer of one [*p.* 568].

It may be said, that "Rhyme is such a confinement to a quick and luxuriant Phancy, that it gives a stop to its speed, till slow Judgement comes in to assist it [*p.* 492];" but this is no argument for the question in hand. For the dispute is not which way a man may write best in; but which is most proper for the subject he writes upon. And if this were let pass, the argument is yet unsolved in itself; for he that wants Judgement in the liberty of his Phancy, may as well shew the defect of it in its confinement: and, to say truth, he that has judgement will avoid the errors, and he that wants it, will commit them both [*pp.* 560, 572].

It may be objected, "'Tis improbable that any should speak *ex tempore*, as well as BEAUMONT and FLETCHER makes them; though in Blank Verse." I do not only acknowledge

that, but that 'tis also improbable any will write so well that way. But if that may be allowed improbable; I believe it may be concluded impossible that any should speak as good Verses in Rhyme, as the best Poets have writ: and therefore, that which seems *nearest* to what he intends is ever to be preferred.

Nor are great thoughts more adorned by Verse; than Verse unbeautified by mean ones. So that Verse seems not only unfit in the best use of it, but much more in the worst, when "a servant is called," or "a door bid to be shut" in Rhyme [*p.* 569]. Verses, I mean good ones, do, in their height of Phancy, declare the labour that brought them forth! like Majesty that grows with care: and Nature, that made the Poet capable, seems to retire, and leave its offers to be made perfect by pains and judgement.

Against this, I can raise no argument, but my Lord of ORRERY's writings. In whose Verse, the greatness of the Majesty seems unsullied with the cares, and his inimitable Phancy descends to us in such easy expressions, that they seem as if neither had ever been added to the other: but both together flowing from a height; like birds got so high that use no labouring wings, but only, with an easy care, preserve a steadiness in motion. But this particular happiness, among those multitudes which that excellent Person is owner of, does not convince my reason, but employ my wonder. Yet, I am glad such Verse has been written for our Stage; since it has so happily exceeded those whom we seemed to imitate.

But while I give these arguments against Verse, I may seem faulty, that I have not only writ ill ones, but writ any. But since it was the fashion; I was resolved, as in all indifferent things, not to appear singular: the danger of the vanity being greater than the error. And therefore, I followed it as a fashion; though very far off.

For the Italian plays; I have seen some of them, which have been given me as the best: but they are so inconsiderable that the particulars of them are not at all worthy to entertain the Reader. But, as much as they are short of others, in this; they exceed in their other performances on the Stage. I mean their Operas: which, consisting of Music and Painting; there's none but will believe it as

much harder to equal them in that way, than 'tis to excel them in the other.

The Spanish Plays pretend to more; but, indeed, are not much: being nothing but so many novels put into Acts and scenes, without the least attempt or design of making the Reader more concerned than a well-told tale might do. Whereas, a Poet that endeavours not to heighten the accidents which Fortune seems to scatter in a well-knit Design, had better have told his tale by a fireside, than presented it on a Stage.

For these times, wherein we write. I admire to hear the Poets so often cry out upon, and wittily (as they believe) threaten their judges; since the effects of their mercy has so much exceeded their justice, that others with me, cannot but remember how many favourable audiences, some of our ill plays have had: and, when I consider how severe the former Age has been to some of the best of Mr. JOHNSON's never to be equalled Comedies; I cannot but wonder why any Poet should speak of former Times, but rather acknowledge that the want of abilities in this Age are largely supplied with the mercies of it. [*See p.* 557.]

I deny not, but there are some who resolve to like nothing, and such, perhaps, are not unwise; since, by that general resolution, they may be certainly in the right sometimes: which, perhaps, they would seldom be, if they should venture their understandings in different censures; and, being forced to a general liking or disliking (lest they should discover too much their own weakness), 'tis to be expected they would rather choose to pretend to Judgement than Good Nature, though I wish they could find better ways to shew either.

But I forget myself; not considering that while I entertain the Reader, in the entrance, with what a good play should be: when he is come beyond the entrance, he must be treated with what ill plays are. But in this, I resemble the greatest part of the World, that better know how to talk of many things, than to perform them; and live short of their own discourses.

And now, I seem like an eager hunter, that has long pursued a chase after an inconsiderable quarry; and gives over, weary: as I do.

OF

Dramatic Poesy,

AN

ESSAY.

By *JOHN DRYDEN* Esq.;

Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.
Horat. De Arte Poet.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk of the New-Exchange. 1668.

[A. DRYDEN's stanzas in the Prologue of his *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen* (first printed in 1668, the year in which the Controversy came to an end) thus summarizes the principal topics of this Dramatic Essay.

> He who writ this, (not without pains and thought)
> From French and English *Theatres*, has brought
> Th'exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.
>
> The UNITIES of ACTION, PLACE, and TIME;
> The SCENES UNBROKEN; and a mingled chime
> Of JOHNSON's humour with CORNEILLE's rhyme.
>
> But while dead colours, he, with care, did lay:
> He fears the WIT, or PLOT, he did not weigh;
> Which are the living beauties of a Play.

B. Three words, of frequent occurrence in the Controversy (*pp.* 487–598), require some discrimination.

I. FANCY. 1. In the Elizabethan Age, *Fancy* was but another word for personal *Love* or *Affection*.

2. By the Restoration Age, its meaning had utterly changed. Sir ROBERT HOWARD, who wrote it *Phancy* [*pp.* 494, 499], DRYDEN, and that generation, understood by it, *Imagination, the mental power of Picturing forth*. It is in this sense, that it is to be understood in *pp.* 487–598 of this volume.

3. COLERIDGE, in his *Biographia Literaria*, 1812, endeavours yet further to distinguish between *Imagination* and *Fancy*; calling MILTON an *Imaginative* Poet, and COWLEY a *fanciful* one.

4. It is now also used in another sense, "I do not *fancy* that." = "I do not *like* or *prefer* that."

II. VERSE. 1. *Verse* (with a capital *V*) stands for *Poetry in rhymed Verse* in general.

2. *verse* means a single line in a stanza.

III. SCENE. 1. In the sense of SCENES UNBROKEN above, *Scene* (always herein spelt with a capital *S*) does not refer to *Place*, but to *Action*. It means a Dialogue in the Play: and it is said to be *unbroken* when it is kept up without a break, either by the same Actors or by a continuous succession of fresh ones. "It is a good mark of a well-contrived Play, when all the persons are known to each other, and every one of them has some affairs with all the rest" [*p.* 517].

2. *scene* occurs sometimes in the sense of *locality*, as at *pp.* 516, 517.

3. *scenes*, meaning the painted scenery just then coming into use in the English theatres: *pp.* 498, 516, 535, 560, 596.

It should never be forgotten that all the earlier Canons of Dramatic Poesy, as the Three Unities, &c., refer to a condition of things when the Stage had *no painted scenery to assist* the Imagination in the illusion of the Spectator: and that, as a matter of fact, when Painted Scenery became a new factor in Dramatic representations, it abolished the Doctrine of the Unities altogether.]

To the Right Honourable CHARLES Lord BUCKHURST.

MY LORD,

[See p. 490]

AS I WAS lately reviewing my loose papers, amongst the rest I found this Essay, the writing of which, in this rude and indigested manner wherein your Lordship now sees it, served as an amusement to me in the country [in 1665], when the violence of the last Plague had driven me from the town. Seeing, then, our theatres shut up; I was engaged in these kind[s] of thoughts with the same delight with which men think upon their absent mistresses.

I confess I find many things in this Discourse, which I do not now approve; my judgement being a little altered since the writing of it: but whether for the better or worse, I know not. Neither indeed is it much material in an Essay, *where all I have said is problematical.*

For the way of writing Plays in Verse, which I have seemed to favour[p. 561]; I have, since that time, laid the practice of it aside till I have more leisure, because I find it troublesome and slow. But I am no way altered from my opinion of it, at least, with any reasons which have opposed it. For your Lordship may easily observe that none are very violent against it; but those who either have not attempted it, or who have succeeded ill in their attempt. 'Tis enough for me, to have your Lordship's example for my excuse in that little which I have done in it: and I am sure my adversaries can bring no such arguments against Verse, as the Fourth Act of POMPEY *will furnish me with in its defence.*

Yet, my Lord! you must suffer me a little to complain of you! that you too soon withdraw from us a contentment, of which we expected the continuance, because you gave it us so early. 'Tis a revolt without occasion from your Party! where your merits had already raised you to the highest commands: and where you have not the excuse of other men that you have been ill used and therefore laid down arms. I know no other quarrel you can have to Verse, than that which SPURINA had to his beauty; when he tore and mangled the features of his face, only because they pleased too well the lookers on. It was an honour which seemed to wait for you, to lead out a New Colony of Writers from the Mother Nation; and, upon the first spreading of your ensigns, there had

been many in a readiness to have followed so fortunate a Leader; if not all, yet the better part of writers.

Pars, indocili melior grege, mollis et expes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.

I am almost of opinion that we should force you to accept of the command; as sometimes the Prætorian Bands have compelled their Captains to receive the Empire. The Court, which is the best and surest judge of writing, has generally allowed of Verse; and in the Town, it has found favourers of Wit and Quality.

As for your own particular, my Lord! you have yet youth and time enough to give part of it to the Divertisement of the of the Public, before you enter into the serious and more unpleasant Business of the World.

That which the French Poet said of the Temple of Love, may be as well applied to the Temple of Muses. The words, as near[ly] as I can remember them, were these—

La jeunesse a mauvaise grace
N'ayant pas adoré dans le Temple d'Amour;
Il faut qu'il entre: et pour le sage;
Si ce n'est son vrai sejour,
Ce'st un gîte sur son passage.

I leave the words to work their effect upon your Lordship, in their own language; because no other can so well express the nobleness of the thought: and wish you may be soon called to bear a part in the affaires of the Nation, where I know the World expects you, and wonders why you have been so long forgotten; there being no person amongst our young nobility, on whom the eyes of all men are so much bent. But, in the meantime, your Lordship may imitate the Course of Nature, which gives us the flower before the fruit; that I may speak to you in the language of the Muses, which I have taken from an excellent Poem to the King [i.e., CHARLES II.]

As Nature, when she fruit designs, thinks fit
By beauteous blossoms to proceed to it,
And while she does accomplish all the Spring,
Birds, to her secret operations sing.

I confess I have no greater reason in addressing this Essay to your Lordship, than that it might awaken in you the desire of writing something, in whatever kind it be, which might be an

honour to our Age and country. And, methinks, it might have the same effect upon you, which, HOMER tells us, the fight of the Greeks and Trojans before the fleet had on the spirit of ACHILLES; who, though he had resolved not to engage, yet found a martial warmth to steal upon him at the sight of blows, the sound of trumpets, and the cries of fighting men.

For my own part, if in treating of this subject, I sometimes dissent from the opinion of better Wits, I declare it is not so much to combat their opinions as to defend mine own, which were first made public. Sometimes, like a scholar in a fencing school, I put forth myself, and show my own ill play, on purpose to be better taught. Sometimes, I stand desperately to my arms, like the Foot, when deserted by their Horse; not in hope to overcome, but only to yield on more honourable terms.

And yet, my Lord! this War of Opinions, you well know, has fallen out among the Writers of all Ages, and sometimes betwixt friends: only it has been persecuted by some, like pedants, with violence of words; and managed, by others, like gentlemen, with candour and civility. Even TULLY had a controversy with his dear ATTICUS; and in one of his Dialogues, *makes him sustain the part of an enemy in Philosophy, who, in his* Letters, *is his confident of State, and made privy to the most weighty affairs of the Roman Senate: and the same respect, which was paid by TULLY to ATTICUS; we find returned to him, afterwards, by CÆSAR, on a like occasion: who, answering his book in praise of CATO, made it not so much his business to condemn CATO, as to praise CICERO.*

But that I may decline some part of the encounter with my adversaries, whom I am neither willing to combat, nor well able to resist; I will give your Lordship the relation of a dispute betwixt some of our wits upon this subject: in which, they did not only speak of Plays in Verse, but mingled, in the freedom of discourse, some things of the Ancient, many of the Modern Ways of Writing; comparing those with these, and the Wits of our Nation with those of others. 'Tis true, they differed in their opinions, as 'tis probable they would; neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them, and that, as TACITUS professes of himself, sine studio partium aut ira, "*without passion or interest*": *leaving your Lordship to decide it in favour of which part, you shall judge most reasonable! And withal, to pardon the many errors of*

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO THE READER.

THE drift of the ensuing Discourse was chiefly to vindicate the honour of our English Writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art which they understand much better than myself. But if this incorrect Essay, written in the country, without the help of books or advice of friends, shall find any acceptance in the World: I promise to myself a better success of the Second Part, wherein the virtues and faults of the English Poets who have written, either in this, the Epic, or the Lyric way, will be more fully treated of; and their several styles impartially imitated.

[It is much to be regretted that this Second Part was never written. E.A.]

AN ESSAY OF Dramatic Poesy.

IT WAS that memorable day [*3rd of June* 1665] in the first summer of the late war, when our Navy engaged the Dutch; a day, wherein the two most mighty and best appointed Fleets which any Age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the Globe, the commerce of Nations, and the riches of the Universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines; and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of His Royal Highness [*the Duke of* YORK], went breaking by little and little, into the line of the enemies: the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the City; so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event which we knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy [*imagination*] led him. And leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the Park; some cross the river, others down it: all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Among the rest, it was the fortune of EUGENIUS, CRITES, LISIDEIUS and NEANDER to be in company together: three of them persons whom their Wit and Quality have made known to all the Town; and whom I have chosen to hide

under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a Relation as I am going to make, of their discourse.

Taking then, a barge, which a servant of LISIDEIUS had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the Bridge [*i.e.*, *London Bridge*]: and [so] left behind them that great fall of waters, which hindered them from hearing what they desired.

After which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich: they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air break about them, like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney. Those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them; yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror, which they had betwixt the fleets.

After they had attentively listened till such time, as the sound, by little and little, went from them; EUGENIUS [*i.e.*, *Lord BUCKHURST*] lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first to congratulate to the rest, that happy Omen of our nation's victory: adding, "we had but this to desire, in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise, which was now leaving the English coast."

When the rest had concurred in the same opinion, CRITES [*i.e.*, *Sir ROBERT HOWARD*] (a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat a too delicate a taste in wit, which the World have mistaken in him for ill nature) said, smiling, to us, "That if the concernment of this battle had not been so exceeding[ly] great, he could scarce have wished the victory at the price, he knew, must pay for it; in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses, he was sure would be made upon it." Adding, "That no argument could 'scape some of those eternal rhymers, who watch a battle with more diligence than the ravens and birds of prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry: while the better able, either, out of modesty, writ not at all; or set that due value upon their poems, as to let them be often called for, and long expected."

"There are some of those impertinent people you speak of," answered LISIDEIUS [*i.e.*, *Sir CHARLES SEDLEY*], "who, to my knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that

they can produce not only a Panegyric upon the Victory: but, if need be, a Funeral Elegy upon the Duke, and, after they have crowned his valour with many laurels, at last, deplore the odds under which he fell; concluding that his courage deserved a better destiny." All the company smiled at the conceipt of LISIDEIUS.

But CRITES, more eager than before, began to make particular exceptions against some writers, and said, "The Public Magistrate ought to send, betimes, to forbid them: and that it concerned the peace and quiet of all honest people, that ill poets should be as well silenced as seditious preachers."

"In my opinion" replied EUGENIUS, "you pursue your point too far! For, as to my own particular, I am so great a lover of Poesy, that I could wish them all rewarded, who attempt but to do well. At least, I would not have them worse used than SYLLA the Dictator did one of their brethren heretofore. *Quem in concione vidimus* (says TULLY, speaking of him) *cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo subjecisset, quod epigramma in eum fecisset tantummodo alternis versibus longiuculis, statim ex iis rebus quæ tunc vendebat jubere ei præmium tribui, sub ea conditione ne quid postea scriberet.*"

"I could wish, with all my heart," replied CRITES, "that many whom we know, were as bountifully thanked, upon the same condition, that they would never trouble us again. For amongst others, I have a mortal apprehension of two poets, whom this Victory, with the help of both her wings, will never be able to escape."

"'Tis easy to guess, whom you intend," said LISIDEIUS, "and without naming them, I ask you if one [*i.e.*, *GEORGE WITHER*] of them does not perpetually pay us with clenches upon words, and a certain clownish kind of raillery? If, now and then, he does not offer at a catachresis [*which COTGRAVE defines as 'the abuse, or necessary use of one word, for lack of another more proper'*] or Clevelandism, wresting and torturing a word into another meaning? In fine, if be not one of those whom the French would call *un mauvais buffon*; one that is so much a well willer to the Satire, that he spares no man: and though he cannot strike a blow to hurt any, yet ought to be punished for the malice of the action; as our witches are justly hanged, because they think themselves so, and suffer deservedly for believing they did mischief, because they meant it."

"You have described him," said CRITES, "so exactly, that I am afraid to come after you, with my other Extremity of Poetry. He [*i.e.*, *FRANCIS QUARLES*] is one of those, who, having had some advantage of education and converse [*i.e.*, *conversation, in the sense of Culture through mixture with society*], knows better than the other, what a Poet should be; but puts it into practice more unluckily than any man. His style and matter are everywhere alike. He is the most calm, peaceable writer you ever read. He never disquiets your passions with the least concernment; but still leaves you in as even a temper as he found you. He is a very Leveller in poetry; he creeps along, with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with *For to*, and *Unto*, and all the pretty expletives he can find, till he drags them to the end of another line: while the Sense is left, tired, halfway behind it. He doubly starves all his verses; first, for want of Thought, and then, of Expression. His poetry neither has wit in it, nor seems to have it; like him, in MARTIAL,

Pauper videri CINNA vult, et est pauper.

He affects plainness, to cover his Want of Imagination. When he writes in the serious way; the highest flight of his Fancy is some miserable *antithesis* or seeming contradiction: and in the comic; he is still reaching at some thin conceit, the ghost of a jest, and that too flies before him, never to be caught. These swallows, which we see before us on the Thames, are the just resemblance of his Wit. You may observe how near the water they stoop! how many proffers they make to dip, and yet how seldom they touch it! and when they do, 'tis but the surface! they skim over it, but to catch a gnat, and then mount in the air and leave it!"

"Well, gentlemen!" said EUGENIUS, "you may speak your pleasure of these authors; but though I and some few more about the Town, may give you a peaceable hearing: yet, assure yourselves! there are multitudes who would think you malicious, and them injured; especially him whom you first described, he is the very *Withers* of the City. They have bought more Editions of his works, than would serve to lay under all their pies at the Lord Mayor's Christmas. When his famous poem [*i.e.*, *Speculum Speculativium; Or, A Considering Glass. Being an Inspection into the present and late*

sad condition of these Nations. . . . London. Written June xiii. XDCLX, and there imprinted the same year] first came out in the year 1660, I have seen them read it in the midst of Change time. Nay, so vehement were they at it, that they lost their bargain by the candles' ends! But what will you say, if he has been received among the Great Ones? I can assure you, he is, this day, the envy of a Great Person, who is Lord in the Art of Quibbling; and who does not take it well, than any man should intrude so far into his province."

"All I would wish," replied CRITES, "is that they who love his writings, may still admire him and his fellow poet. *Qui Bavium non odit &c.*, is curse sufficient."

"And farther," added LISIDEIUS; "I believe there is no man who writes well; but would think himself very hardly dealt with, if their admirers should praise anything of his. *Nam quos contemnimus eorum quoque laudes contemnimus.*"

"There are so few who write well, in this Age," said CRITES, "that methinks any praises should be welcome. They neither rise to the dignity of the last Age, nor to any of the Ancients: and we may cry out of the Writers of this Time, with more reason than PETRONIUS of his, *Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis!* 'You have debauched the true old Poetry so far, that Nature (which is the Soul of it) is not in any of your writings!'"

"If your quarrel," said EUGENIUS, "to those who now write, be grounded only upon your reverence to Antiquity; there is no man more ready to adore those great Greeks and Romans than I am: but, on the other side, I cannot think so contemptibly of the Age I live in, or so dishonourably of my own Country as not to judge [that] we equal the Ancients in most kinds of Poesy, and in some, surpass them; neither know I any reason why I may not be as zealous for the reputation of our Age, as we find the Ancients themselves, in reference to those who lived before them. For you hear HORACE saying

> *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse*
> *Compositum, illepide've putetur, sed quia nuper.*

And, after,

> *Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,*
> *Scire velim pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?*

But I see I am engaging in a wide dispute, where the arguments are not like[ly] to reach close, on either side [*p.* 497]: for Poesy is of so large extent, and so many (both of the Ancients and Moderns) have done well in all kinds of it, that, in citing one against the other, we shall take up more time this evening, than each man's occasions will allow him. Therefore, I would ask CRITES to what part of Poesy, he would confine his arguments? and whether he would defend the general cause of the Ancients against the Moderns; or oppose any Age of the Moderns against this of ours?

CRITES, a little while considering upon this demand, told EUGENIUS, he approved of his propositions; and, if he pleased, he would limit their dispute to Dramatic Poesy: in which, he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the Ancients were superior to the Moderns; or the last Age to this of ours.

EUGENIUS was somewhat surprised, when he heard CRITES make choice of that subject. "For ought I see," said he, "I have undertaken a harder province than I imagined. For though I never judged the plays of the Greek and Roman poets comparable to ours: yet, on the other side, those we now see acted, come short of many which were written in the last Age. But my comfort is, if we were o'ercome, it will be only by our own countrymen; and if we yield to them in this one part of Poesy, we [the] more surpass them in all the other[s].

For in the Epic, or Lyric way, it will be hard for them to shew us one such amongst them, as we have many now living, or who lately were so. They can produce nothing so Courtly writ, or which expresses so much the conversation of a gentleman, as Sir JOHN SUCKLING; nothing so even, sweet, and flowing, as Mr. WALLER; nothing so majestic, so correct, as Sir JOHN DENHAM; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of spirit, as Mr. COWLEY. As for the Italian, French, and Spanish plays, I can make it evident, that those who now write, surpass them; and that the Drama is wholly ours."

All of them were thus far of EUGENIUS his opinion, that "the sweetness of English Verse was never understood or practised by our fathers"; even CRITES himself did not much oppose it: and every one was willing to acknowledge how much our Poesy is improved by the happiness of some writers

yet living, who first taught us to mould our thoughts into easy and significant words; to retrench the superfluities of expression; and to make our Rhyme so properly a part of the Verse, that it should never mislead the Sense, but itself be led and governed by it.

EUGENIUS was going to continue this discourse, when LISIDEIUS told him, that "it was necessary, before they proceeded further, to take a Standing Measure of their controversy. For how was it possible to be decided who writ the best plays, before we know what a Play should be? but this once agreed on by both parties, each might have recourse to it; either to prove his own advantages, or discover the failings of his adversary."

He had no sooner said this; but all desired the favour of him to give the definition of a Play: and they were the more importunate, because neither ARISTOTLE, nor HORACE, nor any other who writ of that subject, had ever done it.

LISIDEIUS, after some modest denials, at last, confessed he had a rude notion of it; indeed, rather a Description than a Definition; but which served to guide him in his private thoughts, when he was to make a judgment of what others writ. That he conceived a Play ought to be A JUST AND LIVELY IMAGE OF HUMAN NATURE, REPRESENTING ITS PASSIONS AND HUMOURS; AND THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE, TO WHICH IT IS SUBJECT: FOR THE DELIGHT AND INSTRUCTION OF MANKIND. [*See p.* 567.]

This Definition, though CRITES raised a logical objection against it (that "it was only *a genere et fine*," and so not altogether perfect), was yet well received by the rest.

And, after they had given order to the watermen to turn their barge, and row softly, that they might take the cool of the evening in their return: CRITES, being desired by the company to begin, spoke on behalf of the Ancients, in this manner.

"IF CONFIDENCE presage a victory; EUGENIUS, in his own opinion, has already triumphed over the Ancients. Nothing seems more easy to him, than to overcome those whom it is our greatest praise to have imitated well: for we do not only build upon their foundation, but by their models.

Dramatic Poesy had time enough, reckoning from THESPIS who first invented it, to ARISTOPHANES; to be born, to grow up, and to flourish in maturity.

It has been observed of Arts and Sciences, that in one and the same century, they have arrived to a great perfection [*p.* 520]. And, no wonder! since every Age has a kind of Universal Genius, which inclines those that live in it to some particular studies. The work then being pushed on by many hands, must, of necessity, go forward.

Is it not evident, in these last hundred years, when the study of Philosophy has been the business of all the *Virtuosi* in Christendom, that almost a new Nature has been revealed to us? that more errors of the School have been detected, more useful experiments in Philosophy have been made, more noble secrets in Optics, Medicine, Anatomy, Astronomy, discovered; than, in all those credulous and doting Ages, from ARISTOTLE to us [*p.* 520]? So true it is, that nothing spreads more fast than Science, when rightly and generally cultivated.

Add to this, *the more than common Emulation that was, in those times, of writing well*: which, though it be found in all Ages and all persons that pretend to the same reputation: yet *Poesy, being then in more esteem than now it is, had greater honours decreed to the Professors of it, and consequently the rivalship was more high between them.* They had Judges ordained to decide their merit, and prizes to reward it: and historians have been diligent to record of ÆSCHYLUS, EURIPIDES, SOPHOCLES, LYCOPHRON, and the rest of them, both who they were that vanquished in these Wars of the Theatre, and how often they were crowned: while the Asian Kings and Grecian Commonwealths scarce[ly] afforded them a nobler subject than the unmanly luxuries of a debauched Court, or giddy intrigues of a factious city. *Alit æmulatio ingenia,* says PATERCULUS, *et nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit:* 'Emulation is the spur of wit; and sometimes envy, sometimes admiration quickens our endeavours.'

But now, since the rewards of honour are taken away: that Virtuous Emulation is turned into direct Malice; yet so slothful, that it contents itself to condemn and cry down

others, without attempting to do better. 'Tis a reputation too unprofitable, to take the necessary pains for it; yet wishing they had it, is incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in short, EUGENIUS, is the reason why you have now so few good poets, and so many severe judges. Certainly, to imitate the Ancients well, much labour and long study is required: which pains, I have already shown, our poets would want encouragement to take; if yet they had ability to go through with it.

Those Ancients have been faithful Imitators and wise Observers of that Nature, which is so torn and ill-represented in our Plays. They have handed down to us a perfect Resemblance of Her, which we, like ill copyers, *neglecting to look on*, have rendered monstrous and disfigured.

But that you may know, how much you are indebted to your Masters! and be ashamed to have so ill-requited them! I must remember you, that all the Rules by which we practise the Drama at this day (either such as relate to the Justness and Symmetry of the Plot; or the episodical ornaments, such as Descriptions, Narrations, and other beauties which are not essential to the play), were delivered to us from the Observations that ARISTOTLE made of those Poets, which either lived before him, or were his contemporaries. We have added nothing of our own, except we have the confidence to say, 'Our wit is better!' which none boast of in our Age, but such as understand not theirs. Of that book, which ARISTOTLE has left us, *περι τῆς Ποιητικῆς*; HORACE his *Art of Poetry* is an excellent *Comment*, and, I believe, restores to us, that Second Book of his [*i.e.*, *ARISTOTLE*] concerning *Comedy*, which is wanting in him.

Out of these two [Authors], have been extracted the Famous Rules, which the French call, *Des trois Unités*, or 'The Three Unities,' which ought to be observed in every *regular* Play; namely, of TIME, PLACE, and ACTION.

The UNITY OF TIME, they comprehend in Twenty-four hours, *the compass of a natural Day*; or, as near it, as can be contrived. And the reason of it is obvious to every one. That *the Time* of the feigned Action or Fable of the Play

should be proportioned, as near as can be, *to the duration of that Time in which it is* REPRESENTED. Since therefore all plays are acted on the Theatre in a space of time *much within* the compass of Twenty-four hours; that Play is to be thought the *nearest Imitation* of Nature, whose Plot or Action is confined within that time.

And, by the same Rule which concludes this General Proportion of Time, it follows, *That all the parts of it are to be equally subdivided.* As, namely, that one Act take not up the supposed time of Half a day, which is out of proportion to the rest; since the other four are then to be straitened within the compass of the remaining half: for it is unnatural that one Act which, being spoken or written, is not longer than the rest; should be supposed longer by the audience. 'Tis therefore the Poet's duty to take care *that no Act* should be imagined to *exceed the Time in which it is Represented on the Stage*; and that the intervals and inequalities of time, be be supposed to fall out *between* the Acts. [*See p.* 595.]

This Rule of TIME, how well it has been observed by the Ancients, most of their plays will witness. You see them, in their Tragedies (wherein to follow this Rule is certainly most difficult), from the very beginning of their Plays, falling close into that part of the Story, which they intend for the Action or principal Object of it: leaving the former part to be delivered by Narration. So that they set the audience, as it were, at the post where the race is to be concluded: and, saving them the tedious expectation of seeing the Poet set out and ride the beginning of the course; you behold him not, till he is in sight of the goal, and just upon you. [*See* DRYDEN*'s personal opinion on Time, at p.* 596.]

For the Second Unity, which is that of PLACE; the Ancients meant by it, *That the scene* [locality] *ought to be continued*, through the Play, *in the same place, where it was laid in the beginning.* For *the Stage*, on which it is represented, *being but one, and the same place; it is unnatural to conceive it many, and those far distant from one another.* I will not deny but by the Variation of Painted scenes [*scenery was introduced about this time into the English theatres, by Sir* WILLIAM *D'*AVENANT and *BETTERTON the Actor: see Vol. II. p.* 278] the Fancy which, in these cases, will contribute to its own

deceit, may sometimes imagine it several places, upon some appearance of probability: yet it still carries *the greater likelihood of truth*, if those places be supposed so near each other as in the same town or city, which may all be comprehended under the larger denomination of One Place; for a greater distance will bear no proportion to the *shortness of time which is allotted in the acting*, to pass from one of them to another. [*See pp.* 523, 595.]

For the observation of this; next to the Ancients, the French are most to be commended. They tie themselves so strictly to the Unity of Place, that you never see in any of their plays, a scene [*locality*] changed in the middle of an Act. If the Act begins in a garden, a street, or [a] chamber; 'tis ended in the same place. And that you may know it to be the same, the Stage is so supplied with persons, that it is never empty all the time. He that enters the second has business with him, who was on before; and before the second quits the stage, a third appears, who has business with him. This CORNEILLE calls *La Liaison des Scenes*, 'the Continuity or Joining of the Scenes': and it is a good mark of a well contrived Play, when all the persons are known to each other, and every one of them has some affairs with all the rest.

As for the third Unity, which is that of ACTION, the Ancients meant no other by it, than what the Logicians do by their *Finis*; the End or Scope of any Action, that which is the First in intention, and Last in execution.

Now the Poet is to aim at *one great and complete Action*; to the carrying on of which, all things in the Play, even the very obstacles, are to be subservient. And the reason of this is as evident as any of the former. For two Actions, equally laboured and driven on by the Writer, would destroy the Unity of the Poem. It would be no longer one Play, but two. Not but that there may be many actions in a Play (as BEN. JOHNSON has observed in his *Discoveries*), but they must be all subservient to the great one; which our language happily expresses, in the name of Under Plots. Such as, in TERENCE's *Eunuch*, is the deference and reconcilement of *THAIS* and *PHÆDRIA*; which is not the chief business of the Play, but promotes the marriage of *CHŒREA* and *CHREMES's sister*, principally intended by the Poet.

'There ought to be but one Action,' says CORNEILLE, 'that is, one complete Action, which leaves the mind of the audience in a full repose.' But this cannot be brought to pass, but by many other imperfect ones, which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful suspense of what will be.

If by these Rules (to omit many others drawn from the Precepts and Practice of the Ancients), we should judge our modern plays, 'tis probable that few of them would endure the trial. That which should be the business of a Day, takes up, in some of them, an Age. Instead of One Action, they are the Epitome of a man's life. And for one spot of ground, which the Stage should represent; we are sometimes in more countries than the map can show us.

But if we will allow the Ancients to have *contrived* well; we must acknowledge them to have *writ* better. Questionless, we are deprived of a great stock of wit, in the loss of MENANDER among the Greek poets, and of CŒCILIUS, AFFRANIUS, and VARIUS among the Romans. We may guess of MENANDER's excellency by the Plays of TERENCE; who translated some of his, and yet wanted so much of him, that he was called by C. CÆSAR, the Half-MENANDER: and of VARIUS, by the testimonies of HORACE, MARTIAL, and VELLEIUS PATERCULUS. 'Tis probable that these, could they be recovered, would decide the controversy.

But so long as ARISTOPHANES in the Old Comedy, and PLAUTUS in the New are extant; while the Tragedies of EURIPIDES, SOPHOCLES, and SENECA are to be had: I can never see one of those Plays which are now written, but it increases my admiration of the Ancients. And yet I must acknowledge further, that to admire them as we ought, we should understand them better than we do. Doubtless, many things appear flat to us, whose wit depended upon some custom or story, which never came to our knowledge; or perhaps upon some criticism in their language, which, being so long dead, and only remaining in their books, it is not possible they should make us know it perfectly [*p.* 525].

To read MACROBIUS explaining the propriety and elegancy of many words in VIRGIL, which I had before passed over without consideration as common things, is enough to assure me that I ought to think the same of TERENCE; and that, in

the purity of his style, which TULLY so much valued that he ever carried his *Works* about him, there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it.

In the meantime, I must desire you to take notice that the greatest man of the last Age, BEN. JOHNSON, was willing to give place to them in all things. He was not only a professed imitator of HORACE, but a learned plagiary of all the others. You track him everywhere in their snow. If HORACE, LUCAN, PETRONIUS *Arbiter*, SENECA, and JUVENAL had their own from him; there are few serious thoughts that are new in him. You will pardon me, therefore, if I presume, he loved their fashion; when he wore their clothes. [*See p.* 551.]

But since I have otherwise a great veneration for him, and you, EUGENIUS! prefer him above all other poets: I will use no farther argument to you than his example. I will produce Father BEN. to you, dressed in all the ornaments and colours of the Ancients. You will need no other guide to our party, if you follow him: and whether you consider the bad plays of our Age, or regard the good ones of the last: both the best and worst of the Modern poets will equally instruct you to esteem the Ancients."

CRITES had no sooner left speaking; but EUGENIUS, who waited with some impatience for it, thus began:

"I HAVE observed in your speech, that the former part of it is convincing, as to what the Moderns have profited by the Rules of the Ancients: but, in the latter, you are careful to conceal, how much they have excelled them.

We own all the helps we have from them; and want neither veneration nor gratitude, while we acknowledge that, to overcome them, we must make use of all the advantages we have received from them. But to these assistances, we have joined our own industry: for had we sate down with a dull imitation of them; we might then have lost somewhat of the old perfection, but never acquired any that was new. We draw not, therefore, after their lines; but those of Nature: and having the Life before us, besides the experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit some airs and features, which they have missed.

I deny not what you urge of Arts and Sciences [*p.* 514]; that they have flourished in some ages more than others: but your instance in Philosophy [*p.* 514] makes for me.

For if Natural Causes be more known now, than in the time of ARISTOTLE, because more studied; it follows that Poesy and other Arts may, with the same pains, arrive still nearer to perfection. And that granted, it will rest for you to prove, that they wrought more perfect Images of Human Life than we.

Which, seeing, in your discourse, you have avoided to make good; it shall now be my task to show you some of their Defects, and some few Excellencies of the Moderns. And I think, there is none amongst us can imagine I do it enviously; or with purpose to detract from them: for what interest of Fame, or Profit, can the Living lose by the reputation of the Dead? On the other side, it is a great truth, which VELLEIUS PATERCULUS affirms, *Audita visis libentius laudamus; et præsentia invidia, præterita admiratione prosequimur, et his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus*, 'That Praise or Censure is certainly the most sincere, which unbribed Posterity shall give us.'

Be pleased, then, in the first place, to take notice that the Greek Poesy, which CRITES has affirmed to have arrived to perfection in the reign of the Old Comedy [*p.* 514], was so far from it, that *the distinction of it into Acts was not known to them*; or if it were, it is yet so darkly delivered to us, that we cannot make it out.

All we know of it is, from the singing of their Chorus: and that too, is so uncertain, that in some of their Plays, we have reason to conjecture they sang more than five times.

ARISTOTLE, indeed, divides the integral parts of a Play into four.

Firstly. The *Protasis* or Entrance, which gives light only to the Characters of the persons; and proceeds very little into any part of the Action.

Secondly. The *Epitasis* or Working up of the Plot, where the Play grows warmer; the Design or Action of it is drawing on, and you see something promising, that it will come to pass.

Thirdly. The *Catastasis* or Counter-turn, which

destroys that expectation, embroils the action in new difficulties, and leaves you far distant from that hope in which it found you: as you may have observed in a violent stream, resisted by a narrow passage; it turns round to an eddy, and carries back the waters with more swiftness than it brought them on.

Lastly. The *Catastrophe*, which the Grecians call δέσις; the French, *Le denoument*; and we, the Discovery or Unravelling of the Plot. There, you see all things settling again upon the first foundations; and the obstacles, which hindered the Design or Action of the Play, once removed, it ends with that Resemblance of Truth or Nature, that the audience are satisfied with the conduct of it.

Thus this great man delivered to us the Image of a Play; and I must confess it is so lively, that, from thence, much light has been derived to the forming it more perfectly, into Acts and Scenes. But what Poet first limited to Five, the number of the Acts, I know not: only we see it so firmly established in the time of HORACE, that he gives it for a rule in Comedy.

Neu brevior quinto, neu sit productior actu:

So that you see, the Grecians cannot be said to have consumated this Art: writing rather by Entrances than by Acts; and having rather a general indigested notion of a Play, than knowing how and where to bestow the particular graces of it.

But since the Spaniards, at this day, allow but three Acts, which they call *Jornadas*, to a Play; and the Italians, in many of theirs, follow them: when I condemn the Ancients, I declare it *is not altogether because they have not five Acts to every Play; but because they have not confined themselves to one certain number.* 'Tis building a house, without a model: and when they succeeded in such undertakings, they ought to have sacrificed to Fortune, not to the Muses.

Next, for the Plot, which ARISTOTLE called τό μῦθος, and often τῶν πραγμάτον σύνθεσις; and from him, the Romans, *Fabula.* It has already been judiciously observed by a late Writer that 'in their *TRADGEDIES*, it was only some tale

derived from Thebes or Troy; or, at least, something that happened in those two Ages: which was worn so threadbare by the pens of all the Epic Poets; and even, by tradition itself of the *talkative Greeklings*, as BEN. JOHNSON calls them, that before it came upon the Stage, it was already known to all the audience. And the people, as soon as ever they heard the name of *ŒDIPUS*, knew as well as the Poet, that he had killed his father by a mistake, and committed incest with his mother, before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great plague, an oracle, and the ghost of *LAIUS*: so that they sate, with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come, with his eyes pulled out, and speak a hundred or two of verses, in a tragic tone, in complaint of his misfortunes' [*p.* 496].

But one *ŒDIPUS*, *HERCULES*, or *MEDEA* had been tolerable. Poor people! They scaped not so good cheap. They had still the *chapon bouillé* set before them, till their appetites were cloyed with the same dish; and the Novelty being gone, the Pleasure vanished. So that one main end of Dramatic Poesy, in its definition [*p.* 513] (which was, to cause *Delight*) was, of consequence, destroyed.

In their *COMEDIES*, the Romans generally borrowed their Plots from the Greek poets: and theirs were commonly a little girl stolen or wandered from her parents, brought back unknown to the same city, there got with child by some lewd young fellow, who (by the help of his servant) cheats his father. And when her time comes to cry *JUNO Lucina fer opem!* one or other sees a little box or cabinet, which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her friends: if some god do not prevent [*anticipate*] it, by coming down in a machine [*i.e.*, *supernaturally*], and take the thanks of it to himself.

By the Plot, you may guess much [*many*] of the characters of the Persons. An old Father that would willingly, before he dies, see his son well married. His debauched Son, kind in his nature to his wench, but miserably in want of money. A Servant or Slave, who has so much wit [as] to strike in with him, and help to dupe his father. A braggadochio Captain, a Parasite, and a Lady of Pleasure.

As for the poor honest maid, upon whom all the story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal Actors in the Play; she is commonly a Mute in it. She has the breeding

of the old ELIZABETH [*Elizabethan*] way, for "maids to be seen, and not to be heard": and it is enough, you know she is willing to be married, when the Fifth Act requires it.

These are plots built after the Italian mode of houses. You see through them all at once. The Characters, indeed, are Imitations of Nature: but so narrow as if they had imitated only an eye or an hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a face, or the proportion of a body.

But in how strait a compass sorever, they have bounded their Plots and Characters, we will pass it by, if they have regularly pursued them, and perfectly observed those three Unities, of TIME, PLACE, and ACTION; the knowledge of which, you say! is derived to us from them.

But, in the first place, give me leave to tell you! that the Unity of PLACE, however it might be practised by them, was never any of their Rules. We neither find it in ARISTOTLE, HORACE, or any who have written of it; till, in our Age, the French poets first made it a Precept of the Stage.

The Unity of TIME, even TERENCE himself, who was the best and most regular of them, has neglected. His *Heautontimoroumenos* or "Self Punisher" takes up, visibly, two days. "Therefore," says SCALIGER, "the two first Acts concluding the first day, were acted overnight; the last three on the ensuing day."

And EURIPIDES, in tying himself to one day, has committed an absurdity never to be forgiven him. For, in one of his Tragedies, he has made THESEUS go from Athens to Thebes, which was about forty English miles; under the walls of it, to give battle; and appear victorious in the next Act: and yet, from the time of his departure, to the return of the *Nuntius*, who gives relation of his victory; *ÆTHRA* and the *Chorus* have but thirty-six verses, that is, not for every mile, a verse.

The like error is evident in TERENCE his *Eunuch;* when *LACHES* the old man, enters, in a mistake, the house of *THAIS*; where, between his *Exit* and the Entrance of *PYTHIAS* (who comes to give an ample relation of the garboils he has raised within), *PARMENO* who was left upon the stage, has not above five lines to speak. *C'est bien employé, un temps si court!* says the French poet, who furnished me with one of the[se] observations.

And almost all their Tragedies will afford us examples of the like nature.

'Tis true, they have kept the Continuity, or as you called it, *Liaison des Scenes*, somewhat better. Two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeeded them, and do the same, throughout the Act: which the English call by the name of "Single Scenes." But the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three Scenes, properly so called, in every Act. For it is to be accounted a *new* Scene, not every time the Stage is empty: but every person *who enters*, though to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new business.

Now the Plots of their Plays being narrow, and the persons few: one of their Acts was written in a less compass than one of our well-wrought Scenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this.

To go no further than TERENCE. You find in the *Eunuch*, *ANTIPHO* entering, single, in the midst of the Third Act, after *CHREMES* and *PYTHIAS* were gone off. In the same play, you have likewise *DORIAS* beginning the Fourth Act alone; and after she has made a relation of what was done at the soldier's entertainment (which, by the way, was very inartificial to do; because she was presumed to speak directly to the Audience, and to acquaint them with what was necessary to be known: but yet should have been so contrived by the Poet as to have been told by persons of the Drama to one another, and so by them, to have come to the knowledge of the people), she quits the Stage: and *PHÆDRIA* enters next, alone likewise. He also gives you an account of himself, and of his returning from the country, in monologue: to which unnatural way of Narration, TERENCE is subject in all his Plays.

In his *Adelphi* or "Brothers," *SYRUS* and *DEMEA* enter after the Scene was broken by the departure of *SOSTRATA*, *GETA*, and *CANTHARA*: and, indeed, you can scarce look into any of his Comedies, where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

And as they have failed both in [the] laying of the Plots, and managing of them, swerving from the Rules of their own Art, by misrepresenting Nature to us, in which they have ill satisfied one intention of a Play, which was Delight: so in the

Instructive part [*pp.* 513, 582-4], they have erred worse. Instead of punishing vice, and rewarding virtue; they have often shown a prosperous wickedness, and an unhappy piety. They have set before us a bloody Image of Revenge, in *MEDEA*; and given her dragons to convey her safe from punishment. A *PRIAM* and *ASTYANAX* murdered, and *CASSANDRA* ravished; and Lust and Murder ending in the victory of him that acted them. In short, there is no indecorum in any of our modern Plays; which, if I would excuse, I could not shadow with some Authority from the Ancients.

And one farther note of them, let me leave you! Tragedies and Comedies were not writ then, as they are now, promiscuously, by the same person: but he who found his genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is so plain, that I need not instance to you, that ARISTOPHANES, PLAUTUS, TERENCE never, any of them, writ a Tragedy; ÆSCHYLUS, EURIPIDES, SOPHOCLES, and SENECA never meddled with Comedy. The Sock and Buskin were not worn by the same Poet. Having then so much care to excel in one kind; very little is to be pardoned them, if they miscarried in it.

And this would lead me to the consideration of their Wit, had not CRITES given me sufficient warning, not to be too bold in my judgement of it; because (the languages being dead, and many of the customs and little accidents on which it depended lost to us [*p.* 518]) we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant that, here and there, we may miss the application of a proverb or a custom; yet, a thing well said, will be Wit in all languages: and, though it may lose something in the translation; yet, to him who reads it in the original, 'tis still the same. He has an Idea of its excellency; though it cannot pass from his mind into any other expression or words than those in which he finds it.

When *PHÆDRIA*, in the *Eunuch*, had a command from his mistress to be absent two days; and encouraging himself to go through with it, said, *Tandem ego non illa caream, si opus sit, vel totum triduum?* *PARMENO*, to mock the softness of his master, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out, as it were in admiration, *Hui! universum triduum!* The elegancy of which *universum*, though it cannot be rendered in our

language; yet leaves an impression of the Wit on our souls.

But this happens seldom in him [*i.e.*, *TERENCE*]; in PLAUTUS oftner, who is infinitely too bold in his metaphors and coining words; out of which, many times, his Wit is nothing. Which, questionless, was one reason why HORACE falls upon him so severely in those verses.

> *Sed Proavi nostri Plautinos et numeros et*
> *Laudavere sales, nimium patienter utrumque*
> *Ne dicam stolidè.*

For HORACE himself was cautious to obtrude [*in obtruding*] a new word upon his readers: and makes custom and common use, the best measure of receiving it into our writings.

> *Multa renascentur quæ nunc cecidere, cadentque*
> *Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus*
> *Quem penes, arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.*

The not observing of this Rule, is that which the World has blamed in our satirist CLEVELAND. To express a thing hard and unnaturally is his New Way of Elocution. Tis true, no poet but may sometimes use a *catachresis*. VIRGIL does it,

> *Mistaque ridenti Colocasia fundet Acantho—*

in his Eclogue of *POLLIO*.
And in his Seventh *Æneid*—

> *Mirantur et unda,*
> *Miratur nemus, insuetam fulgentia longe,*
> *Scuta virum fluvio, pictaque innare carinas.*

And OVID once; so modestly, that he asks leave to do it.

> *Si verbo audacia detur*
> *Haud metuam summi dixisse Palatia cœli.*

calling the Court of JUPITER, by the name of AUGUSTUS his palace. Though, in another place, he is more bold; where he says, *Et longas visent Capitolia pompas.*

But to do this always, and never be able to write a line without it, though it may be admired by some few pedants, will not pass upon those who know that *Wit is best conveyed to us in the most easy language: and is most to be admired, when a great thought comes dressed in words so commonly received, that it is understood by the meanest apprehensions; as the best meat is the most easily digested.* But we cannot read a verse of CLEVELAND's, without making a face at it; as if every word were a pill to swallow. He gives us, many times, a hard nut to break our teeth, without a kernel for our pains. So that there is this difference between his *Satires* and Doctor DONNE's: that the one [*DONNE*] gives us deep thoughts in common language, though rough cadence; the other [*CLEVELAND*] gives us common thoughts in abtruse words. 'Tis true, in some places, his wit is independent of his words, as in that of the *Rebel Scot*—

> Had CAIN been Scot, GOD would have changed his doom,
> Not forced him wander, but confined him home.

Si sic, omnia dixisset! This is Wit in all languages. 'Tis like MERCURY, never to be lost or killed. And so that other,

> For beauty, like white powder, makes no noise,
> And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.

You see the last line is highly metaphorical; but it is so soft and gentle, that it does not shock us as we read it.

But to return from whence I have digressed, to the consideration of the Ancients' Writing and Wit; of which, by this time, you will grant us, in some measure, to be fit judges.

Though I see many excellent thoughts in SENECA: yet he, of them, who had a genius most proper for the Stage, was OVID. He [*i.e., OVID*] had a way of writing so fit to stir up a pleasing admiration and concernment, which are the objects of a Tragedy; and to show the various movements of a soul combating betwixt different passions: that, had he lived in our Age, or (in his own) could have writ with our advantages, no man but must have yielded to him; and therefore, I am confident the *MEDEA* is none of his. For, though I esteem

it, for the gravity and sentiousness of it (which he himself concludes to be suitable to a Tragedy, *Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragœdia vincit*; yet it moves not my soul enough, to judge that he, who, in the Epic way, wrote things so near the Drama (as the stories of *MYRRHA*, of *CAUNUS and BIBLIS*, and the rest) should stir up no more concernment, where he most endeavoured it.

The masterpiece of SENECA, I hold to be that Scene in the *Troades*, where *ULYSSES* is seeking for *ASTYANAX*, to kill him. There, you see the tenderness of a mother so represented in *ANDROMACHE*, that it raises compassion to a high degree in the reader; and bears the nearest resemblance, of anything in their Tragedies, to the excellent Scenes of Passion in SHAKESPEARE or in FLETCHER.

For Love Scenes, you will find but few among them. Their Tragic poets dealt not with that soft passion; but with Lust, Cruelty, Revenge, Ambition, and those bloody actions they produced, which were more capable of raising horror than compassion in an audience: leaving Love untouched, whose gentleness would have tempered them; which is the most frequent of all the passions, and which (being the private concernment of every person) is soothed by viewing its own Image [*p.* 549] in a public entertainment.

Among their Comedies, we find a Scene or two of tenderness: and that, where you would least expect it, in PLAUTUS. But to speak generally, their lovers say little, when they see each other, but *anima mea! vita mea! ζωη και ψυχη!* as the women, in JUVENAL's time, used to cry out, in the fury of their kindness.

Then indeed, to speak sense were an offence. Any sudden gust of passion, as an ecstasy of love in an unexpected meeting, cannot better be expressed than in a word and a sigh, breaking one another. Nature is dumb on such occasions; and to make her speak, would be to represent her unlike herself. But there are a thousand other concernments of lovers as jealousies, complaints, contrivances, and the like; where, not to open their minds at large to each other, were to be wanting to their own love, and to the expectation of the audience: who watch the Movements of their Minds, as much as the Changes of their Fortunes. For the Imaging of the first [*p.* 549], is properly the work of a Poet; the latter, he borrows of the Historian."

EUGENIUS was proceeding in that part of his discourse, when CRITES interrupted him.

"I SEE," said he, "EUGENIUS and I are never likely to have this question decided betwixt us: for he maintains the Moderns have acquired a *new perfection* in writing; I only grant, they have *altered the mode* of it.

HOMER describes his heroes, [as] men of great appetites; lovers of beef broiled upon the coals, and good fellows: contrary to the practice of the French romances, whose heroes neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep for love.

VIRGIL makes *ÆNEAS*, a bold avower of his own virtues,

Sum pius ÆNEAS fama super æthera notus;

which, in the civility of our Poets, is the character of a *Fanfaron* or Hector. For with us, the Knight takes occasion to walk out, or sleep, to avoid the vanity of telling his own story; which the trusty Squire is ever to perform for him [*p.* 535].

So, in their Love Scenes, of which EUGENIUS spoke last, the Ancients were more hearty; we, the more talkative. They writ love, as it was then the mode to make it.

And I will grant thus much to EUGENIUS, that, perhaps, one of their Poets, had he lived in our Age,

Si foret hoc nostrum fato delupsus in ævum,

as HORACE says of LUCILIUS, he had altered many things: not that they were not natural before; but that he might accommodate himself to the Age he lived in. Yet, in the meantime, we are not to conclude anything rashly against those great men; but preserve to them, the dignity of Masters: and give that honour to their memories, *quos libitina sacravit*; part of which, we expect may be paid to us in future times."

This moderation of CRITES, as it was pleasing to all the company, so it put an end to that dispute: which EUGENIUS, who seemed to have the better of the argument, would urge no further.

But LISIDEIUS, after he had acknowledged himself of EUGENIUS his opinion, concerning the Ancients; yet told him,

"He had forborne till his discourse was ended, to ask him, Why he preferred the English Plays above those of other nations? and whether we ought not to submit our Stage to the exactness of our next neighbours?"

"Though," said EUGENIUS, "I am, at all times, ready to defend the honour of my country against the French; and to maintain, we are as well able to vanquish them with our pens, as our ancestors have been with their swords: yet, if you please!" added he, looking upon NEANDER, "I will commit this cause to my friend's management. His opinion of our plays is the same with mine. And besides, there is no reason that CRITES and I, who have now left the Stage, should re-enter so suddenly upon it: which is against the laws of Comedy."

"IF THE question had been stated," replied LISIDEIUS, "Who had writ best, the French or English, forty years ago [*i.e.*, *in* 1625]? I should have been of your opinion; and adjudged the honour to our own nation: but, since that time," said he, turning towards NEANDER, "we have been so long bad Englishmen, that we had not leisure to be good Poets. BEAUMONT [*d.* 1615], FLETCHER [*d.* 1625], and JOHNSON [*d.* 1637], who were only [*alone*] capable of bringing us to that degree of perfection which we have, were just then leaving the world; as if, in an Age of so much horror, Wit and those milder studies of humanity had no farther business among us. But the Muses, who ever follow peace, went to plant in another country. It was then, that the great Cardinal DE RICHELIEU began to take them into his protection; and that, by his encouragement, CORNEILLE and some other Frenchmen reformed their *Theatre*: which, before, was so much below ours, as it now surpasses it, and the rest of Europe. But because CRITES, in his discourse for the Ancients, has prevented [*anticipated*] me by touching on many Rules of the Stage, which the Moderns have borrowed from them; I shall only, in short, demand of you, 'Whether you are not convinced that, of all nations, the French have best observed them?'

In the Unity of TIME, you find them so scrupulous, that it yet remains a dispute among their Poets, 'Whether the

artificial day, of twelve hours more or less, be not meant by ARISTOTLE, rather that the natural one of twenty-four?' and consequently, 'Whether all Plays ought not to be reduced into that compass?' This I can testify, that in all their dramas writ within these last twenty years [1645–1665] and upwards, I have not observed any, that have extended the time to thirty hours [*pp.* 576, 595].

In the Unity of PLACE, they are full[y] as scrupulous. For many of their critics limit it to that spot of ground, where the Play is supposed to begin. None of them exceed the compass of the same town or city.

The Unity of ACTION in all their plays, is yet more conspicuous. For they do not burden them with Under Plots, as the English do; which is the reason why many Scenes of our Tragi-Comedies carry on a Design that is nothing of kin to the main Plot: and that we see two distincts webs in a Play, like those in ill-wrought stuffs; and two Actions (that is, two Plays carried on together) to the confounding of the audience: who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and, by that means, expouse the interest of neither. [*See p.* 540.]

From hence likewise, it arises that one half of our Actors [*i.e., the Characters in a Play*] are not known to the other. They keep their distances, as if they were *MONTAGUES* and *CAPULETS*; and seldom begin an acquaintance till the last Scene of the fifth Act, when they are all to meet on the Stage.

There is no *Theatre* in the world has anything so absurd as the English Tragi-Comedy. 'Tis a Drama of our own invention; and the fashion of it is enough to proclaim it so. Here, a course of mirth; there, another of sadness and passion; a third of honour; and the fourth, a duel. Thus, in two hours and a half, we run through all the fits of Bedlam.

The French afford you as much variety, on the same day; but they do it not so unseasonably, or *mal apropos* as we. Our Poets present you the Play and the Farce together; and our Stages still retain somewhat of the original civility of the "Red Bull" [*See Vol. II., p.* 275].

Atque ursum et pugiles media inter carmina poscunt.

'The end of Tragedies or serious Plays,' says ARISTOTLE, 'is to beget Admiration [*wonderment*], Compassion, or Concern-

ment.' But are not mirth and compassion things incompatible? and is it not evident, that the Poet must, of necessity, destroy the former, by intermingling the latter? that is, he must ruin the sole end and object of his Tragedy, to introduce somewhat that is forced in, and is not of the body of it! Would you not think that physician mad! who having prescribed a purge, should immediately order you to take restringents upon it?

But to leave our Plays, and return to theirs. I have noted one great advantage they have had in the Plotting of their Tragedies, that is, they are always grounded upon some known History, according to that of HORACE, *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar*: and in that, they have so imitated the Ancients, that they have surpassed them. For the Ancients, as was observed before [*p.* 522], took for the foundation of their Plays some poetical fiction; such as, under that consideration, could move but little concernment in the audience, because they already knew the event of it. But the French[man] goes farther.

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falso remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

He so interweaves Truth with probable Fiction, that he puts a pleasing fallacy upon us; mends the intrigues of Fate; and dispenses with the severity of History, to reward that virtue, which has been rendered to us, there, unfortunate. Sometimes the Story has left the success so doubtful, that the writer is free, by the privilege of a Poet, to take that which, of two or more relations, will best suit his Design. As, for example, the death of CYRUS; whom JUSTIN and some others report to have perished in the Scythian War; but XENOPHON affirms to have died in his bed of extreme old age.

Nay more, when the event is past dispute, even then, we are willing to be deceived: and the Poet, if he contrives it with appearance of truth, has all the audience of his party [*on his side*], at least, during the time his Play is acting. So naturally, we are kind to virtue (when our own interest is not in question) that we take it up, as the general concernment of mankind.

On the other side, if you consider the Historical Plays of SHAKESPEARE; they are rather so many Chronicles of Kings,

or the business, many times, of thirty or forty years crampt into a Representation of two hours and a half: which is not to imitate or paint Nature, but rather to draw her in miniature, to take her in little; to look upon her, through the wrong of a perspective [*telescope*], and receive her Images [*pp.* 528, 549], not only much less, but infinitely more imperfect than the Life. This, instead of making a Play delightful, renders it ridiculous.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

For the Spirit of Man cannot be satisfied but with Truth, or, at least, Verisimilitude: and a Poem is to contain, if not τα ἔτυμα, yet ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα; as one of the Greek poets has expressed it. [*See p.* 589.]

Another thing, in which the French differ from us and from the Spaniards, is that they do not embarrass or cumber themselves with too much Plot. They only represent so much of a Story as will constitute One whole and great Action sufficient for a Play. We, who undertake more, do but multiply *Adventures* [*pp.* 541, 552]; which (not being produced from one another, as Effects from Causes, but, barely, following) constitute many Actions in the Drama, and consequently make it many Plays.

But, by pursuing close[ly] one Argument, which is not cloyed with many Turns; the French have gained more liberty for Verse, in which they write. They have leisure to dwell upon a subject which deserves it; and to represent the passions [*p.* 542] (which we have acknowledged to be the Poet's work) without being hurried from one thing to another, as we are in the plays of CALDERON; which we have seen lately upon our theatres, under the name of Spanish Plots.

I have taken notice but of one Tragedy of ours; whose Plot has that uniformity and unity of Design in it, which I have commended in the French; and that is, *ROLLO*, or rather under the name of *ROLLO*, the story of *BASSANIUS and GŒTA*, in HERODIAN. There, indeed, the plot is neither large nor intricate; but just enough to fill the minds of the audience, not to cloy them. Besides, you see it founded on the truth of History; only the time of the Action is not reduceable to the strictness of the Rules. And you see,

in some places, a little farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other parts. And in this, all our Poets are extremely peccant; even BEN. JOHNSON himself, in *SEJANUS* and *CATILINE*, has given this Oleo [*hodge-podge*] of a Play, this unnatural mixture of Comedy and Tragedy: which, to me, sounds just as ridiculous as *The History of DAVID, with the merry humours of GOLIAS*. In *SEJANUS*, you may take notice of the Scene between *LIVIA* and the *Physician*; which is a pleasant satire upon the artificial helps of beauty. In *CATILINE*, you may see the Parliament of Women; the little envies of them to one another; and all that passes betwixt *CURIO* and *FULVIA*. Scenes, admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest. [*See pp.* 497, 541.]

But I return again to the French Writers: who, as I have said, do not burden themselves too much with Plot; which has been reproached to them by an Ingenious Person of our nation, as a fault. For he says, 'They commonly make but one person considerable in a Play. They dwell upon him and his concernments; while the rest of the persons are only subservient to set him off.' If he intends this by it, that there is one person in the Play who is of greater dignity than the rest; he must tax not only theirs, but those of the Ancients, and (which he would be loath to do) the best of ours. For it 'tis impossible but that one person must be more conspicuous in it than any other; and consequently the greatest share in the Action must devolve on him. We see it so in the management of all affairs. Even in the most equal aristocracy, the balance cannot be so justly poised, but some one will be superior to the rest, either in parts, fortune, interest, or the consideration of some glorious exploit; which will reduce [*lead*] the greatest part of business into his hands [*p.* 543].

But if he would have us to imagine, that in exalting of one character, the rest of them are neglected; and that all of them have not some share or other in the Action of the Play: I desire him to produce any of CORNEILLE's Tragedies, wherein every person, like so many servants in a well governed family, has *not* some employment; and who is *not* necessary to the carrying on of the Plot, or, at least, to your understanding it.

There are, indeed, some protactic persons [*precursors*] in the Ancients; whom they make use of in their Plays, either to hear or give the Relation: but the French avoid this with great address; making their Narrations only to, or by such, who are some way interessed [*interested*] in the main Design.

And now I am speaking of RELATIONS; I cannot take a fitter opportunity to add this, in favour of the French, that they often use them with better judgement, more *apropos* than the English do [*pp.* 495, 529].

Not that I commend NARRATIONS in general; but there are two sorts of them:

One, of those things which are antecedent to the Play, and are related to make the Conduct of it more clear to us. But 'tis a fault to choose such subjects for the Stage, as will inforce us upon that rock: because we see that they are seldom listened to by the audience; and that it is, many times, the ruin of the play. For, being once let pass without attention, the audience can never recover themselves to understand the Plot; and, indeed, it is somewhat unreasonable that they should be put to so much trouble, as that, to comprehend what passes in their sight, they must have recourse to what was done, perhaps ten or twenty years ago.

But there is another sort of RELATIONS, that is, of things happening in the Action of a Play, and supposed to be done behind the scenes: and this is, many times, both convenient and beautiful. For by it, the French avoid the tumult, which we are subject to in England, by representing duels, battles, and such like; which renders our Stage too like the theatres where they fight for prizes [*i.e., theatres used as Fencing Schools, for Assaults of Arms, &c.*]. For what is more ridiculous than to represent an army, with a drum and five men behind it? All which, the hero on the other side, is to drive in before him. Or to see a duel fought, and one slain with two or three thrusts of the foils? which we know are so blunted, that we might give a man an hour to kill another, in good earnest, with them.

I have observed that in all our Tragedies, the audience cannot forbear laughing, when the Actors are to die. 'Tis the most comic part of the whole Play.

All Passions may be lively Represented on the Stage, if,

to the well writing of them, the Actor supplies a good commanded voice, and limbs that move easily, and without stiffness: but there are many Actions, which can never be Imitated to a just height.

Dying, especially, is a thing, which none but a Roman gladiator could naturally perform upon the Stage, when he did not Imitate or Represent it, but naturally Do it. And, therefore, it is better to omit the Representation of it. The words of a good writer, which describe it lively, will make a deeper impression of belief in us, than all the Actor can persuade us to, when he seems to fall dead before us: as the Poet, in the description of a beautiful garden, or meadow, will please our Imagination more than the place itself will please our sight. When we see death Represented, we are convinced it is but fiction; but when we hear it Related, our eyes (the strongest witnesses) are wanting, which might have undeceived us: and we are all willing to favour the sleight, when the Poet does not too grossly impose upon us.

They, therefore, who imagine these Relations would make no concernment in the audience, are deceived, by confounding them with the other; which are of things antecedent to the Play. Those are made often, in cold blood, as I may say, to the audience; but these are warmed with our concernments, which are, before, awakened in the Play.

What the philosophers say of Motion, that 'when it is once begun, it continues of itself; and will do so, to Eternity, without some stop be put to it,' is clearly true, on this occasion. The Soul, being moved with the Characters and Fortunes of those Imaginary Persons, continues going of its own accord; and we are no more weary to hear what becomes of them, when they are not on the Stage, than we are to listen to the news of an absent mistress.

But it is objected, 'That if one part of the Play may be related; then, why not all [*p.* 496]?'

I answer. Some parts of the Action are more fit to be Represented; some, to be Related. CORNEILLE says judiciously, 'That the Poet is not obliged to expose to view all particular actions, which conduce to the principal. He ought to select such of them to be Seen, which will appear with the greatest beauty, either by the magnificence of the shew, or the vehemence of the passions which they produce,

or some other charm which they have in them: and let the rest arrive to the audience, by Narration.'

'Tis a great mistake in us, to believe the French present no part of the Action upon the Stage. Every alteration, or crossing of a Design; every new sprung passion, and turn of it, is a part of the Action, and much the noblest: except we conceive nothing to be Action, till they come to blows; as if the painting of the Hero's Mind were not more properly the Poet's work, than, the strength of his Body.

Nor does this anything contradict the opinion of HORACE, where he tells us

> *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem* [*p.* 496]
> *Quam quæ sunt occulis subjecta fidelibus.*

For he says, immediately after,

> *Non tamen intus*
> *Digna geri promes in scenam, Multaque tolles*
> *Ex occulis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.*

Among which "many," he recounts some,

> *Nec pueros coram populo* MEDEA *trucidet,*
> *Aut in avem* PROGNE *mutetur,* CADMUS *in anguem, &c.*

that is, 'Those actions, which, by reason of their cruelty, will cause aversion in us; or (by reason of their impossibility) unbelief [*pp.* 496, 545], ought either wholly to be avoided by a Poet, or only delivered by Narration.' To which, we may have leave to add, such as 'to avoid tumult,' as was before hinted [*pp.* 535, 544]; or 'to reduce the Plot into a more reasonable compass of time,' or 'for defect of beauty in them,' are rather to be Related than presented to the eye.

Examples of all these kinds, are frequent; not only among all the Ancients, but in the best received of our English poets.

We find BEN. JOHNSON using them in his *Magnetic Lady*, where one comes out from dinner, and Relates the quarrels and disorders of it; to save the indecent appearing of them on the Stage, and to abbreviate the story: and this, in express imitation of TERENCE, who had done the same before him, in

his *Eunuch*; where *PYTHIAS* makes the like Relation of what had happened within, at the soldiers' entertainment.

The Relations, likewise, of *SEJANUS*'s death and the prodigies before it, are remarkable. The one of which, was hid from sight, to avoid the horror and tumult of the Representation: the other, to shun the introducing of things impossible to be believed.

In that excellent Play, the *King and no King*, FLETCHER goes yet farther. For the whole unravelling of the Plot is done by Narration in the Fifth Act, after the manner of the Ancients: and it moves great concernment in the audience; though it be only a Relation of what was done many years before the Play.

I could multiply other instances; but these are sufficient to prove, that there is no error in chosing a subject which requires this sort of Narration. In the ill managing of them, they may.

But I find, I have been too long in this discourse; since the French have many other excellencies, not common to us.

As that, *you never see any of their Plays end with a Conversion, or simple Change of Will*: which is the ordinary way our Poets use [*are accustomed*] to end theirs.

It shows little art in the conclusion of a Dramatic Poem, when they who have hindered the felicity during the Four Acts, desist from it in the Fifth, without some powerful cause to take them off: and though I deny not but such reasons may be found; yet it is a path that is cautiously to be trod, and the Poet is to be sure he convinces the audience, that the motive is strong enough.

As, for example, the conversion of the *Usurer* in the *Scornful Lady*, seems to me, a little forced. For, being a Usurer, which implies a Lover of Money in the highest degree of covetousness (and such, the Poet has represented him); the account he gives for the sudden change, is, that he has been duped by the wild young fellow: which, in reason, might render him more wary another time, and make him punish himself with harder fare and coarser clothes, to get it up again. But that he should look upon it as a judgement, and so repent; we may expect to hear of in a Sermon, but I should never endure it in a Play.

I pass by this. Neither will I insist upon *the care they take, that no person, after his first entrance, shall ever appear; but the business which brings upon the Stage, shall be evident.* Which, if observed, must needs render all the events of the Play more natural. For there, you see the probability of every accident, in the cause that produced it; and that which appears chance in the Play, will seem so reasonable to you, that you will there find it almost necessary: so that in the Exits of their Actors, you have a clear account of their purpose and design in the next Entrance; though, if the Scene be well wrought, the event will commonly deceive you. 'For there is nothing so absurd,' says CORNEILLE, 'as for an Actor to leave the Stage, only because he has no more to say!'

I should now speak of *the beauty of their Rhyme*, and the just reason I have to prefer *that way of writing*, in Tragedies, *before ours, in Blank Verse.* But, because it is partly received by us, and therefore, not altogether peculiar to them; I will say no more of it, in relation to their Plays. For our own; I doubt not but it will exceedingly beautify them: and I can see but one reason why it should not generally obtain; that is, because our Poets write so ill in it [*pp.* 503, 578, 598]. This, indeed, may prove a more prevailing argument, than all others which are used to destroy it: and, therefore, I am only troubled when great and judicious Poets, and those who are acknowledged such, have writ or spoke against it. As for others, they are to be answered by that one sentence of an ancient author. *Sed ut primo ad consequendos eos quos priores ducimus accendimur, ita ubi aut præteriri, aut æquari eos posse desperavimus, studium cum spe senescit: quod, scilicet, assequi non potest, sequi desinit; præteritoque eo in quo eminere non possumus, aliquid in quo nitamur conquirimus.*"

LISIDEIUS concluded, in this manner; and NEANDER, after a little pause, thus answered him.

"I SHALL grant LISIDEIUS, without much dispute, a great part of what he has urged against us.

For I acknowledge *the French contrive their Plots more regularly; observe the laws of Comedy, and decorum of the Stage,* to speak generally, *with more exactness*

than the English. Farther, I deny not but he has taxed us justly, in some irregularities of ours; which he has mentioned. Yet, after all, I am of opinion, that neither our faults, nor their virtues are considerable enough to place them above us.

For *the lively Imitation of Nature* being the Definition of a Play [*p.* 513]; those which best fulfil that law, ought to be esteemed superior to the others. 'Tis true those beauties of the French Poesy are such as will raise perfection higher where it is; but are not sufficient to give it where it is not. They are, indeed, the beauties of a Statue, not of a Man; because not animated with the Soul of Poesy, which is *Imitation of Humour and Passions.* [*See p.* 549.]

And this, LISIDEIUS himself, or any other, however biased to their party, cannot but acknowledge; if he will either compare the Humours of our Comedies, or the Characters of our serious Plays with theirs.

He that will look upon theirs, which have been written till [within] these last ten years [*i.e.*, 1655, *when MOLIERE began to write*], or thereabouts, will find it a hard matter to pick out two or three passable Humours amongst them. CORNEILLE himself, their Arch Poet; what has he produced, except the *Liar*? and you know how it was cried up in France. But when it came upon the English Stage, though well translated, and that part of *DORANT* acted to so much advantage by Mr. HART, as, I am confident, it never received in its own country; the most favourable to it, would not put it in competition with many of FLETCHER's or BEN. JOHNSON's. In the rest of CORNEILLE's Comedies you have little humour. He tells you, himself, his way is first to show two lovers in good intelligence with each other; in the working up of the Play, to embroil them by some mistake; and in the latter end, to clear it up.

But, of late years, DE MOLIERE, the younger CORNEILLE, QUINAULT, and some others, have been imitating, afar off, the quick turns and graces of the English Stage. They have mixed their serious Plays with mirth, like our Tragi-Comedies, since the death of Cardinal RICHELIEU [*in* 1642]: which LISIDEIUS and many others not observing, have commended that in them for a virtue [*p.* 531], which they themselves no longer practise.

Most of their new Plays are, like some of ours, derived from the Spanish novels. There is scarce one of them, without a veil; and a trusty *DIEGO*, who drolls, much after the rate of the *Adventures* [*pp.* 533, 552]. But their humours, if I may grace them with that name, are so thin sown; that never above One of them comes up in a Play. I dare take upon me, to find more variety of them, in one play of BEN. JOHNSON's, than in all theirs together: as he who has seen the *Alchemist*, the *Silent Woman*, or *Bartholomew Fair*, cannot but acknowledge with me. I grant the French have performed what was possible on the ground work of the Spanish plays. What was pleasant before, they have made regular. But there is not above one good play to be writ upon all those Plots. They are too much alike, to please often; which we need not [adduce] the experience of our own Stage to justify.

As for their New Way of mingling Mirth with serious Plot, I do not, with LISIDEIUS, condemn the thing; though I cannot approve their manner of doing it. He tells us, we cannot so speedily re-collect ourselves, after a Scene of great Passion and Concernment, as to pass to another of Mirth and Humour, and to enjoy it with any relish. But why should he imagine the Soul of Man more heavy than his Senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object, to a pleasant, in a much shorter time than is required to this? and does not the unpleasantness of the first commend the beauty of the latter? The old rule of Logic might have convinced him, that 'Contraries when placed near, set off each other.' A continued gravity keeps the spirit too much bent. We must refresh it sometimes; as we bait [*lunch*] upon a journey, that we may go on with greater ease. A Scene of Mirth mixed with Tragedy, has the same effect upon us, which our music has betwixt the Acts; and that, we find a relief to us from the best Plots and Language of the Stage, if the discourses have been long.

I must, therefore, have stronger arguments, ere I am convinced that Compassion and Mirth, in the same subject, destroy each other: and, in the meantime, cannot but conclude to the honour of our Nation, that we have invented, increased, and perfected a more pleasant way of writing for the Stage than was ever known to the Ancients or Moderns of any nation; which is, Tragi-Comedy.

And this leads me to wonder why LISIDEIUS [*p.* 533], and

many others, should cry up *the barrenness of the French Plots* above *the variety and copiousness of the English?*

Their Plots are single. They carry on one Design, which is push forward by all the Actors; every scene in the Play contributing and moving towards it. Ours, besides the main Design, have Under Plots or By-Concernments of less considerable persons and intrigues; which are carried on, with the motion of the main Plot: just as they say the orb [*?orbits*] of the fixed stars, and those of the planets (though they have motions of their own), are whirled about, by the motion of the *Primum Mobile* in which they are contained. That similitude expresses much of the English Stage. For, if contrary motions may be found in Nature to agree, if a planet can go East and West at the same time; one way, by virtue of his own motion, the other, by the force of the First Mover: it will not be difficult to imagine how the Under Plot, which is only different [from], not contrary to the great Design, may naturally be conducted along with it.

EUGENIUS [? *LISIDEIUS*] has already shown us [*p.* 534], from the confession of the French poets, that the Unity of Action is sufficiently preserved, if all the imperfect actions of the Play are conducing to the main Design: but when those petty intrigues of a Play are so ill ordered, that they have no coherence with the other; I must grant, that LISIDEIUS has reason to tax that Want of due Connection. For Co-ordination in a Play is as dangerous and unnatural as in a State. In the meantime, he must acknowledge, our Variety (if well ordered) will afford a greater pleasure to the audience.

As for his other argument, that *by pursuing one single Theme, they gain an advantage to express, and work up the passions* [*p.* 533]; I wish any example he could bring from them, would make it good. For I confess their verses are, to me, the coldest I have ever read.

Neither, indeed, is it possible for them, in the way they take, so to express Passion as that the effects of it should appear in the concernment of an audience; their speeches being so many declamations, which tire us with the length: so that, instead of persuading us to grieve for their imaginary heroes, we are concerned for our own trouble, as we are, in the tedious visits of bad [*dull*] company; we are in pain till they are gone.

When the French Stage came to be reformed by Cardinal RICHELIEU, those long harangues were introduced, to comply with the gravity of a Churchman. Look upon the *CINNA* and *POMPEY*! They are not so properly to be called Plays, as long Discourses of Reason[s] of State: and *POLIEUCTE*, in matters of Religion, is as solemn as the long stops upon our organs. Since that time, it has grown into a custom; and their Actors speak by the hour glass, as our Parsons do. Nay, they account it the grace of their parts! and think themselves disparaged by the Poet, if they may not twice or thrice in a Play, entertain the audience, with a speech of a hundred or two hundred lines.

I deny not but this may suit well enough with the French: for as we, who are a more sullen people, come to be diverted at our Plays; they, who are of an airy and gay temper, come thither to make themselves more serious. And this I conceive to be one reason why Comedy is more pleasing to us, and Tragedy to them.

But, to speak generally, it cannot be denied that *short* Speeches and Replies are more apt to move the passions, and beget concernment in us; than the other. For it is unnatural for any one in a gust of passion, to speak long together; or for another, in the same condition, to suffer him without interruption.

Grief and Passion are like floods raised in little brooks, by a sudden rain. They are quickly up; and if the Concernment be poured unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: but a long sober shower gives them leisure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary current.

As for Comedy, Repartee is one of its chiefest graces. The greatest pleasure of the audience is a Chase of Wit, kept up on both sides, and swiftly managed. And this, our forefathers (if not we) have had, in FLETCHER's *Plays*, to a much higher degree of perfection, than the French Poets can arrive at.

There is another part of LISIDEIUS his discourse, in which he has rather excused our neighbours, than commended them; that is, *for aiming only* [simply] *to make one person considerable in their Plays* [*p.* 534].

'Tis very true what he has urged, that one Character in all Plays, even without the Poet's care, will have the advantage

of all the others; and that the Design of the whole Drama will chiefly depend on it. But this hinders not, that there may be more shining Characters in the Play; many persons of a second magnitude, nay, some so very near, so almost equal to the first, that greatness may be opposed to greatness: and all the persons be made considerable, not only by their Quality, but their Action.

'Tis evident that the more the persons are; the greater will be the variety of the Plot. If then, the parts are managed so regularly, that the beauty of the whole be kept entire; and that the variety become not a perplexed and confused mass of accidents: you will find it infinitely pleasing, to be led in a labyrinth of Design; where you see some of your way before you, yet discern not the end, till you arrive at it.

And that all this is practicable; I can produce, for examples, many of our English plays, as the *Maid's Tragedy*, the *Alchemist*, the *Silent Woman*.

I was going to have named the *Fox*; but that the Unity of Design seems not exactly observed in it. For there appear two Actions in the Play; the first naturally ending with the Fourth Act, the second forced from it, in the Fifth. Which yet, is the less to be condemned in him, because the disguise of *VOLPONE* (though it suited not with his character as a crafty or covetous person) agreed well enough with that of a voluptuary: and, by it, the Poet gained the end he aimed at, the punishment of vice, and reward of virtue; which that disguise produced. So that, to judge equally of it, it was an excellent Fifth Act; but not so naturally proceeding from the former.

But to leave this, and to pass to the latter part of LISIDEIUS his discourse; which concerns RELATIONS. I must acknowledge, with him, that the French have reason, *when they hide that part of the Action, which would occasion too much tumult on the Stage*; and choose rather to have it made known by Narration to the audience [*p.* 535]. Farther; I think it very convenient, for the reasons he has given, that *all incredible Actions were removed* [*p.* 537]: but, whether custom has so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or Nature has so formed them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats

or other objects of horror to be taken from them. And indeed the *indecency* of tumults is all which can be objected against fighting. For why may not our imagination as well suffer itself to be deluded with the *probability* of it, as any other thing in the Play. For my part, I can, with as great ease, persuade myself that the blows, which are struck, are given in good earnest; as I can, that they who strike them, are Kings, or Princes, or those persons which they represent.

For *objects of incredibility* [*p.* 537], I would be satisfied from LISIDEIUS, whether we have any so removed from all appearance of truth, as are those in CORNEILLE'S *ANDROMEDE*? A Play that has been frequented [*repeated*] the most, of any he has writ. If the *PERSEUS* or the son of the heathen god, the *Pegasus*, and the Monster, were not capable to choke a strong belief? let him blame any representation of ours hereafter! Those, indeed, were objects of delight; yet the reason is the same as to the probability: for he makes it not a Ballette [*Ballet*] or Masque; but a Play, which is, *to resemble truth*.

As for *Death*, that *it ought not to be represented* [*p.* 536]: I have, besides the arguments alleged by LISIDEIUS, the authority of BEN. JOHNSON, who has foreborne it in his Tragedies: for both the death of *SEJANUS* and *CATILINE* are Related. Though, in the latter, I cannot but observe one irregularity of that great poet. He has removed the Scene in the same Act, from Rome to *CATILINE*'s army; and from thence, again to Rome: and, besides, has allowed a very inconsiderable time after *CATILINE*'s speech, for the striking of the battle, and the return of *PETREIUS*, who is to relate the event of it to the Senate. Which I should not animadvert upon him, who was otherwise a painful observer of τὸ πρέπον or the Decorum of the Stage: if he had not used extreme severity in his judgement [*in his "Discoveries"*] upon the incomparable SHAKESPEARE, for the same fault.

To conclude on this subject of Relations, if we are to be blamed for showing too much of the Action; the French are as faulty for discovering too little of it. A mean betwixt both, should be observed by every judicious writer, so as the audience may neither be left unsatisfied, by not seeing what is beautiful; or shocked, by beholding what is either incredible or indecent.

I hope I have already proved in this discourse, that though

we are not altogether so punctual as the French, in observing the laws of Comedy: yet our errors are so few, and [so] little; and those things wherein we excel them so considerable, that we ought, of right, to be preferred before them.

But what will LISIDEIUS say? if they themselves acknowledge they are too strictly tied up by those laws: for the breaking which, he has blamed the English? I will allege CORNEILLE's words, as I find them in the end of this *Discourse* of *The three Unities*. *Il est facile aux speculatifs d'être severe, &c.* ''Tis easy, for speculative people to judge severely: but if they would produce to public view, ten or twelve pieces of this nature; they would, perhaps, give more latitude to the Rules, than I have done: when, by experience, they had known how much we are bound up, and constrained by them, and how many beauties of the Stage they banished from it.'

To illustrate, a little, what he has said. By their servile imitations of the UNITIES of TIME and PLACE, and INTEGRITY OF SCENES; they have brought upon themselves the Dearth of Plot and Narrowness of Imagination which may be observed in all their Plays.

How many beautiful accidents might naturally happen in two or three days; which cannot arrive, with any probability, in the compass of twenty-four hours? There is time to be allowed, also, for maturity of design: which, amongst great and prudent persons, such as are often represented in Tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to pass at so short a warning.

Farther, by tying themselves strictly to the UNITY OF PLACE and UNBROKEN SCENES; they are forced, many times, to omit some beauties which cannot be shown where the Act began: but might, if the Scene were interrupted, and the Stage cleared, for the persons to enter in another place. And therefore, the French Poets are often forced upon absurdities. For if the Act begins in a Chamber, all the persons in the Play must have some business or other to come thither; or else they are not to be shown in that Act: and sometimes their characters are very unfitting to appear there. As, suppose it were the King's Bedchamber; yet the meanest man in the Tragedy, must come and despatch his business there, rather than in the Lobby or Courtyard (which

is [*were*] fitter for him), for fear the Stage should be cleared, and the Scenes broken.

Many times, they fall, by it, into a greater inconvenience: for they keep their Scenes Unbroken; and yet Change the Place. As, in one of their newest Plays [*i.e.*, *before* 1665]. Where the Act begins in a Street: there, a gentleman is to meet his friend; he sees him, with his man, coming out from his father's house; they talk together, and the first goes out. The second, who is a lover, has made an appointment with his mistress: she appears at the Window; and then, we are to imagine the Scene lies under it. This gentleman is called away, and leaves his servant with his mistress. Presently, her father is heard from within. The young lady is afraid the servingman should be discovered; and thrusts him through a door, which is supposed to be her Closet [*Boudoir*]. After this, the father enters to the daughter; and now the Scene is in a House: for he is seeking, from one room to another, for his poor *PHILIPIN* or French *DIEGO*: who is heard from within, drolling, and breaking many a miserable conceit upon his sad condition. In this ridiculous manner, the Play goes on; the Stage being never empty all the while. So that the Street, the Window, the two Houses, and the Closet are made to walk about, and the Persons to stand still!

Now, what, I beseech you! is more easy than to write a regular French Play? or more difficult than to write an irregular English one, like those of FLETCHER, or of SHAKESPEARE?

If they content themselves, as CORNEILLE did, with some flat design, which (like an ill riddle) is found out ere it be half proposed; such Plots, we can make every way regular, as easily as they: but whene'er they endeavour to rise up to any quick Turns or Counter-turns of Plot, as some of them have attempted, since CORNEILLE's *Plays* have been less in vogue; you see they write as irregularly as we! though they cover it more speciously. Hence the reason is perspicuous, why no French plays, when translated, have, or ever can succeed upon the English Stage. For, if you consider the Plots, our own are fuller of variety; if the Writing, ours are more quick, and fuller of spirit: and therefore 'tis a strange mistake in those who decry the way of writing Plays in Verse; as if the English therein imitated the French.

We have borrowed nothing from them. Our Plots are weaved in English looms. We endeavour, therein, to follow the variety and greatness of Characters, which are derived to us from SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER. The copiousness and well knitting of the Intrigues, we have from JOHNSON. And for the Verse itself, we have English precedents, of elder date than any of CORNEILLE's plays. Not to name our old Comedies before SHAKESPEARE, which are all writ in verse of six feet or Alexandrines, such as the French now use: I can show in SHAKESPEARE, many Scenes of Rhyme together; and the like in BEN JOHNSON's tragedies. In *CATILINE* and *SEJANUS*, sometimes, thirty or forty lines. I mean, besides the Chorus or the Monologues; which, by the way, showed BEN. no enemy to this way of writing: especially if you look upon his *Sad Shepherd*, which goes sometimes upon rhyme, sometimes upon blank verse; like a horse, who eases himself upon trot and amble. You find him, likewise, commending FLETCHER's pastoral of the *Faithful Shepherdess*: which is, for the most part, [in] Rhyme; though not refined to that purity, to which it hath since been brought. And these examples are enough to clear us from a servile imitation of the French.

But to return, from whence I have digressed. I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English Drama.

First. That we have many Plays of ours as regular as any of theirs; and which, besides, have more variety of Plot and Characters. And

Secondly. That in most of the irregular Plays of SHAKESPEARE or FLETCHER (for BEN. JOHNSON's are for the most part regular), there is a more masculine Fancy, and greater Spirit in all the Writing, than there is in any of the French.

I could produce, even in SHAKESPEARE's and FLETCHER's *Works*, some Plays which are almost exactly formed; as the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and the *Scornful Lady*. But because, generally speaking, SHAKESPEARE, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the laws of Comedy; and FLETCHER, who came nearer to perfection [*in this respect*], yet, through carelessness, made many faults: I will take the pattern of a perfect Play from BEN JOHNSON, who was a careful and learned

observer of the Dramatic Laws; and, from all his Comedies, I shall select the *Silent Woman* [*p.* 597], of which I will make a short examen [*examination*], according to those Rules which the French observe."

As NEANDER was beginning to examine the *Silent Woman*: EUGENIUS, looking earnestly upon him, "I beseech you, NEANDER! " said he, "gratify the company, and me in particular, so far, as, before you speak of the Play, to give us a Character of the Author: and tell us, frankly, your opinion! whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?"

"I FEAR," replied NEANDER, "that in obeying your commands, I shall draw a little envy upon myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER his Rivals in Poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his Equal, perhaps his Superior.

To begin then with SHAKESPEARE. He was the man, who, of all Modern and perhaps Ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive Soul [*p.* 540]. All the Images of Nature [*pp.* 528, 533] were still present [*apparent*] to him [*p.* 489]: and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily [*felicitously*]. When he describes anything; you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning; give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned. He needed not the spectacles of books, to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say, he is everywhere alike. Were he so; I should do him injury to compare him [*even*] with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid: his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious swelling, into bombast.

But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him. No man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent, inter viberna cupressi.

The consideration of this, made Mr. HALES, of Eton, say, 'That there was no subject of which any poet ever writ; but he would produce it much better treated of in SHAKESPEARE.'

And however others are, now, generally preferred before him; yet the Age wherein he lived (which had contemporaries with him, FLETCHER and JOHNSON) never equalled them to him, in their esteem. And in the last King's [*CHARLES I.*] Court, when BEN.'s reputation was at [the] highest; Sir JOHN SUCKLING, and with him, the greater part of the Courtiers, set our SHAKESPEARE far above him.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER (of whom I am next to speak), had, with the advantage of SHAKESPEARE's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts improved by study. BEAUMONT, especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that BEN. JOHNSON, while he [*i.e.*, *BEAUMONT*] lived, submitted all his writings to his censure; and, 'tis thought, used his judgement in correcting, if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for [*i.e.*, *attached to*] him, appears by the verses he writ to him: and therefore I need speak no farther of it.

The first Play which brought FLETCHER and him in esteem, was their *PHILASTER*. For, before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of BEN. JOHNSON, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour* [*acted in* 1598]. Their Plots were generally more regular than SHAKESPEARE's, especially those which were made before BEAUMONT's death: and they understood, and imitated the conversation of gentlemen [*in the conventional sense in which it was understood in DRYDEN's time*], much better [*i.e.*, *than SHAKESPEARE*]; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no Poet can ever paint as they have done.

This Humour, which BEN. JOHNSON derived from particular persons; they made it not their business to describe. They represented all the passions very lively; but, above all, Love.

I am apt to believe the English language, in them, arrived to its highest perfection. What words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than necessary.

Their Plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the Stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of SHAKESPEARE's or JOHNSON's. The reason is because there is a certain Gaiety in their Comedies, and Pathos in their more serious Plays, which suit generally with all men's humours. SHAKESPEARE's Language is likewise a little obsolete; and BEN. JOHNSON's Wit comes short of theirs.

As for JOHNSON, to whose character I am now arrived; if we look upon him, while he was himself (for his last Plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious Writer which any *Theatre* ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted Wit; but rather, that he was frugal of it [*p.* 572]. In his works, you find little to retrench or alter.

Wit and Language, and Humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of Art was wanting to the Drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his Scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions: his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully; especially when he knew, he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that, he delighted most to represent mechanic [*uncultivated*] people.

He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin; and he borrowed boldly from them. There is scarce a Poet or Historian, among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *SEJANUS* and *CATILINE*: but he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors, like a Monarch; and what would be Theft in other Poets, is only Victory in him. With the spoils of these Writers, he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs; that if one of their own poets had written either of his Tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. [*See p.* 519.]

If there was any fault in his Language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously in his serious Plays. Perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue; leaving the words which he translated, almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours.

If I would compare him with SHAKESPEARE, I must acknowledge him, the more correct Poet; but SHAKESPEARE, the greater Wit. SHAKESPEARE was the HOMER, or Father of our Dramatic Poets; JOHNSON was the VIRGIL, the pattern of elaborate writing. I admire him; but I love SHAKESPEARE.

To conclude of him. As he has given us the most correct

Plays; so in the Precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable Rules as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Having thus spoken of this author; I proceed to the examination of his Comedy, the *Silent Woman*.

Examen of the "Silent Woman."

TO begin, first, with the Length of the Action. It is so far from exceeding the compass of a natural day, that it takes not up an artificial one. 'Tis all included in the limits of three hours and a half; which is no more than is required for the presentment [*representation of it*] on the Stage. A beauty, perhaps, not much observed. If it had [been]; we should not have looked upon the Spanish Translation [*i.e., the adaptation from the Spanish*] of *Five Hours* [*pp.* 533, 541], with so much wonder.

The Scene of it is laid in London. The Latitude of Place is almost as little as you can imagine: for it lies all within the compass of two houses; and, after the First Act, in one.

The Continuity of Scenes is observed more than in any of our Plays, excepting his own *Fox* and *Alchemist*. They are not broken above twice, or thrice at the most, in the whole Comedy: and in the two best of CORNEILLE's Plays, the *CID* and *CINNA*, they are interrupted once a piece.

The Action of the Play is entirely One: the end or aim of which, is the settling *MOROSE*'s estate on *DAUPHINE*.

The Intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmixed Comedy in any language. You see in it, many persons of various Characters and Humours; and all delightful.

As first, *MOROSE*, an old man, to whom all noise, but his own talking, is offensive. Some, who would be thought critics, say, "This humour of his is forced." But, to remove that objection, we may consider him, first, to be naturally of a delicate hearing, as many are, to whom all sharp sounds are unpleasant: and, secondly, we may attribute much of it to the peevishness of his age, or the wayward authority of an

old man in his own house, where he may make himself obeyed; and this the Poet seems to allude to, in his name *MOROSE*. Besides this, I am assured from divers persons, that BEN JOHNSON was actually acquainted with such a man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here represented.

Others say, 'It is not enough, to find one man of such an humour. It must be common to more; and the more common, the more natural.' To prove this, they instance in the best of comical characters, *FALSTAFF*. There are many men resembling him; Old, Fat, Merry, Cowardly, Drunken, Amorous, Vain, and Lying. But to convince these people; I need but [to] tell them, that *Humour is the ridiculous extravagance of conversation, wherein one man differs from all others*. If then it be common, or communicated to any; how differs it from other men's? or what indeed causes it to be ridiculous, so much as the singularity of it. As for *FALSTAFF*, he is not properly one Humour; but a Miscellany of Humours or Images drawn from so many several men. That wherein he is singular is his Wit, or those things he says, *præter expectatum*, 'unexpected by the audience'; his quick evasions, when you imagine him surprised: which, as they are extremely diverting of themselves, so receive a great addition from his person; for the very sight of such an unwieldy old debauched fellow is a Comedy alone.

And here, having a place so proper for it, I cannot but enlarge somewhat upon this subject of Humour, into which I am fallen.

The Ancients had little of it in their Comedies: for the τὸ γελοῖον [*facetious absurdities*] of the Old Comedy, of which ARISTOPHANES was chief, was not so much to imitate a man; as to make the people laugh at some odd conceit, which had commonly somewhat of unnatural or obscene in it. Thus, when you see *SOCRATES* brought upon the Stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the imitation of his actions: but rather, by making him perform something very unlike himself; something so childish and absurd, as, by comparing it with the gravity of the true SOCRATES, makes a ridiculous object for the spectators.

In the New Comedy which succeeded, the Poets sought, indeed, to express the ἦθος [*manners and habits*]; as in their

Tragedies, the *πάθος* [*sufferings*] of mankind. But this *ἦθος* contained only the general characters of men and manners; as [of] Old Men, Lovers, Servingmen, Courtizans, Parasites, and such other persons as we see in their Comedies. All which, they made alike: that is, one Old Man or Father, one Lover, one Courtizan so like another, as if the first of them had begot the rest of every [*each*] sort. *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* The same custom they observed likewise in their Tragedies.

As for the French. Though they have the word *humeur* among them: yet they have small use of it in their Comedies or Farces: they being but ill imitations of the *ridiculum* or that which stirred up laughter in the Old Comedy. But among the English, 'tis otherwise. Where, by Humour is meant *some extravagant habit, passion, or affection, particular*, as I said before, *to some one person, by the oddness of which, he is immediately distinguished from the rest of men*: which, being lively and naturally represented, most frequently begets that malicious pleasure in the audience, which is testified by laughter: as all things which are deviations from common customs, are ever the aptest to produce it. Though, by the way, this Laughter is only accidental, as the person represented is fantastic or bizarre; but Pleasure is essential to it, as the Imitation of what is natural. This description of these Humours,* drawn from the knowledge and observation of particular persons, was the peculiar genius and talent of BEN. JOHNSON. To whose Play, I now return.

Besides *MOROSE*, there are, at least, nine or ten different Characters and Humours in the *Silent Woman*: all which persons have several concernments of their own; yet are all used by the Poet to the conducting of the main Design to perfection.

I shall not waste time in commending the Writing of this Play: but I will give you my opinion, that there is more Wit and Acuteness of Fancy in it, than in any of BEN. JOHNSON's. Besides that, he has here described the conversation of gentlemen, in the persons of *TRUE WIT* and his friends, with more gaiety, air, and freedom than in the rest of his Comedies.

For the Contrivance of the Plot: 'tis extreme[ly] elaborate;

* Compare DRYDEN's definition of Humour, with that of Lord MACAULAY, in his review of *Diary and Letters of Madame D'ARBLAY* (*Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1843). E. A. 1880.

and yet, withal, easy. For the δέσις, or Untying of it: 'tis so admirable, that, when it is done, no one of the audience would think the Poet could have missed it; and yet, it was concealed so much before the last Scene, that any other way would sooner have entered into your thoughts.

But I dare not take upon me, to commend the Fabric of it; because it is altogether so full of Art, that I must unravel every Scene in it, to commend it as I ought. And this excellent contrivance is still the more to be admired; because 'tis [a] Comedy where the persons are only of common rank; and their business, private; not elevated by passions or high concernments as in serious Plays. Here, every one is a proper judge of what he sees. Nothing is represented but that with which he daily converses: so that, by consequence, all faults lie open to discovery; and few are pardonable. 'Tis this, which HORACE has judiciously observed—

Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.

But our Poet, who was not ignorant of these difficulties, had prevailed [? *availed*] himself of all advantages; as he who designs a large leap, takes his rise from the highest ground.

One of these Advantages is that, which CORNEILLE has laid down as *the greatest which can arrive* [happen] *to any Poem*; and which he, himself, could never compass, above thrice, in all his plays, viz., *the making choice of some signal and long expected day; whereon the action of the Play is to depend.* This day was that designed by *DAUPHINE*, for the settling of his uncle's estate upon him: which to compass, he contrives to marry him. That the marriage had been plotted by him, long beforehand, is made evident, by what he tells *TRUE WIT*, in the Second Act, that 'in one moment, he [*TRUE WIT*] had destroyed what he had been raising many months.'

There is another artifice of the Poet, which I cannot here omit; because, by the frequent practice of it in his Comedies, he has left it to us, almost as a Rule: that is, *when he has any Character or Humour, wherein he would show a* coup de maître *or his highest skill; he recommends it to your observation by a pleasant description of it, before the person first appears.*

Thus, in *Bartholomew Fair*, he gives you the pictures of *NUMPS* and *COKES*; and in this, those of *DAW*, *LAFOOLE*, *MOROSE*, and the *Collegiate Ladies*: all which you hear described, before you, see them. So that, before they come upon the Stage, you have a longing expectation of them; which prepares you to receive them favourably: and when they are there, even from their first appearance, you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humour is lost to you.

I will observe yet one thing further of this admirable Plot. The business of it rises in every Act. The Second is greater than the First; the Third, than the Second: and so forward, to the Fifth. There, too, you see, till the very last Scene, new difficulties arising to obstruct the Action of the Play: and when the audience is brought into despair that the business can naturally be effected; then, and not before, the Discovery is made.

But that the Poet might entertain you with more variety, all this while; he reserves some new Characters to show you, which he opens not till the Second and Third Acts. In the Second, *MOROSE*, *DAW*, *the Barber*, and *OTTER*; in the Third, the *Collegiate Ladies*. All which, he moves, afterwards, in by-walks or under-plots, as diversions to the main Design, least it grow tedious: though they are still naturally joined with it; and, somewhere or other, subservient to it. Thus, like a skilful chess player, by little and little, he draws out his men; and makes his pawns of use to his greater persons.

If this Comedy and some others of his, were translated into French prose (which would now be no wonder to them, since MOLIERE has lately given them Plays out of Verse; which have not displeased them), I believe the controversy would soon be decided betwixt the two nations: even making them, the judges.

But we need not call our heroes to our aid. Be it spoken to the honour of the English! our nation can never want, in any age, such, who are able to dispute the Empire of Wit with any people in the universe. And though the fury of a Civil War, and power (for twenty years together [1640–1660 *A.D.*]) abandoned to a barbarous race of men, enemies of all

good learning,* had buried the Muses under the ruins of Monarchy: yet, with the Restoration of our happiness [1660], we see revived Poesy lifting up its head, and already shaking off the rubbish, which lay so heavy upon it.

We have seen, since His Majesty's return, many Dramatic Poems which yield not to those of any foreign nation, and which deserve all laurels but the English. I will set aside flattery and envy. It cannot be denied but we have had some little blemish, either in the Plot or Writing of all those plays which have been made within these seven years; and, perhaps, there is no nation in the world so quick to discern them, or so difficult to pardon them, as ours: yet, if we can persuade ourselves to use the candour of that Poet [*HORACE*], who, though the most severe of critics, has left us this caution, by which to moderate our censures.

Ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis offendar maculis.

If, in consideration of their many and great beauties, we can wink at some slight and little imperfections; if we, I say, can be thus equal to ourselves: I ask no favour from the French.

And if I do not venture upon any particular judgement of our late Plays: 'tis out of the consideration which an ancient writer gives me. *Vivorum, ut magna admiratio ita censura difficilis*; 'betwixt the extremes of admiration and malice, 'tis hard to judge uprightly of the living.' Only, I think it may be permitted me to say, that as it is no lessening to us, to yield to some Plays (and those not many) of our nation, in the last Age: so can it be no addition, to pronounce of our present Poets, that *they have far surpassed all the Ancients, and the Modern Writers of other countries.*"

This, my Lord! [*i.e., the Dedicatee, the Lord BUCKHURST, p.* 503] was the substance of what was then spoke, on that occasion: and LISIDEIUS, I think, was going to reply; when he was prevented thus by CRITES.

"I AM confident," said he, "the most material things that can be said, have been already urged, on either side. If they have not; I must beg of LISIDEIUS, that he will defer his answer till

* Glorious JOHN DRYDEN! thee liest! CROMWELL and his Court were no "enemies of all good learning," though they utterly rejected the Dramatic branch of it. E. A. 1880.

another time. For I confess I have a joint quarrel to you both: because you have concluded [*pp.* 539, 548], without any reason given for it, that *Rhyme is proper for the Stage.*

I will not dispute how ancient it hath been among us to write this way. Perhaps our ancestors knew no better, till SHAKESPEARE's time. I will grant, it was not altogether left by him; and that FLETCHER and BEN. JOHNSON used it frequently in their Pastorals, and sometimes in other Plays.

Farther; I will not argue, whether we received it originally from our own countrymen, or from the French. For that is an inquiry of as little benefit as theirs, who, in the midst of the Great Plague [1665], were not so solicitous to provide against it; as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own air, or by transportation from Holland.

I have therefore only to affirm that *it is not allowable in serious Plays.* For Comedies, I find you are already concluding with me [*pp.* 539, 556, 564, 583].

To prove this, I might satisfy myself to tell you, *how much in vain it is,* for you, *to strive against the stream of the People's inclination!* the greatest part of whom, are prepossessed so much with those excellent plays of SHAKESPEARE, FLETCHER, and BEN. JOHNSON, which have been written *out* of Rhyme, that (except you could bring them such as were written better *in* it; and those, too, by persons of equal reputation with them) it will be impossible for you to gain your cause with them: who will (still) be judges. This it is to which, in fine, all your reasons must submit. The unanimous consent of an audience is so powerful, that even JULIUS CÆSAR (as MACROBIUS reports of him), when he, was Perpetual Dictator, was not able to balance it, on the other side: but when LABERIUS, a Roman knight, at his request, contended in the *Mime* with another poet; he was forced to cry out, *Etiam favente me victus es Liberi.* [*See p.* 565.]

But I will not, on this occasion, take the advantage of the greater number; but only urge such reasons against Rhyme, as I find in the writings of those who have argued for the other way [*pp.*497–500].

First, then, I am of opinion, that Rhyme is unnatural in a Play, because *Dialogue,* there, *is presented as the effect of sudden thought.* For a Play is the Imitation of Nature: and

since no man, without premeditation, speaks in rhyme; neither ought he to do it on the Stage. This hinders not but the Fancy may be, there, elevated to a higher pitch of thought than it is in ordinary discourse; for there is a probability that men of excellent and quick parts, may speak noble things *ex tempore*: but those thoughts are never fettered with the numbers and sound of Verse, without study; and therefore it cannot be but unnatural, *to present the most free way of speaking, in that which is the most constrained.*

'For this reason,' says ARISTOTLE, ''tis best, to write Tragedy in that kind of Verse, which is the least such, or which is nearest Prose': and this, among the Ancients, was the *Iambic*; and with us, is *Blank Verse, or the Measure of Verse kept exactly, without rhyme.* These numbers, therefore, are fittest for a Play: the others [*i.e., Rhymed Verse*] for a paper of Verses, or a Poem [*p.* 566]. Blank Verse being as much below them, as Rhyme is improper for the Drama: and, if it be objected that neither are Blank Verses made *ex tempore*; yet, as nearest Nature, they are still to be preferred [*p.* 498].

But there are two particular exceptions [*objections*], which many, beside myself, have had to Verse [*i.e., in rhyme*]; by which it will appear yet more plainly, how improper it is in Plays. And the first of them is grounded upon that very reason, for which some have commended Rhyme. They say, 'The quickness of Repartees in argumentative scenes, receives an ornament from Verse [*pp.* 492, 498].' Now, *what is more unreasonable than to imagine that a man should not only light upon the Wit, but the Rhyme too; upon the sudden?* This nicking of him, who spoke before, both in Sound and Measure, is so great a happiness [*felicity*], that you must, at least, suppose the persons of your Play to be poets, *Arcades omnes et cantare pares et respondere parati.* They must have arrived to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere*, to make verses, almost whether they will or not.

If they are anything below this, it will look rather like the design of two, than the answer of one. It will appear that your Actors hold intelligence together; that they perform their tricks, like fortune tellers, by confederacy. The hand of Art will be too visible in it, against that maxim of all professions, *Ars est celare artem;* 'that it is the greatest perfection of Art, to keep itself undiscovered.'

Nor will it serve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis still known to be a Play; and consequently the dialogue of two persons, understood to be the labour of one Poet. For a Play is still an Imitation of Nature. We know we are to be deceived, and we desire to be so: but no man ever was deceived, but with a *probability of Truth*; for who will suffer a gross lie to be fastened upon him? Thus, we sufficiently understand that the scenes [*i.e., the scenery which was just now coming into use on the English Stage*], which represent cities and countries to us, are not really such, but only painted on boards and canvas. But shall that excuse the ill painture [*painting*] or designment of them? Nay rather, ought they not to be laboured with so much the more diligence and exactness, to help the Imagination? since the Mind of Man doth naturally bend to, and seek after Truth; and therefore the nearer anything comes to the Imitation of it, the more it pleases. [*See p.* 589.]

[*? The Second Exception left out here by the Author. See p.* 499. *There is clearly a gap in the argument.*]

Thus, you see! your Rhyme is incapable of expressing the greatest thoughts, naturally; and the lowest, it cannot, with any grace. For what is more unbefitting the majesty of Verse, than 'to call a servant,' or 'bid a door be shut' in Rhyme? And yet, this miserable necessity you are forced upon! [*See pp.* 570, 575, 584.]

'But Verse,' you say, 'circumscribes a quick and luxuriant Fancy, which would extend itself too far, on every subject; did not the labour which is required to well-turned and polished Rhyme, set bounds to it [*pp.* 492–493].' Yet this argument, if granted, would only prove, that *we may write better in Verse*, but not *more naturally* [*p.* 498].

Neither is it able to evince that. For he who *wants* judgement to confine his Fancy, in Blank Verse; may want it as well, in Rhyme: and he who has it, will avoid errors in both kinds [*pp.* 498, 571]. Latin Verse was as great a confinement to the imagination of those poets, as Rhyme to ours: and yet, you find OVID saying too much on every subject.

Nescivit, says SENECA, *quod bene cessit relinquere*: of which he [OVID] gives you one famous instance in his description of the Deluge.

Omnia pontus erat, deerant quoque litora ponto.
Now all was sea; nor had that sea a shore.

Thus OVID's Fancy was not limited by Verse; and VIRGIL needed not Verse to have bounded his.

In our own language, we see BEN. JOHNSON confining himself to what ought to be said, even in the liberty of Blank Verse; and yet CORNEILLE, the most judicious of the French poets, is still varying the same Sense a hundred ways, and dwelling eternally upon the same subject, though confined by Rhyme.

Some other exceptions, I have to Verse; but these I have named, being, for the most part, already public: I conceive it reasonable they should, first, be answered."

"IT CONCERNS me less than any," said NEANDER, seeing he had ended, "to reply to this discourse, because when I should have proved that Verse may be *natural* in Plays; yet I should always be ready to confess that those which I [*i.e.*, *DRYDEN*, *see pp.* 503, 566] have written in this kind, come short of that perfection which is required. Yet since you are pleased I should undertake this province, I will do it: though, with all imaginable respect and deference both to that Person [*i.e.*, *SIR ROBERT HOWARD*, *see p.* 494] from whom you have borrowed your strongest arguments; and to whose judgement, when I have said all, I finally submit. [*See p.* 598.]

But before I proceed to answer your objections; I must first remember you, that I exclude all Comedy from my defence; and next, that I deny not but Blank Verse may be also used: and content myself only to assert that *in serious Plays*, where the Subject and Characters are great, and the Plot unmixed with mirth (which might allay or divert these concernments which are produced), *Rhyme is there, as natural, and more effectual than Blank Verse.* [*See pp.* 575, 581.]

And now having laid down this as a foundation: to begin with CRITES, I must crave leave to tell him, that some of his arguments against Rhyme, reach no farther that from *the faults or defects of ill Rhyme* to conclude against *the use of it in*

general [*p.* 598]. May not I conclude against Blank Verse, by the same reason? If the words of some Poets, who write in it, are either ill-chosen or ill-placed; which makes not only Rhyme, but all kinds of Verse, in any language, unnatural: shall I, for their virtuous affectation, condemn those excellent lines of FLETCHER, which are written in that kind? Is there anything in Rhyme more constrained, than this line in Blank Verse?

I, heaven invoke! and strong resistance make.

Where you see both the clauses are placed unnaturally; that is, contrary to the common way of speaking, and that, without the excuse of a rhyme to cause it: yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I should accuse the stubbornness of Blank Verse for this; and not rather, the stiffness of the Poet. Therefore, CRITES! you must either prove that *words, though well chosen and duly placed, yet render not Rhyme natural in itself*; or that, *however natural and easy the Rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a Play*.

If you insist on the former part; I would ask you what other conditions are required to make Rhyme natural in itself, besides an election of apt words, and a right disposing of them? For the due *choice* of your words expresses your Sense naturally, and the due *placing* them adapts the Rhyme to it. [*See p.* 584.]

If you object that *one verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the words and rhyme be apt*, I answer it cannot possibly so fall out. For either there is a dependence of sense betwixt the first line and the second; or there is none. If there be that connection, then, in the natural position of the words, the latter line must, of necessity, flow from the former: if there be no dependence, yet, still, the due ordering of words makes the last line as natural in itself as the other. So that the necessity of a rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy writers, to say what they would not otherwise.

'Tis true, there is both care and art required to write in Verse. A good Poet never concludes upon the first line, till he has sought out such a rhyme as may fit the Sense already prepared, to heighten the second. Many times, the Close of the Sense falls into the middle of the next verse, or farther

off: and he may often prevail [*avail*] himself of the same advantages in English, which VIRGIL had in Latin; he may break off in the hemistich, and begin another line.

Indeed, the not observing these two last things, makes Plays that are writ in Verse so tedious: for though, most commonly, the Sense is to be confined to the Couplet; yet, nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*, 'run in the same channel,' can please always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a stream: which, not varying in the fall, causes at first attention; at last, drowsiness. VARIETY OF CADENCES is the best Rule; the greatest help to the Actors, and refreshment to the Audience.

If, then, Verse may be made *natural in itself; how becomes it improper to a Play*? You say, 'The Stage is the Representation of Nature, and no man, in ordinary conversation, speaks in Rhyme': but you foresaw, when you said this, that it might be answered, 'Neither does any man speak in Blank Verse, or in measure without Rhyme!' therefore you concluded, 'That which is nearest Nature is still to be preferred.' But you took no notice that Rhyme might be made as natural as Blank Verse, by the well placing of the words, &c. All the difference between them, when they are both correct, is the sound in one, which the other wants: and if so, the sweetness of it, and all the advantages resulting from it which are handled in the *Preface* to the *Rival Ladies* [*pp.* 487–493], will yet stand good.

As for that place of ARISTOTLE, where he says, 'Plays should be writ in that kind of Verse which is nearest Prose': it makes little for you, Blank Verse being, properly, but Measured Prose.

Now Measure, alone, in any modern language, does not constitute Verse. Those of the Ancients, in Greek and Latin, consisted in Quantity of Words, and a determinate number of Feet. But when, by the inundations of the Goths and Vandals, into Italy, new languages were brought in, and barbarously mingled with the Latin, of which, the Italian, Spanish, French, and ours (made out of them, and the Teutonic) are dialects: a New Way of Poesy was practised, new, I say, in those countries; for, in all probability, it was that of the conquerors in their own nations. The New Way consisted of Measure or Number of Feet, *and* Rhyme.

The sweetness of Rhyme and observation of Accent, supplying the place of Quantity in Words: which could neither exactly be observed by those Barbarians who knew not the Rules of it; neither was it suitable to their tongues, as it had been to the Greek and Latin.

No man is tied in Modern Poesy, to observe any farther Rules in the Feet of his Verse, but that they be dissyllables (whether Spondee, Trochee, or Iambic, it matters not); only he is obliged to Rhyme. Neither do the Spanish, French, Italians, or Germans acknowledge at all, or very rarely, any such kind of Poesy as Blank Verse among them. Therefore, at most, 'tis but a Poetic Prose, *a sermo pedestris*; and, as such, most fit for Comedies: where I acknowledge Rhyme to be improper [*pp.* 539, 556, 558, 583].

Farther, as to that quotation of ARISTOTLE, our Couplet Verses may be rendered *as near* Prose, as Blank Verse itself; by using those advantages I lately named, as Breaks in the Hemistich, or Running the Sense into another line: thereby, making Art and Order appear as loose and free as Nature. Or, not tying ourselves to Couplets strictly, we may use the benefit of the Pindaric way, practised in the *Siege of Rhodes*; where the numbers vary, and the rhyme is disposed carelessly, and far from often chiming.

Neither is that other advantage of the Ancients to be despised, of changing the Kind of Verse, when they please, with the change of the Scene, or some new Entrance. For they confine not themselves always to Iambics; but extend their liberty to all Lyric Numbers; and sometimes, even, to Hexameter.

But I need not go so far, to prove that Rhyme, as it succeeds to all other offices of Greek and Latin Verse, so especially to this of Plays; since the custom of all nations, at this day, confirms it. All the French, Italian, and Spanish Tragedies are generally writ in it; and, sure[ly], the Universal Consent of the most civilised parts of the world ought in this, as it doth in other customs, [to] include the rest.

But perhaps, you may tell me, I have proposed such a way to make Rhyme *natural*; and, consequently, proper to Plays, as is impracticable; and that I shall scarce find six or eight lines together in a Play, where the words are so placed and chosen, as is required to make it *natural*.

I answer, no Poet need constrain himself, at all times, to it. It is enough, he makes it his general rule. For I deny not but sometimes there may be a greatness in placing the words otherwise; and sometimes they may sound better. Sometimes also, the variety itself is excuse enough. But if, for the most part, the words be placed, as they are in the negligence of Prose; it is sufficient to denominate the way *practicable*: for we esteem that to be such, which, in the trial, oftener succeeds than misses. And thus far, you may find the practice made good in many Plays: where, you do not remember still! that if you cannot find six natural Rhymes together; it will be as hard for you to produce as many lines in Blank Verse, even among the greatest of our poets, against which I cannot make some reasonable exception.

And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your discourse, where you told us *we should never find the audience favourable to this kind of writing*, till we could produce as good plays *in* Rhyme, as BEN. JOHNSON, FLETCHER, and SHAKESPEARE had writ *out* of it [*p.* 558]. But it is to raise envy to the Living, to compare them with the Dead. They are honoured, and almost adored by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves, as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much, without injury to their ashes, that not only we shall never equal them; but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise, and write again. We acknowledge them our Fathers in Wit: but they have ruined their estates themselves before they came to their children's hands. There is scarce a Humour, a Character, or any kind of Plot; which they have not blown upon. All comes sullied or wasted to us: and were they to entertain this Age, they could not make so plenteous treatments out of such decayed fortunes. This, therefore, will be a good argument to us, either not to write at all; or to attempt some other way. There are no Bays to be expected in their walks, *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possum tollere humo.*

This way of Writing in Verse, they have only left free to us. Our Age is arrived to a perfection in it, which they never knew: and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in Verse, as the *Faithful Shepherdess* and *Sad*

Shepherd) 'tis probable they never could have reached. For the Genius of every Age is different: and though ours excel in this; I deny not but that to imitate Nature in that perfection which they did in Prose [*i.e.*, *Blank Verse*] is a greater commendation than to write in Verse exactly.

As for what you have added, *that the people are not generally inclined to like this way*: if it were true, it would be no wonder but betwixt the shaking off of an old habit, and the introducing of a new, there should be difficulty. Do we not see them stick to HOPKINS and STERNHOLD's Psalms; and forsake those of DAVID, I mean SANDYS his Translation of them? If, by the *people*, you understand the Multitude, the *οἱ πολλοί*; 'tis no matter, what they think! They are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong. Their judgement is a mere lottery. *Est ubi plebs recte putat, est ubi peccat.* HORACE says it of the Vulgar, judging Poesy. But if you mean, the mixed Audience of the Populace and the Noblesse: I dare confidently affirm, that a great part of the latter sort are already favourable to Verse; and that no serious Plays, written since the King's return [*May* 1660], have been more kindly received by them, than the *Siege of Rhodes*, the *MUSTAPHA*, the *Indian Queen* and *Indian Emperor*. [*See p.* 503.]

But I come now to the Inference of your first argument. You said, 'The dialogue of Plays is presented as the effect of sudden thought; but no one speaks suddenly or, *ex tempore*, in Rhyme' [*p.* 498]: and your inferred from thence, *that Rhyme*, which you acknowledge to be proper to Epic Poesy [*p.* 559], *cannot equally be proper to Dramatic; unless we could suppose all men born so much more than poets, that verses should be made* in *them*, *not* by *them*.

It has been formerly urged by you [*p.* 499] and confessed by me [*p.* 563] that 'since no man spoke any kind of verse *ex tempore*; that which was *nearest* Nature was to be preferred.' I answer you, therefore, by distinguishing betwixt what is *nearest* to the nature of Comedy: which is the Imitation of common persons and Ordinary Speaking: and, what is *nearest* the nature of a serious Play. This last is, indeed, the Representation of Nature; but 'tis Nature wrought up to an higher pitch. The Plot, the Characters, the Wit, the Passions, the Descriptions are all exalted above the level of

common converse [*conversation*], as high as the Imagination of the Poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimility [*verisimilitude*].

Tragedy, we know, is wont to Image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons: and to pourtray these exactly, Heroic Rhyme is *nearest* Nature; as being the noblest kind of Modern Verse.

Indignatur enim privatis, et prope socco,
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna THYESTÆ.

says HORACE. And in another place,

Effutire leveis indigna tragœdia versus.

Blank Verse is acknowledged to be too low for a Poem, nay more, for a paper of Verses [*pp.* 473, 498, 559]; but if too low for an ordinary Sonnet, how much more for Tragedy! which is, by ARISTOTLE, in the dispute between the Epic Poesy and the Dramatic, (for many reasons he there alleges) ranked above it.

But setting this defence aside, your argument is almost as strong against the use of Rhyme in Poems, as in Plays. For the Epic way is everywhere interlaced with Dialogue or Discoursive Scenes: and, therefore, you must either grant Rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your assertion; or admit it into Plays, by the same title which you have given it to Poems.

For though Tragedy be justly preferred above the other, yet there is a great affinity between them; as may easily be discovered in that Definition of a Play, which LISIDEIUS gave us [*p.* 513]. The genus of them is the same, A JUST AND LIVELY IMAGE OF HUMAN NATURE, IN ITS ACTIONS, PASSIONS, AND TRAVERSES OF FORTUNE: so is the End, namely, FOR THE DELIGHT AND BENEFIT OF MANKIND. The Characters and Persons are still the same, viz., the greatest of both sorts: only the *manner of acquainting us* with those actions, passions, and fortunes is different. Tragedy performs it, *viva voce*, or by Action in Dialogue: wherein it excels the Epic Poem; which does it, chiefly, by Narration, and therefore is not so lively an Image of Human Nature. However,

the agreement betwixt them is such, that if Rhyme be proper for one, it must be for the other.

Verse, 'tis true, is not 'the effect of Sudden Thought.' But this hinders not, that Sudden Thought may be represented in Verse: since those thoughts are such, as must be higher than Nature can raise them without premeditation, especially, to a continuance of them, even out of Verse: and, consequently, you cannot imagine them, to have been sudden, either in the Poet or the Actors.

A Play, as I have said, to be like Nature, is to be set above it; as statues which are placed on high, are made greater than the life, that they may descend to the sight, in their just proportion.

Perhaps, I have insisted too long upon this objection; but the clearing of it, will make my stay shorter on the rest.

You tell us, CRITES! that 'Rhyme is most unnatural in Repartees or Short Replies: when he who answers, it being presumed he knew not what the other would say, yet makes up that part of the Verse which was left incomplete; and supplies both the sound and the measure of it. This,' you say, 'looks rather like the Confederacy of two, than the Answer of one [*p.* 498, 559.].'

This, I confess, is an objection which is in every one's mouth, who loves not Rhyme; but suppose, I beseech you! the Repartee were made only in Blank Verse; might not part of the same argument be turned against you? For the measure is as often supplied there, as it is in Rhyme: the latter half of the hemistich as commonly made up, or a second line subjoined as a reply to the former; which any one leaf in JOHNSON's Plays will sufficiently make clear to you.

You will often find in the Greek Tragedians, and in SENECA; that when a Scene grows up into the warmth of Repartees, which is the close fighting of it, the latter part of the trimeter is supplied by him who answers: and yet it was never observed as a fault in them, by any of the Ancient or Modern critics. The case is the same in our verse, as it was in theirs: Rhyme to us, being in lieu of Quantity to them.

But if no latitude is to be allowed a Poet; you take from him, not only his license of *quidlibet audendi*: but you tie him up in a straighter compass than you would a Philosopher.

This is, indeed, *Musas colere severiores*. You would have him follow Nature, but he must follow her on foot. You have dismounted him from his *Pegasus*!

But you tell us 'this supplying the last half of a verse, or adjoining a whole second to the former, looks more like the Design of two, than the Answer of one [*pp.* 498, 559].' Suppose we acknowledge it. How comes this Confederacy to be more displeasing to you, than a dance which is well contrived? You see there, the united Design of many persons to make up one Figure. After they have separated themselves in many petty divisions; they rejoin, one by one, into the gross. The Confederacy is plain amongst them; for Chance could never produce anything so beautiful, and yet there is nothing in it that shocks your sight.

I acknowledge that the hand of Art appears in Repartee, as, of necessity, it must in all kind[s] of Verse. But there is, also, the quick and poignant brevity of it (which is a high Imitation of Nature, in those sudden gusts of passion) to mingle with it: and this joined with the cadency and sweetness of the Rhyme, leaves nothing in the Soul of the Hearer to desire. 'Tis an Art which *appears*; but it *appears* only like the shadowings of painture [*painting*], which, being to cause the rounding of it, cannot be absent: but while that is considered, they are lost. So while we attend to the other beauties of the Matter, the care and labour of the Rhyme is carried from us; or, at least, drowned in its own sweetness, as bees are some times buried in their honey.

When a Poet has found the Repartee; the last perfection he can add to it, is to put it into Verse. However good the Thought may be, however apt the Words in which 'tis couched; yet he finds himself at a little unrest, while Rhyme is wanting. He cannot leave it, till that comes naturally; and then is at ease, and sits down contented.

From Replies, which are the most *elevated* thoughts of Verse, you pass to the most *mean* ones, those which are common with the lowest of household conversation. In these you say, the majesty of the Verse suffers. You instance in "the calling of a servant" or "commanding a door to be shut" in Rhyme. This, CRITES! is a good observation of yours; but no argument. For it proves no more, but that such thoughts should be waved, as often as may be, by the

address of the Poet. But suppose they *are* necessary in the places where he uses them; yet there is no need to put them into rhyme. He may place them in the beginning of a verse and break it off, as unfit (when so debased) for any other use: or granting the worst, that they require more room than the hemistich will allow; yet still, there is a choice to be made of best words and least vulgar (provided they be apt) to express such thoughts.

Many have blamed Rhyme in general for this fault, when the Poet, with a little care, might have redressed it: but they do it, with no more justice, than if English Poesy should be made ridiculous, for the sake of [JOHN TAYLOR] the Water Poet's rhymes.

Our language is noble, full, and significant; and I know not why he who is master of it, may not clothe ordinary things in it, as decently as the Latin; if he use the same diligence in his choice of words.

Delectus verborum origo est eloquentiæ was the saying of JULIUS CÆSAR; one so curious in his, that none of them can be changed but for the worse.

One would think "Unlock the door!" was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; and yet SENECA could make it sound high and lofty, in his Latin—

Reserate clusos regii postes Laris.

But I turn from this exception, both because it happens not above twice or thrice in any Play, that those vulgar thoughts are used: and then too, were there no other apology to be made, yet the necessity of them (which is, alike, in all kind[s] of writing) may excuse them. Besides that, the great eagerness and precipitation with which they are spoken, makes us rather mind the substance than the dress; that for which they are spoken, rather than what is spoke[n]. For they are always the effect of some hasty concernment; and something of consequence depends upon them.

Thus, CRITES! I have endeavoured to answer your objections. It remains only that I should vindicate an argument for Verse, which you have gone about to overthrow.

It had formerly been said [*p.* 492] that, 'The easiness of

Blank Verse renders the Poet too luxuriant; but that the labour of Rhyme bounds and circumscribes an over fruitful fancy: the Sense there being commonly confined to the Couplet; and the words so ordered that the Rhyme naturally follows them, not they, the Rhyme.'

To this, you answered, that 'It was no argument to the question in hand: for the dispute was not which way *a man may write best*; but which is *most proper for the subject on which he writes* [*p.* 498].'

First. Give me leave, Sir, to remember you! that the argument on which you raised this objection was only secondary. It was built upon the hypothesis, that to write in Verse was proper for serious Plays. Which supposition being granted (as it was briefly made out in that discourse, by shewing how Verse might be made *natural*): it asserted that this way of writing was a help to the Poet's judgement, by putting bounds to a wild, overflowing Fancy. I think therefore it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove.

But you add, that, 'Were this let pass; yet he who wants judgement in the liberty of the Fancy, may as well shew the defect of it, when he is confined to Verse: for he who has judgement, will avoid errors; and he who has it not will commit them in all kinds of writing [*pp.* 498, 560].'

This argument, as you have taken it from a most acute person, so I confess it carries much weight in it. But by using the word Judgement here indefinitely, you seem to have put a fallacy upon us. I grant he who has judgement, that is, so profound, so strong, so infallible a judgement that he needs no helps to keep it always poised and upright, will commit no faults; either in Rhyme, or out of it: and, on the other extreme, he who has a judgement so weak and crazed, that no helps can correct or amend it, shall write scurvily out of Rhyme; and worse in it. But the first of these Judgements, is nowhere to be found; and the latter is not fit to write at all.

To speak, therefore, of Judgement as it is in the best Poets; they who have the greatest proportion of it, want other helps than from it within: as, for example, you would be loath to say that he who was endued with a sound judgement, had no need of history, geography, or moral philosophy, to write correctly.

Judgement is, indeed, the Master Workman in a Play; but he requires many subordinate hands, many tools to his assistance. And Verse, I affirm to be one of these. 'Tis a 'Rule and Line' by which he keeps his building compact and even; which, otherwise, lawless Imagination would raise, either irregularly or loosely. At least, if the Poet commits errors with this help; he would make greater and more without it. 'Tis, in short, a slow and painful, but the surest kind of working.

OVID, whom you accuse [*p.* 561] for luxuriancy in Verse, had, perhaps, been farther guilty of it, had he writ in Prose. And for your instance of BEN. JOHNSON [*p.* 561]; who, you say, writ exactly, without the help of Rhyme: you are to remember, 'tis only an aid to a *luxuriant* Fancy; which his was not [*p.* 551]. As he did not want Imagination; so, none ever said he had much to spare. Neither was Verse then refined so much, to be a help to that Age as it is to ours.

Thus then, the second thoughts being usually the best, as receiving the maturest digestion from judgement; and the last and most mature product of those thoughts, being artfull and laboured Verse: it may well be inferred, that Verse is a great help to a luxuriant Fancy. And this is what that argument, which you opposed, was to evince.

NEANDER was pursuing this discourse so eagerly that EUGENIUS had called to him twice or thrice, ere he took notice that the barge stood still; and that they were at the foot of Somerset Stairs, where they had appointed it to land.

The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent: and stood a while, looking back upon the water; which the moonbeams played upon, and made it appear like floating quicksilver.

At last, they went up, through a crowd of French people, who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concerned for the noise of the guns, which had alarmed the Town that afternoon.

Walking thence together to the Piazza, they parted there, EUGENIUS and LISIDEIUS, to some pleasant appointment they had made; and CRITES and NEANDER to their several lodgings.

FINIS.

The Honourable Sir ROBERT HOWARD, Auditor of the Exchequer.

Preface to *The great Favourite, or the Duke of LERMA.*

[Published in 1668.]

TO THE READER.



CANNOT plead the usual excuse for publishing this trifle, which is commonly the subject of most Prefaces, by charging it upon the importunity of friends; for I confess I was myself willing, at the first desire of Mr. HERRINGMAN [*the Publisher*], to print it: not for any great opinion that I had entertained; but for the opinion that others were pleased to express. Which, being told me by some friends, I was concerned to let the World judge what subject matter of offence was contained in it. Some were pleased to believe little of it mine; but they are both obliging to me, though perhaps not intentionally: the last, by thinking there was anything in it that was worth so ill designed an envy, as to place it to another author; the others, perhaps the best bred Informers, by continuing their displeasure towards me, since I most gratefully acknowledge to have received some advantage in the opinion of the sober part of the World, by the loss of theirs [*p.* 581].

For the subject, I came accidentally to write upon it. For a gentleman brought a Play to the King's Company, called, *The Duke of LERMA*; and, by them, I was desired to peruse it, and return my opinion, "Whether I thought it fit for the Stage!" After I had read it, I acquainted them that, "In my judgement, it would not be of much use for such a design,

since the Contrivance scarce would merit the name of a Plot; and some of that, assisted by a disguise: and it ended abruptly. And on the person of PHILIP III., there was fixed such a mean Character; and on the daughter of the Duke of LERMA, such a vicious one: that I could not but judge it unfit to be presented by any that had a respect, not only to Princes, but indeed, to either Man or Woman."

And, about that time, being to go in the country, I was persuaded by Mr. HART to make it my diversion there, that so great a hint might not be lost, as the Duke of LERMA saving himself, in his last extremity, by his unexpected disguise: which is as well in the true Story [*history*], as the old Play. And besides that and the Names; my altering the most part of the Characters, and the whole Design, made me uncapable to use much more, though, perhaps, written with higher Style and Thoughts than I could attain to.

I intend not to trouble myself nor the World any more in such subjects; but take my leave of these my too long acquaintances: since that little Fancy and Liberty I once enjoyed, is now fettered in business of more unpleasant natures. Yet, were I free to apply my thoughts, as my own choice directed them; I should hardly again venture into the Civil Wars of Censures. [*See pp.* 586, 587.]

Ubi . . . Nullos habitura triumphos.

In the next place. I must ingeniously confess that the manner of Plays, which now are in most esteem, is beyond my power to perform [*p.* 587]; nor do I condemn, in the least, anything, of what nature soever, that pleases; since nothing could appear to me a ruder folly, than to censure the satisfaction of others. I rather blame the unnecessary underderstanding of some, that have laboured to give strict Rules to things that are not mathematical; and, with such eagerness, pursuing their own seeming reasons, that, at last, we are to apprehend such Argumentative Poets will grow as strict as SANCHO PANZA's Doctor was, to our very appetites: for in the difference of Tragedy and Comedy, and of Fars [*farce*] itself, there can be no determination, but by the taste; nor in the manner of their composure. And, who-

ever would endeavour to like or dislike, by the Rules of others; he will be as unsuccessful, as if he should try to be persuaded into a power of believing, not what he must, but what others direct him to believe.

But I confess, 'tis not necessary for Poets to study strict Reason: since they are so used to a greater latitude [*pp.* 568, 588], than is allowed by that severe Inquisition, that they must infringe their own Jurisdiction, to profess themselves obliged to argue well. I will not, therefore, pretend to say, why I writ this Play, some Scenes in Blank Verse, others in Rhyme; since I have no better a reason to give than Chance, which waited upon my present Fancy: and I expect no better reason from any Ingenious Person, than his Fancy, for which he best relishes.

I cannot, therefore, but beg leave of the Reader, to take a little notice of the great pains the author of an *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* has taken, to prove "Rhyme as *natural* in a serious Play, and more *effectual* than Blank Verse" [*pp.* 561, 581]. Thus he states the question, but pursues that which he calls *natural*, in a wrong application: for 'tis not the question, whether Rhyme or not Rhyme be best or most natural for a grave or serious Subject: but what is *nearest the nature* of that which it presents [*p.* 581].

Now, after all the endeavours of that Ingenious Person, a Play will still be supposed to be a Composition of several persons speaking *ex tempore* and 'tis as certain, that good verses are the hardest things that can be imagined, to be so spoken [*p.* 582]. So that if any will be pleased to impose the rule of measuring things to be the best, by *being nearest* Nature; it is granted, by consequence, that which is most remote from the thing supposed, must needs be most improper: and, therefore, I may justly say, that both I and the question were equally mistaken. For I do own I had rather read good verses, than either Blank Verse or Prose; and therefore the author did himself injury, if he like Verse so well in Plays, to lay down Rules to raise arguments, only unanswerable against himself.

But the same author, being filled with the precedents of the Ancients writing their Plays in Verse, commends the thing; and assures us that "our language is noble, full, and significant," charging all defects upon the ill placing of words;

and proves it, by quoting SENECA loftily expressing such an ordinary thing, as "shutting a door," [*p.* 585]

Reserate clusos regii postes Laris.

I suppose he was himself highly affected with the sound of these words. But to have completed his Dictates [*injunctions*]; together with his arguments, he should have obliged us by charming our ears with such an art of placing words, as, in an English verse, to express so loftily "the shutting of a door": that we might have been as much affected with the sound of his words.

This, instead of being an argument upon the question, rightly stated, is an attempt to prove, that Nothing may seem Something by the help of a verse; which I easily grant to be the ill fortune of it: and therefore, the question being so much mistaken, I wonder to see that author trouble himself twice about it, with such an absolute Triumph declared by his own imagination. But I have heard that a gentleman in Parliament, going to speak twice, and being interrupted by another member, as against the Orders of the House: he was excused, by a third [member] assuring the House he had not yet spoken to the question [*p.* 582].

But, if we examine the General Rules laid down for Plays by strict Reason; we shall find the errors equally gross: for the great Foundation that is laid to build upon, is Nothing, as it is generally stated; which will appear on the examination of the particulars.

First. We are told the Plot should not be so ridiculously contrived, as to crowd several Countries into one Stage. Secondly, to cramp the accidents of many years or days, into the Representation of two hours and a half. And, lastly, a conclusion drawn that the only remaining dispute, is concerning Time; whether it should be contained in twelve or four and twenty hours; and the Place to be limited to the spot of ground, either in town or city, where the Play is supposed to begin [*p.* 531]. And this is called *nearest* to Nature. For that is concluded most natural, which is most *probable*, and *nearest* to that which it presents.

I am so well pleased with any ingenious offers, as all these

are, that I should not examine this strictly, did not the confidence of others force me to it: there being not anything more unreasonable to my judgement, than the attempts to infringe the Liberty of Opinion by Rules so little demonstrative.

To shew, therefore, upon what ill grounds, they dictate Laws for Dramatic Poesy; I shall endeavour to make it evident that there's no such thing, as what they All pretend [*p.* 592]. For, if strictly and duly weighed, 'tis as impossible for one Stage to represent two houses or two rooms truly, as two countries or kingdoms; and as impossible that five hours or four and twenty hours should be two hours and a half, as that a thousand hours or years should be less than what they are, or the greatest part of time to be comprehended in the less. For *all* being impossible; they are none of them nearest the Truth, or nature of what they present. For impossibilities are all equal, and admit no degrees. And, then, if all those Poets that have so fervently laboured to give Rules as Maxims, would but be pleased to abbreviate; or endure to hear their Reasons reduced into one strict Definition; it must be, That there are *degrees* in impossibilities, and that many things, which are not possible, may yet be more or less impossible; and from this, proceed to give Rules to observe the least absurdity in things, which are not at all.

I suppose, I need not trouble the Reader, with so impertinent a delay, to attempt a further confutation of such ill grounded Reasons, than, thus, by opening the true state of the case. Nor do I design to make any further use of it, than from hence, to draw this modest conclusion:

That I would have all attempts of this nature, be submitted to the Fancy of others; and bear the name of Propositions [*p.* 590], not of confident Laws, or Rules made by demonstration.

And, then, I shall not discommend any Poet that dresses his Play in such a fashion as his Fancy best approves: and fairly leave it for others to follow, if it appears to them most convenient and fullest of ornament.

But, writing this *Epistle*, in much haste; I had almost forgot one argument or observation, which that author has most good fortune in. It is in his *Epistle Dedicatory*, before his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, where, speaking of Rhymes in Plays, he desires it may be observed, "That none are

violent against it; but such as have not attempted it; or who have succeeded ill in the attempt [*pp.* 503, 539, 598]," which, as to myself and him, I easily acknowledge: for I confess none has written, in that way, better than himself; nor few worse than I. Yet, I hope he is so ingenious, that he would not wish this argument should extend further than to him and me. For if it should be received as a good one: all Divines and Philosophers would find a readier way of confutation than they yet have done, of any that should oppose the least Thesis or Definition, by saying, "They were denied by none but such as never attempted to write, or succeeded ill in the attempt."

Thus, as I am one, that am extremely well pleased with most of the *Propositions*, which are ingeniously laid down in that *Essay*, for regulating the Stage: so I am also always concerned for the true honour of Reason, and would have no spurious issue fathered upon her Fancy, may be allowed her wantonness.

But Reason is always pure and chaste: and, as it resembles the sun, in making all things clear; it also resembles it, in its several positions. When it shines in full height, and directly ascendant over any subject, it leaves but little shadow: but, when descended and grown low, its oblique shining renders the shadow larger than the substance; and gives the deceived person [*i.e.*, DRYDEN] a wrong measure of his own proportion.

Thus, begging the Reader's excuse, for this seeming impertinency; I submit what I have written to the liberty of his unconfined opinion: which is all the favour I ask of others, to afford me.

JOHN DRYDEN.

A Defence of An Essay of Dramatic Poesy.

Being an Answer to the Preface of *The great Favourite or the Duke of* LERMA.

[Prefaced to the Second Edition of *The Indian Emperor*. 1668.]

THE former Edition of the *Indian Emperor*, being full of faults, which had escaped the printer; I have been willing to overlook this Second with more care: and, though I could not allow myself so much time as was necessary, yet, by that little I have done, the press is freed from some gross errors which it had to answer for before.

As for the more material faults of writing, which are properly mine; though I see many of them, I want leisure to amend them. 'Tis enough for those, who make one Poem the business of their lives, to leave that correct*; yet, excepting VIRGIL, I never met with any which was so, in any language.

But while I was thus employed about this impression, there came to my hands, a new printed Play, called, *The great Favourite, or the Duke of* LERMA. The author of which, a noble and most ingenious Person, has done me the favour to make some observations and animadversions upon my *Dramatic Essay*.

I must confess he might have better consulted his reputation, than by matching himself with so weak an adversary. But if his honour be diminished in the choice of his antagonist, it is sufficiently recompensed in the election of his

* O JOHN! JOHN! what an audacious avowal of carelessness, and want of finish! E. A. 1880.

cause: which being the weaker, in all appearance (as combating the received opinions of the best Ancient and Modern authors), will add to his glory, if he overcome; and to the opinion of his generosity, if he be vanquished, since he engages at so great odds, and so (like a Cavalier) undertakes the protection of the weaker party.

I have only to fear, on my own behalf, that so good a cause as mine, may not suffer by my ill management or weak defence; yet I cannot, in honour, but take the glove, when 'tis offered me: though I am only a Champion, by succession; and, no more able to defend the right of ARISTOTLE and HORACE, than an infant DYMOCK, to maintain the title of a King.

For my own concernment in the controversy, it is so small, that I can easily be contented to be driven from a few Notions of Dramatic Poesy, especially by one who has the reputation of understanding all things [!]: and I might justly make that excuse for my yielding to him, which the Philosopher made to the Emperor, "Why should I offer to contend with him, who is Master of more than twenty Legions of Arts and Sciences!" But I am forced to fight, and therefore it will be no shame to be overcome.

Yet, I am so much his servant as not to meddle with anything which does not concern *me* in his Preface. Therefore, I leave the good sense, and other excellencies of the first twenty lines [*i.e., of the Preface, see p.* 573] to be considered by the critics.

As for the Play of *The Duke of LERMA*; having so much al ered and beautified it, as he has done, it can be justly belong to none but him. Indeed, they must be extreme[ly] ignorant as well as envious, who would rob him of that honour: for you see him putting in his claim to it, even in the first two lines.

> *Repulse upon repulse, like waves thrown back,*
> *That slide to hang upon obdurate rocks.*

After this, let Detraction do its worst! for if this be not

his, it deserves to be. For my part, I declare for Distributive Justice! and from this, and what follows, he certainly deserves *those advantages*, which he acknowledges, to *have received from the opinion of sober men* [*p.* 573].

In the next place, I must beg leave to observe his great address in courting the Reader to his party. For, intending to assault all Poets both Ancient and Modern, he discovers not his whole Design at once; but seems only to aim at me, and attack me on my weakest side, my Defence of Verse.

To begin with me. He gives me the compellation of "The Author of a *Dramatic Essay*"; which is a little Discourse in dialogue, for the most part borrowed from the observations of others. Therefore, that I may not be wanting to him in civility, I return his compliment, by calling him, "The Author of *The Duke of Lerma*."

But, that I may pass over his salute, he takes notice [*p.* 575] of my great pains to prove "Rhyme as *natural* in a serious Play; and more *effectual* that Blank Verse" [*p.* 561]. Thus, indeed, I did state the question, but he tells me, *I pursue that which I call* natural, *in a wrong application; for 'tis not the question whether* Rhyme *or* not Rhyme *be best or most naturai for a serious Subject; but what is nearest the nature of that it represents* [*p.* 575].

If I have formerly mistaken the question; I must confess my ignorance so far, as to say I continue still in my mistake. But he ought to have proved that I mistook it; for 'tis yet but *gratis dictum*. I still shall think I have gained my point, if I can prove that "Rhyme is best or most *natural* for a serious Subject."

As for the question, as he states it, "Whether Rhyme be nearest the nature of what it represents"; I wonder he should think me so ridiculous as to dispute whether Prose or Verse be nearest to ordinary conversation?

It still remains for him, to prove his Inference, that, Since Verse is granted to be more remote than Prose from ordinary conversation; therefore no serious Plays ought to be writ in Verse: and when he clearly makes that good, I will acknowledge his victory as absolute as he can desire it.

The question now is, which of us two has mistaken it?

And if it appear I have not, the World will suspect *what gentleman that was, who was allowed to speak twice in Parliament, because he had not yet spoken to the question* [*p.* 576]: and, perhaps, conclude it to be the same, who (as 'tis reported) maintained a contradiction *in terminis*, in the face of three hundred persons.

But to return to Verse. Whether it be natural or not in Plays, is a problem which is not demonstrable, of either side. 'Tis enough for me, that he acknowledges that he had rather read good Verse than Prose [*p.* 575]: for if all the enemies of Verse will confess as much, I shall not need to prove that it is *natural*. I am satisfied, if it cause Delight; for Delight is the chief, if not the only end of Poesy. Instruction can be admitted but in the second place; for Poesy only instructs as it delights. [*See pp.* 513, 584, 588.]

'Tis true, that to Imitate Well is a Poet's work: but to affect the soul, and excite the passions, and, above all, to move Admiration [*wondering astonishment*] (which is the Delight of serious Plays), a bare Imitation will not serve. The converse [*conversation*] therefore, which a Poet is to *imitate*, must be *heightened* with all the arts and ornaments of Poesy; and must be such as, *strictly considered*, could never be supposed [to be] spoken by any, without premeditation.

As for what he urges, that, *A Play will still be supposed to be a composition of several persons speaking* ex tempore; *and that good verses are the hardest things, which can be imagined, to be so spoken* [*p.*575]: I must crave leave to dissent from his opinion, as to the former part of it. For, if I am not deceived, A Play is supposed to be the work of the Poet, *imitating* or *representing* the conversation of several persons: and this I think to be as clear, as he thinks the contrary.

But I will be bolder, and do not doubt to make it good, though a paradox, that, One great reason why Prose is not to be used in serious Plays is because it is too near the nature of converse [*conversation*]. There may be too great a likeness. As the most skilful painters affirm there may be too near a resemblance in a picture. To take every lineament and feature is not to make an excellent piece, but to take so much only as will make a beautiful resemblance of the whole; and,

with an ingenious flattery of Nature, to heighten the beauties of some parts, and hide the deformities of the rest. For so, says Horace—

Ut pictura Poesis erit
Hæc amat obscurum; vult hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Et quæ
Desperat, tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.

In *Bartholomew Fair*, or the lowest kind of Comedy, that degree of heightening is used which is proper to set off that subject. 'Tis true, the author was not there to go out of Prose, as he does in his higher arguments of Comedy, the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; yet he does so raise his matter in that Prose, as to render it delightful: which he could never have performed had he only said or done those very things that are daily spoken or practised in the Fair. For then, the Fair itself would be as full of pleasure to an Ingenious Person, as the Play; which we manifestly see it is not: but he hath made an excellent Lazar of it. The copy is of price, though the origin be vile.

You see in *Catiline* and *Sejanus*; where the argument is great, he sometimes ascends to Verse, which shews he thought it not unnatural in serious Plays: and had his genius been as proper for Rhyme as it was for Humour, or had the Age in which he lived, attained to as much knowledge in Verse, as ours; 'tis probable he would have adorned those Subjects with that kind of writing [*see p.* 558].

Thus Prose, though the rightful Prince, yet is, by common consent, deposed; as too weak for the Government of serious Plays: and he failing, there now start up two competitors! one, the nearer in blood, which is Blank Verse; the other, more fit for the ends of Government, which is Rhyme. Blank Verse is, indeed, the nearer Prose; but he is blemished with the weakness of his predecessor. Rhyme (for I will deal clearly!) has somewhat of the Usurper in him; but he is brave and generous, and his dominion pleasing. For this reason of Delight, the Ancients (whom I will still believe as wise as those who so confidently correct them) wrote all their

Tragedies in Verse: though they knew it most remote from conversation.

But I perceive I am falling into the danger of another rebuke from my opponent: for when I plead that "the Ancients used Verse," I prove not that, They would have admitted Rhyme, had it then been written.

All I can say, is, That it seems to have succeeded Verse, by the general consent of Poets in all modern languages. For almost all their serious Plays are written in it: which, though it be no Demonstration that therefore it ought to be so; yet, at least, the Practice first, and then the Continuation of it shews that it attained the end, which was, to Please. And if that cannot be compassed here, I will be the first who shall lay it down.

For I confess my chief endeavours are *to delight the Age in which I live* [*p.* 582]. If the Humour of this, be for Low Comedy, small Accidents [*Incidents*], and Raillery; I will force my genius to obey it: though, with more reputation, I could write in Verse. I know, I am not so fitted, by nature, to write Comedy. I want that gaiety of Humour which is required to it. My conversation is dull and slow. My Humour is saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those, who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees. So that those who decry my Comedies, do me no injury, except it be in point of profit. Reputation in *them* is the last thing to which I shall pretend.

I beg pardon for entertaining the reader with so ill a subject: but before I quit that argument, which was the cause of this digression; I cannot but take notice how I am corrected for my quotation of SENECA, in my defence of Plays in Verse. [*See pp.* 560, 575.]

My words were these [*p.* 570]: "Our language is noble, full, and significant; and I know not why he, who is master of it, may not clothe ordinary things in it, as decently as the Latin; if he use the same diligence in his *choice of words*."

One would think, "Unlock the door," was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken: yet SENECA could make it sound high and lofty in his Latin.

Reserate clusos regii postes Laris.

But he says of me, *That being filled with the precedents of the Ancients who Writ their Plays in Verse, I commend the thing; declaring our language to be full, noble, and significant, and charging all the defects upon the* ill placing of words; *which I prove by quoting* Seneca's *loftily expressing such an ordinary thing as* shutting the door [*pp.* 575–576].

Here he manifestly mistakes. For I spoke not of the Placing, but the Choice of words: for which I quoted that aphorism of Julius Cæsar, *Delectus verborum est origo eloquentiæ.* But *delectus verborum* is no more Latin for the "Placing of words;" than *Reserate* is Latin for "*Shut* the the door!" as he interprets it; which I, ignorantly, construed "*Unlock* or *open* it!"

He supposes I was highly affected with the Sound of these words; and I suppose I may more justly imagine it of him: for if he had not been extremely satisfied with the Sound, he would have minded the Sense a little better.

But these are, now, to be no faults. For, ten days after his book was published, and that his mistakes are grown so famous that they are come back to him, he sends his *Errata* to be printed, and annexed to his Play; and desires that instead of *Shutting*, you should read *Opening*, which, it seems, was the printer's fault. I wonder at his modesty! that he did not rather say it was Seneca's or mine: and that in some authors, *Reserate* was to *Shut* as well as to *Open;* as the word *Barach*, say the learned, is [*in Hebrew*] both to *Bless* and *Curse.*

Well, since it was the printer['s fault]; he was a naughty man, to commit the same mistake twice in six lines.

I warrant you! *Delectus verborum* for *Placing* of words, was his mistake too; though the author forgot to tell him of it. If it were my book, I assure you it should [be]. For those rascals ought to be the proxies of every Gentleman-Author; and to be chastised for him, when he is not pleased to own an error.

Yet, since he has given the *Errata*, I wish he would have enlarged them only a few sheets more; and then he would have spared me the labour of an answer. For this cursed printer is so given to mistakes, that there is scarce a sentence in the Preface without some false grammar, or hard sense [*i.e., difficulty in gathering the meaning*] in it; which will all be

charged upon the Poet: because he is so good natured as to lay but three errors to the Printer's account, and to take the rest upon himself; who is better able to support them. But he needs not [to] apprehend that I should strictly examine those little faults; except I am called upon to do it. I shall return, therefore, to that quotation of SENECA; and answer not to what he *writes*, but to what he *means*.

I never intended it as an Argument, but only as an Illustration of what I had said before [*p.* 570] concerning the Election of words. And all he can charge me with, is only this, That if SENECA could make an ordinary thing sound well in Latin by the choice of words; the same, with like care, might be performed in English. If it cannot, I have committed an error on the right hand, by commending too much, the copiousness and well sounding of our language: which I hope my countrymen will pardon me. At least, the words which follow in my *Dramatic Essay* will plead somewhat in my behalf. For I say there [*p.* 570], That this objection happens but seldom in a Play; and then too, either the meanness of the expression may be avoided, or shut out from the verse by breaking it in the midst.

But I have said too much in the Defence of Verse. For, after all, 'tis a very indifferent thing to me, whether it obtain or not. I am content, hereafter to be ordered by his rule, that is, "to write it, sometimes, because it pleases me" [*p.* 575]; and so much the rather, because "he has declared that it pleases him" [*p.* 575].

But, he has taken his last farewell of the Muses; and he has done it civilly, by honouring them with the name of *his long acquaintances* [*p.* 574]: which is a compliment they have scarce deserved from him.

For my own part, I bear a share in the public loss; and how emulous soever I may be, of his Fame and Reputation, I cannot but give this testimony of his Style, that it is extreme[ly] poetical, even in Oratory; his Thoughts elevated, sometimes above common apprehension; his Notions politic and grave, and tending to the instruction of Princes and reformation of State: that they are abundantly interlaced with variety of fancies, tropes, and figures, which the Critics have

enviously branded with the name of Obscurity and False Grammar.

Well, *he is now fettered in business of more unpleasant nature* [*p.* 574]. The Muses have lost him, but the Commonwealth gains by it. The corruption of a Poet is the generation of a Statesman.

He will not venture again into the Civil Wars of Censure [Criticism].

Ubi . . . . nullos habitura triumphos [*p.* 574].

If he had not told us, he had left the Muses; we might have half suspected it by that word, *ubi*, which does not any way belong to *them*, in that place. The rest of the verse is indeed Lucan's: but that *ubi*, I will answer for it, is his own.

Yet he has another reason for this disgust of Poesy. For he says, immediately after, that *the manner of Plays which are now in most esteem, is beyond his power to perform* [*p.* 574]. To *perform* the *manner* of a thing, is new English to me.

However he condemns not the satisfaction of others, but rather their unnecessary understanding; who, like Sancho Panza's Doctor, prescribe too strictly to our appetites. For, says he, *in the difference of Tragedy and Comedy and of Farce itself; there can be no determination but by the taste; nor in the manner of their composure* [*p.* 574].

We shall see him, now, as great a Critic as he was a Poet: and the reason why he excelled so much in Poetry will be evident; for it will have proceeded from the exactness of his Judgement.

In the difference of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce itself; there can be no determination but by the taste. I will not quarrel with the obscurity of this phrase, though I justly might: but beg his pardon, if I do not rightly understand him. If he means that there is no essential difference betwixt Comedy, Tragedy, and Farce; but only what is made by people's taste, which distinguishes one of them from the other: that is so manifest an error, that I need lose no time to contradict it.

Were there neither Judge, Taste, or Opinion in the world; yet they would differ in their natures. For the Action,

Character, and Language of Tragedy would still be great and high: that of Comedy, lower and more familiar. Admiration would be the Delight of the one: Satire, of the other.

I have but briefly touched upon these things; because, whatever his words are, I can scarce[ly] imagine that *he who is always concerned for the true honour of Reason, and would have no spurious issue fathered upon her* [*p.* 578], should mean anything so absurd, as to affirm *that there is no difference between Comedy and Tragedy, but what is made by taste only*: unless he would have us understand the Comedies of my Lord L. [?]; where the First Act should be *Potages*, the Second, *Fricasses, &c.*, and the Fifth, a *chère entière* of women.

I rather guess, he means that betwixt one Comedy or Tragedy and another; there is no other difference but what is made by the liking or disliking of the audience. This is, indeed, a less error than the former; but yet it is a great one.

The liking or disliking of the people gives the Play the *denomination* of "good" or "bad"; but does not really make or constitute it such. To please the people ought to be the Poet's aim [*pp.* 513, 582, 584]; because Plays are made for their delight: but it does not follow, that they are always pleased with good plays; or that the plays which please them, are always good.

The Humour of the people is now for Comedy; therefore, in hope to please them, I write Comedies rather than serious Plays; and, so far, their taste prescribes to me. But it does not follow from that reason, that Comedy is to be preferred before Tragedy, in its own nature. For that which is so, in its own nature, cannot be otherwise; as a man cannot but be a rational creature: but the opinion of the people may alter; and in another Age, or perhaps in this, serious Plays may be set up above Comedies.

This I think a sufficient answer. If it be not, he has provided me of [*with*] an excuse. It seems, in his wisdom, he foresaw my weakness; and has found out this expedient for me, *That it is not necessary for Poets to study strict Reason: since they are so used to a greater latitude than is allowed by that severe inquisition; that they must infringe their own jurisdiction to profess themselves obliged to argue well* [*p.* 575].

I am obliged to him, for discovering to me this back door;

but I am not yet resolved on my retreat. For I am of opinion, that they cannot be good Poets, who are not accustomed to argue well. False Reasonings and Colours of Speech are the certain marks of one who does not understand the Stage. For Moral Truth is the Mistress of the Poet as much as of the Philosopher. Poesy must *resemble* Natural Truth; but it must *be* Ethical. Indeed the Poet dresses Truth, and adorns Nature; but does not alter them.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

Therefore that is not the best Poesy which resembles notions of *things, which are not*, to *things which are*: though the Fancy may be great, and the Words flowing; yet the Soul is but half satisfied, when there is not Truth in the foundation [*p.* 560].

This is that which makes Virgil [to] be preferred before the rest of poets. In Variety of Fancy, and Sweetness of Expression, you see Ovid far above him; for Virgil rejected many of those things which Ovid wrote. "A great Wit's great work, is to refuse," as my worthy friend, Sir John Birkenhead has ingeniously expressed it. You rarely meet with anything in Virgil but Truth; which therefore leaves the strongest impression of Pleasure in the Soul. This I thought myself obliged to say in behalf of Poesy: and to declare (though it be against myself) that when poets do not argue well, the defect is in the Workmen, not in the Art.

And, now, I come to the boldest part of his Discourse, wherein he attacks not me, but all the Ancient and Moderns; and undermines, as he thinks, the very foundations on which Dramatic Poesy is built. I could wish he would have declined that envy, which must, of necessity, follow such an undertaking: and contented himself with triumphing over me, in my opinions of Verse; which I will never, hereafter, dispute with him. But he must pardon me, if I have that veneration for Aristotle, Horace, Ben. Johnson, and Corneille, that I dare not serve him in such a cause, and against such heroes: but rather fight under their protection; as Homer reports of little Teucer, who shot the Trojans, from under the large buckler of Ajax Telamon—

Στῆ δ'ἄρ' ἀπ' Αιαντος σακέϊ Τελαμωνιάδαω, &c.

He stood beneath his brother's ample shield;
And, covered there, shot death through all the field.

The words of my noble adversary are these—

But if we examine the general Rules laid down for Plays, by strict Reason, we shall find the errors equally gross; for the great Foundation which is laid to build upon, is Nothing, as it is generally stated: as will appear upon the examination of the particulars [*p.* 576].

These particulars, in due time, shall be examined. In the meanwhile, let us consider, what this great Foundation is; which, he says, is "Nothing, as it is generally stated."

I never heard of any other Foundation of Dramatic Poesy, than the Imitation of Nature: neither was there ever pretended any other, by the Ancients or Moderns, or me who endeavoured to follow them in that Rule. This I have plainly said, in my Definition of a Play, that IT IS A JUST AND LIVELY IMAGE OF HUMAN NATURE, &c. [*p.* 513].

Thus "the Foundation, as it is generally stated," will stand sure, if this Definition of a Play be true. If it be not, he ought to have made his exception against it; by proving that a Play is *not* an Imitation of Nature, but somewhat else, which he is pleased to think it.

But 'tis very plain, that he has mistaken the Foundation, for that which is built upon it; though not immediately. For the direct and immediate consequence is this. If Nature be to be imitated, then there is a Rule for imitating Nature rightly; otherwise, there may be an End, and no Means conducing to it.

Hitherto, I have proceeded by demonstration. But as our Divines, when they have proved a Deity (because there is Order), and have inferred that this Deity ought to be worshipped, differ, afterwards, in the Manner of the Worship: so, having laid down, that "Nature is to be imitated;" and that Proposition [*p.* 577] proving the next, that, then, "there are means, which conduce to the imitating of Nature"; I dare proceed no farther, positively, but have only laid down some opinions of the Ancients and Moderns, and of my own, as

Means which they used, and which I thought probable, for the attaining of that End.

Those Means are the same, which my antagonist calls the Foundations: how properly the World may judge! And to prove that this is his meaning, he clears it immediately to you, by enumerating those Rules or Propositions, against which he makes his particular exceptions, as namely, those of Time and Place, in these words.

First, we are told the Plot should not be so ridiculously contrived, as to crowd several Countries into one Stage. Secondly, to cramp the accidents of many years or days, into the Representation of two hours and a half. And, lastly, a conclusion drawn that the only remaining dispute, is concerning Time; whether it should be contained in Twelve or Four and twenty hours; and the Place to be limited to the spot of ground, [either in town or city] where the Play is supposed to begin. And this is called nearest to Nature. For that is concluded most natural; which is most probable and nearest to that which it presents [*p.* 576].

Thus he has, only, made a small Mistake of the Means conducing to the end, for the End itself; and of the Superstructure for the Foundation. But he proceeds,

To shew, therefore, upon what ill grounds, they dictate Laws for Dramatic Poesy &c. [*p.* 577].

He is, here, pleased to charge me with being Magisterial; as he has done in many other places of his Preface.

Therefore, in vindication of myself, I must crave leave to say, that my whole Discourse was sceptical, according to that way of reasoning which was used by Socrates, Plato, and all the Academics of old; which Tully and the best of the Ancients followed, and which is imitated by the modest Inquisitions of the Royal Society.

That it is so, not only the name will show, which is *An Essay*; but the frame and composition of the work. You see it is a dialogue sustained by persons of several opinions, all of them left doubtful, to be determined by the readers in general; and more particularly deferred to the accurate judgement of my Lord Buckhurst, to whom I made a dedication of my book. These are my words, in my *Epistle*, speaking of the persons, whom I introduced in my dialogue, "'Tis true, they differed in their opinions, as 'tis probable they would;

neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them: leaving your Lordship to decide it, in favour of that part, which you shall judge most reasonable" [*p.* 505].

And, after that, in my *Advertisements to the Reader*, I said this, "The drift of the ensuing Discourse was chiefly to vindicate the honour of our English Writers, from the censure of those who injustly prefer the French before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art, which they understand much better than myself" [*p.* 506].

But this is more than [is] necessary to clear my modesty in that point: and I am very confident that there is scarce any man, who has lost so much time as to read that trifle, but will be my compurgator as to that arrogance whereof I am accused. The truth is, if I had been naturally guilty of so much vanity, as to dictate my opinions; yet I do not find that the Character of a Positive or Self Conceited Person is of such advantage to any in this Age, that I should labour to be Publicly Admitted of that Order.

But I am not, now, to defend my own cause, when that of all the Ancients and Moderns is in question. For this gentleman, who accuses me of arrogance, has taken a course not to be taxed with the other extreme of modesty. Those Propositions which are laid down in my Discourse, as Helps to the better Imitation of Nature, are *not* mine, as I have said; nor were ever pretended so to be: but were derived from the authority of ARISTOTLE and HORACE, and from the rules and examples of BEN. JOHNSON and CORNEILLE. These are the men, with whom be properly he contends: and against *whom he will endeavour to make it evident, that there is no such thing as what they All pretend* [*p.* 577].

His argument against the Unities of PLACE and TIME is this.

That 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses truly, as two Countries or Kingdoms; and as impossible that Five hours or Twenty-four hours should be Two hours as that a Thousand years or hours should be less than what they are, or the greatest part of time to be comprehended in the less: for all of them being impossible they are none of them nearest the Truth or

Nature of what they present, for impossibilities are all equal, and admit of no degrees [*p.* 577].

This argument is so scattered into parts, that it can scarce be united into a Syllogism: yet, in obedience to him, *I will abbreviate*, and comprehend as much of it, as I can, in few words; that my Answer to it, may be more perspicuous.

I conceive his meaning to be what follows, as to the Unity of Place. If I mistake, I beg his pardon! professing it is not out of any design to play the *argumentative Poet.* "If one Stage cannot properly present two Rooms or Houses, much less two Countries or Kingdoms; then there can be no Unity of Place: but one Stage cannot properly perform this; therefore, there can be no Unity of Place."

I plainly deny his Minor Proposition: the force of which if I mistake not, depends on this; that "the Stage being one place, cannot be two." This, indeed, is as great a secret as that, "we are all mortal." But, to requite it with another, I must crave leave to tell him, that "though the Stage cannot be two places, yet it may properly Represent them, successively or at several times."

His argument is, indeed, no more than a mere fallacy: which will evidently appear, when we distinguished Place as it relates to Plays, into Real and Imaginary. The Real place is that theatre or piece of ground, on which the Play is acted. The Imaginary, that house, town, or country, where the action of the Drama is supposed to be; or, more plainly, where the Scene of the Play is laid.

Let us now apply this to that Herculean argument, *which if strictly and duly weighed, is to make it evident, that there is no such thing as what they All pretend. 'Tis impossible*, he says, *for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses.* I answer, "'Tis neither impossible, nor improper, for one *real* place to represent two or more *imaginary* places: so it be done successively," which, in other words, is no more than this, "That the Imagination of the Audience, aided by the words of the Poet, and painted scenes [*scenery*], nay *suppose* the Stage to be sometimes one place, sometimes another; now a garden or wood, and immediately a camp;" which I appeal to every man's imagination, if it be not true!

Neither the Ancients nor Moderns (as much fools as he is

pleased to think them) ever asserted that they could make one place, two: but they might hope, by the good leave of this author! that the change of a Scene might lead the Imagination to suppose the place altered. So that he cannot fasten those absurdities upon this Scene of a Play or Imaginary Place of Action; that it is one place, and yet two.

And this being so clearly proved, that 'tis past any shew of a reasonable denial; it will not be hard to destroy that other part of his argument, which depends upon it: that *'tis as impossible for a Stage to represent two Rooms or Houses, as two Countries or Kingdoms*: for his reason is already overthrown, which was, *because both were alike impossible*. This is manifestly otherwise: for 'tis proved that a stage may properly Represent two Rooms or Houses. For the Imagination, being judge of what is represented, will, in reason, be less chocqued [*shocked*] with the appearance of two rooms in the same house, or two houses in the same city; than with two distant cities in the same country, or two remote countries in the same universe.

Imagination in a man or reasonable creature is supposed to participate of Reason; and, when that governs (as it does in the belief of fiction) reason is not destroyed, but misled or bl nded. That can prescribe to the Reason, during the time of the representation, somewhat like a weak belief of what it sees and hears; and Reason suffers itself to be so hoodwinked, that it may better enjoy the pleasures of the fiction: but it is never so wholly made a captive as to be drawn headlong into a persuasion of those things which are most remote from probability. 'Tis, in that case, a free born subject, not a slave. It will contribute willingly its assent, as far as it s(es convenient: but will not be forced.

Now, there is a greater Vicinity, in Nature, betwixt two r oms than betwixt two houses; betwixt two houses, than betwixt two cities: and so, of the rest. Reason, therefore, can sooner be led by Imagination, to step from one room to another, than to walk to two distant houses: and yet, rather to go thither, than to fly like a witch through the air, and be hurried from one region to another. Fancy and Reason go hand in hand. The first cannot leave the last behind: and though Fancy, when it sees the wide gulf, would venture over, as the nimbler; yet, it is withheld by Reason, which will refuse to take the leap, when the distance, over it, appears

too large. If Ben. Johnson himself, will remove the scene from Rome into Tuscany, in the same Act; and from thence, return to Rome, in the Scene which immediate follows; Reason will consider there is no proportionable allowance of time to perform the journey; and therefore, will choose to stay at home.

So then, the less change of place there is, the less time is taken up in transporting the persons of the Drama, with Analogy to Reason: and in that Analogy or Resemblance of Fiction to Truth consists the excellency of the Play.

For what else concerns the Unity of Place; I have already given my opinion of it in my *Essay*, that "there is a latitude to be allowed to it, as several places in the same town or city; or places adjacent to each other, in the same country; which may all be comprehended under the larger denomination of One Place; yet, with this restriction, the nearer and fewer those imaginary places are, the greater resemblance they will have to Truth: and Reason which cannot *make* them One, will be more easily led to *suppose* them so" [*p.* 517].

What has been said of the Unity of Place, may easily be applied to that of Time. I grant it to be impossible that *the greater part of time should be comprehended in the less*, that *Twenty-four hours should be crowded into three.* But there is no necessity of that supposition.

For as Place, so Time relating to a Play, is either Imaginary or Real. The Real is comprehended in those three hours, more or less, in the space of which the Play is Represented. The Imaginary is that which is Supposed to be taken up in the representation; as twenty-four hours, more or less. Now, no man ever could suppose that twenty-four *real* hours could be included in the space of three: but where is the absurdity of affirming, that the feigned business of twenty-four *imagined* hours, may not more naturally be represented in the compass of three *real* hours, than the like feigned business of twenty-four years in the same proportion of real time? For the *proportions* are always real; and much nearer, by his permission! of twenty-four to three, than of 4000 to it.

I am almost fearful of illustrating *anything* by Similitude; lest he should confute it for an Argument: yet, I think the comparison of a Glass will discover, very aptly, the fallacy of his argument, both concerning Time and Place. The strength

of his Reason depends on this, "That the less cannot comprehend the greater." I have already answered that we need not suppose it does. I say not, that the less can *comprehend* the greater; but only that it may *represent* it; as in a mirror, of half a yard [in] diameter, a whole room, and many persons in it, may be seen at once: not that it can *comprehend* that room or those persons, but that it *represents them to the sight.*

But the Author of *The Duke of* LERMA is to be excused for his declaring against the Unity of TIME. For, if I be not much mistaken, he is an interessed [*interested*] person; the time of that Play taking up so many years as the favour of the Duke of LERMA continued: nay, the Second and Third Acts including all the time of his prosperity, which was a great part of the reign of PHILIP III.; for in the beginning of the Second Act, he was not yet a favourite, and before the end of the Third, was in disgrace.

I say not this, with the least design of limiting the Stage too servilely to twenty-four hours: however he be pleased to tax me with dogmatizing in that point. In my Dialogue, as I before hinted, several persons maintained their several opinions. One of them, indeed, who supported the cause of the French Poesy, said, how strict they were in that particular [*p.* 531]: but he who answered in behalf of our nation, was willing to give more latitude to the Rule; and cites the words of CORNEILLE himself, complaining against the severity of it, and observing what beauties it banished from the Stage, page 44, of my *Essay* [*p.* 546].

In few words, my own opinion is this; and I willingly submit it to my adversary, when he will please impartially to consider it. That the Imaginary Time of every Play ought to be contrived into as narrow a compass, as the nature of the Plot, the quality of the Persons, and variety of Accidents will allow. In Comedy, I would not exceed twenty-four or thirty hours; for the Plot, Accidents, and Persons of Comedy are small, and may be naturally turned in a little compass. But in Tragedy, the Design is weighty, and the Persons great; therefore there will, naturally, be required a greater space of time, in which to move them. [*Compare this, with p.* 516.]

And this, though BEN. JOHNSON has not told us, yet 'tis, manifestly, his opinion. For you see, that, to his Comedies,

he allows generally but twenty-four hours: to his two Tragedies *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, a much larger time; though he draws both of them into as narrow a compass as he can. For he shows you only the latter end of *Sejanus* his favour; and the conspiracy of *Catiline* already ripe, and just breaking out into action.

But as it is an error on the one side, to make too great a disproportion betwixt the *imaginary* time of the Play, and the *real* time of its representation: so, on the other side, 'tis an oversight to compress the Accidents of a Play into a narrower compass than that in which they could naturally be produced.

Of this last error, the French are seldom guilty, because the thinness of their Plots prevents them from it: but few Englishmen, except Ben. Johnson, have ever made a Plot, with variety of Design in it, included in twenty-four hours; which was altogether natural. For this reason, I prefer the *Silent Woman* before all other plays; I think, justly: as I do its author, in judgement, above all other poets. Yet of the two, I think that error the most pardonable, which, in too straight a compass, crowds together many accidents: since it produces more variety, and consequently more pleasure to the audience; and because the nearness of proportion betwixt the imaginary and real time does speciously cover the compression of the Accidents.

Thus I have endeavoured to answer the *meaning* of his argument. For, as he drew it, I humbly conceive, it was none. As will appear by his Proposition, and the proof of it. His Proposition was this, *If strictly and duly weighed, 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses, as two countries or kingdoms, &c.* And his Proof this, *For all being impossible, they are none of them, nearest the Truth or Nature of what they present* [*p.* 577].

Here you see, instead of a Proof or Reason, there is only a *petitio principii*. For, in plain words, his sense is this, "Two things are as impossible as one another: because they are both equally impossible." But he takes those two things to be *granted* as impossible; which he ought to have *proved* such, before he had proceeded to prove them equally impossible. He should have made out, first, that it was

impossible for one Stage to represent two Houses; and then have gone forward, to prove that it was as equally impossible for a Stage to present two Houses, as two Countries.

After all this, the very absurdity to which he would reduce me, is none at all. For his only drives at this. That if his argument be true, I must then acknowledge that there are degrees in impossibilities. Which I easily grant him, without dispute. And if I mistake not, Aristotle and the School are of my opinion. For there are some things which are absolutely impossible, and others which are only so, *ex parte*. As, 'tis absolutely impossible for a thing *to be* and *not to be*, at the same time: but, for a stone to move naturally upward, is only impossible *ex parte materiæ;* but it is not impossible for the First Mover to alter the nature of it.

His last assault, like that of a Frenchman, is most feeble. For where I have observed that "None have been violent against Verse; but such only as have not attempted it, or have succeeded ill in their attempt" [*pp.* 503, 539, 561, 578], he will needs, according to his usual custom, improve my Observation into an Argument, that he might have the glory to confute it.

But I lay my observation at his feet: as I do my pen, which I have often employed, willingly, in his deserved commendations; and, now, most unwillingly, against his judgement. For his person and parts, I honour them, as much as any man living: and have had so many particular obligations to him, that I should be very ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge them to the World.

But I gave not the first occasion of this Difference in Opinions. In my *Epistle Dedicatory*, before my *Rival Ladies* [*pp.* 487–493], I said somewhat in behalf of Verse: which he was pleased to answer in his *Preface* to his *Plays* [*pp.* 494–500]. That occasioned my reply in my *Essay* [*pp.* 501–572]: and that reply begot his rejoinder in his *Preface* to *The Duke of Lerma* [*pp.* 573–578]. But, as I was the last who took up arms; I will be the first to lay them down. For what I have here written, I submit it wholly to him [*p.* 561]; and, if I do not hereafter answer what may be objected to this paper, I hope the World will not impute it to any other reason, than only the due respect which I have for so noble an opponent.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

DELIA.

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

[*DELIA and ROSAMOND augmented &c.* 1594.]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

WONDER of these! Glory of other times!
O Thou, whom Envy, ev'n, is forced t'admire!
Great Patroness of these my humble rhymes,
Which Thou, from out thy greatness, dost inspire!
Since only Thou hast deigned to raise them higher;
Vouchsafe now, to accept them as thine own!
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire;
Wherein my zeal, and thy great might is shown.
And seeing this unto the world is known;
O leave not, still, to grace thy work in me!
Let not the quickening seed be overthrown,
Of that which may be born to honour Thee!
Whereof, the travail I may challenge mine;
But yet the glory, Madam! must be thine!

Of the Fifty-five Sonnets which follow this Dedication, in the augmented edition of *DELIA*; we have already printed, from the earlier impression of 1591 (where they occur as an Appendix to *ASTROPHEL and STELLA*), the following Nineteen in Volume I. *pp.* 580–594; together with nine other Sonnets (there numbered 3, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 16, 23, and 25), which DANIEL did not include in this Collection. There are variations in the readings of the two editions.

Of this reprint of *DELIA*, the following numbers are here omitted, and will be found in Volume I.

2. Go, wailing verse! the infant of my love. *Poem*, I., 580.
3. If so it hap the offspring of my care. *Sonnet* 1, I., 581.
9. If this be love, to draw a weary breath. *Sonnet* 22, I., 591.
11. Tears, vows, and prayers gain the hardiest heart. *Sonnet* 4, I., 582.
13. Behold what hap PYGMALION had to frame. *Sonnet* 7, I., 584.
15. If a true heart and faith unfeigned. *Sonnet* 14, I., 587.
16. Happy in sleep; waking, content to languish. *Sonnet* 19, I., 590.
18. Since the first look that led me to this error. *Sonnet* 15, I., 588.
19. Restore thy tresses to the golden ore. *Sonnet* 11, I., 586.
20. If Beauty bright be doubled with a frown. *Sonnet* 20, I., 590.
21. Come DEATH! the anchor hold of all my thoughts. *Sonnet* 21, I., 591.
22. These sorrowing sighs, the smokes of mine annoy. *Sonnet* 2, I., 581.
24. Look in my griefs! and blame me not to mourn. *Sonnet* 18, I., 589.
25. Reign in my thoughts! fair hand! sweet eye! rare voice! *Sonnet* 9, I., 585
26. Whilst by her eyes pursued, my poor heart flew it. [*Alluding to the sparrow pursued by a hawk, that flew into the bosom of ZENOCRATES.*] *Sonnet* 17, I., 589.
29. The star of my mishap imposed my paining. *Sonnet* 24, I., 592.
31. Raising my hope on hills of high desire. *Sonnet* 27, I., 594.
32. Why doth my mistress credit so her glass? *Sonnet* 5, I., 583.
33. I once may I see, when years may wreck my wrong. *Sonnet* 26, I., 593.

Between the two impressions, we therefore possess, so far in this series, sixty-five Sonnets, and the Ode on *p.* 620, written by this elegant Elizabethan poet.

TO DELIA.

SONNET I.

UNTO the boundless Ocean of thy beauty,
Runs this poor river, charged with streams of zeal;
Returning Thee, the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here, I unclasp the Book of my charged Soul;
Where I have cast th'accounts of all my care:
Here, have I summed my sighs. Here, I enrol
How they were spent for thee! Look! what they are!
Look on the dear expenses of my youth!
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes!
Examine well, thy beauty with my truth!
And cross my cares, ere greater sums arise!
Read it, Sweet Maid! though it be done but slightly:
Who can shew all his love, doth love but lightly.

SONNET IV.

THESE plaintive verse[s], the Posts of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slow regard;
Bear not report of any slender fire,
Forging a grief, to win a fame's reward.
Nor are my passions limned for outward hue,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrows:
DELIA herself, and all the world may view
Best in my face, where cares hath tilled deep furrows.
No bays I seek, to deck my mourning brow,
O clear-eyed Rector of the holy Hill!
My humble accents bear the olive bough
Of intercession to a tyrant's will.
These lines I use, t'unburden mine own heart;
My love affects no fame, nor 'steems of art.

SONNET V.

WHILST Youth and Error led my wandering mind,
And set my thoughts, in heedless ways to range;
All unawares, a goddess chaste I find,
DIANA-like, to work my sudden change.
For her, no sooner had mine eye bewrayed;
But with disdain to see me in that place,
With fairest hand, the sweet unkindest maid
Casts water-cold disdain upon my face:
Which turned my sport into a hart's despair,
Which still is chased, while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, set on me by my Fair.
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
Those that I fostered, of mine own accord,
Are made by her, to murder thus their Lord.

SONNET VI.

FAIR is my love, and cruel as she's fair:
Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightening, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
A modest maid, decked with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above,
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconcilèd friends within her brow:
And had she Pity, to conjoin with those;
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
O had she not been fair, and thus unkind;
My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind!

SONNET VII.

O HAD she not been fair, and thus unkind!
Then had no finger pointed at my lightness.
The world had never known what I do find,
And clouds obscure had shaded still her brightness.
Then had no Censor's eye these lines surveyed,
Nor graver brows have judged my Muse so vain:
No sun, my blush and error had bewrayed;
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdain.
Then had I walked with bold erectèd face;
No downcast look had signified my miss:
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace,
Did force me groan out griefs, and utter this.
For, being full, should I not then have spoken;
My sense, oppressed, had failed, and heart had broken.

SONNET VIII.

THOU, poor Heart! sacrificed unto the fairest,
Hast sent the incense of thy sighs to heaven!
And still against her frowns, fresh vows repairest;
And made thy passions with her beauty even.
And you, mine Eyes! the agents of my heart,
Told the dumb message of my hidden grief:
And oft, with careful tunes, with silent art,
Did 'treat the cruel Fair to yield relief.
And you, my Verse! the advocates of love,
Have followed hard the process of my case:
And urged that title, which doth plainly prove
My faith should win, if justice might have place.
Yet though I see, that nought we do can move her;
'Tis not disdain, must make me cease to love her.

SONNET X.

OTHEN love I, and draw this weary breath
For her, the cruel Fair; within whose brow,
I, written find, the sentence of my death,
In unkind letters, wrought, she cares not how!
O thou that rul'st the confines of the night!
Laughter-loving Goddess! Worldly pleasures' Queen!
Intenerate that heart! that sets so light
The truest love that ever yet was seen:
And cause her leave to triumph, in this wise,
Upon the prostrate spoil of that poor heart!
That serves a Trophy to her conquering eyes,
And must their glory to the world impart.
Once, let her know! sh' hath done enough to prove me;
And let her pity, if she cannot love me!

SONNET XII.

MY SPOTLESS love hovers, with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame;
Where blaze those lights, fairest of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
M' ambitious thoughts, confinèd in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can give:
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace;
I weigh no comfort, unless she relieve.
For she, that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hand, what dearest is.
My Fortune's Wheel 's the Circle of her Eyes;
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss!
All my life's sweet consists in her alone;
So much I love the most unloving one.

SONNET XIV.

THOSE snary locks are those same nets, my Dear!
Wherewith my liberty, thou didst surprise!
Love was the flame that fired me so near:
The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes.
Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame;
Deep is the wound, my sighs do well report.
Yet I do love, adore, and praise the same
That holds, that burns, that wounds in this sort;
And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
The bond, the flame, the wound that festereth so,
By knife, by liquor, or by salve to deal:
So much I please to perish in my woe.
Yet lest long travails be above my strength;
Good DELIA! Loose, quench, heal me, now at length!

SONNET XVII.

WHY should I sing in verse? Why should I frame
These sad neglected notes, for her dear sake?
Why should I offer up unto her name,
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
That never deigns to give me joy to live?
Why should m'afflicted Muse so much endeavour
Such honour, unto cruelty to give?
If her defects have purchased her this fame;
What should her virtues do? her smiles? her love?
If this, her worst; how should her best inflame?
What passions would her milder favours move?
Favours, I think, would sense quite overcome;
And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

SONNET XXIII.

FALSE HOPE prolongs my ever certain grief,
Traitor to me, and faithful to my Love.
A thousand times it promised me relief,
Yet never any true effect I prove.
Oft, when I find in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her treachery:
Yet, soon again, I must her back recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often, as I chase my Hope from me,
Straightway, she hastes her unto DELIA'S eyes:
Fed with some pleasing look, there shall she be;
And so sent back. And thus my fortune lies.
Looks feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vain;
Hopes are unsure, when certain is my Pain.

SONNET XXVII.

STILL in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceaseless cares must march on to my death.
Thy least regard too dearly have I bought,
Who, to my comfort, never deign'st a breath!
Why should'st thou stop thine ears now to my cries?
Whose eyes were open, ready to oppress me!
Why shutt'st thou not, the cause whence all did rise?
Or hear me now, or seek how to redress me!
Injurious DELIA! Yet, I'll love thee still!
Whilst that I breathe in sorrow of my smart;
I'll tell the world that I deserved but ill,
And blame myself, for to excuse thy heart!
Then judge! who sins the greater of us twain:
I, in my love; or thou, in thy disdain!

SONNET XXVIII.

OFT DO I marvel, whether DELIA's eyes
Are eyes, or else two radiant stars that shine?
For how could Nature ever thus devise
Of earth, on earth, a substance so divine?
Stars, sure, they are! Whose motions rule desires;
And calm and tempest follow their aspects:
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fixed or wandering stars are they,
Whose influence rules the Orb of my poor heart?
Fixed, sure, they are! But wandering, make me stray
In endless errors; whence I cannot part.
Stars, then, not eyes! Move you, with milder view,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you!

SONNET XXX.

AND yet, I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt, presuming so to soar:
The mounting venture, for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth, that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honour! great designs, their fame!
Glory doth follow! courage goes before!
And though th'event oft answers not the same;
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The Mean-observer (whom base safety keeps)
Lives without honour, dies without a name;
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
And therefore, DELIA! 'tis to me, no blot;
To have attempted, though attained thee not!

SONNET XXXIV.

LOOK, DELIA! how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
(The image of thy blush! and summer's honour)
Whilst, in her tender green, she doth inclose
The pure sweet beauty Time bestows upon her!
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining;
She then is scorned, that late adorned the fair.
So clouds thy beauty, after fairest shining!
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now!
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vain!
But love! whilst that thou may'st be loved again!

SONNET XXXV.

BUT love! whilst that thou may'st be loved again!
Now, whilst thy May hath filled thy lap with flowers!
Now, whilst thy beauty bears without a stain!
Now, use thy summer smiles, ere Winter lowers!
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flower that ever saw the light;
Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done!
And, DELIA! think thy morning must have night!
And that thy brightness sets at length to West;
When thou wilt close up that, which now thou showest!
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which, then, shall hide it most, and cover lowest!
Men do not weigh the stalk, for that it was;
When once they find her flower, her glory pass.

SONNET XXXVI.

WHEN men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass:
And thou, with careful brow, sitting alone,
Receivèd hast this message, from thy glass;
That tells the truth, and says that "All is gone!"
Fresh shalt thou see in me, the wounds thou madest;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining.
I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning!
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn, when all the matter 's spent.
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shalt see!
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent!
Thou may'st repent, that thou hast scorned my tears,
When Winter snows upon thy golden hairs.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHEN Winter snows upon thy golden hairs,
And frost of Age hath nipped thy flowers near;
When dark shall seem thy day, that never clears,
And all lies withered that was held so dear:
Then take this picture, which I here present thee!
Limned with a pencil, not all unworthy,
Here, see the gifts that GOD and Nature lent thee!
Here, read thy Self! and what I suffered for thee!
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which, happily, posterity may cherish:
These colours, with thy fading, are not spent;
These may remain, when thou and I shall perish.
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby!
They will remain, and so thou canst not die!

SONNET XXXVIII.

THOU canst not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these lines:
Though thou, a LAURA, hast no PETRARCH found;
In base attire, yet, clearly, Beauty shines.
And I, though born within a colder clime,
Do feel mine inward heat as great (I know it).
He never had more faith, although more rhyme:
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest Isle;
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou live in an immortal style.
For though that LAURA better limnèd be;
Suffice, thou shalt be loved as well as she!

SONNET XXXIX.

BE not grieved that these my papers should
Bewray unto the world, how fair thou art!
Or that my wits have shewed, the best they could,
The chastest flame that ever warmèd heart.
Think not, sweet DELIA! this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with mournful warble!
How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, while thine is graved in marble!
Thou may'st, in after ages, live esteemed!
Unburied in these lines, reserved in pureness.
These shall entomb those eyes, that have redeemed
Me, from the vulgar; thee, from all obscureness.
Although my careful accents never moved thee!
Yet count it no disgrace, that I have loved thee!

SONNET XL.

DELIA! These eyes that so admireth thine!
Have seen those walls the which ambition reared
To check the world. How they, entombed, have lain
Within themselves: and on them ploughs have eared.
Yet found I, that no barbarous hand attained
The spoil of Fame, deserved by virtuous men,
Whose glorious actions, luckily, had gained
Th'eternal annals of a happy pen.
Why then, though DELIA fade! let that not move her!
Though time do spoil her of the fairest veil
That ever yet mortality did cover;
Which must instar the Needle and the Rail.
That grace, that virtue, all that served t'in-woman,
Doth her, unto eternity assommon.

SONNET XLI.

FAIR and lovely Maid! Look from the shore!
See thy LEANDER striving in these waves!
Poor soul! quite spent, whose force can do no more.
Now send forth hopes! (for now calm pity saves)
And waft him to thee, with those lovely eyes!
A happy convoy to a Holy Land.
Now show thy power! and where thy virtue lies!
To save thine own, stretch out the fairest hand!
Stretch out the fairest hand! a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts so right, and never misses!
I shall forget old wrongs. My griefs shall cease.
And that which gave me wounds, I'll give it kisses.
O then, let th'ocean of my care find shore!
That thou be pleased, and I may sigh no more.

SONNET XLII.

READ in my face, a volume of despairs!
The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe;
Drawn with my blood, and printed with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I have honoured so.
Who, whilst I burn, she sings at my soul's wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride:
There, my Soul's Tyrant 'joys her in the sack
Of her own seat; whereof I made her guide.
There do these smokes, that from affliction rise,
Serve as an incense to a cruel Dame.
A sacrifice thrice-grateful to her eyes,
Because their power serves to exact the same.
Thus ruins She, to satisfy her will,
The Temple, where her name was honoured still.

SONNET XLIII.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eyes,
(The ready handmaids on her grace attending)
That never fall to ebb, but ever rise;
For to their flow, she never grants an ending.
Th'ocean never did attend more duly
Upon his Sovereign's course, the night's pale Queen;
Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly,
Than mine unto her Deity have been.
Yet nought, the rock of that hard heart can move;
Where beat these tears with zeal, and fury driveth:
And yet, I rather languish in her love,
Than I would joy the fairest she that liveth.
I doubt to find such pleasure in my gaining;
As now I taste, in compass of complaining.

SONNET XLIV.

HOw long shall I, in mine affliction mourn?
A burden to myself, distressed in mind;
When shall my interdicted hopes return
From out despair, wherein they live confined?
When shall her troubled brow, charged with disdain,
Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith that happiness attain,
To break the ice, that hath congealed her heart?
Unto herself, herself my love doth summon,
(If love in her, hath any power to move):
And let her tell me, as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deserved her love?
I know she cannot! but must needs confess it;
Yet deigns not, with one simple sign t'express it.

SONNET XLV.

BEAUTY, sweet love! is like the morning dew;
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show:
And straight 'tis gone, as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade, that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish;
Yet which, at length, thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burden of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
When Time hath made a passport for thy fears,
Dated in age, the Kalends of our death:
But, ah! no more! This hath been often told;
And women grieve to think they must be old.

SONNET XLVI.

I MUST not grieve my love! whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile!
Flowers have a time, before they come to seed;
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
Ah, sport! sweet Maid! in season of these years;
And learn to gather flowers before they wither!
And where the sweetest blossom first appears;
Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures thither!
Lighten forth smiles! to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise!
Pity and Smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and Smiles shall yield thee lasting praise!
I hope to say, when all my griefs are gone,
"Happy the heart, that sighed for such a one!"

SONNET XLVII.

At the Author's going into Italy.

WHITHER, poor Forsaken! wilt thou go?
To go from sorrow, and thine own distress;
When every place presents like face of woe,
And no remove can make thy sorrows less!
Yet go, Forsaken! Leave these woods, these plains!
Leave her and all! and all for her, that leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn; and both disdains:
And of both, wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
Seek out some place! and see if any place
Can give the least release unto thy grief!
Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace!
Steal from thy self! and be thy cares own thief!
But yet what comfort, shall I hereby gain?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

SONNET XLVIII.

¶ *This Sonnet was made at the Author's being in Italy.*

DRAWN with th'attractive virtue of her eyes,
My touched heart turns it to that happy coast;
My joyful North! where all my fortune lies,
The level of my hopes desirèd most.
There, where my DELIA, fairer than the sun,
Decked with her youth, whereon the world doth smile,
Joys in that honour, which her eyes have won:
Th'eternal wonder of our happy isle.
Flourish, fair Albion!, Glory of the North!
NEPTUNE's best darling! held between his arms:
Divided from the world, as better worth;
Kept for himself, defended from all harms!
Still let disarmèd peace deck her, and thee!
And Muse-foe MARS, abroad far fostered be!

SONNET XLIX.

CARE-charmer Sleep! Son of the sable Night!
Brother to Death! In silent darkness, born!
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light!
With dark forgetting of my cares, return!
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill adventured youth!
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth!
Cease, Dreams! th'imag'ry of our day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow!
Never let rising sun approve you liars!
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep! embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SONNET L.

LET others sing of Knights and Palladins,
In agèd accents, and untimely words!
Paint shadows, in imaginary lines!
Which well the reach of their high wits records:
But I must sing of Thee! and those fair eyes!
Authentic shall my verse, in time to come,
When yet the unborn shall say, "Lo, where she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!"
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these, thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and Time's consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth, they shall discover;
Suffice they shew I lived, and was thy lover!

SONNET LI.

AS TO the Roman, that would free his land,
His error was his honour and renown;
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Than if he had the tyrant overthrown.
So, DELIA!, hath mine error made me known,
And my deceived attempt, deserved more fame:
Than if I had the victory mine own,
And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
And so, likewise, renowned is thy blame!
Thy cruelty! thy glory! O strange case!
That errors should be graced, that merit shame;
And sin of frowns bring honour to the face.
Yet, happy DELIA!, that thou wast unkind;
But happier yet, if thou would'st change thy mind!

SONNET LII.

LIKE as the lute, that joys or else dislikes,
As is his art that plays upon the same:
So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
On my heart strings, high tuned unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yield in lamentable wise,
A wailing "descant" on the sweetest "ground,"
Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
Else harsh my style, untunable my Muse;
Hoarse sounds the voice, that praiseth not her name!
If any pleasing relish here I use;
Then judge, the world! her beauty gives the same.
O happy "ground" that makes the music such!
And blessèd hand that gives so sweet a touch!

SONNET LIII.

NONE other fame, mine unambitious Muse
Affected ever, but t'eternize Thee!
All other honours do my hopes refuse,
Which meaner prized and momentary be.
For, GOD forbid! I should my papers blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen;
Praising virtues in them that have them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No! no! My Verse respects not Thames, nor Theatres;
Nor seeks it to be known unto the great:
But Avon, poor in fame, and poor in waters,
Shall have my song, where DELIA hath her seat.
Avon shall be my Thames, and She my Song;
I'll sound her name, the river all along.

SONNET LIV.

UNHAPPY pen! and ill accepted papers!
That intimate, in vain, my chaste desires:
My chaste desires, the ever-burning tapers,
Enkindled by her eyes' celestial fires.
Celestial fires! and unrespecting powers,
That deign not view the glory of your might!
In humble lines, the work of careful hours,
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.
But since she scorns her own; this rests for me.
I'll moan, myself; and hide the wrong I have:
And so content me, that her frowns should be
To m'infant style, the cradle and the grave.
What though myself no honour get thereby;
Each birds sings to herself, and so will I!

SONNET LV.

LO HERE, the impost of a faith unfeigning,
That love hath paid, and her disdain extorted!
Behold the message of my just complaining,
That shews the world, how much my grief imported!
These tributary plaints, fraught with desire,
I send those Eyes, the Cabinets of Love!
The Paradise, whereto my hopes aspire,
From out this Hell, which mine afflictions prove.
Wherein I thus do live, cast down from mirth;
Pensive, alone, none but despair about me;
My joys abortive, perished at their birth;
My cares long lived, and will not die without me.
This is my state! and DELIA's heart is such!
I say no more. I fear, I said too much.

FINIS.

AN ODE.

NOW EACH creature joys the other,
passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
in the fall of silver showers;
Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
hath her bosom decked with flowers:

Whilst the greatest Torch of heaven,
with bright rays, warms FLORA's lap;
Making nights and days both even,
cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field, of flowers quite bereaven,
wants refresh of better hap.

ECHO, daughter of the Air,
babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce Fair,
and sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair;
whilst that She, her lover kills.

Whilst that She, O cruel Maid!
doth me and my love despise;
My life's flourish is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyed;
and well, he ends! for love, who dies.

FINIS.

BRITAIN'S BUSS,

OR

A COMPUTATION

as well of the Charge of a Buss or

Herring Fishing Ship; as also of the

Gain and Profit thereby.

By *E. S.*



LONDON.

Printed by William Jaggard for Nicholas Bourne, and

are to be sold at his shop at the South Entry of

the Royal Exchange. 1615.

[All the following prices should be multiplied by $4\frac{1}{2}$, to give the modern value. E.A.]

BRITAIN'S BUSS.

DIVERS TREATISES have been published here in England, some long since, some very lately, all of them inviting to the building and employing of English fishing ships, such as our neighbouring Hollanders call BUSSES, principally to fish for herrings: with which kind of fish, Almighty GOD, of His rich bounty (blessed be His name therefore!), hath abundantly stored His Majesties streams on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, above all the known parts of the world.

Four books I have seen of this subject.

One called the *British Monarchy*, written *Anno Domini* 1576 [*Vol. II., p.* 61], which is near[ly] forty years past.

The second, entitled HITCHCOCK'S *New Year's Gift* [*Vol. II., p.* 133], printed about thirty[-five] years since.

The third, named *England's Way to Win Wealth and to increase ships and, mariners* published within these two years: whose author [*TOBIAS GENTLEMAN, Mariner, (of Yarmouth)*], I have heard, was trained up from his youth, and is very expert, both in navigation and fishing [*See Vol.* IV. *p.* 323.]

The fourth, styled *The Trade's Increase*, now newly come abroad.

In all which four books; but especially in the two last, the necessity, faculty, profit, and use of that fishing trade is proponed [*set forth*] and handled.

After I had read three of the former books, and before the fourth and last came to light, I was much affected with the business. And the more I consider it, the more is my

affection confirmed and increased. And out of vehement desire to see this work, which I conceive to tend so much to GOD's glory, to the honour of our noble King, to the general strength, safety, and commodity of all His Majesty's large kingdoms and dominions, and to the private and peculiar benefit and advancement of every private Undertaker herein: I say, out of vehement desire to see this work in hand, and the prosperity thereof, I inquired, as often as conveniently I could, what Busses or fishing ships were in building on our coasts, or were bought or used by any English.

At length, I was informed, and that very truly, that one ROGER GODSDUE, Esquire, of Bucknam Ferry in Norfolk, had begun to apply himself to this worthy work, and had on the stocks at Yarmouth, five Busses; whereof I understand one is, since that time, launched, and that the other four are in good forwardness. But when, upon inquiry after the gentleman, I heard him to be a man of such undoubted honesty and integrity, besides his other virtues and worth; methought I did see GOD beginning this good business in a good hand.

Soon after, I heard that another worthy gentleman, namely, Sir WILLIAM HARVEY, Knight, had on the stocks at Limehouse, in the yard of Master STEVENS, shipwright, another very fair large Buss near[ly] as big as any Flemish Buss: which Buss I did afterwards see myself, when she was in launching; and she is now in the Thames before Ratcliffe.

But besides these two gentlemen, I have not yet heard of any English that have yet applied themselves that way.

Now because, after many considerations of that matter, I perceived that none of the four treatises before mentioned, had set down in very plain particulars, the *exact* Charge of building, manning, victualling, and furnishing of such a Buss; and of the Gain or Profit, which, by GOD's blessing, in probability may redound yearly to the particular owner and adventurer of such a ship; and conceiving hope, that the publication of such particulars, might be some furtherance of the action: I resolved to bestow my best labours to get such particulars. And to that end, I travailed and conferred with such; both shipwrights, mariners, fishermen, netmakers, and others, as I thought to be able to inform me in the

premises: that so I also might bring straw or mortar to that noble building, or that I might pick or teaze oakum, or do somewhat, that am not able to do much.

And for that, upon conference with some experienced in this herring fishery, I am informed that a Buss of thirty-five Last, that is, of seventy Tons, is of a very good and meet size or scantling, wherewith, in four month's fishing, yearly, to make the gain or profit by herrings only [as] hereafter in particular [is] set down; besides her employment yearly also in cod fishing, &c: I have therefore here imparted such instructions, as I could attain unto.

1. First[ly], of the precise dimensions or proportions of such a Buss of thirty-five Last, that is, of seventy Tons. [*p.* 626]
2. Secondly, of the uttermost charges of such a Buss, and the particulars of all her masts, yards, sails, flags, pulleys, shivers, tackling, cables, and anchors; together also with her cock-boat and oars. [*pp.* 626–628]
3. Thirdly, the particulars of her Carpenter's store; and of her Steward's store; and of her weapons, and the charge of them all. [*pp.* 628, 629]
4. Fourthly, the particulars of her herring-nets, and of the warropes and other ropes, cords, and lines; [of] cork, pynbols or buyes belonging to those nets; with the particular charges of them all. [*pp.* 629–631]
5. Fifthly, the particular tools and implements used in dressing and packing of the said herrings, and their particular prices. [*pp.* 631, 632]
6. Sixthly, the charge of one hundred Last of herring casks or barrels, and of salt needful for the packing of a hundred Last of herrings. [*p.* 632]
7. Seventhly, the particular charge of four month's victuals for sixteen persons to serve in the said Buss; and the particular charge of physic and surgery helps, for those sixteen persons. [*pp.* 633, 634]
8. Eighthly, the particular utmost wages of the said sixteen persons for the said four months. [*p.* 634]
9. Lastly, the Gain or Profit, by GOD's blessing, hoped for by such a four months' herring fishing. [*pp.* 635, 636]

Afterwards is also set down the yearly charges of repairing

the said Buss; and of her apparel and furniture, and also of the said nets, &c.: together with the rest of the Second Year's Charge and Gain. [*pp.* 637, 638]

By which Second Year's Charge and Gain, you shall see the charge and gain of every year following, so long as the Buss lasteth; which, by GOD's blessing and good usage, may well be twenty years at least.

HE THAT will give a probable estimate of any Charge, must tie himself to some particular proportions, which he must admit as the very just allowances. But I would have none to imagine that I intend these particulars to be such as may not be varied. If any be so vain [as] to make scornful constructions, I hold such fellows to be not worth the thinking on.

A BUSS of thirty-five Last, that is, of 70 Tons,
must be on the keel, in length ... ... Fifty feet.
And on the main beam ... ... Seventeen feet
And her rake on the stem forward... ... ... Sixteen feet.
And her rake on the sternpost eastward on ... ... Seven feet.
And her waist from her lower edge of her deck-ledges
unto her ceilings ... ... Thirteen feet.

SUCH a Buss, with her cabins, cook-room, and other rooms, fitted for the sea, and to this fishing service, together with her rudder, iron-work, bolts, chain-bolts, shroud-chains, nails, &c.; and her cock-boat and oars, will cost, at most ... ... £ 260 s. 0 d. 0

	£	s.	d.
All her masts and yards will cost, at most	8	0	0
The making and fitting her said masts and yards	2	0	0
Her pulleys and shivers [or *sheevers*], at most	2	0	0
Her rigging or tackling ropes of the fittest sizes or scantlings, will come to, at most, 8 cwt. of ropes; which will cost, at most, 30s. a cwt., which comes to	12	0	0
Her mainsail and two bonnets must be eleven yards deep and sixteen cloths broad of Ipswich poledavis; which comes unto 176 yards of poledavis: which at ninepence a yard will cost	6	12	0
Her main topsail must be eight yards deep and eight cloths broad at the yard, and sixteen cloths broad at the clews;			

	£	s.	d.
which takes 96 yards of Bungay canvas: which at eightpence a yard will cost	3	4	0
Her foresail, the course, and two bonnets must be ten yards deep and twelve cloths broad, taking up 120 yards of Ipswich poledavis: which at ninepence a yard comes to	4	10	0
Her mizen or back-sail must be four cloths broad and five yards deep; which takes 20 yards of Bungay cloth: which at eightpence comes to	0	13	4
So that all the sails take 420 yards of sailcloth of both sorts, which 420 yards (at 28 yards to a bolt) makes almost 15 bolts of cloth. And the Sailmaker will have for his work five shillings a bolt, which comes to	3	15	0
Bolt ropes for all the said sails, and twine, &c., to make the said sails withal, will cost, at most	1	15	8
	£304	10	0

	£	s.	d.
TWO FLAGS or fans, to observe the wind by, with their staves; at two shillings a piece...	0	4	0
Two or three hand[s]pikes, of ash, at most	0	2	0
Two waterskeits, to wet the sails; at eighteen-pence a piece	0	3	0
Two water-buckets, at sixpence	0	1	0
Six maps [*mops*], to cleanse the Buss withal, at sixpence ...	0	3	0
Compasses and boxes, two; at ten shillings a piece, at most	1	0	0
Hour-glasses, three or four, at most, at eighteen-pence ...	0	6	0
A lanthorne for the poop	0	10	0
Two other lanthornes, at eighteen-pence a piece	0	3	0
Fenders or long poles, four, at two shillings	0	8	0
Long oars, six, at three shillings and fourpence	1	0	0
An iron crow, of 15lbs., at fourpence [*per lb.*]...	0	5	0
	£4	5	0

Four Cables.

		£	s.	d.
ONE CABLE of nine inches [and nearly three inches thick] about, and one hundred fathoms, *i.e.*, two hundred yards long, will weigh about...	18 cwt.			
A second cable eight inches and a-half [about 2½ inches thick] about, and of the length above said, well weigh about	15 cwt.			
A third cable seven inches and a-half [about 2 inches thick] about, and of like length, will weigh	11 cwt.			
The fourth cable seven inches [about 2 inches thick] about, and of like length, will weigh...	10 cwt.			
	54 cwt.			
So all the four cables will weigh about 54 cwt.; which 54 cwt. of cables, at 30s. [*per*] cwt., will cost		£81	0	0

Four Anchors.

ONE ANCHOR to weigh about	4 cwt.
A second to weigh about	3½ cwt.
A third to weigh about	2½ cwt.
A fourth to weigh about	2 cwt.
So all the four anchors, weighing	12 cwt.,
at 26s. 8d. a cwt., will cost	£16 0 0
Four anchor stocks, and the fitting of them, at ten shillings a piece	2 0 0
And so the four anchors, and their four stocks will come to	£18 0 0

Steward's Store.

	£	s.	d.
SHORT iron pot-hangers; two, at twelve-pence	0	2	0
Pothooks, two pair, at tenpence	0	1	8
A large iron Pease-pot, of five or six gallons	0	10	0
A large copper fish-kettle, about 32lbs. weight, at fifteen-pence a pound	2	0	0
A wooden scummer [*skimmer*] or two	0	0	4
Wooden ladles, two or three	0	0	4
A gridiron, at most	0	2	6
A fryingpan	0	2	6
Pipkins, two or three	0	0	6
A chafing dish, of iron	0	2	0
A small fire-shovel, and a pair of tongs	0	2	6
A pair of bellows	0	0	8
Trays, two, at fifteen-pence a piece	0	2	6
Trugs, two, at ninepence a piece	0	1	6
Wooden platters, twelve, at fourpence	0	4	0
Wooden potagers, twenty-four	0	2	0
Trenchers, four dozen, at threepence	0	1	0
Baskets for mess-bread, six, at fourpence	0	2	0
Beer cans, bigger and lesser, twelve	0	6	0
Taps and fawcets, four or five	0	0	2
Wooden Butter scales, a pair	0	1	0
Leaden weights, 4lbs., 2lbs., 1lb., ½lb., and ¼lb., at twopence [*per lb.*]	0	1	4
Tinder boxes, two, well furnished	0	2	6
Candles, at most for 16 weeks, 30lbs., at fourpence	0	10	0
Candlesticks, with iron wires, six, at eightpence ...	£0	4	0
A Candlebox, with lock and key, at most	0	5	0
	£5	8	0

Carpenter's Store.

	£	s.	d.	
IRON essles to mend the shroud chains withal, if any should chance to break; ten, of 1lb. a piece, at fourpence a pound	0	3	4	
Fids or Hammers, two, at twelve-pence	0	2	0	
Orlop nails, three hundred, at sixteen-pence a hundred	0	4	0	
Scupper nails, two hundred, at sixpence	0	1	0	
Spikes, five pounds, at fourpence a lb.	0	1	8	
Sixpenny nails, three hundred [at sixpence a hundred]	0	1	6	
Fourpenny nails, three hundred [at fourpence a hundred]	0	1	0	
Pump nails, three hundred, at t[illegible]pence a hundred	0	0	6	
A saw...	0	3	0	
				£0 18 0

Weapons.

HALF pikes, ten, at two shillings [each] ...	1	0	0	
Muskets, with bandaleers, rests, and moulds, six [at one pound each] ...	6	0	0	
Gunpowder, six lbs. at tenpence	0	5	0	
Leaden bullets, six lbs. at threepence ...	0	1	6	
				£7 6 6

Nets with their appurtenances.

THE BUSS aforesaid must have fifty nets.

Each Net must be thirty yards; that is, fifteen fathoms long upon the rope.

Each net must also hang full, and not stretched on the rope. Therefore each net before it come to be fastened to the rope; (being stretched out) must be thirty-five yards.

Each net must be in depth, seven deepings.

Each deeping must be a fathom, that is two yards, deep. So as each net of seven deepings takes seven times thirty-five yards of line or netting (of sixty masks or mashes [*meshes*] or holes deep), which comes to just 245 yards of Lint or Netting, of a fathom breadth or depth.

	£	s.	d.
Which 245 yards of Lint or Netting (ready made or knit) will cost three pence a yard; which comes to for one net	3	1	3

Each net must have a Net Rope on the top of the net; so each net must have fifteen fathoms of net rope.

This net rope must not be a stiffed-tarred rope, but lithe and gentle [*supple*]; and is best made of old ropes.

This 15 fathom of net rope for each net will cost two shillings	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Round about the head and two sides of each net, but not at the bottom, must be set a small cord, about the bigness of a bow-string, which is called [the] Head-Roping or Nostelling. So each net takes 15 fathoms; and 7 fathoms and 7 fathoms: which comes to 29 fathoms of head-roping. There is twenty fathoms of this head-roping in a pound weight of it. So each net takes almost a pound and a half of this head-roping: which is sold for sixpence a pound. So the pound and a half costeth	0	0	9
The seven deepings of each net are to to be sewn, each to [the] other, altogether, with a small thread called, Twine Masking [? *Meshing*]. Each net takes a pound of this twine-masking, which is sold for	0	0	6
Each net is to be fastened to her ropes with short pieces of cords or lines, of two feet long a piece, called Nozzels. These nozzels are tied very thick, viz., at four meshes or holes asunder. So each net takes 150 nozzels. These nozzels are sold, ready cut, for eightpence a hundred. So 150 nozzels will cost	0	1	0
Each net must have a rope five or six fathoms long and an inch through, that is, three inches and better about, called a Seazing, to fasten the net unto the War-rope. This rope will cost fourpence a fathom. So, for the said six fathom	0	2	0
The Seaming or Sewing together of the said seven deepings of each net, and the head-roping of each net as aforesaid, and the bringing of each net to the rope or setting on the nozzels, all this, I say, is usually done by a woman, working it at fourpence a day [with] meat and drink; or tenpence a day, at most, finding herself. Which woman will so despatch, at least, two or three nets in a day. So each net so finishing, will cost, at most	0	0	5
Every net must be tanned in a tan-fat, which will cost, at most,	0	0	10

Nets, War-ropes, &c.

ALL THE said fifty nets being finished, must be hanged all arow [*in a row*] upon a strong large rope, called a War-rope; which must be in bigness four inches about. This War-rope must be as long as all the said fifty nets; that is, fifty times fifteen fathoms long, that is 750 fathoms of War-rope.

So each net taketh up fifteen fathoms of War-rope. A cwt., that is, 112 lbs., of this rope is sold for, at most, thirty shillings; that is, almost 3¼ d. a pound.

	£	s.	d.
A hundred fathoms of this rope will weigh nearly four cwt. At which rate, each fathom will weigh almost 4½ lbs.; which at 3¼ d. a pound, will cost 14½ d. a fathom.			
So for each net, 15 fathoms at 14½ d. will cost	0	18	2
Each net must have half-a-pound of Leghorn Cork placed all along the net, at half a yard asunder. At which distance, each net takes sixty corks or sixty half pounds of cork, that is, 30 lbs. of cork at twopence halfpenny a pound (*i.e.*, £1 3s. 4d. a hundredweight), will cost	0	6	3
Those sixty corks must have sixty Cork-bands to tie them to the net. Each cork-band must be a fathom long.			
These cork-bands are made of the aforesaid Head-roping Line, whereof twenty fathoms weigh a pound, as aforesaid.			
So the said sixty fathoms will weigh 3 lbs. which at sixpence a pound will cost	0	1	6
For every two nets, there must be a Pynboll or Bwy hooped, which will cost eightpence. So to each net allow for half a Pynboll or Bwy	0	0	4
Each Pynboll or Bwy must have a rope of a yard long, to fasten it to the War-rope, which yard of rope will cost, at most, sixpence. So to each net allow for half such a rope	0	0	3
So it appears, by the particulars aforesaid, that each Net with War-ropes and all other appurtenances, will cost	4	15	3
And so the said fifty nets, at £4 15s. 3d. a piece, will cost in all	£238	2	6

Tools and Implements used in drying and packing of Herring[s].

	£	s.	d.
GIPPING or Gilling knives, 24, at fourpence...	0	8	0
Roaring baskets or scuttles, 24, at sixpence	0	12	0
Addesses, for Cooper's work, 6, at two shillings	0	12	0
Drifts, to beat down hoops, 12, at one penny ...	0	1	0
Irons, to pull up barrel heads, 6, at fourpence ...	0	2	0
Iron pipes, to blow and try casks whether they be tight or not, 3, at eightpence	0	2	0
Bended hoops to supply such as shall chance to break or fly off. For a hundred Last, that is, of 1,200 barrels; 2,400 hoops, at two shillings a hundred	2	8	0

	£	s.	d.
Iron marks or letters to brand the barrels withal, viz., A.B. for the best; S. for the second; W. for the worst; at eightpence a piece, at most ...	0	2	0
	£4	7	0

Caske.

HERRING barrels, an hundred Last, that is 1,200 barrels, which containeth 32 gallons a piece: will cost fifteen shillings a Last, that is, fifteenpence a piece; which cometh to £75 0 0

Salt.

A WATER Bushel (that is, five pecks) of Spanish salt, will salt a barrel of herrings.

So to salt the said hundred Last, or 1,200 barrels of Herrings, must be 1,200 [water] bushels of salt, that is, (at forty [water] bushels of salt to a Wey) just thirty Wey of salt: which, at 40 shillings a Wey, that is, twelvepence a bushel, will cost £60 0 0

Memorandum.

A FLEMISH Buss doth often take seven or eight Last of herrings in a day. But if GOD gave a Buss, one day with another, but two Last of herrings a day, that is, twelve Last of herrings in a week; then, at that rate, a Buss may take, dress, and pack the said whole Proportion of a hundred Last of herrings (propounded to be hoped for), in eight weeks and two days.

And yet is herein[after] allowance made for victuals and wages for sixteen weeks, as after followeth.

Of which sixteen weeks time, if there be spent in rigging and furnishing the said Buss to sea, and in sailing from her port to her fishing-place; if these businesses, I say, spend two weeks of the time, and that the other two weeks be also spent in returning to her port after her fishing season, and in unrigging and laying up the Buss: then I say (of the sixteen weeks above allowed for) there will be twelve weeks to spend only in fishing the herring.

Victuals and fuel for Sixteen men and boys, serving in the Buss aforesaid, for the herring-fishing time, and the time of her setting out and of her return home, viz., from the 24th of May until the 21st of September, which is 112 days; that is, sixteen weeks; that is, four months.

BEER.  O ALLOW for every man and boy, a gallon of beer a day (which is the allowance made in the King's ships), that is, for the said sixteen persons, sixteen gallons: that is, just half a herring barrel full, a day. That is, for the whole voyage, or sixteen weeks, or 112 days, fifty-six [of] such barrels of beer. Seven of these herring barrels contain a tun of beer: so as the said 56 herring barrels full of beer do make just eight tun of beer, which, at 40s. a tun, comes to... £ 16 s. 9 d. 0

BISCUIT. To allow for every man and boy (as in His Majesty's ships), a pound of biscuit a day; that is, for every man and boy for the said four months or 112 days, an cwt. of biscuit. That is, for the said 16 persons, 16 cwt. of biscuit, which at 13s. 4d. a cwt. will come to 10 13 4

OATMEAL *or* PEASE. To allow, amongst the said sixteen persons, a gallon a day, that is, half a pint a piece, every day: that is, 112 gallons for them all, for the said 112 days or four months; which comes to just 14 bushels, which, at 4s. a bushel, will cost 2 16 0

BACON. To allow also for each man and boy, two pounds of bacon for four meals a week; that is, for each person for the said sixteen weeks, 32 lbs.; that is four stone of bacon. And so for the said sixteen persons, 64 stone of bacon; which, at 2s. 2d. a stone, will come to 6 18 8

FRESH FISH. They may take, daily, out of the sea, as much fresh fish as they can eat.

BUTTER. To allow every man and boy (to butter their fish, or otherwise to eat, as they like) a quarter of a pound of butter a day, that is, for each person 28 lbs. of butter, which is half a firkin of Suffolk butter. And so for the said sixteen men, eight firkins of butter, at 20s. the firkin... ... ... 8 0 0

CHEESE. To allow every of the said sixteen men and boys, half a pound of Holland cheese a day; that is, for each person 56 lbs., that is, half a hundredweight of cheese. And so for the said sixteen persons to allow eight cwt. of Holland

	£	s.	d.
cheese: which at twopence halfpenny the pound; that is, 23s. 4d. the hundredweight, will cost... ...	9	6	8
VINEGAR. To allow amongst the said sixteen persons, three pints of Vinegar a day; that is, for the said 112 days, 42 gallons; that is, a tierce of vinegar, which at £6 the Tun, caske and all, will cost	1	0	0
FUEL. To allow for the dressing and boiling of their victuals, eight hundred of Kentish faggots, that is, seven faggots a day, and sixteen faggots over in the whole time: which 800 of faggots, at 8s. a hundred, comes to	3	4	0
SUM of all the said four months' Victuals is			£57 18 8

I am informed that the Dutch Busses have not half so much allowance of victuals; but take almost all theirs out of the sea.

Physic and Surgery helps.

SPERMACETI, and a box for it	0	3	4
Stone pitch, and a box for it	0	1	4
Aquavitæ, 16 quarts are 4 gallons, at three shillings	0	12	0
Zante Oil, 16 pints are 2 gallons, at six shillings	0	12	0
Honey, 16 pints are 2 gallons, at five shillings ...	0	10	0
Sugar, 4 pounds at one shilling	0	4	0
Nutmegs, a quarter of a pound	0	1	0
Ginger, half a pound	0	0	6
Pepper, 16 oz., that is, a pound	0	2	0
Balsam and other salves, and old linen	0	10	0
Syzers [*scissors*] a pair	0	0	6
A steel Pleget, to spread plaisters	0	1	4
A Chest, with partitions, for all these things ...	0	12	0
			£3 10 0

Wages to sixteen men.

TO A Master for the said four months at £5 a month; that is, £1 5s. 0d. a week, or 4s. 2d. a day for six days, or 3s. 6¾d. a day for seven days	20	0	0
To two Mates, at 24s. a month, a piece	9	12	0
To six other men, at 20s. a piece, per month	24	0	0
To six other men, at 16s. a piece, per month ...	19	4	0
To a boy, at 6s., a month...	1	4	0
			£74 0 0

Sum of all the Stock and Charge of one entire Buss, &c., the First Year will be about ... ——— £934 5 8

The difference or odds between the Charge and the Adventure.

IT appears before, in particulars, that a new Buss, with her nets and other appurtenances, together with all the First Year's charge of salt, caske, victuals, wages, &c., will come to... **£ s. d. 934 5 8**

But it is to be observed, that the Owner and Adventurer of such a Buss shall not be out of purse, nor Adventure so much money the said First Year by **171 10 0**

For the Wages aforesaid are never paid till the return of the Ship or Buss, which if it should never return (as GOD forbid!), then are no wages paid. So Wages is part of the Charge, but no part of the Adventure. And so the wages is spared from the Adventure, which comes to, as before in particulars... ... ... **£74**

Also, it must be observed, that the Buss can conveniently stow at once but 34 Last of Caske, which is but the Third part of her said hundred Last in Charge; and so is also spared from the Adventure, Two-thirds of her Caske, which is 66 Last of caske, which, at 15s., comes to... **£49 10s.**

Likewise, the Buss cannot conveniently stow, at once, above ten Weys of salt; which is but a Third part of her Salt, in Charge. And so is also spared from the Adventure, Two-thirds of her said salt, which is twenty Weys of salt, which at 40s. a Wey comes to... ... ... **£40**

Neither can the Buss conveniently stow, at once, above one-half of her said 8 Tuns of beer, in Charge. And so also is spared from the Adventure the one-half of her said beer, which is four Tuns, which at 40s. a Tun comes to **£8**

Total spared from the Adventure ——— **171 10 0**

Which **£171 10s.** being deducted out of the said charge of **£934 5s. 8d.**; there resteth to be Adventured the First Year, only **762 15 8**

The First Year's Gain, in hope and likelihood.

ABOUT a month after the Busses are gone out to sea, a Yager (which is a caravel or a merchant's ship employed to seek out the said Herring Busses, and to buy of them their herrings upon the first packing); this Yager, I say, whereof divers are so employed, comes to the said Buss, amongst others, and buys all such herrings as she hath barrelled: which barrels, upon the first packing, are called *Sticks*. And, in part of payment for her said Herring Sticks, delivers such salt, caske, hoops, nets, beer, and other necessaries as the Buss shall then want; wherewith the said Yager comes always furnished. The rest, the said Yager pays in ready money to the Bussman.

In this manner, comes the Yager to the Busses, two or three times or oftener, in a Summer Herring fishing time. So as the said Yager buys of the said Buss (if GOD give them to the Buss) all her said hundred Last of Herring Sticks.

For which said hundred Last of Herring Sticks;

if the Yager do pay but after the rate of £10 a Last, that is, 16s. 8d. a barrel, then are the said hundred Last of Herring Sticks sold for just **£1,000 0 0**

So (by the grace and blessing of GOD) the very First Year's herrings only, may bring in to the Adventurer or Owner; all his whole both of Stock and Charges of **£934 5s. 8d.** aforesaid.

And also **£65 14s. 4d.** over and above.

And so the said Adventurer or Buss master is like, by GOD's blessing, to gain clearly the very First Year, the Buss aforesaid, with all her apparel and furniture, together with her nets, &c.: and **£65 14s. 4d.** in money over and above, towards the use or interest of the said **£762 15s. 8d.**, which the said Adventurer disburseth the First Year, out of purse. Which is almost **£9** in the hundred, also for use [*interest*].



The Second Year's Charge.

	£	s.	d.
CAULKING or carrying [*careening*] the said Buss, yearly, will cost about...	5	0	0
Repairing the tacklings (which cost at first £12, as before [*p.* 626])	6	0	0
Repairing the sails (which cost at first £20 10s. 0d. [*p.* 627])	10	0	0
Repairing the pulleys, shivers, and other petty things, about	1	0	0
Repairing the cables (which cost at first £81 [*p.* 627]), about	24	0	0
Towards the reparation of the anchors (which cost at first £18 [*p.* 628]) allow	3	0	0
Repairing the Carpenter's store (which cost at first 15s. [*p.* 629]) about	0	12	0
Repairing the Steward's store (which cost at first £5 8s. 0d.) about, at most	2	8	0
Renewing shot and powder, and scouring the muskets, &c., about	0	10	0
Repairing of nets with the appurtenances, with fifty new deepings, and a hundred fathom of war-rope, &c. (which cost first, as before in particulars, £238 2s. 6d. [*pp.* 629–631], the third part whereof is just £79 7s. 6d.), [say]	77	0	0
Renewing of tools to dress and pack herrings withal (which cost at first £4 5s. 0d. [*p.* 631])	2	0	0
Renewing the whole hundred Last of caske, at 15s. [a last]	75	0	0
Renewing the whole thirty Weys of salt, at 40s....	60	0	0
Renewing the whole proportion of victuals aforesaid	57	18	8
Renewing part of the physic and surgery helps (which cost at first £3 10s. 0d. [*p.* 634])	1	11	4
Wages, as at the first	74	0	0

	£	s.	d.
The SUM total of the Charge of the Second Year's herring fishing, will be, as appears, about	400	0	0
But the Second Year's Adventure and Disbursement will be the less than the said Charge (as it was for the First Year) by	171	10	0
And so the Second Year's Adventure will be only about	228	10	0
Towards which Adventure and Charge, there is before accompted to be gotten in money by the First Year's herring fishing, as before appears	65	14	4
So then the Second Year's Charge, beside the said £65 14s. 4d. before gained, will be but	334	5	8
But the said Second Year's Adventure, besides the said Gain, will be but	162	15	8

So it appears, that if the Buss be only employed in fishing the herring, and in that but only four months in every year; and that the Buss lie still in her own port all the rest of the year, yet she gains clearly every year, in that four months only, the sum of **£600**: if GOD give her in that time but the said hundred Last of herrings, which being sold at £10 the last, yield **£1,000**; out of which, deducting the gained said Second Year's Charge of **£400**, there resteth as clearly **£600** yearly by the said Buss.

MEMORANDUM.

If the Adventurer of a Buss will also hire a Yager by the Last, to take in his herrings and carry them into Dantsic, Melvyn, Sweathland [Sweden], *France, or elsewhere: then the Charge and Gain of that course will be as followeth or thereabouts, viz.:*

YOU MAY HIRE a Caravel or other Merchant's ship, for a Yager, to carry our herrings from the Buss into Dantsic, Melvyn, &c.; and to stay there for relading 14 or 20 days, and then to bring back to London such wares or merchandise as you shall there freight her withal. For which fraught [*freight*] outward, and stay there, and fraught home back again; the said ship will have, at most £2 10s. 0d. a Last, this is, 25s. a tun, in and out. So the fraught of a hundred Last of herrings into Dantsic and the fraught of another hundred Last of pitch, hemp, flax, or corn, &c., back again to London, will cost, at most, at £2 10s. 0d. 250 0 0

The TOLL at Elsmore will cost, out and in, about... 3 0 0

I think no CUSTOM [DUTY] is paid for herrings in the East Country, yet suppose for custom, four shillings a Last, that is fourpence a barrel; at which rate, the hundred Last of Sticks comes to 20 0 0

For CRANAGE there, allow at most one shilling a

£	s.	d

	£	s.	d.
Last; which for the said hundred Last of herrings is	5	0	0
For WHARFAGE there, allow also after the rate of twelve-pence a Last	5	0	0
For WAREHOUSE-ROOM there, till the herrings be sold, allow, at most	2	0	0
The repacking of the herrings by the sworn Coopers of that place, and for new hooping seventy-five Last of caske, which will be filled with the said hundred Last of Herring Sticks, allowing twenty-five Last, that is, a fourth part of the hundred Last, to be shrunk away. That 75 Last, repacking and hooping, at most, at 8s. a Last, will cost	30	0	0
SUM, which never goes out of purse, but is paid when the herrings are sold...	**315**	**0**	**0**
So if the said hundred Last of herrings, so sent from the Buss to Dantzic, do shrink a fourth part; then will rest to be sold in Dantzic, Melvyn, &c., seventy-five Last full of repacked herrings. Which seventy-five Last will be there sold, for, at least, £18 12s. 0d. a Last, that is, 31s. a barrel: which is 4s. 1d. a hundred; which is more than two and a half herrings a penny, by 7 herrings in a hundred. And so the seventy-five Last of herrings will be sold for	**1395**	**0**	**0**

Which is for the herrings	£1000	0	0
And for the freight in and out ...	315	0	0
And so is gained, outward only	**80**	**0**	**0**
	1395	**0**	**0**

Besides, there may well be gained, by the return of **£139** worth of corn or other merchandise, at least **£120** more.

[*Note, this profit is gained on only One Hundred Last; being one-tenth of the proposed annual catch of the Buss.*]

[*Cod and Ling fishing.*]

BESIDES the said herring fishing which is performed in four months, as aforesaid, the same Buss may be also employed the same year, presently [*immediately*] after the said herring season, in fishing for Cod and Ling.

For the herring fishing being begun yearly, as before is shewed, about the 24th of May, and the Buss being returned home again about the 21st of September, which is sixteen weeks after: then the said Buss and her men may rest in port about ten weeks, viz., from the 21st of September until St. Andrew's tide [30 *November*], or the 1st of December after, and then set sail again; furnished with hooks, lines, salt, caske, and all other things (hereinafter particularly mentioned) needful for the winter cod fishing: which may, by GOD's blessing, be despatched, and the Buss be at home again in her own port, by the 1st of March, which is thirteen weeks after, that is, ninety-one days.

And so between the said 1st of March and the 24th of May, which is just eight weeks, the said Buss may be carined [*careened*] or caulked, and repaired, victualled and provided of all things against the Second or next Year's herring fishing. And so is the whole year ended and spent as aforesaid.

Now the charges of the said first Cod fishing in the Buss aforesaid, with the sixteen men and boys aforesaid, during the aforesaid time of thirteen weeks, or ninety-one days, will be as followeth, thus:—

Tools and Implements.

	£	s.	d.
EACH MAN fishing for Cod and Ling useth at once two KIP-HOOKS. So sixteen men may use at once 32 of those hooks. But because they lose their hooks sometimes, therefore allow for every of the men a dozen hooks, that is 16 dozen of Kiphooks: which, at most, will cost twelve-pence a dozen, that is ...	0	16	0
STRINGS, for each man, six: that is, for the sixteen men, eight dozen of strings. Every string must be fifty fathom long, and about the bigness of a jack-line; and it must be tanned. Every such string will cost about twelve-pence: and so, the said 8 dozen of strings will cost	4	16	0
CHOPSTICKS, for every man, four, is in all 64 chopsticks. A chopstick is an iron about the bigness of a curtain rod, and a yard long; and, upon this iron, is a hollow pipe of lead, eight or nine inches long, and weighs about 4 lbs., and the iron weighs about a pound. Which iron and lead will cost about twelve-pence a piece: so 64 chopsticks at 12d. will cost	3	4	0
For every man, two GARFANGLE-HOOKS. Total, 32 Garfangle-hooks. This Garfangle-hook is an ashen plant six or eight feet long; with an iron hook, like a boat hook, at the end of it. One of these Garfangle-hooks will cost sixpence, so the 32 Garfangle-hooks will cost...	0	16	0
Four HEADING KNIVES, like Chopping knives, at twelve-pence	0	4	0
Four SPLITTING KNIVES, like Mincing knives, at twelve-pence	0	4	0
Six GUTTING KNIVES, at fourpence ...	0	2	0
A GRINDSTONE and TROUGH	0	5	0
WHETSTONES, two or three	0	3	0
Some of the old herring nets, to get herrings to bait their hooks. Or else to buy a hogshead full of Lamprils [*lampreys*], which are the best bait for			

cod and ling. There is store of Lamprils to be had at Woolwich, Norwich, and Hull; which may cost about 2 10 0

BASKETS, some of those before bought and used for the dressing of herrings, and twelve other great baskets at 2s. 6d. a piece 1 10 0

£14 10 0

Caske.

FOR BARRELLED Cod, to provide thirty-five Last of barrels; which are the very same, every way, with the herring barrels aforesaid. So the said 35 Last of caske, at 15s. the last will cost 26 5 0

As for the Lings (in hope) there is no caske used for them; but they are only salted and packed one upon another in the ship's hold. And if they take any ling they bring home the less cod; and then also, they save some of the said caske.

Salt.

EACH barrel of Cod will take a bushel of "salt upon salt" [*Vol. II., p.* 143]. So the thirty-five Last of Cod aforesaid takes just 420 bushels of "salt upon salt," that is, ten Weys and an half of salt, which at £3 a Wey, that is, eighteenpence a bushel, will cost 31 10 0

Physic and Surgery Helps.

TO ALLOW as before is allowed [see *p.* 634] for the herring-fishing time; which (besides the Chest) will cost, as before in particulars 2 18 0

THE Steward's store and Carpenter's store aforesaid, will serve this voyage. So for them needeth no allowance ... ...

£60 13 0

Victuals and Fuel.

For sixteen men and boys to serve in the said Buss for the said cod-fishing time, and the time of setting out, and [of] return home, viz., from about the first of December unto the first of March, which is just thirteen weeks, that is, ninety-one days.

	£	s.	d.
BEER. TO ALLOW every person a gallon of beer a day (as in the King's ships), that is, for the said sixteen persons, 16 gallons, that is, just half a herring barrel a day, that is, for the whole voyage 91 half barrels; that is, almost 46 of those herring barrels. Seven of these herring barrels contain a Tun of beer, so as the said 46 barrels contain six tun and a half of beer; which, at 40s. a tun will cost	13	0	0
BISCUIT. To allow for every person (as in His Majesty's ships) a pound of Biscuit a day, that is, for all the said sixteen persons, 112 lbs. (that is, an hundred weight) of Biscuit a week; that is, for the said thirteen weeks, 13 cwt. of Biscuit; which at 13s. 4d. a cwt. will cost	8	13	4
PEASE. To allow for every person half a pint of peas a day (to be watered, and eaten with butter, or else with bacon) that is, a gallon a day amongst them all; that is, in all 91 gallons, that is, eleven bushels and a peck and a half of peas; which, at 4s. a bushel, will cost	2	5	6
BACON. To allow for every person two pounds of bacon a week, for four meals in every week, that is, for the said sixteen persons, 32 lbs.; that is, 4 stone of bacon a week amongst them all, that is, for the said thirteen weeks, 52 stone of bacon; which, at 2s. 2d. a stone, will cost	5	12	8
FRESH FISH. They may take daily out of the sea as much as they can eat.		...	
BUTTER. To allow every person a quarter of a pound of butter a day, that is, 4 lbs. of butter a day amongst them all. So for the said thirteen weeks or ninety-one days, must be 364 lbs. of butter; that is, just six firkins and a half of Suffolk butter; which, at twenty shillings a firkin, will cost	6	10	0
CHEESE. To allow every person half a pound of Holland cheese a day; that is, 8 lbs. a day among them all. So for the said thirteen weeks			

	£	s.	d.	
or ninety-one days, 728 lbs. of cheese; this is, 6½ cwt. of Holland cheese; which at 2½d. pound (that is, £1 3s. 4d. the cwt.), will cost	7	11	8	
VINEGAR. To allow amongst them all three pints of vinegar a day, that is, for the said ninety-one days almost thirty-four gallons. Allow a tierce [36 gallons] which at £6 a tun, cask and all, will cost	1	0	0	
FUEL. To allow also eight Kentish faggots a day, which for the said ninety-one days will come to seven hundred and a quartern of faggots, which at eight shillings a hundred will cost	2	18	0	
SUM of all the said thirteen weeks' Victuals and Fuel, will come to, as appears...				£47 11 2

Wages.

	£	s.	d.	
TO A Master, for these thirteen weeks, at £5 a month, that is, 25s. a week, is	16	5	0	
To two Mates at 24s. a month, that is, six shillings a week a piece, is for both	7	16	0	
To six other men at 20s. a piece per month, is five shillings a week a piece	19	10	0	
To six other men at 16s. a piece per month, is four shillings a week a piece	15	12	0	
To the boy at 6s. a month, that is, eighteenpence a week	0	19	6	
				£60 2 6

[The] Sum of all the Charge of the First winter's Cod fishing will be, as before in particulars, about **£182 16 8**

But here is to be remembered that the wages is no part of the Adventure, though it be part of the Charge. And so the Adventure shall be out of purse, for this First Codfishing voyage but, only, at most... ... ... **£122 4 2**

Now if it please G O D in this Voyage to afford unto this Buss the filling of her said caske, that is thirty-five Last of Cod only: that Cod will

yield at least 20s. a barrel, that is, but £12 a Last. So the said 35 Last, will yield at least £420 0 0

Of the livers of those thirty-five Last of fish, may well be made five Tun of train oil [*what is now called unpurified Cod's Liver Oil*] worth at least £12 a tun; that is but twelve-pence a gallon. At which rate, five Tun of oil will yield... 60 0 0

So, by the blessing of GOD, this Codfishing, may bring in to the Adventurer, as before in particulars, just £480 0 0

Out of which **£480**, deduct the Charge abovesaid of 182 16 8

And then resteth to be cleared, yearly, by the Cod fishing £297 3 4

And so it appears that there may be gained, yearly, by one Herring fishing and one Cod fishing, in such a Buss, the sum of £897 3s. 4d.; all Charges borne; and without any Stock after the First year.

BY THAT which is before set down, it appeareth, that one Adventurer or divers Partners, buying or building, and furnishing such a Buss, and adventuring her to sea as aforesaid, shall disburse before and in the first Herring voyage, the sum of **£762 15s. 8d.** out of purse.

And that the same **£762 15s. 8d.** is clearly inned again, together with all other charges; and **£65 14s. 4d.** over and above, within less than a year: and so the Buss, with her nets and furniture, and the said **£65 14s. 4d.** in money, is gained clearly the First Voyage.

And that if the Buss do also, that year, make a Cod fishing voyage, as aforesaid; then I say, within the space of the said First Year, the Adventurer or the said Partners shall have all their Stocks into their purse again as aforesaid, and shall also have in purse gained clearly the said First Year, **£362 17s. 8d.**: which Gain is more than is to be disbursed the Second Year in repairing the said Buss, with her appurtenances, &c.; and also in furnishing her with new herring cask, salt, victuals, &c., for the Second Year's fishing.

And that the said Adventurer or Partners, after the said First Year, shall never be out of purse any money at all. But that the First Year's clear Gain will stock him or them so sufficiently for the use of this Buss, as by the same, they may get clearly after the said First Year, by two such voyages in that Buss, yearly, over and above all charges, **£897 3s. 4d.**

And that if the said Adventurer or Partners will make but only one Herring voyage yearly, then by that one only Herring voyage yearly, the said Buss may get clearly *per annum*, as is before declared, **£600**, over and above all Charges.



CONFESS the private gain to every Undertaker before propounded may seem too great to be hoped for. But before any conclude so, let them read the Proclamation concerning this business made by those thriving States of the United Provinces of the Low Countries: and let them consider what should move those States in that public Proclamation, to call this herring fishing the "chiefest trade and principal gold mine" of those United Provinces, and to show such jealousy, and provide so very for the preservation thereof; if the gain thereby were not *exceedingly* great and extraordinary.

And for myself, I say that I know that "no man may do evil, that good may come of it": therefore I would not devise a lie to persuade any to a work how good soever, nor commend that to others, which my own heart were not first strongly persuaded to be commendable. Yet, as I deny not but that I may err in some of so many particulars; so I disdain not, but rather desire to see such errors, honestly and fairly corrected by any that (out of more skill, and desire of perfecting and furthering this good work) shall find out any such errors.

And whether this fishery be necessary for the common wealth or no, let the present condition and estate of our shipping and mariners, sea towns, and coasts, which (as the means) should be the walls and strength of this Islandish Monarchy; I say, let them speak! I will say no more to this point, as well for other reasons as also because this matter is but for a few, alas: namely for those only that prefer the common wealth to their own private [gains]; and they are wise, and a word is enough for such.

If any be so weak to think this mechanical fisher-trade not feasible to the English people; to them, I may say, with Solomon, "Go to the pismire [*ant*]!" Look upon the Dutch! Thou sluggard! learn of them! They do it daily in the sight of all men at our own doors; upon our own coasts. But some will needs fear a lion in every way; because they will employ their talents no way, but lie unprofitably at home always.

The difficulties that Unwillingness hath objected, consist in Want of Men, of Nets, of Caske, of Timber and Plank, of Utterance of Sale, and of the fear of the Pirates. Of every of which, a word or two.

THE sixteen men and boys before admitted to serve in the said Buss may be these, viz.: — A Master, a Mate, four ordinary sailors and four fishermen. There are ten. And then six landsmen and boys to be trained up by the ten former men in the Art of Sailing, and Craft of Fishery.

By which means, every Buss shall be a seminary of sailors and fishers also, for so shall every Buss breed and make six new mariners; and so every hundred Busses breed six hundred new mariners to serve in such other Busses as shall be afterwards built: which is also no small addition to the strength of this State.

Mariners. Now if there were one hundred Busses presently to be built, I would make no doubt (hard as the world goes) but before they could be fitted for the sea, there may be gathered up about the coast towns of His Majesty's dominions, at least an hundred able Masters to take charge of them, and another hundred of mariners to go with them as their Mates, and four hundred sailors to serve under the said hundred Masters. That is in all but 600 mariners and sailors. For I find in the 35th page of *England's Way to Win Wealth* (the author whereof was a Yarmouth man) that, the last winter but one, "there were in that one town of Yarmouth three hundred

idle men that could get nothing to do, living poor for lack of employment, who most gladly would have gone to sea in Pinks, if there had been any for them to go in." I have reported his own words.

Fishermen. And for the four hundred fishermen to serve in the hundred Busses, they would soon be furnished [*obtained*] out of those poor fishers in small boats, as trawles, cobbles, &c., which fish all about the coasts: which poor men by those small vessels can hardly get their bread, and therefore would hold it as a great preferment to be called into such Busses where they may have meat, drink, and wages, as before is liberally propounded for such. Besides which, if need be, there are too too many [*far too many*] of those pernicious Trinkermen, who with trinker-boats destroy the river of Thames, by killing the fry and small fish there, even all that comes to net, before it be either meat or marketable. Which Trinkermen (if they will not offer themselves) may, by order and authority of our State, be compelled to give over that evil, and to follow this good trade.

Landsmen for a Seminary. But for the said six hundred landmen to serve in these hundred Busses we need not study where to find them; if such should not seek for service in these Busses, the very streets of London and the suburbs will soon shew and afford them, if it were so many thousand [required], I think. Idle vagrants so extremely swarm there, as all know. So much for men.

Nets. Nets will be the hardest matter to provide at the first; yet, I understand that the beforenamed knight, Sir WILLIAM HARVEY, had in a few weeks or months, provided all his nets for his great Buss. And myself was offered nets for half a dozen Busses, if I would have had them last summer; and if there were now a hundred Busses in building, I am informed of one that will undertake to furnish them with nets. And after these Busses shall once be seen; many for their own gain will provide for hemp, twine, and all necessaries to the making of nets enough. And doubtless Scotland and Ireland will presently afford good help in this behalf.

Caske. Caske will be plentifully served by Scotland and Ireland, [even] though we should make none of English timber.

Timber and Plank. And for all the great and pitiful waste of our English woods; yet will England afford timber and plank enough for many Busses: but, to spare England a while, Ireland will yield us Busses enough, besides many other good ships, if need be; and Scotland will help us with masts. But if we would spare so near home, we may help ourselves out of Virginia and Sommer Islands [*the Bermudas*]. I wis [*think*] the Dutch, who have no materials in any dominions of their own, have made harder and dearer shifts for their multitudes of ships of all sorts. If they had shifted off the building of ships, because they had no timber or other shipping stuff of their own in their own lands, what a poor, naked, servile people had that free people been, ere this day?

Utterance or Sale. Touching Utterance and Sale of Herrings, when we shall have them; I am informed that there is yearly uttered and spent in His Majesty's own dominions, at least 10,000 Last [= 120,000 *barrels*] of herrings: which, being served by ourselves, will keep in the land abundance of treasure, which the Dutch yearly carry out for the herrings, which they catch on our own coasts, and sell to us. Now if such a Buss, as aforesaid, get yearly a hundred Last of Herrings as aforesaid, then an hundred Busses, taking yearly a hundred Last a piece, do take in all 10,000 Last of herrings. So then His Majesty's own dominions will utter all the herrings which the hundred Busses shall take in a year. And then if we shall have five hundred Busses more; I am persuaded we may, in France and in Dantsic and in other foreign parts, have as good and ready sale for them, as the Dutch have for theirs: for I hear that the Dutch could yearly utter double so many as they do sell, if they had them. But if that should not be so, surely it were too great poverty for English minds (like horses that know not their strength) to fear to set foot by the Dutch or any other people under heaven: or to fear to speed worse in any market or place than they, and yet not be driven to beat down the markets either, except the Dutch should prove more froward and fond that I can yet mistrust; but if they should, I will not be persuaded to think, but that the worser part would fall out to their share, at last.

If there will be employment but for a thousand Busses, methinks, they should thank us (as for many other benefits,

so for this) we may be contented that they share with us, by using only five hundred Busses; and to fish friendly in consort, as it were, with other five hundred Busses of ours. But if they should allege that they now having a thousand, shall have in that case no employment for the other five hundred: why then, perhaps, we may in friendly manner cope [*bargain*] with them, and buy of them the other five hundred of the said Busses.

I thank GOD! I neither hate, nor envy the Dutch. Nay, for good and due respects, I prefer them to all other foreign nations in my love: and they acknowledging us, as they ought, we shall, I hope, do them no wrong; and they must do us right.

I have herein been longer than I meant to be, only because there came even now to my mind some reports that I have heard, but do not believe, of very foul and insolent dealing of their Buss men with our poor weak fishermen upon our coasts. But if it were true, as I doubt it at least, yet I would not hate nor speak evil of a whole State for the saucy presumptions of a particular man or of a few men; and those perhaps provoked thereto by our own Double Beer of England.

Pirates and Enemies. It is too true that all seas are too full of pirates, and that amongst them (which we have great cause to lament) our English abound; who are too ready to justify their lewd [*wicked*] errors, with the want of employment. It is true also, that men are not to get their living by sinful violence and unlawful courses: yet I would that they were stript of that colour and pretence; which a good fleet of Busses would do. Besides such a fleet of Busses will, by GOD's grace, be soon able to maintain about them a guard of strong warlike ships well appointed to defend them; and in time of need also, to serve His Majesty, and offend his enemies. And such a guard will be very requisite: although GOD hath so laid and placed the herrings, as our Busses shall seldom need to lie, or to labour out of the sight of our own shores. So much of the facility.

Lastly, touching the use of this famous fisher-trade, I will only commend unto your considerations, that which is written thereof in all the four books before mentioned, namely in *The British Monarchy*, and HITCHCOCK's *New Year's Gift*, and in

England's Way to Win Wealth &c., and in *The Trade's Increase*. The Dutch have thereby, as by their only or chief means, curbed and bearded their adversaries. What then may we do by it, if GOD please; we, I say, to whom He hath vouchsafed multitudes of other helps (which Dutch-land hath not) to second this. This trade sets awork all their idle folks; and it keeps their gold and silver in their dominions, and multiplies it. And I see not why the same trade should not be of the same use to us.

NOW ABOARD our Busses again! which once well established and followed, will, in short time, I hope, by GOD's blessing, set many ploughmen here on work to sow hemp or flax; both in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

2. And will convert our idle bellies, our beggars, our vagabonds and sharks into lusty hempbeaters, spinners, carders, rope-makers, networkers, coopers, smiths, shipwrights, caulkers, sawyers, sailors, fishermen, biscuit-bakers, weavers of poledavis, sailmakers, and other good labouring members.

3. And will more warrant and encourage our Magistrates to punish the idle, the sturdy beggar, and the thief; when these Busses shall find employment for those that will work.

4. And will be a means that the true poor, aged, and impotent shall be better and more plentifully, yet more easily and with less charges relieved; when only such shall stand at devotion, and no valiant rogues shall share in the alms of the charitable, as now they do.

5. And will help to bring every one to eat their own bread.

6. Yea, and will supply His Majesty's armies and garrisons in time of need with many lusty able men instead of our bare-breeched beggars, and nasty sharks; that are as unskilful and as unwilling to fight as to work.

7. And will keep and bring in abundance of gold and silver.

I know and confess that it is not in man to promise these, or any of them peremptorily; but all these are the evident effects of this fishery among the Dutch.

And therefore I may conclude, That we are to hope for like blessing by our like lawful and honest endeavours in this

Trade of fishery, which Almighty GOD hath brought home to our doors, to employ us in; whereby He also gives us a comfortable calling to the work.

TO BEGIN withal, if but some of our Noblemen and some of our gentry, and some citizens and others of ability, each man for himself, would speedily provide and employ at least one Buss a piece; so as some good store of Busses may, amongst them, in that manner, be speedily provided and employed to join with Sir WILLIAM HARVEY, who is already entered the field alone: no doubt but His Majesty will be pleased, at their humble suit, to encourage and incorporate them with privileges, immunities, and authority; and so they may choose amongst themselves, some meet officers and overseers, and make meet laws and orders for the due and seasonable taking, curing, packing, and selling of the said herrings, &c. As the French and Straits [of Gibraltar] Merchants, who being so incorporated, yet have every man his own ship or the ship he hires: and each man by himself or by his factor, goes out, returns, buys and sells, not transgressing the private laws and orders of their respective Companies.

But if, at the first entrance, there will [*shall*] not be any competent number of Busses so provided and adventured as abovesaid: if His Majesty will be pleased so to incorporate some fit for this work, and out of that Corporation, a sufficient Treasurer and other needful Officers be here chosen and made known; then may all that please, of whatsoever honest condition, bring in by a day to be assigned, what sum of money any shall like to Adventure herein, from £5 upwards. And when there shall be brought in £70,000 or £80,000; then presently the said Officers to provide an hundred Busses, which with that money will [*shall*] be royally built and furnished: and all their First Year's charge defrayed.

And as more Stock shall come in, so also more Busses to be provided and added to those former, &c. All which may be (as in the now East India Company) the Joint Stock and Busses of the Company.

Of which Joint Stock and Busses, every Adventurer according to the proportion of his said adventure may yearly know,

give, and receive his proportion; as shall please GOD to dispose of the whole fleet and business. But whereas in the said East India Company, and others such like, as have a common Treasury whereinto every Adventure is promiscuously put, the said Adventurers, once brought in, are there still continued in bank, and often additions called for: in this Fishing Company every adventurer shall but only, as it were, lend the money he adventureth for one year or thereabouts; as before is shewed.

Now for the good government and sincere disposition of this Joint Stock, &c.; it would be specially provided, amongst other ordinances and provisions, that all Officers be only annual, and that those be freely chosen and yearly changed by the more [*majority of*] votes of the Company, yearly to be assembled for that purpose. And that whatsoever gratuities, or rewards, or fees, shall be yearly given to such Officers, may, not only in gross, but in particular, be distributed or set down by the more part of voices of the Company so assembled: and not one gross sum given, be divided or distributed by any one man.

For so may the Company with their own money arm and enable one man, first thereby made proud, to overrule and keep under himself, by binding his fellow officers to himself to the neglect of the generality; whose proper gifts they be, though by that ill means it be not acknowledged: besides many other mischiefs and inconveniences, which may come by the overweening of one or few men, whilst others of better deserts perhaps, are neglected and not looked on; to the moving of much offence, murmuring and envy in some, and of pride, insolency, and arrogancy in others.

By this last mentioned promiscuous course of Joint Stock, after the rate of Adventure, and Charge, and Gain; before in particulars set down, it appears that

	Per Annum.
Every Adventurer of £100 may gain clearly ...	£75 0 0
Every Adventurer of £40 may gain clearly ...	30 0 0
Every Adventurer of £20 may gain clearly ...	15 0 0
And every Adventurer of £5 may gain clearly ...	3 15 0

Surely, I hope this famous City (ever forward for the Kingdom's good) will, for its part, provide and furnish the first hundred of Busses at the least, and thereby, according to

their former noble examples (as the Cresset to the Kingdom) give light to the rest of the land to follow them by.

And I think the East India Company will liberally further this work, for that thereby some of their greatest wants are likely to be supplied.

I speak as I think, without insinuation; which I hate as much as railing. As I neither hope for nor desire any other gain hereby than my share in the common good, that all this land shall, by GOD's blessing, reap by this business; and the proportionable gain of mine Adventure therein.



THE END OF THE

Third Volume

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